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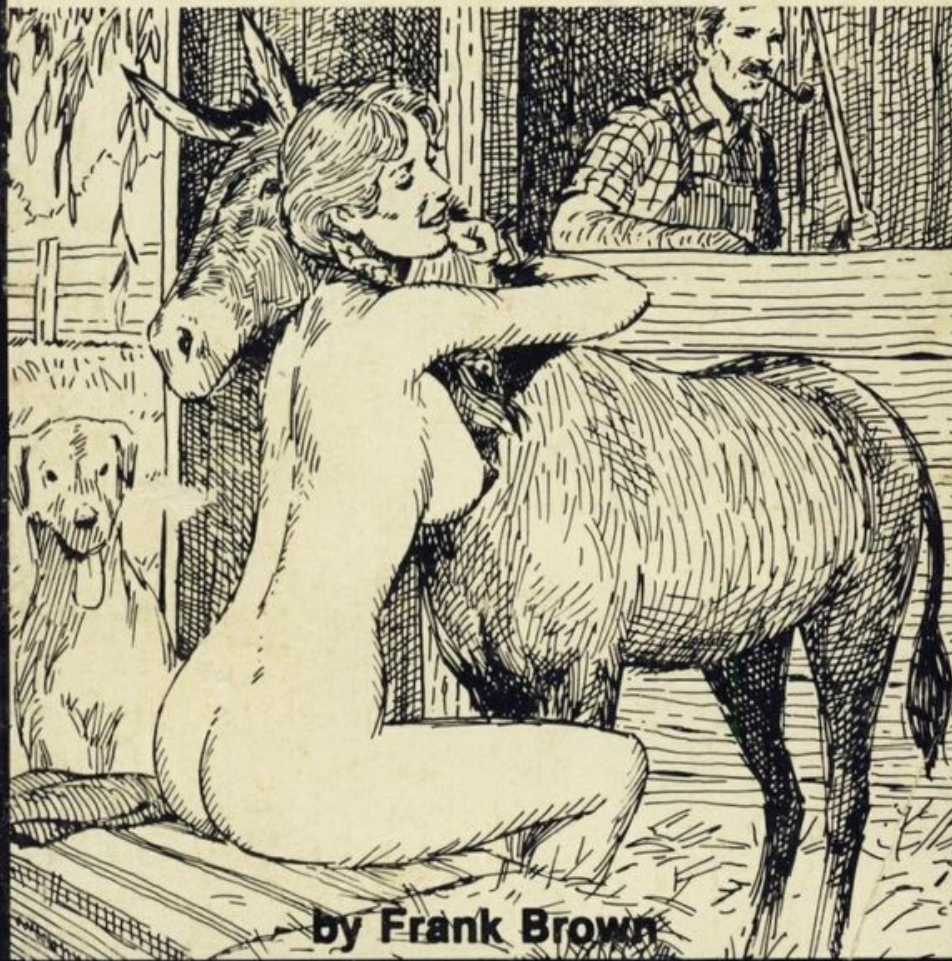
LB-1039 **From Dogs To Donkeys** by Frank Brown

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FROM DOGS TO DONKEYS



by Frank Brown



CENTAUR SERIES

FOREWORD

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

The fact is, Americans are only now learning to discuss sex and sexuality with candor, and usually that is within the limits of marital sex.

While no one is advocating sex as the main topic of conversation, and while sexual privacy is very important, many adults harbor fears about themselves and their sexual behavior that could be erased if they were more aware of other people's behavior. Most of us have been brought up to be at least slightly ashamed of anything sexual, and it is frequently reassuring to discover that we are not different, naughty or even perverted in our sexual practices. In discussing sex with others, people find out how truly normal they are.

The characters in FROM DOGS TO DONKEYS are case in point. Their story is one of real importance for our hung-up society. It is a story well worth the reading if we are ever to understand our own sexuality.

The Publisher

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## CHAPTER ONE

The fireplace crackled and hissed. The pine log Connie's dad had thrown into the fire before leaving for the big city now spit pitch. Blue flames shot out, then disappeared. Connie looked up from her school yearbook, watching a few chunks of glowing ember drop under the grate.

It felt so good to have the whole house to herself for once. No housekeeper. No babysitter. Just herself and the fire-and trusty Hector, her black Doberman. She felt safe and cozy, lying here on her bearskin rug. The fire and Hector kept her warm, while outside, the spring wind scourged the house with sleet. Winter was making its last desperate raid on the year. It was a good night to be inside.

Connie sat up, crossing her bare legs under her bathrobe. She snatched up her hair brush and began brushing out her shiny blonde hair, letting it all fall to one side as she brushed it out in front of her chest. The fire had dried her hair in no time, and now the orange flickers played across her tresses, making them glimmer. Connie loved her waist-length hair, loved the hot bubble bath she'd just taken, loved the warmth and light of the fire. She likened the fire to a sort of ripened, pulsating sunshine. The fire alone lit the room and warmed it, and Connie suddenly felt so secure and free in its radiance that she pulled off her robe and tossed it aside. Next to Connie, Hector's yellow eyes looked at her quizzically, and Connie had to laugh.

"Nobody's home to see me like this, boy," she said to the big dog. "Just you. And you don't care, do you?" She stroked his sleek head, and Hector let out a loud exhalation through his moist, black nostrils.

Connie giggled to herself. She felt downright naughty. She wondered if any of the other girls at school ever dared to sit in their fathers' dens naked like this. She couldn't imagine it, but she was sure some of them did. For example, someone like Trixie Adams.

Trixie seemed to love getting naked, and staying that way. In the locker room at school, Trixie was

always the first girl to strip, and the last to dress. She seemed to love walking around the locker room showing off her tits and ass. Trixie was more developed than the other freshman girls in Connie's gym class, and Trixie never stopped trying to get the other girls jealous. Trixie would show one of the other girls her big tits, presenting them as if they were some kind of exotic melons.

"Nice-huh?" Trixie would say. "Far ah Fawcett, eat your heart out." And then Trixie would lick her big, red nipples.

Connie stretched. Thinking about things like being naked, and Trixie's tits, made Connie feel kind of tight in the lower back and between the legs. It wasn't an unpleasant kind of tension that she felt, but it did seek release.

Connie inspected her own tits. They were smaller than Trixie's, but they were larger than the tits of most of the other girls in Connie's gym class. And her own tits stood up more, whereas Trixie's hung low. Although Connie usually wore a bra, she didn't have to. Her tits formed their own support.

Connie stretched out on the soft bearskin rug again, sliding her smooth skin sensuously against the thick black fur. She nestled down in it, luxuriating in the feeling of the silky fur against her tits and belly and thighs. Behind her, a warm tongue of firelight lapped up and down her bare ass. Connie pulled her yearbook back in front of her, and, propped up by her elbows, began paging through it again.

The school yearbooks had been issued just this afternoon, in an assembly to celebrate the beginning of spring vacation. Connie had got only a few schoolmates to sign her yearbook this afternoon before she had to leave for home. She'd have to wait until after vacation to get the book properly autographed by all her friends. She read the few autographs she had obtained.

She looked again at what Mark Wilson had written: "Hi Connie: Why don't you and me get together and do what we both want to do! I can tell you want it as much as I do." Connie puzzled over this one. What was it they both wanted to do?

She turned to the pages on which Mark was pictured. He was a junior, older than herself. He was a handsome boy. Connie felt all funny inside looking at his pictures. She wanted to kiss him. If he were here right now, that's what she'd do-kiss him.

Connie flushed. So that was what Mark was talking about. He wanted to kiss her just as much as she wanted to kiss him.

"Oh, Mark!" Connie muttered out loud. "Let's kiss." She kissed his picture. At that moment, Connie felt tingly between the legs, and she squeezed her legs together, squirming with the feeling.

Next to Connie, Hector lifted his long, black snout and sniffed the air. Before resting his snout again on the floor, his yellow eyes flashed at Connie.

Connie turned to a photograph of Mark grappling on the wrestling mat with an opponent. Mark's arms and shoulders bulged with muscles as he held his opponent in a fierce headlock. Mark's white teeth were bared, and the dark hairs of his armpit bristled. Connie sighed. He was such a hero-and he wanted to kiss her.

If only it were week after next! How would she ever survive next week? Suddenly that trip to Aunt Doreen's farm-the spring vacation trip she'd been looking forward to taking with her father-suddenly that trip had lost its appeal. She'd be out on that boring farm all week, with nothing but a bunch of smelly animals and the farm folks-Aunt Doreen and Cousin Kurt-while somewhere in town, searching

for her breathlessly, would be Mark Wilson, just about the handsomest boy in school. Mark would be longing to kiss her, while Connie, so far away, would be longing to kiss him. Oh, it was too much! If she didn't get to kiss Mark Wilson before school started again, she'd die-she'd just die!

Connie lifted up on her knees, pushing her bare ass high into the air while keeping her elbows on the floor. The new position relieved some of the tension what had suddenly filled her spine. Connie had been getting that tense feeling more and more frequently over the past year, and it seemed to come most often when she thought about boys. The feeling made her want to stretch, and often she felt tingly between the legs at the same time, and then she felt like squeezing her legs together. Not only that, but her pussy always got wet and warm when it tingled, and her pussylips would slide against each other as if they'd been oiled when she squeezed her legs together. Connie wasn't sure what was happening, but she liked the feeling.

As she leaned forward onto her elbows, her ass waving high in the air, Connie kissed Mark's picture in the yearbook. As she kissed it, a swirl of warm tingles tickled her pussy, and she felt a stream of hot juice leak down the inside of one of her thighs.

"Oh, Mark," she sighed, "I love you."

At that moment, Hector, as if responding to Connie's voice, rose to his feet, stretched, and circled around behind Connie. A whimper came out of his throat, and he pressed his cool nose to Connie's upturned pussy, sniffing furiously.

Connie jumped.

Hector backed away.

Connie peered at the big Doberman over her shoulder. His yellow eyes glared at her. For a moment, Connie shivered. She'd never seen Hector look so threatening. His huge black form-he looked bigger than her-blended into the darkness of the room. Only his blazing yellow eyes showed clearly. The dancing firelight played over his black fur, giving it a ghostly quality.

"Hector," Connie said, "lie down now."

The big dog cocked his ears, but instead of lying down, he strained forward, his nostrils flared. Connie realized that he was dying to sniff her ass.

"Wha is it, boy? You like the smell of my ass?"

Hector whimpered.

Connie felt a kind of giddy excitement at the thought of Hector sniffing her ass. This wasn't the first time he'd tried to do it. He'd been trying to do it more and more over the past year, especially since the time almost a year ago that Connie's mother had died in a car crash. Hector had been acting strangely ever since Connie's mother had died. Hector had actually been more her mother's dog than anyone else's, and the dog seemed to show a genuine sense of loss since Betty's death.

"OK, boy," Connie said, "sniff it if you want to."

Hector stared at her, whimpering.

"Come on, boy." Connie wiggled her ass.

Hector let out a half-whine, half-yelp, and stepped forward, neck outstretched.

Connie felt his breath on her bottom. His cold nose touched her slightly open cunt. Connie shivered at the touch.

“How does it smell, boy? Pretty stinky-huh?”

But then, you always did like stinky smells.”

Hector sniffed up and down Connie’s asscrack, then up and down her thighs. He licked his chops, whimpering.

“What’s the matter, boy?” Connie couldn’t figure out why the big dog was whimpering. She was letting him do what he wanted, and still he was whimpering.

He’d been doing a lot of that lately. Connie wondered if he was still lamenting the loss of her mother. Connie was about to turn around and to comfort him with a hug when she felt his huge wet tongue lap at her thigh near the knee.

Connie giggled. “Hector, what on earth?”

The dog was licking her leg as if it was her face. He was kissing her leg!

“Hector, please!” His tongue tickled, and now it was fast traveling up the inner side of her thigh.

The juice! Connie thought. He’s licking up that juice that leaked out of me.

The warm, floppy tongue swiped across her pussyslit. Suddenly, Hector was licking Connie’s upturned pussy as if he wanted to scour off the little bush of kinky blond hair.

Connie shrieked. “Hector, what are you trying to do? Eeeeeek!” She couldn’t help but to wiggle her ass crazily in response to the dog’s wild cuntlicking.

Hector growled. His sharp teeth nipped at the fat, inflamed pussylips.

“Hector, behave yourself!” Connie shouted. The dog was going crazy. Connie had a sudden dread that he would bite right into her pussy. But, despite this dread, Connie was too excited to change her position. She arched her back, shoved her ass up higher, and let it wiggle. Her ass seemed to possess a mind of its own now.

Hector panted now as he licked. His wet tongue went everywhere-up and down Connie’s cuntslit, up and down her asscrack, up and down her inner thighs, and all over her round asscheeks.

Connie herself was panting now. Those tingles she’d been feeling in her pussy so much lately suddenly rose up like a thousand ants and ran all through her cunt and asshole.

“Ooooooh, Hector,” she sighed, “what are you doing to me?”

Hector’s wet snout poked between her pussylips.

“Eeeeeeh! Hector! Oh!” Connie’s clit twitched. Suddenly she had the insane desire to feel Hector’s snout right up her pussy. It surely wouldn’t fit, but that didn’t matter. Connie wanted to feel it inside her.

Hector backed away from Connie and barked.

Connie, her head woozy, peered back at him. "What is it, boy? Don't you wanna keep licking?"

Hector's dripping tongue fluttered as he panted. He cocked his head. His yellow eyes seemed to be searching Connie for an indication of what he was to do next. He barked again.

Connie laughed. "Silly dog." She wiggled her ass. She was up on all fours now. "Come on, Hector, lick me some more. It feels really good."

Hector whined. For a moment he reared up on two legs like a horse.

"Hector, you're a dog, not a horse," Connie said. "A dog. You know-woof, woof, woof!"

As Connie mimicked a barking dog, Hector let out an excited yelp. In a second, he was on her, mounting her ass. His slippery, red prick popped out of its sheath and stabbed at Connie's cunt. The dog-prick was hot.

Connie squealed. She fought to steady herself as the big Doberman wrapped his paws around her waist and humped with all his weight against her upturned pussy.

"Hector!" Connie gasped. "Hector, don't! What are you trying to do?"

Hector's naked dog-cock probed between Connie's pussylips. The hot animal-prick found the entrance to Connie's pussy, and suddenly it penetrated four inches up Connie's cunt.

"Uhhhhhh! Hector! Nooooo!" Connie trembled all over. Never had she felt anything inside her pussy but her finger. And only once or twice had she ever even shoved her finger inside herself.

Hector pistoned his slippery dog-cock in and out. His big wet tongue hung out as he fucked, and he drooled all over Connie's naked back.

Tears rolled down Connie's cheeks. She was frightened. What was happening? Hector had never acted like this before. She was afraid to move, afraid that he'd pounce on her and bite her. As it was, the claws of his forepaws were gouging the tender flesh of her flanks.

Hector howled. He hunched over Connie's ass, quickening the thrusts of his raw cock.

Despite her fear, Connie couldn't help but laugh at Hector's sudden howl. And then, she couldn't help but laugh at what was happening. Hector had obviously lost his mind. She tried to imagine what she looked like there on her hands and knees with Hector up on her ass shoving the thing he used to pee out of in and out of her pussy.

Hector let out a series of grunts and whines. One of his hind legs danced on Connie's calf.

Connie squealed. This was crazy. But not only that-those tingles were returning to her cunt. As the tingles increased, rubbed into her pussy flesh by Hector's fucking cock, Connie felt her cunt begin to contract, as if it were sucking at the sliding dogprick.

"Hector," Connie gasped, "that feels good. Keep doing it, boy. Keep jerking."

Connie arched her back and wiggled her ass. This was beginning to feel really good. Connie's loins began to throb. The tips of her toes tingled, and her nipples tingled.



As Connie's cunt contracted rhythmically around Hector's sliding cock, the big Doberman whimpered as if he were being whipped. He panted loudly, slobbering all over Connie's back and ass.

"Ohhh, Hector," Connie moaned, "keep doing that to me! I've never felt anything so good."

The more the big dog fucked Connie, the better her pussy felt, and the more she ached to be fucked. The sensations swirling through her loins increased in intensity until Connie nearly screamed—because the feelings were close to unbearable, nearly screamed because she wanted more, needed more.

Connie gyrated her ass, screwing her cunt back and forth on Hector's dog-prick, rubbing her smooth asscheeks in circles against Hector's furry belly.

"Do it!" Connie gasped. "Oh, Hector, do it!"

The big dog's paws tightened around Connie's waist, his claws nearly puncturing Connie's tender flesh. He hunched forward, whining and slobbering. His jerking loins suddenly fucked with such speed that they seemed more to be vibrating than humping.

"Hector!" Connie moaned. "Ohhhh, Hector!"

Hector let out a sharp grunt. His slippery cock flexed. Hot streams of dog-cum shot up Connie's young cunt.

Connie squealed. "Ohhh, Hector, don't pee inside me! Hector, what are you—uh, uh—oh!" Connie's loins burst into spasms.

Connie had no idea what was happening. Her vision blurred. She panted uncontrollably. She shuddered from head to toes. She felt explosions going off in her cunt. She thought she was dying.

"Uh, uh, uh, huh, ah!" Connie moaned. Her eyes rolled back into her skull. She clenched her toes and writhed.

Hector squirted round after round of dog-jism up Connie's contracting cunt. As he shot, he whimpered. When he was done pumping, he let out a combination growl-whine and dismounted.

Connie groaned as she felt his prick slip out of her. Her cunt still contracted with orgasm. She collapsed onto her side, squeezed her legs together, and writhed out the last of her spasms. As she lay there, helplessly squirming with intense orgasmic sensations, Hector sniffed her cunt, sniffed the hole into which he'd shot his dog-cum.

Connie collapsed on her back into the deep bearskin rug. Hector jumped up over Connie, nuzzling her pussy with his wet, black snout.

"Hector," Connie panted, "what's come over you? What did you do to me? What happened?"

Hector growled, trying to force his snout between her clamped thighs. His yellow eyes burned into her blonde cunthair.

"Hector, what are you—"

The big Doberman growled again, this time more seriously.

Connie instinctively spread her legs apart-wide.

Hector mashed his wet nose against her cunt.

Grunting, as if he'd just been thrown a slab of steak, he shoved out his big tongue and lapped at Connie's well-fucked crotch.

Connie stretched with the sensations Hector's tongue licked into her cuntflesh. Automatically, she forced her legs apart even wider.

"Mmmmm," she sighed. "Mmmmm, Hector, lick me." She eased her fingers down between her legs, hoping Hector wouldn't bite them off. Then she spread her cuntlips as wide apart as she could. She wanted Hector to taste as much of her pussy flesh as possible.

Hector responded to her display of raw cunt by licking furiously. His wide, dripping tongue lapped with firm, long strokes, setting every raw fold of Connie's spread pussylips on fire.

Connie began to wiggle her ass. Her loins humped upward in rhythm to Hector's licking. Her clit, naked, and standing straight up against Hector's hot tongue, waggled with pleasure.

"Ooooooh, Hector," Connie moaned, "lick me. Lick my pussy."

As Hector licked Connie's dripping crotch, his sharp teeth occasionally nicked Connie's pink cuntflesh. The little nips of Hector's teeth sent spears of sex-feeling shooting through Connie's loins. Connie writhed. All these new feelings she was suddenly experiencing made her want to jump out of her skin. Where had these feelings been all her life?

Connie flexed and extended her feet. She humped, rotating her ass. She tossed her head from side to side.

"Lick, Hector," she gasped. "Lick! Lick! Lick!"

Hector growled, licking wildly. His huge, black head twisted from side to side.

Connie felt those intense sensations beginning again-those sensations she'd felt when Hector's prick was shooting off inside her. She writhed, arching her back, rolling her eyes.

"Ohhhh, Hector, it's happening again, ah!" Connie opened herself totally to the big dog's tongue, gave herself completely to the ecstatic feelings consuming her flesh.

Orange firelight flickered across the room. Hector's hulking shadow danced on the walls and ceiling. Connie's loins crackled like the fireplace. At last, just as her father's pine log fell apart into a mass of pulsating embers, Connie collapsed backward into the soft bearskin rug. She was exhausted.

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CHAPTER TWO

The signs on the outside of The Playhouse offered a sexual smorgasbord inside-something for every taste. Martin paid his five-dollar cover charge and entered through the one-way steel turnstile. His stomach felt queasy with anxiety. He'd never before gone into such a place. But, at age thirty-seven, with his wife dead almost a year, and life passing him by without offering him anything in the sexual department, he was forced to take desperate measures.

The Playhouse, nearly half-a-block square, and laid out like an indoor mall, was dimly lit down its central corridor, giving Martin the feeling that he was walking at night along the main street of a big city sex-district. On each side of the corridor, flashing lights advertised what sexual feast awaited the customer inside each establishment. Leaning against the corridor walls, their faces hidden in the shadows, were women dressed in a variety of costumes. These women, their white teeth glinting in the flickering lights of the sex establishments, smiled at and nodded to the strolling Playhouse patrons. At times, patrons stopped to talk with the women, and sometimes a woman and a patron would disappear together through one of the private doorways that lined the corridor.

Martin passed a few sexy young girls he liked, but he kept walking. He'd come back for one of them later if need be. Right now he was curious to see what went on inside the various clubs.

The loud music blasting over loudspeakers gave the corridor a carnival-midway atmosphere. The noise swept away Martin's inhibitions. He could hardly hear himself think.

A poster showing a cute blonde girl caught Martin's eye. "Watch Mimi spread it!" the poster announced. The girl in the picture resembled Martin's own young daughter, Connie. Strangely enticed by the resemblance, Martin paid the doorman his dollar and went inside.

The room Martin entered was small, and almost dark. Martin seated himself in the third row of folding chairs, and focused his eyes on the small wooden stage. About ten or fifteen other men were already seated in the room.

Up on the stage sat Mimi, a small, teenage girl with long, blonde hair that hung to her ass. She sat under a weak spotlight, in full-split position, displaying her open cunt.

"Who wants to sniff it?" Mimi asked, smiling seductively. "It's wet inside, because you guys turn me on."

The crowd of men murmured, each man muttering to himself.

"Come on, you guys," Mimi said, "don't be shy. For one dollar you can sniff it for one full minute." She shoved a finger up her cunt, withdrew it, and sniffed it. "Mmmmmm, guys, you oughta smell it. Pussy! Real pussy!"

One of the men in the row in front of Martin leapt up and nearly broke his neck stumbling over one of the metal folding chairs between himself and Mimi. He fell on his knees at the foot of the stage and shoved a bill into Mimi's hand. Mimi wrapped her fingers in his hair and held his head far enough away to keep his nose from touching her cunt.

The crowd tittered as the man sniffed at the young girl's cunt. While he sniffed, his arm jerked. He was shamelessly beating off right there in front of the crowd. Within seconds, his body shuddered, and he shot his cum against the black-painted plywood that formed the base of the stage.

Mimi pushed the man away. "Thank you, sir," she said. "Who's next?"

While Mimi shifted her position slightly, the man who had beat off, zipped up his pants and charged, red-faced, out of the room.

"Come on, guys," Mimi said. "I need the bread. Anybody wanna lick my pussy. One dollar for one lick. Best price in town." She stretched her cuntlips wide with her fingers. Her pink cunt glistened.

Another man made his way to the foot of the stage and dropped to his knees in front of her. He

shoved a handful of bills into her hand.

Mimi counted them. "Congratulations, stud," she said. "You get seven licks at Mimi's hot, dripping little pussy."

The man groaned and plunged his face into Mimi's crotch, making one slow lick.

"Mmmmmm!" Mimi cooed. "Feels real good. Six more licks, honey."

The man groaned, and licked again. Mimi cooed, wiggling as if excited.

The man licked again, now beating his cock as he licked.

With each lick, Mimi cooed, squirmed, and made some comment about how good she felt. With each lick, the man beat his cock faster. With each lick, the crowd groaned. Sexual tension mounted in the room.

"Six," Mimi gasped. "One more lick, honey, and you're gonna make me come."

The man slurped. His cum splattered against the base of the stage. Mimi rolled her blue eyes, squealing.

"Mmmmmm! Oh! Ooooooh! I'm coming!" she gasped. "Honey, you made me come." She fell backwards onto the stage, kicking her legs in the air and writhing.

When the cunt-licker finished shooting, he jumped up and slipped out of the room, his head hung in embarrassment. White gobs of his cum rolled down the black base of the stage, mingling with the cum of countless other men, and adding to the encrustations of dried cum already cemented to the plywood.

Mimi jumped to her feet. She fanned her face with her hand. "Oooh," she said, "that man really knows how to get a girl hot." She leaned over and dropped the bills he had given her into a slot in the floor of the stage.

As Martin watched more of Mimi's antics, his prick got harder and harder. Pre-cum bubbled out, and he was afraid that soon his pants would look as if he had wet them. Martin couldn't get over the uncanny resemblance between Mimi and his own daughter, Connie. It was probably the waist-length blonde hair they both had.

Mimi did more than sit in a full-split position and offer men a sniff or a lick at her cunt. She performed gymnastic stunts-handstands, cartwheels, flips. She hung from an overhead bar and jackknifed her legs, giving the men a beautiful view of her cunt and asshole. And all the while she performed, her cunt continued to drool. Streams of pussyjuice ran like tears down her inner thighs.

Men entered and left the room. Men continued to sniff and lick Mimi's pussy. Some of the men jacked off. Others were content to do no more than sniff. In the hour that Martin sat watching Mimi, all the while becoming more and more obsessed with the idea of fucking her, Mimi writhed countless times with orgasm. Mimi's orgasms had to be an act, Martin thought. But then, they looked so realistic that he couldn't be sure.

"Ten minute intermission," Mimi announced. "Twiddle with your cocks while I take a break. I'll be back soon." She stepped through a door behind the stage and was gone.

The ten or so men in the audience shifted about, some of the muttering to themselves or to each other. One man stood up and left. Another left. Then another. Before Mimi returned to the stage, Martin was the only patron left waiting for her.

Mimi bounced out onto the stage, smiling, and immediately sank down into a full split.

"Well, handsome," she said, "it looks like it's just you and me here-all alone. Come on up closer, honey."

Martin, flushed with heat, stumbled out of his third row of seats and took a seat directly in front of Mimi. Tongue-tied, he smiled at her with what he was sure was a foolish, giddy expression.

"Well, honey," Mimi said, "do you like what you see?" She reached between her legs and spread her pussylips wide. A few drops of juice trickled out onto the stage.

"I sure do," Martin said, trying to sound enthusiastic, yet in control of himself. The truth was that he was shaking so hard he thought he might fall out of his chair. It had been almost a year since he'd been this close to a naked cunt, and this naked cunt was one of the most exciting he'd ever seen.

"Good," said Mimi, "I like to please my customers-in whatever way they'd like to be pleased."

Martin panted. He consciously held his tongue inside his mouth, afraid it would fall out and hang dripping like a dog's.

"You know, handsome-by the way, what is your name?"

"Martin."

"You know, Martin, I get off work in another ten minutes-Claudia works this stage from nine to midnight-and I have a cozy little room backstage, if you'd like to share it with me. It's such a warm little love-nest. And on such a cold, rainy night, I'm sure you'd appreciate it. How about it, Martin? One hour for fifty bucks-best deal in town."

"I don't know," Martin said, "I've never paid before."

Mimi brought her legs together and slid off the stage. She stood in front of Martin, squatting slightly to spread her legs.

"Lick me, honey," she said. "A free lick, on the house. Kind of a sample of what you'll be getting."

She cradled Martin's head in her hands and guided his face up to her open crotch. His nose touched her hot pussyflesh. He shoved out his tongue and licked.

Mimi groaned, wiggling her sexy ass.

Martin almost came in his pants. He had to have her.

Mimi's room was a tiny cubicle located down a maze of dark hallways along which wandered men and women on their way to and from similar cubicles. Mimi flicked on an overhead red light and locked the door. Half the room was occupied by a small bed covered only by a white sheet. The white sheet and the walls of the room took on a red glow under the light, giving the already-warm room an added coziness.

Mimi turned to Martin and wrapped her arms around him. Their mouths met in a deep kiss while

Martin ran his hands up and down Mimi's hot, slim body. The young girl's flesh quivered with life under his hands. He cupped her asscheeks and lifted her off the ground. She was light. He could handle her like a doll.

Mimi bit Martin's nose. "Mmm, stud," she said, "take off your clothes and let's fuck. I can feel your prick pressing against me, and I can tell it's a big one. I just love big ones."

Mimi slid out of Martin's arms and helped him peel off his clothes. The moment he was naked, Mimi dropped to her knees in front of Martin.

"I was right," she said, drawing her fingernails lightly down the sides of his cock, "it is a big one. Mmm, at least eight inches. I know-I've seen thousands of cocks." She dragged her fingernails over his balls.

The young girl turned her pretty face up towards him, licking her lips. "How old are you?" Martin asked her.

"Why?"

"Just curious. What are you doing working here?"

"Extra money. And, besides, I enjoy it. I love men."

Martin caressed her head, thinking of his own daughter, Connie. He wondered if Connie had the same drives inside her as Mimi. "Did you drop out of school?" he asked.

Mimi chuckled. "So many questions. No, I'm still in high school. And I'll be going to college. And I'll be in the next Olympics as a gymnast. I just missed making the team last year-not that it mattered, since we didn't go to the Olympics anyway."

"You're serious!" Martin said.

"Of course, honey. Keep your eye on your TV. I'll wave to you from the national championships." She grabbed his stiff cock in her two hands and bent it down to her lips. "Mmmmmm, let me at this hunk of meat!" Her warm mouth engulfed Martin's cockhead.

Martin wanted to jump out of his skin. Not since his wife, Betty, was alive had he felt a mouth wrapped around his cock.

"Nice," Martin said. "Nice. Suck it."

Mimi bobbed her head, slipping her soft, wet, young mouth up and down over Martin's prick. As she fucked her head up and down, she sucked, and as she sucked, she slithered her tongue all up and down the shaft, and around the head.

Sex-feelings shot through Martin's cock. The little gymnast knew how to suck. One second she was kissing the tip of the head, wriggling her tongue into the piss-slit, and the next second she was manipulating his cockhead with the muscles of her throat.

Martin rose up and down on his toes. He felt like dancing. "Suck my prick," he muttered. "Suck me off."

The little nympho responded to his words with a flourish of tongue movements against the sensitive underside of his cockhead. Martin gazed at the girl's bobbing blonde head, at the hair swaying all

the way to her wiggling little ass. Her hot, little tits rubbed against his thighs. Her mouth was stretched so wide over his thick cock that it looked as if she were about to dislocate her jaws. These sights, together with the deft sucking of her hot, young mouth, uncoiled the hot ropes of cum in Martin's loins.

"Oh, man!" he gasped. "I'm gonna come!"

Mimi cooed. Her tongue churned against the underside of Martin's swelling cockhead.

Martin's body tensed. His loins humped with the hot feelings shooting through his cock. He felt his cum zing through his long cock and explode into Mimi's mouth.

"Ah!" he gasped. "Uh, uh, ah!"

Mimi choked. Her mouth and tongue and throat worked frantically, sucking the cum from Martin's throbbing prick.

Martin banged his loins against Mimi's face. He couldn't help himself. His feelings had taken over, his orgasm controlled his movements.

"Suck!" he moaned. "Swallow my jizz!"

He tensed up and groaned, releasing one blast after another of hot man-cum down Mimi's throat. With each spurt he released, Martin slumped forward, his eyes rolling with the hot feelings of orgasm.

When it was over, Martin sank down onto the bed behind him, relaxing in bliss. Mimi remained on her knees in front of him, licking her lips.

"Mmmm!" she said. "You taste good. Real sweet cum for a man. Most guys your age taste stronger and saltier. Your cum tastes more like a boy's-more like honey."

Martin laughed. He collapsed back onto the mattress. He felt relieved of an enormous load of tension. Life was good. Over these last few frustrating months, he'd begun to wonder whether life was worth living anymore.

Mimi leapt to her feet. She sprang onto the bed and straddled Martin's face. She mashed her wideopen crotch against his lips.

"Eat me, now," she gasped. "Suck my hot pussy!"

Hot pussy was right-and wet! Her pussy felt like slices of steaming, slippery, raw liver against Martin's lips. His nose nestled in the entrance of her sex-chamber. He was smothering, yet smothering in one of the most exciting ways he could imagine. The scent of Mimi's teenage crotch made Martin's spent cock snap up straight as a ramrod. As if his orgasm of moments ago had never happened, he was ready to come again.

Martin shoved his tongue up Mimi's crotch. Pussyjuice burst into his mouth, and he swallowed it hungrily, sucking hard at the soft cuntflesh, trying to squeeze out more juice. Mimi's pussy oozed the sweetest, most exciting juice Martin had ever tasted, and he wanted all he could get. Her cunt juice was like a rare wine. It's smell made him dizzy.

Above Martin, Mimi wriggled like a dancing girl. Her pink-capped tits jiggled. Her long hair swayed,

curling now around one smooth flank, now around the other.

“Eat me!” Mimi gasped. “Lick me out! Make me come!”

Martin wriggled his tongue in and out of Mimi’s cunt. He found her stiff, little clit and polished it mercilessly, making it squirm and quiver, making Mimi squeal.

“Eeh! Eeh! Martin, oooh! I’m gonna come!”

Martin bit into her clit.

“Oh!” Mimi whined. “I’m coming!” Her young body jerked as if Martin’s teeth were zapping her clit with electrical charges. As she spasmed, warm pussyjuice washed over Martin’s mouth and rolled down his cheeks.

Mimi humped, coming. Martin gnawed her crotch, sucking up her hot juice.

The moment Mimi stopped jerking, Martin knocked her backwards onto the mattress. His cock was so stiff that he could feel the shaftskin about to split and the head about to explode. His balls ached. He had to fuck her-now!

Mimi, her eyes still glazed from her orgasm, lay like a limp ragdoll in front of Martin as he descended upon her, his stiff prick flexing crazily. Martin braced his hands under her knees and forced her thighs backwards and wide. Her pussy, still bubbling cunt juice down over her asscrack, gaped wide-open as Martin jackknifed her legs against her tits.

“Fuck me,” Mimi muttered as if drugged. “Shove it in me. I want it.”

Keeping his hands braced under Mimi’s knees, Martin humped his cock at her cunt. The big, flexing cock, writhed against the pink wetness of Mimi’s spread cunt. Martin’s prick was so excited that he couldn’t control it long enough to get it inside Mimi’s crotch.

Mimi didn’t help. She squirmed all over the mattress, tossing her head from side to side, gibbering out of her mind. “Shove it in! Shove it in! Fuck me! Fuck me!”

“Damn it!” Martin gasped. “Hold still!”

For a split second, Mimi became immobile, holding her breath. Martin’s cockhead, with a random stab, hooked the inside edge of her open cunt. Martin lunged. His cock slipped straight up her cunt. His balls banged against her upturned ass.

“Oooooh!” Mimi sighed.

“Ah!” Martin cried. “Jeez!” The feel of Mimi’s hot, sucking, slippery cunt walls engulfing his cock as he penetrated her was the best sensation Martin had experienced since the days he’d fucked his wife.

Mimi squirmed again. She humped upward. She cradled Martin’s face between her bare feet. “Fuck me!” she gasped. “Fuck me!”

Martin humped. His spine flexed and extended. His loins bounced up and down. His cock slipped in and out.

Mimi’s cunt devoured his cock, sucking at it desperately as he pulled it out until only the head

remained between her pussylips, engulfing it totally as he sank down. He fucked so deeply that he thought his balls would be swallowed up by Mimi's voracious cunt.

"Feels-so-good!" Martin grunted. "Oh, Jesus, pussy!"

"Cock!" Mimi gasped. "Hot cock! Fuck me! Oh! Uh!"

Martin slammed her. His heavy balls flogged her ass. Both he and Mimi cried out, whimpering.

Mimi rolled Martin's flushed face between her bare feet. Martin twisted his head from side to side, licking her feet, sucking her hot toes.

"Cream me!" Mimi gibbered. "Cream me now-before I come!"

Martin chewed on four of Mimi's toes simultaneously. The feelings shooting through his cock and up his spine were next to unbearable. He humped, gyrating his ass, dizzy with lust.

"Uh!" he grunted. "Uh! Uh! Fuck!"

"Shoot it!" Mimi gasped. "Now! Let it-aw!" Mimi's cunt exploded. Martin could feel the orgasmic vibrations shoot through Mimi's toes.

"Ah! Ah! Ohhhhh!" Mimi whined. "Fuck me!

Shoot!"

Martin sliced powerfully through the bloated, contracting folds of Mimi's spasming cunt. He clamped her quivering toes between his teeth and darted his tongue back and forth between them as they clutched with pleasure.

Martin's balls swelled. He felt swirling tingles in the pit of his asshole. His cock throbbed, ready to explode out of its skin.

"Eeh!" he whined, gnawing at Mimi's toes. "Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm! Eeh!" His loins spasmed. His hot jism jetted through the length of his bucking cock and burst into the depths of Mimi's clutching, spasming cunt.

Mimi's eyes rolled back until only the glazedover whites showed. Her hot, little ass twitched, jerking with each powerful spear of hot jism into her pussy.

Martin snapped back his head and groaned. He pinned Mimi with all his weight and fucked her as hard as he could. Each time he rammed his cock up Mimi's tightly contracting cunt, he spurted into her, feeling the sensations right down to his toes.

"Ah!" he wailed, nearly laughing with the pleasure. "Ah! Ah! Ah!" He hadn't felt this good in so long. He hadn't felt like this since the days when Betty was alive, her hot cunt wrapped around his cock, sucking the jism out of his loins.

Mimi's body shuddered beneath him, sucking his cock, receiving his jism. The red light of the room made her delicious flesh blush like a rose. As her orgasm subsided, she cooed.

"Oh, daddy, you were good! Oh, daddy, you're a real fucker! Ohhhh, daddy, let's do it again!" She nodded her head from side to side like a wound-up doll.

Martin, his cock spent, but still hard, began his in-and-out slicing movements again. Within seconds, his numb cock prickled once more with the incomparable feelings of fucking a hot, tight, juicy cunt.

But this time, as Martin fucked, he saw no more the body of Mimi, the little gymnast, pinned beneath his heaving frame. Instead, he saw only the pretty face and sexy body of Connie, his own daughter.

I want you, Connie, he thought. I want your body! And, with each thrust, he grew more confident that he would have her.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Doreen watched Kurt and Randy disappear over the crest of a distant green meadow. The two boys were over a half-mile away, and they looked like dark stick figures as they sank slowly behind the hill. From her perch up in the hayloft of the barn, Doreen could see an endless series of grassy green hills rolling toward the blue horizon. Here and there, like dark measles on the green, she could make out herds of cows and cattle from neighboring farms. Doreen enjoyed this view more than any other on the farm. Each time she stood in the open doorway of her hayloft, thirty feet above the barn yard below, she felt like the queen of all the lands as far as her eyes could see.

She was isolated out here, alone except for her son, Kurt, their dog, Sam, and the other farm animals. At times she became so lonely that she vowed to sell the farm and move to the city-the bigger the better. But most of the time she was quite content with what she had-fresh air, privacy, freedom, and a beautiful young son.

Satisfied that she was completely alone, except for Sam, her faithful companion, Doreen pulled off her lavender blouse and let it drop to the strawstrewn floor of the loft. The sunshine caressed her bare tits, radiant little tongues of it flicking across her nipples. The day was warm, the warmest day of the spring thus far. Only a week ago, patches of snow still peppered the landscape. Only last night, sleet scoured the house, and the old oak that stood guard over the yard groaned as if it feared winter had returned. But today, as if by magic, the sun had warmed the fragrant spring air to seventy degrees-and it was still only mid-morning.

Doreen wiggled her bare toes in the straw. Her bare feet were a constant reminder of her freedom. She only wore shoes out of necessity, and she never wore a bra. If she lived in the city, she'd have to wear shoes. And, if she had a conventional city job-an office job, for example-she'd surely be required to wear a bra. But not out here. Out here she could wear, or not wear, whatever she wanted.

Out here, with the ten A.M. sunshine: pouring golden into the hayloft, she could pull off every stitch of her clothing and dance like a goddess, if she wanted to. And she wanted to. So, she peeled off her jeans and panties, cast them aside, and improvised a dance to the sun.

She arched her back, lifting her tits high, letting her head fall backward. Her shoulder-length hair, sandy brown, tickled her naked upper back. She lunged, made wide circles with her arms, leapt, pirouetted. All the while she danced, the gray eyes of Sam followed her. Sam, the big pointer, his fur a dirty-white with beige splotches, sat on his haunches and watched his mistress dance as he had done countless times since he was a puppy. As he watched, his tongue dangling from his chops, the expectant dog's fur bristled, and his long red prick stood out against his belly and quivered. Sam knew what he'd soon be getting.

Sam and Doreen were lovers. They had been for five years now, ever since Doreen's husband had

divorced her to return to life in the big city. Jake, her husband for eleven years, and Kurt's father, had been raised a city-boy, and, after eleven years of complaining about the hardships and deprivations of farm life, had decided that Doreen, Kurt, and the farm could go to hell. He wanted his freedom, and he got it-Doreen gave him no resistance during the divorce proceedings. He never knew how to satisfy a horny pussy, anyway, Doreen told herself every time she felt nostalgic regarding Jake.

And where Jake had failed, Sam succeeded. From the day Sam was big enough to start humping, Doreen had trained him just how to satisfy a horny woman's pussy. And Sam was such a hot lover that Doreen had felt no need to seek out any other man in all these years-not that she hadn't been tempted by Kurt, and by his friend, Randy.

Kurt was a hot young stud. Doreen couldn't deny that. With his turned-up nose, his sandy pageboy hair, his deep-brown eyes, his long willowy body, he combined a boyish handsomeness with a cuteness and innocence that made Doreen want to eat him up. She couldn't keep her hands off him, and she didn't try to. Kurt was the most hugged and kissed kid around. But she knew when to let go. Whenever she felt the boy's muscles begin to quiver, when she felt the heat flush through his face, when she heard him begin to pant, when she felt his prick begin to harden against her-Doreen would push Kurt away as if he had some disease. As much as Doreen longed to make love to her son, something deep inside her-the vestige of a religious upbringing perhaps-made her recoil and flee whenever the opportunity arose.

So, Doreen was left with Sam-always faithful Sam. His prick was nowhere near as large as a man's. He lacked the smooth, warm skin of a man. Doreen couldn't sit on his cock and ride him as she could if he were a man. But, he was always there, he was always horny, and he let Doreen run the show.

Doreen wiggled up to Sam and let him sniff her cunt. The big dog groaned. Doreen leaned forward to see his red cock twitching and squirming in the sunlight. A few drops of piss or pre-cum dripped from its tip.

Doreen squatted, letting Sam lick her face. She opened her mouth, letting Sam's long, dripping tongue slide down into her throat. The dog licked out her mouth, and Doreen's pussy started to run. The tactile sensations of Sam's tongue against the sensitive tissues of her mouth and throat caused her pussy to tingle and pulsate.

"Good boy," Doreen said. She kissed Sam on the snout. "Wait here, darling, while I make our bed."

Sam remained obediently sitting while Doreen dragged a brown bale of hay into the shaft of warm sunshine in front of the loft door. Doreen lay down along the length of the bale, and spread her legs wide, letting the sunshine and breeze bathe her open pussy, massaging her bare soles on the straw-padded floor.

She stretched, enjoying every sensuous movement she made. She glanced over at Sam. The big dog was tense, ready to spring. His shiny, red prick wiggled.

"OK, darling," she called. "Lick! Lick!"

Sam planted himself between Doreen's legs before she could blink. Instantly, his tongue slithered up and down between her wet pussylips. The big dog licked her asshole, nuzzled her ass, and lapped hard at her open pussy.

Doreen arched her back, humping spontaneously. "Oh, yes, Sam," she cooed, "lick me. Feels so good!"

Doreen wriggled. The feel of Sam's tongue filing against her clit made her want to scream-so she did, letting herself go.

Doreen's scream made Sam attack her cunt with renewed vigor. His long tongue probed the entrance of her cunt. He buried his cool, wet snout between her pussylips. All at once, he snaked his tongue up her pussy.

"Eeeeh!" Doreen squealed. "Oh, Sam, honey, eat me out. Lick me all over inside. Eeeh!"

Doreen kicked her legs up and held them apart at the knees with her hands. She wanted to spread her legs as wide as possible. She wanted to feel Sam's tongue licking the pit of her cunt.

"Oh, Sam," she gasped, "shove your snout in me. Fuck me with that big, long nose of yours."

Despite Doreen's plea, Sam kept licking. She hadn't been able to train him to shove his snout up her cunt. Although she'd often taken hold of his head and tried to force his snout up her cunt, had tried to force him to snout-fuck her, the big dog had always resisted, perhaps out of self-preservation instinct. He seemed to realize that he could smother inside her.

Sam slurped and munched at Doreen's pussy, occasionally nipping her fat, hairy cuntlips with his teeth. When Sam nipped her, Doreen imagined that the big dog was eating her alive.

"Mmmmmm, yes," Doreen muttered, "eat me, darling. Chew up my pussy. Make me come."

When Sam heard the key-word come, he growled, twisting his head from side to side. He caught some of Doreen's kinky cunt hairs in his teeth, and he tugged, stretching out Doreen's elastic pussylips. His mouth opened wide and he chewed into Doreen's crotch as if he-were gnawing a bone, growling all the while, but gnawing gently enough to avoid hurting his mistress.

"Yes," Doreen gibbered, "yes, yes, yes!" She squirmed on the hay bale, tossing her head madly from side to side.

Sam growled, nipping and gnawing and lapping.

"Make me come, Sam," Doreen gasped, "make me come!"

Sam whined. His wild assault on Doreen's cunt increased.

"Oh," Doreen gasped, "oh, uh, oh!" She bucked her ass, no longer in control of her movements. Her entire bottom felt like one big raw throbbing hunk of burning pussyflesh.

"Coming, Sam!" she cried. "I'm coming! Oh!" Her orgasm hit. Tingles shot through her loins and up her spine. All the muscles of her body throbbed with pleasure.

Sam made long, firm swipes with his tongue all up and down her quivering pussy and asscrack.

"Lick me, Sam," Doreen whimpered. "Eeh!"

When her orgasm subsided, Doreen relaxed, panting, conscious only of the mad hammering of her heart. For a few moments, her mind went blank. Then she realized that the golden sunshine was streaming down on her like a waterfall, and she saw Sam at attention between her legs, his ears cocked for the next cue-the one he'd so patiently awaited.

"Sam," she said, "sweet darling boy. Good dog. You want your reward, don't you? OK, boy, come and

get it. Fuck, Sam! Fuck!"

With a yelp, Sam sprang forward, wrapping his paws around Doreen's waist. Doreen slid forward to give Sam an ideal shot at her cunt. Sam's hot, wet dog-prick found Doreen's cunt immediately, probing between the lips like a snake at its hole. Sam grunted, and his long prick slipped inside Doreen's cunt.

"Mmmmmm!" Doreen sighed. "Beautiful!" Sam's prick was always so hot and slippery. And it glowed such an exciting red. Doreen could visualize the glowing, red poker slipping crazily against the soft folds of her inner cunt.

Doreen grabbed Sam's warm paws. His thick paw-pads pressed into her palms. She gazed up at his flapping pink tongue, watching his hot saliva shower down on her like rain. His gray eyes had reddened. They rolled with lust. Between her legs, his loins humped furiously.

"Yes, Sam, yes, fuck me! Fuck me!"

Each time Doreen said the word fuck, Sam let out a combination growl-whine, and made a few off-tempo thrusts at her pussy. Then he settled back into his own high-speed rhythm, and humped away at Doreen until her cunt sizzled.

Sam's twitching dog-prick pistoned in-out. Although Doreen had fucked both men and boys as a teenager, and had experienced a variety of cocks and humping rhythms, none could compare with Sam for sheer speed of humping. Sam's loins were a machine. He fucked so fast that his prick became a blur.

Doreen wriggled, trying to increase the flesh-to-flesh contact between Sam's humming prick and her own clit. She wanted to come again, but she knew that unless she worked fast to bring herself off, Sam would shoot off and pull out before she got the chance. She tilted her pelvis to the best possible angle for clit-stimulation, then churned her ass, forcing Sam's prick to file her clit.

"Oh, ooooooh, ah!" Within seconds her loins pulsated.

Sam slobbered, whimpering. He was getting close. His loins not only pistoned now, they rotated, corkscrewing his sizzling cock.

Doreen let go of his paws, letting them wrap around her sides once more. As the hot paw-pads pressed into her waist, Doreen reached up and rolled her big, red nipples with her fingers. Instantly, tingles shot through her tits. Her cunt contracted. A shower of tingles drilled through her clit and filled her loins.

"Oh, Sam," she gasped. "I'm coming!" As she shuddered with orgasm, Sam began squirting his hot dog-jism up her cunt.

Sam howled, humping his furry loins and pumping his thin jism. His skinny dog-prick wriggled like a finger inside Doreen as it shot. His forceful spurts drilled the pulsating walls of Doreen's cunt chamber, intensifying the grating sensations of her orgasm.

"Shoot it, Sam!" Doreen gasped. "Fill me up, you big hairy lover!"

When Sam had shot his last, and was about to pull out, Doreen wrapped her arms around him and pulled his panting body down on top of her. She kissed him all over his chops while he lapped at her face. At last, Sam's prick slipped out of Doreen like a warm worm, and Doreen slumped back,

satisfied.

As golden showers of sunshine streamed down upon Doreen from above, Sam, lifting his leg, sprayed a golden shower of dog-piss all over Doreen's open cunt. Doreen sighed. Icing on the cunt, she thought.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Hill Creek, which started in a bubbling spring halfway to the top of two round hills, splashed down the gully it had created sometime in the unrecorded past, and formed a natural boundary between the two hills-and between the Page farm and the Ritter farm. One of the two hills belonged to the Pages, the other, to the Ritters, as they had for over one hundred years. On a sunny day in the spring, over one hundred years ago, Kurt's Great-grandfather Page, and Randy's Great-grandfather Ritter, had stood atop the valley between the hills, just above the spring, and had agreed that Hill Creek should be the dividing line between their farms. And, not wishing to run a barbed-wire fence down the center of the creek, and through the natural pond near the bottom of the hills, they agreed that the two grassy hills would be common grazing ground for both men's herds of animals-cattle, sheep, goats, dairy cows, horses. In over one hundred years, and three generations later, a dispute over grazing rights had never arisen between the two families. Although their farms were separated by two miles, the Pages and the Ritters were close, and the families' present upcoming young sons, Kurt and Randy, had been constant companions since early childhood. From the days they had learned to walk, either Kurt or Randy would daily glide over the hilly two miles of open pasture to spend the day with his buddy. Both boys ran as gracefully and effortlessly as antelope.

The sandy bottom of Hill Creek Pond, though six feet below the surface, glittered in the morning sunshine. The water was icy and pure, more drinkable than city tap water.

Kurt and Randy, pleasantly fatigued after their early-morning chores, relaxed on the lush spring grass, absorbing the warm rays of sunshine. Both boys were naked, and reclined back on their elbows, watching an occasional breeze nip the surface of the pond. Outdoor nudity was nothing new for them. They never wore shoes, wore shirts only when necessary, and wore jeans only within sight of their houses. But, after a long winter, during which they'd been forced to bind their bodies with heavy clothing, the experiences of being free and naked again under the sunshine gave the sensation of newness, and both boys were giddy.

The boys had picked dandelions and had decorated their feet with the yellow blossoms, holding the bright flowers between their toes. Randy had shoved a blossom into his thick, pageboy-style hair, and Kurt had done the same in imitation. The two boys, had their hair not been of different shades-Kurt's, sandy-brown, and Randy's, dark-brown-could have passed for twins. Both were teenagers, five-and-a-half feet tall, and skinny. Both boys had identical seven-inch pricks, which, for the last three or four years, were nearly always hard.

Kurt watched his own prick twitch in the sunshine. The warm head beat against his navel. Then he watched Randy's prick. "Our pricks are beating with the same rhythm," Kurt said.

Randy watched their pricks twitch. "Hey, yeah! I wonder why."

"Our hearts are beating the same speed," Kurt said. "That's what's making them twitch-the pulse."

Using his loin muscles, Randy flexed his prick, making it stand nearly vertical, then whack down against his belly.

Kurt laughed, and flexed his own prick.

Randy flexed his prick again, and suddenly the two boys were flexing their hard pricks in unison, making them slap simultaneously against their flat bellies. After a minute, they stopped their prick wiggling. They laughed, rolling on the grass.

"Crazy!" Kurt said.

"I wonder what a girl would say if she saw us doing that?" Randy asked.

"She'd get all excited and wanna fuck."

"Jeez!" Randy said, sighing. "And then what would we do?"

"We'd shove our pricks up her cunt and fuck her," Kurt said.

"You're sure a girl's got a cunt like a goat or a cow?" Randy asked.

"Sure," Kurt said. "She's got a slit, just like a goat or a cow, only she's probably tighter."

Randy stroked his cock. "Jeez! But how come you can fuck a girl from the front? You can't do that to a cow."

"Because a girl's cunt is down more between the legs. When she lays on her back, you can fuck her from the front-you know, rub against her tits and all. And when she gets up on all fours, like a goat, you can get at her from behind."

"Oh, Jesus, wow!" Randy said. Pre-cum bubbled down over his knuckles as he pumped on his cock.

"A girl's cunt gets all hot and juicy when you fuck it," said Kurt.

"Far out," Randy said, his hard-on throbbing and pulsing.

Kurt laughed. "I'm getting all horny just talking about it."

"I think I better cool off before I shoot my load right now," Randy said.

With that he went running into the freezing pond. Kurt followed behind him. Both boys screamed as they hit the water and quickly jumped out again onto the grass, panting and laughing.

"Goddamn," Kurt said, pointing at the water, "we lost our dandelions." The yellow blossoms bobbed on the surface.

"We almost froze our nuts off, too," Randy said.

"My prick didn't cool off none, though," Kurt said. "It's still as hot and hard as a fireplace poker."

"Same here," said Randy. "Why don't we jerk off?"

"I already jerked off three times this morning." Kurt twanged his stiff cock. "It didn't do a bit of good."

"I did it four times," Randy said. "What we need is some cunt."

"I think there's some she-goats right over the hill. And there's cows down there," Kurt said, pointing

to the grove of trees at the bottom of the valley. "They all got hot cunts."

Randy shook his head. "I'm sick of fucking goats and cows. Shit, we've been fucking goats and cows and our hands all our lives. We're grown now. We're men. We need women."

"Just hold off until tomorrow, then," said Kurt. "Connie will be here, and we'll get her to let us fuck her. I know we can. Shit, last year at my aunt's funeral, she was making eyes at me. If I could of got her alone, I would've fucked her."

"Jeez!" Randy said, pumping his cock again. "You think she'll let us fuck her everyday?"

"Sure," said Kurt. "She's hot. Blonde hair down to her waist. Blue eyes that she's always flirting with. Pointed tits. And, when she walks, she's always wiggling her ass."

"God!" Randy said. "You're gonna make me come."

Kurt pumped his own cock. "I'm gonna make myself come."

"You ever feel like fucking your mom?" Randy asked suddenly. He blushed, looking at the pond.

Kurt frowned. "Why, do you?"

"Yeah," said Randy. "I mean, I feel like fucking your mom a lot-not my mom. Shit, my mom is almost sixty."

Kurt looked into his buddy's brown eyes. "You're serious, ain't you? You'd like to fuck my mom."

"Yeah," said Randy. "She's sexy."

Kurt squeezed some pre-cum out of his cock and licked it off his fingers. "Well, yeah, sometimes I'd really like to fuck her, too. When she hugs me and kisses me like she does-shit, I have to run off and jerk off until my cock gets sore. Once, when she hugged me, I came right in my pants."

Randy's jaw dropped. "No kidding?"

"No kidding," Kurt said. He relaxed back on the grass and pumped his cock. "Jeez, let's jerk off. My balls ache."

"Mine do, too," Randy said, reclining beside his buddy and slipping his hand up and down his cockshaft.

The two boys stretched out under the morning sun and concentrated on beating off their superhorny pricks. They watched each other's glossy purple cockheads pop in and out of their fists. They watched each other's belly muscles ripple and their toes flex as they squirmed with the feelings spiraling through their cocks.

"Feels good," Kurt muttered.

"Mmmm!" said Randy.

"I'm getting close," Kurt said.

"Me too," said Randy.

"Shit, what's that?" said Kurt, sitting up suddenly.

Randy sat up too, looking up the hill. "It's your fucking dog."

"No way we can escape old Sam," Kurt said.

The white pointer made a few last bounds down the hillside, circled excitedly around the two boys, then licked Kurt's face.

"Yuk!" said Kurt, wiping off his mouth with his forearm.

Randy laughed. "He's drooling like a baby. What's he so excited about?"

Sam sat on his haunches, looking from one boy to the other. His long pink tongue dangled from his chops as he panted.

"He's trying to tell us something," Kurt said.

"Probably some crow took off on the other side of the hill or something," Randy said, settling back down to beat off his cock.

"Probably," Kurt said. He lay back once again and stroked his stiff prick.

"Hey," said Randy, "Sam's prick is sticking out."

Kurt looked. He laughed. "How'd you like to have a skinny red prick like that?"

Randy made a face. "No thanks. It looks like a skinny wet worm." He closed his eyes. "Damn, wish I had a cunt to fuck."

At the sound of the word "fuck," Sam leapt forward, straddled Randy's belly with his forepaws, and began humping wildly at Randy's prick. For a few breathless moments, dog-prick filed against boy-prick. Then, Randy, coming to his senses, wrestled Sam away from himself and jumped to his feet.

"What the hell?" shouted Randy. "The dog's crazy!"

Kurt unscrewed his frown and burst out laughing. "He thinks you're a bitch. He wants to fuck you."

At the sound of the word "fuck," Sam sprang at Kurt and mounted him with the same vigor as he had Randy. For another few stunned seconds, dogprick squirmed against boy-prick.

"Get him off me!" Kurt yelled.

Randy, laughing, pulled Sam off Kurt.

Sam sat on his haunches, panting.

"He thinks you're a bitch, too," said Randy.

"He's gone nuts," Kurt said. He wiped Sam's pre-cum off his cock and wiped his hand in the grass. "Yuk!"

Randy got down on his hands and knees and turned his tight little ass up in the air.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Kurt asked.

“Experimenting. Let’s see what he does if I make like I’m a bitch.” He wiggled his ass and barked. “Woof, woof, woof, honey.”

Sam sat there, cocking his head from side to side.

“Some bitch you are,” Kurt said. He got down on his hands and knees beside Randy. “I’ll show you how to attract a stud.” He put his nose up in the air and whined like a bitch in heat. He contracted muscles in his loins, making his cock flex and his asshole twitch.

Both boys looked over their shoulders at Sam. The big dog watched them with a blank face.

“Dumb mutt!” said Kurt.

“I’ll get him,” Randy said. He wiggled his ass furiously, finally squeezing out a weak, but audible fart.

At the sound of the little pop, Sam stood up, stretched, and meandered over to sniff Randy’s ass.

“Now we’ve got him,” said Kurt. “Wiggle your ass and whine.”

The two boys threw their heads back and whined into the clear morning air, all the while arching their supple backs and gyrating their boyish asses.

Sam sniffed their asses. Then he sat back on his haunches, put his nose into the air, and howled.

Kurt and Randy stopped whining. For a few moments Sam continued howling.

“Crazy fool!” Kurt said. “What do we have to do to get this mutt to fuck?”

On cue, Sam sprang up on Kurt’s ass, humping away blindly. Kurt squirmed, laughing. The hot, slippery dog-prick, slipping up and down between his asscheeks and stabbing at his nuts, tickled him. After a few moments, Kurt fell forward, rolling out of Sam’s clutches.

“Now what made him want to fuck you?” Randy asked.

Sam’s ears cocked to the key-word. Before Randy could brace himself for the big dog’s assault, Sam had mounted him and was fucking at top speed.

Randy squealed. “Jesus Christ, get him off me!” He crawled forward on his hands and knees, trying to escape.

“Get him off me before he comes!” Randy shrieked. While Kurt grabbed the big dog around the ribs, Randy twisted away.

Sam, seemingly crazed by all the shouting and squirming of the two boys, danced on his hind legs and humped blindly at the air while Kurt held him upright from behind. His dog-prick began to flex and spurt. The hot dog-jism squirted into the air.

“Christ!” Randy shouted.

“Look at him spurt!” Kurt yelled.

Sam whimpered, humping the air and squirting it full of his thin, watery dog-jism. The mucous-like strands of cum fell across the green grass. Kurt held the dog up until he’d finished spurting, then

dropped him.

"Christ," Kurt said, "I've never seen him so wild."

"Look what he did." Randy caught some of the jism with his finger. "Yuk!" He brought his finger up to his nose and sniffed at the jism.

"What's it smell like?" Kurt asked.

"Kinda like ours," Randy said.

Kurt grabbed his cock and pumped it. "Shit, Randy, I'm really horny now-after seeing old Sam squirt like that."

"Me too," Randy said. "Let's shoot off into the pond." He stood up next to Kurt and began jacking off.

The two boys stood side by side. They pumped their cocks with nearly synchronized strokes. Since they'd learned how to jack off together, had taught each other, so to speak, their stroking techniques were identical.

"I can come before you," Randy said, "even though you had a head start." Randy usually came first.

"Go ahead," Kurt said. "I'll shoot farther." He usually did.

The sun-filled morning air wrapped around the two naked, masturbating boys. The pond lay still, waiting for their heavy loads. The boys gazed at their reflections, hypnotized by their obscene, fist-pumping images.

"Mmmmm," Kurt said, "feels great!"

"Yeah!" Randy said.

The boys' hands moved faster and faster over their throbbing young cocks. Pre-cum flicked off the tips of their glossy cockheads and plucked the glassy surface of the water. The boys' pink nuts flapped below their jerking fists.

Both boys moaned. Their slim, willowy bodies began to sway. Warm thrills screwed through their pricks and filled their tight, wiggling loins. Both boys were close.

Randy sighed. His thick boycum shot like a long, white rope from the end of his spasming prick. Four feet away, the heavy gobs of pubescent cum plopped into the clear, -unmoving water. They hung in the water like puffs of white cloud while Randy spurted again and again, adding to their number.

"Oh!" Randy moaned. "Oh, man!"

Kurt tensed, leaning hard against Randy. He stroked his young cock firmly, teasing the jism from his horny teenage loins.

"It's coming, Randy," Kurt muttered. "Any second now! Oh, wow, ah!" His jism spurted-a long, high, white arc of it. It hung in the sunny air, then blurped into the pond five feet away. Before it hit, another spurt escaped from Kurt's cock.

"Feels so good!" Kurt moaned. "Oh, jeez!"

When they finished shooting, the two boys sprawled out on the soft grass. They stretched their long bodies and wiggled their toes.

“Wish I had a cunt to shoot into,” Randy said, plucking a dandelion and chewing on the bitter stem.

“You will,” said Kurt. “Just wait till tomorrow.”

Sam walked back and forth between the boys, sniffing their pricks and asses. The dog’s ears were cocked, listening for cues.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

The state highway, heading north, wound its way between, and over, rolling green hills. Groves of leafing trees, mostly white oak and black walnut, nestled in the valleys. In places, red cedars grew from rocky ridge-tops. The sun, drifting down toward the hills now, glared in through Martin’s side window, forcing him to swing his sun-visor to the left to shade that side of his face.

“We won’t make it to the farm today anymore,” Martin said. “We’ll have to find a motel for the night.”

“Goody!” Connie said, wiggling her bare toes. She had her feet up on the dashboard, sunbathing them. “I’ve never stayed in a motel.”

“Sure you have,” Martin said. “When you were little. You just can’t remember.”

“Oh,” said Connie. She stretched her arms forward between her legs and sighed. Then she sat up, drew her knees up to her chest and hugged them. Her bare toes, resting on the seat now, still wiggled. Connie was restless. She’d been squirming the entire trip.

Martin tried to keep his eyes on the road, tried to keep his mind on driving, but for hours now his eyes had been fighting him, had been straining toward the right, toward the unbearably sexy young girl seated beside him. Her long hair was dazzling in the late-afternoon sun, shimmering like waterfalls of gold whenever she moved her head. Her blue jeans snuggled her ass like tights. Her blue eyes, half-laughing, half-crying, like a clown’s, melted his insides. Martin was in love with his daughter. He was crazy about her. He wanted her more than he’d ever wanted any female.

Martin shifted his ass, trying to get his hard cock to adjust itself into a less uncomfortable position. He’d been hard from the moment he’d turned the ignition key and had realized that he and Connie were alone together in the front seat. His cock throbbed, his balls ached, and every time his eyes met Connie’s, he verged on orgasm.

“Want a pillow under your back, Dad?” Connie asked.

“Sure, honey. That would be great.”

Connie pulled a small pillow out of the back seat, and, while Martin leaned forward, she slid it behind his lower back. “Feel better, Dad?” She squeezed his arm.

“Much better, honey. Thanks.” Martin’s knuckles turned white. He fought to keep the car on the road while his cock jerked.

It seemed to Martin that he’d been driving for days-and every moment of it had been with a hard-on.

He'd raced over two-hundred miles yesterday evening, his cock hungry for sex in the big city. He'd raced the same distance home in the middle of the night, his cock still sticky with Mimi's cuntjuice-and still hard-but hard not only with memories of little, hot Mimi, but hard with a crazy lust for his own daughter.

Martin had slept, hoping his perverted lust for Connie would be washed away by dreams, but his dreams merely intensified his lust. Connie came to him in his dreams, dancing before him naked like a slave before her master. She offered him her tits, offered him her ass, spread her legs for him-and Martin woke up in agony. A brutally cold shower put his cock down temporarily, but the moment he and Connie set out on their journey, his cock sprang up vengefully.

Connie hugged her knees to her torso. She clamped her hands around her ankles, forcing the balls of her feet against her cunt. She squeezed her legs together hard. She could feel the wetness of her jeans against her heels. Her pussy had been juicing all day, and worse yet, it ached.

"I wish we could have brought Hector along," she said.

"I do, too, honey," Martin said, "but there's hardly room for the two of us in this car. The kennel will take good care of him. We'll only be gone a week."

"He's such a good dog, Daddy. I hope he doesn't get lonely."

"He'll be fine, honey. I didn't realize you cared so much for him."

"Mmm," Connie said dreamily. "I love him. He's a special dog." She rested her chin on her knees.

Connie had hardly slept last night. The experience of her first orgasm, her first fuck, had put her mind into such a whirl that she thought she was losing her sanity. All she could think about was Hector's red pee-thing rubbing inside her crotch, and those wonderful feelings Hector had made her feel. While she thought about Hector, she pushed her middle finger in and out of her cunt, pretending her finger was Hector's pee-thing, and she found that her finger gave her the same feelings as Hector's pee-thing, even those feelings that made her squirm and almost faint.

Connie rubbed herself off again and again during the course of the night. Toward morning, when she heard her father arrive home, she started thinking about the pee-thing her father had between his legs. She knew he had one. She'd seen it a few times when she was younger. She couldn't remember much about it, except that it was bigger than Hector's.

Then she began to wonder: What would it be like to feel her father's big pee-thing rubbing between her legs? If she remembered correctly, her father's pee-thing was big, but it hung down, kind of soft. Being that soft, could it get inside her? And, if it could get inside her, how could she get her father to put it there? How could she ask him to do such an embarrassing thing? Maybe he'd think she was crazy, and he'd have her locked up.

Martin relaxed his hands on the wheel. Connie had stopped squirming. She seemed to be half-asleep. As long as she didn't move, he could keep his eyes on the road and try to forget that she was there, ready to be plucked, like a ripe peach.

Connie was ripe all right. The only problem was that she was ignorant. More than likely, she didn't know what her own cunt was for. Connie was the natural product of a small, ultraconservative, all-American town where even the word sex was never uttered. The books in the public library were heavily censored. Even the local TV station refused to telecast questionable programs. A Walt Disney movie about a circus-which showed trapeze artists in their typical skimpy costumes-had at one time

caused church groups to picket the local theater where it was showing. All sex-education was forbidden in the schools. Ironically, the town of 20,000, despite all its fanatical precautions against sex, suffered from an epidemic of rape, venereal disease, and teenage pregnancies. The percapita rate of these things was actually higher than the per-capita rates in the large sin-cities of the country. The anti-sex fanatics of the town, infuriated by the epidemic, vowed even stricter censorship.

The town's conservative anti-sexualism had not only kept Connie ignorant, but had made Martin feel guilty about having sex with new women after the death of his wife. It was only the frustration of a year without sex, along with the shock of being laid off from his job at the office, that had sent him on his sin-quest to the big city yesterday. The secure life he'd taken for granted was falling apart. His wife was gone. His job-after twelve years with the same company-was in high jeopardy. His layoff might easily be permanent. What did he have to lose now? All he had left were the basic pleasures of life. The community would even deny him those.

Martin glanced at Connie. She still sat with her chin on her knees, her eyes half-closed as if she were dazed. All he'd have to do would be to pull over to the side of the road, turn off the engine, pull off her clothes, and fuck her. She wouldn't even understand what was happening. It would be the easiest thing in the world.

A sign read, "Sleepy Hollow Motel-1 Mile." The air in the car had chilled. The sun was gone somewhere behind the hills.

"Tired, Connie?" Martin asked.

Connie came out of her daze. "What?" she asked, yawning.

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The Sleepy Hollow Motel sat in a remote hollow just off the highway. Martin had to drive over a small bridge that crossed a sleepy stream, and there sat the main cabin and office.

"Double bed or twin beds?" the white-haired proprietor asked.

Martin was about to say twin beds automatically, but he caught himself in time. "Double bed." As he said the words he almost shit in his pants.

"Only one cabin left with a double bed-number ten, right at the end of the hollow. It's a ways up, set off from the rest, next to the creek. Fishing's good. Throw a line out the window if you're too lazy to step outside."

Cabin number ten had a chill in it when Martin and Connie entered it, but in no time Martin got a fire blazing in the fireplace, and soon the one-room cabin was toasty.

"Let's leave the lights off, Dad," Connie said. "I like watching the fire in the dark." In the cozy atmosphere of hearth, Connie imagined herself back in her father's den with Hector at her side.

She stretched. "Mmmmm, I'm sleepy," she said. "I'm ready for bed already."

Martin yawned. "So am I. All that driving." He sat at the edge of the bed, facing the fire, and started taking off his shoes. His hands trembled as he undid the laces. He felt sick to his stomach. For the first time since starting on this journey, his prick went soft.

Connie slipped out of her clothes and into bed before her dad had taken off his shoes. She didn't bother with pajamas. She wanted to be naked in bed with her dad. Maybe he'd turn over in his sleep and she could get close to him and get his pee-thing between her legs. Her heart pounded so loud that she could hear it inside her head.

Martin sat there in his underwear. He glanced behind himself at Connie. Her cute head lay in the palm of the pillow. From the neck down, she was under the covers. Her tits formed two tents. She had good-sized tits for a young girl, just as big as Mimi's, who was older. Her eyes were closed. Martin pulled off his underwear and slid under the covers.

The bed was small, and it sagged in the middle.

Connie rolled against Martin as he got into bed. Suddenly, she found her face against the side of his chest and his bare hip against her belly. She caught his male scent. She moved to hug him. Her hand brushed over his fat, soft pee-thing.

"Daddy," she said, "I love you." She wrapped her hand around his pee-thing and squeezed it. Within seconds, the soft cock ballooned and stiffened. Suddenly, she found her hand wrapped halfway around a thick, hard, throbbing hunk of hot meat. She caressed her hand over its length. It was huge.

Martin groaned. He thought he must be dreaming. His pretty daughter's soft hand massaged his bursting cock. His balls pulsated. He was ready to come. He grabbed Connie's hand and pushed it away.

"Don't, darling," he said. "You'll make me come."

"Come?" Connie asked. "Come where? You're already here."

Martin rolled over onto his daughter. He laughed. "You don't know anything about cocks and fucking, do you? You're acting purely by instinct."

Connie sank back into the bed. The full naked weight of her father was upon her. His hairy chest rubbed her tits. He smelled so exciting. His hot, hard cock throbbed against her belly.

"Oh, Daddy," she moaned. "I don't know. I don't know." She spread her legs. "All I want is your pee-thing inside me."

Martin pushed up off his daughter. He was so excited that he'd almost shot off against her belly. "My pee-thing is called a cock," he said. "A cock is supposed to get shoved into a cunt. Your cunt is that hole between your legs."

Martin tossed the covers off the two of them. He propped up Connie's young loins with a pillow. Blonde little Connie lay shivering before him, her blue eyes wide, her lips parted. Her pretty young tits glowed softly in the firelight.

"Daddy," Connie said, her voice shaky, "put your cock in my cunt." She watched the big gleaming cock twitch. It pointed straight up in the air, almost lying flat against her father's belly as he sat back on his heels looking at her. Below his cock hung a huge sac of skin. Connie was so excited she wanted to bite her dad's cock and his big hairy sac.

Martin spread Connie's cuntlips with his thumbs. Her pink cunt glistened in the firelight. Her juice streamed out, already drenching the pillow.

"When I put my cock in your cunt-that's called fucking," Martin said. "You're sure you want me to fuck you, darling?"

Connie squirmed, forcing her legs apart as wide as she could. "Oh, yes," she said. "Am I opened up wide enough for you, Dad? Is my cunt big enough for your cock?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ!" Martin gasped. He'd lose his load in the air if he didn't fuck her quick. He mounted her, positioning his bloated cockhead between her small, fat pussylips.

"Are you gonna fuck me now, Daddy?" Connie asked. His big cock felt hot as an ember between her legs.

"Yes," Martin grunted. "Hold on, Connie."

Connie held her father's warm flanks. "Fuck me, Daddy," she gasped, tensing for his thrust.

Martin lunged into his daughter. All eight inches of his hard, thick cock roared up her virgin pussy. Her cherry burst, audibly rupturing.

Connie screamed. She clawed into her father's flanks, drawing blood. Unbearable searing sensations flashed through her loins. She was being torn apart. Her eyes rolled back, filled with tears.

Martin had never fucked into any cunt so tight and hot. As Connie screamed in agony, Martin groaned in ecstasy. "Fuck!" he moaned. "Ohh, fuck!" His cock had never felt so good.

Connie squirmed, trying to get away. She kicked at her father's ass. She clawed at his chest. "Aw!" she screamed. "You're killing me!"

Martin fucked. In and out he jerked his cock. Connie's cunt clutched at his cock as savagely as her fingers tore at his hairy chest. Each inch his cock slid was unbearably exciting. He came almost instantly. "Oh!" he groaned. "Uh!" His cock flexed, nearly waving Connie in the air. His jism blasted, jolting Connie's body with each spurt. He writhed, screwing his daughter's virgin cunt savagely.

Connie forgot her pain for a moment, fascinated at the sight of her father jerking as if with convulsions. His eyes rolled in his skull. All the muscles of his body danced. Each time he cried out, she felt her cunt filled with a delicious warmth that soothed the raw, searing pain inside her.

"Daddy," she gasped, "what's happening?"

Martin fell on her with all his weight and crushed her into the mattress. His loins jerked, firing the last of his hot cum into her body.

"Connie," he groaned, "sweet darling!" He pulled his cock out of her and rolled off.

Connie sighed. The over-stretched tissues of her cunt relaxed, throbbing. She spread her legs, letting the soothing warm air lick at her ravaged cunt.

Martin looked at his tender young daughter-no longer a virgin. His cock still throbbed, just as stiff as ever. He could easily fuck her again. Had there not been blood on the pillow between Connie's legs, he would have mounted her immediately.

He panted, still out of breath. "You all right, darling?"

"I think so," Connie said. "I didn't know it was going to hurt like that."



"Sorry," Martin said. "I should have been more gentle. It's just that you got me so excited I got carried away." He massaged his finger into the buttery softness of her spread pussylips. "How's it feel now?"

Connie wiggled. "Better," she said. "But I think something broke inside me. I could feel it tear."

"That was your cherry, honey. All girls have a cherry, and they have to lose it sometime, before they can enjoy getting fucked. I guess it always hurts a girl the first time to get fucked, but after that she feels only pleasure."

"I'm glad to find that out," Connie said. "I guess I'm kind of dumb."

"You're not the dumb one, honey," Martin said. "It's me who's the dumb one. Along with all the parents and teachers and clergymen of that hick town we're living in. I wonder if there's an adult in that town with one lick of common sense."

"Huh?" asked Connie.

And Martin explained. He explained about the town's campaign against sex through censorship. Then he explained his own feelings about sex and his job and the life he'd been leading. And finally he gave Connie a long-overdue lesson in sexeducation, explaining to her the basics. He told her as much as he thought she could handle in one lesson.

Connie listened, devouring her dad's every word. She'd never heard anything so fascinating. When he'd finished, she asked him about Hector.

Martin was shocked. "You sure you're not telling me a fib? Hector really did those things?"

"Yes," Connie said. "Then he did fuck me-right?"

"I guess so," Martin said, shaking his head.

"But if he fucked me, why didn't he take my cherry? Why didn't it hurt me?"

"His prick was too small, too skinny. If a dog's prick were as big as a man's, he'd have busted your hymen."

"Oooh," said Connie, imagining Hector fucking her with a man-sized cock.

"So that's why you were begging to bring Hector along."

Connie giggled, admitting it.

"Naughty girl! Tell me-which cock would you rather have to play with-Hector's or your old dad's?"

Connie grinned. She grabbed her father's big hard cock and tugged. "This one," she said. "I love this one best." She licked her lips, salivating. "Oooh, Daddy, let me taste it!"

Martin straddled Connie's chest, pressing his knees against her warm sides. He lowered his ass, letting his bloated balls dangle against Connie's stiff nipples. The tender little buds quivered against his balls and tickled them.

Connie sighed. She cradled one of her dad's fat balls in each hand and squeezed it. "Your balls are so big, Daddy. Let me kiss them."

Martin raised up so Connie could nuzzle his balls. She smooched each ball, then licked his sac, covering the entire tight sac with flicks of her warm, pink tongue. Then she nuzzled under his balls and licked his ass. His young daughter was a natural at love-making. She acted by instinct.

Connie's cunt dripped. She squeezed her legs together and squished her pussylips against each other. Licking her dad's balls and ass was so very exciting! The big balls hummed against her tongue, and she loved the salty taste of his ass. She wrapped her small hands around the thick base of his jerking cock, and she bent the monster down to her lips.

"Let me suck it, Daddy," she said. "I'd really like to suck it. Can I make the jism come out by sucking it?"

Martin almost slapped his face to find out if he was dreaming. He leaned forward onto his hands and knees and shoved his cock into Connie's mouth. "Jesus, honey, suck it all you want! You sure can make the jism come out by sucking it!"

Connie shivered. She saw little flashes of light behind her closed eyes as tingles flooded her body. Her dad's cockhead filled her mouth like a ripe apple—a hot, ripe, spongy apple that throbbed. The taste, the smell, the feel of her dad's cock made her writhe with excitement. She shimmied her smooth legs. She knew that those hot feelings that made her want to die weren't far off.

"Suck it," Martin gasped. "Suck it, baby!" He humped gently, forcing his cockhead into his daughter's throat.

Connie gagged. She forced her father's loins backward. His huge prick slid out of her throat, enabling her to catch her breath. She sucked, letting his prick slip into her throat again. This time she gagged less. After a few more back and forth movements of her dad's cock, her throat adjusted, and she no longer gagged. She sucked, taking his entire cock into her mouth. The head throbbed halfway down her throat. Her nose nestled in his thick, curly cockhair.

"Beautiful, honey!" Martin grunted. His daughter's throat was as soft and warm and tight as her cunt. And the sight of her pretty face wrapped around the huge base of his cock made the experience that much more exciting. He began to hump, fucking Connie's mouth as if it were her cunt. "Lick it while I fuck, darling. Lick under the head."

Connie relaxed her throat, letting her father fuck in and out. His big spit-oiled cock slid in and out gracefully, like a gleaming ivory tusk. She churned her tongue against the underside while she watched the hot monster slice in and out, nearly filing the tip of her nose.

"Oh, man!" Martin moaned. "Ah!"

Connie sucked hard, pulling his cock down her throat, trying to hold it there while her father pulled it out. All the tissues of her mouth and throat pulsated. Her lips tingled around the shaft of her dad's sliding cock. Her face and mouth and throat flushed with feelings, feelings very much like those that now pulsed through her cunt. She wished she could lie here forever, getting her throat fucked by her dad's big cock. It felt so good. Her toes and tits tingled. She shimmied her legs furiously.

Martin fucked faster. Connie's cute face was flushed nearly purple. Her wet tongue whirled like a fan up and down the sensitive underside of his sliding cock. Her eyes were crossed, intent on his fucking cock. Her cheeks quivered. She moaned.

Connie's vision blurred. Orgasmic sensations, like fireworks, overcame her inflamed pussyflesh. Churning, prickling waves of warmth and pleasure passed through her body from head to toe. Her

small form jerked rhythmically, as if receiving electric shocks. She wanted to die. Her toes clenched.

Martin had never seen a more exciting vision. Connie writhed in absolute ecstasy while he fucked in and out of her throat. He felt his balls swell. The tip of his spine tingled.

“Uh, uh, I’m coming!” he gasped. “Ahhhh!” His cock jerked. His jism exploded. His pubic bone banged Connie’s upper lip.

Connie gagged, drowning in her father’s heavy load of hot jism. The thick wads rolled down her throat-hot, fluffy puffs of man-cream. Her dad shot so fast that she didn’t have a chance to savor his cum as she would have liked.

Connie wound her legs into a pretzel, crushing the toe-curling sensations through her jerking loins. She felt as if she were floating, suspended in the air, hanging by the mouth from her father’s huge flexing cock. Each time it flexed, her mouth filled with the jism from deep inside his loins. Each time it flexed, a wave of ecstasy passed through her.

Connie sucked like a baby. All these sights, smells, tastes, sounds, touches were new to her. It was as if she’d just been born.

In the frenzy of his throat-fucking orgasm, Martin lost control of his cock. The throbbing monster flipped out of Connie’s mouth, and his last few spurts blasted against her face.

Connie sighed, wiping some jism off her eyelash. “Ooooh, Daddy, I love your warm milk. I could drink it all day.”

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CHAPTER SIX

Doreen picked at her dessert. The chunks of sliced fruit in the salad she’d prepared all tasted the same-flavorless. The only way she knew now that she was chewing apple instead of banana was by its texture. All she could smell now was man. All she wanted to taste was that handsome blond stud across the table from her. It had been too long since a real man had sat at her table, too long since she’d had a cock for dessert instead of fruit salad.

Martin was a beautiful, sexy man. Doreen could see why her sister had married him. Betty may have died young, Doreen thought, but she must have had one hell of a life before she died. Doreen would easily have traded a year of her own life for a feel of Martin’s stucokk fucking inside her. She could tell by the bulge in his pants that he had a big one.

Doreen rubbed her bare feet together under the table. If only she had the nerve she’d put her feet up into his lap and play footsie with his cock. Now was her chance. Connie, Kurt, and Randy had run off to the barn. She knew they wouldn’t poke their noses inside the house again until supper. If only she could get up the nerve!

“Great meal!” Martin said. “But you didn’t seem too hungry.”

“I’m never very hungry at lunch,” Doreen said. “Thanks for the compliment.”

“You’re very welcome. So, how are you and Kurt getting along out here all by yourselves?”

“We eat well. Sleep well. Life’s not too exciting, there being just the two of us.” She threw Sam the

remains of her ham sandwich. "And Sam here, of course."

"About the same in town," Martin said. "That town's something else-about as conservative and backward as you can get. Hell, I bet you have more excitement out here."

"At least there's nobody looking over our shoulders," Doreen said.

Sam sat up and begged, and Doreen fed him her dessert.

"He'll eat anything," she said.

"I can see that," said Martin. "Hector won't touch anything but meat."

Doreen flushed slightly, remembering the big Doberman from a year ago, when she had stayed at Martin's house during the days of Betty's funeral. The black stud had responded so eagerly to her sexual advances toward him that she'd fallen in love with him, and she'd hated to leave him to return to the farm. She also suspected that Betty had been fucking him.

"How is Hector?" Doreen asked casually.

"Healthy and hungry," Martin said. He smiled, blushing slightly.

"Quite a dog, if I remember!" Doreen said.

"Yes, quite, a dog," Martin said. He shifted uneasily.

Both sat silent for a moment.

"Doreen," Martin said, "you know a lot about animals."

"Grew up on this farm," she said. "Had animals surrounding me for thirty-five years now. I suppose I know something."

"What do you know about dogs and sex?" Martin asked.

"What?" Doreen's stomach felt queasy. Then she laughed at herself. He was going to ask about Hector studding or something.

"You ever hear of male dogs making it with women?" Martin asked. He almost whispered the words.

Doreen jumped up to clear the table. She couldn't sit there anymore. "I've heard of it. Why do you ask?"

Martin cleared his throat. "This will sound crazy," he said. Then he paused.

"Go ahead," Doreen said, trying to laugh. "I'm not in the least prudish." She stacked the plates frantically.

"Well," Martin said, "Connie claims Hector made sexual moves on her."

"You mean he fucked her?"

Martin jumped up and collected the silverware. "Well-yes," he said. "The other night."

"My!" said Doreen. "That's something."

"You think she made it up then?"

"Maybe," Doreen said. "Maybe not. It's actually quite common."

"Girls fucking with dogs, or girls making up such stories?"

"Girls fucking with dogs," Doreen said. "And other animals, I might add. When you were a boy, didn't you at least once have sex with an animal?"

Martin flushed. "Yeah-guess I did."

"Well, then," Doreen said, "why should it be any different with girls?"

"I guess it shouldn't," Martin said, and he laughed.

Doreen saw her chance. "Watch this," she said. She unzipped her jeans and began to lower them. "Unless you don't want to, of course."

Martin looked startled. "Go ahead," he said. "I'm not prudish, either."

Beautiful man! Doreen thought. She pulled off her pants, then stepped out of her panties. She threw them to Martin. "Mind holding them?" she asked.

"Not at all," Martin said.

As Doreen lowered herself to her hands and knees, she glimpsed Martin, out of the corner of her eye, pressing her moist panties to his face. The sight made her pussy contract. Warm juice ran down her inner thighs.

She looked up at Martin, who had taken the panties quickly away from his face. "Watch Sam," she said.

Sam sat next to the table, tense with excitement. His shiny red prick quivered against his furry white belly. He whimpered, his head cocking back and forth.

Doreen turned her naked ass up high, making sure Martin, as well as Sam, had a good view of her pussy and asscrack. She wiggled, hoping to turn on Martin as much as she knew she was turning on her dog.

"OK, Sam," she said, "lick! Lick, boy!" . With an excited whimper, Sam sprang between Doreen's legs, his tongue flapping. He mashed his cool black snout between Doreen's pussylips, sniffing up and down her slit. Then he sniffed her asshole, and made a long swipe with his tongue up the length of her asscrack. Suddenly, he was slurping wildly at her pussyslit, working his dripping tongue between the hairy lips.

Doreen couldn't help but to sigh out loud. Sam's warm, slurping tongue felt too damned good.

"Jesus Christ!" Martin said. "I've never seen anything like it. How long will he lick like that?"

"Forever, if I want him to," Doreen said. "Now, watch this. OK, Sam-fuck."

The big dog reared up on his hind legs, wrapped his forepaws around Doreen's slender waist, and rotated his hairy loins against Doreen's ass until his hard, wet prick found its way between her pussy lips.

"Oh, Sam," Doreen muttered, for a moment forgetting that she had an audience, "fuck me! Hump, boy, hump!" She arched her back, turning her cunt up to the ideal fucking angle.

Sam whined, humping fast, driving his skinny red dog-prick in and out of Doreen's inflamed pussy. While he fucked, he slobbered on her back, and his claws sank into her tender flanks.

Doreen was lost. She writhed. Her cunt sizzled from the friction of Sam's hot dog-prick filing the raw folds of her puffed-up sex-chamber. It was raw dog-prick against raw girl-flesh, and Doreen went out of her mind.

"Yes, yes, yes," she gibbered. "Oh, it feels so good! Fuck me, Sam! Shoot me up!"

Sam howled. He banged his furry dog-loins against Doreen's churning ass. The hot dog-jism welled up in his balls and he squirted. Sharp, thin spears of hot dog-jism stabbed the writhing walls of Doreen's cunt.

"Beautiful!" Doreen gasped. "Shoot it darling! Oh, yes!"

Sam jerked, dancing on his hind legs. His tongue hung out long, dripping. His back rounded as he pumped his jism into his mistress. Eight or ten quick, sharp spurts, and he was done. He dismounted immediately, and he sniffed the cunt he'd just fucked.

Doreen groaned. "He comes so fast."

"But I don't," said Martin, pulling Sam away from between her legs.

Over her shoulder, Doreen could see Martin's huge cock throbbing against his hairy belly. Martin had stripped himself completely naked, and he was about to mount her.

"Here, let's get this off you," he said, sliding his fingers under the edge of her blouse and helping her to pull it off over her head.

Now they were both stark naked. Doreen wanted to die. It had been years since she'd shared her naked body with a man, years since a naked man had mounted her ass.

Martin reached under and squeezed her heavy hanging tits. He rotated his palms against her stiff nipples.

"Oh, jeez!" Doreen sighed. How long had it been since a man had squeezed her tits? Too long! The sensation almost made her come. "Plug me, Martin! Quick, shove it in!"

"Jesus Christ!" Martin groaned. "You're so fucking hot!" He spread Doreen's cuntlips with his thumbs. His hot, bloated cockhead pressed against the juicy entrance to her cunt.

"It's big!" Doreen gasped. "So big! Shove it in! Oh, quick!" Her ass twitched. She longed to be split in half by Martin's enormous cock. Martin clutched at her asscheeks, holding her steady. He grunted, ramming his cock in.

Doreen's eyes nearly screwed out of their sockets. Martin's cockhead glowed in the pit of her belly. A real cock at last! "Oh, yes!" Doreen moaned. "Mm!"

Martin collapsed over Doreen. His hands rested on her hands. He gnawed at her upper back. "I could stay buried in you like this forever," she said. "Jesus, Doreen, I love being inside you. Damn, you're hot and juicy in there!"

"Cuntful of dog-cum," Doreen muttered. "Glad you like me inside. I love having you. Beautiful cock."

Martin flexed his cock.

Doreen moaned. "Do that again."

Martin flexed.

"Ummmm! Feels like a big hot snake crawling up my pussy."

Martin kissed her on the neck. "That's what Betty used to say when I'd fuck her. 'Shove that big, hot snake inside me,' she used to say. Jesus, Doreen, you're so much like her-same nose, same tits, same ass, same cunt. Christ, did I love that woman!" he raised up, getting into humping position. "I'd better fuck you before I shoot off. Gotta show you that I can hold out longer than Sam." He started humping with long, smooth, intense strokes.

Doreen wanted to cry out of joy. A few tears rolled down her cheeks. Her skin prickled from head to toe. She concentrated on the feel of Martin's strong hands kneading her asscheeks while his thick, slippery cock sliced in and out of her dog-jismed cunt. The feelings swirling through her loins were so intense that she knew she'd be able to come at will. Just a few wiggles of her ass, a few contractions of her cunt muscles, and she'd be writhing.

Martin fucked harder and faster, pulling out until the tip of his cock hovered at the gaping entrance of her juicy cunt, then slicing in until his hard male belly slammed into her waving ass, making her bones vibrate. In and out, in and out he fucked, relentlessly. Sam's dog-jism ran down Doreen's legs. It dripped from Martin's cock.

"Fuck me!" Doreen squealed. "Oh, yes! Do it to me, Martin!" Doreen's cunt felt as if it were swirling, rotating like a fan around Martin's zinging cock.

While Martin and Doreen copulated, Sam got more and more excited. He started running crazy circles around them. His skinny, red dog-prick had come out of its sheath again, and it quivered against his white belly, dripping.

"Sam," Doreen called. "Here, Sam!" she reached up and caught the big white pointer by the tail. She pulled him close. "Up, boy! Up!"

Sam, responding to another cue, mounted Doreen's face. He braced his warm forepaws on her back, and humped his red prick at her mouth.

Doreen moaned. She'd rarely been so excited. While a muscular stud, a real man, fucked her cunt from behind, she was going to suck Sam's dogprick. She opened her mouth, and Sam's hot, slippery prick slid between her lips.

"Mmmmm!" Doreen groaned. This was almost more than she could stand. She clamped her lips tightly around Sam's naked prick and twirled her tongue around it while Sam fucked it in and out.

Doreen wanted to die. She loved the taste of dog-prick and of the dog's pre-cum. She loved the naked rawness of his hot prick as it slipped against her lips and tongue, as it stabbed at the back of her throat and the roof of her mouth. She was stuffed with cock now-the two cocks she loved best-those of man and dog. Doreen's first fucker had been a German Shepherd, when she was just ten-and her second fucker, only a week later, had been a strapping, sweaty, eighteen-year-old farm boy. Ever since, she'd been crazy about both dogs and men.

Sam whimpered. His hard cock began to twitch as if with electrical shocks. The big dog danced, banging his furry loins at Doreen's nose.

Doreen sucked, filing Sam's hot prick with her tongue. His jism would be coming any second now.

Sam yelped. His stiff dog prick shuddered. It flexed. His hot jism scalded Doreen's throat.

Doreen's eyes swam. She screwed her ass like a fan. Martin's cock stretched the sensitive folds deep in her cunt. His raw cockmeat grated at her raw cuntmeat.

Doreen's head jerked with each explosion of Sam's dog-cum. The hot spurts drilled her tongue, the roof of her mouth, her throat. Dog-cum dripped from Doreen's lips. Dog-cum rolled down her throat. She bit into Sam's cock, wanting to chomp it off and swallow it.

Sam yelped and pulled out of her mouth. A last spurt escaped from his flexing prick and hit Doreen in the nose.

Doreen's nose and lips dripped with warm dog-cum. As she tried to lick it, crazy to swallow every drop of the pungent essence of the dog's loins, her own juicing loins went into spasms. She felt as if a flaming arrow had been shot up her ass.

"Uhh!" she whined. "Oh, Lord, eeee! Uh! Uh!" Doreen snapped her head back, writhing. She felt needles screwing into the tips of her nipples and toes. Electrical teeth gnawed at the throbbing slabs of her pussy. Tiny hands clawed through her cunt and asshole. She arched her back until she thought it would break, churning her upturned ass. "Fuck me! Hump! Shoot! Uh! Uh! Ohhhhh!"

Groaning loudly, Martin fell forward onto Doreen. His prick sank in her to the limit. His back rounded, he made small, spastic humping motions. All at once, his hot cum flooded her loins.

"Oh, fuck!" he moaned. "I'm coming! Uh! Uh! Ah!"

Doreen felt her loins filling with heat. It was Martin's loin-heat that she was feeling. He'd put part of his warmth into her body. He was shooting part of himself into her.

"Oh, fill me!" she moaned. "Drown me in that stuff!"

"I love you, Doreen," Martin grunted. "I want you. Be mine. We'll fuck forever." His cock shuddered, releasing another round of jism up her clutching cunt.

"Uh! Uh!" Doreen gasped. She could hardly get the words out. "I'm yours, Martin. Take me. Oh, Lord!"

Doreen and Martin collapsed forward onto the kitchen floor. They lay there, a twitching mass of naked flesh.

Sam crouched between their legs, burrowing his snout between their crotches, hungry to lick the juices from his mistress's cunt.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

Connie wiggled her toes in the straw. The floor of the barn felt cool under her feet. She hadn't gone barefooted since last summer, so her feet were extrasensitive. Just being barefooted in the straw



made her feel sexy.

Kurt and Randy were barefooted, too. In fact, they didn't even wear shirts. Connie envied them, the way they could run around almost naked. She wished she could slip off her own T-shirt and let her tits jiggle free.

Kurt and Randy were really handsome guys. Their arms bulged, and their chest muscles stood out square, and those ridge-like muscles in their bellies danced when they moved. They had big hands and feet, full of cords and veins, and grimy from tramping around the farm doing chores. Connie felt good being with them. She wished they'd hug her between them and kiss her. She wondered about their cocks: Did their cocks look anything like her dad's? Would she ever get a look at their big exciting things? She was dying to feel their cocks between her legs, or down her throat.

The barn was empty. All the stalls where the cows stood to be milked were vacant. Sunlight shone in through the filmy windows, making the straw covering the long central corridor of the barn look golden. The air smelled of piss and manure and hay, which Connie had already got used to. In fact, she rather liked the smell.

Connie and the two boys stood in a corner of the barn, looking through the thick steel bars of the bull's cage.

"Why's he in there?" asked Connie.

"Are you kidding?" said Kurt. "If he was running around out in the fields, there's no telling what he might do. He'd bust through the fences, charge cars, kill people. Shit, he could knock your house off its foundation if he got mad enough."

"Why would he get mad?" asked Connie.

"Bulls are like that," said Randy. "They get mad over anything."

"What's that?" asked Connie, pointing to a rectangular steel contraption in the side of the cage.

"That holds his head," Kurt said. "Watch." He dragged a bale of hay to the front of the contraption and pulled off the bindings holding the bale together. "Brutus! Hey, Brutus!"

The huge, black bull, who had been staring out his window into the barnyard, cocked his ears and swung around. He grunted when he saw the hay, sauntered toward it, and pushed his head through the steel rectangle to eat.

"Gotcha!" Kurt said, yanking down a steel lever. The steel frame tightened, and the bull's neck was caught.

Brutus ground his teeth at his mouthful of hay, apparently unconcerned that he'd just been lassoed by a steel noose.

"Now what?" asked Connie.

Kurt frowned. "What do you mean-'now what' ""?

Connie had studied dairying in school. She'd seen films of cows being milked. She wanted to show the boys that she wasn't completely ignorant. "I mean, you can't milk a bull, can you? So what do you do with him once you've captured him?"

The boys laughed.

"Course you can't milk a bull," Kurt said. "At least you can't for milk. Right, Randy?"

"What for, then?" asked Connie.

"You ain't never heard of breeding?" asked Kurt.

"No," Connie said. She truthfully didn't know what the word meant, if she'd indeed ever heard it.

The two boys looked at each other and rolled their eyes.

"Breeding's what makes baby cows. Same way breeding's what makes babies in people. Get it?"

Connie flushed. "Not exactly."

"You ain't never heard of fucking?" Randy asked.

"Sure," said Connie, "I heard of it." She felt a surge of excitement. "Fucking's when a guy puts his cock into a girl's cunt and rubs it in and out until he shoots his jism."

The boys' jaws dropped. Their faces reddened. They looked at each other as if stunned.

Kurt turned back toward Connie. "Well, uh, fucking's the same as breeding. The jism is what makes the baby grow inside the cow's stomach, same as a guy's jism is what makes the baby grow inside the girl."

"Oh, I know about that all right," Connie said. "My dad told me all about it. But how's the bull supposed to fuck the cow when you got him caught with his head through the cage? Doesn't he have to get up on the cow's ass like a dog gets up on a girl's ass?"

Kurt and Randy screwed up their faces.

"You mean, like a stud dog gets up on a bitch's ass-don't you?" asked Randy. "Dogs usually fuck dogs."

"A girl dog's called a bitch," Kurt said.

Connie flushed. "Yeah, that's what I mean. How's that bull supposed to get up on a cow's ass when he's locked up like that?"

"He don't get up on a cow's ass when he's locked up like that," Kurt said. "But the vet's got his cock-sucking machine that sucks the jism out of the bull, and then he shoots the jism he sucked out into the cow's cunt."

"Artificial insemination," Randy said. "It's faster than waiting around for the old bull to stop eating long enough to get up on the cow's ass and fuck her. Bulls ain't horny all the time like guys. Bulls are moody."

"And stubborn," Kurt added. "Never breed when you want 'em to. Can't figure 'em out. Shit, if I was a bull, and a bunch of cows started waving their asses as me-shit, I'd be on 'em faster than flies on a fresh cow-pie."

"You said it!" Randy said.

Both boys looked redder in the face now, and both had strange glints in their eyes, which made Connie feel uneasy, but excited her at the same time. All this talk about jism and breeding had put Connie's mind in a spin. She still wasn't sure she was understanding the boys right.

"But why's he caught by the neck?" she asked.

"So he don't stomp the vet to death!" Kurt said as if irritated.

"Yeah," said Randy. "Brutus gets all riled when the vet tries to hook the cock-sucking machine to his cock."

"But then he gets to liking it," Kurt said, "when the vet turns on the machine and it gets to cocksucking."

"You oughta hear him when his jism shoots," Randy said. "Shit, he must really feel it."

Connie stretched with frustration. All this talk had her pussy throbbing. Her jeans crotch was drenched.

The two boys stretched, too. Their hard pricks looked about to burst out of their jeans.

Connie couldn't control herself. "I wanna hear him when he shoots," she said. "You think I can make him come?"

"If you jack him off," Kurt said. His voice trembled.

"You know how to do it?" Randy asked. "We can show you. We done it plenty of times."

"I think I know how," Connie said. "Will he try to kick me?"

Kurt fumbled with the padlock to the bull's cage. "He might, but me and Randy will hold his legs."

The steel hinges screeched as Kurt swung open the door. Kurt and Randy stepped inside the cage. Brutus stopped grinding his hay and peered over his shoulder at the boys. His big black eyes stared blankly at them for a moment. He snorted, as if to say, watch it, then swung his huge head forward again and grabbed up another mouthful of hay.

The boys sighed as if a crisis has passed.

"I think he'll be all right," Kurt said. "He knows us. It's the vet with his shots that Brutus doesn't like."

"Come on, Connie," Randy said, "he's all yours."

Connie's legs quivered. She looked at Brutus's huge bull cock. It was out and hanging, as if Brutus knew what Connie wanted to do to him. She couldn't believe the size. It was as long and thick as her lower leg.

"Come on," Kurt said, "before Brutus starts getting restless."

Connie wanted to turn around and run. What had she got herself into? A vision of herself lying naked in the straw under Brutus's huge cock passed through her mind. Her cunt throbbed so hard she couldn't help but to squeeze her legs together. She had to do it. She was no longer in control of herself. She tore off her T-shirt, then her jeans and panties.

Kurt and Randy gawked at her. Their mouths dropped open. They glanced at each other, then simultaneously peeled off their jeans. Neither boy wore underwear. Their identical seven-inch pricks stood up flat against their bellies like thick arrows with fat purple heads. While their cocks twitched, their balls squirmed restlessly in their pink sacs.

Connie entered the cage. "I love you guys," she said.

Both boys groaned. They crushed her between them, Kurt driving his hard prick at her belly while Randy humped his at her ass. Kurt licked her face, slobbering spit on her cheeks. Randy buried his face in her hair, chewing on the silky golden strands.

"We wanna fuck you," Kurt moaned.

"We love you," Randy said.

Connie wanted to die. She was melting between their hot naked bodies. Were they to step away from her, she'd topple into the straw from weakness.

Brutus stomped his hind hooves a few times and snorted.

"I'd better jack him off if I'm going to," Connie said, hardly able to get the words out. The vision of herself lying under the bull had again entered her mind. As much as she wanted Kurt and Randy to fuck her, she wanted to bathe in the bull's jism even more.

She pushed at Kurt's chest. "As soon as Brutus comes," she said, "you two guys can fuck me."

"Shit!" Kurt said, releasing her.

"Jerk him off quick," said Randy. "We'll hold his legs."

While the two boys squatted, each setting his hands securely around one of Brutus's legs, near the hooves, Connie crawled underneath the beast's belly and sat on the straw directly in front of his hanging prick. She could feel the heat of the huge bull cock as it hung near to her tits.

She looked at Kurt and Randy, as they squatted, their hard, ivory pricks whacked against their flat young bellies, the purple cockheads sticking up past their navels. Connie's cunt throbbed. As she sat, with her legs spread, her hot pussyjuice dribbled out onto the straw. Connie couldn't believe it—three cocks, and they were all hers!

Brutus looked over his shoulder. He flicked his tail from side to side, whacking the boys on the head.

"Take his prick," Kurt said to Connie. "He's starting to get nervous."

"Yeah," Randy said, "rub it real easy until he gets used to it."

Connie took a deep breath. She reached forward slowly, laying one hand on the other side of the bull cock, and, spreading the fingers of both hands, tried to hold the monster as if it were a huge submarine sandwich. Her small hands could hardly encircle the enormous bestial sex-organ.

"It's so big!" she muttered. "How does a cow ever take it?"

"Don't worry bout that now," Kurt said. "Start working on it."

Connie began sliding her two hands up and down the huge cock. As she slid her hands over the

moist, warm cockskin, the cockskin itself slid up and down over the stiffening shaft. All at once, the monster flexed, and Brutus snorted.

"Keep at it," Randy said. "Work the skin faster. He's not sure he can trust us yet."

Brutus snorted, trying to back out of his neck shackle. He twisted his head.

"Easy boy!" Kurt said. "It's all right. Connie's gonna make you feel real good. She's gonna jack you off, the way me and Randy jack you off. Pretend you're fucking a cow. Pretend Connie's hands are a cunt." Kurt spoke in a gentle, but firm monotone.

"Faster," Randy said. "Jack him faster."

Connie's hands moved in long, firm strokes up and down the entire length of the huge cock. When her hands reached the base of the prick, the hot cockhead squirmed against her tits, then slipped up along her cheeks.

Brutus groaned. His flanks quivered. His cock stiffened like a sword, and his pre-cum, thick as honey, began leaking from his huge piss-slit. The hot pre-cum ran down Connie's tits and belly.

"Oh, Brutus," Connie sighed, "I love your cock." She kissed the piss-slit, and her lips dripped with the bull's pre-cum. "Mmm! Mmmm!" Connie licked the pre-cum from her lips. The taste was slightly tart.

"Holy shit!" said Kurt.

"She's gonna suck his cock!" said Randy. "I don't believe it!"

Connie wrapped both arms around Brutus's prick. It was two feet long, and as big around as the fat end of a baseball bat. She hugged the hot, slippery monster to her tits. She shoved her pointed nipples inside the gaping piss-slit. Hot bull pre-cum frosted her tits. She got onto her knees and writhed up and down the flexing cock, slipping up and down it as if it were a greased thigh.

Brutus let out a few bullish bellows. His front hooves clopped from time to time, but he no longer tried to back out of his neck-shackle.

Connie hugged the huge bull cock as if it were a doll. She rubbed her cheeks lovingly against the burning cockhead. She nuzzled the gaping piss-slit, then slipped the tip of her tongue into it. Her lips fastened to the tip, and she sucked down Brutus's pre-cum while she slithered her pink tongue inside the bull's cock.

Brutus snorted. As best he could from the position he was in, the black bull began to hump.

"Oh, jeez!" Randy said. "What a cousin you've got, Kurt!"

"Never seen anything like it!" Kurt said. "Look at her lick that bull's cock!"

Connie was out of her mind. All she was aware of now was Brutus's naked cock sliding against her while she licked it from base to head. The taste of the bull's cock made her dizzy. She began kissing it, then nipping it with her teeth. Finally, she gnawed at it as if it were a piece of raw steak.

"Don't eat it, for christsake!" gasped Kurt.

"Jerk it off!" said Randy. "Make him come. If you bite his cock too much he'll get mad and start

kicking.”

Connie recovered her senses and began sliding up and down the wet bull prick. The big cock flexed, as if a steel rod attached to a cable ran up its center. As Connie masturbated the enormous cock, rubbing it through her clasped arms, and against her tits and belly, she nuzzled it and licked. If the bull prick hadn't been so long, Connie would have sucked it. But it was much too big. All the young teenage girl could get into her mouth was the tip of the head.

Brutus humped faster. His flanks quivered harder. His cock began to flex crazily. The arteries running up and down the shaft fluttered like hearts against Connie's palms.

“He's gonna come any second,” Kurt said. “Get ready, Connie.”

Connie worked on the slippery bull cock frantically. “Come, Brutus!” she panted. “Shoot, Brutus! Squirt your jism!”

“Come on, boy,” Randy said, “give her your jizz!”

“Shoot it, Brutus!” Kurt said.

Connie felt zinging vibrations shoot through Brutus's cock. She held the cock with all her strength and shimmied down it one last time.

Brutus bellowed. His cock jerked, knocking Connie to the ground, and whacking against his belly with the sound of a whiffle-ball bat.

“He's coming!” the two boys chanted in unison.

“Oh, oh!” Connie gasped, trying to catch the flexing bull cock before Brutus wasted any of his jism.

Just in time, Connie grabbed hold of the bucking cock. The bull's first enormous spurt blasted her in the open mouth. She swallowed greedily, bull-jism dripping from her lips and chin. The next spurt hit her in the forehead, and the next, in the tits.

Brutus grunted, snorted, bellowed. His flanks contracted. His uncontrolled cock fired its jism in one quick spurt after another.

Connie couldn't hold onto the cock anymore. She was swimming in bull-cum. Her torso and arms were slick with the thick, hot fluid. She fell backward onto the straw, watching Brutus's magnificent cock pump out the last of its jism. To Connie's squeals of delight, the hot gobs plopped right down upon her. One hot, sizzling gob splashed into her gaping mouth.

“Are you all right?” Kurt asked.

“Sure,” Connie panted. She raised up and milked Brutus's deflating bull cock one final time, fastening her mouth to the piss-slit and sucking out every drop of jism she could find. She slid her tongue up the piss-slit and licked it out, then licked Brutus's dangling cock as clean as she could.

Brutus snorted with satisfaction. He snatched up a mouthful of dry hay and munched on it contentedly while Connie cleaned his jism off her soft skin and licked it from her fingers. She wished bulls could be milked like cows. She'd drink a gallon of bull-jism a day, but only if it was fresh and warm from the bull's loins.

Kurt and Randy let go of the bull's legs and stood up, pumping their cocks. Their faces and bodies

glowed red. Their legs quivered. Spit leaked from the corners of their mouths.

“OK, Connie,” Kurt said, “come on out from under that bull. It’s our turn now.”

“We’re gonna fuck you,” Randy said. Pre-cum dripped from his knuckles. “We’re gonna fuck you good.”

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Connie crawled out from under Brutus on all fours. Her inner thighs, oiled with the pussyjuice that had run down them like melted butter, slipped and squished against each other. Connie’s cunt lips were inflated like balloons. As they rubbed against each other, such hot sensations screwed through Connie’s loins that she almost came.

The sunlight streaming in through Brutus’s window fell in a golden rectangle on a heap of fresh straw in one corner of the bull’s pen. Kurt and Randy, their cocks dancing with anticipation, pointed to the heap of sun-filled straw. Connie crawled under the spotlight of warm sunshine and fell on her back in the cushiony straw. She spread her legs and held up her arms to her two handsome lovers. The two boys dove on her instantly, humping even before they landed on her.

Connie wriggled under the two naked boys. They squirmed all over her, humping blindly. They bit her face and neck. They clawed her tits. All the while, Connie could feel their hearts hammering their ribcages, could feel their muscles quivering, could hear their grunts of unbridled boyish lust, could feel their hot pricks throbbing. The sweaty boys mauled her. They would tear her apart. Connie’s cunt contracted rhythmically, squirting tiny droplets of cuntjuice onto the straw between her legs.

“Oh, man!” Kurt gasped. “Let me in her!”

“Oh, Jesus!” Randy moaned. “I wanna fuck her, too!”

Connie would scream if one of the boys didn’t shove his cock into her soon. “Ohhh,” she moaned, “one of you, fuck me-please!”

Randy rolled off the flesh-pile. “Fuck her, Kurt,” he said. “Do it quick!”

Kurt grunted like Brutus had. He wriggled between Connie’s legs, humping with his arrowshaped cock. The hot boy-prick jabbed her cuntlips, her ass. It slipped against her belly and oiled legs. “Oh, oh, oh!” Kurt gasped.

Connie forced her legs as wide apart as she could. “Shove it in!” she moaned, rolling her head from side to side. “Fuck me, Kurt! Put your prick in my pussy!”

Randy thrust his hand between Connie’s and Kurt’s loins. “Lift up, Kurt,” he said. “Lift your ass!”

Kurt raised up just enough for Randy to grab hold of his slippery cock. Randy guided Kurt’s cockhead between Connie’s cuntlips.

“Now!” Randy said. “Shove!” He yanked his hand away just as Kurt fucked in.

“Aw!” Kurt groaned. His cock filled Connie’s cunt.

Connie's toes curled. Her flesh prickled. Her cousin's boy-prick filed at her clit.

"Fuck me!" she moaned. "Oh, Kurt!"

"Fuck her!" panted Randy, pumping his cock as he watched. "Get your rocks off! Quick, Kurt! Shoot, buddy!"

Kurt's skinny farm boy ass bounced up and down, the smooth asscheeks contracting. His seven-inch prick pistoned in and out of his young cousin's cunt. He crushed his hard chest and belly against Connie's tender flesh. He mashed his mouth to hers, chewing her lips, licking her teeth, drooling into her mouth.

Connie's eyes rolled. Her sweaty young cousin was devouring her while his prick was slicing her up inside. She wrapped her arms and legs around him. She kicked at his ass and clawed at his back. His muscles writhed against her clutching fingers.

"Harder!" Connie muttered into Kurt's mouth. "Fuck me harder!"

Randy ran his hands all over the coupled fuckers, exciting them more. "Oh, Jesus Christ, Kurt," he gasped, "blast her! Blast her!" He thrust his middle finger into his mouth, withdrew it, then rammed the spit-slick finger up Kurt's asshole.

Kurt's long body stiffened. His head snapped back, the whites of his eyes glowing. "Uh! Uh! Uh!" he gasped, his loins jerking. "Ah!" His young jism exploded into Connie's cunt. For the first time, his cock spasmed inside a girl.

Connie tightened her cunt rhythmically, milking the hot boy-cum out of her cousin's loins. The depths of her cunt throbbed, swimming in Kurt's jism.

"Shoot it, darling!" Connie moaned. "Give me all you've got! I love you! I love you!"

Kurt collapsed over Connie, melting into her. His lower back arched and his loins humped. Again and again and again he spurted into his cousin. The moment his ass stopped jerking and started twitching, Randy dragged him by the hips off Connie. Kurt's cum-drenched prick popped out of Connie's clutching cunt and pounded his belly as he fell on the straw beside the cousin he'd just fucked.

As Randy mounted Connie, Connie reached over and milked the last sensations of orgasm from Kurt's twitching cock. She massaged Kurt's jism into his cockskin and smooth pink sac. Kurt lay there panting as if he'd just been shot.

Randy's seven-inch cock found the entrance to Connie's cunt as if it were made of steel and Connie's cunt had a magnet inside. The prick sliced straight up Connie's cunt, and their hairy groins cracked together.

"Ugh!" Randy groaned. "Jeez!" He wrapped his naked body around Connie's and ground his cock in and out of her cunt.

Connie stroked Randy's lower back. The columns of writhing muscles along the sides of his spine were misted with boy-sweat. She slid her finger down his moist asscrack. His asscheeks gripped her finger. She forced her finger between the tight rings of his ass-hole.

Randy groaned, humping wildly, rubbing his naked flesh all over Connie's. His nipples met Connie's

nipples, and Randy writhed against her hard.

"Oh, Randy!" Connie moaned. "Yes! Yes!" She felt so good she could hardly stand it. Randy's cock rubbed swirling tingles through her cunt. His fat balls churned against her ass. She wiggled her finger up Randy's asshole.

"Oh, man!" Randy bellowed. "Ohhhh, wow!"

His asshole contracted rhythmically around Connie's finger. Something firm and meaty, like a heart, swelled up in Randy's asshole and pressed at Connie's finger. Connie drilled her finger into the ballooning flesh.

"Ah!" Randy whined. "Jesus! Oh! Eeeh!" His cock swelled and contracted. Hot jism squirted into Connie's loins.

Connie jabbed the pulsating balloon of flesh in Randy's sucking asshole. She gyrated her bare ass in the straw, contracting her cunt, sucking Randy's boy-cum deep into her loins. Those luscious feelings she'd been waiting for welled up in her cunt.

"Oh, Randy!" she whimpered. "I'm-coming-with-you!" Her loins exploded with orgasm. Hot arrows of pleasure shot up her legs, up her spine, into her toes and fingers and tits.

"Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh!" Randy grunted, squirting one hot spear of jism after another into Connie's cunt.

Connie closed her eyes, crushed Randy against herself, and became a mass of pure fucking, feeling girl-flesh. She concentrated on the sensations shaking her body, trying to feel them even more intensely. She concentrated on the contractions of Randy's cock,, on his spurts of cum, on Randy's whimpers of pleasure. Randy shuddered in her arms, cooing like a baby. Connie held him like a mother. When he was finished coming, Connie kissed him on his cute, brown nose and pushed him off.

"Wanna fuck me some more, Kurt?" she asked her cousin. She was still horny.

Kurt grinned. "I'll fuck you forever, if you want me to." He moved to mount her again.

Connie held up her hands. "Wait! This time I'll be on top. I'll sit on your cock."

"Oh, Jesus Christ, I can't believe this," Kurt said, taking Connie's position on the bed of straw. He lay back, his bronze muscles shiny in the sunlight, his cock and balls still wet with cuntjuice and cum.

Connie straddled him, then moved up over his neck.

"What the hell?" Kurt said.

"I want my pussy licked," Connie said, lowering her dripping cunt to her cousin's mouth.

Kurt tried to push her away. "It's all full of jism!"

Connie held his hands down with her hands and legs. "Eat my pussy! Please! I wanna have it licked."

"Oh, go on and lick it," Randy said, relaxing on the straw beside them. "You've tasted jism before."

"Please, Kurt?" Connie said, touching her dripping crotch to his lips.

Kurt opened his mouth, letting Connie spread her gaping cunt over it. His tongue came out, and he started licking.

“Mmmm! Mmmm! Feels good!” Connie said, wiggling her ass. “Shove your tongue up inside and lick me out.”

Kurt moaned suddenly, and wriggled his tongue up Connie’s hungry young cunt. His teeth sank into her swollen pussy. He sucked at her clit. Jism and pussyjuice ran down over his cheeks and chin.

Connie squealed. Kurt’s tongue felt like a hot worm wriggling inside her. And the way he was sucking her clit made her eyes almost pop out.

Randy lay down on top of Kurt and began chewing Connie’s asscheeks while Kurt ate out her pussy. He sucked at the succulent flesh of her ass, nearly giving her asscheeks hickies. His tongue probed between her moist asscheeks.

Connie loved all the attention the two boys’ mouths were giving to her ass. She leaned forward onto her hands and turned her ass up enough to give Randy’s tongue a shot at her asshole. Immediately, Randy’s tongue tickled her moist young asshole and slid up inside her.

“Eeeeeeh!” Connie shrieked. “I don’t believe it! Oh, Randy, yeah! Feels so good! Lick out my asshole!”

Randy and Kurt pressed their chins together, Randy sucking out Connie’s asshole, and Kurt gnawing on her succulent, dripping young pussy. The two horny boys, pressed belly to belly, slurped and munched at Connie’s ass until she thought she’d go insane. Her entire crotch was being devoured.

Connie’s toes tingled. All at once a swirl of hot feelings flooded her loins. Without warning, a freeand-easy sort of orgasm swept through her body. Her horny little ass twitched as if it were being switched. Her pussy gushed into Kurt’s sucking mouth.

“Oh! Mmmm!” Connie whined. “Coming!” She closed her eyes and wriggled, letting the orgasm overcome her.

The orgasm passed as quickly as it had come, and Connie slumped forward. “Thanks, you guys,” she said. She lifted up and crawled off Kurt’s face.

Kurt lay there with his mouth open, his nose and cheeks and neck glistening with Connie’s cuntjuice, and with his own and Randy’s cum. Randy lay on top of him, squirming.

“Jeez, Connie,” Randy said, “let us fuck you again!” He lifted up off Kurt and sank back on his heels, pumping his cock.

Kurt licked the juices from his lips. “Yeah, Connie, we’re both horny as hell.” He grabbed his cock and stroked it.

Connie’s pussy contracted at the sight of their jerking cocks. She was dying to feel those purple-headed sticks rubbing inside her body.

“That’s what I wanted to do,” she said, “but I just got carried away when Kurt started licking my pussy. I wish you could both fuck me at the same time.”

“We can,” Randy said. “I know just how to do it. Get up over Kurt’s cock like you were going to, and

let him shove it in you. Sit on it.”

Connie straddled Kurt. She reached between her legs and grabbed Kurt’s hard, squirming cock. She rubbed the head between her wet pussylips.

“Oh, man!” Kurt said, tossing his head from side to side. “Sit on it, Connie!”

Connie tightened her cunt and sank down on Kurt’s hot cock. “Mmmm!” she cooed, feeling the stiff boy-cock slice into her.

Kurt moaned. “Oh, jeez! Ohhh, jeeez!”

“Now lay on him,” Randy directed, pushing Connie forward.

Connie lay forward onto her naked cousin. Her nipples met his nipples. Their mouths pressed together.

From behind, Randy guided Connie’s spread legs backwards along Kurt’s thighs. Then he crawled between Kurt’s and Connie’s legs.

“Turn up your ass now, Connie,” Randy said.

Connie arched her back and turned up her ass. She was excited. She loved turning up her ass for horny boys, or for her father, or for her big, hairy dog. She shivered now, wondering what Randy was going to do.

“Can you get two cocks up my cunt?” Connie asked.

“We can try,” Randy said. He rubbed her pussylips as they gaped around, and clung to, Kurt’s hard cockshaft. He worked his finger up inside her, along the bottom of Kurt’s cock.

Connie felt her cunt really being stretched. “You sure you can get that big cock of yours inside there, too, Randy?”

“I don’t know,” Randy said, rubbing his cockhead up and down Kurt’s wet ball-sac to lubricate his cock with pussyjuice and jism, “but I’ll try.”

Randy mounted Connie’s ass and jammed his cockhead against the base of Kurt’s cock, trying to hook it into Connie’s stuffed pussy. He jabbed and jabbed, but his blunt-headed prick kept glancing off.

“We need a crowbar or something,” Randy said.

Connie sighed. “Well, at least you tried. As soon as Kurt shoots, you can fuck me again.” She wiggled her ass, beginning to slide along Kurt’s long body, beginning to fuck his cock.

“I still got an idea,” Randy said. He remained mounted over Connie’s ass, and began rubbing his slick cockhead up and down between her asscheeks. The hot cockhead pressed into her tender asshole.

Connie realized what he was up to. “You can’t shove it up my ass!” she said.

“Why not?” Randy asked, leaning into her.

Connie tensed. "You just can't. It'll hurt. Ohh, Randy, stop! Stop! Oweee!" Randy's cockhead had slipped inside her ass. The meaty head had locked itself inside her asshole.

Randy paused. "Don't fight it. If you don't fight it, it won't hurt."

Connie's asshole burned. Randy's cock was ripping her wide open. "Oh, don't-don't!" she gasped. She took deep breaths, trying to relieve the pain.

Kurt kissed her on the nose. He licked a few tears from her cheeks. "Just relax your ass," Kurt said. "You'll love it, once he gets it in."

"How would you know?" Connie said. She was ready to burst out bawling.

"I know," Kurt said, "and so does Randy."

"Sure," Randy said. "Me and Kurt both know what a cock up the ass feels like. We've seen it in Randy's dad's magazines. It only hurts the first time, and that's only because you're scared and all knotted up inside." He collapsed on Connie, ramming his cock up her ass to the hilt.

Connie screamed. Flashes like lightning shot through her head. She knew she'd been killed. She closed her eyes and waited to float away into nothingness.

Randy licked her ear, making her neck and shoulders tingle with goose bumps. Kurt darted his tongue into her mouth, making tingles swirl down her throat. The warmth of the two boy's naked bodies penetrated her through. Her loins were numb, although she could sense their fullness.

"We love you," Randy whispered. He drilled his wet tongue into her ear.

Connie felt herself melting. She sighed, recovering from her shock. The pulsebeats in the two hard pricks stuffing her loins began to make her tingle inside. Suddenly, Connie was moaning. The boys' hearts throbbed in unison, banging her from the front and behind. Their pricks throbbed with identical rhythms in her loins. It was as if she had entered them and they had entered her. The three of them were one body.

Randy flexed his prick inside Connie's asshole. Kurt responded by flexing his prick inside Connie's cunt. The boys' pricks were separated only by the thin partition of flesh between her cunt and asshole.

Connie squirmed between her two young lovers. "I can't believe this is happening!" she muttered. "I can't believe how this feels! It doesn't hurt anymore. Mmm! I could lay here like this forever."

"So could we," Randy said. He eased his ass upward an inch, then sank back down into Connie's asshole.

A shower of tingles tickled Connie's loins. "Mmm! Do that again, Randy. I'm starting to really like it."

"What did we tell you?" Randy asked. He began humping gently, two inches at a stroke at first, then increasing the length of his cock-thrusts as he quickened his rhythm.

Under Connie, Kurt began to wiggle, doing his best to hump upward into her cunt. "Mmmm! Feels good," he said. "I can feel your prick rubbing against mine inside her, Randy. Mmm! Keep fucking her like that."

"I can feel your prick against mine, too," Randy said.

Connie wiggled between the boys. She wished she could hump her loins, but she was pinned so tightly between the boys' muscular bodies that all she could manage were side-to-side movements.

"I love you, guys," she said. "Fuck me hard. Make me come again. Shoot more jism in me."

Randy was fucking hard and fast now, yanking his prick nearly all the way out of Connie's juicy little asshole, then ramming in until his curly prickhairs scoured her gaping, young asshole. With each hard thrust, Randy's muscular lower belly smacked against Connie's upturned ass. With each in-and-out fuck of his cock, squishing sounds came from Connie's mucous-lubricated asshole.

Connie's loins tightened inside with a million tiny knots of sexual tension getting ready to burst. She kicked her heels at Randy's ass, spurring him to fuck harder, faster.

"Fuck me!" Connie wailed. "Oh, yes!"

Randy's prick sliced in and out of Connie's asshole. Kurt's jerking cock screwed circles in her cunt. Each time Randy fucked in, his and Kurt's fat balls banged together and churned against each other. Kurt chewed Connie's lips while Randy gnawed on her neck.

Connie's eyes crossed. Her loins tightened like a spring on the verge of unwinding.

Randy gasped, slamming his cock deeply into her. His cock bloated and hardened. "Uh!" he grunted. "Uh! Uh! Uh!" He humped with small, uncontrolled jerks. His jism exploded in quick, sharp squirts. "Uh!"

Kurt's eyes gaped. His muscles hardened and writhed. His loins churned. "I'm gonna come!" he gasped. "Oh!" His hot jism scalded the depths of Connie's cunt.

The boys crushed Connie between them as they shot into her. Their bloated, pumping balls mashed together. Their stiff cocks flexed and spurted simultaneously inside her.

Connie's pink toes curled with ecstasy for the third time in a row. The boys' jism shooting up her cunt and asshole pierced the knots of sexual tension in her screwed-up loins and released a flood of sexual pleasure. Connie moaned, letting the feelings stream through her, letting her body twitch and shudder between the two humping, spurting youths.

Where had these feelings been all her life? She could easily lie here forever, feeling like this. She could easily lie here forever, wrapped up in the flesh of these beautiful naked boys, her loins stuffed with their cocks, her asshole and cunt absorbing their jism. She drowned in them. She was filled with them.

"I love you guys," she muttered, her loins swimming with orgasm.

Kurt and Randy grunted, blasting her with another round of hot jizz-wads.

The sunlight streamed in through the barn window, warming the love-nest of golden, heaving teenagers. In the other corner of the bull-pen, Brutus contentedly gnawed his hay.

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## CHAPTER NINE

"You're sure this is safe?" Martin asked, glancing overhead at the wooden beam, then down at the post to which he was to fasten the rope Doreen had tossed over the slivery beam.

"Nothing's completely safe," Doreen said. "But the chance that Arnold will give us any trouble is slim. He's perfectly cooperative when I play with him by myself. Of course, I've never tried to put him in this position before."

Martin patted the donkey on the head. "He seems gentle enough, but once he gets worked up-then what happens?"

"He brays and humps, but he's never once swung a hoof at me," Doreen said. "I've been jacking him off for years."

Doreen's cunt contracted. She'd been jacking off Arnold and drinking his cum for ages, but she'd never dared trying to get him to fuck her. With Martin here, and willing to assist, she would feel the donkey's prick up her cunt for the first time.

"OK," Martin said. "I just hope nothing goes wrong."

A sunny breeze carried the aroma of freshly plowed earth into Arnold's open stall. The horse stable was situated on a small rise above the barn, and its south side looked out over the same hills Doreen could see from her perch in the hayloft. Now, with the door to Arnold's stall swung wide open, the sunlight blasted in, and out on the distant hills, Doreen and Martin could see tiny, slow-moving dots- neighboring farmers plowing their fields.

Martin pulled off his pants and stretched naked in the sunlight. "Any of your neighbors carry binoculars?" he asked.

Doreen laughed. Stepping out of her jeans, she stood up and wrapped her arms around his chest. "If they do," she said, "they're going to get the show of their lives."

She snuggled against Martin's hairy chest. His hard eight-inch prick pulsed between their bellies. In the five days Martin had been here, she'd yet been unable to see his prick soft. At thirty-seven, he was as horny as a seventeen-year-old. He loved sex as much as she did.

She sucked his nipples. "Darling, have you thought any more about staying?"

Martin squeezed her. "Yes. A lot. If Connie agrees to it, I'd like to stay."

Doreen slid down his belly and took hold of his cock. She kissed the hot head, licking a tear of pre-cum from the piss-slit. "Then this prick will be mine. And all of you will be mine. And Kurt will have a father again."

Martin's cock flexed. "And Connie will have a mother again," he said. "You know, I think Connie and Kurt have been making it."

"I know they've been making it," Doreen said. She licked his cock. "I've never seen Kurt so giddy. The little stud is walking three feet off the ground. His prick never goes down. He doesn't even try to hide it. He just wiggles it for Connie and grins."

"Incest," Martin said. "Teenage cousins fucking. Dad fucking daughter. All you have to do is fuck Kurt, and we'll have covered all possibilities in this family."

"Not all possibilities," Doreen said. "I could get it on with Connie. I'd sure like to. You think she'd mind?"

"I don't think Connie would mind anything, if it made her feel good," Martin said.

"Good," Doreen said. "I haven't sucked on a pussy since Betty and I were girls. Say, maybe you'd like to suck on Kurt's cock."

Martin smiled. "I'll have to think about that. I haven't sucked on a cock since I was a young kid myself. What about Kurt, though? Would Kurt want his uncle to suck on his cock?"

"He and Randy suck each other's cocks. I don't see why he should mind you doing it. What I'm wondering about is whether he'd want me to do it. I still almost shit in my pants every time I think about getting it on with my own son."

Martin pulled Doreen up and hugged her. "I've been telling you all week not to let it worry you. Kurt has probably jacked off thinking about making it with you a thousand times. Just do it. Think about it after you've done it. Stop worrying, and just do it."

Doreen shivered in Martin's arms. The thought of fucking Kurt gave her chills. Her pussy contracted, and warm cunt juice trickled down her legs. She shimmied her legs together.

"I will," she said. "I'll do it-tonight. But right now, Arnold is waiting."

Arnold stood in his stall tugging stalks of yellow hay out of the bales piled up before him.

"He's eating the marriage bed," Martin said. "We'd better get this over with before we have to pile up some more bales."

Doreen checked the knot attached to the collar of the harness. "All we have to do is get him to put his front legs up on the bales."

"He's too heavy to lift without attaching a pulley to that beam," Martin said.

"No problem," Doreen said. "I can get him up. All you have to do is pull the rope tight and tie it to the post. After that he'll either have to break the rope, break out of his harness, or pull down the stable on top of us to get down."

"A pleasant thought," Martin said, taking hold of the rope. "Any time you're ready."

Doreen felt like shitting. This was it. She climbed up on the bales in front of Arnold.

"Come on, Arnold," she said, "sniff." She sat in front of the donkey's nose with her legs spread.

Arnold shoved his nose in her crotch. His big tongue came out and he licked her salty slit.

"We've got him now," Doreen said. She slid backwards to the end of the bales.

Arnold's neck stretched. He strained his head forward to lick some more.

Doreen spread her pussylips with her fingers, letting the breeze nip at her juicy pussy and carry her scent into the air.

"Come on, Arnold," she said. "Come and get it."

Arnold reared up and rested his front hooves on the bales. He stretched toward Doreen's pussy, his tongue lapping at the air.

Martin pulled the rope tight, suspending Arnold's front portions from the beam.

"Tie it good," Doreen said.

While Martin tied the rope to the post, Doreen stood up on the bales and hugged Arnold's head. "Good boy," she said, letting the donkey lap at her belly and cunt.

"All secure," Martin said. "Jesus Christ, look at that!" He pointed to Arnold's prick.

The donkey's arm-length prick was pounding the edge of the bales. Arnold brayed, and humped.

"Better get under him quick," Martin said. "He looks about set to cream the haybales."

Doreen sat down on the bales and slid under the donkey. She lay back, spreading her legs wide. "Bend his prick up past the edge of the bales and give it to me," she said.

"OK," Martin said. "Here goes." He crouched under Arnold's loins and took hold of the huge donkey cock. "Christ, you could use this for a baseball bat!" He bent the stiff prick sideways and lifted it up to clear the bales. He dropped the heavy, quivering cock onto Doreen's belly. "It's all yours."

Doreen almost shit. With Arnold secured safely in a humping position, she could do whatever she wanted to with his monstrous prick. She could let him fuck her from front or behind.

She wrapped her arms and legs around the jerking monster. She rubbed its underside back and forth over her belly. She rubbed her nipples against the fat, dripping head. Her pussy gushed. She could easily bring herself off just by sliding up and down this beautiful donkey-cock.

Martin stood beside her, pumping his cock. "Take your time, honey," he said. "I might shoot off a few times before you get done making love to that donkey, but, Christ, it'll be worth it. I've never seen anything quite so exciting."

Doreen threw Martin a kiss. "You're a beautiful man," she said. She kissed the head of Arnold's cock. "And you're one hell of a beautiful cock."

Arnold shifted on his hind feet. He humped, sliding his long cock back and forth along Doreen's belly as she hugged it against her. Arnold's balls swung against Doreen's crotch. Arnold's cockhead, at the same moment, filed over Doreen's lips. Arnold's cock, from base to head, reached from Doreen's crotch to her nose. Doreen fastened her lips around the end of the enormous head while she milked the long shaft with her hands. Her mouth filled with warm, thick, donkey pre-cum, and she swallowed it.

Lord, she thought, I'd like to suck off this donkey right now! He'd squirt out gobs and gobs of hot jism. But she'd sucked off Arnold hundreds of times. Now was the time to let him fuck her. She might never get the chance again to feel a donkeycock up her cunt.

Doreen slid backwards until Arnold's swollen cockhead nipped her pussylips. Spreading her cunt as wide as possible, she positioned the slippery cockhead between her pussylips. She held tightly to the hard shaft and pulled, forcing the baseball-sized cockhead into her cunt.

"Oh, Christ!" she grunted. "It's so goddamned big!"



Arnold brayed, humping. His cock jammed five inches up Doreen's cunt. For a moment, Doreen almost passed out.

Doreen sank her fingernails into the shaft of the bucking cock. "I'm glad I had a baby before I tried this," she said, trying to take her mind off the pain. If she could only relax!

She took deep breaths, clawing Arnold's cock to make him stop humping.

"Jesus Christ!" Martin gasped. "I'm gonna come! Wanna take it?" He fell forward under the donkey and shoved his jerking cock toward Doreen's gaping mouth.

Doreen, still clutching Arnold's enormous cock-impaled on it as if on a fence post-squirmed like a snake to get at Martin's cock. She sucked up the purple head just as the first squirt of man-jism gushed from the piss-slit.

"Ah!" Martin groaned. "Suck it out!"

Doreen sucked like a baby. "Mmmmm!" she moaned, swallowing spurt after spurt of Martin's hot jism.

Martin's cock bucked in her mouth. The big head swelled. The shaft pulsated. Each time the cock flexed, a squirt of cum shot down Doreen's throat. When he finished shooting, Martin pulled his cock out of Doreen's mouth and crawled out from under the donkey.

"Thanks," Doreen said, licking the cum from her lips.

Martin smiled at her. He stroked his cock, bringing it back to a full erection.

In the few moments Doreen had paused to suck the jism from Martin's loins, her cunt had relaxed. Arnold's mammoth cock, buried five inches up her loins, no longer caused her great pain. Her cunt, though stretched to near tearing, began to throb with pleasure in response to the pulsations of the baseball-bat-sized donkey-cock. Doreen began to stroke the cockmeat, a signal to Arnold that he should resume his humping.

Doreen reached out and took one of Arnold's front legs in each of her hands. Having his front hooves secured, he'd be less likely to step on her with them when he got excited, and Doreen, having something to hold on to, would be able to brace herself, and thus to control the depth of the donkey's cockthrusts.

Arnold snorted. His tongue hung out, and warm donkey spittle drooled down on Doreen's face. His flanks quivered. He brayed once, and began to hump.

Doreen gasped, trying to relax. Arnold's cock slid six more inches up her cunt before Doreen slid backwards on the hay bales. Doreen had never been penetrated that deeply.

"Oh, God, help me!" she groaned. She braced herself, letting Arnold withdraw his cock and thrust again. "Jesus Christ! Uh! Uh! Martin, he's killing me."

"Firpull him out of you," Martin said, moving towards her.

"No! No, Martin! Let him fuck! I have to go through with this. Aw! Christ!" Arnold's cock rammed the back of her cunt.

Doreen clenched her teeth. She forced her legs wider. "Split me in two, you horny bastard!"

Arnold brayed, humping with quick, short, cock-thrusts. His cock pistoned in and out of her a full eleven inches, but that eleven inches was barely the first third of the length of his cock.

Doreen writhed, impaled on the gigantic cock. Her cunt ached, stretched as it had never been stretched by any cock. At the same time, a delicious warmth and stuffed sensation filled her loins. Her cunt gushed, lubricating the sliding donkey-prick.

"Fuck me, you big hairy beast!" Doreen moaned. "Oh, baby, fuck the shit out of me!"

With each shivering stroke, Arnold's cock slid more easily in Doreen's wide-stretched cunt. The donkey began to gyrate his loins ever so slightly as he humped, making Doreen wriggle all over the hay bales.

"Oh! Uh! Yes! Yes! Arnold, fuck me!" she gibbered. "Do it! Do it! Drive it! Move it! Oh! Oh! Ah!"

Excited by Doreen's squirming and gibbering, Arnold brayed again and again. His huge nostrils flared. He humped crazily, driving his stiff cock in and out of Doreen's cunt with the speed of a stud dog.

Doreen's eyes nearly popped out of her skull. Her cunt was stretched like a balloon about to burst. Arnold's sawing cock nearly filed her clit off.

"Oh! Oh! Uh! Uh! Uh! No!" Doreen shrieked. "Yes! Oh, Lord I'm coming! Aw!" Doreen's legs hovered in the air and jerked. She longed to wrap her legs around a set of tight loins, but with Arnold, that was impossible. All she could do was to spread her legs as wide as she could and let Arnold fuck the unbearable sensations out of her cunt. She was wide-open, spread completely, and coming.

Arnold's donkey-prick jerked. Shudders passed through the length of the monstrous cock. His brays became even higher-pitched. With a murderous cockthrust, the big donkey spurted.

Doreen screamed. Arnold's jism scalded the pit of her spasming loins. Doreen's loins jerked in the air. Arnold's flexing, spurting cock was waving her ass above the hay bales as if she were light as a doll. Each time the donkey's gigantic cock flexed, Doreen found her ass waving in the air and her legs dangling.

"Shoot it, you beautiful beast!" Doreen gasped. "Yes!"

Arnold spurted a dozen times before he slowed his orgasmic humping, braying all the while, and dancing on his hind legs. Doreen held on, clawing the balls of her feet with her toenails, her sensations were so intense. As Arnold's orgasm ended, his huge cock softened like a deflating balloon. The spongy cock, glistening with donkey-cum, plopped onto the hay bale with a thud as it slipped out of Doreen's cunt.

Doreen fell back, exhausted. As Arnold's cock slid out of her she felt as if her insides had fallen out.

"Are you all right?" Martin asked. He stood at her side, his face burning, his hand pumping frantically up and down his cock.

"Fine," Doreen sighed.

"Never saw anything so exciting," Martin said. He breathed heavily. His eyes were glazed with lust.

He reached for Doreen's leg, tugging at it. "Swivel toward me, Doreen. I want a look at your cunt."

Doreen, still under the donkey, turned toward Martin, letting him feast his eyes between her spread legs. . ;!t ;

"Jesus Christ!" he said. "Your cunt's wide open. I could stick my hand up it."

"Do it," Doreen said. She was excited. She could feel the warm breeze swirling up her gaping cunt.

Martin pushed five fingers inside her. Then he shoved his fist in. With a twisting motion, he screwed his arm up her cunt halfway to his elbow.

Doreen sighed. "Mmm! Martin, that's beautiful."

"I can't believe this," Martin muttered. "I just can't believe this."

Doreen wriggled, impaled on Martin's arm. She contracted her cunt, sucking Martin's hand and arm as if it were a cock. "Like it?" she cooed.

"Oh, Christ!" Martin gasped. His cock exploded, Hot jism shot out and pelted Doreen's belly and tits.

Doreen tilted her head forward and watched the beautiful man-cock spurt. Thick white ropes of cum leapt from the gaping piss-slit and splashed all over her. Between her legs, Martin's arm moved furiously in and out of her cunt.

Doreen caught up handfuls of hot jism and ate it. Then she fell back and concentrated on the feeling of Martin's arm sliding in and out of her cunt. In less than a minute, her cunt swam with orgasm.

"Martin," she moaned. "Oh, Martin! I feel so good!"

Martin ground his hand and arm in and out of her. When Doreen finished spasming, he eased his arm out and laid it on her chest. The hairy arm glistened with Arnold's donkey-jism.

Doreen hugged the arm that had just fucked her. She began to lick it. Her loins had kept Arnold's jism warm.

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CHAPTER TEN

From the dark hallway, Doreen looked in on Martin and Connie. She made no sound, so as not to disturb them. In the dim light of the bed lamp, father and daughter fucked.

Martin, his muscular body nearly twice the size of his daughter's, lay flat out on top of his little girl, his asscheeks flexing as he humped into her. Connie, her long blonde hair trailing out and hanging off the edge of the mattress, was all but buried under her father. Only her arms, wrapped around his back as her fingers clawed his flesh, only her legs, spread wide and kicking the air as her father thrust between them-only these parts of her were visible under the heaving mass of her father's flesh.

"Fuck me, Daddy!" Connie's muffled voice came from under her father. "Oooh, Daddy, I love you. Fuck me good!" Her little feet paddled his ass, spurring the grunting man to fuck her harder.

Martin groaned. His body was a writhing mass of quivering muscle. As he rammed his cock in and

out of his daughter, the bedsprings screamed, and, at times, the bed's headboard clunked against the wall.

Doreen smiled to herself. Martin and Connie had been fucking like this night after night, ever since they'd come to the farm. They'd begin humping at each other the moment they'd climb into bed, and they would continue until nearly dawn. Each night, Doreen would lie in her own bed, listening to their excited mutters, to the creaking bedsprings, to their cries of orgasmic pleasure. Martin would come two or three times a night, and Connie would come more times than Doreen cared to count. Doreen herself, while listening to them, would rub herself off repeatedly.

Doreen turned away from their door. She would have enjoyed watching father and daughter spasm together, but tonight she didn't have the time. Tonight she was determined to do with Kurt what Martin did with Connie.

Naked, she walked down the hall, her lubricated pussylips squishing together, corkscrews of excited pleasure needling upward through her loins. Her thighs slipped against each other sensuously. She was wet from crotch to knees, and a stream of pussyjuice was already trickling down the inside of one calf. Without knocking, she pushed open Kurt's door.

"Mom!" Kurt said, startled. He stepped away from the wall, to which he'd been pressing his ear, and he let go of his stiff cock, which he'd been pumping.

Doreen stepped through the doorway and shut the door behind her. "They're really going at it, aren't they?" she said.

Kurt blushed. "Yeah. They have been, ever since they got here. They're so noisy, I can't help but hear them."

Doreen laughed. "Especially when you glue your ear to the wall."

"Guess so," Kurt said. He grinned sheepishly, his eyes glinting up at her from below his bangs.

"Mind if we talk?" Doreen asked, pointing toward the bed.

"Uh-uh," Kurt said.

Kurt and Doreen sat side by side at the edge of Kurt's mattress. Both mother and son were stark naked. Kurt's hard cock stood up against his belly and beat a steady rhythm. Doreen draped her arm over Kurt's shoulders. This situation was nothing new for either of them. They'd sat like this-naked, touching, Kurt's cock hard-countless times. They'd sat like this and talked on many nights since Jake had bid them both goodbye and had left the farm. Tonight, however, unlike so many other nights, Doreen knew what she wanted.

Martin was responsible. His encouragement, the shameless way he fucked Connie, had helped drive that little voice of irrational, superstitious guilt out of Doreen's mind. Tonight, her years of frustrated longing for her son would be satisfied. Tonight, she would be fulfilled.

"Guess what, darling-Connie and Uncle Martin are going to stay with us."

Kurt's brown eyes glowed. "Are you serious?"

"Of course. Have I ever lied to you? They'll be going back for awhile. Martin wants Connie to finish her semester at school. In the meantime, Martin will sell the house. As soon as school lets out, they'll

be back-permanently.”

“Wow!” Kurt said. “Are you and Uncle Martin going to get married?”

“We haven’t decided that yet. It doesn’t matter a hell of a lot, though. Either way, we’ll all be a family.”

“Me and Connie will be like brother and sister,” Kurt said. “Shit! I’ve gotta go call Randy.”

Doreen held him down as he tried to spring up. “At this hour? It’s nearly midnight. The Ritters went to bed hours ago.”

“But Mom, I won’t even sleep tonight if I don’t tell Randy. Please?”

Doreen wrapped her arms around him. “Absolutely not.” She kissed his nose.

Kurt sighed with frustration.

“Even if you told him, you wouldn’t sleep tonight,” Doreen said. “Neither of us is going to sleep tonight.” She reached down and wrapped her hand around his stiff cock.

Kurt tensed, held his breath, then toppled backwards onto the bed. He stretched hard, as if he’d been sitting in a cramped position for years. His cock quivered in Doreen’s hand. Contracting his loins muscles, he wiggled his stiff boy-cock.

“Oh, Mom!” he said, sighing. “I thought you’d never do that. I’ve been waiting and waiting for so long.”

Doreen held his cock at the base and wagged it in the air, watching the head glow purple and the pisslit gape. “Neither did I,” she said. “If it hadn’t been for Uncle Martin, and Connie, maybe I never would.”

Holding Kurt’s cock by the base with one hand, and cupping his smooth balls with the other, Doreen leaned over and sucked her son’s cock into her mouth for the first time.

“Oh, Jesus, Mom!” Kurt gasped. “I can’t believe this is really happening. Jesus, you’re sucking my cock!” As he spoke, his cock jerked in Doreen’s mouth as if it were trying to escape.

Doreen forced her mouth down on her son’s seven-inch prick until its hot head massaged her throat. And her lips were buried in his soft pubic hair. She squeezed his balls. She began to bob her head, massaging Kurt’s cockshaft with her lips as she moved up and down on it, and darting her soft tongue at the sensitive underside of the head.

Kurt moaned, undulating his skinny hips. His cock throbbed and quivered, bubbling pre-cum.

Doreen toyed with the warm pearls of boyish pre-cum, then let them slide down her throat. The boy’s juice was the sweetest pre-cum she’d ever tasted. Kurt’s cock was the sweetest cock she’d ever-sucked.

“Eat it, Mom,” Kurt moaned. “Suck my prick. Make me come.” He wrapped his fingers in her hair and guided her head up and down.

Doreen sucked gently, tonguing the boy’s cock up and down while she bobbed her head. She was rewarded for her skilled cock-sucking by excited flexings of her son’s stiff prick.

Kurt tossed his brown-haired head from side to side. He began to buck his skinny loins, thrusting his slim, seven-inch cock upward, fucking his mother's warm mouth.

"Mmm!" he sighed. "Ohh, Mom, feels good! Mmm, lick it, Mom. Lick it under the head."

Doreen twirled her wet tongue at the strand of sensitive flesh on the underside of her son's cock, just below the head. At the same time, she gyrated her bobbing head, stimulating every sweet inch of her son's teenage prick. She knew how to please a boy.

Kurt's ridged abdominal muscles rolled and danced as he squirmed. Lying flat out on the bed, he threw his arms out to the sides, presenting himself in a position of crucifixion, giving his boyish body to his mother totally.

Doreen squeezed his balls rhythmically as they rolled and throbbed in her palm. She drooled on his hot, stiff cock, sucking and tonguing it with all the skill she had.

Kurt's cock bucked and flexed and squirmed in her mouth. The shaft arteries fluttered against her lips. Zinging vibrations shot through its fleshy core. Kurt began to grunt, his mouth gaping, his nostrils dilated, his brown eyes swimming.

"Oh, oh, oh, Mom!" He tensed for a moment, then fell back, thrashing and shooting. "Ohhhhhh, I'm coming! Ah!" His voice cracked, altering between high and low as he cried out his pleasure.

Doreen relaxed her jaws and let Kurt's prick squirt, let the spasming boy-cock flop around loosely in her mouth like a squirming fish, dashing its boy-cum at her cheeks, at the roof of her mouth, at the back of her throat. The horny boy ejected his warm jism in thin, forceful spurts, giving a water-pik-like stimulation to the sensitive tissues of his mother's mouth. Doreen let her mouth fill with sweet boy-cum, savoring the boyish taste before she swallowed it.

Grunting like a young bull, Kurt released the last of his jism, then slumped back, panting. He twisted the back of his head against the mattress like a cat. His hot prick, twitching still with post-orgasmic thrills, remained as stiff as a stick of wood as it flopped out of Doreen's mouth.

"Thanks, Mom," Kurt said. "You made me feel real good." He raised up on his elbows, watching his prick twitch. The flushed, seven-inch boy-cock stood up in the air at a forty-five degree angle to his flat belly.

He glanced sheepishly up at his mother, his brown bangs nearly covering his shiny eyes. Doreen smiled at him, licking his jism from her lips, and trying to catch her breath.

"Want me to fuck you, Mom?" he asked.

Doreen fell beside him and kissed him. "There's nothing more in the world I want, my beautiful young stud." She turned face-down, presenting her son her ass. "Do whatever you want to me," she said.

Kurt rolled on top of her, muttering excitedly to himself. His stiff prick found its way between her thighs immediately, pistoning in and out between them like a hot, slippery poker.

Doreen snuggled down into the mattress, giddy with the feeling of being enjoyed by her young son. The horny boy nibbled on her ear, whispering filthy fuck-words to her.

"Mom, I'm gonna fuck you. I'm gonna stab your cunt with my prick and fuck you silly. Oh, man! Shit!

Wish Randy was here to see this. Him and me would both fuck you.”

Doreen spread her legs, letting Kurt wriggle his skinny loins between them, letting his stiff cock jab at her wet cunt. She shoved a pillow under her hips, raising them, then turned up her ass to give Kurt an easy angle for fucking.

“Oh, Mom, you’re so sexy!” Kurt muttered. He sat back and spread her cuntlips with his thumbs. “Oh, Jesus, what a juicy cunt! Oh, man!”

The excited youth slid down between his mother’s legs and buried his face in her juicy crotch, sucking immediately at her hot pussy flesh. As he licked and munched, slurping up mouthfuls of his mother’s juice and swallowing it, he twisted his face into her raw cuntflesh, burying his nose inside her, bathing his face in her hot juices.

“Oh, Mom, Mom! You taste so sexy. I’m eating you, Mom! I’m sucking your pussy. I wish I could crawl right up inside you, Mom. I could live inside you, eating your sexy meat all day and all night.”

Doreen groaned, forcing her legs apart as wide as she could spread them. “I wish you could, too, darling. Oh, sweetheart, eat me! Eat all of me!” She wiggled her ass, wishing she could screw her cunt right down over her son’s head. She wanted him inside her, eating her out forever. Kurt bit into her clit. Holding the quivering sex bud trapped between his sharp young teeth, he flailed it with his wet tongue.

A hot arrow of pleasure shot up Doreen’s cunt, her pussy walls spasmed. She squirmed with orgasm, her cunt gushing.

“Kurt, Kurt, I’m coming! Uh! Eeeh!”

“Christ!” Kurt gasped. He nearly bit her clit off as he jerked his face out of her crotch. Within a second, he had mounted her, and his stiff prick had rammed up her spasming cunt.

Doreen flashed with goose bumps as her son’s hot, young body covered her, as his electrically charged prick screwed into her churning cunt. As Doreen moaned, writhing with orgasm, her son humped frantically at her twitching ass, his flat belly slapping at her dancing asscheeks.

“Fuck me!” Doreen whined, the sudden onslaught of her son’s fucking making her want to curl up and chew on a piece of wood.

Kurt’s teenage prick jerked in and out of Doreen’s cunt with such speed that it whipped up her pussyjuice like cream. The cock flexed and squirmed, the bloated head glowing like an ember. Kurt slammed into his mother, crushed her in his arms, and let his jism fly.

“Ah! Mom! Eee!” The spasming, spurting boy, mad with lust, ground his loins at his mother’s ass, and gnawed at her back as if he wanted to devour her.

Doreen’s orgasm was just subsiding as Kurt’s orgasm began. She relaxed into the mattress, super-sensitive to her son’s cock-thrusts and spurts. She could feel the shudders of pleasure and excitement pass through his skinny young body. She could sense the electrical vibrations in his prick as it shot his jism. She counted his spurts, nine in all, and each one, hot and sharp as it drilled into her cunt.

After the boy’s orgasm ended, he lay on his mother a few minutes, panting, Doreen cooed, hugging the arm he’d draped around her neck. She listened to her son’s satisfied breathing as if it were the

sweetest music. She shivered each time his spent, but still-hard prick, flexed in her cunt.

The room became still-nothing but the sound of Kurt panting and of his heart throbbing. Then, suddenly, Doreen was aware of sounds outside-frogs croaking, cows in the barn, a bray from the stable, Sam letting out a few barks. A few thuds shook the bedroom wall, and a distant, high-pitched squeal echoed through the night air:

“Eeh! Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!”

Kurt laughed. “They never stop. Jesus!”

“You think we’ll ever get used to their constant fucking?” Doreen asked.

“I hope not,” Kurt said. “Every time I hear Connie scream like that I almost shoot off. She’s really a sexy girl.”

Doreen wiggled her ass. “Kurt, honey, your old Mom is still horny. You feel like some more fucking?”

With a boyish snicker, Kurt yanked his cock out of his mother’s cunt and drove it up her asshole. “Feels good!” he muttered. “Tight!”

THE END