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GETTING HER GOAT

by David Crane



CENTAUR SERIES

FOREWORD

Although Americans appear to the rest of the world as frank and open people, the truth is often the opposite when it comes to relating on an individual basis. This is particularly true regarding sexual matters.

The fact is, Americans are only now beginning to learn to discuss sex openly, and usually that is within the limits of marital sex.

While no one is advocating sex as the main topic of conversation, and while sexual privacy is very important, many adults harbor fears about themselves and their sexual behavior that could be erased if they were more aware of other people's behavior.

Most of us have been brought up to be at least slightly ashamed of anything sexual, and it is frequently reassuring to discover that we are not different, naughty, or even perverted in our sex practices. In discussing sex with others, people find out how truly normal they are.

The characters in this book are a case in point. Their story is one of real importance for our hung-up society.

GETTING HER GOAT—a story well worth the reading if we are ever to understand our own sexuality.

The Publisher

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## CHAPTER ONE

Molly Parker looked out of the door of the cabin to see if it was time to change the position of the goat that kept the lawn trimmed. Molly had rented the rustic cabin the day before, and the farmer who owned the place had lent her the goat in lieu of a lawnmower. It was a large animal, packed with solid muscle, with a long white beard and heavy, backswept horns. It was tethered to a movable peg, munching a wide circle around from that starting point. Molly saw that there was still plenty of grass left within the area of the goat's circle, and that it wouldn't be necessary to move the peg for awhile.

Molly had heard that goats would eat anything. Being Molly, she wondered, smiling at the thought, if a goat would eat a girl's cunt.

Molly also wondered if it was time to try out her brand-new rubber prick. She had bought the big dildo after she had decided to take a month-long vacation in the remote mountain cabin, knowing that she was liable to get very horny and frustrated with no men around. She wasn't at all sure that she would be able to last whole month without getting fucked, but she wanted to give it a try. She had become too promiscuous lately and felt a bit guilty about it. Molly was trying to punish herself with a month of celibacy and solitude, a self-imposed and forced chastity. But even after only the one night of sleeping alone, she was starting to feel horny.

When there were men around, Molly never had to worry at all about getting fucked. She was a beautiful and sexy girl of twenty-four who had had many lovers and offers of marriage. Several times she had been tempted to marry a guy, especially if he had a big prick. But Molly knew that it wouldn't work out. She liked variety too much and she knew that she would not be able to remain faithful to a husband. Molly didn't think it would be fair to marry some poor guy, knowing she would soon be unfaithful to him.

Molly was tall and trim. Her tits were not large but they were firm and thrusting and capped with big, stiff nipples, the kind that men love to suck. Her legs were long and shapely and seemed designed to be wrapped around a man's back as he stuffed his cock up her cunthole. Her ass was an inverted valentine sweeping down from her tiny waist and cutting sharply back to her thighs. She had long tawny hair, slightly tilted green eyes and her mouth was wide and sensual, with a full lower lip, the sort of mouth that invariably led men to thoughts of blowjobs-and often to the reality, as well.

Molly dearly loved to suck on a big cock and milk it off in her mouth. She often climaxed without even touching her pussy while she was sucking a cock, as if her tongue had taken the place of her fuck button.

The goat raised his head and stared at Molly with yellow eyes. His long black tongue lolled out. The beast was standing sideways to her and she could see his cock in profile. His cockshaft was long and thick, covered with silken grey hair and his big black balls were full. She could see the tip of his cockhead poking out from its hairy sheath, his naked black prick meat in stark contrast to the light-gray fuck rod.

The goat's prick looked a lot more interesting than her dildo, thought naughty Molly. A rubber cock was better than nothing, but it was a pretty poor substitute for the real thing; The worst disadvantage of a dildo was that it wouldn't cum, and feeling a load of hot, thick jism squirt into her cunt or mouth was the best part of sex for Molly.

She had never fucked around with an animal. She had never even thought about a before. But she was thinking about it at the moment. Bestiality was depraved, she knew, but there was a dark charm to depravity that served to make such thoughts very exciting. Her pussy began to simmer.

Molly cupped her hand over her crotch and she felt her cunt ripple, Creamy juice trickled down her thighs. Her gaze flashed back and forth between the goat's cock and his tongue. She didn't think she was naughty enough to let an animal fuck her, but she wondered what it would feel like to have that long black tongue slapping away on her cunt.

If the goat got too excited, she supposed that she could always give it a handjob, a reward for licking her off. Molly was surprised by her own fantasies.

Then she was even more surprised to realize that she was thinking seriously about it.

Holy shit! Do I dare? she asked herself. Well, what was the harm in it? Molly knew she'd enjoy it, and she was pretty sure that the goat would enjoy it, too. As long as no one ever found out about it, she saw no reason why she should not have some naughty fun.

Grinning, Molly went down the steps and walked toward the goat. His nostrils twitched as he scented her hot pussy and his big cock rippled, a bit more of his black cock knob sliding out. It thrilled Molly to know that she was turning the dumb brute on.

"You want to get your balls emptied, don't you, Billy?" she asked. The goat cocked his big horned head, questioningly. Molly was wearing a light cotton dress and hadn't put any panties on. She seldom wore panties, anyway, since they only got in the way. Molly liked to be ready to get a fast fuck at any time and place.

She pulled her dress up and pushed her trim belly out, thighs slightly parted. The goat sniffed. Her naked cuntmound was a wide triangle of curly blonde hair and her open pussy-slit flowed through her crotch like a sluggish and swampy river through a sunlit forest.

There was no way to tell if the goat appreciated the sight, but he was obviously intrigued by the delicious aroma. He thrust his head forward and his silken muzzle nudged her cunt.

"Ooooh," she purred and any last-minute doubts she might have had faded away instantly at the touch.

The animal nuzzled around in her wet cunt, nostrils flaring, his hot breath billowing up her throbbing fuckhole. Molly squirmed, her ass grinding as she worked her pussy against his snout. She shot her lush hips out from side to side and her belly pumped. The goat's tongue slurped up her cuntslit.

Molly trembled all through her ripe body as she felt the goat's long wet cuntlapper run through her open pussy and over her clit. Waves of fiery sensation ran through her loins.

Plenty of eager young men had sucked Molly's sweet pussy, but she had never felt a tongue as deft and thrilling as the goat's nimble slurper. She could have climaxed right there in the yard, but Molly figured that a cuntlapping this good deserved more comfort. Unfastening the rope, she led the goat by the collar back toward the cabin. The beast trotted along beside her, his tongue hanging out and dripping, obviously eager to get to work on her tasty cunt again.

Molly halted at the steps of the low porch. When she released the goat, it stood right there, not about to wander off, gazing up at the woman with big amber eyes. His sturdy hooves were spread wide on the ground and his cock was fully erect by this time. His prick jutted out so far that the beast seemed to be straddling a single-barred fence. Its furry, horned head bobbed up and down, the gray beard flowing.

Molly drew her dress off over her head, knowing that there was going to be a lot of thick cum flying around pretty soon and not wanting to get the dress all sticky. She folded it over the railing, then turned and sat on the top step.

Her ass perched on the edge and her long, shapely legs were extended to the ground, thighs apart. The goat's golden orbs eyed her cunt.

Molly smiled dreamily and reached down, spreading her cuntlips wide open with her fingertips. The darker inner folds that she revealed were streaked with creamy cuntjuice. Her open fuckhole was a swamp and her throbbing clit stood out like a little man in a boat.

"Lick it up, Billy," she urged the goat.

He stepped closer, thrusting his head forward. He began to tongue her cuntslit and clit with long, rippling strokes that caused the horny girl to moan and shudder.

Molly arched her slender back, tilting her flooded crotch higher. The goat was lapping her with gusto, his flattened tongue starting in the crack of her ass and sweeping on up to her bushy pussymound. Cuntjuice ran onto his tastebuds, inspiring the beast to a frenzy. The creamy foam sprayed up onto her belly as his tongue flipped through her fuckhole.

Molly reached down and she got a handhold on the goat's beard, using it to move his head around as she pleased. The goat willingly allowed her to shift his muzzle about as he tongued merrily away. Cuntjuice trickled down the insides of her firm thighs and poured from her fuckhole, seeping down into the taut crack of her ass. The hungry goat lapped the delicious juice out of her asscrack, then from her open fuckslot. His silken muzzle was matted with the frothy cunt nectar. Slobber, streaked with pussy cream, dripped from his Lashing tongue as he slapped it against her pussy time and

again. The more Molly creamed, the more the animal drooled.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she gasped, trembling all over. She was trying to hold back her orgasm, loving this bestial cuntlapping so much that she wanted to make it last as long as possible. The goat seemed perfectly willing to tongue her pussy for hours. His massive prick was throbbing and his balls were swollen with urgency, but the animal was ignoring that end of his body as he satisfied his hot tongue.

Molly jerked his head up by the beard, pulling his muzzle out of her crotch for a moment to give herself a chance to cool down. She drew him up to her tits, and the goat began to lick at her nipples and run his tongue up her deep cleavage.

But she had put off her climax too long. Her cunt was beyond the point of no return and she was going to cum even without having the goat's tongue slurping at her cunthole. She pulled his head down again and the hairy beast resumed his eager cuntlapping. He was lapping her hairy pussy with abandon, feasting in that fertile glen. And if it was true that a goat will eat anything, it was also true that cunt was this goat's favorite snack. The beast was shoving his snout right up her cunthole now, in a licking frenzy, as if he was trying to fuck her with his muzzle. His nimble tongue was running up her cunt tunnel, lapping inside her hot fuck hole.

Molly's skillful cuntmuscles sucked on the goat's tongue as it slithered up her fuckhole, and she worked her fiery fuckbud around against the animal's soaking muzzle, whimpering and panting like a steam engine as the crest of her orgasm approached.

"I'm gonna fucking cream!" she gasped, not knowing if she was speaking to the dumb brute or to herself, or simply making a declaration to the universe in general.

She clamped her thighs around the goat's iron-hard shoulders, hooking her heels over his spine. Her belly heaved up and down and her hips twisted from side to side. Her trim body corkscrewed against the animal's head, all her muscles tensed and every nerve was tingling.

Her clit exploded like a detonator, setting off a second blast deep up her cunthole. Molly gasped at the wild thrill. Long horny waves of joy coursed across her belly and the spasms ran up her trembling thighs like an electric current.

The goat snorted, the sound muffled in her cunt. As her cum juices flowed, the beast went wild, sensing the subtle difference in flavor and texture and heat as the girl's hot, creamy flow changed into the floodtide of her cumming.

Molly was shaken and rattled by spasm after spasm, her cunt going off like a Gatling Gun in her multiple orgasm. The goat slapped his tongue into her creaming cuntslit, spraying her pussyjuice out and slurping it up with frenzied lust. His steady tonguing held the girl at the peak. The waves rushed through her faster and higher, until they were coming so rapidly that they had merged into one creamy crest.

Molly cried out in ecstasy at the very height of sensation and her juices poured out in a deluge. She sank back onto the steps, releasing the goat's beard and bracing her shuddering body on her elbows. She gazed down along the arched plane of her body, seeing the goat's big, horned head pressed between her thighs. She sighed happily. The animal continued to lap hungrily away, his tongue slurping out the last precious drops of her cream and milling off the final spasms.

Then he raised his head. His jaws were dripping with cuntjuice. His curved horns tossed up and down and he pawed at the earth with one hind hoof as his haunches rippled. He stared at Molly with



his big amber eyes, and Molly smiled back at him. The goat had done her a favor. It was time to return it.

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CHAPTER TWO

“Holy shit! What a huge prick!” Molly whispered as she gazed at the goat’s cock and balls in awe. She had never touched an animal’s cock before, never even thought about doing such a thing. But now she was wondering what it would feel like to have that massive fucktool slamming in and out of her cunt or her mouth.

Oh, no! I’m not that depraved, she told herself. I can’t let a damned goat fuck me!

Molly had never had any inhibitions with men—she had been fucking with regularity since she was a teenager—but the idea of getting fucked by an animal was so wicked and degenerate that Molly was shocked by her dark desire.

I’ll jerk him off, she thought. I won’t let myself get carried away, I’ll just jack the fucker off. That will satisfy the dumb brute, and it ought to be fun, too. She could well imagine the thrill she would get when the goat’s prick exploded in her stroking hand and his hot, thick fuckjuice came spurting from his glossy black cock knob!

Molly slid down to the lower step, so that she was level with the goat’s flank. His cock was vibrating like a tuning fork, his prickshaft so taut that she could almost have played a violin with it. His black prick knob flared out naked from his woolly cockshaft, his pisshole parted, and his balls were like over-inflated balloons at the end of his fuckrod.

The goat humped, pushing his cockmeat out along his belly. His balls swung in and out. Molly squirmed closer, reaching out. She hesitated for a moment, then touched the head of his cock with her fingertips. She drew her hand back immediately, as if she’d touched a hot stove. The goat blew through his nostrils and twisted his head around to gaze at Molly.

She reached down and cupped his balls.

“Ooooh,” she purred as she felt the animal’s heavy cum load squish around inside his swollen ballsac. The animal desperately needed to get his big balls emptied and Molly’s hand was itching to do the job, her green eyes glowing in anticipation of seeing his jism squirt out.

She lifted his heavy ballsac, as if weighing the creamy contents. Then her hand slid up and folded around the hairy root of his cock. It jutted from her fist like a black-knobbed warclub. His pricksheath was silky and throbbing in her grip and she could feel the fat vein pulsing up the underside of his long cockshaft.

Her hand pushed back, causing his cockhead to flare out. When she stroked back from his balls, his silken pricksheath folded up over the ledge behind his dark cockhead, and when she stroked back again, his swollen slab of cockmeat came sliding out, naked and swollen.

She began to jack him steadily, her hand skimming lightly up and down his fuckrod. She fingered his cockhead with her other hand.

It was so hot she thought her fingers might blister. Her fist slid up to his prick knob, then back to the root, his cock pounding in her grip.

Molly was angled across the steps, her head and shoulders under the goat's belly, curled on one hip. The goat began to hump, driving his cock through her fist. His prick knob loomed out in front of her face and she could feel the heat of his cockmeat waft over her. She knew that when the goat shot his wad, if she stayed where she was, she was going to get a load of goat jism all over her tits and in her face, and the thought was exciting. She pumped him with long, steady strokes, loving the way his prick throbbed in her fist. Molly was looking forward to milking him off, but she was in no hurry for that creamy jizz blast, enjoying the job at a leisurely pace. As her right hand jacked his fuckrod, her left hand alternately fingered his bloated cockhead and cupped his swollen ballsac.

The goat stepped up, planting his sturdy hooves on the second step and angling his hairy body upward. His haunches heaved as he humped, stabbing his cock through her skimming fist. His balls swung in and out like the clappers of a meaty bell. He was bellowing and snorting and stamping. Every inch of his powerful body was tense, his hard muscles rippling, and his big horns tossed about.

His cock seemed to be as hard as it could get-but it was expanding with every stroke of her hand. The huge wedge of his cockhead was pumping in and out like an inhaling lung.

A slimy drop of jizz oozed from his pisshole.

Molly gave a little gasp when she saw that drop of frothy jism run sluggishly down his cockhead. The pre-cum was white and creamy, laying a glistening track over the slope of his dark cockmeat. Molly's mouth was watering. The goat's jism looked delicious and his naked black cockhead looked absolutely tantalizing to the horny cocksucker.

She knew that if she didn't bring the goat off soon, she would be unable to resist taking his cock into her mouth. She began to pump her fist up and down his prickshaft faster, holding to the same rhythm, knowing that was the quickest way to empty his set of balls.

"Cum, cum, cum," she panted, unwilling to suck his prick and yet drooling for his hot cockmeat, her conscience struggling against the smoldering demands of her lust.

The goat humped faster as she increased the tempo. His stiff prick was hissing through her fist, the knob pushing out toward her face. Molly moaned, wild with desire, her face a mask of passion. Her eyes were narrowed and her hips were parted. Her tongue slid back and forth across her mouth and her tits heaved as she panted heavily.

"Shoot, you horny fucker!" she gasped. "Cum for me! Squirt all that hot jizz onto my fucking tits!"

His cockhead pulsed wildly. Molly's green eyes gleamed and her face was radiant with anticipation. Her hand jerked up and down, stroking him from cockhead to ballsac. She saw his pisshole open wide, and as her fist pushed back toward his balls, she felt his hard prickshaft lurch as he started to pump his jism out.

She wailed with joyful expectation.

The goat's big balls blew and his cum came rushing up his fuckrod and spurted in a creamy cloud from his black cockhead. The first steaming dose skimmed over Molly's tits and shot on up into the hollow of her throat.

Her fist slammed down again and his second squirt hosed her right in the face. The cum skidded over her cheek. She pumped another load out, her head ducking closer, and his hot jism splashed on her parted lips. Molly wailed with lust. Her tongue slid out and she pumped a jet of thick, foaming goat cum right into her mouth.

The goat humped away, quivering all over, shooting spurt after spurt from his cockhead. Molly was slathered with jism. Her fat tits were coated with the slimy cum, her face was lathered: A creamy ribbon ran across her lower lip.

“Oh, my God,” she gurgled.

Her tongue slid across her lip, gathering the jizz up. It tingled on her tastebuds, hot and thick and delicious. She let it trickle down her throat as her fist jacked another load out. The pressure was off now and the goat’s last load didn’t squirt out, but merely dripped from his pisshole and splashed on her belly. The thick stuff flowed down into her curly cunt bush. A drop pooled in her belly button, and her stiff nipples were supporting dangling streamers of cum.

The goat snorted and stopped humping. Molly kept on jacking his cock to make sure she had pumped out every drop. The goat stepped back and his spent cock pulled from her hand. It bobbed up and down, his pricktup dripping. He sidestepped away and Molly saw his cock sway up and down, like a horizontal pendulum.

His prick was no longer rock hard—but it hadn’t gone soft, either.

Molly was an expert on cocks, and as she gazed at the goat’s prickmeat, she could tell that the horny animal had not been spent by that single cumming. He would be ready and able to come again in a very short time.

Molly lay there, leaning up against the steps, her naked body slathered with cum from face to groin, and wondered where she should let that goat squirt his next load of jism.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

The goat seemed stunned by the power of his cumming, wandering away with his horns bobbing up and down and his prick hanging under him in a semi-hard condition. He had moved out of reach of Molly, or else she might well have continued their session. She looked down at her cum-soaked body. Frothy jism ran down her cleavage and white necks of the stuff streaked her pubic hair. She slid her hand down through her bushy pussy tangle and into her crotch, rubbing the goat cum into her cunt. She purred as her fingers slid up her slippery fuckhole, working the jizz, into her hot flesh. She cupped her tits, scooping cum from the globes. She had swallowed only a drop of the animal’s jism but it was enough to whet her appetite. Molly brought her slimy hands to her mouth and she began to lap the goat’s cockjuice from her palms and fingers, licking with her tongue at first, then slipping her fingers into her mouth and sucking on them as if they were a cock.

The animal’s cockjuice was richer and thicker than a man’s, she thought. And it was fucking delicious! If the goat’s cum was so delicious second hand, just think what it would taste like if she were to suck it, Molly thought, all hot and foamy, right out of his big black cockhead. She drooled at the thought.

Molly rubbed more of the congealing, quicksilver jism into her belly and tits, then lapped some more from her hands. Her hips shifted in a little fucking motion as her cunt heated up more and more. Molly was wondering if she should blow the goat.

Her mind was in turmoil and divided. She yearned for a mouthful of his hot animal cock and a bellyful of his jism, and yet she knew it was a wicked and sordid thing to do, and having come to the isolated cabin in order to get away from a life of promiscuity and lust, the idea of sucking off an

animal seemed to completely and honestly defeat her purpose. She'd sucked and fucked with countless men, but the idea of blowing an animal caused her to blush with embarrassment and shame.

I've already swallowed his jism, she reasoned, with the taste lingering on her tongue, and her lips still sticky from the stuff. Would it be any more wicked to suck on his cock than it was to lap the fucking cum up from her tits and hands? Well, maybe not. But still, one thing leads to another and if she sucked the fucker off, she might wind up fucking him next. She might end this holiday more degenerate than she started it.

Despite her hunger for his cock, Molly summoned up all of her willpower and decided to forego the tantalizing mouthful. If the goat had been in reach, she probably could not have resisted the urge, she knew. But the animal had wandered back to the yard and was munching at the long grass again, his beard flowing as his head turned.

Molly finger fucked her mouth with one hand and began to play with her creamy pussy with the other. She had to get her rocks off again. Her cunt was burning hot and her clit felt like a stick of dynamite. She switched hands, sucking her own cuntjuice from one and lathering her pussy with saliva with the other.

Then she remembered the dildo.

If she gave her cunt a good long fucking with the big rubber prick, she figured she would be satisfied and that she would no longer find her mouth watering for the animal's prick. She could save herself from the naughty desire by the substitution. She gave her cunt a last loving rub, then got up and went up the steps. The goat raised his head and watched her heart-shaped ass swing, and who knows what goatish thoughts and expectations passed through the creature's mind?

Molly went into the cabin, her pussy squishing with every stride, burning like a hot ember between her legs. She bent over her suitcase and brought the dildo out. She grinned, remembering how the clerk in the sex shop had looked at her when she brought it up to the counter to pay for it. She knew he'd been wondering why a woman as beautiful as she would need a rubber cock, and maybe speculating on whether she was a lesbian. If the shop had been empty, Molly would have sucked the clerk off behind the counter, just to show him her sexual preferences.

The dildo was long and thick and realistically formed, with a huge mushroom-shaped knob and thick veins seaming the underside of the hard rubber shaft. From the base of the tubular rod, a leather harness dangled down. Molly, cock lover that she was, had never made it with a woman, but she knew what the harness was for, of course. It was so that a woman could strap it on her loins and fuck another woman with the rubber cock. It was not one of the vibrators that many modern girls used on themselves, in solitude, but an old-fashioned and proper lesbian's dildo.

But Molly had not chosen it because of the harness, nor with any intention of fucking a woman or letting a woman fuck her with it. She had selected it for a simple reason and one that was in accord with her nature—it was the biggest rubber prick in the shop.

The clerk had probably jacked off a few times, imagining Molly pumping that rubber Prick into some other sexy girl, but that was the furthest thought from Molly's mind. At the moment, at least. But Molly had never met a lesbian, at least not that she knew of, and Molly was the sort of girl who could be easily persuaded to try a new thing, just as she had with the goat. Her imaginative mind was as horny as her hot cunt, and what chance did her inhibitions have against that combination?

Standing beside the bed, she stroked the rubber cock with her hand, holding it up to her tits with

the leather harness dangling down and slapping against her belly. Pussyjuice streamed down the smooth flesh of her inner thighs. She dipped the head of the dildo into her cunt for a moment, stirring it around. Then she brought it up to her mouth and began to lick her own cuntjuice from the firm rubbery knob.

Cuntjuice was awfully tasty, she thought. Molly guessed that she could understand why some girls preferred sucking pussy to prick and the soft body of a girl to the hard form of a man.

She stepped in front of the full-length mirror. Watching her reflection, she pushed the big wedge of the cock knob into her mouth and sucked on it with moist slurping sounds. The sounds and the sight turned her on. Molly always liked to see what she was doing. And as her hot mouth heated the rubber prick, she found that it was just like having a real cock in her mouth, if only the fuckstick could cum.

If only it could pump out a mouthful of hot, thick jism, the way a man did—or a goat, come to think of it!

Her lips turned outward around the shaft as she nursed on the fat prickhead. Her nimble tongue slid around on the big cock. When she drew the dildo from her mouth, it was slathered with her saliva. She lowered it and dipped at the knees, slowly feeding it up her fuckhole. She tilted her belly up so her stuffed cunt was reflected in the mirror and watched as she pushed the big rubber cock in and out. Her pussy cream poured down the hard shaft and her cuntlips sucked on it as her lips had. Her ass and hips squirmed in a fucking motion as she pumped the cock in and out. Then she pulled it from her cunt, slipping it into her mouth again, sucking upon the soaking fuckstick, her tongue sparkling with the tantalizing flavor of her own hot pussyjuice.

Molly had always liked to suck on a man's prick right after he had fucked her cunt, when his cockmeat was dripping with her cuntjuice. She wondered how it would feel to suck a prick that had just come out of some other girl's soaking cunt.

Standing with her legs widespread before the mirror, she alternately fucked up her cunthole and into her mouth. The rubber cock slipped up her pussy, wet with her spit, then into her mouth, soaking with the juices of her cunt.

Molly didn't know which was hotter at that moment, her cunt or her mouth. Her clit was throbbing, but so was her tongue.

"Ummm," she purred as her lips pulled on the dripping dildo, slurping her cuntjuice from the hard knob.

"Ahhhh," she sighed as she fed it up her cunthole.

Her fuckhole squished juicily as she stuffed it full of prick and her cuntmuscles clamped around the sliding rubber cock in a series of throbbing rings running up the shaft. The dildo was huge and she shoved all of it up her fuckhole, feeling the fat cockhead push deep into her pussy. With all of it buried, she switched her hips, rolling her well-packed cunthole around on the thick rubber cuntstuffer.

The leather straps of the harness flicked around her legs and frothy cuntjuice poured out from around the buried fuckrod. Molly wondered what it would look like if she strapped the dildo on. Grinning saucily, she pulled it slowly out of her fuckhole and reversed it, strapping the harness around her hips. The big rubber cock loomed up so high that the knob was almost level with her tits. She made a fucking movement, watching the fat cock thrust up. The tip pushed into the lower curve

of her cleavage. It was quite a sight, she thought, her soft body, with its big tits, equipped with a cock, the sexy harness framing a woman's loins yet supporting a man's fucktool. Just think how a lesbian would pant at such a vision. Hell, Molly was panting, herself. Maybe dykes didn't have such a bad idea, at that.

By ducking her head down, she was able to lap at the knob of the rubber cock just as if she were a man giving himself a blowjob. It made her wish that she were nimble enough to go down on herself, to suck her own cunt. That way she could pleasure her cunt and her mouth at the same time, without involving lesbianism, she figured. But she couldn't manage it. She knew, because she had tried, and her questing tongue had not reached any farther than her curly blonde cuntmound, falling a couple of frustrating inches short of her burning fuck button.

No, if she was ever going to find out what it was like to suck a cunt, it would have to be some other girl's cunt. And it didn't seem such a bad idea.

But there was no other girl there at the moment, and Molly still had to get her rocks off. She made a few more simulated fucking thrusts, then unstrapped the dildo and moved to the bed. She lay on her back with her knees lifted and her legs apart and slowly fed the rubber cock all the way up her cunthole.

Heaving, her ass hiked up, she fucked in and out of her steaming pussy with slow, steady strokes, angling the fuckstick so that every inch ran across her clit. She could have easily climaxed at any moment, almost at any given stroke, but Molly loved variety in all respects and enjoyed changing positions in the middle of a fuck.

She pulled the dildo out of her fuckhole, then turned over onto her hands and knees. Reaching behind her ass, she shoved the fat prick up her cunt from the back and fucked herself doggy style, or, she supposed, goat style, as well.

Her ass heaved back as she shoveled the cock in. Her fat tits jiggled under her kneeling, humping body. She slid the dildo out and nudged the tip into her asshole. Panting with passion, she began to inch the fat fuckrod up her shit chute. She fed about a third of it into her bowels and fucked her ass with gentle strokes. Then totally abandoned to lust, Molly drew it out and she sucked on the soiled fuck rod again, tasting the tangy flavor of her asshole along with the rich sauce of her cunthole.

Molly couldn't wait any longer. Her cunt was ready to climax whether she neglected it or not, and she always liked a full cunt when she came. She rose up and fed the dildo into her pussy from the front, as if she were kneeling face to face with a man. The long rubber fuck rod slipped into her pussy and she began to cream on the first stroke. The thrill rushed across her belly and crashed into the depths of her fuckhole. She shuddered and moaned softly. The first wave passed and the second came crashing into her cunt an instant later. Wave followed wave, each one higher than the one before. Her pussy was melting around the stiff joystick like a wax candle around a flaming wick.

Molly threw her head back, her tawny hair cascading as she switched her frenzied face from side to side. Her tits heaved up as she panted. A low gurgle of bliss escaped her lips.

She slammed the fuckstick in, running it over her fuck bud and her whole lush body vibrated as her cunt went off again. The juice was flooding from her, soaking her thighs and splashing onto the bed. She cried out in a torment of ecstasy as the highest wave rushed through her. Then she sank down, gasping and trembling, with the rubber cock still stuck up her cunt.

Yeah, a girl could get a real good fucking from a dildo, Molly was thinking. Yet something was lacking. After a moment, she realized what it was. Her cunt was not full of jism. She had creamed as



nicely as she would have on a real prick, but she missed the thrill of feeling hot cum squirt up her fuckhole.

Naturally, Molly remembered how much thick fuckjuice had spurted out of the goat's big cock when she jacked it off.

Her good intentions had gone for naught. The dildo had not been a satisfactory substitute. Molly smiled hornily at herself.

She just had to suck that fucking goat's cock.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Molly plucked the fat fuckstick out of her pussy. Cuntjuice poured from her vacated fuckhole. She slipped the dildo into her mouth and sucked it clean, polishing the knob to a luster and making her tongue tingle. Her pussy had been taken care of, for the moment, but her mouth was as hot as ever.

And she knew just where to get the mouthful that she needed. The fact that it was so depraved, so perverted, only added to the thrill of her anticipation. She tossed the saliva soaked rubber cock onto the bed and moved over to the door.

Molly had not tethered the goat again, but the animal had not wandered off. It was munching away in the front yard, and its huge prick was hanging down under it, impressive even though it was only semi-hard. Its balls had collapsed when she had emptied them by hand, but they were already starting to fill up with a new load.

Molly felt dizzy with the dark desire to swallow that load! Her legs trembled under her as she stood in the doorway and the hot aroma of her creamy cunt drifted across the yard.

The goat raised his horned head and his nostrils flared, and his prick began to rise in a series of jerks. The dark meat of his naked cockhead came pushing out from its hairy pricksheath and his fuckrod rose up, extending almost beyond the goat's chest. He turned toward the cabin and his yellow eyes glowed when he saw the naked woman standing in the doorway. He was only a dumb animal, but he wasn't that dumb. He knew how delicious her cunt tasted and how wonderful it felt when her human hand stroked his prick and emptied his jism. He didn't, of course, know that there were other, and even more exciting ways that human women could empty cocks and balls. But the goat was sure going to find out.

How should she call the goat? Molly wondered. Should she whistle, like with a dog, or sooo-ee, like with a pig? But it was a moot point because the goat started to walk toward her. His sturdy legs were bowed out around his throbbing cock, sharp hooves digging at the ground. Molly waited in the doorway and the goat came right up the steps. He pushed his muzzle into her juicy cunt, obviously thinking that it was going to be another session of cuntlapping, followed by a handjob.

Molly let the beast tongue her pussy for a few minutes. As her pussyjuice flowed and her fuck button sparked, her mouth began to salivate and her tongue to tingle, as if there was some secret connection between her mouth and her fuckhole.

She felt an actual, physical hunger for the animal's prick and cum, a deep yearning for a mouthful of his delicious-looking cockmeat followed by a bellyful of his succulent jism.

She grasped him by the horns and pulled his bearded muzzle out of her dripping cunt.

"I'll bet you've never had a blowjob," she said, getting a kick out of saying the words to the animal. She had used those same words recently, on a teenaged boy she had seduced, causing the kid to gulp and moan, before taking his virginity in her mouth, then fucking him. But to speak that way to a dumb animal filled her with lust.

"Shall I suck you off, Billy?" she purred.

The goat obviously didn't understand her words, but something in the tone of her voice caused the beast to tremble in the loins and his cock jolted out, the knob flaring.

"Hummm? Shall I milk your prick in my mouth and drink all of your thick fuckjuice?" she whimpered, driving herself wild by her own erotic words.

The goat was struggling to get his muzzle back into her crotch, probably thinking that he had to lap her off before she returned the favor of a cumming. His head bobbed up and down. Molly knelt down beside him, placing an open hand on his hairy flank. She could feel the powerful muscles ripple in his haunches, and his whole shaggy body was vibrant.

Her hand slid under him and cupped his balls .

The goat stiffened, sensing that the routine was going to be different this time. She fondled his ballsac, feeling his hard balls jiggle inside the hairy sac. She stroked up and down his fuckrod and fingered the sensitive underside of his cockhead, where the throbbing vein spread out into a delta under his black quivering prick knob.

I hope that fucking cock tastes as good as it feels, she thought, gazing at his prick. Molly was truly amazed by her own desire. Holy shit! I'm really gonna do it! she thought. I'm going to suck off a fucking goat! I'm gonna drink his fuckjuice! Jesus, I must be the most depraved girl in the whole fucking world! And I'm too fucking hungry to give a damn! I'm starving for his cockmeat!

Molly took his cock in both hands and she jacked his cockshaft up and down, making his prickmeat as hot and as hard as possible. The goat humped, fucking through her hands, thinking that he was going to get jacked off again. But then her hands pushed back to the root of his cock. She held his bloated balls in one hand and folded the other around his prickshaft, drawing his cocksheath back away from his flaring black prickhead. His cock knob swelled up like the head of a hooded cobra about to strike and his asshole gaped open, giving promise of the sweet load that would soon be spurting from it.

Molly pushed her face up close to the brute's cockhead. Her eyes crossed as she stared at the bulging slab of prickmeat and her pink tongue slid across her lips.

She paused, not with any last moment hesitation or doubt, but so that she could savor the anticipation, like a gourmet gazing at a succulent banquet, salivating with expectation.

Her tongue pushed out and licked at the tip of the goat's prick. The beast lurched and trembled at the unfamiliar sensation, then humped, pushing his cockhead against her tongue.

I'm licking his cock, Molly thought, and it's fucking terrific. Her hot tongue swelled up, inspired by the musky flavor of goat meat. She laved all over his swollen cock knob, her slobber glistening in milky tracks on the dark, throbbing prickmeat. She lapped at the underside of his great meaty cockhead, then pushed the tip of her tongue right up inside his asshole, as if she was trying to lap

up his jism from the inside.

Then she kissed the tip of his prick knob and let her lips part slowly, feeding his burning-hot cock into her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed in as she sucked on the throbbing mouthful and her green eyes opened wide, as if in surprise. The goat's cock was delicious, muskier and richer than a man's. The texture was rubbery, but firm. His cockhead ballooned, pressing into her cheeks. Her tongue bathed the underside as her lips pulled hungrily on the savory wedge of naked cockmeat.

The goat humped, shoving his prick deeper into her mouth. His cockhead jammed at the entrance to her throat and his hairy cockshaft was collared by her compressed lips.

He's fucking me in the mouth! the frenzied cocksucker thought, loving the idea as much as the act.

The goat drove his prick in, tilting her head back as the tip hit the back of her mouth. He pulled out, then fucked his cock into her again, and Molly sucked every inch of his naked cockhead and hairy prickshaft.

"Unghhh," she gagged as his cock knob clogged her throat and tipped her head back on his thrust.

"Ummm," she purred as he drew back and his naked cockhead skimmed over her tongue and slid between her sucking lips.

The goat was fucking balls-deep into her mouth. His balls brushed against her chin as he buried his cock. Molly had shifted her hands away from his cock and balls so that all of his prickshaft was free to feed her mouth. She had intended only to suck on his naked cockhead while she jacked him off with her fist, but now she saw that that was not necessary, that she could do the job with only her mouth, needing no manual assistance. Her lips sucked and her cheeks pulled and her tongue flashed. The goat's long prick slid over her arched tongue and nudged into her throat, filling her mouth to the brim with his throbbing prickmeat.

The animal's head tossed up and down, his big horns sweeping in an arc. A look of confusion had come into his golden eyes. The goat didn't know what on earth was happening to him. He had fucked plenty of nanny goats in his day and he knew damned well what it felt like to have his prickmeat stuck up a cunt, but the woman's mouth felt exactly the same way. it was puzzling to the dumb brute, but he wasn't about to stop.

His sharp hooves scrambled on the wooden porch floor as his hindquarters drove his prick into her mouth relentlessly. His hot cockmeat hissed as it ran through her lips and over her tongue. His hairy fuckrod pulled out, matted with her slobber, so taut that it was pulsating.

A dribble of creamy pre-cum oozed from his asshole and trickled onto her tongue.

"Ooooh," she sighed when she felt that hot glob of delicious jism run over her tastebuds. Molly had thought that she was as hungry as it was possible to be, but that tasty nugget of goat cum made her even more ravenous for his heavy climax.

Molly began to suck harder, bobbing her head up and down in counterpoint to the goat's thrusts. As he fed his prick into her, she pushed her mouth down to meet him, and as he withdrew, she twisted her lips around, winding them over his cockshaft and then sucking on his naked prickhead for an instant, before he fucked it in again.

More jizz oozed out as his climax approached. Her mouth was full of the sweet stuff, and he hadn't even cum yet. Slime ran through her teeth and pooled in her cheeks. Her tongue was floating in it,

like a soft log in a swamp. She let his cockhead slide right down into her throat, gagging and gasping. She grasped his balls again, squeezing, as if she wanted to pump his jism out by the pressure. His balls blew in her hand.

Molly whimpered when she felt his prick explode and felt the thick jizz come rushing up his cockshaft. Then his hot jism was hosing her throat with a creamy jet. A spurt hit the root of her tongue and skimmed down her throat. A hot jet slid onto her cheek and another sprayed the roof of her mouth. Wild with cum hunger, Molly sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked. She was drinking his cum as fast as she could, her throat pulsing as she gulped it down, but his load was so huge that she couldn't swallow it all. Ribbons of steaming goat jism poured from her compressed lips and dribbled down her trembling chin.

She purred like a cat at a cream bowl. His cum had been yummy when she drank it from her hands, but gulping it right out of his throbbing cockhead was even more succulent. Thick and hot and frothy, the jism poured from his knob in a slimy rope. His balls seemed bottomless. No sooner had she thought that she had drained him than he plunged in and shot yet another steaming dose into her mouth.

Her head bobbed furiously up and down as she slammed her lips far down his prickshaft, milking him greedily. The beast humped with savage intent, plunging into her mouth and squirting more fuckjuice out. His swinging balls slapped against her chin as she mouthed him to the hilt.

At last he was drained.

The final flow of his fuckjuice came out in a mere trickle, dribbling onto her arched tongue. The animal stopped humping, standing stiff legged, his head lowered.

Molly continued to suck for a few moments, to make sure that she had milked out every last drop of his cockjuice. Then she drew her lips away. His cockhead popped from her mouth like a cork from a bottle. Holding him by his prickshaft, she used her tongue to lap up the stray nuggets of jism that had escaped her lips and run down his fuckrod. She licked it up from her frothy lips. Then she threw her head back and let the last delicious drops slowly slide down her throat.

The goat sidestepped away. His balls had shrunk and his big prick was starting to droop. He shook his head as if he'd been trapped, beard swinging and horns tossing.

Molly lay on her back, a happy smile turning up the corners of her cum-drenched lips. She had thought that maybe she would feel some regrets, after it was over, but she didn't. She had enjoyed sucking the goat off far too much to feel any remorse over the depravity of it.

Molly knew damned well she would be sucking him off again.

Her cocksucker's mouth was satiated for the moment, however. She didn't think she could drink another drop.

But now naughty Molly's cunt was hot again.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

Molly just had to have a cuntful of cock and no doubt about it. Now that her mouth had been so well fucked, she was more aware than ever of the void in her fuckhole. The goat had lost his erection but

she felt quite sure that she would be able to suck his cock back up again, with a little concentration. However, she wasn't at all sure that she wanted to get fucked by an animal. Sucking him off had been wicked enough, and she was hesitant about letting him fuck her. If the goat had still had a hardon, Molly might have thought differently about it, but as it was, her mind turned to thoughts of men.

When she had driven through the small village on the way to the cabin, Molly had noticed a couple bars. At the time she hadn't planned on visiting them because she had really been serious about spending a celibate month with no lover except her rubber prick. Now the situation had changed. She felt as if her cunt was going to suddenly ignite, bursting into flames, if she didn't get it well fucked soon.

Molly smiled hornily. It couldn't be helped—and some local guy was going to soon be thanking his lucky stars. Molly wasn't in any doubt as to her ability to pick up a man—or men.

She went into the cabin and showered in the tiny stall to remove the scent of the goat from her body, although she didn't brush her teeth, loving the way the taste of the creature's cockmeat and fuckjuice lingered on her tongue. She dressed to effect, wearing a tight fitting green dress the same color as her eyes, with a black garterbelt and dark silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, and nothing else.

Inspecting herself in the full-length mirror, she was satisfied. Her stiff nipples poked out against the material visibly and the dress was molded to the shape of her sexy ass. She shifted about, experimenting, checking out the easiest way to let the hem of her dress ride up and display a section of sleek thigh—to begin with.

She brushed her hair and put on light makeup—she didn't need much—and went out to her car. The goat watched her go, and she winked at the dumb brute. She wondered if he would be jealous if he knew where she was going, and what she was looking for. But she guessed that animals didn't feel jealousy, and saw that was one of the big advantages of fucking and sucking with the dumb beasts. That and the fact that, being unable to talk, they couldn't ruin a girl's reputation by blabbing. If she fucked the goat, only the fucking goat would know about it.

Her cunt steamed and squished on the car seat as she drove over the narrow country roads toward the village. Molly wished that she had brought the dildo along. She could have stuffed it up her pussy and enjoyed the bumpy roads bouncing her about. The next time she came into town she would have to remember that, she promised herself. She was feeling so fucking horny that she was almost tempted to pull over to the side of the road and give her cunt a fingerfucking. But she hoped that very soon she would have something a lot better than her own fingers stuck up her fuckhole, and so she resisted the urge and drove on, hotter by the minute.

The village was small, consisting mainly of one main street, through which the road passed. There were two bars there, both on the same side of the street, with a general store and a feed store between them. Molly parked the car and got out by the first bar, which was called the Old Oak. She looked in through the plate-glass window and frowned, disappointed. The bar was devoid of customers and the bartender was a woman. That was no good to Molly. She hoped that the town wasn't dead during the afternoon, that she wouldn't have to hang around for hours before she got a proposition. Shit! What if the fucking hick town was dead at night, too? What an awful thought. Having gotten herself all worked up for prick, Molly couldn't bear the thought of not finding some soon. She walked on past the Old Oak and the two stores, then came to the second of the local bars.

The Log Inn was obviously no more than a lower-class beer joint, she could tell, but she could hear



jukebox music coming out. The front window was small and so grimy that she couldn't see through it. She figured that she was going to be disappointed again. But since she was there, she thought that she might as well stop for a drink. Molly went into the Log Inn.

And just inside the doorway she paused, with a radiant smile lighting her lovely face. Molly had struck pay dirt.

Six men were standing at the bar. They were all big and brawny types, wearing flannel shirts and denim pants, with a scattering of tattoos and a couple beards included. They all turned to look at who had come in, blinked, and gaped.

Molly was pleased by the impression that she had made. She lingered there for a moment, basking in their admiring stares. She knew what they were thinking—was she coming in or not? Had she wandered in by mistake, and realizing the place was a dump, would walk out again, or would she stay? She teased them by lingering just inside the door. They all held mugs of beer in their big hands but not a single one of the half dozen raised his glass to drink. They seemed stunned by this unexpected newcomer.

Molly walked up to the bar, swinging her heart-shaped ass provocatively, her hips swishing like a pendulum. The bartender, a tall guy with a hook nose, hastened down to serve her. His eyes were bulging out like two hard-boiled eggs as he peered at her cleavage.

Molly started to order a cocktail. Then she changed her mind. When in Rome, she thought, and she asked for a beer. The interested customers all nodded approvingly. Molly seldom drank beer and didn't much care for it, but it wasn't a drink in which she was interested at the moment, at least not a drink from a glass.

She was always interested in a drink from a stick. Molly settled onto a bar stool and crossed her legs, making sure that her dress rode up nearly to her crotch. The bartender slid a foaming mug across the counter. "On the house," he rasped. "Why, thank you," she said.

"Shit! Ain't often we get a gal like you in this joint, lady," he said. "In fact, I can't say as we ever had one like you. You just drink all you want and let us look at you."

This was going to be even easier than Molly had hoped. She said, "I mustn't drink too much, though." She smiled sweetly. "If I drink more than one beer, I get horny."

Seven men groaned. Molly looked around and was delighted to see that the fronts of six denim pants had already started to bulge promisingly. She couldn't see the bartender's groin, but from the way he was panting, she guessed that he was getting a hard-on, too.

The bartender hurriedly slid another beer across to Molly, and as an afterthought, poured her a slug of whiskey.

"Oh, dear, if I drink two beers and a whiskey, I'll lose all my inhibitions," Molly protested, smiling and giving the barman a wink. "I'm afraid I'd just have to get laid."

"Holy fucking shit!" he gasped.

The six beer drinkers had gathered in a semi circle around Molly, as if drawn into orbit around a heavenly body.

Molly toyed with the shot of whiskey, turning the glass on the counter as if she couldn't decide

whether or not to risk her chastity by drinking it. The men waited with bated breath.

Molly raised the glass and she gulped it down.

"Oh, my! I think I'm a little drunk already," she said.

"You really serious, lady?" the bartender asked. "I mean, you ain't some kind of cockteaser, are you?"

Molly didn't reply. Instead, she recrossed her legs, and this time she let her dress ride high enough so that they could see that she wore no panties and that her cunt was creamy. She could hear the stretch of tortured denim as seven cocks tried to bust free.

"Yes, I'm definitely drunk-and horny," she said with a sigh. She looked from man to man. Her gaze slid down to their swollen groins, giving each an appraising look in turn.

A broad-shouldered guy with a red face and a black beard cleared his throat, his Adam's apple pumping up and down, and said, "If you want one of us to fuck you, ma'am, just say the word."

"Ummmm, but how could I choose between all you handsome guys?"

They all tried to look more handsome than the rest, glancing at one another, checking for handsomeness that they had never noticed before. Each figured the others were sort of ugly.

"I guess it depends on who has the biggest prick," Molly said, giving them a bewitching look.

"How you gonna tell?" the bearded guy asked. They were squirming. But they all had more confidence in their cocks than in their handsomeness, and every cock was pounding away like a jackhammer, every set of bails swollen like a balloon.

"Why don't you take 'em out and show me?" Molly suggested.

They gaped at her, wondering if she was serious, suffering a mortal fear of cockteasers. Molly squirmed on the seat and they could hear her hot pussy squish juicily. The bearded guy made the first move, whipping his zipper down and hauling his cock and balls out. He had a whopper, big and fat and hard as a crowbar.

"Ummm, nice," Molly purred.

Then they were all producing their pricks, and every one of them had a big prickshaft. They stood in a circle around her, their hips thrust forward, their cocks jutting out. Molly felt faint; surrounded by so much sweet prickmeat. It was sort of like being the target of a firing squad, she thought, every weapon aimed at her cunt.

"Don't forget me, lady," the bartender cried.

Molly turned and saw that his cock was the longest of all and that, freed from his pants, his swollen red prick knob was sticking up above the level of the counter. She sighed and shook her head. "I can't decide," she said. They groaned.

Then her face brightened. "I know!" she said, with enthusiasm. "Why don't you all fuck me!"

And that was a suggestion that satisfied the men, and caused Molly to tingle with joyful expectations.

The bartender came around from behind the counter, his cock jutting out before him like the prow of a ship. He took Molly by the hand. Molly grinned and took him by the prick. She felt his massive fuck rod throb. "C'mon in the back room," he croaked.

"How come you go first?" someone demanded.

"Cause it's my fucking back room, is why," he snarled. That made sense and they nodded. He dragged Molly off the stool and hauled her toward the back of the room. She was still holding him by the cock and her ass swung tantalizingly as the others stared after her, unable to believe that this was really happening. None of the group had ever fucked a woman nearly as lovely as Molly. And they didn't even know her name. It just had to be a fucking dream, they were thinking. But it was gonna be a wet fucking dream!

The back room was small and fairly dark, and the only thing on which to get laid was a stack of beer crates. That suited Molly, who loved variety and had never been fucked on a beer crate before. She had been gangbanged before, to tell the truth, but never by seven guys. She pulled her green dress off immediately and stood, posing, one hip shot out, so that the bartender could get a good look at what she had to offer.

He dropped his pants and kicked them off. He was in too much of a hurry to take his shirt off, but Molly didn't mind. She liked the eager enthusiasm he was showing. She ran her hand up and down his formidable cock, massaging the hard prick meat and groping his bloated balls. He pushed his belly out, sticking his prick toward her. Molly wanted to get fucked, not give head, but she leaned down and gave the swollen crown of his cock a suck, just for the hell of it, wanting him to know that she was a talented girl. Her lips pulled lovingly on his cockhead and he groaned. He had a tasty prick and she figured she would have to come back and blow him sometime. But now it was time for a cuntful.

Giving his knob a last slurp, she drew away and sat back on the beer crates, her ass perched on the edge of the stack and her long, shapely legs extended to the floor, thighs apart.

"Fuck me," she whispered. "Fuck my cunt."

He sank down onto his knees, between her legs. Molly arched her back, tilting her cunt up. The bartender folded his fist around the root of his cock and guided his angry red prick knob into her creamy cuntslit. He moved it up and down, using it like a spoon to stir her frothy bowl. Her cuntlips sucked on his swollen prickmeat, dragging his cock knob deeper. His prickhead slipped in. He grasped her by the hips with both hands and braced his knees. Molly arched to meet him, and the lusty local shoved every inch of his big prick up her fuckhole with the first long, underslung stroke.

"Ahhhh," she sighed, her eyelashes fluttering.

She placed her hands on his shoulders, her belly squirming. The bartender held the full penetration for a moment, savoring the sensation of having every single inch of his hot, hard cock buried in her wet pussy and letting her enjoy the thrill of having her smoldering cunthole stuffed to the brim with throbbing cockmeat.

Molly shot her hips out from side to side, grinding her cunt around on his buried cock. Then he began to fuck her with long, slow, rippling strokes, drawing out until only the head of his prick was in her pussy, then sliding it in balls-deep again.

"Ohhh, that feels so good," she purred.

Her face switched from side to side, tawny hair flowing, long eyelashes fluttering sensually. She moaned softly each time he punched his prick into her fuckhole. His cock came out dripping with cuntjuice, then slid back in. He hiked up to a higher angle so that every inch of his fuckrod was running over her fuck button as it went in and out.

His cum-filled balls slapped against her thrusting ass as he fed her his meat and her cuntmuscles were rippling on his prick, tightening and running up his cockshaft as if she were jerking him off inside her cunthole. The wet walls of her pliable pussy molded themselves around the contours of his massive cock, clinging to every inch.

Molly threw her legs up and clamped her sleek thighs around his heaving haunches. Her heels drummed on his churning ass. Then she threw her legs wide apart again, pumping against him, slamming her cunt down to meet his plunging prick and twisting her hips around as he withdrew. Her fuckhole was winding around on his retreating cockmeat like a juicy nut on a steel bolt.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she whimpered, urging him on.

Normally, Molly liked a long, slow fucking, but with six other cocks waiting for her pussy, she saw no reason to linger over the first one. She began to pump her loins faster and the lust-maddened man matched her tempo, starting to fuck into her violently. The beer crates rattled under her ass and his powerful strokes were shaking her bones.

He grunted and groaned as he fucked his horny cock to her white-hot pussy. Beads of sweat dotted his forehead and his eyes were glazed with pure passion. His cock fucked up her fuckhole, driving to the depths. His swollen cock knob drove into the neck of her womb. It felt like a lump of molten iron buried in her cunt and his thick cockshaft was like a lever, prying and wedging into her smoldering fuckhole.

Her thighs closed and opened. Her feet scissored, bicycling in the air behind his ass. She bowed, then arched again. His big fucker was pumping the cuntjuice out of her. The thick, frothy cream trickled down into the crack of her ass and dripped onto the beer crates. Her cunt was soaking wet, and yet her cuntmuscles were so pliable that she was gripping his prick as if in a velvet vise.

"Ahhh, ohhhh, ummm," she whimpered. "Oh! I love it!"

She jabbed her belly down, taking his prick in to the hilt and squirming on that lovely cuntful. He was fucking into her so fast now that his ass was a blur. He dipped down and slammed in from below, then hiked up and slid his cock in across her fiery clit.

"Cum," Molly moaned. "Shoot in my cunt, squirt it up my fuckhole! Oh, shit! Pour your fuckjuice into me. I wanna feel your hot, thick jism flood my cunt!"

He groaned and slammed in with wild abandon as the thrill began to swirl in his loins. Molly had started to climax, the waves of bliss rushing through her pussy. She tried to hold back, to time her cumming with his, wanting to feel his steaming cum spurt up her cunt as she creamed.

"Shoot, give it to me!" she cried, crazed with desire for his cum as her own hot juices flowed .

"Yeah, yeah!" he gasped. "Here it fucking comes! Take it, you whore!"

Molly wailed with joy. She felt his prick explode, and a split second later, his jism was rushing into her fuckhole in a slimy torrent. Molly jerked and moaned and her own climax peaked, the creamy crest melting her cunt around his rampant fuckstick.

Her pussy gushed with cumjuice, the cunt cream seeping out and merging with the bartender's jism, filling her fuckhole and overflowing down her thighs and onto his balls.

He turned her pelvis by the handles of her hipbones as he fucked in again and again, squirting another steaming wad of cum up her cunthole with every plunging thrust.

"Pour it up me!" she cried. "Fill my fucking cunt with your fuckjuice, flood me with your jizz!"

Gasping, he fed her the last load. Then he slowed, his rhythm faltering and his ballsac drained. Molly continued to pump her pussy up and down on his cock as she worked off the last spasms of her orgasm and milked out the last drops of her juice on his spent prick.

Then she, too, slowed down, a contented smile on her face and a glowing look of ecstasy in her green eyes. The bartender held his prickmeat jammed up her for a few moments as it began to diminish. Then with a sigh, he pulled his fucker out. His cock popped free and their juices gushed out, lathering her crotch with a milky flood.

Molly was a neat girl. She leaned down, sucked his cock into her mouth and slurped all the cum and cuntjuice from it as his big hunk of cockmeat jerked and softened in her lips. Then she leaned back again, ready for the next guy. The bartender stood up, his legs shaky.

"I'm sorry I called you a whore, there," he apologized. "I guess I got carried away, lady."

"That's okay. I am a whore," she said, smiling. "I just did it for two beers and a whiskey." He looked at her with awe.

"You really gonna fuck all the rest of 'em?" he asked.

"Sure," she said.

The bartender felt a twinge of jealousy. But he shrugged in resignation, pleased that he had been the first.

"Which one shall I send in next?" he asked.

Molly considered for a moment, then grinned impishly.

"Send 'em all in at once," said insatiable Molly Parker.

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CHAPTER SIX

In the bar, the six horny customers had helped themselves to free beer, figuring that the bartender owed them a round, at least, since he- had gotten first crack at the horny bitch, and they were standing around secretly eyeing each other's prick. But no one had to feel ashamed of his own contribution to the collection because every one of those six cocks was big and stiff and potent. From the back room, they could hear the sounds of fucking in progress.

Molly's moans and panting broadcast her energetic enthusiasm and punctuated the softer, slippery sounds of sucking, followed by the squish of a cock slipping in and out of a soaking fuckhole.

They gulped beer and shifted around impatiently. One fellow gave his prick a few strokes by hand, but stopped long before he had reached a climax, saving his juice for Molly.

The bartender staggered out of the back room, his legs wobbly and his eyes glazed. He didn't even notice that they had all refilled their beer mugs. They waited expectantly, each man hoping that he would be the next one summoned to the woman's service.

The bartender grinned and nodded toward the back room. "She said to send you all in," he said.

The prospect of a clusterfuck set off a stampede, all six frenzied fellows dashing toward the back room.

Molly was eagerly awaiting them. She had turned around now and was bending over the beer crates with her ass toward the door. She looked back over her shoulder and gave the men a welcoming smile. Her feet were on the floor and her legs were widespread so that they could see her cunt below her out-thrust ass. Her whole crotch was lathered with cum and cuntjuice, and the stuff was pouring down the insides of her legs.

The broad-shouldered guy with the bushy black beard got to her first. He stood behind her ass and dropped his pants. Taking his thick cock in hand, he guided the swollen triangle of his cockhead into Molly's cunt, moved it about a bit, then fed his whole prick up her cunthole. Molly grunted as his cockmeat stuffed her. He didn't fool around with any preliminaries, but began to fuck his cock into her vigorously.

The others clustered about, their pricks like howitzers, aimed at the sexy blonde woman and armed with plenty of fluid shot. They were pleased and surprised to see that Molly had a tight cunt. Although she had just been well fucked and was obviously a girl who took plenty of prick, her cuntmuscles remained pliable and her cunthole was sucking and pulling and dragging on the bearded guy's plunging prick. He was holding her by the hips and twisting her pelvis around as he fucked his cock into her fuckhole. Molly jerked and pumped, matching his pace. He fucked in to the root and his bloated balls jammed into her crotch.

"Yeah! Fuck the bitch good," someone said, encouragingly.

"Fuck the slut's ass off!" cried another enthusiastic fellow.

"Pump the pig up!" yelled a third.

It was obvious to Molly, from these statements, that the men had lost all respect for her. But that was only to be expected, under the circumstances, and Molly didn't give a shit. In fact, she rather liked to be thought of in those coarse terms. Molly wanted cock, not respect.

He fucked in hard, hiking her ass up, and she slammed her hips back and stuffed her cunt full of cockmeat. Her thighs tensed, dipping and lifting as she churned her ass about, working her cunt onto his cock and loving every inch of it. Cuntjuice sprayed from her fuckhole, soaking the bearded man's belly and balls.

He began to whimper, fucking his cock into her furiously.

"Shoot it up my cunt!" wailed Molly as she felt his fat prick fuck in and expand with his approaching coming. "Pour your fuckjuice into my fucking cunthole!"

He howled like a frenzied beast and Molly gasped as she felt his hot jizz shoot into her cunt. Her clit exploded. He fucked away furiously, draining his ballsac in a series of jolting spurts. Then without hesitating, he stepped back, drawing his prick out of her cunthole. Molly was right in the middle of an orgasm and she wailed when she felt the bearded man's prickmeat slip out of her. But then the

next man stepped in and shoved his cock up her fuckhole and began to fuck her fast and hard. Molly gurgled with joy and the orgasm that she had started on one man's cock, she finished on another. And no sooner had that double-cocked climax ended than Molly began to work herself up toward yet another cumming.

None of the men took very long. They had all become so excited while they waited their turn that they blew their wads quickly. But no sooner had one man cum than another replaced him. Molly had lost track of how many times she had climaxed and had no idea which of her six admirers happened to be fucking her at any given stroke. She wasn't even sure when they switched places behind her; not knowing if a man had paused to catch his breath before fucking in again, or had pulled out and been replaced by another. But it didn't matter because all of them had big pricks and loaded balls and, one after another, they filled her fuckhole with sweet cum.

After awhile, it dawned on Molly that they were coming back for seconds, or was it thirds? She knew that more than six loads of jism had been squirted into her and that the fucking was still going on. She wriggled and squirmed and her cunt sucked voraciously and milked yet another cum load out of a plunging prick. And instantly new cockmeat was fed up her fuckhole. She began to wonder if there were more than six men behind her, if maybe they had called a town meeting, if there might not be a line of horny men numbering in the hundreds, lined up all the way to the door and probably halfway down the street, like a line at the movies.

She turned to look over her shoulder-and a stiff prick was slipped into her mouth. Since another prick was fucking away up her cunt, Molly willingly sucked on that delicious mouthful.

"Jeez-she blows, too," someone mumbled.

Her lips pulled lovingly on a cockhead as another cock stuffed her cunt. Her holes were interchangeable. Her cunt was sucking like a mouth, and her mouth was getting fucked like a cunt.

Suddenly her mouth was full of jism.

She swallowed it down hungrily and sucked for more.

"The whore swallows-the fucking stuff!" a man yelled.

The cock pulled from her lips. Molly had been enjoying that mouthful and her head ducked after it, but he stepped aside and another man took his place, feeding his cock into Molly's mouth. She knew that cock had been up her cunt because she could taste her cuntjuice on it. She bobbed down, taking his cockhead right back into her throat. He fucked into her face with short, sharp jabs and his jism sprayed out. Molly drank it down, and when he drew away, she waited with her mouth open for the next cock that sought to empty itself between her lips.

Now Molly didn't know which was hornier, her cunt or her mouth, but it was an unimportant point, since there was plenty of prick for both. Cum poured down her gullet and squirted up her cunt. A cock slammed deep into her fuckhole and another cock fucked down her throat. They were both so long that she wondered if the heads might not be bumping together, somewhere in the middle of her cumfilled body. Molly had always been promiscuous, but she had never had this much cock before. She thought that her heart and lungs must be floating in the stuff. And at the same time her own body was dehydrating as she salivated and her cunt flowed.

The bartender had gulped down a large glass of brandy and now came wobbling back to the scene. Two of the gangbangers were already down, stretched out on the floor and gasping like fish out of water, their cocks soft and their balls collapsed like punctured balloons.

The bearded man was still at it, fucking up her cunt for the third time. A guy with a tattoo of a black panther on his biceps was fucking her slowly in the mouth and the other two were waiting for thirds or fourths, but with diminished weapons.

The bartender had a hard-on again.

The bearded man groaned and his jism squirted out. He stepped back, his legs trembling. The bartender moved in. He braced his feet, standing behind her rounded ass. He was about to fuck his cockmeat up her cunt again but then he paused, staring down at her sweet ass. He placed his hands on her asscheeks and spread them apart, exposing the tight brown bud of her asshole.

He wondered if her shitter was cherry, He had never fucked a girl up the ass and the idea had always intrigued him. When he'd suggested it to his wife, she'd hit him with a frying pan. But he doubted that Molly was the sort of girl to protest.

He fitted his cockhead into her asshole. Her taut shitter mouth fluttered. He pushed tentatively.

"You take it up the shit chute, lady?" he rasped.

"Umphhh," replied Molly, unable to speak because her mouth was stuffed full of cock. The sound seemed like a yes answer to the bartender, and he began to wedge his prick up her asshole. For a moment he didn't think it was going to fit. Then her ass muscles relaxed and her shitter hole opened and he was inching his prick up that fuck canal.

His long cock slipped in to the root. Her tight shitter tunnel rippled on his fuckrod as his cockhead nudged deep into her bowels and his balls were jammed against her crotch.

He held the full penetration, moaning with the joy of it as he felt her tight asshole pull and suck on his buried prick.

Molly smiled around a mouthful of cockmeat.

Her cunt had had plenty by this time and having it up the shit chute made a welcome change. She shifted, pushing her ass back, encouraging him to fuck her asshole. He began to slide his cock in and out, moving slowly. This was probably the only chance he was ever going to get to ass-fuck a girl, and he wanted to make it last.

Holding her by the hips, he pulled back until only his purple cock knob was embedded in her brown shitter. He paused, then slithered back in inch by inch, his long, fat fuckrod vanishing up her tight hot fuck tunnel. She reached back to massage his balls.

The cock in her mouth erupted, and Molly gurgled and gulped as she drank still another load. It was delicious, but she noticed that the cocks were not coming so abundantly now that they were on the third or fourth time around. The guy she had just sucked off collapsed on the floor. The other two, who were still standing, moved up side by side. They stuck their cocks into her face at the same time. Molly licked at one, then the other. She slurped one into her mouth, nursed on the prick knob, then replaced it with the other cock. Then the greedy cocksucker opened her mouth as wide as she could and let both men feed their pricks to her at the same time. She sucked on the double mouthful with pleasure. They began to fuck into her face, working in unison to begin with, then feeding her alternating strokes, one cock fucking into her throat as the other pulled back to her lips. Like trains in a tunnel, the two pricks passed in her mouth.

As Molly mouthed the double load, the bartender continued to fuck her asshole with long, steady

strokes. Each time he felt about to blow his wad, he paused for a moment to let the thrill subside. Then he began to fuck into her again. He ducked down and fed her an underslung stroke, then rose onto his toes and stuffed her from above. As his fat fuckrod pulled out, her asshole almost turned inside out, and as he plunged back in, he stuffed her brown assmouth right up inside her shit chute.

The cocks in her mouth went off in a double-barreled shot, one shooting a moment after the other. Their jism whitewashed her tonsils and hosed her throat. She drank it down in a slimy rope, milking both of them bone dry. They moved away, cocks flopping. They were finished now, too, and only the assfucking bartender remained.

Molly swallowed the last drops and began to concentrate totally on the action of her ass. She churned and ground against him as he fucked his prick into her steadily. Her ass muscles rippled, as if she was trying to digest his cock in reverse. She could feel his fat cockhead smoldering deep up her bowels. She had drunk a bucketful of cum by this time and she wondered if the jizz had gone through her system yet and if the bartender's prick might not be fucking through a sea of cum.

And then, unable to hold back any longer, the bartender was adding his own jism to that molten sea.

Gasping and groaning, he spurted jet after jet of jism up Molly's asshole, and when she felt that new load hose her shit chute, she cried out and melted in yet another creamy cumming.

Exhausted, Molly remained sprawled over the crates for awhile, waiting to see if there was a prick that needed to be emptied again, but no one took her up on the offer. She turned and found that all seven of her lovers were stretched out on the floor, semi-conscious and limp, their cocks hanging down along their thighs or flipped up on their bellies, their ballsacs shriveled, all of their vitality spilled into her body.

When Molly stood up, she thought she could hear the cum squish in her cunt, and when she took a step, the stuff sloshed around in her belly. If cum were lighter than air, she would have floated right up to the ceiling. Seven men had creamed in her repeatedly. She calculated that at least twenty-five loads of cockjuice had been pumped into her various fuckholes in the course of the last hour or so-not to mention the huge load that she had swallowed out of the goat's cock earlier.

Molly smiled sadly as she stood there over the vanquished bodies of her drained lovers. She had come to the country precisely to get away from scenes like this, and circumstances had promptly led her into the wildest scene she had ever had. Molly had been the centerpiece of gangbangs and clusterfucks before, but never with so many men at once and never with so much fuckjuice shot into her. Cum was running down her legs and her tongue was sliding on a film of the stuff. It had been fun and she didn't regret it, but it was ironic.

It's all that damned goat's fault, she thought.

If she had stuck to her rubber prick and not started fooling around with that sonovabitch, she wouldn't have had to come to town. But she couldn't really blame the dumb brute. After all, she had led him on and seduced him, and his cockmeat and cum, she had to admit, had been a joy. Sucking the goat off had been better than sucking all these guys off. She wanted to blow the animal again, too. But it was going to be a vicious circle. Sucking the goat off would make her cunt hot, and she'd have to get fucked. And so she'd come to town again and all her good intentions would go for naught.

Unless she fucked the goat.

Molly's cunt and mouth and asshole were satiated, but her imagination was fired by the thought. She

just had to wonder what it would be like to get her cunt fucked by the horny, horned beast.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

Molly awoke the next morning feeling horny.

It was always that way with Molly. If she had had a lot of fucking the day before, she always felt very hot the next day, hotter than if she had gone without for a few days—which she seldom had. Fucking had become a habit with the girl. She lay in bed, idly fingering her cunt and remembering the orgy in the Log Inn. She grinned, knowing that all seven of those guys would also be remembering, and hoping that she would return for another session.

What a tramp they must think I am, she thought. And I am, too. Maybe next time I'll take them on three at a time. I could sit on one guy's prick while another guy fucks his cock up my ass and the third stands in front of me and fucks me in the mouth. What a fucking thrill it will be if they all cum at once!

She was making herself hotter by the moment by such speculation. She slid three fingers up her cunthole and pumped in and out while her thumb swept back and forth across her clit. But then she stopped. Fingerfucking herself was pleasant, but it was a poor substitute for the real thing, a waste of an orgasm.

Should she go back to town? Or should she fuck with the goat?

That idea had been flitting around in the back of her mind all the while she was remembering the orgy in the Log Inn and now it came springing to the surface. She remembered how the goat's quivering cock had swelled up in her mouth and how his jism has hosed her throat and she knew it would be a joy to have the hairy brute plowing up her fuckhole. What the hell, she reasoned. I already sucked the fucker off. Letting him fuck my pussy can't be much worse, can it?

Molly smiled. She had made up her mind.

The goat trotted up to meet her when Molly came across the yard, barefoot and naked in the morning mist. She stroked him between the horns and he stood stiff and taut and expectant. Goatish memories stirred in his mind and his cock began to quiver. Molly untied the beast and she walked back toward the cabin, swinging her ass. The animal jogged along behind her, thrusting his bearded muzzle into her asscrack.

Molly went in and held the door open. The goat had never been inside a house before and he hesitated. Then he scrambled up the steps, cloven hooves rattling on the boards, and went in the door. He looked around the alien surroundings. But all these new experiences were foreign to the goat. What goat would ever imagine shooting his cum into a woman's mouth, for instance? What beast with cloven hooves could even dream of such a thing as a handjob?

Molly sat down on the side of the bed, her legs spread.

The goat pushed his snout into her crotch and began to lap merrily away at her pussy. His animal instincts told him that her cunt tasted different this morning, although he didn't realize that was because she had been fucked full of seven men's jism the night before.

His tongue slapped up her fuckhole. Molly grasped him by the horns, swaying about as she ground

her groin against his long, slurping tongue. She hiked up. He tongued the crack of her ass, then glided it on up through her open pussylips. Molly's cunt was unfolded, the pink outer lips peeled back and the darker inner pussymouth rippling and flowing. She was sorely tempted to let the animal keep on lapping until she climaxed. But Molly had made up her mind to get fucked and she wasn't about to go back on that exciting decision now. She yanked his head out of her cunt.

Should she fuck him animal fashion or human style? she wondered. Then she grinned, remembering that the horny beast was capable of more than one orgasm, as she had proved in her hand and her mouth the day before, and so she could get fucked both ways.

Figuring that the goat would be more comfortable doing it animal style, at least the first time, Molly turned over. She was kneeling on the floor, her body sprawled across the bed and her ass hiked up. The goat began to lap at her cunt again, not realizing what her position signified but remembering how nicely she had been rewarded for cuntlapping yesterday. Molly reached behind her and grasped the goat by his long, flowing beard, pulling him up. He tensed, then sprang onto the bed, one cloven hoof on either side of her twitching ass.

Molly reached down and took his cock by the root. His prick was already hot and hard. She stroked his cockshaft a few times, then pulled the dark wedge of his naked cockhead into her frothy cuntslit.

She moved his prick up and down between her spread pussylips and rubbed the tip against her tingling clit. Slowly, comprehension dawned on the dumb brute. The woman could be fucked just like a nanny goat. His hairy haunches began to bunch up with muscle. His stubby tail twitched. He tossed his backswept horns up and down, beard brushing her shoulders. Molly inched the brute's fat cockhead into her fuckhole, then released his prick and waited. The goat gave a tentative hump, sliding a couple inches of hairy cockshaft up her wet fuckhole. Then realizing that it was possible, he braced his hind legs and fucked into her hard, shoving every inch of his long hard prick up into Molly's steaming cunthole.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Ooooooh!"

The goat held the full penetration, his whole powerful body vibrating as he thrilled to the pleasure of having his cockmeat buried balls deep up the woman's fuckhole. Molly's cuntmuscles began to ripple, fluttering up his cockshaft from root to knob. The goat snorted. No nanny goat's cunt had ever caressed his prick that way!

Then he began to fuck her with savage, bestial energy.

Molly gasped as the animal's massive prick fucked in and out of her smoldering pussy.

Holy shit! I'm getting fucked by a fucking animal she thought. The dark thrill of her depravity excited the horny woman as much as the actual friction of their coupling. Lust ran like malaria in her bloodstream and danced like sugar-plum fairies in her mind.

Molly hiked her ass up higher, so that his prick would run across her clit as it fucked into her. The goat heaved his prickmeat into her, wild and frantic and frenzied. His front hooves wrapped around her hips as he mounted her, dragging her ass back to meet his thrusts. His bloated ballsac slapped against her crotch like the clappers of a bell. He snorted and bellowed as he fucked his prick into her. His spine twisted into an S shape as he humped, slamming his fucker into her furiously.

Molly moaned and whimpered, dazed by lust. Her cunt molded itself to the contours of his hairy fuckrod, sucking and pulling on it. She could feel the bestial power of the brute, the might of his passion. No man had even fucked her with such wild abandon, such pure animal energy. Fucking

with a man, there was always emotion involved, but getting fucked by a dumb animal was an act of pure lust and it was driving Molly wild.

She slammed her ass back, feeding his cock up her fuckhole. As he drew out, she twisted her hips, grinding her hot, slippery cunthole around on his retreating cockmeat.

"Unghhh," she grunted, as the goat's prick filled her to the brim, his throbbing cockhead plunging far up her fuckhole, as hard and as hot as a branding iron. His haunches flew in and out. The beast was panting as he clung to her ass and hips and stuffed his cockmeat in faster and faster. Her creamy juices poured out as his fat fucker filled her cunthole, pumping pussyjuice out in frothy waves that steamed in the air. His hairy cock pulled out, matted with cuntjuice and his balls were dripping.

His cock hissed up her cunthole. Her cunt squished as it sucked greedily on the goat's prickmeat. Molly's ass was flying about wildly, jerking up and down and flashing from side to side in her ecstasy. Her cunt was burning hot. She felt as if she was going to ignite, to burst into flames, flames that could only be quenched by the foaming cream from his big meaty fuck-hose. She wailed and panted and moaned with joy.

She felt his cock lurch and expand.

"Yeah! Yeah! Cum, you big fucker!" Molly cried, yearning to feel the goat's jism hose her cunthole.

Her own orgasm gripped her, igniting itself inside her cunthole. Her cumjuices started to flow. The goat's prick fucked in through the slippery lubrication of her pussyjuice. And then he was shooting his steaming cock cream into her fuckhole in a tremendous spurts.

Molly creamed again and again as she felt the goat's thick jism pour up her cunt tunnel. His balls kept pumping the stuff out. The goat was shooting as much prick juice into her cunt as all seven of last night's human lovers had spilled into her together. She could feel each boiling spurt hit her fuckhole, each hot drop splash inside her. He snorted and heaved in, and a slimy rope of cum laced into Molly.

The last squirt shot from his pisshole, and he slowed down, cum trickling out. Molly jerked away under the animal, working her own climax off to the sweet and juicy dregs. The goat drew back and his cock slipped from her soaking cuntslit, dripping with cuntjuice.

Rivers of jism poured from her abandoned cunthole.

Molly twisted around and dipped her head under the goat. He was still standing with his front hooves on the bed. Molly slipped his wet prick into her mouth and sucked on it, coaxing his cock back to a new erection even before it had started to subside. She could taste her own cuntjuice along with goat jism on his hot cockmeat.

"Ummmm," she purred, her cheeks hollowing in as she nursed hungrily on the head of his prick. She slid her lips down, feeding all of his long, hairy fuckrod into her mouth, then pulled back up to the knob, sucking across every inch.

The goat's cock was quivering like a tuning fork and his big cum globes were already filling up with another load.

Tempted to suck him off, Molly mouthed his cockmeat hungrily. But she knew that her cunt would need another fucking after she sucked him dry, and she wasn't sure if the goat could come three

times. She gave his delicious cock a last fluttering slurp, then pulled away. His big fucktool loomed out over her, the knob burning like a hot obsidian.

The goat had fucked her goat style. Now it was time to teach him how humans fucked.

Molly slid her ass down to the edge of the bed, her legs trailing to the floor. She folded her fist around the goat's cockshaft and dragged his cockhead down into her crotch. The animal looked puzzled, cocking his horned head, confused at finding his cock in a cunt when he was face to face with the female who possessed that cunt.

But then Molly pulled the head of his prick into her fuckhole, and the goat realized that, strange as it might be, it was possible to fuck a woman in such a bizarre position.

He plowed his cock into her fuckhole with a long, rippling thrust. His balls whacked against her up thrust ass. Molly grasped him by the beard with one hand and heaved under him. Her thighs clamped around his hardy, hairy flanks, tensing, clinging as she rode under him. The goat fucked his prick into her vigorously, tilting her belly, half expecting to see the outline of the beast's long, fat prick raised up in a furrow from within her fuckhole. His cock felt even bigger and longer now than it had when he was fucking into her from the back. It felt so long that she wouldn't have been surprised if his cockhead had come sliding into her mouth from out of her throat, if when he came, his jism spurted from her lips.

Molly shot her hips out and pumped her belly up and down. Her ass heaved and churned, lifting up from the bed. She locked her ankles behind the humping goat and ground her cunt into his fucking prick. The goat was fucking her hard and fast, his haunches blurring as they humped. He was driving her across the bed. She drove her loins back down, meeting his fucking prick, stuffing himself on his sweet goat meat. Her pussy started to spasm again.

His cock went into her so fast that she didn't know if he was coming or going. Then the brute gave out a great bellow. His ass flashed in, burying his cock, and Molly wailed with bliss as she felt another steaming load of goat jism to rush up her fuckhole.

Pumping wildly together, in perfect harmony, the girl and the goat drained themselves into her cunt.

He stood stiffly, his prick still buried in her fuckhole but beginning to diminish and soften. Her cuntmuscles sucked on it as she tried to coax him to remain hard so that they could have a third fuck, but the animal was finished for the moment. Reluctantly, Molly let him pull his shrinking cock out of her fuckhole. His prick dropped, as if bowing its head in shame. The animal stepped down from the bed, shaking his bearded, horned head, bewildered by all these new and wonderful tricks that this strange woman was teaching him. Hands with opposing thumbs, mouths like cunts, and cunts fucked from the front, all these mysteries amazed the brute.

Molly gave his prick a lick and a suck, knowing she could not make it stiff again at the moment, but enjoying slurping cuntjuice and cum off his softening cockmeat. Then she scooped a handful of goat jism out of her soaking pussy and lapped it up with her tongue.

But she knew she was being greedy.

She would simply have to wait until animal's balls recharged themselves, Molly told herself. She'd had two great fuckings and she knew that she should be satisfied—for a little while, anyhow. And when the goat was ready again, she could have some more. Molly wondered if she should fuck him again or suck him off? She even toyed with the idea of letting the goat fuck her up the ass, remembering how wonderful the bartender's prick had felt as it buggered her shit chute and



knowing that the goat's mighty cock would plunder her dark ass canal even more satisfactorily.

She led the goat out the door, tied him to the peg, then went back into the cabin. She had been so eager to get fucked that she hadn't even made a pot of coffee yet.

She opened the cupboard and frowned. Shit! She had forgotten to buy coffee!

Oh, well, Molly thought, shrugging. She would have to run into town and get some. But she wouldn't stop at the Log Inn. She was determined not to repeat last night's orgy again today. She still wanted to spend a celibate month—except for the goat.

She knew she was being greedy. But how could she know that she was going to encounter a shepherd and his flock on the way the town?

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Molly took the rubber prick out to the car with her. Sitting behind the steering wheel, she slowly worked the dildo up her cunthole, squirming about as she made the fit comfortable. The movements of her legs as she used the brake and the gas pedal, combined with the action of the suspension on the bumpy country road, should make it an interesting trip, she figured. But she had no idea how truly interesting it was going to be, and that the dildo was totally unnecessary.

She had driven for half a mile, smiling at the pleasant way that the big rubber cock was slipping around in her wet cuntslit, when she noticed the flock of sheep that dotted the green hillside. It was a pretty and pastoral sight, at first glance.

Then she saw the ram.

The mighty beast was standing in profile, not far from the fenced-off road, and Molly gulped when she got a look at his cock. The ram was bigger than the goat—and so was his cockmeat. Molly braked without even thinking about it, the rubber cock sliding deeper as the car slowed to a halt. She was fascinated by the sight of the powerful ram.

He was pure white, fluffy as a cloud, with a lot of hard muscle rippling under his innocent looking pelt. His huge head was raised as he surveyed his domain, his harem, all those ewes softly munching grass on the hillside. His rack of horn was impressive, with a big, solid boss and sweeping wings. But his cock was even more impressive. Molly sat behind the wheel, gazing at the noble creature. Her pussy was spasming around the dildo. There was something so masculine about the huge white brute, so compelling. He seemed like some sexual animal god out of mythology.

Molly wanted to get fucked by the ram.

Holy shit, she thought. I really am turning into a fucking animal lover. Still, fucking with a ram could not be any more naughty than making it with the goat, she reasoned. Just because his prick was bigger didn't make the act of bestiality any more wicked, and it might make it a lot more thrilling, too. She debated with herself for a few moments. Then she grinned, turned off the ignition and got out of the car. She walked up to the fence. The ram ignored her. His cock was semi-hard and growing and she guessed that he was trying to decide which of his ewes to mount.

Molly climbed over the fence and walked toward the ram. As she did so, she drew the rubber prick out of her fuckhole. Cuntjuice poured into her vacated fuckhole and her hot aroma drifted from

between her legs. The ram sniffed and turned his black face toward her. He stamped and snorted. His woolly white body began to twitch and his prick shot out farther. His balls looked as big as melons and Molly whimpered softly as she thought of how much fuckjuice those massive cum-globes must hold.

Concentrating on the animal, she failed to see the shepherd.

Wally McGee was a young country lad, still in his teens, working as a shepherd during the summer vacation. He was a tall, ungainly fellow with straw-colored hair and pale eyes in his sunburned face. Wally had a very large prick. But that prick had never been dipped in pussy. Wally was a virgin. And he was a very horny and frustrated virgin, too. He had even found himself, to his shame, eyeing the sheep. Now he was eyeing the woman, amazed.

The reason that Molly had not seen the lad was that he was lying in the long grass, his shepherd's crook beside him, his fly open and his big cock jutting out. He had been about to jack himself off, as he did three or four times a day. His hand froze on his prick as he watched the beautiful woman clamber lithely over the fence, and when he saw her pull the rubber cock out of her cunthole, he almost fainted. What the fuck was she doing? he wondered. His blood was pounding and so much of it had rushed into the formation of his hard-on that he felt light headed. He looked up at the sky, as if seeking some answer in the heavens. Fluffy clouds drifted across the blue sky, like echoes of the sheep on the hillside. When he looked back at the woman, she had almost reached the ram. The ram was staring at her, his muzzle shifting from side to side. Wally saw that the ram had a huge hard-on. He knew that the woman, too, must have noticed this. She was smiling.

Fucking hell! thought young Wally.

Then he smiled, too. Were his dreams about to be answered?

Molly raised her skirt and let the ram get a good close up whiff of her smoldering cunt. The brute shook his head and twitched nervously. She considered coaxing the woolly creature to give her a tonguing but decided against it. She didn't want to stay too long, right there in the open field and she figured it would be best to get herself fucked straight away. She knelt down beside the ram and stroked his flank, feeling his iron-hard sinews and muscles ripple. Then she slid her hand under him to cup the huge sac of his balls, caressing him tenderly. The ram pawed at the earth, twisting his horned head around to stare at her.

Molly tossed the dildo onto the ground so that both hands were free. She held his cum bloated ballsac in one and began to rub the underside of his fuckrod up -and down with the other. His prick throbbled mightily. She folded her fist around his cockshaft but her fingers could not quite span the tremendous girth of his giant prick. But that suited Molly to a tee. Molly's cunt could hold more than her fist, the more the merrier.

She jerked back, skinning his fluffy cock sheath away from his prick knob and leaving that slab of naked fuckmeat flaring out. Leaning under him, she kissed his hot prick knob. Her tongue slid over his rubbery hard cockflesh. His prickmeat was musky and rich. Her tongue flashed against the underside, then probed up into his parted pisshole. Opening her lips wide, she took his cockhead into her mouth and sucked moistly on it. That mouthful was so delicious that Molly was tempted again to suck him off. But the same consideration stopped her. Even if the ram could cum twice, blowing him and fucking him both would prolong the time spent in the open field. Molly wanted to get the fucking over with before someone came along and interrupted them. She would have been mortified if anyone had seen her fucking a ram.

Molly didn't know that the shepherd was already a keen observer, crawling closer through the long grass.

Molly sucked on the ram's fat cockhead while she jacked his prickshaft up and down with both cupped hands. As she stroked back toward his balls, his cock head swelled so much that both of her cheeks were stuffed full of hot cockmeat at the same time. She tongued and sucked hungrily. Then with a sigh, she drew her mouth reluctantly from him. His red hot cockhead was slathered with her frothy saliva.

Molly turned, presenting her ass to him as she knelt on all fours, her dress drawn up above her hips. She wriggled her ass. The ram stared at her, uncertain and confused. His jaw worked methodically. He lowered his head as if he was going to butt her with his horns, then raised it again. This was a new experience for the brute and he was puzzled, but the throbbing in his cock and balls left the horny creature in no doubt about what he needed to do with his pounding fuckmeat.

Molly looked back over her shoulder, smiling invitingly. She shook her ass again and moved her knees farther apart on the ground. Her fuckhole was running like a river. The ram grunted and sprang up, mounting her ass. Molly was pushed down under the dumb brute's weight, feeling his potent power as he clung to her ass like a child to his favorite toy.

His cock slammed out, rebounding from her ass. He humped again, missing the target. Molly's cunt was angled differently than an ewe's. His front legs gripped her tightly around the hips as he stabbed out again and again. His burning cockhead was brushing her ass and the backs of her thighs. She waited for a moment, to see if the beast could get his cock into her on his own, then reached back between her legs and took his woolly prick into her hand. She fitted his hard cock knob into her fuckhole.

His prickhead flared in her clinging cuntlips and the brute bellowed. He braced his fleecy haunches. His front legs dragged her ass back as his loins heaved in and he buried his throbbing prick to the root up her pussy. Molly's ass was tipped up and her head and shoulders pushed down. She gurgled with joy. The ram's mighty cock had stuffed her cunthole to the very brim, spreading her pliable pussy walls around his thick cockshaft and fucking his prickhead as far up her cunt tunnel as it could possibly go. His prick bottomed out in the very depths of her steaming, smoldering fuckhole.

Her cuntmuscles slackened, adjusting to accommodate that massive load of cockmeat.

Then they rippled closed again, sucking and massaging up his cock from root to buried prick knob.

The ram wheezed as he felt her pussy caress his prickmeat. Then he began to buck and plunge, fucking her furiously. His fleecy haunches sped in and out like a solid cloud in a thunderstorm and his prick went into her like a flashing thunderbolt. It was a violent storm of a fuck, and Molly was wailing with the pure joy of it.

With her head down on the ground, the horny animal lover drove her ass back, meeting the animal's lunges, her own passion every bit as savage as his wild assault.

When his huge cock drew out, he almost dragged her cunthole inside out as she clung to him. His fleecy cockshaft was matted with creamy cuntjuice, like a sodden cotton swab. His big balls slapped against her, swung in and out like the throat flesh of a rutting moose. Molly's ass went up and down, buffeted on his mighty fucker, and she switched her hips from side to side, working her hot cunthole around on his cockmeat. The ram fucked her in a frenzy, blowing and panting wildly, shoving her head and shoulders right down into the grassy earth as he tilted her ass up.

Her cunt had never been stuffed so full, so wondrously. Molly began to cum, spasms sweeping through her belly. She looked over her shoulder. The ram's big head was jabbing up and down, bellowing, his massive horns tossing. It was like getting fucked by some pagan fertility symbol, some great sex god, some cumulus cloud of a lover. His eyes glowed savagely. He fucked into her as if bounding up a mountain.

Another spasm shook the girl and she cried out in ecstasy. The ram's cock fucked in savagely. He plowed up her cunthole relentlessly, wildly, all his bestial energy directed into her loins.

He bellowed—and shot his wad.

Molly squealed when she felt that hot jism pour into her in jet after creamy jet. It seemed as if gallons of hot fuckjuice were being pumped into her fuckhole. His balls pumped in and out, sending the prick juice rushing up his cockshaft and hosing from his pisshole. Molly climaxed on his spurting prick, then climaxed again.

Keep fucking! she willed the creature. Keep cumming!

Her parched loins were soaking up his fuckjuice as fast as he shot it up her pussy and her own juices were flowing almost as abundantly, when her fuck button exploded and her cunthole melted.

With a great snort, he shot the last bolt up her cunt. He slowed. Molly ground her cunt around on his prick, working off her own orgasm to the creamy conclusions, the final spasms ripping through her pussy and rushing up her trembling thighs in waves of bliss.

Molly sighed and closed her eyes, her whole lush body shuddering. The ram had stopped fucking but he was still mounted on her trembling ass and his cock was still buried balls-deep up her cunthole.

Molly was sorry that it was over.

Even with the ram's prick still embedded in her cunt, she was wondering when and if she would get another chance to get fucked by the noble creature's gigantic cock.

But she had not reckoned with his potency. The ram was capable of servicing dozens of ewes, one right after the other, and a single cumming did little to diminish his hard-on. He still gripped her by the hips, holding her tight. She felt his cock ripple inside her fuckhole and thought that it was starting to soften and diminish.

Then she realized that it was not softening at all! It had sagged just a bit when he emptied his balls, and that rippling now only meant that he was getting rock hard again.

Molly wailed with joy, realizing that the ram was going to give her another fucking without even taking his prick out of her. She began to move her ass a little, sliding her soaking fuckhole a few inches up and down on his iron-hard cock in a sensuous motion that heralded the long thrusts that would soon follow. The animal held himself rigid, letting her plunge her cunthole on his cock as he prepared himself for a new assault. Molly was smiling happily, her eyes closed.

Then she opened her eyes—and saw a pair of heavy boots planted on the ground just in front of her face.

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## CHAPTER NINE

Molly gasped in shock and looked up, blushing in mortification. She had been caught in the act of fucking a ram! How could a girl ever explain such a situation?

A tall, lean young man was standing over her, holding a shepherd's crook in one hand. He was grinning. And his cock was sticking out of his open fly, angled upward, rock hard and almost as big as the ram's prick!

Molly gazed up at his grinning face, then averted her gaze and stared straight at his cock and balls. His cockhead was as purple and as a ripe plum, and the thick, dark vein that ran up the underside of his long cockshaft was pounding and throbbing. His balls were swollen. It dawned on the embarrassed woman that she didn't have to be so embarrassed, after all.

"Lady, that there ram has been fucking you," he drawled.

"I-I suppose So," she murmured, lowering her eyes demurely and fluttering her long lashes.

"That's real nasty, Lady," he said.

"I hope you won't tell anyone?"

He shrugged. "Might not," he said.

"You can fuck me, too-if you don't tell," she offered.

"NO way!" he snorted.

Molly was amazed that he had turned her down.

But then he said, "That ram is stuck up your cunt, lady, and there ain't no way he's gonna let me take over. Shit. If I tried to take his place, he'd butt my ass to hell and gone!" Molly smiled at the idea of having a jealous ram as a lover. And when she smiled, her lips parted.

"You could fuck me in the mouth," she whispered.

Wally McGee began to tremble all through his lanky frame. He had often longed for a blowjob. It was the stuff of dreams. He sank down onto his knees in front of her radiant face. Molly could feel the heat of his cock and balls waft over her and she licked her sensual lips. The ram's cock was flaring in her fuckhole. Wally looked at the brute, over her shoulder, to see if the powerful beast had any objections to sharing the woman between them. He wasn't going to risk those horns, even for a suck. But the ram showed no animosity whatsoever. He was a cuntfucker and didn't even know that such things as blowjobs existed.

Wally took his shepherd's staff and hooked the crook gently behind the woman's neck. He drew her face toward his loins and pushed his prick out towards her.

It thrilled some dark part of Molly's being to have the shepherd treat her that way, as if she were no more than a sheep. She leaned out and began to lick him, starting at the balls. Wally moaned and his cock slid around as his hand trembled on the staff. She tongued all over his cum-laden balls and lifted the heavy sac in her hand so that she could lick underneath. His cock towered up like a lighthouse, the knob seeming like the beacon that warned of the rocky shoals below, the rocks in the ballsac that Molly was so happily tonguing.

She began to run her tongue up his long, fat cockshaft, flattening it and lapping him from balls to

crown with fluid slurps. Then she crisscrossed her tongue as she glided up the underside of his fuckrod, tracing along the pulsing vein and fluttered against the sensitive spot where that vein spread out into his wedge shaped prick knob.

Fitting her pursed lips to his cockshaft, she tilted her head and slid her mouth up and down, playing his prick as if it were a flute. His massive fuckrod jerked and throbbed in her lips.

The ram was still holding steady, his cock rippling but not fucking. Molly slid up and kissed the tip of the shepherd's cock, then slowly took it into her mouth. His prick flared and pounded as she sucked mostly on his meaty cock. The country lad's cockmeat had a primitive flavor, almost like the one of the beast of the field that she had recently been sucking. Her lips pulled on his huge prick and her tongue slid around under his cockhead. Her cheeks drew in as she sucked hard, as if she were trying to inhale his cock right down into her lungs.

"Ummmm," she purred.

"Suck it, Lady!" Wally gasped, hardly able to believe that he was at long last getting his cock sucked-and by such a gorgeous woman. The fact that she fucked animals didn't bother Wally in the slightest. Country born and bred, he understood such things.

He began to fuck into her mouth, and Molly bobbed her head up and down, taking his cockhead far back into her throat. Her blonde hair swept over his balls and thighs. Her head went up and down as if she were bobbing for apples in a barrel.

Then the ram began to fuck her again.

His mighty cock drew out until only his swollen prickhead was lodged in her soaking cuntslit, then plunged in to the hilt again. Molly gasped at the first stroke. She ground her ass and pumped her belly. With pricks in both ends, Molly was in seventh heaven.

Her mouth made soft, moist sounds and so did her cunthole, as the ram's big cock fucked into her. Her cunt sucked on the ram's cockmeat as her mouth nursed on the shepherd's sweet young fucker.

The ram began plunging and bucking faster.

His thrusts tilted her ass up and drove her head far down on Wally's cock. She was taking the shepherd boy's prick all the way into her mouth now, her chin jamming against his balls and her nose nestling in his straw-colored pubic hair. His fat cockhead wedged down her throat. Then her compressed lips pulled back up and his cockshaft came out, running with saliva, steaming as her slobber evaporated from his red-hot, steaming prickmeat.

"Ahhhhh," she sighed, sucking on his bloated cockhead. Then she plunged down and fed it all in again. As the ram speeded up behind her, fucking her cunt with wild abandon, her head flew up and down faster and faster on the whimpering teenager's tasty cock.

Molly felt as if she were transfixed by those two long cocks, roasting like a pig on a spit, and adoring every moment and every inch. Her mouth was drooling and her cunt was flooding. Wally still had the crook of his staff behind her neck, guiding the plunging motion of her head with it. His back arched. His head and shoulders were going back as he heaved his loins out and up, burying his cock in her mouth.

Ram-meat pounded into the depths of her fuckhole, spreading her soaking cunt tunnel, filling her totally and achingly full of hot, hard cock. She held Wally's ballsac in one hand and reached back for

a handful of the animal's balls with the other. Both sets of balls throbbed in her grip, promising the cum-loving girl a double load of sweet prick juice.

As the ram's naked cock knob fucked in, his fleecy prickshaft ran over Molly's trembling clit. She folded her tongue under Wally's mouth-fucking prick, so that his prickmeat rode over it as his cock plunged in and out, a soft, slippery carpet on which she bid a welcome.

Drawing her lips up to the tip of Wally's cockhead, she whimpered, "Cum, cum in my mouth, you sweet boy. Let me drink all of your hot, thick fuckjuice. Empty your balls into me." She spoke onto his cockhead as if it were a meaty microphone. Then her head bobbed down again and she took every inch of his prick into her mouth, making wordless, gurgling sounds.

Her words inspired Wally almost as much as her sucking mouth. It thrilled him to know that this sexy woman was longing for his jism, that she wanted to swallow his cherry cum. His hips heaved as he fucked into her mouth faster and her pretty blonde head dipped down to swallow his prickmeat.

The mighty ram was approaching another peak. His powerful body shook violently. His woolly flanks heaving in and out. His front legs dragged Molly back as he pulled her pussy onto his prick, fucking it up her cunthole to the root. His eyes glazed. His head bobbed forward as his weight pushed her ass down. Molly was going up and down like a see-saw, her head slamming down on the shepherd's cock, then drawing up as her haunches were forced down by the ram's thrust.

Wally wailed, "It's coming, lady! I'm gonna fucking shoot!"

"Ummmmm," she sighed, her tastebuds tingling and her greedy mouth hungering for his jism.

His first spurt jetted straight down her throat and he shot the second creamy wad on the recoil, so that the jism skimmed over her tongue as it poured back into her throat. Molly gulped the precious cock cream down greedily and she sucked for more, and Wally hosed her with another dose, then yet another, his cherry balls spinning the succulent jism out in long quicksilver coils. His cock rammed in and he shot a load down her throat, then drew out and spurted with only the tip between her lips, so that the jism poured onto her tastebuds. Molly's mouth was slobbering as if she were having an oral orgasm and her delicate throat pulsed as she swallowed.

The ram gave a mighty snort and his massive prick shoveled into her. His cum shot out and his woolly haunches slammed back like a recoiling cannon, then fucked in to spurt another steaming load of ram cum up the frenzied girl's melting fuckhole.

Molly wailed with pure ecstasy as she felt hot cum rush into her from both ends. Her cunt was sucking like a mouth, and her mouth was getting fucked like a cunt and the fuckjuice kept pouring into her in an endless stream that mingled with her saliva at one end and her cuntjuice at the other. Molly was being pumped so full that she felt like a bag of jism. Steaming cum overflowed her pursed lips and ran down her chin. Ram jizz, blended with pussy nectar, poured down her kneeling thighs.

The shepherd and the ram kept on cumming, and horny Molly's body soaked up their prick juices thirstily.

Then Wally groaned and the last load slid into her mouth. Molly kept on sucking, coaxing a few last drops from his pisshole even as his cock began to diminish in her lips.

The ram slammed in and shot the dregs of his balls, up her cunthole, in a last titanic burst. Then he collapsed over her ass, pushing her down as her pussy worked like a wringer to pull out the thick globs of cum that still lingered in his cockhead.

Molly smiled radiantly as she drew her lips off the shepherd's spent cock and used her tongue to lap up a few stray drops that had run down onto his drained balls. Wally sat back on his ass, stunned. The ram slowly pulled his prick out of her cunt. It came out with a sucking sound as her fuck tunnel dragged on his cockmeat.

Molly turned around, on her hands and knees, and sucked the ram's cock into her mouth so that she could slurp the cum and cuntjuice from his tasty prick, not wanting to waste a drop.

And on the hillside, the ewes looked on, vacant eyed and placid with bovine indifference, not realizing that their lord and master, the ram, had just enjoyed a far better fuck than any of them had ever given to the horny brute.

Wally walked as far as the fence with Molly, staggering on unsteady legs and supporting himself with his shepherd's crook, using it as if it was a walking stick or a cane. Molly had retrieved her rubber prick from the grass, and she was swinging it jauntily, like a baton. The boy had never heard of a dildo and he was more amazed by it than he had been by the fact that the woman fucked with animals.

Molly halted at the fence. She had noticed the way the shepherd had been eyeing her rubber prick. More for his benefit than her own, since her pussy was well satisfied, she lifted her skirt and slowly worked the fuckstick up into her cunt. The leather harness trailed down her thighs. His eyes bulged out as he stared at her crotch.

"I feel so hollow with an empty cunt," she said.

Wally helped her over the fence, his hands bracing her under her firm, heart-shaped, well packed ass. She dropped to the ground and turned to look at him over the fence.

"Shall I see you tomorrow?" Molly asked. She had given up all hope of avoiding men for the month. And besides, she was eager to enjoy some more of that huge ram prick. "Oh, yeah!" he enthused.

"I'll let you fuck my cunt tomorrow," she promised .

He looked uncertain and began to fidget.

"I'd sure admire to do that, Ma'am," he said. "But I don't want that fucking ram after my ass! If that big bastard wants to fuck you, I'll be happy to settle for another blowjob." Molly smiled bewitchingly. "Oh, I'll take care of the ram," she said. "We can switch tomorrow. You can fuck me up the cunt and the ram can fuck me in the mouth." Wally stood there, shaking his head in awe, as she walked off with the rubber cock squishing in her juicy cunt. She got in the car, and he could see her adjusting the dildo. Then she smiled and waved and drove off, heading toward town.

Molly was feeling completely satisfied and was hardly aware of the rubber prick stuck up her satisfied fuckhole. But it was there, it was shifting around, it was doing its job without her realizing it. By the time Molly got to town, she was feeling horny again.

And a new adventure awaited her.

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CHAPTER TEN

Molly stopped at the store and bought coffee. The clerk gaped at her and she was tempted to offer

him a blowjob, but he had a giant Adam's apple and his ears stuck out. She left him to jerk off over a vision of her swinging ass.

She thought about going back to the Log Inn, but decided against it. She was mildly horny, but not in the mood for another frantic clusterfuck. And she knew that the customers in the bar would, with a certain justification, expect her to perform if she arrived. Anyhow, she figured that by the time she got home the goat would be ready for another fuck. But she was feeling a bit thirsty. The ram's cockhead had left her mouth dry and the shepherd's jism had been salty. Molly decided to stop in the other bar, the Old Oak Inn, for a quiet drink.

The woman behind the bar gave Molly an appraising look. She was a tall woman with close-cut dark hair and big brown eyes, and she showed plenty of cleavage as she slid Molly's gin and tonic across the counter. "Just passing through?" she asked.

"No, I've rented a cabin nearby for the month," Molly explained. "I wanted to get away from the rat race for awhile."

"Your husband with you?"

"I'm not married."

The barmaid's eyes sparked as she looked speculatively at Molly. Molly glanced around the room. This was not a rough beer joint, like the other local bar. There was a big stone fireplace. A large black Great Dane was curled up on a rug before the hearth. "I'm Helen," the barmaid said.

Molly introduced herself. "Your dog?" she asked.

"Yeah. I run this place on my own, and sometimes the locals get out of hand, but Thor keeps them in their place."

"He looks very-capable," Molly remarked, and she smiled at her own secret thoughts.

"Won't you be lonely, all alone for a month?" asked Helen. "I mean, without a man around?"

"Oh, I came here to get away from men," Molly told her.

"I don't like men, myself," Helen said, significantly. "Big, hairy, ugly, foulmouthed creatures."

"Maybe so-still, a girl need cock, right?" Molly said, beginning to wonder about Helen's sexual preferences.

"Oh, there are-other ways," Helen said, softly. "A woman can have fun without a man, you know?"

Molly gave Helen a look that was both interested and amused. She sipped at her drink, her white teeth clicking on the rim of the glass and the pink tip of her tongue showing.

"How?" Molly asked, bluntly.

Helen blushed, obviously uncertain. Molly felt pretty sure that she had the right idea about the woman, and Molly was not nearly as subtle as Helen was trying to be.

"Like this, you mean?" Molly asked, smiling sweetly, and she drew her skirt up and let Helen see the rubber prick that was sticking up her cunt. Helen gasped. She stared at the dildo, then at Molly's smiling face. She started to speak, but only croaked. Molly lowered her dress. Helen had to try three

times before she could manage to get the words out.

"You know what that harness is for?" she asked.

"Sure. So two girls can fuck each other."

"Have you-do you-" stammered Helen.

"I've never made it with a girl. But..." Molly paused for effect. "But I wouldn't mind giving it a try."

"I-I'd fuck you," whispered Helen.

"Would you suck my cunt, too?"

"Oh, yes!" Helen moaned, dazed by desire for this beautiful, bold blonde woman.

"I think I'd like that," Molly said. "I'd like to strap this rubber prick on and fuck you and then lay back and let you suck me off."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Helen panted, her mouth watering.

"And then-" Molly glanced toward the big dog. "And then I'll show you another way to get along without a man," she said.

Helen didn't know what Molly meant, and she didn't care. The immediate prospects were too delightful for Helen to think about anything else. She came around the bar and locked the front door, pulling the shade down. When she turned around, she saw that Molly was already pulling her dress off. Helen had never seen such a gorgeous creature, and she was panting with passion. She hadn't been to bed with a woman for some time, since lesbians and bisexuals were not very common place in the small town and she had been planning to shut the bar and travel to the city to find a lover. But now the stuff of dreams had been delivered to her. Her legs felt weak. She stared at Molly, admiring her big, firm tits and her stiff, swollen nipples and the curly jungle of her golden triangle.

Molly pulled the rubber prick out of her pussy, reversed it and strapped it around her haunches.

Helen removed her blouse and dropped her shirt. She stepped out of her soaking bikini panties. As Helen raised her knee to do so, Molly saw that the woman's bush was open and wet. Molly had been thinking about trying it with a woman and the sight of Helen's juicy cunt excited her. She knew that nothing would ever take the place of cocks in her love life, but just because the girl liked fucksteak didn't mean she couldn't enjoy a little pussycream.

Naked, Helen approached her, and Molly thrust her hips out, making little jabbing motions with the strapped-on cock. Helen could see that the rubber fucktool was slathered with cuntjuice. She stood in front of Molly, then slowly sank to her knees. Her face was radiant with lust. Molly pushed the dildo out toward her face, and Helen licked at the shaft, then sucked the knob into her mouth and nursed on it, slurping Molly's hot cunt cream off the hard rubber prick. Helen would never have dreamed of sucking a real cock, but this was a different matter.

"Yummy," she purred, as her lips pulled on the fat cock knob. Molly fucked into her mouth a little, watching the lesbian's lips unfurl. Then she drew the dildo away and motioned toward the low, upholstered window seat.

Helen reached out to cup Molly's dripping cunt, but Molly stepped back. "No-let me fuck you, first,"

she said. "Then my pussy will be really hot and creamy when you go down on me."

Helen was more than willing to comply with whatever this lovely blonde desired. She crawled over to the window seat, then perched on it, her firm ass on the very edge and her feet on the floor, thighs parted. Her pink cuntslit streamed like a river through her dark jungle.

Molly stood over her. She touched the tip of the fuckstick against the barmaid's stiff tit tips, then pushed it into her mouth again. Helen slathered it with saliva. Then Molly knelt down between Helen's widespread legs. She folded her fist around the hilt of the fuckstick and guided the tip into Helen's pussy. She moved the dildo up and down in Helen's open, flooded cuntslit and rubbed it against the woman's fuck button. Helen was gasping and moaning, twitching and jerking, half crazed by desire.

Molly slowly inched the dildo up Helen's fuckhole. Helen's cunt sucked on the big rubber fucktool. Molly wished that she really did have a prick of her own. She would have loved to know what it felt like to have Helen's hot cunt pulling on her own flesh. She began to stroke in and out, her lovely ass switching from side to side as she fucked the rubber cock in and out of Helen's bushy cunt.

"Oh! Oh! Ohhhh!" sobbed the lesbian, quivering and panting, transported to ecstasy.

Molly began to play with Helen's tits as she fucked her lover's cunt with the stiff rubber cock. Helen reached up to gently massage Molly's tits, pulling at her stiff nipples. Then Molly reached down to cup the woman under the ass, lifting her crotch higher as she fucked the cock in. Cuntjuice poured down Helen's crotch and seeped into the crack of her ass. Her hips jolted as she fucked away on the edge of the seat. Molly was pushing the dildo all the way up Helen's fuckhole now. Their pubic hair, golden and dark, rustled together as she fucked in to the hilt.

"Cum," Molly whispered. "Cum for me, Helen."

"Yes, yes!" Helen wailed.

Molly's sweet ass jolted forward and back and her hips cocked out from side to side as she worked the prick in at different angles. Then she hiked up and began to fuck it in from above, so that every inch of the stiff rubber cock was running over Helen's clit. Helen cried out as the peak hit her.

"I'm fucking creaming!" she wailed. Her pussy melted around the fat fuckstick and cuntjuice seeped out, frothy and steaming. Molly whimpered with satisfaction, thrilled at making another woman cum. This was a new treat for Molly and she loved it. She fucked on, bringing Helen to peak after peak. Helen moaned and slumped back on the seat, drained. Molly fed her a few more strokes. Then she slowly pulled the dildo out. The fat prick knob slipped free with a juicy, slurping sound. Helen's cunthole was gaping wide open, her pussylips spread wide, streaked and lathered with her cum juice.

Molly gazed down at Helen's creamy crotch, looking over the head of the dildo as if it were a sight on a rifle. Helen's cunt looked delicious. Molly had never sucked a cunt but the idea was intriguing. She hesitated for a moment, not with any indecision, but simply to savor the anticipation of a new pleasure.

Then her blonde head dipped down and she took her first lick of pussy, running her tongue up the woman's open cuntslit and flipping it across Helen's stiff and burning clit.

Helen gasped, staring down the plane of her body, seeing Molly's golden head bob between her thighs.

Molly murmured with delight as she discovered that cuntlapping was a true joy. She used just her tongue to begin with, licking at Helen's wet cuntslit and tracing up the woman's unfurled cuntlips and slurping on her clit. She tongue-fucked up her hot fuckhole. Then she tilted her head, fitting her lips to Helen's cuntlips, and began to suck with abandon. Helen's cunt rippled on her lips and on her tongue.

"Ummmmm, ummm, ummmm," Molly purred as she feasted on Helen's delicious creamy cunt. Her lips were clamped to Helen's pussy like a suction cup to a clogged drain. Her mouth was filling up with succulent cuntjuice. Her tongue was floating in the tasty stuff. Pussy nectar bubbled from her lips and her whole face was glistened with that hot cream.

Helen stared down, hardly able to believe her luck. She saw Molly's long blonde hair sweep over her dark, bushy groin as Molly wallowed in her cunt like a porpoise in a pool.

Molly's tongue lapped in and her lips sucked softly on Helen's cunt and clit. As her head bobbed down, her ass jolted up. Her own cunt was streaming. She took a long slurp, then straightened up and slipped the dildo into Helen again, fucking up into her cunthole a few times. Then she pulled it out and went down on the woman again, sucking on her savory pussy with hungry gusto.

"Cream," she whimpered, the words muffled on Helen's cuntmeat. "Cream for me, darling. Cum in my mouth. Oh, fuck! I want to milk you off! Feed me your hot cuntjuice!" Helen's ass heaved up as she ground her cunt around on Molly's eager lips. Molly's tongue flashed up her fuckhole. Helen let out a sob, then a wild cry of bliss. "I'm cumming!" she gasped.

"Ahhhhh," Molly sighed, sucking happily away as her hot mouth filled up- with the woman's cuntjuice. She swallowed it down greedily. Cuntjuice was almost as delicious as jism, she realized, knowing even before she had finished sucking her first cunt off that she would be doing a whole lot of cuntlapping, now that she had discovered the pleasure of it.

Helen was shaken by spasm after spasm as her pussy melted in Molly's mouth and waves of joy rushed through her loins.

She sank down, panting. Molly continued to lap away hungrily, milking out the last succulent drops. Then she raised her head, her jaws dripping, her face lathered with cuntjuice.

"I never did that before," she said, knowing that the information would please Helen.

"You sure as shit did it good!" Helen gasped.

"I guess a girl doesn't need much practice or experience. It just seemed sort of natural," Molly said. "And fucking delicious, too!" They smiled at each other. Helen raised her eyebrows and her tongue slipped across her lips.

"Shall I do you, now?" she asked.

"You sure as hell better-before I fucking explode."

Helen slid down from the seat and Molly moved onto it, long legs trailing wide apart. The rubber cock was still strapped to her loins and it jutted up. Helen sucked on the knob, then licked her way down the fat shaft, and reaching the bottom, she continued on into Molly's cunt. Her skillful lips clamped upon Molly's flooded fuckhole, and she began to suck and tongue with enthusiasm, gurgling and whimpering with voracious joy. Helen loved to be sucked by a woman, especially a woman like Molly, who was new to the game, but she loved to do the sucking even more. A confirmed lesbian,

Helen's greatest joy was making a girl climax in her mouth.

Soft, moist slurpings came from Molly's groin. The rubber prick bobbed about, bumping against Helen's forehead as the woman mouthed away below. She used her fingertips to spread Molly's soaking cuntlips wide open and jammed her nimble tongue deep up her fuckhole, while her lips pulled hungrily at the blonde's creamy cuntslit. She was purring and panting and moaning, her dark, curly head bobbing about.

Molly closed her thighs around the lesbian's head in a soft vise, then opened them wide again. Her hips jerked and her ass churned as she pumped her pussy against Helen's face. She reached down to stroke Helen's head, then arched her back deeply. Helen held her under the ass, tilting her crotch higher, as if it was a hairy cup she was draining to the creamy dregs. Foaming cuntjuice bubbled past her lips and filled her mouth, and she gulped it down with joy.

Helen moaned as the waves began to race through her. No man had ever given her head as well as this woman was giving it to her although maybe the goat's long tongue had been as good.

"Suck it out of me, darling," she whimpered. "Drink my cuntjuice, Helen, milk me off with your sweet fucking mouth!"

"Yeah, yeah, feed me, Molly," Helen gurgled, crazed by a cuntlapper's desire.

Cuntjuice began to pour out in slippery ribbons and foaming streams, and Helen sucked it up ravenously, growing more and more excited as Molly neared the peak.

And the dog, too, was getting excited.

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Curled up by the fireplace, Thor had been enjoying a dream about chasing juicy bunny rabbits through the hills. His black flanks heaved in and out and his long red tongue lolled from his powerful jaws, dripping, lusting to sink his gleaming white fangs into soft flesh.

But gradually, the nature of his dream changed.

His nostrils twitched as the fragrance of two hot cunts filled the room. His long back cock began to stiff restlessly. He was still dreaming but the quest of his pursuit was changing. Dreams of bitches in heat replaced those of rabbits and the urge to bury his tongue in hot flesh was greater than that of sinking his fangs in. Pussy was juicier than bunny. Still slumbering, the dog was aware of the sucking sounds as Molly pushed the fat rubber cock in and out of Helen's cunthole.

Then came the soft, moist sounds of cuntsucking.

His prick was stiff as a board by this time. The lengthened slab of his naked red cock knob had come squeezing out from his hairy prick sheath, pumping in and out like a lung, his pisshole parted. His fuckrod was long and throbbing and his balls were full of jism.

He opened one eye and peered across the room. Molly had just finished mopping up Helen's creamy cunt, and the girl's were about to switch places. The doggy, being only a dumb animal, had no idea what they were doing or why they were doing it, since they were both females, but he knew damned well what that delicious aroma was. It was steaming-hot cunt.

And the big dog knew what hot cunts were for.

He got to his feet and stood stiff-legged around his jutting cock, his hind legs bowed around his bloated ballsac. His black nostrils twitched and flared. He began to pad across the room, lowering his haunches as if he were stalking a rabbit.

Molly, looking over Helen's buried head, saw the big doggy approaching. She saw his stiff prick and swollen balls and she smiled. Helen, with her head buried like an ostrich in the sand-although there was nothing sandy about Molly's juicy cunt-didn't realize that her dog had taken an interest in the scene and was eager to take a part in it, as well.

She was fingerfucking up Molly's cunthole with three stiff fingers, while her tongue and lips worked enthusiastically on the girl's fuck button, concentrating on all the juicy details and techniques that made cuntsucking such a treat for both sucker and suckee.

Molly jolted and bucked as Helen's talented and well-trained tongue and lips brought her to the crest.

She cried out, then sighed as her orgasm rippled through her. Helen whimpered with pleasure as she drained Molly off. But when the brunette started to raise her head, Molly pushed it back into her groin.

"Don't stop," she whispered.

Helen was perfectly willing to keep on sucking for as long as this gorgeous blonde wanted, but she was surprised.

"I thought you came," she said.

"I did, but I wanna cum again," Molly said.

Helen beamed with delight when she heard that. Loving to suck cunt, she was overjoyed at having a cunt that needed repeated sucking. Her head bobbed back down and she started to slurp merrily away again. And with her head buried, she was still unaware of the Great Dane's stealthy approach. She was kneeling, head down and ass hiked up, and unknowingly Helen had assumed the doggy fucking position.

Thor stood behind Helen's churning ass, his big head tilted to one side, one ear cocked. Molly gave him an encouraging smile. The doggy was a bit nervous, confronted by a new situation, but the rich scent of pussy was driving him mad.

His long tongue slurped at Helen's ass, lapping her asscheeks and then running up her asscrack and into her shitter. Helen was concentrating on sucking Molly's tasty pussy so much that, at first, she didn't realize that a tongue was slapping at her ass. Her own cunt was seething and her tongue was frenzied and the rest of the woman was numb.

Her tongue zipped and corkscrewed and buzzed up Molly's cuntslit and the juicy sounds her mouth made were echoed by the slapping tongue of the doggy. Molly tightened her legs around Helen's head, blocking off her ears. Then the dog dipped down and pushed his snout into Helen's crotch. She gave a little start as his cold black nose tapped against her hot throbbing clit. The dog began to lap his tongue up her cunthole eagerly. Molly's thighs held her trapped. Helen stopped sucking cunt and struggled free. When she raised her face, she was blushing with embarrassment, "Go away, you naughty dog!" she commanded.

Thor cocked an ear and kept on lapping. Helen reached behind her ass to push the brute's head away.

"Oh, why don't you let him?" Molly suggested.

Helen looked shocked.

"Let a dog lick my pussy? That's disgusting!"

"Not to me, it isn't," said Molly. "If you don't want him lapping your cunt, then he can lap mine. But then," Molly's look was meaningful. "Then you won't be able to, Helen."

Helen considered for a moment. It was evident that Molly was serious. Helen, despite her own perversions, was shocked by Molly's depravity. But she didn't want to stop snacking on the blonde's tasty pussy, and she had to admit, it felt damned good to have the Great Dane's long wet tongue lapping at her cunt.

"That's what I meant before, about how a girl can have fun-and cock-without needing a man," Molly added.

"Cock? Holy shit! I can maybe see letting the dog lap my cunt, but you can't be serious about cock! You wouldn't fuck with a dog?"

"I never have," Molly said. It was true, too, as far as it went, not making mention of goats and rams.

"But, hell yes. I'd let the doggy fuck me-and I'd suck his prick, too."

"My God!" Helen whispered. But the dog was still slapping his tongue into her cunt, and the lesbian began to get the idea that, whether a girl liked men or not, there was nothing at all wrong with male doggies. Besides, she was eager to resume her delicious feast. She gave a little uncertain sort of shrug, as if denying the blame. Then she dipped her face into Molly's pussy and began to eat her out again, while the horny dog tongued away on Helen's creamy cunt with enthusiasm.

Pussyjuice sprayed out as his big lapper slapped up, drops of it splashing on Helen's ass. The dog was using long, rippling strokes that started in her bushy pussy hair, ran up through her open cuntslit and across her clit and wound up in the taut crack of her grinding ass.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Molly purred.

Helen couldn't bring herself to admit it and only murmured up Molly's soaking fuckhole. But it was a murmur of assent. The double-ended cuntlapping went on for a few moments. Then Molly stirred restlessly.

"Let the fucker tongue me for a while," she whispered.

Helen felt a twinge of jealousy. But that was silly. She couldn't expect more from Molly that she was getting and knew the blonde loved her tongue, not herself. Obediently she moved aside. Taking Thor by the collar, she dragged his head up into Molly's crotch. The dog yelped, finding himself deprived of pussy, then gave a happy bark as a new cunt was presented to him. Helen watched her dog's tongue lap up Molly's flooded cunt.

Slap, slap, slap went the brute's hot tongue.

Cuntjuice ran onto it, creamy ribbons foaming on the red meat.

Helen, despite herself, was already thinking how handy it would be to have her doggy trained to lap pussy.

Helen leaned down and placed her head beside the dog's head. Molly spread her thighs far apart. Woman and dog, they began to lick her at the same time, each tracing up a cuntlip, their tongues slurping side by side and then meeting on Molly's tingling clit. They lapped cuntjuice from her slot with absolutely equal desire, animal and woman sharing the feast. Molly touched Helen's cheek.

"Come up here, honey," she urged. "Sit on the dildo, fuck yourself on my lap and let me suck your tits."

Helen moved up. She threw a knee across and straddled Molly's dildo-harnessed haunches. Molly began to massage her tits, and Helen raised up and slipped the head of the rubber prick into her wet fuckhole. She slowly slid down, burying the fuckrod up her cunthole until it had vanished. Molly's blonde pubic triangle surged against the dark, curly mane of Helen's cuntbush. Leaning forward, Molly sucked a stiff nipple into her mouth, nursing softly.

Helen's cuntjuice poured down her crotch and trickled on down into Molly's soaking cunt,, mixing with Molly's juices. The dog lapped away frantically. His tongue started at Molly's asshole, ran up through her crotch, then continued on up through Helen's crotch, lapping around the buried rubber prick, and slid into the lesbian's ass, in turn.

Helen twisted from side to side, grinding her stuffed cunt around. Then she spun all the way around, never taking her cunt off the fuckstick, so that she was sitting on Molly's lap, the dildo buried, and facing the same way as the blonde now.

The dog stepped back, studying this new situation with interest, his tongue hanging out. It seemed to him that the two women had somehow become one strange animal, a female animal, possessing two hot cunts, one on top of the other. Helen squirmed in Molly's lap. The rubber prick joined them together, rising from the harness and thrusting up from Molly's golden pussy hair and vanishing into Helen's cunt fur. Their tasty cunts formed a sort of layer cake with a rubber spike in the center. To a human tongue, one cunt can taste much like another, but to the dog's more sensitive palate, both of those pussies had a distinctive flavor, but equally mouthwatering. He was salivating as if tasting a juicy steak.

Molly reached around she cupped Helen's thrusting tits in her hands. Helen rested her head on Molly's shoulder, pushing her belly out. Both girls had their legs wide open as they rocked gently together. Helen's frothy cuntjuice poured down into Molly's blonde pussy hair, then slid into her crotch, mingling with the flow from Molly's own cunt.

Thor moved in again, neck extended as he thrust his snout out. He began to snuffle at Molly's pussy, then at Helen's. His black button of a nose slid around in their creamy cuntslits. Then his long, red tongue went to work again. He lapped up Molly's throbbing pussy, through her curly triangle, around the base of the rubber cock and then on up into Helen's cunt. The brute yelped and whined and whimpered, driven wild by the taste and the aroma of those two soaking fuckholes.

His whole black muzzle was coated with cuntjuice and rivers of the stuff ran over his tastebuds. His white fangs gleamed and his eyes glowed and his big prick, neglected, was throbbing away under his belly with frantic pulsations, jerking and jolting and hammering. His red cockhead loomed in a great naked slab from his hairy black prickshaft, and at the other end of his iron-hard fuckrod, the dog's balls ballooned with need.

Helen stared down, hardly able to believe that she was letting her dog lick her cunt. But she was



helpless to resist, abandoned to her passion. Even if the thought of having sex with an animal had repulsed her, Helen could not have refused anything that this glorious blonde girl wanted her to do, but she was not repulsed, anyhow. The dog's slurping tongue felt wonderful. She watched it slide up through Molly's creamy cunt, envying the dog's delicious snack, and then slip into her own dildo-filled pussy. Her clit sparked and throbbed as the dog tongued it. He jammed his long tongue right up into her cunthole, alongside the rubber fuckrod.

Helen tossed her head and turned her lust contorted face from side to side, leaning back against Molly. Molly was licking her ear and tonguing her neck. Helen's big nipples exploded in the blonde's palms. Her hips jolted as she fucked herself on the rubber cock. Thor's tongue slurped up again, spraying Molly's cuntjuice up into Helen's dripping cunt. The stuff ran back down into Molly's pussy and the dog lapped it up again. Their cuntjuice was flowing between them like a tide, ebbing and waxing. Helen felt so hot she thought she might melt, her ass and loins sinking slowly down onto and into Molly's smoldering pelvis like plastic.

Quite calmly, Helen announced, "I'm going to cum."

Then she shuddered all over and her calm left her, and she was wailing as her pussy creamed.

"Cum, baby," urged Molly. "Cum for me! Cum for the fucking dog! Oh, fuck! I'm cumming, too!"

The flow from their cunts increased as the waves of orgasm swept through their dildo coupled loins. Linked together, one cunt atop the other, it seemed as if it was the same thrill that raced through their bodies, darting in an electric current between them, stepped up in the transformers of their quivering clits into higher and higher voltage. It seemed as if they shared the same cuntjuice, as well, as Helen's cum cream poured down into Molly's open pussyhole, and the doggie's tongue lashed it back up, lathering both crotches and gulping it down with bestial greed.

Rocking and moaning, they climaxed to the core.

Helen sighed happily.

"That was the naughtiest thing I've ever done," she said.

"Was it?" Molly whispered, in her ear. Maybe so thought Molly, but not for long.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Thor lapped the double dose up joyfully and stepped back, squirming and jittery. The head of his cock was burning hot and the weight of his loaded balls dragged his hindquarters down.

Molly reached around Helen's hip and dipped her hand into the lesbian's crotch, fingering her fuck button. Although she had just creamed, Helen began to pant again almost at once at Molly's skillful touch. With her fuckhole full of rubber prick and Molly's fingers working steadily away on her clit, Helen jiggled around in the blonde's lap, her ass rubbing on Molly's belly over a slippery film of sweat.

Then Molly, figuring the other woman was excited enough, took her by the hips and gently lifted her. Helen's fuckhole slid up the rubber prick. Her cream ran down it. It popped from her cuntslit, swaying. Molly slid out from under Helen and she stood up, unstrapping the dildo. She brought it up to her lips and licked Helen's pussyjuice from it. She smiled, remembering when and why she had

purchased the rubber cock. She had intended to use it on herself, in private, little realizing how things were going to turn out. Helen sat back on the seat, her eyes glowing as she watched her blonde lover's tongue and lips gather up her cuntjuice.

Molly tossed the rubber cock aside. It had served her well, but it was no longer needed.

She knelt down on the floor, smiled wickedly at Helen, and turned toward the frenzied Great Dane.

The dog stepped up, haunches trembling. Molly took his prick in her hand, pumped it a couple times, then leaned in and slurped his naked cockhead into her mouth. She heard Helen gasp.

"Ummmm," Molly purred, finding dog meat as delicious as goat or ram. She blew down his cockshaft and felt it vibrate, then sucked again, her cheeks drawing in and her lips peeling out on his prick. The dog was so horny, so frantic with need, that it thrilled Molly. It would be a treat to suck the dog off, and to let him fuck her, and she looked forward to that in the near future, knowing that she would be seeing a lot more of hot Helen and her big, black Great Dane. But she had other plans for his big hairy cock, at the moment. Helen didn't like men. She thought they were big and ugly and hairy and foulmouthed. Well, the dog was big and hairy, but he was handsome and it was impossible for a dumb animal to be foulmouthed, and two out of four weren't bad. Molly, both out of kindness and because she knew it would be exciting, wanted Helen to find out what a real cock felt like when it fucked in and out of her steaming fuckhole.

The dog was fucking into Molly's mouth. She let him feed her a couple inches, her tongue flashing against the underside. Then she drew her lips away and turned her head. Thor humped wildly, stabbing his dripping cock head into her cheek, trying to get back into her hot, sucking mouth. Preliminary fuckjuice was dripping from his pisshole, laying a slimy track along Molly's cheek. "Want a taste?" she asked Helen. "Oh, no! I couldn't!" the lesbian whimpered. But she was fascinated by what Molly was doing. Helen had always loved cunts and despised cocks, but she realized that was only because cocks were attached to men, and thus had no appeal to her. But she had to admit that the dog's cock looked delicious, and Molly certainly seemed to enjoy sucking on that big, dripping slab of red prickmeat. If she had been alone with the dog, Helen might well have sucked his prick, maybe even let him shoot in her mouth, just to see what it was like. But the woman was-too embarrassed to do it in front of Molly, even though Molly had shown the way.

Molly turned back to the dog's prick and lapped the thick jism from his knob and pisshole, making little slurping sounds. When she moved away again his cockhead was polished to a luster.

"Sit on my face, Helen," she whispered.

"Oh, yes!" Helen cried, happy that Molly was leaving the doggy out of it-or so she thought.

Molly stretched out on the carpeted floor, on her back. Helen moved down and straddled her upturned face. She paused, then slowly lowered her soaking cunt onto Molly's mouth. Molly's tongue flashed out to meet the juicy lovebox pussy as it came. Cuntjuice dripped onto her lips, then Helen's pussy was plastered to her mouth.

Molly sucked for a moment, feeling Helen shudder.

Then she said, "Turn around, darling, let's sixty-nine!"

That was a lovely idea, thought Helen, who loved sucking cunts even more than she loved being sucked, and saw that in the position of inverted pussy lapping she could enjoy both at once. She quickly turned around, not moving her pussy from Molly's face but simply throwing one knee across

and twisting so that her cunt reversed itself without ever losing contact with Molly's tongue and lips.

Bending down, she buried her own face between Molly's widespread thighs and began to suck with lust.

The Great Dane was yelping and bounding around, springing and bouncing, as if he were a pole vaulter with a fleshy pole. Molly waited until the frenzied brute was near, then reached out and grasped his prick by the hilt, dragging him toward her face—and Helen's ass. The dog didn't know what to do but he sidestepped in, guided by her hand. Molly dragged his cockhead down and she began to lick it. She pushed his naked red prick meat into Helen's cunt, tonguing them both at the same time.

"W-what are you doing?" Helen panted, as she felt the hot meat of the dog's cockhead swell between her pussylips. She wanted to look back over her shoulder to see what was happening, but she couldn't seem to bring her lips away from the blonde's succulent cunt. Her mouth seemed to be glued on Molly's pussy by a paste of saliva and cuntjuice, clasped there by the suction of Molly's rippling fuckhole.

Molly closed her thighs around Helen's head, trapping her securely into the velvet cage of her cunt. She locked her ankles, holding Helen's head in a scissor grip and tilting the cup of her groin up as Helen thirstily drank from her hairy creamy pussy.

Then she began to inch the dog's prick up Helen's cunt.

Helen gave a muffled cry of dismay. But she was helpless to resist, held both physically and also by her own cuntlapping frenzy. And, too, it felt wonderful to have that huge dog cock slowly sliding up into the depths of her cunt.

The dog, finding his cock halfway up a cunt, got the idea. He sprang up, wrapping his forelegs around Helen's up thrust ass and clinging tightly to her haunches. Helen felt his weight on her ass, pushing her down. She gave a soft moan, a moan that came out with a bubbling sound, in Molly's cunt. Molly took her hand away, seeing that the dog was now in charge. Thor braced himself, his hindquarters quivering, and then he drove every inch of his hairy black prick into Helen's fuckhole.

"Oh!" she cried, the sound muffled on Molly's cunt.

Then, as she realized how great it felt, she wailed, "Ooooooh!"

The dog's cock was buried all the way up Helen's cunthole and his balls were jammed onto her crotch and against Molly's lips. He began to hump with furious need, his spine winding and twisting as he fed his prickmeat in and out of Helen's fuckhole.

Molly gazed up, watching the animal's fat cock vanish up Helen's dripping cunthole, then pull back out, soaking with the lesbian's juices. Molly licked at the dog's balls and ran her tongue along Helen's cuntlips. As the dog pulled out, Helen's cunt dragged open and Molly's tongue slipped up inside her, alongside the dog's cock.

Helen wailed with the double thrill of cock and tongue, both working on her throbbing cunt, and combined with the joy of having a juicy pussy in her own mouth. The three-way thrill was driving her wild. Molly was enjoying a triple delight, herself, being sucked while she sucked both a cunt and a dog cock all at once, and the dog was howling as he fucked his prick into a hot, clinging cunt and felt a nimble tongue slurp away on his throbbing cockmeat at the same time.

Fitting her lips to the dog's prickshaft, Molly sucked, letting him fuck through her mouth en route to Helen's cunthole. She sucked on Helen's fuck button at the same time. Helen's ass heaved under the dog and her crotch ground on Molly's eager face. She began to cream. Her cuntjuice poured down the dog's stiff prick, and Molly hungrily sucked it from his hairy cockshaft and angry red prick knob.

"Cum! Cum! Cum!" Molly wailed, not sure if she was addressing Helen or the dog, and then she was cumming, herself. Her pussy exploded and her cunt cream flooded past Helen's lips and over her tongue. The sixty-nining girls climaxed together, shuddering and gasping.

Then the dog shot his load.

Molly felt his prick expand in her lips and she opened her mouth wide as the big brute began to hose Helen's fuckhole with his hot, thick jism. He pumped it into the lesbian's fuckhole and it came pouring back out, mixed with cuntjuice, into Molly's greedy mouth.

Together, two girls and a faithful doggy, they drained their passion to the dregs. Then, with Molly on top, they did it again.

Helen was stretched out on the floor, spread-eagled and panting. The dog was in a state of collapse. Molly, waiting for either or both of them to recover, smiled with a sudden thought.

Her month in the country was going to work out just as she had intended it, after all. When she got back to the city, she was no longer going to be such an easy lay. She would still fuck around plenty, sure, but she wasn't going to fuck every man in sight.

Her good intentions had been rewarded.

But a whole lot of women and animals were going to be delighted now that Molly was not limited to men.

The End