

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES

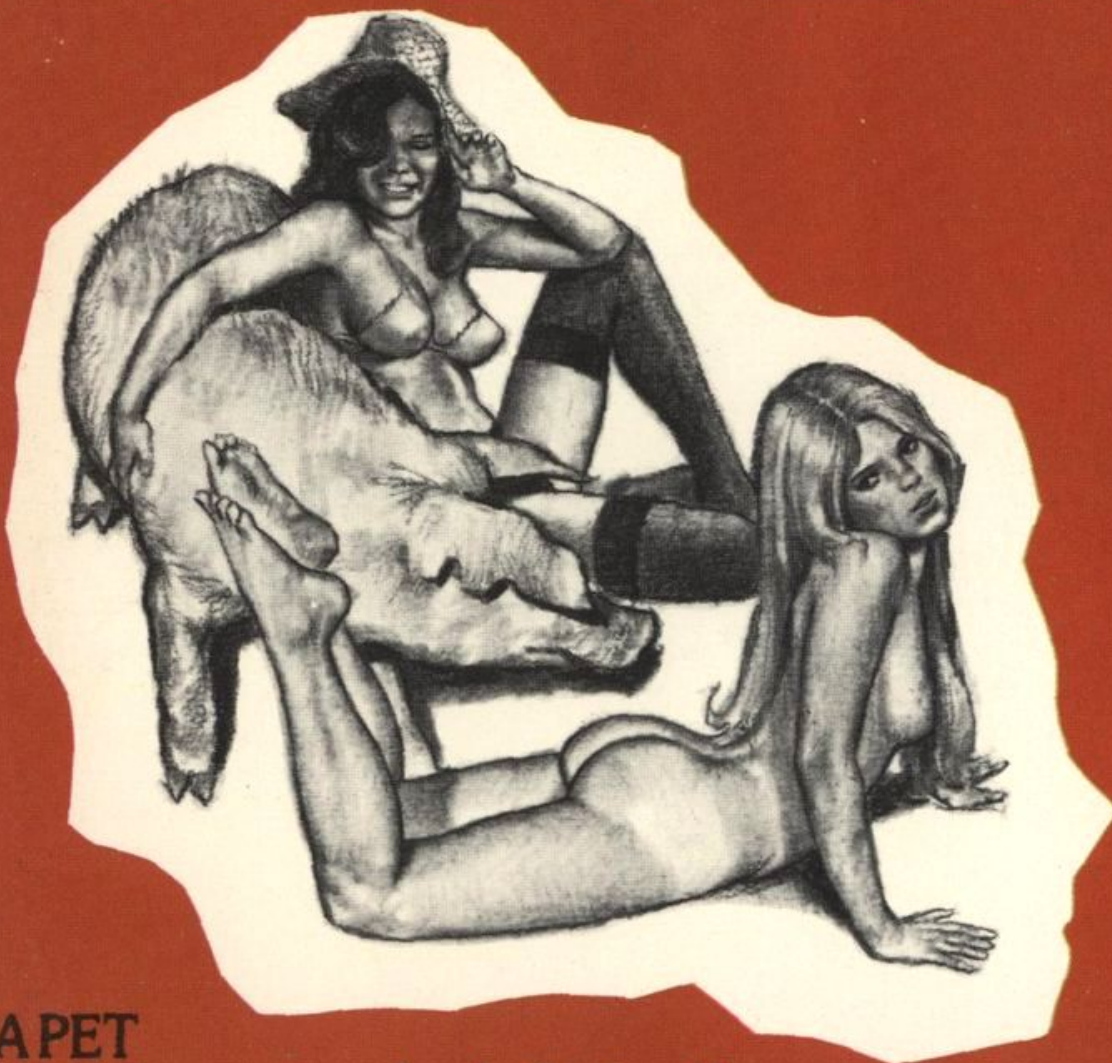




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# THE HOG WIVES



APET  
BOOK

by J. S. Bradley

## FOREWORD

*Outwardly, rural America maintains the strait-laced middle-class look that belies the social ferment behind closed doors.*

*There is the secret use of drugs, fed by the marijuana syndrome. There is the river of alcohol flooding from door to door under the euphemism of social drinking. Then, of course, inevitably there is the advent of wife-swapping. All in the spirit of good, clean fun . . . But where does the fun stop and degradation begin? When one excess leads to another—and another—to what?*

*This is the story of four couples in a rural community, Anywhere, U.S.A. It is startling as a mirror of a way of life behind closed doors. No facade. No regrets. Indeed, to them mate-trading becomes the norm. And soon they are seeking even stranger thrills.*

*A novel of fiction for entertainment. A page of our restless society as food for serious thought.*

*The Publisher*

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## CHAPTER ONE

Dean Palmer got out of his dusty pickup truck, crossed the gravel to his back porch, opened the door, then stepped inside. It was at least ten degrees cooler in the enclosed porch than the outside, but he stood there and stripped off his clothes and shoes, then he went into the kitchen, leaving his dusty, chaff-covered garments in a heap by the washing machine.

Phyllis Palmer looked up from the sink where she was rinsing salad vegetables. She stared at the gray patches and smears on her husband's hairy body, then she shook her head from side to side. "One of these days, Dean, you're going to walk in here naked like that and find yourself face-to-face with the Avon lady. Did you finish?"

"We finished Mac's, but we have that corner piece of our own to do tomorrow. That should just about finish it for the year. And what's the matter with my walking in here naked? Would you rather I'd dump my dirty threshing clothes on the bathroom floor?"

Phyllis was staring so hard at Dean's big cock that she almost cut her finger with the paring knife. She was thinking about how long it had been since she had played with her favorite toy; this was the fourth day in a row that the co-op had threshed from five a.m. to six p.m., and Dean had gone to bed right after dinner each night-and fallen asleep immediately.

"When you come in that back road, you never know whose car may be parked in front of the house," she told him, licking her lips as he shifted his stance, making his cock slap against his thighs. "We'd be the scandal of the county if you came prancing in here like that and ran into Mary Margaret Siebenthaler." Her voice was reprimanding, but mischief danced in her brown eyes.

"Fuck that old gossip!" Dean blurted out, walking across the kitchen on his way to the bathroom. "I'm one citizen she wouldn't dare do any talking about."

Phyllis turned from the sink to cross-examine him on his cryptic comment, but he had disappeared. She finished her trimming and rinsing, chopped the vegetables into the bowl, then leaned against the counter, thinking about how good it would feel to have Dean's prick slide into her cunt and give her a good plowing.



Her thighs squeezed together, forcing the lips of her pussy outward with the pressure. She could feel the dampness gather as she imagined the fullness of his cock inside her, expanding her hot tunnel and tugging at the cloak of her clit with each stroke.

The daydream carried her away, and when she heard the sound of the shower cease in the bathroom, she realized that she was panting and that her thighs were wet with the oozing juices of her' excited cunt. She took off her apron and tossed it onto a chair, then started for the bathroom, unfastening her smock like housedress as she walked.

Dean's ass was toward her as she approached him. He was bent over, toweling his ankles and feet, his hairy thighs forming parentheses around the wrinkled bag of his scrotum and his balls swinging with the movement of his drying efforts. Phyllis quietly knelt behind him on the rug. Her hand reached up into his crotch, and her nails scratched gently at the damp skin of his testicles. He straightened up swiftly, emitting a grunt as he moved. He turned around to face her. Phyllis grabbed the swinging pendulum of his cock and began to lick the length of its shaft, giving special attention to the purplish sheen of the knobby head.

"Good God, Phyl!" he groaned. "I have chores to do!" But his hands slipped down to cradle her "head, his fingers running through the sleek darkness of her black hair and caressing her behind the ears.

She fastened onto the swollen head of his cock with her lips and gave it a few fast sucks. The stiffened shaft pulsed and the glans swelled even larger. She tasted a prematurely released drop of come as she let the meaty knob slip from her lips. "No you don't," she told him. "I did the milking when you hadn't shown up by five, and then I fed all the stock. All you're going to do is eat dinner and go to bed□ after you take care of your inside chore!"

She got up and took him by the hand, leading him into the bedroom. She bent herself over the edge of the big bed, shedding her frock as she moved. Dean saw that she wore nothing under it. Her lovely ass formed a pair of sleek, rounded buns, golden brown from the sun and exciting to behold. She raised the quivering buns upward, and he saw the glossy hair of her twat curling wetly in her crotch. The swollen lips of her cunt pouted thickly in the midst of the black forest, and jewels of moisture twinkled at him, telling him of her heated readiness.

He gave a hoarse cry and grabbed the rigid shaft of his prick as he stepped up behind her. The feel of her steamy flesh made him groan as he slid the head of his cock through the lacy curls and wedged it into the sucking mouth of her cunt.

"Yes! Oh, yes!" she cried. "Fuck it, Daddy! It's all hot and squiggly inside!"

He curled his hands around her hips and pulled her to him as he drove into her. The hot slickness of her cunt gulped at his prick; he could feel the velvet wrinkles of her sheath swallowing him as he plunged firmly into her depths.

"Oh, Jesus!" he groaned. The walls of her cunt were literally claspings at him, and he knew that she was worked up to a heat that she had seldom reached without considerable foreplay. He realized that he had neglected her for several days, and she must have grown extra passionate with the waiting. "I've been... so hungry for... your cock!" she panted. "Oh, Dean... fuck me hard!"

He leaned over her and grabbed her right tit with his right hand. His left hand crept into her crotch and played in the soup of her oozing lubricant. He smeared it around, teasing the outer lips of her cunt with his fingertips, then toying with the hard bud of her clit until she began to moan loudly and buck beneath him.

The length of his strokes and the lateral movement of his ass combined to make her wild, and his teasing of her clit was adding to her excitement until she gasped and whimpered pitifully.

"Short fucks, Dean!" she pleaded. "Stay deep, Daddy... I'm almost... almost... OH-H-H-H!" Her cunt tightened around him, and Dean drove into her all the way, sinking the fat head of his cock into the end of her tunnel. He groaned as his come gushed hotly out of him, hitting her walls in spasmodic spurts that seemed to drive her even wilder.

He had grabbed her hips again, and now he held her tightly as he spent his load inside her. She jerked and twisted with the violence of her climax. She retained his cock as long as she could, reaching back of her to hold his withering cock as she whimpered out her finale. His balls were bathed in their juices; his knees felt as if they would start to tremble at any second.

Her hands slipped away from him, and he pulled out of her slowly. He cupped his hands under his cock, then went back to the bathroom to wash off. When he came back, she was still lying there in the same awkward position.

"I needed that!" she said. Her voice was almost a purr. Dean sat on the edge of the bed and stroked her sleek ass.

"I guess I did, too," he admitted. "After twelve hours in the field, I wasn't exactly overflowing with energy, but... say, you must be pretty tired, too! Doing all the chores and everything, then getting supper..."

"Not much work to supper tonight," she confessed. "I know how Grace feeds the threshing crews, and I don't want you to eat two heavy meals the same day. You get baked chicken, salad, potatoes, green beans and Jell-O; then off to bed!"

"I see. And is there time-before this 'light' meal-for a bit of liquid relaxation?"

"Sure," she said, getting to her feet slowly. "You make the drinks while I'm cleaning up, and we'll have them in the living room."

She hurried into the bathroom, and Dean went to the kitchen. He got out a bottle of bourbon, splashed it generously over ice cubes in two of their largest glasses, then watered it down a little. He grabbed up a pair of large coasters and took them into the living room with the drinks.

He was settled in his favorite chair, sipping appreciatively at the mellow drink, when Phyllis joined him. She saw that he had slipped into a cool seersucker robe.

"Now, sly one," she said, curling up in the corner of the sofa where she could get a close look at his face, "you can tell me why you're exempted from Mary Margaret's gossip list."

Dean chuckled devilishly, took another sip of his drink, then stared at his wife with a grin, enjoying the jocularly of the situation. Usually it was Phyllis who filled him in on the local news; she was not prone to gossip, but she seemed to hear a lot from those who were. He stared at her lovely legs; the short cotton frock that she had reclaimed from the bedroom floor was hiked up to her crotch.

"We had a breakdown Monday," he told her. "Thought we'd have to wait for someone to drive 'over to Spencer for parts. But Hank Van Zant remembered that when he was doing some work for Mary Margaret, he saw quite a few spare parts in the machine shed. Whoever bought Old Man Siebenthaler's equipment after he died must have missed it when they took the threshing machine. I seemed to be the only one around who'd ever spoken more than a good morning to her, so I got

elected to go check out the parts she had lying around. “

“Hank’s driving license is still suspended?” Phyllis asked.

“Yes,” Dean said. “But that’s not the only reason he didn’t go instead of me, even if he does know her better... or did. Seems Mary Margaret caught him pissing behind the barn; told him a man who was too lazy to go to the outhouse was too lazy to work for her. She paid him off and told him not to come back.”

“That’s funny!” Phyllis said, howling with laughter.

“It’s even funnier when you hear what I know about her,” Dean promised. “I cut off the ignition and coasted down Siebenthaler Hill and into her lane, so I guess my arrival was pretty silent. When I didn’t see or hear that Great Dane of hers, I was afraid he might sneak up from someplace before I got to the door, so I eased the pickup door shut quietly and tiptoed up to the back porch.

“When I looked in through the screen door, I saw why the dog hadn’t come out to bark at me. He was fucking Miss Mary Margaret Siebenthaler for all he was worth-right on the dining room floor!”

“I don’t believe it!” Phyllis cried. “Not her!” But it was obvious that she did believe. “And you kept quiet about it until now? For three days you kept it to yourself?”

“I’ve been too tired to talk, if you remember,” he said. “But anyhow, I watched until she’d come-moaning and crying like a cat losing its cherry-then I sneaked back to the pickup and eased the door open and slammed it – loud!

“I’ve never heard such a commotion as went on in that house when I walked up to the porch again. I don’t know if those two had gotten hung up or what. But she finally came to the door, hanging onto the dog’s collar while he growled, at me, maybe because I’d spoiled his fucking and she was as white as a sheet.

“I told her what I wanted and she said, “Take’em, take’em.” I thanked her and went to the machine shed. I got what we needed and started across the barnyard. There she was, standing on the porch and peering in through the screen door, trying to find out just how much I might have been able to see. She must have seen the way the sun comes in that bay window and lights up the dining room; she was even whiter than before, when she turned to see me standing there. I asked her how much she wanted for the parts.

“They’re yours,” she said. “I have no need for them.” She was really straining to see if she could read anything in my face. I guess she must have seen something I couldn’t hide. “You Palmers,” she said. You’re not much for talking about people, are you? I know the reputation I have... it’s my one weakness... gossip... but I’ve never talked about you people any. And I’m not malicious in my talking. . .’

“Live and let live,” I told her. “It’s a good way to keep it; you don’t talk about us, and we don’t talk about you. But I do think, Mary Margaret, that you should close your door when you’re in need of privacy.”

“Oh, I will! I will!” she said. “I didn’t realize...”, “Besides,” I said, “that dog could bust out through this screen if he was really upset. It’d be a shame if someone had to kill him in self-defense. I imagine you think a lot of him. He’d be hard to replace!”

“I could tell by the way she looked at me that she’d gotten the message. As much as that dog means

to her, for obvious reasons, she very definitely is not going to do or say anything to make me at all unhappy, even if she thought she could deny anything I might tell about what I saw."

"She must be terrified!" Phyllis said. "You know, I think she must not have left her house since then. Now that I think back, she wasn't at the market Tuesday; I almost always see her there. And she didn't drive past here this morning on her way to the post office, either... I was working in the yard, and I would have seen her."

"It'll do her soul good for a change," Dean told her. "Let her think about what gossip can do. Maybe it'll tone her down a little bit."

Phyllis thought about it all through the meal. Before they left the table, she had made up her mind to call on Mary Margaret in the morning. She told herself that she wanted to assure the poor spinster that her secret was safe; the frightened woman might even commit suicide, not knowing whether she really dared show her face in town.

But subconsciously, Phyllis knew that her strongest motivation for the visit would be another, thing entirely. Ever since she had read about the existence of sex-trained dogs, she had been highly intrigued by the idea.

She had even eyed Laddie, their collie, on several occasions when Dean had been too busy to take care of her needs. But she had lacked the nerve to try anything, and she had no idea what might happen, since she had little knowledge about how the training was accomplished.

With the hold she would have on Mary Margaret, there was a good chance that she might be able to wangle a free trial with a dog that was already trained!

She grew more and more excited, anticipating what the novel experience might be like. By the time they went to bed, she was so tingly she knew she would not be able to sleep. Her cunt was pulsating with excitement and its ooze was dampening her thighs; she could not lie still in bed, and she kept twisting and turning.

Dean was not yet asleep; his meal was still not completely digested, and she might be able to stir him up if she hurried. They were uncovered, due to the hot, humid air, so she merely got up and reversed her position in bed.

She began kissing his cock as she lowered her crotch over his face. A grateful thrill rippled through her as his prick grew hard and rose up to her lips. She sucked the head into her mouth and began bobbing over his groin, feeling the knob slide over her tongue smoothly as she stroked.

Dean lay there, enjoying the rising sensations. He inhaled the stimulating fragrance of her cunt juices; the swollen lips were only an inch above his nose. He knew how badly she wanted to be eaten, but he teased her by pretending to be unaware of it.

He knew that his earlier ejaculation would give him greater staying power now, so he could afford to wait for a while. But the exciting woman-smell filled his nostrils, and he grew more eager every second. He licked his lips, and the saliva flowed as he anticipated the taste of her musky cunt juices. "Hm-m-m... what have we here?" he asked, his voice filled with wonder. "Dessert?"

Phyllis had been whimpering nasally as she mouthed his cock; now she moaned and lowered her crotch until the flared lips of her twat squished over Dean's mouth. He gave up all pretense of disinterest as he probed her hole with his tongue, then licked around in the wetness of the fleshy petals and gathered in her dew.



She moaned more loudly as he licked and nibbled at the inside edges of her swollen lips, then flicked the tip of his tongue at the hard little stub of her clit.

Dean breathed in her fragrance as he reveled in the exciting flavor of the honey he was gathering. She was burying his cock in her throat at every stroke, now. He had the feeling that they were more completely connected than ever before. It was like the proverbial pair of snakes; each swallowing the other's tail until they both disappeared completely.

His cock was vibrantly alive-a pulsing extension of his mind and soul as well as his body - and it was deep inside her head, his balls pressed to her moist lips. He had his tongue once more thrust inside her cunt, probing as far as he could reach.

He had a momentary fantasy in which he imagined that he was so far within her at both ends that he could touch the tip of his tongue to the head of his cock.

Phyllis was moving her ass in circles now. She was steaming with passion, and for every little fuck he gave her with his tongue, she gave him a, good suck that made him groan into her cunt with a sound of ecstatic pleasure.

She was nearing her climax, and she gloried in the joyful connection that melted them together. She wanted him to eat her cunt until she exploded, and she was fiercely greedy for the hot come that she knew he would give her soon.

Her ass was moving up and down, now, as well as in lateral and spiral jerks. Dean was growing more excited, too. He fucked up into her delicious mouth, meeting her nods with gentle but demanding thrusts that pressed his cock along her tongue and into her throat.

She was giving it powerful little sucks each time it withdrew, leaving only the mammoth head behind her lips. And from the way Dean was groaning into her cunt, she knew he was about to unload.

Dean seized her clit in his lips, and he began to "give her suck for suck. She moaned around the hard flesh that filled her mouth, and she felt her heated body swell as though it might explode at any moment.

Then she began to come, and Dean had to grab her by the cheeks of her ass and hold her cunt to his mouth as she shook and jerked in the hard spasm of her orgasm.

He felt his guts tighten, then his sperm boiled up and shot into her mouth. She swallowed as each jet splashed against her throat, and they kept coming together until they broke apart as if controlled by the same puppet master.

Groans filled the room, then there was only the sound of heavy breathing as they lay there on the sweat-soaked sheet and panted. Dean felt as if a giant hand had grabbed him around the middle and wrung him like a sponge; he had never felt so drained.

"I've had it, baby!" he said hoarsely. "If you need more, I'm afraid you'll have to get it from Laddie; this threshing seems to take a lot out of me."

From the kitchen came a soft whine of recognition as the big collie heard his name. But he knew he was not allowed in any other room of the house, so he heaved a heavy canine sigh, then grew quiet.

Phyllis knew that Dean had been joking, but she refused to pass up the opportunity to sound him out. She changed her position so that she was not lying in such a damp spot on the sheet; she swallowed

and took a deep breath.

"You're all talk," she said, hoping that she had just the right amount of teasing mixed with sincerity in her voice. "Even if I got so hot I was about to lose my mind, you'd be mad if I let Laddie get to me."

"I don't know..." Dean's voice was speculative as well as sleepy. "Most animals are cleaner than humans... and he sure as hell can't knock you up! Jesus, but I'm tired..."

Phyllis listened quietly for a while. Soon she heard Dean's soft snoring sounds. She moved very carefully to right herself in bed, then lay with her head off the pillow as she thought about visiting Mary Margaret.

Just before 'She fell asleep, she wondered if she should take one of Laddie's bones from the freezer for the Great Dane... there was nothing like starting off on the right foot...

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## CHAPTER TWO

Cole McDonald watched the last of the rich goat milk being broken down by the centrifugal force of the cream separator, then he left the machine to take the five-gallon can of whole milk into the cooler room. Soon he had the vessels of separated milk and thick cream covered and sitting on the shelf in the cooler, above the big can that awaited pickup by the dairy co-operative.

It was so pleasantly refreshing in the cooler room that he hated to leave it, but when his sweaty clothes began to feel cold next to his skin, he got. out quickly and went back into the milking barn to finish his chores.

The wind was blowing from the direction of the big pen where he kept his stud billy goat, and he frowned at the potency of the odor. It was again time to get busy with the Lysol and garden hose; occasional visitors could be unsold on the idea of drinking goat milk or giving it to their children, if they caught a whiff of that. The Wilson County Goat Dairy Co-operative sometimes sent people to visit member facilities without warning.

He saw that one of the Nubians had remained in the barn, instead of trotting outside to play with the others. She was sniffing at the ripe billy-goat smell in the wind, and he could see that her twat was oozing juice. Her stubby tail wagged excitedly, and she gave out a few low bleats as she restlessly clicked her hooves on the concrete floor, "So you're ready for old Randy, huh?" he said, walking over to her and scratching her neck sympathetically. She turned to look over her 'shoulder at him, her eyes rolling to show the whites as she bleated again.

Cole was not sure, then or later, if it was the contact of her rump as she swung nervously against him, bumping into his cock warmly, or whether the acrid stud scent had affected him to some degree.

Whatever triggered him off; he impulsively 'opened the fly of his white coveralls, reached into the slit of his shorts, then fished out his suddenly rigid prick. He groaned as he skinned it back and squeezed the pulsing shaft. He maneuvered himself into an attack' position behind the trembling nanny.

He almost did a split trying to separate his booted feet far enough to get his cock lowered to the same level as the goat's dripping cunt. He swore as he straightened up, then hooked a finger into

her collar and led her up the ramp to the nearest milking station.

He secured her head in the stanchion, noticing that there was still, some molasses-oats in the manger, then he resumed his position behind her, standing on the middle slope of the ramp. His cock was throbbing excitedly now as he leaned in toward the moist warmth of the twitching goat cunt.

His hands caressed her flanks soothingly as he spoke to her in the low, reassuring tones he used to calm skittish nannies during the period of their first milkings.

"Easy, Raquel!" he said. The name on her collar tag was Rachel but Cole allowed himself his own fantasies as he slowly eased the tip of his cock into the heated ooze of her flared cuntlips. "Just keep sniffing old Randy on the breeze girl, imagine you're getting his hairy prong in you the way you did last year!"

She bleated, moved nervously, then almost put a hoof down on his instep. He moved quickly, and she stepped just next to the rubber boot as he got the head of his cock wedged into the quivering hole.

"Easy, baby... don't fight it, Raquel!" he crooned. He applied a little pressure. His hands pressed down over her hipbones, and she bleated excitedly, her rear end rocking backward and upward as she moved to meet the stimulus of his probing prick.

"Oh God, Raquel!" he groaned as his cock slid into the tight wetness of her pulsing sheath. The nanny bleated again, this time in lower tones, and Cole shoved into her until his balls were wetly embraced by her juicy lips.

He began to hump into her with long, delicious fucks that gave him the benefit of her snugly clasping vagina. It seemed to undulate and work around his cock as if digesting him, swallowing him into the hot recesses of her womb.

"Good baby!" he crooned to her. "Nice, Raquel! God, what a sweet-fucking cunt!" He stroked into her steadily, and she continued to bleat softly, obviously obtaining pleasure from the way he frictioned her itching twat.

Something in her depths vibrated softly against the head of his cock, and he groaned loudly at the ecstatic sensations that hit him in the groin and rippled out to thrill his nervous system. He fucked into her with quickened strokes, much shorter in length than he had used before.

Rachel was reaching a peak of excitement, too.

Her flanks quivered as the little nibbler inside her cunt worked at the tip of his cock whenever he was fully inserted. The juices were bubbling at the hot mouth of her cunt, and each stroke pumped the oily liquid out to flood his balls.

The nanny gave a louder bleat, and her cunt clasped him more tightly than ever. He drove into her all the way, feeling the wild nibbling of her snapper as he shot his hot load into her steamy cunt in voluptuous spasms.

She pulled away from him by hunching her ass forward in an upward move that milked his cock as it plopped out of her clenched cuntlips. He groaned and almost fell as he stepped off the ramp and stood weakly beside the milking station. "'Mac! You horny son Of a bitch!" The sound of this wife's voice behind him shocked him so much that he almost shit in his pants. He turned to meet her gaze, his face and neck red with embarrassment. But the look on her face was not the horrified outrage he

would have expected. "G-Grace!" he croaked. "When did you get back?" She was wetting her lips as she looked at his smeary cock, and there was a wild fascination in her burning green eyes. He was still too startled to tuck his limber prick back into his pants.

"Soon enough, thank God!" she said in a tone that sounded like a prayer. "Now you're going to help me with something I've always wanted to try. I've been afraid to play with Randy all by myself, but now you can damn well help me get screwed by that horny old buck!"

If Grace had suggested such a thing-even in jest-at any other time, Cole would have been shocked speechless. But when he realized that he was off the hook as far as any recriminations for his nanny-fucking, he was so relieved that he could only concede.

"All right," he said, staring at her as if he were seeing her for the first time. As he watched, she slowly began to undo the fastenings of her wrap-around frock. His eyes focused on her every movement as she removed the garment and draped it over a stanchion.

"You've got one more nanny to milk, Cole," she told him as she removed her bra and tossed it over the hanging frock. She took her panties off while her husband stared greedily at the full udders of her magnificent tits. They jiggled enticingly with her body motions, the nipples twanging springily at the extreme tips.

Grace walked up the short ramp of the station, next to the one occupied by the freshly fucked goat. She went down on her hands and knees, and her tits dangled ripely below her.

"Milk me, Cole!" she cried. He threw open the catch of the goat's stanchion as he passed, and the Nubian nanny bleated as she jumped off the platform and headed for the rear door of the barn. Cole saw that Grace had been forced to stick her head through the stanchion of her own station in order to adjust herself to the short platform. He closed the arms of the device to hold her there, chuckling as he knelt beside the concrete mesa.

He leaned in under her and seized a nipple with his lips; the spongy sweetness of the swelling flesh had a slight saltiness from the tang of her perspiration, and he began to suck on it with tight, firm, little sucks, alternating with nibbles with his lip-covered teeth.

Grace whimpered happily, and he increased the greed of his nursing until she began to moan. He got up and went to the other side of the station, then he attacked the neglected tit with even more enthusiasm than he had shown its mate.

"Oh, suck it, Daddy!" she moaned. Her ass was weaving around in the air as her excitement grew, and Cole sucked more avidly than ever, stripping the nipple with his lips and kneading the ripe udder with mouthings that soon worked a thin trickle of watery love milk out of her tit.

"Oh-h-h!" she moaned. "Give the other one a few more sucks!" Cole Switched sides hurriedly, then he went after the juice in the reluctant tit with fierce determination. When he squeezed out the milk, she cried out joyfully and tilted her ass up to push her heated cunt outward and rearward in a seeking wantonness like that of the goat before her.

"Oh God, Cole!" she panted, screwing her ass around in the air in wild spirals. "Eat it or fuck it! I'm so hot I'm about to come apart!"

He knelt on the ramp, nuzzled into the dripping hairs of her auburn-thatched crotch, inhaling the heady scent of her excited cunt. His tongue licked up into the swollen lips and tasted her juice, teasing the heated flesh until Grace whimpered her desperate need for more.

"Oh, get it, lover!" she cried. "Gobble it up good, or fuck hell out of it!" Her belly was heaving with passion and her tits wobbled steadily, the nipples fractioning on the concrete of the platform like berries hanging from a bush.

It was an awkward position for Cole to eat her properly, and he was aware that he was now fully capable of fucking her. The smell and flavor of her passion-inflamed cunt had stirred him enough to stiffen his prick once more. So he gave her clit a series of quick little sucks that caused her to cry out happily, then he mounted her from the rear.

His cock had dried stickily in the air, but as lust swelled the fat head and forced it out of the foreskin, the wetness of his come and goats cunt juice gave it a temporary felling of coolness.

Then he forced it into the hairy cleft of Grace's snatch and plowed into her warm furrow until he felt her pussy smooching the bag of his balls.

He slid in and out of her sheath slickly, his body bent over hers as his hands reached around to grab the handles of her tits. She began to grunt and grind her ass up against him as he plunged forcefully into her soupy tunnel. The hairy mouth of her cunt was massaging his nuts where the sac of his scrotum met the base of his driving cock, and her liquid excess was smeared all over their thighs and bellies.

The sweat dripped off his chest and brow to fall on her bowed back and run down her ribs in trickling rivulets. She was grunting and whimpering like a fucked sow as he bottomed in her cunt time and time again, feeling its rhythmic claspings as he withdrew.

"Squirt, Cole, squirt!" she cried suddenly, her body tightening allover as it tensed for the rigorous tremblings of her climax.

"Gracie! Oh, baby!" he groaned, feeling his balls tense for the explosion. He jammed his prick into her as far as he could get it, then ground his body against her ass in desperate spirals to drill her to the utmost.

He gushed hotly, feeling the come wash around the tip of his cock as it filled her tunnel. She jerked and whined as the liquid jets struck her quivering flesh, then she shrieked as her orgasm hit her with its full impact.

Cole curved over her body, her tits still cupped in his hands, relishing the gurglings and the claspings as her convulsions worked at his softening prick. When all seemed to be still inside her tunnel, he pulled out of her, achieved a standing position, then staggered backward as he let his dripping dong hang over the gutter that ran behind the milking stations.

He weaved about, as if drunk, then firmly planted his feet astride the gutter and concentrated. A stream of piss began to dribble slowly from his prick. It gained in strength, until he was shooting out a strong stream that stirred up the straw and dirt in the gutter.

He shook off the last drops, tucked his tender cock inside his shorts and coveralls, then turned to look at his wife. Grace had slumped over to lie on her side, her head still trapped by the stanchion that imprisoned her neck.

Cole freed her, then helped her to her feet. She leaned against him for a moment, tilting her head up to look into his face. She was trembling slightly. "That was good, honey," she told him. "Better than good; it was great! But I haven't changed my mind about Randy; I could smell his funky odor all the time you were fucking me, and I wanted to try out his hairy goat's prick all the more. Am I going sex-

happy, Cole?"

"I doubt it," he said, hugging her as he chuckled quietly to himself. "I had a hankering to plow into Rachel... it was just as sudden an impulse as it was an overpowering one. I didn't question it; I just whipped out my cock and went at it."

"You really don't mind helping me with Randy, then?" Grace had to know. She was enjoying a feeling of wickedness, but she wanted Cole to share the guilt with her.

"It might be kicks," he said thoughtfully. "Of course, we'd have to figure out some engineering. It'll take some preparations; a billy like Randy is a hell of a lot more rambunctious to deal with than a nanny like Rachel."

"You'd better believe it!" said a deep male voice from the front doorway of the milking bam. Grace leaned aside to peer past Cole's shoulder just as he turned to stare at the intruder.

"Where the hell did you come from, George?" Cole asked. His voice was tight with embarrassed shock.

"What's really important," George said, "is that I'm here at the beginning of your ambitious experiment. I may be uninvited, but, can you think of a better consultant than a doctor of veterinary medicine... as long as I'm already in on the secret?"

"Jesus!" Cole said. He let his arms fall from Grace's shoulders as he turned and sat 'down on the nearest milking platform. "I need a drink... a big one."

"Invite me into the house and I'll pour," George offered. "You look as though your hand might not be too steady."

"You may be right," Grace agreed. She had too much poise to make an undignified rush for her clothing. With a body like hers, she had no need to feel shame, as George's hot glances assured her. "This is the second time Cole's been surprised by someone in the last half-hour. I came in while he was screwing one of the goats."

"Wow!" George said. "That could make a guy a bit shaky. Come on, then; let's have a drink while we talk this out." He started to turn away, then he looked back at Cole. "Need a hand getting in to the house?" he asked.

"Thanks, I'll make it," Cole assured him. He got up and gave Grace a perplexed look and shrugged his shoulders helplessly. She made an attempt at a wry smile, then began to put on her clothes.

When they sat around the kitchen table, icy drinks in front of them, George had to laugh at the foolish, lost expressions on the faces of his host and hostess.

"Let me ease your minds a bit," he said, eager to break up the tension and take advantage of the situation that he had fallen into. "I guess we've known each other for... how long, anyhow? Four years?"

Cole and Grace thought about it. George and Dorothy Lambert had been introduced to them at a Grange party right after the Young vet took over his uncle's practice in Gatesville. Yes, it has been almost exactly four years. They both nodded agreement.

"Well, during that time, I've almost approached you a numerous occasions about a little extramarital



swinging; Dot and I have had a hell of a lot of fun swapping, and you two struck me as being among the more adventurous souls in the community, but"

The vet stopped to sip at his drink, eyeing the McDonalds over the rim of his glass.

"But what?" Grace leaned forward, curious to know what had prevented the approach.

"Well, you know what the town is like— what any small town in this part of the country is like. A wrong guess about something like that and I could lose most of my business overnight. After four years here I'm still not considered a permanent citizen. I just wasn't certain enough about you two to take the chance."

"And now you are, huh?" Cole said with a sheepish grin, seeing the irony of the position in which he and Grace found themselves.

"Well, I figure that a couple broadminded enough and sexually advanced to the point of screwing on a milking platform and planning a session with a billy goat— well, they wouldn't be likely to have run me out of town for suggesting a swap."

The McDonalds looked at each other appraisingly and read mutual interest in their facial expressions. After the goat involvement-Cole's act with Rachel and Grace's stated intent with Randy—they could hardly balk at trying a swap with desirable members of their own species.

"I guess we're interested, all right," Cole admitted. "How do we arrange the thing?"

"Just as simply as you'd plan any kind of party," George said. "But for now, what about this thing with your stud goat? If you're serious, I can give you a few pointers. In fact, I'm sure Dot would like to get in on it, if she knew about it."

"It looks as if our social life might be picking up a bit," Grace commented with a grin. "It's a relief to learn that we're not completely abnormal... I mean... there are others who think it could be fun to screw a goat, for instance."

"Hell yes!" George told her. "You don't know how lucky you are, to be on a farm where you can have access to animals without arousing curiosity. There are thousands of people who'd like to try it, but how do you smuggle a goat or a sheep into a city apartment?"

"I know what you mean," Cole said. "In most places, they won't even allow a dog or cat. That's what decided Grace and me; city life looked too constraining. We started planning for the farm while we were still in college."

George had taken a notepad and pen from his pocket and was starting to sketch something. Cole and Grace leaned across the table to see what it was. They saw a rough cartoon of a billy goat restrained by some kind of harness or grillework. Beneath him was a box or table covered with padding or something. As they watched, George began to draw, the figure of a woman; she was depicted as leaning over the padded surface, her ass upturned just below the goat's cock.

"Now, here's what we have to do," George explained. His pen flew, making swift lines here and there on the page.

Grace thought about the hairy prick of their stud wedging into her cunt and stuffing her full of his hot goat come. She grew warm and excited, and a flush spread over her face.

She was even glad that Dorothy Lambert would share the excitement with her. Not since college had she found a girl friend with her own taste for adventure and comradely chitchat; maybe Dorothy would become the sort of fun pal that could make life in rural Wilson County a little less monotonous. And Grace was not forgetting the fact that George would be a participant, too. He looked as if he knew how to please a woman...

Cole watched the drawing develop under George's pen, and he had his own thoughts about Dorothy Lambert. The lovely blonde had intrigued him from the first time they met; now he could count on sampling the ripe wonders of her very promising body.

He saw Dorothy in the cartoon of the bent-over woman, and instead of the goat poised above her, he imagined the tense form of his body-cock rigid and ready to enter her., He wet his lips and felt his prick throb within the confines of his coveralls.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

"How on earth did you manage to train him?" Phyllis Palmer asked her hostess. They were seated in Mary Margaret Siebenthaler's living room, sipping sherry. The dog in question lay on a hooked rug at Mary Margaret's feet, and from where Phyllis sat, she could see the bulk of the Great Dane's sheathed cock and the size of his canine balls.

"It was an accident," Mary Margaret replied. She was smiling to herself at the memory, now that she could look at Phyllis as an eager initiate in the joys of dog-fucking. The younger woman had frankly stated the purpose of her visit upon-arrival, and the two quickly developed a warm emphatic friendship based on the conspiracy of their common interest.

"Victor was only a year old when it happened." The dog lifted his head slightly at the mention of his name, then he lay down on the rug again. "I was getting ready to take a bath. As I started to put the cap back on my bottle of bath salts, it slipped out of my fingers and rolled out of the bathroom into the bedroom. I went after it and had to get on my hands and knees to reach under the bed for it."

Mary Margaret hesitated, as if undecided about the depth of detail she should reveal. Then she shrugged her shoulders and let an indulgent smile lay on her lips.

"I should confess that I'd been fingering myself first before I got ready to bathe, and I guess I was awfully wet and warm. Because Victor came up behind me while my head and shoulders were under the bed, and he stuck his nose in my crotch.

"Well, I hit my head when that cold nose startled me! Then I started to back out of there.

But Victor had begun to whine and lick at my pussy, and my joints just started to turn to water... I wanted him to go on and on with what he was doing!

"Phyllis, I'd never had anyone... any live creature at all... to caress me like that. All my sex has had to be solo; sure, I had my fantasies-what woman doesn't dream about perfection? But this was so exquisite that I could have died with joy.

"I slowly backed out from under the bed, being careful not to discourage him. But I wanted to be' less confined so I could enjoy every moment to the fullest! Well, he let me back him off far enough to get my head clear without his losing interest, so I just stayed in the same position.

"That tongue of his was really getting around in my twat, and I came a couple of times-mildly but enjoyable-before-he had to stop, perhaps to rest his tongue; I don't know.

"I turned around to look back at him, and he was licking the end of his cock. It stuck out of its sheath, red and swollen, and I realized for the first time that he had not been just showing his mistress affection; he was sexually mature, and my wet cunt had made him excited!

"It came to me in a flash, as I watched him trying to soothe the itch and excitement of his sex urge-it was so new to him that I'm sure he didn't yet quite know how to relieve himself-that he could not find a mate of his own kind very easily."

"You see, as luck would have it, there are only male dogs on all the nearby farms; Victor would have to cover several miles on foot to reach the nearest bitch... that German Shepherd at the Kline farm. And it seemed to me that I had the opportunity to satisfy both Victor and myself.

"I've had no one else since my father died; to talk to or to get meals for or anything. Victor has been wonderful company. And when I saw that we could be even more to each other, I jumped at the chance.

"I reached back and slipped my fingers under his nose as he was licking himself. I started to work his sheath back and forth over his cock, and he whined as I did, but he stopped his licking and stood there panting. The red part of his cock stuck out more and more, and then his ass began to move; he was humping into my hand and drooling his excitement.

"I stopped suddenly and resumed my head down position; reaching behind me, I patted my back and told him to 'come' while I wiggled my upturned ass at the same time. He must have found the rest of his instinct, or else he's exceptionally smart, because he mounted me right away.

"It took him a few tries to get it in me, and I want to tell you, Phyllis, that cock of his can hurt if he jabs you in the wrong places! But I was so excited that nothing could have discouraged me at that moment." "When he got it in me, I was surprised at how big it was; I'd taken it for granted that a dog would have a smaller cock than a man. Well, it was a good thing I'd stretched myself over the years with various things I used to masturbate; his cock really filled me up, and that fuzzy sheath was bunched up in the mouth of my pussy, tickling and teasing it as he started to fuck me."

"Oh, Jesus!" Phyllis cried, pressing her hand into her crotch as she squeezed her thighs together.

"I'm creaming my panties just thinking about it!"

"I'm sorry, dear," Mary Margaret said. "I hadn't intended to tease, you with the story. Come on, let's see if Victor won't take care of that cream for you." She motioned Phyllis to get out of her chair. "Take off your clothes and get on your hands and knees."

Phyllis needed no second invitation. She was stripped in seconds, and as she got down on the rug at Mary Margaret's direction, her moist pussy near the dog's nose, the Great Dane whined, lifted his head, then quickly got up and put his nose into the wet hairs of Phyllis' crotch.

He sniffed loudly, whined again, then licked up into the slit of her cunt. Phyllis whimpered happily and tilted her ass more to offer him better access to her snatch. His tongue lapped up the juice, its tip curling around the stiff bud of her clit and making her cry out with joy.

His snuffling, whining sounds continued as he ate her cunt with obvious excitement. Looking back through her legs, Phyllis could see the dog's underbody in a three-quarter view. The red, conical tip

of his prick curved out of its sheath, and she thought she saw a drop of his pearly semen glistening there.

Suddenly she wanted that dog prick inside her more than anything; even more than she wanted him to go on licking her clit and her swollen cuntlips.

"Oh, get him on me□ please!" she begged, wiggling her ass in lustful impatience.

Mary Margaret reached down and patted Phyllis on the back and spoke to the dog.

"Come, Victor!"

Victor mounted her. Phyllis felt Mary Margaret's, fingers at her cunt; the woman guided the dog's cock into the right spot with one hand as she held the inner lips of the cunt parted with the fingers of her other hand. Phyllis felt the red meat slide inside, to fill her cunt completely.

"Oh, that feels good!" she cried. "Fuck me" Victor! Ooh-h-h! That fuzzy tickling!"

"Now, don't panic, dear," Mary Margaret told her. "But it's likely that he may get his knot expanded just inside your vagina. It'll hurt a little at first, but don't fight it. If you make him panic, he could try to get away and hurt both of you. You have to wait until he's come for the third time before, the swelling goes down; then you can get away."

"That must be... how' they get... hung up . . . dogs, I mean." Phyllis was gasping and moaning now as she felt the sliding cock begin to enlarge at its base. The flesh expanded and filled her vestibule; she thought her cunt was going to be torn apart. Then it swelled no more and she decided that she could take the discomfort as long as his cock continued to wiggle hotly inside her tunnel.

The short hair on the animal was frictioning her cuntlips in a steady vibration, and she was ready to lose her mind with bliss. Then she felt a hot spurt as the dog spouted his sperm. It was so much warmer than her own body temperature that she thought for a moment it was scalding her innards.

But then she began to come. She moaned and ' went rigid as the ecstatic spasms shook her. The dog humped into her even harder, the tip of his prick probing her walls fiercely as he continued to fuck her, his front legs pulling her to him powerfully by her hips.

He shot into her another time, his heated semen like wet rockets bursting in her depths. She whimpered, her body trembling in the final convulsions of her climax; his second load was a stimulus almost too great for her.

He kept fucking into her with desperate humps, and Phyllis felt as though she might pass out at any moment, so lightheaded had she become from the effects of her orgasm and the continued fucking.

Then Victor released his last barrage. He grunted and whined as the fluid spurted into her, and Phyllis felt another, climax grabbing at her cunt. She began to stiffen and jerk all over, and her breath came out in sobs of ecstasy.

Darkness closed in on her, and when she revived from her blissful state, she was lying on her side on the rug. Mary Margaret was kneeling beside her, and Victor sat across the room, licking his well-used prick.

"My God, what a wild fuck!" Phyllis gasped. "I don't know how often I'd be able to take it, though. How often do you let him in you?"

"Whenever I need it," Mary Margaret replied; she did not feel constrained to tell everything.

"Well, it was quite an experience!" Phyllis confessed. "I'm grateful. If I can do anything for you"

"As a matter of fact, you might," said her hostess. "Men seem to know more about dogs than women, and I'd like your husband's advice about something... an operation I read about, for dogs. Could you have him drop over when he has time to read the information in my book and tell me what thinks?"

"Of course, Mary Margaret," Phyllis agreed "I don't know that Dean's any authority on dogs, but I do know he's had several in his life before we got Laddie. And he'd be glad to do anything he could help you, I'm sure."

\* \* \* \*

Dean put off his duty call at the Siebenthaler farm for two days, scheduling it so he could stop on his way back from a trip to Spencer, saving himself the trouble of cleaning up for two separate occasions.

It was almost four p.m. when he parked his pickup in back of the house and went up to the porch. Mary Margaret met him at the door, then invited Dean inside.

He was startled to see that his hostess was wearing makeup for the first time to his knowledge. True, it was only a light application of lipstick and an expert accenting of her eyes, but it made her look fifteen years younger. It came to him with a shock, as he thought back, that she could really not be more than eight or ten years older than Phyllis. Her severely plain dress and lack of makeup had made him think of her as being much older.

She served him sherry and took her own glass to her favorite chair. Victor barked, then stretched out at her feet, and she looked over at Dean with a cautious expression on her face.

"That book on the end table," she said. "It's the reason I needed your advice. If you'll open it to where I have the bookmark and read the page on the right.

Dean picked up the book, glancing at the cover as he prepared to open it. It was a treatise on the training of sex dogs. He wondered where Mary Margaret had latched onto it; certainly not in Gatesville.

He read the page twice before he was satisfied that he knew all the text had to say on the subject. It described the surgical operation that separated the animal's prepuce or foreskin from the body, which would let it hang free to serve as an effective "tickler" for the human female during intercourse.

He looked up to see his hostess studying him intently over the rim of her glass. She was blushing slightly, but her expression was quite calm and serious.

"I wouldn't want to do anything that would hurt Victor," she told him. "But if the operation's harmless, and if it does what it's supposed to do, according to the book, I'd like to have it done." She seemed to be asking his opinion on the decision; wanting him to confirm or dispute the book.

"As far as its hurting the dog," he said, "I shouldn't think it would be as uncomfortable as tail docking; there's no bone involved. All they do, apparently, is separate the upper edge of the sheath from the skin of his belly and let it all hang down, so to speak. A few stitches will make the cut heal up in no time. But as far as the effectiveness of the operation... well, I have no idea about that. It

sounds feasible enough.”

“That’s not my only problem,” Mary Margaret said. “Where could I take him to have it done? I surely can’t go to a local vet; the scandal would be out in no time at all.”

Dean had to grin in spite of himself. If she weren’t such a gossip, she wouldn’t expect it from everyone else. He decided that the least he could get from the inconvenience of this visit would be a hell of a show. He figured that she owed him that, and he was just impish enough to demand it.

“I think perhaps I can take him to someone reliable,” he told her. “But if you really want my considered opinion, I’d have to see the dog in action at close range so I can tell just how much difference the operation might make.” He smiled at her deceptively. “It was a little dim and distant watching through the screen door.”

Her blush, which had been faint but constant until then, darkened slightly as she realized that he was asking for a demonstration. She bit her lip, tried to stare him down in case he was putting her on, then gave it up as his innocent expression remained undisturbed.

She stood up and calmly began to undress, facing him directly, as if determined not to show him that she was embarrassed. Dean was fascinated as the frock fell to the floor around her feet. He barely restrained a gasp of amazement as he saw her hourglass-shaped body in bra and panties.

To Dean, as to most of the community, she was simply one of those unexplainable spinsters who dressed in conservative style and color and remained apart from the rest of the townsfolk. No romantic tale of a lost love or anything; just an apparent loner.

When her shapeless frock dropped away, he wet his lips and groaned softly at the wasted loveliness that had been hidden by the sack like garment. And he saw that, whatever front she chose to present to the outside world, Mary Margaret kept herself very feminine and desirable beneath the somber disguise.

The dainty design of her expensive lingerie was more than compensated for in its brilliant red color. The gossamer bra was cradling her superbly full, firm tits that jiggled excitingly as she stepped out of the frock. Her brief panties were padded by the lush growth of her pubic bush, and the tight crack of her gash was outlined down its center.

Her figure was breathtakingly perfect, and Dean sat there with his mouth open and his cock swelling stiffly in his slacks. There was no way he could have remained silent, thinking about all that beauty being reserved for a dog who could not appreciate it.

“My God, Mary Margaret!” he managed to say after he closed his mouth and swallowed a time or two. “You have all that loveliness hidden away, and you’re only going to offer me sherry?” He wet his lips and swallowed again, still partly in shock.

“I . . . I don’t know,” she said in a quiet voice. Her eyes flicked down to focus on the bulge in his crotch. Then they swerved to regard the dog; Victor was still lying quietly on the rug, seemingly asleep. “Do you want me very much?” It was not coyness; she wanted to reassure herself that she was desired for herself before she would answer.

“More than anything else in the world at this moment,” he told her truthfully. As if he had stumbled onto a magic phrase, he saw her hand reach out to him. He got to his feet, and she led him into her bedroom, closing the door to keep Victor outside.



Their bodies melted together as their mouths met in a hot, smeary kiss. While their tongues jousting, and they sucked at each other's lips and tongues frantically, Dean unfastened her bra and felt the slight impact of her tits springing free against his chest.

He eased her onto the bed, and she lay back, letting him do as he wished with her. He fastened his mouth on one of the gorgeous tits. He began to attack it with little sucks and nibblings. She whimpered happily, and he continued his feast while his hands worked at the waistband of her panties.

When he switched to the other tit, she finished removing her panties and threw them aside. Dean caught the faint odor of her cunt in the material as it breezed past his face, and he groaned as he deserted her tits and headed for her crotch.

The lovely dark bush was split wide by the outward pressure of her swelling cuntlips. Several drops of her dew glistened at the fuzzy edges of her slit and Dean could smell the sweet musk of her heat as he bent down and pressed his lips to the moist mouth.

Mary Margaret moaned as he made contact, then she spread her thighs to give him more room. He licked greedily all around the fleshy bowl of her vulva, stabbed the puckered hole of her cunt a few times, then went after her clit.

She moaned steadily when he took the bud in his lips and gave it several hard little sucks to heat it up quickly. Then he twitted the tiny fleshling with his tongue, and she began to whimper again.

Her ass was moving slowly on the bed in rotary motions, with a slight suggestive upward thrust at the end of each revolution. Dean knew she was heating up rapidly, and he seized the bud in his lips once more.

After only five or six powerful sucks, she gave a hoarse little sob and fucked into his mouth with a sudden drive that almost made him bite his lip. Her body tensed, then quivered uncontrollably. He probed into her hole again and tongue-fucked her while she came in hard, jerking convulsions.

He got up and undressed quickly as she trembled through her finale. His cock was throbbing eagerly as he crawled back onto the bed. She had brought her legs together in reflex, and her hand was pressed over her bush as if she sought to still the turmoil inside her, or perhaps to seal off the escape of so much pleasure.

Dean watched her knees while they slowly relaxed. Then he got a grip on her calves and moved them apart; he was staring right into her bush. He separated her thighs, and her gash opened under, staring back at him redly, its deep sex flush making it more appetizing than ever.

As he watched the inner lips pouting around her hole, he saw it wink at him in a spasm. With a loud groan, he crawled into the vee of her thighs and grabbed his cock in his hand. He shoved it into the wet bush, moved it around in the slippery lips, then got it centered in the soft wet flesh of her velvet cunt.

He eased it into her slowly, feeling the moist furrow close around his prick as he entered her. Her ass was again moving; this time the upward thrust was more pronounced. She was hot to receive him and eager for action.

"Ooh-h-h!" she breathed ecstatically. "All the way, Dean! Get into me all the way!"

He drove home, pressing his balls into the wet fuzziness of her cunt, and she moaned her pleasure.

Dean leaned down and kissed her lips, the movement carrying her ass off the bed as his cock lifted her with its impalement, supported by the leverage of his pubic bone and hips.

Her tongue darted out to him, and he gave it a fast suck, then thrust his tongue into her lips. She sucked it into her mouth as he started to lunge into her with long, delicious fucks that rippled the softness of her cunt flesh and made it cling to him wetly.

They had to abandon the kiss, to concentrate on the rest of the action, and Dean gradually changed his strokes, rotating and spiraling and dipping, feeling out every delightful fold and nook of her claspng cunt.

"Oh, Dean!" she cried. "It's beautiful. . . if only it could last! But I think. . . oh, yes! Oh God, yes. . . YES-S-S-S!"

He felt her cunt tighten up on him and her body begin to tense. He knew it was time to join her. Releasing all his control, he concentrated on the voluptuous sweetness of her hot, wet pussy, and as he drove into her for the final thrust, he felt his groin tense and jerk. His sperm shot into her depths, and she uttered whimpering little cries as the hot fluid flooded her tunnel.

They clung together fiercely until her spasms were almost over. Dean flexed his sphincter a few times to drain his cock, and the resulting swelling of his glans gave her a parting thrill before he pulled out of her pussy.

He had been too busy before, but now he could hear Victor whining and scratching at the bedroom door. He was glad it was closed. Now he was not so sure he wanted to drive the dog to Doc Lambert's office, unless he chained him in the bed of the pickup. Victor would have to be pretty dense not to know that Dean had usurped' some of his fucking!

As if she had read his mind, Mary Margaret reached over and patted him on the thigh and smiled before she raised her head and called out to the dog to silence him. When Victor had ceased his whining, she lay back and smiled at Dean again.

I hope you won't mind taking Victor with you now," she told him. "This would be a good time to take care of it, since it will put him out of action for a while. I feel as if what you've done for me will last a long time!"

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## CHAPTER FOUR

"Is it all right if we bring another couple with us next Friday night?" George Lambert asked as he put down his hammer. He and Cole were in the machine shed on the McDonald farm, putting the finishing touches on what George had tagged "the billy-girl machine".

"Why. . . I guess so," Cole replied. "You mean a local couple?" He wondered if it were possible that he had been underrating the community as a bunch of squares.

"Harlan and Barbara Gates," George said. "We've been swapping with them for a while, and I know they'd join the party if we asked them."

Cole almost tripped over his feet as he crossed to the workbench to pick up his half-finished can of beer. Harlan Gates was the junior partner of the county's top law firm and a descendant of the founders of Gatesville!

"You make a career out of surprising people," Cole complained. "And it seems to be 'Shock McDonald' week. Wow! Unless Gatesville is more broadminded than I think, Harlan is risking his chance to be our next senator for a little spice in his sex life."

"I think he believes that he wouldn't enjoy his intended political career, if he couldn't enjoy his personal life the way he likes it. If he does get elected, you can bet he'll push liberalization of our sex freedoms."

"Just how free is he in his thinking?" Cole asked.

"Pretty much the same as I am. Which reminds me, Mac, that you promised to let me take a try at a nanny after we finished our project. How about it?"

"Let's go," Cole said. "Bring your beer with you; it might take me a while to round her up."

George followed him to the milking barn and waited while Cole went into the inner pasture to search for Rachel or any goat that might appear to be in heat. It took almost fifteen minutes to locate Rachel; he found her ill a group at the fence, sniffing at Randy's pen.

He led her into the barn and up onto the first milking platform. When her head was in the stanchion, George walked up behind her and studied the oozing squishiness of her cunt. Cole saw that the sight had stimulated the vet; his cock was bulging his slacks at the crotch.

"Okay, Doc," Cole told him. "This is Rachel. You're on your own. I'll just stand back and take lessons from a professional who knows animals inside and out."

George spent a few minutes talking to the goat, patting and stroking her flanks, then he listened to the sound of her soft bleating in an attempt to learn her individual temperament. When he felt that she was not uneasy around him, he began to finger her dripping twat, smearing her ooze around gently, and cautiously probing into her cunt with his fingers.

His other hand was busy unslinging his cock, and Cole saw from the sidelines that George was far from ill-equipped for the job. 'He had a rigid erection of enviable proportions, perhaps a bit smaller in diameter than Cole's, but at least an inch longer.

Cole watched as the vet braced himself on the sloping ramp of the platform and eased the tip of his cock into the warm oozing lips of the goat's cunt.

"Steady, Rachel," he said in a soothing voice. She bleated once and her tail bobbed and shook, but she held her stance as George slowly fed the meat to her. She took it without kicking or moving her hooves, but her bleating increased as he slowly filled her with his cock.

George was perspiring with the effort of forcing himself to take it slow; he was excited with the novel feel of the heated, oily sheath that was swallowing his prick. When he gave her the final inch, she bleated more loudly than ever, and George felt something twitter and shift inside her, a gentle fluttering around the head of his cock.

"God! What an exciting cunt!" he groaned. He began to fuck into her with short, careful strokes, relishing the smooth, slick lining of her cunt and the way it seemed to worm around, clasp and writhing over his moving shaft.

Cole moved in closer, anxious to see at close range what he had been too busy to think about during his own bout with the sexy goat. He watched the shaft of George's prick plow into the swollen meat

of Rachel's cunt, pushing the edges of the clinging lips inside her with the friction of the forceful thrust. Then it withdrew, its light skin shiny with the glistening juice of the vaginal lubricant, and the outer portion of the sheath seemed to turn almost inside out as it clung to the moving prick.

"Christ! What a sensation!" George said in a hoarse voice.

Cole could no longer watch; his own cock was throbbing with eagerness. He went back to the pasture, peering intently at the rear end of each goat he passed, searching for another twat with the telltale ooze of sexual heat.

He began to grow frantic, seeing none at all as he plodded along over the uneven ground. He was desperate, then he spotted the kids he had isolated for weaning. The young goats were freshly separated from their mothers, and he had started them on their new diet the day before.

He reached over the fence and picked up the nearest one, a sturdy little Nubian doe. He carried her under his arm, then as he passed a heavy-uddered Alpine on his way to the barn, he grabbed the nanny's collar and led her along.

At the station next to George and Rachel, he put the milk goat in the stanchion, then took out his hard, aching cock. He grabbed the near tit and squirted some milk on his cock, working it under the foreskin.

Another squirt, and he felt that the flavor was established. He set the kid on the floor below, dangling his milk-smeared cock where the kid could smell it. The eager mouth took it, covering the shaft more than two-thirds of its length. Cole groaned as the pulling and sucking commenced. He was not sure how long he could stand it, but for the moment it felt good to his throbbing whang.

He seized the nanny's tit again, aimed it outward, then shot a stream of rich milk at the base of his down-pointed cock. He watched the white cream run into the greedy lips of the avidly sucking kid. He kept repeating the squirts, losing a lot on the floor, but providing enough of the real flavor to keep the kid sucking.

Next to him, George was groaning and talking to Rachel as he continued to fuck into the sex-hot goat. Rachel's ass was moving a little, meeting his thrusts as she grew more and more excited. Her bleating was low and contented, with faint overtones of her frantic passion.

"What unbelievable movement!" George groaned. "There's a little grabber in there, Mac! Did you know that?"

"Yeah!" Cole replied. "I've got a little grabber of my own right now!"

The kid was feeling cheated, getting very little milk for the amount of sucking she was doing, so she speeded up her sucks and increased the vacuum. The result was driving Cole wild. He milked the goat more frantically, but his aim grew worse as his excitement swelled, and less than half of the poorly aimed shots were received by the cocksucking Kid.

"Oh shit!" George yelled. "I can't last long. It's the mouth of her fucking uterus. . nibbling. . . grabbing for the. . . semen. . . God,Rachel!"

But torn as he was by the wild thrills, the vet clung to his control, determined to make the novel sensations last as long as possible. He kept thrusting into her and panting between groans, sweat rolling off his forehead and staining the armpits of his shirt.

"Oh, suck, baby, suck!" Cole cried, squirting milk in all directions as he sought to keep the kid interested in the low-yield tit of his cock. He was almost ready to come.

"Rachel! Oh, baby!" George groaned as the goat began to shake and tremble with the power of its orgasm. He felt his control leak out in a sudden jerk, and he began to spew his semen into her cunt. He drove into her and felt the backwash of his shots as his come flooded her oily tunnel and oozed around his moving shaft.

She bleated loudly and squeezed down on him; he yelled and pulled out of her, stepping backward so quickly that he had to do a fast bit of stepping to keep from falling off the ramp.

"Here it is, baby! Suck it down!" Cole cried as he began to come. The kid gulped greedily, at last getting results from his long bout of hard sucks. Cole shot his load and tried to get away, but the kid held on. He had to cover the kid's nostrils so it would open its mouth to breathe, releasing him.

George leaned against a neighboring stanchion, tucking his limber prick inside his fly. He watched Cole trying to avoid the hungry reaches of the kid for his dangling cock while Cole freed the milk goat from the stanchion. He led her off the platform and tried to get the kid interested in her tits.

But the kid had already found a foster mother. She was stubbornly rearing up at Cole's crotch. Cole finally had to take her back to her pen. By the time he had rejoined George, he was bushed.

"Christ, George!" he said. "Let's go to the house and have a stiff drink before I collapse."

"I'm with you!" George agreed. "I'll be much happier to collapse after a drink."

They went straight to the house, got their drinks, then sprawled out on sofas to relax; they were too tired to wonder where their wives had gone.

Grace and Dot had gone to the machine shed to check on the men's progress with the "billy-girl machine" only seconds after the men had departed for the milk barn.

"Look. . . it's finished!" Grace cried. "Remember? They agreed that the last step would be to tack the padding onto the wood."

"You're right," Dot said. "Let's get the goat and try it out!"

"Let's see how well it fits, first," Grace suggested. She climbed up onto the padding, her ass aimed upward as she hung over the inverted vee of the table. "Feels okay," she reported. "Try it, Dot." She got down and looked at her blonde friend.

Dot slipped out of her frock and unfastened her brassiere as Grace watched with a curious look. The ripe mounds of Dot's tits sprung out to jiggle merrily as the bra was tossed aside. Then she peeled off her panties.

"Only one way to try it," she said, grinning as she climbed up on the device and draped herself over the padding. "The way I expect to use it." She wiggled around to position herself, and the bouncing cheeks of her ass seemed to catch Grace's eye in an oddly enticing way.

The redhead moved in closer, then impetuously reached up and teased the blonde hairs of her friend's crotch. They were suspiciously damp to the touch, and on further impulse, Grace slid her finger on into the moist flesh beyond the hair.

"Yes!" Dot cried. "Finger me, Grace. I want to know what it's like. . . being screwed while I'm hanging here like this."

Grace began to finger-fuck Dot swiftly, her middle finger riding slickly in the moist tunnel of the blonde's cunt, her thumb pressuring the exposed wrinkles of Dot's winking asshole. The wet golden hairs stuck and clung to the moving finger as more and more juice began to gather with Dot's leaping passion.

The blonde's ass rose and fell in rhythmic thrusts to meet the massage, and the coarse padding frictioned the tip of her clitoris at each stroke.

"Oh, I wish... that goat could... be here now!" she panted as she felt her thrills increasing rapidly. Grace, sensing the blonde's need for more meat to expand her loosening sheath, added another finger, then a third, to spread the slick walls of the pulsing twat.

The excitement had spread to Grace as potently as it had captured Dot. The redhead curled her body around the padded trestle of the device, found Dot's left tit with her seeking lips, and gave the spongy nipple a series of fast, hungry sucks. Her free hand sought her crotch and began to stir up the froth in her own oozing cunt.

"Grace, baby! Oooh-h, that's nice!" Dot moaned. Grace had rolled the nipple between her lips firmly, nuzzled the breast to loosen the sealed ducts, then sucked to bring out the drops of love-milk through the nipple.

The taste of the fluid excited Grace still more; she was ready to drink any and all of the juices of sex, she was so hot and pulsing. There was no more to be had in the dry tit, and she could not reach the other one, so she deserted the breast and changed her position.

From the rear, because of the clever design of the padded trestle, Dot's cunt was beautifully vulnerable. Grace removed her soupy fingers and pressed her mouth into the hot, wet flesh. She shoved her dripping middle finger into Dot's asshole as it winked open with excitement, and the blonde shrieked with joy.

"Oh, honey! Eat me fast. . . I'm coming!" Dot cried, her body starting to twist and jerk with the first tremblings of her climax.

Grace gave the twitching clit a few fast sucks, then drank the gathered juices as Dot bucked and moaned through her climax. Grace felt her orgasm start, and she shoved her fingers as deeply as possible in. her convulsing hole as she started to shake with the powerful tremors.

When they recovered from their gasping spasms, they felt the relief of their sexual tensions, but both were still hot and lustful, their thoughts focusing on the hairy cock of the stud goat. Grace slipped her hand from her crotch, letting her frock fall into place, and hurried out across the barnyard to Randy's pen, leaving Dot hanging over the damp padding to anticipate the next found.

The horny buck smelled the female oozings in Grace's crotch, and she had to use the end of his lead rope to whip him into obedience as she led him to the machine shed. Dot heard and smelled the rutting beast's approach; she got off the machine and helped Grace coerce the animal into the restraining harness the men had provided. They cinched up the buckles and stood back to watch the goat's reactions.

His eyes rolled wildly as he fought the harness, frantic to get at the source of the heated female odor. His cock projected from its sheath, glistening with the pre-fuck ooze of his eagerness.



"Oh Jesus!" Dot moaned. "I want that in me so bad!" Her ass made sharp, demanding jerks as her cunt bumped toward the coveted meat of the beast's prick. She was almost hysterical in her lust to have the steamy red prong tear into her.

"Come on," Grace said, forcing herself to be a good hostess, although it was a hard struggle to fight with her own lustful sex drive. She helped Dot back onto the machine, then swung the safety shield around on its pivots to lock in place above the bent woman's back. The top of the shield had a rug-covered mound to simulate the haunches of a female goat.

When Grace led the haltered billy up the ramp, he nosed into the steamy crotch and bellowed loudly at its rich scent. He needed no urging to leap up and brace his front hooves on the carpeted mound. His prick slid even further from its hairy prepuce and gave a wiggling, searching movement as its wet, hot tip slithered into the seething flesh of Dot's cunt.

"Oh, you sweet brute!" Dot cried as the hot, hard worm of the prick bored into her tunnel. Its coarse-haired foreskin had shoved back to bristle maddeningly in the sensitive flesh of her vulva, and she was ready to scream for joy at the thrills rippling over her body.

The beast fucked into her with a grunting frenzy, and Dot's ass began to rotate and hump to meet the powerful strokes of his drive. The rigid prick felt as if it were red-hot, and its tip curled around her tunnel walls as she spiraled her ass in frantic movements.

"Oh, Grace!" she cried. "What a cuntful of meat!"

Grace was frothing at the cunt and drooling as she climbed around the machine to wedge Her body under Dot's upper torso, wiggling into place until her cunt was in the blonde's face. Her back was bowed, pressed up against the underside of the safety shield, but she would have suffered any discomfort to obtain what she needed.

"Eat me, Dot!" she begged. "My twat's burning up with the creamy itch!"

Dot's mouth found the lips of Grace's swollen cunt. She licked at them, sucked hungrily at the fleshy contours of the vulva, and located the hard bud of Grace's clit. Her lips fastened on the heated little knob and she gave it a hard suck.

"Oh, yes, doll! Milk it!" Grace cried. Her cunt undulated at the avid mouth, as if she could fuck the tiny clit into the lips that held it. Her ass trembled against the padding behind her, and she felt the wetness of her excessive cream and Dot's saliva as it trickled down her thighs.

Randy's rutting goat cock was plunging hotly into Dot's cunt with long, swift fucks that reached her final depths. She was on her way to a tremendous inner explosion. When the stud's strokes shortened and his prick quivered in the far reaches of her cunt, she shrieked with the anticipation of his oncoming climax. The rush of hot come seemed to scald her quivering sheath as it spurted into her, flooding her depths and squishing out to steam and splash against her inner thighs. Her lust boiled up, and she gave Grace's clit such a hot, wet suck that Grace screamed and began to come in tense convulsions.

When the stud had shot his last gob of come in her, Dot almost blacked out, but she was aware of the meaty prick being withdrawn as the goat backed away and dropped his front hooves to the floor of the shed.

She also felt the squishy spurt of his come as it flowed out of her cunt, trickling onto the padding by her thighs. But it was Grace, who recovered first, managing to extricate herself from her contorted

position and climb around the side of the trestle to stand "Weakly, clinging to the framework of the machine with shaky hands.

Her feet were planted far apart, to brace herself against the fall she feared because of her lightheadedness, and she felt the air from the open door of the shed cooling her wet pussy and thighs at the same moment that her eyes focused on the figures silhouetted in the sunlight of the doorway.

"My God!" she croaked from a passion-dried throat. "How long have you been standing there?"

"Long enough to get the biggest, boniest hard-on of my life," said Dean Palmer in a hoarse statement of amazement.

"But not long enough, damn it!" cried Phyllis Palmer, moving closer to look at the, results of the wild orgy. Her eyes focused on the dripping prick of the stud goat, then on the splayed sogginess that was Dot's oozingcunt. "WhatI wouldn't give to be in your place, Dot Lambert... it is you, isn't it?" Phyllis walked still closer to the machine and leaned down to study the blonde's flushed face.

"Hi, Phyl," Dot offered in a dry whisper. "Help me up, will you?"

Phyllis figured out the pivoting of the safety shield and swung it aside, then she helped the blonde off the trestle. Grace was still in shock from the appearance of the audience, and she stood there, staring at Dean, her cunt growing cold with the evaporation of her juices.

Dean saw the trembling of her legs and body. He stepped up to stand beside her; he loosened the fabric where she had rolled up her frock to expose her cunt for action, and it fell to cover her legs against the breeze.

"Jesus, Grace!" he said in the same hoarse voice of his first greeting. "I hope to hell you people can use some more members in this swinging club. Phyl and I are liable to screw ourselves to death with envy ,if you don't let us join!"

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## CHAPTER FIVE

When Grace and Dot took the Palmers into the house and sheepishly related how they had been surprised, their husbands took one look at the Palmers, saw that the local swingers included another couple, then began to laugh.

When the fun subsided, they sat around drinking together and oriented the Palmers on the coming party. Then Dean got George off to one side and, without mentioning Mary Margaret's name, explained that he had left a friend's dog at the vet's clinic, where he had been told that Doc Lambert was at the McDonald farm.

"Which is why I drove over here," Dean said. "Now I'm glad I did! With threshing done, I'll have a little excess energy to spare, and it looks as if I've found a fun group to spend it with."

He described the surgery the dog's owner wanted performed and asked George if he was familiar with it. The vet grinned and nodded as he lifted his drink for a sip.

"I've done a couple of those," he admitted. "But I can't quite imagine anyone around here. . ."

"Nor was I prepared to find such goat lovers in this community," Dean remarked. "Seems that Gatesville isn't exactly the squarest place around, after all."

"No indeed!" Cole said as he and Phyllis joined the two men. "In fact, Grace and Dot are in the showers getting revived, and I wonder why we don't have a warm-up party tonight after dinner."

There seemed to be no other urgent engagements as they talked it over, then George suggested they phone the missing couple and make it a complete "get-acquainted" evening. Everyone agreed, and he made the call. The Gateses were about to eat dinner, but they agreed to drive over as soon as they were through eating.

Grace and Dot heard the news when they rejoined the others, and there was a concerted rush by the three women as they worked together to get the meal ready. But there was time for a leisurely dinner and cleanup before the other couple arrived. Harlan and Barbara Gates renewed social acquaintances with the Palmers and McDonalds over brandy, and the Lamberts helped break the ice for everyone. Soon they were conversing and laughing together in complete relaxation. By eight-thirty, a natural pairing seemed to take place as a result of their animated socializing.

Dean and Barbara found themselves upstairs, peering into the open doorways of several rooms. Dean was uneasy, since there had been no formal assignment of rooms, but this was old stuff to Barbara.

"This looks cozy!" she said, leading him into a bedroom and closing the door behind them. She sat on the edge of the bed and smiled sexily up at Dean, noting his confused, boyish expression. "Just to keep things going smoothly, I'll warn you that I have only one taboo: brutality. I've enjoyed every other kind of fun that I tried. Now, how about you, Dino? Anything bug you?"

"We agree on the rough stuff," he told her. "And I haven't found anything else that bugs me. One thing I really enjoy, though, is watching a beautiful female undress." His eyes caressed her with the same softness as his voice, and she smiled her willingness even as she reached up and began to unfasten her dress.

She shrugged out of the top part as she sat, then stood up to let the garment fall to her feet. Dean consumed her loveliness with a steady, frank gaze that roamed over her physique, then he began to examine her fine points.

Her brown hair fell into a softly curled roll at her shoulders, and it outlined the tender vulnerability of her neck. Her yellow bra and panties emphasized the tan of her skin, and Dean saw that it was satin perfection, unmarred by any visible blemish.

She unhooked her bra, and her tits popped out to claim his attention. Their perfection matched the rest of her; firm, rounded globes of ripe fullness, capped with pertly jiggling nipples. As she peeled off her panties, he felt his cock stiffen and throb. The glistening brown curls of her snatch were outthrust under a mound of swollen cuntlips that parted slightly to show a pink glimmer of her moist pussy within.

"Mrs. Palmer's little boy is having Christmas in the middle of summer!" Dean said, wetting his lips as she let his eyes tell her how sincere he was in his compliment.

"Did Mrs. Palmer teach her boy how to undress, or would you like me to do it for you?" Barbara asked. Dean had no objection.

"She taught me," he said. "But I remember how nice it was to have a woman's soft hands do it for

me.”

Barbara’s fingers fairly flew as she stripped him to the waist, then slowed teasingly as she unfastened his slacks, her hand lingering as it slid over the bulge of his rigid cock. She dropped his pants and shorts together, then knelt to pull them off his feet, taking his shoes too.

Instead of rising, she simply tilted her head up slowly, letting the soft tendrils of her hair caress his thighs ‘and the underside and tip of his out thrust , cock. As her face appeared on a level with his crotch, she pressed her nose into his balls. He could hear the sniff of her inhalation and feel the cool air stir as she breathed in his male scent. She exhaled warmly on his balls, and Dean groaned at the extra throb in his pulsing cock.

“Lady, I’ll follow you anywhere!” he vowed.

Her hands grabbed the cheeks of his ass and she pulled him to her, pressing her nose and lips into his balls as she filled her nostrils with his warmth. She released him, kissed the head of his cock wetly, then rose to her feet.

“I follow, you lead,” she said simply, standing so close to him that her nipples teased the hair on his chest. He swept her into his arms, their lips met, and immediately their tongues began to battle. As a wet, heated session of kissing began, Dean slid his hands down her back to cup her buttocks. His fingers trailed into the warm, feathery crack of her ass.

Barbara shifted her stance, letting the cheeks of her ass part, as if he had only to give the slightest signal for complete access to any part of her body. His fingers slid to the warm, soft center of her tender, wrinkled asshole. He probed gently at the damp blossom of flesh, and she relaxed it for him.

He eased his fingertip inside, relishing the momentary sensation of entering her body, but she wanted him to know that she trusted him, that he could do as he wished with her. She put her arms around his neck and shoulders, then jumped up to latch her legs around his waist.

Her asshole opened to him and his finger slid in further. Her moist cunt was kissing his belly, her brown pubic hairs tickling the top side of his rigid cock. He groaned and eased her down onto the bed, removing his finger from her. Their kiss ended, and they panted hotly, face to face, each reading in the other’s eyes their mutual desire to make this last as long as possible. Dean took a nipple in his lips, and began a series of sucks, nibbles and air-blowings that soon had Barbara humming and gasping with pleasure.

He worked her tit over until he stole her love-milk, then he moved to the other tit and swelled its spongy nipple with the same treatment. Barbara’s body was twitching now, and her ass had begun an almost imperceptible dance on the sheet.

Dean kissed a trail over the unbelievable softness of her belly, and his mouth was soon in the mounded forest of her snatch. Slowly, Barbara moved her legs, and as her magnificent thighs spread apart, the pink warmth of her gash grew in its nest of brown hair until it had blossomed out and breathed its female fragrance into his nostrils.

He inhaled it, groaned at the heady, compelling scent, then licked at the appetizing sex flesh with a greedy tongue.

Barbara whimpered as he lapped up the film of cream that covered her vulva. He gave her hot little hole a series of fucks with the tip of his tongue, then reached up to twit the eager bud of her clit.

"Dino!" she gasped. "If you're going to...take me all the way... with your mouth...please let me have your cock to eat!" Her ass quivered, and the flesh at the backs of her thighs trembled with excitement. He knew they would have time to enjoy it both ways-they would make time! He turned around to cover her body with his own, keeping his face over her vulnerably exposed crotch. His cock dangled above her lips, and she took it in her hand.

"Thanks, Dean!" she said. "The funky smell of your balls made me hungry to eat you. Don't be afraid to fuck my throat; I can protect myself!" She licked the length of his shaft, from tip to base, then sucked at the skin of his balls, mouthing each nut separately.

He gasped and buried his face in her cunt, breathing in the steamy delight of her fragrance, giving the quivering flesh hot little sucks as he sought more of her flavorful juice.

Barbara moaned around the head of his cock, which she had just sucked into the moist donut of her pouting lips. The sensation made Dean moan into her cunt. He seized her clit and began to resume the twitting that had excited her so.

She fucked upward, moving her clit into his lips, and he gave it a milking suck that drew a whimper from her. She was bringing her head up high, sliding his cock into her throat at each stroke. He knew her neck would tire swiftly, so he began to fuck downward gently, signaling her to save her neck muscles. She lay there and let him fuck her mouth, concentrating on building up a good suction to pullout his come.

Her ass was pounding the bed as she screwed up to fuck his lips with her clit. Her cream was oozing plentifully, and he reveled in the odor and flavor that assailed him like a hypnotic steam.

He could feel her muscles tensing as she neared the peak of her passion, and he made his sucks harder and tighter on her little bud. She made a gurgling cry around the bulky fullness of his cock and her pussy rose up to engulf him as she began to come.

He fucked into her throat twice more, then let her apply full suction as he spurted out his hot offering for her. She gulped at the rich come, drinking it greedily as her body convulsed in the joy of orgasm.

She drained him, and he grunted as he pulled out of her mouth and fell beside her on the bed. He could hear her smacking wetly at the last tricklings of his come in her mouth, gasping in air deeply, just as he was.

"Lady, your pussy is one hell of a sweet delight he told her when things were calmer"

"And those were tasty gushes you fed me," she said. "Let's rest for a while; I want to daydream about what it will feel like when you squirt my coot full of that hot stuff!"

Harlan Gates ushered Phyllis Palmer into one of the upstairs bedrooms-the one opposite the closed door where he knew his wife had taken Dean Palmer. As he closed the door behind him, he could feel the excitement that Phyllis generated. He always enjoyed "breaking in" new swappers, for their excitement at the novelty of the thing-once he had dissolved their early tensions heightened their basic passions "You are a very lovely doll," he told her, taking her gently by the upper arms and kissing her softly on the lips. They were moist, ripely full lips, pouted roundly into tender cushions that titillated his lust. They trembled, then parted as her mouth opened. Her tongue slid hesitantly out, and he sucked it into his mouth.

She let him suck hungrily on her tongue, then she pulled it back and suctioned his mouth until he

gave her his tongue. She went after it avidly, sucking it hard as his hands unfastened the back of her dress.

When they broke apart, she simply shrugged her dress off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. Harlan stepped back and took off his slacks as he regarded her appealing beauty in bra and panties. He slipped out of his shirt and faced her in his shorts.

Phyllis saw the gigantic bulge in his crotch and her excitement increased. She wondered if this were one of those monstrous cocks that could rip an average cunt apart. To cover her shakiness, she busied herself with removing her bra. Harlan watched her tits being exposed. He licked his lips, and eyed the glossy bush of her snatch as she took off her panties. It almost glowed, so shiny were the tendrils.

"What a whorishly beautiful bush!" he murmured. "It's lovely enough to fuck by itself, even if there were nothing behind it!"

"What a strange thing to say!" Phyllis replied. "Do you always think of a woman in parts like that?"

"I appreciate a woman as an individual experience," he told her. "But I delight in the distinct and separate little beauties that make her the individual she is." He stepped out of his shorts, and Phyllis gasped at the awesome size of his prick and the heavy hang of his generous balls.

"You see," he said. "You're thinking of parts, too, aren't you?"

She had to nod affirmatively, but she was wondering at the moment what it would take to make the giant cock hard; it was just hanging there against his nuts, as if awaiting the command to come to attention.

"Sit on the bed, will you, Phyllis?" he asked her. She sat down and looked up at him. "Now take your ankles in your hands, if you will, and hold them apart as you lean back to lie down."

Puzzled but cooperative, she did as he asked. Harlan watched her: cunt split down the center of the glossy black bush, then stare at him pinkly, the thick lips spread out in moist invitation. Watching through the framework of her arms and legs, Phyllis saw the awesome meat of his cock acquire its bone, rising up until it pointed directly at her. It had gained little in size, but it now looked almost destructive in its rigidity.

She was intrigued when he sat cross-legged on the bed and moved toward her until the tip of his meaty cock teased the lips of her cunt. He straightened out his legs until they sandwiched her torso, then he took his prick in his hand and began caressing her twat with its hot, smooth head.

She had been creaming with anticipation, and this ooze now oiled the path for his eight-inch cock as he tickled the sensitive surface of her vulva. He traced the outline of her swollen lips, the inner convolutions of her twat, and then he began to scribble little designs around the trembling tip of her clitoris.

"Oh God, Harlan!" she moaned as the thrills raced through her. "A little more of that and I'll cream up a flood!"

"Wonderful!" he replied. "Then I can ride the flood to its source." He massaged her with the head of his cock until she was whimpering and gasping steadily. When her juices were flowing fast, he circled the tip of the prick into a spiral, centering it neatly in the heated hole of her entrance.



He seized her upraised thighs near her hips and pulled as he drove into her. She felt the walls of her cunt expand with the great fullness of his cock as he plowed firmly into her tunnel. He rode all the way in, then lifted his hands to her.

"Take my hands," he said. When she did, he pulled her up and maneuvered his body around in the bed. She found herself sitting on him, impaled to the guts on his hot cock. "Now you can bounce around on it until you begin to feel comfortable," he said. "Take your time and set your own pace."

She took a deep breath, sitting there as carefully as if the shaft inside her were a two-edged sword. She could feel the bulging bag of his balls in the wet cradle of her passion-thickened cuntlips. It felt as if the tip of his prick was stretching the end of her sheath up into her belly above the navel.

"I'm. . . I'm almost afraid to move," she said with a slightly hysterical giggle. But she gathered her courage and started to move up and down on the hard meat, feeling it bulge the sides of her cunt as it moved within her.

"Jesus, Harlan!" she gasped after a while. "That feels better all the time!"

She increased her speed and the length of her strokes, and soon both of them were grunting and gasping with the exciting sensations that ensued. The complete contact of the thick shaft as it frictioned her walls seemed to stimulate the flow of her cream. It was a slippery froth that boiled out of her as she slid up and down the length of his throbbing cock, soaking them both with her warm oil.

His balls began to feel spongier as she bore down on them with the lower edge, of her cuntlips. She wondered if they were filling from some other reservoir, gathering their power to explode somewhere in her vitals.

Her cunt grew greedy; the more it became used to the generous serving of man-meat, the more it wanted. She drove down onto the hard cock in a frenzy, her cunt muscles gulping at the bulk as if eager to bite it off and digest it.

"Oh, Harlan! I'm coming!" she cried abruptly.

Spasms shook her, tightening her twat around its meal as she drove down in a final effort to engulf him, balls and all.

She felt the surge along the length of his cock like a ripple in an egg-swallowing snake. Then his come erupted from the tip and burst high inside her, splashing hotly against the mouth of her womb and flooding down along the tunnel to ooze out between them.

Her body tensed and shook powerfully as her orgasm reached its peak. She squealed with the ecstasy, farted with excitement, and then went limp.

She was aware of the decreased hardness of his cock, but it was still a respectable fullness inside her. She wanted to keep it there for a while, to absorb the flavor of his sheer maleness, retain it as a memory of a stirring excitement.

Then she thought of something interesting. That monster had expanded her cunt excitingly; it would be fun to see how much of it she could get into her mouth.

She rose up off the stake of flesh, let it splat down against Harlan's thigh, and positioned herself so she could get at it with her lips. Carefully, knowing how sensitive it would be at the moment, she

licked at the smeary head, then sucked it into her lips.

“God, Phyllis!” he groaned. “Let it cool for a while, will you?”

“Okay,” she agreed. “I can wait.” She put her head on his thigh, inhaled the heavy odor of his semen, and took sneaky tastes of it from his dripping shaft.

As the minutes passed, his sensitivity decreased. She grew bolder in her licking and sucking of his limp shaft and balls, and before she had cleaned him thoroughly, his flesh began to harden once more.

She felt excitement build up in her again as she anticipated what was to come. The way he had exploded while his cock was deep in her cunt, she could expect quite a load in her throat.

But she had to have the experience to remember. Like the novelty of being fucked by the mammoth organ, sucking off the big cock was not something she would want to tackle every night of the week; but she was sure it would be memorable.

Slowly, she slipped her lips wetly over the swelling head and let it slide along her tongue. As it entered her mouth, she could feel it pulsing, hardening, readying itself for her.

She gave it a loving suck and -began to move her head back and forth. . .

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## CHAPTER SIX

Cole had been stirred by the sight of Dot Lambert for a long time. He carried with him, as if burned into his memory, the image he had viewed one day at George’s clinic more than a year before.

He had taken Laddie in for his booster shots, and while the dog was being treated, Cole had moseyed along the corridor, looking at the amusing collection of paintings, sketches, cartoons and odd art forms depicting pets that lined the walls.

When he came to a doorway, he was about to cross it and continue looking at the corridor walls. But he glanced inside, to see the vet’s lovely wife sitting on a desk with one foot pulled up beside her. She was applying mercurochrome to her ankle, probably on a scratch from one of the patients.

It was a hot summer, and Dot was wearing a cotton uniform. Cole stared directly at the parted lips of her snatch, licking his lips at the delicious appearance of her cunt. Her golden blonde hairs gleamed in the bright light of the surgical lamp that she was using to treat her wound. And Cole had to get a grip on his will power, to keep from diving into her gorgeous muff and eating it.

After a year of nourishing this memory, he was determined to grab off Dot in tonight’s swapping; he almost drooled at the glory of the anticipated feast!

By the time he had led her into the upstairs guest room that remained unoccupied, Cole was seething with desire for the blonde. She was sensitive enough to feel his lust for her, and she was excited by the compliment of his hunger, eager to feed him with her body and have him feed the hungers that were building in her.

The door closed behind them. He seized her and kissed her; she knew from the way his lips and tongue worked at her mouth that he wanted her cunt the same way, desperately. Heat spread in her

belly and legs, and her twat began to itch and cream with eagerness.

Their mouths separated and they panted, eyeing each other like starving tigers. Dot could feel the downy hairs stand up on the skin that covered her spine. She felt primeval, as if she were more beast than human, with sharp, consuming animal desires gnawing in her.

She put her hands on her hips and began a series of grinding movements that made her ass roll voluptuously and her tits jiggle provocatively. She tossed a sharp bump at him, then felt a drop of her oozing cream flip off her cunt to cling to her frock – the only garment she wore on this hot day.

“You want me,” she said in a low voice. “Tell me how you want me, Cole; I want to hear it!”

He stared at her grinding ass, felt the heat of her desire hit him like the blast from an opened oven, and knew her for what she was, what she had to be for him at that moment. His nostrils flared with lust and he told her, in quiet, harsh tones.

“I want your cunt . . . your juicy, golden-haired cunt . . . spread out for me like a fresh-split melon. I want to lick it . . . suck its juices. . . fuck your hot little hole with my tongue. . . nibble your bud until you scream. . . then suck you some more. When you can’t stand being eaten for another second. . . I want to shove my cock into that dream cunt and fuck you out of your mind as I fill you with all the come I can shoot into you!”

Her eyes had become more burning, almost feverish, as she listened to him. Her hands slowly unfastened her dress. When he was silent, she took off the frock and threw herself onto the bed. She leaned on one elbow and drew her legs widely apart as she stared up at him, feeling the heat from her cunt reflect off her thighs as if it were a furnace.

“Here it is, Cole,” she husked. “Hot gash. . . munch it, lover! Suck it . . . lick it . . . drink it dry if you can!” Her ass was moving slowly all the while, making the wet pinkness quiver and undulate in its golden nest like a thing with a fierce life of its own.

Cole undressed rapidly and dove at the steamy twat with his hands outstretched to seize her thighs. He pressed his lips to the swollen lips of her snatch and gave her cunt a giant suck. The delicious shock was so sudden that Dot almost pissed in his face.

Then Cole began to lick and lap at her heated flesh, and Dot moaned as she lay back and let the thrills course through her body. From the moment of contact there was nothing but raw, animal greed between them; Cole wanted to devour the musky womanness that oozed from her tunnel, and Dot wanted to be consumed.

His tonguing was deliberately slow; he prolonged the contact with her most sensitive spots, stopping often to apply his lips to the faintest trace of her liquid and giving it slurping little sucks that removed her honey from the quivering flesh.

Dot moaned as her ass wiggled with passion; her hands cupped the aching fullness of her tits, where the swollen nipples stood erectly waiting, eager to be consumed in the fierceness of Cole’s demanding mouth.

His tongue entered her, thrust past the spastic winking of her inner cuntlips, probed around in the warm, honeyed vestibule and tasted the more heated gathering of cream that lined her walls. She whimpered and rolled her head from side to side as he began to move his tongue in and out of the clinging cunt mouth.

Her sheath constricted, a gurgling, urgent sound announced the squishiness of her inner reaches, and Cole groaned with feverish lust as he sought to bury his tongue in her all the way. He was far short of the goal and he thirsted for the treasure that eluded him.

His lips pressed around the puckered hole, and he gave a mighty series of sucks that brought him some of the coveted gurglings. He hummed like a contented cat as he swallowed her liquid musk, then he began to lick the outer flesh of her cunt once more.

Dot was ready to climb the walls; Cole's mouth was reaching her with its suckings to a depth that stirred her beyond the tolerance of her lusty nervous system. As he seized her clit in his lips and milked it greedily in rhythmic sucks, her body began to stiffen and tremble.

"Argh-h-h-h!" Her scream vibrated to the tempo of her convulsing twat; massive convulsions of her tunnel caused more gurglings as her ass left the bed, driving her pussy tightly against Cole's mouth.

He knew she was going to run wild, so he took his last chance to drink from her fountain, sucking powerfully at the spasming hole of her cunt. She shrieked and tore her body away from him in the reflex of painful ecstasy.

Cole crept onto the bed, knelt, seized her knees, then forced them apart; she had tightened her thighs together, to contain the powerful sensations that boiled up in her cunt. He slid the rigid pole of his cock along in the wet furrow of her golden gash, plowing her petals aside with the darkly swollen head.

She whimpered and sobbed as the meaty glans rubbed against her oversensitized flesh, but Cole jockeyed the tip of his cock into position with a series of ass wiggings, wedging the head in her winking hole and driving in past the trembling inner lips.

Dot emitted a gurgling moan as his prick filled her. The fat head spread her sheath as it traveled inward, conquering the tunnel even where her muscular contractions spasmed in the final throes of her orgasm. It stopped at her tunnel's end, restrained by the limit of her entrance, which could not accommodate the bulk of his spongy bag of nuts.

"You steamy, funky hunk of woman!" Cole whispered to her with lust burning in his eyes. "I'm going to fuck the piss out of you!"

He pulled the shaft out halfway, then drove it again into her body, his balls splatting wetly at her lower cuntlips and the crack of her ass. She gasped and sobbed, then her ass began to roll and thrust upward. Her cunt mouthed him, swallowed at him, ate at the head of his plunging cock with demanding gulps.

"I'll swallow you!" she threatened. "Balls and all, I'll... digest that delicious brute!" She pumped up at him as he humped into her sex throat, and they became a savage, writhing mass of wet, hot flesh and bone and muscle.

The slurpy fuckings resounded in the room, echoing the silent screams of their animal lusts as they sought to consume each other with the heat and desire of their bodies. Cole felt the rapid increase in the tempo of her cunt swallows, and he knew that she was having an interim climax. Her short, sharp moans confirmed it.

Then she went wild. Her arms encircled him and her fingernails dug into his back. Her muscles seemed to spasm at once, and the frantic bucking of her body beneath him signaled a mammoth orgasm.

He jerked his cock in and out of her in short, hard fucks that pasted his balls tightly to her crotch. Then he lost control, and he began to fire his liquid rockets into her depths. The first globs burst against her innermost flesh with such heat and impact that she yelled, then she sobbed as each following spurt poured into her.

Cole held her there, nailed to the bed with the spike of his prick, until it softened completely. Then he pulled out of her and rolled away from her trembling body. He stared at the mess of her golden gash, watched the pulsations of its darkened pink mouth as it spewed out the excessive ooze of his come.

The glistening gold tendrils became clogged with the pearly drops and blobs, and a heavy trickle made a string that ran into the crack of her ass. Her belly heaved and her tits shivered as she sucked in air; the whole front of her body shone with the wetness of their combined perspiration.

"Oh, Cole!" she moaned hoarsely. "What a delicious sex battle!" Her eyes regarded him seriously for a while, then gleamed with a sudden knowledge. "You've wanted me... for quite a long-time. . . haven't you?"

"For a year," he said, nodding as he gazed into her blue eyes.

"I knew it! It takes a special kind of hunger to eat and fuck like that. We'll never have it so good again, unless we wait for another year."

"I'd rather settle for a little less fierceness than wait so ungodly long," he told her.

"Me, too," she said. Her hands cupped her tits savagely and her ass began a rolling movement on the bed. Her tongue lashed out to lick her lips wetly, and Cole felt a jerking throb in his cock; he sensed that he needed to recover quickly, for that mouth was anticipating a feast of its own!

\* \* \* \*

George Lambert had spent his come lavishly in the goat cunt he had pumped into earlier in the day. But the entire atmosphere of the farm and its sex-filled residents had stimulated his libido like nothing had in years.

And the lust he felt for Grace McDonald added to the hungers that made all his juices gather and build inside him. Every time he had seen the redhead, he sensed an inner fire that he lusted to taste. The feverish glimmering in her green eyes made him think that she loved nothing better than a plunging cock. He wanted her so much that he knew the act could never be as great as the way he fancied it in his mind.

Yet, the way her springy ass bounced as she preceded him into the big downstairs bedroom, he felt his hopes rekindled. A woman who could move like that, so liquidly and gracefully, but make all the right places jiggle with enticement, could be capable of unsuspected delights.

He had been ready for a certain shyness-at least a cautious hesitancy, not too surprising for a swap initiate, but Grace seemed unusually calm. It was as though, once she decided to make the move, she had surrendered all tensions and inhibitions and had let herself go completely.

Her actions appeared to bear out George's theory, for she began to undress the moment the door closed behind them. He simply stood and watched. Her frock slid off her shoulders, then down her upper arms to the elbows; her uncovered tits thrust outward and upward proudly, their coral nipples trembling at the tips like wind-blown berries.

She let the frock fall to the floor, and George saw that she had on a pair of aqua-colored panties. Her coppery hair bulged out the crotch, and tendrils curled from under the leg bands to accent the pale delicacy of her inner thighs.

At the lower extreme of the crotch, the material had a darker coloring; dampness had crept from between her passionate petals to moisten the panties significantly. She saw him stare at the telltale spot.

"I didn't say I was neat, did I?" she quipped with trembling lips, betraying a nervousness he had not detected until then. He softened her apprehension by kneeling in front of her and reaching up to cup the superb cheeks of her ass with his hands, reveling in the satin warmth of her body beneath the cool satin of her panties.

"Neatness never counts in sex," he assured her. "Cleanliness, most of the time... but neatness, never!" He pressed his nose and mouth into the cushioned warmth of her crotch and inhaled her scent. It was delicately musky, definitely hot, and compellingly appetizing.

"Oh God, Gracie!" he said into the softness of her covered muff. "Your cunt smells so good!"

His hands moved up to her waistband and peeled down the panties swiftly. As the soggy crotch came away from her coppery curls, the air was filled with the moist, warm fragrance of her juice. George groaned excitedly as he moved her backward until she sat down on the bed.

His hands gripped her trim ankles and raised them; she tipped over backward on the bed, and he knelt at the ready, his face in her wet hairs, breathing the mist of her desire. Then he had to taste her. His lips rubbed the inner edges of her parted slit and his tongue slithered into the furrow to sample the honey.

Her flavor excited him even more, and he began to eat her pussy with a rising greed. But his cock was rising, also. It strained at the confinement of his clothing, and he had to stop and get to his feet.

"Sorry!" he apologized for the interruption. "I have to bail a friend out of jail." He stripped for action, then knelt again, to bury his mouth in the fleshy melon of her twat.

"George!" she breathed softly. "Oh, yes, lover! Eat me!" The cheeks of her ass pressed together as her pubic mound elevated to cup her cunt beautifully for his feast.

His lips and tongue cruised over the darkening coral flesh, the honey disappearing in fast little laps and sucks that brought moans and whimpers to her throat.

"Oh God, I'm so. . . hot and wet inside!" she moaned. "Suck me out, George!" Her cunt pressed forcefully against his mouth and he stuck his tongue into her hole and fucked her with it several times. She wiggled her ass and whimpered wildly.

He sucked at the opening, drank her moisture, then took her clit in his lips and began to milk it expertly. Tiny cries burst from her throat as the thrills burst in her belly like Roman candles. Her body quivered with the beginnings of her release.

"Oh, George! Quick! Suck hard!" she cried as her muscles began to tighten and her head became light and fuzzy.

He gave the throbbing little bud two powerful sucks, and she let out a wail as her body pulled away from him and tried to curl up in a tight ball.

George licked at the taste of her on his lips, watching her shudder until the siege was over. She straightened out and exhaled in a trembling sigh, then she lay there, gasping.

He moved his head to her thigh, letting his nose hang over the vapor that rose from her hot snatch. His cock was pointing up in the air, throbbing steadily with its eagerness as he inhaled the fragrance of her cooling cunt.

Grace could see the fleshy staff of his prick jutting but from his groin, and she felt a freshening of her inner hungers. Her hand reached down and clasped the solid warmth of it, feeling its soft pulsations of lust for her.

"I'm still twittering inside, George," she whispered. "But I want to be fucked . . . oh God, how I want this shoved into me!"

He got up and crawled into the vee of her thighs; his prick slid easily into the slippery furrow and lodged in the central petals of her pulsing hole. She gasped, her sensitivity still highly aroused at the slightest touch. But he eased into her slowly, and she hummed her joy as his cock began to fill her sheath.

Oily claspings massaged his prick as it entered her; she was still convulsing periodically, her walls working at the meat that was thrust into her tunnel as if digesting it with the copious ooze that filled her passage.

George groaned at the potency of the sensation. He began to fuck into her fiercely, relishing the wet sponginess of her warm body as it received him.

"Fuck me fast, George!" she cried. "I can't last long! Fill me with jism, lover! Oh, George!"

Her ass worked furiously to drive her up, to him; her cunt was gulping hungrily as she started to come. But she seemed to be hung up in her passion. Her body was shaking and her breathing was ragged and loud.

George felt her desperation, but he was keeping his control until the last possible moment, so he could fire for greatest effect. He rested, concentrating on withholding his come, letting the wild, sucking grabs of her clutching cunt milk his stone-hard cock.

She began to sob, frantic with the need to complete the trip she had started; it was a beautifully ecstatic pain, staying at such a peak level of body awareness for so long. The more she cried, the harder it seemed to get over the last rise.

She fucked up at him like a madwoman, her whole being involved in the frenzied attempt to reach an orgasm. The lining of her cunt seemed to be scalding hot, and yet she wanted the heated fluids of George's body to drench her, fill her to the brim.

"George!" she sobbed. "Come in me! Spurt me full. . . oh God! Piss in me... anything!" She sobbed even harder as her ass trembled upward in weakening thrusts.

The milking sucks of her frantic cunt were terrible in their potency. George had taken all he could stand, and he was glad to release his control. The way her gulping cunt swallowed and disgorged his cock, he was ready to turn inside out.

"Here it comes, Gracie!" he cried. He drove downward, forcing her ass onto the bed and burying his knob in her tunnel where the nibbling mouth of her womb already sought to drink his yield.

He gushed hotly into her, and she shrieked as the fluid splashed in her depths. It was all she needed to carry her over the top. A giant shudder tore through her and her cunt crushed his cock like a velvet vise. He groaned as the claspings drained him, then he lay there and let her spasms workout the last tiny drop of his come.

When they separated, Grace began sobbing softly. She was crying for joy, so powerfully satisfying was her delayed release. She lay still as the flutterings subsided within her, relishing the deliciousness of complete relaxation.

"Okay, baby?" he asked when he thought her breathing had returned to normal.

"Lovely!" she said. "It was a rugged come, but it was worth the long, uphill struggle!"

"That delicious cunt of yours really makes a cock feel wanted!" he told her. "I can't remember a more exciting time."

"I hope your memory doesn't improve on the subject," she said. "I'd like to think that you'll be eager to come back; the welcome you felt inside me was for real."

He lay back beside her and closed his eyes, imagining how it would feel when he grew hard again, and Grace became eager for more cock. He wished she would suck him off; he'd like to have her mouth around his cock, pulling, sucking, working on his prick until he burst into her throat.

He learned how closely their minds were attuned when Grace got up on one elbow and looked down at him.

"Get a good rest," she advised him. "I want you to fill up to the brim for me; then I'm going to drink you dry!"

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

The first matings were so exciting, and the four couples so completely compatible, that the sex fever claimed them in earnest. They reassembled, two by two, for a midnight snack and gabfest. It was a unanimous decision to cancel the rest of their weekend engagements. The following days and nights were reserved for unlimited fun.

During breakfast, the three visiting couples used the phone to readjust their social schedules. George made a trip to his clinic to take care of emergency details, while Dean helped Cole with his morning chores, then he drove Cole over to the Palmer farm to handle the tasks of the morning there.

By eight-forty-five, everyone was back on the McDonald farm. The women had done some prepackaging of meals and stored them in the refrigerator, so they had only fun and games to think about when all four couples congregated in the living room to eye each other with lustful speculation.

Dean, among the more enterprising, singled out Dot Lambert for his goal. He was not sure whether his choice was due to Dot's bloneness-a novel contrast to the dark brunette beauty of his wife-or simply a mutual magnetism that created currents between them. One thing Dean knew for certain was that he had the hots for Dot, and he hoped he could grab her off for the next round. To put in his claim, he stayed near her and engaged her in conversation about the clinic, bringing her coffee



when her cup was empty and letting her know with his eyes that he wanted her.

Dot recognized the intent of his heated attentions; it made her feel somewhat the way she had felt around Cole McDonald. When a man hungers for a woman powerfully enough, she usually gets the impact of his vibrations before long. Dorothy Lambert decided that she wanted to see how Dean's hungers compared with Cole's.

Other pairings began to take place subtly as the minutes passed, until there were four separate conversations taking place in the room.

"What are we waiting for?" Dean whispered to Dot abruptly.

"Pick a room," she replied, her blue eyes challenging his gaze.

They simply walked out of the living room, hand in hand, and went upstairs. The women had changed all the sheets and turned down the beds, and Dean ushered Dot into the first doorway they reached. He pulled the door shut, then followed her into the room. She walked invitingly under her frock. Dean thought she moved like a Siamese cat in heat.

"Any clothing at all is a desecration to a body that can move like that!" he told her, his eyes burning with unbridled lust. She smiled contentedly and unfastened the frock, letting it fall off as she walked to the bed. She kicked it off her feet and stood at the edge of the bed, flaunting her proud tits by holding her shoulders high with her arms well behind her.

"There must be artists turning over in their graves because they missed the chance to paint you," he said. He managed to get his clothes off without looking away from the warm glow of her exciting body. Then he walked over to place his hands on her shoulders.

He leaned over and kissed her, tasting the nectar of her mouth as it opened to him. They tongue-fenced hotly for a while, until Dean felt the touch of her nipple on his chest. He dropped his lips to the spongy morsel, nibbled at it carefully, then gave it a few wet sucks.

Dot hummed and pushed her tit against his face, wanting him to nurse on it greedily. He nuzzled into the mound, pressuring the inner ducts and stimulating her mammary nerves. He sucked and milked it with his lips, receiving the thin juice of, her love-milk.

She squealed with delight and turned to give him her other tit. He nursed on it fiercely, drawing a little of its treasure out of the springy nipple, then abandoning it as he squatted down to inspect the golden fleece of her crotch.

He pushed his nose into the tight junction of her thighs and pubis, then inhaled. He could detect only a faint scent, but it was enough to heighten his excitement.

"God, Dorothy!" he said into her bush. "Sit down and open up for me, please. . . I need some of this for dessert." She sat on the bed and pulled up her feet, planting them far apart so that her cunt split beautifully to smile pinkly at him.

"Mmm-m-m-m!" he hummed as he moved his lips into the moist furrow. Her scent was richer now, stimulating him enough so that his cock' prodded the edge of the bed and a deep hunger grew inside him.

The soft corn silk of her golden hair made him think of the succulence of sweet corn. Her cream ran like melted butter in the tender flesh, and he lip-nibbled it and gathered exciting tastes of it with his

tongue.

"Eat it, Dino . . . eat it up, lover!" she moaned, moving her ass gently in rhythm to his mouthings, creaming constantly as her lust mounted. She fell backward, to lie across the bed, legs up drawn to give him access to her cunt.

Dean feasted shamelessly, enjoying her twat as if it were a ripe melon, the juices flying around his mouth as he sought out every nook and curve in her cunt. He screwed his tongue into her hole.

"Fuck it, doll!" she cried. Her ass lifted up to engulf the moist warmth of his tongue, and he gave her a number of little fucks before withdrawing it to attack her clit. .

She whimpered as he fastened on the bud with his lips, moving it within its little garment of flesh, making it throb and tingle with the softness of his lips as he jacked it off for her "Oh, Dino... suck it!" she moaned. "Suck it. . . suck it, suck it!"

He almost devoured the tiny fleshling with a series of strong sucks that brought her to her finish, her ass sliding around on the bed as she whimpered and gasped with the violence of the orgasm that tightened her into a frenzied knot.

He raised his head and gulped in air while she slowly rode out the shuddering climax. She began to let her muscles relax. Her nostrils dilated with the heaviness of her breathing, and she wet her lips frequently, to relieve the dryness caused by her prolonged panting.

Dean rolled her over and knelt astride her legs, then slipped his hands under her hips and pulled her to her knees. Her upper torso was supported by her head and shoulders; she was too exhausted to raise up on her hands. The wet hairs of her cunt splayed out of her crotch and the swollen lips pouted from between her thighs, glistening with drops of her cream. Dean slid the head of his cock into the upside-down furrow, rode it into the velvet funnel of her cunt, then plunged into the claspings wetness of her sheath.

"Oh-h-h!" she moaned, her ass lifting and tilting, to let him enter her deeply. "You feel so good in there, Dean... Fuck me hard! I'm boiling!"

He began to shaft her with long, firm fucks, his balls flying under her crotch with the force of his thrusts. It was a snug tunnel; with her thighs close together, her entrance clamped his shaft tightly. But in her depths, it was meat and gravy, his prong sliding along through her oily claspings with rapid strokes.

His hands moved around from place to place, busy all the time. They caressed the sleek slopes of her hips, the taut roundness of her tits, and the hard contour of her tense belly. Occasionally he gripped her thighs or hips and pulled her to him as he plunged into her with an extra-fierce stroke.

The long drives were scraping against the cloak of her clit, sliding his prick back and forth over the tender bud. Dot's soft whimpers grew louder as the action built up the thrills inside her. Cream oozed around their swollen connection, frothing with the air captured in her tunnel by Dean's driving prick.

"Oh, shit, but I'm hot!" she cried. Her ass was pumping now, fucking back into Dean's groin and belly with eager thrusts. He leaned over her further and got a good grip on her tits, milking the nipples between his fingers as his hands kneaded the soft firmness of her breasts.

It was a good addition to the chain of stimulation. Dot had enjoyed the frictioning of her tits against

the padding when she was hung over the trestle of the billy-girl machine. She was in almost the same position now, and Dean was plowing her with the same kind of deep, searching thrusts that the goat had used.

Her passion swelled suddenly, as if she remembered plunging of the goaty prick and its powerful gushes of come had stirred her more than the present action. But she was excitingly aware of the expert cockmanship that, Dean was demonstrating.

He had modified his drives with a rotary movement, spiraling in the wrinkles of her sheath to massage every corner of her cunt. Her moans and grunts recorded the increase of her passion, and it was rapid. Dean knew it was almost over when her uterus crowded his movements at the end of his drives.

Dot squealed as her climax started; her cunt spasmed once and her body jerked taut, then she gasped and bucked as Dean pumped his load in hot spurts, squeezing the semen into her womb with the force of his final drive.

He kept his cock buried there until it stopped pulsing. Dot was convulsing periodically. He pulled out and sat back on his heels, his body glistening with sweat. He watched the pearly blobs dribble from her trembling cuntlips, squeezed out by the spasms of her inner walls.

Her shuddering and jerking had stopped, and her moans had faded into gaspings and occasional deep sighs. She was cooling down, easing into a relaxed appreciation of her sexual afterglow. But she stayed in the kneeling position, as if any movement might spoil the fading pulsations that rippled like caresses inside her.

Dean changed to a sitting position, remaining close to her ass as he became fascinated with the way her asshole winked to the inner rhythm of her diminishing spasms. Watching the dark pink wrinkles of her asshole puckering in and out, he felt an ecstatic surge of sensation in his cock. It was trying to erect again.

Impulsively, he leaned forward and put the tip of his tongue in the warm folds of her quivering asshole. Dot squealed, partly from being startled and partly from the thrills caused by the contact. He probed gently, tonguing within the spastic clasp of her winking asshole as it opened and closed.

"Oh, I'd die, Dean!" she cried. "I need some rest. But the very next time. . . or whenever you want. . . my ass is yours!"

Cole and Phyllis had been conversing about animals while they were in the living room. They expanded the subject as they went to their upstairs bedroom, continuing it even as they undressed and crawled onto the bed.

Both of them were intrigued by the novelty of animal-fucking, and Phyllis had told Cole about her session with the Great Dane. He countered with his experience in the milking shed. They were highly stimulated by their frankly descriptive stories and they felt that the shared lust for beast partners gave them a stronger alliance for enjoying each other sexually.

But their preoccupation with animal talk had not prevented them from taking notice of each other as they undressed. Phyllis had eyed the capable appearing cock that swung against Cole's thighs as he moved, and the sizable package of his hairy scrotum with its knobby protrusions of his testicles. '

And Cole had wet his lips at the sight of Phyllis undressed. Her tits literally begged to be sucked, and the glossy sheen of her black cunt hairs made him want to nuzzle into her crotch and smell her

funky femaleness. His tongue and his cock hungered to taste her warm juices, and he began to show his eagerness as they flopped on the bed his prick was swelling and hardening with lust.

"And did you really feel a completeness with the goat?" Phyllis asked in reference to his story.

"I can honestly say that. . . as far as a hot, juicy fuck is concerned, it was satisfying. I did wish I could have sucked one of her tits at the same time. It might have added to the kicks."

"I'm afraid I can't be definite about the dog," she said. "I mean. . . I was so caught up in the novelty of it, I can't be sure how much was mental and how much physical. I think it takes at least a second test to know very much about it."

"Do you think you're ready to try the goat?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! I wouldn't miss the opportunity for the world!"

"I'll try to give you priority" he said. "After Grace gets her chance, that is; it was her idea and she hasn't tried him out yet - lost her chance to Dot, as you observed." He chuckled a bit. "Randy might be a little difficult at first, too. The girls left him in that damn harness for several hours before they remembered and told me. The old stud was ready to tear down the place by the time I went out and released him."

"That looks like an ingenious hookup you have, though," she told him. "At least it protects a gal's back from those hooves. Even that dog's nails can scratch when he gets excited! Do you know what his owner told me she used to do? She bought some of those mitts they have for golf clubs, and put them on his paws when she was ready to have him mount her." Phyllis giggled. "But the dog doesn't like them, so he hides them at every opportunity; she can't find them half the time these days!"

Cole had been caressing her thighs, and the feel of her satin skin was arousing him, especially when his fingertips brushed the curls of her black bush.

"Well, I can find what I want!" he told her. "Let me in between those lovely legs, Phyl. . . I need to nuzzle into that soft nest of yours!" He crawled toward the foot of the bed as she parted her thighs to him.

He eyed the black forest and its wet, red furrow, then put his head into the cradle of her thighs. Warm vapor drifted up into his nostrils, and he breathed in the deliciously exciting cunt scent. His lips pressed into the gash with an avid kiss, and his tongue lashed along the furrow, seeking her honey.

"Oh, Phyl!" he groaned into her cunt. "You smell and taste so damn good! Give me your honey, Phyl! I want to eat you off. . . cream for me, baby! Cream rivers for me!"

He licked around the fleshy bowl of her twat, sucked at her passion-thickened edges of her outer lips, then probed her hole with his tongue, thirsting for more juice than she seemed to have ready for him. He sucked at her hole greedily, and she whimpered.

"Oh, Mac! Give me your cock!" she pleaded. "Make' it a two-way and I'll cream faster... honest!"

The promise of honey spurred him into action. He realigned himself in bed, lying on his back with his head near her crotch. He pulled her over onto him, and she spread her thighs as she let her cunt down over his mouth. His nose rested in the musky warmth of her ass, and his lips closed over the splayed flesh of her wide-open snatch.

"Your balls have such a warm, funky smell!" she cried as she nosed around his crotch. Her tongue licked at the hairy bag and trailed upward along the shaft of his rigid cock. She mouthed the hard shaft wetly, tasting its man-flavor with a lustful greed. When she had exhausted the flavor of his crotch steam, she gave a wild little cry.

"Keep us together, Mac!" she moaned, her ass moving slowly in the air as her cream began to flow into his mouth from the excited depths of her cunt. "Fuck my lips any way you want, but when I start to come, give me your load!"

She slid the head of his prick into the moist donut of her lips, and he groaned into the creamy flesh he was licking and sucking. She had spoken truly; the moment she began to smell and taste his crotch, she had started to flow her juice for him!

He took his time with her, using his tongue and lips to caress every fold and ridge and valley in her steamy vulva, gathering her honey as it appeared, and, reveling in the delightful femaleness of her scent and taste.

Phyllis paced herself accordingly; while Cole stayed away from her clit and the touchy vestibule of her tunnel, she avoided teasing the sensitive coronal ridge of his cock, contenting herself with a licking and sucking of the outer shaft, with an occasional lick or suck at his balls.

They warmed up gradually, but potently, building their steam with the fires of the smaller thrills, saving the more explosive sensations for later. Cole reaped the greater reward, for Phyllis was lubricating magnificently, and her slight body movement worked the juice out for him.

But they reached that point in their respective hungers where each needed more of the other's flesh and each needed more treatment by the other. Cole plunged his tongue into her cunt, violating her hole and twitting the juicy balls of her entrance.

Phyllis moaned and sucked his knob into her lips, licking at the swollen tip avidly. Cole groaned and seized her clit in his lips, twitting its tender tip rapidly with his tongue. She shivered and traced a circle around his coronal ridge with her tongue.

Cole groaned again and drew her clit into his lips with quick little sucks that milked it rapidly. Her ass wiggled and she gave his cock a series of suckings that brought him to a dangerous level. He had to rush her along or he would come ahead of her.

He alternated his attack, sucking first at her clit, then at her creaming hole, He speeded it up, until she was frantic from the rippling of thrills through her belly and womb. Her greedy sucking grew stronger, and she milked at the hard flesh with her lips, bobbing her head rapidly in a race with time.

She uttered a choked cry around the mouthful of flesh as her orgasmic shudderings began. Cole, feeling the tension build in the muscles of her thighs, seized her ass with his hands and pulled 'her tightly to him.

He sucked hard at her vaginal entrance, gleaning the last of her honey, at the same time fucking up into her mouth with rapid, short strokes, his cock gliding in the soft ring of her lips. He felt her suction increase as his first blob of come burst out of him, and then he was gushing fiercely into her throat as she spasmed and fucked her splayed cunt against his face.

They fell apart, gasping for air and reveling in the tastes of sex that lingered hotly in their mouths. Phyllis rolled off, to lie beside him, and Cole stretched out a hand, cupping it over her pubic bone so

he could feel the fluttering of her body as it responded to her inner convulsions. They were silent for almost fifteen minutes before Cole spoke about something that had been forming in his mind.

"I've been thinking, Phyl. If I sat on that straight chair over there, and you sat in my lap, facing me, I'll bet I could get my cock all the way inside you and suck your tits at the same time."

"You mean you're hard again already?" she asked.

"Not quite hard enough," he admitted. "But the fun of getting organized and positioned will help, to say nothing of what will happen when your juicy cunt kisses the head of my prick. I'm just about out of my mind with wanting to get into you further than my tongue can reach!"

"Let's try it!" she agreed excitedly. She was still feeling the gentle graspings of her climax, but the idea had taken hold of her imagination, and she was hot to be fucked and sucked at the same time.

They got into position, with Cole's cock wedged in the wet gash of her twat, half erect and pulsing with willingness. She wiggled her ass, making her vulva caress the drooping head. It swelled up to fill the funnel of her entrance, and they managed to get it into her vestibule.

A few careful thrusts drove it all the way into her cunt, and she leaned backward, her hands on his shoulders, her tits jutting out ripely at him. Her ass moved rotatingly on his lap as her lust returned in full force.

"Suck me, Mac!" she moaned. "Suck my tits now. . . and let me fuck you off while you're sucking"

He leaned forward and took a nipple in his lips, working the generous udder of her breast with his fingers as he began to suck' and nibble on the spongy morsel. His other hand toyed with her other nipple and breast, warming it up for his mouth.

"Yes! Oh God, yes!" Phyllis cried, her ass rolling around and lifting and falling as she made her cunt gulp and clasp at the hard fullness of his swollen cock.

He drew an amazing wealth of love-milk from her tit, then began his feverish suckings and nibblings on its mate. Phyllis was fucking him off at a frenzied rate. Both of them seemed to soar to the heights much faster than ever before, as if the pattern of their coupling had fertilized their lusts.

"Oh, Mac! Suck it, Daddy!" Phyllis cried, impaling herself brutally on the stubborn hardness of his turgid prick and rolling her ass to massage the boiling bag of his balls.

He got the love-milk from her tit just as her climax hit her. She wailed loudly and gripped his thighs with hers, grinding her cunt mercilessly around his cock as she shuddered and jerked on his lap.

He spurted up into her mightily, wondering where he was getting so much come as he flooded her cunt with it. She gurgled contentedly, as the hot fluid spread inside her, then she lost her tenseness and leaned forward, her head resting on his shoulder.

When she could talk without panting, she spoke in low tones, her lips close to his ear.

"At least you got to suck while you fucked," she said. "Even if my milk isn't as rich as Rachel's."

"It was delicious," he told her. "And was it fun to be sucked and fucked together?"

"It was heaven! I'm afraid neither dog nor goat can do that much for me."

"They all have their uses," he philosophized.

"But I have to admit that none of them could be as sweetly useful as you. I wonder if I could get another hard-on. . . maybe if we sit still and let it soak. . ."

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

George Lambert and Barbara Gates had sexed it up on a number of occasions. They discovered that they had two things in common. Both had progressed rapidly in the acquisition, of sexual knowledge and experience, through various swapping partners and a general pursuit of the subject. And each was fairly advanced in the practice of Yoga, a discipline which could be used to heighten sexual enjoyment if desired.

They sat on the carpeted floor of the bedroom, facing each other in the lotus position, like a pair of Buddhas. At the moment, neither was concerned with the exact form that their sex play would take. They only knew that it would be interesting as well as fun-something neither would attempt with the average swapper, but certain to be enjoyable between themselves.

Their knees almost touched, so closely were they sitting, and they enjoyed the idea of studying each other without physical contact for a long time. They could thrill to some strange accomplishments.

"How's your ejaculation control, George?" Barbara asked.

"Better, Bobbi . . . but I still can't always shut it off after one shot. How's your automatic juicer?"

"Some progress there... I've managed to cut down the concentration time by using sexual objects to fill my thoughts."

"How about a demonstration?" he asked.

"Tell you what: You go through your paces first. Then I'll use your come for my thought reference."

"Okay." George went into a deep concentration. After a few minutes his limber cock began to swell and stiffen where it lay on tile cushion of his balls. Barbara watched as it rose over his crossed legs.

"Beautiful erection!" she whispered, not wanting to break his train of thought. His brow- was furrowed tightly, and his eyes were focused on his cock. After a few more minutes the fat head swelled still more, pulsed once, then emitted a spurt of semen that hit Barbara just above the navel. There was another pulse, and a short, dribbling spurt hit the carpet between them and left a thin string of white fluid on George's calves..

"Wonderful!" Barbara said. "Now I'll try my thing."

She concentrated on the blob of semen that clung to her belly. She could smell its potent male fragrance, and she enlarged upon the sensation by imagining that she could taste it, feel its slimy texture on her tongue.

George watched the parted lips of her cunt; they swelled up slowly, thickening with engorged blood and pouting out from their nest of rich brown hair. Minutes passed, and then George saw the first drops of moisture appear at the lower edges of the lips.

More drops gathered, ran together, formed a tiny trickle, then began to run down into the crack of

her ass. George groaned at the waste of her honey, licking his lips thirstily and using his will power to keep from attacking the source with his mouth.

The lips of her cunt seemed to tighten, to press together, and more liquid escaped from them. George waited, wondering if she had lost her control and would have to give up without breaking her record. She had soaked a washcloth completely during their last experiments!

After what seemed like an eternity, Barbara broke her concentration and looked up at George. There was an enigmatic smile on her face.

"You scolded me the last time," she reminded him. "Said I'd wasted good honey you wanted. Well, come and get it!" She unlocked her legs, grabbed her ankles, then leaned back on the carpet.

George thrilled with anticipation as he repositioned himself, mouth poised over her fragrantly heated cunt.

"You mastered the closure!" he said. "You little imp!" As he put his lips to her slit, it parted for him. Juice was gathered in abundance there; a pool was formed in her gash, and he sucked it up with a hoarse cry of gladness, tasting her womanly sex musk in the translucent fluid.

He sucked it all up, then put his lips over her hole and gave a final suck that won him another swallow. He raised his head and grinned happily down at her face. She had a sexually excited expression on her mouth and her eyes burned up at him hotly.

"Now feed me, George," she said. Her finger reached down and captured the wet semen pearl on her belly, then she brought it to her lips. She sucked it into her mouth and savored it on her tongue.

George squatted by her head, and she turned to take his cock in her mouth. It lay on her tongue and lower lip; she kept her mouth open and waited. He concentrated. After almost two minutes, the head bounced on her tongue as it pulsed strongly. A spurt of his come shot into her throat.

"More!" she begged as she swallowed it. Beads of perspiration formed on his brow, and soon another blob gushed out in her mouth. She swallowed it and put her lips to the pearl that remained on the tip of his cock, sucking his passage dry.

"Beautiful!" she told him. "Now let's rest for a while and let our systems normalize. I'd like to do some old-fashioned fucking"

They got onto the bed and lay quietly for a while, careful not to touch each other at any point. In less than ten minutes, they were able to feel as refreshed as if they had not spent themselves.

George embraced her, and her arms encircled his neck. Their mouths met and they exchanged flavors, tonguing and sucking joyfully for several minutes. Their bodies gradually wound together until George's rigid prick slid into the wet furrow of Barbara's cunt.

He worked his ass around for a few seconds, centering himself in her hungry twat, then found her hole and shoved into her. She squealed her delight as he filled her sheath, barreling into her until his balls slapped her ass.

"Ooh-h-h! That's a nice fuck stick you have, mister!" she said. Her ass was humping as she thrust up to meet his drives, and he felt the wonderfully slick heat of her tunnel engulfing him to the limit as he delivered a series of hard, long fucks, then ground his pubic mat into hers.



"I wish I had two cocks," he told her. "I would dearly love to screw you in the ass right now, but I can't bring myself to leave the juicy warmth of your cunt."

"Save some of your come, lover," she pleaded. "All three of my holes are hungry today!"

Her movements became more desperate as she threw her ass up from the bed; her cunt clasped him in wet gulping as he thrust into her, and both of them were moaning and grunting as they neared the end of the road. Barbara's breath hissed through her clenched teeth as she began to reach her climax.

"Oh, George! Brownie me. . . quick!" she cried. He slid a finger around in her crotch, dipping up some of the excess juice, then slid it into the hot little blossom of her asshole. She squealed, opened it up for him, and hissed excitedly as he thrust it into her all the way. She cried out as her orgasm seized her completely. George burst into her with several shots, giving her the added sensation of absorbing his hot come while she climaxed. Then he shut off the flow, wincing at the ecstatic pressure it caused in his groin.

They remained locked together until Barbara patted him on the back, signaling that she was willing to carry on with the fun. He pulled out of her, and she rolled over and got up. They started again. This time she bent over the edge of the bed, feet on the floor, thrusting up her ass to him. He laid the slippery head of his cock in the twitching wrinkles of her asshole, then pressed inward. '

"Ooh-h-h!" she wailed, pretending fear. "There's that hard old fuck stick again!" But her asshole seemed to blossom out into a moist funnel; his prick melted into it like a hot poker into butter.

"Delicious!" she moaned as he thrust into her all the way. "Fuck me easy, George, but be ready to do your thing. . . I'm close already!"

He screwed into her ass, feeling the excited tightenings of her rectum as she began to evidence spasms of another orgasm. He fucked rapidly, reaching under her to shove two fingers up her cunt and work at her clit with his thumb.

"George!" she moaned. "Oh, George. . . shoot it, baby!"

As her body started to shake, he let loose his last barrage. Semen squirted into her bowel in hot jets, and she whimpered joyfully as the biggest quake shuddered over her.

Again they remained coupled until her spasms subsided. When they separated, Barbara slid to the floor and lay on her side. In a second, George joined her, and they faced each other with satisfied grins.

"Want to try anything new?" she asked him. "Can't think of anything at the moment," he replied. "How about you?"

"I was wondering what it would feel like to have you piss in my cunt. Want to try it?"

"Hell, I'm game for anything if you are, Bobbi. Let's go to the bathroom; this one we'd better try it in the tub!"

Grace McDonald was looking forward to her first session with Randy the goat, but she still had one mental reservation about it; though she had seen Dot do it, she was not sure whether she could accommodate the diameter of the stud's thick based prick. But when she got her first look at Harlan Gates without his clothes, she stopped worrying about Randy. If she could accept Harlan's cock, she

need, not fear the goat!

When he asked her to sit in a chair with her feet pulled up against her buttocks, Grace sat in the big occasional chair in the corner of the master bedroom and drew up her feet until her heels were touching her ass.

"Now, I'd like you to play with your pussy," Harlan told her. "Tease it good. . . work it up into a real froth for me while I watch."

She stared at him as if he had escaped from an institution. Then she realized that the most normal people could have all kinds of weird hangups. If that was what it took to make Harlan's cock get stiff, then she'd try to oblige him-although the size of his monstrous prick when soft made her wonder whether she'd regret doing anything to harden it!

But her fingers stole into her snatch and began to caress the coral lips, tease the mouth of her tunnel, and toy with her clitoris. It took a while for her to feel anything but an extreme sensitivity.

She was not averse to masturbating; she did it often, or at least as often as she needed release when Cole was too busy or tired to take care of her. But with Harlan watching her, she felt rather foolish; and it was difficult to feel foolish and sexy at the same time.

But as she continued to play with herself, she felt the first damp traces of her cream slide over her flesh, and she started to feel fiery tingles traveling around her cunt and belly. As the thrills mounted, her ass refused to remain still. It rolled and bumped frantically as her fingers flew in the gathering wetness.

Harlan's cock began to stiffen as he watched, and the sight of his erection-like a python coming to life-excited Grace even more. She stirred her fingers in the stew of her heated cunt and whimpered softly to herself as her passion increased .

She saw Harlan grasp his prong in a firm fist and pump the thick shaft, making the head swell and pulse. At first, she thought this was going to end up as a childish game-you show me how you do yours, and I'll show you how I do mine.

But Harlan gave his prick a few whacks, then stood up and went to the bed. He sat down and motioned to her.

"Let's see if that oily quim will slide onto this, now." His hands patted the tops of his thighs, indicating his lap as the spot that she was to sit on.

He helped her get seated, facing him, her legs wrapped around him; his hand guided the huge glans into her twat and settled it in the petals of flesh around her hole.

"Work onto it, Grace," he told her. "Slide that slick cunny right over it and swallow it up inside you."

She was glad he had let her work up a slippery lather; even with all the lubrication, she felt the hugeness of him as he expanded her tunnel alarmingly. The fullness reached further and further inside her, until he had no more meat to stuff in her cunt.

"My God!" she said in a careful voice. "If you hadn't run out of cock when you did, my mouth would be too full to talk!"

"It's not as big as you think it is," he assured her. "Let it soak in there for a minute until you get

used to it.”

He leaned over and sucked on one of her nipples, and she began to get back some of the excited thrills that had been frightened out of her by the monster cock.

He knew how to treat a tit, and by the time he had worked over both of them, she was humming happily with the return of her passion. When he started fucking her slowly, she was surprised to find that there was no real discomfort; her cunt had adapted in no time at all. The thick prick slid smoothly within her sheath, massaging every nerve, including some she had not known she had. Harlan’s fingers had slithered around behind her and were teasing the crack of her ass. New tingles raced up her spine and spread, out to join the others rippling through her belly.

She felt herself creaming heavily, as if the big cock had rubbed the glands of her tunnel, milking them of their secretions. The splat of Harlan’s balls against her crotch sounded more wet than at the beginning. And she was unconsciously pumping her ass to meet his thrusts; now her cunt was more than eager to receive the oversize prick!

Her asshole winked steadily as tiny spasms trembled inside her, and at each wink, Harlan gently probed into the soft wrinkles with his finger.

He pulled her to him with his free hand and kissed her; she accepted the thrust of his tongue, sucking on it hungrily in symbolic need for the continued thrust of his giant prick. Her tongue lanced out frantically, wanting the sucks he could give it, eager to be the object of his desire.

His strokes speeded up and became shorter; each tight fuck was a delirious broadcast of thrills as her tunnel came alive to the forceful caress of his moving cock.

“Harlan!” she cried. “Oh Jesus! I’m falling apart inside!” And, as she began to quiver and jerk, he knew she was coming off like a cow elephant.

He plunged into her as far as he could go, then held her there while he rammed his finger up her ass. She squealed at the double stuffing, then she felt his hot gushes shoot into her cunt with alarming power.

Grace literally danced on the pole of his cock, her ass making wild leaps on his lap. Her cunt seized his prick in tight clutches, milking him of his sperm, as both of them grunted and gasped with the voluptuous release.

“I’m afraid to let you take it out of me,” she told him when she caught her breath.

“You think there might be blood?” he teased.

“No, but it’s like tight shoes, or when you have a swollen foot. You’re afraid to take it off, because you might not be able to get it back on.”

“You mean you’d like to have some more? You’re over your fear of the monster?”

“I guess that’s what I mean. Still. . .”

“Yes. What were you going to say? Second thoughts?”

“In a way. I was wondering what it would be like to have a mouthful of that goodie.”

“Give me a few minutes, and I’ll be happy to help you find out.”

Grace slowly climbed off him, hearing and feeling the suction of their separation. When she looked down at the limber cylinder of his prick, smeared with the fluids of their joy, she wet her lips and swallowed hard.

Lying on the bed, while waiting for Harlan to give her the word, Grace grew more eager by the minute. The challenge of successfully sucking off a cock of that size was thrillingly intriguing, and her cunt seemed to itch at the thought of it.

When he was ready for action, Harlan got into the sixty-nine position, kneeling astride her with his face over her cunt. The massive meat of his dong hung down to touch her lips, and she took the smeary glans eagerly, sucking it into her mouth.

As she tasted the funky pollen of his semen mixed with the flavor of her cunt, she felt his tongue probe into her gash and begin to lick at her swollen flesh.

He found her clit and lashed at it rapidly with his tongue; she moaned around the giant glans, then gave it a tight suck that caused him to groan into her cunt.

Grace felt lustful hungers rise up in her-hungers she had not known she possessed. She was avidly sucking the meaty prize, praying that it would erupt and fill her mouth with a river of hot come.

Harlan got her clit in his lips, and he began a steady series of sucks that made her jerk and grind in a frenzy. Her whole being seemed to melt into a puddle, and Harlan was drinking it up. Then she felt the charge of his first gush.

It poured into her mouth in torrents, and she was swallowing frantically to keep from drowning. But when the power of his jets diminished, she began to suck on the hot tip of his prick with a violent thirst, draining him and making him pull away with a loud groan.

Again they lay there, resting quietly, letting their bodies relax. Grace was absorbing her discovery of her hidden lusts.

And, as she related it to her coming ordeal with Randy - a thought uppermost in her mind since seeing Dot with the goat - she knew she could even get hot enough to suck off that big stud! She wondered what Dot would say to that. . .

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## **CHAPTER NINE**

Grace had taken a short nap, and she felt fully refreshed after she bathed. But Harlan Gates was still sleeping, as were most of the others in the house, she knew. During the hottest part of the day it was easy to lie around and rest, especially after a night and morning of wild sex revelry.

But Grace felt as if her glands were working overtime. Her pulse was fast, and all the juices of her body seemed to be flowing excitedly. She started walking aimlessly around the barnyard, trying to work off some of her nervous energy. She felt strange, because the farm seemed so still for the middle of the day.

Her steps took her in the direction of the machine shed, and when she opened the door and looked at the vacant billy-girl machine, her breath came faster and she felt the cream oozing from her cunt. She walked up to the padded trestle and looked at the dried semen that had begun to flake on the surface of the padding.

Her hand reached out and rubbed at the whitish deposit, and a shiver rippled through her spine. Her twat began to itch, and she held her hand between her legs, pressing and rubbing herself. The faint odor of the billy goat's musk was in the air, and her nostrils dilated quiveringly as she smelled it. She forced herself to leave the machine shed, continuing her walk at a leisurely pace while her pulse pounded and the gnawing itch in her crotch steadily increased.

The warm breeze swirled up inside her frock-the only garment she wore-and caressed her legs, rippling the hairs of her cunt until she was ready to scream for relief.

Subconsciously, she had known all along that she would end up at the stud's pen. When she finally stood at the rails, gripping the top one tightly until her knuckles were white, the goat's odor was overpowering to her senses.

Her legs trembled, and if she had let go of her grip on the rail, she would have slumped to the ground. She could hear him at the far side of the pen, rubbing himself against a post, and as she visualized him standing there, his virile goat prick stiff and ready to serve her, she knew she could not wait any longer.

The decision was made, and her strength seemed to flow back into her. She stood up resolutely, took the lead strap from its place on the gate, then entered the pen.

"Come here, Randy," she said firmly, walking around the corner of his shed to where he stood. He snorted softly as she snapped the lead to his halter. She held the lead in one hand, gripped the big halter ring with the other, then led him out of the pen. They moved across the barnyard with a strange urgency, heading for the machine shed.

If Grace had not been so intent on her purpose, she might have felt surprise at the buck's willingness to go with her after she had left him standing in the machine harness for so long on the previous day. But she was totally oblivious to anything but her frantic lust.

She got the goat inside the machine shed and harnessed him in place. It was only as she stepped up to the trestle-shaped table that she realized she needed help. Once she was in position, hung over the inverted vee of the device, she could not reach up to swing the safety shield into position!

She became filled with a frantic desperation as she saw that she could not accomplish the act she wanted. She ran to the door of the shed and looked outside, as if she might expect Dot or someone else to appear. But the barnyard was still silent and deserted.

She clung to the doorframe, wondering what to do. She was almost ready to go to the house and find someone, when she heard sounds in the milking barn. She went toward the noise, sure that there would be someone there to help her - the goats could not get in the milking barn unless the doors to the pasture were open.

She walked swiftly for a few steps, and then she began to run.

Dean Palmer had been exhausted temporarily by the wild fuck he had had with Dot Lambert. But he had grown horny again. Her rosy asshole intrigued him. When she had declared her need to rest, at a moment exciting enough to give him a second hard-on, he was disappointed.

He tried to lie in bed next to Dot and get some rest, but he was keyed up to a fever pitch, mentally, and his cock was itching for more action. He kept thinking about the way Dot had looked on that goat-fucking machine, her choice ass tilted skyward and hot goat come dripping out of her cunt to trickle down her fine legs.

It had been an exciting scene, especially while the big buck was shoving the meat to her. It gave him the hots even now, thinking back on it. Visualizing the position Dot had been in while the goat screwed her, he could not blame her for needing a rest now – especially since he knew that she had been well exercised by Cole that night, and that she had been sucked and fucked to orgasm twice since breakfast!

He got more lusty than ever, just lying there thinking about all the great sex fun of the last twenty-four hours. He got up and slipped into his slacks and shoes, then left the room quietly while Dot was sound asleep.

The rest of the house was silent, and he went outside, thinking that a walk around the place might settle his nerves enough so he could go back and rest until Dot woke up. He'd sure like to ram his cock up her sweet blonde ass before the group changed partners!

He went out the back door. The McDonald collie was flaked out on the porch; he looked up, recognized Dean, wagged his tail lazily, then put his head back down on the flooring.

"Hi, McDog! This heat got you?" Dean asked him. The dog's tail gave another weak wag. Dean went out into the barnyard, smiling at the way McDog and his own collie shared a common love of shady siestas on hot days. McDog and Laddie were from the same litter.

He wandered around, finally entering the milking barn, where the air was several degrees cooler. Through the open top half of one of the rear doors leading onto the pasture, he saw several of the milk goats grazing. His cock throbbed, its own memory just a split second ahead of his in recalling what he had heard from Cole and George about the thrills of Rachel's wet cunt.

He moved swiftly to the door and looked out, wondering which of the many animals in the pasture was Rachel. He went into the pasture and moved slowly among them, eyeing each one closely. Cole had said Rachel was a Nubian, so he could ignore all of the Alpines and Saanen that he saw.

The fourth Nubian he examined had a wet, oozing twat. He took her collar between his fingers and turned it until he saw her name, then he led her into the milking bam. His prick was itching and pulsating as he coaxed the animal onto a milking platform and closed the stanchion on her neck.

He removed his slacks and draped them over the adjacent stanchion, then approached the goat with a twitching cock. He was panting as he put out a finger and touched the wetness of her oozing snatch. Her tail wagged and she bleated in a low, urgent tone.

"Ha!" he grunted. "You seem to like that, Rachel." He gave her flanks a few pats and caresses to assure her that he was more than friendly. "Your little goat cunt's getting plenty of action lately, the way I heard it." He stepped onto the ramp and grabbed his cock in his hand. "Easy, Rachel," he breathed as he laid the throbbing head against the heated moistness of her twat.

The goat bleated again and shifted her stance, braced for what she had learned to expect from her previous two experiences with men who had touched her cunt. Dean pushed at the slimy opening carefully, felt her slippery petals open to him, then leaned into her more heavily. His cock popped inside the vestibule of her tunnel and slid into her sheath for half its length.

"Jesus, Rachel!" he groaned. "They weren't kidding! What a snug, slick twat!"

He began to thrust into her, feeling the heated claspings of her inner response as she cooperated wholeheartedly. His hands gripped her bony hips and his ass humped steadily, driving his prick all the way into her with lustful fucks.

Her soft bleating and the responsive claspings on his cock told him that this was no one-way party. The goat was really enjoying it; she would probably get her eggs off like a woman if he could hold out long enough.

Rachel's cunt was really alive as he got into full swing with his long, deep thrusts. It gurgled and undulated and squeezed his cock in gentle, pulling movements that threatened to milk him off before he could reach cruising speed.

"Easy, girl," he said. "We want this to last awhile." He almost fell off the ramp when Grace's voice came from somewhere close behind him and to his left.

"Not too long, Dean. . . oh, pray God, not too damn long!" She moved around into view at his left. Having announced her presence, because she was too distraught to keep quiet, she saw no reason to remain hidden. "I'm sorry, Dean . . . go ahead and finish. But I need your help when you're through here."

"Holy cow!" was all he could say on the spur of the moment. He felt a slight sense of embarrassment more at being surprised than because of what he was doing-but after having seen Grace and Dot with the stud goat, he could not truly feel guilty.

He did experience a slight setback in his progress, due to the shock of being startled, but he considered that an asset; now he had a better chance of bringing off the goat before he came himself. It ought to be worth experiencing; her cunt was active enough now, and with her orgasm-if she had one, or even could have one-his cock should really have a ball in there!

He had not ceased fucking into her when Grace startled him, but his strokes had slowed slightly. Now he renewed his enthusiasm; a soft, nibbling sensation started, biting gently at the end of his prick at each inward stroke. He groaned as the fluttering caress speeded up his rate of progress, and he fought to maintain control.

His driving cock was pulling oily froth out of the claspings cunt, and his prick felt as if it were being braised in butter, so high was the vaginal temperature into which he was thrusting. His balls were wet with the goat's flowing juice, and her bleating was constant now as her flanks shuddered with her oncoming climax.

"God, Rachel. . . come on, baby!" he groaned. And, as he began to despair of lasting long enough, Rachel bleated loudly; her cunt grabbed him tightly at the moment that he was buried in her the deepest. He felt the fluttering nibble again as her uterus opening sought the meal of semen that was not there.

He delivered it. With groans and gasps, Dean shot gushes of come into the milking, claspings cunt. Rachel literally pulled the last drop out of him; he withdrew from her suckingly, sperm flying and oozing from her swollen cunt as he stepped down from the ramp.

"Oh God!" Grace said, staring at the inspiring sight of Dean's smeary, dripping cock. Her hand was in her cunt, fingers working furiously; the skirt of her frock hung high on her forearm as she tried to bring herself off to relieve the pressure of her lust. "I can't stand it . . . help me, Dean!"

She sat down weakly on the platform of the adjacent milking station, one foot drawn up to her ass, her fingers dipping into her soupy cunt rapidly as she gasped and moaned frantically.

Dean was too spent to fuck her, but he was more than sympathetic to her plight. He approached her, intending to get on his knees and bring her off by sucking her cunt. But she slid off the platform to

the floor as he neared her.

Her head was toward him as she reached up and grabbed him by the legs, pulling him to his knees by her head. Her arms went around his hips.

"Eat me off, Dean!" she pleaded. "Finish me . . . please!" He caught the urgency in her voice and wasted no time in repositioning himself. He leaned over and nuzzled into 'her slippery twat, his lips sucking at the copious gathering of her juice, and his tongue lashing out to trigger her clit.

Grace pulled at him until he rolled his weight sideways and knelt astride her; she seized his limber, sticky cock in her lips and began to suck at it. The sweet musk of her fountain had renewed his excitement as he licked and sucked in the tender flesh of her cunt; although he was extremely sensitive from his powerful ejaculation, he felt his own juices moving within him as Grace's lips made their demands.

He suffered the ecstatic misery of her avid sucks, groaning into her soupy twat as he feasted, until he felt his cock harden and throb in her mouth. He licked and nibbled at her clit fiercely, then began, milking the stiff little bud with his lips, giving it hard sucks frequently.

Grace's ass was grinding on the concrete; shudders started to shake her body as it tensed for her climax. Dean plunged his tongue into her ,Oily hole and fucked it furiously, then he sucked at the hot source of her cream.

He felt her sucking just as hard on his brutalized cock, and as her ass rose from the floor, pushing her cunt snugly into his face, he burst loose a volley of shots, gushing his come into her mouth and throat.

Grace would have sucked on him until her orgasm was completed, but Dean howled and rolled away from her, then stood up to lean against the stanchion where his slacks were hung.

He recovered partially while Grace was letting her convulsions abate. He got into his slacks and waited for her to finish. She finally struggled to her feet and stood there, eyes hollow with her extreme lust, then stared at him for a moment.

"Are you all right, now?" he asked.

"Yes. . . but I still need you," she said in a taut voice.

Dean's cock felt as if it would shrink up into his belly to hide. He was absolutely spent; there was no way he could let her suck or even kiss his cock until it had rested for at least an hour. It would take even longer for it to reach the point where he could fuck anyone or anything with it.

She must have seen the panic in his eyes and guessed that he was almost ready to run from her.

She gripped his arm and held him as she spoke.

"I need you to help me with the stud," she said. "I've got him in the machine shed, all ready to go, but someone has to swing the safety shield over me after I get into position."

The lack of comprehension was still on his face, he knew; it seemed almost impossible that she could still be all that impatient to fuck after the violence of her orgasm on the floor here. But he recalled how hot he was to get at Rachel, not long after shooting his load into Dot. And he had topped it off by letting Grace suck him to a third come just now.



"Okay," he said. "Let's go."

They turned Rachel out to pasture and closed the rear door, then they left the barn for the next action. Randy was feeling feisty for having been abandoned in the harness again; he was kicking and bucking when they arrived. But when Grace crawled over the padding, her lovely ass tilted upward to reveal the wet auburn curls of her crotch, Randy bleated loudly, and his crimson cock peeled out of its prepuce, to gleam brightly as he pawed at the floor with his hooves.

Dean swung the shield into place, which automatically dropped the barrier between the goat and his object of lust. Randy went up the ramp with no coaxing, stopping to nuzzle and lick the hairy wetness of Grace's crotch. He snorted as he assured himself that this was the source of the heat odor that had excited him, then he mounted her.

Dean watched as the buck's cock slid further out of its hairy sheath and slithered into the auburn-haired glory of Grace's cunt. The bony haunches heaved forward, and the big red prick slid all the way into Grace's sheath, the hairy foreskin wrinkling into her soupy vulva to tickle her clit.

"Oh loving God!" Grace cried out as the prick filled her to the limit and began to wiggle and thrust inside her. Its slick shaft was hot, and it seemed to have the ability to flex and probe in all directions, like a prehensile tongue.

Grace's ass began to weave around in circles as the searching, probing prick nudged first one side of her tunnel and then the other. She thrust up at his drives, taking a tuft of his coarse belly hair in the crack of her ass. It teased her asshole maddeningly, and she squirmed all the more wildly.

Her squirming made the hard, searching fucks of the big prick even more effective, and the fuzzy foreskin frictioned her clit so steadily that she began to come in a constant series of short but powerful orgasms.

"Randy!" she squealed. "That hairy. . . beast cock. . . is driving me. . . !" But she continued to roll and shove her ass up at the plunging goat, her flowing cunt trying to engulf the hot meat that teased in and out of it with steady brute fucks.

Dean could read the language of her body as if it were a book; the shudders and tensings and jerkings told him of her multiple climaxes. But he was not concerned for her. She had convinced him in the milking bam that she was almost insatiable once she got started. And he knew that she could call for help whenever she needed it.

So he stood there and watched, feeling the dramatic impact of what he was seeing, but feeling also the unbelievable sensation of a rising erection. He had to look down at the crotch of his pants to believe it.

It could be no more than a half-hour since Grace had sucked him off, yet here he was with a creeping hard-on-the fourth of the day! There was no doubt that his cock was sensitive as hell, but it bothered him a lot more with a hard-on than when it had been behaving naturally, hanging peacefully at rest, to recover from its labors.

He fished it out of his fly and held it, hoping that the discomfort of being gripped would make the swelling go down, so it would bother him less.

But he made the mistake of doing it without looking at it.

Had he seen its inflamed head and the abnormal size of its swelling, he might have lost the erection

through simple fear of damaging it. And had he gone outside the shed, away' from the stirring sight within, or even turned his back on it, he might have cooled down enough to let his prick subside.

But the sight of Randy's lusty humping-the hairy-based cock fucking into the copper curls of Grace's whitely vulnerable crotch-was so magnetically compelling that Dean could not take his eyes off it. He had only two choices, as he thought; whip himself off by hand, or slide into position near Grace's head and stuff his cock into her mouth-he had no doubts about her accepting it.

In the end, what decided him was the view. He could not have squeezed into a better place for a suck-off without losing his ringside seat for the rest of the fantastic performance.

So he simply stood there, leaning against one of the pillars that supported the joists of the shed's second floor, and gently slid his foreskin back and forth on the brutally stubborn erection. Liquids gleamed and splashed as Randy's beast cock flew in and out of the wet, hairy mess that was Grace's crotch. Dean was fascinated by the fact that her ass still worked so urgently after such a long siege.

It became apparent, after a while, that most of her movement was reflex. There would be periods when her ass barely moved; then Dean could see that she was having another orgasm. Her body would jerk and twitch almost the way it might have done in her sleep.

He felt a brief panic, wondering if she had passed out. Then he heard her whimpering and gasping with the intensity of her climax. So he continued to watch, pumping at his numbing cock, cursing it for the stubborn nuisance it was.

Then he heard Grace scream. He saw the pearly ooze of the goat's semen as it flooded out of her stuffed cunt, and he heard the bellowing and snorting of the animal as it finished gushing its hot load into her body.

His own cock began to spew. It felt as if it were going to fall apart when the tight, thin jets of semen spurted out the end, to splat on the floor. He had very little to expend, and it was soon over. The throbbing ache got worse for a while; then it began to subside.

Randy had dismounted and was standing there in his harness, snorting and wheezing and pawing at the floor with his hooves. Dean decided to take the animal to its pen; he needed some air himself especially on the inflamed head of his tortured cock!

He unharnessed the buck and led him outside, then took him across the barnyard to the pen. He unsnapped the lead from the halter, and Randy trotted out of sight around the shed that he occupied in bad weather.

Dean closed the gate and went back to the machine shed, taking the lead with him. When he reached Grace, he realized that he should have freed her before leaving. She was moaning and swearing as she tried to reach the safety shield from her contorted position.

"Hang on, kid . . . I'm coming!" he told her. He swung the shield out of the way, noting the tremendous pool of semen that lay on the padding in the vee of her crotch. More was oozing from her hairy snatch as he watched.

"When that goat comes, he really comes!" Dean commented as he helped Grace to her feet. She leaned against him, almost all of her weight braced sideways on him until she managed to make her feet behave.

"You'd better believe it!" she told him. "And he serves it hot, too! My God . . . it's like lava when it

hits!"

He helped her walk to the house, goat come trickling down her legs all the way. He got her as far as the downstairs bathroom. Cole was coming out the doorway as they reached it; he smelled of toothpaste and soap.

"Wow!" he said with a grin, his nose wrinkling at the odor of goat musk that clung to Grace. "You must have joined the billy club. How was it?"

"It's wonderful," Grace said with a weak smile. "Providing you live through the initiation!"

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## CHAPTER TEN

For everyone but Grace and Dean, lunch was the occasion of bright and witty conversation. The tired pair were not too exhausted to laugh with the others, but they lacked the freshness required for making clever quips and being alert to several conversations at once.

Dean excused himself right after eating, then he flaked out on a living room sofa. Grace was only a few minutes behind him, taking the remaining sofa for a short nap.

Phyllis asked Cole if she could try the billy goat after they finished lunch. When he explained that the stud needed quite a rest after his bout with Grace, the brunette was disappointed, but she brightened up when Cole said that twenty-four hours was enough rest for Randy, if she wanted to plan on a specific time.

"I hate to play second fiddle to a goat," George told her. "But if you're all wound up for action, I'd like to see if I can find the switch that turns you on."

Hearing about Grace's session-told around the lunch table partly by Grace and Dean and augmented by Cole's retelling of what Grace had related to him-had stirred Phyllis considerably. She had ventured into the exciting field of animal sex with Victor; now she was eager to try any and all beasts that proved to be capable of providing her with an orgasm!

"I'm 'hot to trot, all right," she confessed. "And there's no one I'd rather dance with than you, George." She stood up as he pulled her chair from the table.

She was thinking that, since she had to sublimate her urge to couple with animals until later, there ought to be no better-substitute than a man whose profession was animal medicine and surgery! Maybe she could learn a lot from him. . .

Once they had undressed, Phyllis saw the sleek satin of George's cock begin to swell as he studied her. She knew that her body was sexually enticing, and she loved to see the proof of it in men's eyes, in the way they wet their lips when they looked at her, and most especially in the virile lift of their cocks.

Seeing his prick harden for her made her even more ready for him. She felt the wetness of her cunt as she sat on the edge of the bed and looked at him, studying the taut sat of his balls and the steadily rising, constantly swelling shaft of his cock.

"Was Dot kidding me," she asked, "or can you really make yourself come whenever you want?"

"I've learned enough Yoga to exert a certain amount of control over it," he told her.

"Oh, show me, George!" she begged, her brown eyes snapping with excitement.

"Okay," he agreed. "I'll try it for you. Prop yourself up at the head of the bed with pillows. Then spread yourself open for me, so I can stir up things by looking at you."

Phyllis complied, and when she was settled, George took up his lotus position facing her. She was leaning well back against the pillows, her feet brought up to her buttocks to brace herself in place, and her knees far apart to spread her thighs for him.

George deliberately ignored her tantalizing twat for the first part of his demonstration, and she wondered why he was not looking at her as he began to shift his position to get comfortable.

"First, I'll do something even more difficult for me to do," he told her. "With you so close to me, I find it automatic to get a hard-on. But I'll show you real control by making it go down."

He concentrated as she watched, fascinated; in a minute, she saw the heavy blue veins of his shaft begin to diminish, and the size slowly decrease as the prick softened and sank to his balls, limber and at rest.

"Amazing!" Phyllis gasped. She knew how stubborn Dean's erection could be; before they were married, he had gotten hard while dancing with her and couldn't make it go down.

"Now it's easy to get it back up," he said. "All I have to do is look at you; no Yoga to that part of it with you around."

He gazed at the stimulating sight of her crotch, spread out to his view like a buffet lunch. At the very bottom, not quite hidden in the depression of the bed beneath her, he could see the beige pinkness of her asshole, its soft wrinkles moving slightly with the reflex of her excitement.

Around her winking asshole and up through the seam of her crotch ran the rich forest of her glossy black hairs. They were thicker as they reached the slope of her mounded snatch. And the lips of her twat were thickened with desire, pouting fatly and appearing taut at the corners where the pull of her parted thighs tugged at their tender flesh.

The sweetly pink meat of her cunt was beginning to darken as her lust increased, the flush spreading out and upward onto her sleek belly like a blush on a schoolgirl's cheeks. And there was a decided moistness covering the appetizing flesh; it glistened wetly and shed an occasional drop that ran down in the trough formed by the lower edges of the hairy lips.

Her inner lips were flared slightly, also thickened with the engorgement of passion, and the dark entrance to her tunnel was a compelling hole of mystery that made him wet his lips and swallow the saliva that was collecting in his mouth.

He heard Phyllis gasp at the astounding renewal of his erection; she was thrilled by the muscular appearance it presented with its venous bulges standing out like ropes on the rigid shaft. The purplish head was swollen to a shiny knob that gleamed moistly in the light of the room.

As she watched it, enthralled by its virile shape, the head and shaft pulsed, seeming to swell even more. A drop appeared at the tight hole of his urethra; the drop grew larger, then hung there briefly. An abrupt stream of milky semen shot out, carrying the thin drop away and spewing onto the sheet in a string.

There was another tensing of the shaft, but no more fluid was ejected, though his cock appeared to be straining itself with the effort to hold back. She heard him grunt, and when she looked up at his face, she saw the sweat of his efforts on his brow.

"Oh, George!" she said, tilting herself forward and bracing herself with her hands on the bed. She licked up the heavy string of come and swallowed it, then kissed the end of his cock, sucking the residue out of his tube.

"Sit back again!" he pleaded. "I have to rest for a bit so we can get to the fun and games."

She pushed herself back against the pillows, reclining as if relaxed, but showing her excitement in every facial expression and every burning glance at him. She licked her lips to savor the last taste of his semen, then waited tensely for him.

Drops gathered swiftly in her cunt, now. They seemed to roll from the very pores of her vulva and seep from the dark hole of her vagina, filling the little pool at the lower lips until it reached the hairy brim.

George had closed his eyes until his erection went down. He opened them to see the honey leaking from the pitifully vulnerable mouth of her cunt. He gave a soulful cry and unlocked his legs to fall forward; his mouth closed over the wet gash of her twat and he sucked up the juice loudly.

"Oh-h-h!" Phyllis moaned. "You got it in time, George!" She had felt the coolness where the liquid gathered, just, as she had felt the terrible intensity of her creaming.

Now she whimpered as he licked at the wet inner edges of her quivering lips and the oozing hole of her cave. He tongue-fucked her and she moaned steadily, then stiffened and jerked as she came violently with a tiny cry of joy.

George sucked her clit into his lips, and she began to cry, short sobs racking her as tears rolled down her cheeks. She had wanted him to milk her clit, suck at the little bud until she was ready to explode, but coming prematurely had made her too sensitive to let it continue. Her clit felt as if it were on fire.

"Wait!" she sobbed. "Oh, wait, George!" He raised up and saw the intensity of her emotion, then sat back to watch the shivers and twitches of her convulsing climax as she slowly converted her sobbing to soft gasps and moans.

Her cunt flesh pulsed as he watched, and his excitement began to grow. He had to concentrate to keep from shooting the rest of his wad on the sheet. His Yoga experiments had presented that one liability. Once the mental paths had been blazed, his mind could so easily cause him to erupt without much physical stimulation that he had to be on guard.

When Phyllis had calmed considerably, he crawled up to her and laid the head of his cock in her wet twat, feeling the damp black hairs tickle his balls and the base of his prick as he shoved it all the way into her.

Her sheath spread for him as his knob plowed up her tunnel, then closed around him claspingly in gentle spasms. He began to fuck her with long, slow strokes that almost popped his knob out of her hole at one second, then buried it in her soft limits at the next.

"Oh, George, you fuck nice!" she whispered, reaching down to clasp his ass with her hands, trailing her fingers in his crack and feeling the wrinkles of his asshole sensuously with her fingertips. "But

I'm afraid... I'm going to . . . come again . . . quick! Oh, squirt it, George!" She stiffened, pulling at the cheeks of his ass and probing his asshole with a finger as her body again shuddered and jerked.

He loosed a series of hot blobs in her, feeling the extra jerks of her reaction to them and the matching sharp moans as she acknowledged the shots.

The come washed out around his moving prick and he fucked it back into her with what was left of his erection. When he was quite limber, she stopped shuddering; there was only an occasional twitch as her spasms faded.

He pulled out of her and flaked out on the sheet at her side. She took several deep breaths, then let out a loud sigh as she rolled over to face him.

"You play second fiddle to no one!" she said fervently. "And you're my special vet from now on, Doctor. . . I'm liable to call you whenever my pussy has a fever!"

"Come on, Big Dick!" Dorothy Lambert said, taking Harlan's hand and pulling him toward the stairs. "Dottie has two hungry mouths to feed, and it's mealtime!"

They went up and entered a bedroom, Harlan stripping first, then Dot. She wet her lips lustfully as she stared at the heavy hang of his meat. She had squealed her discomfort the first two times he had pronged her, but she had come to love the fat cock for the way it stretched her cunt, massaging all her grooves to perfection.

Dot sat on the bed, her legs close together, ready to play a game the two of them had developed since they had been swapping. Harlan walked over, his trim muscular body contrasted by the fat tube of flesh that swung as he approached her.

"What've you got under that pile of straw?" he asked, reaching a finger into the golden hairs of her lower belly.

"A big hole!" she told him with a smug, little-girl expression.

"What's the hole for?" he queried.

"It's an animal trap," she replied.

"What kind of animals are you after?" he asked. "My hole's just the right size for an elephant," she said.

He took her legs in his hands, tipped her back on the bed, and spread her wide open; bending his face down, he licked into the wet gash and slid his tongue into her hole, wiggling it around and making it fuck her for several seconds.

"I don't think so," he told her. "It may be deep enough, but you need a wider opening than that for an elephant. Let me help you make it a little bigger."

He had become rigid as he talked, and now he placed the fat tip of his cock against the slippery mouth of her hole, then drove into her. The breath whooshed out of her, and she grunted as he hit bottom, his big bag of nuts pressed into the wet outer lips of her twat and the crack of her ass.

"Ha! You're wrong!" she cried, gasping at the fullness of his prick swelling her sheath so magnificently. "Because I just caught one! I can feel his trunk, even if I can't see it!"

"Oh, fuck his trunk!" Harlan growled.

"You know . . . I think I will!" she said. Her ass began to lift off the sheets as she fucked up at him, her cunt working at the big hunk of meat with wet greed. Harlan raised his ass to give her a bit more range, and she soon was screwing up into him fiercely.

"Christ! What a fuck-box you have there, Dottie!" he moaned. She had expanded enough now to get her constrictor muscles, into play. At the top of every stroke, she tightened her cunt, then held it snugly around his meat as she dropped away, milking his prick brutally. "It's like a hungry calf," he told her.

"It's hungry, all right!" she gasped. "And it's going to... suck you off until. . . it gets a hot meal!"

She pounded up at him, her cunt oozing juice at every stroke, her hands pulling on the cheeks of his ass in a desperate struggle to stuff herself full of cock. She was breathing harder now, with the effort of her fucking and the swift increase of her passion.

"Gotta rest, Big Dick!" she gasped finally. "Fuck that horse cock into me!"

He took over the action, his ass rising and falling like a pile driver, plowing the fat prick through the slippery sheath of her vagina, stretching it tight and frictioning the walls constantly with the big knob.

"Ooh, you sweet, juicy cunt!" he groaned, sliding his hands under her ass and prodding her puckered asshole with a deft finger. "Eat hearty, the next meal goes into Dottie's asshole!"

He wiggled the tip of his finger into the wrinkled softness of her winkie as he spoke. Dot squealed at the shock, delivered at the moment that she was visualizing her asshole being tom apart by his massive prick.

"Oh, Har!" she cried, carried to her limit by the fantasy of taking his cock in her rear. "Empty your balls!" She convulsed tightly around him as the first quake tore over her. As a more intense spasm hit, she farted squeakily around his probing finger and moaned loudly.

Harlan filled' her cunt with a savage drive and spewed globs of his semen into the greedy maw. She bucked under him, her ass doing wild things as she sought to swallow the meal-come, cock and all in the gulps of her convulsions.

He emptied himself of the final gushes, then pinned her there as he tightened his sphincter, swelling the big knob against her innermost walls several times. She shrieked at the ultimate ecstasy and lay there, quivering like an impaled butterfly.

Harlan pulled out of her, slipping his finger out of her constantly spasming asshole at the same time. He knee-walked over the springy bed until his softened prick dangled at her lips.

"Wanna lick the limber timber, Dottie?" he asked her. She opened her passion-thickened eyelids, stared up at him, then reflected a lustful light in her eyes. Her head turned, and her ripe lips took the dripping knob and sucked it into her mouth.

He clenched his teeth at the voluptuous torture while she sucked the last string of come out of him. He pulled away, and she licked at the smeary shaft, cleaning it from knob to base. Then she licked the sticky come from his balls until he had to roll away from her and lie down to rest.

Dot made satisfied sounds and wiggled contentedly into the sheet as if she were a bitch dog making a nest in the straw. Her hand was pressed to her cunt in an attempt to provide just enough stimulus to prolong her afterglow.

"Mm-m-m-m . . . nicer she whispered.

"Tell your little asshole to think big!" he said.

"Give it the fifteen minutes I'm resting, to get used to the idea."

"I'll clue you, my large-peckered friend," she said. "This girl's asshole is never going to get used to the idea of being torn up by that monster!"

"You mean I'm not going to get to put my roast in your rear oven?" he asked in an exaggerated tone of disappointment.

"You're not going to need an oven," she said. "I'm gonna eat that son of a bitch raw!"

"That's what I'm afraid of. . . it was raw after you ate it the last time!"

"Okay. . . no teeth today. . . I promise."

"In that case, you can crawl down there and start sucking off the women-splitter right now. I'm getting the jumping hots just thinking about your sweet lips on my knob!"

Dot didn't hesitate; she was still feeling the warm inner tingles of her climax, and the exciting taste of his come was still in her mouth. She maneuvered into the vee he quickly made of his legs, then began licking the limp blimp of his cock with a saliva-dripping tongue.

It hardened slowly, and she had licked and sucked his shaft and balls considerably by the time it erected to stand on its own. Dot made a moist, rubbery "O" of her lips, then slipped the fleshy ring over the tip of his knob. He gasped as thrills rippled over his balls and through his groin, then groaned as she began to slide up and down on his meaty pole.

"Oh-h! That's my Dottie!" he said hoarsely.

"Pump it out, baby . . . work it loose and suck it out. . ."

She nodded greedily, filling her mouth and stuffing her throat chokingly as she engulfed the throbbing thickness. Each time she pulled back to the knob, she gave the tip a powerful suck.

"Oh, baby!" he groaned. "Just a few more times. . . and then. . . gravy train!" He was panting as she began to grip the base of his whang with one hand and work at the spongy mass of his balls with the other.

"Suck the cream, doll!" he yelled. "Drink it up!"

He erupted mightily, spewing his load into the gurgling maw of her throat. She took it moaningly, one hand sneaking down to her crotch and finger-fucking herself to completion as she came along with him.

As soon as Dot had sucked the last gob from his tubes, Harlan rolled over to get away from her greedy mouth. She lay down on the sheet beside him and quivered with the fading of her last gentle orgasm, licking her lips contentedly and keeping her hand in her crotch.



She knew she would be able to sleep for a while, and if she was lucky, there could be still more sex play before the weekend was entirely over.

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Barbara Gates had been musing over the possibilities of sex play with Cole McDonald all during her stay, except during the moments when she was actually involved with another partner. There was a certain something about the handsome farmer that gave her the pussy-crawlies and twat-tickles.

Dot had told her, during a hurried comparison of notes, that Cole was more than capable of holding his own with the best of the swappers she had met to date. Now Barbara wanted to convince Cole that she was as much fun as Dot might have been.

When they entered the bedroom and faced each other, Cole felt some of the undercurrent as Barbara frankly appraised him, her eyes like smoky agates but with the fire of opals. She stood with one knee turned in against the other like a fashion model's pose.

"Who undresses whom?" she asked, hoping as always that she'd get the chance to undress her man; it added spice to the play for her.

Cole had been prepared to strip himself, and was certainly not averse to watch Barbara do a strip tease for him. But her choice of phrasing told him that she might prefer otherwise.

"Let's make it lady's choice," he said. "As of this moment, I'm devoted to the pleasant pursuit of your happiness!"

"Ooh-h-h!" she said in a low voice, her full lips pouting in a moist "O" that grabbed Cole's nervous system somewhere near his balls. "That could lead to almost anything," she told him. But she had started to take advantage of his offer, walking up to him and unfastening his belt and fly.

She had him peeled down quickly, and as soon as his clothes were out of the way, she flipped her head upward into his crotch from her kneeling position, and he gasped as the teasing tendrils of her hair made tingling ripples shudder through his groin and belly.

His prick was at rigid attention before she could get to her feet. The front of her frock touched it, and when she moved a bit to unfasten her dress, the fabric teased his swollen knob. Barbara let the garment fall to the floor and stood there in her yellow bra and panties. Cole's eyes glowed with lust, and he licked his lips as he saw the bra cups pop free, slipping away with the straps as she flung the flimsy thing aside. Her tits quivered appetizingly as she peeled down her panties.

The toasty curls of her snatch came into view when she straightened up, and Cole's whang bobbed with eagerness. He was unprepared for her favorite preliminary to play, and when she knelt with her face in his crotch, clasping his buttocks lovingly as she nosed into his balls and sniffed, he almost went off in the air.

She nuzzled around his crotch, inhaling the man smell in deep sniffs, then blowing on his curly hairs as she exhaled. Her tongue lashed out and licked him under the balls; then she gave him a sucking kiss on the head of his cock.

Cole fought for control, made it, then was attacked once more by her flying brown hair as she prepared to get to her feet. The silken fluffiness was a maddening tease to the already sensitized

head of his cock, and he was proud of his control when he managed to calm down afterward.

"Okay," she said softly when she was facing him at shoulder level again. "The lady has had her choice for preliminaries; now I'm yours Cole. . . take me any way you like!"

"Slowly," he told her. "Whatever else, I want to enjoy you slowly... to make it last. Something tells me I have a very special woman on my hands!" He grasped her shoulder gently and ushered her to the bed, easing her down on its edge, then rolling her onto her belly.

He looked at the loveliness of her body as it relaxed into the resilience of the bed. Her hair was flung around her wildly as if wind-blown, and the toasted gold of her buttocks was a satin study in perfection.

Cole knelt and kissed the backs of her thighs, starting at the exciting valleys behind her knees and worked upward slowly. He kissed into the soft creases under her buttocks, then over the satin mounds themselves; his tongue slid down the shadowy crease between them and found the soft, fluttering wrinkles of her asshole.

He tongued hotly into the warm blossom, and she whimpered her joy as the shivers rippled over her skin. The cheeks of her ass twitched, then parted as she lifted up from the bed. The very private wrinkles of her asshole quivered and pouted open for him in an inviting pucker.

"What a gorgeous little winkie!" he exclaimed. He put his tongue into the softness again, pushing firmly but gently into its center.

"Oh, Cole... that's delicious!" she moaned. Her ass rocked gently as she appeared to be fucking herself into the bed.

He tongued her asshole for a while, working her, up from whimpers and soft moans into surprised little squeals. Then he rolled her over onto her back and looked down on the flushed skin of her tits and belly.

Her eyes peered up at him through slitted lids; her mouth was moistly puckered into a circle, and her breathing was heavy. Her tits shimmered like quicksilver as she breathed, the nipples describing tiny circles in the air.

Her magnificent belly was soft to his lips, and he kissed it nibblingly, tonguing into her navel briefly before he moved up to suck her tit. The nipple swelled in his lips; he drew out her tiny store of liquid and moved to the other tit. It yielded more slowly, but gave up more love-milk to his powerful suction.

His lips coursed downward again. He tongued into the downy wonder of her cunt curls, then stopped as he gently grasped her legs and spread her crotch open to its fullest. He nestled his face into the gleaming pink wetness of her gash and breathed in her scent. Its exciting odor made him groan with joy as he breathed it deeply. Then he began to tongue her, using soft, feather-light touches that made her gasp and wiggle.

"Flow, baby!" he cried gently. "Cream for Daddy!" He sucked at the swollen edges of her lips, then fucked her hole with his hot tongue, and she moaned as her ass rocked with excitement.

His cry for honey triggered her mental controls as effectively as she could have done it by concentration. The juice began to ooze and gather, but Cole slurped it up greedily with lips and tongue, his hunger insatiable as the cream continued to ooze over her soft flesh. But he heard her

impatient whimpers, and he abandoned his quest for honey to kiss her clit, lipping it and milking its excited firmness within its soft cloak. He drew it in and out of his lips with a soft sucking that soon had Barbara crying out in little wails of ecstasy.

"Cole. . . darling!" she moaned. "Those tender little sucks!" Her ass was uncontrollable in its twitching and rocking now. He had to steady her in place with his hands on her hips to keep 'on target. But he gave her only a few more sucks before she emitted an animal cry that was almost low enough to be in the bass range.

Her cunt was torn from him as she bucked and reared; then she sank to the bed and lay there shuddering for a long time. When she stirred, Cole rolled her over and pulled her hips up so she became supported on her knees.

He squatted astride her legs and thrust the hard head of his prick into the wet, hairy petals of her cunt. She whimpered at the suddenness of his thrust, but he was gentle as he drove smoothly into her sheath, stopping only when his balls draped into the maw of her gash. He stopped to get a grip on his control, for the sweet slickness and wrinkled claspings of her tunnel had almost done him in.

"Oh-h-h-h . . ." she breathed softly. "Let it lie there a little while, Cole, before you make it go to work. It feels so good in me!"

He was glad of the chance to extend his breathing period, and he leaned over her, planting feathery, nibbling kisses all over her back, as far as he could reach without disturbing their connection.

When he felt a light, fluttering squeeze inside her cunt, he began to fuck into her, feeling the slushy cling of her flesh as he pumped in and out. Barbara was humming joyously, her ass making little tilts to meet his drives.

Then he pulled out of her suddenly, and she whimpered her disappointment. He put the rocky knob of his cock into the soft funnel of her asshole and leaned into her gently. She gasped in surprise, then puckered the fleshy exit for him. He rode in on the slick oil of her cunt, smeared into every pore of his cock, driving halfway up her rectum in one thrust.

"Oh yes, Cole. . . I love that!" she cried. And she puckered for him again, letting him in up to the hilt. Her winkie snugged up around the base of his prick, and he grunted at the tightness. His hands went under her, and he began teasing her cunt with his fingers, stirring up the sloppy froth of her cream and twitting her clit almost steadily.

He made short, careful fucks into her ass, testing to see how well fitted they were. She knew when to relax her asshole and when to let it tighten up, so he began to hump into her bowels in earnest. She was squealing happily now, for she loved the feel of a cock in her asshole, especially if she was getting attention in her cunt at the same time.

"Drive it into me, Daddy!" she cried. "Ooh-h-h! Get your . . . come ready, Cole . . . I'm . . . I'm. . . OH, COLE!"

There was a brief second when she seemed to have opened both doors wide to him. Her asshole almost disappeared, its snugness gone from around his plunging cock. And his fingers almost went into her cunt up to his wrist.

Then she constricted on him as her orgasm grabbed hold. Cole shoved into her asshole as far as he could, then spurted her rectum full of hot semen. Her locking ring of flesh clamped and unclamped on his cock, milking it dry.

She reached back and pulled his fingers out of her cunt as she became supersensitive from the intense climax. Cole eased out of her ass a little at a time as her winkie relaxed in brief spasms.

He took a quick shower while she was recuperating, then lay in the bed and relaxed while she cleaned up. He dozed off, feeling fat and satisfied, and dreamed he had a woman-dairy instead of goats!

When Dean and Grace woke up from their sofa naps, they sat up and looked at each other foolishly, realizing that they were the only ones downstairs. They knew there was a lot of action going on upstairs, and both of them had ideas about starting a little fun of their own. But each had the same startling thought: What could they do that would not seem a little tame, after their wild collaboration earlier with the goats?

"Come on," Dean said, getting to his feet. "Let's get cozy, shall we?" Grace got up and led the way to her bedroom, and they undressed without any preliminaries. They crawled onto the bed and fused their bodies together in a tight embrace. Their lips pressed together wetly, and Dean nibbled gently on Grace's lips, then he pushed his tongue into her mouth and fucked it in and out rapidly.

Grace seized his tongue with a greedy suction, and as he thrust it into her, she would milk it between her tongue and palate. Their hands had been busy all the while; fingers caressed and reached over backs, buttocks and crotches, adding to the stimulation of their kissing.

When they grew too excited, they stopped and just lay in each other's arms, catching their breaths and letting their pulses slow. Dean started sucking one of her tits, nibbling on the spongy button of the coral nipple, then pulling it, to stretch it out from her breast. He rolled it between his teeth, then sucked some more.

Dean had her turn over, to lie on her belly; he tucked a pillow under her at the hip line, raising her ass. Now he began kissing her wetly all over the lower back and buttocks. As he nibbled at the soft satin of her buttocks and trailed his tongue in the crack of her ass, she whimpered her excitement.

His tongue teased the tender folds of flesh around her asshole while he held her cheeks apart with his fingers. Grace was gasping and moaning at the thrills it gave her, and her asshole puckered and unpuckered with the spasms of her reflexes.

Dean frequently would slip the tip of his tongue into her asshole while it was poutingly protruding, letting the reflexive closure tighten on it; then he would wiggle the tip around inside her, and her ass would shudder and jerk at the tingling sensations it caused.

"Dean! Oh God . . . I'm creaming this pillow like mad!" she cried.

He pulled his tongue out of her ass and rolled her over onto her back, realigning the pillow under her ass so the damp spot was beneath her crotch.

Dean stared at the coppery curls of her cunt and the darkening coral flesh of her gash, a moist split-melon lunch oozing its warm honey slowly, as if melting from her inner heat. He leaned over it arid breathed in her heat scent. The stirring femaleness of the delicate, fruity fragrance made him growl lustfully.

He licked into the softness, tasted her juice, then growled again. His lips pressed into her gash and he moved them around over the soupy surface of her vulva like a vacuum cleaner, stealing her dew with steady little sucks that brought gasps and whimpers from her throat.

"Oh, Dean, lover!" she moaned. "Lick it out, Daddy!"

His tongue slithered into her center petals, probed past the quivering entrance of her hot tunnel, and waggled like a vibrator in the soft moistness of her vestibule.

"Ooh-h-h! Dino... that hot, soft little fucker . . . !" Grace's voice was hoarse with passion; her ass rolled on the pillow, the lovely cheeks tightening and relaxing in ecstasy.

He slipped his tongue out of her and stabbed it upward to tap the tip of her clit. She squealed, then whimpered steadily as he continued to twit' the bud with soft little dartings of his tongue that barely touched the target.

Grace's ass was shuddering now, and the surface of her belly rippled with nervous excitement. She gasped, held her breath, then moaned, repeating the process over and over as the thrills built steadily and began to overcome her.

"Dean!" she howled. "Put some . . . little sucks on it! Take it . . . in your lips, lover!"

He sucked the firm little fleshling into his lips and pressed on it, shooting it out like a banana squeezed from its skin. Grace shrieked happily, and he repeated the maneuver over and over until she was crying out in ecstasy, her body jerking and rolling on the bed uncontrollably.

"Oh, baby!" she yelled. "Suck hard! I'm coming!"

Dean surrounded the bud with his lips and gave a powerful suck. Grace screamed as her body arched upward, stiffening rigidly. Dean thrust his tongue into her hole and fucked it in and out swiftly, then he gave a giant suck that flattened the walls of her tunnel.

She screamed again and fell limply to the bed, her body shaking with a series of tremors. Dean quickly moved to squat over her face, and she licked into the crack of his ass, plunging her tongue into the wrinkles of his asshole.

He groaned, and she made fast little fucks into the tightness of his funnel. Then she trailed her tongue under his crotch to his balls, where she took the bag in her lips, sucking at it, drawing one nut at a time into her mouth as she vacuumed the hairy flesh.

Dean was grunting and gasping at the thrills she created, and now his asshole was winking with excitement. Grace licked at the base of his cock, still moaning softly with the happiness of her orgasmic convulsions. She licked up the shaft, then sucked the knob into her lips.

She rolled the swollen gumdrop on her tongue, pressing it to the roof of her mouth. Dean continued to gasp and groan, and she reached up to take him by the hips, tipping him over onto his side. Now he lay there, panting and moaning, while she marinated the tip of his cock in her mouth.

It became too good for him, and he knew he had to make a fast decision. It was so sweetly restful and exciting to just lay there and let her mouth-fuck him, suck his sperm out in willing gushes. But he could let her do that later . . . she could suck him off even when he was too spent to get fully hard.

"No!" he groaned loudly as he pulled away from her sweetly clinging lips. "I want to fuck into that juicy pussy of yours, Grace! Oh, God, how I want to fuck that cunt!"

He hurried into position, crawling into the welcoming vee of her willingly spread thighs and laying

the gigantically swollen tip of his cock in the warm ooze of her gash. She whimpered at the contact, still sensitive from her climax, and he spiraled the knob in the vortex of her cunt, slipping into the quivering, gelatin like lips of her inner mouth.

“Yes!” Grace shrieked. “Oh, fuck it all the way in, Dean!”

He shoved slickly into her sheath. It closed around him in wet, warm claspings as he plowed through to her tunnel’s end. Her gasping and gurgling announced her joy as he began to back off and thrust again.

The outer lips of her cunt splayed around the base of his cock as he drove in all the way again. His balls made a wet squishing sound as they splatted into the drooling lower edges of the lips, then swung beneath to hit her in the ass.

Grace swiveled her hips and pelvis, providing a rotary, screwing movement that counterattacked the deep fucks of Dean’s driving cock. They worked like a machine, timed to perfection, working at maximum efficiency to produce their hot juices.

“Oh, Dean... give me your tongue!” Grace cried as she felt her numerous thrills melting into one gigantic sensation that would soon explode into an orgasm.

He leaned down until their mouths met. Her tongue was greedily licking at his lips as she panted hotly into his mouth. But the moment he thrust out his tongue to her, she sucked it into her lips and continued to suck at it fiercely.

Dean knew it was the symbolism of his cock she sought. She wanted to suck him off and be fucked by him at the same time. And to him, it was equally satisfying. The sweet warmth of her mouth, sucking off his tongue avidly, added another dimension to the thrills of her juicy, hot cunt as it now began to milk him off with its frantic claspings.

He fucked into her depths for the last drive and forced his balls into her. The hot gushes zapped into the limits of her cunt with telling effect. Grace cried out joyfully and went into her finale. As his cock shot its final globs into her cunt, Dean felt her violent jerks begin.

She quaked heavily as her twat convulsed, milking him off until he was painfully drained. He pulled out of her and let her relax peacefully, to shiver through the joy of her afterglow, while he lay back on the pillow to recover. Already, he was looking forward to the moment when she would come after him with her greedy mouth and take from him the last drop of semen he could give her.

And before the smeary wetness on his prick had begun to dry, he felt her warm breath blowing on his crotch. . .

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

Mary Margaret Siebenthaler now realized what a bit of wishful thinking could do to a person. When she had told Dean that she could do without Victor’s cock while his stitches healed, because Dean had released her so beautifully that it would last, she had indulged in a self-delusion common to the inexperienced.

Now that she actually was forced to do without cock for several days, she was ready to climb the walls. She had evaded a direct answer to Phyllis Palmer’s question about the frequency of her

coupling with Victor, because she was embarrassed to admit the extent of her lust.

It was true that Dean had stirred her more deeply with the expert completeness of his treatment than she had ever been stirred by Victor. But she discovered by the third day that no matter how good sex is, the effects do not last. She was as starved for cock as she would have been for food during a fast of the same length.

And it was even more torturing when Dean brought Victor home from the clinic. The cock was right there in the house with her, but she could not take advantage of it. It would be terrible if she let her unbridled lust cause the dog pain-even necessitate sending him back to be restitched!

She could kick herself now for not at least attempting to seduce Dean when he brought the dog home. That had been two days ago, but a hot piece of nuts then would have calmed her down, and she would not have progressed to the state she was in now!

But Dean had been in a hurry; something about taking too much time off on the weekend and getting behind with his work on the farm. She had not had the heart to delay him, even though she had reason to believe he rather liked her in bed.

Now she was almost at her limit; she had examined Victor's foreskin three times today hoping it would look more healed at each examination - and the dog was unhappy, too, her handling of him caused him to get a hard-on, and he would whine as the swelling increased his discomfort.

Finally, when she could stand it no longer, she told Victor to guard the house, got into her pickup, and drove over to the Palmer farm. To her bitter disappointment, there was a note on the back door, telling anyone who called that the Palmers were gone for the day.

Mary Margaret was frantic. She remembered Phyllis telling her about Laddie, and she called for fifteen minutes, hoping the dog would show up. She thought that perhaps she could train Laddie in the emergency - get at least one good fuck out of him.

She finally had to deduce that the Palmers had taken their dog with them, wherever they were gone to, so she got into her pickup with a heavy heart and an itching, creamy cunt, and started for home.

A half-mile down the road, Mary Margaret braked to a halt and wet her lips excitedly as she recalled something else Phyllis had told her. Laddie had a brother . . . what was his name? McDog! Yes, the McDonalds had him!

She sat there as she tried to think up an excuse to borrow McDog for a while. Soon she pulled off the shoulder onto the road and headed for the McDonald farm.

McDog was in the barnyard to greet her as she got out of the pickup. He was a handsome beast, all right; now if she could get the McDonalds to lend him to her. . .

Cole McDonald came out of the house while she was petting McDog and talking to the animal, pleased to see how friendly he was and that he appeared to be quite virile-his red cock peeked out the tip of his sheath, perhaps because he could smell her female heat. .

"Good afternoon, Mary Margaret!" Cole said. "Haven't seen you for ages. How are you?"

"Fine, Cole, thank you. How's Grace?" She had known the couple since the first week they were on their farm, but usually she saw them only at Grange meetings, since she seldom went out after the death of her father.

"She's fine. She's not home today, though; went to the city with the Palmers to do some shopping. Come on in out of the sun, Mary Margaret. I'll pour you a cider or something."

She went inside, wondering if she could find the right moment to make her request. In a way, she was glad Grace was away now; women could see through each other so much more easily. Cole would be unsuspicious and easy to fool; men usually were quicker to be generous with women, too.

She accepted a glass of wine on the rocks, then sat across from Cole. For the first few minutes, the conversation was confined to weather, agriculture in general, and polite queries by Mary Margaret about the success of the goat dairy. Then she grew impatient and changed the subject.

"I was hoping you could do me a favor, Cole," she said. "I went to the Palmers first, but . . . as you know, they're away."

"Of course," he said. "Anything I can do for you will be my pleasure." His normal tendency to be helpful would have been enough to guarantee his sincerity, but he sensed something different in his guest. . . she was not like the Mary Margaret he had seen at Grange meetings. For one thing, she was not dressed in her usual drab, formless clothing; she had on a dress that actually made her look rather desirable-and years younger. Perhaps her appearance was helped, too, by the makeup first he had ever seen her wear!

"Dean took my dog, Victor, to the vet for surgery," she said. "And I really need a dog in the house. . . living alone and all . . . and I'd hoped I could borrow Laddie for a few days, just until Victor is well enough to carry on. Is there a chance that . . . maybe you could spare McDog for a day or so?"

Cole had fast reflexes, or he would not have been able to cover his initial reaction to her first statement. Dean had mentioned the sex dog he took to George's clinic, but not the owner's name. Now Cole knew who it had to be! He also knew her real reason for asking to borrow McDog. Yes, she certainly must feel that she needed a "dog in the house" after the fun Victor gave her!

His first impulse was to let her borrow McDog, at least for overnight. If she could get him to cooperate, more power to her. And McDog might enjoy the change of pace; he had been chasing around a lot lately to find enough tail-bitches in heat weren't too plentiful in the area.

But the more he studied her, the more he thought he might be able to do better for Mary Margaret than she had asked. And it would give him some fun, too!

"If Grace says it's all right, I'm agreeable," he told her. "McDog really belongs to her." He saw the disappointment in her face and hurried to relieve it.

"I have a better idea, though," he told her. "Why not stay here with us until Victor's well enough to get back on the job? I know Grace would be tickled to have you; she sees too few women as it is, confined here on a busy dairy farm. And I'm always pleased to have another, beautiful woman around!"

Mary Margaret protested, explaining that she had to be with Victor to take care of him. Cole waived that argument aside.

"Victor can stay here; I've yet to see the dog that our McDog can't make friends with."

She thought about it. It wasn't the way she had planned it, but the invitation voided her excuses and left her no out. But it seemed that she ought to be able to get at McDog somewhere on the big McDonald farm-there were plenty of outbuildings...



"Or maybe Grace would lend me quicker than she would McDog," Cole teased when she hesitated to accept the invitation. "I'm not as handsome as Victor, maybe, but I could bite if anyone tried to break in your house."

She looked at him sharply when he used the Word "handsome". She was sure that Dean would not betray a confidence. But yet, there was something in Cole's eyes. . . She gulped down her wine and Cole rose, taking her glass out to the kitchen and refilling it. When he brought it back, she looked at him shyly.

"Cole McDonald, if I didn't know you had a beautiful wife, I'd think you were making a pass - flattering me, inviting me to stay here, offering to, stay at my place. . . even trying to get me drunk, perhaps?" She smiled as if she had turned the tables on him, teasing him more successfully than he had teased her.

"The day I stop, making passes at beautiful, desirable women, Mary Margaret, will be the day they throw the dirt in on me. And Grace is not only beautiful ... she's broadminded... modern, I think they call it." Cole moved to sit beside her as he finished speaking, but made no attempt to touch her; he sipped his wine and looked into her startled eyes.

"You . . . you're modern . . . sort of like . . . the Palmers?" she asked, using the only reference she knew.

"Very much like the Palmers," he admitted, wondering how much she knew about Dean and Phyllis.

"Then . . . you were... making a pass." Her tone was uncertain, but it was not a question. She wet her lips nervously, and Cole saw that they were very nice lips-ripenly full and moistly pouting. Her tits were jiggling under her dress with the rise and fall of her heavy breathing. "I . . . I don't . . . oh, Cole! I'm so desperate!" She was trembling, and Cole set down his wine and took her in his arms.

Her mouth darted up to meet his as if her head had been released from a spring. He kissed her hotly, thrusting his tongue into her mouth and tasting her as his hands began to caress her shoulders and back.

She sucked at his tongue greedily; her hands went to his lap and fumbled at the opening of his fly, announcing the frank surrender of all her modesty as her need became too great to be ignored.

Cole's hands unfastened the back of her dress and slid it off her shoulders as she got her hand inside his pants. 'He unhooked her bra, then made her sit back as he peeled the dress and bra straps off her shoulders and arms.

She stood up and shed the garments as Cole stripped himself for action. When she had removed her panties, he stared at the dark bush of her crotch, admired the perfection of her legs, thighs, and rounded belly, and the gorgeous fullness of her firm tits.

"You're absolutely lovely!" he said hoarsely as he took her in his arms again. She felt the hardened shaft of his cock press into her lower belly and gasped, then she whimpered as her need grew greater with the contact.

He knew she was impatient, so he eased her onto the sofa, then lifted one of her legs, and placed her heel on the back of the sofa. Her other leg was stretched out, her heel resting on the carpet.

Cole knelt and kissed the wetness of her oozing bush, sucked at the swelling lips of her gash, then licked into the warm, red furrow with an excited hunger. Her sweet, musky scent was a warm vapor

rising to fill his nostrils as he tasted her juice.

"Oh-h-h! Cole!" she moaned, her legs trembling and her ass beginning to rock gently on the sofa cushion. "I'm sopping wet!"

"I know," he said joyfully, lifting his face from her excitingly steamy twat. "Your cunt's a delicious pot of honey!"

He licked her again, slurping up the dew, then he thrust the tip of his tongue into her hole deeply and began to fuck her with rapid little strokes.

"Oh, Cole . . . that's wonderful!" she cried. Her hands covered his head and her fingers ran through his hair and caressed his ears as she pulled his mouth into her snatch, eager to get his tongue as far inside her as possible.

He sucked powerfully at the hot entrance of her cave, and she let go of his head to grab her tits and squeeze them while she gave out a squeal of ecstasy. Cole slipped his lips over the warm bud of her clit and darted his tongue at it in rapid feather-light contacts. She whimpered joyfully and wiggled her ass as he kept up the teasing for several seconds.

Cole sucked at the fleshy bud, drawing it out of its cloak and into his lips, then he let it go. She gasped loudly, and he did it again, then again, repeating it as she began to moan and wiggle with an unbearable pleasure.

"My thing!" she cried loudly. "Oh, Cole. . . the way you're, . . sucking my thing!"

He felt her body tensing, and he knew that she was ready to come, so he left the bud and sucked again at the wet hole of her tunnel, gathering the last of her honey. Then he clamped onto her clit once more and sucked at it powerfully.

"Argh-h-h-h!" Her throaty scream, as she started to come, was a sound that rattled the windows. Her body leaped as if it had received a jolt of electricity, and she arched her back tautly for a second, then she fell back and shuddered several times, moaning and gasping as her orgasm ran its course.

Cole gave her a good three minutes, his cock throbbing every second of waiting, and then he grabbed his stiff whang and leaned into her crotch, guiding it into the sloppy maw of her twitching cunt. Her spasming flesh closed around the throbbing knob, and she jerked as she gasped at the contact.

Then he thrust into her body, fucking into the slippery clutchings of her convulsing tunnel, soaking his prick in her sheath for several seconds, enjoying the hot, quivering wetness of her grasp on him.

"Beautiful!" she moaned. "Oh, what a ... beautiful cock! It feels so. . . good inside me!" Her ass began to move, reaching up as her cunt gulped at him, milked his prick in liquid claspings that had him groaning his excitement steadily.

He fucked back into her, thrusting hard to bury himself in her juiciness, relishing the feel of her quivering slickness as greatly as he had relished its taste.

They flew at it, fucking at each other desperately, tightly, crying out as the thrills multiplied in their guts, feeling the juices ooze out around their plunging connection.

The hairy lips of her cunt clung to his shaft as it slid out of her, then puckered inward as he drove

heatedly toward the end limit of her tunnel.

"Cole!" she cried. "Do it in me! Oh, do lots of it! I'm . . . oh, Cole! DO IT!"

She began to shudder, gently at first, then in jerking waves as her orgasm was really launched. Cole jerked his ass tightly, hammering his cock into her depths, then he spewed heavily, hearing her sobs as each splash hit her tunnel's end.

Her spasms slowly faded until she was able to breathe without gasping. Her eyes fluttered open to look into Cole's face, and he smiled warmly at her, then he pulled his cock out of her slowly.

"You must think I'm awful!" she said. "But I couldn't help yelling like that. I was so... it's been so long. . ."

"Don't let it worry you," he told her. "Sex is at its best when you let your partner know what you want and when you want it. And never apologize for doing what comes naturally. That's the reason people have hangups; they worry about opinions. Hell, we all have our pet sexual interests." Margaret caught his slight emphasis of the word "pet".

"You know what I wanted McDog for. . . don't you?"

"I, guessed. So what's wrong with that? Anything that's fun and doesn't hurt anyone or anything else can be only good; it's the sick meddlers-people who have to pull everyone down to their own level of limitations-that make trouble. On this farm, we do what we want to about sex. Are you sure you wouldn't like to stay with us for a while?"

Cole grinned at her confidently, and she had to laugh as she, gave him an affirmative nod. Then she got serious again.

"Could I... do something I want to . . . right now . . . ?"

"Of course," he told her. He had a premonition that she was about to call McDog and try her luck with him. He couldn't blame her for that; she'd been hard up for several days and, after all, she was sort of hung up on fucking dogs.

"I've never tried it," she said. "But all of a sudden, I'm anxious to see what it's like." She got up and put her hands on his thighs, then dipped her head into his lap and seized the tip of his smeary cock in her lips.

Cole groaned as she sucked at it, ran her tongue around the tender coronal ridge, then sucked again. She let it fall from her lips, made smacking sounds with her tongue and palate, then got a bright glow in her eyes.

"Oh, Cole!" she said in a voice full of wonder. "I've read about it . . . could I try it . . . with you? Suck you all the way, I mean?" She blushed beautifully.

"Be my very welcome guest!" he told her. "But since it is your first time, let me give you a couple of pointers. Try not to touch it with your bare teeth; take it slow until you get used to It - don't try to get it all in your throat at once - and be ready for some fast swallowing, so you won't choke."

She wasted no time even in answering; she nodded quickly and swooped down on his cock with her mouth. This time she licked at the shaft and his balls, seeking more of the semen flavor she had found on his knob. When she had him clean, she took the head in her lips once more.

"Oh, baby!" Cole groaned ecstatically. "Your mouth is really sweet... so wet and warm and soft . . . like "oiled silk!"

Mary Margaret slowly nodded her head, taking in a little more of him at each stroke until finally she had his knob pushing at the back of her throat.

Having gotten her throat and palate used to the feel of the intruding glans, she grew bolder, nodding faster and faster as she went on.

"Great, baby!" he told her. "Just wonderful! But now you should start to build up some suction . . . seal your sweet lips around it . . . that's it, honey! Oh God! That's fantastic! Now ... stroke . . . suck . . . stroke . . . suck . . . oh, Mary Margaret! I do love the way you eat my cock, little darling! Oh Jesus! Let me reach down and get your tits in my hands. . . oh suck, baby! Uncle Cole's got a hot meal for you!"

She was frantically greedy now, sucking as if she could get the flavor of what was coming soon. Her hands worked at his thighs, kneading the flesh, just as his hands kneaded her tits while he squeezed the nipples between his fingers. She was moaning nasally, as if she were about to come.

"Oh-h-h, suck, little sweetheart!" he groaned, feeling the heat of his fluid as it gurgled in his groin, prostate and balls. "It's on the way, doll baby! Oh, suck it off, honey! Drink it up! Oh, Mary Margaret! SU-UH-UH-UCK!"

He erupted powerfully. His semen spurted into her throat in gushing gobs. She swallowed desperately, almost choked once, but managed to keep up with the tremendous flow he was giving her.

Then he was through squirting, and she was sucking, sucking, sucking at the throbbing head as she moaned into a wild climax of her own. Cole finally had to take her head in his hands and lift it off the ecstatically pulsing ache that was his spent cock.

She grabbed him, pulled his head down to hers, then put her wet lips to his. She sucked at his mouth, and he gave her his tongue; she pulled greedily, making hot, gasping little sucks that drew at his tongue powerfully.

Then her biggest orgasmic convulsions were over, and she got a little control over herself. Their mouths parted, and Cole tasted the odd flavor of his come. He patted her head and smiled warmly at her.

"Mary Margaret... if you don't accept my invitation, I'll be tempted to kidnap you. God, but you're really something else. I hate to think of you wasting all of your sexy beauty and talents on just Victor. Now, if you stay here, I could teach you a few things Victor might not know. And then there's Randy, of course."

"Randy?" She was intrigued at hearing a name that she secretly associated with sex; she always told Victor he was randy when he nosed into her crotch to tell her he wanted to fuck.

"I'll introduce you to him. Go on into the bathroom there and freshen up before you put on your clothes-although you don't need anything but your dress to go outside if you intend to stay. There's a douche thing just inside the top drawer in there. Come on, little sweetheart; then I can take you out and introduce you to Randy."

Thirty-five minutes later he led her up to the gate of the stud goat's pen, opened it, then ushered her

inside. Her nostrils were dilated as widely as Randy's were; she sniffed his musky odor into her lungs, then gripped the top rail of the pen as she swayed on her feet.

Randy had caught the faint odor of fresh woman-heat on her, and his red goat cock was sliding out, exhibiting slightly more meat than she had accommodated to date.

"You mean . . . he can . . . you have him trained to. . ." Her eyes were smoky bright with rekindled desire.

"He didn't need training; just restraining. And we have a rig that keeps him under control. All you have to do is get up the nerve to risk that big cock and..."

"How many days did you say you wanted me to stay with you?" she asked.

Meanwhile, back at the Palmer farm, the Lamberts and the Palmers, after having left a note on the door to the effect that Dean and Phyllis were away, were about to conduct another experiment in animal husbandry. Having no goats at hand, Dean and George had thought up the novel idea of breaking the Palmers' pet pig, Bessie, in to the joys of sex with humans.

George, Dorothy and Phyllis were waiting expectantly in the barn, Phyllis proudly showing the Lamberts how tame Bessie was.

"This will be her first time," Phyllis said. "We've never mated her, we've always thought of her more as a pet than anything else."

"Well, she certainly does look friendly," George said, stroking the pig's flank. "But just how friendly, we've yet to find out."

"We're about to, though," Dot said. "Here comes Dean with the bait."

Dean came into the barn with a jar of honey in his hand. He grinned broadly.

"Hello, Bessie!" he said, bending down to pat the pig on its head. The shoveled nose lifted and George could swear the pig grinned. It sniffed at the honey and wagged its tail.

Phyllis was lying on her back, her eyes terribly hot. She let George spread her thighs apart while Dean approached with the jar of honey.

"Hand me one of those blankets, Dot," George said. He was looking down into Phyllis' open cunt, fingering the curls at her lips, tugging the puffy tissues apart gently.

Dot brought the blanket over and at George's instructions stuffed it under Phyllis' buttocks. Her hips lifted high into the air, and her pelvis rocked back. Dean bent over with the jar of honey and tipped it while George held her cunt open with his fingers. Phyllis' legs were spread wide apart, and she made little moaning sounds of heat.

"000hh, that tickles!" she cried as the sticky, thick honey began to flow over the lip of the jar into her receiving hole.

Bessie pranced around and around and they had to keep pushing her away as they poured the honey into Phyllis' cunt.

"God, what a hole!" Dot giggled as more and more went inside.

"Ohhh, I feel like I'm getting flooded with an elephant's load of sperm!" Phyllis cried. She tipped her hips backward to drink as much of it into her body as she could.

"Hey, it's full!" George said.

Dean stopped pouring. The well of Phyllis' pussy was overflowing. George squeezed the lips of her cunt together to trap and hold the volume of honey inside her upturned cunt. A thick stream of it oozed and ran down the edges of her lips. George bent and licked at it with his tongue, making Phyllis' hips buck dangerously.

"Ohhh," she moaned. "Where's Bessie?" "Coming right up!" Dean said.

George took his fingers away from Phyllis' pussy. The lips separated, and honey oozed out and dribbled down the crack of her ass, puddling on the floor. The pig smelled it and started licking with her long tongue making terribly happy sounds as she did.

"Oh!" Phyl cried. "Oh God, Dean!" Her hips bucked up and her buttocks flapped together. The pig's tongue lashed out again and again, licking the lips of her cunt. "Oh God, darling - it's wonderful!"

Dean's cock lifted thickly. He couldn't help himself. He watched his wife toss and writhe under the tonguing of the pig as it went after the honey.

The porcine cuntlapper rooted and sniffed and blew into the bubbling lips of her twat. The long tongue snaked out and sank far into the well of her vagina. Bessie pawed the floor and dug hard after more of the sweet honey, and her tail went around and around.

"Okay, George," Dean said, edging him over behind the pig. "She's all yours, buddy!" George looked at the dark lips of the pig's cunt. The tail was lifted high, begging to get fucked. He looked over the solid body and saw Phyllis rolling and squealing and twisting around on the blanket, clutching at the pig's head, shoving her pussy up into Bessie's snout, yelling and giggling with hysterical sounds. Her belly rippled and she gurgled out an orgasm. The pig didn't stop. It kept eating at her pussy, licking and licking, fucking the inside of her cunt with its long tongue. Honey sprayed over Phyllis' thighs and crotch as the pig snorted and blew happily.

"Fuck it, George!" Dot urged him hotly.

She took his hips in her hands and guided them closer to Bessie's weaving rear. Then she gripped his prick and placed it against the puffy lips of Bessie's cunt. She put her hands on his butt and pushed.

"Ahhh!" George gasped.

His prick sank into the pig's tight hole. Bessie squealed and lifted her head. Phyllis cried out passionately. "Don't let her quit!" Her fingers fumbled at her crotch, working over her cunt, trying to make herself come again.

"God, it's tight!" George cried. "Open wide, Phyl, and I'll ram the whole pig up your cunt!"

"Do it, George, do it!" she cried, twisting up her laughing, crying face to come again.

George tried. He pounded his hips into the pig's ass, feeling Bessie squeeze and weave her butt around.

Phyllis squealed at the same time George did. A shudder tore through her body and made honey squirt out of her hole. The pig grunted and licked furiously, squeezing its tight cunt around George's cock at the same time. Its haunches rippled as it came hard and sucked the tremendous charge of sperm up his tube. He spurted and hosed into the pig's cunt and spilled out around the stuffing root of his cock.

"Now get away, George, it's my turn!" Dot cried.

She pulled and tugged at George's hips. His prick seemed to be stuck inside Bessie's body. The pig squealed and hunched and licked and licked.

He nearly tumbled over backward when the pig let go. Dot scrambled over him and gripped Bessie's flanks firmly in her hands. Then she made a sound in the back of her throat and watched the honey-sweet semen bubbling out of the inflamed hole. She dipped forward like a hawk and glued her mouth to Bessie's piggy cunt and sucked and sucked. George saw her throat working as she drank up the mixture of sperm and pig-come.

He sat down heavily and propped himself -against the wall, taking in the wild scene being enacted before his eyes. Phyllis was still writhing uncontrollably on the floor as Bessie tried to get more honey out of her overworked cunt, and Dot was sucking for all she was worth at the pig's sperm-filled hole. Dean was on his knees behind Dot, spreading the cheeks of her gyrating ass as he prepared to fuck her from behind. All in all, the tableau was a startling one, even to a man who had, in the past week, not only fucked three different women, but a goat and a pig, to boot.

George shook his head wearily, even as he felt the beginning signs of life stirring in his rapidly recovering cock. He couldn't help but wonder what he and the Palmers, McDonalds and Gateses would come up with next, but he was pretty sure whatever it was, it would never match this.

On the other hand, George Lambert had no way of knowing that at that very moment, over at the McDonald farm, Miss Mary Margaret Siebenthaler, the town gossip, was happily sucking for all she was worth on Cole McDonald's stud goat's cock.

**THE END**