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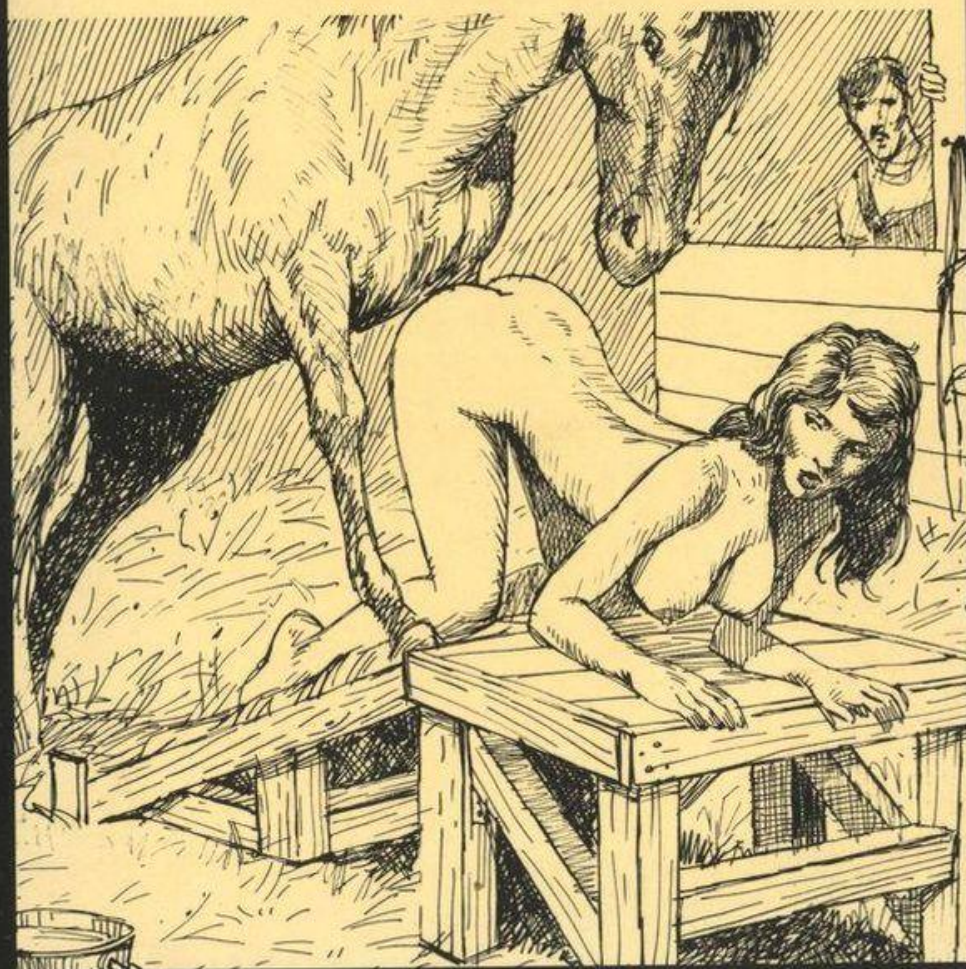
LB-1148 **The Wife's Stallion Stud** by David Crane

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THE WIFE'S STALLION STUD

by David Crane



CENTAUR SERIES

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The seething passions that lurk within many individuals are often hidden beneath a veneer of normalcy, exposed only under extremely tempting conditions.

The woman who, after a few drinks at a party, takes on all comers, male and female alike. The man who, during a strip show at a stag party, climbs up on stage with the girl and performs with her in front of his friends. The couple who, under group pressure, join the neighborhood mate-traders.

Samantha Webster is one of these outwardly proper and quite normal people. But within her a love of perversity and a depth of passion she never dreamed existed lie coiled like snakes, waiting only for the proper situation to arouse them.

THE WIFE'S STALLION STUD-a fictional story about a society that refuses to face many of its real problems.

The Publisher

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## **CHAPTER ONE**

On November seventeenth, at precisely four o'clock in the afternoon, Samantha Webster decided to fuck her horse. She had been thinking about it for quite awhile and the idea was thrilling. She had dreamed about it, too, and fantasized about the stallion's huge prick when she frigged her pussy.

Samantha had recently been divorced and was not getting nearly enough cock now that she was single. The stallion had cock . . . and plenty of it! She had been awarded the stud farm-and the stallion-as part of the divorce settlement and it seemed only fair to her that she use the beast to provide the prick that her errant husband had deprived her of. She guessed that the horse would welcome her attentions, too, because he was a horny brute who often sported a hard-on.

The sight of the stallion's huge, powerful cock and balls had been driving Samantha

Samantha was twenty-nine years old and, having been married for several years, was used to a lot of fucking. She was a beautiful woman, with a mane of heavy blonde hair, big blue eyes and a wide, sensual mouth. She had big, firm tits that thrust out, capped by large, stiff nipples. Her waist was narrow but her hips flared out and her ass was shaped like an inverted valentine. Her long, smooth legs seemed to have been made expressly to be wrapped around a man's hip and ass, to hook his cock into her smoldering cunt.

Beautiful as she was, the woman would have not had any trouble in finding plenty of lovers, had she chosen to. But she lived on the farm and met few men there in the country. She had thought about going into the city and getting picked up in some singles' bar, but the idea was not very appealing to her. It seemed rather sordid to deliberately go out looking for a stranger to fuck. Then, too, if she met a guy in a bar, she couldn't tell how big his cock was until it was too late, and she might be in for a disappointment.

She knew damned well how big the horse's cock was.

It was so big, in fact, that she wasn't even sure if her cunt would hold it. But she figured it was well worth a try. If it wouldn't fit up her pussy, she could always have the pleasure of sucking on the head of the stallion's cock and drinking his horsy cum.

Samantha had been fingerfucking herself that afternoon, thinking about massive horse prick and regretting the fact that her fingers, even all four of them bunched up together in a cock shape, were not really enough to stuff her pussy as full as she liked it. She was sitting on the edge of her bed, naked, her thighs parted wide as she slowly shoved her finger into her creamy cunt. She was playing with her stiff nipples with her other hand. Since her divorce, the horny horsewoman had fallen into the habit of frigging herself off during the long, boring afternoon. She frigged off at night, too, and most mornings. But a hand-job was a piss-poor substitute for a good fuck.

The clock had chimed four.

Her four fingers had slipped up her steaming fuck hole. As she shoveled her fingers up her cunt, she rubbed her thumb back and forth across her stiff throbbing clit.

Then Samantha had made up her mind. The determination had simply come to her on the spot. She grinned with excitement, happy that she had at last come to a decision. She had never committed an act of bestiality before, and Samantha thought that it was awfully depraved to fuck with an animal. Yet the idea was all the more thrilling simply because it was so naughty.

She didn't bother to finish her hand-job, wanting to still be hot and horny for the stallion's cock. She drew her hand away and looked down at her pussy. It was gaping open, her pussy lips unfurled like the petals of a fleshy blossom, her cunt slot flooded with fuck juice. She sure hoped the horse's cock would fit up her pussy.

She licked her sticky fingers, getting really excited, tasting her own cunt-juice. Then she went to the closet and selected an old cotton dress. She put the dress on, not bothering with bra or panties.

She left the house and walked across the yard to where the stallion was stabled.

The horse was standing at the stable door and he watched the woman as she advanced toward him. He knew instinctively that there was something unusual in Samantha's intentions.

He was a handsome animal, a sleek chestnut with black mane and tail, and as he regarded the woman, his eyes showed wild and white. Samantha reached the stable and unlatched the Dutch door. The horse stepped back to allow her entry. She stepped to the side and looked under his hindquarters. The horse's cock was not hard but still a joyful sight to behold as it hung in a huge loop down from the horse's body.

Samantha took the hem of her dress in both hands. In one swift movement, she pulled the dress over her head, then stood naked next to the animal.

The stallion reared away nervously. He had never seen a naked human before and he found the sight strangely disturbing and exciting.

Samantha stroked his silken mane and whispered soothing words of endearment in the horse's ear.

His prick twitched and started to expand.

Samantha's tits brushed along his sleek side as she moved back to his hindquarters.

The horse's huge balls began to swell and fill up.

It disturbed the horse to have a hard-on when there was no mare around to be fucked. How was he going to get his rocks off? He looked around at Samantha and began to get an inkling of her



purpose.

Naked, she knelt down beside the stallion's flank. She gazed in at his huge slab of cockmeat and ran her tongue along her upper lip, and then the lower.

The horse could feel the woman's hot breath wafting over his expanding prick. His huge cockhead began to inch out from its sheath, flaring and throbbing.

Samantha gazed hungrily at his massive prick knob as it came into view. She adored every inch of a cock but most of all she loved the knob. She watched in total fascination as his enormous wedge of prickmeat slid naked from its sheath.

She ran her tongue over her lips again.

She reached in to take the horse's cock in both hands, folding her fists around it in a double grip. Her fingers barely met around the great breadth of his prickshaft, which began to pulse and expanded further in her tight grip.

Samantha wriggled under the horse's belly and began to lick his cock and balls.

The stallion craned his neck down, looking at her in delighted amazement.

Samantha ran her tongue up his prick shaft and fluttered it along the underside of his bloated cockhead. A trickle of clear, thick jism w oozed from his piss slit and ran slowly down his cock knob. She whimpered and gathered the juice up on her tongue. She savored it on her taste buds for a moment, then swallowed it with a sigh.

Her intention had been to let the stallion fuck her, but that taste of horse cum fired her appetite and she longed to drink his whole hot load, to swallow down the contents of his huge, swollen balls.

She moved around, her knees rustling through the straw on the stable floor, until she was facing the head of the stallion's prick.

She held his fuck rod in both hands, just behind the wedge of his knob, and leaned in.

She began to lick his hot, meaty cock knob, running her nimble tongue all over the fiery slab and pushing her tongue right up inside his gaping piss slit. She kissed the tip of his cockhead and then opened her mouth as wide as it would stretch.

The horse moved his flanks, shoving his cockhead into Samantha's willing mouth.

She gasped as his massive hunk of prick flesh slid into her mouth and filled it to the brim. Her cheeks ballooned out on both sides and her widely parted lips were curling back and almost turning inside out.

The horse tried a tentative hump, but so tightly was his cockmeat embedded in Samantha's mouth that her head moved back against his thrust.

Samantha knew that she couldn't give him a proper blowjob, running her lips up and down his cock, because his knob was all that she could squeeze into her mouth. Instead, she began to jack his prick with both hands, intending to jerk him off in her mouth.

She began to suck wildly on his cockhead. Her tongue fluttered against the underside and flicked over the dark, fat vein where it joined his meaty prickshaft. Her hands pushed back down his

fuckrod, causing his cockhead to flare in her mouth, then pulled back until they met her sucking lips. Not being able to move her head up and down, she moved from side to side, working in a half circle on either side of the stallion's prick knob. Saliva was pouring down his cockshaft, seeping from her lips.

A trickle of jism poured over Samantha's tongue and rushed into her cheeks.

The horse sensed that his prick was too big to hump a woman's mouth the way he would a mare's cunt, so he held himself stiff and allowed her to work upon him. It was the most wonderful sensation the horse had ever experienced. The woman's hot, sucking mouth and jacking hands were filling him with never-before known ecstasy.

Little globs of cum began to spurt into Samantha's throat now.

She jacked faster and faster, her fists fairly flying up and down on the horse's fuck rod. She was moaning and whimpering, lusting for his jism. Her tongue flashed wildly and she sucked hungrily. Her hands sped up and down his cockshaft, frantic with intent.

The stallion tossed his head and whinnied.

He shot his wad.

Hot, thick jism burst into Samantha's mouth with such force that her head was dangerously close to being blown right off his cockhead. She clung to his prick knob, her lips clamped tightly around it and drank his jism.

The horse spurted a second, then a third load into her throat. She swallowed it down as fast as she could, making room for more of the thick juice. There was too much for her to drink it all and it spurted out from her lips and poured down her chin and rushed down his fuck rod and over her hands. Her hands continued to slide up and down, skimming with ease through his overflowing jism now.

Samantha moved one hand down to his balls and she squeezed his bloated ball-sac until it was drained. With mouth and hands, she milked him dry. Then she pulled her lips from his cockhead and used her tongue to gather up the trickling jism that had flowed down his prickshaft.

She wriggled out from under the horse and sat back on her heels. She looked up at the horse, her face flushed with joy, cum glistening on her lips and chin.

She wiped the last drops of horse cum from her face and sucked it from her fingers. It tasted delicious, but now she needed a cuntful.

Blowing the horse had made the lustful woman so horny that her cunt was fairly crying out to be filled.

She slid back under the horse on her ass and lay back, bridging herself into an arch beneath him.

The horse's prick had softened a little after his ejaculation, but it was still huge. Samantha gripped his fuck rod just behind his great, throbbing prick knob and she guided the tip into her crotch. She began to squirm onto it.

At first she didn't think his prick was going to fit. It seemed as if his cock knob was wider than her whole pelvis. Samantha was desperate in her lust for his cock. Her pliable pussylips spread wide

around his cockhead, and with her hand, she began to work his prick tip into her fuck hole.

Inch by inch, that massive hunk of horse cock began to slide into her cunt, his prick hardening anew as the horse realized what was happening. Samantha gasped as her cunt was stretched wide. It hurt terribly, but the pain was nothing compared to the thrill of having his tremendous cock sliding into her pussy. She wailed as his cockhead spread her elastic fuck hole around it, and she rolled her hips from side to side, screwing her pussy onto his prick.

The head of the stallion's cock slowly slipped into Samantha's smoldering cunt. His whole prick was massive but the knob was the widest part and was forging a passage which his shaft followed. Gradually his prick edged deeper into her pussy, spreading it wide. Samantha rolled her hips and pumped her ass, grinding her cunt onto his prick, and the horse began to hump, pushing into her.

Little by little, his massive prick went up her. Samantha writhed in ecstasy and squirmed in bliss. About half of the horse's prick went up her cunt before he bottomed out. Samantha was impaled upon his cock shaft, her ass lifted off the stable floor. What was left of the horse's prick stuck out between them, seeming to bolt his balls to her crotch.

The stallion started to hump. At first the fit was too tight and Samantha, to her horror, thought that it wasn't going to work. As the horse drew back, he hauled her along with him. His huge fuck tool was stuck so tightly up her cunt that he wasn't able to stroke in and out. Samantha braced herself and pulled back. Her pussy adjusted itself to its massive load, spreading just a tiny bit more around the stallion's cock.

Slowly, inch by inch, as it had gone in, the horse's thick prick slid back out of her cunt. His cock came out until only the knob was stuck up her cunt, then he rammed it back in again. Samantha hiked her ass up to meet his thrust and she wailed and gasped as she felt his wondrous prick begin to actually fuck in and out of her cunt.

The horse's hindquarters sped forward and back now that his prick was sliding easily up her fuck hole, driving the front half of his prick into the woman's seething pussy. Samantha pushed her crotch up to meet his thrusts and, as he drew back, rolled her pelvis around, winding her cunt on his cock meat. The horse's cock came out bathed in her cunt-juice, steaming in the air, then rammed in again, jolting Samantha from head to toe. She was in ecstasy as the horse's prick began to slide in and out of her pussy at a frantic pace.

He shoveled his cock into her, bottoming out deep within her grinding body. His mighty balls swung like the clappers of a bell, slamming against Samantha's juicy ass. Her whole body began to shake so violently that she felt her bones were rattling. She climaxed, shuddering with the joy of it . . . and then she climaxed again moments later.

Her flowing cunt-juice further lubricated her hot fuck hole and the horse's prick pistoned in and out at a gallop. Samantha came six times as he fed her his great slab of cockmeat, each time creaming with greater intensity. She was whimpering and moaning in the heights of her ecstasy.

Then the horse shot his hot load into her, hosing her pussy with a mighty stream of hot jism and filling her cunt with the most abundant load of cum it had ever contained.

Samantha was in seventh heaven. Her cunt was full of horse cum and now the big brute was filling her pussy with another lovely load of thick horse cum and she was climaxing with him. She came again and again, the best climaxes that she had ever known, as the stallion emptied his cock and balls into her pussy.

At last the horse was pumped dry. He stood steady, his flanks heaving in and out, panting. Samantha remained stuck on the end of his prick for a few more moments, as his massive fuck rod began to soften and sink. Her ass was still churning about as she worked off her final spasms of joy and milked the last drops of pussyjuice out. Then she slowly pulled her pussy off from his cock and lay under him, panting. His big prick stood out in a meaty loop above her. A few drops of jism fell from his dark prick tip and splashed on her belly. She eyed his fat, cum-covered lump of cockhead and then sat up. Cupping it in both hands, she used her tongue to lap up the mingled juices from the horse's dark cock meat, replacing the sticky jism with her frothy saliva.

The horse seemed stunned by what had happened to him, gazing down at the woman in equine awe. Samantha felt a bit stunned, herself. It had been a truly dynamic experience. She had often thought about getting fucked by a stallion but she had never expected that it would really happen, had supposed it was a mere fantasy. Now that she had actually done it, the woman expected to feel guilty and ashamed, to have some regrets and remorse at having indulged in such a really degenerate and depraved act.

But she didn't. It had simply felt too good for the horny divorcee to feel sorry about it. As she lapped away on the horse's big cockhead, slurping up cum and cunt-juice, a dreamy look came into her eyes and her lips turned up in a contented smile.

Samantha was glad that she had been fucked by a horse.

She knew that she would be enjoying a lot of that big horse prick from now on.

But she did think it was depraved and wicked and that she had been a very naughty girl.

Samantha did not know that animal fucking was a lot more common than she thought.

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CHAPTER TWO

Samantha's husband, Roger, had left her for a younger woman. He had met Judy Faraday while she was walking her dog in the park. The dog was a huge Great Dane.

He and Judy had struck up a conversation about animals, to begin with, and soon realized that they were compatible. Judy was an exact contrast to Samantha. She was slender and lithe, with long black hair that fell over her shoulders like a curtain of ebony, and dark flashing eyes. She was twenty years old and had her own apartment . . . to which she invited Roger.

Roger had hesitated momentarily. He had never cheated on his wife before and he realized that there was a danger of getting really involved with Judy Faraday. But he couldn't help himself-he lusted for the girl.

They went to her apartment and Judy made him a drink. She sat down beside him on the couch. The Great Dane was curled up in the corner. Suddenly, as if being discreet, the dog got up and walked out of the room, leaving them alone.

After a few moments, Judy had turned to Roger and moved into his embrace. They kissed, grinding their lips together passionately and entwining tongues back and forth.

The girl had taken the initiative and Roger could not resist her advances. She was far from bashful. She had unzipped his fly and reached in, hauling his cockmeat out. She jacked him in her hands as

they kissed.

Then she drew away and gazed down at his cock and balls. Her warm breath billowed over his groin.

"I want you," she said. "I want your prick."

Judy slid from his arms and she knelt on the floor, starting to undress him. Roger was panting and moaning, hardly able to believe what was happening, how naughty he was being and yet how normal and natural it all was, as if they had been lovers for years.

Judy had stripped him naked.

Then she had removed her own clothing, standing back so that Roger could watch as she stripped. Her lean, sinewy body fascinated him. He stared at her, admiring her plump tits, capped by big stiff nipples, and her curly black pussy mound, split by her pink cuntlips. The girl was so different from his blonde wife that he was intrigued. Naked, she returned to the side of the couch, and Roger reached out for her, but she had avoided his hands.

"No . . . let me do you first," she said.

Roger didn't know what she meant. Judy dropped to her knees in front of him, smiling wickedly. Lifting one of his feet, she began to kiss and lick his toes. Roger had a good sex life with Samantha but he had never had a woman go around the world on him. It astounded him. Judy had tongued slowly up his legs, avoiding his crotch at first, lapping his belly and chest. Her nimble wet tongue was all over him. She leaned over his thighs, her tits hanging down like ripe fruit ready to be plucked and devoured. She placed her hands on his hips and turned him onto his side. Her tongue slid up the crack of his ass, then delved into his asshole. Roger gasped.

This, too, was new to him. Her stabbing tongue was driving him wild as it slid up his shit chute. How could a girl do such a thing? he wondered. And yet he knew that she was enjoying it because she was panting and whimpering as she rimmed away on the brown bud of his asshole.

She turned him over again and went to work on his fuckmeat, starting with his swollen balls. Her hot tongue danced over his hairy ball-sac, slathering the sac with slobber. She lifted his balls and licked under them, then sucked them into her mouth. As she nursed on his ballmeat, his cock towered up, taut and throbbing. Roger didn't think he had ever had such a hard-on before. Judy's preliminary loveplay lid aroused him enormously.

She began to lick his cock then, running her wet tongue all the way up from his prick root to his cockhead with long, fluid strokes. Her tongue fluttered against the sensitive ridge where his cockhead flared out from his throbbing fuckrod. Her head went up and down as she lapped him, then she fitted her pursed lips against the underside of his cockshaft, where the fat vein was pulsing, and began to play his prick like a flute. His piss slit was dripping by this time. The hot juice ran down into the corner of her mouth as she skimmed up and down. It thrilled him to see his cum on the girl's lips.

Samantha would later give him blowjobs whenever he wanted her to, but she always took his cockhead into her mouth right away and sucked him off there, so that although he always came in her mouth, he never actually saw his jism flow into her.

Now he stared down at the foamy jism on her tongue and lips, and he groaned.

"Ummmm," she purred. "Yummy."

His prick was quivering like a tuning fork.

Judy rose up to his prick tip. She kissed the dripping knob, then let her lips slowly part around it. She sucked his prick into her mouth and nursed on his cockhead. Her lips unpeeled around the purple slab and her tongue slid around on his prick meat. His cockhead was aching in her mouth. Saliva and jizz trickled down his prickshaft.

She began to bob up and down, as if she were ducking for apples in a barrel. Her head pushed down a little farther each time, until she was swallowing his whole big prick. Her nose rustled in his wiry pubic hair and her chin brushed his balls. His cockhead was sliding right down the cock hungry girl's throat. Samantha had never managed to take all of his prick into her mouth. She had always gagged when his cockhead clogged her throat. The thrill of being deep-throated was causing Roger to moan with ecstasy.

She drew up to his aching prick tip and, speaking with her lips still on his meat, whispered, "Come . . . come for me, darling." The words were muffled on his cockhead. Hearing them was as exciting as the feel of her hot, hungry mouth on his flesh. "Shoot in my mouth," she whimpered. "Let me drink your sweet jism . . . "

She began to bob up and down faster, cupping his balls in her hand and squeezing gently, as if to coax the cum out of them. Roger humped up from the couch, fucking into her mouth and throat.

"Jesus! Here it comes!" he cried.

"Ummmm," she purred, sucking hard.

Roger's thick cum splashed in her throat. He saw her swallow the load down greedily, making room for more-and he fed her more. His balls seemed bottomless as he spurted into her mouth time and time again. His cum hit her throat so hard that she gagged at first. She sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked. There was too much too cum for her to drink it all. It overflowed her slurping lips and poured down her chin and down his prick shaft, onto his balls.

At last he was drained. Judy continued to nurse on his cockhead for awhile, to make sure that she had sucked every last precious drop of jism out of him.

Then she drew her cum-soaked lips away and used her tongue to gather up the stray jism from his prick and balls.

It was the best blowjob Roger had ever had.

Later, she blew him again.

As time went on, Roger became captivated by the naughty cocksucker. He was fascinated and intrigued. She was a mystery to him. He knew nothing about her past, she was an enigma. She told him that she loved his prick and his cum . . . and would tell him little more.

Roger visited her every day. She became his girlfriend and, soon enough, his mistress. She quit her job so that she would be available whenever he wanted to call. Roger went to her apartment at all hours of the day, without telephoning. He had become wildly jealous of her, always expecting to find her with another man, probably with another man's cock in her mouth.

But he never did.

As far as he knew, Judy was totally faithful to him.

Madly in love with her, Roger confessed the affair to his wife and asked for a divorce. He moved in with Judy. Their lovemaking was intense and constant. Her cunt was hot and creamy and he loved to fuck her, but most of all he loved to have her suck him off, to start at his feet and move up to his asshole and then take his prick into her greedy mouth and milk him off. And Judy seemed content with this. She was perfectly willing to suck Roger off without making any further demands, without even coming herself.

Roger figured that she was unselfish, the perfect girl willing to satisfy her lover in all ways. He supposed that she got some sort of psychological orgasm by blowing him, that her talented mouth was like a substitute cunt, and that when she was drooling on his stiff prick it was as if she were coming.

He was still a bit jealous and often came home unexpectedly, but he never found Judy being unfaithful to him. She was always home, ready and waiting, loving and attentive.

In a way, it was true. Judy did care for Roger, although she didn't love him, as he loved her. She had used him. She wanted a man to support her and take care of her and to camouflage her true inclinations, to have a normal man-woman relationship that would disguise the more unnatural lusts that drove the naughty girl.

Judy did not cheat on Roger with other men.

Judy didn't really care for men very much. Judy preferred to get fucked by her dog.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Judy was always careful not to let Roger find out that she was a doggy fucker. She usually called Jupiter, the big Great Dane, into her bedroom in the mornings, after Roger had left for work, so that they had plenty of time to fuck and suck without danger of interruption. By the time that Roger got home, the Great Dane's cock and balls were always drained dry, so that he never got a hard-on that might prove incriminating in Roger's presence. She always washed the dog cum out of her cunt and brushed her teeth so that the man did not notice any suspicious flavors when he kissed her or ate her cunt out.

But that standard routine had varied today.

Judy had gone shopping, intending to get home in plenty of time for some doggy prick in the early afternoon. But she had run into an old girlfriend from her schooldays and they had had lunch together. As they chatted about the past, the time had flown by. They had been quite good friends, as schoolgirls-good enough so that they had sucked each other off a few times, at any rate-and so they had a lot to talk about. The other girl made it obvious that her tastes had not changed and that she wouldn't mind doing a little cuntlapping sometime, but Judy ignored the girl's veiled hints.

Judy had given up cuntsucking as soon as she had discovered the joy of doggy cock.

The conversation and the recollection had, however, made Judy feel very horny.

After she left the restaurant, she hurried home, eager to get laid by the dog. Her pussy was smoldering. It squished juicily between her thighs with every step she took.

She got home at four o'clock.

It was ironic that Roger's mistress should come home, intent on doggy fucking, at the same instant that his ex-wife had determined that she would get fucked by a horse. But such is fate.

Jupiter was waiting in the front room. The Great Dane was accustomed to getting his rocks off every morning, at least once, and the altered schedule had left him nervous and confused . . . and horny.

When Judy came in, he sniffed and, scenting hot pussy, began to rumble in his throat. His haunches rippled with muscle and his huge prick began to tense. Judy glanced at her watch and decided that she had enough time to enjoy a leisurely session, with variety.

She removed her blouse and skirt, then took off her bikini panties. The crotch band of her panties was soaking. When she tossed them toward the dog, they fluttered down like a butterfly with wet wings. Jupiter sniffed at the panties, then his long red tongue lapped out, slurping at her cunt-juice. The delicious flavor inspired the big dog and his cock stiffened.

His red prick knob came squeezing out from its hairy sheath, a sight that delighted Judy.

But she was in no hurry for his prick. Being in a particularly horny mood at the moment, she decided that it would be pleasant to let the dog lap her cunt for starters. The dog's long, nimble tongue always felt wonderful on her hot pussy. That was how she had started making it with the dog, in fact, when she first bought him. She had coaxed him into licking her cunt, not expecting to do anything else. But the dog had gotten so hot and hard as he tongued her that she took pity on him, deciding to jerk him off. And the moment she had his huge, throbbing cock in her hand, -Judy had lost all her inhibitions. She had sucked the dog off and swallowed his cum, then got down on all fours and let him mount her and fuck her cunt. It had been the thrill of a lifetime for the girl, and she had become a confirmed lover of bestiality on the spot.

Now she sat down on the couch, her ass perched on the edge and her sleek legs extended to the floor, thighs parted. She spread her cuntlips open with her fingers.

"Here, boy-hot pussy!" she called. "Lap it up!"

Jupiter gave her soaking panties a last lick and approached the couch, his tongue hanging out.

He was not sure which service his mistress was demanding of him at the start. He cocked his head, ears pricked up. Judy squirmed, thrusting her hips out in little jolts.

Moving in, the Great Dane licked at her thigh, gazing inquisitively up at her face. Then, seeing that he was on the right track, he pushed his big, blunt muzzle up into her cunt. His cold black nose tapped against her stiff fuck button, causing the horny girl to shiver. His tongue looped out and slapped up her hairy, juicy cunt. It made a moist slurping sound.

"Ummmm," Judy purred.

There was no longer any need to hold her cuntlips open with her fingers. Her hot pussy was gaping open of its own accord now as the Great Dane's tongue slapped up her crotch. Her cuntlips had unfurled like the petals of a blossom, some exotic carnivorous plant that trapped and devoured tongues.

The obedient dog was lapping up her crotch with long, fluid strokes, beginning in the crack of her ass and sweeping all the way up through her hairy pussymound.



Cuntjuice sprayed up and rivulets of the creamy stuff poured over the dog's red tongue. The taste of her pussyjuice was exciting the big brute enormously, both in his mouth and in his prick, which was getting longer and harder all the while. But the dog was not desperate to bring his cock into action. He knew from long experience that his mistress always emptied his balls in the end, one way or the other, and he was content to lap away on her sweet pussy for as long as she liked. The taste and the texture of cuntmeat and cunt-juice were steak and cream to the horny Great Dane. Judy's pussy was much sweeter and tastier than any bitch in heat. Being only a dumb animal, Jupiter did not-could not-think to question or ponder the fact that his female lover was a member of a different species, nor that there might possibly be something sordid about their sexual affair. Such abstractions were beyond the dog. He could only enjoy it.

And Judy was enjoying it even more. She always enjoyed making it with her Great Dane, of course, but today she was in a particularly horny mood, a rare height of lust even for Judy. She had been turned on by meeting her schoolgirl friend and recalling how they had often sucked each other's cunt. She had also been fired by the delay, since she had foregone the early morning orgasms that she usually had, and her cunt, neglected for longer than normal, was steaming.

"Lap it, boy, lap my pussy," she coaxed.

Jupiter needed no encouragement, he was tonguing away with gusto, but Judy liked to hear such words from her own lips. "Ohhh, it's good!" she moaned. "Drink my cream, melt my cunt!"

The words meant nothing to the dog but he could sense the girl's total excitement and he lapped away with renewed enthusiasm, slapping his long wet tongue into her foaming cunt with joy. His big snout rubbed around in her pussy as his tongue delved and darted up her cunt slot and slithered up her fuck hole.

Judy arched her back, tilting her crotch higher. She reached down to stroke the dog's head and rub his ears. Her ass shifted from side to side as she worked her cunt around on his snout, fucking his head as if it were a huge cock.

A frothy river of pussy juice ran down from her fuck hole and seeped into the crack of her ass. She hiked up higher and the Great Dane lowered his head and ran his tongue up between the cheeks of her ass, gathering up the hot juice.

Judy shuddered, loving it. She always liked to have her ass tongued, just as she enjoyed rimming out someone's asshole, herself. She often tongued the dog's asshole, as well as Roger's, delighting in the depravity of the act.

His tongue slid back up into her cunt. Slurping, it went, delving into her gaping fuckhole. She writhed and squirmed. She was making wordless sounds now, sighing and panting and purring all at the same time, a medley of gasping sobs.

Jupiter's long, red tongue was soaking with her cunt-juice, sliding with slippery ease up her pussy. He lapped up her hairy cuntlips and his tongue fluttered and flattened on her clit. Her fuck button flared against his taste buds, sparking. Judy wailed. Her clit was like a detonator, about to set off an explosion in the powder keg of her loins, his long tongue a fuse to her cunt.

Her whole crotch was flooded with cunt-juice and dog slobber. The Great Dane slurped the stuff up, and as soon as he did another deluge gushed out of her pussy. This was the best head Judy had ever had, she thought, a lot better than the head that Roger gave her, even better than the cuntlapping her schoolgirl companion used to give her with such female enthusiasm.

"Oh, sweet Jesus!" Judy cried, as the waves of joy started to rush across her belly and dart up her thighs. She tried to hold back, to prolong the ecstasy of her coming as long as possible, enjoying the rising thrill before the creamy crest.

She threw her thighs around the dog's shoulders, clamping him in a trap of sleek flesh. She tried her best to hold back, but the dog's long, nimble tongue was too effective. Her climax was rushing toward the peak.

Wave after wave of bliss shot down into her cunt, each wave higher than the one before and followed by one higher yet. The waves were coming faster, too, starting to blend into one mighty crest. Her thighs trembled as the thrills shot up them.

"Coming," she wailed. "Tongue it up . . . lap my cunt-juice!"

Hot later flowed over the Great Dane's flashing tongue and slathered his muzzle. He yelped and whined with joy. The delicious flavor of her cunt-juice had changed subtly as she began to come, becoming hotter and spicier and more exciting. He was panting, his warm doggy breath rushing up her open cunt like a tropical storm. Judy was panting like an overheated dog, herself. The waves got higher and higher and sped through her faster and faster.

Then she was at the very peak. "Ahhh!" she cried.

Her cunt creamed and her clit exploded. The thrill vibrated through her loins and a river of cunt-juice poured out. Her whole body began to shake violently. The dog was trembling as he lapped up her juice. She could feel his hard, hairy body shake between her thighs. She arched her back deeply, wailing and gasping. She was still coming. She felt as if her whole being had turned into cunt-juice and was pouring out of her pussy, as if she would be no more than an empty sack of skin when her climax had finally ended.

A spasm ripped through her and another deluge of cunt-juice poured onto the dog's slurping tongue. His big mouth filled up with the stuff. She felt his throat work as he swallowed.

"Oh, my God!" she gasped, wracked by yet another spasm.

She hovered at the peak of sensation, sustaining the pure bliss of her orgasm, tingling from head to toe, her very fingertips seeming to pulse to the joy of it.

Jupiter lapped merrily away, tonguing her cum juice up with enthusiasm as her cunt rippled on his snout.

At long last, the ripping waves began to ebb.

Judy slumped down along the couch, drained and satisfied, a dreamy smile on her lips.

Jupiter continued to lap away, tonguing up the last of her cunt-juice from her hairy pussy and out of the crack of her ass. After awhile, still smiling with contentment, the girl sat up and bent down. She took the big head of the dog between her hands and gently drew it out from her hairy grotto.

Jupiter looked up expectantly, his tongue hanging out. Cuntjuice dripped from his long jaws.

Judy kissed the dog's muzzle, sucked his tongue into her mouth and slurped on it. Her own cunt-juice, mixed with doggy slobber, seeped into her mouth. It thrilled her.

She slid a hand under the dog's fucking belly and took his prick in her grasp. It was as hard as a crowbar and so long that his swollen red cock knob extended all the way along his belly.

Sucking on his tongue, she began to stroke his cock up and down, her fist skimming from knob to balls. It vibrated in her hand, jerking and throbbing with urgency.

She gave him a few slow hand strokes, then stopped, knowing that the dog was going to come quickly now and not wanting to waste his hot jism load on a mere hand-job. She did jerk the dog off sometimes . . . but she jerked him off into her mouth.

She pulled her lips off of his tongue.

"Time to get that sweet prick emptied, Jupiter, you wonderful doggy," she whispered.

The dog whimpered, his flanks quivering.

Judy was wondering what way to fuck the brute. Sometimes she liked to do it doggy fashion, on her hands and knees, and sometimes she did it face to face with equal pleasure. Doggy style, he fucked into her cunt with more bestial vitality, but face to face she had the thrill of watching the dog fucking her.

Then she frowned.

The dog had lapped her off so effectively that her cunt was no longer feeling horny. She knew her pussy well enough to know that it would soon get hot again, once the dog's massive cock was plunging and slamming into her loins, but it seemed a shame not to be really hot at the very first hammering stroke.

If she waited awhile, she would soon be horny again. But the dog was desperate, whining and jerking and twitching with the urgent need to bury his boner.

Judy looked at her watch. Roger seldom got home from work before six o'clock, now that he had begun to fuck her.

She guessed that she had plenty of time.

She knew that Jupiter was a potent doggy who could always come at least twice in one session.

And she knew a sure way to make her cunt hot again.

Nothing turned Judy on more than sucking a dog's prick and drinking his doggy cum.

She decided to give Jupiter a blowjob before she fucked him.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Three things had happened at precisely four o'clock on this memorable day. Samantha had decided to get fucked by her stallion and Judy had returned home with dog prick on her mind . . . and Roger had gotten a glimpse of naked cunt.

When Roger had been forced to give the stud farm to his ex-wife, he had gone into the bloodstock agency business, setting up an office in town so that he would be nearer to

Judy. He had hired a secretary, a pert and vivacious redhead with big tits and an ass that hung down like a firm teardrop. Roger, in love with Judy, had not hired the woman for her good looks. He had hardly even realized how sexy Dorothy White, the secretary, was.

This was evident and it was annoying to Dorothy, who knew that she was desirable and figured that part of her secretarial duties should be fucking the boss. It infuriated her when she tried to flirt with Roger and he failed to notice. How frustrating it was to make herself available without results. The guy could at least ask for a blowjob, she figured, her last boss had fucked her on his executive desk the very first day she worked for him. That had been a satisfactory arrangement, but his wife had found out and forced him to fire Dorothy.

Why didn't Roger act the way a boss was supposed to?

Today, Dorothy had decided to really make an effort to get Roger interested.

She had dressed with care, wearing a very short skirt and net stockings supported by a garter belt . . . and no panties. Looking in the mirror before she left for work, she had raised her skirt and nodded, satisfied at the sexy sight of her naked pussy. Her red-haired cunt-mound was like a burning bush on her belly. Through that hairy red bush, her juicy cunt flowed like a swamp.

She felt confident that once Roger got a look at her pussy, he would want to fuck her.

But it hadn't worked out that way.

All day she had sat at her desk with her legs crossed and her skirt drawn up so that her cunt could be seen . . . and all day Roger had bent over his paperwork and never glanced at her. Was the guy a eunuch or something? Dorothy wondered. If she had dared, she would have stood beside his desk and lifted her skirt, and when he looked up, she would have shoved her cunt right in his face. He could hardly fail to notice it then! But his attitude worried her and made her feel timid. What if he were to reject her even after she'd made it so absolutely obvious that she was fuckable? She would be disgraced and mortified . . . and he might even fire her for her whorish behavior.

At four o'clock, utterly frustrated and with her pussy smoldering, Dorothy decided to make a last effort.

She dropped a pencil on the floor.

She got up and turned her back toward Roger. He sat with his head bent down over his desk. She pulled her skirt up so that the cheeks of her ass were exposed, as if by accident.

Then she said, "Oh, damn!"

Naturally, Roger looked up at hearing the sudden exclamation. As he did so, Dorothy bent down to retrieve the fallen pencil, with her legs spread apart.

She heard the man gasp.

She smiled to herself, pretending to be fumbling for the pencil, unable to pick it up.

"Sorry, boss . . . I dropped my pencil," she said, excusing her previous exclamation.

She could hear his breath shoot out. Her hairy, juicy pussy was in full sight between her shapely thighs and under her firm ass. Her cuntlips were parted and her fuckslit was lathered with the

creamy juices of her desire. He didn't speak. Dorothy carried on with the pretense of fumbling for the pencil and she shifted her ass about as she did so. A trickle of pussyjuice was running down the inside of her thighs. He just had to get the idea!

He did, in his way. He stared at Dorothy's cunt in fascination. Slung in the straps of her garter belt, her crotch looked like a moist, mossy stone loaded into a catapult. It was a mouthwatering sight. Roger's big prick began to rise in his pants.

Dorothy's cunt had made Roger very horny. But Roger was a faithful fellow. He felt horny for Judy, not Dorothy. He felt the urge to rush home and bury his swollen prick meat in his mistress' mouth or cunt, to empty his bloated balls with frantic thrusts.

Yet the redhead's pussy was here and Judy was at home . . . and that juicy pussy was magnetic.

Dorothy looked back over her shoulder, past her as she remained stooped over. She smiled when she saw that she had at long last gotten Roger's attention.

"I can't seem to pick it up, boss," she said, excusing the fact that she was still bent over. "It's slippery."

"Your cunt looks slippery, too," he whispered.

"You noticed, huh? That's why I don't wear any panties . . . the damned things are always soaked."

Roger gave a gulp and a gasp. He pushed his chair back and got to his feet, moving slowly toward Dorothy. She remained where she was, all pretense gone now, expecting him to whack his prick up her pussy from behind.

But Roger fought against that impulse. He did not want to cheat on Judy. Yet Dorothy's cunt was drawing him to her. There was only one thing to do, he reasoned. He just had to eat Dorothy's cunt, and then rush home to Judy!

Roger knew that he was fooling himself by thinking that infidelity must be committed by a prick, not a tongue, but the mouth-watering sight of his secretary's fuzzy-lipped pussy seemed to justify the deed. He stood behind the redhead, trembling, fists clenched and eyes rolling wildly. Then he sank down to his knees behind her.

Dorothy looked back past her hip. She smiled happily, realizing that she was going to get some cuntlapping to begin with. Like all women, Dorothy loved to have her pussy sucked and licked. She wriggled her ass in his face. The pale globes of her ass seemed to revolve like moons, slowly dancing and squirming.

Roger placed his hands on her hipbones, holding them as if they were handles. He turned her pelvis from side to side, staring at her cunt all the time. His head swayed, too, like a cobra ready to stroke, yet hypnotized by the fakir's flute. As her ass shifted to one side, his head swayed along with it. Beads of sweat broke out on his brow. He licked his lips, then fluttered his tongue in the air. He felt a true, physical hunger for her cunt, causing him to drool. His taste buds yearned for her musky delicacy, his lips twitched for her cuntmeat. His eyes bulged out as he stared at her pussy.

He leaned forward and ran his tongue up her cuntslit with a long slurping motion, lapping across her fuck button.

Dorothy squealed with joy as his tongue meat slid through her soaking pussylips. She pushed her ass

and crotch back onto his face. Roger lapped away at her cunt with lust, his talented tongue running up her fuck hole and swinging around her clit.

Dorothy wailed with pleasure. It had taken her a long time to get the boss to notice her pussy, but now that he had, he was treating her hot cunt just the way a man should. Roger had obviously sucked cunts before, she reckoned, because he was doing it exactly right, paying equal attention to her hot fuck hole and her tingling clit.

Roger had learned a few things from naughty Judy, as well. He raised his head higher and ran his tongue up the taut crack of the redhead's ass, then jammed it into her asshole. She gasped and began to pant, loving to feel a tongue wriggle up her shit chute. Her firm ass ground around on his face as he rimmed her tight brown shitter, finding her asshole succulent and appetizing.

His hands slid down from her hipbones, onto the cheeks of her ass. He spread her smooth ass globes open and buried his face between them, slapping his tongue up the parted crack, and then shoving it as far up her asshole as it would go.

She wailed with delight. His hot tongue seemed to be sliding into the depths of her bowels. Her cunt, temporarily neglected, flooded. Pussyjuice poured down her crotch and ribbons of the milky juice ran down the in-sides of her thighs. Her fiery red pubic bush was matted with her cream.

Roger tongued her asshole out attentively and expertly, the way that Judy had taught him. Then he moved his mouth back down to her seething cunt, lapping it with long, flattened strokes. Cuntjuice ran over his taste buds and bubbled past his lips, the delicious flavor making the horny man hungrier than ever.

"Oh, boss . . . yeah! Suck my cunt!" cried Dorothy.

Roger parted his lips and tilted his head to the side. He fitted his mouth to her cuntlips and drove his tongue up her fuck hole, as if it were a mouth and he was giving her a French kiss. He stabbed into her slippery cunt slot time and again and his lips began to suck and pull on her hairy cuntlips voraciously.

Her hot juices filled his mouth. He swallowed and sucked, sucked and swallowed. He wondered why he had not realized before that there was such a delicious snack available in his office. Why had he ever taken a coffee break without eating out this savory cunt? His prick was on the rampage, threatening to bust right through his fly, but he ignored his hammering fuck tool. Roger's cock belonged to Judy and, horny as he was, he still refused to fuck another woman. His head rolled from side to side as he sucked and tongue-fucked her cunt. He rose up to rim out her delicious asshole again, then slid back down to her pussy. His lips clamped over her fuck button and he sucked. Then he was thrilled to feel her taut clit explode in his mouth. so

"Jesus! Do it!" the girl wailed, lost in the ecstasy of the moment, her pussy so hot that she half expected to burst into flames, flames that would instantly be doused by her cunt-juice as it flooded out. She leaned forward, placing both hands on the floor and jamming her ass and cunt back into his face. Roger was coated with cunt-juice from forehead to chin.

His prick gave a tremendous surge, jolting him.

Despite Roger's good intentions, he could no longer ignore his raging cock. He moved a hand down from her ass, opened his fly and his cock came storming out of his pants. His big prick knob was swollen, an angry red color. His balls were ready to burst.

Roger wrapped his hand around his fuck rod and he began to jack his prick up and down furiously.

Dorothy, looking back past her hip, blinked.

What the hell was he doing? Why was he jacking himself off when her cunt was available, hungry for jism?

“Fuck me, boss!” she wailed.

But Roger was determined. He kept his mouth clamped over her cunt as his hand flew up and down on his prick. He was wild with lust, maddened and crazed. Cuntjuice kept pouring into his mouth and down his throat as he sucked it from her hairy pussy.

“Fuck my cunt!” she cried, desperate for his cock, loving his tongue and lips, but eager to have her smoldering cunthole stuffed full of his hard cock meat.

He shook his head. The movement ground his parted lips around on her cunt. He might have said no, but if he did, she didn't hear it. The sound was muffled on her squishing cunt. She would have pulled her pussy away from him if she could have. She would have denied him any more cuntlicking and demanded that he fuck her. But her cunt was glued to his mouth by a paste of saliva and cunt-juice, plastered there, his mouth clamped on her fuck hole like a suction cup on a drain. She jerked and jolted her ass into his face. She felt the thrill build up, her climax hearing the crest.

“Oh, shit! Suck me off!” she groaned, resigned to it and lusting for the blazing peak of passion.

Roger's fist was flying up and down on his prick, and his big fuck rod was pounding and expanding, the angry red knob flaring out, pulsing like a lung. His fist slammed down to the root and his swollen cockhead gave a mighty surge.

He pulled his mouth off her cunt with a suctioning sound. Cuntjuice gushed out of her abandoned fuck hole. Roger threw his head and shoulders back and thrust his loins forward.

His cock was aimed at her cunt like a pistol.

His fist slammed down to the hilt and a jet of thick, milky jism spurted from his prick knob, flashing up into her cunt. Dorothy wailed as she felt his hot cum splash onto her crotch. Her cuntlips were parted wide and his steaming jizz shot right up her fuck hole. Gasping and moaning, Roger jacked his prick furiously, pumping out geyser after geyser of cum. The creamy jizz was shooting into her cunt like quicksilver. His balls kept erupting and his volcanic flow hosed her, cum flooding into her cunt-juice and soaking her hairy crotch.

A spurt of the stuff shot higher, running up the crack of her ass and soaking her asshole.

Roger jacked his prick meat frantically, draining his cock and balls without touching her. The last spurt came out, then a trickle.

Gasping, Roger leaned forward again, burying his face under her ass and sucking away on her lathered pussy. His tongue flew up the crack of her ass, then slid back down and delved in her fuckhole.

His face ground around in their mingled juices, wallowing in a pool of cum and cunt-juice. His lips parted wide and he began to suck steadily on her whole crotch, fuck hole and clit both in his lips.

A shudder rippled through Dorothy. Her whole lithe body was wracked by a spasm of white-hot lust.

“Shit, I’m gonna cream!” she wailed. “Oh, my God . . . suck me off . . . suck my cunt off, boss! Drink my juice!”

Her pussy spasmed around his tongue and in his lips. Hot cunt-juice bubbled into his mouth, foaming and creaming. Roger sucked the delicious pussy cream out of her hungrily, swallowing the stuff eagerly. Blended with his own jism, her pussyjuice poured out. She moaned and wailed, and her ass jerked and rolled.

A final spasm jolted through her. Drained, the lusty redhead gave a sigh and a moan. Roger kept on sucking and tonguing, making sure that he had milked out every drop of her cunt-juice and worked off every last spasm of her orgasm.

Dorothy collapsed, falling forward onto the floor. Her cunt came away from his sucking lips with a loud slurp. Roger, gasping, sat back on his heels.

Dorothy looked over her shoulder and smiled when she saw that his prick was still rock hard and huge. She figured that the man had jerked off so that, when he fucked her, he would be able to make it last a long time.

She hiked her ass up slightly and parted her thighs, making her cunt available for a rear-entry fuck.

“Stick it up my pussy,” she urged. “Oh, shit, fuck my ass off, stuff my cunt with your sweet cock meat!”

Roger groaned and gritted his teeth in a torment of lust and urgency. He had shot his wad and that climax had made him hotter and hornier than ever, a single ejaculation merely whetting his cock’s desire. He gazed down at his towering fuck stick balefully, willing it to subside, to wait until he got home to his beloved Judy. But his stubborn cockmeat rejected his commands, pounding and hammering violently. It was still engorged with blood, making the man light-headed, and his balls had already refilled themselves with jism.

How could the man remain faithful when his cock and balls behaved so treacherously. He groaned loudly, feeling his faithfulness start to ebb away, to melt in the fires of his lust. Dorothy wriggled her ass, showing him her cunt and smiling with anticipation. Roger stared at her pussy, seeing that it was soaking wet and gaping open, an easy target for his meaty prick.

He saw her asshole, too!

His face contorted in a grimace. He remembered how delicious her sweet brown assmouth had been when he shoved his tongue up her shit chute . . . and he could well imagine how wonderful her tight asshole would feel around his prick! His grimace became a grin . . . a wild grin. Fucking her asshole wasn’t being unfaithful to Judy, he told himself. It wasn’t like fucking her cunt, and it was certainly no worse than sucking her off and jerking off on her crotch . . . or so he reasoned.

He moved forward on his knees. Dorothy gurgled with expectation and hiked her ass up, the highest part of her arched body. Roger’s cock slid up between her parted thighs. His hot, bloated prick knob rippled up her cunt crack, not going in, rising higher.

Dorothy felt his hot fuck rod slide into the crack of her ass. She figured that he had miscalculated and she shoved her ass up higher, trying to get him aimed into her cunt. Roger grasped her by the hips and pushed her down so that his jutting prick was aimed at her asshole.

His cockhead pushed against her taut brown shitter mouth. Dorothy giggled, amused by his mistake.

“That’s the wrong hole, boss,” she said.

But it wasn’t the wrong fuck hole at all, not for a faithful man like Roger, and he began to push his cock into her ass.

Dorothy yelped. Her asshole was virgin territory and his massive knob hurt as it pried and wedged at the portals of her bowels. “That’s my asshole, dammit!” she cried, still believing that the man had made a mistake.

Then his cockhead slipped into her asshole. Her tight shitter mouth closed around it, collaring his prickshaft just behind the knob. Dorothy gasped. It hurt a little, but along with the tingling pain there was a delightful sensation, a dark thrill. Waves of joy flashed through her. She gasped, drooling onto the floor.

Roger fed her another inch.

“No!” she wailed. Then she gave a cry of passion and cried, “Yes, fuck me up the ass!”

Roger inched his engorged cock meat up her shit chute slowly, his big prick knob forging a passage for his fuck rod, sliding slowly up into the unknown and unexplored regions of her bowels. Dorothy wriggled and pushed her ass back, stuffing herself onto his prick. Little spasms of pain jolted through her, but a background layer of joy enveloped that pain, soothing it. The pain only added to the pleasure.

His cock slid in all the way. His prickshaft was buried up her asshole and his hairy balls were jammed into her crotch.

He held the full penetration for a moment, loving the feel of having every inch of his hammering cock jammed up her shit chute and letting Dorothy savor the joy of having her asshole stuffed to the brim with his cockmeat.

Then he began to bugger her. He held her by the hips and slowly pulled his prick out until

only his flaring cock knob was stuck up her ass, paused, then slid it back in again.

“Oh God!” she wailed. “Fuck my ass!”

His balls slid around in her soaking cunt as he went in to the root again. He buggered her slowly and steadily. Her asshole began to pull on his prick as if she were digesting him in reverse. As he pulled out, her tight brown shitter mouth stretched and inverted. He fucked her, drew out, fucked her again.

Dorothy loved it. She wondered why she had gone so long before having her asshole fucked. The randy redhead wriggled and squirmed, skewered on his massive prickshaft, her asshole pulling and dragging on his sliding prick meat and her bowels sucking on his cockhead as it plunged in to the depths. She reached down under her hiked-up belly, taking his balls in one hand and fingering her clit with the other. She rubbed his balls around in her foaming fuck slot. She slid three fingers up inside her cunthole, fingerfucking herself and feeling his cock, sliding in and out, through the thin wall that separated her asshole from her pussy.

Roger began fucking his prick into her faster as her tight asshole spread out, adjusting and

lubricating the passage. She jerked and twitched, jamming her ass back onto his belly. His prick plunged in, wracking her, tilting her ass up and down.

"I'm gonna cream!" she cried as she finger-fucked up her cunt furiously in rhythm with his ass-raking strokes. Cuntjuice bubbled out in her hand, and soaked his balls. She rubbed his ball-sac around in her fuck slot as her cream flooded out.

Roger gasped and she felt his cock expand, pounding, in her asshole. His prick knob felt like a lump of molten iron in her bowels and his fuck rod was like a heated crowbar levering her shit chute.

Then he was hosing her asshole with a thick jet of jism, pouring the hot slime into her bowels. He pulled out and slammed in, spurting another doze with every thrust. As her asshole filled up with cum, her pussy flooded with cunt-juice. Jism bubbled from her shit chute, pumped out by his fat prick. The creamy cum ran down into her crotch, blending with her pussy nectar, soaking his balls.

He emptied his cock into her ass, and her cunt spasmed and creamed each time she felt another jet of jism shoot up her asshole. The girl was fairly screaming with the joy of it. Roger grunted and groaned and fucked away to the end.

He slowly dragged his cock out of her ass. It was soiled with her shit juices and he gazed at it thoughtfully. If Judy were to take it in her mouth, she was liable to notice the flavor of another woman's asshole.

He shuffled up beside Dorothy, on his knees, his cock jutting out toward her face.

"Suck it," he rasped.

Dorothy was not at all reluctant to suck his sweet prick, even though it had just come out of her asshole. She figured that he wanted her to suck him up rock hard again so that he could, at long last, fuck her cunt. She stuck her tongue out, lapping at his soiled prick knob, then parted her lips and sucked it into her mouth. Her tongue and lips worked enthusiastically on his tainted cock meat.

He drew it out of her lips with a slurping sound.

It was as hard as ever, swollen and flaring. Dorothy licked her lips. She had polished his knob and prickshaft to a luster and no incriminating trace remained from her asshole.

Roger got to his feet unsteadily.

Dorothy rolled over and spread her thighs, waiting for him to mount her and fuck her pussy. She was smiling in anticipation. Then she frowned as she saw that Roger was trying to jam his iron-hard cock back into his pants.

"Aren't you gonna fuck me?" she asked.

"Certainly not!" he snapped, angry with himself because he did, in fact, want to fuck her.

"But . . . but why not?" she wailed.

"I'm not unfaithful to Judy," he said.

Dorothy blinked in amazement. Not unfaithful? He had just sucked her cunt and bugged her asshole . . . what the fuck was he talking about? She stared at him in dismay as he forced the firm lever of his prick into his fly, then pulled the zipper up.

"I need cock!" she wailed, in despair.

But Roger was remorseless. Gritting his teeth, he turned away. The front of his pants stood out, a bold mound, stuffed full of his sweet prick that, by rights, should be stuffing her cunt. Dorothy sobbed with frustration. The man didn't even look at her again. He strode out of the room and, a moment later, she heard the front door of the office open and close.

Roger was hurrying home to his beloved Judy . . . going home earlier than he was expected.

And Dorothy was left unfucked, her pussy smoldering. She had come in his mouth and she had come again when he shot up her asshole, but it was not the same thing as coming when she had a cuntful of prick. The horny redhead was more worked up than ever now, her hopes dashed at the last moment, her expectations ruined by Roger's bizarre sense of loyalty. Dorothy just had to get fucked, and soon.

She decided to go out and get picked up by the first man that made a play for her, to get some cock wherever she could. She did, too . . . but not the sort of cock she expected.

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

So it was that, thinking she had plenty of time before Roger got there, even as the horny man was hauling his hard-on home to her, Judy made up her mind to suck her Great Dane's prick. It was not a hard decision to make . . . not for a girl who loved sucking cocks and drinking cum as much as horny, dog-loving Judy.

She patted the cushion beside her and the big dog, familiar with this position, hopped up, planting one huge forepaw on either side of the girl's hips. His cock loomed out over her tits, halfway between her mouth and her nipples. They often fucked in this position, and she often sucked him off like this, as well. The obedient doggy poised there, waiting eagerly to see which of the woman's hot holes was going to fuck his cock today.

He did not have long to wait. Judy licked her lips and pushed her pink tongue out. Just as the sight of his collar and leash meant walkies to the dog, the sight of Judy's tongue meant blowjobs.

She reached for his cock and pulled it up higher. The massive wedge of his cockhead loomed over her face. Judy gazed at his swollen prick knob. It was bright red and flared out from his fucky cock sheath, bloated and throbbing.

Judy licked her lips and her mouth began to water. The Great Dane quivered impatiently. Judy leaned closer to his prick meat and tapped her tongue against the tip of his prick, just a light, teasing stroke. The dog yelped as he felt the woman's hot tongue on his prick. The flavor of his cock meat tingled on her taste buds. She began to run her tongue all over the head of his cock, slurping and licking. His knob was so hot that Judy's spit felt cool on it as she licked upward.

The dog whimpered and began to hump.

Judy let her lips slowly part, feeding his throbbing cockhead into her mouth. His hot red cock meat slid into her mouth. She collared his cockhead in her lips and sucked, her cheeks hollowed inward. She held his balls in one hand and folded the other around his prickshaft and began to stroke up and down while she squeezed his balls.

Jupiter drew back and his cockhead popped from her lips like a cork from a bottle. A thick, clear drop of pre-cum bubbled from his prick tip. A trace of jism ran onto her lips and Judy moaned and whimpered with desire. She waited, mouth open, and he thrust in again.

Her tongue flashed over the underside of his cockhead and her lips pulled and sucked on his prick meat. The Great Dane began to fuck it into her mouth steadily. His hind legs braced and his haunches darted in and out. He was really hammering his prick in to her mouth now.

He fucked right back into her throat, his huge cockhead lodged in her windpipe, gagging her, but it was worth it. Her lips dragged and pulled on his cock as he fucked in and out, his hairy prick shaft running through her lips his massive knob slipping over her hot tongue and into her throat. Judy was moaning and gurgling with the ecstasy of having her mouth filled to the brim with hot, stiff dog cock, and Jupiter was yelping with joy and humping into her mouth with ever-increasing urgency.

“Unghhh,” she gasped as a trickle of hot, thick pre-cum oozed into her throat. She gurgled with joy and swallowed down his slimy Jism hungrily, yearning for his full load.

His powerful hindquarters slammed in, feeding his cock to her lusting mouth. Another little spurt of cum shot onto her tongue and a third skimmed across the roof of her mouth. Jupiter had not come yet but his preliminary spurts of Jism were filling her greedy mouth and making the suck-crazed woman even hungrier for his load. She was mad for his prick meat and desperate for his jizz.

The Great Dane howled.

He plunged in savagely and emptied his balls into her mouth.

Judy gasped as he drove his cockhead into her throat and shot right down her gullet. She felt his hot jism pour down her throat and she gulped the cum down as best she could, but there was too much for her to swallow and she pulled back up his cock sheath. He shot his second wad as he withdrew, jetting over her tongue and running into her cheeks, filling her mouth to the brim.

“Ummmm . . . ugh . . . ummmmmm,” she moaned and swallowed it down hungrily.

Ribbons of creamy jism overflowed her tightly pursed lips and ran down her chin. She sucked and swallowed as the lusty dog fucked his prick in to her mouth relentlessly, feeding her load after load of thick cum juice.

The dog was yelping and howling as he plowed into her mouth, wild with joy as he emptied his cock and balls into the woman’s willing throat.

At last, he stopped shooting. Judy continued to suck on his cock meat, wanting every drop of his cum, and the dog humped her for a few moments, then slowed. Judy pulled back upon his fuck rod, gathering up the cum drops that had escaped her lips before and she kissed his glistening, red cockhead. She flicked her tongue back down his prick rod and gobbled up a nugget of juice from his balls. His balls had diminished now, but they were still taut and, despite having just shot his abundant load, the dog’s prick was still rock hard and as big as ever.

Judy returned to his cockhead and tongued the throbbing wedge.

Her cunt was throbbing, too.

She leaned back, a dreamy expression on her face, cum glistening on her lips and cheeks.

Jupiter remained in position, towering over her. His big tongue lolled out and he panted happily, expectantly.

“Was that nice, boy?” Judy said. “Want some more? Want some pussy, do you?”

Jupiter whined and his hindquarters pumped in and out.

Judy took his cock in both hands and she guided it down to her crotch. She arched, tilting her groin up, positioning the dog’s prick knob against her cream filled fuck slot.

The dog gave a little yelp of joy as his cockhead made contact with the slippery heat of the woman’s cunt.

Judy began rubbing his prick knob around in her steaming pussy. Her cuntlips clung to his bloated cockhead and her clit sizzled as his hot prick meat ran over it. The scent of her steaming cunt drifted up to the dog and he whimpered, quivering all over.

The head of his prick lodged in her juicy cunt slot. He heaved and very slowly his meaty cock knob slipped into her pussy slit. Judy groaned as her pussylips unfurled, stretching to accommodate the welcome load of dog prick. She humped a little, fucking his cockhead.

Jupiter whimpered. His prick throbbed. His knob was buried and the rest of his furry cockshaft stood out between them like a hairy bridge, spanning the distance between her cunt and his balls. He pushed his haunches in and slowly, his massive prick moving up Judy’s burning fuck hole. She enjoyed this slow approach, feeling him go deeper and deeper, little by little, spreading her cunt walls around the width of his fat cock.

The joy of having his prick slip up the woman’s cunt filled the dog with ecstasy. Bracing his powerful hindquarters, he plunged in until his hairy cock meat was embedded to the roots.

He began to hump with vigor.

Judy wrapped her sleek thighs around him as the dog began to fuck her frantically. He pulled out until only the steaming head of his prick remained in her cunt hole, then drove his whole massive fuck rod back up her pussy. Judy fucked with him, her belly heaving, her hips dancing wildly about. As he fucked in, she jammed her crotch down to meet him. And as he dragged his cock meat out from her clinging cunt she rolled her hips, winding her fuck hole around his retreating prick.

“Oh . . . fuck . . . fuck me,” she urged.

And that was just what the Great Dane was doing. His back arched deeply as he slammed his prick meat in and up, filling her cunt. He was salivating, his drool falling onto her tits and belly. Cuntjuice sprayed from her as his tight-fitting cock stuffed her to the womb.

Judy moaned and whimpered, loving it. Her ass churned as she writhed on the dog’s massive fucker. She was thrilled to the core at having her cunt stuffed to the brim with his throbbing dog prick and her cuntlips clamped tightly around his massive pumping fuck tool.

Jupiter was shoveling his cock into her pussy, tilting her pelvis up and down with his furious thrusts, lifting her ass. He was plunging in so deep that she would not have been surprised if his cockhead had come sliding into her mouth. Her cunt walls spread wider and wider, and the dog’s prick was getting bigger and bigger with every stroke. He was fucking faster and faster, pouring the prick to her with lightning strokes, slamming his mighty cockshaft into her pussy for all he was worth.

Judy's hips were thrashing about in a frenzy, and she was moaning and panting and crying out in joy.

"Come," she panted. "Shoot in me . . . shoot up me!"

The dog's prick gave a great throbbing surge, spreading her cunt even wider. Seconds later he howled and Judy felt a volcanic flow of hot, thick dog jism pour into her pussy. She wailed with ecstasy and let her own orgasm come rushing into her cunt.

Jupiter poured geyser after geyser into her, and her cunt-juice blended with his cum. The mingled juices sprayed out as his big prick stuffed her to the brim. Cum and cunt-juice cascaded down her crotch in a foaming torrent.

"Come . . . come . . . come!" Judy cried. She was gasping for his jism. And as she pleaded for his jizz, Jupiter fucked on, filling her with spurt after spurt, shooting another doze into her cunt with every stroke, flooding her with load after load, his slimy jism bursting out in ropes and coils and jets. Judy jerked and twitched, lost in the throes of her orgasm, every nerve in her body carrying a current of lust, desire bubbling in her blood, her mind dissolving with her ecstasy.

Jupiter's powerful body was shaking now, as every bit of his vitality, all of his energy rushed out through his prick. His hairy prick slammed in again and again, and recoiled, shooting the jism into her and driving his haunches back as the silver streaks burst from his cockhead and hosed into her pussy. Judy responded with equal vitality. Each time he shot another dose into her, a wave of cunt-juice gushed out to meet it. And each time she felt another load of hot doggy cum rush up her fuck hole, she shuddered with another spasm of her own coming. Her hips were rotating and her belly humping and her ass churning in a wild, frenzied dance of desire.

Jupiter's balls whacked against her rippling ass as he rammed his prick meat into her, pounding his orgasms out to the last dregs. He emptied his cock and balls into her. Judy squirmed on his prick, working her own climax off. They slowed, still grinding together but at a more leisurely pace. His cum was still flowing into her, but only in a trickle now, and the abundant rush of her cunt-juice had been reduced to a seepage.

The Great Dane fed her another stroke but this time no jism came out, because he was drained. His powerful haunches were now quivering and limp, his body sagged as if he had spent all of his life force into her cunt.

Judy sighed as the last spasm of her orgasm rippled through her. She stopped moving.

The dog's big prick was still stuck all the way up her pussy. They remained coupled for a few minutes, panting together. Then Jupiter gave her face a slurp with his tongue, as if to show his gratitude to the woman. Smiling, she pushed her own tongue out, licking the Great Dane's tongue in a bizarre French kiss.

The dog slowly plucked his prick out of her hairy fuck hole. Her cunt sucked on it, reluctant to be vacated, and his fat prick came out with a moist slurping sound. The big dog hopped down from the couch, his tongue hanging out and his prick swaying under him like a horizontal pendulum. It was still semi-hard. The dog seemed to be in an exceptionally horny mood today, just as Judy was.

She looked at her watch again and grinned. She figured she had time for one more doggy fuck. She knew that it wouldn't take long to suck his prick back into a rock-hard erection. Then she would let him fuck her doggy fashion. Jupiter always came faster when he did it like a dog and she wanted to finish the fuck before Roger got home.

She bent down, her tongue out, ready to mouth his cock meat back into a state of readiness and get it stuck up her cunt, where it belonged. She was glad that they had time for one more fuck.

But they didn't.

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CHAPTER SIX

As naughty Judy prepared to get some Great Dane prick up her cunt, and horny Roger hurried home to do some fucking and sucking with Judy, unfucked Dorothy left the office building with every intention of getting plenty of cock, herself. But she wasn't sure where to get it. She knew of several bars where she could easily get picked up-especially if she sat on a bar stool, crossed her legs and let the guys see her naked cunt-but it was still too early:

The bars would not be full of likely prospects until the office workers got out in an hour or so.

Dorothy decided that she would go back to her apartment first. She thought it might be a good idea to rinse out her asshole and brush her teeth so that the next man she picked up would not detect the traces of Roger's cum and realize that he was not her first lover of the day. She knew that some men were reluctant to take sloppy seconds . . . and who would believe that she had not had her cunt stuffed if he tasted jism in her mouth and up her shit chute?

She left the building and walked around to the parking lot, her pussy smoldering like an ember between her sleek thighs as she moved. She got in her car, her juicy crotch soaking the seat covers. She started the engine, wrapped her fist around the shift lever and, grinning, slid it up and down a few times, making believe the lever was a prick and wishing that it were.

She was about to put the car in gear. That was when she noticed the dog!

The dog had already noticed Dorothy. He was a boxer, a big, brawny brute of a dog, lustful by his nature. He had been walking across the parking lot, sniffing out a bitch in heat, and as soon as Dorothy came out from the building he had scented hot cunt.

The dog had stopped dead in his tracks, nostrils flaring. As she walked toward her car, he began to follow at her heels, his cock starting to stiffen and wag. The dog had never fucked a woman but he was only a dog and, with the delicious aroma of juicy cunt lingering in the air, he did not question his own motives-he simply followed her instinctively.

When she got into the car, the boxer halted, cocking his head to one side, his cropped ears pricked up. He could still scent her heated pussy but couldn't figure out how to get at it.

Then Dorothy glanced out the car window and saw him. She saw his big hairy prick swelling under him, his dark cock knob squeezing slowly out from its yellow sheath.

The horny woman grinned. She realized that it must be the scent of her own hot pussy that had excited the doggy and the knowledge gave her a thrill. Dorothy was a woman who always liked to excite men with her cunt and it was nice to know that she could excite an animal, as well. She gazed with interest at his expanding cockmeat and at his bloated ball-sac.

Poor, frustrated doggy, she thought. You'll have to find some nice bitch in heat so you can get those big balls emptied, won't you? And it sure looks like there's plenty of jism to come out, too.

The dog whined and his cock flared.

Dorothy felt guilty for having gotten the dog so worked up. Her gaze was glued on his prick and she was thinking how big and shapely his fuck tool was . . . and that was when she got the idea.

Since she had given the dog a hard-on, wasn't she sort of obligated to milk it for him? It was a very naughty idea, she knew . . . but it was all the more exciting because it was. Naughty things were always a lot more fun than wholesome things!

She wasn't, in fact, being really naughty yet. The woman was only thinking that she might jerk the doggy off, to relieve him. She looked around the parking lot. There was no one else there and she was tempted to invite the dog into her car for a hand-job. But she knew she would be too nervous doing it in public, that she couldn't really enjoy it when she had to keep an eye out for a possible observer.

Should she take the dog home? No, she couldn't. Pets were not allowed in her apartment building and the landlord might see her bringing the dog in. He might notice that the dog had a hard-on, too, which could prove embarrassing.

Then it occurred to Dorothy that she could take the dog up to the office. Roger, damn him, had gone home and the office was unoccupied. If she used the service elevator, no one would see her bringing the doggy into the building. It seemed the safest and the quickest way to relieve the dog's distress.

Dorothy, being a cock-lover by her nature, was quite excited at the prospect of jacking the boxer off. She had never had any sort of sex with an animal before, but a cock was a cock and the boxer had a nice, big one. It would be kick to pump the jizz out of his doggy prick. It might make her even hotter than she already was but that was okay. Soon it would be time to get picked up and fucked. She might even get gangbanged this evening, she thought. Dorothy enjoyed getting gangbanged once in a while, half a dozen horny men fucking her, one right after the other, and she enjoyed a cluster fuck, as well, with at least three pricks stuck into her at the same time. But first, the dog.

She turned the engine off and got back out of the car. The dog squirmed and woofed hopefully. She stroked him along the neck and scratched behind his cropped ears. He was quivering. She looked around to make sure no one was watching and then, to make sure that the doggy understood and followed her, she reached under his belly and took his prick into her hand, rubbing it.

The boxer whimpered.

This is gonna be fun, thought the cock-loving redhead, thrilled at the way the dog's cock throbbed in her hand.

"C'mon, fella," she said. She gave his prick another stroke and stood upright again. When she walked off toward the building, the boxer followed at her heels, his big cock swinging under him and his blunt snout sniffing at her ass.

She led the way into the office building and down a side corridor to the service elevator, keeping on the look-out for the janitor. The dog's aroused condition was obvious and she didn't want anyone to see her in the company of a dog with a hard-on, just in case they happened to get the right idea.

The dog followed her into the elevator. She pressed the button, and as the car slowly rose, she took the opportunity to give the boxer's prick and balls another fondling. Dorothy didn't know a great deal about dogs and had no idea how long their span of attention was, nor how long they retained an unused hard-on. She didn't want the doggy to lose interest until she got him alone in the office.

The dog was not about to lose interest. And although he had never had sex with a woman, his instincts were finer than Dorothy's. He knew this woman was not going to lose interest.

The elevator hissed to a halt. Dorothy looked out, saw that the coast was clear and went down the hall, with the boxer trotting happily along at her heels. His prick was sticking out far up his stomach now, that he seemed to be astride a pole and his balls were so full that they were making him walk gingerly, a huge sac of dark meat like a gourd between his hind legs.

They went through the outer room and into Roger's private office, where not long before the man had been lapping Dorothy's pussy and fucking her up the ass. The whole room smelled of sex to the dog, a suitable background scent through which drifted the stronger aroma wafting from between the redhead's thighs.

She turned and closed the door behind them. She might well have locked it, just in case . . . but at that moment the dog pushed his head up under her short shirt from behind, working his sniffing snout into the girl's steaming crotch.

"Oh!" she cried, startled.

"Ohhhhhh!" she squealed again as his long tongue slurped at her pussy. She had quite honestly intended onto to jack the dog off, as a favor to the dumb brute. She had not expected anything else to happen. But the moment she felt his hot tongue slapping up her cunt, the horny redhead naturally began to get ideas.

It felt lovely. If the doggy wanted to lap her pussy, why not? She smiled, feeling quite naughty. She pulled her skirt up above her waist and bent over, parting her thighs and giving the boxer free access to her crotch.

"Ummm," she purred, as that doggy tongue slapped merrily away at her foamy pussy. She could hear the moist slurping sounds that his long, wet tongue was making. Her cunt was squishing, too. She bent over a bit more and spread the cheeks of her ass apart with her hands. The dog's tongue ran up the parted crack of her ass and slurped around in her asshole. His doggy instincts told the beast that there had been a cock up her tight asshole not long ago and that her bowels had been filled with jism. He lapped away on her shit chute with gusto, causing Dorothy to squeal and squirm.

She shifted her weight from foot to foot, hiking her ass up and down and shooting her hips out from side to side as the fascinated doggy lapped away at her asshole. His tongue slid up her ass crack and dipped into her tight brown shitter bud.

Dorothy was enjoying having her asshole tongued but her cunt was burning, demanding attention. She reached back, groping blindly, and got a grip on the boxer's collar. She dragged his big, blunt head back down into her crotch. The dog got the idea and went to work on her lathered cunt with enthusiasm, and Dorothy leaned over all the way, placing her hands on the floor just as she had done when she was pretending to be picking up a pencil as she showed her red-haired cunt to her boss. She wriggled her ass about in the air, poised in that four point stance. The dog slurped away eagerly.

Shit, he's gonna make me cream! she realized. I'm gonna come on a fucking dog's tongue!

"Lap it up, fella," she moaned.

Taking her weight on one hand, she moved the other hand up to her crotch. She spread her cuntlips wide open with her fingers so that the dog's tongue could slide right up inside her hot fuck hole,

tonguing at the soaking inner flesh. Holding her cuntlips open, she used her thumb to rub her clit. Waves of pleasure coursed through her loins. She was panting like an animal, herself. The dog had started to whimper and whine as her hot juices flowed over his taste buds. Ribbons of cunt-juice ran down the insides of her thighs and he lowered her head, slurping the stray cream up. Pussy-juice ran into his mouth and dripped thickly from his lower jaw. The dog licked his chops, then went back to work on her flooded cunt.

His long red tongue glided right up inside her fuck hole. Dorothy wailed and moaned as he probed her pussy. His fucking tongue is as big as a prick! she thought, as the hot meat stuffed her. Christ! He's tongue-fucking my cunt! Oh, shit!

"Lap my cunt, fella, tongue my hot pussy! Cream me, boy!" she cried.

The doggy was into a steady lapping rhythm now, tonguing her soaking pussy frantically. His big snout pushed in as if he was trying to shove his whole head right up her cunt and lap her from the inside. She rubbed her pussy against his muzzle as his tongue delved and darted.

A spasm shook the sexy redhead. She trembled all over. Her big tits swung from side to side and her ass jolted up and down. Foaming pussyjuice pumped out and the boxer lapped it up. His muzzle was coated with cream.

Waves of ecstasy darted across her belly and shot up her sleek thighs, the separate waves crashing together in her cunt. Her clit was detonating. The waves came higher and faster as she climbed toward the crest.

"Oh, fuck! I'm gonna come!" she cried.

The dog may not have understood the words but he knew damned well that the woman was coming because he was slurping her come-cream up. His tongue flew up her cunt slot, his taste buds on fire, hungry for her hot pussy juice.

"I'm fucking creaming!" Dorothy wailed.

Her cunt melted and rippled as the spasms of bliss ripped through her. Pussyjuice flooded out on the dog's tongue. The dog yelped and whined as he lapped the tasty cream up. His big head shifted around, worrying her crotch, nipping gently in his frenzy, his tongue dipping into her coming fuck hole time and again.

Dorothy peaked, then peaked again . . . and again. Cuntjuice kept pumping from her hot fuck hole in a deluge, a cascade. It was the tastiest snack that the doggy had ever had and he gulped the sweet pussyjuice down joyfully.

Drained, the redhead dropped down onto her knees. The dog dipped his head so that he could keep on lapping her cunt as she collapsed. Dorothy smiled dreamily, her cheek flat on the floor. The dog had been horny to begin with and lapping her cunt had made the brute frenzied. He yelped and barked as he tongued away at her crotch and ass. His cock was thundering.

Dorothy took a moment to recover.

Then she twisted and sat up. The boxer stepped back, quivering, crazed by lust. She smiled at him.

"Wanna come now, boy?" she asked.

His prick lurched. His balls swelled up like over-inflated balloons, pulsing, threatening to explode.

“You sure as shit deserve it,” Dorothy told him. She started to reach out for his cock. Then she paused. With his balls so swollen, she knew that there was going to be dog jism squirting all over the fucking room. She didn’t want to get her clothes soaked with the stuff. Dorothy loved jism but not when she had to wash it out of her blouse. She figured it would be a good idea if she were to take her clothes off before she milked the dog’s prick.

The dog watched her undress, his tongue hanging out, cunt-juice dripping from the tip and slathering his jowls.

She tossed her skirt and blouse aside, not bothering to remove her stockings or garter-belt . . . not that a dumb dog could appreciate those sexy artificials. Then she called the dog to her. The boxer stepped gingerly up to her side, walking painfully because of his swollen balls. Dorothy was sitting with her ass on the floor and her legs apart. Since she was naked, she figured it would be nice to let the doggy shoot his hot load onto her body, to let him soak her belly and tits with his cream. She reached under him and cupped his balls in one hand. Christ, they were full! This is gonna be fun, she thought. She eyed the head of his prick. His big wedge of cock meat was dripping. The milky jism was running sluggishly down his fat prick knob and the sight made Dorothy more eager than ever to pump his load out.

She folded her other fist around the root of his cock, then began to skim up and down. She stroked lightly at first, then tightened her grip and began to jack his prick with vigor. As her fist pushed down to his balls, dragging the hairy sheath back, the dog’s cockhead flared out naked, and as she stroked back up his fuck rod, his hairy sheath curled up at the ledge behind his knob. She watched, fascinated. His cockhead was aimed at her tits.

The boxer yelped and whimpered. His powerful haunches began to hump, driving his cock in and out, fucking through her fist.

“Gonna shoot, boy?” she whispered, her voice husky. “Gonna blow your load on me, fella?”

The dog woofed and whined, frantic, his hind legs scrambling on the carpet. He didn’t know what was happening to him. The dog had never gotten his rocks off except in a bitch’s cunt and he didn’t understand what this human hand was capable of, but he knew that the sensation was heavenly. He humped, she pumped.

“Shoot, fella! Shoot! Empty those big balls onto my tits!” cried the cock-loving, cum-loving woman. She was as eager to milk the dog’s prick as he was to get it milked.

His balls swelled even bigger in her hand and she felt his prick shaft expand in her fist. His knob was pumping in and out like a lung, his cock tip dripping with jism.

“Yeah! Oh, yeah, squirt it out!” she gasped.

The boxer threw his head back like a wolf howling at the moon. His bloated balls exploded. Dorothy could feel the thick sap come rushing up his cock shaft. She wailed with joy and her fist jerked down and a great geyser of yellow jism spurted from the head of the dog’s prick. The thick cum splashed on her tits, soaking her. It ran like quicksilver up her cleavage and splattered on her stiff nipples.

Dorothy was sobbing with the joy of milking doggy cock. She angled his cockhead lower, pumping quickly, and his second milky dose shot right into her crotch. Her cuntlips were gaping open and the doggy jism slid right up inside her fuckhole. She wailed as she felt his steaming jizz soak her cunt.

The dog humped savagely, his prick surging up at a higher angle and his third thick spurt shot right into Dorothy's face. Her lips were parted as she panted and his cum splashed onto her tongue and into her mouth. She gasped, not expecting it, then swallowed, loving it.

She moved her face closer and pumped another creamy jet out into her parted lips. Her whole face was soaked with dog cum and radiant with the joy of it.

Dorothy pumped the doggy dry and the doggy hosed her tits and cunt and face with his jism.

At last he stopped coming. The last drops left his cockhead in a trickle, running down onto her hand.

She gave him a few more strokes to make sure that she had pumped out every precious drop of his cum.

She licked her lips, amazed by what had happened and by how much she had enjoyed it. Shit, I swallowed dog cum! she thought, and that thought thrilled her to the core.

She looked down at her naked body. Jism was dripping from her tits and the stuff had soaked her crotch. Ribbons ran down her belly and thighs. She licked her lips again. It tastes just like human cum, she thought, surprised by that fact. She brought her hand up to her lips and licked the jizz from her fingers, letting the thick cum run over her taste buds before she swallowed it.

Dorothy was thrilled by her own depravity. Imagine, drinking dog jism! It wasn't as if she had sucked his cock . . . but still! The horny redhead scooped some cum up from her belly and tits, then brought that up to her lips, too, lapping it from her cupped palm like a cat at a cream bowl. Dog cum was delicious, all hot and thick and creamy. She loved the taste and the texture . . . and the idea of drinking the stuff.

She saw that the dog's cock was still hard. His balls were no longer so swollen, but they hadn't really collapsed and his prick was still stiff as a board. She took it in her hand again, feeling it pulse. The dog eyed her expectantly.

"Wanna come again, fella?" she asked. She had enjoyed jerking the brute off so much that she was glad to do it again.

But her cunt was smoldering again, too. The dog knew that. He dipped his head into her crotch and slurped.

"Yeah," she purred. "Lick me off again, and then I'll give you another hand-job!" she said.

She fell back onto the floor, her knees raised and her thighs parted. She arched her back, tilting her cunt up. The boxer buried his snout into her groin, lapping away.

But then he raised his head and moved up, stiff-legged, standing astride the woman. His cock loomed over her cunt.

Christ! He wants to fuck me! she realized.

And then the naughty redhead smiled wickedly. Her cunt was desperate for some cock and she wasn't likely to find a bigger, harder cock than this doggy had.

Dorothy, surprising herself, decided to let the dog fuck her cunt!

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

The Great Dane had already fucked Judy's cunt-and her mouth, as well-and now that insatiable animal lover was getting the big brute ready for another session. His prick had come out of her pussy in a semi-hard state and Judy knew how to stiffen his big fuck tool up again. She slipped his prick head into her mouth and began to nurse on it. It was slippery with cum and cunt-juice and tasty as hell. Judy liked to suck on a soft prick, sometimes, rather than to take it into her mouth when it was already hard. It was nice to feel a soft cock start to swell and harden in her mouth.

That was happening now. Jupiter was whining and panting as her lips and tongue worked on his prick, and his balls began to fill up again, while his fat cockshaft came up in a series of jolts. Soon enough the girl found herself with a mouthful of iron-hard cockmeat. She bobbed her head up and down, enjoying it so much that she was tempted to give the Great Dane another blowjob instead of a fuck. But her cunt was steaming and, too, she knew there was not all that much time left before Roger got home-although she had no idea that he was already on his way-and she knew from experience that the big doggy usually got his rocks off faster up her cunt than he did in her mouth.

She had tongued and sucked all the cum and cunt-juice from his prick meat now and his big bloated cock knob was glistening with her saliva, instead. She took a last suck on his tasty slab of cockmeat, then a few last tongue strokes on his bulging prickhead, gave his balls a little lick . . . and got ready for a doggy style fucking.

On her hands and knees, she turned away from the dog, presenting her ass to him.

Jupiter ran his long, wet tongue up her smoldering cunt and on up into the crack of her ass. That felt so nice that, once again, the girl was tempted to carry on . . . and once again decided that it was more important to have another cuntful before Roger returned home and ended her doggy fucking for the day.

She wriggled her ass around.

"Hop on, Jupiter," she whimpered. "Shove your big doggy cock up my pussy and fuck my ass off!"

Jupiter knew the routine, if not the exact words. He knew what Judy wanted when she wriggled her tasty ass around like that. The big brute gave a little yelp and mounted her, throwing his forepaws firmly around her hips and clinging to her up-thrust ass. She smiled happily as she felt the weight of the massive dog pressing against her asscheeks and back, and the heat of his breath on the back of her neck.

Jupiter began to hump before his prick was properly fitted into her cunt. His fat cockhead bounced off the back of her thigh, then skimmed up the crack of her ass. He yelped with frustration. Judy reached back between her legs and she took his cock in her hand. She guided the tip into her cunt and began to move it up and down in her foaming cunt slot and slid it across her fuck button.

The Great Dane held steady as she used his huge prick to stir her creamy pussy.

Then she slipped his cockhead into her cunt and took her hand away. The dog braced his powerful haunches, tightened his grip around the girl's hips and shoved his cock into her, going in balls-deep with the first long, rippling stroke.

"Ahhh," she sighed, with the pleasure of finding her pussy once again full of dog cock.

Jupiter trembled with the joy of having every inch of his long, thick cock bedded in soaking hot

pussy, his big body rippling and his tail flashing from side to side. He held the full penetration for a moment. Then he pulled back. Her cunt sucked on his thick prick as it slid out of her fuckhole, wringing and clutching his cock meat. He pulled back until only the giant wedge-shaped prick head was stuck up her pussy, her cuntlips unpeeled around the red slab, then slammed his cock all the way up into her fuckhole again, stuffing her to the brim.

“Oh!” she gasped as his cock filled her, then sighed with the pleasure of it.

Judy fucked along with the Great Dane, moving in counterpoint. She pushed her cunt back to meet his thrusting cock, then twisted her hips as he withdrew. Her cunt muscles pulled and dragged on his cockmeat, closing in a series of rings that tightened on his prick from the root to the knob, as if she were jacking him off inside her pussy. Her cuntlips pulled out as they clung to his withdrawing cock and were stuffed back inside her as he plowed in.

She lowered her ass, taking his cock in from above for a moment, then hiked up so that he was fucking his prick meat into her with long, underslung strokes, the whole length of his massive prick running across her fiery clit as it went in and out. She shuddered with the sensation of having his fat, hairy fuckrod brushing over her sensitive fuck button. She jerked her hips from side to side, letting him pour the prick to her from different angles, wanting every inch of her cunt to get stroked. His swollen cockhead was driving far up her tunnel of lust. It felt like a wad of molten iron in her guts and his fat cock shaft was wedging and prying in behind his prick knob like a heated crowbar.

God, she loved dog cock! The cocks themselves were so much better than a man’s as smooth-skinned prick. The hairy prick shafts stimulated as no hairless fuck rod could do. But more than that, she loved it because the dog loved it so. The Great Dane fucked her with more enthusiasm than a man . . . and a hell of a lot more energy. She loved to feel his weight crush down on her ass, his paws cling to her hips, to hear the dumb brute whimper and pant with mindless animal lust.

His balls were swinging in and out, slapping against her crotch as his prick went in. Judy lowered her head, then lifted it again, squirming all the while.

“Unghh!” she grunted as his cock slammed in. Then, as he drew back out, “Umm . . . ”

His cock came out with his hairy prick shaft coated and dripping with the girl’s creamy cunt-juice. The cream dripped from his hot cock meat as it hit the open air, joining a stream of juice dribbling down from her crotch. His fat fuck rod hissed up her cunt-hole, vibrating, so stiff that it was aching as it plunged in to the depths of her pussy.

Judy was almost ready to cream. She tried to hold back, to wait for the Great Dane, wanting to feel his hot jism spurt up her cunt before she let herself come.

“Shoot it up me, Jupiter,” she urged, panting, the words indistinct but the meaning clear. “Fill my cunt with dog jizz! Oh, shit! Squirt your cum up my pussy!”

Jupiter seemed intent on doing just that, for he was fucking furiously, his hairy haunches a mere blur as they sped in and out, driving his cock balls-deep with every thrust. But the dog, although he was extremely potent, had already shot a load in her mouth and another load in her cunt, and his balls were not yet ready to explode again. His prick was iron hard and hammering into her like a thunderbolt but there was no jism to squirt from his massive fuck tool yet.

Judy couldn’t wait. She let her cunt go and her clit sparked and her cunt-juice melted like wax around his stiff fucker. Spasms of joy shook and rattled the girl. She cried out aloud as waves of ecstasy ripped through her pussy. As the Great Dane’s rigid prick filled her, cunt-juice poured out

and washed down her hairy crotch. His prick was stuffing her so full that he was pumping the cum out of her. Wailing and moaning, she churned her ass, and her hips worked like pistons as the girl worked her orgasm off in a series of explosive peaks.

She slowed slightly, but kept humping.

The dog was humping as fast and as hard as ever. He may have realized that his mistress had climaxed but it wasn't important to the dog. He was desperate to come again, himself. He fucked on with energy and vitality and gusto. His cock swelled bigger and bigger and his balls were expanding as they filled up with another load.

Judy's cunt had cooled a bit after she came . . . but not for long. The dog's thundering cock was bringing the horny girl right back up toward the peak again.

Maybe they would come together the next time, she thought. She hoped so. Coming felt better when the dog was squirting his cock juice into her cunt as it spasmed.

She glanced at her watch and was happy to see that they still had plenty of time before Roger got home. Jupiter was feeding her lightning strokes now . . . it couldn't take much longer. She pushed back to meet him, moaning as his cock plunged in.

Jupiter growled and yelped, his spine twisting into an S shape as he stabbed his cock up her juicy fuck hole frantically, desperate to get his rocks off again.

"Come, Jupiter," she coaxed, softly. Her climax was already rising toward the crest again and she was yearning for the dog to spurt hot jism into her as she creamed.

Then, to her horror, she heard the front door open.

"Honey? I'm home and horny!" Roger called cheerfully.

"Oh, my God," Judy gasped, reaching back. She grabbed the dog by the balls, trying desperately to pull his prick out of her cunt before Roger discovered them. If she could get the fucking dog's cock out of her cunt, she could pretend that she was naked because she had been waiting for Roger to get home . . . and if he noticed that Jupiter had a hard-on, she could laugh it off.

But she couldn't get his fucking prick out!

Jupiter was rising toward a wild crest and nothing was going to dislodge his prick before he emptied it. His forepaws clung to her hips remorselessly as he fucked on in a savage fury. His prick was glued to her cunt by his passion.

Judy tried to crawl away from the dog. Hopping on his hindlegs, he followed, still fucking into her pussy frantically.

"Honey? You home?" Roger called.

Oh, sweet shit! the dismayed girl thought. What the fuck am I gonna do now?

She realized that there was only one way to get the Great Dane's cock out of her cunt, and that was to get his balls emptied. She began to fuck again for all she was worth, her ass and hips flying back and forth as the dumb brute rammed into her.

"Come!" she rasped. "Come you fucking animal! Jesus-get your rocks off, please!"

The dog woofed and whined . . . and fucked on.

Judy could hear Roger coming down the hallway. The dog could no doubt hear him approach, as well. But Jupiter was just that, a dog, and he had no idea that he was doing something he shouldn't be doing. Dogs don't understand about bestiality, being beasts.

His hairy prick flew up her cunt, tilting her ass high into the air, tossing her hips from side to side like a bull tossing a matador on his horns. Judy tried her damndest. She humped and she made her cunt muscles ripple and she pleaded, "Please, please come!"

But to no avail.

Roger walked in the door, smiling . . . and then he stopped smiling very quickly.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Roger's jaw dropped wide open and his eyes bulged out like hard-boiled eggs. It took a moment for the reality of what he was looking at to register, and then his face darkened like a thundercloud. Although he had had an affair with Judy while he was still married, and although he had succumbed to his redheaded secretary's charms that very day, Roger was still not a worldly man. It was understandable that he would be shocked at finding his mistress on the floor, with a dog cock stuck up her cunt.

He was furious and disgusted, outraged and scandalized. His girlfriend was cheating on him . . . with a fucking dog! Judy, whom he adored, was a depraved dog fucker! Rage filled the man.

Judy shot him a pleading glance, begging silently for his understanding or forgiveness. Then, seeing his furious expression, she buried her face in her hands. She gazed at him through splayed fingers, wondering what she could say to explain the situation.

Jupiter was still fucking her but he had slowed down now that she had stopped moving. He enjoyed her cunt more and more when the woman was humping under him and he was waiting for her to start moving again, not knowing that anything was amiss.

"You fucking bitch," Roger grated.

Judy flinched.

"You dog-fucking bitch!"

"Roger, forgive me!" she wailed.

"Like hell!"

His fury was genuine . . . but so was his hard-on. Roger had come home horny, with his prick stiff, anyhow, and the sight of Judy getting fucked by her Great Dane, although it disgusted the man, had also turned his cock to stone. Rival emotions raged through him. He was filled with rage, but he was also filled with lust. No matter what, he had to get his cock and balls emptied now!

Moving into the room, he opened his pants and hauled his cock and balls out. He advanced cock first.

Judy found this encouraging.

“Oh, yes, darling, I’m dying for you to fuck me,” she said. Then she tried to look as demure as possible, under the circumstances. “I’m afraid you’ll have to wait for Jupiter to finish first, though . . . we’ll never get him out of my pussy until he comes.”

Roger glared. He was looking at her crotch, where the dog’s huge hairy cock was slowly sliding in and out.

“Tramp!” he snarled. “Do you think I’d fuck you after a dog’s cock has been up your cunt? Do you think I’d shoot my jism where a dog has already creamed?”

“Ohhhh!” she wailed.

“I’ll never fuck your cunt again,” he growled, his emotions tumbling around between rage and lust. He moved up in front of her, his jaw set with determination.

“Open your fucking mouth!” he snapped.

Judy didn’t think it would be wise to tell him that the dog had fucked her in the mouth, too. And if he really meant it about never fucking her cunt, she didn’t give a shit. He could fuck her mouth, instead, as long as he continued to support her.

“Oh yes, darling . . . let me suck you off,” she purred.

Roger couldn’t resist the offer, despite his anger. He knelt down in front of the girl, his cock looming out toward her flushed face, a tower of throbbing prickmeat. His cockhead was so hot that it was bright red and drooling heavily.

“Suck it!” he snarled.

Judy was on all fours again. She craned her neck out and licked at his hairy balls, then began to tongue up his throbbing cockshaft toward his aching knob.

Roger watched her tongue slide on his prickmeat. The Great Dane looked over her shoulder, slightly puzzled, wondering why she had stopped fucking under him. Man and dog, for a moment, stared at each other across the arched back of the woman they were sharing. Roger looked away first, embarrassed.

The dog wasn’t embarrassed, at all. Being a dog, he wasn’t even jealous. He couldn’t blame the man for putting his prick in Judy’s mouth. The dog knew how good that felt.

Judy was starting to enjoy the situation. It was exciting to have a cock at both ends, she knew. She was sorry that Roger had caught her fucking the Great Dane but that couldn’t be helped. It was no good crying over spilt milk . . . or spilt cum, as it were.

Her ass and hips began to move again, slowly and sinuously rotating under the dog’s belly. Her tongue slid up and down on Roger’s fat cock, tracing along the dark, pounding vein, lapping him from his balls to his knob and then fluttering against the underside of that big globe of his seamed cockhead, where it spread out from the shaft. “Ummmmmm, yummy,” she purred, slurping.

Roger groaned, his anger ebbing away as the wonderful talents of her tongue tilted him toward desire. He thrust his belly out, shoving his cock into her face as she lapped at it. He placed his hands

on either side of her face, holding her steady, and humped his prick up and down over her lips. She kissed his cockmeat and lapped at it some more, her saliva dripping from his fiery fuckrod.

“Suck it,” he rasped. “Get the fucker in your mouth!”

Judy kissed the tip of his cock, and then let her lips part around it, feeding it into her mouth. Roger groaned, trembling. Her lips began to pull up and down on his fat prick-shaft while her tongue danced against the underside, bathing him with slobber.

Her ass began to grind faster now, inspired by that mouthful she went back to work on the cuntful, too.

If Roger noticed that she was humping the dog again, he was in no condition to object. The man might well have been disgusted by Judy’s depravity, but his desire controlled him now. He threw his head and shoulders back, arching his body, thrusting his cock out into her face. Her lips pulled and dragged on his cockhead, sucking and nursing. Then she began to take more of his prickshaft into her mouth, bobbing down on him, taking his knob back into her throat. Little muffled gurgles came from her lips as she mouthed his cockmeat.

“Ahhhhh . . . yeah! Swallow the fucking thing,” Roger groaned.

He ground his cock into her mouth, holding her head between his palm and working his prickmeat in to the roots. Her nose nestled in his pubic patch and her chin rubbed against his bloated balls as she hungrily swallowed his delicious cockmeat.

As her head bobbed down, her ass tilted up, and as her lips pulled back up Roger’s cock, sucking in every precious inch of his big fucktool, her ass dipped back down. Jupiter was pouring his prickmeat to her pussy with vigor, getting frantic again now that the woman was moving under him.

His long, thick, hairy prick plunged into her cunt and his balls swung in to slap against her crotch. Cuntjuice ran onto his bloated ball-sac, glistening milky white on the hairy sac. His cock hissed up her fuckhole, and as he pulled out, her cunt sucked loudly on his prick, slurping, as if echoing the sounds that her lips were making on Roger’s cockmeat at the other end of this bizarre threesome.

Judy, cock-loving bitch that she was, was in seventh heaven, dreamily sucking on one prick while another one fucked her cunt. Nothing could be better than this, she thought . . . well, one thing, maybe. She would rather have been doing it with two dogs, instead of a man and a dog. Still, she couldn’t complain. Roger’s cock was tasty.

Groaning, Roger fucked into her hot no mouth, his ass corkscrewing as he fed his cockmeat to her. She swallowed his prick hungrily as the dog pumped his prick up her cunt. Their two cocks were so long, stuffing her so well, that she wondered if their cockheads might not be meeting somewhere in the middle of her belly, gently bumping together so that she was transfixed like a pig on a spit, roasting over the internal fires of lust.

Roger’s cock was flowing, his thick, creamy pre-cum seeping into her tongue and into her cheeks. She swished the delicious jism around in her mouth as she nursed on his cockmeat, sucking more cum out. The dog’s cock was dripping, too, as his climax approached. She could feel thick ribbons of cock cum running into her cunt, silver streaks that blended with her cunt-juice.

The dog hauled her back by the hipbones, dragging her mouth up Roger’s thick cock, then fucked into her, driving her forward so that she was swallowing the man’s cock again.

Judy started to cream and to salivate at the same time, coming in her mouth as well as her cunt. Her tongue was tingling as much as her stiff fuck button.

“Umpff!” she gasped, as Roger’s cockhead clogged her throat and his balls jammed against her chin. Her lips pulled slowly up his cockshaft and slobber, streaked with jism, ran down the naked shaft. She bobbed down again, slurping the juice back into her mouth hungrily, taking every inch of his prick into her mouth and down her throat.

The dog slammed his hairy prick into her cunt furiously, his backbone twisting as he tucked his loins into her crotch and buried his boner in the throbbing warmth of her cunt.

The Great Dane howled.

A second later, Roger howled like a dog, himself.

Judy ducked her head down and shoved her ass back, tingling all over, yearning to be shot full of cum at both ends. The Great Dane plunged in and his steaming jism jetted into the depths of her cunt. At the same moment, Roger hosed her throat with his creamy load. Judy gasped and gurgled in ecstasy. The dog poured load after load of cum up her cunt and Roger whitewashed her tonsils and creamed her throat. Her mouth filled up with cum and her cunt was overflowing with the creamy stuff. Jism ran down her chin and pumped out of her pussy.

Judy, wild with passion, fucked and sucked in a frenzy as the man and the dog poured spurt after spurt of cum into her mouth and cunt in with volcanic fury. The cock-crazed girl gulped hot jism down hungrily as her cunt soaked cum up as fast as the doggy could squirt the stuff into her fuckhole.

She milked Roger to the bone, swallowing and sucking, emptying his balls, while the big Great Dane plunged on and on, draining his own animal lust into her pussy.

Roger moaned and fell back, his cock slipping out of her lips. She sucked at the air for a moment, too maddened by passion to realize that she no longer had a mouthful of coming cock. Then she concentrated on the other end, churning her ass about as the dog poured the last spurts of his jism up her cunt.

Jupiter whined and pulled his prick out of her. A foaming wash of cum and cunt-juice poured out from her vacated fuckhole. Come was running across her lips and down her chin. Judy sighed as a final spasm shook her loins.

She sank down on the floor, smiling with total contentment. The dog gave her crotch a few tongue strokes, as if thanking her cunt for letting him fuck it. Then, exhausted at last, the big doggy walked over to the corner and curled up, instantly falling asleep. His cock slowly softened and retracted back into its hairy sheath. He whimpered with some vague doggy dream, chasing rabbits or pussy, who could say?

Roger sat up. His cock was still stiff. The man had been so inspired by the sight of his beloved mistress getting fucked by the Great Dane that his hard-on refused to subside.

He gazed at Judy, seeing that she was smiling. He saw his cum on her lips. But there was other cum on her cunt, a creamy lather of doggy jism. How could she smile? How dare she? Did the woman have no shame?

Roger, with an icy tingle, knew then that Judy had been fucking the dog for a long time, that it had

not been a single incident that he had interrupted but that girl and dog were having an affair. Anger and jealousy rushed in again. He felt cheated on, cuckolded, made a fool of, debased by the girl's bestiality. How many times had he sucked her cunt while it was full of dog cum? he wondered. The thought made him sick . . . and horny, too. Could he ever forgive the bitch? Would she swear to never fuck the dog again? And if she did, could he believe her? Roger didn't know. It was a thing that he would have to decide later, after the initial shock had worn off.

Not being a man of the world, Roger was truly confused by the affair, by the fact that the girl he loved was inclined to fuck dogs. Roger had never even imagined such a thing and now, with certain knowledge of it, the man supposed that Judy was probably the only girl in the world that got fucked by dogs.

But Roger still had that big hard-on.

He gazed at Judy. He wanted to fuck her and he didn't want to fuck her . . . not until she had a bath, at least. Then he thought about his sexy secretary. He wished he had fucked her before he left the office, instead of being faithful to Judy.

Was Dorothy still at the office?

Roger decided that he would go back and see. If Dorothy was still there, he would fuck her cunt. He would be killing two birds with one stone, getting revenge on Judy and getting his rocks off. He jammed his prick back into his trousers and got up. He hoped that Dorothy had not left the office.

And, of course, Dorothy had not.

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## **CHAPTER NINE**

Unlike Judy, Dorothy was not experienced in the art of doggy fucking and she wasn't quite sure how to go about it. She thought about getting on her hands and knees, like a bitch, and letting the boxer mount her from behind, but she also wondered if it would be possible to do it face to face. She liked the idea. She was thrilled by her own naughtiness and she wanted to be able to look at the dog while he fucked her, to see how her cunt was affecting the horny brute.

The brawny dog was standing over her, his hard prick jutting out over her belly. Dorothy reached up and she stroked his prickshaft with one hand, fingering the knob with the other. It vibrated in her grip, hard as a rock and throbbing with lust.

She levered his thick fuckrod down, tapping the hot knob against her belly and into her belly button. Then she drew him higher up along her body and began to rub his cockhead against her tits and nipples, using it to caress herself.

The boxer whimpered, squirming.

Dorothy slid his prick up her cleavage, holding her big tits clamped around his fat fuckrod with both hands and shifting her thumbs back and forth across her stiff nipples.

The dog humped, fucking her between her tits.

"Ummmm . . . go ahead, boy, hump my tits," she purred. She arched her back, thrusting her tits up. The dog heaved, sliding his long, hairy prick up that smooth, soft tunnel of titflesh. His naked

cockhead came squeezing out from her cleavage, onto her breastbone. A trail of silver jism was laid in the wake of his fat cock knob.

Dorothy tilted her head down so that she could watch the dog's cockhead emerge from between her tits, dripping with cum, then vanish back into her tit crack. Her chin rested on her breastbone. Her eyes glowed and she licked her lips. The dog's prick squeezed out again and Dorothy lifted her chin slightly, letting his fat cockhead slide up into the hollow of her throat. As he drew back, her chin lowered again. This time, as his cockhead slid up her breastbone, she didn't lift her chip out of the way. Instead, she pushed her tongue out, meeting the head of his cock, lapping hungrily at his dripping cockmeat. The dog whined when he felt her tongue caressing his smoking-hot prickmeat and the girl gave a little whimper of joy, as well.

His cock plowed in and out of her tit cleavage and she tongued his naked red prick knob each time it came sliding up her breastbone. Doggy cum soaked her tongue.

"Yummy," she purred. She was quite amazed at herself for licking the dog's prick. She had never considered bestiality before today and she was impressed by her own naughtiness. Licking his cock seemed to be even more depraved than letting the dog fuck her cunt, she thought . . . and depravity was always thrilling to the lusty redhead. His prick was damned tasty, too.

Her nimble tongue swiped and licked all over the swollen wedge of the dog's cockhead, lapping up the cum that was dripping from his us pisshole and slathering his prickmeat with saliva, instead.

The dog humped frantically, his stubby little tail stiff behind his pumping ass, but not nearly as stiff as the fat prick he was sliding up and down between her tits and onto her tongue.

Dorothy opened her mouth, and when the dog's cock slid up again, she took the hot meat into her lips, sucking on it greedily. Her eyes narrowed with lust and desire. Dog prick was simply delicious, hot and slippery and throbbing. She loved the taste and the texture and the way that cum trickled out and the way that her mouth was making the brawny boxer quiver and whine.

Loving cock as much as she did, Dorothy wondered why on earth she had not discovered the joys of dog prick before today? There were hundreds of dogs roaming the city, eager to get their cocks milked. Think of all those lost opportunities! The redhead knew that she would be sucking and fucking with a lot of dogs, now that she had started. Promiscuous with men, she intended to be promiscuous with the animal kingdom, as well. She might even buy herself a dog, so that she would have a steady supply of canine cock available at all times!

She wondered which breed of doggy had the biggest prick. She would have to check on that, but for the moment she was perfectly happy with the boxer's big fuck tool.

He kept on fucking her between the tits, and she let his cockhead slip into her mouth each time it surged up. She nursed on his swollen prickmeat and her tongue bathed it.

She wondered if she should let the doggy come in her mouth. The thought of sucking the animal off was thrilling. But she wanted to get fucked, as well. Dorothy didn't know much about dogs and she wasn't sure how many times a doggy could come in a single session. She was sorry that she had wasted his first cum-load on a hand-job. His prickmeat was delicious and her mouth savored it and yearned for his cream, but her neglected pussy was steaming and smoldering, too.

She decided to let the doggy fuck her cunt first and then, if he still had a hard-on, she would give him a blowjob.

She gave his cockhead a last slurp, then pushed the dog back down along her arched belly.

The dog growled, disappointed at finding his cock removed from her cleavage and mouth. But the growl was more expectant than threatening. He seemed to sense that this horny woman was not going to deny him.

Dorothy parted her thighs wide and placed the head of the dog's cock between her parted cuntlips. He stood rigid, panting, his prick throbbing in her pussy. Dorothy hiked her ass up, lifting her cunt into the right position for frontal dog fucking.

"Put it up me, fella," she whimpered. "Oh, shit! Get it up my hot cunt!"

The boxer braced his haunches, his trembling ass lowering, his bloated balls dragging on the carpet. Then he shoved his prick up into her cunt, burying his long furry fuckrod to the hilt.

"Oh!" she cried, as his thick cockmeat stuffed her.

The doggy blinked, amazed at how wonderful a human pussy felt around his thundering cock. Her cunt muscles were rippling up and down his prickshaft and sucking on his cockhead. She rolled her pelvis from side to side. Her thighs clamped around his haunches, embracing his loins. Cuntjuice trickled out and seeped into the crack of her upraised ass as she squirmed on his prick.

"Fuck!" she moaned. "C'mon, you dumb dog! Fuck me!"

The boxer began to hump, shoveling his hot cockmeat into her smoldering cunt with long, rippling strokes. Dorothy met him with equal vigor, her hips jolting down and her ass churning wildly as her cunt took dog cock with enthusiasm.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she wailed, gasping the word out each time the boxer plunged his cock into her. She tilted her ass higher, taking his cock in on an underslung stroke, then tucked her loins back down so that his hairy prickshaft ran across her frenzied fuck button as it went in and out of her soaking cunthole. She whipped her crotch around and swung her ass from side to side. The dog rode her with gusto. Dorothy had already done the first half of the job with her tongue and lips and tits and the horny doggy was rapidly rising toward his release. As his cock slammed up her fuckhole and skimmed over her clit, the redhead began to rise toward the crest, as well.

She began to tremble all over, as waves of ecstasy coursed through her loins.

"Come! Fuck! Come up my cunt!" she babbled, longing to feel' that steaming dog cum pour into her pussy.

The boxer fucked in savagely, his big balls dragging along the carpet as he buried his boner. His haunches were a yellow blur. He was fucking her faster than any man had ever done and his hairy prick was filling her cunt to the brim. The dog humped so fast that Dorothy did not know if he was coming or, going, thrusting or withdrawing. Her cunt seemed to be full constantly.

She gurgled and gasped with the blissful sensation of having a dog's prick driving into the depths of her steaming cunt. A spasm shook her. She was starting to climax.

"Shoot up me!" she cried.

The dog yelped and whipped his prickmeat into her cunt. e

“Squirt your cum up my pussy!”

Dorothy’s cunt was melting. Her whole body vibrated and shook as she neared the peak. Then the dog made a deep rumbling sound in his throat and she felt his loins tense between her thighs. , “Oh, yes!” she cried, knowing he was about to come.

The dog’s big balls exploded and his thick jism came spurting from his naked cockhead, hosing Dorothy’s pussy with cock juice. She cried out, almost screaming. Her cunt rippled and spasmed and her pussyjuice flooded out as the dog filled her fuckhole with cum.

He poured dose after dose up her cunt and each time the girl felt another hot load of doggy jism shoot into her, she spasmed and more cunt-juice poured out. Her ass flew wildly about and her hips jolted like pistons as the boxer kept on slamming his cockmeat into her cunt and filling her with his cum.

He emptied his cock and balls and the horny redhead writhed through a multiple orgasm.

At last, the dog stopped fucking and stood over her, panting, his prick still stuck up her cunt. Dorothy squirmed around on his big cock for another moment, working off a final spasm. Then she stopped moving, too. They remained stuck together.

She gave a tentative squeeze with her cunt muscles.

The dog’s cock was still big and hard inside her and Dorothy smiled with delight.

She was going to get to enjoy a mouthful, after all.

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CHAPTER TEN

With little wriggling motions of her pelvis, Dorothy pulled her soaking cunt off the boxer’s fat prick. The knob popped out and snapped up, still fat and hard. The dog seemed dazed, swinging his big blunt head from side to side, his tongue hanging out.

Dorothy rolled onto her hip, gazing at his cock and balls. His balls were not as big as they had been, she noticed, but his cock was as huge as ever and she felt sure that the horny doggy would be able to come again, with proper stimulation. There was no hurry about it. Dorothy loved to suck pricks and she wanted to enjoy a prolonged, leisurely feast on his cockmeat before, eventually, she drank his jism.

She was tempted to have the dog mount her again and fuck her in the mouth.

But then she decided that it would be nicer to blow the brute in a more relaxed fashion, since they had already enjoyed such a frenzied fuck with the doggy on top.

She took him by the hips and pulled him down onto his flank. His hind legs danced in the air. He lay on his side with his long hairy cock jutting up along his belly.

Dorothy got on her hands and knees, at right angles to the reclining dog, her radiant face poised before his prick. She gazed at his cockmeat, savoring the anticipation of that meaty feast. Then she flicked her tongue over his cockhead.

“Ummmmm,” she purred.

The dog's prick tasted even better, now that it had been soaked in her creamy pussy. She lapped cum and cunt-juice from his knob. His cock twitched and pulsed. She shifted her head down and began to lap at his ball-sac, feeling his balls jiggle around under the loose skin and knowing those balls would soon fill up again, under the gentle inducement of her tongue and lips.

The dog whimpered, humping sideways, his hairy prick skimming across her lips. She sucked on the underside, playing his prick as if it were a hairy flute. Her lips moved back and forth from knob to balls, sucking cunt-juice from his fuckrod. She kissed his ball-sac again, grateful to that big sac for the cum it had poured up her pussy and the cum it would soon provide for her hungry mouth.

She lapped under his balls and then slid up and tongued his asshole, lapping under his stubby tail, abandoned to animal lust. The dog whined and whimpered, his flanks heaving.

She moved back to his balls, lingering there for a few moments, then lapped back up his cock to the naked knob. She licked his hot prickmeat with her tongue, drooling onto it, her taste buds tingling. Her mouth was watering for his cock and cum.

She took his flaring cockhead into her mouth and began to suck on the hot wedge, her cheeks hollowing in and her lips collaring him around his prickshaft.

Her head was down in his groin and her ass was sticking up in the air as she knelt there, happily sucking away.

That was the sight that greeted Roger as he came through the office door.

Eager to get his cock stuck up the redhead's cunt, Roger had hurried back, leaving his unfaithful mistress and her dog still lying, exhausted, on the floor. Roger was still astounded by what he had discovered. He would never for a moment believe that a woman, any woman, would have sex with a dog. His future was uncertain. He wasn't sure if he could forgive Judy or not. But the immediate future was definite-the man had to get some pussy.

Then he walked in and found Dorothy sucking the dog's prick. He stood in the doorway, astonished. What in the fuck was happening in his world? Was this all some wild erotic dream?

As he watched the redhead's lips and tongue work on the dog's naked cockhead, he was filled with lust and amazement. Dorothy hadn't noticed him yet. He saw her face was radiant with pleasure as she sucked with rapture on the dog's big cock. How could a woman suck a dog's cock? he wondered. It seemed even worse than fucking a dog, in a way. He could sort of understand why a dog cock would feel good stuffing a cunt and running in and out over a trembling clit, but to take it in the mouth seemed even more depraved. He just stood there, stunned.

But his cock was on the rampage.

And since he was not in love with Dorothy, as he was with Judy, he did not suffer the pangs of anger and jealousy this time. He felt only astonishment and desire.

He moved into the room and closed the door. Judy looked up when she heard the door close, not taking her mouth off the dog's prick. She blushed when she realized that her boss had caught her blowing a dog. But Dorothy was not a shy girl and she had few inhibitions and, anyhow, she told herself, it was all Roger's fault. If the stupid asshole had fucked her, she wouldn't be making it with a

Still, he was her boss and she knew it was better to treat the man with respect.

She pulled her lips off the dog's cockhead. "Hi, boss," she said as cheerfully as she could. He nodded, stiffly. Then she saw the tremendous bulge in the front of his pants and she grinned.

"If you wanna wait until I get this fucking dog's cock milked, I'll suck you off, next," she offered.

But Roger was not about to put his precious prick into a mouth where a dog's cock had been fucking . . . and coming.

Had the dog fucked her cunt, too?

Roger wanted some cunt . . . he figured it was better not to ask if the dog had preceded him.

He opened his fly and his cock came rushing out like a lust-crazed bull looking for soft flesh into which to gouge its horn . . . looking for a ready made wound to gore.

Dorothy's eyes were glued to her boss' cock and her mouth was still glued to the dog's cock. She looked very happy, her lips curving up in a smile around the big slab of cockhead on which she was sucking. Her eyes gleamed impishly. She wriggled her ass from side to side and her head bobbed up and down. Roger was kicking his pants and undershorts off. As he balanced on one foot, his cock swung around in front of him like a derrick. It looked big and hard enough to lift cargo on the waterfront. The knob glistened with pre-cum and throbbed.

Dorothy drew her lips up to the tip of the boxer's cockhead, lifting her eyebrows. She said, "You gonna wait for my mouth, boss? Or you wanna fuck me up the ass again?"

"I want your fucking cunt," he rasped.

"Ohhhhh, what a good idea!" Dorothy exclaimed. She had no idea why Roger had changed his mind but she was pleased that he had. She guessed that the unworldly man had probably been turned on by the sight of a dog's prick in her mouth . . . never for a moment realizing that he had also seen dog cock up his mistress' cunt. But it didn't make any difference to the horny redhead. She didn't give a shit why her boss had changed his mind about fucking her-as long as he did it. She wriggled her juicy ass around invitingly. If she had had a tail, she would have been wagging it.

"Yeah, fuck my cunt, boss" she purred. "Put your prick in me doggy fashion!" She giggled at that, at the idea of the man fucking her like a dog while she gave the dog a blowjob in a more human position. It seemed ironic. And erotic, as well, because to a woman like Dorothy, two cocks were always better than one.

Roger advanced, prick-first, his gaze moving between her cock-filled mouth and her flooded pussy.

"Fuck my cunt while I finish sucking off this fucking dog prick," the redhead whimpered, her lips moving on the dog's meaty cock knob as if it were a hairy microphone.

A slippery drop of jism ran down the red meat of the boxer's cockhead, creamy and frothy. Dorothy purred and her lips sucked gently, slurping that cum into her mouth.

"Ummmmm," she sighed.

Roger saw her throat work as the woman swallowed. The sight caused his cock to thunder. Roger thought it was absolutely disgusting for a woman to drink dog jism . . . and absolutely thrilling, as well. His thighs were trembling and his knees felt watery. His head spun about. All of the man's vitality seemed to have rushed into his cock and balls, his very being centered there.

He knelt down behind Dorothy's ass. He watched her lips work lovingly on the dog's flaring cockhead. Roger was as abandoned to lust as the redhead was, by this time. He bent down and ran his tongue up the tight crack of her ass, then dipped it up her asshole. She murmured with pleasure. As she hummed, the dog's cock vibrated. Roger slid lower and began to use his tongue on her flooded cunt, slurping up her pussy slit and across her taut fuck bud.

Dorothy ground her ass against his forehead and worked her cunt against his mouth. But he had already eaten her out and she wanted to get fucked now. She said, "Jesus! Feed me some cock!"

Roger lingered for a moment, enjoying a few last sucks and laps on her pussy.

Her cunt was even creamier than it had been when he had sucked it before, and the man couldn't help but wonder if Dorothy's pussy was full of doggy cum. How could he tell? He had no idea what doggy cum tasted like. He figured it was better not to know.

He lifted his head and shoulders up, his jaws dripping with cunt-juice. His face contorted with passion. He folded his fist around the hilt of his cock and guided his aching prickhead into her hairy pussy. Her cuntlips caressed his prickmeat, rippling and sucking. Roger slowly pushed his prick up her pussy, going in to the root. His bloated balls jammed against her crotch and his belly hugged her ass.

Dorothy squealed with pleasure as she felt her cunt fill up with hot, hard cock. Her cunt muscles pulled on him. Then she began to hump her ass up and down, fucking herself on his cock even before Roger had started to move.

He held steady for a few moments, letting the redhead use his prick like a dildo, enjoying the way she was sliding her pussy up and down on the stationary fucktool. Then he gripped her by the hipbones, as if they were handles, and began to fuck her. His ass corkscrewed as he slammed his cockmeat into her. He dipped down and fed her an underslung stroke that ran across her clit, then rose higher and fucked down into her from above, changing the angle with every plunge.

He grunted as he rammed his prick into her and Dorothy whimpered with joy as his prickmeat stuffed her cunt to the brim. She had been nursing very gently on the dog's cockhead while she waited for Roger to start fucking her pussy. Now she began to work on the doggy's prick with renewed vigor and enthusiasm.

Roger looked over her shoulder, watching her blow the dog while he fucked his prick into her cunt.

His hands gripped her hipbones, turning her ass and crotch from side to side, lifting her higher and then letting her crotch slide down onto his prick as he jolted it. He slid his hands up and cupped her plump tits as they dangled under her. Her nipples exploded in his palms. He stroked up and down her sides, squeezing her tits, then gripping her hips again.

Dorothy began to bob her head up and down on the doggy's cock, taking more of his long, hairy prickshaft into her mouth all the while. His fiery cockhead slid back into her throat and her lips collared his thick fuckrod. She drew up, sucking in every precious inch. With just his cock knob in her mouth, she nursed and sucked. Then she bobbed down again. Each time that Roger pushed his prick up her pussy, Dorothy bobbed her head down on the boxer's cock and then, as Roger withdrew, she slurped back up to the flaring knob.

Saliva poured down the dog's cock and pooled up on his balls, and cunt-juice flooded from her pussy, soaking Roger's cock and balls and lathering her hairy crotch.

The dog was yelping and humping, his haunches dragging sideways across the carpet as he fucked into Dorothy's sucking mouth and slid his cockhead into her throat.

Roger was panting as he fucked in and out of her juicy cunt, fucking her steadily, increasing the pace with every thrust.

Dorothy gurgled happily, suspended between two wonderful pricks, not sure which end of this coupling was bringing her the most pleasure. Her mouth was as hot as her cunt.

Her lips slurped, her tongue squished, and her pussy sucked greedily on Roger's cock. She had the dog's balls cupped in one hand and, reaching back between her legs, she grasped Roger's ball-sac in the other hand, squeezing gently, coaxing him to come.

She pulled her lips up to the very tip of the dog's big cockhead and whimpered, "Squirt it up my cunt, boss. Shit, shoot your cum up my pussy! This fucking dog is gonna cream in my mouth!"

Roger groaned, inspired by her erotic words. He saw silvery cum run down the dog's red cockhead. Then she bobbed down again, sucking that cum up and replacing it with her saliva.

"Ummmm . . .ummmm . . .ummmmm . . ." she purred. "Fucking hell! I'm gonna swallow the dog's jizz!"

The dog howled and his whole body trembled.

Dorothy gasped.

Roger fucked into her and stared over her shoulder. He saw the dog's jism spurt into her mouth. The creamy stuff overflowed her hips and ran down her chin. She gasped and gurgled and gulped the cock juice down ravenously. More cum spurted out, hosing her throat. Her hand moved up from the dog's balls and she began to jack his prick up and down, adding manual stimulation to the cocksucking, milking his cock and balls to the dregs. Whining, the big dog fucked into her mouth. Dorothy, her face radiant with lust, sucked and swallowed.

Roger howled like a dog, himself, as his balls exploded. His hot jism shot up her cunt with such force that his ass and hips shivered, released from the explosive jet of his jism. He hauled her back by the hips and fucked another load up her cunt, his belly slapping against the curve of her ass.

Dorothy's cunt spasmed as she climaxed and she slobbered on the dog's cock, coming in the mouth, too.

Filled with cum at both ends, Dorothy dissolved in a wild and frantic coming of her own. The dog emptied his balls with frenzied thrusts and Roger drained his jism up her cunt, and Dorothy gasped and sobbed and climaxed between them.

Man and dog slowed, then stopped moving. Dorothy continued to writhe between them as she worked off the final spasms of her coming. Then she pulled her lips from the dog's spent prick and used her tongue to lap up the stray jism from his cock and balls. Roger pulled his prick out of her cunt. Dorothy twisted around and took his cock into her mouth, sucking the cum and cunt-juice from his prickmeat, polishing his cock knob and fuckrod to a luster.

"Gee, that was fucking wonderful!" she said.

Roger stared at her in amazement. Now that his cock and balls had been emptied, he was disgusted

with the woman again. How could a woman suck a dog's cock and drink the brute's cum? On the same day, he had discovered that his mistress and his secretary were both animal lovers. It was too much for the unworldly fellow to grasp. He wondered if Judy sucked the Great Dane's prick, as well as fucking the brute. It didn't seem unlikely. Had he been playing second fiddle to a fucking dog in her mouth, as well as her cunt?

Roger staggered to his feet and he pulled his pants on, wanting to get out of there, to be alone and think things over. Dorothy watched him, amused by his obvious distress. She figured that now that they had started, he would be giving her plenty of prick in the future, that her secretarial duties were going to be a lot more fun.

And she might still buy herself a nice big doggy.

Roger staggered to the door.

"See you tomorrow, boss," Dorothy called.

He didn't answer. She shrugged. She gazed at the dog's cock, wondering if she might coax another load out of it, insatiable women that she was. And Roger departed in total confusion.

Why did I ever leave my faithful wife? he wondered. Why did I ever get hooked up with a girl who fucks dogs?

Thinking of Samantha, Roger had a sudden urge to see her. Would a reconciliation be possible? Would she take him back? He was finished with Judy, he decided. He wanted to return to Samantha . . . to a woman who was not depraved.

Roger got in his car and headed for the farm.

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

Samantha Webster was sitting in the front room of the farmhouse, drinking a Scotch and soda and thinking about what she had done with the stallion. It was hard to believe that she had really sucked and fucked a horse, but the evidence was there. The taste of the stallion's cum still lingered on her tongue, and her cunt was full of the creamy stuff. She didn't feel ashamed of what she had done, but she felt amazed that she had done it.

And Samantha wondered when she would do it again.

She lifted the hem of her cotton dress and gazed down at her crotch, parting her thighs. She leaned forward so that she could see her pussy. Her cuntlips were parted and her fuckslit was flooded with juice . . . cunt-juice mingled with horse cum. How had she ever managed to get the horse's huge cock up there? she wondered.

It made her hot to think about it.

She finished her drink and thought about making another one. The Scotch tasted pleasant, with that faint hint of horse cum subtly changing the flavor. She hummed the tune, "Scotch and Soda." Then, grinning, she softly sang, "Scotch and horse cum, jigger of jizz . . . "

Her pussy rippled and her clit stiffened.

She slid three fingers up her cuntslit, then pushed them up her fuckhole and wriggled them around. She squirmed in her chair. Samantha had always enjoyed fingerfucking herself and it felt pleasant now, but the woman could not help but realize how inadequate her fingers were, now that she had been stuffed full of stallion prick. Shit, she thought, I hope

I haven't ruined fingerfucking for myself. She shoved all four fingers up her pussy and swiped her thumb against her clit. She smiled, realizing that she would still be able to get her rocks off on a frigging . . . although she might not enjoy it so much now.

She drew her hand out of her crotch and brought it up to her lips, licking at her creamy fingers. Bunching them together, she pushed them into her mouth, sucking on them as if they were a prick, slurping her cunt-juice and the residue of stallion cum up. Her four fingers, together, were just about the same size as a man's cock . . . but not nearly as big as the horse's cock. She began to alternate hands, fingerfucking herself with one while she sucked on the other, then switching so that she had another tasty snack. Her cunt was foaming. She arched her back and slid her ass to the edge of the chair. Her thighs were wide apart and her crotch was tilted upward so that she could watch her bunched fingers slide in and out of her fuckhole.

Cuntjuice ran out and seeped into the crack of her ass. She scooped it up and lapped it from her cupped palm. She wondered, vaguely, why cunt-juice tasted so delicious to her. Samantha had no lesbian inclinations, yet she simply had to wonder what it would be like to suck a cunt and drink that succulent juice all hot and bubbling from a creaming pussy. The thought excited her further. Maybe someday she could find a woman who wanted to give it a try, not a lesbian, Samantha didn't want that, but a normal, heterosexual girl who was curious, just as Samantha was, and willing to let Samantha suck her cunt and then to suck Samantha off, in turn.

Her fingers plugged up her juicy cunt tunnel. She licked and sucked at her other hand. She was getting hotter and hotter. Her clit was throbbing and she knew that if she were to stroke and rub her taut cunt nugget she could come soon.

But did she want to frig herself off?

Samantha frowned, then smiled. Like hell, she did! She wanted some more horse prick and there was no sense in trying to pretend that she didn't.

And there was no sense in depriving herself of that pleasure, either. Why should she? She had already committed the sin, if it was a sin, and doing it again would not compound her guilt. Her cunt was rippling as she thought about getting it stuffed full of animal cock and spurted full of cum.

She made up her mind. She gave her cunt a few last strokes, then stood up, smoothing her skirt down. She looked out the window. It was getting dark now. There was no electricity in the barn. She would have to take a couple candles out with her. She grinned at that. Imagine fucking a horse by candlelight! That was fucking romance!

The chestnut stallion nickered softly when Samantha walked into the barn, a candle flickering in each hand. The horse had enjoyed fucking the woman every bit as much as she had enjoyed getting fucked and he tossed his handsome head up, dark mane flowing. He pawed at the floor with one hind hoof.

His cock hung down in a meaty loop. It twitched.

Samantha placed the candles on either side of the stallion's stall, then stepped back to look at the scene. There was a certain unreality about it, a dream-like quality in the soft, flickering candlelight.

Shadows danced on the wall . . . and the shadow of the stallion's prick began to lengthen.

Samantha took her dress off and stood naked. She bit her lower lip, wondering if she wanted to blow the horse or take him up her cunt again. She had enjoyed both and it was hard to decide. The horse eyed her expectantly and his prick continued to extend and fatten, pushing out under his belly.

The dark flesh of his cockhead came squeezing out from its chestnut sheath, moist and glossy. He snorted and pawed impatiently. Being a dumb animal, the horse did not appreciate the romantic candlelight and was eager for the fucking to begin.

Samantha decided she would fool around a little, first, then let the stallion fuck her cunt. She had done it face to face before. This time she would try it on her hands and knees, for a change. She moved up to the front of the stall.

She parted her thighs and pushed her trim belly out.

"You want my pussy?" she whispered. "Lap it up!"

The horse's long tongue came out and his head tossed as he slurped up her cunt. His big tongue flattened out, covering her whole crotch as he lapped away. Cuntjuice pooled on his tongue and dripped in slippery oozings from the edges.

Ummmm, that's nice, she thought. Someday she would have to climax on the stallion's tongue . . . and return the favor with her own tongue. But now she was more interested in fucking the beast. She squirmed and wriggled, pumping her belly in and out against his soft black snout and letting him tongue her pussy with fluid strokes for awhile. But she drew away before she climaxed.

The stallion raised his head, cunt-juice dripping from his chops, gazing at her expectantly.

As she entered the stall, the horse's neck arched and he turned his head, watching her. She knelt, then sat on her ass. She took the horse's prick in both hands, holding it just behind his flaring prick knob. She blew her warm breath onto his cockmeat and saw that enormous wedge of cockhead expand and flare. His asshole parted. She leaned in and pushed her pink tongue right up that dark hole, stabbing in and out. The horse snorted and his haunches rippled. Maybe he was remembering how pleasant her mouth had been, earlier. A blowjob or a fuck-it was all the same to the stallion, as long as he got his rocks off.

Samantha tongue-fucked his asshole for awhile, then began to lick all over the slippery, sleek slab of his dark cockmeat. Her slobber lathered him, bubbling and foaming on the dusky flesh. She tilted her head and fluttered her tongue against the underside of his cockhead, where the big wedge flared out from his fat fuckrod and the thick vein merged out into his seamed prick knob.

A fat drop of cum oozed from his fuckhole.

Samantha watched the milky nugget slide slowly down his dark cockmeat, then tongued it up, purring happily. Another drop squeezed out. She sucked it up with her lips and pushed her tongue up his asshole again, licking inside his cock.

Her hands began to jack up and down his cockshaft. As she pushed back on his fuckrod, his knob expanded, inflating. She opened her mouth wide and sucked on his dripping pricktup hungrily. Cum slid into her mouth. She let it trickle over her taste buds, then drank it. It was awfully tempting to keep on sucking and licking and to drink the horse's hot, thick jism. Once the girl started sucking on a prick, her natural tendency was to keep on sucking on it until she got a delicious drink, and that

inclination was even greater with a horse's cock than with a mere human's.

But her pussy was smoldering and Samantha decided that she would have to forego the pleasure of drinking horse jism in favor of getting a cuntful squirted into her loins.

She licked and slurped on his cockhead for a few more moments, jacking his prick slowly up and down with her hands. She rubbed her face on his cock knob, soaking herself from forehead to chin with his jism, licking some of it from her lips.

The horny horse humped gently, pushing his bloated cockhead into her face and tipping her head back. Her tongue danced against the underside of his meaty slab and her lips pulled and sucked at his bubbling pisshole. She kissed his cockhead lovingly.

Horse prick was delicious! Stallion cum was delectable! She had to force herself to draw away from the feast. The meaty taste tingled on her tongue. His cockhead was slathered with cum and saliva . . . and nicely lubricated for her cunt!

Samantha gave his dark knob a last lick, then turned over and knelt on her hands and knees under the horse. She was ready to get fucked horsy style. She was throbbing with desire and there was a humming sound in her ears . . . which was why the woman did not hear the car pull up at the house.

Roger got out of the car and hurried up to the house, eager to see his ex-wife and to ask if she would take him back. Samantha had always been a good wife, faithful and honest and true, and Roger felt like a fool for having left her in favor of a lewd slut who fucked dogs. He knocked on the door and then, when there was no answer, went in. He called her name but got no response. He scowled. Why wasn't she home? Christ, he hoped she hadn't found herself a boyfriend! The thought that his ex-wife might have a lover, maybe even a fianc\E9, drove him wild. He walked from room to room, agitated. But the lights were on and there was a glass on the table-surely she must be home.

Then he looked out the window and saw the soft, flickering candlelight coming from the barn door.

Of course, that was it! The dutiful woman must be attending to the chores. Roger was filled with love for Samantha as he thought of how hard-working she was, how faithful and pure. Judy was nothing but a dog-fucking tramp, compared to chaste Samantha.

Roger smiled happily. Thinking how great Samantha was, it occurred to him that she would not have had a fuck since he left, and that she was sure to be feeling horny. That was the way to win her back-he would win her heart with his prick!

Roger got undressed. He gave his cock a few jerks to get it nice and stiff so that when Samantha returned to the house she would be greeted by the welcome sight of his big hard-on. She might feel anger and resentment toward him, but surely she would not be able to resist him when she saw his hard-on!

He saw down to wait. But he was impatient. If she didn't come back to the house soon, he would have to go looking for her.

On her hands and knees, Samantha was squirming around, working her cunt against the head of the stallion's massive prick. It felt too big to fit in her, as it had before, but she wasn't worried now that she knew for a fact that it was possible.

Her cuntlips rippled open, sucking on the tip of his dark cockhead. Her fuck button throbbed against his hot prickmeat. The stallion humped, pushing his knob between her legs.

His cock tilted her ass upward and she lowered her head to the ground. Her thighs braced, taking her weight, holding her groin up under the stallion.

He humped again and the tip of his cockhead slipped up her cuntslit.

“Ahhhh,” she sighed. Her cuntlips clutched his welcome prick, dragging and pulling. The emptiness in her pussy cried out to be filled, her nature despising a vacuum.

She pushed her trembling ass back, meeting the horse as he fucked his prick in. His fat slab of a cockhead slid up her cunt. She gasped, then whimpered with joy. The horse pulled back, then fucked his cock into her cunt again, going a little deeper this time. Samantha pumped her hips and rolled her ass, working her cunt back onto his cockmeat. She felt her fuckhole stretch and spread as it adjusted to that huge load of horse cock. Inch by inch, the animal pumped his prick deeper into her flooded cunthole. She was jolted and jerked on the end of his cock, her ass tilting high in the air, her face down in the straw. An ecstatic, radiant joy transfused her face. She pushed back hard and another two inches of horse cock levered into her cunt.

She could take no more. The stallion’s prick was half in her and the knob had bottomed out, the huge wedge buried in the very depths of her cunt. She felt it throbbing in her pussy and she felt his fat prickshaft pulse and quiver in her fuck tunnele. She began to twist her cunt around on his prick, her hot cunthole working like a wringer on his cockmeat. The horse snorted and humped. His massive cock pulled out of her sucking cunt, then jolted back in. Cuntjuice poured out as his mighty fucker filled her to the brim. Her ass churned wildly. She slammed back to meet the animal’s enormous cock as he fucked into her, jamming her cunt into his prickmeat, then twisting her hips from side to side.

Samantha started to rise instantly to the peak. Waves of lust raced through her belly and shot up her thighs. She sobbed and wailed, panted and gasped. The stallion was fucking faster now, driving his cockmeat into her dynamically. Her ass was heaved around on his thrusts. A spasm shook her and her cunt began to spasm.

“Come!” she wailed. “I’m creaming-oh, shit-shoot in me!”

The stallion’s glossy body tensed, rippling with muscle. He plunged his massive prick into the woman’s climaxing cunt and snorted. She felt his hot, thick jism rush into her pussy.

Wailing with pure joy, Samantha jolted her ass wildly about as she pumped her pussy up and down on the stallion’s coming cock, milking his balls, draining his jism into her as she creamed.

The stallion emptied his foaming jism up her cunt and Samantha came again and again, bucking and heaving under the humping beast. She smiled with contentment as the last spasm rattled her loins and she felt the horse’s last spurt of cum hose her out.

“Ahhhhh,” she sighed.

That was when Roger walked into the barn.

Samantha gasped. What the fuck could she say to him?

But she didn’t have to say anything, at the moment . . . because, clutching his cock, Roger had fainted.

**THE END**