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HOT FOR THE RAM

by David Crane



CENTAUR SERIES

CHAPTER ONE

When Sarah's father caught her fucking the dogs, he was amazed.

Sarah was home from college on vacation. She was the first of the family to go on to higher education, and her father had been understandably proud of her. He was a blue-collar worker, and kept a pack of black-and-tan hunting dogs in a kennel behind the house. It was Sarah's first night home from school, and he thought she had gone to visit some of her high school friends. But then he heard the hounds yelping and whimpering in the back. Thinking there might be a prowler in the yard, he hurried out to investigate. It was quite a shock for the man when he found his daughter in the kennel, on her hands and knees, with a burly black-and-tan hound mounted on her haunches and fucking her.

She didn't notice him and he was too shocked to say anything.

He saw that one hound had already had a fuck and was curled up, exhausted, in a corner of the kennel. The rest of the pack was eagerly waiting to mount the girl, their pricks hammering under their bellies.

The dog trembled and shot his wad.

He dismounted gingerly.

It's a good thing they didn't get stuck, the man thought, for he would have hated to have to pour a bucket of cold water on his daughter.

Another dog jumped up and began to hump, driving his fat, hairy cock in and out of her cunt vigorously.

Sarah's head was turning from side to side, and she was smiling, obviously enjoying the dog's prick. Then she saw her daddy.

They stared at each other for a moment, and the man figured that he had better say something.

"Is that what they teach you in college?" he asked.

She grinned sheepishly.

"Yeah," she said. "They teach us to be kind to animals."

Later, on the well-founded principle that incest was no more wicked than bestiality, Sarah's daddy went into the kennel, kicked a couple dogs out of the way, and fucked his daughter, himself.

So it all worked out all right in the end.

He was sorry when she had to go back to college...

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## CHAPTER TWO

Frank Weathers was hitchhiking home from a very frustrating afternoon, and he had a hard-on. Frank, a teenager, had been invited to his girlfriend's home while her parents were out. Under the circumstances, he had assumed that he was going to get to fool around with her—and the girl had

even implied as much when she had asked him over, stressing the fact that they would be unchaperoned. But it hadn't turned out that way.

Maybe the girl was a cock-teaser, or maybe she had intended to fool around but had gotten cold feet. No matter, the result was the same, and poor Frank, desperate, was looking forward to getting to the privacy of his own bedroom where he could jack off and relieve the terrible pressure on his bloated cock and balls.

They had sat down beside each other on the lounge, and she had allowed him to put his arm around her shoulders. But as soon as he began to inch his hand down onto the slope of her plump tit, she had stopped him. He had been allowed to kiss her, but she would not part her lips so he could push his tongue into her mouth for a French kiss. He had become so disheartened, disillusioned and disappointed, that he hadn't even tried to get a feel of her cunt.

Damned prude, he thought.

He hoped that at least, she was going to have to finger-fuck herself now, sharing the frustration that she had caused him. Frank stood beside the road, one hand jammed down into his pocket in an attempt to conceal his burgeoning erection, the other out, with his thumb hooked up hopefully. There wasn't much traffic on this road. Several cars had passed him by. The girl lived out near the college campus, and there was no industry or commerce there, so it was starting to look as if he might be in for a long walk. He just had to get himself a car, he was thinking. If he had a car, he might not be a virgin. How could a guy get fucked if he didn't have a car? You had to get a girl at a drive-in movie or a lover's lane in order to get her to drop her panties and spread her legs and, devoid of transport, a guy just had to go without.

His prick was beating like a drum in his jeans.

Another car came up, traveling fast. It was a bright-yellow convertible, and there were three girls in it, their hair whipping around in the wind. They were all pretty and young, the laughing, devil-may-care type. Probably, he thought, rich. He guessed they must be college girls. The car flashed past him without slowing down, although one of the girls turned and looked at him.

Damned snooty, snotty college girls he thought, bitterly. Frank was not going to college. He could not afford it, and anyhow, he was not intelligent enough. His ambition was to be a garage attendant and to get steady pussy-but not in that order.

He walked on.

A few minutes later, he saw the bright yellow convertible returning in the other direction.

Again, it flashed past.

But this time, young Frank was granted an amazing sight. One of the girls had removed her panties and lifted her skirt, and as the car shot past, she had stuck her bare ass out at him! Frank gaped in confusion. The car roared on, and he could hear the tinkling, amused laughter of the three girls as they looked back at his discomfiture.

Frank felt very bitter.

Imagine mooning a guy!

Just like those rich college girls. Tramps, the lot of them, except they wouldn't put out for just

anybody. They saved their precious pussies for college boys in cashmere sweaters and football players and probably, if they needed to raise the in grades, the odd professor. But that didn't stop the bitches from taunting a horny guy with a quick flash of a nice bare ass!

His cock was more desperate than ever now, for that ass had been inspirational as well as shocking, and he could just imagine it wriggling around when the girl had a cuntful of prick.

Frank walked on, hobbled by his erection, disgusted with his virginal condition and wishing he would get a lift so that he could get home and empty his balls by hand.

He was afraid that he might come in his jeans.

Then the convertible came roaring up yet again.

Frank scowled savagely, loathing those bitches for making a mockery of his plight.

But this time, the car braked and halted beside him.

"Want a ride?" asked the girl who had mooned him.

Frank could hardly believe it. He was sure that as soon as he said yes, they would make some rude suggestion and drive off again, leaving him standing there with their laughter rushing back at him. He hesitated, blinking. All three of them were really gorgeous girls, he saw. One was blonde, one was a redhead and the other, the one who had mooned him, had black hair. The contrast in their coloring seemed to set off and emphasize their beauty. They complemented one another, and each was all the more attractive for the competition.

"Well?" she said impatiently.

"Yeah," he mumbled.

All three girls laughed.

"Which one of us do you want to ride, then?" asked the redhead, giving him a sultry look.

Frank sighed and started to walk on. They had had their little joke, just as he had figured.

But the car slowly pulled up beside him again.

"No fooling," the blonde said. "Get in."

Frank was amazed. He walked over to the car, and the redhead opened the door. He got into the back with the dark-haired mooner, half expecting the car to roar off when he was half in and half out-or to suddenly vanish like a mirage.

But then he was in.

The blonde, who was driving, looked over the back of the seat and gave him an appraising look. Then she drove off. Frank sat stiffly, his hands clasped on his lap, hiding his hard-on. He had never been in a car with three girls before. Just the proximity of so much tit and cunt was making him tremble.

"I'm Maisy," said the mooner.

"I'm Frank," he muttered.

"That's Jeannie, with the red hair."

Jeannie gave him that sultry look.

Maisy giggled and said: "She's a real redhead, too."

Frank didn't understand and looked puzzled.

"The hair on her cunt is red, I mean," said Maisy.

Frank gulped and blushed. Now he felt certain that he was in the hands of dreaded cock-teasers.

"She'll show you, if you don't believe it," Maisy chirped.

"You're embarrassing the poor guy," Jeannie said.

Maisy shrugged. "That's Sarah, driving."

Trying to hide his feelings, Frank said: "Nice car."

"Oh, we're nice girls," Sarah said.

"And we like nice things," said Jeannie.

"Such as nice young boys with nice big pricks!" said saucy Maisy, and Frank began to feel faint as so much blood rushed into his cock that he was becoming lightheaded.

It was just his rotten luck to find himself the plaything of college cock-teasers.

Unless- No, after his bitter disappointment earlier that day, he did not dare to hope that something might come out of this situation. He knew nothing about college girls and less than nothing about sororities.

But these three young ladies were members of Kappa Theta Alpha, a sisterhood rather notorious on campus and, although they might do many things to pricks-they seldom simply teased him.

Sarah turned the car-too fast-so that it rolled and lurched before it straightened-off the road.

Frank started to protest that he was not going in that direction, but then he figured he had better keep his mouth shut, just in case. They were heading up a dirt road now, bordered by heavy woods on both sides, and it seemed most unlikely that the girls had been going up there for any reason themselves, unless-well, he still dare not hope, but he was in a car with three girls on a lonely road, and that hope just had to be lurking there under the surface of his awareness.

Maisy put her hand on his leg.

Looking down, she giggled.

"Why, he has a hard-on!" she exclaimed.

"That's handy," said redheaded Jeannie.

Frank gulped, sweating and blushing and squirming as Maisy's hand moved up and down his leg.

"I sure hope you girls ain't cock-teasers," he croaked.

They all laughed merrily.

Frank lowered his head. Maisy's panties were on the floor of the car, where she had dropped them when she prepared to moon him, and as he looked at them, he saw that the crotchband was damp.

Maybe, just maybe, he was gonna get lucky, after all...

Sarah pulled the convertible onto a narrow track that led up behind a farmer's field. She halted under overhanging trees and cut the ignition. Frank was breathing hard now, and in the sudden silence, he sounded like a steam engine. The girls were all staring at him and they were not laughing now; they looked serious. Maisy was still rubbing his thigh, although she had not moved up as high as his groin.

"Know what we're going to do to you?" she asked.

Frank found that he was unable to speak. His vocal cords seemed as stiff as his cock. He shook his head.

"We're going to blow you," Maisy said.

Frank gulped.

"We're kinky that way," said Sarah, and the pink tip of her tongue slipped across her lips. "We like to pick up horny young men and suck them off-and swallow it!"

"We take turns," Jeannie added.

Frank's cock was threatening to tear right through his jeans, throbbing violently, and his balls were like over-inflated balloons on the point of bursting. If this was a horrible game, some cruel trick, he was going to have to jack himself off even if it meant doing it right in front of the girls, even if he had to give them the satisfaction of seeing how greatly they had aroused him. He hated the idea. He knew that if it came to that, they would laugh at him, mock him, scorn him-but anything was better than enduring the agony of an unemptied cock and balls.

But his fears were groundless.

Maisy's hand slid up now, and she cupped his crotch.

"Ohhh! He's big!" she purred.

Frank's vision blurred and he groaned.

"Take it out, Maisy," Sarah urged.

Maisy began to unzip his fly.

She drew the zipper down a couple of inches, then pulled it back up, but she didn't pull it back up as far as it had gone down, and repeating this process, she slowly worked his fly open. Out of the gap, his cock came pushing, untouched, rising by its own efforts. He wore white cotton shorts, and his cock was stretching them out.

Maisy giggled, but her eyes were not laughing, for the sight thrilled her as well as amused her. His prick was haunting her, its need so obvious that it was instilling an equal need in her-and in the two other horny college girls.



A dark, damp patch was spreading out over the tip of his dripping cock as precum oozed out.

Maisy hooked her fingers under the elastic and pulled his shorts out wide, lowering them around his cock and balls. She tucked the band under his bloated balls so that his sex tackle was completely exposed. His prick stood up like a lighthouse, the purple tip glowing as if to warn of the rocky shoals that lurked below. Gum bubbled out and trickled down the head, running down the stalk in creamy ribbons.

“Ummm-yummy,” Sarah sighed.

“His prick looks delicious,” said Jeannie.

Maisy was unbuckling his belt and unsnapping his waistband. She tugged his jeans down. Frank arched up so she could drag them past his hips, and she hauled them down his legs and then drew them from his feet so that he was bared below the waist except for his shorts which, tucked under his balls, the elastic stretched, looked like a slingshot loaded with cockmeat, ready to launch that formidable, meaty missile.

Frank waited, helpless and hopeful.

No one had touched his cock yet.

“We’d better get out of the car,” Sarah said. “It’ll be more comfortable on a blanket.” The girls clambered out. Frank followed his prick swinging around like a punch-drunk boxer trying to connect against an elusive opponent. He stood beside the car, weak-kneed, his head spinning. Sarah opened the trunk and got a blanket out. She spread it on the ground beside the car. When she gestured, Frank staggered over and knelt on it. Then he lay down on his back with his prick towering above his loins.

The girls removed their blouses.

None of them wore bras, and all of them had large, juicy tits with big taut nipples.

Grinning in anticipation, these lewd sorority sisters sank onto the blanket, one on either side of the youth, and Maisy curling up between his widespread thighs.

They leaned over him from three sides.

Their tits hung down like ripe fruit, ready to be plucked from the vine, bobbing saucily, nipples stiff and swollen. Their excited faces were hovering just above the head of his towering prick, and they were all licking their lips. But still, no one had touched him. If this was cock-teasing, it was a masterpiece of that cruel art, he thought.

But, although it was a game to the girls, that game was not cock-teasing. They had worked out a routine that they used on young men that they picked up—a contest that they enjoyed.

“Shall I start?” Maisy asked.

“Okay—but just one slurp, right?” Sarah said.

Maisy nodded. She knew the rules. She put her hands behind her back so that she was not tempted to cheat by adding manual stimulation to the oral. She leaned down from the waist as if she were bobbing for apples in a barrel.

She took the head of his cock into her mouth.

Her lips clamped on it, and she went all the way down, feeding his prick right back into her gullet. Then she slowly rose up, her lips dragging and pulling and sucking.

Coming off his cock, she sat back on her heels, licking her lips and purring happily.

“His cock’s really delicious,” she announced. Jeannie assumed the same posture and bent down. She, too, took the full length of his cock into her mouth, her nose brushing in his wiry pubic hair and her chin rubbing on his balls. Then she slurped back up his prick, her tongue laving the underside of the shaft and knob as her lips sucked up to the flaring crown.

She gave his cock only the one slurp. Then she sat back.

Sarah went down on him in turn, fed every inch of his prick into her mouth and gullet, and then disengaged.

As Sarah sat back, Maisy took another mouthful.

Frank began to understand the rules of the game.

Each girl would take turns giving him one oral stroke, and one only, alternating until he had ejaculated with the winner of his bizarre contest being the lucky one who got his cum in her mouth! His cock was just an implement of this contest, like a piece of sporting equipment in a game, and his jism was the prize.

Frank thought it a delightful game.

It took a lot longer than he would have supposed. He had been hot and horny and he figured he would have to come almost as soon as a girl started sucking his cock. But in this rotation-suck, his cock had a chance to cool down a little each time the girls switched, nor could they get into the steady rhythm that would have brought him off quickly. But as much as he wanted to blow his wad, he was enjoying having his prick taken into those three eager mouths so much that he didn’t at all mind waiting for his orgasm. He lay back, enjoying it, looking down so that he could watch his fat cock slip into one mouth after the other, watch their sexy lips unpeel as they sucked upwards and seeing their hot, nimble tongues laving and washing his bloated, purple cock-knob.

And he could tell that the three lewd college girls were enjoying the game as much as he was. They were purring like cats at a saucer of cream, sighing and drooling over his prick. His cock came out of a mouth, soaked with saliva, steaming as the spit evaporated. Thick drops of spunk oozed from the parted cleft, and the girls took turns tonguing those tasty nuggets of scum from his cockhead. Frank was as curious as the girls were about which of them would receive his creamy geyser.

He clasped his hands behind his head, stretching out comfortably. His hips moved as he began to fuck up into each of those eager mouths as they descended onto his fucker. His prick was flowing more steadily now as the long build-up reached towards the crest. The girls, realizing that the end was in sight, were alternating more quickly now, their heads flying up and down frantically as they took their suck in turn. The taste of his pre-cum was making them all ravenous for the thicker load that was soon to be granted to one of them.

Frank groaned.

His balls felt as if they were going to explode, and his cock was like a stick of dynamite. The rod was

so stiff that it was humming like a tuning fork, vibrating like a bowstring. Lips pulled and dragged, tongues lashed and laved, big tits swung over him as the girls kept up the rotation, bobbing up and down.

He cried out as the thrill burst in his balls.

Maisy got the first spurt.

She had just slipped her lips around the head of his cock when it shot a thick geyser into her throat. His cum gushed out under such built up pressure, that he blew her head right off his cock. She rocked back, jism overflowing her parted lips. He saw her throat work as she quickly swallowed a mouthful of the slimy stuff.

Jeannie, who was next in line, went down on his cock in time to take his second spurt into her mouth and throat. Her lips slipped all the way down to the root of his prick and then pulled back up, sucking through every inch as she milked the hot jism out of his balls.

Then Sarah mouthed his prick and was rewarded by his third thick jet of fuck juice.

And still, Frank was not drained.

As Sarah drew her cum-coated lips away from his cockhead, a fourth spurt shot out, rising in a silver mist. Maisy had just finished swallowing the first mouthful, and when she saw that jet burst out, she gave a little squeal of joy and leaned down, her mouth open, snatching the creamy wad out of the air with her tongue. Frank was thrashing about like a fish out of water, his body out of control as his very life force focused in his cock and balls. Jeannie drank another load, and then Sarah returned for her second mouthful of hot jism before, at last, his balls were empty.

Whimpering, Frank stopped squirming, a contented smile on his face. The three cum-drinkers sat back, lips glistening with spunk, tongues slathered with the stuff. He had fed them so much fuck juice that, although they'd swallowed it with hearty appetites, there was still plenty of the stuff left in their mouths.

Maisy leaned over and kissed Sarah on the lips, and Frank was thrilled to see them swapping tongues, his own jism running back and forth between their mouths. Their tits rubbed together. Then Jeannie leaned in, and her tongue pushed out to lick at the other girls' lips. Frank was amazed to see them kissing each other and rubbing their tits together this way. If he had not known better, he would have thought they were lesbians. But lesbians, he felt sure, did not suck cocks.

Frank didn't know much about girls, and he knew virtually nothing about lesbians. He watched in fascination.

It was all very strange.

But the whole episode had been unbelievably strange-strange and mysterious and absolutely wonderful.

Frank had never had a blowjob before, and now, he had had one-or three-with a vengeance. He wondered if anyone would believe him. He wondered if all college girls sucked cocks so readily. He wondered if he studied really hard, if he might raise his grades high enough to win a scholarship to college. But how would he ever study at college, if so much cock-sucking turned out to be commonplace on campus?

The girls were giggling as they kissed and cuddled, and then, breaking apart again, they leaned over the boy and began using their tongues in unison, gathering up the thick blobs of spunk that had escaped their mouths and run down, soaking his belly, slathering his prick, and pooling up on his hairy balls. They shared his cockmeat between them, their tongues touching as they licked his cockhead and slurped up his stalk.

By the time they were finished, his cock was polished to a luster, and not a single drop of jism remained unswallowed.

And, despite his abundant ejaculation, those magic tongues had hardened his prick to iron once again, and already, his potent balls were starting to fill up with another load of cum.

“Shall we fuck him now?” Sarah asked.

They eyed his cock thoughtfully.

Frank realized that he had no say in the matter.

They were discussing his cock as if it were disembodied, an inanimate object—a dildo, say—or the cock of some dumb animal, perhaps. The girls debated whether or not they should now take turns squatting on that tower of prickmeat and fuck themselves on it, rather than talking about letting him fuck them.

He looked on and listened in awe.

They decided not to fuck him.

These were girls from K.T.A.

And they had other things arranged for today...

\* \* \* \*

They put their blouses back on. Frank had an idea that they had removed them through pure expediency—to keep them from getting stained by his spunk. He put his jeans on, having some trouble stuffing his rock-hard cock into his fly and still vainly hoping that they might change their minds and give him a fuck or two or three. But they seemed to have totally lost interest in him.

Sarah put the blanket back in the trunk and got behind the wheel again. Frank got in back with Maisy, but she didn't even look at him now. He could see a speck of jism on her lower lip, and the sight drove him wild. He, felt almost as horny as he had been before they had milked his cock dry. Sarah drove back to the road where they had picked Frank up and stopped the car. He thought they might at least have driven him home, but he got out without protesting. When he said goodbye, they nodded casually and drove off. None of them even looked back. They were laughing again, their hair streaming in the wind, amused by the episode. Watching them go, Frank felt that he had been used and discarded—which was perfectly true. He had provided what they wanted—a mouthful of prickmeat and a drink of cum—and now, they had lost interest in him.

Frank resented their attitude.

But not much.

After all, he reasoned, he might have been only a sex object to them—but at least now he was a sex

object whose balls had been emptied.

Frank started walking.

And the three lewd ladies continued on the mission they were undertaking when they had gotten sidetracked into blowing a hitchhiker.

Frank would have been dumbfounded, had he known what that mission was.

The girls were looking for a dog to fuck...

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CHAPTER THREE

When Carol Ballantine found an invitation to visit the K.T.A. sorority house, she was thrilled. The note had been placed in her box in the lobby of the dormitory, and reading it, Carol filled with elation and her big tits swelled up inside her new school sweater to such a degree that several other students stared at her as if half-expecting her to rise like a hot air balloon.

But her firm round ass seemed to keep her safely moored to the floor. What an honor! she thought. She was dying to proclaim the news. Carol was a freshman, and a small-town girl, and she had never expected the attentions of such a socially elevated sisterhood as that of K.T.A. She was pert, pretty and popular—at least she had been popular in high school—and she had supposed that some sorority might be interested in pledging her, but K.T.A. was a different matter. Of course, she might not make the grade. It was only an invitation to spend the evening at the sorority house, not an offer of membership. It was just a chance for the rich and fashionable girls of the club to look her over and talk to her and decide if she was the sort of girl they wanted to have join them. But still, it was an honor even if they didn't accept her. Being turned down by K.T.A. meant that they had at least noticed her, which was more than most small-town girls of modest means could boast.

There were the rumors, of course.

Carol had heard it whispered that the K.T.A. girls were lewd, lusty, easy fucks.

She didn't believe it.

She figured it was just lies made up by those girls who had not been invited to join and were jealous and spiteful.

But even if the stories were true, they were rich girls and therefore had a different outlook on behavior and morality and promiscuity. There was, Carol assumed, no reason why she would have to be naughty even if some of the others were.

Carol was cherry.

She had just turned eighteen in her freshman year at college. In high school, she had had lots of boyfriends, but had refused to go steady with any one of them so that she had never been tempted to go all the way with one particular guy, never dated one fellow often enough for the barriers to be broken down by gradual degrees. She had let a few horny fellows feel her up, usually just on top, although once or twice, she had allowed her crotch to be fingered, and she had jacked two guys off. That was the extent of her sexual experience before college.

Now she was dating a college man, more or less steadily, however, and she had begun to wonder if the preservation of her cherry was worth the aggravation and frustration.

Langford Walker was a campus hero.

He was tall and handsome, with crisp dark hair and a dazzling smile and shoulders as wide as a horizon. He wore Brooks Brothers blazers and flannels and had his shoes handmade. He was the captain of the Rampaging Rams, the school football team, and an honor student on top of it. There were few girls on campus who would not have jumped at a chance to date Langford, and most of them would probably have also jumped into bed with him at the snap of his fingers.

Carol marveled that he was interested in her. She knew she was sexy and desirable and had big tits and nubile hips, but still—she considered herself very lucky.

But how long would Langford remain interested if she didn't start to put out for him?

He had never pressed the issue and was always a perfect gentleman, but Carol could not fail to be aware of the hard prick in his neat flannel slacks and the way he looked at her with desire. If she was going to lose her cherry, it made sense to lose it to a man like Langford. She had always figured on keeping her cherry until she got married, but that resolve was rapidly weakening, and lately she had been thinking of her cherry not as a benefit to be preserved at all costs, but as a hindrance that she might have to get rid of.

But she wasn't quite ready yet.

Langford had his own car and his own apartment, and the opportunities were constant.

Well, she would play that as it came.

* * * *

Carol cut her last class that day in order to meet Langford.

The class was only sociology, a false science taught by a Communist, and she usually cut it, anyhow, but today she was more eager than usual to see Langford, keen to tell him that she had been invited to the K.T.A. house to be looked over as a prospective member.

Langford, to her surprise, did not seem too thrilled.

They met at a local beer hall just off campus. Langford was immaculately dressed, as always. The toes of his shoes gleamed in the dimly-lit room, his teeth flashed in a smile. But that smile faded away when she mentioned the invitation. He looked troubled.

"I don't think that's the sorority for you, Carol," he told her, gazing across the foaming stein of beer he held, looking serious.

"Oh? Because I'm not rich?"

"Certainly not. It's just that—well, those girls have a reputation for being—shall we say, fast?"

Carol giggled.

"That's just talk," she protested.

"I doubt it. I've never once dated a girl from K.T.A. who wasn't hot to copulate."

That made Carol jealous.

"I fought them off, of course," he added.

"Well, I'm not like that, Langford!"

"Precisely. Which is why I don't think you should be interested in joining the organization."

Carol looked doubtful. She was rather disappointed by his attitude. She had thought that Langford would be pleased that his girl had been noticed by K.T.A.

She said: "Well, it can't do any harm just to go over for the evening, anyhow—just to see what they are like."

"I guess not," Langford said.

But he didn't seem quite sure of that.

They drank a couple beers. Langford's pensive mood persisted. Carol was happy that he seemed to be concerned about her, but worried, as well, for she did not want to alienate him. Maybe she should decline the invitation. But she sure didn't want to. After awhile, she asked Langford if they could go to his place. He looked slightly surprised for, although she had been to his apartment before, she had always been reluctant to be there alone with him and nervous while she was there.

But Carol had worked out what she thought was a subtle plan—a way to let him know how much she liked him without going too far. They drove over in his sports car and went into the nicely furnished apartment. He had good taste and money—his place reflected both. Carol waited until he had made them drinks. Then, as if it had just occurred to her, she asked if she could take a bath. He looked at her in surprise. The request was logical enough because, living in the freshman dormitory, she had to use the communal bathroom, and his private, sunken tub would be a lot more comfortable. But still, there was something slightly erotic about bathing in a man's apartment when he was there with her, knowing that she was naked in the tub.

"Certainly," he said, graciously.

But he had lifted his eyebrows and was regarding her speculatively, and she flushed slightly. But she was determined.

Sitting naked in the warm water, she wondered if Langford would find some excuse to come into the bathroom. The thought caused her to tingle pleasantly. Would he offer to soap her back or something? She had left the door slightly ajar and was splashing loudly enough so that he would know she was in the tub. She very much wanted him to look at her while she was naked, to appreciate her soft, smooth, curvaceous body. The very thought of having his cool grey eyes on her made her feel all warm and wanted.

She soaped her tits and the nipples pushed out stiff and vibrant. The fat mounds seemed to bobble on the surface of the warm water, submerged to nipple level, those taut tips like torpedoes on the surface. Her knees were raised and, looking down the slippery slope of her soaped belly, she could see her curly pubic thicket, slightly distorted under the water. Her cunt lips were parted and her slot was juicy. She worked lather into her belly and thighs. She was still hoping that Langford would come in. She felt relatively safe in the bathtub. He would be able to look at her and touch her and

yet there was no danger that they might get carried away. Carol wanted to caress him but she was not yet ready to fuck him.

But Langford was a perfect gentleman and did not choose to interrupt the lady in her bath.

Realizing this, when he did not enter the room, Carol began to feel frustrated.

She considered calling to him and asking him to soap her back-but she was not that bold and couldn't work up the courage.

Well, if he would not come to her, she would simply have to go to him. She would put on his fluffy white bathrobe and join him in the other room and maybe, as if by accident, she could let the robe slip so that he would get a look at her tits or even her crotch.

But that would be dangerous!

Wearing only an easily removable robe, naked under it in the privacy of his apartment-well, if they started necking in a situation like that, Carol had a pretty good idea that she was going to get so hot, she would be unable to resist.

She was already feeling horny just thinking about it.

Her body felt as if it were glowing in the warm water, and her pussy had started to tingle and flutter. A little creamy trickle of cunt juice seeped out into the water. Her clit felt incandescent.

Carol grinned sheepishly.

She felt like giving herself a hand-job. She didn't do that, as a rule, but sometimes, she simply had to relieve herself, and she always enjoyed the thrill of an orgasm. Now she had a clever idea. At least, it seemed clever, although she might have been rationalizing.

If she brought herself off now, by hand, then she would not be so awfully horny when she went back into the other room. With a self induced orgasm already worked off in the bathtub, she would be able to fool around with Langford without so much risk, nullifying the danger that she might go too far in the heat of passion.

As if her cunt was aware of her thoughts and sought to influence them, it began to really twitch and simmer. Carol's smile, which had been sort of embarrassed at first, changed to one of pleasure. She began to work on her plump tits, her soap y hands massaging and kneading the firm mounds, then pulling on the stiff tips.

She wished that Langford could see what she was doing.

She wished, even more, that it was Langford's elegant, manicured hands that were caressing her tits.

She began stroking up the insides of her shapely thighs, then rubbed her gently rounded belly with a circular movement.

She had not yet touched her cunt as she lingered over these preliminary caresses-the subtle foreplay of self-stimulation. Neglected for the moment, her pussy was smoldering. It felt hot enough to boil the water in which she reclined. It seemed as if the temperature of the bath were actually rising around her.

She heard Langford start a record playing in the other room.

She wondered if he could hear the splashing sounds she was making—and if he would be able to hear her panting when she came.

Unable to bear it any longer, she dipped a hand into her pussy and began to rub her cunt. Her pussy lips had unfurled like the pink petals of a flower, and the open cunt slot was slippery with fuck juice. Her fingers trailed up the parted crack and over her tingling clit, causing her to shudder with the fiery sensation.

She began using both hands on her pussy now.

Tilting her wrist, she began to finger-fuck in and out of her hot fuckhole with one hand, slowly and steadily, twisting her fingers around inside her pussy.

She rubbed her clit with her other agile hand.

Her head went back, and her face turned from side to side, her features a mask of pure lust now. Her big tits rose like water wings, dripping, as she breathed deeply. Her eyes were closed, and her lips parted. Her tongue slipped across her lower lip. Behind her closed eyes, she was visualizing Langford. Specifically, she was imagining what his prick would look like, naked and erect. She had little experience of hard cocks—only those two boys she had jacked off in high school—but what little she knew about them, she adored.

She wanted to stroke Langford's cock and make him come and see the hot, thick jism spurt out of his prick.

Would he settle for a hand-job? Or would he consider it childish, wanting more than her hand?

At the moment, she was so hot that had he walked in, he could have had anything he wanted: her cunt, her mouth, her asshole. But she was working to alter that position, and as her hands rubbed and stroked, the thrill began to race across her belly and to run like an electric current up her smooth thighs. The waves of passion swirled together in her loins, coming faster and higher with each passing peak, until they were all merged into one long, sustained crest, a wild sensation that was melting her cunt to cream.

"Ooooh," she moaned, softly.

Then she moaned again, the sound longer and more drawn out as she hovered at the peak.

Her orgasm swirled through her body, and her cunt creamed, thick pussy juice seeping out in ribbons and banners.

She kept working on her cunt until she was certain that she had milked out every last spasm of her lust.

She smiled contentedly.

Now she could fool around with Langford without any danger of getting carried away.

But it had only been a hand-job.

Relief was temporary and not at all complete, and as she slipped into his fluffy bathrobe, Carol was still feeling hotter than she realized.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

Langford had changed from his blazer into a velvet smoking jacket and was standing at the window, gazing out, his hands clasped behind his back. He turned slowly when Carol came out of the bathroom, looking at her appreciatively.

She had arranged the bathrobe nicely on her bouncy, nubile body. A line of deep cleavage showed at the neck, the firm contours of her fat tits rolling together before they disappeared down into the fluffy white robe. It was belted at the waist, emphasizing the narrowness, and open below so that when she stepped forward her thighs appeared.

She smiled back at him. She felt shy. The way he was looking at her, it was obvious that he wanted her, and it delighted her. But was she being a bit too bold in presenting herself this way? She wanted to appear seductive but not promiscuous. It was a thin line between the two. She moved to the couch and sat down, crossing her legs. A smooth expanse of shapely thigh was revealed, contoured and unblemished and sleek.

“Could I have a cigarette?” she asked.

Langford crossed the room and stood over her, offering a smoke, then lighting it with his gold Dupont. Carol didn't smoke often, nor drink much. Today, she felt like doing both, as if to substitute small evils for more serious depravity. She looked up at him from under her fluttering eyelashes as he held the flame to her cigarette. Inhaling, she knew that her big tits were expanding, the cleavage rising, bared almost to the nipples in the vee of the bathrobe.

Was his elegant hand shaking just a little as he held the lighter out to her?

“Why don't you sit down?” she whispered.

A fleeting indecision crossed over his handsome countenance; a shadow of doubt clouded his brow. Carol loved him for that, for not wanting to take advantage of her even though, she felt sure, he must want to fuck her. The front of his slacks seemed to be swollen. It thrilled her. It made her hands itch to touch his cock. It made her mouth water and her cunt simmer, too, although she didn't intend to go that far. He hesitated, then sat down beside her.

Carol snuggled up against him, her head on his shoulder.

Langford put his arm around her. She felt vibrant, trembling in the arch of his athletic arm. She dragged on the cigarette, then stubbed it out in the ashtray, every movement slow and calculated. She turned her pretty face to his, her eyes questioning.

He kissed her.

It was quite obvious that she expected and wanted to be kissed and Langford was too much a gentleman to deny her. His lips brushed lightly over hers, at first, an affectionate sort of kiss. But then she began to grind her mouth on his and her lips parted.

His tongue slid into her mouth.

Carol sucked on it.

Instantly, she was every bit as hot and horny as she had been before she finger-fucked herself. She saw that that solitary preventive measure had had little effect on her desires. She felt a little frightened at how powerful her passion had become. But the same power that frightened her was too strong to resist, conquering the fright it instilled. She continued to work her mouth on his. They were both breathing hard now, panting into each other's parted lips. When he withdrew his tongue, hers followed it into his mouth, to be sucked in turn.

"Carol-" he whispered.

She knew he was warning her.

She didn't care, it was too late for that. She silenced him with her lips, kissing him passionately. She was squirming against his hard, lean body, her tits brushing and flattening against him. His hand moved onto her tit, squeezing the firm globe through the fluffy garment. She made no attempt to stop him. He slipped his hand down inside the robe and began to feel her naked tits and pull at her stiff nipples. Those tit tips swelled in his hands and fingers. Waves of pure lust shot out from her nipples and raced down her torso.

Still kissing him, Carol put her hand on his taut thigh and rubbed up toward his bloated prick.

She cupped his cock and balls.

She gave a little gasp as she felt that massive hunk of hard cock swell under her hand.

She began rubbing his prick through his slacks.

"You'd better not-" he rasped.

But she did not stop, nor did he stop massaging her tits.

Somehow, the bathrobe opened. Had he unbelted it, or had it just slipped loose? She didn't know and didn't care. She wanted her hot, ripe body bared to his gaze and his touch.

She arched her back thrusting her tits up and out. Her thighs slowly parted. His hand moved down from her tits onto her belly, then slipped in between her legs. It felt as if his hand was charged with an electric current. The thrill pulsed into her, filling her loins with a wild lust.

Langford began to run his fingers up her open, sodden cunt slot and brush them against her tingling clit.

Sobbing with passion, she opened his fly.

She reached in and drew out his cock and balls and gazed down at him, overawed-and overjoyed-at the size of his fat prick and the magnitude of his ballooning balls. How wonderful a huge prick like that would feel in her cunt! Her head was spinning with desire. Her cunt was a void, yearning to be filled.

She wanted Langford to fuck her.

Yet through the haze of her lust, she still retained her inhibitions and her small-town sense of propriety. If she let him fuck her now-if they went all the way this first time that they had a chance-it would be as if she were promiscuous, ready and willing to put out at any given chance. She wasn't like that, and she did not want Langford to think she was. She thought it was wrong to be

too impulsive, to yield too soon. The ultimate act of fucking should come at a later time, following in due course after increasingly erotic activity. They should go just a bit farther each time, until finally, they had worked up to the culmination of their affair, not simply rush into that ultimate climax.

She folded her fist around his cock.

She began to pump it up and down.

She wanted to jack him off now, because she liked to do that and also because she wanted to milk his balls and remove the danger that they might go too far. They would mutually masturbate each other today-and tomorrow-who knew?

Langford arched, pushing his prick up.

She saw the flaring head come squeezing out from her fist, the cleft parted and starting to bubble. She leaned over him, closer, her eyes crossing as she turned her vision on his cockhead. She was close to it, panting onto it, her hot breath wafting and billowing around his smoking prick-knob.

He put his hand behind her head.

He pushed her down, tenderly and gently, and yet, with a certain gasping urgency.

Oh! He wants me to take his prick in my mouth! she realized.

She had never sucked a cock.

Now her mouth was drooling for the taste of his fucker, her tongue tingling as much as her clit. That swollen slab of purple prick meat looked so delicious, and cum was oozing from it and trickling down the shaft.

"Suck it," he groaned.

"I-I never have-" she whispered.

"Please-suck it, Carol-" How could she refuse such a request, with her mouth watering for his cock and his cum?

She pushed her tongue out.

She gave the tip of his cock a tentative lick.

Langford moaned and trembled all though his taut body. The succulence of his cockmeat and jism tingled on her tastebuds. She adored it! She licked again, at the very tip. Then she began to lap away at his prick-knob with slurping tongue-strokes. Cum ran onto her tongue, thrilling her. She held his cock stalk in her fist, gripped at the root, her hand not moving now, but merely holding his prick up to her face. She laved all over the knob and slurped up and down the shaft. He was groaning steadily, and his heels were drumming on the floor. He thrust his loins upward, pushing his prick into her face.

She kissed his prick tip.

Then she let her lips part and slowly took his cockhead back into her ravenous mouth. Her lips clamped around his stalk, and she began to suck lovingly on his hot, dripping prickknob. Her cheeks hollowed in as she slurped away. She was fairly inhaling his prick. More cum was oozing from his

cock tip now, soaking her mouth, slathering her busy tongue and running into her cheeks and trickling down her gullet.

She had never known such a thrill.

She pulled her lips from his cock for a moment, turning her head to the side and looking up at his face.

His features were transfigured by lust.

It thrilled her to see how greatly she was affecting him.

"I want to blow you," she whispered. "I want to suck your cock and have you shoot in my mouth! I want to drink your cum!"

Langford wailed at her words.

Carol tilted her head down and took his cock into her mouth again. She began to suck steadily on his prick-knob, then to bob her head up and down, feeding more of it into her mouth. His flaring cockhead lodged in her throat and her lips sank far down his fat shaft. Her tongue continued to bathe his fucker, flaring against the underside of his knob and slurping at the pulsating vein on the underside.

His hand was still on the back of her head, but there was no need to push her down now, for the cock-hungry girl had fallen into the rhythm of cock-sucking. It seemed so natural, so perfect. His cock fit into her mouth like a peg into a hole, and she found that she needed no previous experience, no practice or training—all she needed was the desire to do it, and the act itself was something she inherently knew how to do. Her tongue was talented, her lips skillful. She sucked devotedly, loving his cock and eager for his jism.

Langford howled with the wild thrill.

She felt his prick expand and, knowing he was about to come, sucked with vigor and greed.

His balls erupted.

His volcanic ejaculation rushed up his stalk and hosed her mouth with a creamy jet of jism.

Carol gasped and gulped as she felt her mouth fill up with hot jism. She was amazed at how much of the precious stuff had spurting out—amazed and delighted. She swallowed the slimy load down in time to make room for more, and he poured another hot dose into her. He kept coming, and she kept swallowing and sucking for more.

She milked his cock to the bone.

Langford slumped back on the couch.

He was panting and gasping.

Carol continued to pull on his prick, making sure that she had dragged out every last drop of the savory fuck juice from him and worked off every last spasm of his climax. His cock was starting to soften in her mouth, diminishing in the aftermath of his orgasm. But as she continued to suck devotedly, nursing on his prick, it stopped shrinking and started to get hard all over again.

When she pulled her lips away, his cock was still standing rampant, hard as a crowbar, and his balls were already starting to full up with another load.

She smiled at him, her lips glistening with his cum.

He grinned back.

"I never did that to a man before," she said, wanting to make sure that he understood that fact. "I-I loved doing it for you."

He closed his eyes.

He had stopped finger-fucking her as the thrill of his own coming took up all of his attention. Now Carol hesitated. Did he expect her to suck him off again now? She was willing to, eager to-but her pussy was burning, and she was rather hoping that now he might return the favor, giving her a climax with his hand or far better-his tongue.

She moved slightly away from him and opened her legs wide, hoping that he would get the idea.

Langford moved after her.

Carol slid down along the couch.

He was already mounted on her, his hard cock positioned between her thighs, before she realized that he was going to fuck her.

A protest sprang to her lips-and died there, unspoken.

Carol was too hot to resist him.

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CHAPTER FIVE

The head of his cock was pushing into her soaking cunt, flaring and pulsing. He had not entered her pussy yet, but was braced there, just the tip probing her cunt hole and throbbing against her clit. His weight was on her knees and elbows, and he looked down into her face, his gaze questioning, as if awaiting her permission before he shoved his cock up her pussy.

Carol squirmed under him, grinding her juicy pussy around on the head of his cock, her hips rolling and her back arching. If she had any last-moment doubts or reservations, they were not sufficient to deter her. She was about to get fucked for the first time-and she could not wait to feel her cunt fill with hot, hard cock.

"Langford-put your cock in me," she whispered.

He hesitated.

The swollen head of his prick expanded, filling her slippery pussy hole, still poised at the entrance with the long, thick rod sticking out between them, like a bolt fixing his balls to her crotch. Cunt juice poured out of her pussy, soaking her crotch and running down into the crack of her ass. Her pelvis jerked and twitched, waiting to be stuffed.

"Fuck me!" she wailed, unable to bear it.

He slid his cock into her cunt.

His prick went in all the way with the first long, slow stroke, burying his cock balls deep. His belly slid against hers on a film of perspiration. His bloated balls were jammed against her crotch. He held the full penetration for a long moment, savoring the joy of having every inch of his huge prick buried up her hot cunt and letting her thrill to the sensation of having her pussy full of cock for the first time. They were both motionless, staring into each other's eyes. Then her cunt began to ripple and suck, the interior muscles clutching and clinging to his prick, clamping around him in a series of rings that ran in sequence from the root of his prick to the crown.

"Fuck me, darling," she said again.

Langford pulled back until only the head of his cock was still in her pussy, then slid his cock back up again.

Her hips moved from side to side, and her belly pumped.

Her smooth thighs clamped around his haunches, and she arched her back, thrashing under him in rising ecstasy. How had she ever gone so long without knowing the joy of having a full cunt? How could she ever again bear to have her pussy vacant?

Langford moved faster.

He fed his prick to her with underslung, rippling strokes, then hiked up and shoved down from an elevated angle so that every inch of his prick ran across her throbbing clit with each stroke. His hands massaged her tits and pulled at her nipples, the n slid down and cupped her under the ass, lifting her loins to meet his fuck thrusts.

She jammed her cunt down, cramming herself full of prick.

Cunt juice sprayed from her pussy and was pumped out by the thick plunger of his prick, soaking his belly and balls and flooding her whole cunt mound with a frothy cream.

He fucked her faster.

She met him stroke for stroke, with equal vigor and moving in counterpoint, slamming her cunt down to meet him as he plowed in and rotating her hips as he withdrew, so that her fuck hole was winding around his prick like a nut screwing onto a bolt.

She reached down and got a handful of his bloated balls, holding his hairy sac, squeezing gently, as if to pump the cum from him. She was already starting to melt, her cunt dissolving like a wax candle around the hard, burning wick of his cock. She tried to hold back, to prolong the ecstasy. She wanted him to come with her, to shoot into her as she creamed, to feel his hot jism spurt deep in her belly.

Her thighs compressed, then relaxed as she rode under him.

Arching deeply, she tilted her pussy up to his thrusts.

"Come," she whimpered. "Oh, darling-I want you to shoot in my cunt, I want your hot jism!"

Her erotic words inspired him, and he began to move faster, his ass a blur as he whipped his cock into her.

His balls swung in and out.

His prick buried itself to the root, pulled out against the suction of her greedy cunt, slammed in again. Her cunt was so hot, she felt as if she might ignite, bursting into tongues of flame and flowing like molten lava.

She felt his prick expand, spreading her pussy out.

“Yes!” she wailed. “Yes! Come in me!”

Groaning, he lashed his cock in.

She felt his fucker explode. His whole taut body seemed to go off as his balls did, so that he was vibrating from toes to fingertips, and the thick juice of lust gushed into her. She felt his hot jizz blow up her cunt and let her own climax peak. Her cunt juice poured out to blend with his jism in the depths of her pussy.

They pumped together as they relieved their lust. Their mingled fuck juices flooded from her. Langford slowed, then stopped, drained. Carol continued to twitch for a moment as her pussy worked off the last twinges of her climax.

They looked at one another again.

Langford seemed troubled, perhaps wondering if she were regretting the loss of her virginity.

But Carol smiled in contentment.

“I love to fuck,” she said.

* * * *

But then they had an argument.

Langford told her: “I don’t want you to go to the K.T.A. sorority house tonight, right?”

Carol looked at him, surprised.

He had not been asking her, his tone of voice had been a command, and it annoyed her a bit. Langford had never acted that way before. Was he going to be different now that he’d fucked her? Was he no better than most men getting possessive about a girl simply because he had his prick in her, as if he were a prospector staking out a claim with his cum? Carol’s cunt was no mine, no vein of gold to be staked out by a prick.

She was not an ardent women’s libber, and yet, she was a young girl of her times, and some of the ideas of the feminist movement had rubbed off onto her. In fact, she would have adored to have Langford feel possessive about her, to be possessed by him, to have him tell her what to do and to obey his commands—but she could not admit that to herself, and it was annoying and frustrating. She wanted to think of him as a lover, and yet, she felt compelled, by his tone of voice, to think he was being a male chauvinist pig.

“Well, I am going,” she said, sullenly.

“I’d rather you didn’t.”

"You don't have any say in it-you don't own me."

"Why I never thought I did," Langford said mildly, somewhat taken aback by her attitude. The reason he had been attracted to her from the start was that she seemed an old-fashioned, feminine sort of girl, which was the type he preferred. Her big tits had been attractive as well, of course, but big tits and juicy cunts were easily available to a campus hero like Langford, and it had been Carol's character and personality, more than her body, that had interested and influenced his choice. He hadn't even expected to get to fuck her—at least not for some time—and it had surprised him when she had proved such an easy fuck today.

Not that he was complaining.

"Look," he said, "if you're going to be my girl—" Carol jumped up, her fists clenched at her sides. She was trying to look affronted, but it wasn't easy with the bathrobe open and her fat tits flopping out, and her belly full of his spunk.

"Your girl? Whatever gave you that idea? I'm my own girl, and you sound like a chauvinist!" Langford blinked.

"Why, I am a chauvinist," he said.

She gasped in horror, as if he had suddenly admitted to being a sexual deviate or a member of the Ku Klux Klan.

Langford sighed and grinned diffidently.

"In the true sense, of course," he added. "I mean to say that I'm a patriot, which is what the word means. You seem to think it is limited to male chauvinism. It's a shame, another word-like gay—that has been removed from our language by misuse."

Carol frowned, confused and embarrassed. He must think she was dumb. What she wanted to do was to fall in his arms and agree not to go to the K.T.A. sorority house and to be his girl and, maybe, have another lovely fuck. But how could she do that without losing her own identity, without becoming his possession?

She said: "I'm going, and that's that."

He shrugged.

If he had said: "Please don't go," Carol would have been more than happy to agree. But he didn't.

He said: "Suit yourself."

And so Carol felt obliged to go now, and would have gone even if she had not wanted to. Her mood was strange. She was happy and thrilled at having been fucked by Langford, yet disturbed and distressed by what she mistakenly thought was his possessiveness.

And she would have been amazed if she had had any idea what the girls of K.T.A. were doing to pass the time while they waited for her to come.

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## CHAPTER SIX

The K.T.A. sorority house was a big, rambling structure that had once been the city home of a millionaire and was now divided into living quarters for some twenty young women—the membership of the sisterhood—plus an upstairs apartment for Miss Julia Mills, the housemother.

The college demanded that there be a housemother in residence in order to keep the girls in line, and normally, that would have been a dreadful imposition and hindrance on the lewd and lusty sisterhood, except that, unknown to the college authorities, Julia Mills was as horny as were any of the students, and she hindered them in no way—and often helped them.

Carol Ballantine had been pointed out to Julia as a prospective member. Julia had looked the girl over carefully—and heartily approved.

She was looking forward to meeting Carol. More to the point, she was looking forward to sucking her cunt.

\* \* \* \*

At the moment, Julia was sitting in a comfortable leather chair, her panties down and her lush thighs spread wide apart. She was thinking about luscious Carol Ballantine. Julia was a greedy sort of person, and even though she already had a choice of twenty girls whose cunts she ate out regularly, she still got excited at the prospect of having a brand-new cunt to munch.

She felt certain that Carol would have a delicious pussy. But she knew better than to be impatient. She was not going to try to go down on the girl that evening, fearing that she might ruin the eventual prospects by scaring her off before she was ready for such things. Patience, she had discovered, was a virtue in one who loved to suck pussy.

But being patient did not mean that she had to do without orgasms, and she was considering having an orgasm at the moment.

She had choices.

She had a selection of exotic dildos and vibrators.

She could have summoned any of several of the resident girls who enjoyed lapping a cunt.

And she had a dog.

The dog was a small Pekingese, flat-faced and fluffy, and its prick was tiny and not suitable for fucking women; but it had an electric tongue, and Julia had trained it well. It suited her. She had never wanted to get fucked, anyhow, and a tongue was a tongue, no matter the sex or the species, as long as it was willing and talented.

The Pekingese was curled up on a rug in the corner, now, and it had raised its head and cocked an ear as it became aware of the condition of its mistress' cunt. The dog knew its duty. She had given it her soiled panties to play with when it was a mere puppy and had gradually, by the reward system, trained it to cunt-lapping expertise.

Sometimes, she let some of the girls borrow the dog.

She often lent them dildos and vibrators, as well.

Julia was not selfish, and she wasn't jealous of the dog or the rubber pricks, as long as she got all

she wanted.

And now she decided she wanted some tonguing.

She called the dog to her.

It got up and walked over, stiff-legged, its tongue lolling out. Julia reached down and picked it up. It gave a little whimper. She stroked its head and then slipped her hand under its belly and began to massage its tiny cock and balls. The little pink nub of the animal's cockhead came pushing out from the hairy sheath, and Julia fingered it. Sometimes, she wished that she had a bigger dog, with a bigger prick. But she always felt a bit ashamed when she had such thoughts because, a confirmed lesbian, she thought that desire for a cock was a perversion.

She held the dog between her thighs.

Knowing its duty, the Pekingese pushed its flat face right into her hairy, dripping cunt and began to lap merrily away. Julia moved the animal up and down, using it like a vibrator. Its tongue slurped and licked, running up her sodden cunt and across her tingling clit. She moaned and sighed. Her legs began to tremble.

"Oh, you lovely doggy," she purred, and the dog, encouraged and eager for his reward, began to tongue her cunt with renewed vigor.

Cunt juice poured down her pussy, and the Pekingese lapped it up, his tongue driving and stabbing steadily.

She was moaning louder.

She knew that some of the girls would probably be giggling as they heard her pant and moan, but that did not concern her. She had made all of them pant and moan often enough.

She thought about Carol Ballantine, that brand-new girl, gorgeous and sexy and suckable.

Her thoughts inspired her as much as the dog's nimble tongue, and her pussy began to melt. Sparks darted through her loins, and the thrill whipped through her groin.

"Ooooooh!" she wailed.

A flood of pussy juice gushed out, and the Pekingese gobbled it up with relish and kept lapping away until he had drained her. The he raised his flat-faced head and gave her an inspiring look.

Julia lifted the little dog into her ample lap.

She took his prick delicately between her thumb and forefinger, her little finger curled up elegantly, like an Englishwoman drinking from a teacup. The dog squirmed, and his cock throbbed in her fingers, the tip swelling and the shaft pulsing. Julia began to pump the dog's prick up and down with a steady motion. She turned her face away, for she always felt a bit ashamed when she was playing with a dog's cock. The act came close to being heterosexual and that, to her, seemed shameful. But it was only fair that she gave him an orgasm in return for his attention to her cunt, it was his well-deserved reward—and a lot more effective than if she had given him a dog biscuit.

The Pekingese began to thrash about.

His little balls swelled up alarmingly.

Suddenly a jet of jism shot from the head of his prick and flew halfway across the room, glinting like a silver spaceship, trailing a silver mist. Julie kept pumping, and the dog's cock kept spurting, his dynamic loins launching the hot stuff under pressure.

Julia milked him to the bone.

Then she put him on the floor and delicately wiped his cum off her fingertips with a lace handkerchief.

She contemplated cleaning his spunk up from the rug, as well, but decided not to. That was too much the sort of job that a common servant did.

Later, she would call little Maggie Cummings in to do the job-and, if she felt like it, she might clean Maggie's hot little pussy up with her tongue, too, as a reward.

But that would be later.

Now Julia felt restless. Her climax had been splendid, but she was still feeling itchy and randy. She needed something new and different, she figured. Like, say, Carol Ballantine's cunt! But she was determined not to approach Carol yet, to take it nice and slow and easy with the new girl, and it was going to be frustrating to have that sweet cunt in the house and not suck it.

Julia decided that she would go out that evening, while Carol was visiting, to save herself the frustration of being in the same house with a delicious pussy she could not yet suck-and the temptation to throw her careful plan to the winds and suck it, anyhow.

But where should she go?

She thought about it-and suddenly, to her amazement and alarm, she had an idea that was unique to her. She actually blushed bright red as she realized what she wanted to do.

Julia felt terribly perverted.

Julia had decided that she would like to see what it was like to get fucked by a man.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

While Julia considered this novelty, and her cunt began to simmer in anticipation, the girls of K.T.A. were sitting around downstairs, fooling around with a dildo. There were a dozen of them in the big front room with the fireplace and bookshelves. Maisy, Jeannie, and Sarah were there. They had just gotten through telling the other girls about the horny young hitchhiker they had picked up and sucked off. The other girls were thrilled by the tale and wished they had been along for the ride and had their own share of hot spunk.

They were waiting for Carol Ballantine to arrive, eager to find out if the sexy new girl was going to turn out to be suitable material for their sisterhood.

They were always glad to have a new girl join in their various activities-but the new girl had to be the sort who was game for almost anything-for the girls of K.T.A. had not got their sordid reputation for nothing.

Langford Walker knew all about them.

Following a victorious football game, the whole team, including the water boy, was always invited over to the sorority house to have their cocks sucked. It was a reward system that made the Rampaging Rams one of the best teams in the conference, never giving up without a fight because they knew what winning was worth.

That was why Langford didn't want Carol to become one of the sisterhood, because although Langford was as keen as any man on a blow job, he didn't want his own girl giving out head to all and sundry, as was expected of a K.T.A. girl.

Erotic songs and poems had been written about them and graphic graffiti composed.

It was rumored that bestiality was not unknown to the girls, and that Kappa Theta Alpha stood for: kind to animals.

The postman and the meter reader and the gardener had all, at one time or another, been dragged into the house to participate in an orgy or a cluster-fuck. No meter in town was read as frequently, no garden tended more diligently, and the mail man had even taken to sending postcards addressed to K.T.A. himself, so that he would be sure that there was something to deliver daily.

Cock-lovers, the lot of them, they nevertheless enjoyed themselves when there was not a cock in sight. They played spin the dildo and musical heads among themselves. They played pin the rubber prick on the pussy and enjoyed a game of naked blind man's bluff in which they all crawled around with their tongues out and lapped whatever they came into contact with. Yes, these were lusty young ladies.

They were all from well-to-do families—except for one.

That was Maggie Cummings, who was at school on a state scholarship. They had pledged Maggie as a member because she made a suitable slave, so grateful at being allowed to join their group that she willingly did the housework, ran errands, washed their automobiles, did their homework—and also because she sucked pussy with talent and gusto. She shined their shoes and polished their clits and kept the vibrators charged and the dildoes lubricated.

* * * *

Maggie was looking on now, eager to be helpful and awaiting whatever commands one of the other girls might issue. She was a small, slender, willowy girl with short, curly, dark hair and freckles scattered across her cheeks. She had small tits but big nipples, and her cunt was as creamy as a cunt can get.

The others were sitting in a semi-circle around the stone fireplace, passing a dildo back and forth. It was a big rubber prick with realistic contours, the head a big mushroom shape and the stalk complete with a thick ribbed vein. It was fitted with straps and a harness so that a girl could wear it to fuck another girl, but at the moment, they were just using it by themselves, by hand.

The dildo came to Maisy.

Her skirt was already up and her panties off.

Her crotch was awash with cunt juice.

She fitted the fat knob of the rubber prick into her pussy and began to churn it around. Then she shoved it up her cunt. The other girls looked on with interest as she pulled it out and pushed it in.

They saw her cunt lips drag on the cock, turning almost inside out as she, drew it out. Her pussy sucked on the dildo, and her clit was vibrating.

Then, quite matter-of-factly, Maisy passed the rubber prick on to Jeannie, just as she might have passed on a shared cigarette. The redhead took it and began to shove it up her cunt. Then, she, too, passed it on. None of the girls was using the dildo long enough to reach a climax, nor were they trying to. This was just a casual sort of stroking, the sort of thing these depraved girls like to do in front of each other, as if feeling the need to manifest their depravity. They fucked themselves as casually as they chewed gum.

As the fuck-stick passed from hand to hand, they continued to discuss their plans for Carol Ballantine.

The dildo came to Sarah.

She held it up in front of her, gazing at it and smiling impishly. The dildo had already been soaked in half a dozen cunts, and it was slathered with frothy fuck juice.

"Maggie!" she said.

Maggie jumped up, eager to be of service.

"This dildo needs to be polished," said Sarah.

The others smiled, approvingly, at Sarah's fastidiousness. Maggie grinned and came over to the circle. Sarah held the dildo out by the root, the harness hanging down and the head pointed at Maggie. The dark little student began to lick the creamy tip, concentrating on it just as if it were a real flesh-and-blood prick. She laved the knob and then slurped up the stalk and finally took it into her mouth, her lips pulling as her head bobbed up and down in the action of a blow job. She drew back after awhile. She had sucked all the cunt juice from the dildo, and it glistened with her saliva now. Sarah thanked her. Then Sarah slipped the polished prick into her cunt and began to fuck herself vigorously.

Having sucked the accumulated cunt juice off the joystick, Maggie was getting hungry now. The stuff had acted as an appetizer. She looked around the circle, her eyebrows raised, her look hopeful. Maisy gave her a nod. Maggie knelt down and began running her tongue into Maisy's creamy pussy and lapped at her clit.

"That looks nice," Jeannie said, enviously.

Maggie gave Maisy's cunt a last loving slurp and then moved over to the redhead and began tonguing her, in turn.

Now Maggie was being passed around the semi-circle just as the dildo was, following the rubber prick from cunt to cunt. Maggie was getting her kicks orally, for she was a devoted cunt-sucker and was able to come, her own pussy unattended, the thrill set off by the erotic sensations that ran down from her tongue. She didn't linger long enough on any given cunt to make one of the girls cream. She would have been more than happy to, had anyone wanted that, but the girls of K.T.A. were saving their orgasms for later—for when Carol Ballantine arrived.

They had great plans for Carol.

* * * *

Earlier that day, the three girls in the convertible had been on a mission when they had passed the young hitchhiker and, noticing that he had a hard-on, had gotten side-tracked. It was hard for them to pass up a chance to suck a prick between them. But after they had milked the young man's cock and dropped him off, they had continued with that mission.

Sarah had driven to the local boarding kennels.

The young man who owned the kennels was surprised when three sexy girls walked in, without any animals that needed to be boarded.

And he was totally amazed when they told him what they wanted.

Being a qualified kennel-keeper, he knew a lot about dogs.

But he didn't know much about girls.

He didn't know, for instance, that lots of girls like to fuck dogs.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Harry Humber made a decent living boarding animals, mostly dogs, while their owners went on vacation. His kennels were usually full. But most of his customers were older couples, and it wasn't often that a sexy young woman came strolling in-let alone three of them. Harry went to meet them, smiling.

"What can I do for you, girls?" he asked.

"We want to borrow a couple of dogs," Sarah told him.

"Borrow? Oh, I'm afraid I couldn't do that. This is only a boarding kennel and-" Maisy interrupted him, as if she had not heard what he was saying. "Big dogs," she said.

"I'm sorry, but-"

"Maybe a Great Dane," Jeannie put in.

Harry frowned, puzzled.

"And a German shepherd, or maybe a Doberman," Sarah added.

"Let's see what you have," Maisy said.

Ignoring his protests, the three girls walked right past Harry and out to the kennels. They went down the row of cages, inspecting the dogs, with Harry scurrying after them, still protesting. The dogs moved up to the wire, pleased at getting some attention.

"Oh, he's nice," Sarah said, stopping in front of a cage that contained a giant Irish wolfhound.

"Yes-we'll borrow him," Maisy agreed.

"Now, look here, girls-" Harry said, firmly. He was starting to get annoyed with them.

"Oh, don't be a bore," Jeannie sniffed.

Harry's jaw dropped open. What in hell was going on here? He said: "I told you, I can't loan out a dog—they aren't my property, you know, I'm merely boarding them for their owners. And—and what in hell do you want to borrow dogs for, anyhow?"

Sarah gave him a big smile.

"Can't you guess?" she said, sweetly.

"I got no idea," he grumbled.

"Why, we want to fuck them, of course," she said brightly.

Harry almost fainted.

"And suck them off, too," added Maisy.

This can't be happening, Harry thought. He had to be dreaming. He stared at the gorgeous girls, his eyes bulging out like a pair of hard-boiled eggs and his jaw hanging down.

"Fuck them?" he gasped.

"Why, sure—what else would we want with dog?" Jeannie said, giggling at his confusion.

"Yes, we'll borrow the wolfhound and—let's see—how about that Great Dane with the big prick—he looks horny," Sarah said.

Harry started to speak. He couldn't believe it was true, and he figured that these girls were just perverted cock-teasers, telling him lies to make him horny. But then' he paused, his words unspoken, because Sarah had reached in through the bars of the cage and was massaging the Great Dane's big cock and balls. The Great Dane whimpered. The slippery red head of his prick came flaring out from his hairy sheath, and his balls started to expand like balloons.

Harry was absolutely amazed.

He could have understood if they were old or ugly, if a woman might fuck a dog because she could not get a man—but these beautiful young women could have had any man they wanted—including him, of course—and why on earth would they fuck dogs?

"We're from K.T.A.," Maisy said, as if realizing what he was thinking and offering an explanation.

"You—you really fuck dogs?" Harry gasped.

"Oh, sure. Blow 'em, too."

The Great Dane was sporting a full-fledged hard-on now—and Harry was getting a hard-on himself.

Sarah said: "We'll borrow the two of them, okay? We'll bring them back tomorrow, in good shape—tired, maybe, but happy."

"No!" he cried.

Jeez, what would his customers think if they found out their pet doggies were fucking college girls?



"No?" Jeannie said, smiling.

She cupped her hand on Harry's swollen groin.

"No," he repeated, less firmly.

Jeannie unzipped his fly. His cock came springing out, snapping to attention. The head had started to drip.

The head of the Great Dane's prick was dripping, too, and the wolfhound was starting to get a hard-on, as well, sensing that these human bitches were in heat.

Sarah pulled her hand up the Great Dane's cock and off the tip. Dog cum glistened on her fingers. She brought her hand to her mouth and licked the slippery spunk up.

"Ummmmm-yummy," she purred.

Then Harry knew they were serious, that it was not some sort of vile cock-teaser's game they were playing. He watched Sarah's pink tongue lap up the dog jism from her hand, and his own cock began to pound away like a jackhammer.

Jeannie wrapped her hand around Harry's prick and gave it a slow push-pull, causing the knob to flare and the cleft to part. Holding his cock in one hand, she lifted her skirt with the other. Her hairy pubic thicket was like a burning bush, and her cunt lips were parted, the oval slot filled with creamy juice. Harry stood rigid, transfixed, as if his body was spiked and rooted on his own hard shaft. Sarah was stroking the Great Dane's prick again, and Maisy had started to rub the wolfhound's cock.

Jeannie rose up on her toes.

She was a tall girl. Her bushy pussy lifted up as her back arched, then she lowered her loins slightly, so that the head of Harry's prick was nuzzling into her cunt slot. She held herself there, with just the tip of his smoking prick slipping around in her pussy.

"Well?" she asked. "Will you lend us the dogs?"

"No," he croaked, without conviction.

Her cunt lips sucked on his cockhead, and he could feel the heat of her loins wafting down over his balls. A slippery ribbon of cunt juice trickled down his stalk.

"What did you say?" the redhead asked.

And what could the poor fellow say?

"Christ, yes!" he howled. "Take the dogs!"

"Thank you," purred Jeannie.

And then, to thank him with more than mere words, that lusty redhead slowly pushed her steaming cunt down onto his prick, taking his fucker up her pussy to the hilt. Harry groaned. He grasped her by the hips, as much for support as contact. Jeannie put her arms around his shoulders and looked into his eyes. Her hips slowly rotated, winding her cunt around on his stiff prick. It felt like a wet, velvet wringer. Then she began to rise up and down, going up on her tiptoes, so that only the head of his cock was lodged in her pussy, then slowly lowering her pussy onto him and taking his cock in to

the hilt.

Harry howled like a dog as he came.

His jism shot straight up into her with such force that her delicately balanced loins tilted, almost sliding off his cock. Jeannie wailed with pleasure as she felt his hot cum hose her cunt. She began to rise and fall faster, taking spurt after spurt into her pussy and starting to cream with him. Their fuck juices poured down her thighs. Her ass heaved, and her pelvis bucked, and she milked his cock bone dry in her cunt.

These girls, thought Harry, can borrow a dog anytime they want!

\* \* \* \*

A truck driver, looking down into an open yellow convertible, lost control of his vehicle and ran off the road. Since he was already stopped, he stayed there long enough to jack off twice—for he had seen an incredible sight. Afterwards, with his balls emptied, he convinced himself that he must have fallen asleep at the wheel, because he couldn't really have seen such a thing.

But he had.

\* \* \* \*

Sarah was driving and Jeannie was in the shotgun seat and sexy Maisy was in the back—with the two dogs. She was sitting in the middle, one big brute on either side of her. They were hunkered on the seat, facing her. Both dogs had hard cocks. Maisy had a dog prick in each hand. It was little wonder that the truck driver had been startled.

Maisy hadn't intended to actually do anything in the car.

She was holding the dogs' cocks simply because they were hard, and it seemed the natural thing to do with them. The girls had intended to wait until they got back to the house, so that they could fuck the brutes in comfort. But Maisy got carried away. Those huge dog cocks were pulsing and throbbing in her hands, and it seemed only right that she stroke them up and down. As her hands drew up, the furry foreskins curled up over the fat cock-knobs and as she pumped down, those knobs flared out, taut and vibrant. The girl's head turned back and forth as she gazed at both cocks in turn. One was as big as the other, and as hard. The wolfhound's cockhead was tapered, and the Great Dane's was blunt. Both were dripping. When she saw that slimy dog jizz ooze out, her mouth began to water.

She simply had to give each a lick.

She turned to the Great Dane, ducking her head down and pushing her tongue out. She lapped the tip of his blunt cockhead, gathering a trickle of jism from the cleft.

"Ooooooh," she purred.

Jeannie turned at the sound and, seeing that Maisy was licking dog prick, grinned and winked at the cock-hungry girl.

"Maisy can't wait," she said.

"Save some for us!" Sarah demanded.

But that would depend on how potent the dogs were, because Maisy intended to drink the first load of jizz from each of them. She was really ravenous for spunk now that the meaty flavor of cockhead tingled on her tastebuds. She turned to the wolfhound and laved his tapered cock-knob with moist slurps. Cum dribbled onto her tongue. She began to turn back and forth, licking each dog cock in turn. The brutes had started to whimper and rumble in their throats, glaring at each other across her head as if they were competing for a bone. Maisy was having trouble deciding which dog she should milk off first. Their pricks were equally tasty, and the preliminary spunk that was coating her tongue was driving her wild.

She decided to blow the wolfhound first.

She fitted her lips to the tip of his elongated cockhead and slowly slurped his cock into her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed in as she sucked steadily on the hot mouthful. Her nimble tongue laved around against the underside, darting over the delta where the big, veined stalk spread out into the flaring crown. She held him by the root of his prick, her hand not moving now, but dragging the sheath back so that the naked knob spread out, pounding, in her mouth.

The wolfhound began to hump, fucking into her face.

“Ummmm,” she purred, as the hot cockknob lodged in her throat and, “Ahhhh,” as it drew back, and she sucked through every retreating inch. Little jets of jism were spurting onto her tongue and into her cheeks. Those initial darts were making her hungrier than ever for the full load of thick fuck-cream that would follow.

Her hand began to stroke, frigging him as she sucked.

The dog howled, and his balls burst.

Steaming dog cum exploded into her mouth, and she gasped and gulped the stuff down greedily, sucking frantically as she milked his prick dry. When he stopped shooting, she continued to suck for a moment, to make sure she had dragged every precious drop from his hairy balls and used her tongue to lap up a few drops from the tip of his cock-knob.

Dog cum had overflowed her lips and run glistening down her chin. What a treat that had been! And she still had a Great Dane to milk! The randy girl turned to the other side and the Great Dane, who had been waiting impatiently, walloped his big prick right into her open mouth. Maisy gurgled happily and began sucking and frigging with vigor. Her lips unpeeled as they pulled on his purple cock.

Another hot load of steaming cum hosed her mouth.

She swallowed the stuff enthusiastically.

Then she leaned back against the seat, between the two brutes, smiling contentedly.

Jeannie and Sarah looked back, afraid that greedy Maisy might have gobbled the beasts dry.

But despite their climaxes, both dogs still had nice, big, hard cocks. This was a novel experience for the dogs. Both had fucked plenty of bitches, but bitches—even French poodles—didn’t give head.

\* \* \* \*

When they got back to the sorority house, the girls put the horny animals in the kitchen, resisting

the urge to enjoy those big canine cocks right away. They were looking forward to initiating the new girl, Carol, and they wanted both dogs to have hard cocks and full balls. They wanted to be horny, themselves, as well.

That was why, as she crawled from girl to girl, tonguing each cunt in turn, Maggie did not linger long enough over any of them to bring them to an orgasm, although she was coming, herself.

And that was why the girls fucked the rubber prick into themselves only casually, getting their cunts hot and creamy but not carrying it to the conclusion.

By the time that Carol Ballantine arrived, hoping to be found acceptable to the girls of K.T.A.-and never for a moment dreaming of the sort of thing that those depraved girls accepted-the house was full of soaking, hot pussy-and the kitchen was full of hard dog prick.

But Julia Mills, that extraordinary housemother, was not supplying one of those hot cunts.

Girls' tongues and dogs' cocks were nothing new to Julia, as they were going to be to Carol-and Julia had gone out to find something different on that memorable night.

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CHAPTER NINE

Julia Mills, the formidable housemother at the K.T.A. sorority house, had never fucked a man. She could have easily enough, for she was an attractive woman, with her mane of auburn hair and her hourglass figure, big tits and wide hips and narrow waist. She had had plenty of offers, but she had turned them down. It had never occurred to her, in fact, that she wanted a man to fuck her. Her sex life had continued as it began-with other women. She had been seduced by her gym teacher when she was a teenager. The gym teacher had been a lean, hard-faced woman with flat tits and boyish hips and muscular legs. After a bit of calculated conversation, she had sat young Julia on the edge of her desk and, kneeling on the floor, buried her face between the girl's already lush thighs and gobbled merrily away, bringing her to one shuddering orgasm after another.

Julia had loved it and returned to the gym teacher's office many times after that, for repeat performances. It had all been one-sided. The gym teacher, a confirmed lesbian who wished she had been born with a prick, demanded no return favors from Julia. On the contrary, she did not want that, and when Julia offered, out of a sense of fairness as well as curiosity, the gym teacher declined the offer. The gym teacher was ashamed at having a cunt between her legs and would not let the girl so much as touch it, let alone lick it.

Julia loved being sucked off.

But the gym teacher seemed to enjoy doing it so much that Julia was eager to try it, herself, to see if it was as much fun as the teacher seemed to think. So she sat about seducing one of her classmates, a sexy little blonde with plump titties. She invited the girl to spend the night at her house and managed it so that they slept in the same bed.

Remembering how the gym teacher had brought the conversation around to erotic topics, the first time, she cleverly worked the talk so that her words were designed to arouse the blonde. Side by side in the dark room, they both began to simmer as Julia got more explicit. When Julia touched the blonde's titties, the girl gave a little start of surprise-but made no attempt to stop the caress. Julia felt her up for awhile, dipping a hand between her legs and squeezing her soaking crotch, and then she had slowly slid down the bed and gone down on her first cunt.

Julia had discovered, with the very first lick, that sucking a cunt was every bit as good as having her own cunt sucked. She sucked the blonde's cunt most of the night and again as soon as they awoke in the morning, having that juicy crumpet for breakfast.

After that, Julia sucked every cunt she could get. And avoided the attentions of men.

It simply did not dawn on her that she might enjoy having a man fuck her. She considered herself a lesbian. Those were the days before the permissive society and women's liberation came along to change morality, and Julia had never realized that a woman could be bisexual, enjoying fucking men and women with equal gusto. She figured that she would be dishonest with herself were she to fuck a man.

But lately, her concepts had been changing.

She had not failed to note that the nubile girls of K.T.A. all seemed to welcome men and women with equal passion. Julia had puzzled over this and felt that her own life had been lacking. Once the barrier of her inhibitions was broken, she began to really wonder what it would feel like to get fucked by a man. Her cunt had been lapped and dildoed, of course-but that was not the same as having a man clamped between her ripe thighs, grinding his cock into her.

She contemplated getting her Pekingese to fuck her.

But that silken-haired, flat-faced little pussy-lapper had a prick no larger than her own clit, and she figured she would not even notice it up her big, hairy cunt. When she jacked him off, she used only her thumb and forefinger, and a cock like that was hardly suitable if she was going to make an accurate judgment on fucking.

No, she needed a man-a man with a big cock.

She thought about all the men she knew-mostly teachers and students-but none of them really appealed to her and, besides, she was still a bit inhibited and ashamed of her heterosexual inclinations. She was a latent or closet heterosexual, and knew she would be embarrassed to get fucked by a man who knew who she was.

What she needed was a total stranger.

On Friday night, she determined to go out and get picked up and find out what fucking was all about.

Once she had made the decision, she could hardly wait. She felt thrilled and excited. She felt deliciously wicked and ever so naughty. Going out to find normal sex, for Julia, was the same as a normal person going out to find perversion.

Her cunt was on the boil all day, the frothy fuck juice soaking her panties and trickling down her legs-but she steadfastly refused to give herself a hand-job or call on the services of her dog or one of the sorority sisters available to her, for she wanted to be as ready as possible for her first fuck.

She didn't have many sexy clothes.

But by not wearing a bra, she managed to make a silk blouse look very inviting, with her big tits packed into it and her stiff nipples pushing out in twin points. She wore a tight skirt, nylon stockings, a black garter belt, and high-heeled shoes to add a nicely contoured arch to her calves. Gazing at her image in the mirror, she was quite satisfied.

She hoped she would be equally satisfied later, after she had discovered the mysterious pleasures of a prick.

She drove to a cocktail lounge near the airport—a place where she was likely to meet a traveler passing through—and conveniently close to the numerous airport motels.

She took a seat at the formica bar and ordered a drink. She was pleased at the way the bartender, a bald fellow with hair sticking out of his ears, looked at her tits with appreciation. They were quite spectacular, thrusting out over the counter, like shelves, the nipples taut and vibrant and branding the silk of her blouse. When she had paid for the drink, she left her change on the bar so that no prospective men might get frightened off by the idea that she would not pay for her own drinks or, worse, that she might expect payment for sex.

She waited.

After awhile, she had a second drink.

The alcohol was making her even hornier and, at the same time, breaking down the last vestiges of her inhibitions so that, by the time a likely-looking gentleman came in and stood at the bar beside her, Julia was able to give him a speculative smile.

He looked surprised.

He was a tall, well-dressed fellow with neatly trimmed hair and highly polished shoes and, more to the point, the front of his trousers seemed to be full of cock and balls.

“Er—do I know you?” he asked, seeing the way that Julia was staring and smiling.

Julia giggled girlishly.

“That’s sort of an old line, isn’t it?” she said. “I mean, if you want to pick up a woman, you ought to get a better line than that.”

He gave her a funny look.

He turned away and addressed his drink.

Julia guessed she hadn’t played her cards right.

She said, “Not that I mind.”

“Pardon me?”

“Not that I mind if you pick me up,” she explained.

Then she blushed, wondering if perhaps she was being just a bit too bold and brash. The gentleman gave her another funny look, not at all sure that she was not crazy. But this time, as he looked, he took note of those huge tits and thrusting nipples, and then he noticed how narrow her waist was, before her body swept out into a splendid pelvic curve, and he pursed his lips.

Crazy women could be as good as any in bed, he reasoned.

He bought her a drink.

They commenced to chat. Julia found out that his name was George and that he was from out of town and knew no one in the area. This was ideal for her purposes.

She bought him a drink.

He mentioned that he was staying at the motel across the road.

Julia told him that she would probably stay there, too, but that she had not booked a room yet.

She was delighted to see the way his eyes flickered as he considered that situation.

By the time they had another drink, Julia was brushing up against him, making no attempt to hide the fact that she was both available and keen on the idea, and the front of George's trousers was more stuffed with cock than it had been at first.

Julia decided that it was time to lay her cards on the table so that, if this man was not willing she would still have time to find some other prospect.

"I'm not married," she said.

"Uh, neither am I," he replied, and it was so obviously a lie that her hopes soared.

"I don't have a boyfriend, either," she said.

"A beautiful woman like you? That's hard to believe."

She laughed happily at the compliment, her long, dark eyelashes fluttering and a nice blush spreading over her cheeks.

"I have never had a boyfriend, in fact," she said.

He frowned, puzzled.

"I'm a virgin."

Now his frown became a scowl. He figured that she must be some kind of cock-teaser.

But then Julia said: "But I don't want to be a virgin."

George stared at her hard, uncertain.

Julia raised her glass and her teeth clicked against it. She gazed at him across the rim.

"Just in case anyone was interested," she added. "Would you-do you mean--"

"Yes," she said. "That is precisely what I mean."

George could hardly believe his good fortune.

He didn't believe she was a virgin, either nor did he give a damn. They had one last drink. Then, by tacit agreement, they both stood up and Julia took his arm and they left the cocktail lounge and walked, somewhat unsteadily, across to the motel where Julia was going to get her first cuntful of cock.

George's room was large and comfortable. He pulled the drapes and switched on the bedside light.

He took off his jacket and loosened his tie.

Julia stood just inside the door. She had made her decision to go out and get fucked by a strange man, but now that it was about to happen, all her previous inhibitions came flooding back.

George, being a gentlemanly type, sensed her predicament. He went to her, took her by the hand and led her towards the bed.

“You really are a virgin?”

Julia nodded and cast her eyes down. The front of George’s trousers was now fairly bulging, the sight of which caused a thrill of desire to course through her belly.

“You can change your mind... ” said George.

Julia looked up, her face flushed with excitement.

“Oh, no... no, I want to.”

George began to unbutton her blouse, and her magnificent tits came into view. He unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor. Julia stepped from it and made to undo her garter belt and stockings.

George stopped her. “Leave those on, they suit you very well,” he said.

He cupped her tits in both hands, pressing the full globes together and thumbing her big firm nipples. He lowered his face and commenced to suck on her taut nipples, moving back and forth between them until they were straining like little rockets, eager to be launched.

Julia arched her back, thrusting her tits into his face. Her soft hips swayed from side to side, her thighs flashed.

“Ummm,” she purred.

George’s hand slipped down to her crotch. He began to massage her cunt through her sodden panties, tracing along her unfurled cunt lips and rubbing her clit. She began to gasp. His hand slid inside her panties and worked lovingly on her naked pussy, stroking and dipping, finger-fucking and rubbing, strumming her vibrant clit and tracing her cunt labes.

George tugged her panties down and pushed her back onto the bed. Julia sank down onto the soft mattress, her pussy mound naked now. George did not return to her cunt immediately; instead, he played with her tits, massaging and kneading the fat mounds and pressing them together and up. He pulled and rubbed at her nipples, and they grew larger and harder.

Returning to her cunt, he began to finger her juicy slot once more. Her cunt lips unfurled like the blossoms of a fleshy pink flower, and her pussy flooded with cunt juice. She opened her legs wider, granting his hand full access to her pussy. Her whole body was tingling with pleasure and expectation. She was going to find out what it felt like to have a fat prick stuffed up her hot cunt and to feel a man’s cum spurt into her, she just knew that it would be a wonderful experience.

George had not taken his prick out yet. Julia thought it would be a nice, friendly gesture on her part if she were to do that for him. She opened his fly. No sooner had she opened his pants than his prick came rushing out of its own accord, like a wild bull charging into the corrida, looking for soft flesh to gore on its huge horn... a solitary horn well adapted to goring.

Julia gave a little gasp of joy and excitement when she saw how large George's cock was. His thick prick was capped by a great flaring head, taut as a bowstring and so hot, she could feel the warmth wafting over her. She tucked her hand into his open fly and drew his balls out, anxious to get a look at them.

His cock and balls looked like a cannon on wheels. She cooed with delight. Her pussy was burning for the feel of his cock slamming into her cunt.

Julia began fondling his cock, rubbing her thumb against the underside, fingering the knob, cupping his balls. She didn't pump his prick up and down, however, for she didn't want to run the risk of having him come in her hand. She was determined to take his prick up her pussy, and it would be a tragedy if he blasted off before his prick got up there.

George let her caress his cock for a few minutes. Then he stood up and undressed. His cock seemed even larger when he stood. It jutted out before him like a pole before a pole vaulter, the big knob flaring. The head was glowing like a light bulb.

He knelt on the bed.

Julia fell back, bringing her knees up. Her thighs parted, her back arched, her cunt opened.

He fitted the snout of his prick into her cunt slot, wriggling it around with a circular motion. Her cunt lips dragged on his cock, trying to pull it up her pussy. He rubbed his prickhead against the soft flesh of her inner thighs, just above the tops of her stockings, then laid it on her pussy mound for a moment, the broad, flat, triangular head resting in her pubic thicket like a snake in the grass. Then he fitted his prick tip against her slot once again. He began to push his prick in to her, very slowly.

Despite her virginity, her cunt offered no resistance. In fact, her eager pussy was clutching at his cock, sucking it up and in. He fed her his prick inch by inch, and her cunt rippled up his cock, wringing it.

Julia began to gasp, as if the sound was being forced out of her lungs by the pumping of his big cock.

"Oh! Put it all in!" she cried.

George braced himself and shoved the final inches up her steaming pussy, burying his cock to the hilt. He held steady for a moment, letting her cunt become accustomed to being full of cockmeat for the first time. Then he began to fuck her with slow, luxurious strokes, his ass winding in like a screwdriver as he fed his cock to her. Lifting up on his knees, he angled in so that his fuck-strokes ran directly over her clit. She began to squirm and gyrate, her ass and hips grinding as he shoveled the load to her faster and faster.

George cupped his hands under her taut ass, lifting her pelvis like a platform. His cock pried into her like a crowbar, levering her cunt around. Spasms of lust shot through her, coming from all directions and flowing together in the depths of her pussy. Her fingertips tingled, her toes curled, her whole body began to vibrate.

George was snorting and puffing as he fucked her hard. His balls were ballooning as they slapped against her upturned ass, and his prick swelled inside her cunt, stuffing her full and spreading her clinging cunt wider with every stroke.

Julia shuddered as the long waves of her climax began to ripple across her belly.

She was coming!

Coming with a cunt full of cock was much nicer than coming with a cunt full of fingers, she realized, and she began to jerk and jolt spasmodically on his great prick. Her cunt was bubbling, and she was gurgling with joy and bliss, transported to ecstasy on his great locomotive of a prick as he chugged into her.

As her orgasm built up to a peak, George plowed into her with vigorous thrusts, going faster and faster until they were fairly flying together, and his big prick was spraying the cunt juice out of her pussy in a fine mist.

Then he was at the peak, too, and he howled with the sensation. His big cock surged inside her, and suddenly, she felt his hot cum jet savagely into her pussy.

For a split second, all her sensations were suspended as she thrilled to her first cunt full of cum. Her own orgasm hung suspended for an instant as she concentrated on his, feeling his thick jizz pour into her, filling her cunt.

Then she was racked by a spasm of blinding heat, and her cunt melted as if all the fiber of her loins had turned to cunt juice, and she had become a creature without substance—a thing of pure energy and sensation.

George walloped his cock in lustily, spurting jet after jet of spunk up her pussy as if he were trying to douse her fires with a blanket of thick foam. But instead of dampening the fires within her, it only served to spread them more widely throughout her body.

Their simultaneous orgasms seemed to last for hours; the woman's sense of time had gone haywire in the vast dimensions of her ecstasy.

Finally, George slowed, his balls drained, and only a trickle of scum seeped from his faltering prick.

Julia smiled happily at him.

She was glad that she had finally been fucked.

Fucking, she decided, was fun.

But then she had another thought, for even now, she was true to her own nature.

The best thing about getting fucked, she decided—was that it had made her hungrier than ever for some cunt!

Julia, with an eye to the future, wondered how Carol Ballantine was getting on with the girls of K.T.A.

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## **CHAPTER TEN**

Carol was a little nervous when she arrived at the sorority house, wanting to make a good impression, but not quite sure what attitude and behavior would most impress the members of that fashionable group. She was wearing a simple black dress, in good taste, but sexy, to play both angles at once. She was ushered into the front room and given a drink. She smiled at everyone and was aware that the girls were giving her a good eyeballing.

“So you want to join our sorority, Carol?”

Sarah asked her.

“Why, yes-if you want me.”

“Oh, we want you,” said Sarah, with a strange grin.

Carol wondered why that was funny enough to make the other girls giggle.

“But we have to make sure that you’re suitable,” Jeannie added.

“I hope so,” Carol said.

“For instance-are you a virgin?” Sarah asked Carol gasped and blushed. She was about to say that, yes, she was-and then she paused. She wasn’t! She had been a virgin so long, that the words sprung automatically to her lips but she had been well and truly fucked that very day! Should she lie about it? she wondered. Would the sorority be more inclined to let her join them if they thought she was cherry? Or might it be the other way around? It was hard to decide.

Carol didn’t for a moment believe all the sordid gossip about K.T.A.-but she didn’t exactly not believe it, either. Where there was smoke, there was fire. Although she didn’t suppose the girls could be as naughty as they were reputed to be, she didn’t imagine that many of them were virginal.

She decided that truth was the best policy.

“Well, no,” she said, blushing more deeply. “I’m not a virgin-but I’m certainly not promiscuous, either. I’ve only had one guy.”

“We don’t allow cherries to join K.T.A.” Sarah said.

Carol was glad that she had guessed right.

“Only one guy, huh?” Maisy put in. “You’ve been dating Langford Walker, right? He the one you’re fucking?”

Carol lowered her eyes and nodded.

“Yeah, he’s a good fuck,” Maisy said.

Carol looked up, shocked.

“Real big prick,” said Maisy.

“Have-have you, too?” Carol stammered.

“Sure-we all have,” Maisy told her.

Carol gasped.

“He’s a Rampaging Ram, after all,” Sarah put in. “We’ve all fucked the football team.”

“And sucked their pricks,” Jeannie added.

Carol felt betrayed. She hadn’t thought Langford was celibate, but she had never supposed he had

fucked so many other women. She felt angry and jealous and deceived. So that was why Langford hadn't wanted her to come to the K.T.A. house! He had been afraid she would find out what a womanizer he was! He hadn't been concerned about her at all; his motives had been selfish!

Carol felt like getting even with Langford. And she was certainly in the right place for that...

\* \* \* \*

"The housemother has gone out tonight," Jeannie was saying. "So we can let our hair down."

"Let our pants down, you mean," Maisy added, with a snicker.

Carol began to see that maybe the rumors about this sorority were, after all, founded on hard fact.

Had she known that before, she would not have come.

Had she learned it a few minutes earlier, she would have left.

But she had now learned, also, that her boyfriend was a cocksman, that she was probably just another piece of ass to him, and it so embarrassed and angered her that her attitude had abruptly changed. She was in the mood for just about anything.

"We have to make sure you aren't a prude," Sarah told her.

"Oh, I'm not," Carol said, although she wasn't at all sure whether she was or not, never having put it to the test. Nor did she see how they could really judge her. There were no men there, so the most they could do would be to ask her questions about her attitudes towards fucking and maybe talk dirty to see if it shocked her.

Silly girl!

"Are you wearing panties?" Jeannie asked.

"What? Why, yes-of course," Carol said.

"You weren't to know it, of course, but we have a house rule that we never wear panties at home."

What a funny rule, thought Carol.

It didn't seem particularly lewd to her, since they were all girls, and she had never had any lesbian tendencies-nor noticed them in other women. She had never been shy about showing her body, either, knowing it was a good one. But she hesitated. She would feel foolish, just dropping her panties like that.

Then Jeannie raised her skirt.

Her flaming bush was bare. She pushed her hips out, giving Carol a good look at her cunt. Her ripe thighs were parted, and Carol could see that her pussy was dewy with cunt juice. The other girls, in turn, showed that they were pantiless. Carol could hardly believe it as she looked from naked cunt to naked cunt. But it didn't trouble her. It was all just naughty fun, she assumed. It couldn't mean anything much. She smiled shyly and stood up, hooking her fingers under the elastic band of her bikini panties and skimming them down. Her ass and hips squirmed as she lowered them. The other girls were all staring with obvious interest as this brand-new pussy came upon the scene.

Carol sat down again.

Because all the other girls had left their dresses and skirts up, she left her hem up as well, although she modestly kept her thighs together. She wondered why it was making her feel sort of horny. After all, there were no men there, and why should she feel thrilled at showing her pussy to a bunch of girls?

"Yes, I think you'll fit in well here," Sarah proclaimed.

"You have a lovely pussy," Maisy said. "Nice and fluffy-and I'll bet it can get real wet, huh?"

Carol didn't know how to reply to that.

She heard a dog whimper.

In fact, there were two dogs whimpering on the other side of the closed kitchen door. Those horny brutes had gotten the tangy scent of hot cunt and were eager to join the group.

But that never dawned on innocent Carol.

She sat there, bewildered by her own emotions. She felt shy, and she felt horny, too-and the fact that she felt horny, for no known reason, made her feel more shy and uncertain. There seemed to be a certain tenseness in the air, as if the other girls were waiting for something to happen. But what on earth could they expect? Then Sarah snapped her fingers.

Maggie got up, grinning. Carol looked at the slender, dark haired girl-and saw that she was licking her lips.

"Maggie is sort of our maid of all trades," Sarah explained. "She does for us nicely."

"I see," said Carol, who didn't.

Sarah arched her back and extended her long, shapely legs, her thighs parted. Her cunt was steaming. Maggie moved over to her and knelt between her legs. Sarah was watching Carol-they were all watching Carol-to see how she would react to this. Carol was dumbfounded. She was staring at the scene as if mesmerized, fascinated by the unexpected.

Maggie dipped her head in and ran her hot tongue all the way up Sarah's slippery gash.

"Ummm," Sarah sighed.

Carol gave a little gasp. Maggie's pink tongue dipped and delved, slipping right up Sarah's hot cunt, then flicking over her trembling clit.

Gee, that must feel good, thought Carol.

Carol had never had her cunt licked. She had thought about it and longed for it, but she had always supposed that, when it happened, it would be by a man. Still-a tongue was a tongue! Her own pussy was starting to flood, and her thighs moved slightly apart on their own accord, as if to let the heat out from her cunt.

Maggie crawled away from Sarah.

Moving to Jeannie, she repeated the juicy tonguing on that fiery red pussy, slurping and sucking.

Then she crawled over to Carol!

Carol didn't know what to do. She wanted to feel that nimble tongue on her simmering cunt. But she thought it was wicked and perverted, and she didn't want the other girls to watch it happen. If she had been alone with Maggie, it might have been different, but here in this crowded room—on the other hand, she reasoned, they were all enjoying that tongue. Why should she feel embarrassed if everyone else did it? And they couldn't all be lesbians, so it was all just good fun. Why, they were probably just doing it to see how she reacted! That was it! This was a pre-arranged test to see if she were a prude!

Carol was determined to be accepted to K.T.A.

She let her thighs part some more and managed to smile as Maggie crawled toward her.

Maggie's tongue flicked up her pussy.

It felt wonderful! It felt even better than Carol had imagined it would feel, and she lost all her inhibitions at the first lick. She arched her back and began to squirm, working her frothy cunt around in Maggie's eager face.

The others looked on approvingly.

Yes, Carol was going to fit right in.

Maggie slurped with her tongue, then clamped her lips on Carol's clit and began to suck ravenously.

Carol wanted to come!

The thrill had just started to race through her loins; her cunt juice was ready to flow.

Then Maggie moved away.

"Oh! Don't stop!" Carol wailed. "I almost creamed!"

But Maggie did not return to her. Carol had been right in thinking this had all been prearranged, but it was not a test or prudery—the cunt-sucking was designed to make the new girl so hot, she would be willing to do anything.

Maggie sat back on her heels, grinning, her tongue hanging out.

Maggie would have enjoyed finishing that tasty job, but she had been given her orders. She figured that, once Carol was living at the sorority house, she would have plenty of opportunity to munch that succulent cunt—and now there were other matters at hand.

"Please—just a minute more!" Carol cried.

Her hand cupped her cunt. It didn't matter that the other girls were watching her. Carol was so hot she didn't give a damn about anything except coming. She started to rub her clit.

"Don't do that!" Sarah commanded.

"I've got to come," Carol whimpered.

"Why, yes—but we have a special treat for you."

Carol's hand moved away from her pussy.

What on earth were they talking about? Did they have some man hidden in the house?

Sarah nodded to Maggie.

Maggie moved to the kitchen door.

Carol just sat there, her cunt streaming, the thrill of a climax hovering just below the crest. Maggie opened the door and stepped back. The two dogs came bounding into the room.

Carol gaped at them in astonishment.

Both dogs were huge, handsome beasts and both dogs had gigantic cocks vibrating under their bellies!

Oh! I can't fuck a dog! Carol thought.

She gazed at those tremendous pricks.

If a tongue was a tongue, despite the sex of the tonguer-was a cock not a cock, no matter the species?

In an agony of indecision, her mind in a turmoil and her pussy burning like a furnace, Carol looked at Sarah.

"We all fuck dogs at K.T.A.," said Sarah.

"Unless you're a prude-" Maisy said.

Carol was determined not to be a prude.

And those pricks looked so wonderful!

Carol smiled.

"Which dog shall I fuck?" she asked.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

The big wolfhound advanced, stiff-legged, his snout thrusting out. He was gray-a handsome brute-his haunches quivering with pent up energy. The Great Dane circled to the side. In profile, his prick looked like a crowbar. Carol thought that it was awfully naughty to fuck dogs, and the idea was all the more thrilling because of that.

She started to slide out of the chair, expecting to get fucked doggy-style. But then she paused, her ass perched on the edge of the seat, for the wolfhound had pushed his muzzle up close to her pussy. Her legs opened wide, and she gave a little whimper of expectation.

The wolfhound began to lap her cunt.

His wide, hot, flat tongue slurped up her open, soaking pussy, and she began to pant with passion.

Her cunt juice flowed freely. The hound lapped it up with relish. Carol arched her back and squirmed. Her thighs clamped around the brute's powerful shoulders, then opened wide again. The dog's saliva was steaming as he spread it onto her simmering cunt.

The girl was seized by a desire to touch the dog's cock, to stroke him and return the pleasure that he was giving her. She reached down past his hairy flank and under his belly, taking his taut prick into her hand. She push-pulled and gasped when she felt his fat cock expand in her grip. She stroked his prick again, but slowly, without a regular rhythm. She didn't want to jack the brute off. When he shot his hot, thick load of spunk, she wanted it to squirt up her cunt. She drew her hand away from his cock and stroked his head as he continued to lap merrily away on her cunt.

The Great Dane had moved up beside her chair.

He was an intelligent dog, and he had learned a new trick earlier that day, when Maisy had taken his cock in her mouth. He was also a handsome dog, and he could seduce just about any pedigreed bitch he wanted, but he had never yet met a bitch that gave blow jobs. If a dog wanted his cock sucked, he had to find a human girl to do it.

He tensed his hindquarters and jumped up, placing his forepaws on the armrest of the chair.

Carol looked to the side, distracted by the movement.

The huge dog was poised there with his mighty prick thundering right before her eyes—and right before her lips, as well. She stared at the big meaty wedge of his cockhead as it flared out from the taut, hairy sheath. It looked absolutely delicious! Having sucked Langford's cock, Carol knew how much fun it was to give head, how succulent a mouthful of hard prick was and how thrilling it became when that cock spurted its savory cum into her hungry maw.

The dog's prick looked as delicious as Langford's.

It would be terribly wicked to suck a dog's cock, she thought. It might even be more wicked than fucking him. But the sight was making her drool, and her tongue was tingling as much as her clit. The other girls blew dogs—why should she deny herself such a treat?

A blob of spunk oozed from the Great Dane's cock-knob and began to run sluggishly down the flaring wedge.

Carol could not resist it.

She pushed her tongue out and lapped the foaming nugget of jism off the dog's cockhead. She let it slide around on her tastebuds for a moment, savoring it. Then she swallowed it.

It made her hungry for more.

She began laving his flaring prickhead with lavish tongue strokes, slurping moistly on his hot prick.

The wolfhound looked up enviously. But he sensed that his turn would come, and he dutifully continued to lick her cunt.

Carol held the Great Dane's prick by the root, pushing back so that the bloated knob flared out widely from the shaft. She kissed the tip and let her lips slowly part, taking his meaty cock into her mouth. She began to suck hungrily on it, her tongue still switching around against the hot, flat underside of the glowing wad of prickmeat.

Her head bobbed up and down.

She fed herself on his prick, her lips pulling and dragging and sucking, her tongue curling and coiling. His cock was dripping steadily.

Hot slime poured onto her tongue and flowed into her cheeks. The taste was driving her wild. His cockhead kept swelling larger and larger, filling her mouth and spreading her lips. It got so big that it was pressing into her cheeks on both sides at once. She was enjoying this mouthful of dog cock so much that she was in no hurry for him to come—and yet, at the same time, she was lusting for that hot cum, hungry for his thick jism. She began sucking harder, in the steady rhythm that would bring the whimpering brute to the peak.

The Great Dane was humping now, fucking into her mouth. His powerful haunches bunched with muscle as he fed his cock to her. His whole smooth, hairy body trembled and vibrated, and his prick was pounding and hammering with urgency. More jism trickled out. Carol gobbled it up hungrily. His balls were huge, filled with cum and almost ready to explode. Knowing that the dog was nearly ready to shoot his wad, Carol became hungrier than ever, half-crazed by lust. Her lips pulled lovingly, and her tongue swept around his cockhead, relishing the taste of his cock and eager for his jizz.

Come, she willed the beast. Oh, come for me, shoot that hot jism into my mouth, you adorable dog! Then her wish was granted.

Suddenly, her mouth was full of dog cum.

She gasped and gulped. The hot slime poured down her gullet, and more came squirting from his cockhead. The dog humped frantically, shoving his huge prick in and out as he emptied his bloated balls into her mouth. The stuff overflowed her lips and ran down her chin. She was swallowing all that she could but the brute was hosing her with so much of the thick fuck juice that she could not drink it all. Her lips kept pulling, and her tongue kept laving.

A last spurt hit her throat.

The dog stopped shooting, then, although the last dregs of spunk continued to ooze from his prick-knob, and he kept humping, making sure that he had drained his balls to the dregs.

His prick began to soften and shrink.

Carol sucked and slurped, hating to feel his cockhead shrink and slacken. She kept nursing on his cock, hoping that it would get hard again, that she would be able to drink another load of dog cum out of that succulent fucker.

But then the wolfhound's throat rumbled, and he raised his head. He had waited patiently, obediently tonguing her pussy while she sucked the Great Dane off, and now it was only fair that he get to bury his own prick into the girl.

Carol had been so wrapped up in sucking on the Great Dane's prick that she had forgotten all about the wolfhound, even though his tongue had been hard at work on her pussy. Now she gave a little cry of joy as she remembered that there was still a hard prick available, that she had no need to work the Great Dane's cock back into a suckable state. Her lips pulled away from his diminishing prick-knob. His cock came out, semi-hard, swaying up and down like a horizontal pendulum. He stayed where he was, forepaws braced on the arm of the chair, ready to have his cock sucked some more. But Carol had turned her attentions to the wolfhound.

Should she blow him, too?

The idea was attractive, for she loved to drink cum.

But she had already had her first taste of dog cock and cum, the Great Dane's jizz was still flowing down her gullet, still slipping around in her cheeks.

She had already sucked off her first dog.

She knew full well that, in the future, she was going to be sucking a lot more dog pricks, for they were delicious.

But now, the naughty girl decided that it was time to see what a dog's cock felt like up her cunt.

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## **CHAPTER TWELVE**

Pushing her ass to the very edge of the chair and extending her legs, thighs parted, Carol patted the seat beside her, encouraging the big, shaggy wolfhound to jump up. The dog was puzzled for a moment. He was accustomed to fucking bitches from behind, and the concept of a frontal fuck eluded him at first.

But he was learning things all the while. He knew that human bitches liked to suck cock and drink cum, and if they would do a depraved thing like that, they would do anything, even fuck in what, to him, was a backward position.

Her creamy, well-lapped cunt was right there before him, accessible from either end. The wolfhound gave a little whimper and bounded up, his forepaws braced on the seat on either side of her pelvis. In that position, his prick was jutting out over her belly, the fat knob poised above her plump tits. Carol eyed the throbbing prick, thrilled by the knowledge that it would soon be fucking her cunt.

She began to fondle his cock and balls.

Jism dripped out and splashed onto her tits. A gooey film spread down from her nipples. A gossamer thread of spunk stretched down from his cockhead to her tit. His jizz looked so yummy that the sex-crazed girl simply had to have a taste of it before she put his cock in her pussy. She leaned down and began to lap the spunk from his glowing cockhead, finding it every bit as succulent as the Great Dane's jism had been. She was almost tempted to finish the job that way and to drink yet another succulent load of dog scum.

But her pussy was steaming with need.

She tilted her cunt up and pushed his rock-hard prick down, fitting the tip into her fuck hole. She humped up and down, stimulating herself with his swollen prick-knob. Her cunt lips pulled on it. The dog was trembling, holding himself steady. Then she pushed his cockhead up inside her, and the moment he felt his smoking prick in her hot pussy, the wolfhound began to hump her with frantic strokes. His cock plowed in to the hilt, pulled back and slammed in again. He was yelping and rumbling with pleasure, fucking her so fast that his haunches were a blur. His hind legs scrambled on the floor, and his cum-filled balls swung in and out.

Carol was in ecstasy.

That long, thick, hairy prick was stuffing her hot cunt to the brim, filling her with prickmeat. Her cunt was dragging and sucking on his prick. She clamped her smooth thighs around his rampaging haunches and squirmed, working her foaming crotch around against him as he plowed in and out. Carol was panting as much as the dog, lost in her own animal lust, sobbing and wailing with joy.

Her pussy started to cream.

She tried to hold her orgasm back, to wait for the moment when the brute squirted his hot cum into her pussy.

Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed that the Great Dane's cock had gotten iron-hard once more, and greedy animal lover that she was, she was already looking forward to getting fucked by the Great Dane even before the wolfhound had shot his wad into her.

She felt the hound's prick swell inside her.

Her cunt was melting.

The wolfhound howled in ecstasy, and Carol wailed as she felt his hot spunk rush into her cunt. Spurt after spurt hosed her, and her cunt juice flooded out to mingle with his jism in a creamy whirlpool that swirled through her loins.

The dog kept humping until his cock and balls were drained.

Carol kept pumping as she worked her wild lust off to the end and milked her cunt dry.

At last, they slowed, then stopped.

The wolfhound pulled his prick out of her cunt. A flood of mingled fuck juices gushed out from her pussy and poured down her crotch into the taut crack of her ass. The wolfhound jumped down to the floor, his cock swaying up and down, still dripping.

Carol slid out of the chair and joined him on the floor. She got on her hands and knees.

It seemed only proper that, since she was fucking dogs, she should get fucked doggy-fashion.

She twisted her juicy ass invitingly.

The Great Dane, his cock hard again, recognized the position and sensed her willingness.

He approached her from behind.

He mounted her, his forelegs locking around her hips. He began to hump. His prick was not positioned right; and the fat knob bounced off the back of her thigh and skimmed up her ass. She reached back between her legs, giving her clit a quick stroke en route, and took the dog's prick in her hand. She guided the knob to her pussy.

Placed in position, the big dog began to fuck her with gusto, pouring his prickmeat in and out furiously. Her fuck tunnel was slippery-lubricated by cunt juice and wolfhound spunk, and the Great Dane's massive prick skimmed up her fluidly, hissing in the heat of her cunt.

Carol rolled her hips from side to side and pushed her crotch back, meeting his lusty fuck-strokes with equal vigor.

"Oh!" she cried, as she felt his prick fill her to the brim. "Ahhh!" Then he withdrew his cock, running the full hairy length over her clit. His big cock was pumping cunt juice out of her in ribbons and banners, as if seeking to empty her cunt so that he would be able to fill it up again with his own steaming load.

The wolfhound was standing in front of the kneeling girl, looking on with interest.

His prick was hard again.

Carol grinned wickedly. She had often wondered what it would be like to fuck two men at once—one in either end, and if these weren't exactly men, they were certainly male, and those doggy pricks were adorable. She began to lick her lips, her mouth open.

The wolfhound was learning all sorts of strange things.

He mounted the girl's shoulders, his prick sticking out at her eager face. His forelegs locked around her torso. He was mounted just as the Great Dane was, except in reverse. The two big dogs were face to face as they clamped onto the girl. They regarded each other, their tongues lolling out.

Carol took the wolfhound's prick into her mouth.

He began humping with wild lunges, fucking her in the mouth. She bridged her tongue under the head of his cock so that the tasty meat could skim over her tastebuds as it rammed back into her throat. Her lips sucked adoringly. The wolfhound's big prick was slipping right down her gullet and the Great Dane was pouring his prick into the depths of her cunt. Both cocks were so huge that Carol wondered if they were meeting somewhere in the middle of her torso, the swollen cockheads bumping together like moles in a tunnel.

Thrilled at both ends, the horny girl came.

Her clit sparked in an orgasm.

She was going off like a machine gun, enjoying multiple orgasms of incredible intensity.

The peaks crashed through her in waves, one coming so fast upon the other that they were merging into one. She wailed with joy, the sound muffled by her mouthful of cockmeat. Her cunt squished as the Great Dane stuffed it full of prick.

She hoped that both dogs would come at the same time. They did.

The Great Dane howled and poured his jism into her pussy in wild and volcanic spurts, and the wolfhound squirted his scum down her gullet in creamy jets.

She swallowed the dog jism greedily, and her cunt sucked the Great Dane's cock, milking it dry.

She reached a mind-boggling peak as she felt her body fill up at both ends, and she felt as if her whole being were dissolving.

At last, it was over.

The Great Dane plucked his spent prick out of her cunt, and the wolfhound drew his cock from her mouth.

The dogs looked at each other in wonderment.

Carol stayed where she was, gurgling with contentment.

The other girls applauded.

Carol had been so wrapped up in dog-fucking and dog-sucking that she had forgotten where she was. Now she blushed automatically. But she knew she had no need to feel ashamed, for all the other girls were avid dog-fuckers. Carol knew she had been accepted.

But she had made one mistake.

She had milked both dogs to the bone.

"You greedy girl," said Sarah. "You didn't leave a drop of dog cum for the rest of us!"

But she was smiling as she said it.

Carol looked contrite.

"I'm sorry," she murmured, demurely. "I just couldn't help myself, once I started."

"Oh, that's okay-but now we're going to have to find some more prick," Maisy said.

All the girls began to think about where prick could be quickly and readily obtained.

Jeannie said: "I know! I fancy some rampaging ram!"

"What a good idea!" Sarah said, with enthusiasm.

But Carol didn't like that idea. Fooling around with the girls and the dogs was fine, but if she were to start fucking the members of the football team, Langford would certainly find out about it, and she didn't want him to think her promiscuous.

How can I get out of it without risking being considered a prude? she wondered. The other girls were already preparing to go out, giving each other a few licks on nipples and cunts just to make sure they were nice and hot and juicy. Jeannie was sitting on Maggie's face, her big hips grinding. Sarah and Maisy were sixty-nining with relish. But no one was trying to come; they were just enjoying some foreplay before they went in quest of cock.

Carol lowered her eyelashes and, still afraid of being thought a prude, said: "I don't really feel like fucking a man now."

Maisy looked up from Sarah's hairy cunt, her jaws dripping with cunt juice.

"Who said anything about men?" she asked.

"Why-you wanted to fuck the Rampaging Rams," Carol said, puzzled.

"Not the football players, silly," Maisy giggled.

All the girls began to laugh at Carol's misunderstanding.

"I was talking about the mascot!" Maisy said.

Carol gasped, thrilled. She remembered what the mascot looked like as it majestically strode the

sidelines. It was a mighty bighorn mountain sheep, and she knew that it must have a huge prick and, best of all-unlike a football player-it could not kiss and tell!

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Because there was always the danger that a rival school might try to kidnap the team mascot, the huge Rocky Mountain Bighorn was never left unattended. Students who were too puny for the football team, but who wanted to be involved anyhow, took turns guarding Rocky, the noble ram.

He was a magnificent specimen, with sweeping horns and powerful shoulders and haunches. He would have made a great offensive guard. He was a proud and arrogant beast-and horny, too. Sometimes Rocky got a hard-on during a game, possibly inspired by the leaping, panty-flashing cheerleaders. His prick was long and thick and noble. Tonight he was being guarded by Clyde Barlow, a student who was weak and scrawny-but who had a cock out of proportion to the rest of his frail body, as if it had been grafted on to compensate for his physical weakness. Clyde had trouble getting dates because he was puny, but once a girl got a look or feel of his huge cock she always overlooked his deficiencies.

Clyde was bored this evening.

Guarding a bighorn ram was not too exciting.

He decided to give himself a quick one off the wrist, just to pass the time. He opened his fly and out popped his prick, rigid and vibrant and ready for attention.

He started to give it a stroking, standing in the shadowy interior of the ram's well-appointed quarters.

A giggle broke his concentration.

Embarrassed at being caught with his cock in hand, Clyde tried to stuff it back in his fly, but it was too hard to bend. He couldn't get it tucked away. He was still wrestling with the iron-hard rod when Maggie walked in, grinning impishly. Maggie preferred cunt to cock, actually, but she liked variety and didn't mind that she had been sent on a mission to decoy the guard away.

Clyde eyed her, looking over the head of his towering prick as if it were a gun sight.

Rocky, the ram who had been imperiously ignoring Clyde and not at all impressed by his prick, turned his noble head and gazed with interest at the sexy girl.

"Need some help with that?" Maggie asked. Clyde's embarrassment was replaced by delight.

"I sure could use a place to empty it," he said.

"Want to borrow my cunt?" Maggie asked.

"Oh, yeah!" Clyde enthused.

"Not here, though," said the girl. "I'd be too embarrassed to have that sheep watch me fucking."

Clyde hesitated. He was not supposed to leave Rocky unattended. But his prick was thundering merrily away and Maggie had lifted her skirt, giving him a look at her curly, dark-haired cunt.

Fuck the sheep, thought Clyde.

He followed Maggie out of the hut and towards the bushes, watching her nubile ass wriggle, his cock preceding him. Maggie led him far enough away from the hut so that he was not able to see if anyone went in in his absence. She pulled her dress off. Clyde gasped in appreciation. Her slender, firm body seemed to glow in the dark. She turned, letting him get a look from all angles-and taking her time, because she knew she would have to keep him occupied long enough for her sorority sisters to enjoy themselves with the big, fleecy ramrod.

She could see from the way his cock was throbbing that Clyde would not last long, once he got that big meatrack up a hot, tight place. But that was no problem-she would simply have to milk him twice, lingering over the second coming.

She moved toward him, then sank to her knees.

Clyde grinned happily. A blower! Just what he needed. Most of his girlfriends were so eager to get his huge prick stuffed up their cunts that they only gave fleeting head by way of foreplay. But he could see from the way she was licking her lips that this girl was a cum-drinker.

He pushed his loins out, jabbing his prick at her face. Maggie teased him, turning her head so that his cock-knob slid along her cheek instead of entering her mouth. But then she faced him again.

She began to tongue his cockhead.

Clyde trembled all over his puny body. His prick was so big that he had difficulty lugging it around. Even when his cock was hanging down limp and soft it was quite a burden for such a scrawny fellow, and hard it was like a flying buttress. He had to tilt his head and shoulders back to counterweight his looming cock.

Maggie slurped it into her mouth.

Her lips and tongue were expert and tireless, well developed by all the pussy sucking she did daily. She began to pull on his cockhead while her tongue lashed it. Then her head started to bob up and down as she gorged herself on his meat. She went down so far that his cock-knob was lodged in her gullet, deep-throating him, then sucking slowly through every fat inch as she bobbed back up.

As she had expected, Clyde could not contain himself.

He wanted to hold back and enjoy a long session of sucking, but his balls expanded and his prick raged and he blew a burst of jism into her so hard her head was rocked back and she had to clamp her lips tight to keep from being hosed off his rod. She gulped the hot, thick joy-juice down with relish and kept working on his prick until she had milked his balls dry and drank every lovely drop.

She pulled her mouth free with a slurping sound.

Clyde staggered, his legs gone watery.

Maggie grabbed him by the balls and pulled him down to the ground, then pushed him onto his back. His cock, although it had been thoroughly emptied, was still towering upright, rampant and hard. She threw one knee across and straddled him.

She slipped her cunt over his cockhead, fitting it in place like an inverted eggcup.

She began to rise and fall on his cock.

Clyde lay back, enjoying it, his hands clasped comfortably behind his neck and his frail form arched under her. Maggie went up and down steadily. But when she felt his prick begin to thunder again, she slowed, letting his lust subside slightly, before she started riding his cock again. She was expert in judging when a climax was due, and in prolonging it. She managed to cream herself, by rubbing her clit against his shaft, without milking him yet.

Maggie dragged it out for a long time.

Long enough for Carol to get her first piece of cock...

* * * *

Carol hadn't intended to be greedy.

She had already disgraced herself by blowing and fucking both dogs to a frazzle, not leaving a single drop of dog spunk for any of the other horny sorority sisters and she had fully intended to wait her turn on the ram's prick, letting the others enjoy it first. But the moment she set eyes on the magnificent beast, her mouth began to drool and her pussy started to melt with desire.

The ram seemed to fancy her, too.

It turned its big-horned head towards her, its big yellow eyes glowing with lust. It snorted and pawed the earth. Its whole woolly body began to vibrate and its huge cock started to expand. Carol gazed at that growing masterpiece of a prick. The shaft was fleecy. His balls were huge and bloated and full of cum. The head of his cock, dark-hued and smooth, came squeezing out from the sheath.

Carol took her dress off.

"Hey! No fair!" Jeannie protested.

It had been her idea and that oversexed redhead expected to get the ram's first load up her own cunt. But Carol ignored her. Carol knew that she was being a glutton, but she couldn't help it. If they didn't want her in their sorority, the hell with them. Now that she had discovered the joys of animal action she no longer gave a damn where she got it and if she wasn't allowed to join the sorority-she grinned at the idea-she would join the S.P.C.A., instead!

After all, it was cruel to deny animals orgasms...

Naked, she advanced on the ram.

His prick slid out to meet her, stretching under his belly, taut and throbbing. The beast stood with his feet planted wide and firm. A blob of cum oozed from his dark-fleshed knob. The stuff was as white and cloudy as his woolly coat, it looked as sweet as whipped cream. Carol knelt down beside him and slipped her head under his belly. She ran her tongue up the tip of his cock, gathering up that thick blob of jism. It was even tastier than dog cum, she thought, as she let it slip around on her tongue and then swallowed it down-and licked for some more. She wanted to fuck the brute, to feel that fleecy tower fill her cunt, but now that she had started licking his knob she found it hard to stop. Surely, if a mere dog could come in both her mouth and her pussy, this magnificent ram, this very symbol of potency, would be able to feed her a dose at both ends!

She felt hungry for her first load of ram spunk.

His cockhead was so huge that she wasn't sure if she could get it in her mouth—but she was sure going to have fun trying. Her lips parted wide, and she slowly pushed her mouth down over his swollen wedge of dark, hot meat. She managed to get almost all of the head in. Her tongue began to sweep against the underside and her saliva flowed as she began to drool for his meat and cream. No lamb-chop had ever tasted like this, no mutton had ever been as succulent.

Slurping steadily on the knob, she put both hands on the fleecy stalk and began to pump his prick up and down. Since she could not bob her head up and down, because his cockhead had clogged her mouth, she was going to have to jack him off while her tongue and lips worked on the crown of his magnificent, majestic meat pole. She pulled up and the fleecy sheath curled against her nose and chin.

Then she pushed down and his cockhead flared out, pushing into her cheeks on both sides, the tip tickling her throat. Each time she stroked him with her two-handed frigging action, a little jet of jism spurting out, heralding the massive dose that was due.

The ram tossed its proud head around and its hooves rattled on the ground. It began to hump, driving its prick into her face, through her stroking hands. Its knob flowed more and more. Her mouth was full of spunk even before the brute ejaculated.

It might go nicely with mint sauce, she thought.

Then the ram snorted and humped and a thick stream of spunk whitewashed her tonsils. Gurgling and gasping, Carol greedily gulped the slime down and her hands kept frigging, wanting to milk out every precious drop. Load after load poured into her. There was too much to swallow. It overflowed her compressed lips and trickled creamily down her chin, splashing onto her heaving tits. The stuff was coming out in a string, his balls seemed to be bottomless, each time she thought his cock was emptied, he surprised her with yet another delicious spurt.

At last he was drained.

But his cock remained hard as a horn.

Carol happily lapped up the jism that coated his meat, polishing his dusky knob to a luster.

The other girls were finger-fucking themselves and each other as they waited, each hoping to get the next crack at the potent ram.

But Carol was still under the brute.

And there was no way that she was going to surrender her position until she had been well and truly fucked.

Carol grasped a handful of wool on either side of the ram's shoulders. She arched her body under him.

The other girls groaned at Carol's gluttony.

Carol groaned with lust.

The ram tossed his horns and stamped his feet and blew his hot breath out as he waited to find his cock buried in human cunt.

His cockhead nuzzled into her open, soaking cunt.

Carol began to squirm and writhe as she worked her pussy down over that huge hunk of mutton.

At first, she was afraid that the bighorn's prick was too large for her hole, but then, inch by wonderful inch, the bloated knob began to slide up her steaming tunnel.

Clinging to his shoulders, she bridged her back and squirmed her pelvis around as it began to fill up with ram rod. Her pussy spread. The head of the beast's prick felt like a lump of molten iron slowly moving deeper into her body. Her turning, twisting loins sought to engulf that welcome intruder. Her pussy spread out to accommodate the thick tool, clamping tightly around the massive contours, a film of cunt juice soothing the passage. The ram snorted and gave a mighty lurch.

His cock went in almost to the hilt and his big balls swung back and forth, whacking the girl on the ass. Stuffed to the gunwales with cock, Carol wailed and whimpered with joy, savoring a far greater load of meat than she would ever be given by a man. Rocky seemed to enjoy her pussy as much as she enjoyed his prick. That hot, slippery tunnel was sucking on his cock, her cunt muscles contracting and pulling on his rod.

He humped.

At first attempt, it was not successful.

His cock was stuffing her so full that it would not slide in and out in a proper fucking movement. Instead, her whole body moved with it, stuck fast on the mighty prong. Carol swung back and forth under him, spiked on his surging prick, whacked on the ass by his balls. But then she tightened her grip on his fleece and threw her legs up, clamping her smooth thighs against his heaving flanks and digging her heels in. She held herself firmly in place, and when the bighorn thrust again, her cunt yielded.

His cock began to go in and out of her hole. It came out slowly, her pussy pulling on it, the prick covered with cunt-juice, then pushed back in to the depths.

Stuffed to the brim, Carol was in ecstasy.

She began to swing under the brute, meeting him with counterpointal strokes so that she was pushing her cunt down over his wedging, cramming prick and then, as the ram withdrew, rotating her hips and twisting her slippery hole around on the retreating rod, adding the friction of grinding torque to that of the thrusts.

Gasping and wailing, she creamed.

With her cunt full of cunt juice now, the ram was humping into her faster and more fluidly. His savage strokes were rocking her slender, nubile body, jiggling her tits and swaying her ass and rattling her hipbones. His haunches flew, becoming a white blur.

The Rocky Mountain bighorn squirted a massive load of cum into her, spurt after spurt pouring up her hole.

Carol came again, with the brute.

Their juices flowed together. Her cunt felt like a sheep dip. The foaming stuff gushed out, soaking the ram's belly and balls and coating her thighs and ass and crotch.

When he stopped shooting, his cock remained hard.

Carol didn't falter at all. She continued to swing back and forth under his belly. The ram had stopped humping now that his wad had been spilled, but Carol was running his cock in and out by her own wild gyrations, feeding herself full of ram rod, swinging back, slamming her cunt down his stalk again.

The ram got the idea.

Bracing his cleft feet, he started to hump again.

This time, ram and woman, they came in a simultaneous burst, shooting and melting, spurting and creaming, both of them dissolving in the frenzy of their shared orgasm.

After the ram had stopped pumping the prick to her, Carol continued to grind her pelvis around for a few moments, enjoying the final moments of the act, the last sensations of that mighty cuntful of animal cock, working off a last spasm of joy.

Then she slid off his prick.

She bounced on her ass, cum and cunt juice gushing out from her vacated pussy in a creamy flood.

The ram's huge prick snapped upright along his belly as her weight was slipped off it. It stood there for a moment, as hard and huge as it had ever been.

The other girls stared at it hopefully.

They realized that greedy Carol had already had three loads of joy-juice out of those big balls and huge prick and they marveled that the masterpiece of meat still stood rampant.

Then it collapsed.

The great rod gave a lurch and a shudder. It seemed, for an instant, to become even larger. Then the fat knob softened and the color faded. The bar sagged and bent. The ram's prick drooped down, the head dripping onto Carol's belly and tits. And, to the horror of the horny sorority girls, the long wand slowly began to retract and the drained knob drew back into the fleecy sheath. His balls shriveled up like an empty wineskin. The ram was finished for the night.

The girls glared at Carol.

Carol looked at them sheepishly.

Then she giggled.

It seemed rather appropriate that her attitude was sheepish, as she sat there with her cunt full of ram spunk.

* * * *

They did not ask Carol to join K.T.A.

Her greed had foiled her. The sorority girls did not want a girl with such capacity for cum and such energetic ability to empty cocks and balls living with them. They feared that there would not be a drop of jism left for anyone else.

But Carol wasn't bothered.

Langford was pleased when she told him that she had decided not to join the sorority, after all. They were quite happy together. And when Carol expressed a desire to do voluntary work for the S.P.C.A., why should he object to that?

The End