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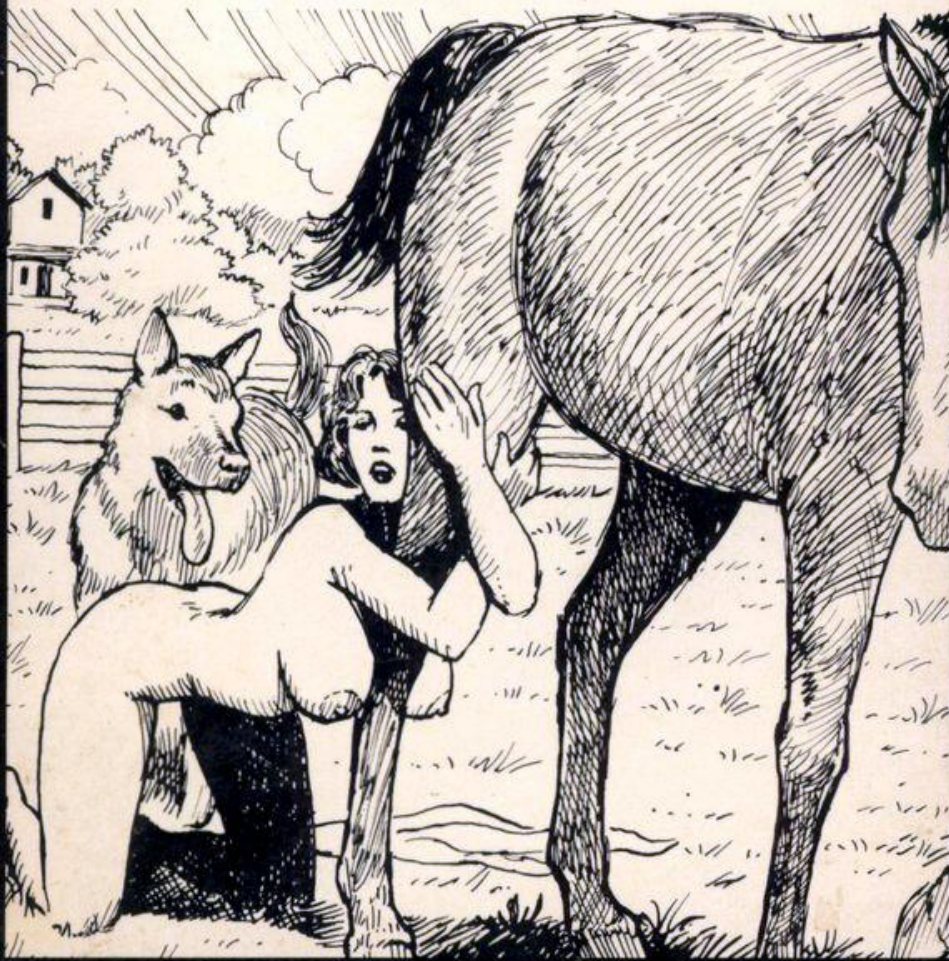
LB-1295 **Horses And Housewives** by John Friday

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HORSES AND HOUSEWIVES

by John Friday



CENTAUR SERIES

Although

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

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

HORSES AND HOUSEWIVES, we see the sexual development of two women. It is a story which many of us should be able to relate to, a story with an important lesson for us all.

The Publisher

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## **CHAPTER ONE**

Julie Benson felt her supple, soft-lipped pussy start to pulse and stir the sultry sex-juices forming deep within her cunt. She tried to fight the restless surge of desire and go on with her work, unpacking boxes of dishes the movers had left in the kitchen of her new country home.

The summer day was warm already, but a greater heat was simmering inside. Beads of perspiration dotted Julie's pretty face and the palms of her small hands. She was twenty and only an inch over five feet. Long, radiant waves of dark, brown hair streamed down to her slender waist, bouncing when she walked.

But the simmering heat continued to rise. Damp warmth like melted honey glossed the tightly clenched lips of her cunt, seeping out despite all her efforts to restrain it.

Bruno's ears pricked up when he caught a tangy scent that was strange to him. The dog sat on his haunches, sniffed the air, and gave a curious growl. Then Bruno followed her from a table where the boxes were stacked to cupboards along the other side of the room.

She did not like the big dog following her like a shadow. In fact, Julie did not like the dog at all. He frightened her with a kind of subtle menace, even when his huge bushy tail wagged as it was then.

Bruno was a ninety-pound, almost-pure-black German shepherd, a guard dog Julie's husband Fred had specially trained to protect her. Fred was thirty, a mining engineer who traveled often in his work, gone sometimes for two weeks or more.

He said Bruno would take good care of her. The dog was trained to attack anyone who might try to harm her. All Julie had to do was say the word kill in German, and Bruno's fangs went for the throat.

Why she needed that kind of protection, Julie could not imagine. Their new home was in a peaceful neighborhood so far from the city's decaying core that violent crime was almost unheard of. It never happened here. In fact, Julie began to think nothing would ever happen here.

After living in a busy city all her life, the country place seemed quiet as a tomb. No wailing sirens, no rushing crowds, no snarled traffic. No...no nothing! Three days in the country and she was bored already.

It was a setting like one in storybook pictures she remembered seeing as a child. The rambling, ranch-style homes along the winding road all sat on white-fenced lots of an acre or more. Some of the neighbors even had horses grazing contentedly in their backyards.

Julie thought having a horse to ride would be really nice. Riding trails wound all through the wooded, rolling hills around their property. But Fred said no.

"I don't want to worry about you," he said. "What if you fell off somewhere miles from the house? What if you broke your leg? What if you broke your neck?"

And Julie was thinking, what if a flying saucer swooped down and carried me off to outer space? That seemed no more-likely than getting thrown off of a gentle mare. It wasn't like she wanted to ride a bucking bronco.

But Fred stayed firm, so what Julie had was a fearsome dog who barked at the mailman, the milkman and anyone who came near the house. If there was a command to make him stop, Julie did not know what it was.

They had picked up Bruno at a guard dog kennel Saturday morning, the day they moved in. Fred worked with the dog in classes before but Julie had only the weekend to get used to their new pet. Some pet! A snarling dog taught to kill on command. Julie thought a rattlesnake would be a better companion.

First thing that Monday morning, Fred left to check on work his company was doing in a Bolivian tin mine.

"I'll be gone a week, ten days at the most," he said. "But don't worry. Bruno will take good care of you."

Now Julie wanted to laugh. What the hell did he know? What she needed to take care of her was a man. A man with a big cock. The bigger the better.

She had lied to Fred about being a virgin when they got married. Julie had had men before, starting with her boyfriend in high school-a rugged hunk with nine inches that felt like it might split her in two the first time.

Julie did not consider herself a slut, but there had been a couple of guys after that. She married Fred because he was the most successful. In business that is-he turned out to be a terrible disappointment in bed. His cock was too small and he shot off too fast.

Unable to work because of the way her pussy kept clenching and squirming, Julie walked to their front window and stood looking out. A nice-looking guy about her age was putting up a new mailbox across the street.

He was in his mid-twenties at most, a rugged six-footer with brawny arms that bulged out of his T-shirt sleeves. On the mailbox, shaped like a miniature barn, Julie could see the names Chad and Crystal McCoy lettered discreetly.

She whispered his name. "Chad." It had a nice sound, so she said it again. "Ooooooh, Chad! I want you to fuck me! I want to feel your big cock go deep!"

Bruno growled even though she'd spoken the words in a breathy whisper. He was sitting right beside her, also staring out the window with his pointed ears raised.



"It's all right," she said in German.

Bruno answered only to words said in German. That was so one of the commands like kill would not slip out in normal conversation. But the dog growled again even louder and rose from his haunches with that black collar of neck hair raised even more.

Julie sighed and watched Chad digging a hole in which to stand his new mailbox by the curb. Because the houses were so far apart, this was a motor route. The mailman drove by in a funny little Jeep with the steering wheel on the wrong side. He could reach out and put mail in the roadside boxes without leaving the car.

Bruno did not like that, even though the mailman only paused for a moment thirty yards from the house. He barked and charged at the closed front door like he meant to break it down. It was all Julie could do to hold him. The dog weighed almost as much as she did, and with four clawed feet pawing the carpet, he had tremendous strength.

Nothing she said would quiet the dog until the mailman drove away. Julie began to wonder how well trained he really was, but her thoughts soon drifted back to Chad McCoy.

His upper body was a wedge of rippling muscle packed in a tight T-shirt that strained and soaked with sweat. But it was the bulge in the crotch of his faded jeans that intrigued her most. It looked like he had a big cock! Julie's wet pussy clenched and dribbled more fuck-juice just thinking about it.

Bruno sniffed the scent of her reeking musk and snarled again, pressing his cold nose hard against the window glass, snarling and baring sharp white teeth.

Trainers gave Fred and Julie a demonstration at the kennel. One man wore a heavily padded suit with a high collar turned up and strapped around his neck-with a mask like something a hockey goalie would wear. He carried a club and cursed at the dog.

The dog handler said, "Kill!" in guttural German and let go of Bruno's neck chain.

Ninety pounds of snarling dog flashed across the space between them like a black blur. Bruno leaped, dodging the club and knocked the man in the padded suit down flat on his back.

Bruno tore at the padded collar made of heavy canvas until fluffs of white stuffing began to fly. Then the handler said in German: "Stop! Hold, Bruno! Good dog!"

His tail wagged in response, but Bruno stayed poised with both front paws pressing hard on the fallen man's chest. His jaw was half open, his black lips curled back to show gleaming white fangs.

It made Julie shiver and moan. She said, "Nice dog," in a wry tone.

Chad McCoy could hear the dog's menacing bark from across the street. He turned, wiping his sweaty brow, and saw Julie watching from the window. He waved and gave her a friendly smile. More than a friendly smile, she wondered. Was there a glimmer of lust in his flashing blue eyes along with it?

No, she decided as he went back to his work. That's just wishful thinking on my part. Julie wondered what Crystal McCoy looked like, and if the woman knew how lucky she was. As if to answer the question, a tall, shapely redhead came out of the house across the street.

Her lush tits thrust proudly and her upswept hair flashed like fire in glaring sunlight. Julie sighed

and took a step back, stunned by the towering redhead. God, she was gorgeous! She was also about forty-five years old.

Julie thought, they must be mother and son. It didn't say Mr. & Mrs. on the mailbox. She felt her heart start to beat hopefully.

Crystal brought Chad a cold beer. He stopped work, took a long slip and then kissed her. Not on the cheek like a young man might kiss his mother, but full on the lips with enough passion to make Julie cringe with envy. She could imagine their tongues thrusting back and forth, almost see it in the way their cheeks moved.

And then Crystal reached down to fondle that big bulge Julie had so much admired. She whispered something to Chad as their lips parted, and the two of them walked into the house hand-in-hand.

The McCoys did not have their drapes up yet, so Julie could see into their living room. Sun rays slanted from behind her house in the afternoon, so theirs was in full light. And the woman had to know Julie was still watching. Their eyes met for just a moment before she kissed Chad.

She kissed him again in the living room, not two feet back from the glass of their bay window-almost as though putting herself on display. Crystal did not just fondle his cock this time, she reached down and opened his fly.

Crystal eased out a beautiful cock at least ten inches long, and it wasn't fully hard yet. Julie's dark eyes bulged and flared with envy that made her wet pussy squirm. Boiling hot fuck-honey soaked the crotch of her silk panties, and made the sniffing dog snarl again.

"Shut up, Bruno!" she said.

Julie did want to be distracted by a dog. Not now. Crystal was down on her knees, raising the head of Chad's half-stiffened cock to the circle of her hot lips.

She sucked him into her mouth, molding her cheeks to his cock-shaft. Julie's view was so clear, she imagined being able to see how his swollen cock-veins made her cheeks ripple as she leaned forward to swallow him all.

A lump the size of her fist swelled in Julie's tight, dry throat. She had never sucked a cock as big as Chad's. She had not even seen one to equal what he had fully hard. Nine inches was the biggest cock she'd ever sucked, and tiny Julie could only swallow about half of that.

Crystal just craned back her neck like a sword-swallower and rocked on her knees, leaning forward until her sucking lips were right at his root. Then she eased back, sucking so hard that her cheeks shaped themselves around him like mold.

Julie groaned, and dug her right hand into her panties. She couldn't just watch, she had to cum with them. She twirled her tiny clit and brought her simmering fuck-juices to a full boil.

Bruno whined and looked at her curiously, cocking his head to one side. Julie pumped a finger into her cunt while Crystal sucked cock like a fiend across the street. Julie's anxious gasps and gurgling moans worried the watchful dog. He began to pace in a circle around her, pausing every time around to check on action across the street.

"Do you know what she's doing?" Julie asked in a voice strained with sexual tension. "Has a bitch dog ever done that to you?" Then she laughed distractedly. "No, I guess not. Your kind all have teeth

like a fucking buzz saw!”

Julie fucked as hard as she could with her middle finger, twirling her clit under her thumb at the same time. She rumbled deep, lusty grunts every time her probing finger went in and long, mournful wails when she eased it back out.

She just could not do enough with her finger, even when it hooked and wiggled in her cunt.

Chad was pumping his cum down the throat of the stunning redhead who had to be twice his age. Now and then he looked toward the front window of Julie’s house, but her bay window was in shadow so dark that he could not see in from the brighter side of the street.

He couldn’t know what Julie was doing, or even be sure she was still watching. But the way he smiled her way, he must have had some idea.

When Crystal had sucked and swallowed all the cum she could, she rocked back and let his weakened cock slide out of her mouth, licking and swirling with her clever tongue, smacking her jism-glossed lips and grinning so smugly that Julie wished she could slap her face. Or better yet, turn Bruno loose on her.

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CHAPTER TWO

Julie went into the kitchen feeling tense with frustration worse than before. She thought some food might ease the restless churning she felt in the pit of her gut. There was some leftover roast in the fridge. She decided to slice that and make a sandwich, even though it could not be as thick or as satisfying as Chad McCoy’s cock.

Having an orgasm with her own finger just didn’t do it. Neither did the long cock-shaped vibrator she kept hidden in the back of the bedroom closet. Fred would shit if he knew she used that when he was away.

They had been married six months, and he’d fucked her exactly six times. Three on their honeymoon, a three-day trip to Hawaii-all the time Fred could spare because he had to check out a Goddamn gold mine his company was digging in Alaska.

While getting out the roast and a sharp knife, Julie thought it as funny in a way. Fred knew so damn much about holes in the ground, and so damn little about the one nestled warmly between her legs.

He was the virgin when they got married. Thirty years old and he’d never fucked! They did once on their wedding night. Fred came in less than a minute that first time-almost before he got his cock into her, and then she couldn’t get him hard again until morning.

Fred would not let her suck him, he thought that was obscene. Remembering that she was supposed to have been a virgin until moments ago, Julie had said she had heard from a girlfriend that sucking was the best way to make a man really hard. He still would not let her try.

“You can’t want to put a dirty thing like a man’s cock in your mouth,” he insisted with a scowl of disgust.

Julie wondered how his face would look if he knew there’d been three dirty things in her mouth before they met. She wondered how Fred’s face would look if he knew how much she wanted to take

Chad McCoy's dirty thing in her mouth and try to swallow it all.

Bruno followed her into the kitchen, to the refrigerator and back to the counter where she started slicing the blood-rare roast beef. Julie liked her meat done medium-well, but as in everything else, Fred had his way. Maybe he thought eating meat almost raw made him more of a man.

Julie would not have minded if it worked, but she had to face it-she was married to a sexual nerd who could seldom get his cock up.

She tossed the first slab of cold, blood-dripping meat to the dog. He sat watching her so intently, with a hopeful look in his eyes. Julie disliked the dog less now that she had a haughty, red-haired bitch across the street on whom to focus her angry frustration.

Bruno swallowed the thick slice in one gulp, gnashing it once with his razor-sharp teeth. Julie grinned and cut him another. That vanished in another snap of his jaw. His tail wagged and his eyes looked at her in absolute adoration.

The trainer had said his dogs would only take food from their acknowledged master and mistress. Never from a stranger. Bruno would starve before eating from a hand other than Fred's or hers. "Before we started training the dogs that way, we had one put out of action by drugged meat. When the dog woke up, the woman he was guarding had been raped."

Julie cut and gave the dog another thick slice of roast, wondering how many sleeping pills it would take to put him out for a while. Long enough to meet Chad McCoy and get his beautiful big cock in her?

Then she sighed, realizing how tangled her mind had become. Julie did not have any sleeping pills. She did not even like to take aspirin, and could certainly not give the dog anything that might harm him.

She patted his head. "You're a pain in the ass sometimes, but right now you're the only friend I've got."

Bruno wagged his tail and looked up like he wanted more meat. Julie was cutting another slice when the knife slipped in her sweaty palm. She cut her finger instead.

Julie yelped in pain and shook her bleeding finger as if that could shake off the pain. All it did was spatter blood on the kitchen floor. Bruno snapped to attention, but couldn't figure out what had injured his beautiful mistress. He could not help feeling that somehow he'd failed her. His keen nose caught the scent of blood and he uttered a low growl of consolation.

When she stopped shaking her cut finger so violently, Bruno thrust his head forward and licked the wound. She gasped, starting to jerk her hand away. Bruno persisted with loving concern, and Julie liked the consoling stroke of his raspy wet tongue.

She thought it was not a sanitary way to treat a wound, but what the hell-she could disinfect and bandage it later. Right now, pleasure was the best medicine.

Bruno liked licking her finger. The taste of blood stirred some primitive instinct in his dog's mind. But it was a gentle calling. She was hurt and needed his comfort. Letting him lick her cut was also the first sign of trust she had shown him.

Her finger stopped throbbing after a few minutes, and Julie was entranced by the dog's concern.

She patted his head and said in German, "Good dog, Good, Bruno!"

His tail wagged with delight and his eyes lit up.

Julie's mind raced ahead, impressed by the dog's loving devotion when she was hurt. She unzipped her summer shorts and slid them down along with her panties. Bruno watched curiously.

She kicked off her shorts and panties, then unbuttoned her blouse and unsnapped her bra. Julie stripped them off and stood naked in her new kitchen, gazing fondly at her loyal guard dog. Bruno observed that she was hairy as a bitch should be in only one place-that place with the powerful woman-scent that stirred curious male instincts.

The bleeding had almost stopped, but Julie squeezed her cut finger with the other hand to make it start again. Pain throbbed and raced up her arm, but she gritted her teeth and rubbed the bleeding finger between her pussy-lips.

"Ooooh!" she moaned, part from the pain and part from the pleasure of stimulating her own anxious cunt. "It hurts!" Julie cried, smearing her wet cunt with more traces of blood. "It hurts soooo much!"

Bruno understood and thrust his head forward. She jerked her hand away and he saw smears of blood on her cunt. He licked and she squealed sounds of pleasure so loud and shrill that they hurt his sensitive ears, but Bruno went on licking.

Julie felt a hammering shock of stimulation when his long, meaty tongue lapped into her cunt.

"Good dog!" she groaned. "Good boy. Lick me, Bruno! Make me feel better!"

Bruno happily swiped her wet cunt again. She tensed and squirmed, screaming a wild cry of rapture when his big tongue tingled her clit. If that was what his mistress liked most, that was what he must do again. All dogs have an instinct to please, and Bruno's was stronger than most.

With the thrilling shocks of pleasure that blazed in her crotch when Bruno licked her clit, Julie also felt a cold, creeping feeling of guilt and disgust.

"God, I'm letting a dog lick my cunt! Not just letting him. I encouraged him!"

Bruno sensed the intense joy his tongue gave her. Fluids stronger and stranger tasting than blood seeped from her cunt. He lapped and slurped, but could not keep up with the flow. She wailed eerie cries that pitched higher every time he tongue-stroked what seemed like an incurable wound to him at first.

Then he began to relate sounds and smells from his mistress to things done by his own kind. The bitch was in heat! And her male was gone. She wanted the one across the street, but another bitch was keeping him busy. Bruno had seen and sensed that much. Many dogs were smart, but Bruno was smarter than most.

Julie was tantalized by the press of his cold nose against her cunt and the slithering stroke of his rasping tongue. It felt like sandpaper at first, but the eerie roughness brought shocks of pleasure she could not have imagined before.

Only one of the men she'd fucked was a good cunt-sucker. One did it grudgingly-the others, including her husband Fred, would not do it at all. Bruno licked her with more passion than even the one who liked eating cunt.

She shriiled and screamed as her climax approached, her body tensed with shivering delight. It took all her strength to praise the dog.

“Good boy, Bruno! Good boy!”

His coarse tongue lashed her clit and she convulsed into an orgasm.

“Ooooh, Bruno! Fred was right. You’re going to take good care of me, aren’t you, boy?”

Bruno looked up at her now that the hurt was gone, eyes flashing.

Julie recovered from the tingling aftershocks of orgasm and gave Bruno the rest of the roast. She decided she would rather be eaten than eat.

“Good boy!” she said as the thick slab of nearly raw meat hit the floor. “Good boy, Bruno! You’re going to be my best friend!”

While the dog wolfed down his reward, Julie’s mind cleared enough to think what she’d done.

“Dear, God...I fed myself to a dog. I had an orgasm with an animal! Sweet Jesus, I’m worse than a whore!”

Then she laughed, trying to imagine the look on Fred’s face the next time she asked him to eat her cunt. He would refuse as always and scold her for even asking. It’s so unclean!-he would say. Then what if she called in the dog to delight her?

As the last flickering impulses of her climax with the dog’s tongue faded, Julie began to think more rationally. She could never let Fred know what had happened in the kitchen that day. She could not stand the thought of anyone knowing. It was too shameful and too disgusting.

Julie put her clothes back on, vowing never to give in to that kind of temptation again. She was young, pretty and appealing to almost every man who looked at her. She had no reason to satisfy her sexual desires with a dog.

As she buttoned her blouse, Julie thought about Chad McCoy across the street and the brazen bitch he was married to-sucking him off in their front window. Crystal was the kind who might give herself to a dog and enjoy it without remorse.

While she was plotting some way to meet Chad alone, a knock sounded at her front door.

Bruno’s head flashed up, leaving half of the leftover roast on the floor. He’d been distracted by the food and did not sense the man coming.

He charged into the living room and barked with a fury. The man was not frightened. Bruno could tell by his scent. It came to his sensitive nose quite clearly, even through the closed door.

Julie went to the door where Bruno was barking so loud and fierce that she could hardly hear the second knock.

“Who is it?” she called when Bruno had to pause a moment for breath.

“Chad McCoy,” said in a husky voice outside.

“Your neighbor from across the street.”

"Ooooh, yes!" Julie felt the wonderful shivers of anticipation start when she first heard his name. "What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to use your phone, if that's all right. Ours hasn't been put in yet. It's a local call."

She was thinking: Christ, I don't care if you want to call Hong Kong! Anything to get that handsome young hunk into the house.

Then a cold wave of depression dropped on her like a wet blanket. The way Bruno was snarling and poised ready to charge, it just wasn't safe to open the door. Poor Chad would be knocked down and pinned on the front porch before he could blink.

"I-I can't let you in," she said sadly. "Because of the dog."

"If that's the only reason, no problem. Just lead him into one of the bedrooms and close the door."

Julie's pretty face split with an ear-tickling grin. What a good idea! Why didn't I think of that?

"Just a minute," she called. "I'll be right back."

The plan for Bruno and her plan for Chad McCoy were the same-lead him into one of the bedrooms and close the door.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Bruno followed her obediently. His mistress was going away from the man and danger at the front door. That was a good thing. She took him into the room that her husband used when he sat and looked at papers he brought home in a leather box.

"Come on, Bruno. Good boy! There-" She pointed, coaxing him deeper into the room that her husband used when he sat and looked at papers he brought home in a leather box. "Come on, Bruno. Good boy! There-" She pointed, coaxing him deeper into the room while she stayed by the open door. "Now sit and stay," she told him in German.

Bruno sat, looking at her with his long red tongue hanging out. Then the woman surprised him, she leaped back and slammed the door. Bruno charged at it with an angry growl. He was not supposed to leave her side, no matter what.

Julie walked back to the front of the house and opened the door.

Bruno was barking and snarling, pawing and scratching the bedroom door with his sharp claws.

"That's some dog you have," Chad remarked as he walked in.

"Yeah," Julie said. "Ninety pounds, and half of that's teeth and claws."

"I'm glad you've got him locked up. He sounds mean enough to take off my leg."

"He'd go for your throat," she said without thinking. "He's attack-trained."

"No shit? Do you need that kind of protection in this neighborhood?"

"Well," Julie began with a coy grin, "I didn't think so at first...but now that a couple of sex maniacs have moved in across the street-" . "Oh, Jeez!" Chad blushed like a little boy caught with his hand in a cookie jar. "I'm really sorry you saw that. My wife-likes to show off. She wants other women to know what she's got."

"like she owns you?" she asked with a tempting warm grin.

"I let her think so. She's rich and she's sexy as hell, but I still like some variety."

"Someone younger?" Julie suggested. "Someone petite like me?"

"Yeah, that's really why I came over. I don't need to use the phone."

"There's something I really need," she said boldly.

Julie reached up and hugged him around the neck, pumping her hips against the swelling of his huge cock.

"That's the impression I got." He pushed his hard-muscled body against hers and slipped his strong hands between them to fondle her tits. "Ooooh, baby! You've got a great pair of tits for such a tiny little thing."

"I like the way you squeeze them, Chad. And I'm going to like your big cock even more!"

"You've seen it, huh? And you're not afraid?"

"Not a bit. I've been aching all day for a big cock!"

"Well, show me the way to your bedroom. I can't stand to see a pretty little thing like you in such pain!"

Going down the hall to the master bedroom, they had to pass Fred's study where Bruno was shut in and snarling, scarring the inside of the door with his sharp front claws. He knew the man was with her, and he wanted to attack. It was part of the training her man insisted upon. No other man was to touch the little bitch. No other man should even be let close to her. Bruno had failed. Bruno was a Bad Dog, and he would be punished, unless-

Julie passed by the door saying, "I'm glad you're still horny after getting your cock sucked."

"That's just a warm-up for me. I fucked her too. Now Crystal's taking a nap. One good thing about being married to an older woman, when I wear her out, she can't keep close track of me!"

They went into the master bedroom. Heavy drapes on the window kept the room cool and dimly lit even though sun rays were beating hot on the back of the house.

Bruno was clawing even more hotly at the door that kept him from his duty, but Julie and Chad were hardly aware of the racket.

She undressed anxiously, feeling her heart race. Chad took more time, distracted by the curves of the beauty who was so attracted to him.

"How long do you think it will take to wear me out?" she asked.

"I don't know. How long will your husband be away? I saw him leave with suitcases this morning."



"He'll be gone a week or ten days."

Julie stretched out naked on the bed and spread her small, shapely legs. She cooed and fingered her clit while Chad finished undressing.

She felt a slight tremor of guilt, not because of what they were doing, but because of what she'd done. Did her hot, wet pussy smell like dog spit? Would Chad somehow know what she'd done?

"Crystal has a dog," he said. "A little poodle, pure white. Not really my type. She wears a jewelled collar and even has a little mink coat to match Crystal's."

"I really don't want to talk about your wife," Julie said as sweetly as she could.

"Even if I told you there are times when she-likes to swap?" Chad climbed up on the bed with her.

Bruno went half out of his mind in the room down the hall. He caught the distant scent of fuck-juices and knew that was wrong. The other man was with her. Bad Dog! Bad Dog!

"She-likes to swap what?" Julie asked.

"You know, husbands and wives."

"Oh, well. . . I'm afraid my Fred would be a disappointment."

"Why? Crystal thinks he's good-looking."

"Yes, he is. But he's not much good in bed."

"You never know. A little spice might change all that...a sexy redhead hot to get him in her pants?"

"Fred would just shit in his pants if I suggested such a thing."

Julie stuffed a fluffy white pillow under her cute little ass without thinking. She did that with Fred to angle her pussy toward him for the deepest possible penetration. She hadn't thought about Chad's cock being twice Fred's size, both longer and thicker. At least she had not thought about it in that way.

Chad kissed her lips and then nibbled her ear, stirring his hands in her long hair. "Oh, baby! You're so cute and so sexy! My cock started getting hard the first minute I saw you!"

Julie reached down with curious warm hands, anxious to feel his huge cock even before he put it in her. "And when your dick gets hard, it really gets hard!"

"It's all for you now, honey. Think you can take it? I've never been with a beauty as tiny as you."

"And I've never been with a cock as big as yours. Fred would have to fuck me with his fist to give me so much cock!"

"If he's got a smaller cock, Crystal will go wild. She-likes ass-fucking, and I'm too big for her back there."

Chad kissed her jutting tits one by one and twirled her budding pink nipples under his tongue. It was almost as raspy as Bruno's, but more controlled. Her new neighbor was not only the most muscular, handsome young man she'd seen anywhere off the movie or TV screen, he was also a great lover.

And he had a great cock.

Just holding it in her hands made Julie's heart race with the wild and irregular beat of anticipation. She loved stroking his long, hard cock-shaft while he sucked tit and twirled her nipples under his tongue.

Bruno pawed the door knob while Chad cupped both of Julie's tits in his hands, whirling his thumbs around her wet, throbbing nipples while he nibbled his lips down her belly. Chad could smell the heated musk simmering up from the depths of her cunt and he wanted to eat her before he fucked his huge cock into her.

"N-N-No!" he moaned softly when he kissed around her dark collar of cunt-hair.

Julie was so afraid he would smell or taste dog, she had to stop him even though her cunt ached to be licked and sucked by a human.

Bruno heard his mistress cry no and knew the strange male was doing something she did not like. He clawed the door knob, like a demon robed in bristling black fur. He used both his forepaws now, as when holding and turning a bone to chew off the tiniest scraps of meat.

"What's the matter, doll? I thought all women liked to have their cunts licked."

"I-I usually do...b-b-but, I'm not clean."

"You're clean enough for me, sweetheart." Chad swayed his head down and teased her furry cunt-hair by pulling with his lips.

Bruno got a grip on the metal ball with the calloused pads of his dog feet and felt it turn. He lurched back, as when pulling a bone to his snarling jaw.

The door swung inward and he was free.

Julie writhed and bucked, driven wild by the way Chad McCoy was working her nipples, but so fearful he would discover her secret if he tasted her cunt.

"Nnnnooo! Stop! Please don't!"

Bruno burst into the hall. He raced toward the sound with paws thudding on the carpet almost like the hoof beats of a galloping horse.

Chad tongued into her moist pussy-slit. Julie gasped, tense and fearful. He curled and stroked his tongue around her clit while spiraling his thumbs around her nipples.

She groaned. "Nungh, don't do that!"

Then she sighed when his head did not rock back.

"That's not so bad is it?" he asked, thrusting and teasing her cunt with his tongue again. "You like it, don't you, baby?"

"Yessss! Eat me, I love it! Suck my cunt, Chad! Make me cum! Get my cunt ready for your big cock!"

"You got a real tasty cunt, Julie! Not quite like any I ever ate before this."

"That's because I'm so fucking horny. Mold you, my husband doesn't satisfy me."

"You're like a bitch dog in heat!"

Julie stiffened and shuddered when he said the word dog, but then he started licking and sucking her clit, raking it gently with his bared teeth.

"Your cunt-hair even smells like a wet dog," he said. It was simply an observation, not a matter of concern. Chad liked to eat cunt, the more tangy and exotic the better. But she writhed and moaned just like he'd stuck a knife into her heart.

Bruno heard them from outside the bedroom door. That was closed too, blocking him from his duty. His mistress was screaming sounds of pain and reeking the human scent of fear. He had to protect her. He had to attack!

Chad muttered, "Jesus, the Goddamned dog is loose! He's right outside the door!"

They could hear Bruno scratching and pawing at the brass knob, snarling like a beast gone mad.

"Forget the dog!" Julie cried. "I want you to fuck me! I want it so bad!"

Outside the door, Bruno heard her say Dog and he heard her say Bad with some meaningless sounds between. That was his other name a little mixed up. He was Bad Dog for letting this happen. He pawed again at the metal ball, trying to twist it as he had before.

Chad hunched on his knees between her small, creamy smooth thighs and leaned forward, supporting his upper body weight on his elbows while fondling her perky tits again and prodding her anxious cunt-slit with his cock.

But he could not concentrate fully, even with the beautiful little bitch writhing and moaning and bucking her hips at him. He could hear the door knob rattling...see it starting to turn.

"The Goddamn dog is trying to open the door!"

"He can't do that," Julie assured him. "Fuck me, damn you! Stick your cock in!"

Chad still held back, hearing the brass knob rattle and the vicious dog snarl. "If he can't open doors, how'd he get out of the other room?"

"I don't give a shit! I just want you to fuck me!" Julie raised her legs and scissored them around Chad's waist, squeezing and pulling him down when his enormous cock-head was centered between the softly puffed lips of her cunt. "Fuck me, bastard! Stick it all in!"

Bruno gave a fierce growl and clawed at the slippery ball that would not turn. He heard Goddamned Dog said inside the room, and that was the worst name he'd ever been called. Worse than Bad Dog. Much worse! He'd failed to protect his mistress. He could hear her screaming just inside the door, screaming as though something absolutely awful had happened her.

Chad had just fucked his cock in, spearing her hard and deep despite his concerns about the dog clawing at the knob just outside. Her cunt was a tunnel of hot, rippling lust that gripped and surged with desire.

"Yeah!" she screamed. "Oh, Christ...you're killing me! Your cock is so big and so bad!"

“And you can’t get enough of it, can you?”

“N-N-No! Jesus, I want you to fuck me forever!”

The only word Bruno understood was no. His mistress did not like what the man was doing to her. Her voice wailed in a scream that made his hackles bristle with rage. He pawed the metal ball again and felt it turn. The door swung inward, and he charged into the room with a fearsome deep growl.

He saw the man on top of his mistress, beating her with a big thing, hitting her between the legs with it again and again. She screamed and sobbed. She was kicking him with her feet and clawing his back with her sharp nails, trying to make him stop. But the man only hit her harder and faster.

Bruno leaped on the bed and crashed the man’s side.

“Shit!” Chad howled.

He was knocked right off the bed. He pulled Julie with him, tumbling over twice while the dog growled and snarled, then they fell off the bed onto the floor.

Chad came down on top of her and really fucked his cock deep when powered by the full weight of his falling body. Julie’s scream of shock and lusty delight hurt Bruno’s pointed ears.

Julie screamed: “Don’t stop!”

And Bruno didn’t...he leaped off the bed and went for the man’s throat.

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CHAPTER FOUR

“Jesus Christ!” Chad’s cock was gushing cum, jarred to climax by the way it fucked in when they crashed to the floor, and Bruno landed half on his back, snarling and snapping at the man’s throat, adding to the weight and their wild writhing.

Julie was cumming with him, bucking in a frenzy of lust as she took his wonderful hot jetting spurts.

“No, Bruno!” she screamed in German. “Stop that! Sit, damn you! Stay!”

Bruno ignored her commands. Fred had him specially trained not to allow another man near Julie, and he’d been taught to attack under these circumstances no matter what she might say.

“Bad dog! Stop, damn it! Stop! Not you, Chad...keep your jizz cumming! Fuck me! Oh, God...get it in!”

Chad rolled to the side, away from the snarling dog. His spitting cock slipped from her tight cunt and fired a couple of shots in the air. They arced like little comets of silvery jism and splashed against the wall.

He grabbed his pants and dashed toward the open bedroom door. Chad could see how the wood had been scratched and gouged by the dog’s sharp claws.

Bruno circled the bed and snarled, content as long as the man was backing away. And now Bruno could smell his fear.

Julie was sobbing, the thrill of a complete climax denied her. "Chad, please come back! I need you! I need your cock!"

"Tell that to your Goddamned dog!" He went out the door and down the hall, hopping on one foot then the other while pulling on his faded jeans.

Bruno stood blocking the doorway, watching to make sure the man left the house, barking and snarling to hurry him on his way.

Julie sat up. "Bad dog! You stupid son of a bitch!"

She threw one of Chad's shoes at him.

She hit the dog's ribs with the heavy shoe, and he staggered. If the man had done that, he might have killed him, but Bruno was trained to protect the woman no matter what. He turned and looked at her with sad, curious eyes, not understanding why she called him Bad Dog for doing his duty.

Julie picked up Chad's other shoe and was ready to throw that, but the dog's dumb sad look tugged at her heart strings. She sobbed, slammed the shoe down on the floor and climbed back on the bed.

Bruno heard her sad moans and thought she'd been hurt, most-likely where the man had been beating her with his long thing.

She wept disconsolately, whirling her clit in a vain effort to complete her orgasm. It was no use. The shock of sudden and frightening interruption shattered the mood completely. Julie cursed Fred, snarling, "Son of a bitch!"

She knew now what he meant about having the dog specially trained.

Having Bruno with her was like wearing a chastity belt, only worse.

Distressed by her wracking sobs, Bruno leaped up on the bed. He licked the place she was rubbing, the hairy bitch hole that the man had hurt.

The man taste was still in her. Bruno lapped hard with his rough tongue to clean it away. Julie felt his hot, wet sandpapery tongue thrust between her juicy cunt-lips. It sparked lewd shocks of pleasure far greater than she could with her own fingers.

"Aaahhh!" she sighed, sprawled on her back with arms and legs spread wide. "All right, damn you! Finish the job! Make me cum, you son of a bitch! Give me a climax!"

Bruno could not understand why the woman was angry. She was the one who locked him in the room so the man could attack her. But he sensed quickly that licking her cunt made her feel better. She began to gasp and purr sounds of pleasure, but the scent of her anger and the man taste in her still lingered.

"That Goddamn Fred! He must know how horny I am. How much I want a man's cock. He can't give it to me, and now he's fixed it so no one else can!"

The dog knew her anger was not directed at him. Her hands were stroking his head, ruffling his coarse black fur, pulling his head down like she wanted to be licked even more.

He tongued away the man taste that was in her and then could smell only her sex. Bruno liked that scent much better, and the woman was thrilled to be so clean.

She humped and pushed her cunt at him. "Ooooh, Bruno! You bastard. Make me cum! You're all I've got now!"

There was a perverse kind of pleasure in giving herself to the dog. Goddamn jealous Fred, what would he think if he knew the brave protector was eating her cunt? And then she wondered, what would he think if the dog did more than just lick me?

Julie could see Bruno's fur-sheathed cock projecting forward between his powerful hind legs. His balls swayed in a hairy sac of the same dark fur as his underbelly. Julie kept one hand on his head to encourage more licking, and she reached back to feel his furry cock.

It was big as Fred's, and not fully hard yet. Her heart skipped a beat. Fondling it made the dog whimper, but it also made him hard. Bruno's keen nose caught her sex smell and figured out that his mistress was in heat. That's why she tried to lock him up. That's why she let the man attack her. All bitches are crazy when the heat comes.

She eased back the soft, furry scabbard that concealed the dog's cock. Inside was a sharp, pointed cock a bright red color.

Julie stared at it curiously. Christ, what have I become? I'm fascinated by the cock of a dog!

More than fascinated. Julie's hot, licked pussy had to have it. Her climax with Chad was disrupted, and Fred was more to blame for that than the dog. Letting Bruno fuck her would provide satisfaction for her aching cunt and be the ultimate form of bitter revenge.

"Bruno," she cooed. "Come here, I want you to fuck me!"

She tried easing him forward, pulling gently on his cock and balls. He moved to straddle her chest with his forepaws, but did not understand what she wanted him to do next.

"Fuck me, Bruno. I know you're horny as me!"

He looked down, sad-eyed and confused.

"I know...you don't understand, because I'm not acting like a dog."

Julie laughed maliciously, still thinking of vengeance on Fred. Let the jealous bastard come home to a wife fucked full of dog jism!

Julie twisted and turned face down on the bed, rising up on her elbows and knees. Bruno really started whimpering now. She was getting herself into a dog-fuck position, and her sex odors were reeking.

"Come on, Bruno. Be a good boy. Fuck me with your dog-cock. Fred said that you'd take good care of me!"

She hunched with her head and shoulders on the bed, reaching back with both hands to fondle Bruno's cock, stroking back the furry sheath, trying not to think about the sick perversion she had in mind.

Bruno could think of no reason to deny her. The woman's hairless body seemed strange to him, but her bitch cunt was reeking lust. He lunged at her.

He braced his forepaws on her shoulders and pressed down, jabbing furiously with his cock to find

her cunt.

Julie squealed when she felt his hot, pointed cock-head poking all around her cunt, tingling her clit so that she came to one mild climax even before he got into her.

She tried swaying her hips to line up with his anxious red cock, but that only made it more difficult. Julie moved left when the dog was moving right. Once he almost poked into her ass. She felt his pointed prick-head push against her puckered ass-rim and let out a loud wail.

Bruno jabbed again and found it this time. His dog-cock fucked into her dripping cunt. She howled just as a bitch would.

Soft, dark fur pressed down on her back. His hot prick entered her like a sharp knife. Julie felt a shock of pain and disgust, but she also felt sensuous pleasure and the sweet taste of revenge.

But no amount of human horniness prepared her for the way the big dog fucked-so hard and fast that his cock burned in her stunned pussy like a blazing hot iron.

“Ooooh, Bruno! Goddamn, take it easy!”

Nothing she said mattered now that his lust was unleashed. Bruno’s sharp claws scratched her shoulders while he braced to fuck into her cunt. His ears and tail went down, he snarled in a way Julie’d never heard, and he fucked so hard and fast that his furry black hips became a blur.

“Oh, Jesus! If only Fred could fuck me like this!”

Julie went frantic when she felt the heat spread from her pussy. The damn dog was burning her cunt like overcooked meat, fucking so hard that she thought it might start to smoke.

Julie sobbed and winced from the pain of his scratching paws, but she loved the sensation of his soft fur on her back. And she was getting to like his dog-cock even more. Her pussy clenched tight to feel his pointed cock-tip bore into her, pumping like the head of a jackhammer.

“Ungh!” she groaned. “Aaagggh!”

Julie despised herself for submitting to this, but it was Fred’s fault. He denied her pleasure. He was gone so often, and he left her with a damn dog trained to keep other men away. What else could she do?

She bucked her ass back at him and whirled it around to feel his hot prick enter from every possible angle. Bruno fucked without style or finesse. Long, hard, and fast was his rule.

“Goddamn! Bruno, you’re killing me! For Christ’s sake, slow down and let me enjoy it!”

Julie had a strange urge to savor the hot length of dog cock being fucked into her. It was a thrill few women ever experience...a kind of debauchery most would not even consider.

The bitch-dog position appealed to her need for perversion, bowed on her knees like someone in prayer. Bruno’s whipping cock heated her fuck-honey and churned it to a dripping froth. Cum that Chad had shot deep was emerging now, powered up by her clenching cunt-muscles. She felt hot fuck-juices run down her thighs.

Animal lust dulled her mind and silenced the nagging voice of her conscience. Julie threw back her head and wailed like a dog. Bruno was fucking like he’d never tire.

She climaxed and gripped his cock with rippling waves of motion, but he kept fucking into her all the time, never changing the rhythm.

Julie came again, shrilling screams of agonized delight. Bruno gave a growl and kept fucking his cock into her.

Julie wondered how long he could keep this up. She'd cum three times and the dog was still whipping her pussy with his pointed red cock.

"Cum, Bruno! Cum with me, this time!" she cried.

The furious heat of friction became more than she could endure. She felt weak and fell writhing on the bed.

Bruno pressed down, sprawled on her back with his hind legs splayed outside hers.

He gave a short whine. His ears thrust forward and his bushy tail stuck straight out in back. Bruno's shaggy body tensed as surging wet heat rushed up from his hairy ball sac. He came with a rumbling deep growl, stiff as the statue of a dog when his cock fired.

Julie felt nothing but the tension of his furry underbelly and the convulsive spurts of his dog-cock stuck deep into her. He came longer and harder than most men, gushing cum like a fountain of lust.

She could feel each spasm push her tangled emotions higher toward a dazzling climax, and deeper into the depths of depression at the same time.

Jesus, I've been fucked by a dog! I'm taking animal cum and I'm having an orgasm!

Bruno finished abruptly, pumping out his last searing hot spurt with a whine. Then his rigid body went slack. He pitched on his side and lay gasping, popping his dog-cock out of her cunt.

A full minute passed before Julie came back to her senses. Her hot, dog-jism-filled cunt was still churning, but the tremors of climax were winding down. She heaved a long weary sigh and reached down to pat the dog's head.

"Good boy, Bruno! Good boy! You made your bitch cum...and that's more than your master can do!"

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

Julie soaked for an hour in the hottest bath water she could stand. She washed and flushed her pussy, trying to forget what she'd done.

Bruno sprawled outside in the hall, weary and not so watchful as before. Sex seemed to have gentled his nature. His head lay between his forepaws, and the dog was nearly asleep.

She scrubbed herself all over, ridding her body of dog scent, relaxing as the warmth soothed her jangled nerves.

The dog's sharp front claws had scratched her shoulders where he gripped with his paws. Washing the scratches with soap and hot water caused pain that brought tears to her eyes. But Julie knew she had to clean and disinfect her wounds. In some places the scratches were deep enough to have drawn traces of blood.



Bruno heard her pained sounds and sniffed blood, rising up when he heard her sad moans. He padded into the bathroom and stood by the tub. He saw scratch marks on her back and blamed the man. With a low growl of sympathetic concern, Bruno leaned over and began to lick her wounds.

“No, Bruno! Jesus Christ, can’t you see I’m trying to get clean?”

It was the stimulation of his raspy tongue that made her squirm. Julie felt awful about what she’d done, and she didn’t want to be tempted again. But she liked having her back rubbed, and the dumb animal was so devoted to her.

She sighed and leaned forward, turning so her back was more to his side of the tub.

Bruno did not like the soapy taste of her skin now. It was better when she had her woman scent flowing. The tang of her salty sweat intrigued him, and the stronger taste of her hot bitch-juices was even better. But she cooed sounds of pleasure, so he went on licking her across the back.

“Ooooh, Bruno! If only Fred was half so devoted to me!”

His stroking tongue made her nerves start to tingle. Her fresh, washed pussy was heating up again.

“If you were a man, or I was a dog, this would be perfect.”

He could not make sense of anything she said, but her soft and gentle tone told him that she was feeling better. He paused, wagging his tail and waiting for praise.

She remembered the trainer saying dogs thrive on affection. Julie rubbed his head. “Yes, you’re a good boy. A real pain when you chased Chad away, but...oh, damn...you can fuck like no man I ever knew!”

The dog’s tail wagged even more. She called him Good Boy, and she used a word he’d heard before. It had a guttural sound like the commands in German he’d been taught to obey. Fuck. It still had no clear meaning.

Bruno stepped back and shook his head to get off the water left by her wet hands.

“I might let you fuck me again if I didn’t have to take it like a dog,” she told him wistfully.

There was that word again. Fuck. It was something she wanted him to do. He could tell by her tongue, and by the look in her eyes.

Julie was thinking about Fred’s weight bench in the study—a narrow padded platform on adjustable legs. It was just long enough to support her upper body and ass, narrow enough for a big dog like Bruno to straddle. In that position she could hold his hairy flanks and control the violent speed of his cock thrusting.

She climbed out of the tub and dried herself with a towel.

Bruno watched, more curious now because he could smell her heating fuck-juices. His red, slimy prick stuck out of its furry cover, aroused by her scent of lust.

“You want to fuck me again, don’t you? Bruno’s a bad boy. A very bad boy.”

She called him Bad Boy, but said it so sweetly, poor Bruno was more confused than before. And she said fuck again, like it was something he was supposed to do.

"Come on, Bruno...let's go into the other room. There's something I want to try."

He followed obediently, wagging his tail. But he stopped outside the door to the study where she'd locked him in. Bruno would not let her trick him again.

"Come on," she urged impatiently. "I want you to fuck me!" Julie went into the study and looked at the weight bench. It was just a little too high for Bruno to get over if she were lying on her back. So she dropped the adjustable legs a few inches, glancing at him to get it at the right height. Then she lowered just the foot of the bench another few inches.

Bruno stayed outside the door until she turned and stretched out on her back, legs bent and dangling on the floor. Julie slid her hands down her body, reaching to finger her cunt-slit and stir her clit to make her fuck-honey flow.

"Come here, Bruno. I can't close the door if you're standing over me. Be a good boy. Come fuck Julie!"

He padded into the room, ready to turn if she tried to get up and close the door. But she stayed with her legs spread and kept calling to him.

"Fuck me, Bruno. I haven't had enough yet. And neither have you."

She took hold of his chain collar and pulled him toward her, making him straddle the narrow bench. It was awkward for him, but when his cock got over her hairy cunt-hole, he began to understand what she wanted.

"We're going to fuck," she told him. "I want you to learn that word. Fuck!"

Julie arched so that her pussy touched his furry cock-sheath, loving the way his soft hair made her cunt tingle.

"Fuck me, Bruno! Stick your cock in!"

His chest was over hers. Her firm, sharp-peaked tits rose just in front of his shoulders. Julie sighed and swayed to tease her nipples again.

Her cooing noises made it plain that was pleasure for her. His eyes locked with hers and she made nibbling motions with her lips.

"Kiss me, Bruno. Be a good boy. Give your hot bitch a big tongue-licking kiss!"

She wiggled out her tongue to show him what she meant.

"Kiss, Bruno!" He licked from the point of her chin to the bridge of her nose. "Hhhooo! Now you're getting the idea. Kiss, Bruno. Kiss me again!"

He licked; she giggled and squealed with delight, and he knew what that word meant to her.

"Now fuck me!" she said, arching to press her anxious pussy under his heating cock. She worked her clit on his furry cock and loved the lewd tingle. Her gyrations stiffened his cock so that his sharp-pointed red cock-tip was peeking out.

Julie arched and pushed it into the tiny indented hollow that was the head of her clit. Sparks like shocks from a high voltage wire flashed between them.

Julie screamed while he delighted her clit with the sharp tip of his cock. It was like they were made for each other. A man's bulging cock-head could only work around her precious nubbin of sex nerves, or maul it flat. The dog's pointed cock could actually get into her clit.

The joy she felt from orgasm turned her mind to delighted depravity. Forget conscience. Forget vengeance on Fred, she simply wanted sex with the dog.

"Fuck me!" she said in a commanding voice.

With his hardened cock already pressed into her cunt-hole, it didn't take a smart dog like Bruno long to figure out what the word meant. He fucked his cock into her.

"Good boy, Bruno! Fuck me! Fuck me like a man!"

She put her hands on his flanks and snarled her fists in his shaggy black fur, getting a grip she hoped would let her restrain him. She wanted more pleasure than the pussy-pounding heat of fucking dog-style. She wanted to grip his pointed cock with her cunt and really feel it when he sank into her.

Bruno growled when she grabbed his hide and yanked down to slow his natural rhythm, but he liked the way her slinky cunt gripped his cock and squirmed deliciously all around his hot cock-shaft.

"That's much better, Bruno. Sooo much better. Let Julie tease your dog-cock with her pussy. I'll bet you never had a bitch who could ripple her cunt like this!"

She held his flanks so the dog could hardly move, and she did the fucking by arching and clenching her cunt. The sensations were all new to him. Unnatural, but not unpleasant. He strained to fuck the bitch hard and fast, but she insisted on teasing his cock.

"Now, isn't that better?" she purred while sucking cunt-muscles milked his slimy red cock. "Don't you like it more when we do it my way?"

Bruno growled and shook himself as he did when wet, trying to free himself from her grasping hands. He wanted to fuck hard and fast as his instincts demanded.

Julie held on tight, but did give him just a little more slack.

He fucked his cock into her while she writhed beneath his belly, letting her nipples push against his flexing shoulders.

"Fuck me, Bruno! Good boy! Fuck your human bitch! I want you to learn that word like the other commands. I want you to fuck me whenever I give the order!"

The demanding tone of her voice registered quickly.

"Kiss!" she told him. He pressed forward and wagged his tongue over her lips. "Good boy. Now fuck, Bruno! Fuck!"

She released her grip on his flanks and heard the dog growl a sound of relief. The position on top of the upturned bitch still seemed awkward to him, but he could fuck into her with more satisfying speed.

"Ungh! Aaagggghh! Good, Bruno. Good boy!" Her praise inspired him to fuck harder. If that's what the bitch wanted, that's what she would get.

Julie came to another climax almost at once-the first in a series of rapid-fire multiple orgasms. Bruno didn't pause like a man to enjoy the convulsive contractions of her cunt, he just kept it hot with steady cock-thrusting.

like a man with balls recently drained, he had no compelling need to gush jism. It would take his hairy balls a while to stroke up another load.

She cried, "Kiss! Fuck! Kiss, fuck!"

She kept screaming fuck even though he never stopped.

Bruno arched back and brought his front feet off the floor. He brought his bony legs over her shoulders, pinning the bitch and putting his body in a more natural position.

He fucked her dog-fast and dog-hard as he'd been wanting to all along. That made her wail and howl in a way that delighted him, even though her shrilling voice did sometimes hurt his sensitive ears.

Julie flashed through more climaxes than she could count. Her tireless dog pumped pleasure with every stroke...or so it seemed. She clenched and squiggled her cunt-muscles in ways she doubted a dumb bitch with four legs could ever think of, and Bruno's gurgling grunts and growls told her she was giving back pleasure as much as she got.

He kissed her without having to be told. His rasping wet tongue made her shiver and try even harder.

"Ooooooh, Bruno...I love you. We're going to have great times together!"

Bruno felt heat simmer up from his hairy ball sac, not because he was really ready to cum, but because the woman's cunt so enticed him. He stiffened and shot his cum into her, yelping with pleasure as she took the first shot.

"Fuck me!" she screamed, arching and bucking under the dog's furry body.

That soft, sensuous tingle was a new dimension of sexual pleasure that came with the brutal fucking of his pointed prick.

By the time her cunt-muscles had drained his balls for a second time that day, Julie was blissed-out...so weary she could hardly move.

Bruno collapsed on top of her, panting for breath, licking her while they lingered in the afterglow of climax.

It seemed so touching to her, so much like real love that Julie gave no thought to the sinful nature of her satisfaction. She accepted bestiality in a dreamy state of joy, nibbling the dog's head while dog-jism dribbled from her delighted cunt.

She slept soundly that night for the first time in months. Drained of sexual frustration, she rested comfortably, and Bruno slept beside her on the bed...where Fred usually slept.

Bruno was supposed to sleep on the floor at the foot of their bed, never climb on it, but the woman insisted. All the strict rules he'd learned at the kennel were starting to fade.

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CHAPTER SIX

Julie had a simple breakfast the next morning. She was just starting her second cup when a knock sounded at the front door.

Bruno leaped up from his position beside her and ran to the door, barking and growling, but not as fiercely as he'd challenged Chad the day before.

She went to the door in her robe and called, "Who is it?"

"It's Crystal McCoy," answered a sultry female voice. "Your new neighbor from across the street."

Supposedly, Bruno had been taught to be equally wary of all strangers, male or female, but the tone of his deep growls changed from angry to curious. He caught the heavy scent of a human bitch that Julie was not even aware of, and Bruno's ideas about duty were starting to change.

"Just a minute," Julie said through the closed door. "I have to do something with the dog."

Bruno's ears pricked up.

"Come on, Bruno. Come with me."

Julie walked down the hall toward the study with Bruno padding along behind her—more than obedient now, he was anxious with freshly awakened desires. He followed her into the room and sniffed the end of Fred's narrow exercise bench. Her musky scent and his male dog smell still lingered on the pad.

He sat down on his haunches and looked up at her expectantly.

Julie stroked his head. "Good boy, Bruno." She dropped on her knees and hugged him around the neck. "Give Julie a big kiss."

Bruno swiped across her lips with his tongue, rocking her back with his eager strength.

"You sit and stay," she told him in German. "Be a good boy and I'll get you another bitch to fuck. Do you remember what fuck means, Bruno?"

The dog wagged his bushy black tail and started to pant.

"Good boy! You wait, I won't be long." Julie stood up, stroking his head again, and she left the room, closing the door behind her.

Bruno whined, not because he minded being shut in the sex room, but because he was anxious for his human bitch to return.

Julie had no idea what went through the dog's mind, but she was relieved when he did not bark furiously and scratch at the door. She noticed on the way out, his claw marks were deep all around the knob. How would she explain that to Fred?

The tall, shapely redhead stood smiling outside the door, but the smile was not altogether friendly. It was more the look of a jungle cat stalking an injured fawn.

"Good morning, I'm Crystal McCoy. You met my husband Chad yesterday afternoon I believe."

"Er, yes-come in." Julie stepped back, hoping the blush of guilt she felt was not too obvious. "He-he came over to use the phone."

"That's what he told me, and it's bullshit. We both know it, so let's not kid around."

Julie closed the front door, wishing now she had not put Bruno in the study down the hall. He wasn't barking as she'd expected. Even that might have served warning on the elegant redhead with cool, almost icy blue-green eyes. Julie felt a shiver of apprehension when the woman studied her.

"Uh, would you like some coffee?" Julie asked.

"No, thank you. About Chad-I know he's been in your panties, and I can't really blame him for wanting to fuck you. I'm not a prude," Crystal said, "but neither am I the kind to indulge every neighborhood bitch in need. Not unless I get something I want in return."

Julie smarted at being called a bitch. Having been fucked by a dog more times now than she could remember clearly, she was particularly sensitive to that word. "Chad did say that you sometimes like to swap."

"Yes, and he told me that your husband might benefit from experience with a woman who is...shall we say, a little older and a lot wiser?"

"I'd say a lot older and too damn smart for her own good." Julie returned Crystal's cool, appraising look.

Crystal suffered the insult without any visible reaction. "Just keep your hands off my husband until you're ready to offer me something better than coffee."

Julie grinned, straining to look pleasant. "You're in luck. Would you like to follow me to Fred's study?"

"I thought your husband was away for a week. That's why I came over. I don't want you draining Chad's strength."

"My husband is gone, but I have...shall we say, someone who takes care of me? Someone younger and stronger than Chad-"

"Oh?" Crystal's chilly look began to brighten. She followed Julie down the hall with a curious grin forming.

Julie opened the door slowly, so excited she could hardly stand it. "He knows how to give a bitch like you what she really wants-"

Bruno came out the opening door with an anxious growl.

Crystal McCoy staggered back gasping, "Oooh, my God!"

Bruno stood and looked at her, sniffing curiously. Then he looked to Julie for instructions. She said something in German, and the dog charged at Crystal with a snarl.

The redhead turned and took two steps, striding toward the front door as fast as she could. Bruno leaped and knocked her flat. He straddled her ass, hind feet on the floor, front paws on the woman's shoulders, snarling and drooling over the back of her long neck.

“Call off your Goddamned dog!”

Bruno’s growl deepened.

“Be careful what you say,” Julie warned. “He doesn’t like to be called a Goddamned dog. Bruno doesn’t like that a bit. Bruno’s a good boy!”

The dog wagged his tail in receipt of praise, but went right on snarling at the redhead whom he held pinned face down on the floor.

“Just get him off of me!” Crystal hissed like an angry cat.

“But I thought he might benefit from experience with a woman who is...shall we say, older and wiser?”

“Call him off!” she cried in a voice strained with terror. “He’s slobbering on me!”

“That’s nothing compared to the way his prick gushes cum,” Julie said, really smiling now that she was in control.

“H-H-How do you know that?” Crystal asked fearfully, thinking she might not want to know.

“Well, I’ve just started his advanced training...but Bruno thrives on affection.”

“You’re mad!” Crystal concluded. “Completely insane! Get this beast off of me!”

“But I thought you liked dogs. Chad told me you have one.”

“Yes, a little white poodle.”

“Does she lick your cunt?”

“No! Ungh! How can you even suggest such a thing?”

“I thought you got that lonely while I was draining Chad’s strength,” Julie answered with cloying sweetness.

Crystal ignored the implication rather than make things worse.

“Just let me get up and get out of here!” she pleaded. “You can have Chad all day. I’ll send him right over.”

“That’s a tempting offer, Mrs. McCoy...but right now I’d rather watch, like I did while you sucked Chad’s cock in your front window. Fuck her, Bruno! Fuck!”

“Aaaggghhh! Nnnooo!”

Bruno dropped back and burrowed his long-pointed snout between Crystal’s long legs, reaching far beneath her light summer skirt. She kicked and screamed, scrambling forward on her knees.

Bruno sniffed a strong woman scent and would not be denied. He caught the seat of Crystal’s black bikini panties in his snapping jaw and held on tight. She crawled right out of her underwear, frantic to get to the door.

“Good boy, Bruno! Don’t let her get away!” Julie shouted.

He caught the hem of Crystal’s trailing skirt and snarled, yanking her back. She dove forward, desperate to get out the door. A button popped off the back of her skirt, the zipper split open, and the dog ripped it off as she crawled away.

Crystal was on her hands and knees, wagging her ass and a fluffy red thatch of cunt-hair showed between her long legs. She reeked a scent of fear and woman sex that drove the dog wild. He lunged in growling delight, forepaws spread to grab and hold her around the waist.

“Stop him! Goddamn-“

Bruno’s hips were pumping and his hard, pointed red cock was thrusting from its sheath of fur even before he mounted Crystal as he would a bitch.

She felt the frenzied prodding of his sharp prick and gasped a strange cry. Crystal froze in her tracks, squealing in an eerie high voice that hurt Bruno’s sensitive ears. He poked blindly with his hot prick, still not used to the unfamiliar form of human bitches.

The spear-like tip of his slimy red cock pushed into the crack of her ass and tingled the tightly puckered rim of her shit-hole. Then he slanted down and thrust to find her red-furred pussy-slit.

Crystal’s blue-green eyes flared wide with a look of stricken disbelief. But she didn’t move. One of her favorite sexual games was initiating teenaged boys. They fucked with the same rampant horniness she felt now. Her mind blanked and refused to think it was a dog fucking her from behind.

Her slender clit distended itself, wet and glistening with sleek oils simmered up from the depths of her twitching pussy. Because her dripping cunt was not angled the same as a dog’s, Bruno’s hot cock had trouble finding it at first. One blurring thrust after another tingled and burned her clit with shocks of delight.

Each clit-teasing thrust of dog-prick drove her forward on hands and knees. Crystal shivered and screamed her way into orgasm before reaching the end of the hall. Bruno kept grunting and snarling.

Julie followed, just watching, but feeling her own pussy start to clench and squirm in the grip of obscene desire. She envied Crystal and the shocking pleasures that enthralled her body.

“Chad said you like ass-fucking, and I think a dog’s pointed cock would be good for that,” she said. “Better than my husband Fred’s, that’s for sure. Why don’t you reach back and help guide it in for him?”

Crystal had been horny when she knocked on the door just moments ago. But it was Julie she wanted. One of Crystal’s other great pleasures was sucking the pussies her handsome young husband had fucked. She expected to shame and tempt her guilty neighbor into a daytime session of lesbian sex...not get knocked down and raped by a vicious dog!

“Ungh! Aaagggghh!” Each thrust of Bruno’s hot prick drove her closer to Julie’s bay window, panels of glass that ran from floor to ceiling. The drapes were open wide, and anyone passing by could have looked in.

Crystal seemed quite unconcerned, more anxious and brazen now than when sucking Chad’s cock in front of her window across the street. She reached a hand back between her long, shapely legs and

fondled the furry outer cover of Bruno's wild cock.

Any mental illusion she had about this being normal sex with a horny young teen vanished when she felt a hot prick that came wrapped in a slide-back cover of soft fur. But her own need for various kinds of sexual pleasure overpowered a brief flash of revulsion.

There were few types of sexual diversion that Crystal McCoy had not tried-but until now, bestiality was one. If she stopped to think clearly, she would have been horrified by the prospect of being fucked up the ass by a dog. But she was not able to think beyond her need for sexual pleasure and desires that always leaned somewhat toward the bizarre.

She took a loose grip on Bruno's furry cock and slanted it up to her ass-hole. The dog kept thrusting without missing a beat, but now the pointed tip of his cock was in her tight ass-hole.

Crystal whined as he fucked into her, grunting and growling sounds that would have shocked most women numb with terror.

Her tight, delighted ass-hole was spread by the point of his blood-red dog-prick. Bruno hilted himself in her and fucked like a blur. The fur on his pushed-back cock-skin tickled the crack of her ass and his hairy balls swung forward to slap on the slit of her cunt.

Crystal sobbed and wailed sounds of anguished delight. She had given at least a dozen teenaged boys their first taste of sex, but never had she been fucked as hard and fast as this. The tall redhead planted her hands flat on the floor and rocked back to feel the dog's cock fuck deeper into her wringing ass-hole. Her elaborate hairdo was now completely disheveled.

She tossed back her head and wailed animal cries of her own, taking dog-prick up her hot ass like it was the most natural act in this world.

Bruno's grasping paws rippled her blouse, scratched her creamy white skin and broke the strap of her bra. He fucked like a demon and delighted in the tightness of her fiery ass-hole. He came with a growl that made Julie shiver and pumped so much hot jism that Crystal's voice choked in complete shock.

Only one person was more stunned by the unthinkable depravity on full view in the front window. That was Chad McCoy. He was watching from then-window across the street.

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

He expected Crystal to get some kind of revenge. When she awoke from her nap yesterday afternoon and found that his cock did not get instantly hard for her, she questioned him about the tiny, doll-like beauty with long, radiant dark brown hair.

Chad tried to deny going to meet Julie, but he had fresh scratch marks on his back. Crystal assumed those were made by their young neighbor's sharp nails in the heat of wild passion. He didn't mention the snarling dog that ran him out of the house.

Jealousy made Crystal really hot, and he needed that after the shock of interruption by a vicious guard dog.

When Crystal left that morning saying she was going to "straighten things out with that pretty little

bitch across the street," he expected her to eat Julie's cunt and maybe clit-fuck her in front of the window. Crystal liked showing off and asserting her superiority.

So Chad watched, sitting and sipping coffee in a comfortable chair, anxious to see how his sultry wife would make out with their petite neighbor whom he hadn't had enough of yet. He expected Crystal to get Julie on the floor in full view and fuck as much like a man as she could, grinding and squirming their two clits together until both of them came to climax.

Crystal knew that watching her dominate another beautiful woman made him unbearably horny. Chad always fucked her long and hard after that, just to keep her fiery red head on straight. It was like a game they played to keep their sex life from getting dull.

Chad played along because Crystal was rich enough to give him a good life without working his ass off. She owned a chain of highly successful beauty salons, and all he had to do was help look after her business interests...and keep her feeling young by never letting on she was two years older than his mother.

It wasn't a hard way to get a fine house in the country and and about all the sex his big cock could stand, but he began to resent her subtle domination of him-she controlled their finances and their sex life. Crystal called the shots.

That's why it first shocked and then delighted him to see her on hands and knees, howling and being thrust forward by what had to be a hard-driving cock. He assumed Julie's husband had come home unexpectedly and was giving it to her.

McCoy about crapped his pants when Crystal was pushed farther ahead and he saw she was being fucked from behind by a big black dog.

"Jeez Christ!" His cup rattled and slid off the saucer, splashing hot coffee all over the carpet. The dog was cumming with her, no doubt about that. He first learned about sex watching dogs fuck on the street of the slum where he grew up.

"I knew she was a bitch, but-" His lips curved into a lewd grin. "Goddamn!"

Chad laughed and leaned forward, watching even more intently.

\* \* \* \*

Crystal sprawled limp and shivered in the eerie afterglow of an orgasm that both shocked and delighted her senses. The way she moaned, Bruno knew the bitch had not had enough. And he knew why when she slumped forward on her face and his prick popped out of the wrong hole.

Bruno dropped his shaggy head and nuzzled between her spread legs, prying with his cold nose to get her up on all fours.

She cried, "Nnnnooo, not again!"

But the determined animal ignored her feeble protest.

"He knows once isn't enough for a bitch like you," Julie said.

"B-B-But, I wanted to have sex with you!" Crystal moaned, yielding by raising her ass for the dog because she was afraid not to.

"With me?" Julie looked pleased. "Let me guess...you want to suck Chad's cum from my tiny cunt?"

"Yes, I love the taste of his jism," she sobbed. "And I like it best sucked from a cunt he's fucked."

"We did it yesterday," Julie said. "I'm not sure how much there is left in me."

"Let me find out...please?"

Julie smirked and insisted, "Love me, love my dog. He wants to fuck your pussy now, Crystal. You better guide him in again. Bruno's not quite sure what to do with a bitch who struts around on her hind legs."

"Will you let me eat your pussy if I give mine to the dog?"

"Of course...I'm quite willing to share. You didn't have to come in my house bitching at me like you did."

"I-I'm sorry. Let me make it up to you. Aaagghhh!"

Bruno's jabbing cock had found her pussy without help this time. Crystal's cunt-slit was hot and dripping fuck-honey stirred by the powerful tremors of orgasm that started in her ass-hole and rippled out.

Julie stripped off her silky white robe and walked naked in front of the window, cupping one tit and twirling her cut to give Chad another look at what she was so anxious for him to have. She knew he was watching and wondered if he would ever want Crystal again after she'd been fucked twice by a dog.

Bruno was already fucking away, blurring his hairy loins and filling the redhead's cunt with so much heat from friction that she screamed. Julie took her time stretching out on the floor, spreading her legs and scooting down until her pussy was right under the woman's face.

Looking up, she could see Bruno's big head, his tense jaw locked in a snarl. He was fucking and drooling like a dog gone mad.

"Good boy!" she cooed. "Good dog!"

Crystal whined and moaned, feeling heat spread through her body. No prick had ever fucked into her so hard and fast. None was so strangely thrilling...and none more completely revolting.

She kissed and sucked Julie's cunt, trying to forget that lusty compulsion had led her to the ultimate indignity-sex with a beast. Crystal tongue-twiddled the smaller woman's tiny clit and then hooked into her narrow cunt-slit.

"Yyyuuurnmm!" she said. "There's lots of jism left in you. Chad must have fucked you really full!"

"Nnnooo," Julie answered languidly. "He only got off a quick shot. Bruno got loose and he was really pissed. Chad was lucky to get out with his cock and balls in one piece."

"But your pussy is so full," Crystal said, sucking and slurping and sucking. "It's like you were fucked three or four times."

"Last night I was...by the same slimy hot prick that's fucking you now!"

Crystal jerked her head up and flashed a sick look through fiery red hair that streamed down in disorder all around her pretty face. "This is dog-jism?"

"Yeah, and you couldn't tell. You liked it at first!"

Crystal's lips curled like she wanted to spit.

Julie laughed and snapped a command in German. "Hold her. Don't let her move."

Bruno's paws pressed on Crystal's shoulders and forced her head down.

Julie snarled her hands in a glorious tangle of red hair and fucked her dog-dripping pussy up into the woman's face.

"Suck it, bitch! I want you full of dog-jism at both ends."

Bruno liked being given the red bitch as a reward. She was better than cold meat. She was hot and cringing with fear. Her cunt clenched and squirmed in ways not at all like his mistress Julie's. This one shivered and strained with a more rapid pulse.

It only took Julie a moment to decide she liked having her cunt licked by a woman more than she did by the dog. Crystal's tongue was not quite so rough, and it was more clever. She loved the way the cum-sucking redhead teased and swirled around her juicy clit.

"You've got a great mouth, Crystal. Bruno was the last one to eat me, and as you've no doubt discovered by now, he can be a bit rough."

"Y-Y-Yes!" Her voice quaked in time with the dog's rapid cock-thrusts.

"His cock is about the same size as Fred's," she went on, dreamy-eyed while having her clit teased by an anxious tongue. "Are you still thinking we might swap?"

"Oooh, yes. I'll be ready for a gentle man after this."

"Can you really teach Fred to please me?"

"I-I-I think so. You like the way I eat pussy, don't you? Even one slopped full of dog-jism?" Crystal began to sob.

Swapping husbands and wives seemed like such an innocent thing now that her hot pussy had been claimed by the neighbor's dog.

"When Fred gets home, we'll have a party," Julie said. "I want you to seduce him. Come on like he's the most wonderful man in this world."

"Any man will seem wonderful after this!" she cried.

"Be careful," Julie warned. "In some ways dogs are smarter than humans. Bruno will know if you don't like his way of fucking. If you hurt his feelings, I hate to think what he might do."

"Oooh, God! I love dog-prick," she moaned. "Fuck me, Bruno! Good boy! Unnngh! Shit...fuck me! Nice dog, make me cum with you. Make me cuuummm right now!"

"I want to cum with you too," Julie said. "Get your face back in my lap. Tonuge my cunt to a climax,

or I'll tell Bruno your tits are dog meat!"

They all reached orgasm together, two lusty women and one anxious dog.

\* \* \* \*

Chad came over about an hour after Crystal staggered home in torn clothes with tears streaming down her cheeks and dog-jism dripping from her pussy, ass-hole and mouth.

Julie had taken a bath and put on fresh clothes when he knocked tentatively at her front door. She took Bruno into the study. He was too worn out to bark or give a shit who it was outside the house. The normally fierce slipeherd curled up at the foot of Fred's exercise bench and went to sleep.

"Hi," Julie said, smiling.

Chad looked at her and breathed a long sigh. The last time he saw her, Julie and Crystal were both naked and taking turns sucking a dog's cock in front of her living room window. They flopped Bruno on his back when the dog was too weak to struggle and kept sucking him off until he could hardly stand up.

"I guess I know why the dog isn't barking today," he said with a twisted grin.

"This time I don't want to be disturbed."

He entered but looked at her sternly. "I don't think you know all you've done to my wife. She's-she's not herself any more."

"What do you mean? After the first time, I thought she enjoyed it."

"Maybe she did, but I think fucking and sucking your big dog made her crazy."

"Wh-what do you mean crazy?" Poor Julie was deeply concerned. She remembered her own mental anguish when she first gave in to forbidden impulse.

"We can't let Crystal hurt herself," she said with a sudden rush of concern.

The two women had more than resolved their jealous differences, they'd become quite good friends in a very short time-perhaps because they shared an experience few women would even consider.

"It's too late to think about that," Chad said in a somber deep tone.

"Why too late? What do you mean?" Julie's voice strained with chilling fear.

Chad shrugged. "She's gone."

"You-you don't mean gone l-l-like d-d-dead?" Julie stammered.

"No." Chad could no longer keep a straight face. His somber look of concern split into a bewildered lewd grin. "I mean g-g-gone like out to b-b-buy a p-p-pony."

"A woman her size can't ride a pony," she said.

"I know, but she thinks a pony will be just right for riding her. She said my cock isn't big enough for her any more."

Julie lost her stricken look. "Be glad I still think your big cock is just right for me!"

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Fred Benson came home a week later with a somber look on his face.

Julie smiled when she greeted him at the front door, trying hard to pretend that nothing at all out of the ordinary had happened. Bruno was standing beside her, wagging his tail, thankful to have the man back now that he knew how tireless two human bitches can be.

Julie was afraid to ask what bothered Fred. Having a guilty conscience, she naturally assumed the worst-that somehow he knew all she'd done during the week with Bruno, with Chad and with Crystal. About all he hadn't tried was the McCoy's new pony named Stud.

"I've done something awful," Fred confessed almost before she'd closed the front door.

"Y-Y-You have?" Julie was so relieved, it was all she could do not to laugh at his anguished expression.

"While I was in South America, I was unfaithful to you. The mine owner's wife is a beautiful woman, but he neglects her. He amuses himself with a mistress not half his age. One night with his blessing, I took the wife to my bed--"

"Dear, it's all right. I understand."

"I knew you would," he said grimly. "I've been neglecting you-not with a mistress, but so wrapped up in my work. And I bought that damn dog to keep other men away from you--"

Bruno growled and bristled his neck-hair, not liking to be called a damn dog. Julie shushed him by saying, "Good boy."

She fondly stroked the dog's head. Bruno's glossy red, sharp-pointed cock started swelling out of its furry sheath. She could only hope Fred would not notice that right away and wonder why the dog had an instant hard-on for her.

"Darling," she began in a tone almost more somber than his. "Bruno is not as well trained as you thought. I locked him in your study and spent half a day fucking a handsome young man who just moved in across the street."

Fred stiffened and his face paled in shock. Then slowly a grin crept back to curve his taut lips. "All right, I'm glad it happened. That hot-blooded bitch in Bolivia kept my cock hard most of the week. I could hardly find time to work on problems in the mine."

"And you'll soon see the house is a mess. I've been fucking most of the time you were gone--"

With the barriers down, they now seemed locked in a duel to see which of them could confess the worst sin.

"I kissed and sucked a woman's pussy for the first time in my life," Fred told her almost proudly.

"That's all right, dear...so did I."

"You mean you sucked that man's cock?"

"I mean I sucked his wife too. I've had sex with both of them...sometimes both at once."

"Ooooh, Jesus!" Fred's look told Julie she had best not confess any more right at the moment.

"The wife's name is Crystal, and she's been so anxious for you to get home," Julie murmured in a breathy low voice.

"That tall, sexy redhead? What's she care about me?"

"What did the mine owner's wife want most."

"To tell you the truth, she wanted my cock up her ass."

Julie smiled and gave him a broad wink. "Crystal must have a sister living in South America. That's what she wants."

"Wh-what do you think?" Fred was anxious, but having trouble shaking off his prudish upbringing.

"I think I'd like to watch."

"You-you want to watch me with another woman?"

"When I can," Julie said with a shrug. "I'll be with her husband, and he's a hard man to ignore."

"My God...what's happened around here in one week?"

She grinned and knew for sure it was not time to tell all.

* * * *

Julie and the McCoys had the party all planned before Fred got home. Knowing he loosened up a little while away on his most recent business trip made them all think it might work better than they dared hope.

The party was to be at Chad and Crystal's, because it would be easier to bring Bruno across the street than move the stud pony stabled back of their house. Despite all her daring, the redhead had not yet done more than make friends with the horse in many ways that were all perfectly normal. . . like feeding the pony carrots and sugar cubes as a treat along with dull hay.

Chad was lighting the barbecue, ready to grill T-bone steaks when Julie and Fred arrived. Bruno seemed on edge away from his familiar territory, so Julie chained him to one of the metal poles supporting the patio roof at the far end. He paced in a circle proscribed by the length of his chain, whining and anxiously sniffing the air.

Crystal approached Fred by a wheelbarrow the McCoys had packed with ice and beer for the occasion. While he pulled a sip from his first, she asked about the work of a mining engineer and his recent trip to Bolivia. Their conversation turned quickly from the complexities of tunneling to the pleasures offered by the mine owner's wife. She listened intently, then suggested they continue their talk inside.

She wore shorts and a clinging, tube-type top that barely covered her tits. The outfit was white to accent Crystal's tan and skin-tight to define her body's curves. Fred followed her down the hall to

the master bedroom like a man in a trance.

Her tall, lithe body had a kind of sensuous grace that made his cock twitch and swell harder with every step they took. Fred Benson, who had been so prim and proper all his life, could hardly believe this was happening to him.

He slipped from the straight and narrow path of rigid sexual morality in South America and felt bad about it all the way back on the plane. He'd been unfaithful to Julie, and knew he would be again-with her permission. Not just permission, her enthusiastic encouragement!

It seemed so un-like them both, but then he had no way of knowing all that went on in the new neighborhood while he was away. What Fred knew was enough to weigh on his mind. Julie had sex with this mismatched couple, the handsome young man and his much older wife. With both of them at once. And the plan was for all of them to be together later on.

If Fred had known all his wife and the neighbors had in mind, he would have stopped her in the hall, whirled around and run away fast as he could. As it was, he wondered about Julie out on the patio with that rugged young man she said had such a big cock.

But Fred's own cock was throbbing by the time they reached the bedroom, and a man with a hard-on does not think too far ahead. Crystal peeled off her tube-like top and dropped her clinging white shorts with practiced ease.

That left her naked except for Roman sandals tied with crisscrossed leather thongs that reached up her long, shapely legs to her knees. She turned, smiling.

Her graceful hands with long fingers and lacquered nails reached out to loosen his tie and unbutton his shirt. Fred Benson was one of few men who would wear a suit and tie to a barbecue, but that's the way he was.

By the time he stood naked with her, Fred's hard-on had wilted to something like rubber. It was easier with the mine owner's wife, who did everything in the dark.

Crystal's bedroom was bright as the summer day. Curtains covered the windows and only softened the glare. She saw his worried look and sagging cock as she dropped to her knees.

"Don't worry about it," she purred. "I'll make you hard again in no time. And I'm going to keep you hard all afternoon!" Then her voice deepened almost into a growl. "I'm going to turn you into an animal!"

She sucked his rubbery cock into her mouth and slathered her tongue all around it.

"Aaagggh!" he groaned. "I'm going to cum before I get hard!"

Her head rocked back, letting his cock slide out as she smiled. "That's fine, I want you to feel free."

Her lips circled and she sucked again, rippling her tongue beneath his tender cum-pipe on the other side.

"I mean, I'm going to shoot off in your mouth," he cried.

Crystal just nodded her head, increasing the wet friction of her clinging throat. Fred's balls heaved and surged, jetting cum in feeble spurts through a shaft only halfway hard.

Crystal swallowed as calmly as he had sipped his beer outside, and she went right on sucking, squiggling her tongue and teasing his balls with hands full of fiery red hair. His cock responded to suction by swelling larger almost at once. Fred's balls felt the soft, tingling sensation of pleasure as she stroked them with her silky hair. They quaked in her warm hands and began brewing a bigger load.

She sucked with even more fever when his cock got fully hard, leaning her head back so his knobbed cock-tip went gliding into her throat.

Fred winced. "Ooooh, shit! I'm cumming again!"

Premature ejaculation had plagued him all his life.

Her graceful hands slid up his sides, stroking his lean body with warm fingers. Crystal sucked his cock deep and twirled his rigid nipples as though twin bolts of lightning had just struck his chest.

Pleasure sparked and blazed in his nipples, plunging downward into his ball sac to unleash a heavy load.

Fred watched her throat ripple as she sucked and swallowed spurt after spurt. And she kept twirling his nipples like they were faucets controlling the flow. Crystal wanted more cum and she got it-more than Fred would have thought his balls could hold.

He expected to rest after being drained of jism twice in rapid succession, but Crystal went on sucking until his weakened cock swelled back to full size. Only then did she rock back her head and release the grip of her soft lips.

"Now lie down on the bed," she told him. "On your back."

A dazed sigh of delight came as he stretched out on the bed, amazed to see that his cock was still sticking up. Crystal had her flashing blue-green eyes on it too, and a sexy lewd grin.

She twisted the cap off a white tube and squeezed an inch of clear gel on the middle fingers of his dangling right hand.

"Rub that around my ass-hole," she told him, bending over and reaching back to part the taut cheeks of her ass.

"Why there?"

"So your cock won't hurt me when it slides into the hottest, tightest fuck-hole a woman has!"

"You want me to fuck your ass?"

"No, I want you to be perfectly still. I'm just going to sit on your prick and slide up and down verr-rry slowly. If you fucked it up my ass, the pain would be unbearable."

"Jeez, I can't see why you want to do it at all."

"I told you...this is the hottest, tightest fuck-hole I have. It's been waiting for your cock all week, Fred. I can't take one bigger than yours back there."

Crystal straddled his loins, arched high on her knees while greasing his cock with the remains of the gel. She worked his slippery knobbed cock-head into her ass-crack and very slowly sat down.

His eyes widened with a look of disbelieving delight. His cock was sinking into her ass-hole, vanishing into a writhing tunnel of flesh that made even his wife's tiny cunt seem like a loose boot.

She pressed down until his cock-hair flattened under her ass.

"Now isn't that nice?" she asked.

"Uhhhh, yeah! Christ, it's like your insides are on fire!"

"They are, Fred. On fire for you!" She was slowly rising back up, working her hips in a spiral motion to swivel his cock in her shit-hole. "Remember, don't move! I don't want you to hurt me!"

"N-N-No, I won't." But when she began to slide back down his throbbing cock-shaft, the low-spreading heat of friction became an irresistible temptation. Fred gave a grunt, arched his back and rammed his cock into her. "Take it, bitch! Take it all!"

"Aaaggghhh!" Crystal gasped, thrilled that he was a man enough to go against the rules she imposed.

He bucked her off on her side, twisted around with his cock still shoved hard up her ass and came up on top.

"No more of that creepy slow!" he snarled. "You want your ass fucked? Well, I'm going to fuck it right! I'm going to fuck cock into you until I smell smoke!"

"Nungh, please...you're hurting me!"

"What do you think your husband's big cock does to my wife?" Fred fucked her lovely ass as hard as he could, liking the way that made her eyes flare wide.

"Bitch!" he snarled. "I ought to fuck your ass with a broom handle!"

"It feels like that already!" she cried.

Real tears welled up in her blue-green eyes, but they were tears of joy. Crystal loved ass-fucking, and Fred's cock was just the right size to give her pleasure without insufferable pain.

"Julie's cunt will be ruined if that young stud has been fucking a big cock into it all week!" he complained.

"No-N-No," she tried to tell him. "Fucking only flexes and trains the muscles. She'll be able to get an even better grip on you now!"

"I'll believe that when I see you fuck that pony you've got in the pasture back of the house. He's got more cock than your husband...you think Chad wants to watch that rip into your cunt?"

She gave him an enigmatic grin in reply. Crystal's mind swirled in rapture like the tossing waves of her long red hair. Fred was really asserting himself now, fucking her ass just the way she liked it best. And unknowingly, he was preparing himself for other pleasures now far beyond his wildest dreams.

Fred was busy fucking cock up the redhead's fiery ass, and she was shrilling wild cries of delight with her eyes tightly closed.

“Cum!” she cried after a full minute of furious pounding. “Cum with me, Fred...I’ve had all I can take!”

“Too bad, you beautiful bitch! My balls have been wrung dry. I might not cum again for an hour, and I’m going to blister your ass before then!”

Neither of them heard Crystal’s fluffy white little poodle named Fifi come into the room. And Fred never would have guessed what the redhead had been teaching the female dog all week.

Fifi jumped up on the bed sniffing the scent of hot sex so fresh and sharp that her little dog cunt started to quiver like the tip of her black nose.

She moved behind Fred, so light and small he did not notice her on the bed between his feet. The way he was jouncing Crystal around, a camel could have walked into the V between his legs and he might not have known.

Fifi could see the man’s balls jiggling as he fucked cock into the ass of her wailing mistress. It made the female dog shiver with excitement. She was just coming in heat and wanted sex with anything male she could find.

She licked Fred’s dangling balls.

“What the hell?” he asked.

Crystal had her hands on his nipples, twirling them to see just how much stimulation he could stand before dumping his load.

The fluffy white poodle inched forward, and it felt like Crystal caressing his thighs with her hair. But her hair was fanned wide like a swirling sheet of flame around her face.

A raspy little tongue flicked one of Fred’s balls and then the other. He hunched forward, gave a grunt and gushed jism into Crystal’s delighted ass-hole.

“How did you tease my balls just then?” he asked with a long sigh as his last shot dribbled out.

Crystal smiled up at him with a lusty gaze like he’d never seen.

“By training my dog,” she whispered. “And she’s just a little girl. You won’t believe what Bruno can do!”

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## **CHAPTER NINE**

Fred chased the poodle out of the bedroom, slammed the door and started to dress, trying to pretend the little white dog had never touched him...and that he had not heard what Crystal whispered in her breathy deep voice about his big shepherd.

“I ought to let Bruno fuck that little bitch dog of yours to death!” he said with an angry snarl.

“He might as well try. She got out this morning, and every dog in the neighborhood’s had her except Bruno. My little Fifi is like a French whore, I’m afraid.”

“Bruno has been trained to resist that kind of temptation,” he said proudly, cinching his tie.

Fred was fast slipping back to a prudish state of mind.

“He was trained just like you were raised not to fuck ass,” Crystal said very softly, languishing naked on the bed. “You want to bet I can make you hot enough to do it again right now?”

“No!” he snapped. “I’m taking Julie and Bruno, and we’re going home to some sanity!”

“Julie and Bruno are good together,” she said, flashing that eerie lewd grin like before. “They’re the ones who started all this.”

Fred’s face paled and he glared at her. “What do you mean?”

“I mean it’s nice there’s something in nature that won’t let her have puppies. Bruno’s been sleeping in your bed and fucking your wife all week.”

“You’re just saying that trying to shock me. You’re a wanton lewd bitch and you want some other kind of depravity!”

“Fred, if I wanted some real depravity, I’d take Bruno off his chain and say ‘Fuck.’ He thinks that’s a German word, and you know how he’s been taught to obey.”

“I don’t believe a word of this!” he shouted, storming out of the bedroom.

\* \* \* \*

On the patio, Julie was sucking Chad’s cock. She dropped to her knees and took it into her mouth the moment Fred went inside with Crystal. She had her mouth strained and her head rocked back, trying to swallow it all.

Julie had not yet mastered the art. She could get an inch or two of his hot cock into her wringing throat, but then the instinct to gag overpowered her need for oral pleasure. She had to pull back, sighing because she knew Crystal could nibble him right to the root.

Fred saw his wife on her knees with a man’s cock nearly twice the size of his prick in her mouth. She rocked back with a sigh and lunged forward again, choking on his huge cock, gasping and trying again.

Bruno tugged at his chain, barking and snarling. Fred made the same kind of angry noise and opened a snap to free his dog from the tether. Ninety pounds of growling dog charged across the patio. Fred shouted, in guttural German, “Kill! kill, Bruno! Kill them both!”

Chad faced the on-rushing dog. He remembered the furious charge that knocked them both off the bed days ago. He lurched back and yanked his cock from her sucking lips just as it started to fire.

Jism sprayed in her long, dark hair and dotted her face in creamy blotches. Seeing that made Fred so sick with rage that he felt his guts wrench. He could hardly wait to see Bruno’s razor-sharp teeth rip into them both.

Julie stayed calm despite the torment of not having Chad’s flavorful jism to swallow. She dropped on hands and knees, head slightly down, her cute little ass raised and cried: “No, Bruno! FUCK! Fuck me, you beautiful beast. Be a good boy...stick your cock in your bitch from behind!”

Bruno skidded to a stop, torn for just a moment between the grim duties taught at the kennel and much more pleasant commands learned recently with the woman. The other man’s naked cock was

splattering silvery cream all over her face, and he knew that wasn't right. But she was licking and swallowing all of his stuff that she could, smacking her lips and saying, "Kiss, kiss, Bruno. Give your bitch woman a lick. Then fuck me! Show Fred how much I like your doggie cock in me."

Fred stood silent, mouth gaping, stunned when Bruno suddenly stopped his angry charge.

"Kill!" he roared again in a sullen rage.

Bruno looked at Fred, then at his woman down on all fours as a proper bitch should be. It took only a split second to make up his mind. Bruno ambled toward Julie wagging his tail.

He licked creamy cum off her forehead, from around her eyes and her cheeks, all the places where her own little tongue could not reach. He slathered her with affection. Fred Benson threw a screaming fit.

"Goddamn dog! Stupid son of a bitch! Stop that!" He clenched and cocked a fist.

Bruno turned and snarled, raising his hackles and baring his fangs. Fred stopped with an angry blow frozen in mid-air. The dog smelled fear and watched the man back off.

Julie said, "Good boy, Bruno. Good boy!"

Still on her knees, she reached back and hiked up her short summer skirt, pulling down her silky panties with anxious hands. The careful plans she worked out with Crystal to gradually introduce forbidden acts of bestiality were all shot to hell. And since Fred had tried to sic the dog on her, she didn't give a damn what he thought or care how deeply he might be shocked.

Fred watched in dismay while Bruno circled his lovely young wife, stopping behind her to sniff at her pussy and ass. Bruno gave the man a quick glance to make sure he kept his distance and growled possessively, licking the almost-hairless little bitch from behind.

Julie giggled and squiggled her cunt back to feel the heat of his rasping tongue. "Good boy, Bruno. Make me hot for you. Make my honey drip for your doggie cock!"

Benson was more shocked and disgusted by the dog's behavior than that of his faithless wife. Subconsciously, Bruno was an extension of Fred's own being. The dog was fearless and strong as he'd never been, a real champion. And now the champ was about to claim his lovely reward...Fred's own wife.

Bruno reared back on his hind legs and lunged forward to mount her, furry hips already thrusting his cock before his front paws came down to grip around her chest. Now being far more familiar with the anatomy of the bitch, he fucked his cock into her cunt.

The violence of his cock pushed Julie forward, wailing and howling as his cock bored into her. "Good boy! Fuck, Bruno! Fuck me full of dog-jism!"

Fred felt his anger boil to a raging fury, then some eerie emotion took command of his senses. Bruno was fucking the beautiful little bitch brutally hard and fast as he'd always wanted to do.

Watching her shiver and squirm while the dog fucked her cunt with his hairy loins made Fred's cock start to twitch and throb.

He shouted impulsively, "Fuck her, Bruno! Fuck the faithless slut! She deserves to be shot full of

dog-jism. The bitch deserves nothing but dog-cock in her from now on!”

He could hardly believe those words had come from his mouth.

Crystal walked out on the patio just then. “What’s this, Fred? You getting turned on by watching your wife fuck like a dog?”

“No!” he lied. “It’s the most depraved and disgusting debauchery I’ve ever witnessed!”

“And also the most exciting, I’ll bet. I can see your cock getting hard again, Fred. When’s the last time you had so many erections in such a short time?”

“Never in my whole life,” he confessed.

“There’s some animal in all of us,” Crystal said, watching Julie’s small body quake and tremble as the dog fucked into her with one blurring fast stab of his pointed cock coming right after another. “And there’s a lot of animal in your lovely wife. In more ways than one.”

Fred turned his head, refusing to admit that his own male instincts were stirred by the dog’s hammering loins.

“Who’d touch a woman that’s been fucked by a dog?” he asked distractedly.

“You already have. Bruno fucked me up the ass before you did.”

“And now I can’t stand the sight of you!”

“So close your eyes.”

“Wha-what?”

“Close your eyes. I want your cock in me dog-style. Watching Julie have all the fun makes me hot.”

“Ooooh, Jesus!”

She was on her knees and opening his fly, freeing the most painful hard-on he’d raised in his whole life. He did close his eyes, but Fred could still hear the muted staccato slap of hairy dog-flesh against his naked wife.

Crystal freed his cock and used it like a lever to coax Fred Benson down on his knees. She turned, dropping her shorts, and reached back to guide his hot prick to her dripping pussy.

She had felt sexually liberated for a long time, but never so free as when involved with bestial relations.

Her first concession to forbidden lust came years ago when she taught her eighteen-year-old son by a previous marriage the pleasures of sex as her special birthday present to him.

Crystal was then a widow with a son and daughter to raise on a hairdresser’s meager income. She had no money, so she gave the boy love...and the stern, nagging voice of her conscience never let her forget that long, wonderful night of incest.

“Come on, Fred...fuck me like a bitch dog! Bruno won’t be through with your wife for a while!”

He would not admit it, not yet, but it was Julie he wanted. Fred's possessive instincts demanded that he reclaim her, that he assert himself completely and take control. He wanted to fuck the luscious little bitch into submission.

For now, the horny redhead would have to do. He hunched over her back and rammed his cock into her dripping wet cunt. Fred expected a loose fuck-hole, strained and distorted by her young husband's big cock, but Crystal's slithering cunt gripped him with rippling waves of tension that delighted his cock.

Chad sat down in front of Julie with his prick standing at rigid attention again. He spread his legs and pumped his hips to prod her soft lips.

"Suck me off again," he said. "I want you to swallow it all this time!"

Julie had the dog in her cunt and another man asking to her to suck his hot cock. And her husband was watching from off to one side. It gave her a chill, and Julie was dying to know what Fred thought of all this.

"Suck it, slut! You can't do worse than get fucked by a dog!" Fred fucked Crystal hard as he could, thrusting her forward. She whined ecstatically and he rammed into her again, almost knocking her flat. "You're no better, you dog-fucking whore! That's your husband my wife is sucking...think how sleek and tight her little throat is around his hot prick!"

"Y-Y-Yes, he loves it. . . but she can't swallow all he's got. I'm the queen of big cocks around here!"

"You're the queen of shit! You're filth! You're scum!"

"I like it when you talk dirty," she said. "You're no better than shit yourself. Your sexy little wife-likes dog-prick better than yours!"

"Fucking bitch! I'll fix you!" Fred grabbed the loose end of Bruno's chain. He looped and snapped it around Crystal's long, elegant neck, binding down her flowing wave of fiery red hair.

He fucked into her hard from behind again, driving her forward with thrust after thrust until the chain pulled tight.

"Aaaggggh!" she groaned.

"You want to fuck like a dog, I'll treat you like a dog. I'll eat steak and throw you the fucking bone!"

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CHAPTER TEN

They all climaxed together in chorus of human grunts and wails, dog growls, and pounding flesh.

Julie felt Bruno's hot dog-jism shoot into her cunt and his crushing weight forced her down so that she did swallow all of Chad's cock. The achievement was enough to make her climax between her two males, tasting Chad's cum was an additional reward.

Fred's vigor brought Crystal to a better orgasm than she expected with him. He fucked her with a savage ferocity almost equal to Bruno's crazed animal lust. Her pussy convulsed into sucking tremors that milked his cock dry, but could not make it go soft no matter how hard she tried.

Chad thought Fred's idea of treating the women like dogs was a great one. He brought out Fill's jeweled collar and leash for Fred to use on his tiny wife! The men sat at a table and made the bitches hunch on all fours at their feet.

They ate tender steak so rare it seeped blood when they cut to the middle. They dropped the bones for the women to gnaw.

Julie whined, "This shit has gone far enough!"

Fred slapped her across the face with a folded newspaper.

Bruno was not there to defend her. After fucking Julie to an intense orgasm, he caught the scent of a real bitch in heat. He ran into the house through a sliding glass door left open just far enough to get his pointed snout in. The scent of dog lust was much stronger in the house. He pried the door open wider and rushed in with a snarl.

Fifi's yips and wails of anguished dog rapture came through the open window. She was on the bed, smashed almost flat by the weight of the shaggy black shepherd, rammed and battered by a pointed red cock.

Crystal worried that her precious little poodle might be fucked to death by the Benson's dog. Bruno was three times Fifi's size. Maybe four. She cringed when thinking about a cock of similar proportions pumping into her, then realized that was exactly what she had planned when she purchased the stud pony.

Chad's only concern for the yipping and yelping poodle was to ask Fred, "What kind of puppies you think she'll have? Shoodles or Pooherds?"

They both laughed and dropped a second pair of bones on the patio for their bitches.

Julie crawled to where Fred was sitting, eating delicious steak and sipping an ice-cold beer. She nuzzled his thigh affectionately.

He snarled and swatted her ass with the folded newspaper. "Don't beg when I'm at the table." She sulked disconsolately, not liking her role as a dog one damn bit-not now that Fred was making the rules. And Bruno was not around to take care of her. He was happier with a real bitch in heat. The yelping inside the house went on for what seemed like hours.

Chad finally said, "Fred, I could use your help getting something out of my workshop in the garage."

"Sure." They'd both had a few beers and felt no animosity for each other. "What have you been building?"

"A little something for the pony."

Fred followed him toward the shop. "A cart?"

"No, this is my own design. Something I patterned after the exercise bench in your study."

It was like that, but taller and more strongly built, and minus the rack to hold a barbell at the head-end.

"Let's take it out in the yard, it's time for our dog and pony show."

Fred could not figure out what the tall, sturdy inclined bench was for...how the pony or a dog could use it to perform. There were small raised platforms attached to the legs at the head-end that Chad was carrying. Those were fitted with padded leather straps, some kind of restraint.

They walked across the patio and into the pasture back of the house. The pony whinnied and trotted toward them as they approached. Chad had been working all week with the animal, training it to stand over the narrow, slanted bench with its front hooves raised and strapped on blocks at the head-end.

He always brought sugar cubes to reward the pony for its patience. The pony did not like having a bench under its belly at first, and it liked the straps that bound its front legs even less. But Chad figured some training and restraint were necessary to protect Crystal. If the pony reared up and crashed down while she was on the bench, she might be crushed.

He gave the pony a handful of sugar cubes and eased the animal into position astride the narrow bench that slanted down between its front and hind legs.

The pony named Stud stepped its front hooves up on blocks at the head-end and stood patiently while Chad buckled the padded straps snug around its forelegs. "You can take off the chain now, Crystal. It's show time!"

"No," she moaned, cowering by the picnic table. "I-I'm not ready for this!"

It all seemed like a lark when she bought the pony. She had heard of women in sleazy stage shows along the Mexican border who fucked with donkeys, and then she was freshly enthralled with animal fucking.

But now she'd had time to really study the animal's cock, and it was enormous-at least fifteen or sixteen inches long, and as thick as her wrist. The pony was hung with what looked like a length of wrinkled black leather hose!

Chad had stomped back to the patio and unsnapped the chain from the support post. He yanked as one might on the leash of an unruly dog. "Don't tell me no, bitch! Not after all the work I put in on your bench...feeding and training that worthless pony everyday!"

Crystal moaned and stumbled to her feet. Chad's look made it plain he would drag her on her hands and knees if she didn't stand up.

"Bring Julie," Chad said. "I think my stubborn wife might need some help!"

Julie cried, "No! You can't make Crystal do this if she doesn't want to."

"Doesn't want to what?" Fred asked. His prudish mind blocked the obvious use for the padded bench between the pony's legs...to position a reclining woman under his belly at just the right angle to take in his enormous black cock.

"That bench is for fucking," she told him. "Chad is going to make her fuck the pony!"

"He said it was her idea in the first place, why not go through with it?"

"Because a woman has a right to change her mind!" Julie protested.

"You're not a woman, you're a bitch! Now be quiet, or I'll put you on that bench!" Fred laughed and

jerked on her leash.

He liked having his cute little wife collared like a dog with a leash to drag her along.

"N-N-No!" she cried. "Not me!"

"Why not? About all you've talked about since I got home is Chad's big cock. That pony's got one half again his size. He'd do a real job on a little thing like you...maybe fuck your hot pussy to death. You ever seen a horse that was horny?"

Julie shook her head, tugging at the collar, afraid to say a word that might make Fred angry at her.

"Well, I have. A herd of wild mustangs roamed near a mine I was working in Montana or Wyoming. I can't remember which, but I'll never forget how the stallion took his mares. God, that was something to see! Bucking and rearing and pawing the ground, fucking with a cock damn near two feet long!"

His wife shuddered, wishing now that she'd never ventured into the sexually unknown...a forbidden zone most refuse to even think about. She and Crystal had entered recklessly, feeling quite daring and deliriously evil-like two naughty little girls playing with matches.

Crystal was about to find out. Chad was easing her onto the padded bench. It made the pony uneasy. He whinnied and snorted, bucking to raise his front legs that were bound in restraint. His effort shook the whole bench.

"Please, Chad...don't make me do this. Look how restless he is, pawing the ground. God, if he slips and falls, I could be crushed."

"And if he stays on his feet, your pussy might get turned inside out. Have you seen how long and thick that horse-cock is?"

"Yes, I've seen! That's why I'm so afraid!"

"If you're afraid, why is your pussy so hot and wet? You're creaming fuck-honey all down the insides of your thighs!"

"Because-because I want you, Chad!"

"Bullshit! You just want a big cock. I know you started with your son. How much did he have for you?" He had Crystal on her back now, on the bench under the pony's belly. Chad looped straps that came from beneath her arms and up over her shoulders to buckle beside her head.

"What are those for?" she cried.

"To keep you from sliding off the low end of the bench," he said. "And to keep you from getting fucked right off the high end under his head. "I've given this a great deal of thought, Crystal. . . checking and rechecking all the measurements, getting the angles just right. The only thing I can't figure is how hard and fast that pony will fuck!"

Stud was getting more fidgety by the moment, made restless by the woman being strapped down so close under his belly. The pony was used to being in harness to pull a cart of saddled for kids to ride, but this was nothing like that. Why was the rider being strapped down beneath him? Stud had no imagination at all.

Chad patted his front shoulder. "Whoa, boy. Steady. We'll be ready for you in a minute or two."

"I don't think he knows what to do," Fred said.

"I would if I had a dripping hot pussy strapped down under my cock," Chad replied, looking at the pony's sad and bewildered brown eyes.

"Yeah, but she doesn't smell like horse-pussy to him. Would you know if you had a mare getting hot?"

"Shit, no. It was all I could do to find the place where the hay goes in!"

"I think it would help if we got his cock hard," Fred suggested. "That might give him the right idea."

"Yeah, it might...but forget that 'we' shit. I'm not going to touch a fucking horse-cock and tease it hard."

"Neither am I. That's my wife Julie's part in this. She's the one most fond of big cocks!"

"Yeah," Chad said with a twisted grin. "Go on, babe. Get the dumb pony hot to trot!"

"No, I won't! This is awful!"

Fred jerked her leash. "Shut up, dog-fucker. You're no one to judge. Hand-jack that pony hard or I'll have you on the bench with your pretty little ass up!"

"Nugh!" Julie reached under the pony from just ahead of his hind leg. She felt blindly with eyes tightly shut. The pony stomped his hind hooves, not wanting his private parts grappled with.

"There's no foreplay in horse-fucking," Fred remarked calmly. "You best make him like it, Julie. Otherwise he'll kick your ass clear back to the patio!"

Both men were enjoying their wives' distress as much as they were the potential for truly bizarre sex-a lithe and lovely redhead strapped down to be fucked by a shaggy sorrel pony with a monster black cock.

Julie handled the long, wrinkled cock as gently as she could, wavering with her fingertips. The horse-cock was so thick she could barely close her small hands around his leathery cock-shaft. The nearest thing she'd ever done was take a similar grip on a baseball bat.

"Poor Crystal!" she moaned.

"Forget her," Chad warned. "The pony's getting impatient. I haven't kept him strapped to the stand this long before. If he goes wild and tries to break out, he'll stomp both you bitches right into the ground!"

Crystal gasped and moaned fearful noises that upset the pony even more. Craning her head, she could look between the animal's belly and her own only inches apart. She could see her friend Julie's trembling hands stroking the leathery black cock hard for her, making drops of milky pre-cum emerge from his enormous knobbed cock-head.

"Don't waste that," Chad said. "Crystal's gonna need all the lubrication she can get!"

Fred nodded gravely despite a swelling sense of excitement.

"I can't believe any woman would want that much cock in her," he said, bending down to peer under

the pony's hindquarters and check on Julie's progress with the erection.

"She doesn't really know what he's got for her. And when she does, she won't believe it." Chad was bent down and watching too.

Julie was massaging Crystal's pussy-slit with the pony's pre-cum dripping cock. "Ooooh, God!"

It was like having her clit rubbed by a clenched fist. Crystal shivered and squirmed, more frightened of sex now than she was that night long ago when she had lost her cherry.

That only split apart a fragile membrane that was mostly symbolic. The pony's awesome black cock looked big enough to rip her whole pussy apart!

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

Stud whinnied, restlessly stomping while Julie teased her small hands up and down his enormous black cock. She had never seen, much less fondled, such a huge prick. The pulsing tremors of lust sent shivers running down her spine.

Fred stood watching like a man turned to stone. His stunned mind simply refused to believe what he saw. His wife was teasing a horse-cock into the taut, quivering mouth of Crystal's hairy red cunt!

The redhead sobbed and wailed, feeling the heat simmer down and ripple back, making her twist and buck on the bench that Chad made for her. He liked watching his gorgeous wife writhe and squirm while the pony's black cock teased her cunt-lips.

His own cock was throbbing with a vicious pulse.

"You're gonna get it now, bitch. You're gonna get the big cock you've always wanted." Chad slapped the pony's flank with the flat of his hand. "Haaagghh!"

Stud reared, all that his bound front legs would allow, then he rammed down and sank the first six inches of his hugely thigh cock into Crystal. Julie jerked her hands out of the way, afraid she might be caught between them.

The pony made a strange sound. He knew sex and the feel of cunt, but only with female ponies. The human mare was tighter, hotter, and she reeked a different lust scent. His head tossed and his nostrils flared. Then he pumped reflexively and pushed another six inches of cock into her.

Chad was thinking his wife's tortured wails could be heard a block away. She had a foot of thick hot prick in her now, and the pony still had more to give. "Come on, Stud! Get it all in her. Crystal-likes nothing better than a big cock!"

"Bastard!" she sobbed. "My cunt will be ruined! Hungh! It hurts so much already!"

"It hurts just the way you like it," Chad said tensely. He'd watched his wife many times with other men, and with Bruno. That was exciting to him, but seeing the pony's big black cock sink into her was the most thrilling thing he'd ever seen.

Julie's face paled. Her tiny cunt clenched in sympathy. Crystal's widened eyes flooded tears and her body wrenched in spasms of anguished delight.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "Ooooh, God!"

Stud's animal instincts had taken control. The strangeness of fucking a human no longer concerned him. Hot cunt was hot cunt, even if it was too tight. He reared back and whinnied, ramming into her, fucking his long black cock to the hilt!

Crystal felt hot prick bore into places no man could reach, straining taut bands of muscle never touched before. Pain sparked to her fingers and toes, but she humped her cunt up under the horse.

"Fuck me!" she cried wildly. "Ruin my cunt with your cock! Chad's going to feel like a midget after this!"

Fred's stunned look of disbelief did not stop his cock from throbbing. Nor did it stop him from noticing Julie's response. He could see fear in her eyes, sympathy in the way her lips quivered, and raw lust in the way her hips swayed in time to Crystal's frenzied humping beneath the horse.

She was bending down for a better view of the pony's big cock while it pumped in and out. Julie could almost feel the torturous strain. Crystal's clinging cunt lips were pulled way up when the pony drew back, then pushed into her, clear out of sight when he rammed down.

Stud's hairy tail swished side-to-side while his smooth flank muscles rippled and pumped faster, filling her cunt with more cock than most women could stand.

Crystal knew Chad, Fred and Julie were all watching, all stunned by her lewd display. That delighted some perverse, deeply hidden desire. She felt sexier than all of them put together.

Julie and her dog seemed like nothing to her now. She was fucking the biggest, best cock of her life, she didn't care that it was being fucked into her by a horse.

"Go, Stud! Give me all you've got! Rip my pussy! Fuck me, horse-cock...fuck me good!"

Fred saw Julie cringe, watching his huge cock blur faster. He grabbed his wife's arm. "I don't think the bitch is getting all she wants yet."

"I think she's lost her mind," Julie moaned.

"Yeah, maybe. But it's a kind of crazy she must enjoy. And since you two have become such good friends, I think you should make it better for her."

"B-B-Better? How?"

Fred jerked her around back of the pony. His tail twitched rapidly, raised by its little root as the pony's crazed lust increased.

The pony's instinct was to kick. Only the strange delight of sex with a woman-cunt kept him from knocking Julie flat with flying hoofs.

Fred smiled. "Fondle his balls. I want to see how much cum he can pump into her!"

Julie cried, "No!" She could watch, but did not want to join in bestial depravity now. She kept thinking they had gone too far. Stud's cock was too much for a woman to take.

"Do it!" Fred insisted. "You've done worse. Giving your pussy and my place in the bed to a Goddamned dog!" He looked ready to hit her, so Julie relented and slowly reached out her hands.

Crystal babbled and moaned sounds of confusion, caught between unbearable pain and unbelievable pleasure. She had more cock in her now than ever before, more than most women would dare. It made her feel lewdly smug, and it made her feel like some kind of crawling filth at the same time.

Julie's trembling fingers lightly touched and stroked the pony's big balls. He gave a snort, rearing so that his strapped hoofs strained the bench on which Crystal lay sobbing, taking more than a foot of hot, black cock into her cunt.

like all male animals, Stud was worried about anything touching his tender balls. More worried than a man could be. At the pony ranch where he was raised, most of the young males lost their balls. A man came with a black bag to "gentle" them. Stud hated and feared that word. He knew the young males weren't males when the man with the black bag was through. They were docile, shipped off like meek little slaves to be ridden by children around a ring.

Stud whinnied and poised himself to kick, but Crystal was humping and screaming and clenching her cunt-muscles on his big cock.

Julie's hands cupped and nested his balls, one in each palm while her fingers swirled around the delicate orbs. Stud's whinny changed tone. This had never happened before. No mare could delight him with additional stimulation. He felt his horse-jizz churning, simmering to a boil in the cup of her hands.

Chad watched in silent rapture, awed by the length of cock pumping slick and smooth into Crystal's sleek cunt. The black spear of horse prick sheened with her slippery cunt-honey. Hot fucking with the long cock-shaft had whipped it to froth around her pussy-lips.

His own cock ached to be in a pussy, but he didn't want to intrude between Fred and Julie. Not now. Let Fred tame the little bitch his own way. Crystal's head tossed side-to-side as though whipped by the pony's swishing tail. Her mouth gaped to make rasping noises each time she took his huge cock.

Chad stepped to the pony's left and poked his aching hot cock under Stud's belly just back of his front legs. When Crystal's head and gaping mouth flopped that way, he thrust his bloated knob of cock-flesh between her sparkling white teeth.

"Suck it," he told her. "You need a man's cock to remind you, you're human."

Crystal sputtered and choked. The last thing she needed right now was more cock of any kind. Having his weighty balls teased made Stud fuck her harder and deeper than he was before. He rammed down and all but crushed her between his belly and the padded bench.

She twisted and tried to turn her head away, but Chad grabbed hands full of her fiery red hair and pulled her back.

"I said, suck!" he snarled, jabbing his cock-head at lips that were now stubbornly closed. "You got a big one in your cunt like you always wanted. Now I want to push another big one down your throat!"

Crystal dared not refuse. Not with that look in Chad's glinting eyes. She circled her soft lips and sucked him in.

"You think my cock will bang heads with Stud's somewhere in her belly?" he asked Fred.

"She'll go crazy if they get even close," the neighbor allowed. He was watching Julie's hands work the pony's balls cupped in her palms, teasing and caressing them deftly. "Go easy. We don't want the

damn horse shooting off before Chad gets his cock all the way down her throat.”

“But I like feeling his balls!” Julie cooed. “They’re so big and so hot! God, they must each hold a gallon of horse-jizz!”

“Damn it!” Fred growled. “Be gentle!”

Gentle? Stud’s ears pricked up and his nostrils flared wide. He whinnied and tried to rear up. The bench rattled and lurched beneath him. Crystal was tossed to the left, gorging her mouth with Chad’s cock.

“Easy, boy. Easy!” Julie’s sultry voice worked a soothing effect on the pony, and her soft fingers swept the fear from his animal mind.

Chad pulled Crystal’s head toward him and hiked his hot cock in her sleek throat. In the awkward position she was forced to assume, it seemed enormous, twice normal size. He strained her throat, and pulling her head put a terrible side pressure on her cunt full of horse cock.

Crystal would have been wailing her head off, but her mouth was stuffed full. Her taut nipples rubbed against the sleek, flat hair of Stud’s underbelly.

She had more than two feet of cock pumping into her now, but Chad’s thrusts had to play counterpoint to the pony’s cunt-filling stabs. When the horse bore down, he had to draw back. Then as Stud arched away, Chad lunged forward into the space between his wife and the pony.

Crystal felt a long whipsaw of fuck-flesh working inside her. One in as the other slid out. She was never without a cock. Her eyes glazed and breath trapped in her chest burned like a raging wild fire.

Fred moved behind Julie and grabbed his wife by the hair. Stud’s tail stub was fully erect now. The long, stringy hairs slashed back and forth in front of her face, veiling a black puckered ass-hole that looked big enough to shit bricks.

“Kiss it,” Fred told her. “You like animals so much, kiss Stud’s ass!”

She groaned, but he rammed her head forward and pushed her lips to the pony’s dark shitter. Fred snarled his fist tighter in her hair and worked her head back and forth.

Stud whinnied anxiously, now confused even more by the things these humans did. But the animal was not unduly alarmed. He had learned their bizarre antics would bring him pleasure. The pony especially enjoyed the hot woman-cunt. She was more lively than a mare, and the strangeness of her sex odor was impelling.

He fucked his long cock into her while Julie rhythmically caressed his weighty balls and kissed his reeking black ass-hole with her lips.

“Stick your tongue up his ass!” Fred told her. “Give the pony a real treat!”

She protested, just as he expected she would. Fred’s cock was ready-hot and throbbing hard with rage. He poked it to the rim of Julie’s ass and began to push in.

“Aggh!” she cried, jabbing out her tongue as Fred’s cock spiked her from behind.

Julie clamped her eyes shut, shivering as Fred fucked her ass for the first time ever. That was one of the many things she’d always wanted him to do-but now now. Not like this! Forcing her to defile

herself with an animal!

Her babbling lips tingled the pony's ass-hole. He neighed a shrill sound and switched his tail wildly, lashing her cheeks with its coarse hairy length.

She stopped thinking and thrust with her tongue. Fred was ramming her from behind, fucking ass with short, choppy strokes that jammed her head forward like he might shove the whole thing up the pony's ass.

"Take it, dog lover!" Fred growled.

Stud liked having his balls teased and his ass tingled while ramming his cock into the supple, squirming cunt of the woman bound beneath him. It was more pleasure than the animal had ever been treated to at one time.

His smooth, rippling muscles strained. His leathery, black wrinkled cock swelled. A fierce rumbling began in his balls, a swelling of liquid heat Julie could sense with her wavering fingertips.

She felt shivers of apprehension, thinking: Ooooh, God! He's going to cum! He's going to fuck Crystal so full of horse-jism, it'll be like a flood!

At the same time, she felt a rush of envy, wondering if her small body could take that much cock. Fred's throbbing cock stuck up her ass was painful enough. Thinking about a huge horse-prick in her pussy made her moist ass-walls ripple and cringe.

Fred fucked Julie's ass with short, hammering fuck-thrusts, twisting and reaming around while deep in her ass. That jammed her head forward and sparked pains of anguished delight that made her tongue thrust and her fingers convulse.

Stud shivered and kept pumping his cock, delighted by the wet, wiggling thing up his ass and the ball-teasing stroke of the woman's small hands. His body tensed. He rasped in a breath and rammed down, hosing Crystal's fleshy cunt with horse-cum.

"Aaahhh!" Julie gasped.

"Aaaggh!" Crystal echoed with her mouth shoved full of cock. She sucked fiercely on Chad because she wanted them both cumming in her at once-horse and husband.

Fred bellowed a roar and rooted deep in his little wife's ass. spurts of hot jism slicked her tight fuck-hole. She wailed orgasmic cries of delight, gushing hot breath over and into the pony's ass-hole. He reared, rattling the bench, jarring Crystal with searing wet spurts.

They all came together in an unthinkable lewd daisy-chain-Fred up his lovely wife's ass, her tongue in the pony's behind, his cock in her neighbor's cunt, and Chad's cock stuffed down her throat.

All interconnected, pleasure seemed to flow from one to the other. Fred's cum-spurts made Julie's tongue thrust and flail more wildly, delighting Stud. His black cock disgorged splattering gushes of cum that swelled in Crystal's ravaged fuck-hole and washed over her red cunt-hair.

She gurgled and moaned, never having felt an ejaculation of such power and volume, and she sucked frantically on Chad's cock to get even more. Her mind became obsessed with the idea of more. Bigger meant better to her...and this was the best ever!



Julie forgot it was a horse's ass she had her tongue in. She forgot Fred was shocked in rage and trying to hurt her, not bring pleasure. She took his fiery cum-sputs and gurgled orgasmic cries of rapture. Was there any kind of lewd pleasure she could not learn to enjoy?

Their mutual orgasm of anger, depravity and pure raw lust seemed to last for an hour. And for several weary, blissful moments afterwards, none of them had breath enough to speak. When they caught their breath, none of them knew what to say.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Crystal settled on a chaise lounge after her thrilling ordeal with the pony. Her pussy still ached and bubbled horse-cum every time she moved.

Chad and Fred were drinking beer and broiling more steaks. The experience left their cocks sated, but their stomachs grumbled for food. Bruno was still inside with the fluffy white poodle. They heard the bitch's yelps now and then when he fucked into her.

Julie found some comfort knowing the big German shepherd still had some normal dog instincts. But she wondered about her own. All the time Crystal was fucking the pony, even when Fred began fucking her ass, Julie wondered about that wrinkled black cock.

It was much too big for her small body. A warning voice deep inside told her that, but she couldn't stop thinking about it no matter how hard she tried.

She perched on a chair beside Crystal, both of them naked as though that was the most natural thing in the world.

Julie sipped a cold beer. "How was it?"

"Hhhooo!" Crystal said with a weary sigh. "It was awful, and it was wonderful at the same time. I've never had that much cock in me before!"

"Are you going to do it again?" Julie asked, straining not to sound unbearably curious.

"Not for a while. I've been fucked weary and bleary-eyed," Crystal said.

Julie whispered so the men could not hear. "I've been waiting all this time for Fred to fuck my ass. When he did, I kept thinking, I like the way Bruno does it better."

"You let Fred know that and he'll probably whip your ass, not fuck it."

"Yeah, that's what I thought. Poor Fred seems to have trouble adjusting to this."

"I think Chad is having some trouble too. That was the first time I've taken a cock so much bigger than his. He might not want to fuck me again...but the way my pussy feels right now, that's fine with me."

"Are you too sore to be sucked? I'm dying to know what horse-cum tastes like!"

"Just be gentle," Crystal said with a long sigh.

Clear out in the pasture, Stud heard the word gentle and gave a sharp whinny, galloping off to a far

corner of the fenced-in area that was his to roam.

Julie knelt beside the chaise and bent her head down, nibbling around Crystal's fiery red cunt-hair, savoring the sharp, salt-sweet taste of pony-jizz that soaked and matted red hair around Crystal's tender cunt-slit.

"It's not quite like man-cum. Not quite like dog either," she said, looking up and smacking her lips.

"And the thing it comes from is like nothing else in this world! Can you imagine what's it's like to have that much cock in your cunt?"

"I haven't been able to think about anything else."

"Well, stop thinking about it!"

"Are you jealous? Afraid Stud might like my pussy better than yours?"

"No, I'm thinking he's too big for you. Christ, he almost killed me!"

"I almost went crazy fondling his balls. I could feel every spurt! I never knew an animal could cum that long and that hard!"

"Tell me about it! My pussy is so full, I squish when I move!"

"I know, and I love the taste. Yuuummm, it's better than man-cum!" Julie licked and sucked, lips swirling while her mind wandered in tangled thoughts of further depravity. How deliciously lewd it was to suck horse-jism from her neighbor's cunt!

Julie licked and sucked and wriggled her tongue into Crystal's weary cunt, drawing back slowly to laze around her clit and make the woman squirm.

The redhead moaned. "You're getting me hot, and I thought I'd never want to fuck again!"

"Maybe Chad will want you now. Or Fred."

"Or Bruno?" Crystal suggested. "He must have about killed my little Fifi by now."

"By what I hear, Fifi is enjoying every minute of it!"

* * * *

Chad did fuck Crystal after he'd eaten, but he gave it to her up the ass. "If you can take horse-cock in your pussy, you can sure take mine from behind!"

Julie and Fred just watched him fuck her ass. Fred felt listless after eating and drinking more beer than was usual for him. He sat in a chair right beside his naked young wife, but he didn't look at her the whole time, not even when she tried to talk to him.

When they went home an hour later, Fred took Bruno into the den. He closed the door, then got a hammer and nails from the garage. He nailed the door shut while Julie stood watching. "No fucking dog gets in my bed tonight!"

She took that as a good sign. "If you fuck me the way I want, I won't miss Bruno a bit!"

"Fuck you? I don't even want to look at you! You've fucked a dog and kissed a horse's ass!"

"You made me kiss his ass!" she reminded him. "You made me put my tongue in!"

"Yeah, I wanted to see how far you'd go. But I didn't make you lick horse-cum from that bitch's cunt! Christ, you were sucking her for half an hour!"

"I'll suck you if you want me to, Fred."

"Put my cock in a mouth full of horse-jizz? Forget it. You're like shit to me now, bitch. I can hardly wait to leave on another business trip."

"Soooo!" Julie said, grinning wryly. "That's the way it is?"

"Yeah," Fred smirked. "And your hot fucking dog is nailed up tight in my den...so what are you going to do?"

"I-I don't know," she said in a sad, wistful tone.

But she was saying to herself, I'll think of something.

Fred tumbled into bed, turned his back and ignored her. She waited until he was asleep, snoring off the effects of too much beer and too much to eat.

Then very quietly, she slipped out of bed naked and put on a white negligee so sheer and flowing that Julie looked something like ghost moving down the long hall toward the kitchen.

The pony's cock was still on her mind, that huge black wrinkled thing that looked like a tent pole when it plunged in and out of Crystal's tight cunt.

Her pussy cringed at the thought, but Julie was now being driven by impulses she could not control. Fred had rejected her, and she sensed it was over between them. He simply could not adjust to her depraved desires. Hell, he couldn't satisfy her cravings when they were completely normal!

She stalked into the kitchen and pulled open the fridge. A light inside flashed on, shining through her filmy white robe. It cast a soft-lined shadow on the wall behind her, a petite little body with luscious curves.

Julie bent down to the vegetable drawer and pulled out a green-topped fresh carrot almost fourteen inches long. The pinkish-red color and pointed tip reminded her of Bruno's dog cock, but of course it was much bigger. And it was chilling cold!

She pressed it close to her tit and stroked a hand up and down the frigid taper that was stiff and hard as any cock ever got. The wrinkled skin of it wanned under her gliding hand.

Julie cooed fondly in the shadowy room, hand-jacking the carrot until it felt warm. Then she spread her legs, rocked her head back and slowly pushed the pointed tip between the lips of her cunt.

She shivered anxiously, feeling her sinewy cunt-muscles clench. They rippled in well-trained waves, drawing the long pointed carrot deeper in. Julie did not have to touch or force it, she just applied sucking waves of motion with her clever cunt and watched the length of it slowly disappear.

Sighing and moaning eerie sounds, she watched her cunt swallow the carrot until only the bushy green top stuck out between her clinging cunt-lips.

Her shadow image on the wall seemed to have cunt-hair plumed out a foot from her crotch. Julie turned, stiff because of the long, unyielding carrot stuck deep in her cunt. She closed the refrigerator and went out the back door.

She went across the street in the dark, a strange vision in a filmy, flowing white robe with what looked like green cunt-hair a foot long flouncing in front of her cunt.

Julie went around the side of the McCoy's house, silent as a burglar in the dark of the night. She could hear Crystal gasping and squealing inside the house. And Chad was grunting, fucking his cock into her. He was man enough not to ignore his wife, even if she had fucked a pony. Chad seemed determined to outdo the beast. Julie could hear his loins slap down on Crystal hard enough to make her moan and gasp in delight.

Heaving a sigh of envy, Julie went around the patio and into the pasture back of the house. Stud gave a whinny and trotted toward her, recognizing the scent of the woman who fondled his balls.

"Hi, Stud," she said in a soft breathy voice. "I brought you a treat." Julie knew he liked sugar cubes, so she had some in her hand. She shivered as he licked them from her open hand with a raspy tongue and two rough lips that felt like wet sandpaper rubbing against her soft skin.

Stud neighed and looked up expectantly, wanting more. Julie stroked his long head, staring fondly into his enormous brown eyes.

"Yes," she purred softly. "I have more for you," and she swept back the front of her robe.

The pony saw a fresh green carrot top sticking out from between her legs. He dropped his head and began munching, grinding off the tender moist greens with his flat yellowed teeth.

"You like that?" she asked, watching his nostrils start to flare as he caught her scent.

His long black cock started swelling out of its sheath. It twitched and throbbed, straining harder while his lips nibbled the carrot top down to the nub sticking out of her cunt.

Julie watched, entranced by his rubbery lips. They were two or three times the size of a man's. Chomping off greens close to her cunt, she could feel him tingle her cunt-hairs, pulling them as he chewed and tossed his head.

"Ooooh, Stud...it won't take much to teach you how to eat pussy. You like it, don't you? You like your food flavored with cunt?"

The pony's lips pulled an inch of carrot from her cunt and bit it off, wrenching the rest of its long length still buried deep in her sleek-walled tunnel of flesh. Julie shivered and moaned because now the pointed thing in her seemed to have life.

"Eat the rest, Stud. It's all for you," she told him.

Stud pulled out another two inches of cunt-flavored carrot and bit it off, nipping and tugging her cunt-hairs. Julie squealed a cry of delight when his warm lips came so close to her cunt-lips.

She gripped the harness strapped around his long snout and kept his lips close while he chewed, loving the touch of animal lips against her cunt. They were such simple creatures, not plagued by conscience and all the shit that weighs on the human mind.

Each chomping bite jiggled the carrot tip clenched in her tight, juicy cunt. Julie's fuck-honey was really flowing. The shimmering oils dripped down and made the pony's rubbery lips nibble faster.

"Eat me, Stud!" she cried. "Thatta boy...don't stop when the carrot is gone. Lick my cunt. Make me cum!"

The pony was doing no more than hunt for something else to eat. His tongue licked her cunt, making Julie's body jerk and tremble with every stroke.

"Ooooooh, what a great cunt-sucker you are!" She tugged on leather straps that ran down each side of his long snout. "Eat me, Stud. Eat me alive!"

He did like the simmering hot taste of her fuck-juices and knew by her scent that she wanted more.

"Do you know I've already tasted your cum?" she asked sweetly.

Stud was still lapping his giant tongue over her cunt-slit.

"Well, I have. I sucked your cum from Crystal's cunt after you fucked her. Do you remember that? Now I want to suck your cum right from the source. You'll let me do that, won't you?"

He bobbed his head. She was reading more into the gestures than Stud ever intended.

"Oh, good!"

She slipped around to the side and dropped on her knees, crab-walking sideways to get under his belly.

"I was caressing your balls to make you cum harder," she told him. "I know you liked that, and I know you'll like it even more when I suck on your cock."

The words were all gibberish to him, but he knew pleasure as only a simple beast can, and he felt it when she took his dangling balls in her hand.

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## **CHAPTER THIRTEEN**

Julie hunched on her knees under the pony's belly, stroking her hands along his sleek coat and saying, "Easy, boy. It's all right."

The pony was anxious, pawing the ground with a gleaming black hoof.

She reached out and fingered his leathery black cock, gasping when she realized the full size of it. Julie remembered playing a clarinet in her high school band, and Stud's throbbing cock was nearly as long.

He snickered softly when she first took hold of his cock-shaft, gliding her hands in an eerie kind of enhancement. Her lips quivered, circling as she raised his knobbed cock-head, holding her breath as she leaned forward.

The taste of horse-jizz and Crystal's hot fuck-honey lingered faintly along with the sharp, briny taste of sweat. Julie's hips puckered and drew back, then reached out again.

Stud whinnied a sound of delight when she sucked him into her mouth. He pushed forward, almost bowling her over.

“Easy!” she said again. “Whoa, boy. Don’t worry, I’ll be gentle.”

The pony reared on his hind legs and pawed the air with his flailing front hoofs. Julie had just taken the knobbed head of his cock into her mouth again. She was yanked up like a puppet on strings, then jarred to the ground when he came back down. His lumpy cock-head popped out of her mouth and skittering hoofs narrowly missed stepping on her.

“Jee-zus!” she cried in alarm. Until then, Julie had not paused to consider the dangers of sex with an animal several times larger than she was. Nor did she understand why Stud reacted so sharply to the word gentle. She cautiously took hold of his swollen cock-shaft again, stroking it fondly, raising his cock-head to her circled lips.

“Yyyuummm!” she purred. “What a delicious big cock you have!”

Julie rocked forward on her knees and swallowed cock until his blunt cock-tip pressed hard against the soft back of her mouth. She gulped and rippled her tongue, which was cramped underneath his enormous girth.

“Uunngh! I think you’ve got more cock than I can swallow,” she said, “but I’m sure going to try!”

Julie kept a firm but adoring grasp on his cock-shaft and sucked it to the back of her mouth, craning her neck to let his knobbed cock-head ease down her throat. But Stud was not interested in going easy. He lunged forward and humped with his powerful hips.

“Guuugh!”

His huge cock rammed into her throat, pushing so hard and fast that he almost broke her neck. Julie felt a hammering shock, then a strain that choked and gagged her completely.

Stud kept humping cock at her, forcing the woman to walk backward on her knees. Julie’s head was bent at an awkward angle. Her neck was strained by a rigid prod of cock-flesh that rammed so deep Julie could imagine it reaching the pit of her stomach.

The pony’s harness included a broad strap that circled his body like a belt. Julie grabbed that, lifting up with all her strength, hanging on for dear life. He whinnied, rocked his hips back and lunged again.

Julie gurgled and moaned, clinging to the strap overhead and lifting her bent knees off the ground. That way she went with Stud when he rammed forward.

But his huge cock filled her throat so tightly that she could not breathe. Even when he reared back, only half his hot cock left the wringing tight hollow of her sleek throat.

Stud humped and lunged in a frenzy. With the woman hanging beneath him, knees barely clearing the ground, he could not get leverage enough to ram all he had into her. Julie was skewered on a foot of black cock, eyes wide with fright.

She could see Stud’s balls swaying at the base of his cock, tempting big orbs that she ached to hold in her hands. But Julie dared not let go of the strap cinched around his middle.

The way Stud kept lurching and ramming forward, she'd be trampled beneath his hind legs if she did. So she rode along underneath, knees scuffing and scraping the ground. The hem of her negligee caught under one of his back feet and was torn.

Stud circled the pasture, pumping black cock in and out of the tight wet hollow he could not see. It didn't matter to him that he never pulled back far enough for her to catch a breath.

Julie's strained throat rippled and sucked in frantic desperation. She had to make him cum to get his gagging cock out of her mouth so she could breathe. She was already getting lightheaded, dizzy for lack of breath. And Stud's cock kept fucking into her like a jack hammer.

She watched his balls sway back and forth when he lunged and humped back. Holding the strap with her left hand, she reached out with her right. It was perilous, hanging beneath a horny stud pony with only one hand, dangling between his front and back hoofs-but Julie had to make him cum before she ran completely out of breath.

Stud reared and lurched, confused by the weight of a rider who was underneath him, delighted by the way she sucked on his spearing hot cock. He made fierce grunting noises, bucking and pawing the ground.

Julie's legs went limp and dragged between his stomping hoofs, her small body bent. She cupped and fingered his balls, swaying her hand with them, gliding from one to the other, teasing to make the pony cum.

His constant ramming got more than a foot of cock down her throat, more than Julie had ever swallowed before. The strain gave her a dizzying kind of delight. So she was frantically sucking horse-cock. So what? Fred didn't want her, the pony obviously did.

She enjoyed gagging on more cock than any man has to give. It didn't matter that she was defiled and abused by a horny beast. There was some kind of satisfaction in that. Stud suddenly jerked to a stop.

Julie lost her grip on the strap around his middle. Her ass thumped the ground, and he whinnied sharply, ramming all his enormous length into her. She buckled and sagged, so dizzy that only his spearing cock kept her sitting upright.

He reared up on his hind legs, snorting and flailing the air, burning her throat as his cock twitched and fired its first hot blast of horse-jizz.

It shot so deep that Julie felt her pussy clench and squirm. She kept fondling his balls to speed the flow, gulping and sucking down cum as fast as she could.

Stud stood poised like a statue, head thrown back and nostrils flared. Creamy thick cum spat from the head of his black cock like a flood. It gushed and swirled in the tightly strained hollow of her throat.

It filled Julie's mouth and made her cheeks puff. She gulped, keenly aware of the slick, salty taste. Pony-jizz dribbled from the seal of her sucking lips-then it bubbled and swirled, streaming down her chin.

Spatters of cum soaked the front of her white robe. She felt sticky heat on her heaving tits. Pony-cum glossed her nipples and dripped down on her cunt. And Stud kept cumming like an exploding volcano of lust.

Julie felt orgasmic contractions start deep in her cunt and surge to the surface where her wet pussy shivered and pulsed in a flood of jism it would take a dozen men to match. Her climax peaked just as her dazzled mind went blank for lack of breath.

She heaved a muffled, gurgling moan and collapsed, sliding off the pony's weakened cock to sprawl on the ground beneath his restless hoofs. The last few drops of jism beaded like pearls and dripped down on her face like silvery cream.

With his cock drained and sated, Stud began to wonder about the woman sprawled on her back beneath him. He skittered to the side, almost stepping on her chest, and she didn't move.

He bent down and nuzzled her tit, licking and nibbling, neighing sounds of concern. A few deep, rasping gulps of the cold night brought Julie back from the edge of unconsciousness. She was dazed and delighted by an orgasm that shocked all her senses into a mind-warping shutdown.

And as glimmers of consciousness came flickering back, she found the pony was licking her tits, stroking her nipples with swipes of a big rubbery tongue. She gasped, thinking how sick and depraved that was. But she liked it. She arched and swayed to push her tingling nipples into his mouth.

Simmering heat swirled in her pussy. Looking up in the silver moonlight, she could see his huge cock start to twitch and throb, swelling hard for her again. Julie knew she would have to fuck it...take it all into her tiny cunt and let the pony defile her completely.

She stumbled to her feet and walked to the bench Chad had made for Crystal, too dazed and excited to even think about strapping down Stud's front legs.

Julie stretched out on her back and spread her legs, calling softly, "Come here, Stud. You remember what this is for, don't you?"

He neighed anxiously and came trotting over with his black cock swaying lewdly. The scent of hot woman sex told him all a simple beast needed to know.

Stud straddled the slanted bench, planting his front feet on the raised blocks. Julie squealed in fearful anticipation and gripped his cock, guiding his cock-head to the moist slit of her simmering cunt.

She rubbed his hot, pulsing cock-knob all over and around her clit, coming to another orgasm almost as soon as they touched. The tension of fear and the thrill of daring adventure made the spasms of climax exquisite.

Julie cried, "Ooooh, my God! If you can do that just touching my clit...what will it be like when its all inside of me?"

\* \* \* \*

Crystal could have told her. The glamorous redhead's pussy was still wonderfully sore. Hours had passed, and Chad fucked her twice, but she still felt like the pony's big cock was inside her.

She and Chad heard all the neighing and stomping outside. They got up, put on robes and went out to see what was the matter. Chad held a flashlight, probing the night with its blinding beam.

They heard Stud's anxious whinny and turned the light on the padded bench just in time to watch



Julie press the knobbed head of his monster black cock into her cunt-slit.

“Oh, Christ!” Crystal said in shock. “He’ll kill her!”

“I doubt that,” Chad answered calmly. “You’re still alive!”

“Yyyyeesss!” she sighed. “I think more alive than I’ve ever been!”

“So let Julie do what she wants.”

Crystal nodded and they stood watching, shining the beam of the light like a spotlight on a stage show. Fred arrived just then, stumbling and sleepy-eyed. He had heard the pony whinnying from across the street.

“What the hell’s going on here?” he asked. Then his eyes followed the probing blue-white beam of light. “Ohhh, shit!”

Stud’s huge cock was sinking into her, powered by thrusts that made Julie wail like a banshee.

The deep spearing length of his cock made her eyes bulge. Its thick girth strained muscles as they never had been before. Julie’s widened eyes filled with fears of delight. She heard Fred’s voice and was glad he’d come to watch.

She spread her legs wide as she could and jerked them up to scissor around the pony’s lean hips. She screamed.

“Fuck me, Stud! Stick me with all you’ve got!”

His powerful loins started pumping, driving and reaming black cock into her, flexing and tormenting her cunt. Crystal watched most intently because she knew what it was like-the wondrous straining sensation, the deep reaching thrusts that touched sex nerves never before stimulated.

Chad looked impassive, just holding the light so they could all see. Fred gaped in shock, not wanting to believe his wife would do such a thing. He woke up and missed her, thinking he’d been too harsh when they went to bed. Now this!

Stud knew what the bench and the human mare’s oddly placed fuck-hole were for now. He didn’t hesitate in confusion like the first time with Crystal. He was horny and he wanted to fuck.

Even Julie’s shrill cries did not distress him. He fucked the whole length of his cock into her, driving Julie further and further up the slanted bench under his belly. His hammering fuck-thrusts came so hard and fast that his flanks blurred in the glaring light played on them.

He suddenly stiffened and rammed down, pressing so hard on her small body that Julie could not breathe. She felt her pussy tremble and seethe with spasms of climax when he jetted cum into her wringing cunt.

The force of his body bearing down made cum she’d swallowed rush to her lips. It was the strangest sight Crystal had ever seen. Her pony’s huge gushing black cock fucked into the woman and his silvery jism bubbled out of her gaping mouth.

Fred gawked in complete shock, assuming the pony was fucking his cum straight through...into her pussy and out of her mouth. Each lunging fuck-thrust brought more swallowed cum to her lips.

Even Chad worried that Julie's insides had been torn all apart. Only her eerie lewd wail of climax convinced him she was still all right. She came hard, arching and bucking her hips to take the pony's cock deep and hard as she could, spurring with her heels all the time.

When her orgasm ended and Stud trotted away whinnying sounds of triumphant delight, Julie stayed sprawled on the bench, too weak to move. She dropped her legs and gasped, dribbling cum from her dazed, smiling lips.

"I think we should let Julie have the pony," Crystal said to Chad.

"Why? Was once enough for you?"

"With him, yes. Now I want a full-size horse!"

Fred muttered, "Ooooh, Jeezus!" He turned and walked away like a zombie.

\* \* \* \*

Julie did not miss him at all. Fred went back to work on the tin mine in Bolivia, but she had her stud pony and her ninety-pound German shepherd for company...and Chad who came to see her when his wife was fucking a stallion they'd just bought.

Fred sent a telegram three weeks later, saying that he would not be coming back. The elderly mine owner had died, and he was consoling the man's hot-blooded young widow. He wanted a divorce so they could get married after a reasonable period of mourning.

To get the divorce without squabbling, he offered a very generous settlement. Fred could afford it. That tin mine was worth milhons, and the lusty widow he planned to marry attracted him in another way. She hated animals.

Julie was happy to give Fred his freedom, but did not want to live the rest of her life depending on monthly alimony checks. It was time to get her life together, to do something really worthwhile...something she'd been thinking about for several weeks now.

She went to the state college in town and signed up for classes that would start in the fall. Julie told Chad and Crystal, "Now my life has some real purpose...a sense of direction, a worthwhile goal that will help others I really care about."

"What are you going to be?" Crystal asked. "A teacher?"

"No," Julie said with a smile.

"A nurse?" Chad guessed.

"No, I'm going to be a doctor," Julie said, smiling even more. "A veterinarian."

**THE END**