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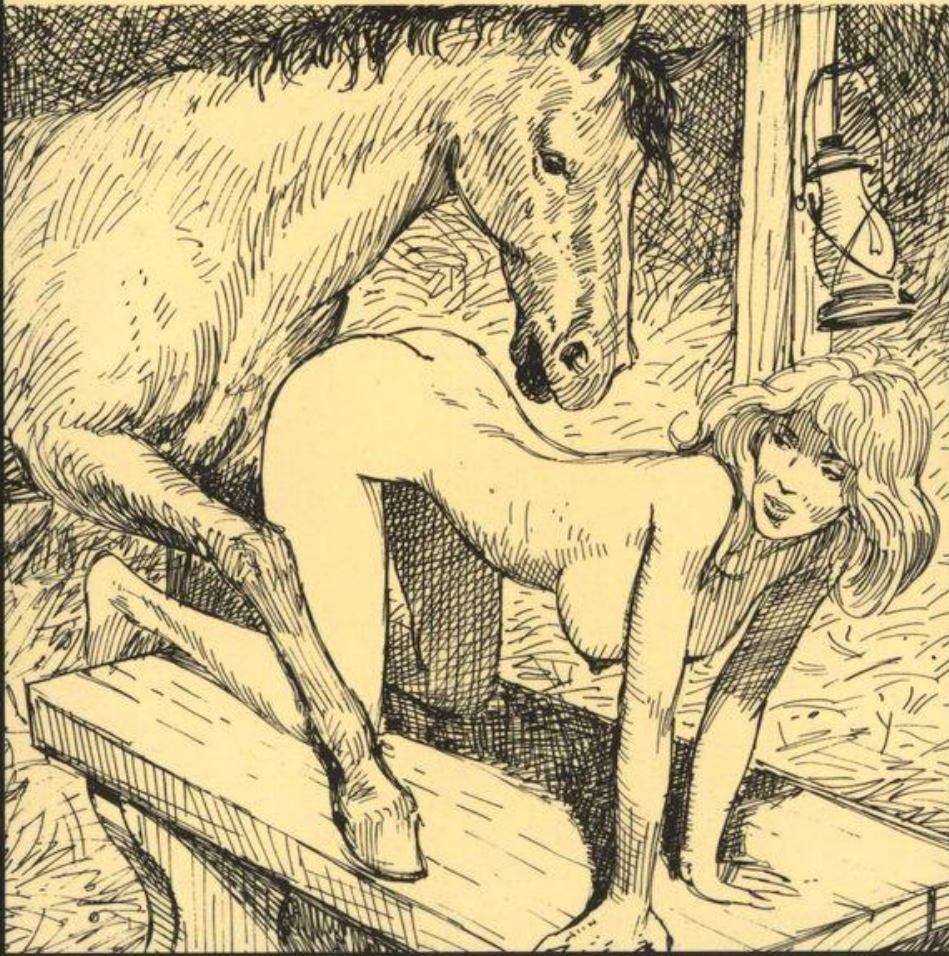
LB-1155 **Rammed By The Stallion** by Frank Brown

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RAMMED BY THE STALLION

by Frank Brown



CENTAUR SERIES

FOREWORD

The seething passions that lurk within many individuals are often hidden beneath a veneer of normalcy, exposed only under extremely tempting conditions.

The woman who, after a few drinks at a party, takes on all comers, male and female alike. The man who, during a strip show at a stag party, climbs up on stage with the girl and performs with her in front of his friends. The couple who, under group pressure, reluctantly joins the neighborhood wife-swappers.

Carol Thomas, a prim and proper housewife, is one of these outwardly normal people. But within her a love of degradation and a desire to be debased and dominated lies coiled like a snake, waiting only for the proper stimulus to arouse it.

RAMMED BY THE STALLION—a fictional story about a society that refuses to face many of its real problems.

The Publisher

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## Chapter One

Even though a brisk summer breeze swirled through the living room, Carol Thomas found herself sweating in the skimpy bikini Doris Adams had insisted she put on. It was hardly more than two pink ribbons with a few added patches of silky material. She was afraid to breathe, afraid her cherries would pop out of the stamp-sized titcups that covered them. Her near nakedness embarrassed her, and the chilled wine she was sipping wasn't cooling her off any.

"Now where is it?" Doris said, squatting in front of the open cabinet and sorting through a library of videotapes. "It would be just like Sal to hide it somewhere." Her blonde hair hung halfway down her naked back. Her bikini panties rode down and exposed half her asscrack. "You can't be serious, Carol honey. You've never cheated on your husband? Now where is that tape?"

"I told you, no." Carol sniffed and sipped some more of her wine. How dare she even think that Carol had been unfaithful to Hubert!

"After ten years of marriage? Come on, darling, you can be frank with Doris."

"Doris, I've about—"

"Ah, here it is!" Doris snatched a tape from the shelf and fumbled excitedly with the video-cassette recorder on top of the cabinet, pressing the eject button, then shoving the tape in. "Get ready, honey." She pressed the play button and scampered back to plop herself next to Carol on the couch. She draped her left arm around Carol's shoulders, then leaned over and took a sip out of Carol's glass.

Squirming uneasily under the weight of Doris's arm, Carol propped her feet up on the table. She knew it didn't pay to argue with any of Doris's suggestions. Doris was infuriatingly assertive. Carol burped. The wine was beginning to affect her. She shouldn't have accepted the alcohol. She never drank. But Doris had insisted.

Rock music pulsed from the speaker of the TV set and a title-yellow letters on a blue background-

appeared on the screen: BESTIAL VIXENS. Doris giggled. "Get ready, honey." She stroked Carol's bare shoulder.

"What is it?" Carol was confused, and the screen appeared slightly fuzzy to her.

"Just watch." Doris took Carol's glass, finished off the wine.

A woman appeared on the screen, dressed in a bikini and sitting on the back steps of a house. Squinting against the sunshine, she yawned, stretched, and scratched her cunt.

"My God!" Carol said. "What is this, anyway?" Imagine, showing a woman scratching her cunt in a movie.

Doris's arm tightened around Carol's neck. "Just watch, you silly girl." She took Carol's hand in her own and squeezed.

Carol squirmed again. She hadn't sat like this with anyone since the days when Hubert had taken her to the drive-in when they'd been teenagers. She'd certainly never sat like this with another female. But Doris was so assertive.

The woman on the screen was petting a big yellow German shepherd. The dog kept shoving his snout between her legs and sniffing her crotch.

"Disgusting," Carol said. "I'm not crazy about these art films, Doris. What time is it?"

"Silly girl," Doris said, placing her hand on Carol's sweat-moist belly. "Just watch. They're just warming up."

Carol sighed. What on earth! The dog was licking the woman all over now. The woman had leaned back on the steps, arms and legs outspread, and she was allowing the shepherd to lap at her as if she were a juicy steak he was going to devour. The dog's dripping tongue covered her face, tasted under her arms, coated her abdomen with saliva. Then the hound was licking the woman's toes, tonguing his way up her legs. He got hold of her pantie-crotch with his teeth and tugged at the material, twisting his head.

The shepherd ripped the crotch out of the woman's panties. At the same time, the woman ripped off her bikini top and allowed her cherry-capped tits to flop out into the sunshine. The dog reared up, gripping the woman around her flanks as he moved closer between her legs. The camera angle changed suddenly and Carol was able to see the dog's long quivering prick entering the woman's cunt.

"Oh my God!" Carol muttered. "I don't- I don't believe it." The heat suddenly felt so oppressive that she felt as if she were trapped inside an oven. She had to get out of here. She'd never witnessed anything more disgusting and perverted and sinful in her entire life.

The dog lapped at the woman's tits, humping between her legs, his shiny red prick pistoning. The woman writhed, tossing her head from side to side, humping upward to the rhythm of the dog's fucking. She seemed oblivious to the sharp edges of the concrete steps against her back. The taped music pounded, matching their fucking rhythm.

Doris's hand slipped inside Carol's bikini panties. Her finger moved slowly up and down Carol's cuntslit, found Carol's clit and tweaked it.

Carol gasped. "Don't. Oh God, don't!" She squirmed, trying to get away. She felt as if she were moving in slow motion. She felt so drowsy, and the blood pounded in her temples, making her delirious. As Doris's finger slipped into her crotch, all her nerves seemed to short-circuit, rendering her powerless.

"Do me," Doris breathed. "Do me while I do you."

Carol's hand moved independent of her mind. She felt Doris's moist crotch-bush fill her palm as she eased her hand down the woman's panties. Doris's cuntmeat burned Carol's finger.

"Shove it in, doll. Oh, shove it in!" Doris twisted her finger inside Carol, making her gasp.

Carol's middle finger slipped inside Doris's body, sucked in as if by a voracious mouth.

"Jerk it," Doris moaned. "Oh yes, jack me off."

Carol had the strange sensation that time had stopped, reversed itself, gone back. She could remember having done this with another girl twenty years ago. The other girl had muttered those same words in that same tone. Now Carol was thirty-three and reliving that experience. She wondered if she might be dreaming.

The German shepherd on the screen sank his claws into the flanks of the writhing woman, gouged her smooth flesh. Blood trickled like sweat, and Carol could almost smell it. As sweat continued to trickle from her own armpits, she thought it felt thicker, stickier than sweat. She could almost feel the hound's claws in her own flesh, could almost feel his stiff prick fucking inside her.

"Jerk it, yes jerk it," Doris moaned, crushing their cheeks together, rubbing her toes up and down Carol's smooth leg, working her finger inside Carol's body. "Feels so good, baby, feels so good."

"Yes," Carol whispered. "Oh yes!" As Carol twisted and pistoned her finger inside Doris, she felt the sticky hot juice leaking out of the other woman, felt Doris's stiff clit squirming against her palm. She kept her eyes glued to the TV screen.

His prick slipped in and out with such speed that Carol could hardly glimpse the cock anymore. The woman's eyes rolled, as if she were having multiple orgasms.

"Getting close?" Doris asked.

"Mmn," Carol sighed, the luscious sex-thrills swarming and tightening in her loins. She breathed deeply, the heavy scent of cunt getting her dizzier yet.

"When you're ready, tell me. We'll come together."

"Mmn," Carol moaned, shaking her head. She was so hot that tears dribbled down her cheeks. She couldn't remember being this hot since when she'd seen and felt her first cock as a teenager, or since the first time Hubert had fucked her. She'd almost forgot what it felt like to be really worked up. It was marvelous.

On the screen the woman was thrashing, her toes curling under and clawing at the bare ground at the foot of the steps. Her hips jerked and her eyes were rolled back to white slits. She was obviously moaning loudly, in the throes of a violent orgasm. As the dog's flanks began to shudder, he put his nose in the air as if to howl, and his tongue dangled out, long and dripping. Suddenly a naked man with a hard-on appeared in the picture, grabbing the dog's ass from behind and forcing the hound to

pull his cock out of the woman. The dog shivered, his long red prick flexing repeatedly, his grayish dog-cum spurting all over, the woman's naked front. Hot sticky cum fell in thin strands on the woman's wobbling tits, on her heaving abdomen. A shot of cum splashed on her lips and she licked it off, grinning luridly, her eyes still rolling from her orgasm.

Carol couldn't stand the excitement a moment longer. Grinding her crotch against Doris's hand, she felt the fuck-tension well inside her own loins. "Coming," she moaned. "Oh, coming!"

"Me too," Doris whispered. "Uhhh!"

They exploded together, the pussycream bubbling out of them, their fingers fucking in their sucking cunts. Doris bit Carol's neck, nearly ripping out flesh.

Carol whined, letting go as she hadn't let go in years. She jerked, grunting like an animal, enjoying the feel of Doris's finger inside her, clawing at Doris's feet with her toenails.

Carol and Doris fell away from each other, panting. Carol looked at the cuntslime dripping from her finger and sensed panic.

As if Doris could sense Carol's panic and wanted to demonstrate what Carol could do with her cunt-creamed finger, Doris lifted her own hand to her mouth and sucked her wet finger clean. Carol stared in shock, wiping her finger on the couch.

The rock music pounded louder. On the screen a man was dragging the naked woman across a barnyard. His prick swung heavily, dripping pussyjuice and cum over his hairy balls.

Carol shot to her feet. "Where are my clothes? Where are my clothes?"

"Darling, what's gotten into you? Sit down here. This is where the film starts getting good."

Carol found her clothes behind the couch and stumbled as she dressed, pulling her dress on over the bikini, not bothering with her slip or pantyhose. As she jammed her feet into her shoes, she had to fight off Doris, who was tugging at her.

Carol slapped at her, missing. "Let me go. Just let me go!" Balling up her slip and pantyhose, she ran for the front door and was outside before Doris could say another word.

The sunshine poured into her eyes like acid, and suddenly Doris's dog was jumping all over her. She screamed, nearly falling. She'd forgotten all about the mutt.

"Let me go," she shouted, stumbling down the front walk, and the dog fell away from her as it reached the end of its chain leash.

Inside the car, the vinyl seat seared Carol's bare legs. The steering wheel burned her hands and she was hardly able to grip it. She gritted her teeth, though, and drove, hardly conscious of the streets she was on or the scenery passing by. The sunlight pounded her face and her blood pounded in her ears. She couldn't remember when she'd ever felt more miserable, more filthy. The middle finger of her right hand appeared to be steaming, filling the car with the scent of Doris's cunt.

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Chapter Two

Doris Lit A Cigarette And Relaxed Back On The Couch. As She Smoked, Inhaling Deeply, She Lazily

fingered her pussy. On the TV screen the actress was squatting under a horse and masturbating his magnificent, fully erect cock.

"Lucky bitch," Doris said, watching the woman lick the fist-sized head of the stallion's cock, and her mouth began to water. She got up, grinding out the cigarette in an ashtray, then switched off the video machine.

She'd seen enough. If she watched anymore she was going to end up climbing the walls. Damn that Carol, what had gotten into her? Doris had had a long evening planned-just the two of them, a woman-to-woman party. Now her plans were ruined. She almost wished Sal hadn't left town. He'd be gone a week. What in the hell was a wife to do in a hick town like this when her husband deserted her for a week? They should never have left Houston.

She went to the door, stepping out into the sunshine. Across the street she saw a curtain fall aside in the neighbor's house. As she unleashed Job, she intentionally turned her ass toward the curtained window and wiggled it.

"Kiss it," she said out loud. "Old biddy." They watched her like a hawk in this neighborhood. Sometimes she would intentionally walk Job up and down the street while she wore nothing but her bikini, the skimpiest, most revealing one she owned. The curtains shifted like falling dominoes up and down the street as she made her way along. Screeching women dragged their husbands inside. It satisfied her to no end. One of these days she was going to throw a party for all the men of the neighborhood-if she could get any of them to come- and she'd show the tapes, get them drunk, and maybe do a strip-tease.

Job had his snout between her legs and was sniffing furiously. She felt an almost irresistible urge to lie down on the front steps and to let Job do whatever he wished in full sight of the neighbors. They'd probably lynch her, she decided, and pushed the sleek black Labrador inside.

Doris stripped, giggling as she fought off Job who was frantic to lick the trickling pussy-juice off her inner thighs. She spread her legs as she flung off her panties, letting Job have her. The dog licked all the juice off her legs, then drove his wet snout against her cunt. Doris sighed, lifting each of her good-sized tits and sucking on her nipples as Job lapped at her parted cuntlips. The dog growled as he worked on her juicy pussy, and that excited her.

"Mmn, heaven!" she sighed, breathing faster, her heart pounding. "Good old Job. If I didn't have you I'd go out of my mind. Lick it, boy, lick it."

The black Lab nuzzled her cunt, his wet snout twisting against her itchy, supersensitive pussymeat. Her clit got caught in one of his nostrils for a moment, his hot breath swirling around it, and Doris saw stars. Moaning, she grabbed the dog's sleek black head, humping at his snout, fucking her half-inch clit in and out of his nose. She had a larger clit than most women, big enough to grab between her thumb and forefinger and masturbate as if it were a cock, which it actually was, a miniature cock. Job began to growl in his familiar "watch it" tone, and she released his head before he snapped at her. Her clit slid out of his nostril and she hauled apart her blonde-furred cuntslabs again, looking down and watching her pink little fuck-stick twitch. Job's huge tongue lapped across it again, and Doris felt the thrills all the way to her toes.

"Oh Job, darling, God that feels good." No boy or man she'd ever known could lick pussy as Job did. Dogs were specialists in pussy licking.

The dog's tongue flapped, slithering up and down her widespread crotch. Her fuckmeat throbbed, resembling a naked heart. Backing up to the couch, she dropped down on it, kicking her legs up high

and hugging her knees to her shoulders, presenting her seething cunt to the dog as if it were his dinner. Job growled, munching on her crotch. The dog's teeth nearly punctured her swollen fuckmeat, but never quite. She'd trained him well. He rarely drew blood anymore. His teeth seemed to be electrified, sending delicious shocks through her loins as they sliced lightly over her pulsating fuckmeat.

She reached forward, stroking the dog's head. "Oh Job, mount me, darling, mount me, fuck me, oh please, now, now!"

The dog reared up like a savage black demon. Doris trembled as he embraced her, his horny claws sinking into her sides. She felt the heat of his large body, smelled his dog-breath. Hot dog-spit dripped from his dangling tongue, showering her tits and belly. She watched with lust-blurred eyes as his large red prick penetrated her fuckhole. As his burning cock entered her, she experienced a sudden orgasm.

"Ohhhhh, angel, yesssss!" She thrust her crotch against the dog's furry loins, rubbing her ass in excited circles as her cunt exploded with delicious female pleasure.

Job whimpered, fucking his cock in her clutching, spasming cunthole. She stroked his face with her feet, and he lapped at them, his tongue slithering between her toes as rapidly as his prick slithered and pistoned in her cunt.

The dog dipped his head so he could lap at her tits. Doris pushed her tits up and together, making them swell like balloons, making the cherries strain with sexy bumps which she knew would thrill the dog's sensitive tongue. Her nipples stood up like fingertips, and they were certainly just as hard. Job nipped at them, sending daggers of pleasure through her body. Her only regret was that Job couldn't suck. For sucking she needed human lips. As Job straightened back up to lick and nip some more at her feet, Doris strained her head forward and sucked her own tits, getting a perverse excitement at sucking the dog's saliva off them.

The Lab's claws sank in deeper. His paws were shaking and he was starting to snort and whimper. His prick became searing hot and as hard as the cock of any boy. She knew he was going to come any second now.

The dog dipped his head again. Their mouths met, the dog's tongue thrilling her lips. She opened up as wide as she could. The Lab's tongue slid down her throat. As she sucked on it, she felt his cock shudder inside her cunt. Rounding his back and humping frantically, he poured his cum into her body. He straightened up suddenly, whimpering, grunting, dancing on his hind legs. As spurt after spurt of his dog-cum filled her cunthole, Doris felt the pleasure well up inside her and she strained up against her canine lover.

"Oh, Job, yes yes yessss!" She threw her arms around the jerking animal, forcing him to stay coupled with her until her orgasm had petered out.

As she fucked the spurting dog-cock with her clutching cunt, she stroked up and down his sleek back with her naked feet, digging her toes into his soft fur. Before she let him go, she held him close, kissing him all over the mouth and snout, enjoying the feel of his muscular, furry body against her naked front. When Job started to squirm and growl, she released him.

"Typical male," she said, slowly uncurling from her awkward position and sitting up. "Get your rocks off and run away."

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## Chapter Three

She Couldn't Get Clean. She'd Taken Three Showers Since Getting Home From Doris's, But She still felt grubby, sticky, dirty. She glanced at the clock on the night-table beside her and saw that it was midnight, too late for another shower. Besides, another shower wouldn't help anyway. She knew the dirt was as much in her mind as on her body, as much in her soul as on her skin. She wondered if she'd ever feel clean again after what she'd done this after-noon. God, if Hubert ever found out, she'd kill herself, she'd just die.

A trickle of sweat left her armpit and she moaned with disgust. She knew it was nervous perspiration as much as from the heat. She was tempted to take off her nightgown to cool off. She had all the windows in the house open, but there was no breeze. The night air outside was stagnant.

Darn it, she was going to take off her nightgown. Hubert should have known enough to install the air conditioner in the bedroom window before he'd left. It was the start of the summer dog days, and he knew it.

She flung off her nightgown and fell back on the bed, her heart throbbing, her breathing rapid. The moonlight washed over her naked skin and she could see the sweat-mist glistening on her rising and falling tits.

It would serve Hubert right if he were to come home unexpectedly and find her sleeping like this. It would shock him, teach him a lesson. Maybe he would consider her needs a little before he ran off again on some business trip. She hoped to God these business trips wouldn't become a regular part of his job. She wouldn't be able to stand that.

She raised her arms and pillowed her head on her clasped hands. The air seemed to suck ^t her freshly shaved armpits. More sweat trickled from them, but she didn't bother to wipe it off. She felt an itch in her crotch. She refused to scratch it. Instead she spread her legs, aware immediately of a sucking sensation between them. It was as if the night were nuzzling her cunt.

Stop thinking like that, she told herself. Want to end up like Doris?

She should never have gone to that woman's house. But then, how was she to know? Lord, she didn't even want to think about it. It was too horrible, too perverted and sinful, too unnatural and criminal to even remember.

She wondered whether Doris's husband knew. He couldn't-unless he was just as bad. There was that vile videotape. That was incriminating.

The itch in Carol's cunt continued, growing more intense, more maddening. Clenching her teeth with frustration, she thrust her hand between her legs and clawed at the itch. The more she scratched, the more she seemed to itch, and the itch sank deeper. She was forced to thrust her finger inside her cunt and twist it.

God, she probably gave me some kind of disease, Carol thought. Why did I ever let her touch me?

Carol hadn't done anything so wicked since her teens, since long before she had met Hubert. Now she wondered whether she'd been unfaithful to him. If Hubert ever found out, she knew it would be the end of everything. Hubert was so strict, so righteous-the youngest man ever to be named deacon at First Baptist. He allowed carnal relations between them only once a month, and even then they performed in the dark, wearing half their clothes. Carol would pretend to have only one orgasm instead of the three or so she managed during his drive toward climax. If he knew she had more, he

would consider her a slut. Carol often became maddeningly frustrated between her monthly fucks, but she gritted her teeth and refused to masturbate. She had taken an oath to love, honor, and obey her husband, and she was going to live by that oath, no matter what. Hubert considered masturbation sick.

She yanked her finger out of her cunt, shocked to discover that her hand was all sticky with pussyjuice. She stared at her hand for a while and at last wiped the smelly slime on her leg.

He'd be getting back in six days. How would she ever get through those days after what had happened this afternoon with Doris? She and Doris had planned to spend much of the week together since their husbands were traveling together on business, but now all that had changed. She wouldn't be seeing Doris again- ever. What would she do with herself for the next six days?

How she wished Doris and Sal had never come to town! Hubert's going on this business trip was all Sal's doing. Sal, Hubert's superior, was helping Hubert move up in the company, was training him to be a buyer. Sure, there'd be more prestige for Hubert, more money, but his new position would entail his traveling out of town occasionally, and Carol would be left behind. She didn't like it. She would speak to Hubert about it.

The shrill ringing of the phone ripped through the silence of the bedroom suddenly and nearly knocked Carol off the mattress. Almost in panic, she answered it.

"Hello." She could barely get the word out of her dry throat.

"Mrs. Thomas?" A husky male voice. Young, probably early twenties.

"Yes. What is it? What's happened?"

Silence. Heavy breathing.

"Speak to me. What is it?"

"How're you doing, Carol?" The voice was lower now, breathy and throaty.

"Fine," she said, stunned that he should use her first name. Then she demanded, "What's going on?"

"You mean, what's up?"

"Hey, who is this? What do you want?"

"What do you think I want?"

"Will you please tell me what's happening?"

"I've got it out and I'm rubbing it." "What?" She was thoroughly confused now.

"I'm rubbing it for you," he said. "And it's a big one. Bet you'd like to see it. Bet you'd like to touch it."

Carol was silent. She could hear her shaky breathing in the still room, could feel her heart pounding her breastbone, could hear the hot breathing of the young man on the other end of the line. She'd caught on now-it was an obscene phone call. She ought to hang up, she knew, ought to hang up, then call the police or the telephone company or whoever a person called in these cases. But she couldn't put the phone down.

"Are you there, Carol?"

"Who are you?" She tried to sound tough, but her voice quavered. "What do you want?"

"You, you sexy bitch. I want all of you."

Carol's hand trembled, her palm sweating around the receiver. She couldn't say a word.

"I want those big luscious tits of yours and that juicy cunt. I wanna plug that hot fuckhole of yours with my hard prick. I got eight inches, bitch. Think you can take eight inches? I bet your hubby doesn't have eight inches. More like four or five, right?"

"You're disgusting," she whispered.

The young man chuckled. "And you love it, bitch. Admit it."

"I'm going to call the police."

"Do that and you're never gonna get your lips around this big juicy prong, Carol. You oughta see it sticking straight up in the air, hard and fat and throbbing. Throbbing for you, bitch. Throbbing for that wet hole between your legs."

Carol sat up, dropping her legs off the bed and crossing them. She covered her tits with her arm, feeling vulnerably naked. Her cunt had begun to throb.

"Still there, beautiful bitch?"

"Please hang up," she whispered.

"Am I invited over? I'll hang up if I'm invited over."

"You've got to be kidding."

"Come on, Carol, quit with the games. I know you're dying to feel this hot cock of mine sliding in your pussy. I'm a good stud, Carol. I'll screw you till dawn if you want it, make you come again and again and again. Bet you've never felt anything like that, have you, with that middle-aged hubby of yours?"

"I won't listen to anymore of this."

Silence. Even the breathing stopped. Then she heard rhythmic squishing sounds, lubricous sounds.

She listened intently for a minute, strangely fascinated. "I'm going to hang up!" she shouted at last. "I mean it!"

Low laughter. "Did you hear that, Carol? I've got it lubed up with vaseline and I'm working on it. Feels good. Too bad it ain't sliding in your juicy fuckhole. That would feel so much better." He sighed, moaned softly.

Carol's thighs almost cramped, she was squeezing them together so hard. Pussyjuice oozed out of her, getting the mattress slick under her ass.

"Can I come over, Carol? Can I? I know you're alone. I know the old turkey's gone."

“How do you know? How?”

“I just know. Now do you want me to come over or don't you? This rod of mine is about ready to blow.” His voice was tighter now, more strained.

“You-I-no, you just can't. You can't!”

“Oh Carol, I'm so hot. My prick's as big as a baseball bat. And it's in your cunt now, bitch. It's fucking you, slamming in and out and fucking you good. Oh Jesus, it feels good! Your pussy's so fucking tight, so fucking hot. And I'm rubbing myself all over your big tits. Feel me, bitch, feel me?”

Carol couldn't stand it. Uncrossing her legs, she thrust her hand against her wet, sticky crotch. Two fingers snaked up her cunt and she began to fuck them in and out frantically. She found herself drooling on the receiver of the phone, licking it.

“We're fucking, bitch. I've got you flat on your back with your legs up in the air, and I'm humping away, whacking our bellies together, ramming my prick in and out faster and faster. I'm screwing you deep, bitch, real deep. I'm fucking you so hard you're going out of your mind. And you love it. Yeahhh, you love it.”

Carol rolled backward, kicked her legs up, fucked her fingers in and out. The hot cunt juice leaked from her fuckhole, running down her asscrack. She thrust her hips, bouncing her ass.

“I'm gonna come, Carol. Oh Jesus, I'm gonna come! Oh fuck!” The young man groaned, panting sharply like a dog. Then he whimpered. “Ohhh, it's coming, it's coming!”

In me, she thought. Shoot it in me. In me.

She closed her eyes, imagining the young man's cock contracting inside her, imagined his thick rich fuckcream bubbling into her, filling her, overflowing her stuffed pussy and sliding down her asscrack. She wanted him. Oh how she wanted him!

Fuck me, she thought, not daring to say it out loud. Fuck me, fill me.

The fuck-tension built in her loins, spreading throughout her body until the soles of her waving feet tingled. She heard the young man grunt, heard him moan with pleasure, and suddenly her cunt was sucking at her fingers. As the pleasure overwhelmed her, she pressed the phone receiver to her tits and cried out. Her ass jerked until the last spasm had gnawed through her loins. She pulled her fingers out, put the receiver back up to her ear. She tried to hold her breath to stifle her loud panting.

“Bitch,” the young man growled. “Dirty bitch. Look what you made me do. My stomach's a sticky mess. I oughta drag you over here and make you lick it off. Fucking slut! Bitch dog! Your bitch scent is all over town. Better watch it or you're gonna have a wolf pack snarling outside your window. You're disgusting! Disgusting!” He slammed the phone down so hard that Carol dropped the receiver and had to rub her ear until it stopped ringing.

She pulled a chair up next to the window and sat looking out at the moon-drenched backyard. For a long while she didn't think, forced her mind to be still. But finally she heard a voice inside her and she couldn't escape it. The voice kept calling her a bitch, a dirty bitch.

Her vigil lasted for what seemed like hours. She kept expecting to see a wolf pack or a dog pack suddenly materialize in the yard below, and although none did, she saw the beasts in her

imagination. The videotape she'd watched this afternoon forced itself into her consciousness, and she began to imagine herself as the actress in that film, mounted by a stud German shepherd. Like some bitch, she thought. Like some bitch dog.

She rested her arm on the windowsill and leaned forward, resting her head on it. She slipped a finger inside her cunt and slowly masturbated herself.

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Chapter Four

"Angry? No. Delighted You Called. We Both Had A Little Too Much To Drink Yesterday, Didn't we, dear?" Doris laughed.

Carol giggled, hoping she sounded for real. "You can say that again. It's just that I'm not used to drinking. That wine really hit me. I can hardly remember anything except that we exchanged a few cross words. I don't know how I got home in that condition. I guess the car found its own way."

"Just like a dog," Doris said, laughing. Carol giggled uneasily. "Right." "So, what's up? Still want to go out to the farm?"

"I was hoping you'd ask that," Carol said.

Two hours later they were cruising along a county highway, Doris at the wheel, Carol beside her, Doris's black Labrador panting and whining in the back seat. Doris gabbed about this and that, but Carol only half listened, nodding, or grunting a yes or no from time to time. It was all small-talk, and Carol had other things on her mind. Like that huge dog in the back seat.

She was afraid that at any moment he was going to bite her head off. He kept breathing down her neck, sniffing at her. She didn't dare look at him. He'd surely take her glance as a signal for him to leap into the front seat, clawing her and slobbering all over her. She wished Doris had left the dog at a kennel or with the neighbors. The day was hot enough, and that dog only made the heat in the car worse. And the smell of him and his breath made her want to hold her nose.

Doris hooked the elastic waistband of her bikini panties and made it snap like a rubber-band.

For just a moment, Carol caught sight of Doris's blonde muff.

"Look at me, hardly a stitch on and I'm still sweating like a dog." Doris glanced in the back seat. "Pardon the expression, Job, honey."

The dog whimpered, pushing his huge black head over the back of the front seat and drooling on the brown vinyl.

"Job, get back there! Behave now, we'll be at the farm soon and then you can run off all that energy." Doris picked up her cigarettes and shoved in the dashboard lighter. She offered Carol the pack. "Have one. It'll warm you up."

"I don't smoke," Carol said. "And I'm not cold. Just had a freak chill. You know how those things are." She tried to sound as pleasant as possible, although she was still uneasy in Doris's company.

"Of course, darling," Doris said, lighting her cigarette. She inhaled deeply, then blew out a blue cloud, steering with one hand as she smoked. "Just sit back and relax. We're almost there."

Carol sat back, but she couldn't relax. She felt tense and sweaty. The dog continued to breathe down her neck, and the sun poured in through the windshield. She envied Doris in her bikini. Doris appeared cool, tranquil. The blonde might as well have been stark naked, for all the flesh the yellow bikini covered. The upper halves of Doris's purplish cherries peeked from under the yellow titcups of her string halter, and her panties were hardly more than a string around the hips and a yellow ribbon between the legs. The musky womanish smell of the blonde was detectable over the smell of the dog, and Carol was disturbed that she found the scent mildly exciting.

Carol kicked off her sneakers, wiggling her bare toes with relief. She longed to peel off her tight jeans and her blouse, and to sit there in nothing but her bra and panties. She pulled a kleenex out of her purse and dabbed sweat off her forehead and nose.

"You'll love the farm," Doris said, taking a final drag on her cigarette, then tossing the butt out the window. "So peaceful and secluded. Sal and I bought the place before we bought the house in town, then decided that commuting that distance everyday wasn't worth it. Whenever Sal leaves town on business I try to get out to the farm. There's more going on out there than in town, honey. No offense, but that town of yours is deader than some of the cemeteries I've visited. Some of my neighbors give me the creeps."

They arrived at a narrow bridge over a small, sun-glinting river, and Doris pulled the car over. The dog started jumping and barking in the back seat.

"Quiet, Job, shut up!" Doris swung open her door and stepped out, dancing on the hot asphalt. "Ouch! Well, get out, dummy!"

Job shot out of the car and ran over to sniff the guard rails of the bridge. Doris slammed her door and tiptoed wincingly around the car. She opened Carol's door.

"Come on, honey. Have I got a treat for you!"

"Treat?" Carol said, unfastening her seat belt. "Aren't we going to the farm?"

"It's only a mile up the road. We're as good as there. Come on, we're in the country now. No schedules to keep. Hours and hours to kill. We might as well start living it up right now." Doris extended her hand and helped Carol out of the car.

They made their way down a steep, sandy bank, walking along a trail through tall thin grasses. Job came bounding down behind them, nearly knocking them into the stream, then charged on ahead, disappearing around a bend in the trail, which paralleled a bend in the river. At first the fine white sand burned Carol's feet, but after a short time she got used to the sun-heated sand and found it pleasant between her digging toes.

"Where are we going?" Carol asked.

"The old swimming hole," Doris said. "Come on." Doris half ran, and Carol could do nothing but stumble along behind her.

They arrived at a place where the river became straight and wide, with wide beaches on both banks and tall reedy grasses flanking the sand. Carol could see upstream at least a hundred yards.

"Oh, this is marvelous!" Doris flung down the light-blue beach blanket she'd brought along, then reached behind her and undid her halter strings. Her titcups drifted to the sand like miniature parachutes, and her large tits jiggled, her cherries glossy in the sunlight. Within seconds she'd

shimmied out of her panties.

Carol was stunned. "Aren't you afraid somebody will see you?"

"Who?" Doris said. She spread out the beach blanket, her tits dangling like milk-swollen udders. As she squatted, smoothing out the corners of the blanket, her asscheeks and cunt spread, and the breeze, licking between her legs, caught some of her musky female aroma and carried it to Carol.

Doris flung herself on the blanket and spread-eagled herself face-up. She squinted at Carol. "Aren't you going to join me? The sun feels marvelous."

Carol sat down beside Doris and settled down on her back.

"Oh, get undressed!"

"I'm fine," Carol said timidly, dreading an argument.

"If you say so," Doris said. She sighed then, closing her eyes and appearing to melt into the blanketed sand. "Mmn, marvelous!"

Carol couldn't believe Doris was going to leave her alone, that Doris wasn't going to force her to take her clothes off. Relieved, Carol pillowed her head in her hands and relaxed, watching Doris's tits rise and fall for a while, then looking around at the river and green grasses and azure sky.

Five minutes later Carol was sweating miserably. Her jeans seemed to have shrunk on her legs. She was sweaty and itchy inside them. Even her bra felt as if it were strangling her tits. Glancing at Doris, who appeared to be contentedly napping, a blissful smile gently pulling her lips, Carol removed her blouse, then peeled off her jeans. She started to settle back down, but realized her panties had ridden up between her cuntlips like a gag. She found them drenched when she eased them away from her cunt.

Well, I've gone this far, she told herself. Might as well go all the way. She took off her bra and settled down, self-conscious but excited by her nakedness. After a minute, she let her legs spread. The breeze thrilled her moist crotch. Sighing, she relaxed totally.

Voices woke her from a nap. She froze, her heart pounding. The sunshine hurt her eyes and for several seconds she couldn't see.

Doris stroked Carol's thigh. "Don't let them bother you, honey. Just a couple of the neighborhood farm boys, and they're as naked as we are."

"Oh God!" Carol spotted them upstream, making their way down the middle of the river, knee-deep in the water. "What'll we do?"

"Nothing," Doris said. "They're harmless. Just skinnydipping farm boys like in all those old paintings."

"I'm getting dressed."

"Go ahead. That'll only draw their attention."

Carol didn't know what to do. The boys were getting closer, splashing water at each other and laughing. She could see their sun-bronzed pricks dangling heavily as they trudged along and she knew she ought to avert her eyes, but she couldn't. She stared, feeling for her blouse beside her and

draping it over her front, hiding her nakedness as best she could.

"Silly girl," Doris whispered.

The boys were about thirty yards upstream when they spotted the two women. They stopped their noise and stood gawking at the women, eyes and mouths gaping. They looked at each, then back at the women. Their pricks simultaneously snapped up. The twin cocks pointed straight at the sky, throbbing. Their swollen balls resembled eggs.

"How ya doing?" Doris called suddenly, and her voice shattered the tense silence like a rifle blast.

"Good," one of the boys said, and the other one shook his head in agreement. Despite their deep tans, they appeared to be blushing.

"Don't be bashful," Doris said. "Come on over."

"Doris!" Carol was outraged. "What are you doing? Tell them to go away."

"Shush, doll. That wouldn't be neighborly. Out here in the country we don't avoid our neighbors."

As the boys sloshed toward them, cocks wagging like clubs, Carol didn't know what to do. She thought about running for cover, thought about burying herself in the sand, but before she could even move to get dressed, the boys were standing at the foot of the blanket, their eyes darting as they took in as much of the two women as they could.

"My aren't you two handsome!" Doris crooned, and the boys giggled selfconsciously. A tear of fucklube leaked down the underside of the redhead's prick, and the blond kid scratched his balls.

Carol, sitting up, hugged her blouse to her. She wished she were dead. There was no escape.

"This is Carol," Doris said. "And I'm Doris. We're both glad to meet you."

The boys mumbled their names, the redhead being Mark and the blond, Jeff.

Doris slid over, opening up a gap on the blanket between herself and Carol. "Come on." She patted the blanket. "Join us."

"Doris, I don't-" Carol started to say, but the two naked boys were suddenly wedged between them, and Carol was forced off onto the sand to avoid body contact with the blond youth.

"What school do you boys go to?" Doris asked.

"We'll be going to high school in town this fall," the redhead said, his voice thin and weak.

"Freshmen," the blond added, the word quavering from his throat.

"I think I'll take a nap," Doris said, and she settled back and closed her eyes. Her tits heaved as she breathed, and the two boys, resting back on their elbows, stared at her in silence, their pricks tapping at their skinny stomachs and drooling pools of fucklube in their navels. They both breathed louder than Carol's obscene phone-caller.

Carol settled back on the hot sand, drawing her jeans on top of herself in addition to the blouse. She closed her eyes, clenched her teeth. She'd never felt more tense and miserable in her life. She wished to God she could fall asleep and walk up to find the boys gone. She'd never been more awake

in her life, though. Opening one eye just a crack, she saw two hands jerking up and down on two cocks, the moist foreskins of the two boys making squishing noises as the boys worked the loose skin up and down over the edges of their swollen prick-knobs. Immediately, her cunt was throbbing to the rhythm of the boys' prick-beating, and she was starting to lubricate.

She ought to jump up and run. She really ought to, she thought. What Doris was doing was perverted-exciting the two boys to masturbate. Doris had intentionally invited them over so she could excite them. It was disgusting. She really ought to get out of here now, before one of them came. She shouldn't be watching them like this. She shouldn't allow them to excite her.

But she couldn't move. She was starting to tremble. The heat throbbed in her face, and it was more than the heat of the sun. And her cuntslabs were swelling, inflating like tight rubber balloons, throbbing maddeningly with lust, with pure lust. Those hard throbbing boy-pricks made her mouth water.

The redhead suddenly sat up and settled between Doris's legs, lowering his skinny body until his face was pillowed between her tits. His arrow-straight prick sank into the wet fuckmeat between Doris's legs, and Doris embraced him, wrapping her thighs and arms around him.

"Oh stud, yes!" she muttered. "Do it to me, do it to me!" Her hands roved up and down his undulating back, her fingernails scratching lightly. Her toes stroked his bouncing ass.

The boy humped like a dog, grunting, whimpering, fucking his stiff prick in and out of the woman's sucking cunt. He chewed on her tits as he fucked and Doris whined, arching her back, thrusting her swollen tits at his mouth.

"Suck 'em, baby, oh suck 'em!" Doris mumbled. "Oh God, yessss!"

The blond youth, Jeff, jerked on his cock frantically as he watched his friend fuck Doris. "Oh man!" he muttered, his voice high-pitched. "Oh man!" He turned suddenly toward Carol, his eyes on fire, spit leaking from the corner of his mouth.

She felt his blue eyes raping her. She clutched her clothing tighter, hiding her nakedness. "No," she said. "No!"

"I wanna," he said. "I wanna so bad. I've gotta."

"You can't." Carol's loins longed to be filled with his cock even as she spoke. "You just can't."

"Please let me," he said.

"No," she muttered, her eyes on his dripping prickhead, her mouth salivating.

"Don't be a fool," Doris grunted. "You haven't fucked a prick as hard or as hot as that boy's in years. Admit it. You want him."

"Nooo," Carol whined.

"Don't worry, honey," Doris said. "If she won't let you, I will. Soon as Mark here's through, plug that beautiful fuck-stick in me."

"Hurry, Mark," the blond said. "Hurry!"

Carol's crotch itched, burned, throbbed with such need that she felt like digging her fingernails in

her pussyslabs and tearing them off. Suddenly she flung the clothes that covered her aside and lay naked before the blond youth, her legs spread, her cunt gaping, her tits heaving. She closed her eyes, wishing she would die before the boy fucked her. She couldn't let him fuck her. It was such a terrible sin, a crime. He was just a boy, and she'd taken an oath to be faithful to Hubert.

The boy dove on her, his prick knifing straight up her crotch. She gasped, the wind knocked out of her. The boy writhed against her, his teenage body as hard as his thrusting cock. She drew her fingernails down his lithe-muscled back, digging in. She clawed at his flexing asscheeks with her toenails. His cock seared her cunt, fucking in and out like a hot poker. As he gnawed on her jaw, she whined loudly, listening to her cry echo off over the river.

"Oh darling!" Carol moaned. "Oh my angel, you're so good! Oh God!" Doris was right, she hadn't fucked a cock so hard or hot in years. In fact, she never had. Hubert's dick had never thrilled her like this boy's. She squirmed under the humping youth, thrusting her belly against his belly, rubbing her tits against his hard chest.

"Mark, fuck me, fuck meeeee!" Doris moaned. "Make me feel it. Shove that big prick in deep. Oh deep! Deeper! Yess!"

"Fuck you!" the redhead muttered, bouncing between the buxom woman's legs, fucking his hard boy-prick in and out of her cunt.

Doris stroked his hair, kissing him all over the face. "How's it feel, stud?"

"Wowwww!" the redhead sighed. "Oh wow www!" His prick made obscene sucking noises in Doris's cunt.

Carol's hand roved all over the back of the blond youth fucking her. She thrilled to the suppleness of his body and to the softness of his hot, sweat-oiled skin. Her cunt contracted around his cock each time he fucked into her. She felt his prickhead swell inside her. She bit his jaw until he growled, then sucked on his neck, tasting the saltiness of his flesh.

"Fuck me," Carol growled throatily. "I wanna feel it, I wanna feel it!"

The boy's blue eyes rolled as if he were drunk. He panted, sweat flying off his lust-contorted face, spit drooling on her neck. He had dirty fingernails, and he smelled of manure and sweat. He was really a rather grubby young animal, Carol realized, a realization that only excited her more. She felt dirtier, sexier being fucked by the grubby youth. Hubert always smelled of soap and deodorant and cologne, and he hardly touched her when he fucked, holding himself above her and fucking his prick in and out almost mechanically. How different this dirty farm boy was! The youth fucked like an animal, like a dog.

To the right of Carol, Doris was gasping. "Come on, stud, shoot it, shoot it quick, I'm coming, oh God!"

"Wowwww!" the redhead moaned, his own eyes rolling back with ecstasy, his slender body shuddering in the voracious sexual embrace of the woman.

"Shoot it!" Doris moaned, her body jerking with spasms as the whimpering youth spurted his cum into her. "Cream me, baby, cream me!"

Carol's stud humped frantically, his face frozen with lustful concentration.

Carol stroked his lower back, rubbed her heel up and down his moist asscleft. She got her other foot between his legs and tickled his balls with her toes. Her fuckmeat swelled, tight with heat and sensation. She could come any time she wished, but she was intentionally holding off her orgasm until her lover fired into her.

"Come on, honey," she coaxed. "Give it to me. Squirt it into me. Quick, before I come, oh please!"

"Yeahhhhh!" the boy sighed, collapsing in her arms, his body shivering, his ass jerking. "Ohhh yeahhhhh!" He writhed against her, his prick flexing inside her and spurting torrents of scalding jism against the pit of her cunt.

His cock felt like a vibrator inside her, and each time his prick contracted she thought she'd go out of her mind from the force of his squirts.

"Ohhhh yesss!" she whined. "Angel!" Her eyes turned back into her skull and her loins exploded with pleasure. Her toenails clawed the boy's humping ass. The delicious thrills of orgasm whirled through her crotch, spreading to all parts of her body. "Fuck me! Fuck me, fuck me!" She couldn't get enough of this feeling. Her cunt overflowed with the boy's jism and hot, sticky gobs of the fuckcream leaked down her asscrack.

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## **Chapter Five**

Carol Lay Weak And Dizzy In The Sand, Only Semi-Conscious. She Hadn't Experienced An Orgasm like that since her wedding night. As the boy's prick slipped out of her, she sighed, and her cunt made a few sucking contractions.

"We gotta go now," one of the boys mumbled. Suddenly the boys were galloping up the stream like a couple of colts.

Carol rolled back onto the blanket, exhausted. "Why'd you let them go?" she mumbled. She felt hardly strong enough to lift her legs, but she wanted more cock. Her cunt, leaking the boy's fresh jism, still throbbed with need.

"They'll be back," Doris said. "We'll see them again before this week is over. When dealing with boys, darling, it's best if you let them think they're in command, that they're making the decisions. You can coax them a little, but that's all. They were both a little embarrassed just now, especially after they'd shot their loads, and I knew it was best to let them go instead of nagging them to stay. I've had oodles of experience with boys, my dear. I know what I'm talking about. Believe me."

But I want more, Carol wanted to say. I want more now. She lay on her belly, her head pillowed on her arms, her legs spread.

Doris giggled. "Oh, I'm a sticky mess between the legs. I just love it." She dipped her fingers in her fuckhole and brought them frosted with cum to her lips. Giving Carol a dirty leer, she licked the whitish slime off.

Carol looked away, disgusted. At the same time, though, she felt a perverse thrill at Doris's filthy act. Her mouth watered as she wondered what the boy-cum tasted like. She had to restrain herself from dipping her fingers between her own legs and tasting what the blond boy had shot there. She couldn't bring herself to acknowledge to Doris that she shared Doris's perverted desire.

A wild rustling shook the tall reeds that bordered the beach, and suddenly the black Labrador shot out of the grassy growth like an attacking monster. Carol caught her breath audibly, and Doris laughed. "It's only Job, dear."

The dog bounded across the beach, sand flying under his claws.

"Job, where have you been all this while, you naughty boy?" Doris stroked the dog as he slobbered all over her face. As he rammed his snout between her legs, she fell back, giggling like a giddy schoolgirl.

Carol watched with shock and fascination. The big dog lapped at Doris's crotch with huge swipes of his long tongue. Spit and jism flew in the sunny air. Doris spread her legs until she was performing a near full-split. She pointed her toes like a gymnast and rubbed her ass in the sand, cooing as the dog munched on her jism-oozing pussy.

"Oh Job, yes! That feels so good! Lick it, baby, oh yes!" Doris played with her tits as the dog licked her cunt, lifting them and jiggling them, rubbing her thumbs over her cherry-bumps and nipples. She craned her head forward suddenly and licked her own cherries. Forcing her head even more forward, she got her lips around one of her nipples and sucked.

Carol was shocked. How could any of this be happening? How could Doris do what she was doing? Carol felt like beating Doris with her fists for performing such unthinkable acts in front of her. At the same time, though, the fuck-tension in Carol's own loins became excruciating. She found herself rubbing her tits against the blanket, humping her pussymound into the sandy softness under her.

Doris began to jerk as if she were being electrically shocked. Her toes clawed at the balls of her feet and she threw her arms outward and twisted her head against the blanket, arching up, rubbing her spasming crotch in the dog's face. Under the dog's flapping tongue, juice dribbled from between her legs. Moaning, she shuddered as each spasm gripped her loins.

Carol's eye was suddenly caught by a flash of shiny red nakedness under the Lab's black-furred abdomen. She stared, not convinced that the dog's prick was for real. Weren't dogs supposed to have thin, fingerlike pricks? All the fucking mongrels she'd seen on the streets displayed skinny, wormlike pricks as they mounted their captured bitches. But Job's dog-prick looked as long and thick as a man's prick. If the cock weren't quite so red, if its head weren't so arrow-shaped, she would have thought she was looking at Hubert's prick. Hubert's prick was certainly no larger than the Lab's.

The dog caught her looking at him. His dark glassy eyes fixed on her own eyes and his brow appeared to furrow. Suddenly, without warning, he leaped away from Doris and was on top of Carol. She could do nothing to escape him. As his hot furry bulk settled on her naked backside, she could do nothing but shiver helplessly under him, whimpering weakly. His claws sank into her upper back and his prick stabbed her cunt. He'd hardly entered her before he was humping wildly, his slippery prick making her cunt sizzle.

Carol shook so hard she almost burst into tears. She'd never been more terrified. "Stop him," she squeaked, gazing imploringly toward Doris. "He's gonna kill me."

Doris sat up, her big tits quivering. "Don't be ridiculous, doll, he's just gonna love you. Get up on your hands and knees so he can love you better."

The dog's claws sank deeper into Carol's flesh. His furry belly rubbed against her back. His prick pistoned relentlessly inside her.

"Please, Doris, don't let him hurt me." Carol felt helpless.

Doris kneeled behind the dog and lifted him away from Carol. He growled as his prick slipped out.

"Get up on your hands and knees!" Doris ordered. "Now!"

Carol couldn't move. The dog struggled in Doris's arms, growling threateningly.

"Get up or I'll drop him on you," Doris warned as she wrestled with the big dog. "Get up now!"

Carol snapped up almost reflexively, like a boot camp recruit jumping at the sergeant's command. She'd never been bellowed at with such authority. The dog sank his claws into her waist, hugging her ass to his loins as he fucked his prick into her again. Carol braced herself on her hands and knees, her tits dangling heavily.

"That a bitch," Doris said. "Now arch your back a little and turn up your ass so he's got a good screwing angle."

Carol felt absolutely wretched, degraded beyond anything she'd ever imagined. Here she was, on all fours like an animal, a real animal mounted on her ass and rutting at her, a stud dog rutting at her as if she were a canine bitch in heat. The dog's belly jolted her as he fucked, making her shake all over.

"Gorgeous!" Doris said. "Honey, you make such a gorgeous bitch. Fuck that dog-cock, you lovely little slut. Fuck it."

The big dog panted as he fucked, his long tongue dangling, his warm spit dripping like hot rain on Carol's back. He fucked his cock in and out at a rapid, perfectly rhythmic tempo, breaking up the rhythm only occasionally and rubbing his furry abdomen against Carol's ass. His prick, although not as large as that boy's prick had been, felt just as hot and hard, and Carol, despite her disgust, couldn't help responding to the dog's fucking by wiggling her ass, rubbing against his warm fur, rotating her cunt around his cock. The blond boy's jism leaked out of her cunt as the dog reamed her, and Carol could smell the jism in the air.

"That's it," Doris said. "Now you're getting the hang of it. Wiggle that sexy bitch ass of yours, slut. Show Job you like what he's doing. Show him you wanna feel him squirt into you."

Lust washed through Carol's body. She clenched her teeth, ramming her ass back at the humping hound, grunting as his long hard prick fucked her. As his claws nearly broke through the tender skin of her waist, she remembered the young woman in the film, remembered the blood trickling down the woman's flank as the dog fucked her. The pain caused by the Labrador's claws excited her. She twisted in his grip, forcing him to dig his claws in deeper, to clutch her to his humping belly tighter. His prick screwed deep in her cunt, its hot pointed head jabbing at sensitive folds in her fluffy cunt walls. Electrical thrills drilled through her cuntmeat, passing like prickling rays through her loins.

"Mmmmmn!" she moaned, her eyes filled with hot tears of lust. "Fuck meee! Ohhhhh, fuck meeee!"

"Animal!" Doris taunted. "Filthy animal slut! I always knew you were one. Ya love it, don't ya? Don't ya?"

"Yesss," Carol whispered, her voice quavering, and Doris laughed like a satisfied witch.

Carol closed her eyes, enjoying the fucking, reveling in the delicious hot sensations that clawed

through her lust-swollen loins. She felt so naked, so hot, so dirty she wanted to scream at how wicked and free she was. She was being fucked by a dog. She couldn't believe it. Opening her eyes, she glanced over her shoulder to make sure she wasn't dreaming.

The dog was there all right, gazing straight ahead, his black body humping. His prick made juicy noises in her cunt. As he panted, his long dangling tongue flapped and barely audible grunts came from his throat. The sight of the huge dog mounted on her ass shocked Carol less than the sight of Doris crouched behind him. The buxom blonde had her face pressed up under the dog's tail, and although Carol couldn't make out exactly what Doris was doing, she heard slurping noises and she could guess. Doris was either licking the dog's asshole or lapping at his balls, probably both.

She knew she'd never witness anything more disgusting or filthy in her life—a woman sucking on a dog's shitty asshole, a woman chewing on a dog's bristly balls. The dog apparently enjoyed it. He screwed more frantically than ever now, his prick flexing and shivering as he fucked. Carol faced ahead again, humping madly, banging her ass against the dog's belly, screwing herself silly on his squirming prick.

She imagined Doris's tongue sliding into the dog's asshole, licking his shit out.

"Fuck meee!" Carol moaned. "Fuck me and shoot that stuff! Quick, oh quick!" She contracted her cuntal muscles, milking the dog's fucker. Her ass churned, the tension and sensation reaching the exploding point in her cunt.

One of the dog's claws punctured her flesh, and the blood oozed out like hot sticky cum. The dog's prick vibrated inside her, squirmed like a snake. Hot dog-jism surged into her cunt, drilling the mouth of her womb, spurting against her undulating cuntal walls. As the dog growled whiningly, voicing his pleasure, Carol's eyes rolled back in her head and her loins exploded with spasms. The dog yelped as her cunt contracted around his prick.

"I'm comingggg!" Carol moaned. "Oh God, I'm comingggg!" She shuddered as the spasms gnawed through her cunt, the pleasure saturating her loins. Lifting her right hand, she pinched and yanked on her maddeningly tight nipples. Then she squeezed her tits, trying to milk some of the tension out of them.

As her orgasm petered out, she grew so weak she could hardly hold herself up anymore. Luckily, the dog dismounted, slipping his prick out of her only a second before she collapsed onto the sand-padded blanket.

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Chapter Six

"Come On, Doll, Let Me Lick It Out Of You."

"Doris, please." Carol tried to sound light-hearted, giving Doris a false smile, but inside she felt sick to her stomach.

"Spread 'em. Stop being such a prude." Doris placed her hands on Carol's thighs and tried to pull them apart.

Exhaling with exasperation, Carol stepped her left foot sideways, planting it in the hot sand. Her right foot remained on the bleach blanket, her toes clutching at it. "Now squat a little."

Gritting her teeth, Carol lowered her crotch to the other woman's lips. Doris used her thumbs to spread Carol's pussyslabs wide, then fastened her mouth to Carol's cunt. She made cooing sounds as she sucked. As her tongue slid up into Carol's crotch, Carol gasped.

No _ lips had ever touched Carol's cunt before, and now she watched with both disgust and fascination as the blonde munched on her crotch, sucking and licking the mingled jism of the boy and the dog out of her. As Doris's tongue slipped in deeper, twisting, probing, Carol's legs trembled.

"Mm, delicious," Doris mumbled, smacking her lips. "This is such a treat." She lapped at Carol's cunt as the black Lab had licked at her own.

The dog had run off again, crashing into the tall grass and disappearing. As Carol stood helplessly on the beach, feeding her jism-filled cunt to Doris, she kept one eye out for the dog, afraid she'd be caught off guard and knocked down if he suddenly came charging out of the reeds again.

Doris twisted her head, rubbing her lips and nose between Carol's raw cuntslabs. Her face was red, sticky with jism and cuntjuice. "Mmn, you hot baby. Why don't you come again? I wanna watch your cunt up close when it comes."

"I can't," Carol said. "I'm too weak. Can't we go now?"

"Silly girl." Doris chewed into Carol's cunt, sucking up a mouthful of hairy fuckmeat. Her tongue slipped inside Carol again.

Carol had to grab Doris's head to maintain her balance. As her fingers wrapped in the blonde's hair, she felt a surge of anger and power. Digging her fingernail's into Doris's scalp, she began to tug on Doris's head, rubbing Doris's face against her kinky cunt-bush. A rush of lust gripped her loins and suddenly she was humping at the blonde's face, grinding her swollen fuckmeat into Doris's mouth.

Doris's face turned purple as Carol smothered her in the puffy, juicy, throbbing meat of her cunt.

Carol grunted as she fucked Doris's mouth, the lust overwhelming her. She felt violent, savage. All she cared about suddenly was satisfying her madly itching fuckmeat.

"Eat it!" Carol muttered, her teeth clenched. "Come on, bitch, make me come!" She yanked on Doris's hair, wanting to force Doris's entire head inside her insatiable pussy.

She came within seconds, the heat and itch reaching a maddening intensity inside her and exploding in spasms of raw, savage lust. She growled as if possessed, grinding her molten cunt in Doris's face. The orgasm shook her so that she collapsed, dragging Doris down with her, writhing on her back in the hot sand as she crushed the blonde's head between her thighs. Her orgasm faded abruptly. Carol went limp, her arms and legs falling slack into the sand.

"Phew, what a pussy!" Doris said, sitting up and wiping the fuck-slime off her face. She picked some cunt-hairs out of her teeth, her tits heaving as she panted, then grabbed Carol's hand. "Come on, time to go."

"Let me rest," Carol mumbled.

Doris yanked on her arm. "Come on, you're gonna turn into a lobster under this sun."

"Too weak," Carol said. "I'm just too weak to move."

Doris tugged Carol's arm again, then let it drop. She forced herself to stand, then ambled to the river, her meaty asscheeks contracting. Bending over, she dipped her cupped hands into the stream, then quickly straightened up and rushed at Carol, slapping the cold water on her.

"Stop it!" Carol gasped, shivering.

"But of course," Doris said, picking up her bikini. "Get dressed quick now, honey. The afternoon's wasting." She called for the dog then, whistling between her teeth.

Carol tasted dust as Doris steered the car up the winding driveway of the farm. In the back seat, the dog whimpered. Carol could sense the coiled tenseness of the anxious animal as Doris delivered him to his country home. Above the crest of the hill they were climbing, Carol could see the roof and gable end of a red barn. As the car flew over the crest, Carol almost lost her lunch and the dog started barking.

"Quiet!" Doris said, bringing the car up in front of a two-story white farm house. She threw open her door and the dog leaped over the front seat and Doris's lap. "Crazy mutt." Doris turned to Carol. "We're home, honey."

The lawn was well tended and flowers nodded in beds along the foundation of the house. The black Lab pissed against the trunk of a tree laden with small green apples, then disappeared around the side of the house.

"Well, what do you think?" Doris slammed shut her door, then went to the trunk for their luggage, her keys jingling.

"It's not quite what I expected," Carol said, enjoying the feel of the soft grass on her bare soles. "It looks more like a country club than a farm. I was expecting weeds and boarded-up doors."

Doris shook her head. "Honestly, doll, Sal and I are not hillbillies. We have all the modern conveniences out here and a part-time caretaker." After taking their luggage inside and mixing some iced tea, Doris led Carol out onto the patio behind the house. "I really wish you'd slip into something more comfortable, dear."

"I'm fine," Carol said, even though she was beginning to get overheated again in her jeans and blouse. When she'd dressed on the beach, though, she hadn't bothered to put on her panties or bra.

Doris, of course, still wore her almost nonexistent bikini.

They seated themselves in lawn chairs under the umbrella of the patio table. They sipped their drinks. Carol was gazing at the barn when she heard a loud snort and saw a chestnut stallion amble out from behind it, his tail whisking, the wind riffling his long mane as he lowered his head to nibble on the grass.

Doris slammed down her drink. "Oh marvelous, Roger is here today. Come, darling, you must meet him."

Grudgingly-she would rather have stayed there all afternoon relaxing-Carol climbed out of her chair and followed Doris across the lush back lawn. Didn't Doris ever stop moving?

The stallion looked up as they approached and Doris gave him a cursory pat on the forehead, then stepped behind the barn.

“Roger, darling, how are you!”

Carol eased past the staring horse and slipped behind the barn to see Doris rushing up to embrace a shirtless young man who was about to climb a ladder with a bucket of red paint. The boy appeared startled for a moment, then set down his paint bucket and blushed as Doris hugged him and kissed him on the cheek.

Doris stepped back. “Darling, you’ve got more muscles every time I see you.” She smacked her lips. “Mm, you’re simply gorgeous!”

The young man, in his late teens, grinned sheepishly, still blushing. He wore thread-bare bluejeans and a pair of scuffed black boots. His hair was an unruly brown mop, streaked with sun-bleached yellow.

“You damned near scared the piss outta me, Mrs. Adams,” the boy said. “When’d you get here?”

“Ten minutes ago,” Doris said. “We had no idea you were here. Roger darling, meet my girlfriend Carol.”

The boy smiled, nodding. “Pleased to meet you, ma’am.”

Carol nodded back, flustered.

“Rode Samson over, did ya?” Doris said, rippling her fingers over the boy’s belly muscles.

The boy’s breathing became audible. “Yup. I suppose Mr. Adams is up at the house.”

“Uh-uh,” Carol said, tweaking his brown left nipple with her thumb. “He’s on a business trip, as usual. It’s just Carol and Job and I who’ll be here this week. I surely hope we’ll be seeing a lot of you.”

The boy swallowed. “I’ll be here a lot. Got a lot of work to do. Wanna finish painting the barn. Gotta get back at that garden before the weeds choke the turnips.”

“Well good.” Doris giggled. “Speaking of turnips-” She stroked the boy’s groin.

“Looks like you’ve got a prize-winning turnip stuffed in your pants. Why don’t we take a look at it?”

He eyed Carol, his eyes appearing bloodshot and watery. “What about-”

“Carol?” Doris unzipped the boy’s jeans and unsnapped them. “Her hubby’s on a business trip too. She’s just as lonely and neglected as I am.”

“Oh,” the boy said. “Sure.” Turning his back to the ladder as Doris began to lower his jeans, he reached up, grasping a rung with both hands, and leaned back, his long body stretched out completely. His pants fell to his knees and his prick sprang out and up, pointing at the sky and throbbing like a heavy club.

Doris dropped to her knees in front of him, trailing her fingers down his enormous cock and over his swollen brown ballsac. “Oh, stud, I can never get over how big it is!”

Carol couldn’t either. The boy’s cock appeared at least twice as long and twice as thick as Hubert’s, and his ballsac was the size of a large fist. She felt a trickle of saliva drip from her chin and she realized she was drooling. She stood there shaking, her eyes teary with lust, not knowing what to do.

Doris shoved her nose up under his balls, sucking on his crotch, licking around and all over his balls. His prick appeared to swell even larger, his foreskin pulling back tight.

Carol found the youth's foreskin exciting. Hubert had been circumcised. His prick lacked the sexy foreskin of this boy's prick. The two farm boys on the beach had been uncircum-cised also.

Doris nuzzled the youth's balls, rubbed her cheeks on them. She gnawed on the thick base of the boy's prickshaft and his prickhead swelled like a purple balloon, fucklube bubbling out of his piss-slit and leaking down his long cock. Doris lapped up the prick-juice, gazing seductively at the boy and cooing.

"Suck it," he whispered.

"Oh, you sweet young animal!" Doris breathed. She grabbed the boy's cock in two hands and bent his prick down, her knees lifting off the ground slightly as she used her weight to wrestle with the huge cock. "Nine inches," she whispered. "Nine beautiful inches!" She licked the head, twisting her tongue into the pisshole.

The boy shuddered as if an electrical shock were shooting through his body. He moaned deliriously, twisting his head from side to side against a rung of the ladder. He arched up, fucking his cockhead into Doris's open mouth.

Doris's lips looked as if they would tear. She forced her mouth deeper on the boy's prick, incredibly swallowing more than half of it. Carol thought she could detect a widening of Doris's throat.

"Ooooh!" the boy moaned. "Suck meee!" He writhed against the ladder as if being tortured on a rack.

Doris gagged, her face going pale, but she clung to the youth's cock with both her mouth and hands, moaning hungrily, sucking noises coming from her lips. Amazingly, her head began to bob, her hugely gaping mouth sliding on the boy's cock as she sucked.

Carol crossed her legs, squeezing her thighs together. Her pussyslabs swelled. Reaching between her legs, she discovered that the crotch of her jeans had grown moist, seemed almost to be steaming. A maddening fuck-itch made her want to thrust her hand down in her pants and to fuck her middle finger up her cunt. She clawed at the dusty, baked ground with her toenails, bit her lower lip, and swallowed repeatedly to prevent the saliva from leaking out of her mouth.

Doris jerked her head up and down wildly, her blonde hair fluttering on her back, her face flushing crimson. She breathed heavily through her nose, almost snorting. The boy held himself arched and taut, his head twisting, his eyes closed. Sweat trickled from his hairy armpits, rippling over his ribs and muscles. His balls twisted slowly, swelling. Carol sniffed the air, getting a whiff of the boy's sweat, and suddenly she remembered the farm boy who had fucked her on the beach. She could almost feel his cock inside her yet. Lust washed over her flesh like warm water. Hungering for the muscular youth against the ladder, Carol moved toward him and began licking his bronze flank, tasting his salty river of sweat. She plunged her nose and lips into his armpit, sucking his musky hairs. The boy groaned. "Oh Jesus!" Carol slid down and sucked on the boy's hard nipple, biting gently, then licked her way down his abdominal ridges and fell on her knees next to Doris. Leaning against Doris, she shoved her nose up under the youth's balls, delighting in the aroma and taste. Then she licked and sucked on his balls, opening her mouth wide to take one of them between her lips while she tongued it. The boy's ball throbbed.

"Let me have a taste," Carol muttered, gripping the base of the youth's cock. She felt vaguely drunk,

and a little mean. "Come on, don't be a hog!" Even as she spoke, she couldn't quite believe the words were coming from her own mouth. She elbowed Doris. "Come on!"

Doris fell away. "Bitch!"

The boy's cock flexed up, dripping with Doris's saliva. The huge cock was incredibly strong, and Carol had to use quite a bit of muscle power to bend his prick down enough. The cock head resembled a huge ripe apple. She opened her mouth as wide as she could and managed to get the cock-knob inside, but that was all. She'd never sucked a cock in her life, so she was surprised that she'd even managed to swallow the knob of this prick.

"Suck it," the boy moaned. "I wanna come, oh suck it!"

Carol could manage only to lick the cock-knob. She could hardly breathe with the huge prick stuffed in her mouth, and, although she tried to bob her head the way Doris had, she only managed to swallow about an inch more of the boy's cock before she was choking. It embarrassed her to be so inept at cock-sucking, but just having the boy's cock in her mouth so excited her that she quickly forgot her embarrassment. She slid both her hands up and down the youth's cockshaft.

"Oooh, that feels so good!" The boy wiggled his ass, twisting his prickhead in Carol's mouth. "Oh man, I wanna come!"

Doris pushed Carol. "My turn again."

No way, Carol thought, her jaws stretched enough now so she could suck and munch on the tasty prick-knob. She jerked her hands up and down, feeling the cock throb and vibrate. The youth's asshole was wide open and warm sappy fucklube leaked down Carol's throat.

"Don't be such a hog!" Doris said, tugging at Carol's arms. "Let me suck it some more, damn it!"

Lay off, bitch! Carol wanted to shout. She was sucking frantically now, twisting her head, drilling her tongue into the boy's asshole. Her hands jerked up and down his cock.

"I'm gonna come!" the boy moaned, humping as if he'd lost control of his loins.

"Damn!" Doris yanked on Carol's hair and Carol lost her suck-hole on the wildly shivering prick.

"Ahhh!" the boy sighed. "Ohhh yeahhh!" His prick flexed in Carol's hands and a stream of hot cum blasted against her face.

Doris tried to get her mouth over the boy's prickhead, but Carol fought her, and the next spurt of thick fuckcream splattered in the faces of both women.

"Oh, oh!" Doris muttered, her tongue flapping as she tried to catch the flying fuckcream.

And Carol worked her hands up and down over the boy's slippery cock, jacking him off as she too tried to catch some of his flying cum. A hot spurt hit her in the back of the throat and stuck there for a moment like a gob of melted wax before slipping down her gullet.

The boy shuddered, shaking the ladder he clung to, pumping his cum onto the faces and into the mouths of the two women. When he was done shooting, Carol milked his cock, squeezing the cum through his pisstube and licking his asshole. The sweet peppery taste made her tongue tingle. She smacked her lips, savoring the flavor, inhaling the scent.

As Carol rubbed the youth's prickhead back and forth along her tingling lips, Doris licked the boy's cum off her face.

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## Chapter Seven

Roger Watched The Naked Women As They Wiggled Their Beautiful Asses For Him And Begged him to do with them whatever he wanted. They were on their hands and knees, their tits hanging, their backs arched, their asses upturned. The sun glistened on the moisture between their asscheeks, and their pinkish-brown asspuckers pulsed. Cuntjuice trickled down the insides of their thighs from their torrid pussyholes. As he kicked off his boots and socks, then his jeans, he found his mouth watering. He'd shot such a load that his balls were temporarily drained and his prick only half hard. Now he could enjoy the two women before he fucked his prick inside them, could take his time before he lost all control to the needs of his prick.

Doris glanced at him over her shoulder, her blonde hair dangling. "Fuck me, stud. Plug it in me."

Roger smiled and dropped to his knees behind the two women. He'd fuck her, all right, but not before he enjoyed her in other ways. He could hardly believe his good fortune -two hot women to toy with. He'd never fucked two women at the same time before. In fact, the only woman he'd ever fucked before was Doris. He'd fucked a few teenage chicks, but only one grown woman with an experienced cunt. And now he had two married cunts to fuck. This brunette-Carol, if he remembered Doris' introduction correctly-was a hot bitch too. She was slightly smaller, more petite than Doris, and she probably had a tighter cunt.

Roger decided to do some licking first. He loved the taste of pussy and the hot musky smell. The first thing he was going to do was clean up all that sexy juice leaking down the women's legs. He crouched down on the dusty ground, starting to lap at Doris's left thigh near her knee. As he licked his way up her leg, savoring the tart, slick pussycream, more ran out of her cunt and dripped on his nose.

"He's gonna eat me," Doris said. "Carol honey, he's got a tongue like a calf." She caught her breath as Roger lapped up the length of her pussy-furrow and continued up through her moist, delicious asscrack.

The woman's cunt was throbbing against his lips and tongue and nose as he nuzzled and licked up and down between its swollen hairy pussylabs. Doris was wet, and he swallowed her tart, honey-like pussycream. Doris oozed more fuck-juices than the teenage chicks he'd eaten, and it appeared that Carol did too.

"Ohhh God, suck it!" Doris churned her ass, rubbing her seething crotch in Roger's face.

He pried her cuntlips wider apart with his fingers, plunging his nose inside her while sucking on her clit. Hers was a huge clit, about as large as the last half inch of his own pinky finger, and he chewed on it, feeling it squirm. Doris whined.

Roger's prick tapped against his belly, hard as a tusk again, the foreskin pulled tight. Roger gripped his cock while he ate the woman out. He worked on his prick slowly though, not wanting to get too worked up and accidentally lose his load.

Doris's crotch began to pulsate. Her clit shivered between his lips. As he plunged his tongue inside her, she shrieked, her ass jerking, and a spurt of hot pussyjuice filled Roger's mouth.

"I'm coming, oh I'm coming!" Doris moaned. "Ohhh, ohhhhh!"

Drunk on the aroma and taste of the spasming woman, Roger fucked his tongue inside her cunt until the roots ached. Her pussy clutched like a fist, sucked his tongue like the mouth of a girl he was French kissing. When he finally backed away from Doris, his face was drenched with her sticky, slippery pussycream.

"Do me, oh please quick do me!" Carol sounded as if she'd lost her mind. "I need it, oh God!"

Roger wanted to eat her, but his cock wanted to fuck her, and his prick wouldn't be denied. He gave her cunt a few quick licks, sucking up as much of her hot fuck-juices as he could, then licked up her tasty asscrack, making sure to gnaw on her throbbing ass- pucker and probe with his tongue. He slipped his tongue inside her asshole, jerking on his cock fiercely, then straightened up and mounted her, the taste and scent of her pussy and asshole filling his head. As he fucked his cock to the hilt up her pussy, his prickskin felt as if it were peeling off his itch-prickling cock-shaft.

"Ohhhh!" he moaned, rubbing his belly against her beautiful naked ass.

"Fuck me!" Carol breathed. "Fuck meee!" She wiggled her ass against his abdomen, her cunt quivering and sucking.

Roger dug his fingers into her ass, getting a firm hold, then slowly started to fuck his cock in and out. He wanted to fuck hard and fast, to piston his cock and to blow his load immediately, but Roger gritted his teeth and restrained himself. He wanted this pleasure to last. It wasn't everyday that he got to fuck a brand-new pussy, especially the pussy of a married woman.

Carol was more frantic to come. She begged him to fuck her faster, but he only smiled, fucking his cock in and out with a steady, slow rhythm. The woman tossed her head, jerked her ass. He peered down under her and saw her tits flapping. Reaching forward, he grabbed them, squeezing them, pinching their hard nipples, letting the nipples and the sexy cherry-bumps tickle his palms.

"Faster, harder!" Carol mumbled. "Oh please!" All of a sudden Samson whinnied and went trotting off over the back pasture, his tail and mane up in the air.

"Get back here!" Roger called, knowing he should have tied up the stallion when the women arrived, but the horse ignored him, galloping away as if in the middle of a stampeding herd of ghost horses. "What the fuck's got into him?"

Roger's question was immediately answered by the growling black Labrador who suddenly swung around the corner of the barn, his dark eyes on the fleeing horse, then on Roger and the women. Doris, who was sitting on the ground, giggled and said, "Naughty dog, running off Samson like that."

The dog ignored her, circling the fucking couple, then sniffing at Roger's half-buried pecker. He started to mount up, as if he were going to shove Roger aside and take Roger's place, but Roger knocked him down, shouting, "Get!"

The dog growled, challenging Roger, but Roger glared right back at him. The dog quickly averted his eyes and moved in front of Carol. Immediately, the large black beast reared up, planting his huge paws on Carol's shoulders and thrusting his erect dog-prick at Carol's mouth.

"No!" Carol whimpered. "Doris, help!"

The dog rammed his cock at Carol's face, glancing his prick off her lips and cheeks, smearing canine

fucklube on her flushed skin.

Doris giggled. "Oh, doll, don't be such a silly prude. You'll love it. It tastes wonderful."

Roger watched with excited fascination as the dog tried to fuck Carol's mouth. He'd seen Doris fuck the dog, but he'd never seen a woman blow a dog before.

The Lab's claws sank into the woman's flesh and he growled as he banged his furry loins against her face, his flushed dogprick sliding every place but in Carol's mouth. Roger was stunned at the size of the dog's cock.

"Open up before he bites your silly head off," Doris said, and at that moment Roger fucked his cock into Carol with all his strength.

The dog-prick stuffed Carol's mouth, pistoning between her lips immediately.

"That a girl!" Doris said. "Eat that doggie's dick." She crawled on her hands and knees behind Roger and caressed his back and ass. "Ooh, these muscles drive me crazy. Screw her, you gorgeous stud. Fuck the guts out of her."

Roger churned his loins, fucking his cock into Carol and grinding his hard belly against her ass. His nude body prickled all over. Even his erect nipples tingled. He couldn't remember when he'd been this excited. Here he was, fucking a beautiful naked woman while the woman sucked on the prick of a dog. And behind him another beautiful woman scratched and caressed and massaged his back and ass. Now she was licking him, her wet tongue lapping his muscles. She spread his asscheeks and started to lap between them.

"Mmn, yummy," Doris mumbled, licking and sucking Roger's asscrack, munching on his excited asspucker. She reached between his legs and massaged his crotch, then lightly scratched his balls. Her warm hand closed around his balls and squeezed them gently.

The black Lab's eyes appeared watery. He stared straight ahead, as if looking through Roger. Carol gagged occasionally, the wet dog-cock knifing in her throat, jabbing her tonsils from time to time. She made moaning noises.

Roger played with the woman's tits, fucking her relentlessly while the dog fucked her mouth. Her tight, hot, slippery cunt surrounded his prick each time he fucked in and sucked as he withdrew. Roger didn't care if he spent the rest of his life pleasuring his prick in this woman's juicy fuckhole.

Carol smacked her lips around the fucking dog-cock, a gurgling sound coming from her throat. She twisted her head as if trying to pull the dog's fucker out of his loins. The dog whimpered, humping frenziedly, spit dropping from his tongue and pelting Carol's naked back. She was enjoying sucking the dog-cock.

Roger fucked his prick in and out of the woman's cunt. If Doris hadn't been sucking on his ass, her tongue starting to penetrate his asshole and lick inside, he would have tried to match the rapid fucking rhythm of the dog. But he couldn't do that and at the same time enjoy the ass-rimming of Doris's electrified tongue.

Cooing sounds came from both women, one woman with her mouth full of dog-cock, the other woman sucking on Roger's hairy asshole.

Roger fucked his swelling prick deeper into Carol's cunt, his balls throbbing in Doris's hand, his

asshole sucking Doris's probing tongue. The dog fucked madly.

"Ahhh!" Roger sighed, spurting his jism into Carol's hard-sucking cunt. "Ohhh, yeah!" He dug his toes in the dust, bracing himself as he pumped his hot load into the body of the dog-sucking brunette. Doris's tongue twisted inside his asshole.

Carol and the dog exploded together, Carol's naked body shuddering in Roger's hands, her ass jerking, her cunt sucking. The Lab's dog-prick spurting jism down Carol's gurgling, choking throat. The big dog whimpered, dancing on his hind legs as if Carol were biting off his prick. The dog's slimy, grayish jism dripped from Carol's prick-stuffed mouth. Carol's cunt chewed on Roger's cock, and Roger felt his eyes turn back into his skull. As the dog dismounted, Roger let himself go, falling forward onto Carol with all his weight. She collapsed under him, and Roger rutted at her as she hit the dirt, milking the last fuck-thrills out of his throbbing prick.

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Chapter Eight

Carol Had Never Felt More Filthy And Degenerate, More Wicked And Liberated, More Naked And sexy. She lounged on the reclining lawn chair on the patio, her face shaded by the umbrella over the patio table, the rest of her nude body basking in the late-afternoon sun.

Doris drew deeply on her cigarette and exhaled, then sipped some of her iced tea. The naked blonde played with her own tits from time to time, rubbing her purplish cherries with her thumbs.

They'd both been silent for the longest time. From time to time they heard banging and knocking sounds coming from behind the barn as Roger re-positioned his ladder. Carol stifled her urge to go back behind the barn so she could watch the youth paint. Although she was starting to feel horny again, she knew it would be wisest to let her batteries recharge a little before she indulged herself again. Her pussy wasn't used to all this excitement and so many orgasms.

The vinyl chair seat under her ass was wet and sticky. Roger's cum trickled out of her little by little, the pungent aroma of it drugging her. Her cunt felt slightly sore, stretched out, as if she'd been fucked by a billyclub. She enjoyed the mild soreness, which reminded her, with each throb, of the huge stud-cock that had fucked her.

"Gotta piss, doll," Doris said, struggling out of her chair. "Be right back. Don't go away." She took the empty tea pitcher along, the melting ice cubes in the bottom of it rattling. As she stepped into the house, Carol glanced at her, watching the blonde's naked ass disappear through the doorway.

Carol couldn't understand herself. All these filthy desires were suddenly leaping into her conscious mind like rats crawling out a sewer. What was even crazier was that her desires failed to shock her anymore.

She finished off her tea and sucked on the slice of lemon that had been floating in it. Even the lemon failed to wash away the taste of the dog's prick and cum. She could still feel the dog's hot cock fucking between her lips, could still feel his hot cum splashing against her tonsils and running down her throat. How that dog-prick had flexed and wriggled in her mouth, spurting its salty jism!

Roger appeared from behind the barn and came striding across the lawn, his prick swelling the crotch of his tight jeans. He stopped at the foot of the patio, wiping his sweaty brow with the back of his wrist. He smiled at Carol sheepishly.

"Gotta get home and do chores," he said. "Or the old man'll skin me alive. Won't have time to chase after that horse of mine until this evening. If he comes back, and you can get your hands on him, tie him up, OK?"

"I'll do my best," Carol said.

The boy eyed her spread crotch for a moment, then quickly turned and trotted away toward the front of the house and the driveway. His boots thudded quicker and she knew he was running.

Carol crossed her legs, only now becoming fully aware of how naked she was. It shocked her to realize how shamelessly she'd sat there displaying herself to the youth, not a stitch on, her legs spread wide.

The door banged open and Doris emerged from the house with another pitcherful of iced tea, her large tits wobbling.

"If I drink anymore of that I won't sleep the rest of the week," Carol said. "All that caffeine."

Doris set the pitcher down. "Who needs sleep? We've got better things to do than sleep, don't we?"

Carol rolled her eyes, then told Doris about Roger.

"Poop!" Doris said. "And I was just about to offer him some tea."

They drank the tea in silence, Carol thinking about nothing in particular. She enjoyed the peace and the warm sunshine, and any time a disturbing thought tried to intrude on her tranquility, she pushed it roughly aside.

By the time they'd finished off the pitcher, Carol was beginning to feel restless. The caffeine of the tea had saturated her every cell, and she felt like jumping up and running giddily around the yard. Either Doris was feeling the same way, or she could read Carol's mind, because she set down her glass and proposed they go for a walk in the pasture and look for Roger's horse.

They didn't bother to dress, but set off stark naked across the lawn and past the barn, the scent of fresh barn paint following them into the pasture.

Carol felt wicked. She almost wished somebody would see her and Doris parading across the gently rising pasture like this. Her tits wobbled heavily, the breeze licking her hot cherries, and her jism-slick cuntlips worked against each other with each step she took. The scent of wet cunt rose in an invisible cloud around them.

At the top of the rise, Doris stopped and pointed. The chestnut stallion was grazing far down in the valley, near the line fence that edged the woods. Doris set off toward him with a rapid stride, and Carol followed, her tits bouncing as she half-jogged to keep up.

The horse glanced up when they got within a hundred yards of him, then went back to his grazing.

Doris eased up to him and stroked his shiny chestnut coat. "Isn't he gorgeous? Almost as cute as Roger, isn't he?"

Carol stroked the stallion's long mane, the smell of the horse both repulsing and exciting her. The horse raised his head, his huge brown eyes fixed on her. She could feel his moist breath on her tits, and she almost wished he would try to lick them.

Doris toyed with the stallion's tail, petting it, then lifting it and peeking underneath it.

"Doris, what are you doing?"

"Mmn, he's got a pretty ass," Doris said, leaning close as if she were going to shove her face under the lifted tail.

"Sometimes you can be really disgusting," Carol said, scratching the stallion between his ears.

"Ain't it the truth," Doris said. "Oh, and look at these balls! They're as big as grapefruit!"

"Doris, stop it!"

Doris pressed her lips to the stallion's asshole and kissed it.

"My God!" Carol was unable to think of anything else to say. She watched with speechless disbelief and disgust and excitement as the blonde licked and sucked on the stallion's asshole, her fascination and curiosity causing her to move to the back of the horse so she could watch Doris more closely.

"What a gorgeous ass!" Doris muttered, slurping at the horse's enormous asspucker. As she licked his ass, she stroked his huge balls. "And these nuts! I just can't get over how big they are."

She's lost her mind, Carol thought, but at the same time she couldn't help edging closer for a look at the stallion's balls. His ballsac resembled a hot-water bottle that had dropped after being stuffed with a couple of grapefruit. "Let me feel them," Carol said. "Be my guest, doll." Doris growled as she mashed her lips to the stallion's asshole.

Carol couldn't tell for sure, but it appeared that Doris was sticking her tongue into the stallion's asshole. The stallion let out a short whinny, tossing his head, and Carol was almost positive now that Doris's tongue was inside him. She stood beside Doris, reaching out so she could touch and prod the stallion's balls with her fingertips.

They were firm, yet soft, and they jiggled in his furry sac. She giggled with embarrassment as she played with them.

How can she do that? Carol wondered. Why does she do it? And for a moment she considered asking Doris to step aside so she could try licking the stallion's ass too.

Carol moved away from the horse, getting a whiff of Doris's cunt. Carol descended. Sliding on her knees behind the ass-sucking woman, Carol inspected Doris's ass, then saw the oily pussyjuice trickling down the insides of Doris's thighs. Doris, as if fully aware of Carol's interest, spread her legs wider, and Carol found herself staring up at the red fuckmeat between Doris's blonde-furred pussyslabs.

Doris twisted her head, cooing as she licked out the stallion's asshole. Her pussy pulsed, juice dripping out. Carol was fascinated. She wondered if her own crotch appeared so inflamed and alive when she herself was becoming more and more excited. Carol reached up and spread the blonde's pussylips wider, watching the moist fuckmeat quiver. Pressing closer, she gingerly touched the tip of her tongue to the open cunt. An electric thrill shot through her tongue and at the same time Doris shivered.

Carol felt a trickle of hot fuck-juice move down the inside of her right thigh. Her own cunt throbbed. She spread Doris's asscheeks, feeling wicked as she leaned close to sniff Doris's asshole. Doris's

asspucker twitched, and Carol couldn't resist licking. As Doris wiggled her ass, Carol twisted her tongue up inside the woman's shithole. The stallion snorted and Doris moaned, both of them getting their asses tongue-fucked.

After eating out Doris's asshole awhile, Carol slid her nose down the blonde's sexy asscrack and started to lick Doris's juicy cunt. Doris's legs trembled, the pussyjuice oozing out.

Carol couldn't believe the size of Doris's clit. It was at least three times the length and thickness of her own. Gripping Doris's clit between her lips, she sucked it as if it were a large nipple. Doris groaned, rubbing her ass in Carol's face, and Carol slipped her tongue inside the blonde's steaming cunt, licking the blonde out deep.

"Oh, uh, I'm gonna come!" Doris gasped against the asshole of the stallion, and her seething fuckmeat exploded in Carol's face, squirting hot pussyjuice like piss into Carol's mouth.

The fuckjuice ran down Carol's neck and between her tits as she reamed out Doris's clutching, vibrating cunt with her tongue. Excited by Doris's spasms, Carol sawed the side of her hand up and down her own cunt-furrow, making her own greasy, pulsating fuckmeat sizzle. Carol almost came, and she would have if her attention hadn't been distracted by what she glimpsed as she pulled away from Doris's cunt to catch her breath.

Between the legs of the woman and the stallion, Carol saw what appeared to be a waving club. It took her a few seconds to realize that she was staring at the stallion's erect cock. She couldn't believe any cock, even the cock of a horse could be that long—at least two feet, and as big around as her own arm. As Doris, still squirming with the last spasms of orgasm, continued to lick and suck the stallion's asshole, his huge horse-cock flexed up and down, flushed and naked and gleaming in the sunlight.

Carol felt like a baby as she crawled on her hands and knees toward the beckoning horse-prick. The breeze licked her upturned ass and her heavy-hanging tits.

"Isn't it gorgeous!" Doris said, sliding down beside her.

"Get out of here," Carol said, feeling possessive of the stallion's prong.

"Fuck you," Doris said. "There's enough prick here for both of us." She trailed her fingers down the length of the horse-prick.

Quickly, Carol cupped the prick-knob in her two hands, rubbing her thumbs up and down its underside. Warm lube leaked under her thumbs, greasing them. The stallion's prick flexed, breaking free of her grasp and slamming her under the chin.

"Ouch!" Carol jerked back before the horse-prick delivered another uppercut.

"Oh, isn't it gorgeous!" Doris said, catching the excited horse-dong and wrapping her arms around it. "So powerful." She rubbed her cheeks up and down the huge fucker, stroking with both hands, kissing and licking the fucklube off.

Carol felt the hot flush of anger. "Get out of here! I was here first."

"But you couldn't handle it," Doris said, her eyes closed, a blissful smile on her face as she rubbed the horse-cock all over her flushed cheeks.

The stallion's flanks shivered and he snorted a few times. Fucklube bubbled from his wide-open pisshole, dribbling onto the grass, and Carol felt panic as she leaned forward again, mashing her open mouth to the end of the horse's cock and catching the hot fuck-fluid before any more was wasted. The sticky fucklube coated her tongue and throat, and she swallowed hungrily, both nauseated and thrilled by the gamy animal taste. The cock-knob was too big for Carol to swallow, so she sucked on the end.

Both women fell away, tits heaving as they panted, their hands sawing between their legs. "Oh, I'm so hot!" Doris sighed, and Carol could only agree with her.

"You know," Doris said, "if we're going to enjoy this stud, we'll have to cooperate. I don't think either of us can handle him alone."

As much as Carol hated to admit it, she knew Doris was right. "So what now?" she said, gawking at the throbbing horse-cock while finger-fucking herself shamelessly.

"We'll fuck him," Doris said. "Me first, of course, then you." She moved to get up. "Help me, doll, will ya?"

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## **Chapter Nine**

Carol Kneeled Beside Doris, Who Was Standing Up But Bent Over Under The Belly Of The Stallion. Doris pressed her back up against the stallion's abdomen. Carol had an unsteady grip on the stallion's slippery, throbbing dong. Carol couldn't imagine this enormous rod of rock-hard fuckmeat penetrating the body of the blonde without killing her, but she was too excited to care about what happened to Doris. Her own crotch pulsated, pussyjuice dribbling out like lava, and all she cared about was finding out whether it was possible for a woman to fuck a stallion. If Doris could fuck the horse without getting killed, then Carol would know that she herself could do it too.

Oh God, I'm excited, she thought, her eyes blurred with hot tears of lust. She could smell the sex-aromas of both Doris and the animal. The horse shifted restlessly, lifting his front hooves as if he were going to rear up all the way and try to mount the blonde as if she were a filly. Carol lifted his cock, guiding his prick toward Doris's waiting cunt.

"Quick, get it in me!" Doris panted. "I want it. I wanna fuck it. Oh God, quick!" She gibbered as if she'd lost her mind, rubbing her wide-open, slime-dripping pussy against the stallion's cockhead.

Carol was about to tell Doris to hold still when the stallion thrust sharply. His prickhead and several inches of his cockshaft disappeared inside Doris. The stallion snorted, rearing up slightly, and for a moment Doris appeared to leave the ground.

"Ohhhh, it's so biiiiggggg!" Doris breathed as if in pain. "I don't think I can take it. I don't-" The stallion eased his cock almost all the way out of her, then thrust again, burying at least a foot of his cock inside her. Before the whining cry could erupt from Doris's mouth, the stallion was humping, fucking his cock in and out of the helpless woman.

Carol fell on her ass, watching with horror and fascination as the huge chestnut stallion fucked the buxom woman. Almost half his prick fucked in and out of Doris, and Carol couldn't imagine where all that fuckmeat was going when his cock disappeared inside the blonde. Carol expected to see the stallion's prick-knob pop out of Doris's gaping mouth. She also expected to see blood gushing like water out of Doris's ravaged cunt, but instead she only saw pussyjuice.

The stallion grunted, fucking rhythmically, his gleaming cock plunging. He tossed his head, his mane fluttering in the breeze. As he fucked, he began to sweat, and the aroma excited Carol. She got up and stood in front of him, stroking his forehead, kissing it. When he started to lick her nipples, she gibbered insanely, rubbing her swollen tits at his mouth.

"Ohh, it's so big!" Doris moaned, gasping with each thrust of the horse-cock into her body. "It feels so hot, and so hard! And it's fucking me! Oh God, I'm gonna die, I'm just gonna die!"

Carol slid down under the horse, not caring whether he fell on them and crushed them both to death. She saw the quivering flanks of the fucking stallion, smelled his sweat. Doris's face was contorted, flushed purple. The blonde looked as if her head were going to explode. Rising up, Carol chewed on Doris's hugely swollen tits, mauling them as she ate them, enjoying the heavy, rubbery feel of them.

"I'm coming! Ohhh Godddd, I'm coming!" Doris danced under the humping stallion as his prick fucked relentlessly in and out of her spasming cunt. She rubbed her back and head against his underside like a sensuous cat. "Ohhhhh, oooooh!"

Carol rubbed her juice-greased thighs together madly. Her crotch sizzled. She couldn't stand waiting any longer. She grabbed Doris by both tits, digging in with her fingernails and yanking the spasming woman toward her. The stallion's fucker popped out of Doris's cunt and slammed against his heaving abdomen. As Doris rolled in the grass, clutching at her spasming crotch, Carol quickly took the blonde's place. Reaching behind herself blindly, she was shocked to suddenly catch hold of the stallion's cock, and shocked even more as he fucked his prick against her juicy cunt. She barely had time to prepare herself before the horse-cock entered her.

"Oh my God!" Carol managed to mouth, not knowing whether to scream or pray. She had to get away or she'd die-that much she knew. But she couldn't. It was as if her feet were glued to the ground, as if the stallion's cock were permanently secured inside her. As she stood there helplessly, bent over, every cell of her body quivering, she was aware of the stallion's cock sliding out of her, then plunging in again, sliding out, then slicing in. The steamy, sweaty heat of the animal enveloped her. His furry abdomen rubbed her naked back. She was sure that at any moment she was going to fall flat on her face, slammed down by the powerful thrusts of the animal's pile-driving cock, but she miraculously remained standing.

"Fuck her," Doris said, leering lasciviously as she sat up, still twisting a finger in her own cunt. "Bang the shit outta that slut! Come on, boy, give it to her!"

The stallion snorted as if in response, his arm-long prick fucking more rapidly. Carol didn't know how much of the horse-cock was buried inside her with each thrust. It felt like all of it. The stallion's prick-knob seemed to have entered her womb, to be pounding deep in her belly somewhere.

"Feels good, don't it, bitch?" Doris said. "Asshole! I wanted to feel him come into me. Now you're gonna get his load-just like you got Roger's load. I hope he blows your head off, dick-hog."

Bent over as she was, her hands braced on her knees, the stallion humping at her upturned ass, Carol felt helpless. As Doris moved up to bite on her tits, Carol held her breath. Doris's hot lips closed around Carol's right nipple, sucking, her tongues tweaking. Carol's eyes turned back, every cell of her body racked by such intense pleasure that it was almost painful. Her cunt clutched at the stallion's ramming cock, and he whinnied, his cock fucking faster, but with shorter strokes.

"You dirty bitch," Doris mumbled, chewing on Carol's boob. "Fucking a horse! Naughty, naughty!" She bit Carol's nipple sharply, then suddenly got up, bending over and rubbing her sweaty,

pussycreamed crotch in Carol's face. "Lick it, dirty girl. Give Doris's pussy and ass a blowjob while Samson fucks you. Lick, lick!" She ground her juice- dripping blonde crotch against Carol's mouth.

Carol hadn't imagined she'd ever performed any actions more sluttish than she'd performed earlier today, but now she was. Getting fucked by a horse of all things! Licking out a pussy flavored with horse-dong! How much dirtier could she get? How much lower could she sink?

She rotated her ass, rubbing against the stallion's furry, sweaty belly, screwing her cunt on his plunging prick. At the same time, she tried to bury her head inside Doris's dripping fuckhole. She ate the blonde out as if she were starving.

"Get the ass too," Doris growled. "Lick out my asshole." She rubbed her ass in Carol's face, grinding her hot asspucker against Carol's lips.

Carol's tongue slipped inside the blonde, licked deep, tasting the juicy folds of Doris's musky shithole. The deeper and more excitedly she ate out the blonde, the better her own-cunt felt as it clutched and quivered around the fucking horse-cock. She felt the arteries fluttering in the horse's prick, felt vibrations pulsing through the hard prickmeat, felt hot fucklube trickling into her cunt and greasing her juicy fuckhole even more. The pistoning horse-prick squished madly in her cunt. Hot pussycream leaked down her inner thighs. She rubbed her ass excitedly against the beast's furry abdomen, felt his heaving ribcage against her back.

"Mmn, mmmmn, mmmmmmn!" she moaned, slurping and sucking Doris's asshole, jerking her ass and fucking the snorting stallion.

"Oh honey, I think I'm gonna come again," Doris announced, her asshole contracting around Carol's wriggling tongue. "Ooooh, get my pussy again, quick, doll, quick!"

Carol rammed her face against the blonde's juice-dripping crotch, thrusting her tongue deep inside Doris's fuckhole again as Samson fucked his cock deep inside her own fuckhole. Doris cried out, her cunt exploding, and Samson suddenly snorted fiercely, his prick nearly lifting Carol off the ground as he fucked in deep and reared up. As his front hooves hit the ground again, his prick shuddered, blasting Carol's fuckhole with his seething cum. Carol gasped from the force of the stallion's orgasmic explosion, her body saturated with excruciating fuck-sensation. His second explosion of hot fuckcream flooded Carol's cunt. Carol thought she would pass out from the "pleasure she felt. She was coming, her body jerking with spasms and contorting with raw sensation.

"Awwwww!" she moaned into Doris's pulsating crotch. "Ohhhhhh!"

The horse-prick plunged, filling Carol's cunt with fuckcream. Doris fell away, rolling out from under the horse and coming to rest on her back, her large tits heaving. Carol continued to grunt, continued to hump her bare ass and enjoy the working of the horse-cock inside her. When Samson suddenly withdrew his prick, Carol sighed with disappointment.

Falling on her knees, her cunt still pulsating with the aftershocks of orgasm, Carol caught hold of the magnificent cock that had fucked her. The prick was still quivering, still throbbing, shiny with cuntjuice and horse-cum. She slid her hands up the horse-cock as far as she could reach, then squeezed the cock and pulled her hands down. As gobs of thick white horse-cum oozed from the flaring cumhole, Carol caught them with her tongue, letting them roll down her throat like fluffy oysters. The gamy taste almost caused her to gag at first, but after a few swallows she was used to the flavor and craved more. Milking the stallion's cock again, she drilled his cumhole with her tongue, lick- ing it out. Smacking her lips, she sucked hungrily until the horse shook her off and trotted away snorting.

Carol sat in the grass, the sun blinding her, her head woozy. It was as if she were waking up from a dream. She wondered if what she thought had just happened to her had actually happened.

"Sit on my face," Doris said.

"What?"

"You heard me, sit on my face. I wanna sample that horse-cum you've got running out of your twat."

"Doris, you're disgusting."

"How many more times are you gonna tell me that, bitch? You sound like a broken record. Sit on my face, if you please."

Carol straddled Doris's head and lowered her crotch to the blonde's mouth. She was surprised at how natural she felt performing such a disgusting, perverted act. In fact, she caught herself leering down at Doris with a wicked satisfaction, and she settled her open pussy over the blonde's mouth. As Doris licked her out, Carol contracted her pussy, ejecting horse-cum from her fuckhole. When Doris choked, Carol experienced a flush of excitement and contracted her cunt again and again, rubbing her slimy, wide-open pussy all over the blonde's face.

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Chapter Ten

They Had Both Taken Baths And Were Relaxing Now On The Couch In The Living Room, Each Woman resting her back against one arm of the couch while she sipped wine and stroked the other woman's naked legs with her own naked feet. Carol had never felt so silky and sensuous. She was discovering the pleasures of being a woman, finally.

"Say it. Come on, quit being silly. You fucked a stallion this afternoon, for godsake.

You fucked two boys, and you blew both a boy and a dog. How can a woman who's done all that be afraid of saying a few naughty words? Now say it."

Carol giggled, the wine making her feel bubbly inside. "Asshole," she mumbled.

"Oh come on, say it out loud."

"Asshole," Carol half-shouted.

"You dirty-mouthed bitch. Now say cock and prick and pussy."

"Cock prick pussy!" Carol bellowed. She guzzled more wine. She wiggled her big toe between Doris's hot pussylips, delighting in how slimy and slippery Doris was getting down there only ten minutes after bathing. She lifted her other foot and nudged Doris's tits with her toes, tickling the nipples.

Doris inserted a toe in Carol's cunt, twisting it in deep. "Isn't this fun? I just love sex. I really don't care about much else."

"Feels so good," Carol sighed, setting down her wine glass so she could grab Doris's foot and steady it as she worked her hot crotch up and down along Doris's toes. She felt Doris's cunt contract around her own big toe, and a thrill shot through her leg. "Let's get off again."

The two women slowly toe-fucked each other. Carol let the sensations saturate her loins. She was in no hurry to come. She didn't care whether she went on just feeling excited and good for an hour before she brought herself off.

"Ever get buggered?" Doris asked.

"Ever get what?"

"Buggered. Fucked in the asshole."

"You must be kidding me." Carol had opened her eyes and stopped humping against Doris's foot.

The two women looked at each other, each other's feet held motionless between their legs.

"Have you ever known me to be less than serious, doll?"

Carol rolled her eyes. "Doll, I don't think you've ever been serious about anything in your life."

Doris smiled. "Well, maybe not-although you certainly haven't known me all your life, have you?" Doris popped Carol's toe out of her cunt and lifted it so she could suck off the pussyjuice.

Carol felt perversely excited. She lifted Doris's foot to her lips and licked her own tart fuck-juices off the blonde's dripping toes.

"You like a tongue up your ass, don't you?" Doris asked.

"Well, yes."

"A tongue's nothing compared to a cock, honey." Doris shivered. "God, I'm horny. I wish Roger had come back. Don't suppose he will anymore tonight." Doris pushed Carol's feet away and got up suddenly. Moving to the other end of the couch, she shoved her ass at Carol and spread the asscheeks. "Well, what're you waiting for? Shove your finger in it."

Excited, Carol toyed with Doris's pinkish-brown asspucker, tickling the asshole with her fingertip. She found Doris's asshole too dry when she tried to work her finger in, so she dipped her finger in her mouth first, greasing it with spit. Her finger slipped inside Doris's asshole easily now, engulfed as if sucked inside by a mouth.

Doris sighed. "Love it."

Carol began fucking her finger in and out, enjoying the way Doris's asshole continued to contract rhythmically, sucking. Doris became wetter inside, her asshole a furnace. She wiggled her ass.

Carol pulled her finger out after a minute. "Now you do it to me," she said, getting up and kneeling on the couch. The wine made her move dizzily. She leaned forward, her elbows resting on the back of the couch, her ass turned up. As Doris crouched behind her, spreading Carol's asscheeks, Carol furtively sucked the shit and ass-moisture off the finger she'd had inside Doris, enjoying the musky, salty taste.

Doris lubricated her finger with saliva and wiggled it up into Carol's asshole.

"Oooh!" Carol gasped.

"Feels good, doesn't it, doll?"

"Mmn," Carol said, wiggling her ass as Doris finger-fucked her. "Almost as good as in the cunt."

"Sometimes it even feels better," Doris said. "Oh, I wish Roger was here. Bet he'd go bananas over two assholes. If you think he was excited this afternoon, you oughta see him when he's fucking ass. That boy loves to bugger."

Carol was getting so excited she wanted to scream. She was just about to beg Doris to call up Roger and invite him over when a sudden commotion behind her caused her heart to lodge in her throat.

"Job, get down off that screen!" Doris yanked her finger out of Carol's asshole and charged at the screen door that looked out on the patio.

Job, standing on his hind legs and looking taller than Doris, had his claws embedded in the mesh of the screen as if he were going to tear it apart. He whimpered, his tongue dripping as he panted, his oversized dog-cock erect and thrusting at the air as his furry loins humped.

"Well, where've you been for the last three hours, you worthless hound?" Doris pushed on the door. "Get down, stupid."

Job sniffed the air frantically, humping, whimpering.

"Get down!" Doris shouted, banging on the door wood.

After a few seconds, the black Lab appeared to finally understand and, as he pushed away from the door, leaving gaping claw-holes in the screen, Doris shoved it open. The dog charged into the living room and went straight for Carol, ramming his wet snout between her asscheeks and lapping furiously.

Doris pulled him down. "Get on the floor bitch, if you want this stud to take care of you."

Carol managed a nervous giggle. Her heart slammed in her chest. She was still terrified of the dog. The moment she got into position, the dog broke away from Doris and was on her.

He mounted her as if she were a mongrel bitch, gripping her waist and hips with his big paws, letting his claws sink in. His red-hot dog-prick, as large as the cocks of some men, plunged into her cunt and seared her pussylips. Carol squealed as he began to fuck her.

Doris squatted beside her dog, stroking his back as he fucked Carol. After she'd let him fuck for some seconds, she reached between his belly and Carol's ass and worked her finger into Carol's asshole. Carol almost came, but, before she could, Doris pulled her finger out and let the dog sniff.

"Wanna fuck her asshole, boy? Do ya, huh?"

The dog whimpered, his loins humping.

"You do, don't ya? You wanna fuck her juicy ass. Well, let me help." Doris gripped the Lab's loins from behind and forced him to pull out.

The dog squealed, growled, nearly sinking his claws through Carol's skin.

Steadying the dog by hugging him around the belly with her left arm, Doris reached around with her right hand and got hold of his prick. The dog squirmed furiously, but Doris managed to guide his cock against Carol's asshole. Greased with fucklube and pussy-juice, the cock slipped inside easily.

Carol panted, tensing. "Ohh, it hurts, it's too big, take it out!"

Doris released the dog. "Just relax. You'll love it."

Carol whined, her asshole on fire as the dog started to fuck her. The dog's cock was just too big. Her asshole was too tight. She gritted her teeth in agony.

"Relax," Doris said, caressing Carol's back. "Pretend he's screwing your cunt. Fuck that dog-cock, honey, fuck it!"

Carol closed her eyes, trying to relax, trying to do what Doris had told her. She visualized the dog-cock fucking her cunt and started to wiggle her ass. Miraculously and suddenly, the pain vanished in her asshole and lust saturated her loins.

"Feels so good," Carol grunted, jerking her ass against the hound's furry loins.

"What did I tell you?" Doris said. She reached under Carol and played with Carol's tits.

The dog-cock fucked deep into Carol's asshole. Doris was right-getting fucked in the ass could feel even better than getting fucked in the cunt.

"Ohhhh, fuck meeee!" Carol whined, jerking her ass, rubbing madly against the dog's furry abdomen.

"What a bitch, what a stud!" Doris said. "Give it to her, Job, screw the shit outta her!"

"Yeah," Carol gasped. "Oh yes!"

The big dog clung to Carol's ass, humping frantically, fucking his hot cock in and out. His saliva pelted Carol's back. Doris crawled around behind him and started to lick and suck his balls, to twist her tongue into his asshole. Without warning, the dog exploded into Carol, letting out a whining howl as his jism surged into her.

"Oh my God, shoot it!" Carol gibbered. She churned her ass against the stud's pounding, quivering abdomen, contracted her asshole, milking the hot cum out of his squirming dog-prick. "Shoot it, honey, shoot it!"

The dog hunched over her, his loins pumping, his cock squirting. Spit dribbled from his dangling tongue, running down Carol's back. Carol fucked her ass back and forth on his incredibly hard, incredibly slippery cock, frantic now to bring herself off. She was getting close when Job pulled out and dismounted. He sniffed her ass, then jumped up on the couch and settled down, resting his chin on his paws.

Carol groaned, the pussyjuice running hot down her legs, her asshole on fire. She sat on the carpet, now knowing quite what to do with herself.

"Did you get off?" Doris asked, sitting back on her heels and wiping her mouth.

"Hell no," Carol said.

Doris laughed. "Poor dear, what are we gonna do with you? I know, get up on your hands and knees again and I'll lick you out."

"I've had enough of your tongue for one day," Carol said. "I need something better." She glanced at

the Labrador, who appeared to be napping. "How long does it take him to recharge?"

Doris giggled. "After all the action he's had today, probably quite a while."

"Shit!" Carol said.

Job leaped off the couch and ran to the door, barking. Carol became aware of a horse's hoofbeats outside, and both women were suddenly on their feet and running to the door. Doris flung open the door and Job charged outside into the darkness.

"Job, get back here!" Doris shouted, stumbling across the patio, Carol almost tripping over Doris's heels.

A few minutes later the two women were escorting Roger into the living room, leaving Samson, whom Roger had retrieved, tied up to a tree in the back yard. Doris had to cuff Job alongside the head twice to make him stop growling.

The dog took his place on the couch again, as if he owned it, and rested his head on his paws. The two women undressed Roger.

Carol trembled as she pulled off Roger's boots and socks. The youth smelled of manure, an aroma she ordinarily found distasteful, but which she now found exciting. As she stood to help the boy pull off his shirt, she became even more excited by the aroma of his sweaty armpits. Both Carol and Doris kneeled in front of him and peeled them off his lean hips. As his cock sprang out, flicking off fucklube and snapping up, Carol caught the scent of his uncut prickhead and of his balls.

"Oh my!" Carol sighed, driving her nose under his balls and lapping at the sweaty flesh there.

Both women gave the youth's balls a thorough tongue-bath, then moved up to lick his cock from base to head, from head to base. As his cock swelled to splitting hardness, its veins bulging, its foreskin pulling perfectly tight along the cockshaft, the boy stretched his arms over his head and slowly humped. He moaned as Carol and Doris rippled their fingers over his abdominal muscles, both women lapping at his prickhead.

"Blow it," he whispered. "Bring me off."

"Not tonight," Doris said. "Tonight you've gotta work to get your rocks off." She went down on her hands and knees then and wiggled her ass at him. "Plug my shithole, doll."

The boy just about knocked Carol over as he went for Doris, dropping to his knees behind her and thrusting his hand between her legs. He smeared Doris's slick pussycream up into her asscrack, working some of it into her shithole with his fingers, then slipped his cock into her cunt. Doris gasped, shivering, gyrating her ass. The boy fucked his cock in and out, moaning, rubbing Doris's pussy-cream on his face and abdomen. He licked his fingers off and at the same time popped his prick out of Doris's pussy. Digging his fingers into her asscheeks and hips to steady her, he rammed his dripping cock against her greased asspucker, grunting as he twisted the huge prick into her. Doris panted as the big prick disappeared up her shithole. The boy's hard abdomen rubbed Doris's ass, his cock fucking her to the hilt.

"Ohhh, stud!" Doris moaned. "Do it!"

The boy's muscles writhed under his bronze skin. His asscheeks contracted repeatedly as he fucked the blonde's ass. He panted, groaned, his toes digging into the carpet, his fingers clawing Doris's

wide hips.

“Oooh, screw my ass, baby, grind it out, yeah!”

“Fuck you,” the boy mumbled. “Hot bitch ass, ahhhh!” His belly smacked her ass again and again as he buggered it. His heavy balls flapped against her cunt.

“Stop!” Doris gasped, becoming still and tense. “I don’t wanna come yet. Oh stop!”

The boy swung his pelvis. His belly banged her ass. His prick fucked in and out. He moaned loudly, too delirious with pleasure to hear the blonde.

“Ohhh shit!” Doris groaned. “I’m coming! Uh, uh, ohhhhhhh!” Her blue eyes rolled back until only the whites were visible. Suddenly, she was churning her ass frantically, grinding her spasming asshole around and around the youth’s pistoning prick. She jerked as the contractions of orgasm gripped her loins, her hugely swollen tits tight and quivering. Carol noticed pussyjuice leaking down the insides of Doris’s legs.

The boy humped as if he were trying to set a world record for fucking speed. Carol knew that he would be popping his load any moment, so she threw her arms around him and wrestled him off the blonde. The boy hit the floor.

He lay on the floor, chest heaving, eyes closed, dick jumping all over his abdomen. “I was almost there,” he mumbled. “Almost.”

Carol kissed him. “I know,” she said, “but I couldn’t have you coming before you fucked my ass too.”

She sat up, facing away from the boy as she straddled his hips. Reaching down, she bent up his heavy, greased cock, letting his prick sink into her juice-oozing cunt. She moaned with ecstasy as the big cock filled her, and immediately she began to ride up and down, her tits heavy and flapping. As she cunt-fucked the boy’s prick, she reached down and massaged his juice-slick balls, marveling at their enormous size.

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## **Chapter Eleven**

Carol Raised Up Off The Youth’s Cock. The Big Fucker Was Slick With Her Cuntcream And She could hardly hold on. His prick bucked and squirmed in her hands as she guided his cock between her asscheeks and sat down. As she used her weight to apply pressure to the youth’s prickhead, her asshole opened slightly and the dog-jism inside her leaked out, running down the boy’s prick. Her asshole and his prick were so greasy that suddenly Carol found herself sinking down on the prick. Before she realized what was happening, she was sitting smack on the youth’s groin, his cock buried inside her to the hilt.

“Ohhh yeahhhh!” the boy sighed. “Ass, tight ass!”

Carol thought her pelvis would explode from the pressure. She felt the youth’s cock pulsating in her asshole like an enormous heart, and she got so excited that her loins made a series of quick contractions. Pussyjuice dribbled out of her cunt and bathed the youth’s throbbing balls. She and the boy moaned in unison.

“Fuck your ass,” Roger mumbled, arching up and fucking his cock in and out of her as she rode him.

His tight ass bounced on the floor.

Carol glanced over her shoulder to see the youth gazing, as if in a trance, at his cock fucking in and out of her asshole. She wiggled her ass, watching with pleasure as the boy's eyes nearly popped out. She could make him come anytime she wanted to, she knew. But she didn't want to yet-not until she was ready to come herself, which wouldn't be until she'd milked as much pleasure as she could out of their bugging.

Doris had left the room, possibly to use the toilet. Carol didn't care. She didn't care if Doris ever came back. She didn't want to share Roger. She wanted the sweaty farm boy all to herself.

"Feels so good," Roger moaned, squirming on his back, his prick buried in Carol's wiggling, clutching asshole.

"Mmn, yes," Carol whispered. "Feels so damn good!" She didn't think she could ever feel better. She juggled her tits as she ass-fucked the youth, tossed her head from side to side slowly, letting her brown hair swing.

On the couch, Job put his head up. He was watching her, his black eyes getting watery, starting to blaze with lust. Carol had seen that look before.

The dog stood up, lengthening his back and stretching. Carol saw instantly that his cock protruded naked from its black sheath, long and erect, red and wet-looking. He jumped gracefully off the couch and came toward her, ignoring her as she tried to push him away. He lowered his head to sniff her pussy and the youth's balls.

"Go away," Carol said, fearing she'd have to uncouple from the boy. "Go find Doris." Carol lost her balance and toppled backward onto Roger, who caught her in his arms and maintained his cock in her asshole. Before she knew what was happening, the dog was on top of her, thrusting his hot prick between her cuntlips, fucking his prick into her pussyhole, rubbing his furry black belly all over her and lapping at her tits. Trapped between the muscular farm boy and the growling black dog, Carol trembled and whimpered.

It took Carol a while to overcome the shock of her attack by the Labrador. The big dog had fucked her pussy with several dozen strokes before Carol could collect herself enough to respond to him. When she realized fully what was happening to her, she could hardly control her excitement. She lifted her legs, stroking the Lab's flanks with her toes, getting her right foot under his tail so she could tickle his asshole and balls as he screwed her.

"Fuck me," she gibbered, reaching up to caress the dog's head. "Screw me." She rubbed her swollen tits against the dog's furry chest, opened her mouth and let him dangle his long dripping tongue down her throat. She sucked the dog-tongue, wiggling her loins, going crazy as the hot dog-cock fucked in her clutching cunthole. At the same time, she was ever aware of the huge cock fucking in and out of her asshole. The boy chewed on her neck and the backs of her shoulders as he ass-fucked her, humping hard and quick. As the boy-cock fucked her asshole, the dog-cock fucked her cunt.

She sucked on the dog's tongue, swallowed his dog-saliva, rubbed her naked body at his fur, her feet moving up and down his flanks and lower back, her toes tickling his asshole and balls from time to time, her fingers caressing him. She felt his slippery dog-cock squirming inside her and contracted her cunt around it repeatedly. Both her asshole and cunt contracted together, and both the dog and the boy voiced their pleasure, the boy with a groan, the dog with an appreciative grunt.

All at once the hound shivered in Carol's arms, his prick flexing inside her, his dark eyes rolling

crazily. His prick vibrated fiercely as his jism spurting into her and he whimpered as if he were being whipped. The dog's orgasm acted as a catalyst, setting off the boy's cock. The youth's prick suddenly swelled even larger inside Carol's asshole, quivering on the brink for a moment before it unloaded. As the boy poured his hot fuckcream up Carol's shithole, he bucked under her, moaning hysterically.

Carol couldn't hold off a moment longer.

"Ahhhhh!" She moaned loudly, causing the dog to jerk with surprise and almost pull out. She held him though, crushing him in her arms, licking his snout, biting his jaw, rubbing her skin against his fur. Her cunt contracted spastically around his vibrating cock, milking the cum out of him.

Carol dug her toenails into the dog's flanks. She'd never experienced an orgasm so intense. The hot, electrical thrills surged through her asshole and cunt, shot down her legs and up through her nipples, which she rubbed madly against the dog's warm fur. Dog-drool dribbled on her face and down her neck. Hot dog-cum bubbled out of her cunt. As the dog pulled out of her, she reached down and got hold of his slippery cock, milking his prick dry, making the dog whimper. When he broke away from her, she rubbed his sticky jism on her tits, on her cheeks, then licked it off her hands.

Roger went limp under her, his cock softening slightly in her asshole, and she uncoupled from him. Crouching between his legs, she lapped the dog-jism off his balls and sucked his own jism off his cock. The youth squirmed, twisting his head and moaning as if he were being tortured. Carol loved his sensuous reaction. Bobbing her head, using her tongue on his prickhead, she gave him a blowjob, surprised at how much of his cock she could swallow now without gagging. She was becoming an expert at cock-sucking, and fast. She tortured the sweaty farm boy for five minutes before he shuddered, groaned, and shot a thick, rich load of cum down her hungry throat. As she swallowed the hot cum, she fucked a finger in and out of her dog-jismed pussyhole, bringing herself off yet again.

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Chapter Twelve

Doris Kneeled On The Dew-Wet Grass Under Samson's Muscular Flanks. The Stallion Shifted restlessly. She was glad the horse was reined to the tree trunk. His being tied up provided her with a modicum of safety.

She reached for his cock, which she couldn't see in the dark because her eyes hadn't yet adjusted. The moon hadn't come up yet, but at least the stars provided some light. The huge dark bulk of the animal loomed over her, and the scent of him, the smell of manure and hay, was so heavy that she felt slightly light-headed. His prick felt like cool soft rubber as her hand closed around his cockshaft. The horse whinnied, his cock lengthening slightly, and suddenly hot piss streamed down on Doris.

"Goddamn!" The horse-piss stunk, and she was drenched in it. She turned the hoselike cock away from her, hot horse-piss dribbling off her nipples, then turned the steaming spray back on herself, showering in piss, opening her mouth and letting the bitter fluid run down her throat. Before the horse had finished pissing, she cupped her mouth over the end of his prickhead and sucked the piss directly from the cock. Now that her initial shock had worn off, she realized that horse-piss didn't taste much different than dog-piss or human piss, both of which she'd drunk more of in her life than orange juice. As the last hot drops leaked from the stallion's prick, Doris even felt disappointed, and she cursed herself for wasting some of the piss-stream.

She drilled her tongue into the stallion's pisshole-, licking it out, tongue-fucking it. She managed to

get an inch, maybe two inches of her tongue into the horse-cock. These beasts had enormous pissholes. If her fingernails weren't so long she'd try wiggling one of her fingers up inside the stallion's cock just to see how far she could shove it before the horse raised hell.

The horse-prick swelled, growing thicker and longer and harder. Within seconds, Doris had two feet of hard, hot horse-prick to play with. She ran her hands up and down, holding its fist-sized cock-knob in her mouth. The huge fucker vibrated, flexing up, and the stallion snorted, his flanks quivering.

Doris spread spit all over the stallion's cock, rubbing it in, then rubbing more spit on top of it. Her pussy was running, and she reached between her legs to get her hand good and slick with cuntcream. She spread the warm, buttery pussyjuice on the stallion's prick, all the while sucking on his tasty cock-knob and licking out his cumhole. When the spit and pussycream were so thick on the cockshaft that they dripped off, Doris pulled her mouth off the prickhead and took special care to lubricate that big cockhead with lots of pussycream. She stood up, staying bent over, and she reached back to catch his cock. Her asshole had been reamed out by a lot of cocks, both human and canine, but never by the two-foot-long, arm-thick cock of a stallion. Backing up, rubbing the hot prick-knob up and down between her asscheeks, she wished Carol had allowed Roger to shoot inside her so she'd be greasier in the asshole. She still had enough of Roger's slick fucklube inside her, not to mention her own natural ass juices, so she hoped her asshole was greased enough. The stallion snorted, ramming his cock between her spread asscheeks, and suddenly it was too late to worry anymore. The knob of the horse-cock throbbed inside her.

She was sure her asspucker had split with a thousand fissures. The fire she felt made her eyes tear, made her actually sob. She tried to escape, realizing she'd made a terrible mistake, but the stallion was too quick for her. With a second thrust, he rammed his cock a foot up her asshole. She screamed.

The stallion started to hump, fucking his cock in and out. Doris was strangely frozen to the spot, unable to move, unable to run away. She'd heard of women being raped and of their becoming immobile with shock. She was sure that this was what was happening to her. She was too shocked by the sudden entry of the horse-cock into her asshole, and by the excruciating pain of its ass-stretching, to be able to save herself. She stood there helplessly, in agony, bracing her hands on her knees as if to aid the horse in his rape, steadying herself so he could bugger the shit out of her. His prick fucked in and out, fucking her deeper than she'd ever been fucked before, reaming out her guts.

The horse-cock made squishing noises inside her. She was getting juicier inside by the stroke. I'm bleeding to death, she thought. Getting fucked to death. Slipping a finger inside her pussy, she began to masturbate, deciding that if she was going to die, she'd rather die in pleasure than pain.

Her clit squirmed against her finger. She rubbed with her thumb, feeling thrills down to her toes. She had always had a sensitive clit-and a big one. She was convinced that Sal had married her because of the size of her clit, not to mention her tits.

The horse rammed in super-deep, and she gasped. She felt him jab something deep in her abdomen. His sweaty flanks quivered, contracting as he humped. The scent of horse-sweat stimulated her. She rubbed her back against his fur, wiggled her ass around his fucking cock, realizing suddenly that all her pain had vanished. She felt now only a delicious fullness and tension in her asshole, and her sensitive ass nerves were beginning to tingle with pleasure, rubbed by the hot, naked cock of the stallion. She fucked her finger in and out of her pussy, humping her ass while the stallion humped her, fucking his cock while she jacked off her dripping cunt.

Reaching down, she rubbed her hand up and down her inner thighs, finding that what she thought was blood was really hot, slippery pussycream. She rubbed the pussycream all over her tits, making sure to tweak and pinch her hard, quivering nipples. Her tits swelled as she teased herself, and she moaned, jerking her ass back and forth.

"Fuck me!" she breathed. "Oh, fuck meee!" She'd never been ass-fucked so hard, so deep.

The pussyjuice gushed into her jerking hand. She rammed three fingers up her crotch, reaming out her pussy while the horse fucked her asshole. The tips of her toes prickled. She pulled and pinched her nipples, making her cunt contract repeatedly. She whined as if in agony, although she felt only pleasure. She wanted to come, had to come before she went out of her mind.

"Cream me, boy! Oh, cream me! Shoot that hot stuff up my asshole! Oh yesss!" She twisted her fingers in her crotch, clawing at her inflamed pussymeat.

The stallion grunted, his flanks shuddering, his cock flexing inside her asshole. The huge prick shivered violently as the spasms gripped him. Hot horse-cum gushed into Doris's asshole, filling her quickly. Within seconds, the spurting horse-cock sounded like a toilet plunger inside her. Feeling the hot cum leaking out of her asshole, Doris closed her eyes and exploded, her pleasure making her mouth gape in a silent scream.

"Oh yesss, shoot it, squirt it, ohhh, mmmn!" She was so dizzy she had to fight to stand up. Her cunt chewed on her fingers, spitting pussyjuice. Her asshole contracted with strong shudders, milking the stallion's pulsating cock. Horse-cum bubbled out of her, running down between her pussylips and down her legs. The horse-cock fucked in and out relentlessly. Doris ass-fucked the big cock, knowing without a doubt that she'd discovered the ultimate pleasure.

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## **Chapter Thirteen**

The First Thing Carol Did Upon Returning To Town Was To Visit The Kennels And Choose The largest, sleekest, most muscular specimen she could find. She chose a Great Dane-135 pounds of muscle, and six feet tall when he stood on his hind legs. She asked to be alone with the dog before she bought him, and the attendant reluctantly allowed her her wish.

Alone with the enormous, warily growling hound, Carol immediately calmed him by hiking up her skirt and letting him sniff her throbbing pussy. She hadn't worn panties in a week. Her pantyless ass, combined with her excitement at buying the dog, made her cunt leak profusely now, and the Dane seemed to appreciate her juices, lapping them off her inner thighs while Carol stood flushed and trembling in front of him. She became so hot that she almost forgot to do what she'd intended to do, but, as the dog's tongue licked up her pussy-furrow, she suddenly remembered. Pushing the resisting dog away gently but firmly, she leaned over and checked the Dane's underside. There it was, protruding proudly, red and wet and excited-the dog's cock. This dog would do just fine. She already knew he was responsive. He liked pussy.

At home with the Dane, whom she'd named Jock, she began to wonder whether she should have bought him. He devoured four cans of dog food in four gulps. Hubert would probably have a fit, claiming they'd go broke trying to feed the mutt.

Well, she decided, as she took off her clothes in the bedroom-Jock sitting on his haunches and watching her-Hubert would have to learn to live with the dog. It was about time she got her own way for once.



Naked, she sat at the edge of the bed and fell back, letting her legs spread wide. The Dane appeared between her legs a second later, his tongue flapping even before he had touched her throbbing pussy. Reaching down, she pulled apart her pussy-flaps so the dog could lick deeply between them, so he could get his tongue in her fuckhole. After a half-dozen swipes of the dog's hot tongue up and down her cunt, Carol spasmed, curling her toes, grunting blissfully as the warm thrills whirled through her loins.

The Great Dane rose up and mounted her. It seemed as natural for a dog to fuck her as for a man to fuck her. Both dogs and men had cocks, both dogs and men mounted women instinctively, their cocks finding the pussyhole like a gopher its burrow. As Jock gripped her at the waist with his huge padded paws, as he sank his claws in to steady her, Carol moaned with excitement. She loved the pain of a dog's claws in her flesh, loved the first searing stab of his sharp prick between her legs.

"Oh, fuck me, you stud! Screw me, you big beautiful angel! Hard, deep, oh yes!" She reached up, caressing the sleek flanks of the humping Dane. As the dog fucked faster, reaming her out with his hot prick, she raised her legs, wrapped them around the hound, rubbed her bare feet up and down his furry back. He was a muscular stud, as strong as Roger. He was as good as Roger and Job combined. Getting fucked by Jock was like getting fucked by a hunky farm boy and a hot-pricked dog at the same time.

"Give it to me," she moaned, squirming. "Oh, grind me out!" She offered her tits to the dog, pushing them up with her hands until they formed two swollen, squashed-together mounds. The dog's tongue flapped all over them, frosting them with dog-spit. As his wet tongue punished her cherries, the sensations shot straight to her cunt.

The dog fucked so fast that Carol couldn't tell his in-strokes from his out-strokes. Both her cunt and his prick sizzled, their coupled fuckmeat twice as fast as a man or boy. She liked that in a dog. She also liked a dog's long slithering tongue. Gazing up at the rutting beast, Carol's eyes filled with lust-tears. She threw her arms around him, rubbing her tits at his chest, grinding her crotch at his jerking cock, clawing his back with her toenails. Waves of fuck-sensation rushed through her body and her cunt began to contract with the delicious spasms of orgasm.

The dog whimpered and exploded into her, his squirting dog-jism scalding the quivering walls of her pussyhole. She milked his cock with her cunt. Hot dog-jism leaked from her spasming fuckhole and dribbled over her twitching asspucker. Jock grunted and whimpered in her arms, and she whined like a bitch in heat.

Late that evening, the phone rang, and Carol picked it up expecting the caller to be her obscene phone-caller of almost a week ago. She was ready for him this time. "Yes?" she whispered seductively.

"Carol?"

"Hubert!" Her heart pounded. "I wasn't expecting it to be you."

"Not me? Well, who else would be calling at this hour?"

Carol giggled, trying to cover up her slip of the tongue by pretending she was only joking.

Hubert gave her a short, suspicious pause, then said abruptly, "Carol, I hate to tell you this, but I'll be gone at least another week."

"Another week?"

"Yes." Hubert went on quickly, "It's essential. Sal and I are working a big transaction. And I'm afraid I'll have to make another trip within a few days after I return. I'm moving up, Carol. It'll mean a lot more money, and advancement. Sal says there's no telling how high I might go in the company. We'll have to make sacrifices. I'm going to be doing a lot of traveling. I hope you can adjust to my being gone a lot of the time."

Carl said nothing, partially stunned, partially relieved.

"Carol, are you there?"

"Yes, darling. I couldn't be happier."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. Now I have something to tell you. I bought a dog." "A dog?"

"A very nice dog. You'll love him. And he can keep me company while you're out of town, and he can guard against prowlers too. You don't mind, do you?"

"No," Hubert said reluctantly. "I suppose it would be good to have a watch-dog around the place."

Immediately after hanging up on Hubert, Carol phoned Doris with the news of her new dog and Hubert's call. Doris knew all about Hubert, having just finished talking to Sal long-distance. The news of the dog, though left Doris drooling. Doris insisted that Carol and she return to the farm for another week, and that they bring Jock along. Carol needed no persuasion. They would leave late tomorrow morning.

It was midnight when the phone rang again. Carol knew the moment she heard the hot breathing that it was the obscene phone-caller. She gave him no chance to go into his dirty spiel.

"I'm naked and waiting," she said. "The back door is unlocked. Come up the steps. I'll have a light on in my bedroom, and I'll be on the bed, waiting. My pussy is all wet and hot, so if you don't get over here quick I'm gonna jack off." She hung up without another word.

Five minutes later she heard Jock, whom she'd locked in the basement, start to bark. She heard the back door slam and footsteps on the stairs. Carol spread her legs, closed her eyes. Someone stepped into the bedroom and closed the door. Under the slits of her eyelids Carol saw a tall young man removing a pair of shorts, which appeared to be all he was wearing. As he straightened up, his prick springing up hard and naked, she opened her eyes fully. She'd seen him before, but she couldn't remember where.

She spread her legs wider, held out her arms to the young man. He scrambled onto the bed and between her legs, lowering his hot, muscular body on top of her, slipping his cock into her cunt without hesitation or fumbling.

She wrapped her arms and legs around him in the same way she'd wrapped them around Jock a few hours ago. Fucking a dog and fucking a man were much the same, she was finding.

"Oh, you're so juicy inside," the young man gasped, fucking fiercely, whacking their pelvises together. "Oh man, I've been wanting to do this for so long. You're the sexiest woman I ever saw."

Carol caressed his back, rocked up and down to meet his rhythmic thrusts. His cock swelled inside her. She contracted her cunt. Without warning, the young man shot jism into her, letting out a

grunting bellow after his first spurt. Carol clutched him in her arms and legs, milking his cock with her cunt, working herself off.

The young man paused only seconds before resuming his humping. A minute later he was fucking with a hot rhythm. Carol knew she was in for a treat tonight. She would let him fuck her nonstop until dawn if he wanted to. She'd suck all the jism out of him she could get.

Rocking her hips, her hands on the young man's muscular flanks, she gazed up at him. "You're really good, stud. What's your name?"

"You don't know, huh?"

Carol shook her head. "I know I've seen you before, but where?"

The young man smiled. "How could you forget me, Mrs. Thomas? I delivered your paper for six years."

"My God! Little Johnnie?"

"I'm not so little anymore," he said, fucking his huge cock in and out of her pussy.

"That you're not," Carol said, moaning as the hot pleasure gnawed through her loins. "Oh stud, keep doing it! Fuck me, baby, fuck me!"

"Yeahhhh!" Johnnie sighed, screwing her relentlessly.

Down in the cellar, Jock was still barking. Poor deprived doggie, she thought. But then, Jock would have all the pussy he could handle this week.

**The End**