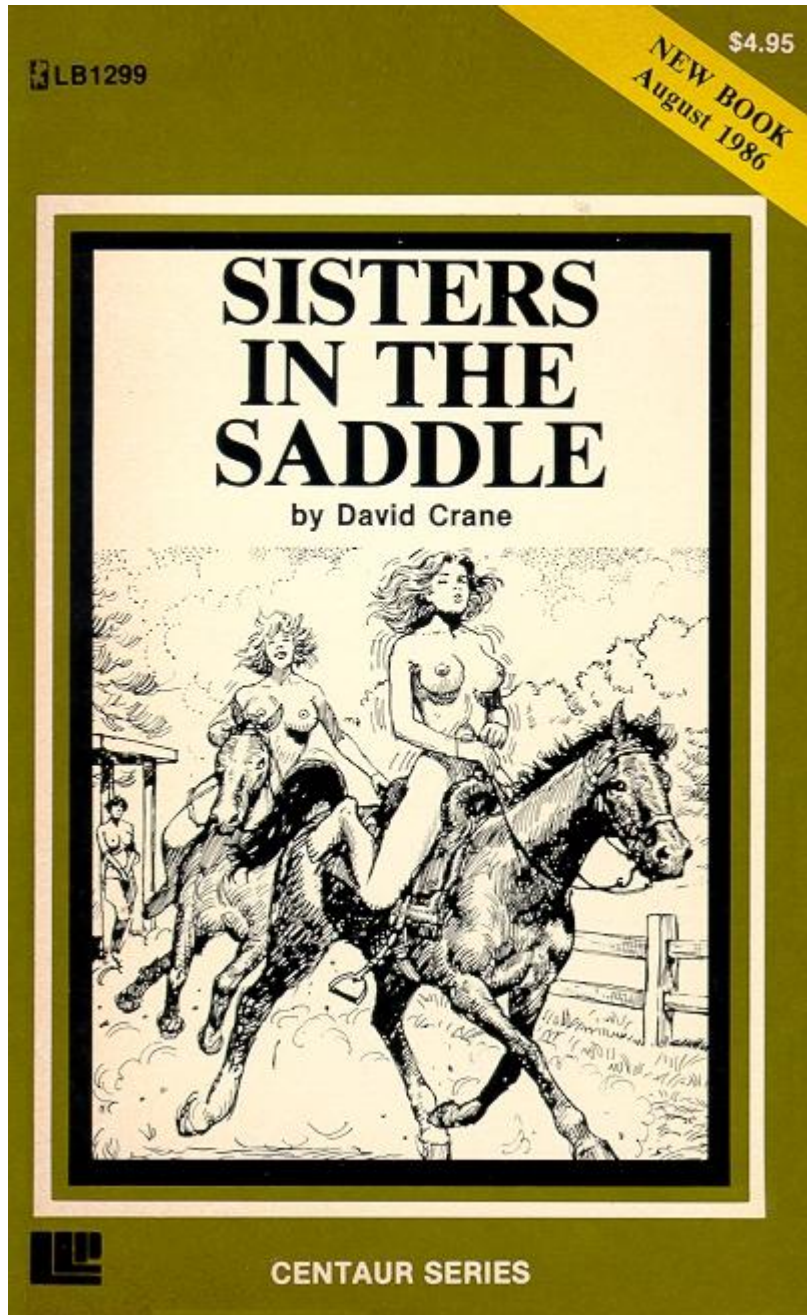


READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES





CHAPTER ONE

Marisa Tremont, a voluptuous woman in her mid-thirties, stood on the back porch of her country home, watching her two teenaged daughters ride out along the wooded trail. Her green eyes narrowed slightly and she ran the tip of her pink tongue thoughtfully across her sensual lips, as she realized how nubile and sexy her little girls had become since the family had moved to the country.

She wondered if they were both still virgins.

Lacy, the youngest, was mounted on the glossy black stallion, and was leading the way. Her plump tits were bouncing in her T-shirt. The cotton shirt was tight fitting, and the girl's nipples were standing out in pert peaks as the firm tit mounds jiggled with every stride.

Honey, following close behind on the hand-some palomino, was eighteen. Her heart-shaped ass seemed to be caressing the saddle seductively and provocatively as, trim thighs rippling, she posted

in the stirrups.

Both girls were golden blondes, and both were smiling happily as they set out on the wholesome and healthy activity of riding through the fresh, pine-scented forest.

They looked a great deal alike, Marisa thought, they also looked like she had when she was a girl.

And Marisa had certainly not been a virgin as a teenager, having been an early starter in the sex game, so it was only natural that the woman speculated on her daughters' chastity-although it was something disturbingly more than a normal motherly concern that aroused her interest.

Marisa licked her lips again.

She had not sucked a pussy since her college days. And now she blushed, embarrassed, as she had to admit that the sight of her own sexy daughters was turning her on. She would certainly never engage in incestuous lesbianism, she told herself, but the dark desire was there and could not be denied. Such thoughts were depraved, she figured-but that only made them more exciting.

Her mouth was watering and her cunt was starting to simmer between her lush thighs.

Marisa wished that her husband was home today. He had a nice big prick-the main reason why she had married him, in fact and she would have liked to haul him off to bed for some fucking and sucking.

But John was working in town, and Marisa figured that she would simply have to settle for a hand-job. And she knew that, while she was frigging her pussy to a foaming climax, she would not be thinking about her husband's massive cock.

Despite herself, and feeling ashamed of it, she knew that she would be fantasizing about Lacy and Honey, enhancing the pleasures of her own hands with her naughty imagination. And, licking hungrily at her creamy fingers, she would be pretending that cunt juice had been spilled by one of her daughters.

Lacy, all bouncy and jiggling in her tight shirt and shorts, disappeared from sight as the brawny black stallion moved behind a fringe of trees.

A moment later, with that lovely, valentine shaped ass bobbing up and down so saucily, Honey, too, vanished from her mother's view.

Marisa sighed wistfully, excited and embarrassed at the same time by her depraved desires. She started to go back into the house where, in the comfort of the big marital bed, she intended to give herself a thorough finger-fucking while she entertained fevered erotic images of engaging in taboo cunt-tonguing with her daughters.

Then the dog appeared.

Nimrod, the black-and-tan hunting hound, came trotting around from the side of the rambling country house, following after the girls toward the forest. He gave a happy yelp. The doggy loved to jog along at the horse's heels on these pastoral rides.

But today he suddenly came to a halt.

His haunches lowered, tail wagging. Cocking an ear, he gazed toward the trees, looking indecisive.

Then his big, broad head turned and he looked back toward the house, a slightly puzzled and inquisitive look in his amber eyes.

Curious, Marisa watched the friendly animal.

Nimrod's black lips curled back from his white fangs and his nostrils twitched, then flared. He looked at the trees, then back at the house, and his hairy flanks began to heave in and out, haunches rippling.

What on earth is wrong with him? Marisa wondered, puzzled by his behavior, wondering why the hound didn't trot off after the girls as he usually did.

Then she gasped in surprise.

Nimrod was showing a hard-on.

The slick red knob of his cockhead was starting to slide out from the cover of his hairy prick sheath.

As Marisa stared at the dumb brute in amazement, his balls began to inflate like balloons at the thick root of his long, stiffening prick.

Nimrod was staring at the back at the woman, his long, heavy tongue lolling from the side of his jaw, dripping with foamy doggy-slobber. Then Marisa understood.

My God, she thought, shocked, as she realized why the dog had become so excited, why he was showing more interest in her than in pursuing the girls.

Marisa's cunt, all ready for a frigging, was steaming and she guessed that the fragrance of pussy must be streaming from between her highs and registering on the dog's sensitive nose! She was genuinely startled, at first, and her initial thought was that she had better not let the hound run after the girls with that big boner jutting out under him.

Then, as she gazed at the brute's big red tongue, she blushed, wondering what it might feel like to have him lapping at her swampy pussy.

Oh, no-that would be too, too naughty, she told herself.

Yet, the idea was fascinating.

Her cunt rippled and her stiff clit flared and tingled.

She knew that she would just love it-and that the doggy would be an enthusiastic cuntlapper. He was only a dog, after all. Using his tongue to cream on wouldn't be much different than frigging off with a vibrator or-as she often did-a wet bathroom sponge.

No one would ever know, she reasoned. Her husband was in town and her daughters wouldn't be back for several hours. And the dog sure as hell couldn't tell anyone. It would be her own naughty, guilty secret.

Marisa began to smile...

Nimrod whimpered, his whole shaggy body trembling. One of the reasons that he loved to follow the teenagers as they rode was because their cunts got all hot and wet in the saddle. And now, with an even hotter and creamier cunt aroma wafting over his nose, the hound was confused.

His cock was growing bigger and harder by the moment. And his tongue was twitching and slobbering as he inhaled her sweet and compelling scent, fairly mesmerized by that pussy aroma.

Being only a dumb animal, Nimrod didn't know that sex between different species was naughty. He only knew he was hot.

And yet, he hesitated, still confused.

But Marisa had made up her mind.

Glancing toward the woods to make sure the girls had not turned back for any reason, she sat down on the top step of the porch and, blushing radiantly, thrilled by her own wicked intentions, she slowly drew her skirt up above the waist. She parted her sleek, unblemished thighs. Really hot now, her pussy wafted out an overpowering musk. Marisa could smell the aroma of her own arousal drifting up from her heated cunt.

Nimrod, gifted with a far more sensitive sense of smell, barked and began to squirm closer.

Marisa looked down past the heavy slopes of her tits, gazing into her open crotch. Her bikini panties were soaking wet and the narrow crotch-band had been drawn right up into her cunt gash, as if by the suction of that vacant fuck-hole. A few wisps of pussy hair curled out from the leg hole on either side, and the outline of her honey-blond cuntal triangle showed through the sheer panties.

A pearly trickle of cunt juice slowly slid down the inner flesh of one shapely thigh and Marisa grinned. It was no wonder that the doggy was getting hungry for her pussy. She wished she was nimble enough to get her own head down there and suck her own cunt off, pleasuring mouth and cunt at the same time. What rare treat it would be if she could sixty-nine with herself!

The hound was slinking closer, head thrust out and haunches lowered, as if he were stalking a rabbit. His nostrils flared, scenting something furry and juicy and a lot more succulent than any bunny rabbit.

The dog's obvious enthusiasm was making the woman hotter than ever to experience his lapping tongue. She hooked her thumbs under the elastic band of her panties and slowly tugged them down over her hips, squirming out of them. She drew them from her feet and held them up. The panties were so heavy with spillage from her cunt that they hung down like a drenched flag, not moving in the mild breeze Marisa held the panties up to her face and inhaled her pussy fragrance, growing dizzy with desire. Her pink tongue slid out and she licked the soaking crotchband. Her taste buds tingled at the flavor of her cunt juice.

She was thinking that she would just have to retrieve a pair of one of her daughters' soiled unties from the dirty-clothing hamper and enjoy licking and chewing on the crotchband sometime, while she finger-fucked. She could at least have the thrill of tasting the girl's pussy nectar, if only second hand.

But at the moment, Marisa had a more immediate prospect than pussy-soaked panties. Nimrod was creeping closer.

She could hear him panting heavily, and the dog's desire kindled her own fiery needs. She took another lick at her bikini panties, then tossed them toward the excited beast. They fluttered to the ground, like a moth with damp wings.

The hound whimpered and stepped up to the wet garment. His snout went down, sniffing. Then he

began to lap at the drenched silk. Marisa could see his tongue laying a trail of frothy dog-slobber into the pool of pussy cream. She heard the moist slurpings of his eager lapper, and her cunt opened farther.

She looked down into her groin again, excited by her own arousal. Her coral-pink cuntlips were unfurled like the petals of a meaty blossom, revealing the darker inner pussy folds. Her cunt slot was flooded with juice and her taut clit stood out like a log in a swamp.

"Here, boy," she called, softly.

The dog's head came up, cocked to one side, as the dumb brute tried to fathom the situation, to understand what was required of him. All of his instincts were flaming, every nerve in his brawny body jumping as if he had been shot through by a high-voltage electric current. He had no concept of bestiality, nor morality, but he seemed to be anticipating a rare treat.

Marisa ran her hand up her crotch, the tips of her fingers dipping into her open, sodden pussy slot and then flicking across her trembling clit.

"C'mon, boy-doggy yummys," she rasped.

Abandoning the discarded panties, the hunting dog moved toward his mistress, following his nose. His cock was fully hard now, standing out so long that the naked red cock-knob was flaring under his wide chest. It looked as if he were striding over the top rail of a fence, walk-in bowlegged around his bloated balls.

Marisa gave her pussy another quick rub, but then she pulled her hand away quickly, afraid that she might suddenly cream on her own caress-and wanting very much to save that juicy climax for the hound's tongue.

She slid down, her firm, wide ass perched on the edge of the porch steps and her long, shapely legs extended to the ground. She tilted her belly upward, as if presenting her pussy on a hairy platter.

Nimrod crept up, gazing at her inquisitively. His cold black nose sniffed at the inside of her leg as he regarded her face from the tops of his eyes, as if sensing that he was doing something wrong and might be admonished. His loose-skinned brown forehead wrinkled, giving him a worried look. But his tongue slid out and licked fluidly at the hot flesh of her thigh.

A ribbon of pussy juice had run down the inside of Marisa's leg. And, as the doggy lapped it up, he rumbled deep in his throat, becoming frantic.

"Lap my pussy, Nimrod!" Marisa moaned, giving her loins a spasmodic jerk. Feeling that big doggy tongue on her hot thigh was making her cunt smolder for his attentions. "C'mon, you son of a bitch-tongue my cunt!"

She had lost all doubts and inhibitions by this time, and any reservations that she might have had melted away in the fiery heat of her passion. She jammed her cunt upward and spread her ripe thighs wide open. Cunt juice poured from her pussy and ran down her crotch, seeping into the tight crack of her ass and soaking the step under her.

"Tongue my fuck-hole, damn you!" she cried, afraid she was going to melt before the doggy got to work on her, to lose the thrill in a sort of premature climax if the dumb brute continued to hesitate.

Nimrod growled fiercely, showing his teeth.

For an instant, Marisa thought the dog was going to attack her-perhaps out of outrage at her depravity. But it had been only an expression of canine lust, as a man might groan with passion before he pounced on a pussy.

The dog shoved his blunt head out and his

cold nose tapped on the woman's hot clit. She jumped at the sudden sensation of that cold, wet snout rubbing against her hot, tingling clit. The brute sniffed, inhaling her perfume, his nose flaring right against her clit. Then he yelped and his lapper shot out into her cunt slot.

"Oh!" she gasped as the thrill hit her and she shuddered all through her lush body, starting to pant like a dog, herself.

Nimrod began to tongue her soaking fuck-slot, his head bobbing up and down as his long lapper slapped into her pussy with long, slurping strokes. He licked at her unfolded cuntlips and laved at her clit. His meaty tongue splashed right up her cunt hole.

"Ahhhhh!" Marisa whimpered, grinding her pussy down on the dog's muzzle in ecstasy.

His tongue felt as big as a cock as it plunged into her cunt hole, filling her soaking tunnel and laving at the inner cunt walls.

Her ass churned on the edge of the porch and she whipped her belly up and down in a fucking motion as the cunt-hungry hound slapped his lapper steadily into her cunt. Doggy-drool dribbled into her pussy slot, mixing with the overflow of her own frothy slime.

His tongue slapped in and cunt juice sprayed out, matting her bushy cunt mound and soaking her thighs. Her pussy was so creamy now that the dog's tongue was splashing as it whipped into her pussy slot and floating as it slid up into her cunt hole.

She stared down, fascinated, watching that big, hairy head wallow around between her legs-getting her pussy licked by a doggy and adoring every lovely slurp!

Nimrod lowered his head and his tongue wedged into the crack of her jerking ass, gathering up the cunt juice that had seeped into that tangy cleavage. He slurped up, his lapper dragging through her open cunt gash and slapping against her frenzied clit, then flipping on up and spraying slobber and cunt cream onto her belly.

Marisa closed her thighs around the brute's back, clamping him in a velvet vise and holding his head, buried in her steaming groin. But there was no need to hold him there, for the doggy was not about to abandon this feast. She threw her legs wide apart again, giving the enthusiastic animal free rein in her crotch.

"Yeah-yeah-gonna fucking cum!" she panted, her loins dancing wildly on his head.

The brute didn't understand her words, but he knew that she was starting to cum-the flow from her cunt was getting hotter and thicker and creamier with every slurp of his tongue.

He jammed his muzzle in as if he were trying to sink his whole head up into her pussy, to bury his snout in her very cunt core.

Marisa cried out as the waves of her joy rushed across her belly and shot up her trembling thighs. Faster and faster, they coursed through her, the peaks coming higher as they rushed upon one

another.

Then the waves were bending into one wild crest, and Marisa screamed with the pure bliss of her coming, like an animal, herself, in her primitive passion. Her clit exploded and her cunt melted. Girl-cum streamed down the dog's hairy muzzle as his tongue lashed deeply into her soaking fuck-hole, slithering around in her juices.

Whimpering, the woman sank back on her elbows, drained and dazed by her orgasm. The doggy continued to lap merrily away, slurping up the last sweet drops and working off the last of her shuddering spasms with his eager tongue. Then he raised his head, jowls dripping.

Marisa gazed at the brute with a dreamy smile.

"What a nice doggy," she purred, feeling truly affectionate toward the animal for the pleasure that he had given her with his long, heavy tongue.

It hadn't dawned on her, yet, that such pleasures were normally reciprocal and that such favors should be returned.

The dog whined and she reached down to stroke his head, as if that meager gesture of gratitude would be enough of a reward for the obedient beast.

Then Nimrod jumped up onto the steps, so that he was standing over Marisa, his amber eyes peering intently into her face...

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## **CHAPTER TWO**

Shards of doggy-slobber and cunt-cum hung from Nimrod's lips, like pearly medallions, as the brute thrust his big head out towards her face.

The slimy evidence of her coming fascinated Marisa. But then she realized that there was a definite danger that the stuff might drip from Nimrod's jowls and splash onto her expensive silk blouse. She didn't want the blouse soiled-it had to be dry-cleaned-but it didn't seem fair to push the affectionate doggy away, either. That would have been churlish, indeed, considering the lovely favor he had just done for her.

The obvious solution was to open her blouse so that any spillage would fall harmlessly-and pleasantly, too-onto her naked tits. She unbuttoned the garment and pulled it open. Marisa wore no bra-proud of fat, big-tipped tits, she seldom did-and those fat tits rolled free, thrusting up under the brute's long jaw.

Her swollen nipples were standing out like rosy rockets ready to be launched from the dark aureole pads-like missile sites on twin mountain peaks.

Nimrod lowered his gooey, juice-streaked muzzle and began to lap at her tits. His tongue slurped over the tit globes and dragged up through her deep cleavage, laving her tits with doggy-drool. Her nipples tingled as the brute lapped at them enthusiastically.

Although she had just creamed dynamically, it was making the voluptuous woman hot all over again, to have the dog licking her sensitive tit tips. She tilted her face down, watching his wet tongue caress her tits, splashing juicily on-to the upthrust mounds.



She was thinking that if he kept that tit-licking up, she was going to have to get her rocks off again, and that coaxing the doggy to lap her off a second time would be no hardship whatsoever.

She still didn't realize that the dog, too, was desperate to unload his cum-load. His cock was looming out over her naked loins, pounding and throbbing. His slick red cockhead flared and his open piss hole was seeping. Goopy globs of pre-cum dribbled onto her tummy and trickled in-to her belly button. A slimy ribbon wound on down and flowed into the curly mound of her cunt bush.

Marisa was so hot and wet from her own seepage that she didn't realize that the dog's cock was dripping onto her naked flesh-not that she would have minded.

She stroked Nimrod's head as it bobbed up and down over her tits, streaking her with saliva. Then the doggy jerked his muzzle up and lapped at her face. Marisa turned away from his wet tongue automatically.

But then her head turned back and she let the eager beast lick at her mouth.

His wet dapper slapped at her lips and, after a moment, she let her mouth open and pushed her own tongue out. They were tonguing each other, and Marisa could taste her own cunt-cum mixed with the hound's slobber.

Oh, wow! She thought. I'm French kissing with a fucking dog!

It astounded the horny woman. In a way, it seemed even more depraved than letting the brute lap her cunt-as if she were sinking to a level of an animal, herself, descending into total degeneracy. But she didn't turn her head away. Instead, she sucked the dog's slippery tongue right into her open mouth and began to suck on the wet red meat with unbridled passion and primitive lust. The dog's tongue was so big that it was almost like sucking a cock, Marisa thought-a cock that had just been dipped into her creamy cunt hole, as well, for she was thrilled by the taste of her pussy nectar.

Nimrod's slimy lapper ran around in Marisa's mouth just like it had in her pussy, probing and slurping and splashing. He tongued her lips and the insides of her cheeks. Her own tongue entwined with his. Her lips closed around his lapper and her blonde head bobbed up and down, running the collar of her lips over his slippery slab as if she were giving his tongue a blow-job.

Her cunt was steaming savagely again, the slot gaping open like a hairy crater and her clit sliding out like a prick becoming erect.

Then Nimrod began to hump...

His hairy loins jolted spasmodically as he drove his neglected cock up and down over the woman's naked belly. Then his hindquarters hiked upwards and he stabbed down. His slimy cock-knob slid up through her tangled pussy hair and nudged into her belly button. Marisa gasped when she felt that naked cockhead rubbing on her smooth flesh. The dog's cock felt as hot as a branding iron, as if he might leave his mark on her in an elongated trail of blistered belly flesh.

She pulled her mouth off the dog's tongue with a juicy slurp and tilted her head to the side, staring down under him-and gulping when she saw how huge his prick had become and how bloated his balls were.

Nimrod heaved forward.

His open piss hole laid a slippery track that began on her bushy cunt mound and slimed up her belly,

welling into her belly button like a leaky faucet. His thick pre-cum felt as hot as his cockmeat, as if the desperate brute were pouring melted lead onto her loins.

“Oh! You poor doggy,” Marisa whispered, realizing how selfish she had been.

How unfair it was to let the dog get so aroused by licking her pussy and then leave him in torment and frustration. Having only paws, instead of hands, Nimrod couldn't even jerk himself off.

But Marisa had hands.

Gazing at his cock and balls in fascination, she thought over the situation. Since the faithful hound had been kind enough to cream her cunt with his tongue, it seemed only just that she empty his balls for him. Then, too, she reasoned, if the beast got no satisfaction in return, he might not be so ready to lick her pussy off the next time she wanted him to-a time that she was already looking forward to, now that she knew the joy of doggy-tongue.

She hesitated, her last inhibitions holding out against her reasoning-and her desire.

She rationalized, justifying what she very much wanted to do, anyway. She told herself that she mustn't leave the dog with that hard-on until her daughters returned from their ride. Those innocent teenagers might be shocked and embarrassed to find the family doggy sporting a booming erection-or, worse, if the girls were not so innocent, they might guess why the dog's prick was stiff and his muzzle all matted with cream.

Marisa told herself that she had no choice-that she simply had to give the horny hound a hand-job-and that the fact that her palms were itching for the feel of that throbbing dog-prick had nothing to do with it.

Nimrod was humping violently now, pre-cum drooling from his cock-knob and splattering her tummy. Marisa thought that the brute might just blow his wad all by himself, without any manual assistance, solving the problem-but not in the way she wanted it solved.

Leaning down, she reached under the hound

and cupped his swollen balls in her open hand. They lay heavy in her palm. She squeezed gently and could feel the jism sloshing around inside the hairy bags. She lifted slightly, as if weighing the animal's cum-load.

“Ooooooh!” she whimpered, imagining what it would look like and feel like when those massive balls exploded and his hot, thick fuck-juice came spurting in a creamy torrent from his cockhead.

With her hand on his balls, Nimrod stopped humping, as if he realized she was going to service him. He laid his head on her shoulder and held his brawny body stiff, quivering and trembling and slobbering down her back. His balls were expanding in her palm, thrilling Marisa by the promise they so obviously contained.

Her hand slid up and she closed her fist around the root of his red cock. It throbbed violently, the fat vein pulsing up the underside, the rock-hard cockshaft like a heated crowbar in her hand, threatening to blister her palm.

She had never jacked a doggy off before, of course, but she guessed it would be the same as jerking off a human cock. And she knew all about that, having started giving her dates hand-jobs at an early age.

Marisa leaned down lower, wanting to clearly see all the juicy, naughty details, thrilling her eyes and her mind as she thrilled her tingling hand.

Holding his cockshaft in her fist, she gave him a slow push-pull. As she stroked upward, his hairy prick sheath rolled up over the ledge of his cock-knob like a furry carpet. Then she pumped back toward his balls and the naked slab of his throbbing prickhead loomed out, flaring and ballooning.

Marisa trembled at the sight, her lips parting slightly. She leaned even closer to the beast's cockhead. With her skirt up above her hips and her blouse wide open, she wasn't worried about getting cum on her clothing. And maybe she didn't realize how far a horny hound could shoot his wad, nor how close her lust-crazed face was to that loaded cum-cannon she was pumping.

Or maybe she did...

She tilted her wrist, levering his prick down and rubbing the naked cock-knob in her cunt bush, then letting it slide up her belly, dribbling heavily. She pulled up to the top and worked the seepage into his hot cockhead with her thumb, massaging his prickmeat with mutt-spunk. Then she pushed back, skinning his cock into a naked slab of crimson meat again. That swollen cockhead was gleaming.

She could feel the intense heat of the dog's prick waft into her radiant face as she leaned even closer to his looming prick-knob. Her lips were parted and, without her even realizing it, the tip of her tongue was sliding back and forth across her sensual mouth.

Nimrod began to hump again, driving his cock out as he fucked through her fist. As he stabbed out, Marisa stroked back to hilt of his prick and his cockhead jumped out, pumping in and out like an inhaling lung, swelling more massively each time she skinned it naked.

Marisa could smell the heated, gamey aroma of the dog's cockmeat. She felt dizzy with desire.

Frothy pre-cum spilled heavily from his cleft now, adding a musky, starchy aroma to his cock scent. Pre-cum flooded over his flushed prick-knob, like whipped cream on a plum, the sight driving Marisa wild with lust. The sight, the scent, the texture were making her mouth water.

Spunk gushed down onto the dog's hairy cock sheath and washed onto the skin between her thumb and forefinger. The initial seepage was so heavy and thick that, for a moment, Marisa thought that the animal was coming. But then she knew he wasn't, as he fucked even faster and harder through her fist, desperate to reach the crest.

The hound's cock was vibrating savagely in her fist, bucking so violently that it almost broke her grip and tossed her hand away. She skimmed, then grasped his cock tighter and began to really pump away with vigor, yearning for the thrilling instant when his cum would come squirting out.

Nimrod yelped with glee, his enthusiasm infectious, causing the woman to pant like a dog as she cherished everything about this favor she was doing the doggy-a favor that had its own thrilling reward already building.

He humped; she pumped. They worked together in perfect unison in this frenzied fist fucking, as if his prick had been molded to her palm, her hand designed specifically for the pumping of his prick.

"Shoot," Marisa moaned.

She was longing for the dog's climax as much as he was, lusting for the gift of his gooey geyser as greatly as the desperate doggy longed to void his balls of that burden.

Nimrod howled like a wolf. "Yeah-yeah!" Marisa wailed, knowing that the brute was ready to blow.

Her lovely, lust-twisted face hovered right before his cockhead as she beat his meat up and down with frantic jerks.

Nimrod's haunches heaved up, quivering, his tail switching wildly behind his humping ass, every sinew and muscle in his body jolting, every nerve sparking.

He howled again, and Marisa felt his cockshaft expand in her fist as his jism came rushing up the fat prickstalk. She pumped back, skinning his cock-knob, her glazed eyes glued upon that slimy hot slab.

His first steaming spurt of cum shot out into her hairy cunt bush and skimmed on up her flat belly, like the flood from a burst dam. He shot again on the recoil and a jism jet splashed onto her tits.

The dog's backbone twisted, contorting into an S shape as he slammed his prick out at a higher angle. His cock-knob loomed from her fist and a great geyser of cock spume rocketed right into Marisa's face.

Her lips were parted, and the moist pink tip of her tongue was pushing out. The dog-cum hosed her mouth like a spurt of hot quicksilver.

Marisa wailed with lust, with the dark knowledge of her depravity. She told herself to turn her face away-but instead, she only opened her mouth wider as she jerked yet another creamy cascade of cum out of the brute's prick.

Cum bubbled on her sensual lips and her tongue switched back and forth, licking dog-jizz, tasting it, savoring the flavor and the texture of that bestial ball brew. She stroked back on Nimrod's prickshaft and pushed her tongue out, curling that nimble lapper over her lower lip, so that she jerked his next succulent wad of cum right onto her taste buds.

She savored the dog's cum, then she swallowed it.

Nimrod kept on coming, spraying her belly and tits and then squirting jism into her face again. Marisa was coated with dog-cum, and she kept on pumping his prick, wanting even more.

But then the hound faltered.

His balls were drained and collapsed, and his humping became erratic as he ground to a halt. He stood over her, panting, his flanks heaving.

Marisa continued to jack his cock, coaxing a few last drops of cum from his cock. Then, with a sigh, almost swooning, the voluptuous blonde sank back along the porch, her cum-drenched face radiant, smiling with jizz-soaked lips.

There was still some jism in her mouth, and she let it slide slowly down her throat. It warmed her belly like a fine cognac.

Dog-cum was fucking delicious!

The hound stood stiff legged for a moment, looking dazed by his massive ejaculation, his amber eyes clouded, as if he were pondering the mysteries of the human hand.

Then he whined and hopped down from the steps. His prick swayed under his belly, still semi-hard,

swinging out from his loins like a rubber hose. He sat back on his haunches, staring at Marisa.

Jesus, she was thinking, I jerked the fucking dog off right in my fucking mouth!

She was amazed by her own sinful impulses-and even more amazed by how much she had enjoyed the wicked and wanton act. Her hands ran up her belly and tits, scooping up doggy-jism. Then, trembling, she brought them up to her mouth and licked up that succulent dog-cum. If dog-spunk was so delicious delivered by hand, she could just imagine what it would be like if a woman were to suck a load straight out of the brute's spurting cockhead!

She sucked on her slippery fingers, bunching them together and pushing them in and out of her lips.

Shit-shall I blow the dog? she wondered.

Oh, no-I mustn't, she told herself. Jerking him off was one thing. But sucking him off would be a lot naughtier, really and truly degenerate. She won't do it, she determined-but she raised up and looked at the dog.

Nimrod was regarding her, squatting at the foot of the steps with his head cocked to one side, as if he were aware of the woman's indecision and was waiting for her to make up her mind.

His balls were deflated, but his prick still stood up before his belly, only slightly softened and diminished by his first creamy coming. The red cock-knob was all lathered with frothy, congealing dog-cum.

It made Marisa drool.

Marisa was very clever at rationalizing things. I've already had a mouthful of doggy jism, she reasoned-it wouldn't be much more naughty if I sucked his prick and let him cum in my mouth, would it? Milking off his cockmeat won't compound the depravity of drinking his cum.

The cock-hungry woman gave a little whimper, a moist, hungry sound, staring at the brute's wet cockhead like a starving child peering into a window full of pastries.

Marisa had decided to blow the doggy. And now that her mind was made up, she was eager to get the tasty feat accomplished-and in a hurry, as well. It would be terribly embarrassing if her daughters returned and found their mother sucking the dog's prick.

Whatever would they think?

But Lacy and Honey would not have been nearly as shocked as Marisa supposed...

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CHAPTER THREE

Riding the palomino along the winding trail behind her younger sister, Honey was the first to notice that the black stallion was starting to get horny.

Through the swishing curtain of his silken tail, Honey saw that his enormous balls were swelling up alarmingly. It looked as if the horse was holding a set of black bowling balls under his broad and brawny ass.

Honey grinned impishly.

She had never seen a stallion shoot his cum-load, but from the size of those balls, she had no doubts that it would be a sight to behold.

Curious about the rest of the beast's formidable meat rig-for Honey was inordinately interested in such things-the girl gently jabbed her booted heels into the golden palomino's flanks and urged him to move closer and slightly to one side, so that she would be able to look under the lead horse's belly from a better angle.

She leaned out from the saddle, one pneumatic hip rising, and tilted forwards. Her plump young tits jiggled pertly as they bounced unrestrained in her cotton T-shirt, the nipples standing out prominently.

Honey grinned again as she discovered that, sure enough, the black brute's prick had started to swell up and lengthen. He wasn't really hard yet, but his thick, gnarled prick was looping out in a fat parabola from his loins, and the slick black cock-knob was half exposed.

Honey was naturally intrigued.

As she gazed, fascinated, at the stallion's prick, his cockhead came sliding all the way out from the leathery cock sheath. Honey stifled a little gasp, deeply impressed by the sight.

The stallion's cockhead looked like an elongated slab of glossy black obsidian. That naked prick-knob, by itself, looked as big as the average guy's entire prick.

The swollen cockhead flared and the cock-shaft jerked up a bit stiffer, so that it was stand-in almost parallel with the ground, like a tubular lever. The beast's big black cock bobbed up and down a little, like a horizontal pendulum weighted by the massive black crown.

Honey reasoned that the animal's cockshaft must be pretty damned hard, to support the gigantic cockhead on the end.

The girl wondered why the horse was so obviously getting sexually aroused. Unlike a human, with imagination, an animal required some sort of external stimulation before he began to get horny. Since there was no sexy mare around, it seemed a remarkable phenomenon.

Honey was getting a bit horny, herself.

She looked up at her younger sister's ass, as that trim little butt shifted in the saddle. Lacy was wearing very brief shorts, the crotch tugged up into her groin, and Honey saw that the insides of the girl's slim, shapely thighs were glistening moistly.

It could have been sweat, of course, caused by the effort of posting in the saddle. But the aroma of sweat wasn't going to excite a stallion, was it?

Holy shit-Lacy must be randy, Honey deduced.

It didn't surprise her a great deal, because she always got plenty randy, herself, when she was riding a horse. There was something about having an animal's powerful flanks between her legs that really turned her on-the friction or the heat or the rhythm, she wasn't sure what. There seemed no reason why her saucy kid sister should not be reacting in the same way, Honey reasoned.

"Hey, Sis!" Honey called, on a sudden impulse.

Lacy looked back, raising her eyebrows questioningly and turning lithely from the waist, so that her tits came swinging around like floating balloons.

Honey saw that, like her own, Lacy's nipples were stiff.

"Your horse has got a bone-on," Honey giggled, inclining her blonde head toward the undeniable evidence of her words, very interested in seeing how Lacy reacted.

Lacy blinked, then grinned. She swung low over the black stallion's flank, like an Indian circling a wagon train, to peer at his prick.

"Oh, wow!" she exclaimed.

Still grinning, not at all disconcerted, Lacy looked back at Honey-then grinned more broadly.

"Shit-so has yours," she said.

Honey was surprised, not having even considered that. She leaned down to check and found that her palomino was also sporting an impressive hard-on.

"It's a whopper, too," Lacy giggled.

The blonde teenagers exchanged a long glance, both amused but with a certain undefined tension running just below the surface of their emotions.

"Maybe we better stop for a while," Honey suggested. "These horses' pricks are so big that they might stumble over the fuckers and throw us off. I think we ought to give them a chance to soften up, huh?"

"Ummm-but will they?" Lacy mused.

But she swung the black horse off the trail and reined up in a leafy glen, swinging lightly down from the saddle. Honey pulled up beside her and dismounted.

Despite their swollen cocks, the horses-perhaps sensing that there was no possible relief without a promiscuous mare into which they could empty their balls-dropped their heads on arched necks and began to chomp at the grass.

Honey and Lacy stood back, side by side, gazing at the animals' erections. Then Honey, frowning slightly as if she were uncertain about something, glanced sideways at her kid sister. Her gaze slid up and down along the curves of the youngster's lovely body, and she nibbled gently at her lower lip.

"I wonder why they got horny?" Honey said, her voice coming out sort of huskily. She hesitated, then seemed to make up her mind about something. "Is your cunt hot?"

Lacy turned toward Honey, not at all abashed by the intimate question, to Honey's relief.

"Sure," said Lacy, bold as brass. "I always get kind of hot when I'm on horseback. "Don't you, Sis?"

Honey grinned and nodded.

"But I guess we must be hotter than usual to-day, huh?" Lacy added, nodding at the horses. A sly, vixenish look came over her pretty face. "Maybe it's because I didn't have time to frig off this morning."

Lacy was looking very carefully into her sister's face.

"You-errrr- you frig off most mornings, Lacy?" asked her older sister.

"Ummmm-it's fun," chirped the little minx.

Lacy made an exaggerated point of acting as if she had just thought of something.

"Maybe we ought to give ourselves hand-jobs right here and now, huh?" she suggested. "I mean, maybe if we cool our cunts down, the horses will lose those boners."

Honey let her breath out. She had been work-in up to something cautiously, not sure how her younger sister would respond to it. But now she saw that Lacy was not likely to be disturbed by anything.

"Okay," she whispered.

Lacy didn't waste any time. She unsnapped her shorts and tugged them down, along with her panties. As she raised her knee to remove the garments from her booted foot, Honey could stare right into the younger girl's crotch-which was exactly what Honey did.

"Shit-you weren't kidding," she rasped.

Lacy tilted her slim belly up and her head down, looking into her own crotch with a shy smile. Her pussy was all open and creamy, the tender pink pussylips peeled back and the slot lathered with cunt juice. Her clit was standing out like a nipple all set to be suckled.

Honey found the sight fascinating-and more.

Lacy drew her T-shirt up over her head and dropped it to the ground. Naked except for her riding boots, she stood facing her sister, one hip thrust out to the side and one knee slightly bent, her posture challenging. She tipped her head to one side expectantly and, after a moment, Honey realized that the girl was waiting for her, too, to take off her clothes.

Lacy seemed to have taken the initiative in this sibling scene that Honey had tentatively planned. Honey had been a bit nervous, afraid that Lacy might be unwilling, but now she saw that there was no need to worry.

Honey removed her T-shirt first, arching her back so that her tits thrust out. Slightly larger than Lacy's, they had the same firm contours and rosy tips standing out. Honey dropped her shorts and stepped out of them, then squirmed slowly from her tiny bikini panties.

"You, too, huh?" Lacy whispered tremulously, staring at her sister's foaming pussy.

Standing about a yard apart, both naked but for the high boots, the sexy teenaged sisters just looked at each other for several electric moments.

They looked a great deal alike, and Honey had the strange sensation that she was looking at herself in a mirror, naked and close, as she often did when she was giving herself a stand-up hand-job. Kissing her sister would be like kissing herself, she mused-caressing that nubile body would be like some bizarre masturbation.

Intent upon each other, neither girl realized that the stallions were taking an interest in them.

The horses had stopped chomping at the grass and raised their heads, wide eyes fixed on the naked girls and soft, damp nostrils flaring as they inhaled the female fragrance.

The stallions glanced at each other for a moment, as if sharing some equine mystery. They didn't quite comprehend the situation, being only dumb brutes with no experience at all in human psychology. Mares never dyked each other, so what did a horse know of lesbianism? Often inbred at the human breeder's whim, incest held no taboo for a horse nor, for that matter, being beasts themselves, did they have an inkling that bestiality was naughty.

It was all very strange to the horses, but they both knew one thing for sure-their cocks were starting to pound away like jackhammers.

But the girls hadn't noticed the profound effect they were having on the stallions.

Not yet...

Lacy slowly brought her hands up her lithe flanks and cupped her tits. She kneaded the firm tit-globes and switched her thumbs back and forth across the tips, her pretty face contorting into a mask of lust at the sensations. Her eyes were narrowed and her lips parted. She purred softly.

"Feel good?" Honey breathed.

"Ummmm! Too bad we ain't got someone else to 'do it for us, though," Lacy sighed, giving her sister a direct and very meaningful glance. Honey swallowed hard.

"I-I suppose we could do it for each other, Sis," she suggested huskily, blushing slightly. Lacy feigned surprise.

"But we're both girls," she said, looking innocent-but with a gleam in her eyes.

"Um-hum-both girls with hot cunts," Honey whispered. "No reason why girls can't do each other a favor."

"And-and we're sisters," Lacy added.

"Yeah-that makes it naughtier," Honey agreed. "Naughty things are always lots of fun."

"You wanna, Honey?" Lacy asked, cupping her tits and lifting the full mounds, as if she were offering those delectable tits to her sister-which, of course, she was.

Honey whimpered and her mouth began to water.

"Yeah," the older girl rasped. "Ooooooh, Lacy, I'm so fucking hot! I've been thinking about fooling around with you for a long time, but I wasn't sure if you would want to."

"I been thinking about it, too, Sis," admitted the younger girl. "When I'm finger-fucking myself sometimes, instead of thinking about boys, I pretend I'm with you. I make believe it's your fingers moving up and down in my cunt hole, and then I pretend that my cunt is yours and that I'm shoving my fingers up you and making you cream-" Lacy broke off, figuring that the time for talk was over, the time for action had come. The precocious teenager stepped closer to Honey.

Both trembling in anticipation of forbidden delights, they came into each other's arms, embracing with far more than sisterly affection.

They kissed on the lips, lightly at first, just brushing their mouths together, then more passionately. Their soft lips ground together and parted.

Honey's tongue slid into Lacy's mouth and Lacy sucked on it longingly, then shot her own tongue into Honey's mouth, in turn. They pressed their bodies together.

Their tits brushed together, flattening slightly, the pert pink tips rubbing together like puppy dogs rubbing noses, swelling at the contact, explosive against each other like detonators laid side by side, ready to ignite a common charge in both of those nubile bodies.

Their trim, flat bellies jerked, circling together, the curly thickets of their cunt mounds tangling together. Honey licked at Lacy's lips, then fed her another tongue sandwich her hands slid down Lacy's slender flanks and moved around to cup the taut cheeks of her ass, pulling their loins more tightly together.

Mirror images of one another, they seemed to be merging into one.

Honey thrust her knee out, sliding her thigh between her sister's legs.

Lacy moaned and began to rub her soaking pussy up and down on that sleek thigh, dipping at the knees and grinding her groin. Her pussy juice flowed over her sister's thigh.

Rubbing off on that shapely leg, Lacy lowered her radiant face and began to lick at Honey's swollen nipples, her blonde head switching as she shifted her mouth from nub to nub. She sucked a nipple into her lips and whimpered as she felt it explode.

Honey arched deeply, shuddering. Lacy was mopping her thigh with wet cunt muff and mouthing her nipples, driving the older girl wild.

Their legs were starting to shake. Still embracing, they sank down onto the ground. Lying face to face, they kissed again, then Honey dipped down and began to nuzzle and nibble on Lacy's rosy nipples. They took turns tit-sucking, not knowing which brought the greatest pleasure-sucking on a swollen tit tip or being sucked.

They rolled over sinuously, Lacy coming on top. Their loins jerked together, as if they were fucking. Honey clamped her thighs around Lacy's slim haunches and arched her back.

They ground together, cunt to cunt. Lacy's pussy was overflowing and her cunt juice poured down onto Honey's soaking pussy, the sibling slime blending together, pooling on the ground like spilled quicksilver under Honey's churning ass.

Lacy's trim ass corkscrewed as she pumped away, mounted on her sister like a man.

"I wish I had a cock," Lacy whispered, her lips on Honey's, speaking into her mouth. "I wish that I could really fuck you, Sis-and you could fuck me."

Honey moaned at the image.

If either girl had looked up, they would have seen that there was all the cock that any two girls could wish for, standing rampant and ready under the lathered loins of two very horny horses.

The stallions were pawing at the ground and snorting, driven to a frenzy by the massive cum-loads that were burdening their balls. But the dumb brutes didn't know where to sink their iron-hard cocks

and could only wait impatiently, dependent on human ingenuity.

Lost in the delights of sisterly love, Honey and Lacy had forgotten all about the stallions and had no idea how greatly the fragrance of their steaming cunts was affecting the neglected animals.

They rolled over and Honey moved on top now, her sweet ass churning in a simulated fuck.

Lacy slid a hand down behind Honey's ass and reached into her crotch. Honey's cunt was so hot that Lacy thought it might blister her fingers.

"I wanna make you cream, Sis," Lacy moaned.

Honey whimpered as Lacy's fingers slid around in her cunt slot, then probed up her fuck-hole. She hiked up a bit and moved her own hand down between their bellies. Honey rested her palm on Lacy's bushy cunt mound and dipped her fingers into the girl's steaming crotch. She began to pull and roll Lacy's clit as Lacy finger-fucked her from behind.

"Oooooh-frig me!" Lacy rasped, turning her face from side to side on the ground, her willowy body whipping wantonly under Honey.

"Cum-cum-" Honey urged, yearning to feel her sister's hot cunt melt on her hand.

"Yeah-ohhhh-I'm creaming!" Lacy wailed. "Cum with me, Honey-cum for me!"

"I'm fucking melting!" Honey cried.

Her cunt sucked on Lacy's probing fingers as her clit sparked and the rising spasms shook her. An inferno raged in the core of her cunt hole and her cum juice came flooding out in a deluge.

The naughty sisters surged to the crest together, girl-cum gushing from their cunts as they fingered each other. They were creaming so heavily that their fuck-holes were splashing. Spasm after spasm shook them, running back and forth between their nearly identical bodies as, molded together, they shared the rapture of coming.

Then, drained for the moment, they cuddled together, moist bodies glistening.

And they weren't finished yet...

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

The stallions' big bloated cockheads were starting to drip with frothy pre-cum as the maddening aroma of coming cunts assailed their nostrils. They tossed their heads about, manes flowing, eyes all wild and white. Horse-slobber sprayed from their curled-back lips.

The girls couldn't help but notice, eventually.

And responsible for those booming erections and inflated balls-naturally, the girls were going to feel obligated to do something about them.

But Lacy and Honey were all wrapped up in each other, at the moment.

Lying belly to belly and face to face, they embraced in the pleasant glow of a shared coming.

Suddenly, Lacy giggled.

Honey looked at her questioningly.

"I was just wondering what Mom would think, if she could see us now," Lacy explained.

Both girls grinned. They couldn't imagine their mother's reactions. Shocked, maybe? Or disgusted? Dismayed and distraught and furious?

They never would have guessed the truth. Their mother would have been envious. But, at the moment, Marisa Tremont was busy...

Nimrod came bounding up when Marisa called him back to the porch, his semi-hard prick swinging. His head dived down towards her crotch, all ready for another snack of snatch, but Marisa grasped his collar and yanked the dumb brute back from her pussy.

Marisa was hungry for a snack, herself.

She rolled onto her side next to the hound as he stood, stiff-legged, his head arched around to gaze at her in his doggy way. His prick hung down, neither soft nor hard, and his balls were shrunken. But Marisa was confident that she could soon fix that.

She took the dog's thick cockshaft in both hands, pulling with one and pushing with the other and twisting her wrists in opposite directions.

Nimrod whined excitedly as her double grip worked on his cock like a wringer, rolling the loose, hairy sheath around on the hard cock rod. His hindquarters stiffened, getting ready to hump, but he held steady under the novelty of her two-handed, revolving caress.

Marisa could feel the core of his cockshaft getting harder inside the sheath. She licked her lips. The residue of doggy-cum from the hand-job still lingered tantalizingly on her taste buds, and she was whimpering hungrily in expectation of swallowing a full load of dog-jizz.

The pointed tip of his slick red cockhead was poking out from the rolled-back tube of the dog's prick sheath. As she fondled his cockstalk, that big knob slowly slid out. The flushed red cockmeat was heavily coated with congealed cum and now, as he got hotter, that cum warmed up again, liquefying and flowing down the shaft of his prick.

All of the brute's cockhead squeezed from the skin and flared out in a long meaty wedge. His prickshaft jerked in her hands and stiffened, growing longer and fatter, and his potent balls filled up again. The ball-sacs were rapidly expanding into jism-packed orbs.

Marisa was drooling, saliva running down from both sides of her mouth. She stopped twisting the beast's cock and began to pump it, still using both hands. One fist pushed back to the hilt of his cockrod while the other pulled up to his cock-knob, rolling his sheath over the ledge behind the red slab. Then she brought her hands together, thumbs meeting in the middle of the dog's prickshaft. His cockhead throbbed out on one end and his balls ballooned on the other.

Marisa gazed at that meaty shish kebab in ravenous rapture, her tongue slowly fluttering across her parted lips.

She leaned under the dog and brought his slimy red prick-knob up to her mouth. She rubbed her nose against the naked cockmeat, sniffing, inhaling the gamey aroma of dog-cock like a hungry

glutton impatiently waiting for a meal to be hot enough to be served.

Her tongue lapped at the tip of his prick, lightly. Then she drew back, savoring that first taste. Dog-cock was so delicious that she thought her hot tongue was going to melt in an orgasm of saliva.

Nimrod shook himself, whining and growling as he shoved his hard-on out towards the woman's radiant face, a hunting dog seeking the warm hole in which her moist tongue lurked like some madly exciting prey. His prick thrust at her like a pointer at a quail.

Marisa began to lap at his cockhead greedily, her flattened tongue running all over his naked cock-knob with slurping strokes. The flavor of dog-prick, already creamy with cum, drove her crazy.

Tilting her head from side to side, she tongued all around his flaring cockhead, washing the swollen wedge, bathing the spreading underside, laving at his piss hole. A glob of goo oozed from his cleft, glistening on the damp red cockmeat. Marisa licked it up and purred like a cat at a cream bowl, finding out that doggy-jism was even more scrumptious when it came fresh from his cock.

Another slimy droplet emerged and Marisa lapped it up, savored it on her tongue for a moment and then swallowed it. Her lapper flashed so fast that it was a wet pink blur against his prick. She pushed her face down, letting his cockhead slide along her cheeks as she licked down his prickshaft and then tongued his balls for a moment.

Balls had a subtly' different flavor than cockmeat and she would have liked to linger over those musky bags for a while, but she was afraid that the hound might suddenly shoot his wad before his spurting prick was in her mouth. Giving his balls a last lick, she slurped back up his cockshaft and onto his prick-knob again.

This time, she let her lips part and slowly fed that naked dog-cock into her mouth.

"Ummm-ummmmm!" she purred, as she sucked voraciously on his cockhead.

Her cheeks hollowed in as she inhaled, and her lips were collaring his cockrod just behind the prick-knob. She held the root of his prick in her fist, skinning back so that his cockhead flared in her mouth, but not frigging him-needing no manual assistance and wanting to do the whole juicy job with her cum-hungry maw.

She nursed on his delicious cockhead, suckling as her tongue danced against the underside and her head tipped from side to side, winding her sensual lips around on his prick like a nut on a bolt.

Nimrod suddenly exploded into violent movement. The dog had been holding himself rigid, not quite sure of the situation, having never had his cock in a mouth before. But now, as she milked on his cock-knob, the dumb brute came to realize that a woman's mouth could be fucked.

He humped, energetically shoving his throbbing prick into her mouth. His slimy prick slid through the collar of her lips and he stabbed his cockhead right back into Marisa's throat, tilting her blonde head back as his rock-hard cock filled her mouth.

"Unghhh!" Marisa gasped as her throat clogged up with throbbing cockmeat.

Her chin was jammed against the dog's balls and her nose pressed to his belly, every inch of his prick buried in the oval collar of her mouth.

Nimrod jerked back, and Marisa sucked through all of his long cockshaft as it pulled out. Then the

horny hound slammed his prick to her again, face-fucking her with vigor.

She rolled back, supporting herself on her elbows and holding her head upright, letting the doggy fuck her mouth like a cunt. It made her feel so deliciously debased and depraved and corrupted.

She gulped as his fucker rammed into her gullet and sighed as it pulled back and she sucked lovingly on the sliding cockrod, then she nursed on the cockhead. Her tongue was flashing wildly against the underside, bridging up into an arch over which his cock was skimming as it plunged into her face. Her lips were clinging to his cockstalk so adoringly that they distended on the backstroke. The doggy was damned near pulling her mouth inside out with his cock.

Marisa was in seventh heaven, adoring everything about blowing the doggy-the taste and the texture and the heated temperature and the naughty knowledge that a dog was fucking her in the mouth.

Nimrod was fucking his cock to her furiously now, his haunches a blur and his long tail jerking like a rudder behind his ass. His cock was swelling with every fuck-stroke, and his balls were ready for a blow-out.

“Give it to me, boy!” she croaked as his cockhead pulled back out to her lips. “Feed me-ulppp-” She gagged as his prick-knob fucked back into her throat. Then, as he pulled back: “Feed me your doggy fuck-juice! Slime my fucking mouth with your hot, thick dog-jism!”

Nimrod threw his head up and slammed his haunches out spasmodically as his balls erupted. His cum spurted into Marisa’s ravenous mouth in a tremendous geyser, splashing into her throat, drenching her tongue and hosing her indented cheeks with foaming cock cream.

She sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked, transported to cum-drinker’s paradise.

The dog’s jism seemed to all be coming out in a slimy rope, gooey coils of the creamy stuff gushing down her gullet. She was drinking the succulent cum as fast as she could. But his cum-load was too much for her, greedy as she was. Spunk overflowed her lips and ran down her chin. The hound fucked his prick into her mouth and another cable of cum coiled into her throat.

Wailing with pure joy, Marisa sucked like a vacuum cleaner. Her belly was full but still she yearned for more dog-cum, gulping on his cum-gushing prick.

She fell back under his bestial assault. The doggy moved up over her, fucking down into her up tilted face as he frantically emptied his balls to the dregs.

Marisa felt as if he were nailing her head to the porch floor as his long prick rammed in again and again.

She couldn’t have stopped the brute now if she had wanted to. It was almost as if the fucking animal was raping her in the mouth-and she adored it.

She shuddered under his pounding prick, gulping and gurgling and gasping and groaning. The brute’s mighty prick was starting to soften now as, at long last, he spilled out the final squirts of his jism. But cum-loving Marisa kept right on sucking, pulling out the very last drops of dog-cum.

His empty balls swung in loosely now as he buried his prick, and they slapped her under the chin.

Marisa sighed, thinking it was over.



But the dog's cock softened only slightly and then, still stuck in her mouth, it miraculously began to swell and stiffen all over again!

Marisa sucked tentatively, not wanting to interfere with the hardening process, letting the brute's prick swell in her mouth at its own pace, in its own good time. She nursed very gently on his cock-knob, staring down his long, red cocklance and watching his balls begin to slowly inflate once again. It seemed incredible that the potent pet could get another hard-on, but insatiable Marisa was not about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

What a thrill it was to have a soft cock stirring to a new erection inside her greedy maw!

Did she have time to suck him off again?

But her cunt was smoldering frantically now, the lust in her loins raging like a wildfire, now that the hunger in her mouth had been hosed down.

Marisa figured that she had enough time to blow the dog once more, or to coax him into dapping her pussy into another lovely creaming-but she didn't think that she would have time for both.

What a terrible decision confronted the dog-loving woman!

She gave his cockhead a suck.

Reaching down, she stroked her clit.

How on earth could she make such a choice?

Then Marisa smiled, her cummy lips turning up around the dog's swollen prick-knob. Marisa had just had a wonderful idea. Since both she and the doggy needed to climax again, the solution was obvious.

Marisa simply had to fuck the dog...

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CHAPTER FIVE

Had she but known it, Marisa would have had plenty of time to do just about anything that she wanted with the dog that afternoon-because Lacy and Honey were certainly in no hurry to come home.

Belly to belly and tit to tit, the teenaged sisters were kissing each other lovingly.

Honey licked Lacy's lips and explored the in-sides of her mouth with her tongue. Their soft mouths worked together, their tongues entwined. Their cunts were simmering again.

Lacy, basking in the radiant glow of her first coming, and building up towards another, was thrilled to the core by a delicious sense of wantonness.

"Ooooh-we're so naughty," she moaned.

Honey drew back slightly, gazing thoughtfully into her younger sister's green eyes. Her hand slid down between their slim bellies and dipped into Lacy's crotch. She cupped Lacy's cunt, squeezing and rubbing gently. Lacy began to move her ass and hips, thinking that she was going to get friggled

again.

"There are things that two sexy girls can do together that are a whole lot naughtier than frigging each other off," Honey whispered. "A whole lot more exciting, too-especially if they're sisters."

Lacy's eyes opened wide with interest.

Smiling with trembling lips, confident now that Lacy was game for anything, Honey drew her hand out of Lacy's crotch and brought it up between their faces. Her fingers were slick with cunt juice, and a pool of the pearly pussy nectar formed in her palm, glistening.

She tilted her wrist, letting Lacy see how creamy her hand was. Then, very deliberately, she brought that hand up to her face and her tongue pushed out. Like a cat at a cream bowl, Honey began to lap up her kid sister's cunt juice out of her cupped palms.

"Ohhhhh," Lacy whimpered, watching Honey's pink tongue slide through that cunt " cream.

"Yummy," Honey sighed.

She bunched her fingers together and pushed them in and out of her lips, sucking on the slippery digits as if they were a prick.

"You're tasting my cunt juice," Lacy moaned, squirming in ecstasy and unconsciously beginning to lick her own lips in eager expectation.

"Ummmm-I love it," Honey purred.

She held her hand out to Lacy's face. There were still a few streaks of girl-cum on her fingers, blended with her frothy saliva.

"Taste yourself," she urged.

Lacy grinned wickedly, her eyes gleaming. "I'd rather taste you," she moaned. "Shall we suck each other off, Sis?" Honey asked, her voice tremulous and her lips trembling.

"Oh, yes!" Lacy breathed. "Let's tongue-fuck each other silly, Honey."

The instant that Lacy had realized what her sister had in mind, her sexy little mouth had started to water and her hot tongue tingled.

Honey kissed Lacy on the lips, shoving her tongue into the girl's eager mouth. Lacy sucked on it, savoring the flavor of her own pussy as Honey salivated into her mouth. The delightful flavor of her own cunt juice was driving the youngster crazy for a whole cuntful of the sweet cream.

Honey had thought about doing it so much that she felt like an experienced sister-sucker even before they had done it for the first time-although it would surely not be the last time, she knew. Drawing her lips from Lacy's panting mouth, she leaned down to lick at the younger girl's swollen nipples for a moment. Then Honey twisted around, her limber young body turned into the position of inverted lovemaking.

The girls lay together, on their sides in the grass, facing in opposite directions now.

Honey's fat tits brushed Lacy's belly, and she could feel Lacy's hard nipples branding her own belly. For a moment, the sisters simply stared hungrily into each other's crotches. Then Lacy lifted her leg,

knee bending, opening her cunt gash to Honey's gaze.

Honey bent her slender neck and dipped her face into Lacy's groin. Her tongue ran trembling up the girl's pink pussylips and flicked at her clit.

"Ooooooh!" Lacy squealed and, in response, she buried her own head between Honey's sleek thighs.

Honey used only her tongue for a few minutes, licking into Lacy's creamy cunt slot and lapping at her clit. Then she fitted her parted lips to Lacy's steaming pussy and began to suck ravenously.

Lacy had already started to go suck crazy on her sister's smoldering cunt, her mouth plastered to Honey's unfurled cuntlips like a suction cup. As she suckled at the hairy rim, she stabbed her nimble tongue in and out of the hot fuck-hole, cunt-lapping with wild abandon.

Honey cupped her open hands around the firm cheeks of Lacy's trim ass, drawing the girl's loins to her face as she greedily sucked the nectar from her pussy. She wasn't sure which end of this coupling felt better, whether her tongue or her clit was the hottest. The two felt interchangeable as her cunt flowed and her mouth drooled.

Lacy's loins danced against her sister's face as Honey sucked and tongue-fucked, licked and slurped, mouthing her pussy devotedly and lapping at her clit, then sliding her tongue up her fuck-hole again.

Lacy's thighs clamped tightly around Honey's blonde head, then jerked open wide again as Honey continued to wallow in her fuck-slot. Her ass churned and her belly pumped against Honey's tits. She felt Honey's tongue stab deeply into her fuck-hole and she, in turn, sent her own hot lapper as far up Honey's pussy as it would go.

Honey's face slid around as she tongued with long, fluttering strokes, laving her sister from her cunt mound all the way back into the crack of her ass. Then she concentrated on her fuck-slot again, her lips stuck to that hairy gash like a limpet to a mossy, slimy rock. She gurgled, slobbering into Lacy's open cunt hole, then sucked her own saliva back out, blended with cunt juice.

Lacy was following suit, licking and sucking like crazy. She was so dazed by desire that she found her mind was spinning-that she couldn't tell her tongue from her clit, her own mouth from that sibling mouth that was clamped to her, her own cunt from the cunt she was munching.

They clung together so tightly that their bodies seemed to have melted and molded together into one being, one carnal creature voraciously devouring itself.

The sisters shared the same sensations at mouth and cunt as they shared juicy pussy cream, the flow increasing as they neared a simultaneous crest. They jerked spasmodically, then flowed together fluidly, stiffened and then relaxed, their bodies weaving together to the rhythm of a rising climax.

"Cream my fucking tongue, Lacy!" Honey wailed, feeling as if her lapper were melting in that smoldering fuck-hole as she slid it in and out, fairly floating on a torrent of sweet pussy juice as it streamed out.

"Yeah-yeah-I'm spunking your face, Honey! Oh, shit-feed me, too-cum in my mouth!" Lacy wailed, yearning for the thrill of drinking her sister's cum as she spilled her own girl-cum out.

Lacy drew Honey to her as if Honey's cunt-hole were a goblet she was draining. Her mouth filled up, and she gurgled with joy, swallowing cunt juice greedily and gushing her own cum out in an equal abundance.

The thrill of their crest rushed through both sisters as if it were one electric current passing back and forth through their nubile bodies, running from tongue to clit, from mouth to cunt. Their hungry mouths were open wide as they sucked the cunt cream up, and their hot tongues flashed and coiled, flayed and curled, floating in each other's cum.

At the very peak, Lacy cried out and Honey moaned.

They hovered there for a prolonged moment of utter ecstasy, their coupled bodies vibrating wildly. Then, both sighing with the rapture of it, they tumbled from the crest. They both continued to lick at each other's clit and cunt for a few moments, lapping up the last delicious drops of girl-cum and making sure that the final spasms had ended.

After a while, Honey pulled her mouth off Lacy's cunt, pausing for one last tongue-stroke up through the creamy gash. When she drew her ass back, her own wet pussy seemed to be plastered to Lacy's lips by a glue of slobber and cunt cream. But then it slurped away, steaming.

Honey stared at that sisterly pussy that she had been sucking as if in awe of the joy of cunt-lapping, licking her lips in contentment.

Then she sinuously twisted around and the girls embraced, kissing in a loving manner and tenderly swapping creamy tongues back and forth as they tasted themselves from each other's mouth.

"Sucking is lovely-let's do it lots," Lacy sighed.

Honey knew what they would. But again she wished that one of them had a cock, so that they could also fuck.

Then she remembered the stallions...

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## **CHAPTER SIX**

Once Marisa made up her mind to get fucked by a dog, she figured that she might as well do it right-which was why the voluptuous woman was down on all fours in the back yard, her ass hiked up in the doggy-fucking position.

She wriggled her hips invitingly, her tits hanging down like ripe fruit ready to be plucked.

Nimrod stared at her, his tongue hanging out and his head tilted to one side. His flanks heaved in and out.

Marisa wriggled again, assuming that the dumb brute must know how to mount her in this familiar position.

But the hound had learned a new trick.

He had never fucked a woman in the cunt before, but he had just discovered the delights of the female mouth and, in his doggy mind, he had come to believe that it was normal to fuck humans in the head.

He trotted over, all wriggly and squirmy, hunkered down-and then jumped up, mounting Marisa around the shoulders and humping his prick into her face.

Marisa was startled for an instant. Then she grinned as she realized why the animal had made such a silly mistake.

His hard cock jolted out and, since it was there, she opened her mouth and let the hound feed her a few gullet-gorging strokes. She sucked lovingly on his cockmeat. But when the enthusiastic brute began to pump rhythmically, falling into a face-fucking pattern, she pulled her mouth off his prick and dragged him from her shoulders.

Nimrod yelped in dismay, struggling to jump back onto the woman from the front. Marisa had to forcibly drag the dog around to her flank and haul his head into her groin from under her up thrust ass.

Once his snout was in her cunt, Nimrod began to lap merrily away. Again, the dumb doggy had made a mistake, believing that a woman's cunt was for lapping and her mouth for fucking.

Marisa was amused at his confusion-but also impatient for a pussy full of dog-cock.

Nimrod lapped and slurped, shoving his nose into her cunt slot, lathering her crotch with slobber. His long red lapper curled down into her bushy triangle, then dragged back up through her cunt gash and on into the crack between the up thrust cheeks of her ass.

He seemed to find Marisa's asshole interesting, sniffing and then licking at the tight brown bud, rimming her ass ring enthusiastically. Then he sank his head back down and began to really give her steaming pussy a tongue lashing.

Marisa swayed on her hands and knees, her head going up and down like a rocking horse and her shapely ass grinding as the dog ducked his muzzle in under those firm asscheeks and burrowed into her fuck-hole.

It was hard for Marisa to drag the dog's head out of her crotch just when it was starting to feel really good, but the horny woman wanted some dog-cock up her cunt hole so much that she refused to let herself cream on the animal's tongue. Thighs tensing, she moved up and down for a few more moments, rubbing her pussy against his muzzle. Then she reached back behind her ass and grasped Nimrod by the collar, hauling his head from her groin.

She yanked the dumb brute forward and up, angling her haunches under him. Nimrod threw his front legs around her hips automatically. Marisa released his collar and arched her back, lowering her blonde head to the ground and jerking her ass under the mounted animal.

The dog yelped. Now that he was properly clinging to her haunches in the doggy-fucking position, he understood that a woman was versatile and fuckable at either end. He tightened his grip on her hips, dragging her ass back and slamming his loins out.

In his frantic haste, he missed her cunt and his slippery prick ran up through the crack of her ass. He heaved it to her again, too low this time, driving his prick up through her tangled cunt bush.

Looking back between her thighs, Marisa saw that his cock-knob was oozing and throbbing as it lay against her gently rounded belly. She figured that she had better help the doggy get his cock up her fuck-hole before he blew his wad prematurely.

She reached between her legs and folded her hand around the root of his cockshaft. Tilting her wrist, she levered that long, iron-hard cock-rod up into the correct position and shifted her ass and hips about so that his cockhead was at the right angle.

She turned her wrist, sliding the slimy tip of his cock up and down in her gaping gash and rubbing it against her fiery clit, using it like a big ladle to stir her creamy bowl to froth. It felt so lovely that she was tempted to cum that way, using the dog's cock to frig herself off with, like a vibrator.

But her fuck-hole was empty and, good as it felt to be spooning her cunt slot with his bloated cockhead, she knew it would feel even better to have all of that thick cock buried in her cunt.

She whipped his prick up and down again. Cunt juice poured from her pussy, running down her crotch and sliming her blonde cunt bush. The dog's cockhead was soaking from her overflow and his piss hole was leaking out globs of hot, thick pre-cum into her cunt slot.

Marisa inched the tip of his prick into her pussy, burying half of the elongated red slab. Her fist stroked up and down on his hard-on and his cockhead flared delightfully in her pussy.

Then she drew her hand away, knowing that the dumb brute would know just what to do, now that the end of his prick was stuck up her cunt.

Nimrod held steady for a moment. His naked cock-knob was lodged in her cunt and his long cockstalk stood out between them, like a bolt clamping his balls to her cunt.

Marisa ground her ass about, moaning. Cunt juice spilled out and trickled down his cockshaft and her cuntlips were sucking on his prick, dragging him deeper. All of his cock-knob had vanished into her pussy now, and the oval slot clamped tightly to his cockrod.

"Fuck, you bastard," she grunted, yearning for more of his dynamic cock-for all of the big fucker.

She jerked, pushing her pussy down onto another inch of cockshaft. She pulled away slightly, dragging her cuntlips back up to his prick-knob, then she shoved back and fucked more of his cock on up into her smoldering pussy.

Nimrod quivered and whined, his body rigid, as the woman fucked herself on half of his long prick. Then he yelped and went into action. Hauling back, he slammed his hindquarters out with a powerful thrust. His thick cockshaft slid up into her fuck-hole inch by inch, burying itself to the hairy balls.

"Ahhhh!" Marisa sighed, filled with cock-meat and filled with joy.

The hound held every inch of his prick in her for a moment, thrilling to the sensation of having his cock buried balls-deep in a hot, clinging cunt hole, and letting the wanton woman savor the hot sensation of having her pussy stuffed to the brim with his pounding prick.

His hot cock-knob felt like a lump of smoldering coal deep in her belly and his iron-hard cockshaft was levering around like a crowbar in her cunt. He was in her so deep that she wondered if the dog had ventured into virgin territory, his cockhead exploring the core of her cunt hole farther than any cock had gone before. She felt transfixed on that massive spike, speared through and through, almost expecting his prick-knob to come pushing up into her mouth.

Marisa began to fuck first.

She pulled away slightly, her cunt slot dragging, the cuntlips clinging to his cockstalk. Half of his cock slid out of her, all lathered with pussy cream, and then she jammed back and took it all again.

"Unghhh!" she grunted as his heavy cock-head sank into her cunt, jarring and jolting her.

She pulled off and pushed on again, fucking herself on the animal's prick as he stood firm.

Then Nimrod fell into the rhythm with the woman. As she shoved her cunt back, he humped and slammed his prick out to meet her.

Her cunt hole was so wet that his prick was floating up her fuck-tunnel. His big balls swung in and slapped against her crotch like the clappers of a hairy bell.

Marisa looked back between her kneeling thighs, watching the dog's balls swing as he fucked in and out.

The brute was frantic now, driven wild by the pleasure of her pussy and fucking his cock in desperately, eager to empty his cum-load in that seething cunt.

His spine twisted and his bushy tail lashed about like a propeller. His hind paws scrambled at the ground as he braced, throwing up dirt. He was yelping and slobbering onto Marisa's slender back as he fucked his prick into her pussy with lightning-fast strokes.

Marisa tried to keep pace with the frantic beast, her ass churning and her belly pumping, but there was no way a woman could match the vigor of the rutting hound.

The dog was feeding his prick to her twice as fast as she was humping beneath him, fucking into her two strokes to one. His cock hissed up her fuck-hole savagely, yanked out against her cunt suction with a slurp, then plunged in to the hilt again. He was tossing her haunches up and down and pressing her ass down under his heaving bulk.

Marisa stopped trying to keep up with the brute's bestial tempo. She lowered her head to the ground and, instead of humping, began to use her cunt muscles. Her pliable pussy molded itself around the contours of his rock-hard cock, clinging to every precious inch. The inner cunt muscles began to ripple and suck, closing in a series of contracting rings that ran up his cockshaft from the hilt to the knob, as if she were jerking him off with her cunt. She could feel every single inch of his prickshaft as it throbbed and pulsed in her cunt.

"Fuck-fuck-fuck-" she moaned.

Like some mighty piston, the dog's formidable prick fucked into her pussy, pulled out to the naked cock-knob, then slammed in to the balls again. He was shaking, jerking her about with his cock-thrusts.

Marisa squirmed, tilting her groin up so that the dog's cocklance was running directly across her clit as it fucked in and out.

"Ohhhh!" she gasped, as her clit exploded against that sliding cockshaft.

He fucked her furiously. The friction of a stiff prick moving at lightning speed was driving Marisa crazy.

She twisted her hips from side to side, rolling her ass and winding her fuck-hole around on his cock, adding torque to the in-and-out friction. Her cunt hole was working like a pliable wringer on the dog's cock, pulling and dragging and sucking, driving the beast to even greater efforts. His prick was thundering into Marisa's cunt rapidly, and she kept dipping her head down as he heaved her ass up on the long, underslung fuck-strokes.



His balls were huge and ready to burst now. They whacked into her cunt mound like a black-jack. Marisa thought that she could hear the animal's cum sloshing around each time his balls slapped against her.

"Cum-slime my cunt, boy!" she gasped, coming herself, and longing to feel the animal's hot, thick fuck-juice flood her melting pussy.

Her clit was exploding every time the doggy ran his cockrod across it, and she was creaming in the core of her cunt, the cunt juice bubbling out and filling her fuck-hole. As the dog's prick stuffed her full, it pumped woman-cum out from her slot, lathering her crotch. Pussy juice pumped around the root of his prick and sprayed out as his balls slapped against her soaking groin, a mist of girl-cum drifting over her ass. Marisa was going off like a machine gun, peaking, ebbing for an instant, then peaking again.

The brute's fuck-thrusts drove her forwards. She dug her knees in and slammed back and his cock walloped up into her pussy again, fucking in even faster now that her cunt was swampy with her cum.

She felt his cockshaft pump savagely.

"Ahhhh-give it to me!" she cried.

Doggy-jism hosed her cunt hole in a torrent. His first spurt shot out as he plunged into her, and he blew another wad out on the recoil.

Marisa wailed with the rapture of feeling her fuck-hole fill 'up with foaming dog-cum.

The hound was howling as he fucked his prick in, squirting more cum out with every cock-thrust.

His cum ran up her cunt tunnel like an underground river, sliming every inch of her fuck-tube and swirling into the core of her cunt like a whirlpool of cream. Her cunt was so full of dog-cum that the stuff was spilling from her cunt in a deluge each time the beast fucked in and stuffed her to the brim. Her groin was awash, his balls were soaking and a pearly pool of jizz was forming under her as the overflow ran down her thighs.

She thought the doggy would never stop coming.

She didn't want him to ever stop. She could have spent a blissful eternity kneeling there and feeling her fuck-hole fill with his hot cum. The stuff felt as thick as glue as he hosed her pussy guts, as heavy as melted lead. Spunk was seeping into every crevice of her cunt hole, soaking every fold and shooting out with such force that he almost blew her off the end of his prick.

Nimrod whimpered and his haunches trembled, slowing down. Marisa began to jam her ass up and down, moving faster than the dog now as she worked off the last sweet spasms of her coming and sucked the last gooey drops of doggy-jism out from his slowly sliding cock-head.

Then she slowed down too, smiling radiantly, her whole body glowing with satisfaction. Getting fucked by a dog was a joy and, even while his spent prick was still stuck up her fuck-hole, Marisa was already looking forward to fucking him again...

The telephone was ringing in the house. Marisa thought that ringing was in her head, for a moment.

Then she realized that it was the phone. She stirred, intending to pull her pussy off the dog's prick.

But they were stuck fast.

She jerked hard, but the hound's cock seemed to be glued in her fuck-hole. When she crawled away, she only dragged him after her, by the cock.

Holy shit, she thought, alarmed. The fucker is stuck to me like a dog to a bitch!

She squirmed and wriggled like a fish on a spear, to no avail. When she tugged away, the hound hopped after her on his hind legs, like some performing dog in a circus, his paws still clinging to her hips.

"Get off!" she commanded.

Nimrod woofed, unable to uncouple.

The telephone was still ringing insistently, but Marisa didn't give a damn about that, now. She was getting worried. How long did it normally take before a dog could dismount? She had no idea.

It felt lovely to still have that swollen dog-prick stuck up her cunt hole, and Marisa would have enjoyed the wait, had she plenty of time. She might even have wanted to fuck him again, without ever having separated.

But she was afraid that her daughters might return from their ride.

It would be embarrassing, to say the least, to have the girls come home and find their mother with a hound fucking her.

Shit-they'll have to throw a bucket of cold water over our asses, she thought. And she had to giggle at the idea, despite her dilemma.

She reached back and grabbed the beast's deflated balls, yanking and dragging and making him yelp. Her ass corkscrewed as she tried desperately to free her clinging cunt hole from his meaty prick.

Marisa damned near pulled her pussy inside out with her efforts to dislodge the dog's cock. And then, realizing it was hopeless and that all she could do was wait for nature to take its course, she stopped struggling.

She was looking toward the woods, a worried expression on her face-but her ass was still moving a little. As long as the dog's cock was stuck up her fuck-hole, she figured that she might as well enjoy it.

The phone finally stopped ringing.

Marisa didn't even notice as she wriggled on the dog's cock, still pleasuring her insatiable cunt even as she gazed in dismay towards the woods.

But she needn't have worried.

Lacy and Honey weren't coming home yet. But someone else was...

John Tremont put the telephone down and frowned, wondering why his wife hadn't answered.

He had come home unexpectedly early today and was phoning from the commuter train station,

expecting Marisa to pick him up.

He had been looking forward to a nice afternoon fuck, but now he was disturbed. He wondered if he should wait and phone again in a short time. Maybe she had just gone out for cigarettes and would be home again any moment. But he hated waiting around the train station with a hard-on and he decided to walk home where, if Marisa still hadn't returned, he could at least jack himself off in comfort.

Hiding his hard-on behind his briefcase, John left the platform and started down the street.

It wasn't very far to the house and normally he would have enjoyed the walk, but it was awkward today. There were people on the streets and he felt silly holding his briefcase up in front of his groin. And, besides, his balls were so full of cum that he was walking like a cowboy around them.

He hesitated, thinking that maybe he should beat his meat in the men's room to reduce the swelling. But that seemed sort of sordid-and a waste of spunk, as well, if his sexy wife was home.

Then he had a good idea.

He could turn off into the woods and take a short cut home along the trails and bridle paths. He wasn't likely to encounter anyone in the woods-or so the man thought-and he wouldn't have to worry about hiding his hard-on. He turned off the street and moved off into the trees.

As soon as he was out of sight of the street, he let the briefcase fall to his side and stepped along jauntily, his cock leading the way. He was tempted to open his fly and let his prick stick out, figuring that it would feel pretty good to have that steaming hot cockmeat exposed to the brisk afternoon breeze as he strolled along.

But he didn't, afraid he might meet some other woodland stroller. And he was hoping like hell that his gorgeous blonde wife would be home soon so that he could sink his tormented fucker into her pussy and unload his balls.

Then he stumbled over a tree root.

He almost fell, the weight of his cock seeming cumbersome as he caught his balance. After that he walked more cautiously, looking down to make sure that he didn't stumble over another root.

He didn't.

But he did stumble upon something interesting...

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CHAPTER SEVEN

"Holy shit-look at those horse-pricks now!" Honey gasped.

She rolled away from her sister's embrace and looked across at the stallions, awe showing on her face.

The horses' cocks had been impressive before. But by this time, stimulated by the fragrance of two creaming cunts, those cocks were enormous and the dark slabs of their throbbing cockheads were all frothy with pre-cum.

Lacy sat up and looked over Honey's shoulder.

"Jeez-we can't ride the fuckers home like that," she said. "What would Mom think?"

A wicked smile brightened Honey's face.

"We gotta jerk 'em off," she said.

Lacy looked startled for a moment. The prospect of dealing with such enormous pricks was intimidating. But then she, too, smiled. It was also thrilling.

"Look at their balls," she whimpered. "I bet the fuckers cum by the gallon."

The palomino was standing closer to the girls than the black stallion and seemed to realize that they had now shown an interest in his condition. He moved closer, head thrust out and giant cock lurching from his loins.

Honey opened her thighs and raised one knee, wondering how the dumb brute would react to her exposed, saliva-soaked pussy.

The horse walked over, his soft, moist nostrils fluttering as he inhaled her aroma. His dark lips curled back and he blew, spraying slobber out. He stood over Honey and lowered his head, golden mane flowing. The stallion shoved his snout into Honey's groin and began to graze.

His meaty tongue slurped into her open cunt slot as his nostrils flared and his breath fanned her hot pussy. Honey wailed at the sensation and Lacy wailed, too, watching her sister get horsey head.

Honey arched her back, her feet coming up and her sleek thighs clamping over the palomino's head. She wriggled about, grinding her gaze on his buried muzzle and hiking her ass right up off the ground.

The teenager's supple body coiled and uncoiled like a spring, turning from side to side on the horse's muzzle as he lavishly laved her pussy.

That horsey-tongue felt wonderful, and Honey was almost tempted to let him lap her cunt until she creamed again. But she had already had a good tongue-fucking from her sexy sister, and now she was more fascinated by the prospect of milking a cum load out of the horse's cock and balls.

She pulled her pussy off his snout with a sucking sound. The palomino raised his head, blow-in, his muzzle streaked with pearly cunt juice.

His prick hooked up vibrantly, and he pawed at the earth with one hind hoof.

"C'mon, Lacy-help me jack him off!" Honey squealed, turning onto her knees and crawling up beside the stallion's heaving flank.

It was obvious that his prick was big enough for both of them, and Lacy moved up on the other side. The two naughty sisters' passion was plain in their lovely faces as they looked at each other across the horse's cockhead.

Honey reached under him and held his massive balls in her upturned palm. They were so heavy that she couldn't even lift them. She fondled and caressed his balls, and his cock hammered violently in response.

She ran her open hand up the underside of his cockstalk, where the thick vein was pounding, and fluttered her fingers against the underside of his cockhead. The slick black slab swelled and flared and more pre-cum came drooling out from his gaping piss hole.

The gooey stuff bubbled down the slope of his cock-knob, and Honey worked it into his hot cockmeat with her thumb.

Horse-jism feels as thick as molding clay, she thought, her fingers tingling at the touch. She looked back at his balls, imagining the titanic cum-load that they must hold.

Lacy was playing with the stallion's balls now, using both hands. They were big as basketballs -but much too heavy to dribble.

She brought her hands up onto the thick hilt of his cockshaft and held that hard rod in a double grip. She could barely span his meaty breadth in both hands. She began to frig up and down through a few inches at the base of his cockshaft, dragging his leathery sheath back from his bloated prick-knob and whimpering as she felt the hard core of his cock throb inside that loose sheath.

Honey moved in front of the animal's looming prick and gripped his fucker just behind the knob, also using both hands. She began to pump up and down on that part of his prick as her kid sister stroked at the hilt.

The handsome palomino was going crazy as they jacked his cock. He humped, shoving the fat cockrod through their hands. His prick-knob pushed out towards Honey's face, so hot that she felt as if she were looking into an open furnace, as if her eyeballs might melt as she stared at his cock.

The horse's powerful flanks rippled with muscle and sinew as he humped. His glossy golden body shimmered and his silken tail whisked about. Each time he pushed his prick forward, his drenched cock-knob loomed right up before Honey's radiant face. She sniffed the musky, gamey aroma of horse-cock and her naughty mouth began to drool.

"Lacy-" she croaked.

Lacy looked at her sister, peering along the length of the stallion's rock-hard prick.

"I'm gonna lick the fucker," Honey rasped.

"Ooooooh!" Lacy squealed. That was a thing that she dearly wanted to see.

The younger girl moved up, dragging her hands up his cockshaft as if she were hauling herself along, upside down, on a thick cable. She held his cockstalk just behind the cock-knob and sat down beside her sister, the two blonde teenagers cheek to cheek as they faced the stallion's cockhead, both holding his prick in a double grip as if choosing up sides on a baseball bat.

Together, they frigged back and the palomino's steaming cock-knob loomed out, naked and pumping.

The black stallion was looking on, seeming to understand that he would get his own reward in due course and greatly interested in the proceedings.

Honey pushed her tongue out, fluttering it around. She leaned forward slightly and touched the tip against the horse's slimy cock-head.

Lacy's green eyes widened as she saw her sister's pink tongue run over the tip of that slick slab. The girl was licking her own lips as she watched.

"Ohhhh, Lacy-his prick is yummy," Honey sighed, fluttering her eyelashes as she flicked her lapper against the glistening slab of stallion-cock.

She tongued up the pre-cum from his cock-meat and slid her questing lapper right into the brute's bubbling piss hole. She tongue-fucked into that creamy cleft, her nose sniffing as it pressed to his prick-knob.

The horse humped, tilting her head back as he shoved his cockhead into her face. As he pulled back, Honey bent her neck and followed, her tongue bathing his cock-knob with slurping strokes. This was too much for Lacy. The younger girl began to lick the animal's cock-head, as well, lapping at the slopes of that fat slab as her sister tongued the tip.

Their blonde heads moved together, side by side, as they shared the scrumptious hunk of wet prickmeat. Their tongues met on the horse's cockhead. Saliva flowed freely down his cock-knob, and more pre-cum oozed out. Lacy tongued up a mouthful of that slimy spillage and purred rapturously, as Honey shot her lapper into his piss hole again.

Honey didn't think that anything-except possibly her sister's cunt-had ever tasted as delicious as that huge slab of slimy horse-prick. She trembled in wanton anticipation of his full cum-load.

"I wanna suck him off," she moaned. "Yeah! Milk his cum out, Sis!" Lacy squealed.

Honey kissed the tip of the palomino's cock, her lips parting on the fiercely flowing cleft. Her mouth opened wider, lips stretching plially as she took the slimy cocktip into the oval of her maw. Her head pushed down. For a moment, she thought that his prick-knob was going to prove too big to fit in her mouth. But then, with Lacy squealing encouragement, Honey jammed her head down and all of that throbbing, dripping cockhead slid through the collar of her lips.

Her mouth was suddenly full of horse-prick. The swollen slab pressed her cheeks out on both sides at once and the tip was dribbling right down her throat. Her lapper was crammed against the underside of his cock, hardly able to stir.

"Holy shit," Lacy whispered, in awe.

Honey's lips were stretched wide around the stallion's leathery cockshaft, peeling outward. She tried to bob her head up and down in the traditional blow-job action, but it was impossible. She couldn't take any of his cockstalk into her mouth. His cock-knob had stuffed her to the brim. She sucked and slid her cramped lapper around against the flaring underside of that mouthful, whimpering.

The palomino snorted and humped, trying to fuck her face. But instead of shoving his prick in and out, he only tilted her blonde head back and forth with his cock-thrusts.

Lacy saw that her sister could use a hand.

She tightened her grip on the stallion's cock-shaft and began to jack his prick with steady strokes, jerking him off into her sister's mouth.

"Unghhh-unghhh-" Honey gurgled, twisting her lips on his cock, adding to the friction.

The horse fucked through Lacy's hands and into Honey's mouth. Stuck fast on the end of his prick, Honey swayed back and forth, her mouth dragged along on his prick. Seepage from his piss hole oozed out, sliming into every nook and cranny of her cock-filled maw and lubricating them enough so that she could manage to slide her lips an inch or so onto his cock-knob. Mixed with saliva, the pre-cum ran down her chin, and Lacy leaned across to lap up the overflow.

Bellowing like a crazy bull, the stallion thundered into her face, his cock hammering violently in the tight-fitting sleeve of her lips. His huge balls swung out under his cockshaft, heavy and full of jism.

"Shoot in her mouth," Lacy urged the brute, frigging his cockstalk faster.

She kept glancing at the animal's balls to see if they were about to explode and then staring at her sister's cock-filled face as that pretty head bobbed back and forth, hair tumbling about and eyes glazing with wanton lust.

The stallion was thundering toward the creamy crest now, his mighty cock fucking in and out of Honey's mouth and throbbing all through that iron-hard length. His balls were so inflated that they looked ready to blow out, the usually wrinkled ball-sacs drawn smooth as a filled wineskin.

He fucked into Honey's mouth, and a great shudder shook him.

"He's gonna blow!" Lacy cried.

Honey gurgled hungrily, her body shaking as if the spasms of the horse's jolting prick had passed on into her through the conduit of her mouth.

The stallion's balls exploded. His cum came rushing up his cockrod, but his prick was so long that it took a second for the creamy load to reach his cock-knob and then it shot into the girl's throat so hard that he damned near blew her head off the end of his cock.

Honey gasped and gulped the hot, thick jism down greedily, and the horse hosed her with a second slimy spurt, then a third jet of jism.

Horse-cum poured from her lips and ran back down his cockstalk in milky ribbons.

Lacy, eager for her share, licked cum from his cockrod. Her tongue slid up with a slurping stroke, and she licked at her sister's lips as more of the foaming horse-jizz pumped out.

Slowly, his huge balls began to subside, the bags loosening as the cum-load emptied into Honey's mouth. Her belly was full of the succulent stuff, but the voracious teenager kept on sucking, dragging the last gooey nuggets from his prick-knob.

His cockhead softened slightly, turning rubbery in Honey's mouth. She was able to bob her head up and down a bit now and she did so, feeding a couple of inches of his cockshaft in behind the cockhead.

Lacy looked on enviously.

But she wasn't jealous, knowing that a randy black stallion was ready and waiting.

But she didn't know that her daddy was hauling his hard-on toward them through the woods...

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

Honey drew back and her lips came pulling over the head of the palomino's cock, then slipped off. She collapsed back on the grass, and the horse's prick jerked up and down, saliva steaming from the cockmeat. Honey had thought that she had milked it all out, but now another glob of cum welled up in his open piss hole, as thick as wallpaper paste.

Lacy flicked her tongue out and gathered up this last nugget of stallion-cum, savoring and swallowing. She nuzzled his cock-knob to her lips, kissing and sucking.

But the horse was drained, and he sidestepped, prancing, so that his long prick swung away from the girl's face. His colossal cock jerked from side to side, swinging under him like a crane.

Whimpering, Lacy licked down his leathery prickstalk and lapped at his spent balls, holding them up to her mouth with both hands.

She twisted lithely and got her head jammed right up into the animal's groin, grinding her lovely little face into his balls and even sliding up to lick at his asshole for a moment.

Lacy was really hot to drink horse-cum now. She slid her tingling tongue back down the beast's fucker and laved his cock-knob again, whetting her appetite with every noisy slurp.

Then she turned toward the black stallion.

The neglected brute was snorting and pawing and tossing his head about impatiently, his huge black cock jutting out like an ebony monolith.

Lacy started to crawl toward the succulent sight.

But Honey was sprawled out between Lacy and the horse, and Lacy got sidetracked. Honey was lying on her back, her mouth and her legs both open. Her cunt slot was a gaping grotto, flooded with cunt juice and, although she'd swallowed most of the palomino's jism, her open mouth was still awash with the creamy residue. Cum swirled in her cheeks and coated her gums, and her tongue was floating in the slimy stuff.

Lacy knelt over her sister, licking her lips. She leaned down and clamped her mouth on Honey's cunt, sucking pussy juice out. Her tongue slid in as if she were French kissing a bearded mouth.

Honey sighed. Her eyes were closed and she lay dazed, as if intoxicated by the fuck-juice that she had gulped down without moderation. She shifted her hips lazily as her sister sucked on her pussy.

Lacy was still eager to get at the black stallion's prick, but she saw no harm in lingering over luscious Honey for a few moments, first. The longer she waited, the hungrier she was going to be.

She gave Honey's pussy a few more tongue-swipes, then began to slowly lick her way up the older girl's trim belly. Honey's fat tits were streaked with horse-cum that had dribbled down when her mouth overflowed. Lacy lapped that tasty slime up from her tit mounds and out of her cleavage and suckled on her pert pink tit tips.

Bending down, Lacy stared into Honey's open mouth. Then she lowered her head and, just as she had been kissing Honey's cunt as if it were a bearded mouth, now she began to tongue-fuck Honey's mouth like a hairless cunt.



She licked her sister's inner cheeks and her teeth, the arched roof of her mouth and her tongue, sucking on her lips and pulling horse-cum out abundantly. Kissing that cum-drenched mouth was almost like eating out a cunt, and Lacy relished it, lingering longer than she had intended.

But by this time the black stallion had lost patience. The horny brute advanced, haunches swaying and his great prick gleaming.

Lacy was kneeling, her head down on Honey's upturned face and her ass wriggling about, hiked upward. Her slim thighs were parted and her cunt was dripping, spilling out the heated scent that was driving the stallion wild.

The big brute moved up behind Lacy and lowered his head, neck deeply arched. He thrust his snuffling snout into her crotch from behind.

Lacy squealed happily when she felt his soft, wet muzzle flutter in her fuck-slot. The stallion snorted and blew, his moist breath billowing up her pussy. Lacy jerked against his head and the horse shot his tongue out, stabbing the meaty lapper up her cunt hole.

"Ahhhh," she purred into her sister's cummy mouth.

That huge tongue felt big as a prick as it delved around inside her steaming pussy.

Each time the stallion shot his lapper up into her fuck-hole, Lacy shot her own tongue into Honey's cum-drenched mouth in a clockwork response. The naughty girl intended to turn around at any moment now and give the horse's prick a tongue bath and a suck, but his cunt-lapping felt so lovely that she couldn't bring herself to change positions yet.

She figured that she might as well cream the stallion's muzzle first, then return the favor, swallowing all of his huge load of succulent cum.

But the stallion didn't know that, of course, and as he lapped her fragrant pussy, his prick was raging, ready to be fucked into a hot hole and emptied.

The animal lowered his head right to the ground and pushed his lapper out as far as it would go. His tongue walloped into Lacy's blonde pussy hair and slid slowly on up, wedging through her open cunt slot and slurping across her clit and sliding on up through the crack of her ass. It flipped out from between her asscheeks and the stallion's big, blunt head came flying up, cunt juice spraying from his muzzle.

He shuffled in, his head craning out over Lacy's shoulder-and his enormous cock burrowed into her crotch.

"Oh!" she cried, startled.

The horse's gigantic cockhead was throbbing in her cunt slot as he shoved, trying to sink his fat prick into that juicy fuck-hole.

Lacy pushed back, her hips lurching from side to side. The animal's cock-knob pressed into her groin, pushing her head down onto Honey's face. Lacy's green eyes opened wide, the lashes fluttering. She could feel her pliable pussylips unfurl.

The tip of the stallion's naked slab of black cockmeat was nudging into her cunt and she could feel the hot, thick pre-cum that was oozing out from his piss hole.

The horse heaved, but his cockhead was too big. He just hiked her ass upward, without penetrating beyond the cocktip.

Lacy's knees bounced on the ground.

Honey opened her eyes and gasped.

"Holy fuck! The horse is trying to screw you, Sis!" she cried, both startled and thrilled.

"Help the fucker," Lacy moaned. "His prick is so big-help him get in me, Honey!"

Honey squealed enthusiastically, more than happy to assist her sister in such a perverted project. She twisted around and knelt beside Lacy's heaving hip. The pointed tip of the black brute's cockhead had wedged into Lacy's cunt and almost half of his slick cock-knob was buried, pulsing frantically. Lacy's pink cuntlips were rippling on the ebony slab, pulling and sucking. Honey wasn't sure if much more of that enormous prick would fit in her sister's pussy.

Honey studied the situation for a moment. Then she hooked one arm around the stallion's cockshaft, just behind the prick-knob, gripping his big cock in the clamp of her elbow. Her other hand moved into Lacy's crotch. She began to spread Lacy's pliable pussy open with her fingers while she dragged the horse's prick in at the same time.

The black stallion humped, his cock slamming into Lacy's crotch like a battering ram, beating and pounding at the hairy portals of her pussy.

Lacy's cuntlips pulsed and parted-and all of the stallion's naked cockhead vanished in her pussy gash. Lacy gasped at the sudden sensation, and Honey gasped at the sight.

The horse began to fuck his prick in deeper.

Honey released his prick and used both hands on her sister's pussy, tugging the girl's elastic cuntlips down over the brute's cockstalk. His cock-knob was the fattest part of his prick. As it slowly slid in, it was opening Lacy's fuck-hole around its massive contours, blazing a trail for his cockshaft.

Honey dipped her head in and tongued around the rim of Lacy's fuck-slot, salivating heavily to add to the lubrication and licking the stallion's cockshaft at the same time. She ran her tongue up the crack of her sister's ass and rimmed out her shit hole for a tangy moment, then slid back and lapped at the stallion's bloated balls.

Lacy shoved her ass and hips back eagerly, twisting her limber loins, screwing her fuck-hole onto the horse's gigantic prick. She could feel his cock-knob spreading her cuntlips and his rock-hard cockrod throbbing up her pussy hole.

Then, with a mighty lurch, the stallion slammed in and his huge prick bottomed out.

His cockhead was flaring in the very core of Lacy's cunt, as deep as it could go. Half of his prickstalk was in her cunt, and the bottom half stuck out between them, like a tubular bridge between his balls and her cunt slot-a hollow pipeline through which his hot oil could flow.

The stallion pumped his cock vigorously. His prick jolted up Lacy's ass hiked into the air, her knees jerked up from the ground.

He began to hump. At first the fit was too tight and, when he pulled back, he simply dragged Lacy's

ass back with him, his cock not sliding in and out. But her pliable pussy juiced and adjusted, accommodating his massive prick. When he drew back again, his fat black prick came slowly pulling from her smoldering cunt.

Her pink cuntlips clung to his black cockstalk, turning outwards as he withdrew. The stallion pulled back until only his wedge-shaped cock-head was stuck in her, paused for a moment with the girl suspended on the end of his cock, then slammed back into her steaming fuck-hole.

Lacy grunted as his cockhead filled her pussy to the very brim. She squirmed rapturously on his cock; thighs rippling as she rode up and down and hips jerking as she twisted her cunt on his cock. It felt as if his fucker might push right through her body, as if her hipbones would jump out of their sockets.

Her cunt hole was as full as a cunt hole could be-and Lacy loved it.

The beast's black prick came sliding out, all lathered with cunt juice and streaked with pre-cut.

Honey lapped hungrily at that dripping horse-cock. Her blonde head slid up and down, tonguing along the stallion's prickshaft. She lapped at his balls at one end and licked at her sister's cuntlips and clit at the other end.

Lacy coiled up, then snapped back, her limber body working like a spring. Her ass churned, her belly pumped and her hips jolted as she matched the brutal vitality of the rutting stallion, becoming like an animal herself in her unbridled lust.

Her cunt was sucking and rippling and getting wetter all the time. The horse was fucking her fluidly as her hot pussy creamed.

Girl-cum spilled out from her cock-stuffed cunt, and Honey licked up the overflow hungrily. She rolled onto her back and jammed her face up, sucking Lacy's stiff clit into her lips and nursing on it, adding a clitoral thrill to the friction of the stallion's prick as it plunged in and out of the girl's fuck-hole.

Her mouth was wide open so that the horse's prick was gliding through her lips as it sank into Lacy's pussy, then again, as it pulled out, soaking and steaming. The cock came out drenched with cunt cream and plowed back in all lathered with Honey's slobber.

The stallion was fucking her faster and harder as he soared towards the crest.

Lacy felt as if that huge cock were shaking her apart. Her nubile body flopped around like a rag doll on the end of the horse's prick, and her loins were dissolving in a prolonged orgasm.

Then the black stallion snorted, prancing as he fucked, hovering at the peak. His balls erupted and his fuck-juice rocketed into Lacy's cunt.

"Ooooh!" Lacy wailed, in ecstasy.

It felt as if she had a high-pressure fire hose stuck up her cunt as the horse's thick jism hosed her in torrents.

He thundered on, dragging her slim body up and down on his prick as he drained his balls in spurt after spurt, shooting more cum into the girl each time he humped and fucked his prick into her flooded pussy.

Lacy creamed each time she felt another dose of steaming stallion-cum jet into her cunt, her pussy cream melting into the foaming deluge of his jism.

His cock was jerking out from her pussy all sodden with their fuck-juices, the black stalk looking as if it were laced with melted pearls. Honey was lapping that cream from his cock-shaft ravenously. She adored cum and she loved cunt juice and, combined, the stuff was driving her wild. Her tongue was smoldering as it vibrated against the stallion's slimy cockshaft.

The brute pumped his last squirt of jizz into Lacy's cunt and slowed, snorting and bellowing. He stood stiff-legged as Lacy bobbed about, stuck on the end of his cock, arms and legs limp and flopping. She was smiling blissfully, radiant with the joy of it.

The horse began to pull his prick out.

The fat cockrod came out as it had gone in, slowly and steadily, with Honey tonguing every inch as it emerged. His prick-knob stuck in her pussy for a moment, as her pliable cuntlips collared that big slab, clinging to it.

Then his prick slipped free with a slurp. The cock-knob snapped up and whacked the brawny brute on the chest.

Lacy, no longer supported on that fuck-pole, bounced on her hands and knees.

Honey, moaning and whimpering, took the stallion's cockhead between her cupped hands and worked her tongue around in his piss hole, lapping out the delicious dregs. She laved all over the black slab, slurping up horse-cum and cunt juice and polishing his cock-knob to a glossy black luster.

When she had licked up every lovely drop, she turned and looked at the palomino and purred in anticipation when she saw that his prick was big and hard and that the beast was all quivering with readiness.

Honey wanted a cuntful of stallion cock for herself, now, having seen how greatly her sister had enjoyed getting fucked by the black brute.

But then she glanced at Lacy.

Lacy was still kneeling, her head down and her ass hiked up. Her vacated cunt slot was gaping open, the soft folds retaining the shape of the giant horse-cock that had molded them so wide. A foaming torrent of horse-cum and girl-cum gushed from her cunt hole.

Honey's wet tongue tingled and fluttered. She just had to suck the fuck-juice out of Lacy's flooded pussy before she got fucked, herself.

She crawled up behind Lacy, tongue first.

"Yeah-suck his jizz out of my cunt, Sis," Lacy panted, wriggling her trim little ass about.

Honey placed her hands on Lacy's hips and, ducking her blonde head down, began to dine, loving it so much that she was smiling in Lacy's gaping pussy.

And her father smiled, too...

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CHAPTER NINE

John Tremont had heard the frantic sounds of furious fucking as he came walking down the trail and, naturally, he had moved into the bushes to investigate.

When he looked into the clearing and saw his youngest daughter getting her ass fucked off by the stallion, while his older daughter assisted with her tongue, his first reaction was shock.

But it never dawned on him to interrupt.

For one thing, since the girls were already obviously corrupted, it was too late to do any good by interfering and, besides, it would be awfully embarrassing for everyone concerned if he had made his presence known.

And, more to the point, the horny man was thrilled by the sordid scene.

Standing back in the shadows, he opened his fly and hauled his thundering cock out. He began to jerk off as he watched the stallion's giant black cock fucking in and out of his nubile daughter's creamy cunt hole.

But John had arrived just at the climax, and the horse was squirting his fuck-juice into Lacy before her daddy had jacked himself to a spurting conclusion.

Now his fist slowed, halted and slipped off his hammering cockshaft as he realized that maybe he wouldn't have to beat his own meat, after all.

He watched Honey polish the stallion's prick with her tongue, fascinated-and then he saw the girl crawl over towards her sister.

John realized that incest didn't bother his naughty little girls.

Gazing down at his pounding prick, John made the obvious connection. He frowned slightly, with a last moment's doubt-then he grinned fiendishly.

With his big prick jutting out, the cock-knob gleaming, John walked into the clearing.

Lacy's loins were lathered from asshole to cunt bush, and Honey was licking up the seepage from around the girl's hairy cunt rim, polishing the edges of the platter before she began to feast on the main course.

She bent down, tits bobbling saucily, and slurped up Lacy's trembling thighs, gathering up the cum streaks from the smooth slopes.

Turning her head, she tongued the horse-cum out of Lacy's curly cunt bush and moved on up to lap at the creases where her legs joined her body, salivating and slobbering hungrily. She spread the firm cheeks of her sister's ass apart and ran her lapper up that juice-soaked crack, then tongue-fucked into Lacy's asshole, sucking on the brown rim as she licked up the shit chute.

Honey sat back on her heels for a moment, gazing down, making sure that she had mopped up all the seepage. Lacy's ass and thighs were glistening with saliva. But her cunt, unsucked still, was spilling out more juice. The girl was tingling, tongue, tits and cunt.

Lacy jerked wantonly, invitingly, yearning for her sister's tender tongue for some gentle stimulation, following the frantic fucking of the horse-cock.

Honey parted her lips and clamped her mouth onto Lacy's overflowing pussy. She began to suck rapturously, her mouth filling with sweet fuck-juices. Lacy's cunt juice poured out, laced by ribbons of horse-jizz. Honey gulped the cream down greedily, her tongue fucking in as her lips worked on the open, pink pussy folds.

She spread Lacy's cuntlips open and peeled them back with her fingers, getting her mouth pressed right up into the wet inner folds.

"Ooooh!" Lacy moaned, her eyes half closed and the lashes fluttering.

And then her eyes snapped wide open and she let out a horrified gasp.

Honey looked up in surprise-and she, too, gasped when she saw their father standing there.

She blushed in shame and lowered her gaze, afraid to meet the man's eyes. But as her own gaze dropped, she was startled to see that Daddy's prick was looming out from his open fly, the rock-hard cockrod angled up before his abdomen in a towering erection.

Shyly, she risked another glance up at the man's face-and saw that he was grinning wickedly.

John knelt down beside Honey.

"It's okay, baby," he said reassuringly. Honey gave him a questioning, beseeching look, confused and unsure of what to expect. "Don't stop," her father croaked.

He placed his hand behind her blonde head and gently pushed her face back into her sister's bubbling fuck-slot.

Feeling overwhelmed and not knowing what else to do, Honey began to suck on Lacy's cunt again, spooning cream out with her lapper.

But she was looking sideways now, staring at her daddy's cock as he knelt beside her, with that formidable fucker jutting out toward her cheek.

John stroked Honey's golden head as he leaned closer, watching her tongue sliding around so fluidly in his other naughty daughter's pussy. He folded his other hand around the hilt of his prick, pulling back so that the purple cock-knob flared out, naked and dribbling pre-cum.

He rubbed the gooey cocktip against Honey's cheek, smearing her with slime. He enjoyed watching the girl eating out her sister, but his prick was bucking frantically now, threatening to blow off on its own.

He turned Honey's face out of Lacy's groin and toward his rampaging cockhead. With her daddy's cock throbbing in her face, Honey trembled violently.

"Suck my cock, baby," he croaked.

"Oh, yes, Daddy," she whimpered, with desire far beyond daughterly duty.

Her tongue, already drenched with stallion-spunk and sister-slime, pushed out and flashed against her father's oozing prick.

John inhaled sharply, groaning as he felt his teenaged daughter's tongue on his cockhead. He thrust it out. Honey began to lick up and down his thick cockshaft, tracing along the pounding ventral vein.

She tongued his bloated balls at the base of his prick, then flattened her lapper and drew it slowly back up his cockrod, fluttering under his booming prick-knob.

"Suck it," he rasped, pushing the cocktip against her lips.

Honey kissed that steaming slab and then let her lips part, feeding her daddy's cock into her mouth.

"Ahhhh," she sighed, sucking adoringly on his cockhead.

His cock-knob was big but not nearly as huge as the stallion's, and Honey began to duck her head up and down, feeding most of his prick into her maw. His cockhead slid into her throat and the pursed collar of her lips ran down his cockshaft, her chin bumping his ballooning balls and her nose nestling in his wiry crotch hair. Holding all of his cock in her mouth, she twisted her radiant face, screwing her mouth on his bolt. Then she drew back toward his cock-knob, her lips turned outwards as she sucked through every inch.

Holding his purple cockhead against her lips, she whimpered: "Cum, Daddy-shoot in my mouth-oooooh-I'm hungry for your hot, thick jizz!"

Her cheeks sank in as she sucked, inhaling his aroma. Her tongue flashed against the under-side as her lips pulled on the throbbing cock-stalk. Pre-cum bubbled onto her taste buds, driving the naughty girl crazy.

She let some of the frothy stuff slide down her throat-wantonly swallowing some of the same slime that had sired her.

John held his hand behind her blonde head and jerked his prick in and out, face-fucking his daughter.

As her lips pulled up to his cock crown, saliva gushed down his prick, her frothy slobber streaked with thicker ribbons of pre-cum as his piss hole seeped.

"Spunk me, Daddy-cream my fucking mouth!" Honey gurgled on his swollen cock-knob.

"Yeah-slime her!" Lacy wailed, looking on in total fascination and licking her lips.

"Here it comes, baby!" John gasped.

Honey wailed and pushed her head down as his fuck-sap came rushing up his cockrod. The cum hit the back of her throat and she forced her mouth down against the creamy tide like a salmon swimming upstream to spawn.

She swallowed and sucked another wad out, adoring that fatherly fuck-juice. Her head danced on his prick as John fed it to her, fucking her mouth and shooting more jism out with every cock-stroke.

His balls bounced, expanding as they filled and then shrinking as he emptied yet another thick squirt into the girl's suction cup of a mouth. With jerking, jolting strokes he drained his cum-load off, and greedy little Honey gulped it down with joy.

"Swallow it, Honey," he moaned.

The man was crazed by lust, watching her throat delicately pulse as she drank his cum and kept sucking for more. He was coming in his daughter's mouth and it was wicked-and wonderful!

His last jet creamed her maw and, with a strangled cry, John jerked his prick out of her mouth and flopped onto the ground, flat out on his back and gasping.

Honey sat back on her heels, tipping her head back to let the last drops trickle down her gullet, glowing with the incestuous thrill of oral incest.

Despite his massive climax, John's prick was still towering over his loins, like a bubbling fountain, cum still spilling from the tip and saliva coating the cockshaft.

Lacy was delighted that Daddy's prick was still stiff.

And the palomino, too, was rampant...

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## CHAPTER TEN

Lacy leaned over her father and lowered her head onto his prick, purring happily as she bobbed up and down, sucking the juices from his cockmeat.

John looked down at her through narrowed eyes, watching her head rise and fall and her blonde hair curtain his loins. Having already shot in his older daughter's mouth, he was more than willing to feed Lacy some fatherly fuck-juice, as well. She certainly seemed to want a load, sucking with enthusiasm and sliding down to take every inch of his prick into her mouth, her saliva pouring down his cockrod as she pulled up to the cock-knob.

But then the girl drew her wet lips from his prick and twisted lithely around, throwing one knee across and straddling his hips. His cock jutted up before her belly. She gazed down over her thrusting tits, seeing how high up her torso that long prick extended and imagining how it would feel when it was buried inside her pussy.

The stallion's prick had stuffed her so full that her movements had been restricted, and she was really looking forward to going wild on her daddy's towering prick.

She hiked her ass and slipped his cocklance into her foaming crotch. Holding his prick by the hilt, she rubbed the cock-knob around in her cunt gash and against her clit, moving her ass and hips sinuously as she poised above him.

John groaned and reached up with both hands, massaging her tits and pulling at the stiff tips. His ass was jerking up from the ground, inching his cockhead deeper into the girl's smoldering cunt tunnel.

Thighs rippling, Lacy slowly lowered her fuck-hole down onto her daddy's prick. She squatted on him, his long, thick cockshaft buried to the balls. Her cuntlips were plastered around the hairy hilt and her clit flared against his hard cockrod. Her cunt muscles fluttered and contracted, closing around his cock's contours, outlining the man's throbbing cockhead and cockshaft as she clamped him tight.

She held his prick in her cunt and squirmed about, twisting her supple hips from side to side, her valentine-shaped ass slowly weaving through a curving pattern.

John bridged, jamming his fat cock upward and holding firmly under her. He grimaced with passion as her cunt muscles sucked on his embedded cockmeat, working like a soft wringer on his prick.



Then the teenager began to rise and fall, fucking up and down on his cock and lashing her ass and hips in a corkscrewing motion as she whipped her pussy onto his piston.

John humped up to meet her as she descended, stabbing his vibrating prick deeply up her cunt hole. His hands slid down from her tits and he gripped her by her hipbones, lifting her slim loins, then pulling her back down onto his throbbing fucker.

Lacy moved faster, losing all control as she fell into a furious father-fucking tempo.

Her blonde hair tumbled about and her plump tits bobbed. She whirled like a dervish, spinning on his cock. She heaved and pumped and ground her cunt onto his cock. She threw one leg out and bounced down on his prick as if she were doing a Russian squat dance.

His prick was drilling her out like a well. Cunt juice poured from her pussy as he fucked into her, boring into the depths of her sinkhole and pumping the girl-oil out.

She wailed and moaned, dancing on his fucker like some crazed celebrant at a carnal carnival. Her eyes were glazed, her lips drooling. She looked almost demented in her desire, losing all control as they ground together like a well-greased fucking machine.

“Unghhh!” she grunted as his prick fucked in, coring her cunt like an apple. As she squatted down onto his cockrod, the cheeks of her ass spread open, exposing the brown bud of her shit hole. His hairy balls jammed up into her crotch, so swollen that they looked like boulders rolling under her ass.

Honey, crawling towards the palomino, found this a fascinating sight and paused for a moment, en route to the horse. Her cunt and clit were blazing for prick, but her mouth and tongue were still tingling, as well, and she moved up behind Lacy’s ass.

Lowering her face, Honey lapped lovingly at her daddy’s bloated balls. As Lacy slid up, his fat cockshaft emerged, all drenched with pussy cream. Honey tongued up the veined underside of his prick and licked at Lacy’s unpeeled cunt-lips at the top of the stroke.

Lacy pushed back down and her ass cheeks spread open. Her sister slurped up the damp crack and then wedged her lapper into Lacy’s tender shit slot, wriggling it around in that tangy, tasty brown eye. Her slobber poured down and seeped into Lacy’s crotch and onto John’s balls.

Honey was tempted to stay where she was, ready to drink her daddy’s jism out of her sister’s fuck-hole after he had shot his wad. But her cunt was screaming for attention, hotter and hornier than her mouth. She gave Lacy’s shit hole a last slurp, ran her lapper over John’s balls, then turned away with a whimper and moved toward the stallion.

The palomino came prancing over to meet her.

The horse lowered his head and Honey knelt upright, stroking his arched neck and silken mane as his soft nostrils fluttered and blew a mist of slobber onto her shoulder. She stroked his rock-hard cock with her other hand.

She started to get onto her hands and knees, to get fucked animal fashion, as her sister had. But then it occurred to the naughty girl that it might be more fun to fuck the stallion face to face-to show the dumb brute how naughty the missionary position could be.

She knew that she would need a support for her ass, so she deftly unbuckled the girth of his saddle,

hauling it from him and placing it on the ground. She slid onto it, sitting sideways and giggling as she wondered how many proper lady riders had ever mounted side saddle this way.

She arched back. Her ass was hiked up on the saddle, her feet were planted flat on the ground and her head and shoulders were lowered. Her crotch was hiked up at the highest point on her bridged body-and on a level with the flaring head of the horse's enormous cock.

The stallion jammed his muzzle into her groin and snuffled around in her foaming cunt slot for a moment. Then he tossed his head up, neighing and snorting.

His prick jolted out, the cock-knob resting on her blonde cunt mound.

Limber as an acrobat, Honey hooked one knee over the thick stalk of the stallion's prick and pulled his cockhead down into her open crotch. The horse's cock flared and dribbled into her cunt gash.

His cock felt so gigantic that Honey would have thought it was too big to go in her pussy. But she knew better now, having seen her sister's pliable pussy spread out to accommodate the black stallion's equally massive prick.

Holding him in place with one knee crooked over his cockrod, she began to squirm, screwing her cunt slot down against the tip of his fucker. The animal humped, haunches heaving. His cockhead began to wedge into Honey's pussy. She jerked down to meet him, grunting and gasping.

Inch by inch, his cock-knob vanished into her creamy pussy. Her cuntlips spread out, then snapped closed, clamped around his leathery cockstalk as all of his fat cockhead suddenly slipped up into her cunt hole.

His prick fucked in deeper, nearly half of his long cockshaft following, filling her pussy to the brim. She felt his hot, heavy cockhead bump at the end of her fuck-chute, at the very core of her cunt. The brute could go no farther.

Honey slid her hooked thigh off his prickshaft and arched her slender back, her ass high on the saddle, her body curved up and supported on his giant fucker.

The stallion held his cock buried for a moment as her cunt walls caressed him, the tunnel tightening. Then the beast began to hump in and out, fucking Honey across the saddle with long, jolting cock-strokes.

Honey pumped and jerked, meeting his animal passion with equally raging lust.

Alone and unassisted, Honey had managed to get her fuck-hole stuffed full of horse-prick.

She squirmed about, her whole body shuddering as the stallion poured his pounding prick up her pussy. He was fucking her ass off, fucking her silly.

But she wasn't alone for long...

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

"Gonna cum, baby!" John howled.

Lacy's pussy was already melting and she slammed down onto her father's towering cock, eager for

his cum-load.

John heaved upward and as his cockhead plunged into the depths of her cunt, he shot a foaming geyser of jism into her pussy.

“Ahhhh!” she wailed when she felt that thick paternal cum gush into her.

She ground down, pulled up and fucked down again, milking his prick as her cunt creamed again and again.

His cum foamed up into her as if she had been squatting over Old Faithful when it erupted.

Ass churning, Lacy pumped her daddy dry.

She slumped over him, tits heaving. He was panting under her, his eyes glazed. His cock started to shrink and soften inside her cunt.

Then Lacy saw what Honey was up to.

“Oh, look, Daddy!” she cried.

John groaned when he saw his other blonde daughter getting fucked in the saddle-and his cock lurched and ballooned right back into another thundering hard-on.

But Lacy pulled her pussy off his cock.

It was time for a family get-together.

Honey smiled when she saw her sister and her father standing over her, watching the stallion’s thick cock slide in and out of her fuck-hole. Lacy was holding Daddy’s cock as they both leaned closer, fascinated by the action.

The horse fucked in again, and Honey’s juicy ass slid around in the curve of the saddle. Slurping and squishing sounds came from her cunt as the beast’s massive cock pulled out against the suction of her clinging cunt.

The horse’s gnarled, leathery cockstalk was sinking half of its formidable length up Honey’s cunt, his mighty balls swinging in and out at the hilt. Her pink pussylips stretched, pulling out along his colossal cock.

Honey’s face was turned upward and she was running her tongue across her parted lips invitingly.

“Shall I sit on your face, Sis?” Lacy rasped. “Ummm,” Honey sighed.

Lacy turned her back to the stallion and stepped across her sister’s head. She slowly dropped to her knees and settled her cunt onto Honey’s face. Honey began to lick and suck eagerly. Lacy was using her sister’s face for a saddle, thighs rippling as she slid up and down as if posting at a trot. Her lovely ass was rubbing against Honey’s upthrust tits as she mopped Honey’s face with her blonde cunt muff.

The stallion nickered and arched his head downward. He began to slurp his tongue up the crack of Lacy’s ass as that heart-shaped ass ground over Honey’s tits. His fat lapper dragged up her ass cleavage and laved at her asshole. Stallion slobber ran down onto Honey’s tits.

John watched the horse's prick fucking in and out, and his tongue run up Lacy's ass with fluid strokes. He leaned down and saw Honey's lips parted wide on Lacy's creamy gash as the girl sucked his fuck juice from her sister's pussy.

These were inspirational sights, indeed, and the man's cock bucked violently, ready to be dipped into a daughter again.

Lacy, squatting on Honey's face, opened her mouth and flashed her tongue suggestively. With her cunt full of sister-tongue and her asshole full of horse-lapper, it seemed a shame to have an empty mouth.

Her daddy stepped up to her face.

His cock was as hard as the horn of a saddle. He dipped at the knees and slid it up through the girl's cleavage, the cock-knob nestling in the hollow of her throat as his swollen balls jammed between her tits.

Lacy turned her radiant face down, lowering her chin onto her breastbone. As her father fucked up through her tit tunnel, she licked his cockhead.

"Fuck me in the mouth, Daddy," the naughty teenager urged him, her lips moving moistly on his slimy cock-knob as she spoke. "Use my mouth for a cunt."

John held her pretty face between his hands and slipped the head of his prick into the oval collar of her lips. She sucked greedily, nursing on his prick-knob, her cheeks dragging in as she inhaled on that meaty mouthful.

Ass corkscrewing jerkily, John slung his hips out and fed his prick to his daughter's hot maw. Her head tipped back as his prick lodged in her throat. He fucked in and out slowly and steadily as she mouthed his prick to the root, slobbering onto his swinging balls. He grunted as he fucked his cock into her mouth and Lacy gulped on the succulent mouthful. As her blonde head rose and fell, her cunt whipped around on Honey's upturned face, juicing her tongue and lips. She swallowed hungrily, tasting her Daddy's jism blended with her sister's cunt nectar.

Both pleased at both ends, the girls were going wild with the rapture of it, linked up in this bizarre daisy chain, tongues and clits glowing equally. Sister sucked sister as daughter dived on. Daddy's cock and the palomino pumped his prick in steadily, jolting and jerking those limber loins around with his frantic fuck-thrusts.

The horse slithered his heavy tongue right up into Lacy's trim little shit chute, fucking her ass with his lapper. She moaned on her father's cock as she felt the stallion's tongue jam deep into her ass guts while she pushed her creamy crotch down onto Honey's face.

Honey was creaming the stallion's gigantic cock. Gasping, she threw both legs around his hard cockshaft, clinging to his prick. Her ass screwed down as she took his cockhead into her cunt core and melted around his cockmeat like a wax candle on a flaming wick.

Lacy's pussy opened wide, the folds rippling. A wash of girl-cum flooded out into Honey's mouth, drenching her heavily. Honey swallowed Lacy's cunt cream and spilled more of her own out on the horse's pounding prick.

"Jizz my mouth, Daddy!" Lacy gurgled, wanting to drink his cum as she spilled her own cum out.

John groaned and fucked his prick into her bobbing face, plunging in balls deep. His balls exploded and Lacy gasped as fuck-juice filled her mouth.

Lacy swallowed joyfully, drinking her father's sweet cum as her pussy overflowed into her sister's mouth. John-pumped into her mouth and squirted jism jets down her gullet, floating her tongue on the flow. His cum spilled from her lips and poured down his cockshaft as he drew out, then he slammed back into her face and Lacy slurped the overflow back into her greedy mouth and gulped it down.

Then the stallion joined in the coming.

His massive prick fucked into Honey's pussy and a tidal wave of horse-cum hosed her loins, as hot and as thick as mercury as it sloshed and splashed into the inner reaches of her pussy.

She pumped his cockshaft between her knees and thighs, frigging him with her legs as her pussy sucked, dragging more horse-cum out with every jerk. The stallion flooded Honey's cunt hole, Lacy filled her mouth and their daddy kept on pouring his fatherly jism into Lacy's mouth, bonding them together in a family flood.

Drained, the stallion snorted and dragged his spent prick out of Honey's pussy. He trotted off, his cock swinging down and dripping.

Honey continued to churn on the saddle, shaking with orgasmic spasms as she sucked off Lacy to the dregs and Lacy milked Daddy dry.

John staggered back, gasping.

Lacy slid slowly off Honey's creamy face, her cunt slurping as it pulled free from those voracious lips and that flashing tongue.

She sprawled out belly down in the grass and John sank down beside her, panting.

Honey rolled from the saddle and joined them, and they all clustered together affectionately.

All satisfied for now, each was wondering when they would again get together for fun and games, thrilled by all the various aspects of lesbianism, incest and bestiality.

They had learned a lot today.

And they weren't even surprised when they got home and found Mommy fucking with the dog...

THE END