

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



GH-111 **Penny's Pet** by Duncan Fox

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**GREENLEAF  
HERITAGE SERIES**

# **PENNY'S PET**

**By Duncan Fox**

**GH111**



*Penny slowly shook her head back and forth, unable to believe what was about to happen to her. She couldn't move, and she watched Manfred's slow, steady approach toward her exposed sex. There was no doubt now as to his real intention. His head down, his brown eyes focused squarely on the intersection of Penny's thighs as his tongue licked out. She groaned softly now, as a shiver of anticipation raced through her. It would be beautiful, she knew, being made love to by the huge German shepherd.*

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## **CHAPTER ONE**

Penelope Savage was sound asleep. The covers were pulled high, cutting across her chest between the tops of her full breasts and her pale, graceful neck. Her full lips were parted slightly, her lower lip pouting as if she had just been scolded. Her black hair, curling under slightly at the ends, was ruffled in spite of its natural straightness. The only motion was the slow rise and fall of her breasts as she breathed.

She didn't stir at the slight sound in the room, the quiet sound of a soft footfall on the carpet. Her steady, even breathing continued as a man's strong, tanned hand reached for the sheet and slowly lifted it and pulled it downward, exposing more of her. Her demure, high-necked nightgown, shapeless as it was, did little to conceal the soft seductive curves of her body as the man pulled the covers lower and lower, slowly, as if he were teasing himself.

Penny was so soundly asleep that when her fingers caught in a fold of the sheet and her arm lifted slightly before dropping back on the bed, she still didn't stir. The covers were down to her waist now, exposing more and more of her ruffled nightgown. The sunlight filtering through the curtains was bright enough to show the tiny hairs on her bare arms.

With infinite patience the man continued to tease the covers off Penny, drawing them upward and away from her to keep her from waking. His eyes studied her as if she were an art treasure, while the way he licked his lips indicated his interest was not just esthetic.

The man folded the covers carefully back down on the bed, leaving them covering only Penny's feet. Then he reached down and delicately rolled them off, uncovering her completely. The nightgown, a soft blue cotton, was rucked up, its hem pushed up well above her knees to expose her graceful, flawless legs to the morning light.

She was lying on her back, her hips turned slightly, her knees bent and her legs slightly spread. As the man stood staring down at her, she shifted restlessly, making him catch his breath. Penny's hands moved slowly over the smooth expanse of the sheet, as if searching blindly for the covers. Her fingers were long and graceful, her nails meticulously manicured. Penny's head turned and her chin lifted, exposing her white throat even more as she shifted on the pillow.

Licking his lips anxiously, the man reached down slowly and hesitantly for her neck, his fingers trembling slightly with suppressed excitement. Closer and closer his fingers drew to Penny's throat, and still she didn't move. Her full breasts continued to rise and fall slowly and steadily with her even, deep breathing.

The man bit his lip in concentration as his fingers gently plucked at the top button of Penny's nightgown. He worked as if he were defusing a bomb as he carefully slid the gleaming button through its hole, then delicately spread open the tight, high neckline of Penny's single, baggy garment. The V of skin he exposed was as pale and flawless as her neck. A faint, slow pulse beat under the skin of her throat.

The man was working on the next button of her nightgown now, and still Penny didn't move. This button was looser, its buttonhole stretched and misshapen, making it easier to undo.

This time, when the man spread the fabric back, the soft white rise of the tops of Penny's breasts came into view.

The next button yielded quickly to the man's fingers. His hands shook with excitement as he pushed the cloth apart, exposing more and more of Penny's breasts. At the top, the nightgown was spread wide enough to show the gentle softness and paleness of Penny's shoulders. The man tried, but the gown would not spread far enough to expose Penny's breasts completely. He attacked the next button.

It resisted. Evidently this buttonhole had recently been repaired. It was located well below Penny's breasts, in the middle of her stomach, where a cold draft from an open button would be most noticeable. The man worked at the button, holding his breath as he bent over her. His forehead was beaded with tiny drops of sweat and his hands were shaking violently when he finally managed to release the fastening.

This time his efforts bore more interesting fruit as he utilized the additional slack he'd gained in Penny's nightgown. When he pushed the fabric apart, it brushed over her nipples, exposing the mounds of her breasts to the filtered sunlight in the bedroom. Her nipples were tiny peaks from the gentle friction of the cloth across them. The man's eyes gleamed as he studied the full, creamy mounds of her breasts and the dark, circular caps of her nipples.

In a few seconds, lacking any further stimulation, her nipples had relaxed. The man bent over her carefully and blew first on one nipple, then the other. Obediently, the little points popped erect, making peaked caps on the soft mounds.

The man reached for Penny's breasts, his hands ready to cup and squeeze them, the hunger in his face obvious. Then he froze, and held himself back with a visible effort. Changing his mind, he reached instead for the next button on her nightgown.

Penny's bared chest rose and fell with the same, steady, even rhythm as he worked at the next button on her nightgown. The nipples remained perky and hard.

In a few patient seconds the man had managed to release the last buttons of Penny's nightgown. He spread the garment open from top to bottom, exposing Penny completely. Then he stood back and began to remove his own clothes as he stared at her.

She was exquisite, a pale, flawless figure set against the soft blue background of her open nightgown. Her skin was white, soft, gleaming slightly in the light coming through the curtains. Her nipples were small dark circles on her full breasts, circles whose centers peaked up sharply, pointing at the ceiling. From her breasts her body tapered smoothly to a narrow waist and flat stomach, then swelled to her hips. Her navel was a dark, oval pit. And below her navel her tummy was a gently curving mound.

From there, everything led to the dark triangle of her cunt, a thick mass of black curly hair. The slight spread of her creamy thighs exposed her totally to the man's view as he shucked off his last covering.

He was as nude as she now. His cock was a powerful rod of flesh standing out from his hairy groin, casting an ominous shadow across the bed as he stood looking hungrily down at her. His body was lean and hard, trim and well-muscled. Where she was pale, he was tanned. His chest was covered

with a thin growth of hair.

He bent toward Penny again, his hands reaching for her breasts, his eyes gleaming with lust. And this time he didn't stop. He moved carefully and slowly until the palms of his hands just brushed her breasts, whispering across her tender, already erect nipples.

Penny groaned and moved, her eyelids fluttering, as she reached for her own breasts. Then her eyes flew open as the man's hands came down powerfully on her naked breasts, grinding the tender hills flat against her ribs, turning her nipples into painful knots of pleasure, knots that felt as hard as rocks as he squeezed them against her ribs.

The look of terror on Penny's face was replaced in a split second by one of pleasure as she looked up into the handsome face of her husband. His lips lowered toward hers, and, half-asleep as she was, she took his kiss with her mouth open, her lips working against his. When his tongue thrust into her mouth she met it with her own. With a quick shrug she slipped out of the loose sleeves of her nightgown, then wrapped her arms around Tad's thick neck to pull him down on her.

She eased her pull on him as his hands continued to work her breasts over. Penny's body shuddered with the waves of pleasure roaring out from her tortured breasts. From these two points on her chest, roots of sexual lust seemed to be spreading through her body, driving toward her groin, bringing her pussy to life. Desperately, she clutched at Tad as he tortured her nipples with his fingers, plucking and rolling the hard little peaks.

With a wrench, Penny broke the kiss and pushed her husband away from her for a few, precious self-torturing seconds and looked up into his dark eyes. His fingers still kept possession of her nipples as his gaze swept from her neck to her knees and back again.

Deliberately, any shame she might have felt melting in the heat of her lust, Penny spread herself on the bed in wanton invitation to him. Her breathing that had been so soft and steady in sleep became ragged from her excitement. Her soft brown eyes gleamed with desire as she licked her lips, making them gleam.

Tad's muscles rippled as he lowered himself onto the bed next to her. Keeping one hand on her breast, he slid the other down over Penny's smooth body and pressed against her soft stomach before sliding lower. Penny's legs lifted, her knees bent and her thighs fell open as he moved his fingers down toward her crotch. She felt his fingertips pressing and pulling her pubic hair, their touch against her clitoris sending an explosion of pleasure through her. She let out a soft, strangled cry at the beautiful feeling, her eyes closing and her head rolling on the pillow as she reached blindly again for Tad.

He let her pull him down next to her on the bed without releasing his grasp on either her breast or her cunt. Anxiously she rolled toward him to maintain his touch on her body as their lips met again in a fiery, lust-filled kiss, trapping his hands between them. Then she eased her hand down between them, seeking blindly for his penis.

Hungrily and lovingly she wrapped her fingers around the huge, hot shaft. She squeezed the rod, pleased with its powerful solidity. She ran her fingers over its tip and felt it shudder in response to the stimulation. She spread the slick fluid over its curving head with her fingers, then found the specially sensitive triangle just under its head and titillated it frantically with her fingernail, scratching ever so gently.

Tad's response was powerful, his breath whooshing from him at the touch. He drove his hand down between Penny's thighs, pressing one finger between the lips of her cunt, rubbing the hot, tender

tissues inside until there was an explosive surge of juices that was pure pleasure to Penny. She ground her body against his, leaving only enough room for his hand to keep working at her hungry cunt. She lifted her leg and braced it on Tad's hairy leg, the scratchy feel of his hair against the tender inside of her thigh increasing her excitement. Slowly she pumped his hard, hot cock with her hand the way she knew he liked it.

It was by mutual, unspoken consent that Penny rolled onto her back, releasing Tad's cock as she did so. She spread herself for him, legs open, knees bent, arms spread as if she were being crucified. Tad lifted his body over hers, then lowered himself on her, pressing her into the bed with his weight. He shifted restlessly, trying to aim his cock into her juicy, hungry cunt.

Penny was desperately hungry for him and reached down to guide his hard shaft into her cunt, then lifted her hips to match his first strong thrust. Despite the lubrication his fondling had triggered, his cock felt dry as he drove it into her, and she nearly cried out with the pain that was so close to being pleasure. She backed her hips away from his drive and he seemed to understand, and eased his attack. Now he went at her carefully, working his cock into her cunt in a steady driving motion, never pushing her beyond the point of pleasure to pain. He worked his cock deeper and deeper into her cunt, increasing the length and power of his drives as her juices coated his hot cock.

Penny's thighs were stretched wide, her hips writhing and jerking. She felt stretched open, filled with a mass as hot as molten steel. She clutched at the back of her lover, his breath hot in her ear as he worked his way deeper and deeper into her.

When his pubic bone ground against hers, crushing her clitoris into a knot of flaming joy, Penny went wild and sobbed from the fiery pleasure of it all. She welcomed his retreats and powerful thrusts as he pistoned his cock in and out of her. She rolled her hips, then slammed them up to meet his drives. She felt as if he were tearing her wide open, filling her guts totally with his incredibly delicious cock. Her own lust boiled higher and higher, driving rational thought from her mind. She became less and less human, more and more an animal, as she took his driving phallus into her hungry cunt.

The successive waves of flaming pleasure that roared through Penny with every powerful drive of Tad's cock lifted her closer and closer to a sustaining peak of pleasure. She clawed at his back, her hips taking on a life of their own as they writhed against Tad's drives. She whimpered with pleasure, tears of joy blurring her vision. Her teeth clamped down on Tad's muscular shoulder as she rocketed upward. She was beyond the point of no return now, the spontaneous combustion of her own lust setting her entire body aflame, turning it into a pool of fire as she climaxed, every muscle in her body straining, locking her joints, crushing herself against her husband.

The jet of semen from his cock that sprayed in her cunt did nothing to extinguish the roaring fires of her own climax. Instead it triggered another orgasm, making her muscles knot so tightly she thought they were going to rip apart.

Then a swelling sense of loss engulfed Penny as her orgasm slowly faded away. Her muscles relaxed slowly, leaving her feeling exhausted and limp as she lay under the crushing weight of her husband.

As she fought to catch her breath, she was faintly aware of the slow but steady shrinking of his cock in her vagina. She tightened the walls of her cunt around the dying mass. For a second her effort was rewarded by a slight resurgence of life in the hot cunt, then it began shrinking again. All too soon it was nearly gone, leaving her feeling empty, more empty than she'd felt before he'd driven it into her guts.

Penny tried to speak, but her voice felt rusty and unused. She cleared her throat and tried again. "Oh, Tad."

"Good morning," Tad replied softly as he eased himself off his wife.

"Good morning," Penny answered, rolling toward him and taking one of his hands and guiding it to her breasts. She snuggled against him. "What time is it?"

Slowly, Tad rolled over to look at the clock. "Seven-thirty."

Penny snuggled against him again. "Good. I don't have to get up for at least another ten minutes."

"What? Oh, that's right. I forgot," Tad sighed. "The first day of Sunday School. Why'd you volunteer to teach Sunday School anyway?"

Penny snuggled against him, plucking idly at the hair on his chest. "I told you, because they needed somebody. Besides, it'll be fun. I like children."

"I know," Tad admitted. "But it's going to restrict our Sundays."

"No more than church does," Penny argued. "You'll have to leave the house earlier," Tad pointed out. "Church wasn't until eleven. Sunday School starts at nine-thirty."

"It didn't stop us this morning," Penny giggled as she freed herself from his encircling arm.

Tad rolled off Penny's bed and stood in the space between it and his own bed. "I don't always wake up this early on Sundays," Tad pointed out.

Penny picked up her nightgown, slipped it on, and quickly buttoned it. "How'd you manage to get so far with me without my waking up anyway?"

"Skill, woman, and patience," Tad answered with a hint of pride. He was naked and unashamed as he stretched luxuriously.

Penny cast a quick glance at his now-limp cock and hastily pulled her eyes away from it. She felt a surge of her old modesty as she turned away from him. "I'd better take a shower."

"Why not go smelling like sex?" Tad asked. "Might give your class a bit of an education."

"Tad!" Penny exclaimed. "That's a terrible idea."

"Better yet," Tad went on, "read them the Song of Solomon and give them an illustrated lecture."

"Tad, you're horrible," Penny snorted as she headed for the bathroom. "If you had your way, you'd turn my kids into sex maniacs."

After tucking her hair up into a shower cap, Penny shed her nightgown and stepped under the warm spray. As it sluiced down over her relaxed body, washing away the clinging juices of their lovemaking, Penny mentally reviewed the lesson for the day. She'd drawn the eight-year-olds and had decided to start off on safe ground by telling them the story of Noah and the ark.

As she dried off, Penny heard Tad humming contentedly outside the door, and it reminded her of how she'd been awakened. She was amazed he'd been able to strip her naked while she was asleep. She remembered vaguely she'd been dreaming of a warm, sunny beach. In the dream she'd been



undressing, then running along the beach naked. Tad's stripping her must have triggered the dream. In the two years they'd been married, Penny had never gotten used to his uninhibited love of spontaneous sex. She'd been a virgin until their wedding night, but she knew Tad had been experienced. Over the two years he'd managed to batter down some of her shyness and modesty. At least she was able to let him admire her naked body without cringing and feeling ashamed.

"Hey, I'm about to burst," Tad complained.

"Coming," Penny said quickly, wrapping herself modestly in a towel. She still felt shy when she was naked in front of him in a nonsexual situation.

He was still naked as he brushed past her. She averted her eyes. She heard his urine splashing noisily in the toilet bowl as she dressed. The shower went on just as she headed for the kitchen.

Tad mopped up the last lingering trace of egg yolk with his toast and popped it in his mouth. "Don't forget the barbecue after church," he reminded Penny as he chewed and swallowed.

"What barbecue?" Penny asked, distracted by her nervousness at facing her first Sunday School class.

"The barbecue at the Angelicas," Tad explained patiently. "Remember?"

"The Angelicas," Penny said in a distracted tone. "Oh, of course, the Angelicas. Talk about messing up our Sunday. I hope these barbecues aren't going to be a regular thing."

Tad shrugged. "They may be, but not every week I hope. But it's kind of important to business. I mean, like they are clients and associates and stuff: It's a rotating arrangement. Don't worry, you'll like the people."

"I hope so. You know I'm not much for parties."

"These aren't really parties," Tad explained. "Just casual gatherings as far as I know. It's just like a group of close friends getting together regularly. Also, it's a good chance to get to know people in the area."

"So is church," Penny pointed out. "Or it would be if you'd go."

Tad eyed Penny wryly. "We're not going to go through that again, are we? You know how I feel about going to church. You don't have to go to church to be religious, and going to church doesn't mean you are religious."

Penny felt a flash of irritation at Tad's attitude. She'd been trying to get him to go to church ever since they'd gotten married, but he steadfastly refused. The last time he'd been in church was for their wedding ceremony. They'd argued the point frequently, and the issue had never been resolved. Penny always went to church. Tad never did.

With a resigned sigh, Penny bent down and gave Tad a kiss on the cheek. "I've got to go. Pick me up at the church about noon?"

Tad returned her kiss with ardor. "You know I will."

The crisp, bright fall day dispelled the last lingering traces of Penny's aggravation with Tad. She had to admit that he was right: a lot of the people who went to church regularly were far from religious.

As she walked down the sidewalk, Penny was glad she'd worn a sweater. California mornings could be unexpectedly cool in spite of the lack of seasonal change which she couldn't get used to. In Iowa one could tell what time of year it was without looking at a calendar. Here, the only way you could assume it might be winter was if it were raining.

The sound of electronic church bells made Penny quicken her step. That was something else about California which bothered Penny. Everything seemed so artificial. Even the church bells, instead of being live and in color, were the product of transistors.

Some of her doubts were dispelled by the sight of the church. It was small, neat, painted white and had a proud little steeple. And the children pouring in the door were real.

The minister, young and handsome, seemed to understand children as he hurried through the brief early service. His sermon was simple, and amusing enough to keep the interest of the restless youngsters.

After the last, off-key hymn, he held up his hands for the attention of the young congregation. "Let's keep it down to a dull roar," he requested, which set off a wave of giggles. "We have a new Sunday School teacher with us this morning that I'd like you to meet. Mrs. Savage, would you please stand up?"

Blushing slightly, Penny stood up and turned to face the congregation. She felt the curious eyes of the children on her and fidgeted slightly.

"Mrs. Penelope Savage has just moved into our area with her husband, Thaddeus, and has generously offered to teach the eight-year-olds," the minister announced. "I'm sure she can count on your full cooperation and attention."

By the time her first class was over, Penny wasn't at all sure what she'd gotten from the children. Cooperation had been minimal and attention even less evident. Somehow she had the feeling all she'd accomplished was to act as a baby sitter. Somehow she'd managed to get through the story of Noah, with something over a thousand interruptions for trips to the bathroom, drinks of water, questions about herself and incipient fights.

Halfway through the hour she'd shed her sweater, feeling bathed in perspiration. The basement of the church was one large, attractively finished room. The various classes formed small groups around their teachers. Penny's class had been located in the least accessible, stuffiest corner of the entire basement. In addition, Penny's throat was sore from trying to keep order and make herself heard over the rest of the teachers and children.

"Ah, Mrs. Savage," the minister stopped her as she was about to leave the church. "I do hope you're enjoying yourself?"

Penny had warmed to the minister the first time she'd met him. "Oh, yes. Thank you."

The minister waved toward the church. "I'm sorry things are so chaotic. Our latest building drive is to raise funds to provide a few partitions in the basement to make things a little more orderly."

"Oh, this is quite all right," Penny assured him. "It's more vital and exciting this way."

The minister snorted in amusement at this. "That's a very diplomatic way of expressing it. I didn't see your husband in the congregation this morning."

"I'm afraid you won't," Penny replied, embarrassed. "He's not much for going to church. He says there's too much hypocrisy for him."

"I'm inclined to agree with him at times," the minister acknowledged. "But at least we can attempt to combat the hypocrisy in our small way. I hope he realizes he's always welcome."

"Oh, yes, of course." Penny excused herself and hurried out to where Tad was waiting patiently in the car.

"Who's that handsome devil?" Tad asked as she slid into the seat next to him.

"That is the minister," Penny answered.

Tad released the brake and guided the car away from the curb. "Well, I'd better look out for him. He looks like the one the lead soprano chased around the church until she caught him by the organ."

"Tad!" Penny exploded. "You're terrible." She turned red with embarrassment.

"Sorry," Tad apologized.

"You should be." She glanced over at Tad's casual sports shirt and slacks. "Are you dressed right for the party?"

Tad shook his head. "I told you, it's a casual gathering, not a party. I'm fine."

"I wish I'd had time to change or something," Penny muttered, looking down at herself. She was wearing a starched white blouse and the skirt she wore ended just above her knees. She'd thought it was daring for Sunday School, but all the other women had worn skirts several inches shorter. Penny decided she had a long way to go before she was used to California.

"Now just relax," Tad assured her, reaching out and patting her arm. "This isn't any big thing, just a barbecue. Okay?"

Penny took a deep breath and attempted to relax. "Okay."

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## **CHAPTER TWO**

Penny's nerves were not improved by the sight of the Angelicas' low, rambling, modem house. There was a cluster of cars in the drive that spilled over into the street, forcing Tad to park in front of the next house down. Penny got out of the car, leaving her sweater behind. The sun was directly overhead, burning down with an intensity that had long since eliminated the morning chill. Now it was warm, but not unpleasantly so, as they made their way to the front door. Tad pushed the doorbell several times, but got no response.

"Can't understand it," he muttered. "This is the house and there's obviously a crowd here."

"Maybe the bell isn't working," Penny suggested.

Tad cocked his head and pushed the button again. The sound of the chimes was faint, but unmistakable. "Nope, that's not it."

"Can I help you?" someone asked from the side of the house. "Oh, it's you Tad."

"Hi, Sal," Tad replied.

"I thought I heard the bell, but wasn't sure. Everyone's out back. This, I presume, is Mrs. Savage?"

Tad ushered Penny around and presented her as if he were unveiling a treasure. "This is Penelope, Sal. Penny, this is Sal Angelica, our host."

"It's a pleasure, Penelope." Sal greeted her warmly, sticking out his hand.

Penny found herself facing a stocky, brown skinned man with crew-cut, salt-and-pepper hair. "Please, call me Penny," she said, taking his hand.

"That will indeed be a pleasure," Sal assured her, not releasing her hand, and using it to guide her through the gate. Penny wanted to pull back and hang onto Tad, but Sal's firm grip gave her no opportunity to escape. "You're a welcome addition to our group, I assure you."

Penny was forced to let him tow her along, but reached out blindly for Tad as she was hauled into the back yard. Tad had to hurry to keep up with Sal's rush.

"It looks like we're late," Tad observed, finally managing to catch up with Penny and their swarthy host.

"Not at all, not at all," Sal assured them. His voice had a slight accent. "You're right on time. Come on, let's get you some drinks before I introduce you."

"Drinks?" Penny was nonplused. Before she could protest a glass of what looked like tomato juice was thrust into her hand, and her apprehension eased. She never drank before five in the evening, and in her parents' house liquor on Sunday had always been forbidden. The tomato juice reassured her. She noticed that everyone seemed to be having either that or orange juice out of the two large punch bowls on the picnic table.

Tad sipped his drink, made a face, then eyed the tomato juice curiously. Before he could make any comment, a short, slender, dark woman had popped up at his side and taken his arm.

"Who is this handsome man, Salvatore?" the woman asked.

"Tad, I'd like you to meet my wife, Faith," Sal introduced them. "Faith, this is Thaddeus Savage, and his wife, Penny."

"It is indeed a great pleasure to meet you," Faith Angelica said graciously. Her accent was more pronounced than her husband's, and Penny was able now to identify it as Mexican. As she made the appropriate polite noises, Penny studied the small, dark woman. Faith was barely five feet tall, with coppery skin and straight black hair pulled back in a pony tail. The peasant blouse she wore had a low, scooping neckline that displayed the cleavage of a small but well-V-shaped pair of breasts. As Faith bowed slightly, her breasts shifted inside the white blouse, and Penny had the impression the woman was not wearing a bra.

"You are very, very pretty, Penny," Sal observed, his dark eyes twinkling with interest as he studied her.

"Oh, well, thank you very much," Penny stuttered, blushing.

"I think you make a most decorative addition to our gathering," Sal went on. "And your husband, he

is very handsome indeed.”

Penny glanced over at Tad, who had been dragged off by Faith to be introduced to a striking blonde woman in hot pants and a clinging blouse. “Thank you.”

“Come, let us go meet some of the other people.”

Before she could protest, Penny found herself being dragged farther away from Tad by Sal. His grip on her wrist was solid and unyielding as he towed her along through the clusters of people.

“Who’s this beauty?” a short, balding man asked, grabbing Penny’s free arm as she was dragged past.

“Ah, there you are, John,” Sal exclaimed, his face breaking into a wide grin. “This beautiful young lady is Penny Savage, Tad’s wife.”

“Oh, of course, of course,” the balding man answered. “Tad has mentioned you frequently. I’ve been looking forward to meeting you.”

“This is John Temple,” Sal interjected.

“It’s a pleasure,” Penny answered, taking the man’s outstretched hand. John Temple was short and balding, though young. His face was soft, curved, his complexion pink and white, in sharp contrast to Sal Angelica’s swarthiness. Penny decided that John was one of the least impressive men she’d ever met.

“I see that Tad is meeting my wife,” John noted, casting a glance over at the striking blonde.

“Oh, is she your wife?” Penny was astonished, and hoped she didn’t sound it. The blonde was at least two inches taller than John Temple, in her bare feet, and today she was wearing wedgies that increased her height by at least another two inches.

“Delilah by name,” John noted smoothly. “If you’ll excuse me, she seems to be beckoning to me.

I hope I’ll see more of you later.” John’s words seemed strangely laden with meaning.

Penny was rescued from further thought about Mr. Temple by the abrupt and overpowering arrival of a large black man. She found herself looking at the second button on his shirt and slowly tipped her head back to look up at him. She was five-feet-five, yet he made her feel like a midget. He was at least a foot taller than she was. She fought down a surge of vertigo as she looked up at him.

“Hello there,” the Negro greeted her, his voice deep and amazingly soft.

“Penny Savage, this is Larry Caldwell,” Sal said, giving Penny a few precious seconds to get herself collected.

“It’s a pleasure,” she replied cautiously as her hand was engulfed by one of Larry’s huge paws.

“Indeed it is a pleasure,” Larry observed. “I believe you’re a Sunday School teacher?”

“Why, yes. How did you know?” Penny asked, somewhat confused. Everyone seemed to know her, or of her, while she knew no one.

“My son is in your class.”

"Oh, of course," Penny exclaimed. "You're Larry's father, then." She suddenly remembered the one small, shy, brown-skinned boy in her class that morning. He'd been very quiet and reserved.

"The only blacks in the church," Mr. Caldwell observed candidly, taking the thought right out of Penny's mind. "We're kind of scarce around here."

Penny hadn't thought of it before, but suddenly realized that the Caldwells were the first Negroes she had seen since moving to California. Caught off stride, Penny was left with her jaw flapping, not knowing what to say to Larry.

"Even more of a minority than us Chicanos," Sal Angelica chuckled, smoothly easing her discomfort. "Makes us feel good."

Larry Caldwell laughed. "WASPS are in the minority too, when you count everyone else together."

"WASPS?" Penny was puzzled until she figured out what he was talking about. "Oh, yes. I suppose we are a minority, aren't we?"

"Hi, Penny," Tad said, suddenly appearing at her side.

Penny realized she'd been clutching her drink in her hand and hadn't even sampled it yet. She hid her embarrassment behind the glass and took a huge swallow. Before it hit bottom, Penny knew she was holding something more than just tomato juice. A strange warmth swept through her, and her nose was tickled by a mingling of spices and flavorings, along with something else unidentifiable. "My, it's very good, isn't it?" she observed, taking another swallow.

"Go easy on it," Tad cautioned.

Penny took several deep swallows, quenching her nervous thirst. Suddenly, her tension was dropping away and she began to feel relaxed and more comfortable. "Why take it easy?" she asked, taking Tad's hand.

"Because it's a Bloody Mary, not just tomato juice," Tad informed her.

"Oh," Penny muttered, eyeing the drink with more respect. "It's very good, isn't it?" She noticed that her glass was now only a quarter full.

"Have some more," Faith Angelica said, suddenly appearing with a pitcher and refilling Penny's glass. "Lunch will be ready as soon as my husband gets to work on it."

"That's my cue," Sal said, hurrying away in the direction of the grill.

"Enjoying yourself?" Tad asked when their hosts had disappeared. For the moment he and Penny were isolated from the rest of the party.

"Uh-huh," Penny answered, sipping cautiously at her drink now that she knew what it was. "The Angelicas are nice people, aren't they?"

"The best," Tad agreed. "So are the Temples."

"The Temples? Oh, John and Delilah," Penny replied, fitting the names and faces together. "I wonder how he ever managed to latch on to such a striking wife. He's rather unimpressive."

"Maybe he's a mental giant," Tad quipped. "Or perhaps he's just bigger where it counts?"

“Huh?” Penny didn’t understand.

“Down there,” Tad said with a subtle gesture at the intersection of his own legs.

“Oh, Tad, you’re impossible,” Penny snorted, fighting down a giggle. She felt a peculiar tickle of excitement at Tad’s words and gesture and snuggled close to him, pulling his arm against the side of her breast. She was feeling happy and relaxed and warm.

Lunch turned out to consist of hamburgers with a variety of relishes, potato chips, plus frequent refills on Bloody Marys and screwdrivers. By the time she’d finished eating, Penny was feeling more than a little giddy after her consumption of Bloody Marys. She was hanging on Tad’s arm as they circulated slowly among the half-dozen couples at the party.

Larry Caldwell’s wife, Michelle, showed up after having settled a problem with the sitter. She was as striking as her huge husband, but for different reasons. She was gorgeous, a chocolate-skinned beauty with a full natural Afro. Her large white teeth flashed brilliantly in an uninhibited smile. Her outfit, a sleek blouse and well-fitted slacks with a flowing sash for a belt, was perfect to display her lush figure. Penny was surprised at the obvious interest Tad showed in the black woman, and was ashamed of the flicker of jealousy she felt.

As she circulated, Penny’s mind became a blur of faces and names. Only a few stood out. Delilah and John Temple were prominent, she because of her beauty, he because of his blandness. The Caldwells stood out because of their color, and the Angelicas because they were the hosts.

“Who are all these people anyway?” she asked Tad in bewilderment as they leaned against the fence for a moment of peace and quiet.

“Clients, potential clients and former clients,” Tad answered. “Just sort of a conglomeration of people that’ve grown up around the agency.”

“Who’s that?” Penny asked, her voice tight with shock.

Tad followed her gaze and she felt him stiffen next to her in obvious interest. “I would guess it’s Prudence Angelica,” he answered.

Penny could understand Tad’s interest. The girl was about fifteen, and had attributes inherited from both her father and her mother. She had copper-colored skin and jet-black hair and dark eyes. She was short and beautiful, with large tits.

What shook Penny most was the bikini Pru was wearing. As she moved lithely and easily through the crowd, the eyes of all the men followed her hungrily.

“Wow,” Tad murmured softly.

“What’s she doing here dressed like that?” Penny asked indignantly.

“Well, it is her parents’ house,” Tad pointed out.

Penny pursed her lips in disapproval. “If she were my daughter, she’d be right back in the house getting more clothes on.”

Prudence Angelica was obviously enjoying the attention she was attracting. Her orbit through the crowd was calculated to catch the eye of every man at the party. When she passed within a few feet

of Penny and Tad, her face was dimpled with a barely concealed grin and her dark eyes flashed. Having accomplished her purpose, the girl sauntered to the back of the yard and spread a colorful towel on the grass. When she stretched out she was posing for her audience, not trying to get a tan.

The ripple of silence that had swept through the crowd along with Pru finally dissolved and conversation resumed. Penny wasn't listening to anyone specific, but there seemed to be a new, different tense note to the voices. Despite the liquor, Penny felt a wave of foreboding creep through her, along with a strange, tense excitement that seemed to be centered in her groin.

The punch bowls had long been drained, and the party seemed to be warming up rapidly. A tub of ice loaded with beer appeared, and music filled the fenced-in back yard.

"Want to dance?" Tad asked, breaking her chain of thought.

Penny let him draw her out onto the patio that was providing a dance floor for those who wanted to dance. She was glad the Angelicas seemed to go for older, slower, more romantic music, since her knowledge of the newer dances was nonexistent. She was glad the dancing gave her a chance to cling to Tad and try to get herself oriented. Even so she could not avoid sensing the pregnant tenseness in the air. The music and dancing seemed to have increased the feeling of anticipation in the crowd.

She was resting her head gently on Tad's shoulder as they danced when a tap on her shoulder made her jerk her head up.

"May I steal your husband for a few bars?" Delilah Temple asked, her voice husky.

Penny felt a jolt of confusion as she stepped away from Tad. "Oh, well, yes. I guess so," she stammered, unwilling to be separated from Tad but not wanting to violate convention.

"Might I have the pleasure?" John Temple asked Penny hesitantly.

Encouraged by Tad's smile over Delilah's shoulder, Penny let the little man gather her in. She noted curiously that he was hardly any taller than she was. As if to belie his hesitant exterior, John pulled her in firmly and swept her away around the patio, moving with unsuspected grace and sureness. No matter what else John Temple was, he was a good dancer, a quick, sure leader with a superb sense of rhythm. Penny had never danced as well before in her life as she did with John Temple. In seconds she was breathless and swept up in the dance.

When John pulled her in closer, Penny let herself respond, let her body press against John's more closely than before. Her pleasure at his effortless dancing obliterated the reservations she had about dancing so close to a man who wasn't her husband. She didn't notice the bulge of his cock that was intruding between them until John suddenly pushed his hips forward, drawing her attention to it. With a jolt Penny suddenly realized just what was happening to her partner and hastily pulled away from him. At the same time she cast a desperate glance around for Tad, praying for him to come and rescue her from her predicament.

John maintained a steady pressure, trying to draw her back in against him, but she resisted. And while all this was happening, they swept around the patio without losing the beat or missing a step.

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of Delilah Temple and Tad. The sight sent a chill ripping through Penny. The tall blonde woman was pasted to Tad, pressing against him from knee to shoulder. As Penny watched, Delilah writhed deliberately. Penny felt a strange, wild surge of excitement blend with her horror at what was going on. Tad seemed to be enjoying himself, until he



caught sight of Penny looking at him. Then the look of horror and helplessness that crossed his face was comical.

John Temple was maintaining his pressure on Penny to draw her back against him, and Penny's arms were tiring as she fought him off. She felt as if she were in some impossible dream. The music went on and on while she battled to keep her distance from John Temple, and John Temple's wife writhed against Tad.

At the end of the number John made one last attempt to draw her in against him, but Penny managed to twist free. Without a backward glance at him she hurried toward Tad to save him from the clutches of Delilah. The blonde seemed totally unwilling to release him. When he caught sight of Penny it evidently increased his power to resist and he managed to peel Delilah off.

"Hi, darling," Penny greeted Tad, trying to sound casual in spite of shaking inside. She ignored Delilah totally as she took possession of Tad's hand and clutched it desperately.

Tad laughed nervously. "Looked to me like John's quite a good dancer."

"He is," Penny admitted. "I'm bushed. Let's sit this one out, if you don't mind."

"Not at all," Tad agreed. "But let's get a couple of beers."

At the beer tub they ran into Faith Angelica. The woman's peasant blouse had slipped even lower than before, exposing more of her breasts, showing a little of the white where her dark tan didn't reach. "You are having a good time, I hope?" Faith asked.

"Very good, thank you," Tad answered as he fished out two beers. "Your daughter .is very pretty."

"Yes, she is indeed," Faith agreed, then excused herself.

The sound of clapping hands caught Penny's attention and she looked toward its origin. Michelle Caldwell seemed to be going wild. She'd been dancing opposite John Temple, but he now had backed off and was clapping his hands as the black woman danced uninhibitedly. The sash that had been around her waist fluttered in one hand.

One by one the other dancers stopped to watch as Michelle moved to the rhythm of the music. She echoed and complemented the wild beat as she swayed with a trained grace.

"She used to be a professional dancer," Tad whispered in Penny's ear.

"She's very good," Penny admitted, a little shamed by the black woman's obvious ability and her erotic moves.

The music suddenly stopped, leaving Michelle Caldwell posed, up on the toes of her bare feet, her long lean legs spread, her arms extended upward.

Her blouse was stretched tight over the tips of her breasts, and the slacks she wore were drawn tight over her lithe hips. The gathering was hushed, expectant.

Penny sipped nervously at her beer, wondering what was coming.

The music began again, a deep, slow, booming, primitive rhythm. And when Michelle Caldwell started again, it was with a slow, lithe grace that matched the new music. She obviously had known exactly what was coming. Slowly she lowered her arms while her feet moved gracefully and her body

postured to the beat.

Penny was caught up in watching Michelle's feet, trying to figure out how the black woman did it, when she realized that she had unbuttoned the cuffs of her long sleeves. Penny bit her lips, wondering what the black woman was going to do next.

The answer wasn't long in coming, as Michelle reached for the top button of her blouse and her long fingers quickly flicked it open.

"Oh my, it sure is hot," Michelle exclaimed over the sound of the music. Her eyes were closed and her face shaped with passion as she continued to dance.

"Tad, what's happening?" Penny asked nervously.

"I don't know."

Michelle's fingers had made short work of the second button of the colorful blouse, and the garment spread open to reveal the band of a white bra that looked like a flash of lightning against her dark skin. Michelle was working on the third button of the blouse now. It yielded quickly.

"I'm not sure I like this," Penny said. "Let's go home."

"We can't leave now," Tad protested.

Michelle was down to the last button on her blouse now and undid it quickly. When the black woman gripped the two edges of the fabric where it was tucked into her slacks, Penny wanted to close her eyes or turn her head away. She couldn't.

Moving easily, Michelle pulled the tails of her blouse out, stripping the garment back to bare her bra. Arching her spine and throwing her arms behind her, Michelle let the sleeves slide down her arms, then pulled the blouse off and threw it aside.

The muscles of her flat, trim stomach rippled under her skin as she resumed her slow dancing. And now her hands were at the top of her slacks. The fitted tan denim hugged her waist. When she released the brass button there, the slacks opened a fraction of an inch. When Michelle reached for the zipper that aimed Unerringly down toward her crotch, Penny was about to burst into tears.

Beside her, Penny could feel Tad's tenseness increasing.

Michelle Caldwell was the center of everyone's attention now, and knew it. She writhed in time with the heavy beat of the music, but kept her feet planted and her legs straight. Her long brown fingers gripped the shining brass tab of the zipper and slowly, slowly eased it down. Penny imagined she could hear the individual teeth of the zipper clicking through the slide.

As the zipper went slowly down, the slacks spread open, baring more and more of Michelle's smooth, brown belly.

"Tad, let's go," Penny urged, frightened by what was happening.

"No, not yet," Tad answered, his voice strangled as he resisted her tugging at his hand.

Gulping, Penny eased up. She wanted to look away from Michelle, but couldn't. Instead she was staring as hard at the black woman as everyone else was.

For a long, titillating time, it looked as if Michelle wasn't wearing any panties. The zipper went lower and lower, exposing more and more of the black woman's belly. The relief Penny felt when the first flash of white showed in the growing gap was almost physical. Quickly now, Michelle pushed the zipper down to where it ended at her crotch. The slacks were open in a V that showed the pure white of her lace panties. With a sexy wriggle of her fanny, Michelle pushed the slacks down over her ass to bunch them at the tops of her thighs.

"Tad, let's get out of here," Penny urged desperately, at last finding the strength to get up.

"What's the matter?" Tad asked as if he were in another world.

"Tad, I'm a Sunday School teacher!" Penny exclaimed, unable to think of a more rational reason. "This is horrible." She hauled on his arm with increasing panic.

"Okay, okay, you're right," Tad agreed reluctantly.

"Let's go, Tad," Penny urged, almost crying now as she tried to drag him toward the gate.

Tad's gaze was locked on the black woman. Michelle had moved to the picnic table behind her and was sitting on it. Leaning back on her arms, her teeth flashing in a wild, sexy grin, she extended her long, lean legs out in obvious invitation. Two of the men stepped forward and were gripping the legs of her pants, dragging them down and off her. As her slacks slipped off, Michelle threw her head back, arched her spine, and thrust her breasts skyward. She then kicked her feet out of the legs of her slacks, while her panties gleamed in the sun.

Penny was rooted to the spot. Tad was refusing to move. She tugged at his arm, but only half-heartedly. Her own curiosity, mingling with the subversive effect of the Bloody Marys she'd had, held her trapped. She was petrified with shock, alarm, and a sensation in her belly she was too ashamed to even admit existed.

Michelle was ecstatic. With a quick, lithe movement she regained her feet and whirled around the patio, a wild dervish of brown skin and white lace. Her feet flashed and moved so fast Penny couldn't believe it.

Michelle stopped with a suddenness that was like a physical blow. She was a sultry black sculpture now, her sleek muscles writhing under her brown skin. A faint film of sweat made her body gleam in the sun. She was a wild animal in heat, in search of satisfaction. She prowled the circle of spectators, her arms twisting sensuously, her eyes flashing.

Penny's gaze flickered over the faces of the others. The men were uniformly tense, their eyes gleaming with interest at Michelle's slow, tantalizing progress around the circle. The women were rigid. Everyone but Penny knew exactly what was going to happen. Penny had only a wrenching suspicion. She tried to pull away, but her muscles were bound by her curiosity and a sneaky sensation in her belly.

Michelle had fastened on her prey now. She stalked him as if she were a lioness in search of food. Her moves had an animal grace as she moved in on Sal Angelica. The Chicano stood his ground, his teeth flashing white against his coppery skin, a tense grimace that was almost a grin.

Michelle paused inches in front of him and reached easily behind her back for the catch of her bra. There was none of the awkwardness most women made of the move. Michelle's arms flexed easily as she turned the move into one of grace and sexuality. The bra looked brilliant against the woman's dark skin. The bra popped loose from the arch of her back, springing away from her chest slightly

when the catch released, and Michelle stripped it off purposefully.

Penny heard Tad gulp audibly at the sight of Michelle's perfect breasts. The firm, brown masses showed none of the lines a white person's would have. The same luscious chocolate color of Michelle's skin carried right to the tips of her breasts. There, in dramatic blue-black tones, her nipples formed hard cones that capped the smooth curves of her breasts.

Sal lunged for Michelle, but she stepped back to stand just out of reach of his groping hands. She slid her hands up her flanks to her breasts where she cupped and weighed the firm mounds, then stimulated her nipples with flickering moves of her fingers. She said something, but so softly that Penny couldn't hear it.

Sal started to tear his own clothes off and Penny thought she was going to die, to burst into tears, or both. She wanted desperately to run screaming out of the yard. But her feet were riveted to the patio. She wanted to drag her husband away from the wild scene building in front of her eyes.

Sal was nearly naked now, and Penny wanted to force her eyes away from him. She couldn't. Her gaze was drawn to the man's blocky, well-muscled body. His chest was nearly hairless, gleaming with sweat in the sun. And Penny had to look at what she was fighting not to see.

Sal's cock was a thick, hard shaft of power, standing out hard and stiff from his crotch, its base buried in a lush growth of black pubic hair. His balls, massive globes in their dusky wrinkled sack, were tucked up under the base of his cock, protected by the muscular, hairy columns of his strong thighs.

Michelle approached the man with slow, sexy steps. She was still wearing her panties, stark white against her brown body. And she was still toying with her breasts. Sal reached for her and gripped her waist with his fingers. He slid his hands roughly down to her panties and gripped the shining white cloth. Then, with tantalizing slowness, as if he were teasing both himself and those watching, he rolled the panties down over Michelle's lush, graceful hips.

Penny could hear Tad panting beside her, and she wanted desperately to drag him away, but knew there wasn't any hope at this point. Michelle's curling black pubic hair was springing into view as more and more of her was revealed. Then the panties were a tight roll on her thighs, just below her crotch, and there was nothing left of the sleek black woman to conceal. Sal stripped Michelle's panties quickly down her thighs and she stepped out of them gracefully. With a growl he swept the woman up in his strong arms and carried her to one of the lounges. Tumbling her onto the plastic webbing, he stood over her for a second before coming down on her, his hands mashing down on her breasts, his thighs tangling with hers. Michelle was clawing his back and digging her crotch against his muscular thigh as he crushed her breasts under his hands and brought his lips down on hers hard, his tongue prying- Penny's muscles were shaking and she stumbled blindly away to come up against the high fence with a jolt. Her hand was locked around Tad's arm and she hauled him unceremoniously along behind her. He didn't seem to care. His eyes were glued to the sight of Sal Angelica stimulating Michelle to wild heights.

Other wild, new sounds were starting in the back yard, and Penny dragged her eyes away from the tangle of copper and brown skin on the lounge. There were wild combinations of couples in an incredible variety of positions scattered around the patio. Larry Caldwell was stripping his shirt off, baring his strong black chest, while in front of him Faith Angelica was struggling out of her clothes.

John Temple was peeling the dress off a woman Penny couldn't remember. He was already naked, and his cock looked bigger than it had felt against Penny when they'd been dancing. He looked

strangely pale and weak, except for that incredible tool dangling at his crotch, a powerful brutal shaft.

"We shouldn't stay," Penny whimpered, desperately glancing around at the growing chaos.

"Can't leave," Tad mumbled incoherently.

"No, no, no," Penny wailed softly, fighting to get her muscles moving, but without success. She looked over at Sal and Michelle and stuffed her hand into her mouth in shock. Michelle's brown thighs were spread wide open, exposing the gleaming pink inner tissues of her organs. Sal was driving one thick finger deep into the woman's gaping cunt, at the same time driving his thumb down the upper end of her glistening pink slit. Penny jerked at the sight, feeling in her own guts a ghostly hint of Michelle's delicious agony. Her twat looked luridly bright because of the contrast of the pink interior with the brown color of her thighs.

Penny chewed desperately on her knuckles. Michelle's hand was wrapped around the powerful, thick rod of the Chicano, and she was pumping it skillfully, her fingers playing wildly over it as she did so. The purple head of the thick rod was gleaming brightly in the sun. Then Michelle was dragging his cock in the direction of her cunt. Penny was near tears. The big tool was aimed at the heart of Michelle's body, and Penny thought she was going to die. Sal drove his cock home with a powerful thrust of his strong hips, and Penny ripped her eyes away from the scene.

It didn't do any good. It was happening everywhere she looked. Larry Caldwell was driving his cock into Faith Angelica's thick bush, and the woman was welcoming his thrusts with vigorous jerks of her own hips. Penny could actually hear sucking, slapping sounds as their bodies collided violently.

Hopelessly, Penny pulled weakly on her husband's arm in what she knew was a vain attempt to get them away from the orgy. Penny's own muscles were refusing to obey her, leaving her quivering helplessly as she hung back against the fence. Her breasts felt hot and lonely, trapped in the unyielding confines of her bra, her nipples painfully hard against the points of the lace cups.

"My God," Tad whispered, catching Penny's attention for a split second. There was a titanic bulge in the crotch of his pants. He was looking at Del Temple's glorious blonde head.

Del was kneeling in front of Saul Steinberg, another guest, her mouth around the man's cock, and was pumping her head hard. While Penny watched, Del pulled back and rolled awkwardly away from the man, leaving his cock gleaming with her spit as she turned her back on him. Then he was dropping to his knees behind her and guiding his cock into the intersection of her thighs from behind.

"Look at Pru!" Tad breathed softly, his fingers tightening on Penny's arm.

Penny suddenly remembered the sexy teen-ager and her wild bikini and looked around, desperately afraid of what she might see next. When she did locate Pru, it was almost with a sense of relief. Then she jerked when she realized that, even though the stacked young girl was still wearing her bathing suit, it made little difference. Pru was perched on one of the lounges, her eyes riveted on her mother being screwed by Larry Caldwell. The teen-ager had one hand buried in the bottom of her suit, and there wasn't any doubt as to what she was doing. The bulge of her hand was right in the depths of her crotch as she sat there tailor fashion. The bulge moved under the straining material of the bikini. Pru was, stimulating herself as fast and as hard as she knew how. The pressure of her hand had worked the top edge of the bikini bottom down enough to show the beginning wisps of her curling, youthful pubic hair. If Pru cared she gave no indication of it. She had somehow stuffed her other hand inside her top.

"Let's go," Penny wailed, fighting the paralysis that had been gripping her. But it wasn't fear or aversion that was getting her moving now. It was a hint of something else that was breaking her free. She wanted something more and more desperately as she dragged Tad toward the gate.

"No, wait," Tad protested.

"No, no," Penny wailed frantically, pulling on his arm as hard as she could.

"No!" Tad snapped, jerking out of her grasp and turning away from her.

"Please, Tad," Penny wailed, grabbing him from behind. Over his shoulder she could see the wild orgy. The plumpish Mrs. Steinberg was bouncing wildly up and down on John Temple's lap, his cock slamming home in her belly as she did so. It looked white as ivory in the sun as she lifted off of it. It glistened with her juices. The only sounds were the sucking, slurping, slapping sounds of sexual union.

"Please, Tad," Penny nearly screamed, fighting back tears as she struggled to drag her husband away. Finally, she overpowered him. Twisting him halfway around; she dragged him out of the yard. The gate slammed closed behind them, but even that didn't blot out the sounds. She could still hear naked bodies slapping together in a wild rhythm.

She shoved Tad into the driver's seat and felt a wave of relief when he got the keys out and started the car. Then she was piling in on her side and they were roaring away from the curb. She tried to tell herself that it was panic that was driving them away at such a headlong pace, but she knew there was something else burning deep in her body. The bulge in Tad's lap left her in no doubt as to how he was feeling.

The drive home seemed to take forever. There was a wild, hungry itch burning deeper and deeper into Penny's belly. Spreading her thighs, she clamped them together on her hand as she tried vainly to scratch the itch. She knew it was wrong, knew that she was insane, knew she was going against all the teachings she'd received when she was a child. Sex was supposed to be special and private, and she was fighting to trigger that wonderful melting joy in her own body as they roared home from a party that would have shamed the Romans.

At the house Penny let Tad guide her in the front door, her muscles knotting as she fought to keep herself under rational control. The click of the door behind her seemed to pull the cord on her strength, leaving her limp and helpless. She slumped against him. His hands were on her, his arms around her, and all that mattered was that Tad was with her. She lifted her mouth for his kiss, and the touch of his lips against hers sent that ball of fire in her groin blooming upward into a mushroom blast of passion. She found herself wrapping her legs around her husband in an attempt to get closer and closer to him.

And she could feel his body responding powerfully to hers, his cock stiffening and springing upward against her belly. His hands were pulling her blouse out of the waistband of her skirt and she backed away, her fingers tearing anxiously at the buttons. In a second he was stripping her blouse down her arms and she shrugged it off. The instant her arms were free she was reaching for his shirt and unbuttoning it. She remembered the power of John Temple pressing against her, and her excitement increased even more.

Pushing Tad's shirt back off his shoulders, she gnawed hungrily at his chest while his hands tore at the fastenings of her bra. She felt it loosen and pulled away long enough for him to strip it off her, then moved back in to crush her breasts flat against his chest, relishing the harsh scratchiness of his hair against her nipples. She didn't know what had gotten into her, and didn't care. Digging between

them she fought to unfasten his belt and zipper while he fumbled with the fastening on her skirt. She felt her skirt loosen and fall away to tangle around her feet, and stepped out of it as she shoved his zipper down. She didn't even wait for his pants to fall, but immediately shoved the waistband of his underpants down to capture the erect, hot mass of his cock in her hands. Even as she grabbed it, Tad wrapped his strong hands around her waist, picked her up and carried her into the living room.

Desperately, Penny held onto the one thing that mattered now, her husband's erect shaft, as he dumped her on the couch. She lifted her hips as he pulled her panties down and off, stripping her naked. The fabric of the sofa felt harsh against her ass as she lay there and let her legs fall open to expose her hungry cunt to him. And in her mind she was seeing Michelle Caldwell's sleek black body being bared by the men at the party: she was the black woman being worshiped by all the men at the barbecue. Her fantasy drove her wild with lust as she pulled her husband down on her.

His cock seemed to find her cunt by radar, and this time they were both so wet and ready he slid into her smoothly, without a hitch. The impact of his pubic bone against her clit was like a bolt of lightning. Her hips jerked and jammed against him as he pounded her desperately. The slap of their bodies echoed back at her, and she dreamed it was someone else that was fucking her as she soared to a ripping climax and tore at Tad's back. She was totally insane with lust as her climax slowly faded away, leaving her exhausted. She realized that Tad must have come very quickly, because he was already wilting in her cunt. As she felt his cock shrink, she shuddered at the memory of the barbecue, thinking about it for long minutes afterward. Then she fell asleep with her husband's shrunken prick still buried in her cunt.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

It was a week later, and Penny was dressing for Sunday School. She had to fight to control a tremor in her fingers as she buttoned the last button. "What did Sal say about our leaving the party?" she asked. They had avoided the subject of the barbecue all week.

Tad shrugged. "Nothing special. I just told him you weren't feeling well and he seemed to understand."

"Did he say what happened after we left?" Penny asked.

"Not really. All he said was that we missed the best part of the party."

"I'll be we did," Penny snorted.

"Well, you've got to admit we didn't exactly sit down to tea after we got home that day," Tad pointed out.

"

"So?"

Tad got up and paced the room slowly. "So maybe we did leave too soon. Maybe we both regret having missed it."

"Tad!" Penny erupted. "You've got to be kidding."

"I'm not. You were like a tiger when we got home. What would you have been like if we'd stayed?"

"But who would have gotten me if we'd stayed?" Penny demanded. "Mister Temple certainly wasn't doing a minuet with me out there on the patio."

"Mrs. Temple wasn't exactly staying cool with me," Tad snapped. Then he softened. "Look, it's silly anyway. Will you go to the barbecue with me this afternoon? It's at the Temples."

"I'm not about to let you go alone," Penny said quickly. "Now, I've got to hurry."

Tad came over and ran his arms around her gently, giving her a kiss on the forehead. He looked down at her fondly. "Be careful not to catch the preacher by the organ, teacher."

"Oh, you beast," Penny snorted, feeling a surge of desire . wet her crotch. "I'll see you after church."

"Welcome, welcome, welcome," John greeted, opening the back-yard gate for the Savages. "Come in. Hello, Penny." The balding man reached for Penny, and before she knew what was happening he was giving her a warm kiss.

"Hello, John," Penny answered briefly, trying to extricate herself from his arms.

"I'm sorry you couldn't stay longer last week," John went on, one arm still around her shoulder. "You missed the best part of the party."

"So I heard," Penny replied dryly.

"Hello, Penny," Delilah Temple said, sweeping out of the house surrounded by a flowing cloud of hostess pajamas. The blonde's neckline was cut almost to her waist, exposing the inner curves of her full breasts. "And Tad, it's good to see you." Penny watched the warm greeting Delilah gave Tad and fought to control her emotions as the kiss went from friendly to something else. Finally she felt she had to break up the embrace somehow. "How are you, Delilah?" she asked awkwardly.

The blonde woman broke the kiss with Tad, who was visibly shaken and stirred by the experience. "I'm fine, and please, call me Del. Delilah is too formal."

"Where is everyone?" Tad asked, slowly regaining his composure.

"They'll be along shortly," John assured them. "Come on in and relax."

"Oh, you've got a swimming pool," Penny exclaimed.

"Doesn't everyone?" Del asked, still holding onto Tad's hand.

"The Angelicas don't," Penny observed. "Nor do we."

"Speaking of the Angelicas, how's Prudence?" Tad asked.

"I hope she's coming today. We included her in the invitation, of course," John answered easily.

"Help yourself to drinks," Del urged, finally releasing Tad's hand. "I've got to go inside and make sure everything is ready for the onslaught."

"I'll come along and help," Penny volunteered quickly before Tad could offer. For some reason she was anxious that her husband not be alone with the striking blonde.

"Thanks, " Del said gratefully.



Inside, Penny had to blink her eyes rapidly to get them accommodated to the dimness after the outside glare. The house was very modern and felt a little cold and unlivable.

"What can I do?" Penny asked when they reached the kitchen.

Del thought for a moment, then pointed. "Why don't you whack up that lettuce for salad while I finish the burgers." For the next half-hour the two women were busy putting the finishing touches on the food. Penny was grinding pepper over the lettuce when John popped into the kitchen.

"Mmm," John growled softly. "Woman, you look good enough to eat." He wrapped his arms around Del from behind, and Penny noticed that his hands slid familiarly inside Del's dipping neckline to capture her full breasts.

"And what is it you want?" Del asked easily, leaning back against him, making no effort to remove his hands from her breasts. Penny turned away, scarlet.

"Just came in to get more Bloody Marys," John answered, finally releasing his wife and turning to the refrigerator. On the way to it he inadvertently bumped against Penny. In shock she dropped the pepper mill with a crash. She bent hastily to pick it up. "Sorry," she apologized helplessly to the floor, too embarrassed to look at either John or Del.

By the time she straightened up, John had left and Del was hanging up her apron. "Come on," Del ordered. "We've done enough work here."

Out by the pool, Penny had to squint desperately against the glare. Then she caught sight of Tad and hurried over to him. He was locked in a tight, eager conversation with Michelle Caldwell. Penny quickened her pace.

"Hi, Penny," Tad said.

"Hi. Hello, Michelle," Penny said to the black woman.

"Hello," Michelle replied. Her voice was incredibly sexy and pleasant. "Are you fully recovered?"

"What?" Penny was puzzled until Tad nudged her. "Oh, from last week. Oh, yes, I'm fine now."

"It's too bad you left when you did," Michelle observed in her gentle tone. "Things were just getting warmed up."

"Michelle was telling me about the dancing she used to do," Tad put in smoothly.

"Was it anything like what you did last week?" Penny asked, not at all innocently.

Michelle laughed, her smile genuine and uninhibited as ever, her voice musical. "As a matter-of-fact, on occasion, there have been gigs like that," she admitted.

Tad was glaring at Penny. "Excuse us, Michelle, I think we both need drinks. Can I get you one?"

"No, thank you. I'll wait until Larry gets here. He's on the baby-sitter brigade this week."

"What was that all about?" Tad asked in a harsh whisper as they made their way to the punch bowl.

Penny pulled her arm away from him. "I thought it was a perfectly logical question."

"You're jealous," Tad accused her.

"Dam right I'm jealous," Penny retorted.

"What for? Nothing happened," Tad said defensively.

"Dam right, and nothing's going to happen. But she's too pretty. And after her performance last week, I don't want you anywhere near her. Thank you." Penny took the full glass from him. The first swallow told her it had all the ingredients.

Tad sipped pensively at his Bloody Mary as the two of them strolled away from the table. "Would it make any difference if I said I loved you?" he asked.

The Bloody Mary was having the expected effect, mellowing Penny's mood. "Well, I don't know," she temporized.

"I do love you, you know," Tad insisted, stopping and turning to face her.

"Do you really?" Penny asked, teasing him.

"Of course I do."

"Prove it."

Tad looked at her for a second, puzzled, then set his glass on the nearby diving board. After taking her drink and putting it next to his, he reached out and took Penny by the shoulders, drawing her in close. He looked directly into her eyes. "I love you," he informed her firmly.

"Prove it," she repeated, meeting his gaze defiantly. Her heart was beating very rapidly.

Tad lowered his head and kissed her slowly and powerfully. "The first time I proved I loved you was on our wedding night," he reminded her. "But I don't think that would be appropriate right here and right now."

Penny shivered slightly in his grip, remembering that first time. "I guess I'll have to take a rain check then."

Tad smiled. "But I can give you a hint of how I feel."

Penny didn't resist when he pulled her even closer, and lifted her mouth toward his. His kiss was alive with passion, his lips firm and soft with meaning. She felt his tongue flicker along her lips and slowly let him wedge his way into her mouth. Along with the Bloody Mary, the kiss burned through Penny's veins, melting her and softening her, making her muscles flabby and incapable of resistance. Wrapping her arms around his deliciously strong hardness, Penny let herself sag against Tad, relishing the way her breasts mashed flat against his strong chest.

The kiss went on and on and on, and Penny's body grew looser and hotter every moment. Tad's tongue was exploring her mouth. She welcomed it, sucking it in, nipping at it gently with her teeth and stroking it with her own tongue. Tad's hard thigh was pressing against her own legs, and she let her knees spread slightly, taking the hard, muscular column of his leg between hers. When she pressed her crotch against his thigh she thought she was going to melt into a puddle.

Through the ringing in her ears Penny was dimly aware of voices around her, intruding on her special, private, exciting, passionate world. She realized that other people were there, watching, and

the thought only added to her excitement as she let the embrace go on and on, wriggling against Tad. She found herself wanting everyone to see and know just how it was between Tad and her. Tad's hands were squeezing and massaging her back, his fingers digging into the muscles along her spine as she drove her nails into his back, and thrust her hips forward harder. The pressure of her crotch against his thigh was setting her afire. She thought about having an audience, and her excitement boiled even higher. Tad's hands reached down and cupped her ass, jerking her against him hard, and she could feel the rock-like mass of his cock digging into her. And the embarrassment she felt at her helpless lust in front of spectators was just the spice needed to drive her nearly mad with lust. Only her extremely conservative background at last gave her the strength to break the kiss.

Ripping her mouth away from Tad's, Penny snuggled against him, hanging onto him for stability as she fought to get her emotions back under control. Her lips felt bruised and sore from the kiss, while her body tingled with slowly declining sexual excitement. Shakily she pushed away from Tad and sought her drink. The trembling of her hand nearly slopped the red liquid out of the glass and she had to clasp it in both hands to get it to her lips. The bite of the tomato juice, along with the heady warmth of the vodka, stilled her outward trembling.

Tucking one hand through Tad's arm, Penny rested her head against his shoulder and looked up at him fondly. "See what being jealous will get me?" she giggled.

"And me," Tad answered. "I wonder what you'd do if I really did get something going with another woman?"

"I'd get me another man, of course," Penny quipped. "And anything you gave her, I'd have him give me."

"Oh?" Instead of appearing concerned or chastened, Tad looked suddenly thoughtful.

"You wouldn't dare!" Penny snapped.

Tad's grin was innocence itself. "Of course not."

But Penny noticed his smile faded rather quickly and was replaced with something else. More and more her drink was becoming her refuge, and the level of red dropped rapidly. When she siphoned off the last few drops, the ice cubes banged against her lip, then dropped back to the bottom of the glass with a clatter.

"I need some more tomato juice," she said innocently.

Tad drained off the last of his drink and took her glass. "Back in a moment, wench."

Penny felt both giddy and relaxed and sat back against the diving board, surveying the party. Everyone seemed to have arrived. John Temple was presiding over the barbecue grill, looking somewhat like a sorcerer behind the mushrooming explosions of flame and smoke that were searing the burgers. Larry Caldwell was standing with one arm around Michelle, while his huge black hand engulfed a glass. They were talking with the Steinbergs, and from time to time Michelle's teeth would flash white in her warm, genuine smile.

Mryna Steinberg was wearing a dress Penny thought was more suitable for an evening party. Its low-cut neckline showed the creamy bulge of Mryna's full breasts. The bodice was tightly fitted, cinching in around her waist. The skirt was full, flaring, and short. The top of the dress was glittering black, sequined, while the skirt was smoky-black crinoline. Combined with Mryna's jet-

black hair and pale skin, the effect was devastating. Mryna had even left off stockings, and her legs were shapely and flawless, her feet tiny and dainty in gleaming black shoes.

Saul Steinberg was dressed as casually as the rest of the men, in a white short-sleeved shirt and black slacks. But somehow the two of them, Mryna formal and Saul casual, made a pair.

The Angelicas were a trio, somewhat to Penny's surprise. Faith and Sal were there, and next to them was Prudence, a drink in her hand. The teen-ager was dressed in a sexy combination of hot pants with a wide belt and a clinging top that molded itself to her large breasts. Faith almost looked flat next to her stacked daughter. The Mexican woman was again wearing a white peasant blouse and colorful full skirt.

"Taking a census?" Tad asked, returning with two full glasses.

"Oh, thanks," Penny said distractedly, taking her glass. "Looks like everyone's here. But I'm surprised Pru is."

"Probably couldn't pass up the swimming pool," Tad observed.

Penny looked at the blue water longingly. "I wish we'd brought our suits. It's going to be a scorcher this afternoon."

Tad shrugged. "No one said anything about a pool. How was I supposed to know? Besides, I don't think anyone else brought suits."

"Probably not," Penny allowed.

"John said that the burgers are ready. Let's go get the chow line started, shall we?"

Penny followed Tad across the concrete patio. She noted curiously that the Temples had an unusual number of plastic mats scattered on the cement deck around the pool. Just then Del Temple bent down to pick something up from the deck and Tad stopped so abruptly that Penny rammed into him. Over his shoulder, Penny could see what had made him stop. Del's neckline had dropped away to expose nearly all of her shapely breasts. A little irritated, Penny gave Tad a jab in the ribs with her fist. He grunted and moved on.

"Sorry," he apologized.

"I'll bet you are," Penny snorted as she picked up a paper plate and held it out for John to load with food.

Penny was halfway through another drink and feeling stuffed from the food she'd eaten when someone turned on the outdoor speakers. Music flooded the patio. Tad had disappeared to get another hamburger, leaving her alone for a few moments.

"Would you care to dance?" Larry Caldwell asked, suddenly appearing at Penny's side.

As she set her drink aside and accepted his offer, Penny wondered idly how someone as huge as Larry could move so quietly.

When his arms went around her, Penny felt as if she were being swallowed up. He was so big all she could see was his chest unless she turned her head to the side to peer out over his arm. He turned out to be a very good dancer, though not as adventuresome as John Temple had been the previous

week. Penny surveyed the party as she moved in the arms of the big man. She noted idly that no one seemed to be dancing with their own spouses. Faith Angelica was with John Temple, while Sal Angelica was with Larry's wife, Michelle. For a moment Penny couldn't locate Tad, then saw him with Myrna Steinberg. He towered over the little Jewish woman while she snuggled tightly against him.

The sight of Tad being so warmly cuddled by another woman caused a surge of jealousy to rise in Penny. When she felt Larry's big arm tighten against her back, she didn't resist and moved in against him. She found herself rationalizing her intimate contact with the big Negro by telling herself that it was retaliation against Tad. Besides, Larry was so huge she couldn't possibly resist him.

The slow, easy music went on long enough for Penny to begin to feel very warm and relaxed. Combined with the Bloody Marys, the dancing drained all lingering hesitation she felt about dancing so closely with a stranger. She almost forgot who she was with as she closed her eyes. She felt slow flames of sexual excitement building deep inside, but they weren't alarming, only warming. When Larry disengaged his left hand from her right, and put his arms all the way around her, Penny sighed with contentment and clasped her hands behind his powerful neck. She had to reach up so high to do it that she was dancing on her tiptoes, and steadied herself by pressing the full length of her body against his. Something big and hard was poking her in the belly, and she shifted restlessly against it without acknowledging to herself what it was.

When the slow tune ended and a fast one began, it seemed to be the most natural thing in the world for Penny to back away from Larry and try to imitate his effortless skill. As she watched him, Penny tried to release her inhibitions and let her instincts take over. To her surprise, she succeeded, and felt excitement boil through her. She hadn't realized just how erotic dancing could be, but had enough vodka in her to thoroughly enjoy the building excitement within her as she ground her hips in response to Larry Caldwell's blatantly sexual moves. Penny thought, and hoped, that the music would go on forever as her excitement increased. The crashing climax of the tune left her hanging for a long, painful moment, hot, perspiring and disappointed. Then she slumped, suddenly realizing just how hot and tired she really was.

After thanking Larry for the dance, she turned away from him and sought out both Tad and a place to sit down and cool off. Finding a mat first, she let her legs fold under her and sat down.

"Hi, honey," Tad greeted her, handing her a frosty beer before settling next to her on the mat.

"How was Myrna?" Penny asked after a welcome swig.

"All right," Tad admitted. "How was Larry?"

"Big," Penny answered.

"Big how?" Tad asked mischievously.

"You mean how big?"

"No, I mean big how?"

"Oh, Tad," Penny snorted, turning pink.

Any further conversation was cut off by the appearance of Prudence Angelica from the house. Penny noticed it was almost like a bolt of lightning when the girl appeared. Every man's head snapped

around toward her.

With studied casualness, the girl sauntered across the deck toward the pool, her hips moving suggestively. She had a towel wrapped around her in such a way Penny wasn't sure whether the girl had anything on under it or not. Neither was anyone else. Reaching the diving board, Pru casually unwrapped the towel and tossed it aside. She was wearing a bikini. When she stepped up on the diving board, Penny was sure the bottom of the suit was going to rip to shreds. But it held, though it pulled incredibly tight through the girl's crotch.

Once up on the board, Pru made a big show of tying the thin strings of the top of the suit behind her neck. She obviously knew that the way she lifted her arms had a dramatic effect on her large breasts.

Conversation, somewhat quiet and halting, had resumed around the pool. But when Pru went out to the end of the board and began to bounce on it, silence fell again. The only sound was the syncopated thump of the diving board as Pru jumped up and down. Her large breasts bounced and shifted in a wild counterpoint with every bounce, threatening to tear free of the flimsy top. Penny pursed her lips in disapproval as the girl, with calculated skill, continued to bounce, obviously pleased with the attention she was getting.

Just about the time Penny was sure the girl's suit couldn't stand the strain any more, Pru changed the angle of her bounce on the board and sailed high over the center of the pool in a graceful dive. She split the water with hardly a splash.

"Wow," Tad sighed.

"Her feet weren't together," Penny said acidly.

"That water looks awfully inviting," Tad sighed as he watched Pru's easy swimming, eyeing the girl's body, blurred and distorted by the water.

"Take it easy, Tad," Penny cautioned him.

"Okay, but it doesn't look like Del is," Tad noted.

"What?" Penny whirled around. Just as she did so, she saw Del Temple sail through the air, her flowing outfit fluttering around her. The woman slammed bottom first into the pool with an incredible splash, then erupted spouting and laughing to stand waist deep in the shallow end of the pool. "Oh, no," Penny wailed. "Don't tell me it's going to be like that!"

Penny's fears were realized when Larry Caldwell picked his wife up like she was a toy and held her over his head. Michelle posed there like an adagio dancer, arms outstretched, head back, toes pointed. Effortlessly, Larry threw her into the water. She popped to the surface looking refreshed, and beckoned to Larry to follow her. The wave he created with his entry washed over onto the deck.

"Come on, honey, it's too hot to stay out here," Tad urged.

"Oh, Tad, no! My clothes," Penny wailed. But he was too strong for her and dragged her up off the mat.

The shock of the water was at once brutal and delightful. Penny bounced to the surface, spraying water out of her mouth and sweeping her hair out of her face.

The water was choppy as most of the party had jumped in. Now everyone was standing around wringing the water out of their eyes.

Penny suddenly realized there was a pair of bare feet perched right at the edge of the pool and looked up to see Mryna Steinberg standing there looking hesitant and worried.

"Come on in, Mryna," someone shouted, splashing water in her direction.

"I can't get my dress wet," the woman wailed, dancing away from the spray.

"So take it off," someone else, a man, shouted.

"Well, if you insist," Mryna answered.

"We do, we do," John Temple shouted.

Take it off, take it off," Sal yelled, and the other men quickly took up the chant.

Mryna fidgeted a few feet back from the edge of the pool, then nervously reached behind her.

Penny felt as if ice water was running through her veins. It couldn't be happening a second time. She looked at Tad, but his eyes were riveted on Myrna. Desperately, Penny looked around. Everyone was watching Myrna, even Pru Angelica.

Penny's eyes went back to Mryna in time to see the woman reach the zipper at her back and slide it downward. The bodice of her dress fell away from her breasts. Then she pushed the short sleeves down her arms.

Penny gasped. Mryna wasn't wearing a bra, and the dress fell easily to her waist, baring a pair of snow-white breasts, full and soft and rounded, capped with large, dark nipples. Penny reached blindly for Tad's hand and gripped it hard.

Mryna pushed the dress down over her full, womanly hips, and had to wriggle slightly to get the garment down. As it worked lower and lower, Penny's blood grew colder. She prayed that Mryna was wearing the same kind of panties Michelle had been the week before.

When the first black pubic hair appeared against the pale white of Myrna's belly, Penny knew the woman was wearing no underwear at all.

There wasn't a sound in the back yard except for the quiet slapping of the water in the pool and the gurgle of the drain. Mryna shoved the dress down and stepped gracefully out of it. Meticulously, the nude woman held the dress up, shook the folds out, and placed it neatly over the back of a chair. Then, with careful, mincing steps, she walked to the edge of the pool. She walked up as if it were the most natural thing in the world for her to be naked in front of a crowd of people. But the perky erectness of her nipples showed that she was as excited as the men watching her. She stopped at the side of the pool and curled her toes over the edge. Hesitantly, the naked woman stood there, her pale white skin shining in the sun, accented by the black of her hair. Penny's eyes flickered from Myrna's full breasts to her dark triangle.

Like a beginning swimmer, Mryna lifted her arms over her head and interlocked her thumbs, then bent forward from the waist. As she bent over, aiming her hands toward the water, her breasts changed shape, hanging down from her chest in perfect cones, framing her sex between them. Then, slowly, Mryna rolled forward and plunged into the water. She emerged from the water to an ovation

from the others.

Penny turned toward Tad, desperate. Her husband was staring hungrily at Mryna, applauding as vigorously, or more vigorously, than anyone else.

“Quite a show, wasn’t it?” Saul Steinberg asked, suddenly appearing at Penny’s side. “And I’ll bet you’re just as pretty as she is.”

Penny thrashed away from the man in shock and plowed through the water toward the side of the pool. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Tad heading toward Mryna as she stood naked, waist deep in the water.

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

As she hauled herself out of the water, Penny felt as if she’d been pummeled black and blue, even though no one had laid a hand on her. The deck of the pool bruised her knees as she clambered out, her soggy clothes clinging to her. Scrambling awkwardly to her feet, she kept her back resolutely to the pool and made a feeble attempt to pull the drenched, clinging fabric of her blouse away from her stomach and breasts. Glancing down, she realized the lace pattern of her bra was plainly visible through the wet garment. But after Myrna, it didn’t seem too important somehow.

Desperately, on shaking, exhausted legs, Penny made her way across the deck in the direction of the punch, bowl. But she found no refuge there. The bowl was occupied by a slowly melting block of ice and some water barely tinged pink by the remaining tomato juice. Fighting panic, Penny sought some insulating refreshment. Her eyes lighted on the tub of ice and beer and she dashed to it and plunged her arm deep into the ice water to grope for a can of beer. Her fingers closed around a metal cylinder and she hauled it to the surface, snapped the pop top and gulped at the brew.

Then Penny again became aware of the sounds around her, especially the splashing and shouting in the pool. Moving on stiff legs, she turned and walked in the direction of a lounge chair, then slumped down on it wearily. Only then did she look at the pool.

She was just in time to see Del Temple reach behind her neck and untie the top of her hostess outfit. The wet costume was sticking to the blonde’s breasts, and her nipples were hard and erect, plainly visible through the filmy material. The woman looked excited and teasing as she peeled the wet fabric off first one breast, then the other. Then her hands disappeared beneath the water behind her back, obviously releasing the zipper there.

After a few moments of shifting and jiggling in the water, Del raised one graceful arm, her hand full of her dripping pajamas. When she threw them out of the pool, the motion made her breasts shift and move sensuously. The soggy pajamas traced a smooth arc, spraying glittering drops of water behind them, before they slapped down on the deck.

Faith Angelica was giggling as she worked to haul her peasant blouse up and off, but it was sticking to her so she only got more and more tangled in it. She was saved by John Temple, who looked as if he were already naked. The balding man’s hair hung in limp strands down over his forehead as he reached for Faith and stripped her blouse away.

Searching for some semblance of sanity, Penny looked hopefully for Tad. But what she saw was anything but encouraging. He was near Mryna, stripped to the waist and working awkwardly underwater to remove his pants. While Penny watched he hauled them out of the water. His



underpants were twisted in the trouser legs. When the bundle hit the deck it sprayed Penny's feet. Tad didn't even notice his wife. Instead, he was reaching for Mryna's full tits. When his hands closed over the big mounds, lifting and weighing them, Mryna gripped his wrists, but not to push his hands away. The sexy woman threw her head back, and her mouth opened in excitement.

Penny fought down tears of fear and misery as she watched, then shivered again when a breeze caressed her. She hadn't realized how cold wet clothes could be, even on a warm day. The beer in her hand caught her attention and she gulped some more of it. The bubbles felt strangely hot in her mouth.

Most of the people in the pool were naked now, and the deck was littered with soggy dripping heaps. A wild water fight developed at one end of the pool, with the Caldwells, Del Temple and Saul Steinberg battling each other. When the spray suddenly subsided, Saul and Michelle were locked in one wildly contrasting black and white embrace, while Larry had swept Del up in his powerful black arms and was making his way resolutely toward the steps at the shallow end.

Penny felt the alcohol in the beer beginning to seethe through her veins, warming her, loosening her. She looked again for Tad, and saw him locked in a passionate embrace with Mryna Steinberg. The sight triggered an explosion of conflicting emotions in Penny. There was-jealousy, anger, fear and an urge for revenge. And there was also a powerful surge of sexual excitement. The latter brought her to her feet slowly and tensely.

Draining the last of the beer, she flipped the can aside and dimly heard it clatter across the cement. The sound caught the attention of a few of the people in the pool, who cast casual glances in her direction. Moving slowly, tensely, and carefully, Penny walked toward the edge of the pool, a feeling of recklessness overwhelming her. Reaching the edge of the pool, Penny halted. Almost as if some other power had taken control of her hands, she reached for the top button of her blouse and beginning there, slowly stripped every stitch of clothing from her body. And even though she wasn't looking at anyone in the pool, but staring straight out over them, she knew they were all watching her.

Then standing nude at the side of the pool, Penny let her hands fall to her sides, feeling everyone's eyes on her. She was filled with a wild mixture of shame, anger, fear and sexual excitement that locked her muscles, then rocked her with a wild shiver, then locked her muscles again. An incredible urge to stretch suddenly overwhelmed her and she yielded to it, lifting her arms up and back, arching her spine, spreading her feet apart a little and rising on tiptoes as every muscle in her body strained.

When she slumped, feeling suddenly limp after the stretch, she looked down to see Sal Angelica standing in front of her, his coppery face creased with a grin of pure admiration as he looked up at her. And under the water she could see his cock, stiff and erect, jutting out from his groin. Moving with incredible ease, Penny jumped into the pool to land within reach of the Mexican. His hands gripped her waist, feeling hot and rough against her bare skin, and for a second he held her there, his eyes sweeping from her hair to the surface of the water. Then she reached out and linked her hands behind his neck and let him draw her against him.

Closing her eyes, Penny let her lust boil through her at the feel of the stocky man's hard body against hers. He was less hairy than Tad, shorter, with muscles that bulged and were hard. His hands were rough and strong as he stroked her back. She scrubbed her breasts across Sal's muscular, almost hairless chest, her nipples hard knots against his muscles.

Penny opened her eyes and caught sight of Tad and Mryna walking up the steps and out of the pool.

They had their arms around each other, and Mryna apparently was holding onto Tad's erection while he cupped one of her full breasts. The sight increased Penny's lust and she ground her cunt against Sal's strong thigh, feeling his erection poling against her like a hot metal bar. When he gathered her up in his arms and carried her across the pool to the steps, Penny buried her head against his shoulder.

She didn't look around any more as he carried her out of the water to one of the mats around the pool. He set her down on the mat, and she looked up at him. Lying on her back, she crossed her arms over her breasts and bent one knee, crossing one thigh over her cunt as he gazed down at her. His cock was a thick, pink pole. His body glistened with water and his salt-and-pepper hair looked as if it were speckled with jewels. The sun was behind his head, leaving his face in shadow so Penny couldn't see his expression.

Penny desperately wanted him. The sun felt sensuous and warm on her naked skin as she lay back, shielding her slit from his view. She was burning with lust for the strange man, and was terrified he was going to reject her. Deliberately she uncrossed her arms, fighting modesty to put them at her sides, baring her breasts to him. The sun felt hot and relaxing on her nipples, but they stayed as hard as ever with excitement. Then, deliberately, she let her leg straighten, her foot slide down and out. She opened her body to him, and even though she couldn't see his eyes, she knew he was hungrily taking stock of her.

He moved, finally, and with carefully controlled passion lowered himself on one knee beside her and reached for her. His hands captured her breasts and Penny fought down a tremor as he squeezed them hard, his fingers digging into the tender mounds. Fumbling blindly with one hand she sought and found his knee, and used his thigh to guide her to his crotch. Her fingers dug into his wet pubic hair, then found the hot base of his erect prick. She wrapped her fingers around it and felt as if she were being burned by its hotness. Mentally she compared it with Tad's organ, and found Sal's larger in diameter but shorter than Tad's. The thought sent a ball of carnal lust roaring through her.

After torturing her breasts for long, agonizing minutes, Sal dragged one harsh hand down Penny's body. His callused palm rasped against her skin as he moved his hand slowly down to her stomach, then lower. He aimed his fingers into her bush, tugging at the hairs. His hand was demanding and harsh as he explored her cunt. With a whimper of pleasure, Penny spread her thighs and invited his fingers into her most intimate channel. He explored her carefully and deliberately while she squeezed his cock in her fist. He sought out her clitoris with one stubby, hard finger, and turned it into a bud of hot flame by grinding it against her pubic bone. He was harder with her than Tad had been, less gentle, as he sent blasts of lust ripping through her body.

Penny found herself making throaty noises as he worked her over. She wasn't looking at him anymore. She had her eyes closed, savoring every ripping blast of passion that tore through her, feeling the warm air and sun on her naked body. She'd never made love outdoors before, and the sensation was wild. She felt wanton, and was beyond caring about Tad or anyone else. The only thing she craved, with greater and greater intensity, was relief from the incredible horny passion that was blazing through her.

Penny's hips began to take on a life of their own now, wriggling and shifting as she pushed her cunt up against Sal's hand. He was still kneeling at her side, one hand pinching her breasts while he tormented her pussy with the other. He was sliding his finger up and down her slit now. It felt as if he were running a file over her delicate tissues, and the pain was exquisite. Penny began to cry out with pleasure as she boiled higher and higher. She was squeezing his cock hard now, pumping it. Battling, she managed to release her fingers from his cock and seek his balls to measure and fondle them gently the way Tad liked.

Suddenly, Sal growled deep in his throat and came down on her, tearing his hands away from her as he moved between her thighs. Penny spread her legs wide to welcome him into her. Reaching down, she guided his cock to the gates of her vagina, but when she lifted her hips to take him in he backed away.

"Please," Penny whimpered. "Please, please don't tease me."

Sal's lips came down hard on hers. His teeth bit at hers as his hard, stocky body crushed her. Then he was driving his bulky cock into her cunt, and Penny didn't care what happened to her. For a second her eyes opened and she glanced aside as Sal tore his mouth away from hers to bury his head against her shoulder. She was shocked to see Tad and Mryna standing over her, watching avidly.

Then Sal began to move, driving his cock into her again and again and Penny's eyes closed and she dug her fingers into his powerful shoulders as her own body responded wildly, her hips jamming upward against Sal's drives. Penny was crazed by her own wild lust. She felt Sal's cock ripping into her guts, and it felt new and different as it stretched her cunt open, drilling toward her cervix and womb. The weight and power of Sal's body on her was driving her insane with lust. She was soaring upward to a wild climax as Sal gripped at her ass and lifted her hips off the mat. His fingers bruised her buttocks as he squeezed them, and the pain lifted Penny even higher.

Their bodies slammed together harder and harder, and Sal pried his fingers into the crack of Penny's ass as she roared higher and higher, then climaxed with a power that locked all her muscles, turning her body into a solid, unyielding pillar of total sexual pleasure.

Sal's drives slammed against Penny's stiff muscles, jarring her brutally, and then he was coming, driving his cock into her, grinding his pubic bone against hers, jerking and shaking as he pumped his load of steaming cum into her cunt.

For seconds that seemed like centuries they locked against each other, their muscles straining and driving, battling to maintain that magnificent peak.

And then, with a betrayal that tore through Penny like a physical pain, her orgasm died, pouring from her like fluid from the shattered container of her body. She collapsed with a sob, her muscles turning to useless jelly. Sal came down on her, his weight crushing the wind from her lungs.

As she slowly came to life, Penny first became aware of the mat, feeling like a marble slab under the combined weight of herself and Sal. Her ribs ached as she fought his weight for breath. She grunted softly and pushed at him, conscious of his harsh panting in her ear. Her ribs creaked as his weight came off her and he rolled aside. Taking a deep breath, Penny savored the unrestricted inhalation washing out her lungs. Her breasts ached with a deliciously sexy pain as the sun and breezes dried the sweat on her body. She felt sticky juices drying on her ass and inner thighs, felt her cunt as a satisfying ache in her guts.

Turning her head, Penny opened her eyes slowly. Everything seemed vaguely blue and shapes were sharper and crisper than she ever remembered them. It was then that she saw Tad and Myrna Steinberg.

The full-breasted woman was crawling over Tad as he lay on his back, guiding one of her full, rounded breasts toward his eager mouth, while his hands were stroking and petting Mryna's pale skin. Mryna's tits hung down from her chest and she swung one large nipple into Tad's gaping mouth.

Mryna was looking down at Tad's face as he suckled at her, her expression one of both lust and pleasure as she studied him. Dropping one neat, carefully manicured hand, she grabbed Tad's cock and dug her nails into it. His reaction was to actually chew on the woman's breast.

Mryna pulled her boob out of his mouth and his eyes snapped open in disappointment. His disappointment was short, however, as she immediately swung herself over and presented her other breast to him. The one she had freed glistened with his saliva.

Wondering what was coming over her, Penny struggled erect to watch the action. Her husband's body was stretched out flat and his' cock was hard in Mryna's grasp. She was straddling him, leaning forward on one hand, while with the other she reached down between her own legs to grip him. Her black bush was spread open right over his cock, but she continued to fondle it while he chewed at her breast. Working his hands up between them, Tad gripped the base of the breast he was sucking on and squeezed the soft mass of flesh, digging his fingers into it.

Penny was astonished. Tad had never treated her the way he was treating Mryna Steinberg. She felt wild flames of excitement burning through her as she watched him torturing Mryna's big breasts. And when he reached down to jam his fingers up into the woman's cunt, Penny thought she would cry out.

Mryna's eyes were closed now and she was shaking as she fought to continue hovering over Tad so he could work her breasts over. She actually drooled with lust, a glistening drop of saliva spilling from her passion-twisted mouth. At last, with a desperate cry, Mryna tore her breast out of Tad's gaping, working mouth and sat up. Prying his fingers out of her cunt, Mryna lifted the head of his cock and aimed it at the heart of her dark bush while Tad grabbed at her tits, smearing one of her breasts with her own juices as he did so.

Mryna spitted herself on Tad's cock like some wild, pagan sacrifice. She drove herself down on his ravening spear, driving it straight up into her guts while Penny looked on.

Without even being aware of it, Penny was digging desperate fingers into her own cum-filled crotch as she watched Mryna screwing herself on Tad. Penny's own passion was ripping through her, driving her to play with herself as Mryna fucked her husband.

Mryna bounced on top of Tad, lifting herself off him, then slamming her body back down against his, drilling his cock up into her belly. She clutched at his ribs as he tortured her breasts. The muscles in her belly writhed with excitement while she pounded her cunt down on Tad's cock. Tad's hips were lifting to match her drives now, and their bodies slapped together.

Penny's ears rang with the sound of their lovemaking, the slapping of their bodies, their panting, and the soft, squishing sound of Tad's cock pistoning in and out of Mryna's juicy pussy.

Mryna began to come, but as the flush of sexual fulfillment spread up from her crotch, turning her skin pink over her belly and her breasts, the woman continued to drive herself up and down on Tad's cock until his hips jerked upward off the mat, fully thrusting his cock in her. He held the pose for long, painful seconds, and then creamy cum oozed from around the base of his shaft to pour in a sticky mass into his pubic hair. Then, and only then, did Mryna finally let her tortured body collapse on top of Tad, her breasts mashing flat against his chest.

Penny wept strange tears of joy and misery and passion as she slumped back, as exhausted as Mryna just from watching their lovemaking. When Sal's arm came around her from behind and pulled her back down on the mat she was powerless to resist. Turning toward the 'stocky Mexican, she welcomed his renewed attentions. She spread herself wide for him, guided him over her and

welcomed the quick, sure drive of his cock up into her cunt. Her body was no longer hers to control, but was a free, wild thing bent only on its own satisfaction. Passion roared through Penny, a boiling, building flame that climbed higher and higher with every smooth drive of Sal's cock into her already surfeited cunt. Penny came with a rush of juices that streamed out around Sal's cock.

And then, after hours at her own delirious peak, Penny felt Sal begin to come again, pouring a second load of semen into her vagina, a load so copious she felt it spill out around his cock and stream down over her ass. She collapsed and passed out from exhaustion and sexual release, the hot sun burning down against her face.

Penny awoke, feeling exhausted and sore, when Tad gently nudged her. Feeling bewildered and unsure of herself, she sat up groggily and scratched her head, trying to clear her mind. Finally she managed to find her voice. "What's happening?" she asked, sounding rusty.

Tad looked around at the remnants of the party. Everyone seemed to be asleep. "I think the party has reached its low point," he observed.

"Oh. Ouch," Penny cried out as she tried to get up.

"Here," Tad offered, struggling to his feet and offering her his hand.

With his aid, Penny managed at last to get to her feet. Her legs felt weak and she staggered slightly as she tried to keep her balance. After holding onto Tad for a few seconds she managed to steady herself enough to take stock of the situation. Something she wasn't willing to put a name to was spilling down the insides of her thighs.

"Oh, God, what next?" she groaned softly.

"If we can find our clothes, I'm in favor of heading for home," Tad answered.

Penny decided there was too much to be said under the strained circumstances and mutely followed his suggestion by searching for her things. They'd dried a bit in the sun. Her blouse and skirt, however, were both incredibly wrinkled. Feeling like a slob, Penny struggled into the mussed outfit and then looked around for her sandals.

Penny and Tad were about to slip out the gate when someone called to them.

"Thanks for the party, John," Tad answered, waving blindly over his shoulder at their host.

"See you next week," John answered as the gate swung closed.

Without a word they got into the car and drove away. Penny carefully kept her mind blank on the ride home. Once inside the house she didn't even pause, but quickly stripped off her clothes, leaving them in a scattered trail as she made her way to the bathroom.

The hot shower she took seeped deep into her bones, untying the knots in her muscles and leaving her feeling limp and exhausted. Just as she was reaching a placid level of relaxation, Tad came into the steamy bathroom.

"May I join you?" he asked over the rush of water.

"Sure," Penny replied, shrugging. Normally, the two of them in the same shower meant more than just a shower, and she usually looked forward to it. But this time she was indifferent.

All that changed with Tad's entry into the crowded shower stall. His cock was half-erect, and at the sight of her, it rose swiftly. "Soap you down?" Tad asked.

Penny started to shake her head, then changed her mind. To her shock, she felt her own sexual interest in Tad springing to life with his close proximity. "I'd love it," she answered.

As he ran his soapy hands over her smooth back, Penny tried to figure herself out. She thought she'd never feel sexual desire again after the party. But Tad's nearness, and the touch of his slick, warm hands on her back was bringing her body quickly to life. She tried to think in terms of his being unfaithful to her, but the memory of his fucking of Mryna Steinberg only increased her own sexual desire for him. She tried to take her mind off of him and Mryna, but failed.

When he slid his soapy hands around her body to massage her breasts, Penny exploded with desire for him. She wanted him more than she'd ever wanted him before. Revolving in the shower, she turned to face him and stood with just the excited tips of her breasts touching his chest. Without a word, she took the soap from him, lathered her hands, returned the soap to its dish and then reached for his cock. It felt wonderfully big and hard as she lathered it thoroughly. Smearing it all over with suds, she found herself humming happily, her mouth watering in anticipation. She wanted to fondle that lively organ forever.

Gently but firmly, Tad reached down and captured her hands. "Careful," he ordered. "Let's save it for later."

"Oh, yes," Penny sighed, happy that he understood and wasn't disinterested in her. Taking his hand, she guided it to her cunt, spreading her thighs as she did so. She steered one of his fingers up her hot vagina and he pumped in her cunt until she was afraid her legs were going to collapse under her. At the last second she took his hand away, lifted it to her lips and kissed it hungrily, tasting her own juices on it as she did so.

In a stumbling rush, they staggered out of the shower and took towels to each other's bodies, rubbing each other pink. Then, in a tangle of arms and legs they staggered and tripped to the bed, then fell on it.

Tad felt hot and wonderful against Penny's body. While she ran her hands over every inch of his skin, he did the same to her. It was almost as if they were both rediscovering each other. For as long as possible Penny avoided that central organ of her attention, until she couldn't put it off any longer. Lovingly, desperately, she concentrated on the sculptured shaft of his cock, kneeling next to him just the way Sal had knelt next to her. She feasted her eyes on the hard shaft, studied it meticulously with her fingertips, and at last bowed her head and licked all over it. And while she was doing this, Tad lifted himself and busied his hands with her breasts, treating them almost reverently.

After long, incredibly loving minutes of adoring each other with all their senses, they stretched out full against each other and cuddled warmly, reveling in the contact.

When Tad guided Penny on her back, she moved easily and happily to comply with his wishes. She looked up at him, her eyes filled with love, as he rested on one elbow for a moment, admiring her naked length. Then he moved over her and she spread her thighs to let him at her. His cock slid into her cunt without hesitation, as if it had eyes of its own for its goal.

Penny was astonished that anything could feel so good. Her body and mind swelled with love for Tad as he delivered his organ to her, and she opened herself to him like a flower spreading its petals for the sun.

Their lovemaking was slow, easy and wonderful, and Penny wanted it to go on forever and ever. They moved together so easily, each understanding exactly what the other wanted, sensing each other's needs and desires and meeting them effortlessly and lovingly.

They screwed each other for hours, until the afternoon sun had sunk low, plunging the room into twilight. And all the while Penny was slowly rising higher and higher. When she finally came it was with the power of a volcano, as if steaming lava were pouring through her veins. And she squeezed her cunt down around Tad's cock and felt him coming right along with her, pouring a flaming stream of his cream into her hungry body.

Sometime later she roused from a delicious slumber to feel the bed sagging next to her. Tad was sitting there, naked, offering her a sandwich. She sat up, pounded a pillow into shape and took the sandwich from him. Naked, she lay there, the light from the bed lamp pouring across her body as she devoured the sandwich and shared a beer with her husband.

Tad licked his fingers with a smacking sound and then looked at her. "Well?"

"Well," Penny said.

Silence.

Penny licked her lips and finally spoke. "I keep waiting to be struck by lightning, but it doesn't happen." Idly she brushed a crumb from one breast and was surprised when her nipple stiffened at the touch. "I keep thinking about the lesson in church this morning. 'Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery.' But it doesn't seem to make much sense."

"Solomon had several wives and a few concubines," Tad pointed out.

"Hundreds of concubines," Penny corrected.

"There's another party next Sunday," Tad said.

Penny giggled and touched her other nipple to make it stand up. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"You wouldn't?" Tad asked, astonished.

"Nope. But don't tell the minister, or he might try to catch me by the organ," Penny giggled.

Tad laughed and got up to take the plate back to the kitchen. Penny was sound asleep, still naked, still on top of the covers, when he came back into the bedroom. Taking his own bedspread, he started to cover her with it, then paused to gently stroke her breasts, bringing the nipples erect one more time before he drew the covers over them.

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

The next Sunday, Penny found it almost impossible to keep her mind on the minister or her class. She kept squirming in her chair and kept glancing at the clock on the wall of the basement. She tried to guide the children through the story of Jonah and the whale, but bogged down on the discussion of whether it was really a whale or not. Finally, a little boy named Danny with glasses and the mind of an eighty-year-old scholar, battled her down on the point by citing the exact reference in the Bible that described Jonah as being swallowed by a big fish.

"Well, Danny, maybe you're right," Penny sighed.

"Mrs. Savage, did Noah take the whales on the ark with him?" someone else asked innocently.

"Why no, of course not," Penny answered easily. "Whales know how to swim, so he didn't need to."

"Mrs. Savage, what happened to the raven Noah sent out the first time after the rains stopped?" Danny asked.

"Danny, that was last week we discussed Noah," Penny informed him.

"No it wasn't," Danny argued. "It was the week before, and I wasn't here, and I want to know what happened to the raven Noah sent out after the rains stopped."

Penny was saved from having to come up with an answer to that one by the timely arrival of the minister. "I'm sure Mrs. Savage will help you with that question next week, Danny. I'm afraid time is up now."

The children exploded up, out and away at this announcement. Penny mopped her brow dry of imaginary perspiration.

"Danny certainly has a lively sense of curiosity," the minister observed admiringly.

Penny kept her own opinion of Danny to herself. She had the distinct impression that the youngster had been subtly slipping her the needle all through the class.

"I thought you might like to know you're one of our most popular teachers," the minister informed her as she gathered her belongings.

"Oh, thank you," Penny answered, not wanting to seem too cool to the young man, but unwilling to encourage him too much. As she bent over, her breasts shifted inside her blouse, her nipples sliding along the slick fabric. The stimulation was enough to stiffen them. Blushing, Penny turned away from the minister in an attempt to insure he couldn't tell she wasn't wearing a bra. Her morning conversation with Tad ran through her mind.

"Tad, I am a Sunday School teacher, especially on Sunday," Penny had pointed out.

"I know that," Tad had answered. "I just wish you could dress a little more sexily than you have been."

"And what would the parents of my students say if I showed up looking like Mata Hari?" Penny had asked.

"Couldn't you just go without a bra or something?"

Penny had glanced down at her breasts. She and Tad had gotten in the habit of not dressing at all until after breakfast. They were sitting at the kitchen table, and the early-morning sun cast a warm light over her pale white flesh, making it seem whiter and her nipples pinker. "Well, maybe," Penny had temporized.

"Aw, come on," Tad had urged. "No one but me will know."

So, for the first time since she'd been thirteen, Penny had gone without a bra. And every time she moved the subtle shifting of her breasts had reminded her of the fact and of the approaching



barbecue. As the time for the party grew nearer and nearer, a tightness had built inside Penny. Now, snapping her purse shut, Penny had to fight to control the trembling in her hands.

"You seem a little upset, Mrs. Savage. Is everything all right?" the minister asked.

Penny started slightly. "Oh, yes, everything is fine," she assured him. "I was just thinking of something."

"Well, please remember, Mrs. Savage, that I am here to be of assistance to members of my congregation if they have problems. And I can offer more concrete help than you might think a minister capable of," he added significantly.

"Oh? Why thank you," Penny answered, picking his words apart and looking at them carefully. He couldn't have meant what she thought he meant. Or maybe he did. Turning around, Penny's purse suddenly popped open and an avalanche of pencils, pins, cosmetics, keys, small change and bric-a-brac spilled out on the floor with an incredible clatter. Without thinking she bent over quickly, trying to scoop up the scattered junk.

"Let me help you," the minister offered politely, kneeling beside her.

Penny reached for something and her hand touched his. His eyes started to come up to hers at the jolt of contact, but stopped suddenly and grew large. As he licked his lips, his vision glazed over, and Penny felt a surge of excitement. He was staring right down her neckline, and instead of feeling alarmed or embarrassed, Penny was pleased and stimulated by his obvious interest. She let him look for long, exciting seconds before shifting slightly and turning away from him to cut off the view. Her nipples felt incredibly hard and excited as she gathered up the rest of her belongings.

The minister seemed to have been struck dumb. His hands were fumbling blindly with the few things he'd gathered up. Mutely he handed them to Penny. She noticed his hands were shaking and sweating more than they did when he was up in front of the congregation giving his sermon.

"Thank you," Penny said graciously, touched by the minister's obvious reaction to what he'd seen.

"Mrs. Savage," the minister called out as she was about to go out the door.

"Yes?" Penny turned easily, letting her skirt flare out around her bare legs as she did so.

"Uh, please remember what I said about helping," he went on lamely, as if he'd been about to say something else but had chickened out. "In any way I can."

"Of course," Penny assured him. "I'll see you next Sunday."

"Good-bye."

Penny reflected, that he had seemed a little disappointed at her departure. She smiled to herself.

"You look a bit like the cat that swallowed the canary," Tad observed after giving her a warm kiss.

Penny settled herself comfortably on the seat as the car pulled away from the curb. With calculated care she smoothed her blouse down over her torso, pressing it against her breasts and tightening it by tucking it into her skirt. "I seem to have a powerful effect on the man of the cloth." Penny giggled.

Tad glanced at his wife out of the corner of his eye. "You could have an effect on the Rock of

Gibraltar.”

“Thank you, sir.” Penny sat up a little straighter.

“You might as well relax. And save it for the party.”

Penny slumped again. “You know, I think maybe today I’ll get things underway,” she announced.

“Huh?”

“Haven’t you noticed? At each party it’s a different woman that gets things started. That first time it was Michelle, and last week it was Mryna.”

Tad thought this over. “I guess you’re right,” he agreed.

“So,” Penny went on, “this time I think I’ll get the action started.”

“That is if Pru Angelica doesn’t beat you to it,” Tad pointed out.

“Is she going to be there again?”

Tad nodded. “I imagine so. Faith and Sal seem to bring her along as a mascot. She never says anything, just strolls around looking sexy and then masturbates a bit.”

“She’s kind of peculiar. I mean, it’s strange enough that she’s there in the first place. If I had a fifteen-year-old daughter I certainly wouldn’t have her at parties like ours.”

“Personally, I wish she’d take part for a change,” Tad put in with a wicked grin.

“Tad, she’s young enough to be your daughter,” Penny gasped.

“Only if I’d married at the age of seventeen,” Tad pointed out. “I’ll bet Sal gets a little off her.”

“Incest?” Penny was shocked.

“Why not?”

Penny thought for a while about the sexy girl. “But I still have a feeling that there’s something peculiar there.”

“Like what?” Tad asked as he guided the car around a corner.

“I don’t know,” Penny admitted. “It’s just kind of a weird feeling I have about Pru.”

“She’s the weirdest chick I’ve ever seen,” Tad agreed. “And the sexiest, for that matter.”

“All fifteen-year-olds are sexy,” Penny said. “She just carries it a little further. But that’s not what bothers me. It’s as if her sexiness were aimed slightly off target.”

“Sounds like feminine intuition to me,” Tad said as he parked the car. “Anyhow, we’re here.” Penny fought down a shiver of excitement. Inside she was a tight knot of anticipation, feeling a little like a child before coming downstairs on Christmas morning.

From the Temples’ house last week, the party had moved to the Steinbergs’ this week. Penny looked at the house and decided the only thing that was different about it was the bronze miniature scrolls

next to the front door.

“Front door or side gate this time?” Penny asked as they went up the walk.

“Didn’t say,” Tad answered, punching the doorbell. The faintly heard chimes played an elaborate tune.

“Come in, come in, come in,” Saul Steinberg greeted them warmly and ushered them into the house. His eyes fastened on Penny before she got in the door, while he blindly extended his hand to Tad.

“It’s a pleasure,” Penny replied, bowing carefully to give Saul the best possible view.

“Indeed it is a pleasure,” Saul agreed, his eyes flashing at what he saw.

“Hello, hello,” Mryna Steinberg said, bustling into the room. She was wearing a white satin blouse and black slacks that hugged her well-rounded hips.

“Hello, Mryna.” Tad greeted their hostess warmly, giving her a quick peck on the cheek.

“Oh, come now, that’s no way to greet an old friend,” Mryna said, wrapping her arms around Tad. The kiss that followed sent a shiver of excitement through Penny.

“I hate feeling left out,” Saul said, gathering Penny into his arms.

Penny took the initiative, opening her lips and wedging her tongue into Saul’s mouth before he could even try. She felt her soft breasts squashing flat against his chest and pressed her hips in against his.

“Okay, break it up, fans,” someone said, and Penny drew back, patting her hair back in place and trying to catch her breath.

“Hello, Del,” Tad said to the tall blonde.

“No hanky-panky until after lunch,” she ordered, wagging a finger at Tad.

“Then won’t we have fun?” Tad shot back.

“Come on, everyone’s out back already,” Saul said, leading the way through the house.

Penny dropped back to be with her husband for a few seconds. “Tad, what are we going to do when it’s our turn to have the party? Our back yard isn’t at all private.”

Tad shrugged. “I guess we’ll have to have the party indoors is all. I don’t think the Mastersons would exactly approve of the entertainment we have at these shindigs.”

Penny giggled in agreement. Their neighbors were a very conservative, elderly retired couple. Penny figured if the Mastersons ever guessed what went on on Sunday afternoons, they’d both have coronaries.

The Bloody Mary seemed to be traditional.

While she sipped hers, Penny circulated and carefully studied the various men at the party. She wondered just who she would wind up with this time. Mentally, she found herself taking a careful census of the guests, assessing the men as she did so.

She caught sight of Larry Caldwell and shivered at the sight of his huge, black body. She felt attracted and repulsed at the same time when she considered him. Although the dam of her inhibitions had begun to crumble, she didn't think she was ready for the big black man. Yet.

Penny eyed Saul Steinberg and John Temple. Peering speculatively over the rim of her glass as she sipped the Bloody Mary, she carefully studied them both. Saul was definitely interesting, Penny decided, well-built and virile, not tall like Tad, and not stocky like Sal Angelica. Saul was attractive by anyone's standards.

Penny had almost settled on him when she caught sight of John Temple and revised her selection. The thing that made her change her mind was the memory of that first, shocking experience, when she'd danced with the little man. She realized now that he had been quite deliberately trying to put the make on her when they'd danced, and felt a surge of regret that she'd resisted him. There was still the mystery of how such an unimpressive man had captured such a stunning wife. John had a somewhat pasty complexion, an unimpressive build, and his balding head made him look much older than he was.

Her stare evidently caught John's attention, as he cheerfully raised his glass to her in a silent toast, 'smiling at her as he talked with Sal Angelica. Sal, too, looked in Penny's direction and smiled politely, but without stopping his monologue.

Hiding behind her drink, Penny fought down a shiver of nervousness at being discovered by her potential prey. She decided that today was a good day to solve the mystery of John Temple. Turning away, she strolled around casually, trying to think of a plan of attack that would suit her purpose.

It was only when she began to pair off the other women with her rejects that Penny realized someone was missing. She glanced around and realized that Michelle Caldwell wasn't in attendance. How she'd missed the absence of the woman puzzled Penny, until she remembered that it was always easier to detect the presence of someone than their absence.

Michelle's absence changed the equation drastically in Penny's mind. That meant there was going to be an extra man. Penny felt the same small surge of worry she remembered from the days she'd thrown parties and had to fight to make the number of boys and girls come out even.

The announcement of lunch broke into Penny's thoughts and she hurried over to join Tad at the long picnic table the Steinbergs had set out.

"There's the little sexpot," Tad said.

"Who? Oh, Pru," Penny answered, catching sight of the girl. "Sexpot is right."

Pru Angelica was wearing as little as possible, to no one's surprise. The top half of her bikini and a pair of skin-tight shorts was all she had on. When Pru leaned forward over the table to reach for the salt, the display she made of her breasts was astonishing. Penny gulped, convinced the tortured top of the bikini was going to explode. Then Penny suddenly realized that while Pru was well-structured, she wasn't quite as buxom as she appeared. The primary effect was created by the bikini top itself, which was much too small.

Throughout lunch Penny found herself eyeing Pru's dangerous exposure the way she would have a live grenade ticking away in front of her.

The meal quickly broke up and everyone adjourned to the lounges around the yard to relax and soak up the sun. Evidently there wasn't going to be any music or dancing this time. Nervously, Penny

wondered how she could go about getting the real action underway. She didn't have Michelle's dancing ability, nor was there a pool handy to provide an excuse for stripping. Desperately, Penny wrestled with the problem. Everyone seemed to be waiting for someone else to make the first move.

A tray of snacks caught Penny's eye and, for lack of anything better to do, went over to it and got a potato chip. She knew she was being watched, as if everyone was waiting for her to make the right move.

The sight of the large, round tray perversely reminded Penny of a job she'd had one summer. Then she remembered the attention she'd received from the male customers of that restaurant and everything started to fit together. Hastily she popped the last bit of chip into her mouth and quickly licked the dip off her fingers. Then, keeping her back to the party, she carefully unbuttoned her blouse, spread it open enough to show off the inside curves of her breasts and tucked the tails in tightly to draw the material tight against her breasts. Then she reached down and picked up the tray.

All the old reflexes took over and she slipped the tray smoothly onto one palm and lifted it to her shoulder, balancing the big disk easily. Then she turned and headed for the person farthest from John Temple: Tad.

Bending gracefully at the waist she lowered the tray and presented it to him directly under her breasts. He almost put his fingers in the dip when he reached for a chip. He wasn't watching what he was doing.

Penny started to skip the woman, but hesitated when Faith, who was next to Tad, reached out to stop her. When she presented the tray to the woman, Penny only thought that Faith wanted a potato chip. But, to Penny's surprise, she reached out and pulled the tails of Penny's blouse loose to leave them hanging, and then took a chip.

When Penny stopped in front of the next person, Larry Caldwell, the big black man took the lapel of her blouse in one big hand. Understanding what he was driving at, Penny turned and, shifting the tray easily from one hand to the other, let him strip the blouse off her.

Topless now, she bent and let Larry select from the tray.

The next person she served partially unfastened Penny's skirt and fondled one of her breasts.

Pru Angelica was next and entered right into things by finishing the unfastening of Penny's skirt. Penny let it fall around her feet and stepped out of it before serving Pru. When the girl reached out to fondle one of Penny's breasts too, Penny was astonished.

As she worked her way along, Penny's pulse rapidly picked up. She was down to just her panties now, and she could feel the calculation in John Temple's eyes as he watched her working her way toward him.

Penny's excitement was making it impossible for her to balance the tray on one hand, so she lowered it and held it with both hands. By the time she got to John, she was naked. She regretted not having any clothing to offer John as she walked up to him.

Before she could offer him anything he was taking the tray out of her hands and setting it aside. His eyes burned over her naked body as she posed for him. She could feel everyone else's eyes on her, and her passion ripped through her like wildfire. John's hand closed around her wrist and he drew her down toward him, his other hand reaching directly for her hot cunt. The touch of his fingers on

her sex was all it took to trigger a wild explosion of juices. He jammed his fingers into her, a little brutally, and Penny nearly fainted with pleasure.

Her muscles spasming, she joined him on the lounge without dislodging his fingers from her cunt. She spread her thighs to let him do anything he pleased with her hungry sex, and, at the same time, reached for his belt. While he drove her mad with his fingers, she wrestled to expose the huge cock that was fighting for its own freedom.

It virtually exploded into view, popping up and bobbing wildly. And Penny had in front of her one of the things that had gained John his wife. His organ was immense and beautiful. Just the sight of it was enough to turn Penny into a wild beast. Then John was pushing her on her back and aiming it into her cunt, and she opened herself to the massive tool with a tremor of fear at what it was going to do to her.

She thought she was being tom wide open as John drove his cock into her hungry vagina. His drive was relentless as he worked the big organ into her, stretching her wider. The head of the big tool almost seemed to pop into her, as it wedged her channel open. Evidently John was used to having to work his way into tight channels and handled the problem with a skill and consideration that minimized Penny's pain and maximized her pleasure. With careful consideration for her size and feelings, the man worked his organ deeper into her, until Penny thought he was going to come out her mouth. She felt the head of the long shaft pressing against the end of her vagina, and the sensation sent her up to a ripping orgasm before she even knew it was coming.

As she slowly settled back from her first, powerful climax, she felt John Temple moving his cock in and out of her and roared up to another orgasm that poured a fountain of juices out around his cock. He was gripping her ass now, prying his fingers into the crack between her buttocks, then pressing a fingertip against her anus. The touch sent a shudder through Penny, rocking her with its violence. And just then John began to come, pouring his load of sperm into her. And, with the point of his cock buried against the end of her vagina, Penny could feel every individual pulse of semen as it shot from him, driving against her innermost tissues, pressuring out around the curving head of his cock and oozing past his massive shaft. It all combined to trigger an orgasm violent enough to leave Penny's senses reeling wildly.

When she got her mind sorted out again, she was lying beside John Temple on the lounge, his cock still buried in her. Evidently he had shrunk some. But even limp he filled her cunt enough to provide I a delicious sense of fullness.

From where she lay, Penny looked curiously around at the party, wondering what she'd started.

"Well, looks like the Angelicas still have a virgin daughter," John noted as he plucked idly at one of Penny's nipples.

"Huh?"

"Didn't you know? The Angelicas want Pru to be a virgin when she marries. As far as I know, she still is too."

Penny followed John's gaze and gulped. Pru was evidently the solution to Michelle's absence. The girl was stripped to the waist, and one of Larry Caldwell's huge black hands was fondling and squeezing one of the soft mounds. What made Penny gulp wasn't that, but what Pru was doing to Larry Caldwell.

The black man's cock was big, a powerful, gleaming black staff that looked as big as a tree trunk.

And it looked even bigger in the young hand holding it. The girl was kneeling beside the black giant, gripping the base of his huge ebony prick in her hands. As Penny watched, Pru slowly lowered her head, licking her lips in anticipation as she did so. Then her tongue flicked out and licked the head of Larry's monstrous cock quickly and sharply, like a snake's tongue.

Larry's teeth flashed in a sharp grin of pleasure at the contact.

Penny gulped. She turned away from John, his cock slipping from her cunt. Now she reached blindly for him and wrapped her fingers around his cock, still sticky with their juices. She tried to tear her eyes away from what Pru Angelica was doing with the big black opposite her, but failed.

Pru was torturing him quite deliberately, licking the purple head of his shaft with feathery flicks of her tongue. Her eyes gleamed with excitement as she teased him and pushed her breasts into his demanding hands, obviously enjoying the attention.

With an audible groan of pleasure, Larry suddenly released Pru's full young tits and locked his fingers in her black hair. His forearms bulging with the strain, he guided Pru's head lower and closer to his cock as she held it erect in her hands. She resisted, but not because she didn't want what he was going to give her. She resisted to torment both herself and him. The head of his cock pressed against her lips and she held back and held back.

Penny thought she was going to scream with tension as she watched the scene. Pru's glistening lips were pursed in a wild kiss as she slowly accepted the massive shaft, letting its purple-black head slip slowly into her mouth. The contrast of her light skin against Larry's massive black penis was striking.

As Pru took more and more of the big black tool in her mouth, her cheeks collapsed in. She was sucking at the big rod as Larry drove her head down on it, and her jaw worked as she mouthed it hungrily.

Penny didn't see how the young girl could do what she was doing without strangling. More and more of the long shaft vanished into the girl's mouth, and she seemed to absorb it willingly and eagerly. Her chest heaved with her panting, and her breath whistled audibly through her nostrils. The whole thing went faster now, with Larry pushing Pru's head down on him insistently. Pru angled her head and a bulge appeared at the base of her jaw. Penny gulped and choked in sympathy. Pru was taking the head of Larry's cock into her throat.

Then Larry began to pump Pru's head, lifting her off his cock and shoving her back down on it. His hips lifted with each downward drive of her head, ramming his cock even farther into her. His shaft gleamed with her saliva, and tears of mingled pleasure and agony were trickling down her cheeks as she worked at him. She was digging one of her own hands into her crotch, pressing herself through her shorts as she sucked and sucked on the big Negro. Her thighs were flexing with passion as she hungrily sucked at him. Obviously Pru found the whole thing as pleasant and exciting as Larry did.

Penny's own passions were seething again as she watched what was happening. She managed to tear her eyes away from Pru and Larry long enough to search out Tad. He was kneeling behind Del Temple. They were both naked. His hips pumping, he was delivering his cock to her dog-fashion while they both watched Pru working on Larry. Everyone was watching Pru suck Larry's cock, even the girl's parents. There was a strange expression of approval in Faith Angelica's eyes as she watched what her daughter was doing. Sal was licking his lips with excitement.

Penny's eyes went back to Pru and she gulped again. Pru was driving her head down on Larry's cock with brutal power. Tears were pouring down her face and her chin was glistening with spit as she

sucked and sucked on the big cock. And Larry was driving his hips up with every downward stroke of Pru's head. Penny didn't see how the young girl could possibly absorb the punishment she was taking from the cock ramming into the back of her throat.

Pru had opened her shorts and was masturbating herself violently as she sucked at Larry.

And the big black man began to come, his balls tensing up under his cock, then shooting their load into Pru's sucking mouth. The girl tried to lift her head away, but Larry's hand came down on the back of her neck, driving her down hard onto him. Pru's throat worked desperately as she gulped down the powerful shots of semen Larry slammed into her.

Penny's stomach tightened violently at the sight of the girl swallowing cum. And at the same time, Penny's own lust boiled over, driving her to tear desperately at John Temple, push him on his back and spit herself on his prick. The shock of his huge organ tearing into her cunt for the second time was all it took to send Penny to a ripping orgasm. In her mind she was still seeing Pru Angelica absorbing every steaming drop of Larry Caldwell's cum until it spilled over and ran down her chin in pearly streams.

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## CHAPTER SIX

Tad's cock was buried to the hilt in Penny's vagina. Penny felt content and loved as they snuggled together in the warm pool of afternoon sun. Around them was what felt like an acre of bed, created when they had shoved their twin beds together. The afternoon sun spilled across the bed with a luxurious warm yellow light. They'd been locked together like this for over half an hour now, and Tad showed no signs of losing his erection or climaxing. Of course, they hadn't moved much either.

Tad moved slowly and gently, drawing his cock out a little, then sliding it smoothly back into Penny's cunt, wringing a soft sigh of pleasure from her when she felt him swell larger again. Whenever he felt his erection declining he moved like that, stimulating himself back to his full size and sending a soft wave of pleasure sweeping through Penny.

"I like Saturdays," Penny said softly, squeezing the muscles of her vagina around his rod and moving just enough to feel his cock slip against her tissues.

"Oh you do, huh?" Tad answered.

"Uh-huh," Penny replied, squirming her breasts against his hairy chest.

"Why is that?"

"Because on Saturdays I have you all to myself."

"You like that, huh?"

"You know it."

"Don't you enjoy having all those other men at the barbecues?" Tad asked.

"What do you mean, all those other men? I've never had more than one at any one party," Penny pointed out.

Tad thought this over, then slid his cock in and out of her again to build his erection. "Come to think



of it, you're right. And I've never had more than one woman at any one party."

"Funny," Penny mused, her voice shaking slightly from his most recent stimulation. "Seems sort of conservative for a bunch of swingers."

Tad shrugged. His fingers were gently stroking Penny's smooth ass. "I don't think it's deliberate. It just seems to be the way things work out."

Penny wriggled her hips to squeeze a little more pleasure out of her clitoris by grinding it against Tad. "And no one ever seems to take on more than one person at a time either."

"You're right."

"You're shrinking again," Penny pointed out carefully.

"Sorry." Tad slid his cock in and out of his wife and she gulped and gasped with pleasure as his cock swelled up again. Moving easily, Tad pumped in her several times, until Penny was at the edge of an orgasm. Just as she was about to crest he stopped moving. For a long time they were silent, savoring the nearness of their release but doing nothing to reach a climax.

"Oh, God, you're good," Penny groaned as she slowly settled back down.

"It gets better every time with you," Tad observed breathlessly. Evidently he too had been very near to coming.

"Even better than Del Temple?"

"Infinitely," Tad said firmly.

Penny wriggled against his warm body, feeling sensuous and loved. "You're much better than John Temple too," she assured him.

"He's pretty big, isn't he?"

"Is he ever!" Penny shivered as she remembered the feeling of John's cock stretching her slit wider as he worked it into her. She'd been sore for days after that, and the end of her cunt had felt bruised and tender, something she hadn't believed possible until it happened.

For a few moments they just lay there, savoring the feel of bare skin against bare skin. Penny traced the lines of Tad's muscles with feathery light fingertips and concentrated on the delicious sensation of his cock in her vagina. It made her feel so wonderfully full, so incredibly sensuous. Her entire body felt like one huge erogenous zone, like every one of her nerves was connected directly to her sex center. Everything focused on that hard rod filling her slick cylinder.

Tad moved again, with a slowness that tortured Penny to delirium, and left her whimpering softly and digging her nails into his back from the tremors that rocked her. She could feel every fold of her cunt slipping over the subtle sculpturing of Tad's cock. The muscles of her vagina quivered and tightened around him. The sensation was positively unearthly.

"Easy, easy," Tad cautioned, after driving his cock back into her, sheathing it completely in her. He clenched his teeth as he gripped her hips, holding her rock steady against him. His eyes went glassy, and Penny decided he was reciting multiplication tables to take his mind off of her for a few precious seconds.

Once again Tad succeeded in holding off his own orgasm while Penny teetered on the brink of hers.

Without a word they both knew when the crisis point had passed and relaxed very, very slowly. Penny's breath shuddered through her with a nervous sigh. She giggled tensely.

"That was close," she said.

"And how."

"How long do you think we can go on like this?" Penny asked.

Tad glanced at the clock. "Damned if I know. I feel like I've been in you for hours."

"How long has it actually been?"

"Forty-five minutes."

Penny stroked his bare shoulder and rubbed her thigh sensuously against his, relishing the scratchy feel of his hair against the sensitive inner skin of her thigh. "Wh-what does it feel like to be in me?" she asked, gulping because of her excitement.

"All hot and slick," Tad answered. "I feel like my cock is wrapped in a hot blanket, only instead of being rough, the blanket is slippery." He paused for a second. "What's it like to have me in you?"

"It feels full," Penny answered. "I feel very warm, and full of you. It just feels right."

"We were made for each other," Tad joked.

"We made each other," Penny corrected.

For a few minutes they snuggled together, savoring the intimate contact with each other. Tad started to shrink again and moved easily and gently to build his cock up. Penny lay still and let him do the moving, afraid if she tried to help she might take him too far. Instead, she catalogued the sensations she felt.

Foremost was the easy friction of Tad's cock in her vagina. He slid in and out of her smoothly, his organ pistoning in its hot sheath like part of a well-designed machine. Blotting this out to concentrate on the more subtle sensations, Penny savored the way his careful, easy motions squeezed her clitoris, sending jolts of pure sexual pleasure ripping through her.

The next sensations were harder to pick out, since they were overshadowed by the first two. There was the faint scratchiness of his chest hair against her tender nipples, feeling like sandpaper on the excited buds. There was the similar sensation of his hairy leg on the inside of her thigh. And there was the heat of his body against hers, in stark contrast to the cooler air of the bedroom.

Something in the way Tad shifted struck a new chord in Penny and she gasped, gripping him while a shudder of special pleasure shook her. Then she relaxed again as he stopped moving.

Turning her mind to her other senses, Penny first heard his warm breath puffing past her ear, a gentle roar of closeness.

Leaving her hearing, Penny concentrated on her sense of smell, and felt a renewed surge of excitement. Primary in her nostrils was the smell of her husband, a warm, animal smell, masked neither by cologne nor aftershave. There was no subterfuge to his smell, but it wasn't unpleasant.

And underlying this was the real source of her excitement, the distinctive smell of sex, the hot odor of their juices coming from their locked bodies. It seemed to pervade the entire room. She inhaled deeply.

"Had enough?" Tad asked.

Penny snuggled against him, savoring the deep vibration of his voice through her body. "I'll never get enough," she sighed.

"Oh."

Penny sensed what he was driving at. "You're getting a little tired, aren't you?"

"A little," Tad admitted. "I've never tried to keep it up this long before."

Penny smiled wickedly and tightened her cunt around his cock. "I'll never let you go."

"I'll explode," Tad groaned, obviously not unhappy at the prospect.

"Let's explode together," Penny whispered and let her body move against him.

"It won't take much," Tad groaned, sliding his cock out of her, then driving it back in with a smooth thrust of his hips.

Penny grunted with surprise at the blast of pleasure his drive gave her. She was closer to her own orgasm than she had thought.

Almost as if it had been rehearsed, they began to move together with graceful, easy motions. Penny concentrated desperately on Tad as she savored her own building sensations. She fought to measure the tenseness in his body, to judge the speed of his breathing and count his pulse beat. As the measure of his passion increased with every easy drive of his hips, Penny let slip the reins she was keeping on her own lust.

Tad's moves quickened, but he managed to keep them as even and steady as ever, never jerking or pounding at her. Penny's pleasure grew and grew and grew until she knew she had reached the point of no return. As she slowly dissolved in a pool of fire, she instinctively tightened the muscular walls of her vagina around Tad's cock, as if she were trying to squeeze his orgasm out of him.

And just when she reached the peak of her own sizzling climax, Tad smoothly thrust his cock into her like he was drilling for oil. Screwing his hips against hers, he pulverized her clitoris into a knot of pure pleasure. Every muscle in his body straining, he poured his load of jism into her with slow, powerful pulses of his cock and balls.

Penny wept tears of joy as she gripped her husband desperately, the only solid thing left in her universe. Her coming was like a fireball flaring into life, swelling, searing and scorching everything before it. And Tad's outpourings were added fuel on the fires of her searing pleasure.

For long, glorious minutes she floated on a sea of fire.

And too soon the fireball began to fade and cool, flickering down through the spectrum of pleasure to leave her limp and panting, clinging to her husband and once again lying on a wide bed in a patch of afternoon sunlight.

Neither of them moved. Remaining locked in a warm embrace they drifted off to sleep, relaxed and

fulfilled. His cock, shrunken and limp, remained buried in her cunt as they dozed off.

Later Penny awoke to Tad's caresses. His hand was closing over one of her breasts, and he was wantonly kissing her with her mouth open and ready for him. A wave of fire roared through her from the touch of his hand on her tit and the pressure of his mouth on hers. Something thudded to the floor as they both shifted and twisted, fighting to bring their bodies closer together. In seconds they were a tightly tangled knot of passion on the huge bed.

After wild, long minutes, Penny broke the kiss, tearing her lips away from his. "Let's do something really wild," she suggested.

"Like what?" Tad asked, amusing himself with her breast.

Penny shrugged. "I don't know. There must be something we can do."

"How about making love in the shower?" Tad suggested.

Penny shook her head. "No, we've done that. Besides, it's too crowded and uncomfortable." She frowned for a moment, then said, "I've got it. Get dressed."

Tad looked at her. "Huh? What's wild about that?"

"We're going out," Penny replied, rolling off the bed. "Get dressed." She headed for the bathroom.

By the time she came out, Tad was fastening his belt. She'd washed the crusty juices off her thighs, combed her hair and put her face in order.

"Do I need a tie and jacket?" Tad asked.

"I don't think so," Penny answered.

"What are you going to wear?"

Penny grinned wickedly. "Nothing."

"Nothing?" Tad's voice squeaked.

"Nothing," Penny repeated.

"You'll get arrested," Tad protested.

"No I won't. Now go and get the car and put the top down."

"We never put the top down. You always say it's too cold," Tad pointed out.

"Don't worry, I'll keep it warm enough. Now go get the car out. I'll be out in just a second."

Penny dug into her closet, found an old raincoat and slipped it on. The feeling of the unfamiliar garment on her body increased her excitement even more. Barefoot, wearing only the raincoat, she strolled down the front walk to where Tad was waiting in the car. The top was down as she'd requested. For the first time she was glad Tad had insisted on their keeping the old convertible he was so devoted to.

She got easily into the car, and slid over beside him. He eyed her raincoat curiously, but didn't say a

thing. "What now?" he asked.

"Drive on," she ordered.

"Where?"

Penny thought for a second. "Head for the freeway."

Shaking his head, Tad followed her directions. In a few minutes they were roaring down the wide concrete slab at seventy miles an hour. Penny shook her head, letting the wind whipping through the open car blow her hair into a tangle. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement. The road was nearly deserted at this hour. A few headlights whipped past from the opposite direction, and they could see the dim red taillights of two cars well ahead of them. Penny's hands shook slightly as she slowly unbuttoned the raincoat. As it spread open to show more and more of her naked body, Tad's eyes flicked between the road and her with increasing frequency.

"Keep your eyes on the road," Penny ordered him sweetly. Arching her spine she slipped her arms out of the sleeves and let the coat fall back from her shoulders. The cool night air whipped over her bare skin and drove her nearly insane with pleasure. Lifting her hips off the seat, she pulled the coat out from under her, wadded it into a tight knot and replaced it on the seat beside her.

Tad was sweating as he kept the car moving right at the speed limit. He was a bit wild-eyed from trying to keep his eyes on the road and see what Penny was going to do next.

She herself wasn't quite sure. Crossing her legs, and placing her hands firmly on the seat at her sides, she bit her lip as waves of excitement rippled through her. She felt totally wild and wanton as she fought to keep from crossing her arms over her breasts. And lurking beside her was the shield of the old raincoat. She had deliberately chosen one she didn't wear any longer. But now she wasn't sure she'd be able to take the next step.

"You're crazy," Tad shouted over the roar of the wind and the tires.

"Of course," Penny screamed back.

"Some Sunday School teacher you are," he added at the top of his lungs.

"More like Lady Godiva," Penny said happily. She felt incredibly alive. She was toying with the wadded-up raincoat, trying to build up her courage. Tad suddenly swung the car over to the right and Penny jerked as a car roared past on their left. She had a vague impression of shadowy figures silhouetted against the dash lights of the faster vehicle, and then they were out of sight. She shook slightly when she thought of those anonymous strangers looking sideways and seeing her as she was.

"Where are we going?" Tad asked.

Penny took stock of where they were. "To the beach," she decided.

With a shake of his head, Tad indicated he had heard her, and still thought she was crazy.

Penny was rebelling against twenty years of puritanical upbringing. Her fingers closed around the knot of the raincoat and clenched it, hard. It was all the shackles she'd ever endured as she clenched it in her fist. It was a symbol of all the inhibitions her parents had saddled her with, all the forbidden thoughts she'd suffered shamefully with, all the desires she'd ever felt that her parents had sworn

would doom her to damnation.

The coat felt as heavy as steel chains as she slowly lifted it in her tensed fist. It almost seemed like she did it in slow motion, lifting her arm straight up, fighting the wind as it tore at the coat when she got it above the windshield. The wind tore at the coat, fighting her for possession of her only scrap of clothing. Penny forced her fingers open against the last remaining shreds of her inhibitions. The screaming wind ripped the raincoat out of her fingers, the fabric burning her hand, the buttons tearing at her as they tore through her fingers. With a powerful jerk the coat was gone, a wild explosion of useless fabric fluttering wildly in the wake of the car. The car following them swerved dangerously as it dodged the coat, but Penny didn't notice. She felt as light as a feather as she sat next to her husband, naked, the night air lashing her body.

If Tad had seen her dispose of the coat he gave no indication of it. His face was glistening with perspiration in spite of the cold wind. His knuckles were white as he gripped the steering wheel. From time to time he cast nervous, excited glances at Penny as she sat there.

Penny herself was delirious with her own sense of freedom. The symbolic act of discarding the coat was all it had taken. She felt sexy and wild and wanton. For the first time in her life she began to really play with herself while her husband looked on in astonishment. She dug her fingers into her steaming hot cunt, spreading her thighs wide, finally bracing her feet up on the dash to give herself the best possible access to her own wild tissues. The wind whipped at her naked cunt, adding to her excitement. She howled into the wind with pleasure as she masturbated wildly in the speeding car.

She didn't come down until Tad brought the car to a halt in the deserted parking lot at the farthest end of the beach. The silence that fell when he shut the engine off was like a physical blow after the battering of the wind in the open car. Penny's ears were ringing both from that and from her own pleasure. Without moving she rolled her head as it rested on the back of the seat and looked at her husband.

"God, I love you," she whispered.

Tad looked at his wife with an expression of desire, love and amazement. "You're fantastic."

Sitting up, Penny looked around. The area was deserted. In front of them the waves rolled in endlessly, booming down on the sandy beach. The foam of their violence was phosphorescent in the moonlight. Penny opened the door of the car and stepped out. She could feel the heat of the day still trapped in the pavement, warming her feet. She was aware of Tad getting out of the car as she walked slowly down to the water. Pausing where the lingering rush of the waves could wash over her feet, she waited while Tad took off his shoes and rolled up his pants.

"God, you're beautiful," he told her.

Reaching down, Penny scooped up a handful of water and let it run through her fingers. Then she took his hand and led him back up to dry sand. Turning to face him she unbuttoned his shirt and stripped it off of him. He seemed to understand that this was something she had to do herself. She stripped him naked there on the beach while the waves boomed down on the sand.

His cock was as hard as iron, ready for her. She knelt at his feet and took the hard, hot rod into her mouth in the ultimate kiss of love. She sucked at it for long, loving minutes, her own lust boiling through her at the thought of what she was doing, of the pleasure she was giving him. She fondled his balls gently as she sucked his cock, taking it clear into the back of her throat. Her own cunt grew more and more hungry with every sucking drive of her head on his staff. Tad's hands were caressing her hair, combing the tangles out as he savored the pleasure she was giving him. Then his fingers

began to knot in her hair, and she knew it was time.

She guided him to the sand, pushed him down on his back, crawled over him. His cock gleamed white in the moonlight and glistened with her saliva. Straddling him, she aimed it up into her hot cunt, lowered herself on it and drove it into her up to the hilt. Falling forward over him, she screwed herself on him, and at the same time reached for his hands and guided them to her ass. He spread her cheeks with his fingers and she tugged one of his fingers to the knot of her asshole. His touch was the last stage of her total liberation. As he pried his finger into her rectum, Penny turned into a star-hot ball of pure sexual lust, her hips screwing her wildly on his cock as she came and came and came. His muscles tensed as he reamed his finger up her butt and she felt him coming too. The surf roared around them as she climaxed.

When it was all over, she sat on the sand staring out to sea, her arms wrapped around her knees.

When he was dressed she let him help her to her feet and followed him back to the car.

For Penny, the ride home was a time of peace. She was aware of her nudity, but it didn't matter now. That she could ride around naked in the open car was a wonderful fact, but nothing more. They pulled into the driveway and stopped. Casually, unhurriedly, Penny got out and walked to the front door as naked as the day she was born and waited patiently for Tad to unlock it. The eyes of the entire neighborhood could have been on her and she couldn't have cared less.

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

Penny slipped into the front seat of the car with a tremendous sigh of relief.

"What's with you?" Tad asked as they pulled away from the curb.

"That monstrous child," Penny answered with feeling.

"Who?"

"Danny."

"Who's Danny?"

"Just the most impossible, sadistic little monster that ever entered a church," Penny fumed.

"Oh, that Danny," Tad said, still not knowing who Penny was talking about. "One of your students, I gather."

"Student, hah!" Penny shook her head. "He asks the most impossible questions I've ever heard. Now, I'm no fool when it comes to the Bible, right?"

"Right."

"So how can that little eight-year-old monster come at me with every question that has baffled Biblical scholars for the last two thousand years?"

"Divine providence?" Tad suggested. "Satanic possession," Penny answered.

"So call in an exorcist," Tad recommended as he guided the car around a corner.

Penny sighed and relaxed. "Oh, well," she sighed. "I'll talk to the minister this week. Maybe he can come up with the answers." Forcing her mind away from the problem of her precocious pupil, Penny contemplated the coming party. In contrast to the nervous excitement she'd felt before the other barbecues, this time she had a warm feeling of confidence and anticipation. She was going to swing again, and, after last night, it was the right thing to do. She'd thrown off the last restraints.

"Who are you setting your sights on this time?" Tad asked.

"Huh?"

Tad grinned at her. "What helpless male is going to fall prey to your irresistible charms today?"

"Oh." Penny smiled softly. "Am I really irresistible?"

Tad looked at his wife with love and admiration. "You are definitely irresistible. And someday I want to see you seduce every man in the joint."

"Really?"

"Really."

"You make me sound like the Queen of Sheba."

"She was black, wasn't she?" Tad asked.

Penny thought for a moment. "It seems to me she was."

"Here we are," Tad interrupted the conversation. They had pulled up in front of another of the development's typical houses.

"The Caldwells'?" Penny asked.

"The Caldwells'," Tad answered.

This time there was no need to either ring the doorbell or pound on the gate to announce themselves. Their arrival had been heralded by a massive German shepherd dog, one so large that his head appeared now and again over the six-foot-high redwood gate as he leaped against it. At one point his front paws hooked over the top of the gate and he hung there while he expressed his opinion of the strangers standing fearfully back from him in the driveway.

"Get down, Manfred," Larry Caldwell ordered, pushing the huge animal away with one hand. "Come on in, Tad, Penny."

Penny followed her husband through the gate, feeling rather leery about the dog. When Manfred came up to her and sniffed her carefully, she froze, her fear of dogs chilling her blood.

"Don't worry," Larry assured her. "He only bites people I haven't introduced him to."

"That's encouraging," Tad said, watching Manfred nervously. "Pleased to meet you, Manny."

The dog looked at Ted and curled his lips back as a snarl rumbled deep in his throat.

"He hates to be called Manny," Larry informed them.



"Okay, Manfred it is," Tad agreed quickly, putting his hand out.

For a second the shepherd held back with an almost human attitude of reluctant forgiveness. Then he thrust his muzzle forward and licked the proffered hand.

"He understands English," Larry observed.

Penny watched the proceedings nervously. She'd never felt comfortable around dogs, and as a child had been terrified of them. Now she controlled her fear as best she could. She wasn't sorry when Manfred trotted off.

In the back yard the party was already in full swing. Penny looked around curiously and noted that the Caldwells' yard was as secluded as all the others had been. What she and Tad were going to do when they hosted the gathering next Sunday was a nagging worry in Penny's mind.

"We sent young Larry off with his grandparents after church," Larry explained as he guided them to the Bloody Marys.

Penny took the glass from Larry, but only sipped at it this time, instead of gulping it down the way she had previous weeks. She didn't need the stimulus the alcohol offered any more. She already knew what she was going to do, and with whom. Throughout lunch she kept her eyes on her prey, studying him carefully, her loins tensing in anticipation.

After lunch everyone again seemed to be waiting for someone else to make the first move. Pru Angelica was there, dressed as provocatively as ever. Mryna Steinberg, as usual, was the most formally dressed. Michelle Caldwell's sleek blackness was complemented by her colorful ensemble of blouse, sash and slacks. Faith Angelica wore her white peasant blouse and bright skirt.

As she took her census, Penny realized that Del Temple had disappeared. She opened her mouth to ask Larry if he'd seen her leave, then closed it with a snap when she caught sight of a vague shadow moving around inside the house. The reflection in the glass doors from the house to the back yard made it impossible to see exactly what was going on, but something was obviously about to happen. No one else seemed to be paying any great attention to what was going on, but Penny noticed that no one was facing away from the house.

The soft jingle of Manfred's collar and dog tags stilled the easy conversation among the guests. The appearance of Del Temple in the open doorway of the house hardened the lull to dead silence.

The tall, blonde woman was nude, and stood at attention in the doorway, the sunlight spilling over her gorgeous body. Her high, full, proud breasts were capped with nipples that were already standing up as hard as pebbles.

Penny noticed that Del had shaved her crotch to expose the full lips of her cunt. Her skin looked very soft and pale and white around her pussy.

In wild counterpoint to Del's sleek beauty, Manfred stood quietly by the blonde's side, his mouth half-open, his tongue hanging out over one gleaming fang. Del had her fingers linked through the chain collar of the big German shepherd. Penny gulped at the sight of the huge dog under the light restraint of Del's fingers. Del looked so totally vulnerable as she stood beside the terrifying animal.

With careful casualness, Del walked Manfred out into the center of the back yard. Every eye tracked them. The muscles of the dog rippled easily under his pelt, mute evidence of his power.

Del halted him in the center of the yard and released his collar as she turned to face him. Manfred looked up at her curiously, obviously interested in something she was holding concealed in one hand.

“Manfred loves cheese,” Larry commented softly to Penny, causing her to glance at him briefly. Then she moved over to settle beside him on the lounge he occupied. She slid one shaking hand over into the big black man’s lap, seeking and quickly finding the hard mass of his cock through his pants.

Del Temple opened her fist and displayed a palm full of small pieces of cheese, and Manfred’s ears pricked up with interest, his eyes staring at what the blonde woman was holding.

Taking a piece between two of her fingers, Del held it high in the air. The dog backed away, his eyes raised to study the yellow tidbit she held. He crouched, and backed up a little more. Then, with effortless grace, he leaped at Del’s hand and deftly plucked the cheese out of her hand with his gleaming teeth.

Penny had jerked at the dog’s sudden motion, then relaxed when she saw that Del still had all of her fingers and there was no blood. What Del did next shook Penny to the core. The blonde carefully picked a piece of cheese out of her palm and slipped it between the lips of her shaved cunt. While Manfred watched, Del repeated the process again and again, filling her twat with cheese. The shepherd sat attentively in front of her, watching the disappearance of each tantalizing morsel.

When she was done, Del brushed the palms of her hands together and showed Manfred that they were empty. The dog’s disappointment and bewilderment were obvious as he cocked his head at her.

Del was smiling in enjoyment of the spell she was casting over both her audience and the dog. She posed prettily, arms outspread, one foot slightly ahead of the other, like a model.

“Beauty and the beast,” Larry murmured. His arm was around Penny and one of his huge black hands was squeezing her breast through her blouse.

With one showy finger, Del Temple reached down and indicated the slit of her pussy. Nervously, the big dog shifted his feet, but remained standing a few feet in front of her. Del slipped one finger into her cunt, spreading her thighs to do so, and teased one of the scraps of cheese out slightly, until its yellow comer protruded from between the lips. Manfred licked his chops and whined softly at the sight of the cheese.

“Come Manfred,” Del ordered softly. “Come get the cheese.”

At the sound of Del’s voice, Penny began shaking. Larry Caldwell was unbuttoning her blouse, and Penny shrugged it off quickly without taking her eyes off of Del.

Manfred got to his feet and followed Del’s orders slowly, his nose pointing toward her cunt. His pink tongue licked out and flicked along Del’s slit, plucking the cheese out with one swift motion, Del shook visibly at the impact of the dog’s tongue against her sex, and a flash of pleasure twisted her face. Manfred obviously smelled the additional snacks buried between Del’s labia and pursued them with increasing interest. Digging his nose into Del’s crotch, his tongue pried into her cunt, seeking out piece after piece of cheese.

Del’s white body shook visibly as the dog probed after the cheese. The blonde woman braced her hands on her hips and rocked her pelvis forward to give the big dog greater access to her. Her knees shaking, Del fought desperately to remain on her feet, but her legs gave way and she dropped to her knees. The change in position did nothing to discourage Manfred. As Del’s pussy dropped, his

head followed it down and he continued to probe and pry into her in search of cheese.

Her muscles racked by sexual spasms, Del writhed and jerked, falling back on her elbows as Manfred pursued his goal, driving his nose into her cunt. She wound up on her back, thighs spread, knees bent, with the massive shepherd between her legs, driving his nose into her.

Penny's own mixture of fear, disgust and lust were tearing through her like hot pokers, driving her wild. Her fear of dogs only increased her excitement as she watched Manfred making inadvertent, but powerful, oral love to the willing blonde. Penny groped blindly for Larry Caldwell, and tore his clothes off him. All around the yard people were stripping their partners.

Penny couldn't take her eyes off what was happening to Del. The blonde woman was writhing and twisting on the grass while Manfred continued to dig his tongue into her juicy pink cunt, his white fangs flashing in the sun as he peeled his lips back and probed deeper and deeper into her. Del was coming, a wild pink flush spreading over her sprawled body. Her hips jerked wildly as she dug her fingers into the turf.

With a triumphant whine, Manfred finally pried the last morsel of cheese out of the depths of Del's cunt and his tongue flicked one last time over the woman's distended tissues before he backed off, leaving her panting and exhausted in the middle of the lawn. As she lay there, the one man who hadn't had a woman to occupy him was tearing off his clothes, then advancing on the helpless body. Saul Steinberg came down on Del mercilessly, pounding his ready cock into her gaping cunt and giving her no quarter.

Penny had been unable to tear her eyes off Del's wild contortions. Now, as Saul spiked the blonde with his cock, Penny felt Larry Caldwell lift her in the air as if she were a baby. She was a toy in his hands as he carried her to the grass. His strong fingers bruised her as he held her by her waist. She grabbed him by the sides of his head and wrapped her legs around his huge black body as he lowered her slowly.

The touch of his cock against her cunt was a jolt of pure pleasure. She welcomed the big, ebony mass into her pink cunt as eagerly as Del had accepted Manfred's probing tongue. Larry bore Penny to the ground and flattened her on the earth as he drove his huge cock in her slit. She clawed his black back as he fucked her.

When he suddenly withdrew from her. Penny cried out with agony at the loss. She looked up at him, terror in her eyes, wondering how he could possibly abandon her so brutally, how he could withhold from her the one thing she needed so desperately.

As if she were a feather, Larry rolled her over on the grass, then lifted her hips. Bewildered, Penny let him do what he wanted. His hands gripped her hips, holding them locked firmly in place forcing her to her knees.

The first touch of his cock against her was like a nova of pleasure. It was high, above her cunt, and she thought he was missing his aim. But when she tried to shift her hips to guide him into her pussy he fought her, preventing her from positioning herself. Instead, he aimed his cock into her asshole. Penny fought him, wanting Tad to be first there, but she might as well have been battling a heavy tank. With steady power Larry thrust his cock at the tight ring of muscle that was her rectum, and the pleasure she felt vaporized her resistance and all thoughts of Tad. With a sob she braced her forehead on her arms as she knelt on the grass, gritting her teeth against the slowly increasing agony of having her rectum pried open by the invading bulk of Larry Caldwell's black cock.

He knew she was willing to take it now and released her hips, reaching around her body with his

strong arms. One powerful hand closed over one of her breasts, while she felt the fingers of his other hand pry into her unoccupied cunt.

Bit by agonizing bit he succeeded in wedging his cock into her rectum, slowly prying the ring of muscle wider and wider as she fought to admit him, fought against her own instincts, fought to give the black man everything he wanted.

The burning pain in her ass grew and grew as her asshole stretched open to admit his shaft. There was a snap as he succeeded in getting the head past her reluctant barrier. Then he bore down on her with steady, agonizing power, driving his cock deeper and deeper up her ass.

Penny went wild with the pleasure of the sensation. She hadn't believed such passion was possible, but it went on and on as the invading tool worked its way deeper and deeper into her bowels.

It felt like a pile driver was packing her full. Her fingernails bit into her own arms as she hunched over, bracing herself against the powerful drives up her ass.

Larry was torturing her breasts with his massive fingers, kneading first one hanging tit, then the other. At the same time he was screwing her vagina wildly with two fingers, pressing her cunt back against the massive hot bulk of his cock in her ass. Penny roared to an orgasm that threatened to last forever. She was insane with pleasure as Larry hammered the entire length of his cock home in her ass. She felt his body slam against her buttocks and sobbed with triumph at the knowledge that she'd taken the entire thing in her ass.

For a few moments Larry held her there, not moving, while she got used to having his massive cock up her butt. The agony in her ass declined slowly to a steady dull ache that was the perfect counterpoint to her unbelievable sexual pleasure.

When Larry moved again, pistoning his cock slowly in and out of her rectum, Penny's lust became animal-like. The whole world revolved around Larry's cock slamming up her ass, tearing into her willing body. Penny climaxed and climaxed, her cunt squeezing down around Larry's black fingers, her bowels spasming around his ebony cock.

And when Larry came, pouring his load of semen deep into her lower intestine, Penny welcomed the outpouring with a wild tightening of all her muscles that squeezed the breath out of her body in a gust of wind. She gaped, eyes wide but blind, lungs straining for the air that had been driven from them, until she thought she was going to die.

And when she breathed again it was like being reborn, her orgasm sweeping away to leave her naked and unashamed. She felt Larry's cock shrinking, being driven out by the involuntary spasms of her bowels. Her arms collapsed and she fell forward on the grass, burning her cheek against the ground as Larry came down on top of her, driving the wind from her once again, then rolling off her.

The sun felt warm on her back as she slowly woke up. The air was cold where it had dried Larry's cum on her ass. She felt battered and bruised. The grass prickled and itched her naked body. Her ass ached. But it all felt wonderful. She dug her fingers into the ground as she lay there, savoring every insane sensation that was assaulting her. She rolled over on her back and relished the warmth of the sun on her breasts. She spread her thighs and bent her knees to expose her cunt to the sun too. For long minutes she just lay there, half-asleep, thoroughly enjoying the total relaxation she felt. Then she looked around to see what was happening.

Del Temple was near her on the grass, obviously just as sated with sex as Penny was. Saul Steinberg, who had ravished Del following her wild session with Manfred, was snoring softly beside

the blonde woman.

Curious, Penny looked around for Manfred and finally located the big dog. He was sleeping peacefully in a patch of shade. Penny remembered the sight of him driving his muzzle into Del's cunt and a ripple of excitement surged through her. Penny was surprised at her own sexual interest in the shepherd. Her fear of dogs seemed to increase her interest in him. The combination of feelings disturbed her and she looked away.

She located Tad and noted with amusement that he had taken Michelle Caldwell this time. The sight of his pale body against Michelle's graceful black one was beautiful. They were interlocked in a missionary position, and were screwing slowly, their bodies working against each other with slow, rhythmic motions. Michelle had twined her sleek black legs over Tad's white ones, and her hands were stroking his back. She caught sight of Penny watching and her teeth flashed in a sensuous grin. She whispered something to Tad and he lifted his head and looked over at Penny too.

Penny didn't turn away when Tad and Michelle looked at her. Instead, she felt a surge of interest and smiled in encouragement. There was a growing itch in her own cunt as she watched her husband with the gorgeous black woman, and responded to it by reaching down to stimulate herself with her fingers. When they saw what she was doing, Michelle and Tad both grinned, then turned their attention back to each other, their mouths coming together in a searing kiss. They pressed their wildly contrasting bodies closer and tighter than ever, and resumed their slow, steady fucking.

"Hi," Del Temple suddenly said.

"Hi," Penny replied, turning her head to look at the blonde.

"You look interesting," Del observed.

"Interesting?" Penny asked, puzzled.

"Uh-huh. You also look a little horny." Del indicated Penny's continued masturbation.

Penny bit her lip and blushed a little. She pulled her hand away from her cunt for a second, but put it back when she missed the attention too much. "I guess I am."

Del surveyed the yard. "Looks like all-the men are used up."

"I know," Penny replied, her frustration evident.

"There are other solutions, you know."

"There are?"

"If you're not averse to a little experimentation, that is," Del went on.

Penny was confused, curious and horny. "No, I guess not."

Del worked her way across the lawn without getting up, squirming along on her back. When she got to Penny's side, the blonde rolled onto her side to face Penny and reached out one slender hand and stroked Penny's breasts. "You're quite beautiful," Del said admiringly.

Penny blushed slightly and thrilled to Del's touch. "Oh, not really," she answered with a nervous shiver. "Not nearly as pretty as you are."

“Would you like to kiss me?” Del asked, licking her lips.

Penny looked at the blonde woman’s lips and suddenly decided she wanted to very much. “Yes, I would like to kiss you.”

Moving very slowly and carefully, Del rolled farther toward Penny, still stroking her breasts gently. As she got closer and closer, Penny could smell the subtle perfume Del wore, and with it the animal smell of sex.

The touch of Del’s lips against Penny’s was warm and exciting in a different, subtle way. Penny slowly accepted the other woman’s kiss, then responded to it, her lips moving, and finally opened her mouth to admit Del’s exploring tongue. They kissed as hesitantly as two teen-agers beginning to explore the new world of sex.

Del kept up her slow, gentle, careful stroking of Penny’s breasts, and Penny felt her tits warming and swelling from the attention. Hesitantly, Penny reached for Del’s breasts and cupped one of them. It felt wondrously soft and warm and exciting. Penny weighed it with growing relish.

Breaking the kiss, the two women looked at each other with growing interest and lust.

Del finally slid her arm around Penny and slowly drew the two of them together in a warm embrace. Penny oozed her body close to Del, thrilling to the other woman’s warm softness and sensuousness. The pressure of Del’s soft breasts against Penny’s was like nothing she’d ever felt before. Penny wriggled just to feel how Del’s breasts squashed against hers. She could feel the hard knots of Del’s nipples digging into the soft mounds of her breasts, and could feel her own nipples digging into Del’s breasts.

Del’s skin felt incredibly smooth against Penny, smoother than any man’s, and softer. Penny trapped one of Del’s slender, slick thighs between her own, and they pressed their thighs against each other’s sexes. The lack of a cock against Penny’s thigh as she shoved it up against Del’s smoothly shaved cunt only increased Penny’s excitement.

For a long time they embraced, kissing each other’s faces and enjoying the feel of their bodies rubbing together. Then Del pushed back slightly from Penny.

“What’s the matter?” Penny asked, afraid she’d done something wrong.

Del pushed Penny on her back. “Nothing,” Del assured her. “I want to explore you.”

“All right,” Penny agreed, her voice shaking as she complied. Lying on her back, hands at her sides, Penny looked up at Del while the blonde woman hovered over her. When Del’s hands touched Penny’s breasts it was more firmly and surely than before. Penny’s nipples drew instantly to attention. Del pinched at the pink buds, sending jolts of excitement through Penny.

When Del lowered her lips to Penny’s tits, Penny thought she was going to melt. Del’s blonde tresses tickled over Penny’s bare skin as the blonde suckled at Penny’s nipples with a feminine daintiness that Penny found irresistible. Penny stroked Del’s sleek back and sides and ran her fingers through Del’s blonde hair while Del worshiped her breasts.

Leaving Penny’s breasts after long, delightful minutes, Del traced a line of caressing kisses down Penny’s body, making her stomach wriggle as she tickled Penny with her tongue. Penny felt her thighs slowly spreading open as Del’s mouth drew nearer and nearer to its goal.

Waves of fire were pouring through Penny now, and she reached under Del to massage the other woman's breasts as they hung down slightly from their own weight. When Del's kisses slid below Penny's navel, Penny slipped her hands down and stroked Del's softly curved abdomen, then ran her hands down one of Del's thighs, stroking its entire circumference.

Del worked her mouth lower and lower on Penny, then drew back slightly. Penny felt Del's breath puffing on her pubic hair and fought the urge to lift her hips and push her cunt into Del's face. Penny knew now what Del was leading up to and knew that Del would make her move at the right time.

And move she did at last. Del lowered her mouth to Penny's cunt, pressing her face into her pussy. At the same time the blonde lifted the leg that Penny had been stroking so tenderly. Penny guided Del's knee carefully over her face and down, so Del was straddling her.

Penny could feel Del's hair tickling her stomach and thighs, felt the warm masses of Del's breasts settling down on her stomach. Penny was staring straight up into Del's shorn cunt. Del's inner lips were pulsing and pink with excitement, protruding the slightest bit beyond her more demure outer labia. And Penny was going slowly wild as Del ate her pussy.

Reaching up, Penny slid her hands around Del's smooth hips to grip the woman's buttocks and draw her pelvis down and down and down. Penny guided Del's cunt down on her face, buried her nose in her, and drove her tongue into the woman's juicy tissues.

Sucking and slurping at each other, the two women probed their tongues into each other's cunts with the thrill of explorers uncovering new territory. Penny was being driven wild by Del's invading tongue and by her own exploration of Del's pussy. The mutual oral lovemaking was as powerful, and as different, as anything Penny had ever tried. She began to come in a way she'd never done before, a slower, earthshaking orgasm that went on and on and on. Penny knew she was drowning Del with her juices. Del sucked them all up hungrily.

Penny savored the metallic saltiness of Del's cunt as a new treat, driving her tongue deep into Del's vagina. At the same time, Penny ground her chin against the hard arch of Del's pubic bone, knowing that she was crushing Del's clitoris as she did so.

A new idea rocked Penny, and she slid her tongue out of the blonde woman's vagina, just as Del did the same thing. As if they had talked it over, they each sought the other's clitoris. Penny easily found Del's distended miniature penis and tortured it with her tongue. Del responded with an explosive knotting of her muscles and a gush of juices from her cunt, at the same time chewing down on Penny's clitoris.

Penny exploded into flame as Del's teeth closed around her clitoris and worried it gently. The effect was like lightning on a stack of dynamite, and Penny exploded with pleasure, thrashing wildly under Del.

Their climaxes went on and on and on as they tortured each other's sexes, until at last total exhaustion left them limp, gasping, and nearly unconscious.

For a long time Penny lay there, her face buried in Del's cunt, the smell of the other woman's most intimate parts thick in her nostrils. Then they tumbled apart and fell asleep in the sun.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Penny looked across the desk at the minister. She sat carefully erect in the chair, her hands clasping her purse. "I'm sorry to impose on you, but I'm afraid Danny is getting to be too much for me," she apologized.

The minister leaned back in his swivel chair and swung slowly from side to side. Outside the warm morning sun was burning the dew off the grass before the morning buildup of smog had a chance to soften its glare. "Just what seems to be the problem?" the minister asked.

Penny shook her head. "He's impossible."

"A disciplinary problem?" the minister asked, raising one eyebrow.

"Oh, no. Nothing like that," Penny hastily assured him. "All my children are good as gold most of the time." She fumbled with her purse, then looked into the minister's direct blue eyes. She'd never noticed how blue they were. They complemented his curly brown hair beautifully, giving him a sort of Irish look. "I suppose you might say it's a question of theology," Penny went on, ignoring the way her heartbeat had quickened.

"Theology?"

Penny straightened her spine a little more, conscious that the minister was staring at her intently. He wasn't leaning back in his chair now, but was resting his forearms on his desk. His arms looked very strong, his hands powerful and capable, more like the hands of an outdoorsman than a minister. Penny was having a little trouble keeping her thoughts straight.

Taking a deep breath, she put her mind in order.

"Well, for example, he asked me what happened to the raven that Noah sent out from the ark."

"The raven," the minister repeated unhelpfully. He was still staring at her.

"Yes, the one he sent out before he sent out the dove that came back with the olive branch," Penny plowed on.

"What about the raven?"

Penny found it harder and harder to keep her mind on her problem. She kept looking at the powerful hands on the desk. She shifted restlessly in her seat. She was perched right on its edge, sitting up very straight. When she took another deep breath, the direction of the minister's gaze was unmistakable. He was looking straight at her breasts. Her nipples suddenly hardened, poking out against her blouse. She'd given up wearing a bra completely. Now she wished she hadn't.

With a mental shake of her head, Penny tossed off the thought. "Noah sent a raven out after the rains stopped. But the raven didn't return. That was how Noah knew that the waters still covered the earth," Penny elaborated. "Later, when he sent out the dove and it returned with the olive branch, Noah knew that there was dry land again."

"Well?" the minister said when she paused. "Well, Danny wants to know what happened to the raven. If Noah only had two ravens, and he sent one out to search for land, and it didn't come back, how come we have ravens today?"

The minister's eyes glazed faintly as he stared straight at Penny's breasts. He put his fingertips together to form a steeple and pursed his lips. Penny waited politely, then began to fidget as the



silence went on and on and on. His gaze was unwavering, and Penny began to feel more and more uncomfortable. Her nipples hardened again and she glanced down to check that they didn't show through her blouse.

When the minister did stir, it was with a suddenness that made Penny jump. He dropped his arms, pushed away from the desk, and sprang to his feet. "Let's go find a Bible and do a little research," he suggested. "I never can find my Bible in here." He waved vaguely at his small office.

As she followed him out the door, Penny suddenly realized her heart was beating very hard. The minister was young and handsome, and Penny was suddenly very strongly attracted to him. A tremor of excitement made her legs feel a little unsteady.

Rows of empty pews greeted them as they emerged near the altar. Unhesitatingly the minister stepped up to the pulpit and its huge, impressive Bible. It was open and a colorful satin bookmark draped down, hanging halfway to the floor. The minister stepped up to the big book and his strong fingers brushed the pages affectionately. "This is the source of all good things," he murmured.

Penny stared idly around the church, fascinated by its warm emptiness. Sunlight shone in on one side, turning the stained-glass windows into an explosion of brilliant reds and blues. A beam of sunlight sparkled off the polished cross behind her, forming a golden pool of light on the marble floor, a pool in the distorted shape of a cross. Crazy impulses were rippling through Penny as she stared at the powerful, well-muscled back of the minister. The muscles moved easily under his white shirt as he turned the pages of the big Bible. Penny's body was warming rapidly with desire for the man. She tried to tell herself the thoughts she was having were sacrilegious. The building desire in her loins, coupled with her new liberation, battered down her objections. With deliberate, careful calculation she set her purse aside and unbuttoned the top button of her blouse.

"Ah, here we are," the minister said. "I always have trouble finding anything in here. I think this is the passage you're referring to."

Penny stepped up next to the minister, feeling warm and excited. She carefully pressed against him, and looked where his long third finger was resting on the Bible. Turning slightly toward him, she leaned forward as if to read what he was pointing at. She didn't need to look up at him to know that he was looking at her, not at the Bible. His finger started to tremble and slipped aimlessly off the page.

"I think I see what you mean," Penny said, paying no attention to the words on the page in front of her. She reached up as if to scratch her throat, rubbing a spot low on her neck, then slid her hand down to her chest, pushing the neckline of her blouse open as she did so to expose more of the upper curves of her breasts.

"But this passage doesn't seem to explain what happened to the raven either," she said without even reading it. She toyed with the next button on her blouse and it popped out of its hole as if by accident. Her fingers spread the blouse open more, exposing the inner curves of her breasts. She glanced up at the minister and his eyes were feasting on the display she was giving him. Her pulse pounded harder as she took her hand down. Turning to the Bible, she leaned forward again and felt the blouse fall away from her breasts, felt soft air currents brush her nipples. Out of the corner of her eye she could see a bulge in the minister's trousers. Her mouth watered.

For a horrifying second Penny was afraid she had somehow misinterpreted his earlier hints and invitations. Then the touch of his hand on her shoulder released an explosion of relief and passion. He was turning her toward him, his hand slipping inside her blouse, pushing it back over her

shoulders. She lifted herself on her toes as he buried his lips against the side of her neck. As she unbuttoned the last buttons of her blouse he pushed it back off her shoulders and down her arms. When it slipped away from her she threw her arms around his neck and arched her back, offering her naked breasts to him.

Those big, beautiful, powerful hands closed down on her tender mounds with bruising, wonderful strength. With a throaty growl, Penny threw her head back and soared upward as he tortured her breasts. She was in seventh heaven as he worshiped the soft globes. Then he fell to his knees before her, his hands gripping her waist. He buried his head between her breasts and she ran her fingers through his hair, relishing the scratchy feeling of his chin on her chest.

His hands were at her skirt, fighting with it, ripping it loose and yanking the zipper down, then shoving the material down around her ankles. Feeling wild and wanton, Penny stared up at the glowing stained-glass window at the far end of the church as he tore at her panties. She felt the flimsy garment shred to fragments under his powerful pawing assault. Her lust boiled higher and higher. She tore at his pants, unfastened his belt, and tried to free his cock from its prison.

"Jezebel!" the minister exploded suddenly, knocking Penny backward to the floor with a violent sweep of his arm. Her skin burned across the hard, cold marble as she slid backward from the force of his blow. Dazed from the impact of her head against the stone, she lay there stunned, looking straight up at the vaulted ceiling. Then she looked at the minister as he towered over her, his face twisted with fear, anger, and lust.

As she watched he whipped his belt out of his pants. His shirt was open to his waist, his chest gleaming with sweat under the curling hair. He loomed over her like a giant, the belt whipping through his fingers as he brandished it. Penny wanted to move, to crawl away from his threatening form, but her muscles were quivering and useless. She was conscious of the cold of the marble against her back, the smell of incense, and the sunlight pouring through the stained glass. Her body was spotlighted in the pool of golden light reflected off the cross.

"Temptress!" the minister screamed. "Jezebel!"

The belt whistled through the air and cracked against Penny's tender skin. Before the echoes of the first stroke had died away in the empty church the second blow ripped across her naked belly.

Cursing, the minister flailed at her madly, whipping her naked white body with the belt. Every blazing stroke sent explosions of pleasure ripping through her along with the pain. She writhed on the cold marble floor, twisting and turning as the belt lashed at her. At her feet was the minister, whipping her with his belt. At her head, towering over her, was the golden cross. Penny's lust soared higher with every burning stroke.

Suddenly the blows stopped and Penny lay there, dazed, her ears ringing with the echoes of the blows. Her belly and breasts and thighs felt as if they were on fire. She looked at the minister in time to see him tear his pants down with insane haste. His cock was pale white in the sunlight, a long staff jutting out from curling brown hair. He came down on her like an avalanche, smashing her against the hard marble. She tore at his back, spreading her tortured thighs wide as he drove his body between them. His cock slammed into her cunt, tearing into her with brutal force.

They pounded at each other, bruising themselves on the marble floor. His skin felt like sandpaper against hers, burned as it was by the beating she'd received. Penny went wild with insane lust. She met every drive with a powerful surge of her own hips. They fought in front of the altar like rutting animals until Penny came, her muscles jerking and twitching. She felt the minister drive his cock

into her again and again and then fill her cunt with shot after shot of hot, steaming semen. Then he collapsed on top of her, driving the wind out of her lungs.

For a few minutes Penny lay under the man as he shuddered softly, weeping in her ear. She stroked his back gently, the way she would to comfort a child.

"What have I done, what have I done?" the minister moaned.

"You were wonderful," she assured him.

"My God, my God, I've defiled the church," he moaned, paying no attention to her.

"It's all right," she assured him as he crawled off her.

"Horrible, horrible," he moaned, crawling frantically toward the cross, then hauling himself to his knees. He reached up and locked his hands around the base of the cross, clinging to it desperately.

"Beat me," he pleaded, "for I have sinned."

Penny had watched his progress in amazement. "What?"

"Beat me!" the minister screamed. "I deserve to be beaten for what I've done!"

Penny looked around, bewildered, until her gaze fell on the discarded belt, coiled like a snake on the floor.

"Beat me!" he screamed again, sending her scrambling for the belt in compliance.

Hauling herself to her feet she approached his back as he hung onto the cross in desperation. He'd shed all his clothes and his skin looked strangely pale. Drawing her arm back, Penny struck him hesitantly.

"Harder," he ordered.

The second blow rang more loudly in the church as the belt burned across his back.

"Again," he snapped.

Following his orders, Penny struck at him again, and then again, and with every stroke of the belt she felt her excitement increasing. She spread her legs and felt the cool air drying the juices on her naked cunt. The marble floor of the church felt cold under her bare feet and her hair swung wildly around her face she struck at the man again and again and again, harder and harder.

She was flailing at him now in a wild frenzy of sadistic lust, torturing him, as her lust increased to greater and greater heights.

Finally, exhausted, she swung one last time and the belt whipped out of her sweaty fingers and flew across the church to crash against a stack of collection trays. The minister's back was bright red, like a severe sunburn, and he was slumped down, his fingers barely touching the base of the cross.

Her lust driving her on, Penny grabbed the big man by the shoulders and hauled him away from the cross, dumping him on his back on the marble floor. His cock was erect, a gleaming staff in the sun. She reached for it desperately as she straddled him. Aiming it up into her cunt, Penny spitted herself on him, relishing the feel of having that manly organ buried in her guts for the second time that

morning. While the walls of the church rang with her triumphant cries, she screwed herself on the supine minister thoroughly and completely, finally collapsing on top of him with her cunt spasming around his spurting, pulsing cock.

Exhausted and aching, Penny at last dragged herself off the minister and staggered over to her clothes. There was a pounding noise she couldn't at first identify, then realized someone was pounding on the outer doors of the church. Quickly pulling on her skirt and blouse, she nudged the minister with one foot.

"Huh, what?" he asked, dazed.

"There's someone trying to get in," she informed him in a harsh whisper.

"The church is a sanctuary for all who seek her," he mumbled.

"Get up," she snapped as the violence of the pounding increased.

"What? Oh, my God," the minister gasped, looking down at himself. His scramble for his clothes was comical.

Penny finished buttoning her blouse and picked up her purse. "I'll see you on Sunday," she told him as she started to leave. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine, fine," he assured her as he struggled to dress.

"I'll see you Sunday," she called out cheerfully, making a hasty retreat toward the back door. As she was slipping out, the minister was desperately fastening his belt and running toward the front doors to let in whoever was trying to batter them down.

Slamming the door behind her, Penny leaned against it for a long time while her heartbeat gradually slowed. As her pulse returned to normal, she dimly heard the minister pass the door, talking to someone, as he ushered them into his office. Then she pushed away from the church and headed down the walk. Her breasts and stomach felt as if she were sunburned, while her buttocks felt bruised from the marble. She was exhausted.

She was just toweling herself off after a long nap and a luxurious bath when she heard Tad come in the front door. "Be there in a minute," she called out, then cocked her ear. When there wasn't any reply, she hurried with the towel. Finished, she started to wrap it around herself. The dampness discouraged her and she wrinkled her nose in disgust, held the towel up between thumb and forefinger and dropped it in a soggy heap on the floor. She knew something was wrong when Tad hadn't answered. Whenever he came home silent, it had been a bad day.

Still feeling a little sore from her morning's activities, Penny decided against taking the time to cover herself. Instead she walked into the living room naked.

"Hi, honey," she greeted Tad, then bent down to give him a kiss as he sat slumped in his chair.

Penny lifted an eyebrow. He was really in a bad mood. He hadn't even glanced at her. With a carefully quiet tread she slipped out of the room and returned in a few minutes with a Scotch on the rocks. Mutely she handed it to him. He didn't even look up at her as he took it and then half-drained it in one, rapid gulp. He was still for a second, then shivered from head to toe as the Scotch burned through him.

"Thanks," he whispered hoarsely.

"Bad day?" Penny asked as she stood before him, feeling the carpet under her bare feet and the air against her bare skin.

"Awful," Tad admitted.

"Anything I can do?" she asked.

Tad shook his head, and then took note of her for the first time. His eyes showed a flicker of life as he looked her up and down, obviously enjoying the view. "Just stand there," he answered.

So Penny just stood there. She was holding her hands clasped in front of her sex and self-consciously moved them and let her arms hang at her sides so he could see all of her. Her eyes studied his lap carefully for any signs of life. There weren't any. She stood there in front of him, offering herself to him for him to use any way that he chose. She felt a powerful desire for him as he sat there, drink in hand, frankly admiring her.

"God, you're beautiful," he sighed finally, setting the empty glass aside.

"Want another drink?"

"No thanks."

Silence fell again. She didn't ask him what had happened at the office. If he wanted to tell her, he would. When he didn't want to, her asking only irritated him. She found herself fidgeting as she stood there, not knowing what to do with her hands, but not wanting to conceal anything from him.

When he unzipped his fly and pulled his cock out, she eyed him curiously. While he played with his limp organ, he studied her hungrily. But his cock seemed determined to remain uselessly limp, no matter how he fondled it.

"I'm sorry, honey," he finally apologized.

"Let me try."

Tad shrugged as she knelt at his feet. As he reached out to stroke her head, she reached for his cock. Before taking it, she unfastened his pants and underpants completely and hauled them down around his ankles, making him lift up from his chair as she did so. After hauling them off his legs, she unbuttoned his shirt and pushed it back until he got the idea and slipped out of it. Now he was as naked as she. She knelt between his legs and reached for his limp cock. It refused to stir for her fingers. Lovingly she lowered her head to it and kissed its pouting pink crown.

The touch of her lips made it tremble.

She licked it tenderly and it trembled again, swelling a little.

Carefully, she bathed his prick with her tongue and felt it slowly begin to stiffen and swell as she knelt over it. Her own longing for it increased as she licked it tenderly, stroking her tongue along its underside and over its head. Every stroke of her tongue made it harden and grow.

Tad's fingers tightened in her hair as she loved him with her mouth. Pursing her lips she slipped the growing organ into her mouth, sucking at it gently and stroking it with her tongue. It tasted different and delicious, she decided.

She wasn't too surprised that her own sexual excitement increased as Tad's cock grew to fill her mouth more and more. But she wasn't concerned with herself. She concentrated on him as much as she could. Learning with every stroke of her tongue, she stirred his organ to greater and greater life.

It was nearing its full growth now, making it harder for her to take it completely into her mouth. She wrapped her mouth around it as tightly as she could and began to pump her head on it, just as if her mouth were a vagina. She found that pressing her tongue against the base of the hardening organ gave him the greatest pleasure.

Sheathing her teeth with her lips to protect him, she pushed her head forward and down on his now-massive organ, driving it to the back of her throat. As it pressed past the base of her tongue she had to fight down the urge to gag. It squeezed into her throat, making it hard to breathe, but she pressed on, drawing her head back and then thrusting it forward again.

Tad's hips were beginning to surge now, driving upward as she took his cock into her mouth. Reaching under her chin, she found his balls and fondled them, then slid gentle, exciting fingers behind them to tickle him. His cock burgeoned up even larger at this, threatening to choke her.

Her own lust was surging through her now, heating her and making her muscles quiver with excitement. Tad's fingers were tangled painfully in her hair as he guided her moves. She could feel his climax drawing nearer and nearer by the tightness of his muscles. Tears trickled down her cheeks as she fought down her tendency to gag. She drove his cock down her throat, choking off her breath.

Tad began to gasp audibly as she worked on him harder and harder, her own orgasm drawing nearer and nearer without her even trying to stimulate herself. She was turning into a steaming volcano of lust as she devoured her husband hungrily.

She was bruising her throat against the head of his cock now, and her guts tightened at the thought of what was coming. She tantalized his asshole with one delicate finger as she brought him closer and closer to a climax.

"Careful," Tad gasped, warning her. His fingers tore into her hair as he tried to drag her head off of him before it was too late.

Penny fought him, prying his fingers out of her hair as she redoubled her efforts, her own extraordinary orgasm drawing nearer and nearer. She measured his readiness by putting her fingers on his testicles. She felt them tighten up, draw up against the base of his cock, and sucked and sucked at him, driving her tongue against the bottom of his cock and pumping her head wildly on him. Her hair flew around her face in a cloud as she drove at him faster and faster.

And it began to come, the valves opening, the muscles squeezing down, pumping the thick semen through his channels. She felt the first pulse rocketing down the length of his cock and sucked even harder, her own climax burning over her hotter and hotter. The shot came, a scalding blast against the back of her throat and she swallowed desperately. The next one came hot on its heels, and the next. The wads of cum came pouring at her faster than she could take them and she found herself swimming in his thick fluid, felt it pouring out around his cock to stream down her chin. She came with a violence that rocked her like an earthquake, shaking her to the core of her soul. She fought to avoid choking on his semen, her stomach churning more with pleasure than revulsion, as it poured down her throat. She clung to his strong thighs, gulping down the last trickles of his come as her orgasm slowly faded and died, leaving her limp and panting.

For a long time she knelt at his feet, her cheek on his thigh, his limp, sticky cock nestling against her

lips. She loved him with an intensity she didn't think was possible. She tenderly licked his gummy cock, relishing the taste of his cum. His hand was on her head in a careless manner.

Tad sighed a deep, heartfelt sigh of contentment. "You're incredible," he whispered. "Feeling better?" she asked.

Tad chuckled. "Of course."

"Can I get you anything?" She looked up at him as she knelt there, pressing her naked breasts against his legs.

Tad shook his head. "How was your day?"

"Interesting."

"Oh?"

"I fucked the minister." She giggled contentedly.

Tad stiffened slightly, then chuckled. "You're kidding."

Penny smiled and shook her head, then rested her cheek on his knee again. "No, I really fucked him."

"Tell me about it," Tad ordered softly, his fingers pausing for a moment before resuming their steady stroking of her head.

She was halfway through the story of her beating when he lifted her to his lap. His cock was growing again. "Are you hurt?" he asked, plainly worried. He stroked her breasts tenderly.

"No, of course not," she answered. "Oh, it hurt at the time, but there's no lasting damage."

She went on with the story, while he stroked her chest and stomach. His cock was growing rapidly now, and her own excitement was increasing at the memory of what she'd done. As she reached the part where the minister had begged to be beaten himself, Penny shifted on Tad's lap, straddling him and guiding his cock into her slick cunt.

She wriggled happily on his lap as she went on, giving him a description of the scene before the cross. Tad's cock felt superb in her cunt. Tightening her vagina around it, she moved up and down, up and down, feeling the hot mass slide in and out of her. She was driving toward still another climax with every drive onto that wonderful tool.

Tad's hips moved up as she moved down, increasing the speed and power as they came together, lifting her still higher. As she told him about screwing herself down on the minister's hard cock, she added a wild twisting motion to her hips as she came down. She was blazing higher and higher, coming to a fiery orgasm with a powerful rush. She felt Tad shove a load of sperm into her pussy. As she finished the story of the minister, their orgasms were fading and she snuggled against him warmly, feeling the last dying pulses of his cock in her cunt.

They snuggled together for a long, long time.

The room was dark by the time she rose off him. "Want another drink?"

Tad shook his head, looking at her admiringly. "Why don't we go out to dinner?"

Penny made a face. "I'd have to get dressed."

"Not very much," he argued.

Penny giggled. "You're trying to get me arrested."

"No such thing. I just want easy access to you."

"You get dressed," she ordered him. "I'll go slip into something comfortable."

In the bedroom she didn't even debate the matter, and slipped a see-through mini over her naked body. Feeling wonderfully sexy, she rejoined Tad in the living room just as he was finishing dressing.

"See?" she giggled, lifting the hem of the dress above her waist to expose her naked cunt.

Tad slapped her fanny. "Let's go eat."

He took her to one of the nicest steak houses in the area and squeezed in next to her on the bench that backed up against the wall.

"What about the party this Sunday?" Penny asked after devouring a huge dinner.

Tad tickled his fingers up her thigh, pushing the dress up higher. "What about it?"

"We can't have it in our back yard," she pointed out, spreading her thighs to admit him to her steaming cunt. "No privacy."

"True." Tad's mind was obviously not on the party as he shoved his fingers into her.

"Stop that," Penny gasped, grabbing his hand as he sent her ripping upward. "Where can we have it?"

"We'll have a fence built," Tad replied, still playing with her.

"Let's go home," Penny squeaked, grabbing his forearm but not trying to push him away.

"Let's not," he answered softly.

"Oh, my God," Penny gasped, racing to a powerful orgasm. She was sure everyone in the restaurant knew what Tad was doing.

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## **CHAPTER NINE**

Penny felt almost as great a sense of relief and freedom when her Sunday School class was over as her children did. She snatched up her belongings and ran out the door, only to collide headlong with the minister.

"Ah, there you are, Mrs. Savage." He held her arms to steady her, and keep her from getting away. "And how did your class go today?"

"Quite well, thank you," she assured him, trying to pull free. Over the minister's shoulder she could see Tad waiting in the car.



"That's good, that's good. But I happened to recall that we didn't solve your problem this last week. I was wondering if you wanted to come by again, say, tomorrow afternoon, so we could work on Danny's question."

Penny firmly pried his fingers loose from her arm. "I'm afraid I'm going to be terribly busy this week. I think I can handle him now."

The minister grabbed her again as she tried to dash off. "I hope so. You know, you've given me some fascinating new insights. I'd love to work on them with you."

"I'm sure you would," Penny said, but not unkindly. "Perhaps we can get together sometime. Now if you'll excuse me, I really must be going. My husband and I are hosting a barbecue this afternoon."

"Certainly, certainly." He let go of her. "I'll see you next Sunday then."

Penny slid into the convertible and pursed her lips in a silent whistle as Tad put the car in gear and pulled away.

"Looks like you had a hard time getting away from the minister," Tad observed.

Penny nodded her head as she searched in her purse for something. Pulling out her comb she ran it briskly through her hair. "He wanted to pursue some more Biblical research."

Tad chuckled, then looked serious. "That could be a problem."

Penny shrugged. "I don't think so."

Tad chewed his lower lip. "But I'm not sure I like you getting off alone with him. It's different with the barbecues because everyone's there together."

Penny looked over at Tad. "Tad, are you jealous?"

Tad started to deny it, then nodded. "Yeah," he admitted.

"Why Tad!" Penny was genuinely astonished. "Like I said, it's different when it's just you and him. If I were there, it'd be all right."

Penny chuckled. "Okay. The next time I put the make on the minister, you can come and watch." Tad grinned at her.

"Everything ready for the barbecue?"

"All set but the final touches."

"The men just got the fence finished in time," Penny said as they pulled up in front of the house.

"I just hope our neighbors don't try to peek over it, or we'll have two coronary cases on our hands. And that could be awkward right in the middle of the party," Tad replied. "Looks like someone's here already."

"Oh dear," Penny sighed.

"It's all right. I told them to go right in if we weren't here."

Penny hurried up the walk and into the house, threw her purse and Bible aside unceremoniously, then went out to the back yard.

Larry and Michelle Caldwell were there, with Manfred. He was chasing a battered old tennis ball to the corner of the yard then bringing it back to Larry, his tail waving proudly.

Penny eyed the big dog a little dubiously, still afraid of him. The Caldwells had asked if he could come, and she hadn't been able to think of a graceful way to say, "No."

"I'm sorry I'm late," she apologized. "Don't worry," Michelle said politely. "We just got here, really. I thought maybe I could give you some help with the refreshments."

The black woman's offer was more than welcome. In short order the Bloody Marys were out and ready. Penny dipped a ladle into them and poured herself a huge one after first serving the Caldwells.

"You're sure you don't mind Manfred being here?" Larry asked. "I can always put him out in the car. It's just that he gets so lonesome at home alone. Larry is with his grandparents again."

Penny eyed the big dog with mixed feelings. "I'm sure he'd be miserable locked up in your car. He's all right." The Bloody Mary tasted wonderful as it eased her tension at being the hostess.

By the time the lunch had been served, Penny had relaxed. Now she felt only a sense of expectancy as she waited for whoever was going to make the first move.

The sound of an argument caught her attention and she looked over anxiously, hoping it wasn't going to spoil the party.

Pm Angelica had squared off to face her mother, and the teen-ager was giving as good as she got in the verbal battle. Penny couldn't understand a word as mother and daughter were both speaking Spanish. Suddenly something Pru said to her mother evidently exceeded whatever limits had been established and Faith's hand lashed out and cracked against Pru's cheek, abruptly cutting off her flow of words.

Faith glared at her daughter and said something to her with a deadly softness. To Penny's surprise, Pru nodded mutely, her eyes shining with tears.

"I'm sorry, Penny," Faith apologized. "But our daughter here was out much beyond her curfew last night, and seemed inclined to be sassy about it. Now I'm afraid I must punish her."

Penny sorted out her confusion. "Oh, well, all right. There's no reason you can't take her inside the house for some privacy."

Sal was now standing next to his wife. "No, no, Penny. We will administer the punishment right here and now. That way we are sure it gets through to Pru, aren't we?" He looked at his daughter, and Penny had a hard time reading his expression. There was as much anticipation as anger on his face.

"Yes, Papa," Pru agreed, biting her lip nervously.

"And who do you want to have administer the punishment?" Sal asked.

"Mama," Pru replied.

"Then come over here," the Mexican woman ordered, leading Pru in the direction of one of the

chairs.

While Faith got settled on the lounge, Pru stood before her silently, hands clasped in front of her, head hanging. She was wearing one of her usual brief outfits, tight shorts and a halter.

"Take down your shorts," Faith ordered.

"Please, Mama," Pru pleaded.

"Sal," Faith said softly.

Sal stepped up behind his daughter and reached for the snap and zipper on the side of Pru's shorts. The snap popped open audibly when he touched it.

Then he pressed the zipper down slowly. The shorts spread open to reveal a pair of bikini panties. Without a word, Sal pushed the shorts down Pru's full hips and down around her ankles.

"Please, Papa," Pru pleaded, turning scarlet with embarrassment as she stood there in her halter and panties.

Sal paid no attention to her. He hooked his fingers in the waist of her panties and worked them down over her hips, fighting their tightness, then shoving them down around his daughter's ankles.

Pru's buttocks looked very young and vulnerable as she stood in front of her mother, her hands cupped desperately over her sex.

Penny suddenly realized that this was the first time at any of the parties she'd seen Pru bottomless. The young girl had often taken off her top, but never her bottom.

Faith reached out and closed a strong hand around Pru's wrists, dragged the girl forward, and bent her easily over her lap. At the same time, Sal was unfastening his belt and pulling it through the loops on his pants.

At the sight of the strap, Penny was reminded of her wild beating at the hands of the minister. She shivered as Sal handed the strap to his wife.

"You see, it is much more effective if punishment is administered immediately," Sal said to Penny as he stood next to her.

Penny licked her lips nervously. "But I thought Pru committed the offense last night?"

"Yes, she did. But this is not punishment for that. This is punishment for the bad things she said to her mother," Sal explained.

"I see." Penny found her excitement growing at the sight of Pru's vulnerable, naked buttocks. Nervously she reached out and sought Sal's hand.

Faith doubled the belt up once to shorten it, then threw one leg over Pru's thighs to lock her legs down and then pinned the girl's wrists with her free hand. She said something to Pru in Spanish and the girl nodded miserably, her black hair streaming down around her face as she hung head down over her mother's lap. The crack of the doubled strap across Pru's naked ass shot through Penny like a lightning bolt, making her wince in sympathy. There wasn't a sound from Pru, but she jerked visibly against her restraints.

The strap began to fall with steady regularity, cracking loudly through the yard, and with every blow Penny felt her excitement growing. She was remembering the wild beating she'd absorbed, and the powerful effect it had had on her. Unconsciously, Penny pulled herself closer to Sal, and pressed against him. She guided his knuckles between her thighs and ground them against her cunt as her lust sizzled upward at the sight of Pru's torture.

"It is something, no?"

"It is something, yes," Penny agreed breathlessly.

Pru was kicking vigorously now, but still didn't cry. Her ass was taking on a distinct red tone where the strap lashed against it.

Penny was only dimly aware of Sal Angelica unfastening her blouse and stripping it off of her. Out of the corner of her eye Penny could see other pairings developing around her and clothes being shed. But her attention was on the beating Pru was getting.

Faith's forehead was beaded with sweat now, her knuckles white, as she gripped the strap and brought it whistling down on Pru's naked buttocks. The woman licked her lips with some new emotion and her eyes glittered as she kept them unwaveringly on her target.

Penny was down to her panties now, and halted Sal by blindly beginning to undress him while she still watched Pru. She was dimly aware of Sal helping her. All she saw was the flickering arc of the strap and all she heard was the crack as it met Pru's flesh. Penny's guts tightened more and more with every blow. She thought the spanking was going to go on forever.

Finally it happened: Pru couldn't take the pain silently any longer. The wail of agony that she let out tore through Penny like a knife. Faith stopped with the strap raised over her head, a frozen, threatening tableau.

Pru burst into nerve-racking wails as she struggled weakly on her mother's lap, weeping convulsively. Her ass was a bright scarlet, visible evidence of the torture she'd received.

Pru's wails seemed to tear into Faith, triggering every motherly urge the Mexican woman had for her daughter. Dropping the strap, she released Pru's hands and legs and hauled the girl up to cuddle her against her as Pru sobbed bitterly.

Penny thought that the show was over and was about to turn to Sal to seek release from her own wild passions, when Pru began to paw blindly at the elastic neckline of her mother's low-cut blouse. Faith let the girl work the fabric down until her breasts were bared, and then suddenly Pru was nursing desperately at the full, rounded pale mounds. The sight made Penny feel rather weak in the knees.

Faith Angelica was gently stroking her daughter's back and head as Pru nursed at her breasts, and the expression on Faith's face was other than pure motherly love for her daughter. Her fingers caught in Pru's halter strap and suddenly her daughter's only remaining garment was loose. Pru let it fall off her breasts without breaking away from her mother. Instead she struggled to strip her mother's blouse off.

Faith stood up long enough to let her daughter shove her blouse and skirt down and off, then pulled Pru back to her feet. Mother and daughter, both naked, embraced and tumbled to the lounge in a tangle of copper limbs. Pru was nursing at her mother's breasts as Faith opened her thighs to let her daughter nestle between them.

Penny was in a knot of passion with Sal Angelica, while they both continued to watch what was happening between Faith and Pru. The two women were writhing against each other in a wildly passionate way, stimulating each other with their thighs and hands.

Faith reached down and stroked her daughter's tortured buttocks tenderly. Pru jerked at the contact. Obviously she was incredibly sore and sensitive. Faith murmured something softly to Pru and the teen-ager pulled away from her mother and nodded. The streaks of tears were still visible on her cheeks as she shifted to give her mother room to move around.

Faith wriggled around on the narrow lounge until she was facing Pru's ass, stroking it tenderly and studying it lovingly. Pru lay on her face, her curving buttocks sticking up slightly as her mother caressed them tenderly. Faith's face drew closer and closer to them, and then she began to lick and kiss the soft pink mounds. Penny exploded with excitement.

Sal Angelica had one hand on Penny's breasts and the other buried in her cunt. His fingers jerked and tightened painfully in both locations as he watched his wife kiss his daughter's ass.

Faith continued to massage her daughter's ass tenderly and lovingly, with her mouth and the fingers of one hand, while her other hand slid between Pru's thighs and into her concealed cunt. Faith was nibbling gently on the curving mounds of flesh now, and Pru's hips were shifting and rolling restlessly from the stimulation.

The girl reached for her mother's hips and turned her head to the side to bury her face in her mother's bushy crotch, smothering herself in the intersection of Faith's thighs.

The girl and the woman, mother and daughter, writhed about. Penny was a seething mass of lust. She wondered idly if it was incest if it was between mother and daughter. Then Sal was shoving her down on the ground on her back. She opened her thighs to him and felt his cock drive into her hungry cunt as she tipped her head back so she could watch the wonderful scene on the lounge upside down.

While Sal fucked her, she watched Faith Angelica chewing and probing at Pru's ass, prying her fingers into Pru's cunt, driving the young girl wild. Pru responded by devouring her mother's hungry cunt, her face grinding into the big, black bush. Faith's fleshy thighs were wrapped around Pru's head, trapping the girl tightly. Pru worked her arms around her mother's hips to dig her fingers into Faith's ass.

The wildly contorted scene was driving Penny insane with her own lust, and Sal's cock driving into her did little to assuage it. Hungrily she pulled at his hands, guiding them down under her buttocks, steering his fingers to her asshole. She didn't feel full enough yet and tried to force one of Sal's fingers up her butt. He resisted, leaving Penny feeling frustrated and horny even while he was fucking her vigorously. In desperation Penny managed to reach under herself and pry her finger into her rectum, relishing the tearing feeling as her sharp fingernail wedged through the tight ring of muscle. It still wasn't enough, no matter how she worked her finger mound in her rectum.

Sal was pumping at her blindly now, paying no attention to the action on the couch. Penny was desperately horny, but the man's cock in her guts wasn't enough to bring her to the orgasm she needed so badly. She was screaming in fiery frustration. Then Sal was coming, shooting his cum into her and leaving her bare inches away from her own, precious release. Infuriated by her frustration, as soon as the man had finished and his cock began to shrink, Penny shoved him off of her and pushed him away brutally.

Wild with lust, Penny staggered to her feet and looked hungrily around the yard for some release.

Interlocked bodies were scattered around on the grass, blurs of pink and white and black. Wobbling on hungry rubbery legs she sought someone who could help her, male or female. No success.

Suddenly a new figure, standing in the doorway of the house, caught her eye because it was a man. Staggering wildly, she rushed up to the fully clothed figure and clutched at it in sheer desperation, not caring who it was she was attacking.

"Mrs. Savage," the man exclaimed, trying to restrain her.

Through her lust, Penny knew who it was, but didn't care how the minister had come to be there. A crazed animal, she tore at him, ripping his clothes off.

Her nearly superhuman lust was more than he could possibly resist. He began to paw at her naked body as she stripped him to the buff. She bore down on him and he fell backward on the grass as she groped for his cock. Poising over him, she suddenly felt a chill shock and froze for a second, staring down at his passion-twisted features.

"Yes," he hissed desperately, his fingers clawing into her naked shoulders, pulling her down on him.

With a grunt of pleasure, Penny jammed herself down on his cock with one powerful thrust. His way was well-lubricated with her juices and Sal's semen and the cock slammed up into her cunt with a loud farting sound. It pistoned into her and blasted a sticky spray of juices out between them.

The jolt of their bodies meeting was nearly enough for Penny, but not quite. She collapsed on top of him, squirming desperately against him, pumping her clitoris between them in a vain attempt to come.

She was screwing herself on him in every way she knew how, and still her orgasm eluded her. Something was missing, and she didn't know how she could get it.

When the weight of somebody else came down on her back, driving the wind out of her, she groaned and kept right on fucking the hapless minister under her. Then there was something working its way between Penny's buttocks and she knew what she needed. She fought desperately to admit whoever it was that was working his cock into the crack of her ass, struggled to guide him to her rectum.

The touch of the hot cock against her asshole was enough to bum halfway through that final barrier blocking Penny's release. And as the big tool bored into her rectum, prying the muscle open with slow, powerful thrusts, Penny drew closer and closer to her climax.

She battled wildly to admit the invader to her bowels, even to the point where she stopped screwing the minister and just lay there with him buried in her vagina while she braced herself against the drives of whoever was on her back. The head of the cock snapped past the tight ring of muscle and sent a crackling jolt of wonderful pain through Penny. She began to feel fuller and fuller as the man buggering her gained ground with his relentless power.

She opened her mouth and gulped and moaned desperately. The cords of muscle in Penny's neck stood out as she wrenched her head back to stare blindly across the yard. The cock up her ass felt like a telephone pole, grinding against the minister's staff in her cunt.

She wriggled, and felt the two instruments, tight in their holes, rubbing weirdly against each other through the thin barrier of tissue separating them.

In animal response the two men fucked her, alternating their thrusts, and the knowledge that each

of them could feel the other in her was icing on the cake for Penny. She blasted to an orgasm that went on and on and on, longer and longer as the two men fucked her willing body.

And then the minister began to come, his cock jerking and twitching against the shaft up her ass as he poured his load of semen into her. And his coming stimulated the man in her ass to come, and his cock began to unload in her rectum. Through the searing crimson haze of her own orgasm, Penny felt the two men coming in her guts, and sensed how each man's coming stimulated the other's orgasm, maintaining and strengthening it. The two men prolonged each other's climaxes until they were both pumped dry, their cocks jerking helplessly inside Penny. Sheer exhaustion finally decreed that it had to come to an end. The twitching of the two organs slowly declined and Penny felt the men sandwiching her slump in exhaustion. As they did so, the fires of Penny's orgasm slowly dimmed, leaving her panting softly, feeling crushed and full between her two attackers.

Curious, Penny turned her head to find out who had taken her in the ass, and was surprised to find herself rubbing cheeks with her own husband. Then she realized that with Pru and Faith occupied, there had to have been a spare man. She was glad she'd been available and that Tad had found her.

Her bowels drove Tad's limp cock out of her as if it were a turd, while the minister's cock shrank and disappeared from her cunt. With a groan of exhaustion, Tad rolled off her back to sprawl on the grass, a weary satisfied smile on his face.

The minister was panting under Penny, so she eased herself off of him. The grass felt scratchy against her skin as she lay on her back, the sun beating down on her. She didn't think she'd ever be horny again.

Suddenly something brushed the inside of her thigh, making her glance down along her naked body. A spasm of fear cut through her, completely destroying her tranquility in a split second. The Caldwells' massive German shepherd was snuffling through the grass between her spread legs.

She wanted to move, but her exhausted, fear-locked muscles refused to obey. She tried to cry out, but her throat muscles wouldn't work either. Her legs shaking, she finally managed to get her knees bent and to dig her heels into the grass. But when she tried to worm away from the dog, her feet slipped on the grass and her muscles betrayed her. She thrashed at the grass, searching for a handhold, but there was nothing.

Manfred was following some scent that was obviously of great interest to him, and Penny suddenly wondered just what had gotten into the dog. She remembered how he had gone after the cheese Del Temple had tucked up her cunt, and a mixture of fear and anticipation jolted through her.

She couldn't move, and watched Manfred's slow, steady approach toward her exposed sex. There wasn't any doubt now as to what the big dog was tracking. His head down and his ears laid back with nervousness, his brown eyes focused squarely on the intersection of Penny's thighs. He whimpered softly deep in his throat and his pink tongue licked out, his fangs flashing in the sunlight.

His breath felt like a blowtorch, first on the insides of Penny's thighs, then on the tender, juicy tissues of her cunt, still distended and slick from the minister's fucking.

The touch of Manfred's nose against her cunt was like dry ice on her pussy. Penny jerked as if she'd received an electric shock and a fireball of lust blasted through her.

Manfred's rough pink tongue cut through her slit like a band saw, sending a blaze of painful passion ripping through Penny, tearing her in half with its power.

Penny's hips rocked upward wildly as Manfred dug his muzzle into her cunt and drove his powerful tongue deep into her vagina. His breath bubbled out past the flood of her juices, searing her inner tissues. He had to pull back to inhale and Penny could see the long, pink rod of his cock sliding out of its furry sheath. The sight of the dog's strong sharp penis sent a jolt of mingled fear and excitement through Penny. Her terror of the dog only increased her crazed interest in him. Dredging up strength from some hidden reservoir she struggled away from him and managed to get to her knees.

He followed her and the impact of his nose against her cunt from behind, driving between her thighs, pushed Penny face down on the grass. Before she could get her hands under her, she felt his paws tearing at her back and buttocks.

His nails tearing at her bare skin, the big shepherd battled to mount her, his claws cutting into her buttocks as he scrambled up her.

And Penny's insane lust wouldn't let her even attempt to escape.

He was on her now, clawing at her back and shoulders as he moved forward.

Peering between her legs, head braced on her forearms, Penny could see his glistening pink cock aiming toward the bush of her cunt, could see how his legs shook with passion as he moved in on her.

She felt the sharp, hard point of his cock stab at her cunt and jerked at its heat. It felt like hot iron as it jabbed at her mindlessly. Instinctively she rocked her hips to ease the pain of Manfred's bad aim and felt the tip of his cock slip into her cunt. She tried to pull away, but his forelegs were locked around her body, tying him tightly to her.

The pumping of his cock up her already-sated channel sent Penny's lust boiling upward again. She'd already lost count of the number of orgasms she'd taken. Manfred's wild animal cock drilling into her was just one more and drove her insane with lust.

She felt it drilling deeper and deeper into her. The dog's body heat was higher than a man's, and his cock felt like a firebrand as it slid up her pussy. Penny's lust boiled through her as if it were trying to match the dog's heat.

Manfred's hindquarters were jerking and humping at her now and she smelled his fetid breath as he panted over her shoulder. His cock went into her, deeper and deeper, until she felt its tip stab the end of her cunt. She jerked with pain and pleasure. She hadn't realized the dog's lean organ was so long.

Then she felt something else in her vagina and moaned with pleasure. The head of his cock was swelling and changing, gripping at the walls of her vagina in a way no man's could. He was locking himself to her as he humped up and down. The bulbous head of his cock dragged against the flesh of her vagina, giving Penny an orgasm like none she'd ever had before. The world was reduced to the hot, tearing mass in her guts as she came.

It might have been minutes or hours or days that she soared along at the height of her climax with the dog's cock driving her insane. And she felt him coming, felt the hairy dog body jerking against her as he filled her cunt with his canine semen, pouring his thick load into her with long, slow pulses.

The knowledge of what was being done to her was just one more stimulation for Penny, as was her



innate fear of dogs. When her orgasm tried to go even higher with the dog's climax, she blacked out from pleasure. She felt Manfred tugging and tugging in an effort to free himself from her, but the knot of his cock held him in, tearing at her.

What might have been hours later, the knot melted and Penny was aware of Manfred clawing his way off her as his cock slid out of her vagina. Then she collapsed forward on her face and lay there, too exhausted and sore to move.

Late in the afternoon she roused just enough to bid the last of her guests good-bye.

"I'll see you in church, Mrs. Savage?" the minister asked softly.

"In church," Penny said, smiling. "I still have to tell Danny what happened to that raven." She closed the door gratefully behind the minister, then let Tad help her to the shower to wash off all the cum of the men, and the dog, that was running down her thighs.

**THE END**