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HOLLY'S HORSE

by Jason Cannon



A PET
BOOK

FOREWORD

In many cases today's marriage is seen as a business and/or social arrangement between consenting adults, rather than a continuing expression of love.

The results are obvious: casual promiscuous infidelity, a lack of concern for the partner and the children, the breakdown of the nuclear family and the use of others for thrill-seeking-and deviant-purposes as an end in itself instead of a means of showing devotion and affection. Too often a loving veneer masks a core of, at best, unconcern, at worst, depravity.

Holly's Horse is a novel concerning Holly St. Clair, a beautiful woman whose husband thinks of her more as a piece of expensive jewelry than as a wife. When Holly finally comes to this realization, her reaction is extreme-she takes part in every conceivable perversion in order to, supposedly, shame her husband into becoming a faithful and loving mate. Her story is one of unbelievable depravity and degradation, a story that will shock some, but a story which needs to be told.

The Publisher

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## CHAPTER ONE

Holly lay in bed, still half-asleep, with her hand pressed tightly between her thighs. The heel of it applied friction against her clitoris as she slowly and unconsciously gyrated her wide, womanly hips beneath the silk sheets.

She could hear, through the mist of sleep, her husband Jacques, badly rendering portions of "Carmen" in the shower. He sang like he did everything else: well, but not to perfection.

Holly didn't know a lot about men. Her only sex experience had been with Jacques St. Clair. But she could guess enough to know that she was married to a flawed man.

As the sound of rushing water and the resonant baritone voice floated through the door to her ears, she imagined the solid, hulking body of her husband. His French father and Corsican mother must have been beautiful people, because they had bestowed a wealth of male beauty on their son. At forty he looked thirty, with a mane of wavy blond hair atop a six-foot-three-inch, heavily muscled frame that could move like a cat or loll like a tired, hulking bull.

His parents also had given him the pride and heritage of an aristocratic background and the stigma of the vilest temper Holly had ever seen.

She heard him enter the room and walk to the dresser. Opening one eye she saw the broad back and shoulders, the smooth skin covering them golden, like her own, in the early morning sunlight shafting through the open window.

The sight of his nude body, the high, tautly corded asscheeks quivering with every movement, brought the tension of his earlier rejection of her advances back home to her.

She had been dreaming of Jacques' huge, blue-veined cock steaming up her cunt hole when she rolled against him in bed, spreading her thighs and jamming her hungry cunt against his leg. She had been rubbing herself off against him when he awoke and found her hand on his cock.

"I'm still half asleep, Holly," he had murmured, half-heartedly pushing her away.



"Let's fuck, Jacques," she sighed, rubbing her hairy cuntlips against him in wild frustration.

"It's too early," he said.

"Last night it was too late," she replied.

"I had a bad day. Besides, it never gets hard this early in the morning."

"I'll make it hard," she replied, raising her hand like a canopy over the swelling cockhead and massaging the glans with her soft, delicate fingertips.

Awake now, and angry at being jarred from sleep by her incessant need, he took her by the hair and roughly shoved her head beneath the covers. "It'll get hard if you suck it. . . suck it good and it's bound to get hard."

"No," she said, twisting away from his grasp. "I want you to fuck me . . . I want it in my cunt."

"Shit," he moaned, rising and walking to the bathroom.

Now, with the freshly scrubbed scent of his naked body only inches from her face, she again felt the need and the desire to have his long, thick cock plunging up her heated cunt.

"Jacques?"

"What?"

"Come back to bed for a little while."

"I can't.. . no time . . . lot to do," he said, and ambled back into the bathroom.

The second brush-off of the morning shocked her completely awake. As she watched his body retreat from the room, she ran her hands over her body under the sheet. She smoothed the satiny material of her nightgown against her tits, loving the sensuous feel it gave her skin. She knew it was silly to motivate herself to even greater heights of desire when already she had been refused satisfaction twice that morning, but she couldn't stop herself.

With her eyes closed, she let the lace slip lower, until she was rubbing the tops of her ample tits. She groaned as she felt her nipples come alive beneath her touch. They became firm and erect as she continued to rub the lace against them. She rolled over onto her back and spread her legs. The soft material of her panties caressed her cunt. She moved her hands slowly and lovingly over her sleek body, kneading her flat stomach, her full thighs, and, at last, the hairy bush of her throbbing cunt.

She parted the lips and felt the bud of her clit rise against the material. Tenderly she caressed her claspings cunt mouth, bringing the crotch of the panties up and down her swollen slit, stopping momentarily at her clitoris, and then down again to her hole. Then she pushed her fingers, panties and all, inside her cuntal channel. Her body tensed as her legs jerked convulsively. She held her hand tightly against her clit, trying to bring herself off again and again with its mounting friction.

It was no use. No matter how hard she tried, she kept thinking of the length and width of his hard cock ramming inside her, and no substitute could quell the rising tide of desire she had started except his hard meat.

Holly lay quietly for a few minutes while her muscles subsided. She wanted to cry out, scream at him that she wanted to fuck, wanted to come on the rigid shaft of his cock. She didn't want it in her ass

or her mouth, she wanted it in her steaming, heated cunt.

Holly couldn't remember the last time they had gone to bed and had loving sex; sex that would take her to wild, unequalled heights of passionate release and total calm. She had always assumed that men needed it worse or more than women. In her marriage it seemed to be the other way around.

During the first year he had reveled in her cunt. He had loved it, touched it, teased it, and fucked it constantly with his big, hard cock. She had loved those times, gloried in the fact that she had retained her virginity until her twenty-first birthday and her marriage to Jacques St. Clair. It had erased all the bad memories of her teen years when she had been an outcast among her peers for not taking part in their pot-smoking and wild parties. Her wealthy girl friends hadn't worried about the state they were in. They had all begun fucking early, some before their fifteenth birthdays. And when it came time to marry into their own class they all lost out.

But Holly was different. She believed in the value of a higher, more affluent social class, and she was happy to be a part of it. She was still sure that it was her class background, her high moral standards, and her breeding that had made Jacques St. Clair choose her for his wife over the many debutantes who swarmed over him during their courtship.

He had, jokingly, after their marriage, said that modern women were all barren whores and he wanted a woman who placed a higher value on herself. Also, he said, he didn't want to ever have to walk down a street and know that he might meet another man who had known intimately, at any time, the woman who belonged to him.

All that might very well have been true, but as their marriage matured, Holly had begun to feel that she was not only missing something inside her marriage, but that she had also missed something before it. During the last four years of their life together they had grown further and further apart in the bedroom. During the last six months his need for her body had become almost nonexistent, while hers, for him, had become a total obsession that dominated nearly all her waking moments.

At twenty-six, and after five years of marriage, Holly St. Clair felt like a restless virgin all over again.

She rolled from the bed and walked to the window to look out over the vast meadows and green hills of the lush Kentucky countryside. She felt her nose and chin tilt up with pride as she examined the huge, flowing script of the sign on the side of one of the barns: ST. CLAIR FARMS-THOROUGHBREDS OF THE WORLD. Beyond the white buildings that housed some of the most expensive horses in the world were the vast reaches of pasture land where the studs grazed in beauty and splendor.

The studs, she thought. Where was her stud? She shook her head and moved away from the window. The tide of passionate emotion was again creeping between her thighs. She leaned against the dresser, with her back to the mirror, and struck a provocative pose. A faint smile played in the corners of her mouth. With a sensuous, slowly accelerating motion, she brought her hips forward, with her thighs slightly spread, in the humping motion of a stripper about to fuck her imaginary lover.

"Shit," she said aloud, and stretched. A light film of perspiration covered her body beneath the filmy nightgown. The thin material didn't disguise the ripe sensuousness of her taut body. Long, shapely legs, sleek, curved hips, and a narrow waist stared back at her from the mirror.

She leaned forward, watching her tits fill the material. She cupped their monumental fullness and squeezed them together. There was no tan line across the golden globes. Holly had her own private spot where she could discard all her clothes and sunbathe in total, nude privacy.

She had removed the top of her nightie and was, once again, squeezing her huge tits together when Jacques walked back into the room.

He stopped, his eyes flowing up her lush thighs to the darker vee of her pubic hair that made a clear, even line through the diaphanous material.

She didn't remove her hands from her tits. Indeed, she squeezed them all the tighter, stretching the darker skin of the silver-dollar-sized areolas almost to bursting. It was as if she could taunt him with their size into coming across the room and sucking on their sweet goodness.

His eyes traveled on up across her flat belly and drank in the glory of her hard-nippled tits.

She noticed, in the bottom of her vision, a slight awakening in his cock. It swelled and jumped slightly as the foreskin eased back from the thick head. Her eyes met his. In them she was sure she could discern the depths of passion that once was so dominant in their mutual love of sex.

But, instead of crossing to her, he turned and opened dresser drawers, hunting for his clothes.

Tears squeezed from the corners of her eyes. She was tempted to beg him, but she refused to do that. She still had her pride-even the mighty Jacques couldn't take that away from her.

She turned away from him, sure that the blush of frustrated anger in her face had also crimsoned her body, and entered her own bath. She quickly showered, ending it with needles of cold water to try and erase the ache in her cunt. Standing on the carpet, her golden body shining with the silky sheen of bath oil, she dried herself. Again her eyes roamed over her perfect form and asked the question: Why?

She heard him slowly dressing in the next room. Defiantly she decided to try again. Her body ached for him, but she was determined to rekindle the flame of his desire for her on her own terms.

Holly wrapped her long, dripping black hair in a thick towel and twisted it into a turban. Then she lathered her whole body with lotion and touched perfume behind her ears, between her huge tits, and into the crook of each arm.

Turning to the fine features of her face she began to accentuate the already perfect beauty with just the proper amount of makeup. She smiled at her own image in the mirror, quite satisfied that she was the most beautiful woman Jacques had ever known. Feeling a little giddy now from the excitement and the renewed anticipation, she giggled and touched her nipples. They hardened instantly at her touch.

She reentered the bedroom and stood directly behind him. He was half-dressed in boots and riding pants. His naked chest, coated with golden hair, bulged between the thick posts of his biceps.

She stood silently until he was aware of her presence. Then she let the towel sink slowly to the floor as she began caressing her body. First, her hands moved down her sides, then up under her tits, until they cupped the mountains and strained them upward. She dropped her head as if to suck her own tits, and let her tongue run across the tops of their bulging fullness. Her tongue darted in and out, snakelike, trying to reach the pulsing nipples which were quickly reaching quivering heights of sexual tension.

She rolled the pupils of her eyes up toward where Jacques stood and squeezed her tits harder together as if she were sending him a challenge.

Her mouth opened and she slowly wet her lips with her tongue in a circular motion. Her hands massaged lower, moving over her soft belly, her curvaceous hips, her pubic hair.

Then she stopped, moaned his name, and pulled her cuntlips apart, exposing her erect clitoris and her juice-oozing cuntmouth.

"You really want it, don't you, Holly?"

"I love you, Jacques. Even though sometimes I don't know why, I love you."

"Then tell me," he said, slowly advancing toward her, a strange look clouding his face. "Tell me, Holly!"

"I told you. I love you."

"No, Holly . . . I mean tell me what you want," he urged, stopping a few feet in front of her and unzipping his fly. "Drop your phony, aristocratic prudishness, and tell me that what you want is cock . . . this cock!" He pulled his prick out of his pants and fisted the barrel with his hand. It rose to full hardness in seconds, the fiery head gleaming, the tiny eye in its center seeming to wink at her.

"You wanted me like I am, Jacques. You said so before we were married. Now you call my purity prudishness. What's happened to us?"

"You want my cock, Holly," he continued, paying no attention to her words. "You're standing there like a whore begging for it with your body . . . tell me you want it with your mouth."

Suddenly Holly thought she had gone too far. The tone in his voice was ominous, almost evil. She felt a cold chill go through her body as she watched, with fascination, his huge cock bob and weave before her eyes. She didn't like the game any more. She wanted it to stop. She wanted to quietly tell him to take her in his arms and tenderly, lovingly make love to her.

But she had misjudged her own passion. Taunting Jacques had heightened her own desires to the point where she lost control over her hands where they roamed over her flesh.

Her whimpering changed to a low moan as her hands found their way upward to her erect nipples. With her eyes still on his cock, she began to caress and pinch them with abandon. She caught sight of herself in the mirror, her eyes narrowed with desire, her hands stroking up and down the sides of her body, hitting the tits on the upward motion and running over her cuntal mound on the downward. Finally her fingers hit upon her clitoris, sending a frenzy of rippling emotion throughout her body. She cried out in both frustration and ecstasy.

He was at her now, his hard cockhead bobbing along the flesh of her belly, its head leaving a tiny trail of oozing man cream.

She humped her back and spread her legs as she jolted her cunt toward his throbbing cock. Her fingers dug in her slit, hips gyrating with passion over their furtive groping. Her breath came in short grunts, her eyes glazed.

"Love me, Jacques," she pleaded. "Release me, make me come!"

He grasped her shoulders with a viselike grip and bent his lips to hers. Holly accepted his kiss gratefully, a little sob escaping around his brutal, foraging tongue. She felt his huge cock bruising the flesh of her belly. Her own hands crept up his broad shoulders and she could feel the great



muscles ripple beneath her touch. God, it had been so long since he had entered her in either anger or passion that she didn't care any more; she had missed him so terribly that now she just wanted him in any way.

He tongue-fucked viciously into her mouth, his hands bruising her smoothly rounded asscheeks as he pulled her majestic, high-tilted tits against the mat of golden hair on his chest. His cock was strengthening as it poked between her legs.

"Oh . . . darling, darling," she moaned as his hand crept up to cover one of her tits. The nipple swelled in his palm. It seemed to grow even larger under his harsh warmth. Between her legs she could feel the moisture seeping from deep within her cuntal sheath, dripping over the shaft of his hard cock, where it slid back and forth across the opening to her cunt.

He did love her, she thought. The void within her was finally going to be filled. She ground her fevered, impatient cunt in invitation against the hardness of his willing cock, thinking that, perhaps, it was better to forsake her inhibitions, be looser and more open with her desires and cravings, be more brazen in her advances when it came to her husband. Perhaps there was something to what Jacques often said about sex and love: "There is no real love, only sex. It reigns supreme."

"Darling," he moaned softly.

"Yes . . . yes," she said, feeling his hands on her shoulders. Everything whirled in her head and she swayed a little. The room seemed to be turning around and around, and then it righted. The bones were melting in Holly's legs as she sank to the floor. His hands were pushing down on her shoulders with more force than she could withstand.

His cock was directly in front of her face. It seemed to be beating in time with some savage music. It jutted like a great trunk from his hairy loins, bobbing against her closed lips.

Suddenly his cock wasn't beautiful any more. It was like some Gargantuan instrument of torture as the enormous veins pulsed with desire in front of her face. The purple head oozed droplets of man cream onto her chin. She could see his cock twitch and jerk as his passion mounted.

What was he going to do? What did he want her to do? Her mind raced, but went nowhere.

Above her she heard his voice, soft and cooing; "Holly . . . Holly."

"Yes . . . yes, come down here . . . love me!" she answered, her voice choked with a combination of fear and passion.

"My darling . . . my beautiful, desirable, darling," he moaned.

"Yes . . . yes," she replied.

"SUCK IT!"

"What?"

"SUCK IT! Suck my fucking cock, you goddam, fucking bitch cunt! Take my prick down your fucking throat and suck on it! SUCK IT, YOU CUNT, OR I'LL BREAK YOUR FRONT TEETH OUT WITH IT!"

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CHAPTER TWO

She shook her head from side to side, struggling to free her body from his grasp. But, against his massive strength, she was helpless.

Her husband spread his legs and crouched slightly. Moving his hips, he ran the sensitive head of his cock against her tightly closed lips.

Holly almost gagged. She could feel the sticky juice and feel its wetness coating her lips. She grasped his prick to pull it away and felt it throbbing like an extra heart.

All the training, the thinking of her youth, descended on her and told her that what he wanted her to do was wrong. All her religious training had told her that love and sex was a beautiful combination that created offspring, made babies. They had no children.

Why?

Why didn't they have children?

She had no more time for thoughts beyond the driving need of his pulsing cock in her hand. His hands tightened in her hair until she was almost screaming with the pain.

"Jacques, please . . . please," she sobbed helplessly.

His hips drove forward again, bruising her lips as his cock drove them against her teeth. She opened her mouth obediently and felt him shove the heated head of his cock between her teeth. The hot male odor of his secretions hit her nostrils. It was a pungent, musky smell that both excited her and frightened her.

Her eye caught the picture of the two of them in the mirror. She knelt on the carpet, naked and defenseless. Jacques' mammoth, pulsating cock was sliding further and further down her throat, its fullness disappearing between the ruby redness of her parted lips.

She could taste the man cream, heady and hot with his body's fierce heat. He was making her do this depraved act she had always avoided. He was making his own wife perform like some farm animal. Worse than an animal, he was making her obey and using her like some whore that he would fuck in a back alley.

Jacques reared and bent his handsome head. He looked down at the rigid thickness of his blood-gorged cock sliding in and out of her red-lipped mouth. Her nostrils were flared like a mare being fucked by a stallion. Tears trickled down the sides of her cheeks. Somehow it made the pleasure of fucking her face better. His cock protruded from her face like another appendage. He was the male, the conqueror. He was the master.

Damn her eyes, he thought. Was she better than him? His family went farther back in upper-crust society than hers; why should she be better than he?

"That's it, Holly . . . that's it!" he screamed. "SUCK ME! CUNT IT WITH YOUR FUCKING MOUTH! SUCK MY FAT DICK!"

Holly thought surely she would choke, for the length and width of her husband's swollen prick was filling her mouth beyond endurance. The head of it was brushing against the back of her throat. Her breath, when she could take one around the gorging cock, still came in sobs.

How could he want her to do this depraved thing? What pleasure could they possibly receive, either of them?

Jacques crouched slightly, bending his knees and brushing them against the thrusting fullness of his wife's big tits. They hung against his legs like melons, their nipples like tiny steel balls that raked his kneecaps.

Again he stared at his cock fucking her face. Her complete subjugation and total subservience thrilled him. The mere idea of her kneeling naked and helpless before him on the carpet, sucking his massive cock, was driving him swiftly to the point of coming. He looked forward with great pleasure to unloading his jism in his wife's unwilling throat.

Holly sucked on the massive cock first out of fear of what his temper might do if she didn't. Then she sucked with vigor, for she found that she could almost control her husband and bring moans of bliss from him instead of shouts of anger by moving her tongue over and around his heavily throbbing cockhead.

Her tears had stopped as though a well in her body had run dry. She couldn't remember when or how they had stopped. Her nipples throbbed as they twitched against his legs. As he crouched closer and brought his pelvis nearer her nose, something strange and unwanted started happening to her body.

Suddenly she became aware that moisture from her steaming cunt was seeping down between her thighs. The longing in her pussy was somehow being satisfied as the cock in her mouth sank deeper and deeper into her throat.

"Oh, you don't know how good that feels, Holly! Jesus, the fuckin' head is all the way down your throat! Oh, shit, Holly, suck it. . . SUCK IT!"

Jacques rocked forward onto the balls of his feet, ramming the full length of his swollen cock into her face and down her throat.

Holly's eyes rolled in wonder as she watched his pulsing cock dip in and out of her oral cavity. She watched as his cock would disappear and then reappear, shining from the wetness of her saliva and his own, oozing man cream.

Her tongue suddenly took on a will of its own. It seemed to revel in the hardness of the ruthless flesh in her mouth. It swirled around the bloated cockhead and laved the fat barrel of his wildly plunging prick.

Then her body took over her mind totally. Her hands crept up his spread calves, over his thighs to the taut muscles of his asscheeks. She pulled from behind, pressing him ever closer to her working mouth. She opened her mouth even wider to allow him more and easier access to her throat. She sucked and labored with a new will over his prick.

Oh God, she thought, she wanted it! She wanted to do this horrible thing! No longer was it an involuntary act, a revolting thing to be gotten over with. It was a pleasurable task because it was awakening her own sex-starved body.

She could see the result of her efforts as his whole body quivered, the muscles rippling upward from his thighs as he rocked his hips forward and back, sending his cock with ever increasing pressure and power into the far recesses of her clinging throat.

Holly withdrew her mouth slowly, sucking her husband's sweet, rock-hard cock to the tip, savoring the taste and sight and smell of it. She began licking his cock in wide swipes of her tongue from its tip to its base.

She heard him suppress a tiny scream as she dug the tip of her tongue into the opening at the head of his cock. She burrowed like a fierce animal into his cockhead. He tasted male and pungent and again she felt the quivers start in her cunt. She again wanted him there, wanted to feel the joy of his hard cock reaming the walls of her hot cunt.

"I'm going to come! OH, SHIT!" he screamed. "I'm gonna come like a cocksucking dam bursting!"

Violently he shoved his cock back into her mouth. When it was again embedded deeply in her throat, Holly suddenly realized that her sucking would bring him off right inside her mouth. He was going to come in her throat. She had been so sure that once he was hot and ready he would withdraw and put it where it belonged, deep inside her hungry cunt.

But he obviously wasn't going to. do that. His hips worked faster, plunging his loaded prick deeper and deeper into her face. Every second brought his cum closer to the boiling point. He panted loudly as he thrust and bucked his cock into the wet tightness of her mouth.

He felt her teeth gently rake the sensitive skin of his inflamed, bloated cockhead as she tried to remove her mouth from his prick. She was mumbling, pleading something around his meat. He paid no attention. He fucked wildly in and out of her mouth as if it were a hairless cunt.

"Don't stop!" he commanded.

He was holding her head so hard in his big hands that she couldn't move, and she could barely breathe. He was fucking her mouth with a building intensity that was gagging her with each new, pounding thrust of his mammoth prick.

She was gasping around the enormous shaft in her throat. She tried to pull away. The fear was filling her body. Oh God, her mind was screaming, he was going to do it! He was going to come in her mouth! He was going to shoot his gooey cum down her throat! She was sure it would choke her to death. She knew she would drown in his cum. She had no doubt of it.

Suddenly he was there. Jacques came up to his toes. He felt the roar as his cum rushed through the tunnel of his cock and spurted with unrelenting fury into his wife's hot mouth.

A scream was torn from his throat as he felt the exquisite pain of total release flood through his body. He felt the rush of jism spew from his cockhead, emptying his balls in great spurts of hot cum that cascaded into his wife's throat like molten lava from the volcano of his cock.

Holly was not ready. She would never be ready for the raging torrent of boiling jism that frothed from his cock. The scalding stream of cum hit her throat like scalding oil. She threw her head from side to side. She choked and gagged but it kept coming straight into her throat. Jacques was jamming it to her even harder as the second wave of cum let go from his balls.

She swallowed furiously, frantically trying to drink his jism down swiftly. Her breath was gone, and she knew she was about to black out.

"Suck it. . . suck, SUCK!" he screamed, emptying all he had into her.

Then the world became a red blur and she felt his cock slipping from her mouth. Her knees turned to

water and she felt the carpet caress her thighs and then her back. Her eyes were closed, her throat constricted with the residue of his clogging cum.

She could hear him sigh and move around the room. When at last the room stood still and she could open her eyes, he was gone. She swallowed the rest of his cum that had remained in her mouth and felt the tears well up in her eyes and stream down her cheeks to run off her chin onto her throbbing tits. Her cunt still ached with need. She was unfulfilled. She had given him total satisfaction, lewdly, with her mouth and throat, but he had left her high and dry.

She couldn't decide if she was more angered by his leaving or by her own whorish need for a full cunt.

Panting, her eyes still glazed, she pulled herself up to stand by the dresser. Her cunt was a cauldron of desire, juices flowing from its opened lips like a river.

She looked frantically over the top of the dresser searching for something, anything, to fill her aching cunt. Her pussy was afire. She needed to cram something hard up her cunt.

Her hand fell upon a hairbrush. She grasped it, turned it in her hand, and jammed the handle up her cunt as far as it would go. She started gyrating her hips, sending her clit downward across the brush handle roughly.

It wasn't enough.

She wept in frustration and removed the brush handle from her cunt. Again twisting it in her hand, she roughly shoved the bristled end up her pussy. The pain shocked her but it seemed to work as she felt the rising tide of orgasm.

She was coming.

Her head fell back, her throat erupted in a high, shrill cry, and her body shuddered its way through a violent climax.

Weakly she grasped the dresser while her body shook in rhythm to her rapid breathing. Her long hair had fallen into her eyes. When she looked up and it fell away, her vision was filled with the face of her maid, Arleta.

"Can I be of any help, Senora," the Mexican woman slyly said as she reached out and slowly, carefully extracted the blood-marked brush from Holly's cunt.

* * * *

Jacques St. Clair wrestled his body quickly back into his clothes. He didn't even bother to wipe the saliva and cum from his shrinking cock as he stuffed it back into his shorts.

His eyes fell to the grotesquely sprawling form of his beautiful, voluptuous wife where she lay, whimpering, in a semiconscious state on the carpet. Her legs were spread open and he could clearly see the pink lips of her soaking cunt where they gleamed beneath the sparkling mat of her curly black hair.

Why had he done such a thing to her? Was it because of his own guilt? He had a sudden desire to shove his flaccid cock into her cuntal opening; to give her exactly what she had begged him for now that he had managed to bring her to such a low level by fucking her face with such ferocity.

He knew, as he scanned the golden fullness of her mature, ripe body, that he had wanted to do such a thing to her for a long time. Now that he had finally done it he felt wasted, empty.

He wondered if it would make any difference in their life together. Like all descendants of a proud family, Jacques St. Clair thrived on showing an image to the world of a gentleman farmer and breeder of thoroughbred horses; the image of the true aristocrat. But, like his ancestors, he was totally amoral when it came to woman and sex.

Sex was a wonderfully dirty thing that he reveled in. He was like the Southern gentleman of old; he pursued his wife only on the occasions needed for producing a child. Other times he found his pleasure in the slave barns.

There were no more slaves but there were still a lot of willing women working around a huge farm who offered themselves to the owner.

As he left the room and descended the wide, curving stairs that led to the arched hallway and vaulted rooms of the lower floor, Jacques momentarily let darker thoughts come to the fore.

He did love Holly, and he was proud to have a classic beauty like her as mistress of the estate. If he could give her a baby, then he wouldn't feel so guilty about taking his lust out on her.

In his tortured mind he was sure it was his fault they didn't have a child, but he refused to admit it. And as long as he refused to go to a doctor no one could be sure it was his fault, and he wouldn't have to face his wife with the facts or admit to himself what he thought of as a weakness.

How could a cock like his fail to produce children? If he never went for tests neither of them would ever be sure. If Holly ever put two and two together, she could never really prove it.

God, he thought, pausing at the bottom of the stairs, his face going ashen white, what if he ever did find out for sure? Would he ever be able to get it up again?

No . . . no, he was his father's son and he could fuck anything and impregnate anything. It was impossible to think that he wasn't as good and as fertile as his stallions or his bulls.

"Senor St. Clair . . . sees something wrong?"

"What? Oh, Arleta. No, shit no. Why should something be wrong?"

Looking at the Mexican woman only added to his discomforting thoughts. Her wide hips and her full, massive tits bore testament to the fact of her ability to bear children. Absently, St. Clair wondered how many times a night Carrez poked his cock to her. She looked, with her hard, strange eyes and her curvaceous body, as if she would be a wild woman in bed.

"You looked strange. As if something were very wrong," she said, a hidden meaning gleaming in the back of her eyes.

Her look further served to unsettle him. "Your mistress -needs you upstairs," he said, too gruffly, and stepped aside for her to pass.

She merely nodded and commenced moving up the stairs.

Jesus, she thought, he was more of a tyrant after fucking than before. Perhaps the woman didn't give him enough. Arleta had heard the screams of passion from the upstairs bedroom, and thought the

day would be an easy one with both of them starting it off with such a wild fuck.

St. Clair's eyes followed the smooth movement of the woman's ass up the stairs. What a good fuck she must be, he thought again, catching a glimpse of the full thighs and bare asscheeks under the dress as she approached the top landing. Her body, after bearing three children, was still good, nearly as ripe as his wife's, but not as nubile and taut as her own daughter, Manea.

St. Clair thought of Manea and a twinge of unsatisfied lust stung his cock. He went out to the yard and walked quickly to the big barn. A workman and Arleta's two sons, the twins, Mano and Maletto, were hosing down the main of stalls.

"Where's Carrez?" Jacques asked.

"Papa hasn't come yet this morning," said

Mano, keeping his head bent, too absorbed in the spraying water for St. Clair's satisfaction. "He did not feel well."

"Shit," St. Clair replied. "He spent the night at Mama Else's whorehouse and woke up with a hangover this morning. That's what the fuck is wrong with him."

"I do not know," Maletto said, and silently he thought, Senor St. Clair, you 're the son of mother who was a fucker of apes and your father coiled with snakes.

Carrez was St. Clair's foreman and, up until the previous week, when St. Clair had hired Peter Blue, the Mexican had done most of the training. At one time he had probably been a good trainer. But a combination of apathy, too much responsibility, and booze, had ruined him for anything but running the farm itself.

Because Carrez was a good supervisor, could run men, and knew animals, St. Clair had put up with his carousing, and his wasted time in bars and whorehouses. The other reason St. Clair kept him around was his beautiful fifteen-year-old daughter, Manea.

St. Clair looked at his watch. It was nine o'clock. Peter Blue's plane was scheduled to land at ten. He should be on his way if he were going to meet it, but something held him back. It was that familiar knot tightening in his groin.

He had emptied his load in his wife's mouth, but it hadn't been enough. He wanted more, he wanted cunt, hot cunt, young cunt, and he knew where to get it. He headed toward the open doors of the barn and his convertible.

"Princess Lee is horsin' . . . make sure she doesn't get out," St. Clair yelled over his shoulder. "And put fresh straw in her stall."

"I'll take care of her good," said Maletto to his boss' retreating back, and under his breath, he added, "Put a bastardo!"

When St. Clair had disappeared around the corner of the barn and the powerful car had roared into life, Maletto dropped his fork and headed for the enclosed stalls on the other side of the barn.

"Where you goin'?" Mano called.

Maletto turned with a lazy smile on his face and ran his hand over the front of his bulging crotch.

"To take care of the mare," he said, and walked on, throwing over his shoulder, "like the boss said."

Mano smiled to himself and returned to watching the shredded and dry manure flow in front of the water spray.

Maletto entered the mare's stall and locked the door behind him. He and his twin had been repairing the lawn's sprinkler system beneath St. Clair's window that morning. They had heard the big man pouring his cock into his wife's head. Maletto had walked around the rest of the morning with a huge hard-on.

One day both he and his brother would fuck Holly St. Clair's beautiful face and cunt. They talked about it often. They watched her dejected face when she would go out to ride. They noticed the way she stared at their young, muscular bodies and bulging crotches when she thought they weren't looking.

One day he, Maletto Velios, would pour his dark cock into her white cunt, but now he must take a substitute.

He ran his hand over the satin hide on the mare's rump and watched the tail jump up to reveal the long, purple gash of her cunt. He shoved a grain crate behind her and stepped up to the horse.

"Easy, girl," he whispered, "easy, Princess Lee."

His cock swelled in his tight work jeans. It was already hard and pounding with anticipation of the animal fuck. Running his hand softly over the mare's rump to settle her, he unzipped his fly and pulled his young, virile cock into the hot air of the bam.

Placing the throbbing head of his prick against the pulpy, purple slit he felt the juices that were constant just inside the lips of the mare's cunt. They were always there, making the cunt always ready during the heat period. His cockhead disappeared between the folds. Bunching the already taut muscles of his ass he shoved forward hard with his hips and entered the animal to the root of his cock.

Then he placed both hands on her rump and, like a spastic, started humping. He pumped his pulsing cock, piston-like, into the huge, gaping cunt. In no time he had rocked himself to glory with a huge orgasm. He fucked right on through it and continued to fuck, imagining, in his mind's eye, that the mare's cunt was actually the cunt of his mistress, Holly St. Clair.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Carrez Velios drew his huge bulk to a sitting position when he heard the car roaring up the lane. He had been awake for almost an hour letting the bees, flies, and other insects of the previous night's hangover buzz themselves out inside his aching head.

He had been lying with his head cocked sideways on the pillow and his eyes open, peering through the two opened doors across the hall into Manea's room.

During the night she had kicked her covers off and twisted in the bed until her nightgown had slithered up her body and bunched in the small of her back, exposing her fleshy asscheeks.

Her full brown hip made a sweeping arch from the deep indentation of her waist up, over, and down

to mold into the sweeping curve of her thigh. The crease of her ass was almost black where it ran down between the fleshy bronze of her asscheeks. Between her legs he could just make out the wiry black hair of her young cunt, where her slit and her asshole met in dark, furry perfection.

Watching her he had fisted his cock until it stood up like a girder of brown steel. Manea was beautiful. More beautiful even than her mother had been when Carrez had first fucked her and knocked her up. Arleta had been only fourteen then, a year younger than Manea was now.

Carrez thought how good his cock was and what beautiful children his sperm had produced; the dark, gypsy like Manea, with the plump brown tits, and her two stallion brothers, the twins, Mano and Maletto. Soon, the boys, with their handsome, chiseled good looks, would be dipping their cocks into the best of the county's young cunt. Absently, Carrez wondered if they were already fucking their sister. He, Carrez, had started fucking all four of his sisters when he was their age. Sometimes, like a young bull, he fucked them all in the same night.

With a groan, he lifted himself from the bed and wished he were young again. He couldn't remember who he had fucked at Mama Else's the previous night, or how many times, or how much of his future pay it had cost him. He also wondered who had undressed him when he finally stumbled home. Probably Arleta. He imagined her pulling off his boots and trousers and smelling the whore's cunt juice still steaming on his dick. She had probably sucked the scent of cunt from his cock and then rolled over to fall into her usual deep sleep.

He would have liked to assume that she had hardened his cock with her full lips and then mounted him and shoved her cunt into glory over it. But he knew it hadn't happened.

Carrez hadn't fucked his woman for over five years, and there was little chance that he would get to dip his cunt-hungry cock in her for another five.

"Carrez?"

It was St. Clair. The big man could hear his boss' boots mounting the porch and entering the front hall. He had finished dressing by the time Jacques stomped into the bedroom. "Good morning, Patron."

"What was it this time?" St. Clair asked, standing spread-legged in the middle of the room, popping a leather riding whip against the side of his leg.

"It's the legs again, Patron. The pains are bad in the mornings."

"Bullshit," St. Clair said, "it's your third leg. You spend so much time at Mama Else's that your cock probably has blisters . . . or calluses."

Carrez didn't answer, but grinned with his face in his hands as he splashed water over his head to clear it. He stood and shook his head into a towel as he turned and met St. Clair in the middle of the room.

"Can you drive into town this morning? Peter Blue's plane lands at ten."

St. Clair was talking to him but the man's eyes were darting into the next room, drinking in Manea's bare flesh. Carrez followed St. Clair's gaze. The girl had rolled over, still immersed in sleep, so that one bulging tit was thrust upward from her body, its darker, bare nipple gleaming like an opal in the morning sun.

"I thought you wanted to pick Blue up yourself, Patron," Carrez said, casually crossing the hall and pulling the girl's door shut.

"I . . . a . . . have a couple of other things I gotta do this morning," St. Clair said, moving out of the room suddenly and down the hall.

I'll just bet you do, thought Carrez, throwing a quick look at the door to his daughter's room and following his boss. Aloud he said, "Maybe it's dangerous for me to meet him." He laughed hollowly to shade the meaning of his next words with false humor. "Perhaps I break the little man in half and send him back on the next plane."

"You won't," St. Clair said, pausing at the front door. "Because you need him as much as I do. You can raise winners but only he can ride and train them."

"How do you know he will not do what he had done before?"

"He won't," St. Clair said with conviction.

"How can you be so sure, Patron?"

"Because," St. Clair said, leveling his gaze with the bigger man's, "I own him. Just like I own you."

\* \* \* \*

Holly's body flushed red from the top of her head to the bottom of her feet. To have a servant catch her in such a perverted act as ramming a hairbrush up her cunt in order to find the relief that her husband obviously hadn't given her was the worst thing she could imagine.

"Draw me a bath," she told the woman, "a cold one," and she disappeared into her dressing room.

Arleta moved into the bath and filled the tub to almost overflowing. The Patron, St. Clair, must be like Carrez in his desires; an animal. Her mistress had obviously been left wanting rather than sent to glory by her husband's cock.

All men, thought Arleta, were the same: always taking never giving. Now if she were to love Holly's golden body, she would give the woman the satisfaction she so obviously needed and craved.

"Your tub is ready, Senora," she called.

Holly entered the room, a satin robe draped around her body. As she stepped to the tub, she averted her eyes in embarrassment. Arleta stood behind her and solicitously peeled the robe from her shoulders.

"I would appreciate it," Holly said, "if you would keep silent about what you saw in there."

"Of course I will," said Arleta, her eyes darting up and down, reveling the perfection of Holly's delightful body. "Men are beasts. They know of no pleasure but their own." Arleta let her hands pause on Holly's hips. She squeezed them tentatively, tenderly. "A beautiful body like yours should have fulfillment."

Holly felt a strange, warm glow from the woman's touch. It was almost sexual, but she knew that was impossible. She wanted to turn and bury her head between the Mexican woman's mountainous tits and just cry; take solace in the warmth of another woman.

Arleta felt the waves of need flowing from Holly's body. She moved her hands down to the girl's thighs.

Misinterpreting the motion, Holly thought the woman was urging her into the tub, and she stepped away from the caressing hands and sank into the cold water.

Behind her and unseen, Arleta watched the bobbing, golden tits above the water. She ran her hands over her own thrusting, braless tits, pinching the nipples into erection with her fingers. Her cunt ran hot with juices of desire as, beneath the water, she could see Holly's black cuntal bush.

Arleta longed to strip her own body and enter the tub with her mistress. How she would love to suck the sticky juices of love from the golden woman's hot, hungry cunt with her willing mouth.

"Perhaps," she said, as Holly emerged from the tub a few minutes later and accepted a towel, "the Senora would like a massage. It has a calming effect."

"No," Holly said. "I think I'll ride."

"If you pardon me for suggesting," Arleta said, "you should also check for infection. You might have injured yourself somehow."

Holly laughed nervously, the woman's obvious concern making her feel a little more at ease about her perverted act. "I couldn't do that. What on earth could I tell a doctor? I wouldn't dare tell him that I had done it to myself with a hairbrush."

"Perhaps I could do it for you."

"You . . . mean," Holly said, staring directly into the other woman's eyes, "examine me down there?"

"Yes."

"You'd do that for me?"

"Of course," Arleta laughed, "the female body has no secrets from me."

Holly lay on the bed, the towel still draped around her body. A massage, she thought, might be good to relax her after all.

"I have some salve," the maid said as she dampened towels with cool water. Her hands shook slightly as she removed the large bath towel from Holly's body and replaced it with the smaller ones. She draped two of the damp towels over Holly's face, completely blocking her vision and leaving just a tiny opening for her to breathe. She then ran her practiced fingers down the girl's sides, clear to the toes, and back up, along the tops of her thighs and hips, until she reached the tits.

"Oh, that does feel good, Arleta," Holly mumbled through the towels.

"Your body is very tight," the woman replied.

She toyed with Holly's shoulders and neck and then moved down, pausing slightly to cup and squeeze the full tits. Holly jumped at the sensuous touch but said nothing. The woman was a master. She could feel the tension draining from her body.

Arleta's hands moved on down the perfect body and, in passing, barely ruffled the black, curly pubic hairs that surrounded the pink, moistening cunt.

Holly sighed and let her legs open under the woman's caress. "Just relax, Senora," Arleta said, the perspiration of her own passion now forming in the hollow of her neck and running in tiny streams down between her large tits.

"Oh, my God," Holly said, feeling the woman's fingers part the taut lips of her cunt. "What are you doing?"

"Just looking," Arleta said. "I'm going to put some salve inside you. It will quickly heal whatever you have done to yourself."

Holly's mind relaxed even more as the woman's fingers parted her cuntlips wide and the tips of her fingers slipped into the gushing hole. She should be more embarrassed than ever, Holly thought, but the woman seemed so sincere that she accepted, without thinking, the tender probing of her cunt.

Arleta's mouth watered as she looked directly into the gaping pink crevice outlined between the pulpy mounds of hairy flesh. Her face was a scant three inches from the delectable cunt, and she had the uncontrollable desire to lick and suck the sweet juices that flowed from the cunt to dribble down the lower slopes of the fleshy asscheeks. The heady musk of passion steamed up into her face from Holly's cunt as she manipulated the cuntlips with her fingers.

She ran her fingers clear up the hole, got them wet, and then massaged the lips of Holly's cunt, pressing gently and cleverly against the erect knob of the clitoris with each plunging movement.

"Must you do that, Arleta? It. . . it, well it bothers me," Holly said, feeling her hips start to move obscenely against her will.

Arleta smiled. She is a hot puta, the woman thought, she needs to receive the loving of my tongue. "Just relax," she said, aloud. "It is necessary. Don't be afraid. Remember I am another woman, not a man. If you feel some arousal, it's normal. Just accept it, don't try to fight it. Even if you should climax while I bathe you inside, don't be distressed. You can't help it. . . accept it."

Holly felt foolish. Her hips were nearly rising off the table now as Arleta's fingers ran like hot needles or small cocks in and out of her tortured cunt. She forced her mind to think of anything but sex, but still, she could feel her knees rising and her thighs parting as her body took over her mind, making her accept the wild sensations.

"I am going to put a hard swab inside you now," Arleta said, trying her best to keep the choking passion from her voice. "Just relax as I do it and accept it. It will do you good, believe me."

Arleta lowered her face until she could feel pubic hair tickling her cheeks and nose. Slowly she pushed with her tongue, until the hard tip was far up Holly's heated cunt.

Holly's body, from the waist down, was divorced from her mind as her cunt and its longings took over. She felt her hips hump upward, sending the object up her cunt, but she accepted it, as Arleta said, telling herself that she was having nothing to do with it.

With the flat of her tongue Arleta worked on the pulpy ridges of the cunt and laved the clitoris until Holly's body was a writhing mass of aroused passion.

"Oh, stop . . . stop, Arleta! I can't take any more! I think . . . "

"I must finish," Arleta said. "If you happen to come, it is all right. Forget it and release yourself!"



Arleta crossed her own legs, bunching her thighs so she too could come when at last Holly exploded. The maid felt the gush of cunt juice flood her mouth as the girl started her come. Arleta thrust her tongue quickly and expertly against Holly's clitoris, toying with it, lapping it lovingly, almost nibbling it with her lips. At the same time she ground her own clitoris between the swollen lips of her cunt with her heated thighs.

Now Holly didn't even know who or where she was; she didn't care. Her whole body was centered on the tip of her throbbing clit. She arched her back, moaning through the towels, every muscle tense as she threw her cunt against the thing that she still thought of as an inanimate object, an instrument that was giving her the joy that she had been denied earlier that morning by her husband. Higher and higher she rose on a whirling cloud of passion. At last she exploded in a throbbing storm of total release.

Arleta sucked at Holly's cunt, swallowing the cunt's sweet juices as she felt her own little come vibrate through her loins. Her own juices flowed from her cuntlips down her thighs, sending thrills through her body.

When the full extent of Holly's juices had seeped in waves down her throat, Arleta lifted her head and looked up between the heaving globes of the girl's huge tits. She had the urge to do more, suck those magnificent breasts. But, wisely, she retreated, rather than push her new-found good fortune too far.

She took a great blob of salve from the tube and smeared it just inside Holly's cuntlips. As Holly started swimming up from the depths of her orgasm, back to reality, Arleta moved to the door.

"You'll enjoy your morning ride much more now. I'll have one of the boys saddle Attila for you."

She could hear the pulpy, slurping sound of her own soaking cunt as she walked to the door and quietly closed it behind her.

\* \* \* \*

Carrez dropped his pickup in behind St. Clair's convertible until the big car swerved off the main road. The auto's tires left a thick cloud of dust up the side trail. The Mexican drove another mile and then turned off himself. He wound through a back road and then another until he came out on a high knoll above his own house.

From there he could see his house below, and most of the vast valley beyond, clear to the river. He climbed from the pickup, lit a cigar, and hunkered down beside an outcropping rock to wait.

It wasn't long, about fifteen minutes, until the big car came back into sight and swerved into the long drive. It rocked to a stop at the house and Carrez could barely hear the two quick blasts on the horn.

Seconds later Manea ran from the house and jumped into the front seat. St. Clair kissed her quickly and the car leapt back down the drive. It turned left, away from the ranch's main buildings.

Carrez raised the binoculars from his chest to his eyes and followed the swirling line of the dust cloud until he was sure of its direction and its eventual destination.

He smiled to himself. It was a smile of almost evil intensity. There was only one place they could go and be sure of not being seen in the direction they had taken.

Carrez knew it well.

He climbed back into the pickup and drove leisurely, not wanting to rush and possibly catch up with them before they parked.

He stopped the pickup about a hundred yards down the road and walked off into the trees toward the wide clearing by the old river levee.

As he walked, he fingered the handle of the long switchblade in his pocket.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Jacques braked the car beneath the vast spread of two matching sycamores and killed the engine. He thought of putting the top up but decided the hell with it at the last minute.

During the drive Manea had cradled her head and body in his arm. He could look right down the front of the scoop-necked peasant blouse she wore and see the twin, braless mounds of her tits bounce and jiggle delightfully with every motion of the car. Between her thighs her cuntlips had grabbed and sucked the material of her tight shorts up into the crack of her pussy.

He moved both their bodies over in the seat, away from the steering wheel. Sliding his hand up her side, he squeezed one of her tits with practically all the pressure he could exert with his fingers.

"Bastard," she moaned. "You love to hurt."

"You love it," he said. "One day we will be caught."

"Never."

"Oh yes . . . and your wife will cut off your balls with a razor, and my father, the beast, will kill me."

"I love your pussy," he sighed, paying no attention to her mouthings, still squeezing her tit.

"I know you do. And I love your big, hard, experienced cock," she said, knowing that her cunt was all he really loved. But she didn't care. He was able to quell the raging fires of youthful passion in her body and give her expensive presents for her favors. That was all she wanted . . . for the time being.

She accepted his lips on hers and sucked at the root of his tongue while she let her fingers trail down across the hardness of his chest and belly, coming to rest on the thick bulge of his cock.

A groan came from St. Clair's mouth as he felt her soft hand close over him. He could see the thrusting globes of her full young tits heaving in the loose blouse. The rest of her body was sensuously slender with narrow but well-curved hips and fleshy, full thighs that blended with the rest of her long legs, legs that could wrap around a man's back and pull his cock home in her warm cunt.

She leaned closer to him in the seat, her dark eyes teasing him and her red lips curved in a taunting smile. Her breath came in quick, uneven gasps that made her tits leap to his hands.

"You want to fuck me, Patron?" she sighed.

"I'm not your patron," he said, "I'm your lover . . . your fucker."

"You like to fuck me, don't you, Patron? You like to fuck young girls. You like to stick your big cock in my ass, my mouth, and my hairy cunt, don't you, Patron?"

He glared back at her, almost wanting to spit in her face. This was why he loved to fuck her-she made it exciting. She dared him to fuck her, practically rape her.

He could almost smell the heat of her eager young cunt. His arms wound around her body and pulled her roughly to him. His lips came down hard on hers. The smile on her face had goaded him. She wasn't like his wife, cajoling and pleading for his cock in her cunt. Manea could take him or leave him. It was a challenge to conquer her every time he fucked her. It made him sure of the man he knew he was.

St. Clair fucked his tongue into her hot mouth as he slid his hand into the front of her blouse and cupped the heavy, trembling softness of her tits. The melting flesh quivered and the nipples hardened under his palm.

Do you love a woman, a girl, like Manea? he mused. No! You fuck her. You fuck her until she screams in pain and pleasure and then she curses you, throws foul oaths at you and then you root into her beautiful brown body and you fuck her some more.

Crushed against him, Manea kept her hand on his rising cock. It grew and swelled in her fist with each movement of her hand. She trembled and gasped, feeling the heat of the man's cock blazing far hotter than the sun that steamed in rising waves of heat around the clearing.

The fevered cunt between her thighs pulsed open and gushed her juices, soaking the crotch of her shorts. She ripped her lips from his and spoke with a new sound in her voice, a sound not unlike the low, guttural growl of a female cat in heat.

"Suck 'em . . . suck my fucking tits! Bite the goddam nipples 'til they hurt!"

She pulled the strings at her shoulders and let the blouse settle around her waist. Roughly she yanked his head down to her chest.

"You love 'em, Patron. SUCK 'EM!"

Her obscene words acted like adrenalin on his fevered loins. His head began to burrow between her ripe tits, his hungry mouth seeking the ripe succulence of her taut nipples.

"Oh baby . . . oh, Daddy baby, that's it . . . suck it! SUCK IT!"

He buried his whole face in the soft pillows of her heaving tits. His tongue licked madly and his warm, moist lips clamped down hard on a nipple.

Her lewd, dirty, wonderful mouth kept pouring forth obscene urgings from her lust-laden throat. She thrust forward as though she were trying to ram her whole tit into his mouth. While he continued to lick and suck, she trailed her hands to his belt. She struggled with the leather and then the fly.

"Let's see your cock, Patron. Where is it. . . where's your beautiful meat?"

Her hands clawed at his crotch. She ripped his belt loose, and then jerked the zipper down, nearly catching the meat of his cockhead in the process. She worked the pants down to his ankles where he could thrash about until he had kicked them clear off. Her hands then went to work on his shirt until it too was lying on the floorboard of the car and he was totally nude.

He lifted his mouth, at last from the sweetness of her sweaty tits and, with all the strength in his arms, pulled her shorts and her panties free of her legs. The cuntal slit between the soft black hair winked at him from between her firmly rounded young thighs. It opened like a flower and secreted tiny drops of moisture. Her cuntlips were wide, all pink and swollen as they urged him on in open invitation.

Manea's eyes fastened on the jutting hardness of his raging cock where it climbed like a pole from the bush of his pubic hair. His prick was ridged and the purple head was thick and throbbing with lust. It was as thick as her wrist and perfect in its long length.

"Oh, God," she cried, "what a cock . . . what a beautiful, hard cock! Climb up in the seat on your knees. I want to suck it. I want to feel it in my fucking throat before you fuck me with it! Oh shit, it's the cock of a man!"

He did as she asked and grasped his cock shaft with a shaking hand, holding it steady directly in front of her slaving red lips.

She wailed aloud and pressed her head downward toward the hardened knob of flesh that already seeped man cream from its tiny eye. She spread her mouth wide in preparation as her lips touched the juice-moist head. Her darkly lip stick painted mouth closed over the spongy cockhead and she plunged her head on down, trying to take all of his wealth of prick into her mouth and throat at once.

* * * *

Carrez paused at the edge of the heavy underbrush just before it broke free into the clearing. He thought he heard the steady clip-clip-clip of a trotting horse on the road behind him. It came to him again and he wondered if he should retreat or stay.

His mind was suddenly made up for him when ahead, somewhere in the clearing beyond the dense growth, he heard their voices locked in the passion of sex.

"Fuckers . . . son-of-a-bitchin' fuckers!" he whispered under his breath and quietly moved on through the brush. The trail was just wide enough if he stayed low. Soon he found the going easier and before he knew it he broke through the brush and found himself in the clearing.

His mouth dropped open and his eyes grew wide as the car and its occupants materialized through the heat haze rising from the ground. For several seconds he was frozen in a stupor not ten yards from the side of the car.

Then he regained his senses and crept backward silently until he was again hidden by the brush, his eyes riveted on the open car.

His little girl, his daughter, sat naked in the front seat of the car, sucking greedily on the patron's thick cock. Her black head bobbed wildly with over half the huge rod in her throat. St. Clair's hands were on her tits, squeezing and kneading their plump ripeness as his hips drove his meat in powerful lunges into her face.

The longer Carrez watched the angrier he got. But he didn't think or realize which way his anger was turning. He didn't stop to analyze that the root of his anger was not that St. Clair was fucking his daughter, but rather, that the patron was violating his woman. The sight of his beautiful daughter with the huge cock in her face gave passion to his own loins. She was his woman, his cunt. How dare the patron poach on his preserve. He felt his cock harden to its fullest width and length, painfully, in his tight jeans.

He wished it were him, and not St. Clair, who was in the car feeding cock into her beautiful face. The bastard St. Clair had everything else, and now he had Carrez' woman; the woman he himself had wanted to fuck every morning since he could remember. The Mexican wouldn't have given a thought to it if the woman in the car had been his wife, Arleta. Quite the opposite, he would have laughed and probably cheered his boss on, glad that someone, anyone, could have the frigid bitch take a cock.

But Manea, his daughter, his woman, that was a different story. He brought the knife from his pocket and pressed the button to release the ugly blade. It whooshed open in his hand and, at once, became like an extension of his fist.

In the car Manea had managed to swallow all of St. Clair's surging cock. She worked it in and out of her throat, sucking and laving with her tongue as she moved. Around and around the throbbing tip she swirled her tongue, tasting with delight the pungent man cream that seeped from the tiny slit in his cockhead.

Saliva and cock juice flowed from the corners of her mouth as her head bobbed furiously up and down on the huge prick. She sucked as though she were milking another woman's tits with her hungry lips. Her cheeks hollowed and her lips smacked as her mouth slipped off the head and left a sheen of saliva in its wake.

He groaned in anguish until, once again, her head bent and her hands came around the pulsating prick, guiding it back into her waiting mouth.

As she sucked loudly, Manea could feel the thick, hot moisture from her cunt drool down her upper thighs. It seeped from deep inside her hot cunt like a hot spring spewing steam. Her heavy tits, dangling like ripe fruit, felt full to bursting. She knew that soon she would have to have this cock in her cunt or she would pass out from the passion of her desire. It was always like that; she needed cock. She loved to suck, and she could suck for extended periods of time if she had already come at least once. But now her cunt was hotly creaming and she knew she couldn't last much longer without satisfying its pounding need.

She took her lips from his cock and looked up into his face. "Now, Patron . . . take your cock and fuck me with it. Make me come good with your meat. Stick your prick in my hot cunt. It's ready and waiting for you, Patron . . . FUCK ME!"

Jacques groaned with delight at her insistence. He pulled her head up to him and plunged his tongue deep into the moistness of her mouth. Her tits felt like heated pillows of fire on his chest as he pulled her thrashing body against him. Fiercely he mashed the soft, billowing globes against him while he fucked her mouth with the stiffness of his tongue.

"Do it! Do it, Jacques! Stick your cock in me now!"

Carrez loosened his fly and brought his cock into the open, needing to ease its pounding pain. His eyes glazed from the intensity of his stare as he watched St. Clair lift the naked girl up to the back of the seat and crouch, his cock bobbing lewdly between her spread thighs.

God, he thought, what a whore she would make! How she had sucked his cock! What a cocksucker she was! And how she was screaming for his cock in her cunt now! She looked like she loved cock as much as he, Carrez, loved cunt.

What a picture he was seeing and what a picture he made. His daughter was about to have the cock of a man he hated and feared shoved up her cunt, while he, the father, stood close by with his hard

cock in one hand and a razor-sharp knife in the other.

His mind urged him to leap atop the car and plunge the blade far into the body of his hated rival. But the fascination of Manea's impending impalement held his body in check. The rising tide of passion in his body brought out the voyeur in him and he stood, rooted to the spot, unable to do anything but move his hand back and forth on his own cock as he watched the bulbous head of St. Clair's prick bob closer to his daughter's heated cunt.

Carrez watched as Manea grabbed the length of dangling meat and stroked it expertly. It was as though she had been jacking off men all her life. She cupped the cum-bloated balls with her other hand. In seconds, holding her breath in anticipation, she pulled him against her until his stiffly pulsating cock rested tightly against her seeping, quivering cuntlips.

Oh, shit, oh fuck, thought Carrez, if that were only him, if she were only urging his cock into her fuck-hungry cunt.

St. Clair moaned in joy and tensed his quivering muscles as he felt his aching cock touch Manea's eagerly clutching cunt. He could feel the wiry pubic hair and the swollen, slickened flesh of her cuntlips nibbling hotly at the head of his cock.

"Jesus, bitch," he cried, "you drive me right out of my fucking mind!"

"I know," she said, smiling and wiggling her cuntlips over the head of his cock.

Arching her hips, the flashing-eyed young girl let go of St. Clair's thick prick and slid her hands around his hips. She felt the flexed muscles of her powerful, taut asscheeks. She looked up into his eyes and pleaded with her own for his cock.

He returned the look, seeing in the depths of her eyes the pure, raw passion, the heated need and desire for cock that he had never seen in his wife's eyes. His cock was poised, his body shook, and his mind was on fire.

The head of his prick oozed impatiently against her pussylips. He lunged forward with a loud groan of joy and shoved the full length of his swollen cock into her belly. The youthful tightness of her outer rim held him for a few seconds and then he was inside, his prick gorging itself on the smooth, fleshy walls of the heated, convulsing passage of her cunt.

He screamed with joy when he felt the head of his cock hit, almost painfully, the far inner reaches of her cunt, where the walls contracted and held it in a viselike grip of lust.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he moaned, "cunt, good cunt!"

"Give it to me!" she cried. "Pour your cock into me!" God, he was a good fucker, she thought, the best. He had a lot of good thick meat and he knew just how to use it to inflame and excite her cunt to come and come.

St. Clair's lust-hardened cock worked its way deeper and deeper up into her hot, rippling pussy. Her clutching, clasping, youthful cunt held his prick like a vise, a hot, milking vise that squeezed and pulled at his cockhead. The cuntal muscles between Manea's widespread thighs rippled and clutched, massaging his cock like an electric vibrator.

Her cunt pulled at the building jism in his balls, making him growl and gasp in pleasure. He could actually feel the seething pressure in his testicles.

She, in turn, reveled in the hot, muscled back that helped to pound the cock into her. She ran her hands like hot tongues of flame over his asscheeks as the mammoth, pulsing hardness of his cock fucked deeper and deeper into her cunt. It felt like it was deep enough to pound the back of her throat. She could feel every ridge and muscle, every inch of his pounding cock.

And still she wanted more. This was one of the things St. Clair loved about fucking her; the more he gave her, the more she wanted. She was a real fucking machine, and she made no bones about it. Her heels came up to lock behind his ass. Her thighs closed around his hips, urging him on.

Her mouth opened and she laved the inner part of his ear with her tongue as obscene words of lust tumbled from her mouth.

"Oh fuck me . . . fuck me good! Oh Jacques, you have such a good, hard cock! Fuck me like you've never fucked me before! Fuck me hard and deep, deeper than you've ever fucked me before! I want your cock, I love it, I love your big stiff whang inside me! Make me sweat, lover! MAKE ME COME!"

Manea's hips began gyrating wildly as her own words served to further inflame both their bodies. She rolled her head and her body around on the back of the seat to squeeze every bit of his solid prick, his turgid flesh into her seething cuntal depths.

His wildly pulsing cock answered her passion with the motion of fucking as he pumped in and out of her hot hole in a fevered, uncontrolled passion that threatened to rock them clear off the seat and out of the wildly rocking car.

"Oh, I love to fuck you!" shouted St. Clair. "I love to just take you as a woman. You don't care about me or what I do, or what I am. You just want my cock. God, Manea, you are a woman . . . a fuck woman!"

"Yes, yes," she shouted back, "give it to me! Come in me, then suck your own cum out of my cunt while I clean your fuck-pole with my mouth!"

He dug his hands under her ass and pulled her gripping cunt hard up against him until their pelvic bones mashed together. Her asscheeks ground her cunt against him in ever increasing waves of heated, pounding fucking.

Sweat gleamed on Carrez' forehead as his hand flew back and forth on his rigid meat. His cock controlled his mind as he watched St. Clair's prick impale his daughter's sucking cunt. Her tits were glorious as they flopped and rolled around her chest. Their weight caused them to slap together with a thudding sound that was nearly as exciting as the slurping of her cunt as it sheathed and released St. Clair's driving cock.

Then, without warming, it happened. The sight of the sweat-smeared bodies locked together in abandoned, fucking, and the flailing pressure of his own fist on his cock, caused his eruption.

Carrez stifled a groan as he felt the dam give way and the pressure-cooker of his balls give up their boiling juices. The spunk flowed like lava the length of his rigid cock and spewed out in great, gushing streams to fall in gobs to the ground. He kept his eyes on the couple and his hand on his cock until a puddle of cum had formed on the ground at his feet and his body rocked in the throes of passion.

As the final release of orgasm drained from his body, his former anger returned. It surged over his mind and clouded his eyes, replacing the image of lust with one of hate and renewed frustration.

He folded his cock back into his pants and zipped the fly, nearly cutting himself with the knife in his haste.

"Now," he whispered between clenched teeth, "you gringo son-of-a-bitch . . . you son-of-a-whore, I'll kill you where you fuck, just like the thief you are!"

He crouched lower, his body nearly hugging the ground, and started to crawl into the grass of the clearing. He had only gone a foot or so, the knife clutched like a hatchet in his quivering hand, when he stopped, his mouth falling open in disbelief.

The horse walked into the clearing and directly up to the side of the car.

"Jesus Christ," Carrez muttered under his breath, "Senora St. Clair!"

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

Holly loosened her hair and let it fly in the surging wind. Between her legs, Jingo stretched into a gallop. Normally she wouldn't let him run full-out this soon after leaving the barn, but she was anxious to get to her private clearing, shed her clothes, and swim in the clear, rushing water of the stream. She didn't know why she suddenly felt unclean. Perhaps it was the lewd orgasm she had had as Arleta had massaged her cunt.

The orgasm she had experienced under those strange, false conditions had so unnerved her that she had rushed into her clothes and run from the house immediately after its conclusion. She had felt dirty, stained, but she didn't know why.

But once she had mounted the magnificent black stallion, and felt the power and freedom between her legs that only he could give her, half of the strange feeling had been forgotten. The other half would be erased when she could soak her body in the cold, cleansing waters of the stream.

She noticed the pickup when she turned off the road and parted the branches that hid the path. She thought it looked familiar, but drove it from her mind in her haste to be alone with her body and thoughts in her own secluded "place".

About halfway down the trail she heard the voices. It alarmed her, but the obvious nature of what they were doing also intrigued her. The cries and groans were of passion and lust, and once Holly realized it, her curiosity got the best of her.

In the shade of a low-hanging, heavily leafed tree branch, she reined Jingo in and parted the leaves. She saw the two naked bodies locked together, their concentration totally taken up with their wild fucking.

The man was fucking with a wild, insane rhythm as he pounded his cock between the splayed thighs with ever-increasing power. The girl was babbling incoherently as her hair flew around their shoulders and her head danced from side to side in the joy of receiving the man's cock in her willing cunt.

How beautiful they were, thought Holly, the sight of the magnificent, animal-like mating churning up all her own desires.

Then Holly gasped as the man's head came up and he screamed to the sky while his cock beat like a

piston into the young girl's cunt.

"Manea . . . Manea, baby . . . fuck me back! I think I'm coming! Fuck, fuck . . . OH, JESUS, FUCK ME BACK! FUCK ME WITH YOUR CUNT!"

"My God . . . ohhh, my God," Holly moaned as the voice and the face registered on her mind. Tears immediately flooded her eyes, and little sounds of anguish tore from her throat. The pain ripped through her body and mounted as the couple drew closer and closer to their climax. The girl was obviously in a total frenzy from Jacques' cock, the cock that, just that morning, had been denied Holly.

Oh Lord, she thought, what had she done to deserve this?

Holly didn't know what to do. Should she leave? Should she stay and watch, witness the awful sight of her man giving the pleasure she needed to another woman? Or should she ride on into the clearing and confront them both?

She did nothing. She was frozen.

Their bodies became rivers of perspiration as Manea's thighs slid around Jacques' hips, hungrily helping him feed his huge cock into her greedy young cunt.

"Oh lover . . . oh fucker, lover!" she screamed as she again locked her legs around his body and held his cock captive in her clutching pussy.

He could feel the churning, building pressure in his balls and knew his time was near. Manea seemed to sense it too, and she opened her cunt even wider to accommodate his pulsing, driving cock.

St. Clair looked down between their bodies. He could see his glistening prick disappearing into the slurping softness of her dark cunt where the lips locked his cock, milking and pulling at its root. His hips drove harder and harder as he clenched the muscles of his asscheeks and drove the huge hunk of cockmeat up into the writhing girl's cunt with the force of a pile driver.

Suddenly Manea arched her back and drove the sheath of her sopping cunt over the full length of his cock. Her whole body quivered as her legs locked viselike around him. She screamed, her voice shattering the stillness of the clearing.

"I'm there . . . I'M THERE! OH, FUCK ME HARD! GOD, I'M COMING SO HARD!"

The shrieking voice was right at Jacques' ear. His cum seared the inner walls of his cock as it poured through his root and exploded in the depths of Manea's cunt.

The hot, white globs of jism spurted deep inside the writhing young body. They seemed to mix with a slurping, gushing sound as her own hot juices joined them and swirled wildly through her cock-filled cunt.

Their bodies remained joined in the mutual joy of their wild come. They jerked spasmodically against each other, pelvic bone slamming against pelvic bone as cum and cunt juice sprayed their bellies and inner thighs with sticky warmth.

Jacques felt the head of his cock being sucked by her cunt as it spurted into her. His nearly empty balls slapped against her asshole as he continued the attack, unwilling to let the rapture and joy of

the moment fade so quickly. She was still answering his thrusts with her groans and her grinding ass when she felt his prick slip from her cunt and slide across her belly, erupting with a final spurt that landed directly between her tits. She scooped it up with her fingers and sucked the gooey cum into her mouth.

"Now . . . now eat me, Jacques!" she shrieked. "Eat your cum out of my cunt while I suck your cock and get it hard enough to fuck me in the ass!"

Holly's eyes were filled with tears as the full impact of the girl's sexual release hit her, the kind of release that she herself had wanted and needed so desperately for so long. She hadn't realized it, but Jingo had sensed his master's presence and had taken them right up to the side of the car.

St. Clair flipped the girl onto her back in the seat and mashed his still-hard cock into her mouth. He was about to put his head between her splayed thighs and suck the mixture of cum and cunt juice from her hot pussy when, through the opened door, he saw the horse's legs.

His eyes traveled up, up, up until they met the wet, red-rimmed eyes of his wife.

"Oh shit!" he said, and jumped to a kneeling position in the seat. His cock jumped from the girl's sucking mouth with a wet, popping sound.

"What's the-? Holy Jesus!" Manea gasped, also meeting Holly's vacant stare.

"What are you?" Holly asked, her voice flat and toneless.

Recovering quickly, Manea sat on the back of the seat and smiled as she used her blouse to mop the perspiration from her well-fucked body. "I am Manea Velios, Senora St. Clair," she said, her tone mocking. "I liope you're having a pleasant ride."

"Holly, listen . . . " St. Clair said, rising in the car and leaning toward his wife.

Holly didn't reply. She merely leaned forward in the saddle and spit directly into Jacques' upturned face. Then she reined the stallion around and broke into a gallop through the trees.

In the underbrush, Carrez folded his knife and slipped it back into his pocket. As he moved off through the trees he thought: There would be no need to kill the patron. There might soon be a better means of revenge, a much better means.

\* \* \* \*

Peter Blue had a hard-on. He'd had one for the last hour watching the blonde stewardess move up and down the aisle. Her tight skirt encased the twin mounds of her ass like a second skin. Watching her wiggle, it gave him the impression of two large cats fighting in a small gunny sack.

He wondered how much she charged for her ass when she wasn't flying. He also wondered if he could afford it. The thought that he might be able to get her, or any woman, into bed by merely wining and dining them never entered his mind.

Peter Blue just assumed that all women were cunts, all cunts were whores, and all whores had a price. He'd long ago given up the idea of romance when he'd realized that women looked upon him as either a cute four-foot-ten-inch toy, or a freak. Before he took them to bed they laughed at him, and afterwards, they were almost afraid of him. He might be only four-ten, but his cock, fully hard, stuck out from his body a full foot, and few women could get their hands clear around its thick root.

The engines died and the passengers jumped to their feet and rushed to get into the aisle so they could wait.

Peter Blue just sat calmly and waited until the last of the line had passed him. He then joined it and made his way up to the front of the plane where the blonde was smiling her goodbyes.

"I have a garment bag," he said, pausing in front of her.

"Yes sir," she said, and turned and started fumbling in the locker behind her.

"You have a layover here don't you?" he asked. "Yes, sir. An overnight."

"Wanna pick up an extra fifty bucks tonight?"

"How would I do that?" she said, laughing and handing him the bag.

"By having dinner with me," he replied, watching her eyes, and the cool calmness he saw reflected in them. He liked blunt, cool chicks. They were usually unshockable and they usually did business.

"I don't charge people to have dinner with them," she said.

"But I want to fuck you after dinner," he replied, without varying the tone of his voice.

"Then I suggest," she said, widening her smile, "that you find someone else. I only fuck men." She straightened her body and bent her head downward to accentuate his small size.

It didn't faze Peter Blue. He was used to it. He smiled and took her hand as he moved the garment bag away from his crotch. He then placed her hand on his hard cock and ran it twice up and down its phenomenal length. "I've been in the slammer for a year," he said, "there's a lot in there waitin'."

She gasped, quickly regained her composure, and removed her hand. "Make it a hundred?" she said, still totally calm and coolly composed. "That thing's liable to ruin me for a week."

"You're on."

"We're at the Hound's Tooth Inn," she said. "The name."

"Ms. Street."

Blue nodded, turned, and walked, whistling, down the stairway. In the waiting area he spotted no one that matched the description he had of St. Clair. From there he went to the reservation desk and inquired.

"No sir . . . no messages," the girl said.

"Shit," he groaned. "Well, if anybody decides to show up I'll be in the bar."

"Yes, sir."

He was on his third Scotch when the blonde came back into his head. He wanted some cunt and he wanted it now. His cock was hardening up again just from thinking about the girl's springy ass and full, bouncy tits.

The last year's deprivation didn't help, either. He laughed when he thought about the two hundred

grand in his own private little corner of the world, and how much good cunt that was going to buy him when this fucking parole thing was out of the way and he could skip the country.

Peter Blue had been one hell of a rider; one of the best. But his drinking, his gambling, and his whores got in the way of the good mounts. Also, the more he drank the more he ate, and even though he exercised he couldn't seem to lose the fat; it just turned into muscle until he began to look like a miniature football player.

When his career started to slip, he found a good way to make a bundle and play all at the same time; he organized a fix.

Naturally he'd been caught, arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to a two-to-five, but not before he had been able to stash two hundred grand in winnings in a safe-deposit box. He had also left ten grand with a friend.

He had thought two or three years would be easy. It wasn't. The lack of cunt drove him nuts, and the offered asses of the gays, when they found out the size of his cock, didn't help after the first three months.

So when a parole was offered him if he took the job with St. Clair and if he never tried to ride another American track, he took it. In fact, he jumped at it; he would still be a prisoner, in a way, for at least another year, but it would be on the outside where he could get some ass when he needed it.

When he was released he made a beeline for the friend and the ten grand. The friend was a bag, but she at least had gotten his nuts off a few times. Leaving her, he had decided to find a cat house and shack up in style for week. In the joint, that had been what he had dreamed about more than anything else; fucking himself silly for a week in some posh whorehouse.

No chance.

They trailed him right in and suggested he get his ass out of town or they would run him in and haul him back to the joint for consorting with known criminals-the whores. That had pissed him off, but there wasn't a hell of a lot he could do about it but bitch that it was a low day when a poor working girl couldn't make a decent buck.

He finished the third Scotch with a growing ache in his groin and started to order a fourth when his eye fell on a cop through the door of the lounge. An idea struck him. He dropped a ten on the bar and slid off the stool.

"Officer?"

"Yes sir."

"My name's Peter Blue," he said, extending his hand. "I've just arrived in your fair city . . . "

"County," the young officer replied, smiling at the little man and returning the handshake. "I'm in the sheriff's department. We just cover the county."

"Oh?" Blue said, pursing his lips. "Well, good enough. But what I'd really like to know is . . . well, you see I'm the new trainer out at St. Clair Farms, and, you see, I drink a lot . . . "

"Oh," the cop said, unable to suppress a smile at the little man's ingratiating bluntness.

"Yes . . . and when I drink I have a tendency to brawl . . . you might say I beat the shit out of anyone who happens to give me a hard time."

"Is that a fact?"

"That's a fact," said Blue. "So while I'm around here I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot of each other through your drunk tank bars."

"Well," said the young officer, laughing openly now, "we'll try to make you as comfortable as possible."

"Good, good, thank you," said Blue, matching his smile, "but in the meantime . . . I wonder if you could give me a much-needed piece of information."

"I'll try."

"Well, you see, at the present time I am indeed one horny son-of-a-bitch. I was wondering if you might direct me to the local cat house."

"The what?"

"The local establishment for the prevention of blue balls, the whorehouse, my friend. I figure if anyone knows its whereabouts, you do."

The officer openly broke into laughter. "I gotta say . . . you got some kind of balls."

"I know," said Blue, smiling widely now, "that's part of my problem right now."

Trying to hold his laughter to a low roar, the officer continued, "You want Mama Else's . . . there's another house in town but Mama Else's got the prime stock."

"That's what I want," Blue said. "Do the cabs know or do I need an address?"

"No cabs . . . only a limo, an' I hardly think he'd drop you off at Mama Else's. I mean, like it's hardly on his regular run."

"Shit. . . great balls of stinking shit," Blue said, knowing he was dead on renting a car without proper identification, even if he was loaded with cash. "I . . . a . . . don't suppose you might be driving by the lady's establishment in the near future? Like now?"

Again the cop exploded in laughter. "Like I say . . . you got some kind of balls. Yeah, as a matter-of-fact I am going that way. C'mon!"

Blue left a note telling St. Clair where he was with the reservation counter and followed the cop from the terminal. What irony, he thought, trailing along behind the larger man. In the city the cops bounce him out of one, and here, in the tulates, a cop takes him right to one.

"I think," said Blue, smiling up at the cop, "I think I'm gonna like this rural livin' for a while."

\* \* \* \*

Arleta hurried through her household chores after Holly left. The cunt-sucking she had given the woman had been enjoyable, it had started her own juices flowing from her cunt, but it had not been totally satisfying. She hadn't dared to strip herself and lower her own cunt over Holly's lips for

release. The girl had been so naive that she hadn't even realized that Arleta had been sucking her cunt.

If what she suspected about St. Clair were true, that he had a tramp stashed away somewhere, then it would be hours before he would return to the big house. Holly had just left, so it would be quite a while before she would be back.

After securing the doors and all the windows so none of the hands or her sons could wonder in and discover her, Arleta flew up the stairs. She unbuttoned her dress as she ran. By the time she entered the master bedroom, the dress was falling from her shoulders.

St. Clair had been right about her body. Marriage and the bearing of three children had done little to diminish the sheen of her burnt-bronze skin or the taut muscle tone of her flat stomach and full, fleshy asscheeks.

She loosened her hair, making it fall in cascades of ebony around her shoulders as she flung herself onto the bed. With her black hair in splayed waves on the pillow and her dark body outlined on the white spread she looked young, a more mature version of her fifteen-year-old daughter.

Arleta drew her knees up and spread her thighs so the dark coral of her cunt's lining shone like a lewd lamp through the mass of tightly curled pubic hair. She massaged her full tits until the nipples tingled in hardness.

She reached one hand between her legs and probed until she had inserted her index finger in her asshole and her thumb up her cunt. As she rubbed her tits and finger-fucked both her holes, she let little screams of ecstasy echo in the silent room. Flecks of saliva escaped from her lips as she lay on her back and enjoyed the deep sensations her manipulations were providing her body.

She could always bring herself right to a peak instantly. She knew exactly where to touch and stimulate herself. That had been the reason she had given up sex with men in general and her husband in particular. If she brought herself up to the point where he could finish her off with his cock, Carrez had thought that she was castrating him, destroying his manhood, making less of him than the super-stud lover he imagined himself to be.

Also, he insisted on fucking her face whenever he felt the need. But when she once had urged him to go down between her own wet thighs and suck the juices from her cuntlips with his own lips and tongue, he had struck her. Fucking her cunt with his face had been another insult to his manhood.

And lastly, Carrez insisted, hypocritically, on studiously following the tenets of the church. Their religion, he contended, said that they should fuck for babies. She had often asked him if he had babies with the whores he fucked so often at Mama Else's. That would bring on more fighting. Arleta wanted no more babies, so she had eventually forsaken her marriage bed and turned to other women for sex; other women and other beings.

Her cunt was boiling now, and the juices ran in thick, hot streams over her fingers and oozed from her inflamed cuntal slit. She was ready for him.

With her body writhing in passion and her eyes tightly closed, she called out to her always willing and always eager lover. "Dante . . . Dante?"

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CHAPTER SIX

Across the room the Great Dane's massive head came up from its resting place on the dog's huge paws. The ears pointed in attention.

"Dante!" she called again, an urgent tone in her voice.

The huge animal loped across the room and, effortlessly, leaped onto the bed. From the knowledge of experience he went immediately to his task, knowing exactly what was expected of him and what his reward would be.

Arleta felt the fleshy jowls nuzzle her inner thighs, and then the long, hot, saliva-coated tongue started its work. Again and again the dog made long laps between the woman's quivering asscheeks, tickling her asshole in passing. Then upward, spreading Arleta's cuntlips, dipping tentatively into the cunt hole and running the full length of the tongue's rough flatness across her throbbing clitoris.

"Suck . . . yes, suck me, my lover . . . tongue my cunt and make it come for you!" Arleta gasped, closing her eyes and letting her body absorb the sensations the beast's manipulations were producing.

The big dog seemed to understand her pleading words. He let out a low growl and turned his body around so his hind legs straddled the thrashing woman's head.

She opened her eyes and saw the dog's long, inflamed cock spring from its furry sheath. The head was small compared to the long, thick shaft. It dripped dog juice and quivered in bestial intensity. He whined for her attention as he continued to lap and grovel in her hungry cunt.

"Tongue it . . . OH, TONGUE IT!" she shouted, shoving her hips upward.

Dante's long tongue shot up her cunt hole while the beveled edge of its lower side continued to run back and forth, up and down, over Arleta's blood-engorged clitoris.

She reached up and fisted the flaming red dog cock. Slowly, she ran her hand back and forth on the bobbing staff. When it started to gush more of its juice and flop rigidly in her hand she paused, waited, and then started again, even slower. It wouldn't do for him to come all over her tits. She wanted his hot spunk inside her cunt. It made her feel even dirtier and gave her even a wilder sense of revenge to have the dog cream inside her violated pussy.

The dog was hard at his work now, pounding his rough tongue into her cunt as her hips writhed and her asscheeks rose to jam her silky, hair-ringed cunt against the source of her pleasure.

She had taught him well. By instinct, training and sheer animal desire, Dante brought her quickly to the edge of orgasm. His tongue wormed its way between the gooey lips and pounded like a snake against her inner cuntal walls. Its tip was hard and crooked to give her the most pleasure from its spear-like strokes.

Arleta rolled her head to the side. In the mirror on the wall she could see and absorb visually the true essence of the act; the beast fucking the beauty, and the beauty loving every bit of it. She moaned, nearly screamed as she watched and felt the huge animal ravish her straining cunt with his long, cock-like tongue.

And it was a sight with the elegance of her bronze body, her legs thrust straight up in the air, her thighs squeezing and urging Dante's muzzle deeper into her hot cunt.

Arleta wished that Carrez could see her now. That would be the final stroke of domination over the

pig. Someday, she thought, someday she might even tell the bastard that she preferred women and animals over men; and over him especially.

She closed her eyes and imagined Dante to be another woman giving her pleasure. Women were so much more anxious to please than an arrogant male, stupidly conceited about his stiff prick. And, actually, a man is always finishing just when a woman's ready.

Suddenly the dog's whole tongue was inside her, his nose rooting at her asshole. The tongue was reaming like a cock, but sucking at the same time. The feeling was exquisite, and it made her whole body come alive. She was floating in the midst of warm, sweet passion, her body sinking in a tub of hot desire.

The faster his tongue worked, the more her body went crazy with desire. She felt herself being carried to the delicious heights of stimulation. She had carefully taught her dog lover and he knew the secrets of loving her like a woman with his tongue. Every hidden, secret nerve was caressed at just the right time until finally she screamed, arched her back, and exploded through a deeply satisfying climax. Her body ached and throbbed, and spasms of delight ripped through her cunt, sending waves of release through her whole body and erupting at the tips of her tits and the lips of her pussy.

Dante continued to lick. He sucked and swallowed the juices that gushed from her cunt. Eventually the woman swam back to reality.

"And now, my lover," she said, "you can have yours, you can have my cunt with that rubber hose of your cock."

She flipped herself over until she rested her weight on her knees. She placed her arms on the headboard and her head on her arms. Her ass and the dark hairy line of her cunt waved in the air behind her like a magnet. The dog mounted her, jabbing at the air with his throbbing cock, trying to place it anywhere in her willing body.

She reached between her legs and found the cock with her hands. Deftly she lifted it and guided it to the entrance of her cunt.

Arleta loved to have her cunt eaten by Dante, and letting him fuck her afterwards was always the reward she would give him. Usually that reward, for her, was just an extra dividend after the splendid fucking his hard tongue had given her. She often did little more than endure it. But this time she felt herself still thoroughly aroused and actually wanted the dog's hot cock ramming and creaming up her hot cunt.

She inserted the head between her cuntlips and sensed the sudden thrusts of his hairy body as the touch of her cunt on his cock ignited his animal instincts. She answered them by shoving backward with her ass until his cock was buried inside her cunt to its thick root.

With that, she put her ass into swift, sensual motion. She rolled and thrust backward upon the driving dog cock. She cut the tempo of his energetic thrusts with her own body until she was almost pulling from him, and then she would slam herself back until their bodies met. As they fucked, she would vary the tempo, loving the fact that Dante never lost his driving beat.

Arleta's body and brain came alive again under the incessant animal fucking. She pitched her head about like a bitch in heat. A trickle of saliva ran out of the corner of her mouth, and her tongue licked desperately at the air. Her breath came fast and furious as her cunt started erupting in the spasms of a minor climax.

"Fuck me . . . oh, fuck me, you hairy beast!"

She couldn't understand it. Perhaps the cunt-sucking she had already given Senora St. Clair had primed her passion for sex beyond its usual limits. But, with the raw, red dog cock pistoning inside her with more and more lust, she had no time for contemplation. She could feel the heat in her cunt around the length of his driving, throbbing cock.

She bounced and rocked on the mattress, taking and giving pleasure. Below her chest her huge tits swayed and slapped together in time with the slap of the dog's cock in her cunt.

Her mind was roaring in unison with her body. "Fuck me.. . fuck your nuts off in my pussy!"

The dog moaned, making deep-throated whimpers as her cunt devoured his heated, bloated, aching cock.

"Cunt. . . sweet cunt, sweet cock . . . fuck me! Fuck it in there, baby . . . I'm gonna come . . . I'm gonna come on a dog's fucking cock!"

She cried in her throat, lost and desperate cries as she shot over the brink of orgasm. She seemed to be coming continuously, her dark slit drenched with sex juice, her cunt walls rippling in one body-shaking wave after another.

"Shoot it. . . shoot it . . . cream me, you son-of-a-bitch!" she shouted, suddenly wanting nothing more than the dog's globs of cum to flood her waiting cunt. She bucked her cunt into even wilder, more furious movement to force the cum from his balls.

And then she felt the bulbous head swell even larger. It grew, and grew, and grew, until she could almost see the throb in her belly as the dog's cockhead began its release.

She felt his gooey cum burning out of his balls. It blasted forth in long, thick jets that burned deeply into her cunt. She counted five eruptions. It seemed like a river of jism flooding her passage. Each load was a heavy, rich, creamy wad. She couldn't believe that his nuts could hold so much. And even after the dog's cum ceased to flow, the beast kept at it, clutching at her hips with his paws, refusing to end it.

She came again on his rubbery cock. Then it slipped from her gooey cunt and she rolled over on her back. She rose to a sitting position and spread her legs. She then placed her hand carefully between her thighs, cupping the palm under her yawning, gaping pussy. She tensed her muscles and watched the dog cum spew forth into her palm. On and on it came, seeping in a steady stream until her palm was nearly full of the thick white juice.

"Now," she said, a smile of total evil creasing her full lips, "that's a man!"

Suddenly the telephone on the bedside stand began to ring.

* * * *

St. Clair didn't run after her. There was nothing he could do or say even if he caught her. He cursed himself for being such a fool as to fuck the young girl in broad daylight in an open car.

"I think," Manea said, pulling her clothes back over her body, "that your wife was a little angry."

"She'll get over it," St. Clair replied, knowing that she wouldn't get over it. If he wasn't able to treat

her like a wife in bed, then how could he expect her to understand what drove him to other women when he was away from her bed. Angrily, he jumped from the car and walked toward the river.

"Where are you going, Jacques?"

"For a swim. I want to clear my head."

"Want to fuck some more," she said matter-of-factly, and lifted her blouse above her tits.

He tried to laugh but it emerged more like a snicker, devoid of any humor. "We might as well," he said over his shoulder, "what's done is done."

Oh, but it wasn't done, she thought as she again removed her clothes, it was only beginning. Manea knew that what she gave St. Clair his wife didn't give him. And now that his wife also knew it, it would only be a matter of time until Holly St. Clair was gone and a new mistress would be needed for St. Clair Farms.

She dove into the water behind him and swam until she found his body. Still under the water, she took his cock into her mouth and sucked. She moved the meat back and forth over her silky tongue, willing a hardness to his cock with her mouth. She bounced his balls in her hand and caressed the insides of his thighs with hands as soft as velvet.

He could see her sucking him in the clear water. She was beautiful, he thought, and it was wonderful what she let him do to her and what she did for him. He grasped her head, pressed it down, trying to force as much of his hardening cock into her face as she could consume. If only Holly would be so willing to suck his cock as this girl was.

She came up for air, gasping and smiling. "Your cock is hard again."

"Yeah," he said, surprising himself at his lack of interest.

"Do you want to fuck me? Tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"That you want to fuck me . . . that you have to fuck me. Tell me that you need me, Jacques St. Clair."

He looked directly into her eyes. "Fuck you!"

He pulled her roughly against him and grabbed her asscheeks in both his hands. Coyly she tried to pull away from him, but his grip was like steel. He jammed her down hard on his cock, thrusting upward at the same time.

"Gentle, gentle," she teased.

"Shut up," he said, and kept impaling her with long, hard, pounding strokes of his prick.

The remorseless rhythm of his assault soon had its effect on her. She had only meant to tease him and he knew it. But before she realized it she was joyously humping her cunt in abandon on his cock. This was one of the reasons she was such a good fuck for Jacques; she made no bones about loving his cock. It was good for his ego.

She began to utter little grunts of anguished rapture every time he penetrated her deeply. Each time

he went all the way into her, she clutched his torso convulsively, flattening her tits against the hard wall of his chest.

St. Clair looked into her half-closed eyes, hooded with passion and desire. What a whore she was, he thought, and what a fuck she gave. The thought of Holly's white body came back to him. What was going to happen? Would she divorce him? Did he care? Goddammit yes, he did care.

"You're getting soft. . . you're cock's going soft," Manea said.

"I know it," he replied, and dropped her unceremoniously in the water.

"What's the matter?"

"Let's go," he said, tramping ashore and heading for the car. Suddenly he did want to find Holly and tell her about his fears. He wanted to take her to bed and make love to her, fuck her, eat her, and teach her how to be his woman.

He pulled his clothes on and had the car moving just as Manea reached it.

"Hey, wait for me!" she shouted.

"Get in," he said, and pulled her over the door without opening it.

He flew down the dusty back roads with Manea beside him struggling into her clothes. Barely breaking, he slid the car into the lane and roared up to the house.

As he leaped out of the car, Arleta came running from the kitchen doorway. "Patron . . . Patron!"

St. Clair had started for the bam. He stopped and turned. "What is it?"

"It is Carrez! You must hurry!"

"Where?"

"He is fighting at Mama Else's. She had threatened to call the police and have him locked up again if you don't come quick and stop it."

"Shit!" St. Clair spat, and drove his foot against the side of the car. "That crazy son-of-a-bitch. I told him to go to the airport and pick up Peter Blue."

"He must have done that," Arleta said. "That is who he is fighting with."

* * * *

Holly let Jingo have his head. She couldn't see nor did she care where the big animal was taking her. The hurt in her mind and heart flowed in tears from her clouded eyes. She didn't see the trees fly by or the meadows become rocky hills as Jingo galloped higher and higher, leaving the clearing and the river far behind. All she could see was Jacques' long, beautiful cock, the cock she loved, fucking joyously in that child.

At last Jingo panted to a halt high on a grassy knoll overlooking the valley below. She slid from the saddle and wandered to the edge. A scene of total peace and tranquility met her eyes. The thought of jumping passed through her mind. But it left as quickly as it had come.

It wasn't the end of the world, she told herself. Obviously there was a reason for Jacques' adulterous actions. She had to find that reason, and then perhaps she could erase it.

Perhaps.

The air was heavy, humid, so still that the tall grass around her legs was absolutely motionless. Suddenly she was aware of her damp clothes; her jeans stuck to her legs and puddles of perspiration soaked the back of her blouse.

She looked around. Jingo had brought her to a place where he could graze. He raised his head, snorted, and went back to the task. How simple was the life of an animal, she thought, even the mating was done without fuss or fanfare; just fucking. Maybe that was the way it should be for humans too, she mused.

The clamminess of her skin boiled into her brain. Violently she began tearing at her clothes until she stood, like a golden-skinned goddess of some ancient myth, naked on a mountain top.

What air there was gently wafted between her legs, again reminding her of her cunt's emptiness. She slipped to the ground and cradled her arms behind her head. Closing her eyes didn't erase her thoughts. Mirrored on her eyelids, she relived Jacques' ravishment of the young Mexican girl.

Holly could see the writhing bodies on the car seat, could almost feel the young girl's joy as Jacques' huge cock filled her claspings cunt. Again tears squeezed from her tightened lids. Her hands moved down across her body but, in her mind, they were Jacques' hands, loving and caressing her.

A hand moved across her thrusting bare tit and gently caressed her taut belly. It moved on down and stroked her thighs, passed over their fullness, and slipped between her asscheeks. A finger slipped into her asshole like a cock.

"Yes," she moaned, "a cock in my asshole. Good, so good, Jacques . . . your cock in my asshole."

Her eyes triggered open. No, she thought, no. But the finger-cock remained, whirling, squirming in her asshole.

Her eyes triggered open. No, she thought, no. But the finger-cock remained, whirling, squirming in her asshole.

As the juice from her cunt seeped forth, the tiny voice of conscience receded. It grew fainter and fainter as wave after wave of sensuous feeling roared like the ocean's tide from the center of her cunt to the pit of her stomach.

She couldn't stop. She didn't want to stop. It was as if she wanted to be dirty, as dirty and degraded as her husband had made himself in her eyes.

Holly spread her legs wide until the pulpy lips of her cunt yawned. She felt a tiny draft of air, followed by the sun's hot rays enter her cunt.

She dropped a hand to her thick thatch of pubic hair and combed it with her fingers. Then, spreading her ripe cuntlips, she began masturbating wildly. Two fingers worked their way into the delicious slot. The sweet, gooey fluid of her cunt surrounded her fingers and she felt the excess trickle down the steamy crack between her asscheeks. She bucked up from the ground, thrusting her vibrating tits toward the sky, the nipples impossibly long and pulsing heatedly with the rush of blood caused by the fingers in her cunt.

She brought her hand free of her cunt and sucked the creamy liquid from her fingers. While she licked her juice from one hand she began probing her cunt with the other.

Faster and faster her excited pussy sheathed her fingers as her tits slapped together loudly with the exertions of her body. The waves of pleasure nearly tore her apart. Fuck juice streamed down her splayed thighs. Now she was tearing at her cunt, bringing all the clusters of erotic nerves together at once.

It shook her, made her nipples ache and leak what seemed to be a milk-like fluid. The backs of her knees pulsed with a sweet, agonizing weakness that drained her mind into her cunt.

Inside her slick cunt walls, half her hand sent spasms of luscious pleasure throughout every pore of her writhing body.

She moaned softly, deep in her throat like a cat. Grabbing her slapping tits with her free hand, she kneaded and squeezed them together. The rippling flesh grew more heated, the nipples even more hard and distended with her driving desire.

She was coming.

She arched her back and lifted her ass even higher toward the sky. Her whole hand entered her cunt as her wrist became the hard ridge of a pounding, rubbing cock against her spastic clitoris. Her legs flailed in the air as the lips and walls of her cunt clutched convulsively the hand that was giving her so much pleasure. Her pussy gripped it tightly, as if it were the rigid length of a hard prick. She milked it exactly as she would have sucked a man's prick, hungering for all the thrill it could give her.

She gasped, then screamed, and exploded into a wild, exhilarating climax.

Her eyes closed and she drifted off into a turbulent sleep. Her thoughts turned to dreams, dreams of self-degradation, of lowering herself to Jacques' level of lust, and dreams of revenge on him for the hurt he had inflicted upon her by fucking the young girl.

In her dreamlike state she felt her hips bucking and her back arching, again offering to send her cunt upward to reach an unseen lover. Suddenly her body longed for cock, for fucking. She became crazed in her desire for more and more and more.

Her dream was almost real. She was sure she could feel an unseen lover crawling over her heated body.

"Ohhh, lover . . . lick me . . . oh, shit, fuck my pussy . . . do everything, do it all to me!"

She chanted softly, undulating her hips up in an effort to force the long, beautiful length of imagined cock deep into her belly. Her lover's tongue licked the hardness of her nipples and the surrounding softness of her thrusting globes. She could feel the tiny explosions start in her areolas and radiating outward and down to her lusting cunt.

Suddenly she was jarred awake by the total reality of her lusting flesh. Her dream was too real. She opened her eyes. The sun was blocked from her body. There was someone above her, someone about to fuck her.

Her eyes focused.

"Oh, my God, NO, NO!" she screamed, as directly before her eyes bobbed the long, rigid, thumping cock of the stallion.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

The house was huge, with expansive lawns, and freshly painted white pillars lining a veranda that swept around three sides.

"You sure this is the place?" Peter Blue said as the patrol car pulled up just short of the iron gates across the drive.

"Believe me, I know it well," the officer replied.

"Looks like it outta belong to the Mayor."

"It does. He just rents it to Mama Else."

Blue shook his head, laughed, and climbed out of the car. He watched it speed off and turned up the lane. At the door, he rattled the huge bronze knocker and felt the sweat of anticipation gather in his palms.

A slight girl with bleached hair, a bad complexion, and no tits answered. She wore a maid's uniform with a little button above what there was of a left tit. It read: "Hi, I'm Marie."

"Hi, Marie," Blue said, "Do I fly you or is there something better around?"

The smile withered from her face and she pointed toward an adjacent room. "The girls are in the livin' room. There."

Blue nodded and walked across the hall into an antique-cluttered room with high, open-beamed ceilings and tapestry-covered walls. Draped around the room on various pieces of furniture were four variously undraped girls. The room reeked of class and money. The girls didn't. They were all young, all different shapes and sizes, and all dogs.

"Mama Else?" he said halfheartedly to the one closest to him, a dark-haired girl draped over a velvet-covered chair with nothing on but a diaphanous bra and panties. Her one claim to erotic fame was a completely shaved cunt, its pink lips showing clearly in the crotch of the panties.

"She's takin' her afternoon bath and nap," she replied, just as halfheartedly. "You come for business?"

"Maybe," said Blue, looking them all over and frowning in disappointment. None of them were too appetizing. Where he came from these girls would have a hard time making it on the street, let alone in a high-class house. "Who's that?" He had spotted a full-length portrait above the mantel. It was of a tall, well-endowed woman with a mane of flaming-red hair. She was beautiful and, from the look in the eyes, Blue guessed she would be the kind of woman that would fuck a man's brains out once she got him inside her.

"That's Mama Else," the girl said. "You want some lovin' or not, honey?"

"Yeah," he answered, "but I only do business with the woman herself. Where's her rooms?"



"Mama Else don't do business. She just manages," said a gum-chewing brunette from far across the room.

"She'll do business with me," Peter Blue said.

"Shit," said the dark girl.

He turned on her and leveled his eyes with hers.

"Don't shit me, baby," he hissed, his brows knitted into a long vee and a tight-lipped smile across his clenched teeth. "When I want shit outta you . . . I'll kick it outta you. Now where's Mama's rooms?"

"Fuck you!"

With his left hand he grabbed her by the throat. With his right he clutched her cunt. He jammed two fingers up her cunt, material and all, and lifted her clear off the floor.

"Where," he said, without raising his voice.

"Up there, up there! Top of the stairs on the right!" she screamed. He dropped her and moved away. Behind him he heard, "Jeez, a fucking super-midget."

He paid little attention as he climbed the stairs and searched for the room. What he had seen in the living room might be all right for a normal man, but Peter Blue wasn't a normal man; he was four-foot-ten-inch stud with a twelve-inch cock, and he wanted an acre of female flesh to bury it in.

He found the door, pushed it open, and walked into the kind of pure elegance that all his ill-gotten gains would someday buy him.

A splashing sound came from a partially opened door at the far end of the room. He poured himself a quick Scotch, neat, from the bar and followed the sound.

"Is that you, Marie?"

"No, it ain't Marie, Mama."

It was a long, oval tub, and she filled the length of it beautifully. The portrait downstairs had only accented part of her fabulous body, outlining it rather than truly conveying the total lushness of it. A pair of the biggest tits he had even seen bobbed like white watermelons above the clear water. They were topped by huge, purplish areolas and inch-long nipples that stood like spears from the perfectly rounded, fleshy globes. Beneath them a lightly curved belly flowed into a russet-covered cunt that looked big enough for Peter Blue to lose his whole body in. The bush was wide, and even in the water, matted as it was, the hair curled like red wire over the pulpy mass of her cuntlips. They were a lighter red, not quite pink, and they weaved like rivers of fascinating flesh down between her full thighs.

"You look better with your clothes off," he said, leaning against the doorjamb, leering as he sipped from the glass of Scotch.

"Who are you," she said, barely giving him a glance over her shoulder. "The fucking plumber?"

"That's right, Mama," Blue said, thankful that he had followed his instincts and bypassed the dogs downstairs. "I come to do a rooter job on your pipes."

"Look, little man . . ." said the big redhead, "I don't know how you got in here but . . ."

"I walked."

". . . but if it's business you're lookin' for it's downstairs."

"I don't fuck the help," Blue said, finishing the Scotch and helping himself to a seat on the side of the tub.

"Well, I only fuck for fun, Junior, an' you don't come up to my navel. So why don't-"

Blue tossed the empty glass into a wastebasket and plunged his arm, clear to the elbow, into the water. He twined his fingers in her wealth of pubic hair and pulled her crotch up to the edge of the tub.

She was shocked into silence more by the little man's immense strength than she was by the pain brought on by his hand on her cunt hair.

Wrapping her big thighs around his ears he dove his face between them into the thick, wet mat that covered her cunt. He parted his lips and, with them, started to chew on the fleshy folds that surrounded her clitoris.

"You sawed-off son-of-a-bitch!" she screamed, floundering half in, half out of the tub. "What the fuck you think you're doin'?"

"I'm eatin' your pussy, Mama Else. Now why don't you just settle back an' enjoy it. You're gonna drown splashin' around like that. My, my, you got some kin da cunt, luv."

"Like hell I will, you bastard!" she shouted, beating on the back of his head with her fists. "Marie . . . Marie! Get your ass up here! Marie!"

He had his arms around her hips and his hands locked across her belly, holding her in a viselike grip that mashed her big asscheeks against the side of the tub and her wet cunt against his face. She tasted good to him, sweet, and, even though she was tightening her muscles and closing up her hole, he knew it was only a matter of time until the juices would start to flow.

He ground his nose and upper lip against her clitoris while he reamed her cunt with the length of his tongue. He would swirl the hard tip around and around the gooey walls and then ram it as far up her channel as it would go.

The action was doing a job on both of them. His cock was rising in his pants. The head was up against his navel and hurting like hell as it tried to crawl under the tightness of his belt buckle.

He let go of her body with one arm and undid his pants. They slid easily down his short legs to his ankles and he kicked them off. He was just rolling his shorts down, wrestling them around the long pole of his cock, when she pulled her legs up, got the balls of her feet against his shoulders, and shoved with all her might. He rocketed across the room and sprawled in a corner by the toilet.

She jumped, wringing wet from the tub, and ran into the bedroom. Rather than inhibit him, the Amazon-like proportions of her tall body, with its huge, bouncing tits and asscheeks only made his cock harder and more lustful for her.

By the time he got through the door, she had donned a pair of lounging pajamas and stood in the

middle of the room shouting for the maid, Marie.

"I don't know why you're bitchin', honey," Blue said, striding toward her. "I'll pay your price . . . I don't give a shit what it is."

"I tol' you, shrimp . . . I ain't got no price. Marie, where the hell are you?"

Goddam, Blue thought as he reached her and cupped her ass in his strong hands, she was one hell of a mare. His face, standing in front of her, was buried between the fleshy melons of her tits. The silky material covering them had soaked up the moisture from her skin and it stuck to her tits like a second skin.

Mama Else gaped in amazement when suddenly she felt herself being wrestled to the bed. He threw her down and crawled up on top of her.

He held her face in his hands as she tried to twist and pull away. He kissed her, then moved his hands down to cup her supple asscheeks so sensuously covered with the thin silk.

She mumbled and moaned unintelligibly under the pressure of his hard mouth. Slowly he heard her protesting grunts turn softer as he continued to tongue-fuck her mouth. His cock was now fully erect, and it was still trapped in his shorts. It pounded against her quivering belly. He moved down a little and found the mound of her cunt with his cock. He could hear the breath catching in her throat as he ground his straining prick against her through the lounging pajamas.

As he pulled his face away from hers and reached one hand up to capture a straining tit, she bit his lip.

"Goddam you," she said, still squirming beneath him.

"He probably will," Blue said, laughing. "But not before I diddle the shit outta you."

"Please . . . prick," she said, her voice quieting, but still hissing through clenched teeth.

"You don't gotta beg me, Mama. I'm about to give it to you without you even askin'."

His hand slid inside the loose pajama top and cupped the tip of her ripe tit. It was naked and hot as the nipple budded and rose in his hand.

"You son-of-a-bitch," she muttered between taut lips. Her eyes still flashed anger, but he noticed that the tone somehow lacked the all-out rebellion that had formerly been in her voice.

She could feel his wildly throbbing cock against her belly; it felt enormous. She tried to imagine how large it would be if it were inside her. You never knew, she thought in pleased surprise. She had been bored that afternoon. It was a drag, never fucking the customers. But it was her own rule and she had stuck to it. Also, since she never let her girls have outside boy friends, she had never taken one herself. All the men that came to her place wanted to fuck her, especially Carrez and St. Clair, but she never would. She was sure that if she once went for one then she would have to fuck them all or someone would end up mad enough to kill.

Now, with this little man tonguing her ear and kneading the cheeks of her ass, and with his huge hard-on grinding against her belly, she had to admit that she was getting hot; very hot.

Blue felt some of the tenseness go out of her body. He wormed his tiny body between her thighs and

rose up on his knees. He was just rolling his shorts down over the wealth of his cock when the girl who had opened the door downstairs for him ran into the room.

"Mama, Mama!" she shrieked, her voice a high-pitched whine as she moved to the foot of the bed behind Blue and stopped. "What's the matter? What should I do . . . ? "

"Marie, where the hell? Jeeesus Christ!" Mama Else said as Blue's cock burst in full glory above the elastic band of his shorts.

"Mama, what do you want me to do?" asked Marie.

Mama Else's mouth hung open. Her eyes were wide, round, like two blue and white silver dollars.

"Nothin'! I don't want you to do nothin', " she said. "Just get the fuck outta here!"

\* \* \* \*

Holly was petrified, but she was also fascinated. The horse's cock was multicolored and the head evoked a sense of strength and power that startled her. It appeared to be nearly as big as her fist. It had ballooned outward from the skin and bobbed powerfully up and down, alternately splatting against his belly and her own. The shaft was nearly as thick as the head and very long.

Before she realized it, her mind was racing with uncontrolled imaginings of that huge hunk of cockmeat splitting her cuntlips and ripping away, forever, the need and lust that filled her pussy.

Tentatively, she reached out and touched it. The horse responded immediately, as if to urge her to do more. He seemed to slap his cock into her hand, snorting and pawing the ground at the same time. Holly moaned as she fisted the horse's cock, sensing the sheer size and power in the magnificent muscle.

Again the thought of Jacques fucking the young

Mexican girl flashed across her mind. Why not? she asked herself. Why not fuck an animal? Hadn't he become little more than an animal himself? If he wanted her degraded, then why not degrade herself all the way?

She placed both her hands on the horse's huge cock. Her touch brought another snort of approval and anticipation from his nostrils. God, she thought, she'd never be able to take it. The head alone would rip her apart.

But what if she could take it?

Wouldn't it be the ultimate?

Nothing in the world could fill her cunt and extinguish the flame that burned there like this monstrous horse prick that throbbed so strongly in her hands.

Biting her lips, she experimented by widening the gap between her thighs and lowering the cockhead to her seething cuntal slit. She rubbed it gently up and down her crack. Immediately he lowered his haunches and tried to ram it inside her. She slithered her body backward in fright, but the thrill of his cock against her cunt remained, and sent a chill of anticipation tingling in cascading waves up her spine.

She smiled up at the horse's huge body, the beautiful head. "Do you want me, Jingo?" she said, still

using both her hands to jack his cock up and down. "Do you want my pussy? Oh, God, oh my God, I'll bet you could fill me clear through my belly, clear up to my throat. I'll bet you could fill me with your cum!"

As if he understood her, he again snorted and reared forward, trying to find a sheath for his huge, throbbing cock.

Again she lowered his staff to her cunt. With the horse's massive cockhead already dripping juice, she carefully massaged her clitoris and the gaping slit beneath it. It was wonderful. She felt she could come from just the proximity of so much cock.

The mixture of his cum and her cunt juices quickly bathed the horse's cockhead with moisture. The whiteness of her asscheeks also gleamed wetly as the dark meat of his cock bobbed insistently between the golden globes.

The horse's cock, swollen and bloated with passion to an immense length and thickness, jerked powerfully in desire and anticipation. Jingo was straining and humping, trying to get his rigidly hardened cock into her defenseless, tiny cunt.

She could feel her hole widening. Her juices flowed from the depths of her body. Copious and sticky, they ran over the head of the horse's cock and tickled her asshole.

Her mind was screaming no, but her body was crying out yes. She pressed the slippery head against her frantically cringing cuntlips. She screamed as she felt the head probe her cunt. The pressure seemed unbearable as she felt the pounding tip try to invade her heated inner flesh.

Suddenly she thought she would die. No woman could take such a cock and live. Why was she doing this? It was perverted, depraved, an act that only an insane person could want to perform.

She held the stallion's lunges under control as best she could with her hands. The massive cock pressed harder and harder at the opening to her tightly resisting cunt, sending shock waves of both joy and fear through her body.

One part of her body wanted to rear upward and impale her cock-hungry cunt on the huge instrument. The other part shuddered at the mere thought of such a huge cock violating her body.

Then it was settled for her.

Her hands had become slick with her own perspiration and the horse's cock secretions.

Jingo's nostrils had flared with the overpowering sensations caused in them by the rising musk from her drenched cunt. Those sensations resulted in a mighty thrust that Holly was unable to resist.

With a wet, plopping sound, audible above her scream, the huge head of the animal cock squeezed between her splayed cuntlips and popped hotly up inside the entrance to her channel. Her pussylips were so tight over the bulging cockhead that it seemed she would be ripped apart.

Jingo reacted with the basic instinct of pure animal lust that was being transmitted to his brain along the throbbing length of his cock. The wildly pulsating head was lodged just inside her stretched cunt. She could feel, as she screamed again, her tightly convulsing muscles trying to expel the attacker.

What she didn't realize was that all she had done by writhing and struggling was take the

tremendous pressure off the horse's cock and expand her tiny, cringing cunt to an ever greater width.

With a snort of victory and lust, Jingo lunged forward. He drove his massive cock inch by inch, in a driving rhythm, up into the hot, velvet depths of her human cunt.

She clamped her hands harder over his violating cock, trying to push him away from her.

It did no good.

Holly felt that her body must be splitting open. The pain was searing her flesh as the great ramming prick sliced her helplessly upturned cunt in two.

She screamed again, sure that it wasn't possible to survive such excruciating pain. The enormously hot rod of cockmeat had stretched her cuntal hole so that every nerve inside seemed to be matching her screams. She spread her legs wider and pushed her feet up against his body. Still it did little good. There seemed to be no way to drive away the pain, and the agony was increasing moment by moment as the huge horse, true to his animal instinct, pounded his prick into her in a lust-crazed frenzy.

Holly was almost unconscious with the sheer intensity of the pain that swept her on and on through its brutal waves. Her long, dark hair was matted with perspiration. She looked down and cried out in disbelief as she saw over half of the gigantic horse cock buried in her pain-racked body.

The horse was fucking into her with purpose and intensity now. His heavy prick beat a tattoo on the inner walls of her cunt as he snorted and thrust the power of his body behind his cock in the need for release.

Holly was completely subjugated. Seeing the animal's cock rend her body, she knew total humiliation and degradation. She continued to stare as the horse's cock went up and down, searing the hotly moist walls of her cunt. As if by a miracle, the friction caused by his animal cock rubbing against her clitoris sounded like bells in her brain. The tingling, reverberating sensations rose up and slowly started to drown out the sensations of pain.

Her flesh started to awaken to the new feelings and pulsate in rising passion as the horse's ravaging cock smoothly fucked and rammed into her like a well-oiled piston. She sobbed loudly as she felt the warmth of lust overcome the pain in her body. Her rippling hips surged upward and she could feel her muscles tighten around the driving length of the animal cock.

"Oh God!" she said, amazement flooding her voice. "I'm taking it . . . and it's good! It is good!"

The pain lightened so much that it almost disappeared. Could it be, she wondered, could her cunt actually expand that far? If so, would it ever regain its shape again?

Her full, ripe tits, heavy now with the growing desire that had risen within her, bounced back and forth on her chest. Her cunt was smoldering from the frenzied fucking of the massive cock. The animal fucking she was getting suddenly began to bring her an undeniable pleasure that was intensified by the hugeness of the horse cock fucking her.

She could feel her breath coming in long, drawn-out gasps now, not from fear, but from the image of her own exciting debauchery.

She was enjoying it; loving it.

No matter which way she lunged and bucked, Holly could feel the needles of lusty fire pounding her flesh, making every nerve in her arching body quiver.

It felt good; so good. She didn't want it to stop. She wanted it to go on, and on, and on.

The pulsating hollow between her legs was now manipulating the big horse cock, pulling it up so the fat, taut upper ridge of the stalk would be pressed unrelentingly against her throbbing clit.

"Jingo . . . JINGO! Oh Jesus! FUCK MEEE!" she screamed as if her lover had become human.

She arched her back and drove her pleasure-filled cuntal sheath over the rampaging cock like a glove. Now the steaming flesh of her pussy was sucking and milking desperately on the horse's impaling prick. It had been so long since her cunt had been fed by cock, and her body awakened to such a degree that she didn't want it to ever end.

But she could feel the throbbing cockhead in her belly begin to swell, and knew that the stallion was about to explode. She wanted it too . . . at the same time.

She arched her back and humped her ass up, off the soft grass, until she was nearly on her shoulders. Her head rocked from side to side and her whole body shook spastically as her muscles stood out tautly in her orgasm.

"Come . . . come . . . come . . . I'M COMING! OH FUCK! SHIT! I'M COMING LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVER FELT BEFORE!"

The straining body beneath him and the clasping, velvet cunt over his cock had brought the horse to the summit of his raging lust.

It was upon him.

Like a raging torrent, streams of molten horse cum poured into Holly's belly in great, thick gushes. Waves of bliss flowed over her as she felt his cum puddle and form pools in her waiting cunt. The agonizing beauty of her orgasm flowed through every fiber of her body.

"Don't stop yet!" Holly screamed as she grabbed the horse's cock and forced its length inside her. "Oh God, fuck me, keep fucking me!"

She was nearly out of her mind with desire as wave after wave of orgasmic release flooded her writhing, battered flesh. She wailed and cried out her ecstasy as, at last, she stretched to her final peak and then felt it subside.

Then she lay still. She heard the horse's cock slip from her cunt with a lewd, wet, sucking sound, and felt him move away from her to graze.

The hot sun felt good on her body, but suddenly she was again in shadow. She opened her eyes, and the wide smile on her face turned into a grimace of terror.

Above her, their cocks hard in their hands, their faces twisted in lustful leers, stood the twins, Mano and Maletto.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Carrez took another long jolt from the glass of straight bourbon and eyed the exposed flesh around the room. He cursed the hard-on that had risen in his pants as he watched the whores and thought of St. Clair's cock fucking into Manea. He also cursed Peter Blue for coming to Mama Else's as his first act in town. The note Carrez had found waiting for him at the airport had been sarcastic as hell. It had almost irked him enough to go on back to the farm and let the crooked little jockey fend for himself.

"Hey, Linda," Carrez called across the room to the girl with the hairless cunt. "Yeah?"

"I got a hard-on."

"Good for you. So?"

"So . . . how about a quick head job?"

"You know what Mama Else said after last night," she replied, studying her broken nails. "No more credit."

"I'm about due for a freebie in this joint."

"You know Mama Else's rules," aie girl said.

"Fuck Mama Else," Carrez said, and emptied his glass.

"Wouldn't you like to," Linda said, flashing him briefly with the yawning lips of her pink cunt, and applying a nail file to her nails.

He didn't reply, and poured himself another stiff shot from the half-empty bottle. Yes, he would like to fuck Mama Else. As a matter-of-fact, he would like to pour his cock into Mama Else just about as bad as he would like to fuck Manea. He was also damn near as jealous of the Madam as he was of his daughter. The glass shook in his hand as his mind soared off on a new tack. What if St. Clair was also fucking Mama Else? That would just about do it. That would be too much to take. Carrez had been trying to fuck the woman himself for too long. If Carrez ever found out that St. Clair had aced him out there too, he knew he would really kill the gringo pig.

"Hey, what's Blue takin' so long up there for?" he said.

"I told ya, Carrez . . . your friend's talkin' business with Mama," Linda said, rising and crossing the room.

"Jesus Christ," Carrez shouted, "with that much talkin' I coulda fucked every one of you cunts!"

"Yeah," she said, pausing in front of him, "but maybe he wants to pay for it. . . cash, I mean."

Carrez reached up and grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her to her knees in front of his chair.

"You're a wise-ass cunt," he hissed, liking the look of pain and fear that filled her face as he kept twisting his hand in her hair.

"Let me go, you son-of-a-bitch!"

"Suck my cock!"

"No!"

"Suck it . . . take it out and suck it, you cunt!" he said.

"Get your old lady to suck it. She loves to suck," the girl said, trying to squirm away from his grasp.

"Whatta ya mean by that?" Carrez slurred, the whiskey starting to take its toll.

"Never mind. Get your fuckin' hands off me!"

Carrez set his glass down and unzipped his fly. His rigid cock sprung free of his jeans, the head already dripping cum. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the other girls rise and move hesitantly toward the door. He pulled the girl's face angrily into his lap.

"Suck my cock!" he hissed.

"Piss on you!" she replied, and spat a glob of saliva into his lap. It covered the head of his bobbing cock and dribbled down onto his jeans.

"You cunt!"

With his free hand he rapped her across the face, leaving a long, oval, red bruise on her cheek. She whimpered and lifted her hands to his cock. At the same time she lowered her face as if to take his rigid tool into her mouth.

Suddenly, through the whiskey-induced fog in his mind, he felt a sharp pain in his ball sac. The girl lifted her head from his cock and he looked down. The sharp edge of her nail file was pressed against his balls at the root of his cock.

"Take your goddam hands off me, Carrez, or I'll shove this fucking thing clear through your nuts!"

She meant it.

He could tell from the set of her jaw and the tenseness in her thin arm above the hand that held the file. In order to save face, he growled like a wounded animal and threw her across the floor.

She calmly got up, as though what had just transpired were an everyday occurrence, and continued to walk toward the door.

"What the hell's goin' on up there?" Carrez shouted to the room in general, his intent more to shift attention from his own recent humiliation than anything else.

But something about the way the girls exchanged quick glances caught his attention. Suddenly he threw his head back and roared with laughter. His whole body shook with the thought that had flashed through his mind.

"Mama ain't up there ballin' that little shrimp, is she?" he said, his belly shaking wildly above his belt.

There was no answer. He moved closer to the knot of women.

"WELL?" he roared.

Still there was silence. Finally one of the girls raised her eyes and spoke. "Ain't no business of yours

what Mama does, Carrez. Mama's her own woman."

He knew then.

He could see it in their eyes.

"SON-OF-A-BITCH!" he roared, and pushed his way through them, heading like a bull for the stairs.

"Whatta we gonna do?" asked the redhead, biting her lip and staring after him in fright.

"Call St. Clair!" said Linda. "Tell him you're Mama, an' tell him to get his ass down here right away!"

* * * *

"What you lookin' at?" Manea said, slouching on the front steps as the dust from St. Clair's departure finally started to settle.

"You," Arleta said, staring intently at her daughter.

"You seen me before."

"Yeah, I know. But suddenly you got a different look about you," said Arleta. "What's that?"

"You got the look of a woman who's just been had."

"You outta know," Manea replied sarcastically, a crooked grin spreading across her face.

Arleta slapped her hard across the mouth with the back of her hand. Blood oozed immediately from the younger girl's upper lip.

"Watch your mouth," Arleta said. "Where you been with him?"

"Who?"

"You know damn well who!" Arleta snapped, her voice taking on a knife edge. "What you been doin' with him, little whore?"

"Nothin' . . . ain't been doin' nothin', " Manea whimpered.

"You're lyin' . "

"I ain't."

Arleta slapped her again, this time hard enough to jolt her face to the side and make her slip back to her knees on the steps.

"C'mon," Arleta said, savagely pulling the girl to her feet and dragging her into the house.

"What you gonna do?" Manea cried, helpless to do anything but follow. Her mother was the only person in the world she actually feared. She could tease her father's anger away, other men were putty to her, other women were intimidated by her body and her beauty, but her mother actually frightened her.

"I'm gonna see if you're lyin', " Arleta said as they reached the head of the stairs and continued on into the bedroom the older woman had so recently vacated.

"I ain't lyin'. . . he picked me up on the road."

"Bullshit!" Arleta snapped. "I only know one thing that would get your lazy ass out of bed before noon. Strip!"

"What?" Manea cried, her eyes bulging at her mother's words.

"You heard me. I said strip, naked!"

"I won't," Manea said, placing her arms across her tits.

"You will or I'll cut your damn clothes off with these," Arleta said, grabbing a pair of scissors from the dresser.

Manea, seeing the anger in her mother's eyes and the flash of the scissors in her hand, quickly did as she was told.

Arleta slowly let the scissors fall to the floor as she saw her daughter's young body revealed to her. It had been a long time since she had paid any attention to her daughter's body or seen it nude. Now, it startled her with its maturity.

Manea grew uncomfortable as she stood naked before her mother's piercing eyes. "What now?"

Arleta didn't hear her. She just continued to stare. She hadn't realized how much Manea had grown, how much of a woman her little girl had developed into. The older woman's eyes roamed up and down the slim, brown legs, and over the full thighs to the wide patch of dark cunt hair under the gently rounded belly. Her long, jet-black hair caressed her shoulders, a few wisps curling down to touch the full, pear-shaped, heavy globes of her tits.

"Well?" Manea said again, suddenly feeling a little queer under her mother's intense stare.

"What?" Arleta said, only partially coming out of the trance caused by her own daughter's naked beauty.

"What you want me to strip down for."

"Oh. Lay down . . . there!" she said, pointing toward the bed. "Lay down on your back and spread your legs . . . wide!"

"What you want me to do that for?" Manea said, narrowing her eyes and biting her lip.

"Move!" Arleta said, making a motion toward the scissors.

"All right . . . all right," Manea said, jumping onto the bed and spreading her legs as widely as she could.

Arleta crossed to the girl. She placed one hand, palm down, on the girl's stomach, just above the thick bush of her cunt hair. With the fingers of her other hand, she traced the dark pink of the girl's slit downward until the cuntlips spread wide and the hole itself yawned open.

"What the hell are you doin'?" Manea shouted.

"You just do what I say," Arleta replied. She noticed that her hands were shaking and that sweat had popped out in prominent beads on her forehead as her own daughter's delectable cunt gleamed up

at her from between the girl's splayed thighs. "Now cough!" Arleta growled.

Manea did as she was told.

"Again . . . harder!"

Manea coughed, and Arleta groaned loudly as thick streams of cum poured out of the girl's cunt and ran downward into the crack of her ass.

* * * *

Blue fisted his cock, rolling the foreskin back and forth over the head as he watched her fixed stare. He had almost wanted to laugh, but the sight of her big body beneath him and the knowledge that now she wanted him as much as he wanted her stilled every emotion in his body save one: lust.

The top of her negligee was open, revealing one succulent, enormous tit, gleaming like a fleshy, thrusting tusk. He reached down with his free hand and undid the remaining buttons. He smiled and pumped a little harder on his cock as the fleshy mountains came back into his view, their areolas wide and colored a deep pink.

Blue had fucked a lot of women, but looking down at this one, he reasoned that he was about to get the best of the lot. He eased his body down until the throbbing cum tube on the underside of his cock lay in the furrow of her gushing cuntal slit. Then he buried his face between the warm softness of her tits.

She breathed hard at his touch and clutched his head between her tits, jamming the globes against his ears and twisting her fingers in his hair.

With her eyes and her actions she told him yes, and he didn't hesitate to comply. Blue moved his mouth across the nakedly hot tits and captured one rust-colored nipple in his mouth. He sucked it with all the lust and power in his tongue and cheeks, relishing the salty tang of her skin.

She groaned and moved her chest beneath his face in wild gyrations of joy and rising passion. "Yes, yes, suck on the cakes . . . make 'em sweat and bounce!"

Harder and harder he sucked, swirling his tongue over the rigid nipples that quivered so delightfully. She answered his intensity by arching her back and raising her chest, eagerly offering both trembling mounds of flesh to his hotly devouring mouth.

"Go on, honey . . . suck my tits! Suck 'em hard . . . yesss, bite 'em . . . make 'em hurt! Bite the shit out of 'em!"

Again and again Peter Blue sank his teeth into the soft white tits. He tasted the tender nipples and then laved them with his tongue, soothing and sucking until she was a writhing mass of whimpering flesh. His hands found the tie which held her negligee in place. He jerked it open all the way down to the furry crotch, exposing the softly curling cunt hairs between her throbbing thighs.

The taunting smell of her musky cunt rising to his nostrils inflamed both his mind and his cock. He could hold himself in check no longer. He lifted and pulled her pliant body to him, covering her mouth with his, completely engulfing her lips with his own. Her tongue flicked forward, slipping past his teeth and into his mouth. She moaned loud and long as her arms encircled his neck, pressing tightly, molding their mouths together.

Their bodies moved wantonly against each other as their tongues sawed mercilessly in and out of one another's mouths.

Blue could feel his turgid cock reaming the outer lips of her cunt and he knew that he was to have a wild, exciting fuck. There was no fuck, in his mind, like the fuck a man could get from a good whore who really wanted to fuck a customer. His hand slipped across her thighs and came to rest on her cuntal mound. His fingers slipped up and down the hot, moist furrow as she widened her legs even further to aid his manipulations.

"Ohhhh, shit, fuck, your fingers feel good there!" she moaned. "They feel so good between my legs. Hurry! Finger-fuck me first! Hurry, do it!"

Blue echoed her moans and extended his middle finger up into the wet, reeking passage of her cunt. He brought the finger up, up along the burning wetness of her passion-drenched pussy. At last he hit the hardened bud of her throbbing clitoris. He played with it, reveling in the feel of her arousal.

"Now I'm gonna fuck you, Mama," he breathed.

"Yes, yes," she sighed. "Stick that big meat in me! Give me all your lovin', fuck-rod!"

He continued to fuck his tongue into her mouth as he held his cock and positioned it at the mouth of her cunt. It was wet with the juices of her arousal. Then he felt the head slightly part the soaking, soft petals of her cuntlips and he growled in anticipation.

Blue loved her tits. They were so big that the areolas alone nearly filled his palms. The sensuously aroused woman felt spasmodic little jolts of pleasure ripple through her flesh as Blue moaned and closed his hands again over her taut, firm tits as he wriggled his hips, teasing the lips of her cunt with just the head of his cock. She gasped in further delight as his thumbs rolled over the large, distended, pink-ringed nipples, making them harder than ever.

"God, they are beautiful," he said. "I could suck them forever."

Again he lowered his head to her chest. She felt his hot, wet mouth encompass one of the aching peaks, flicking and rolling it maddeningly with his fiery tongue. She groaned in sheer delight, and her hips began an intense, undulating rhythm as Blue continued to suck hungrily.

She looked up as she felt his hands and his mouth suddenly leave her flesh. He was on his knees, poised above her body and between her legs. Like a madman he began pulling all his clothes from his body.

"Oh shit, little man!" she moaned in wild abandon, smiling with glee as she saw his thick, turgid, blood-swollen prick stand out hugely, proudly from his dark-haired belly. She drew in her breath sharply. It was huge, she thought in sudden ecstasy. Her thighs opened even wider, her cuntlips writhing spasmodically at the prospect of soon having such a huge, pleasure-giving cock rammed hotly up her cunt. "Hurry, baby! Give it to me . . . shove that fuckin' cock up me!"

She reached with her hand and grabbed his meat. He gasped as the hot tips of her fingers closed over his turgid shaft. She pulled him down on top of her and crushed the full length of her body against his. At the same time, she ground her pelvis hard into him, opening her legs wide. Her hot, hot cunt flared open, pouring forth the juice of her desire, waiting for the attack to come.

His cock trailed weblike threads of man cream against her thighs. It pressed into the narrow, hair-lined slit of her open pussy. She arched her back for a moment, the strength of her movement

raising both their bodies up. Then she reached around under her ass and spread her cuntlips apart slowly.

Breathing in gasps, his brain aflame with desire, Blue pushed his hands down further beneath her. He cupped the fleshy fullness of her asscheeks in the palms of his sweaty hands and pulled her soaking cunt hard against his rampaging cock. He moved up and down the fiery slit with his hard shaft, sensing it grow hotter and wetter as her passion seethed out of her. Her hips began a more desperate rotation up against his loins until her legs, without warning, snaked out wide on either side of him. She hooked her calves together around his asscheeks, pulling him tighter against her.

"Fuck me! FUCK MEEEE, DAMMIT!" she wailed, straining her cunt up to the fiery head of his cock. "Put it up inside me . . . let me feel your cock inside me! Give it to me, now . . . NOW!"

Her pelvis was grinding upward and forward as she spoke. Her hands dove between their bodies and closed over his prick to guide it into the moist pink lips of her hot, eager cunt.

Blue flexed his hips with a sudden driving thrust that drove his huge, rock-hard cock deep into the gaping wet mouth between her parted thighs. Into her convulsing cunt it went with a flesh-splitting force.

"Oh yeah! Oh, fuck yes!" she squealed in delight beneath him as the huge hunk of meat rammed home in her writhing body. "Beautiful! Beautiful cock!"

Blue felt the smooth, pulsating cunt walls slip hotly around his prick, consuming it as it raced to the depths of her cunt. Her seeping walls lubricated the way like a layer of molten jelly. Then he felt bottom. The full length of his huge cock was buried inside her. His balls slapped with a resoundingly rhythm against her puckered asshole.

"It's in you, baby," Peter Blue said.

"Yeah, honey! Now fuck me with it!" she squealed. "Fuck me with it good!"

Immediately he began to fuck into the squirming, pliant flesh that writhed beneath him. His body attuned itself to hers as she fucked her claspung cunt desperately back up against him. She matched his strokes, urging him on harder and faster with tiny, passionate mewling sounds as she licked and sucked on his ear, panting hot, wet words of encouragement to him.

"That's it, baby," she cooed. "That's the way I like it, deep, good and deep. Fuck me with every inch of that cock, baby. Oh, you got a sweet prick, honey. Use it, give me all of it, harder, faster, go, GO!"

God, Mama Else thought, straining the whole of her clutching cunt against his prick, what a cock the little shit had. This was what she'd been missing because of business. Fuck the business. This was too good to miss, this beautiful, big, hard hunk of cock-meat.

She continued chanting in a husky voice into his ear as he established a rhythm. He fucked into her in deep, powerful strokes, boring his pulsating cock into the softly quivering slit of her stretched cunt.

He loved it. She wanted his hot, throbbing cock in her so bad she was crooning and begging him on and on, squirming her pussy up to him like she was an animal in heat.

Mama Else was lost now in a morass of sensations that overrode everything else. Her hands kneaded the little man's asscheeks, those steel-hard chunks of lean male muscle. She pulled him deeper and

deeper into her as her talon-like nails frantically dug into his naked flesh. She wanted more and more of his hot cock in her unsatisfied cunt.

There was nothing in the world, she thought, like the incredibly beautiful sensation of being fucked by a real man. It had been so long since she'd had any and she knew, as she felt the cock in her cunt quenching her lust, that she wouldn't go without again.

She had a man, a man with a huge, hard cock that sent wild waves of never-ending pleasure racing through her flesh. She had encased herself in armor by selling sex and not indulging in it herself. By so doing she had experienced her greatest moments of loneliness and need. It wouldn't happen again.

Peter Blue sensed her feelings. He covered her contorted face with kisses as he thrust into her clutching cunt. This wasn't the faking and feigning of a cold-blooded whore, he thought, but the real and desperately urgent need of a hot woman who wanted his cock. It surprised and pleased him at the same time. She was moaning and writhing under him, her hips rotating in tiny, ever-tightening circles that drove him wild with ecstasy. God, he thought, he'd never had it like this before!

He flexed the muscles in his asscheeks and thrust forward, burying his aching cock to the balls inside her fevered belly.

An agonized cry of joy escaped her whimpering mouth as her body vibrated like a finely tuned machine; a sex machine.

He was sure she was about to come. His balls were so tight with pressure that they felt about to explode. He knew that soon he would empty them in her hotly clenching cunt. He slid his hands again under her wildly pumping asscheeks, feeling their warmth cupped in the palms of his hands as he pulled her to him. The juices from her cunt seeped out around the shaft of his cock and trickled down, over his fingers, into the crack of her ass.

Together they became completely lost in the frenzy of their fucking. The bed became a trampoline as they thrashed wildly upon it, seeking their climaxes.

Else rotated her hips from side to side around the impaling rod of Blue's magnificent cock as it pressed hungrily up into her quivering belly. Her cunt dilated rhythmically in time to the hammering of his inflated cockhead.

The lips of her softly hair-lined slit pulled tantalizingly away, sliding moistly down his cock for several inches and then working slowly back up, mashing her wet pubic hair tightly against his own bristling black growth. Again and again she embedded the full length of his cock deep, deep into the warm, soft recesses of her churning cunt. She gripped him tight with her imprisoning thighs, opening and closing them around him in time with his long, hard thrusts.

"Hurry, baby! Hurry and come!" she moaned. "I want you to fill me up with your cum at the same time that I come!"

"I'll fill you up, baby," he moaned. "I got a whole load comin' in you!"

"Oh, fuck me harder, faster! I'm almost there! Hurry! HARDER! FUCK ME HARDER!"

She pounded her heels on his asscheeks as she jackknifed her legs up to mash her knees tightly back against her tits. The position offered him the full expanse of her upturned cunt. Her eyes rolled in joy as his cock plunged further and harder into her hole. She ground her asscheeks and cunt up

desperately to achieve her monumental orgasm.

"There . . . I'M THERE! OH, FUCK, I'M THERE!" she shouted, and exploded in a frenzy of release.

"Almost," he replied, "I'm almost there."

"I'm coming! Oh Jesus, I'm coming good! Come with me!" Her voice became a piercing wail. "COME WITH ME!"

She pulled her thighs back tighter until the whole of her widespread crotch was presented to his heaving cock. Her ankles locked back up over his shoulders, and she squirmed her hips beneath him in a wild dance of release, screaming out her orgasm.

Peter Blue felt the warm, gushing juices of her come flow and seethe around his plunging cock. He gasped as she strained her loins convulsively against his belly. And then he came. The hot, sticky load of his cum began its rush from his bloated balls through the sperm tube on the underside of his cock.

"Thre it is, baby!" he shouted. "I'm pouring it into you!"

"Yes, yes!" she moaned. "Give it to me! Give it all to me!"

Blue's cock began to spew hot, thick streams of cum into her eager cunt. It was like a never-ending flood as he emptied his balls deep, deep up into the warm depths of her clutching pussy.

When at last he moaned out his final spurt of jism and his cock began to deflate, he withdrew it from her cunt and rolled over onto his back.

"You pint-sized little cocksucker. I'll kill your fuckin' ass."

Blue's eyes opened at once. He tried to roll away from the ham-like hands that grasped him around the waist.

The next thing he knew he was flying through the air and a giant pain erupted in his back as he hit the wall.

He heard Else say, "Carrez, you crazy, drunk son-of-a-bitch! You'll kill him!"

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## **CHAPTER NINE**

Holly felt both stupid and embarrassed as she vainly tried to cover her sopping cunt and tits at the same time from the twins' leering eyes.

"How long have you been standing there?" she asked, her tone surprisingly calm.

"Long enough," Mano said, moving the dark skin of his cock back and forth over the throbbing head. "Long enough, Senora, to see you fuck the horse."

"It is a pity," Maletto said, "that the Patron doesn't fuck you enough . . . it is a pity that you must fuck an animal."

She climbed to her feet and started walking toward the horse. She only took two steps when the pain



between her thighs made her so unsteady that she fell. While she had been taking the stallion's huge cock it had been bliss, but the aftereffects were almost more than her body could stand.

They were at her side, kneeling, in an instant.

"Are you all right?" Mano asked.

"Yes . . . I think so," she replied, accepting their help to once again regain her footing.

"Good," Maletto said, his face close to hers. "Then you can soon take our cocks into your sweet cunt as you did the horse."

"What?" she exclaimed, standing defiantly and tugging the perspiration-matted hair from her face. "No, never!"

"You would perhaps like the Patron to know that you fucked the horse? You would like him to know that his proud wife prefers the stallion to him?" Mano spoke with a voice much older than his years.

"He'd never believe you," Holly said, cursing herself for the stupid way she had been caught.

"He'll believe this," Maletto said, handing her a picture.

Then she noticed the camera hanging around his neck. The picture was frighteningly clear, detailed and in bright color. It showed the rapturous bliss on her face as the horse's long, thick cock had spurted its load of animal cum deep up into her belly and she had convulsed, herself, through her second orgasm.

"You can keep that one," Mano said. "We have many more."

She shook her head to clear it and dropped her eyes to their rigid cocks as she moved. "What do you want?" she asked, knowing full well what they would want for their silence.

"Not much," Mano said, sliding the dripping head of his cock against her arm.

"Just the same pleasure you have given the horse," Maletto said.

Holly retained her composure, but inside she was laughing. If they only knew, she thought, that had they been there earlier they, instead of the horse, could have already fucked her. She had wanted and needed cock so badly that just the no sight of their twin, thick sticks of meat would have sent her blood boiling until she would have probably raped them.

Suddenly she wanted it all over, all out in the open. She wanted to fuck both of them and she wanted to be caught in the act of doing it. What could Jacques say? Hadn't she already caught him?

"All right," she said, relishing the sudden surprise that registered on their faces. She grabbed their cocks, one in each hand. "If I had known the two of you were so grown up I would have been fucking you long ago."

They both reached for her at once, but she gave a sudden, hard squeeze on their cocks, stopping them.

"But not here . . . back at the house," she said, smiling, almost gleeful at the thought of Jacques walking in on them. "I want you both at the same time and in a real bed."

\* \* \* \*

"You little bitch . . . you slut!" Arleta said, feeling the spasms of passion in her hands turn to writhing of anger in her whole body.

"Don't tell me about being a slut. I know about you," the young girl hissed back at her as she sat up in the bed.

"How long?" Arleta spat at her between clenched lips. "How long has he been defiling your body?"

"Is that what you call it? Defiling my body? Shit . . . he's been fucking me, you mean. And I've been loving it. How long? About as long as my father has wanted to." The words slipped smugly from the girl's mouth as she started to slide from the bed.

"That's a lie," the mother said, and slapped her hard across the face, sending her back onto the bed.

Manea howled in pain but answered the slap with one of her own, leaving a bright blur of red on her mother's cheek.

"You whore!" Arleta said, and fell across the girl's body, pinning her down with her weight. Cursing loudly, in two languages, they struggled, slapping, biting, their hands clawing at each other.

"At least," Manea said, when fatigue had overcome them a little and her mother's contorted face was close to her own, "I don't go to Mama Else's and pay some whore to eat her pussy."

Arleta froze, her eyes wide, suddenly too misty to clearly define the features in her daughter's face. In panic she tried to wrench her body away. Manea's hand had been firmly attached to the bodice of her dress. As she moved, it tore, splitting like paper, to the woman's waist. Her great, dark-nippled tits leapt free and throbbed in heavy fullness just above her daughter's face.

Suddenly all the fight drained from the older woman as if the plug from a drain had been pulled to release the juices of her anger.

"It's true," she said. "I didn't want you to ever find out. I can't seem to help myself."

"Everyone knows," Manea said. "They just look the other way."

"I'm sorry," Arleta gasped, rivers of silent tears suddenly coursing down her cheeks. "Is it also true what you say about Carrez?"

"Yes."

"The pig," Arleta said, and openly started sobbing, her body quaking with the effort.

Manea had never seen anything but strength in her mother, and hardness. To see this kind of breakdown under these conditions, their bodies close and nearly naked, brought out a longing in the girl that she never knew existed.

She sighed and reached up, pulling her mother's head down to her tits. They remained like that for several minutes, close, feeling each other's breathing on their flesh, two women suddenly alone, yet together.

It was Manea who first stirred with passion, the compassion of the moment making her realize that she suddenly felt love for her mother, and feeling the woman's heavy tits pressed hotly against her

belly and her mother's head cradled between her own tits gave rise to the knowledge that sex was something not only to be enjoyed, but shared.

They had both been enjoying, in their own separate ways, but not sharing. Manea moved her body in such a way that the furry triangle of her cunt came in contact with her mother's thigh.

The naked teenager moaned softly and parted her thighs, rotating the flesh of her firm young asscheeks deep down into the mattress, while the satin of her pubic curls and the moistly swollen flesh of her cuntlips caressed her mother's thigh.

She swallowed hard, a thousand butterflies filling her stomach as her mind raced with the new realizations of female flesh aroused by female flesh. There was a strange, perverted attraction in undulating her young cunt so close to her own mother's.

Arleta didn't move. She could feel the silky softness of her daughter's cunt against her leg. Slowly the knowledge of what her daughter was doing flooded her thoughts. She told herself it wasn't right, that it was impossible. But the cushiony, pillow-like tits around her face and the soaking furrow of her daughter's down-covered cunt against her flesh inflamed her own body.

Against her will her hips were starting to grind with excitement. Her tits and cunt were starting to twitch hungrily. Her flesh was hot and growing hotter with the electric sensations sent out in waves by the young girl's body beneath her own.

Arleta shuddered, her eyes glazed as she raised her head and stared down between their bodies at her daughter's throbbing belly.

And then one of Manea's hands slithered down between their bodies and cupped the matted fur of her mother's pussy. The girl stroked the older woman's inner thighs and then tickled soothingly the fleshy lips of her exposed cuntal slit. The older woman could feel her cunt respond to the touch. In rising little spasms the lips of her pussy squeezed out the cuntal juices over the girl's playing fingers.

She tried to lie still but found it impossible. The increasingly erotic sensations caused by her own daughter's manipulating fingers crawled through her flesh, up from her throbbing belly to swell and harden her full, round tits where they rested against the young girl's belly.

Still Arleta fought against it, unwilling to introduce her daughter to the sexual torment that, for so long, had been her own cross to bear.

"No . . . no," she moaned.

"Yes," Manea growled, increasing the tempo of her rubbing cunt and her hand on her mother's body.

It did no good. Arleta knew she would willingly harvest the bounty of her own flesh and blood and she knew she would love every minute of it.

The woman felt the slow, ever-building tendrils of ecstasy growing in her flesh, and she shivered violently as her body traitorously increased its writhing spasms. She turned to face her daughter, who had turned her own head so she could cradle it in the warm protection of her mother's shoulder. Arleta tasted the soft, tender skin of the young cheek pressed next to her. Motherly desire rippled through her, thrilling her tormented clit and the hot flesh of her seething inner cunt.

"Mother?"

"Yes."

"I love you," Manea whispered.

"I love you too, my baby," Arleta mewled, and pressed the yielding lips of her cunt further over the other's questing fingers. She raised her head again and took one of Manea's heaving tits into her mouth in a long, sucking kiss. Her wet mouth moved lovingly across one throbbing tit to the other, sucking and laving the hardened nipples in turn.

Manea rolled to her side and she too dropped her head to her mother's pendulous tits. She tongued the elongated nipple of one and brought it deep into her salivating mouth. Her tender young lips sucked it rhythmically, as if seeking the milk it had once provided her as a baby.

Arleta's whole tit quivered and throbbed in wild response. She moaned helplessly, squirming and growing in delight. She let the perverted sensations roll through her writhing belly and thighs. Waves of incestuous lust throbbed in her tits with uncontrolled arousal as her child curled her tongue around the inflamed nipples and bit tenderly with her tiny sharp teeth at the fleshy surfaces. The young girl's slender fingers slid in and out of the wetly dilating hole of her cunt. It became almost too much to bear. Arleta gasped and whimpered from the intensifying stabs of pleasure which cascaded through the tender flesh of her body as Manea continued to rub teasingly up and down the widening crevice of her cunt.

The girl's mouth laving her tits brought forth continued spasms of passion and joy. Arleta's mind reeled as she cradled Manea's head in her hands and impulsively leaned forward to kiss her full on the lips. She felt another surge of affection and love as Manea's mouth opened beneath hers in a deep sigh. She darted her tongue into the warm cavern that fused so delightfully to her own.

Manea's flesh was now boiling with perverted need and passion. She gave no thought at all to the strangeness of the situation-the fact that she wanted to give and get sex from her own mother.

She crawled atop her mother's excited body. Her eagerly searching fingers still rotated in small circles up inside the wonder of her mother's pulpy cunt. A sudden surge of abandoned response urged her on. She passionately savored the delicious taste of her mother's kiss as she might from a lover. Her fevered blood raced through her trembling flesh with delightfully licking flames that burned all the way through her cunt, tits and mouth.

Then Manea flipped her body around and, in one swift motion, yanked her mother's dress down to her ankles, fully exposing the round, full maturity of the older woman's quivering, sexually stimulated body. Manea's face was only inches from the furry, musky mound of her mother's cunt.

In turn, her own throbbing young cunt was offered at face level to the adoring eyes of her mother.

Manea moaned at the sight of her mother's female flesh that so closely resembled her own. She began planting hot, wet, passion-filled kisses all along the burning flesh, down around the trembling belly and quivering upper thighs.

Arleta's passion-swollen cunt was tingling with a roaring heat now, expanding in wet warm welcome from the caresses of her daughter's fingers and mouth and tongue. Her mind whirled as Manea spread her legs with her eager hands.

Manea touched the sensitive pink flesh with her fingertips. Her eyes were almost level with the ' pubic triangle of soft, juice-tinged curls and the trembling pink flesh of the cuntlips. She gazed upon the feminine splendor, and heard her mother moan and raise her upper leg, bending it so that the

full nakedness of her cuntal slit was glistening before her face.

Manea had never thought of another woman's cunt as beautiful before, but as the heady musk of her mother's secretions came into her nostrils, the fires of total lust overcame her mind and body as they never had before. She brushed the fingers of her free hand over the curls of pubic hair while her other fingers continued to work wetly in and out of the cuntal mouth beneath them. She could sense that her manipulations were making her mother tremble and moan with increasingly hungry desire. Streams of sticky fluid poured from the mouth of the woman's cunt and gleamed on the girl's fingers.

And then she lowered her head and kissed the hotly flushed skin, just above the cuntal slit.

Arleta cried out with a sudden, body-jerking scream. It served to spur her lusting daughter on. The girl snaked her tongue out, and contacting the now fully exposed clitoris, she used her thumbs and forefingers to spread her mother's cuntlips wide. With her tongue she licked a wet path all the way up and down the heated slit. Harder and harder she burrowed her way into the convulsing pussy, licking and kissing and sucking as if she were mad for the taste of hot cunt juice.

Arleta couldn't have stopped her body from responding even if she had wanted to. She spread her legs and gave Manea further access to her wildly undulating cunt. With her own hands she clutched her daughter's smoothly rippling young asscheeks. She let her own face tangle in the silky wisps of her daughter's pubic curls. The wiry wet hair and the smoothly firm young skin felt so good to her touch, and the cunt smelled so good to her inflamed senses. She let her hands play up and down, circling the lithe, gently pulsing thighs and clenching asscheeks.

With a loud cry of insane desire she let her lips massage the hairy cuntal slit and her tongue slid in between the wet lips. Her head bobbed wildly, slavishly, as she surrendered herself to the pleasures of her daughter's flesh. Her senses filled with the heady aroma of fresh cunt that wafted from Manea's heated loins.

"Oh, Jesus . . . oh, Mother!" Manea shouted, her mouth still filled with the hair and slimy flesh of her mother's cunt. "Mother, don't stop! Ohhh, God, it's good when you lick and suck me like that! Don't, don't stop! Suck! SUCK!"

Arleta sucked hungrily, teasing the tiny, hotly pulsating little female cock as Manea did the same to her. Saliva poured in gushes from the corners of her mouth as she kissed and sucked wildly at the trembling young cuntal flesh. She thrust her tongue harder and deeper into the expanded cunt hole, relishing each stream of pussy juice from her daughter's cunt as she greedily swallowed it.

The walls of Manea's eagerly palpitating cunt grasped at the licking tongue. Her clitoris quivered, and the muscles of her stomach writhed with the intensity of her unleashed passion. She choked and moaned in joy as she strove to bring her mother to the same peak she was nearing. Her body was shuddering, and she jerked her writhing loins harder and harder against the face that was driving her insane with its burrowing tongue. Great floods of cunt juice poured forth from her hotly pulsating pussy mouth.

Manea's tongue was like a pink knife slicing Arleta's cunt in two. But Arleta loved, relished it as she drove her fur-lined slit harder against the pleasure-giving tongue and lips. She too was feeling the warnings of orgasm deep in her fevered belly. She tasted her daughter's sweetly flowing cunt juice on her tongue and wallowed her face in the softly pulsating lips of the younger girl's hot and delectable pussy.

Manea could feel her mother's experienced, gluttonous tongue shoving deeper and deeper into her

cunt like a small, stiff prick as the woman's hands moved to her tits between their bodies. Her own mouth rooted hungrily with nose and digging tongue. Her pelvis lunged forward against the foraging face of her mother and her hands pressed the laboring tongue even deeper into the seething depths of her pussy as she felt the first waves of her come starting to surge through her pounding body.

"Mother!" she screamed.

"Yes," Arleta growled, "come . . . come . . . give it to me!"

"Mother, oh God, ahhh, I'm coming . . . my pussy, my pussy, my pussy!"

Arleta sucked and licked feverishly, savoring the hot nectar of her daughter's come as it poured from the convulsing cunt into her waiting throat.

Frantically she spread her own thighs and captured Manea's bobbing head, hard between them.

Then she too was there.

It was as though a gag had been ripped from both her cunt and her mouth. Her joyous screaming filled the room.

"I'm there too, Manea, my baby! Oh, suck my cunt! Suck good! Suck hard! EAT ME!"

Her asscheeks clenched and unclenched as she squeezed forth the juices of her come into her young daughter's face.

Manea continued to lick and stab into the wildly thrashing, convulsing cunt as she felt hands pulling and pushing on her head. It was as if the hand were trying to force her face and head up inside the furiously sucking depths of her mother's cunt.

Piercing wails of agonized release poured from both their throats and still they didn't stop. It was as if such wild, unrestrained ecstasy could not be contained within the confines of just one orgasm. Waves and waves of climax washed them both higher and higher until it seemed that they would both burst with the engulfing sensations.

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CHAPTER TEN

It was the screaming and general turmoil in the room that brought Blue back, almost at once, to consciousness. There was a tide of blood flowing across his eyes that felt like a steady stream, since he could feel it dripping off his chin onto his cock and thighs.

Through the haze it caused he could see the huge bulk of the man Mama called Carrez. With one hand the man held her by the throat and practically lifted her off the bed. With the other he pummeled every part of her body that came near his fist.

At the door the other girls clustered, talking and gesturing excitedly.

"Won't fuck me . . ." Carrez shouted, landing another telling blow on Mama Else's pelvic area, " . . . but you fuck some shit-ass comes in here outta nowhere!"

"Carrez!" the woman screamed. "Please . . . that hurts like hell!"

"I'll tear your fuckin' tits off, woman!" Carrez growled.

Blue saw the hamlike fist again whirl through the air and connect with the big female body with a splat that resounded throughout the room. Mama's body was like a ragdoll in the giant's grasp.

He's fucking up my pussy, Blue thought. He's gonna screw up that pussy so it ain't gonna be any good for anybody. That's about the best cunt I ever had an' he's messing it up.

"Son-of-a-bitch!" Blue said aloud, and pulled himself to his feet.

Carrez turned his head at the sound of Blue's shouted oath. He barely had time to drop the woman, turn, and take a stance when the little man's head hit him full in the gut with the force of a jackhammer. More surprised than hurt, with only half the air in his body knocked out by the ramming head, he staggered backward and tumbled over a chair.

Blue felt a tug on his arm. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Else trying to pull him away. "Let go!" he said.

"Run! Run like hell, you damn fool!" she gasped. "Get outta here, Blue! He's crazy!"

"Fuck him!" Blue spat.

"I'm tellin' ya!" she screamed. "He's nuts! He'll kill ya!"

"The hell he will!" Blue replied, watching Carrez pull himself from the floor. He shook her grasping hands from his arm and moved to the center of the room just as Carrez charged toward him, roaring like an angry bull.

Blue took a boxer's stance as if he were actually going to square off, toe to toe, and fight the bigger man by some book of rules.

It slowed Carrez' charge. The big man balled both his fists, joined them, and prepared to pound Blue into the floor as if his hands were the hammer and Blue's body the spike.

Just as the big man reached him, Blue dropped his ludicrous stance and seemed to roll his body into a tight ball. He moved his legs and torso like a cat under Carrez' swinging fist and, using his head like a battering ram, drove it directly, skull against hard bone, into the man's pelvis.

Carrez screamed in pain. He barely held his balance and turned again, expecting the little man to be halfway across the room. Instead Blue had held his ground, practically beneath him. Carrez lifted his leg as if to do with it what he had been unable to do with his hands.

"SHEEEET!" Blue shouted, seeing the intent of the man's maneuver. When the knee was just above his head, he easily avoided it and drove again with his butting head, in and up, directly against Carrez' exposed balls.

Another howl of pain erupted from the big man as he grabbed his mashed testicles with both hands and slumped to the floor.

Blue took two steps backward and, using his tiny legs like two tautly coiled springs, leapt high in the air and came down with all his weight directly on Carrez' head.

That would have been the end for a lesser man, but Carrez was filled with too much unreleased lust, venom, and hate to quit. As Blue prepared for a second jump, the big man threw his arm in a high-

swinging arc. The huge fist landed just below Blue's heart and sent him careening across the room like a lifeless puppet.

Carrez got to his feet and stood like a tottering giant. Blood ran like a river from his mouth and nose, and one eye was swollen completely shut. But he was on his feet, and his one, good eye had zeroed in on the little man's naked body as Blue used his back against the wall to again gain his feet.

"Now, you little cocksucker, I'm gonna kill ya!"

Carrez pulled the knife from his pocket. It opened with a hissing, snakelike sound and the long blade glistened where it protruded like an extension of his fist from the hilt.

"You crazy?" Blue gasped. "Put that fuckin' thing away!"

"Not before I put it in you," Carrez said, moving like a lumbering ape toward the corner where Blue crouched.

"Listen, big man! Put it away or I'm gonna shove it up your ass!"

"I hate you, St. Clair!" Carrez swore. "You'll never fuck my woman again! You're dead, St. Clair, you hear me? Dead!"

He lunged forward, the knife coming up from the floor in a wide, steady arc. Blue waited until the last possible second, the knife practically entering his navel, before he moved. Using the overturned chair as a catapult, he heaved his heavily muscled little body high in the air. Up, up, until the backs of his legs were over the larger man's shoulders. Then he curled his feet under the armpits, from the front, and locked them.

Carrez reeled back toward the center of the room. The appendage on his shoulders coupled with the punishment he had already taken caused his body to waver.

"Throw it away!" Blue shouted, curling his hands over the giant's eyes to further fog his vision.

"Fuck you!" Carrez replied, and wildly flailed with the knife.

"Throw it away you dumb prick! Throw it away, or else!"

"I'll kill you, St. Clair!"

"I'm not St. Clair!" Blue shouted, and then screamed in pain as the knife opened a gash along his thigh. "That does it, you asshole!"

Blue knotted his index fingers and jammed the knuckles into the other man's eye sockets. With all the strength in his powerful wrists and forearms he ground the skin, bone, and gristle around and around until he thought his fingers would surely go clear into the man's thick skull.

Carrez let out another scream of agony but still kept whirling and stabbing with the knife, once nearly embedding it in Else's naked body as they twisted by the bed. Unseeing, he careened off one wall after another while Blue continued to gouge his eyes.

Suddenly, he lurched sideways through the open door, scattering the girls like a covey of quail. Around the landing he went until they were at the very top of the stairs.

"Look out!" Blue shouted, releasing his hold on the man's head. "The stairs . . . you're heading for

the goddam stairs!"

It was too late.

Carrez stepped off into midair just as Blue grasped the swaying chandelier above the landing and swung free from the falling body.

End over end he fell, hitting every third step. His last roll, at the bottom step, brought him to rest, on his back, directly at Jacques St. Clair's feet.

The dark, slender hilt of the knife quivered straight up from his chest.

"Jesus Christ," St. Clair moaned, looking from Carrez' prostrate body to the naked and nearly naked forms at the top of the stairs.

"Dumb bastard," Blue said, squeezing the wound in his leg together in a somewhat vain attempt to stem the flow of blood.

"It wasn't your fault," Else said at his shoulder. "It was bound to happen to him one way or another, someday."

Carrez' eyes flickered open. He looked up, a tiny fleck of blood oozing from the corner of his mouth as he spoke. "Bastardo!"

St. Clair knelt down beside him. "Carrez, don't try to talk." He shouted up the stairs, "Somebody call an ambulance!" He cradled the man's head in his hands. "Hang on, Carrez!"

"Bastardo," he growled. "You . . . you fuck my woman."

"What?" St. Clair said, moving his face closer to the man's mouth in order to make sure of what he had heard.

"I seen you . . . I seen you, St. Clair. You son-of-a-whore . . . you fuck my woman. I seen you do it. She's my woman . . . "

"I never touched your woman, Carrez. I swear it. Never!"

"My woman . . . my woman, Manea," Carrez said.

Again blood flowed from the corners of his mouth and his head suddenly lolled to the side in St. Clair's hands. The ranch owner looked back up to the top of the stairs.

"Never mind the ambulance," he said.

* * * *

Manea lay like a zombie, the smoldering mass of her sexually aroused flesh now relaxed in total release. She had never felt so complete in her life. As her mother's hands slowly ran up and down her body in loving caresses she knew that she had, at last, found a friend and a lover.

Now it wouldn't matter what St. Clair did or how much her hateful father lusted after her. She would always have her mother to turn to-for everything.

She started to roll over and suck the nipple of one of her mother's huge tits into her mouth, when

they both sat up in alarm. They heard a door slam and voices.

"It is the Senora!" Arleta said, jumping from the bed and gathering their clothes in her arms.

"She's already on the stairs," Manea said from the door.

"Hurry . . . the bathroom!" Arleta motioned. "When she comes in we'll go out the other side, through the sitting room."

They scurried, still carrying their clothes, into the adjoining bath, and partially closed both connecting doors. If Holly went into the sitting room they would escape by the bedroom. If she entered the bedroom they would go through the sitting room and down the back stairs.

* * * *

During the ride back Holly's convictions hadn't altered. If anything, they had strengthened. The pummeling her cunt had taken from the horse's huge cock, and the degradation it had brought to the fore in her mind, seemed to unlock a lust and desire in her body that had always been there, lying dormant.

Suddenly she could not only laugh, but scoff at her puritanical upbringing. Looking back to her childhood she suddenly remembered how strange her mother had seemed at times, and she realized that the woman's strangeness had actually been frustration.

She would give St. Clair his choice. If he wanted a wanton, loving woman for a wife, he would have one. If he didn't, then he would have to go wife hunting, because that was exactly what she was going to be from that time on. No longer would she hold any of her desires in check.

The two boys followed her into the house, drool fairly dripping from the corners of their mouths.

Their cocks were hard in their tight jeans.

Holly headed immediately for the stairs, leading them like lambs with the provocative sway of her hips and asscheeks. Halfway up the stairs, she abruptly turned and saucily thrust one arm around Mano's head. She leaned forward and kissed him, thrusting her hot, wet tongue between his startled lips.

With her free hand she placed his hands on her tits and then used it to massage Maletto's cock where it thrust aching against the material of his jeans.

Mano accepted the kiss and felt the warmth of the woman's heavy tits shoot clear through his body down to his throbbing cock.

He was nearly breathless and gasping with desire when at last the older woman brought her head away, her lips making a loud sucking sound as they left his.

She smiled at their youthful discomfort and, for the first time in her life, felt totally in command of a sexual situation. It gave her a sense of total freedom, and she loved it.

Holly suddenly unbuttoned her blouse, pulled it from her shoulders and dropped it on the steps. "Take my bra off," she said, turning and thrusting her huge, heaving tits toward Maletto.

"Here . . . right here, on the step, I mean?" he gulped, suddenly shaking and peering over his shoulder as though someone, anyone, might appear at any second and end what was about to

happen.

"Of course," she said. "Don't you want to feel my tits?"

"Yeah . . . yes," he said, his mouth suddenly dry.

"Then take my bra off . . . so you can both suck my nipples."

They nearly tripped over each other getting to the clasp in the middle of the wide strap at her back. She shrugged the bra to the floor and shook her shoulders so her huge, melon-like tits danced invitingly in front of their staring eyes.

Together their heads bent and their mouths became fiery flesh as they laved and sucked on the long buds at the ends of her heaving tits.

"Undo your belts," she said, reveling in the total conquest of the two virile young men. "I want to play with your beautiful cocks while you suck on my tits. I want to see them in my hands. Hurry!"

Still sucking greedily on her tits, they both did as she said and kicked their pants from their ankles. She looked down around their heads, where they bobbed and danced in youthful lust on her tits, and saw both their cocks thrusting like brown rods of steel, straight out from their pubic mats.

She groaned in anticipation as she grasped the twin hunks of thick meat and slowly jacked them off. She could feel the seepage of sticky man cream from their cocks wetting the heels of her hands.

"I want you both," she moaned, thrusting her chest forward, burying her hard nipples further between their sucking cheeks. "I want to suck both your cocks in my mouth at the same time. I want to have you fuck me in the cunt, in the ass, in the mouth. I want to feel you come all over me and inside me. I want to taste your cum in my mouth."

They both moaned and nodded in agreement as they sucked at Holly's glorious tits and let their hands roam wildly over the smooth, sensuous flesh of her willing body.

"Do you want to do all that to me?" she asked, releasing their cocks and pulling their heads off her tits by yanking on their long black hair.

"Yes . . . oh, shit yes!" they both cried, nearly in unison.

"Then c'mon," she said, laughing and tripping up the stairs. As she moved, she unzipped her skirt and let it trail behind her.

Hot on her heels, the boys tugged their shirts over their heads and dropped them to the floor.

She giggled as she skipped down the hall and looked over her shoulder to see the trail of clothes in their wake.

In the bathroom, Arleta and Manea crouched together, the heat of their touching bodies causing a sheen of perspiration to form between them.

They were both peering intently through the crack in the bathroom door when the bedroom door burst open and Holly, completely nude, her pendulous tits bobbing wildly on her chest, ran into the room.

Both women gasped loudly when, through the door behind her, bounded Mano and Maletto, also

naked, with their young cocks rigid and stiff with desire bobbing in front of their lithe bodies.

"My God," Arleta whispered, "first you and now them!"

Manea could hardly suppress a gasp of awe when she saw her brothers. "Now I know why they had been trying to sneak peeks at me when I'm in the tub," she said.

"Why?" Arleta said.

"Look at their cocks! They've grown up. If I had known I might have let them take baths with me."

"Sssh . . . be quiet," Arleta said, as if deriding her daughter's lewd words. In truth, she was looking on admiringly at the product of her womb. Her sons were beautiful specimens of young, male animals. Silently, she hoped that their minds would grow straight like the rest of their bodies and they would realize at an early age that women were meant to receive sexual enjoyment as well as give it. If she did nothing else, Arleta thought, she wished she could give all three of her children that. She didn't want them to grow up like their father-a human beast.

Even though Arleta and Manea saw the three of them enter the bedroom stark naked, they were unprepared for what followed. Another audible gasp cleared their throats as they saw Holly grasp the thrusting cocks and pull Mano in front of her and place Maletto at her rear.

She then placed Mano's cock between her thighs so the hard ridge at the top of his root was splitting her furrow and tickling her clitoris. She tightened her thighs over his cock and pulled him along as she backed into Maletto, so that his raging prick insinuated itself between her asscheeks.

Then the boys began humping and dry-fucking, while Holly turned her head from front to back, kissing and laving their mouths with her heated tongue. Their arms went all around each other, and Holly's pillow-like tits mashed against Mano's heaving chest. The boys' taut, corded asscheeks were squeezed tight as they fucked harder between Holly's legs. Mano's cock was going all the way through her legs and hitting his brother's balls as the fire in his own testicles grew to volcano proportions with each cunt-splitting thrust. Holly's asscheeks clung to the massive cum-tube of Maletto's cock as he rubbed it up and down her crevice, until he thought his balls would burst and spew his creamy man juice all over her ass.

Holly could feel her stomach and thighs growing hot and moist from the twin cocks massaging her lustful flesh. Her body and mind joined with an intense desire to have the two naked, turgid cocks stampeding inside her awakened body.

Crouching over her mother's back in the bathroom, staring at the beautifully lewd spectacle of her brothers' and Holly St. Clair's bodies compressed into one mass of sexual flesh, Manea became even more aroused than when she and her mother had been sucking each other's cunts. It was a different, less complex arousal, but nevertheless, every bit as stimulating. She could feel the inside walls of her naked cunt seeping again with rampant hunger. Her eyes were glued to her brothers' massive young cocks and Holly's beautiful body.

Suddenly Holly broke away from them. She threw herself onto the bed on her hands and knees. Her tits jiggled furiously back and forth as she spread her legs and threw her ass high in the air.

"Fuck . . . fuck me, fuck me! Ohhh, shit, fuck me good!" she cried as she stretched her asscheeks and her cuntlips open with all the forceful power in her body.

Mano jumped onto the bed behind her. He dug his fingers into the gooey cuntal opening and felt her

body shiver from the sudden sensation. Her asscheeks quivered as Maletto joined them in bed and massaged his hands over her up-thrust asscheeks and between them to explore her puckered asshole with his hot fingers.

"She's so wet . . . so ready," Mano said, his voice quaking with excitement as he worked at her cuntal hole, insinuating his fingers, rolling them around her inside walls, and rapping his knuckles against her hardened clitoris.

"Yes . . . even her whore asshole is wet!" said Maletto, inserting a thumb into the tight hole up to the first knuckle.

"Fuck me," Holly moaned, "hurry! Fuck me with both your cocks!"

They both looked at each other and then back at her claspings holes. Then, together, they realized what she meant, what she wanted.

"We both go at once," Mano said, a tone of sadistic joy in his voice.

"How?" asked Maletto, still fingering her asshole with one hand while pumping his bloated cock with the other.

"You in back, me in front," said Mano.

"Jesus, that would be beautiful," said Maletto, "but won't we hurt her?"

"No!" shouted Holly from beneath them. "Listen to your brother. That's what I want.. . I want to be filled up with hard cock! I want one cock in my cunt, the other in my ass-all at the same time!"

Mano could take no more. He rose up behind her and withdrew his fingers from her cunt. "Push to me whore, push to me," he growled as he positioned his cock at her tender asshole.

"Yes, yes!" she cried, feeling the cushy head of Mano's probing cock at the entrance to her hot, anal orifice.

Mano slowly drew aside the soft white mounds of Holly's asscheeks. She groaned as she felt the head of his cock come between them, and reared backward, trying to impale herself on his young staff. He moved to aim his cock directly at the tiny puckered hole. He opened her asscheeks even wider with his thumbs and leaned forward to drop a large glob of spit from his lips to lubricate his entry.

Then he pressed his naked body into her. The thick, full length of his cock pressed into the crevice of her ass, the tip resting against the tiny throbbing hole that was now slippery and wet from his saliva. He pushed his hands under her loins again and stretched the soft white moons of her ass wide apart. Levering off her ass with his elbows, he pressed slightly with his hips for a moment, directing his iron-hard prick straight into the tightly clenched ring of her asshole.

Holly groaned in ecstasy as she felt the unrelenting cock slip suddenly through the tiny ring of her anal flesh. The stretched asshole slipped over and clasped the head of the boy's cock like a rubber glove.

Above and behind her Mano hissed and thrust his hips forward, sinking his cock halfway to the hilt in her virgin ass. She cried out from the instant pain, but muffled it herself with the covers as her ass gyrated against his cock, begging for still more of the hard meat.

Mano screamed in joy and exhilaration as her hips bucked and her asscheeks jerked and twisted beneath him. With each hump of her firm body, his cock skewered into her tightly clenched asshole another inch until, finally, the full length of his thick cock slipped snugly into the hot, rubbery depths of her shit chute.

"Ohhh, a good little asshole . . . a tight little asshole," Mano said through clenched teeth. In spite of his desire to begin fucking into her ass immediately, he reached down and grasped her rounded hips in his hands and pulled her to her knees. It bent her body almost in two. He ground his teeth together and took several long strokes into her ass.

Beside them, his cock dripping man juice, Maletto was about to go mad with pent-up, youthful lust. He ran his hands over her swaying tits where they danced like pink-tipped domes beneath her body. He pinched and pulled on her flesh until he could stand it no longer.

"Turn her over!" he said to his brother. "Hurry, damn you! Turn her over for me!"

Mano, his brother's shrill commands finally getting through to his lust-fogged brain, locked his hands tightly onto Holly's hips and rolled to the side, pulling her over on top of him. His huge, throbbing cock was still embedded deep inside her ass as she lay full length on her back tight against his stomach and chest. Her legs splayed out limply on the outside of his legs, a low mournful sigh rolling from her throat.

"Yes," she groaned. "Now the other cock . . . both cocks. Give me both cocks!"

Maletto lost no time. He leapt between her widespread legs, straddled his brother's knees, and pushed her thighs apart to the breaking point. He grasped his aching cock in both his hands and guided it to her cuntal entrance. First the head and then the entire shaft split her cuntlips and entered her heated channel.

"God, oh God, it's good!" Holly screamed as the second cock slithered deep inside her belly.

Maletto's cock joined Mano's, only a membrane away, and both boys fucked into her willing body with all the pent-up fury of youth.

"I'm in you, you horse-fucking whore! Oh, fuck it's good inside your cunt!" Maletto screamed.

"And your ass has all my cock . . . all my cock!" cried Mano from beneath her.

"Then fuck me!" Holly shouted. "FUCK THE SHIT OUT OF ME!"

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

"How's the leg?"

"Good," Blue replied, leaning his head back on the seat, watching the grassy pastures and blue sky move rapidly by the convertible's side window. "It's fine. That doc did a good job."

"Cigarette?" St. Clair said, pushing a pack across the dash.

"Yeah," Blue said, and pushed the dash lighter in front of him. "Thanks for using your clout back there. It could have been sticky for me . . . an ex-con."

"That kind of clout is about the only kind I've got left around here. I might as well use it."

Blue looked across the car at his new boss' stern face and heavy-lidded eyes. He knew the other man meant something more than he was saying, but he was too tired to be curious. He slouched further down in the seat, adjusted the heavily bandaged leg, and took a deep drag on the cigarette. Blue figured if St. Clair wanted to pursue the conversation any further he would do so of his own accord.

Two things had worked well for him when the police arrived. Mama Else had lied like a trouper, saying that Carrez had been trying to rob her and Blue had come to her aid. Also, the first cop there had been the same one who had dropped Blue off at the house in the first place. All that, plus St. Clair's statement in Blue's favor against his own foreman carried a lot of weight and the whole thing was dismissed as just another accident.

Blue chuckled to himself when he remembered the expression on the young cop's face when Blue had described the blonde stew's ass and tits to him and given him the sealed envelope. In it Blue had placed a hundred-dollar bill and a note telling the girl to be straight with the guy and give him a good fuck. Most of all, it said, don't tell him about the hundred.

"With a couple weeks' catching on do you think you could run the whole place alone for a while?" St. Clair asked, breaking back into Blue's thoughts.

"Sure," the little man said. "I never saw anything to do with studs and mares I couldn't handle by myself."

St. Clair nodded and returned the wide grin Blue had flashed him. "With Carrez around I would never have dared to take off. But now, with him gone . . . well, I've kind of got myself fucked up. Thought maybe I'd take a little time off . . . maybe go to Europe or somewhere and try to square things away."

"Female trouble?"

"Yeah. How'd you guess?"

Blue shrugged. "It usually is. That's why I fuck 'em all. Makes for less mental wear and tear."

St. Clair laughed aloud, but his mind was silently calculating like the works of a clock. Blue didn't know how true his words were, or how much a part of St. Clair's thoughts were the truth. He had come to a decision, one that was perhaps totally crazy and impossible, but one that, if Holly went along with, would settle all the problems.

It came about when Mamam Else had taken him aside, up to her bedroom, and told him about the wild fuck session with Blue. She said she wanted him for a lover even though she suspected what he was. If it meant getting him other women at the same time, then that was all right with her. She even brought up the fact that she knew St. Clair had wanted her for a long time, and now she was ready. She had dropped her robe and swung her naked body against his. He'd gotten an instant hard-on, and didn't think twice about pulling it out and letting her suck him off. Blue had walked in on them, smiled, and calmly sat down across the room, saying, "Go ahead . . . I'll wait."

Then and there he had decided to tell Holly the truth about his inability to have any children and his inability to be faithful to her. He wasn't going to give up Manea, and on top of that, he had decided to move Arleta into the house, if she would come, and start fucking her too. He had even decided to include Blue in his plans. He liked the little man. If breeding went well in the next few years and he could find the cash, he'd buy the Harris place, add it to his own, and cut Blue in on the action.

He wheeled the big car through the massive gates and headed up the long, tree-lined lane.

"Nice spread," Blue said, rising up in the seat.

"Thanks," St. Clair replied, "I think you'll like it here."

\* \* \* \*

Holly was screaming encouragement at the top of her lungs. Her tits danced like two fiery globes back and forth across her chest as she bucked and humped her body onto the impaling cocks that were giving her so much pleasure. As the cocks worked in and out of her cunt and ass, she gave up her mind, her body and her soul to the complete and fulfilling joy of sex.

Maletto fucked furiously into her soaked cunt, while Mano began thrusting up with long hard strokes into the heated depths of her ass. It took a few strokes, but soon they established a rhythm, buffeting their hard cocks into her resilient holes.

Only the thin wall between her shit chute and her cunt separated their two cum-bloated cocks. She was emitting a continuous low whine all the time they fucked into her, interrupted occasionally by a deep grunt from her chest as they smacked into her body with more and more force.

"It's good! Oh, God, it's so good!" Holly whined. "It's almost like the horse fucking me all over again!"

Arleta watched mesmerized, her eyes popping " from their sockets until it seemed they were only a scant few inches from where the two thick shafts of her sons' cocks fucked into her mistress' wide-stretched holes like twin battering rams. Her excited, lust-glazed eyes watched the long cocks, moist from Holly's secretions, fucking mercilessly into the beautiful body.

The older woman could see the ragged pink edges of Holly's cunt drawing back with each stroke of Maletto's cock, then disappear again, back up inside as he rammed it home, deeply, in her heavily contracting belly. The same was true with the tightly clasping opening of her tiny, but now wide-stretched asshole as Mano fucked up into it demonically.

Arleta could feel her own daughter's tits pressing against her back. She reached behind her and swiftly inserted three fingers into Manea's gushing cuntal passage. In and out she pushed her fingers as she watched her sons fuck Holly. Soon her fingers had adapted the same rhythm, and she gleefully finger-fucked her daughter while her own cunt streamed juice.

Manea crouched, her eyes thrilling with the sight in front of her and the feel of her mother's hot fingers probing again into her inflamed cunt. Her body and brain again called out for sex. She heard Holly's low whimpers of pleading as the woman experienced the joy of a double fuck. Her eyes glazed as she watched Holly's body move to meet Mano's cramming cock in her ass, and then move again to swallow Maletto's plunging prick into her seething cunt. The woman's whole body was undulating more and more between the two boys. Her skin rippled in excitement and her ass was moving increasingly faster and faster in tiny, furious circles of sexual excitement.

"Oh, cock! Oh, beautiful, hard cock! Fuck me . . . FUCK MEEE!" Holly howled again and again in time to their crushing thrusts against her cunt and her asshole. Wilder and wilder they became, punishing her between them like a rag doll. All three of their voices intermingled in a chorus of sexual madness.

"Oh, good! Oh good, good, good!" Holly hissed through her teeth as she bit down hard enough on



her lips to bring blood. "Oh shit, keep fucking me! Faster, harder, don't stop! Keep on FUCKING MEEEE!"

She was out of her mind with sexual desire now, and she began sobbing hysterically. Her body writhed between the boys in total abandon as she felt her orgasm rapidly rising to the surface of her quivering flesh. She wailed and cried out her ecstasy until Manea thought it would never end.

"Suck my cunt again!" Manea gasped, reaching her arm around her mother's body and closing her hand around a bulbous tit.

"No . . . not here!" Arleta gasped.

"Yes . . . now!" Manea cried.

"Ssssh, they'll hear us! Not now, later. We'll go out to the barn."

"No, now! I want it now!" Manea whined, the itch in her seeping cunt about to drive her crazy.

She rose, pushed open the door, and stepped over her mother's crouching form into the bedroom.

"Manea . . . Manea, wait, please!" Arleta cried, reaching out and grasping for the girl's swaying ass. She missed and gasped in both horror and fascination as she watched Manea walk directly to the head of the bed and crawl onto it.

Feverishly, she crawled over the bed, her full tits with their hardened nipples and slightly lighter areolas dancing beneath her like lush melons. Her finely molded young asscheeks quivered with excitement. Her wide, full lips were parted, her breath coming in great gasps.

She swung up and placed herself over Holly's passionately gasping face. Brazenly she kneeled, the pink, dripping opening of her dark-haired cunt parted invitingly by her fingers. Closer and closer she lowered herself to the beautiful sweating face, until the palpitating flesh of her exposed cunt was within inches of Holly's glistening lips, and the crevice of her ass was directly over her chin. Then, Manea cupped her full, firm tits in her hands and leaned back, arching her body in invitation.

"Eat me!" she cried to Holly. "Ohhh, Senora St. Clair, eat my cunt and make me come too!"

Holly's eyes snapped open in shock. "Manea!"

"Yes . . . I want you, Holly . . . I want your tongue up my cunt! Suck me!"

"Ayeee, Manea!" Mano cried from beneath Holly's body. "Your cunt is beautiful! If this woman doesn't want it, I will gladly suck it!"

"Welcome, Sister," Maletto said from behind her as he reached and helped her massage her tits. "I have waited a long time to touch and fondle your huge, sweet tits, my sister."

Yes, Holly thought, instantly making her affirmative decision. She would add Manea to her harem. She would love all three of them. They would be her fuck children . . . her helpers. They would always be there to give her sex any way she wanted it.

Obediently, with no words needed, Holly raised her head and began to suck the wet, hair-fringed cunt so openly offered her. It tasted wonderful, and again she cursed herself for ever denying herself the joys of another woman. The young girl's cunt juice swept from her pussy to moisten Holly's chin and cheeks as the two cocks continued to batter her claspung cunt and asshole.

Holly threw her asscheeks up off the bed even higher, wanting still more cock-meat in her body. She nuzzled the soft, sweet-smelling flesh of Manea's widely spread ass crack. She teased the girl's tightly clenched little asshole and delighted in the abandonment to her desires. Deeper and deeper she buried her nose between the tender, rotating asscheeks.

"My cunt . . . my cunt!" shouted Manea. "Eat my cunt . . . shove your tongue up my fuck hole! Suck it. . . EAT ME!"

In response, Holly's hands grabbed the young girl's fleshy asscheeks and pulled the heated cunt over her face. Her quivering tongue shot out and with one wet, curling lick, laved the girl's moistened cuntal slit from asshole to clitoris, parting the hairy groove with the fire of lust that was in her own body. Holly tasted the girl's sweetly flowing cuntal juices on her tongue, and her softly pulsating pussy flesh burned her lips.

Manea looked down between her naked loins and thrilled at the sight of her glisteningly spread cuntlips on each side of the woman's face, the woman that, not so long ago, she had wanted to replace. Now she only wanted to love her and be loved in return.

Still crouching in the bathroom, Arleta was going out of her mind herself. The sight of both her sons' and her daughter's total bliss was driving her mad with desire. For the first time in a long time she even wanted a cock filling her own gaping cunt. In fact, she wanted two cocks-her sons. She had to get away or she knew that at any second, with the slightest provocation, she would join the orgy on the bed.

She tiptoed into the sitting room and moved on into the hall. Then she ran down the hall and, with her tits bouncing almost to her chin, stumbled down the stairs.

She just reached the bottom step, her breath coming in great gasps, when St. Clair and Peter Blue stepped through the door.

Oh my God, Arleta thought, he'll kill them! He'll kill all three of them! She was in a total panic to the point that she didn't know what to say or do. All she knew was that she must not let St. Clair go up the stairs and discover what was going on.

Then she noticed their smiles and the careful way their eyes roamed up and down her body. She looked down and gasped. She had completely forgotten that she was naked. Her tits rose and fell in swollen glory on her chest, their nipples, still hard from witnessing the erotic scene upstairs, thrust darkly from their areolas. The insides of her thighs glistened with the obvious sheen of her cuntal secretions.

Suddenly her mind clicked, and she knew what she must do.

"PATRON!" she shouted at the top of her lungs, and ran to him. She threw her arms around his neck and pulled his face down to hers as she crushed her pelvis against his groin and mashed the pillowy fullness of her tits to his chest.

"Arleta!" St. Clair gasped, nearly toppled backward by the surprise of her nudity and the force of her lunging body.

"Fuck me, Patron!" she cried, as if in some wild agony of passion. "Fuck your cock into my body . . . fill my cunt with it! I need it, I need it right now, this second! FUCK ME!"

She crushed her mouth to his and jammed her tongue into the cavity, using it like a spongy cock to

fuck his mouth. Over her shoulder St. Clair stared into Blue's grinning face. With his eyes, St. Clair shrugged his astonishment.

She grappled his hands around her body with her own and placed them on her taut asscheeks. He squeezed the fleshy globes without realizing that she had already stirred the passion in his body by just her proximity. His cock began to swell as he felt her hips grind against him.

"Who is she?" Blue said, silently mouthing the words with his lips.

St. Clair broke the embrace and still held her close so he could whisper over her shoulder to Blue. "She's his wife . . . Arleta Carrez."

"Oh shit," Blue moaned, and slipped to the stairs.

At that moment St. Clair's eyes moved up behind the other man to the trail of clothes. He spotted Holly's bra and the blouse. Further up he saw a skirt that he was sure belonged to his wife.

Arleta was moaning in his arms. She was about to kiss him again when a loud, piercing scream of either pain or passion erupted from the upstairs bedroom.

"What was that?" he said.

"Nothing," Arleta groaned, groping at his fly, trying to extricate his semihard cock. "Nothing, I swear. Please give me your cock!"

Something was radically wrong, he could sense it. He wanted this woman who was straining for his prick. He had already decided to fuck her, but seeing the clothing and hearing the screams that resembled Holly's voice, he knew that now was not the time.

"Arleta," he said, holding her body at arm's length. "What's going on?"

"Nothing!" she screaming, sobbing now, her voice quivering with tension.

Two more screams echoed down the stairs. This time their tone was vastly different. It was two women.

St. Clair pushed Arleta into Blue's lap and started bounding up the stairs. "Take care of her," he said over his shoulder.

"No . . . NO!" she screamed, trying to tear herself out of Blue's strong arms.

"C'mere, Mama," Blue said, and wrapped his hands around her body to lose them in the ample flesh of her tits. "Believe me, I got a cock for ya!"

St. Clair stopped at the top of the stairs and shouted down. "Tell her, Blue! It might be better coming from a stranger!" He turned on his heel and moved in long strides down the hall.

The boys, spurred on by the addition of their sister to their threesome, drove their cocks in longer and harder strokes into Holly's writhing body.

"I'm coming . . . oh shit, Jesus!" Holly screamed around the furry ball of Manea's cunt in her mouth. "I'm going to come! Oh shit, I am coming. . . I'm coming like a fucking dam bursting! Feed me your cocks!"

She drove her head again into the cavity between Manea's thighs. Thrusting her mouth tighter up against the girl's wildly undulating cunt, she sensed Manea's impending come, that she knew would match her own.

And then she tasted the pungent flavor of Manea's delicious cuntal secretions as the girl shivered uncontrollably in her own frantic climax. Her body arched and quivered, driving the widespread cunt, seething with juices, down and over Holly's face, nearly shutting off the woman's already labored breathing.

And then, Holly too started her come. She arched and quivered, holding the boys tight to her ass and cunt, not moving other than to jerk and spasm around Maletto's cock in a pulsating rhythm that forced her cuntal juices out around his driving cock as she felt its virile young head burst, sending his hot cum deep up inside her hungrily sucking cunt.

The boys, sensing their total conquest of Holly's body and mind, plunged forward at the same time, embedding their suddenly wildly ejaculating cocks deep up into her wide-stretched, yielding cunt and ass. Again and again they pumped their hot, thickly jetting loads of jism far, far up into her heaving belly from both her clasping holes.

Holly thought the ejaculating shafts would never stop hosing their cum into her body. She could feel the hot sticky fluid overflow and force its way out of the locked rings of her cunt and her asshole. It mingled with her own secretions and poured down the wide-split crevice of her ass to soak both boys' emptying balls as they slapped hard against her sweaty flesh.

At last they collapsed in a spent and satiated heap. Maletto rolled off the top of her body, his cock still hard in spite of his orgasm as it slipped from her stretched cunt with a loud, wet sucking sound. Manea fell across the headboard and let the last of her juice spew from her cunt in streams onto the pillow beside Holly's head.

Holly herself lay still, flat on her back, on top of Mano. His cock was still embedded deep in her ass, and she looked as though she was in a daze. Her legs were still spread wide apart, so that the pink ridge of her throbbing cunt could be seen pulsing and dripping. The thick stump of Mano's cum-drained young cock protruded from her asshole until it too slipped out.

It took the four naked people some time to stir again. They sprawled on the bed, exhausted and drained. Jism and sweat flowed together on their shiny bodies.

Holly was the first to move. She raised her head and looked across the naked tits and cocks to see her husband, Jacques St. Clair, standing in the doorway, a wide smile on his face and both his hands pumping his rigid cock that stood out from his trousers like a gigantic steel rod.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Holly opened her eyes but lay completely still, drinking in the early-morning sounds and smells from the open veranda. She could see Jacques leaning against the pillar just outside the door, smoking. His naked body glistened like some god in the early-morning sun.

Beside her, Arleta's lush, dark body was curled against hers. In her sleep the woman had snuggled her hand around Holly's body and cupped the warmth of one heavy tit.

It had been a wild coming-home party from the minute they had arrived from the airport. Holly's

eyes roamed around the bedroom to the packed and partially unpacked trunks and suitcases.

It had been a wild, wonderful trip, with lots of sightseeing, lots of good food and good times, and lots of sex. In Sweden, Manea had picked up a young couple and their mother, also on vacation, from Germany. That had resulted in three fantastic days of sex for all of them. In Italy, the boys, Mano and Maletto, picked up three high school teachers from a little town in Iowa. The girls had thought their new friends were natives right up until the time Holly, Manea and Jacques had piled into the bed with them.

One of them turned out to be a virgin. Holly had eaten the girl's cunt until she almost exploded. Then Jacques had given her the first fuck of her life.

And then there were the nights with just the five of them rolling around the room in wild tangles of arms, legs, cunts and cocks.

They had taken three months, leisurely roaming around, doing what they felt like doing whenever they felt like doing it.

And now they were home and the future promised to be even better. They were all lovers of the flesh, and entitled to their own pursuits wherever it might take them.

You were what you were, Holly thought, and it was much better to find it out when you were young.

They had arrived late the previous night. It was no surprise that Else had closed her place down and moved out to the ranch, in order to be closer to Peter Blue. Else, Arleta and Blue had all been waiting for them with open arms. And after the little ex-jockey and St. Clair had settled some business about buying the Harris place and making Blue a full-fledged partner, they had all celebrated with champagne.

The boys, now men of the world after Europe and their travels, slipped off to pick up what they called, "strange", in town. Everyone else proceeded to get together.

Holly sat on the sofa with Arleta. She was getting all the news from the woman about how she, Else and Blue had been spending their nights. The two of them kept looking up and down each other's bodies, knowing full well that soon they would be undressing each other and sucking and eating hungrily on one another's cunts.

They didn't rush, for both of them had learned that anticipation was a very big part of sex. Holly had just reached a tentative hand and caressed one of Arleta's heavy braless tits through the thin material of her dress, when Manea's voice erupted from across the room.

"Oh shit, honey!" she screamed. "Suck me . . . suck my cunt good, lover!"

Peter Blue had started without them. He was completely naked and sprawled on his back by the fireplace. He had his arms wrapped tightly around Manea's equally naked asscheeks and his head thrust between her writhing thighs. She lay on top of him, with her head bobbing up and down on the biggest cock Holly had ever seen.

Manea's red lips were stretched until it appeared that they would split as she drove them, again and again, over the full, throbbing length of Peter Blue's enormous cock.

The couples' mutual, animal-like mewls of pleasure floated through the room and seemed to trigger lust in all of them at the same time.

On another sofa, across from the thrashing couple, Else was tearing St. Clair's clothes from his body faster than he could do the same for her.

"Don't even wait," the big woman hissed as she crawled up onto the sofa and crouched on her knees and elbows. "Shove it up my ass . . . hurt me with your big, beautiful cock!"

St. Clair positioned his cock at her cuntal entrance. He ran the head up and down her slit until it glistened with her cunt juices. Then he raised it and pushed the rubbery head slightly until it split the ring of her asshole. Flicking his hips forward with all the strength in his body, St. Clair embedded his thick hard cock all the way up to his balls in the soft, hot channel of her ass.

Else grunted in submission, her eyes and mouth opening wide with joy as she ground her asscheeks back over his thrusting cock until she could feel the coarse hair of his groin grinding into her naked flesh.

Holly watched with fascinated eyes as her husband's thick cock hammered in and out of Else's steaming ass. She was amazed at Manea's ability to take all of Peter Blue's huge cock into her throat, and made a mental note to find out the girl's secret.

As she kept staring, fascinated, she could feel Arleta's head burrowing up under her dress and between her thighs. Suddenly a tongue curled into her cunt and swept away a huge glob of her juices, and her mind returned to the present.

Her remembrance of the previous night must have caused her body, in the bed, to stir. Arleta had awakened and was now moving her head between Holly's creamy thighs. Her tongue was like an early-morning hard-on as it slobbered against Holly's pulsing cuntlips. She groaned and spread her legs wide for the entrance. Arleta echoed the sound and split the pulpy cuntlips with the full length of her tongue. She moved the tip lovingly around the inner walls, soaking in the rapturous sensations of Holly's cuntal flesh.

Holly lolled her head from side to side on the pillow as she tangled her fingers in the black mane of Arleta's hair and pulled the woman's face harder and harder into her claspng cunt.

Suddenly a long, low groan of passion erupted from Arleta's throat. Holly opened her eyes and saw her handsome husband standing directly behind Arleta's up-thrust ass.

He smiled across her broad back, and his lips silently formed the words, "I love you."

Holly smiled broadly and, in the same way, said, "I love you too."

Then St. Clair was sliding into Arleta's cunt from the rear, filling her, the head of his stiff prick slamming hard off the woman's cunt walls. Arleta went wild with the cock-caused sensations that coursed through her flesh. The cock felt good in her cunt. She had again discovered the glory of hard, male meat from Peter Blue while Jacques, Holly and her children had traveled. Every night she and Mama Else would make it with Peter Blue. It had been heaven. And now that they were all back together, she would soon fuck her own sons. She would teach them how to please her as she could please them. They would all be one family, as they never could have been with Carrez.

Behind her, St. Clair pulled his cock from her cunt and drove it into Arleta's twisting, sucking asshole. His balls slapped harshly into her excitedly secreting crevice below. His eyes roamed over his wife's beautiful form as Arleta ravished her cunt with her mouth. It was too exciting to bear.

He knew he was going to come immediately.

As the woman's hot ass and flowing juices drowned his prick, bathing it with fiery liquid, his balls erupted in her asshole.

A guttural moan of pure rapture burst from his throat as great torrents of bubbling cum spilled into the lovely, black-haired woman's greedily claspng shit chute. He kneaded her tits with both hands as his cock spasmed crazily in the hot moist flesh of her ass, causing tears of rapture and delight to flood from Arleta's eyes as his juices mixed with hers deep up in her quivering belly.

Holly arched her back and felt Arleta's tongue masterfully bring her clitoris to a total orgasm as the other woman's cunt erupted beneath St. Clair's kneading fingers and ravishing cock.

Tonight Holly would sleep with Peter Blue and Else. She would suck and eat the big woman's beautiful tits and cunt while experiencing the supreme joy of Peter Blue's huge cock up her own ass and cunt.

And this afternoon she would go for a ride on Jingo.

* * * *

Across the hall Peter Blue knelt over Else's contorted face. He placed his knees on either side of the beautiful woman's neck, his massive balls lying gently against her moistened chin, his long, thick cock directly over her face, presenting her the view of his pulsating, cum-filled tube running beneath it.

"Suck my cock, honey," Blue whispered down at her smiling, open, loving face. "Suck my cock and drink my cum!"

Behind him he could hear Manea sucking greedily on Else's cunt. He had fucked and eaten both of them most of the night, and still it wasn't enough. His opinion of fucking and women in general had changed. He himself had become a new person, and he liked it. It was going to be a good life from then on. It had been somewhat of a problem to get his money back into the country. But St. Clair had managed, and now he was going to be a gentleman farmer. A gentleman with beautiful women all around him and a good life to look forward to.

He placed both his hands gently down behind Else's head and lifted it up off the bed. He bent her neck up toward him so that her face and mouth were poised directly in front of the palpitating head of his prick. He pushed forward slightly, his cheeks rolling on the cushion of her naked tits behind, until the tip of his cock was pressed gently between her slightly open lips. He groaned as he felt the soft, lip stick painted surfaces brush tantalizingly against the sensitive skin of his raging cockhead.

"Give it to me," Else mumbled around the head of his throbbing cock. "Take my mouth! Give me that beautiful hunk of meat! Fuck my head with it clear down into my fucking belly!"

He rammed the heavy, blood-filled tip of the thick shaft forward, crushing through her soft, moist lips into the wetness of her mouth. She could feel the spongy bluntness of the cock's head sliding the full length of her tongue.

He began to undulate his pelvis, sliding the long cock in and out of her mouth, never quite withdrawing, leaving the hot, swollen head a half an inch inside the warm, wet cavern of her hollowing, sucking cheeks.

Peter Blue looked down in delight at the sweat-covered face of his lover's mouth as his long cock

skewered in and out. He timed the thrusts of his hands to match those of his driving cock, levering with all his strength, trying to force every last portion of his pumping prick deeper between her wide-stretched lips. He held her head tighter as she coughed and sputtered below, the tip brushing the far reaches of her throat on the in-stroke. He watched in passionate glee as her tender lips clasped tighter and tighter around the thick shaft, and her mouth slowly oveled in acceptance of the fleshy invasion.

Else groaned. She was sucking to please, running her tongue wetly around and around the slippery, lubricated head, and flicking the tip teasingly into the tiny slit of his cockhead. She could feel it throbbing as though it had a life of its own and would erupt at any moment into a great gushing fountain of virile jism that would flow into her mouth and throat in a never-ending stream of holy, hot joy.

Harder and harder Else sucked on the turgid cock, spurred on by the job of Manea's rampaging tongue in her own cunt.

The dual ravishment of her cunt and her mouth brought tiny ripples of fire dancing through every muscle in her hot body. There would never be enough sex for her, now that she had finally found the way she wanted it. Her past life was forgotten and her new life was totally a part of these people and this household. She thought of the delightful Arleta and how they had fucked the big dog, Dante, together while Blue was out. Perhaps they would do it again this afternoon.

Thinking about the animal cock in her cunt while Manea ate her, Else groaned around the thrusting cock in her throat. Waves of delicious sensations swept through her seething flesh, flooding her mind with electrifying pleasures.

Blue was going crazy from the sights, the smells and the feeling he was receiving. Her lips were soft and smooth. They clasped his cock in a tight elastic ring. He could feel them with pained intensity moving down his cock and taking as much of him as she could in her mouth and surrounding it with the moist warmth of her saliva and the tender flesh of her tongue. He pressed his hands on either side of her hollowing cheeks and pressed inward harder.

He flexed his loins in and out at the nearly perfectly round hole formed by her lips, and rolled his asscheeks around on her full, pillowlike tits as though he were attempting to crush them down into her chest. He watched wild eyed from above as his glistening cock disappeared into her claspings lips as if her mouth were another hungry, hairless cunt.

Else's eyes were open, but they gazed unseeing up at the ceiling, a misty veil of passion filling her dilated pupils. Her hips and ass writhed on the bed below, her thighs limply kicking out and then drawing up again as her cunt pulled lovingly at the tongue and mouth that worked so diligently to bring her to orgasm. Blue was coming.

He could feel the raging fire of his jism as it raced from his bloating balls along the pulsing tube in his cock.

"I'm comin', honey!" he hissed, and pulled his cock from her mouth. "Oh fuck, how I'm ever comin'!"

"

She grasped his cock with her hand and pumped furiously as the streams of cum shot from its head to cover her face and cascade into her open, waiting mouth.

* * * *

Later they all gathered around the table in various forms of dress and undress for a huge, ranch-style breakfast.

Manea was the first to hear the car pull up the lane. She rushed to the window and parted the curtains. They all heard the car doors slam just as Manea's voice exploded in a gasp of joy.

"The boys are back!" she said, her voice full of glee. "And wait 'til you see what they brought with them!"

Seconds later Mano and Maletto walked into the kitchen. Between them, anticipation clearly etched into their faces, trailed three beautiful teenaged girls.

Mano offered the introductions. "Girls . . . this is our family. Family, meet the girls. They would like to stay with us for a little while."

He introduced them in turn.

Gwen was a sweet girl with long blonde hair and beautiful tits that gleamed like pink cherries through the thin material of her blouse. She was like a Dresden doll, petite and miniature, like a fragile work of art. But the tight shorts outlined a cunt that was ample and obviously already wet from fucking or the anticipation of it.

Natalie was very tall, with loose, thick chestnut hair, wet with perspiration, where it tumbled around her wide, athletic shoulders. The tanned, fleshy swells of her tits were almost spilling out of the deeply plunging blue swimsuit top. Between her thighs the curly abundance of her pubic hair protruded around the flimsy line of material covering her cunt.

Of the three, Christy was the most beautiful and the most alluring. She was an exquisite-looking, tall, voluptuous brunette. She seemed to have a gift of projecting her warm personality, which was contagious when she laughed or smiled. Her figure was well proportioned, with the height and slenderness of a fashion model, but with full tits and soft, flowing hips. She had on a straight dress of some clinging material that hugged every line and curve in her body. It was short and most revealing, with a deep neckline that clearly outlined the abundance of her ample tits. Her thighs were magnificent, too shapely and too full to be real. Her stomach was beautifully flat, and smoothed down into sexy lines that hovered over the sweet line of her mounded cunt. Her taut, firmly rounded asscheeks jiggled with unaffected sensuality as she moved. Beneath the dress her unencumbered tits swayed gently with each movement of her body.

Under the table the men were gently rubbing their expanding cocks.

Holly, Arleta and Manea exchanged coy, questioning glances. Between them passed a silent understanding and agreement.

Holly smiled and stood up from the table. She let her gown fall completely open to reveal her own perfect, nude body.

"Welcome, girls. Why don't you follow me upstairs and you can cool off with a shower. We have a big tub with room enough for all three of you at once or . . . " She paused, and again glanced knowingly around the room. ". . . even more."

THE END