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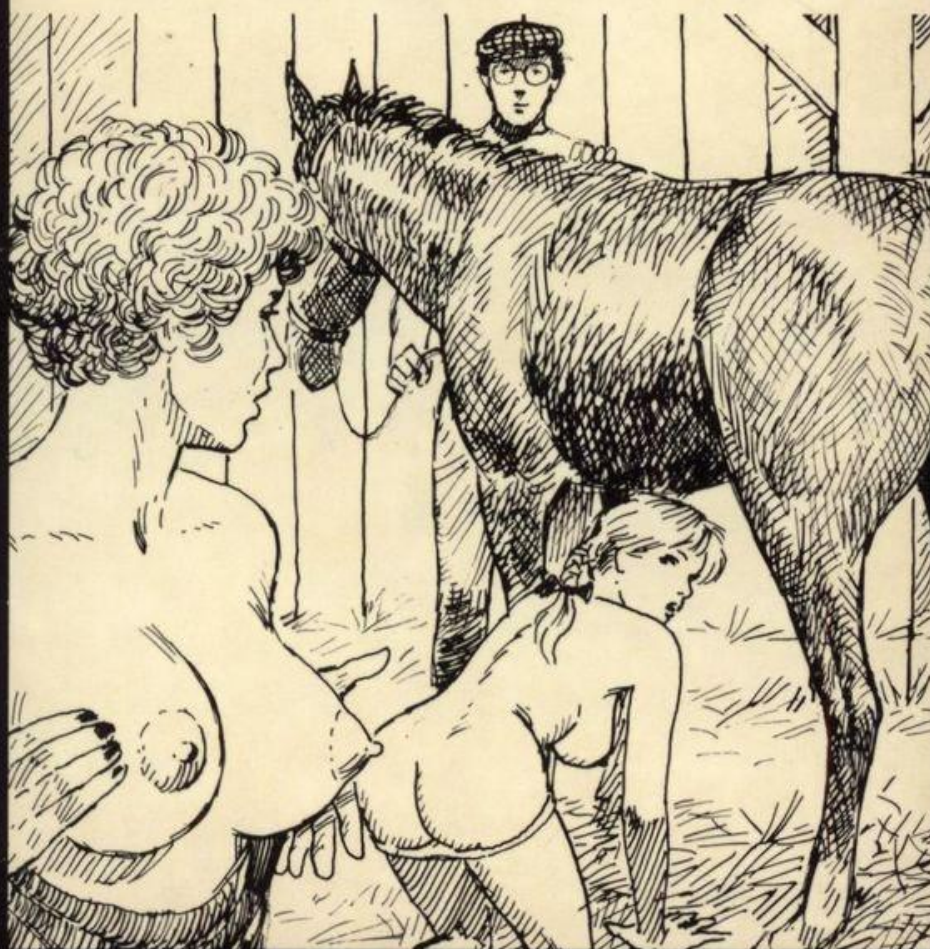
LB-1315 **The Family Horses Around** by David Crane

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THE FAMILY HORSES AROUND

by David Crane



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FOREWORD

Often times, strange and unconventional desires lurk beneath the veneer of normalcy many individuals project. Given the right set of circumstances, these desires cease to be repressed-and are eventually acted out.

Certain individuals attempt to retaliate against the increasing necessity to comply with society's demands by embracing unorthodox modes of behavior such as bestiality. Subcultures exist in our society, catering to a wide range of tastes. If these cultural avenues of expression did not exist, the pressure to conform would become too much for some people to bear-and the consequences would be devastating.

THE FAMILY HORSES AROUND is the story of a family caught up in such a subculture-and the effects of their unconventional behavior on others who are drawn into their world.

The Publisher

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## CHAPTER ONE

When the kids had gone, Mary Buckhorn sat down beside the telephone and looked at the instrument, wondering if she was really going to go through with it. She knew that Carla would be waiting for her to call. It had been tentatively arranged and it was the reason why Mary had sent Billy and Brenda to her sister's farm for the weekend-so she would have the house to herself, while her husband was away on a business trip.

Carla had told her how lovely it felt and Mary was excited by the idea but, with some last lingering inhibitions, she hesitated before she phoned.

Her pussy was simmering.

Mary pulled her skirt up above the waist. She wasn't wearing any panties and she parted her lush thighs and gazed down at her cunt, smiling slightly. She might feel a bit hesitant, but her cunt sure didn't!

Mary had been hot and horny ever since her divorced neighbor, Carla, had told her about the dog.

She had asked Carla what she did for a love life, now that she was divorced and living alone, and Carla had grinned in a naughty way and admitted that she let her doggy lap her off frequently.

Mary had been shocked-but intrigued.

Carla, once she had confessed, enthusiastically told Mary how lovely a dog's big, nimble tongue felt and how the eager brute always creamed her a lot better than any man-or woman-had. Then she had asked Mary if she would like to try it. Mary had blushed and acted reluctant, but her pussy had started to juice immediately.

Carla had made it seem so thrilling and Mary had always been a hot woman, enjoying the more normal varieties of sex. The idea had driven her wild. After some hesitation, Mary had agreed that she would like to try it. It was real naughty, of course, but it was all the more exciting because of that-and because sexy Carla seemed so keen on sharing the doggy, as well.

So Mary had arranged for the teenaged kids to spend the weekend on the farm, pretending that she hadn't actually made up her mind to go through with it-but knowing in her heart and her cunt that she would.

How steamy her pussy was! Her heavy tits swung in her tight blouse as she leaned down to stare between her legs, marveling at her own smoldering arousal.

Her cunt-mound was blonde and bushy, and below that plump vee, her open fuck-slot was streaming like a sluggish river. Cunt-juice poured down her crotch and soaked into the tight crack of her firm, shapely ass. Her clit was standing out like a stump in a swamp.

Mary leaned lower, her neck craning.

She wished that she were limber enough to go down on herself, to get her mouth right on her pussy and suck herself silly. She figured that she would really enjoy both ends of that solitary pleasure-satisfying her cunt and her mouth at the same time, her tingling tongue lapping lovingly at her explosive clit. But she knew that she couldn't manage that trick. She had tried and her tongue had fallen frustratingly short, licking at her tangled cunt-bush but not able to reach her soaking pussy.

She ran her fingertips slowly up the open crack between her unfurled cunt-lips and brushed them tantalizingly against her stiff clit.

"Ummmm," she moaned.

But then she jerked her hand away.

Frigging off was nice, but it was only a mild pleasure compared to the depraved prospect that had made her pussy so hot and wet.

Mary grinned, her pretty face glowing with radiant excitement as she made up her mind as she had known all along she was going to. She licked her fingers, savoring the taste of her pussy-juice.

Then she phoned Carla.

Carla must have been waiting for the call because she answered on the very first ring, her voice all husky and sultry. Mary said, simply, that the kids had left.

Carla arrived five minutes later.

With the doggy.

Carla was a slender, vibrant woman with long black hair worn in braids, like a red Indian. She had high cheekbones and a sensual mouth and small, firm tits that thrust out, stiff tips poking against her blouse.

She contrasted very nicely with Mary, who had curly blonde hair and a voluptuous body-big tits, wide hips and an ass shaped like a valentine.

The dog was a burly mongrel-and he seemed excited, as if he had guessed what he was there for-or as if his sensitive nostrils had identified the compelling fragrance of Mary's steaming cunt.

"Ready for it?" Carla asked, impishly. "I-I'm not sure." Mary replied doubtfully-although they both knew damned well that she was.

Carla grinned and stepped up to Mary. Their tits brushed together, taut tips rubbing. She kissed Mary lightly on the lips and her hand ran down Mary's gently rounded belly. She cupped Mary's cunt-mound and squeezed.

Mary moaned and squirmed.

"Yeah-you're ready for it," said Carla.

Mary played it passively, as if her own guilt would be less if she let the other woman arrange things-as if she were an innocent girl being seduced against her will.

Carla took her by the hand and led Mary to a large, stuffed chair. Mary turned and sat down, trembling all through her lush body. Carla stood over her and Mary gazed up through lowered eyelashes, looking demure.

Carla reached down and drew Mary's blouse off. Her tits rolled free, the fat globes capped by rosy nipples.

Carla licked her lips at the sight.

The dark, sultry woman knelt down and drew the blonde's skirt up above her hips. She gazed appreciatively into Mary's creamy cunt-bowl. Her nostrils twitched. Carla could smell the hot pussy-perfume herself and she knew how w delightful that aroma must be as it registered on the horny doggy's more sensitive nose.

The dog yelped excitedly.

Carla parted Mary's smooth, heavy thighs. Mary slid down so that her firm ass was perched on the very edge of the chair, her long legs trailing to the floor. Carla flicked a fingertip against Mary's clit.

"Ohhhhhh!" Mary gasped.

"God-your cunt is lovely," Carla whispered.

Mary stared at the dark woman as she, in turn, gazed longingly into Mary's groin. Had the talk about the dog been a lie? she wondered. Was Carla the one who was going to give her a cunt-lapping?

She glanced at the dog.

His long, heavy red tongue was lolling out from the side of his wide, blunt jaw, drooling. His amber eyes were fixed expectantly on them. Mary looked under his haunches and saw that his formidable prick had begun to lengthen and harden and that his balls were bloated. It hadn't occurred to her, before, that the dog might have to be satisfied, too. She had thought only of his tongue.

But now she watched as the slick meat of his naked cock-head came slowly sliding out from the drawn-back sheath-and sexy Mary found the sight of the dog's cock and balls every bit as intriguing as that of his long, limber tongue. The doggy was obviously well aware of his duties, and Mary guessed that Carla had not been lying.

But the dog was hanging back, as if awaiting a command from his mistress.

Mary figured that she was probably not the first woman whom Carla had brought the doggy to pleasure. He certainly seemed to realize what was going on, waiting patiently to be summoned.

Carla spread Mary's cunt-lips wider open. Her pussy turned into an oval slot, and from that gaping hole, the sweet scent of steaming arousal wafted across the room and caused the dog to whine.

Carla's lips were parted and she was panting right into Mary's cunt as she leaned closer. Her moist, pink tongue slid back and forth across her lower lip, switching like the tail of a tiger about to pounce.

Mary trembled as she felt Carla's hot breath billow into her soaking cunt-slot. She gazed down past the thrusting mounds of her tits, seeing that exotic face and sensual mouth hovering just over her frantic fuck-hole. Carla's face was a mask of dark desire and it was obvious that she was hungry for Mary's pussy.

Mary's lips moved, but no words came out, only a whimpering sound. She had intended to tell Carla that she didn't mind if Carla wanted to tongue-fuck her-and that she was willing to return the tasty favor, as well.

But then Carla sighed and drew back.

She hadn't been joking about the dog, and her own hungry pleasures could wait-and the woman would enjoy it even more for the delay, when her own turn came to dine.

"Lucky mutt," she said, grinning.

She turned toward the dog. He cocked his head and his eyes gleamed brightly. His slobbering tongue looked as big as a prick-like some floppy but massive cock hanging out from his jowls.

"C'mon, boy," Carla called.

The doggy began to move toward them, warily, his brawny haunches lowered as if he were stealthily stalking some juicy quarry-which, in fact, the dumb brute was, as he followed his flaring nose toward Mary's cunt.

His cold, wet nose brushed against the inside of Mary's knee. Her thighs were parted wide and the aroma of her pussy streamed down that archway, making the cunt-hungry doggy whine urgently.

"Dog yummys," Carla whispered. "C'mon-lap it up, fella! Cream that sweet pussy!"

The dog moved in, stiff-legged. His cock was fully erect now, jutting out under his burly belly so far that the naked knob was pounding under his chest. His hindlegs were bowed around his bloated balls. He thrust his big head out, nostrils flaring, inhaling the maddening perfume that was pouring from Mary's overheated pussy.

He shoved his muzzle into her cunt.

"Oh!" she cried, at the first contact.

The dog rubbed his wet snout around in her pussy and Mary squirmed and jerked, working her steaming cunt against that hairy muzzle. His meaty tongue slid out and whipped into her flooded cunt.

Jeez-I'm getting tongued by a dog! Mary thought, almost as turned on by the naughty idea of it as she was by the wonderful sensation of his lapping.

Carla leaned over Mary's belly, her own tongue working as if emulating the dog. Her face was

twisted by lust-and by envy. Saliva ran across her parted lips as she stared at the mouth-watering sight.

"Yeah, yeah! Lap that cunt!" she wailed.

The dog's nose rippled as he inhaled her fragrance right from the soaking source. His tongue danced and leaped. He licked up the folds of Mary's unfurled cunt-lips, slurped at her fiery clit and then shoved his fat tongue right up inside her cunt-hole. She wailed and wriggled as his tongue probed into her fuck-tunnel.

Mary gasped and gurgled with the joy of it. She had imagined how it would be, had been imagining it ever since Carla had made the suggestion-but the reality was even better than she had dreamed it would be. No human tongue had ever plied so satisfyingly into her cunt! is

The dog's head went up and down as he tongued away with bestial enthusiasm. His tongue slapped into her cunt and flipped on out across her clit.

Mary hiked her ass up, tilting her crotch higher, as if she were serving up her creamy delicacy on a hairy tray. The dog ducked down and his tongue slid into the crack between her ass-cheeks, gathering up the cunt-juice that had seeped down into that tangy tunnel. Mary moaned as the dog's tongue slurped at her tight, puckered asshole.

He long-stroked her, his soaking tongue starting in her shit-slot, dragging up through the crack of her ass, whipping through her fuck-slot and over her clit and then flopping heavily onto her cunt-mound. Doggy slobber, blended with her own creamy juices, splashed on her blonde vee, lathered her crotch, trickled down her trembling thighs. The cushion was getting soaked under her churning ass.

"Oh shit, I'm gonna fucking cream!" she gasped.

"Yeah! Cum, honey!" Carla urged. "Cream all over his fucking tongue!"

The dog's dutiful head shoved in as if he were trying to bury his whole hairy muzzle up her fuck-box. His jowls were dripping with goo, and ribbons of the pearly stuff streaked his grinding jaws. His fat red tongue was splashing as it whipped into her sodden fuck-slot.

Mary jerked up and down with a fucking motion, frigging her pussy against his snout. Her voluptuous body writhed like a spring.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she gasped, as the fiery waves of bliss began to course across her loins, swirl in her belly and rush up her thighs.

Her clit went off like a detonator, exploding on the wet meat of the dog's tongue.

Her cunt-hole began to drip even more.

The dog yelped wildly as the flow from her fuck-hole got hotter and thicker and creamier-as Mary's creamy cunt-juice turned into cum-cream.

Mary was going off like a mad woman, thrashing about in the throes of a multiple orgasm. The waves came rushing through her, faster and higher each time, and then they were blending into one peak-a tidal wave of wanton abandon. Spunk poured from her open pussy in a foaming deluge. The dog's hot tongue was floating as he slapped it into her cunt, spraying cum-juice up onto her belly as



he slurped.

The dog yelped and whined and whimpered as he tongued happily away. His whole shaggy body was vibrating. The brute was in doggy heaven, in pussy-lapping paradise. As his tongue whipped into her creaming cunt, his massive prick jerked, as if the two were connected by clockwork.

More juice gushed from Mary's cunt-gash. The doggy lapped it up hungrily, rumbling deep in his throat as he swallowed that sweet and succulent nectar.

Carla had slid her hand under the doggy now and she was holding his iron-hard prick by the stalk. But she wasn't moving her hand-she didn't want to stroke the brute and risk frigging him off prematurely.

Not yet.

Carla wanted to wait until she had a juicy target for the dog's spurting fuck-juice, instead of wasting the delicious stuff on the floor.

The dog's cock throbbed in her hand, but he wasn't humping either, making no attempt to fuck through her fist, as if he knew there were better things ahead.

Carla was whimpering and moaning every bit as much as Mary was now, as she thrilled to the sight of that cunt-lapping and heard all the juicy sounds. Her own cunt was smoldering and her mouth was drooling. Carla took as much pleasure in attending to the cunt-lapping of another woman as she did in getting her own pussy tongued off.

Mary shuddered at the highest peak.

Cum-juice poured from her pussy like a broken strand of pearls spilling down her crotch. The dog's heavy tongue slurped up the overflow greedily, then shot back into her cunt and splashed in another deluge.

The beast was crazed by lust, driven mad by the flavor and the aroma of Mary's orgasm. His prick vibrated like a tuning fork in Carla's hand and his balls had swollen to massive mounds. Carla slid her hand back and cupped those bloated bags, trembling in anticipation as she felt his load slosh around inside the hairy sacs.

His balls ballooned and she squeezed them gently, still being careful not to bring him off yet.

Mary slumped back in the chair, drained-for the moment. A dreamy smile turned up her lips and her eyes were misty with contentment.

The dog continued to lap at her crotch, slurping up the dregs of her cum ravenously.

How naughty I am, she thought.

How deliriously depraved.

Why-I don't even know his name . . .

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CHAPTER TWO

"Nice?" Carla whispered.

"Ummmm-it was lovely," Mary purred.

The dog was still munching away, his fat tongue gathering up all the spillage. He tongued the crack of her ass and lapped up her inner thighs, licked the stray droplets out of her bushy cunt-mound, then shoved his snout back into her pussy-gash and tongued around in her cunt some more.

"He loves to lap pussy," Carla said. She gave Mary a meaningful look. "And so do I."

"Do you?" Mary asked.

She smiled fondly down at the exotic, raven-haired divorcee kneeling at the foot of the chair. Mary's cunt had been well-and-truly satisfied by the doggy's tongue, but she was an insatiable sort of woman and she knew that very soon she would be ready to cum again.

And she owed Carla a favor, too.

She watched Carla's tongue flicker out.

"You can suck my cunt, Carla," she whispered. "I don't mind. I'll suck you, too."

Mary, a happily married woman, was certainly not a lesbian and wasn't worried at the idea of being thought one. She had long ago learned that a girl didn't have to be a dyke to be a devout cunt-lapper. In fact, she had been intending to ask Carla if she would like to do some mutual pussy-sucking when the matter of the dog had arisen.

"Oh, yeah! We can have lots of fun together, honey-you, me and the doggy," Carla purred, delighted to know that her sexy neighbor was a bi-sexual animal lover, perfectly complementing her own inclinations.

Carla took the dog by the collar and yanked his head out of Mary's crotch. He yelped and his tongue shot out for a last parting slurp. Then, eyes glowing, he hunkered back on his haunches. The dog's expression was alert and inquisitive and expectant. As he squatted back, his enormous prick loomed up before his hairy belly. It was so big and so hard that Mary thought it a bit intimidating.

She wondered what Carla did about the dog's cock and balls after he lapped her off?

Expecting Carla to dive hungrily onto her pussy, Mary arched her back and tilted her pelvis up, offering that soaking snack to Carla's face. Mary's pussy was still gaping open and all frothy with doggy slobber. Her clit was floating in the canine saliva and, although the dog had lapped all of her cum-juice up, her pussy was starting to ooze more juice into her cunt.

It was such a delicious-looking sight that Carla whimpered, staring at Mary's pussy like a deprived child peering through the window of a candy store.

"Go ahead, give me a tongue-fucking!" Mary urged.

"Not yet," Carla whispered. "Your scrumptious cunt needs another creamy sauce."

Mary looked puzzled, not understanding.

But wanton Carla was a gourmet. She never dived onto a feast like a glutton-she liked to prepare an exquisite banquet before she indulged her appetite.

Turning onto her flank, Carla slid one hand under Mary's ass and lifted her slightly higher. Her other hand reached out and grasped the dog's cock.

She pulled the animal closer, turning her wrist so that his bulging cock-head was aimed at Mary's crotch.

"Holy shit!" Mary gasped as she realized what Carla was going to do. She was going to frig the dog off into Mary's cunt before she ate her out! Mary trembled at the thought. Cunt-lapping was naughty, by itself, but the idea of tonguing out a pussy full of dog cum was really depraved-and wondrously exciting, as well.

And probably yummy, too, Mary thought.

Carla gave Mary a questioning look.

Mary smiled and nodded, so abandoned to lust by this time that she was game for anything.

Carla skimmed her fist up and down on the dog's cock, lightly for the first few strokes, then tightening her grip. Mary stared at the action, fascinated by the sight and by the prospect of feeling a load of steaming-hot doggy scum splash into her pussy.

The dog's flanks heaved as he pumped his haunches, fucking through his mistress' gliding fist. His prick loomed up, the fat knob flaring a few inches from Mary's open cunt. More cunt-juice flooded her cunt-gash as the blonde woman waited, trembling, for the dog's creamy lather.

As Mary's hand pulled up the dog's cock-shaft, his hairy sheath rolled like a carpet over the slick wedge of his crown so that only the angry red tip showed. Then she pushed back toward the animal's balls, skinning his cock-head. The huge slab of naked meat loomed out, throbbing.

Mary moaned and shoved her crotch a bit closer to that hairy prong. The animal's piss-hole rippled and parted and a thick glob of pre-cum oozed out. The gooey stuff clung to his naked knob like whipped cream on a fat plum. Mary slid her hand down over her heaving belly and dipped it into her groin. She used her fingertips to spread her cunt-lips wide open, wanting to feel the dog's jism spurt right up into her steaming cunt-tunnel.

Carla was stroking the dog's cock slowly and steadily, obviously enjoying that hammering handful and in no hurry to bring him to the creamy conclusion, although her mouth and tongue were obviously watering for the results.

The dog humped faster, driving his thick prick in and out twice as fast as Carla was pumping it. His swollen balls rolled heavily under his cock-rod. His cock-head was pulsing now and more gooey slime was pouring out, running sluggishly down the slope of his naked cock-head and dribbling onto his shaggy cock-stalk. Carla's fist frigged faster as his scum oiled the prick.

Mary's eyes were glued to the dog's throbbing cock-knob, staring down over her heaving tits and past the curly vee of her wide-open crotch. She was as hot now as she had been before she creamed the dog's head, yearning to feel his jism hose her and to have Carla's tongue stirring her creamy pussy once it had been soaked full of animal slime.

Carla's fist skimmed faster. The dog slammed his prick out frantically and his hairy cock-stalk hissed through her hand, the naked wedge of his crown flashing at Mary's pussy. She held her fuck-slot wide open, a willing target for that meaty, explosive prick. Her clit was standing out like a little pink rocket, vibrating and tingling, ready to blast off again.

The dog's prick jolted violently.

"He's gonna shoot!" Carla cried, when she felt his prick balloon in her fist.

"Yeah yeah, milk the fucker off!" Mary wailed, jamming her ass and hips closer to his cock-head.

The dog's prick was so hot that Mary could feel the heat waves radiating from his knob like a sunlamp.

Carla stroked back to the dog's balls and she felt them explode against the heel of her hand. His prick rippled as the hot, thick wad rushed up through the core.

"Ooooh, here it comes!" she rasped.

Mary cried out in wordless anticipation, jerking her ass and grinding her hips, but holding her fuck-slot level with the dog's prick.

The dog howled like a wolf and a great geyser of cum shot from his piss-hole.

Both women wailed with lust, seeing that gooey spunk spurt out from the dog's bloated cock-knob. The slimy torrent splashed right into Mary's cunt-slot, wetting her pink cunt-lips and seeping into her pussy. The stuff felt so hot that she thought it might blister her pussy-meat.

The dog jerked back and shot another dynamic load out on the backstroke, cumming on the recoil. His jism showered her clit and skimmed up onto her cunt-bush. Yelping and snarling ferociously, the brawny brute slammed his prick out and his next creamy torrent sped from his cock-head at a rising angle. A sheet of slime washed up Mary's arched belly and slathered the underside of her fat tits. A gooey ribbon ram into her cleavage.

As hot and as thick as melted lead, the dog's fuck-juice bathed her body and Mary wallowed under the spray, basking in the steaming flood.

It seemed as if the doggy was never going to stop cumming. His balls seemed bottomless, his vitality boundless. He shot scum out as he thrust, and shot more of the precious fluid out as he jerked back. Mary was drenched with doggy dew from her crotch to her tits and still that mighty cock kept pumping out more.

Carla's hand was still cupped under Mary's ass and now she lifted her loins a bit higher. Tilting her wrist to lower the angle of the animal's cock, she frigged him back and a seething load squirted into the crack of Mary's ass. She gasped, feeling it slime up between her ass-cheeks and seep like hot glue into her shit-hole.

"More, more, more!" Mary wailed, wallowing under that creamy wash in wanton rapture. "Keep frigging the fucker! Keep his jism coming!"

The dog squirted a last powerful jet into Mary's volcanic fuck-slot, soaking her clit and drenching her cunt-lips and running into her tunnel in a thick paste. At last his balls were drained. The potent pet began to flag, humping erratically and jerkily now. His tail swirled like a stubby rudder behind his corkscrewing ass and his hindpaws scrambled for purchase on the carpet as, emptied, he continued to heave his cock through Carla's fist.

Panting, he staggered and came to a halt.

His balls were slack now, hanging down deflated. Carla held his cock-head right into Mary's flooded pussy and friggd his cock-stalk, squeezing and pumping as she carefully milked out the last dregs from his piss-hole, making sure that not a single precious glob still lurked in his spent cock-knob.

Her hand slid back and she gently squeezed his balls to make certain that they were empty. Then she released the dog. He clung there for a moment, panting like a steam engine, his cock-head rubbery now as it lay heavily in Mary's cream-drenched fuck-slot.

Then the doggy grunted and drew back. His prick was drooping down, the head dragging against the carpet and the fat rod looped into a meaty bow.

He sat back on his haunches, still alert and eager, awaiting further commands.

But the dog's part was finished for the moment.

Now it was Carla's turn to feast . . .

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Carla stared at Mary's sodden body for a few moments, savoring the sight of the mouthwatering prospect. Mary's crotch was lathered with dog cum. Her smooth belly was bathed and her tits glistened. The doggy had sprayed all over her and her thighs were gooey with congealing jism, her cunt-bush matted, the crack of her ass running with slime. She was so soaked with cream that Carla grinned, thinking that she really ought to tie a bib around her neck.

She moved in, approaching the scrumptious meal properly-wanting a tasty appetizer before she began to gorge on the succulent main course.

She held her frigging hand up. Spunk had pooled in her palm and soaked the heel of her hand. Carla licked it up, purring. She thrust her sticky fingers into her mouth and sucked the jism from them. Mary watched, fascinated by the depraved sight of a woman tasting animal spunk. Her own tongue was tingling at the thought. The hot, thick stuff certainly looked delicious.

Carla drew her hand away, wet with saliva but with all the jism slurped from it. She opened her mouth wide and stuck her tongue out, letting the blonde woman see the streaks of cum coating her tastebuds.

Her throat pulsed delicately as she swallowed.

"Yummy," she sighed.

"Oh, God! Suck me, Carla!" Mary squealed. She was so excited that she was afraid that she might cum before the raven-haired cunt-lapper got to work on her cunt.

But Carla was in no hurry. She adored a snack of cunt and she had been lusting for voluptuous Mary for ages and now she wanted to linger over the tasty treats before she got down to some serious sucking.

She began to lick up the insides of Mary's slippery thighs. Mary shoved her cunt down eagerly, but Carla turned her face away, tonguing only inner thigh at first. The dog cum that had congealed on those sleek legs liquefied again in the heat of Carla's mouth. She let the thick globs run around on

her tastebuds, then swallowed the gooey lumps as if she were gulping down a raw oyster.

She looked at Mary and licked her lips, demonstrating the tongue action that Mary could look forward to. A dribble of doggy goo slid down her chin. Her tongue flicked down to gather the slime up.

She lapped up Mary's legs again, slurping at the creases where her thighs joined her body. She was tonguing parallel with Mary's scum-soaked pussy-gash, but not yet making the vital connection. Mary sobbed with need, jerking sideways, trying to mop her pussy onto Carla's face.

"Lick my clit! Tongue my hole!" Mary wailed.

But Carla slid up higher and began to lick Mary's heavy tits. She tongued the firm mounds and slurped up the spunk-soaked cleavage, then sucked Mary's stiff, pink nipples into her lips and nursed on them ravenously. Those taut buds exploded in her lips as the dark-haired wanton suckled hungrily on the trembling flesh.

Her neck arched and she licked Mary on the lips, then slid her tongue into Mary's mouth, French kissing her. Mary sucked on Carla's tongue and whimpered as she tasted dog cum mixed with hot saliva. She could understand why naughty Carla loved the nectar-it was delicious.

They swapped tongues and saliva for a few fevered moments, sharing the lingering flavor of doggy scum. Then Carla slid down again, licking her way down Mary's smooth belly and into her bushy cunt-mound.

Carla's tongue rustled through Mary's golden cunt-tangle like a moist, pink rodent scurrying through a thick, sunlit thicket. She lapped up the doggy goo and slobbered into the blonde curls.

Gasping, desperate to feel a tongue in her pussy, Mary heaved her ass up and shoved her groin at Carla's face. But Carla was not ready yet-not quite. She had prepared a rare delicacy for herself, and the horny, hungry woman was determined to enjoy every scrumptious dish.

She held Mary by her hipbones and turned her over, lifting one hip as she pushed the other down. Mary's heart-shaped ass twisted upward. Carla shifted her hands, cupping them on the firm cheeks of the blonde woman's ass and spreading those smooth globes apart so that she widened the cleavage and exposed the tight brown bud of Mary's trim little shit-hole.

Carla began to run her tongue up the crack of Mary's ass with long, flattened strokes.

"Ooooooh!" Mary wailed, loving the sensation and the idea that Carla was lapping up more doggy jism from out of her ass-crack.

Her ass squirmed as she ground the cheeks back against Carla's eager face.

Carla shot her tongue into Mary's soaking asshole, tonguing out the dog spunk and slobbering heavily into that tangy, scented pussy. Mary wailed again, loving the sensation of having her shit-socket rimmed. Carla's tongue played over the sensitive brown bud and wedged into the slot, gulping out the ass-soiled dog scum, the thick goo richly spiced by Mary's shit-chute.

Holding Mary by her heaving hips, Carla mouthed her asshole hungrily. She slobbered into the tiny slot, then sucked her own saliva back out. She kissed the lightly haired rim and then French kissed up into the woman's rippling back passage. She jammed her nose in for a moment as her tongue glided in the crack between those voluptuous cheeks, then she began to ream her bud out again.



Mary's shit-tract was sucking on Carla's eager lapper as if she were trying to drag it up into her guts in some perverse digestive movement. The blonde was panting heavily, squirming and pumping her loins, adoring the tantalizing sensation of having a tongue up her asshole.

How depraved it was!

How deliciously depraved!

"Ooooooh, yeah, tongue-fuck my shit-chute!" she wailed, making the debased act seem even more sordid by defining it in words-and even more delightful.

Carla was really enjoying her snack of shit-slot and would gladly have kept at it for a long time, but she was afraid that Mary might cream if she rimmed her out very much longer. Mary's cunt was streaming heavily, cunt-juice pouring in frothy sheets down her thighs. Carla surely didn't want that sweet pussy to melt before she had her mouth on it.

Still, she lingered over the anal appetizer a bit longer, relishing the fragrance and the flavor and the way that tight bud rippled on her tongue.

Carla wet her finger in her lips and slid it up into Mary's ass-passage to the knuckle, wriggling it around in the snug chute. She drew it out and sucked on it, then probed back in again. Mary was flopping about like a fish as Carla's tongue hooked deeply into her guts.

"I'll cum!" she warned. "I'll cum!"

Carla heeded that warning. With a last suck of asshole and a wistful little moan, she drew away. Mary's brown bud was drenched with saliva and fluttering. Carla was looking forward to snacking at that slot often, now that the two horny women had started fooling around together-but now she was ready for the main course and the rich dessert flooding up in Mary's overheated cunt.

Carla turned Mary over onto her ass again.

Mary arched, shoving her foaming pussy up invitingly, tilting the hairy platter of her groin under Carla's face as if offering a pink delicacy on a tray.

Carla's head bobbed down and her tongue lapped lightly at Mary's unfurled cunt-lips, running slowly up each fold. She licked at her frenzied clit.

"Yes! Yes! Oh God, yes!" Mary cried.

Using only her nimble tongue, to begin with, Carla lapped into Mary's creamy cunt like a kitten at a cream bowl. Doggy jism pooled on her tongue and dripped from the upcurled edges. Her tastebuds sparked wildly. Carla cherished the flavor of dog jism at any time, but blended with pussy-nectar and tongued out of a smoldering fuck-hole, the stuff was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted.

She drew back slightly, gazing at the hair pie she was so hungrily eating out. She bunched three fingers together and slid them up Mary's fuck-hole. Mary jerked spasmodically. Carla's finger-fucked her cunt, sucked on her sticky fingers, plunged them into that hot hold again.

But then she moved her hand away, not wanting any manual assistance at the climax, eager to finish the sweet job with only her hungry mouth.

She parted her lips and clamped them over Mary's fuck-slot like a suction cup on a clogged drain.

She sucked and her mouth filled up with cunt-cream and doggy spunk. Her tongue was floating in a slimy sea. Juice frothed on her lips and ran down from both corners of her mouth.

"Ummmm, ummmm, ummmm!" Carla purred.

She had already sucked out and swallowed all the doggy cum, but now Mary was feeding her pure cunt-juice abundantly. Carla was in a rapture.

Her raven hair tumbled about as she ground her face in that steamy cunt, coating herself with goo from chin to brow. She mopped her mouth in that melting cunt, her head tilting and twisting like a shark in a feeding frenzy. Her tongue shot in and slurped up. She sucked, then tongued again, French kissing into Mary's pussy.

Mary's cunt-lips returned the kiss, sucking like a hungry mouth on Carla's tongue and lips.

"Cream me, honey," Carla moaned, the words muffled on cunt-meat, her lips moving in that bubbling slot.

She was frantic for the electric moment when she felt the sexy blonde woman ripple and dissolve at the crest.

"Feed me! Cum for me!" she gurgled.

Mary slid a hand down into her crotch and fingered around, feeling Carla's tongue sliding in and out. Then she pulled that hand away. Carla didn't need any help in bringing Mary to the peak. Mary brought her sodden fingers up to her mouth and licked them, tasting her own cunt-juice and Carla's saliva and whetting her appetite for the second half of this oral lovemaking. Her tongue began to tingle as much as her clit.

She slid her other hand under her up-thrust ass and fingered her spit-soaked asshole, then brought that hand up and licked her tainted fingers eagerly, so lost to carnal desire that she wanted to do anything and everything.

But most of all, at the moment, she wanted to cream in Carla's hungry mouth.

A spasm shook her violently.

She felt the core of her cunt-hole start to melt and the cum-juice slide down her fuck-chute. She gasped and trembled. The thrill was unbelievably strong, every nerve in her body jumping, every sinew leaping. She felt as if her whole belly had filled up with cum-cream ready to overflow.

"Cumming!" she cried.

"Ummmm . . ." Carla whimpered, sucking and swallowing greedily on that succulent pussy-gash.

Mary's cum-juice oozed out, so thick and white it came from her cunt-slot like toothpaste from a hairy tube. Carla gurgled with cunt-lapper bliss and sucked that sweet seepage up with relish. Her tongue splashed in and her lips peeled open as her suction cup mouth pulled the juice out hungrily. Dazed with desire, Carla fed at the flowing fount, sucking more spunk out with every slurp.

Mary jerked and jolted as spasm after spasm hit her violently, wave after wave rippled through her loins.

"Ooooooh . . ." she sighed, slumping back, sprawled out wantonly in the chair.

Carla kept on sucking greedily, making sure that she had finished the job.

Mary gazed down at the raven-dark top of Carla's buried head, smiling radiantly. She was finished. Her pussy was satiated-although her mouth was still hungry. But Carla didn't stop munching away yet. With an unslakable thirst for cunt-nectar, she sucked some more and then her head bobbed around as she used her tongue to lap up all the ribbons of foamy spillage that had escaped her lips and run down Mary's crotch.

She scooped the sweet stuff up by the tongueful from the flesh of Mary's lush upper thighs and out of her groin and dipped her tongue in to lap out the dewy slime that had flowed down into the crack of Mary's ass.

When she was certain that she had it all, she clamped her mouth onto Mary's pussy again and gave that well-sucked delicacy a last adoring slurp.

Then she raised her head and, resting her wet chin on the shelf of the blonde woman's cunt-mound, gazed up at her face with adoring, almost worshipful, eyes.

"That was lovely," Mary purred.

It had been. Carla smiled, pleased that Mary had enjoyed it-and would certainly welcome a repeat. Carla's tongue might not be as long and as heavy as the dog's, but it was every bit as enthusiastic and eager and skillful. Being fitted out with a cunt, herself, Carla knew just how to pleasure one with her hungry mouth.

Thinking of the doggy, Mary glanced at him.

The dog had another booming hard-on!

The doggy had been alternatively licking his slick knob and then raising his head to sniff with flaring nostrils at the delightfully tantalizing fragrance that was wafting out from Mary's crotch and filling the whole room with the scent of her arousal, then her cumming.

Now the potent beast's prick was as hard as a hammer and his balls were full again.

Mary gave a little happy squeal when she saw that the dog was ready for more fun and games. Carla turned to look at him as well, her chin swiveling on Mary's pussy-mound as her head twisted around.

The dog dropped his muzzle and his big tongue slurped on his cock-head, slobbering over the fat slab. For a moment, Mary didn't understand just what she was feeling. Then she realized that she was envying the doggy that tasty lick. Just as Carla had envied the dog his snack on Mary's cunt, now Mary envied his tongue. She grinned sheepishly, slightly embarrassed and yet thrilled by such a wicked thought.

His head came up again, peering intently at the women. His tongue slid over his fangs. Mary gazed at that tongue that she knew so well, then looked back at his prick and balls, her own tongue starting to tingle.

"I'll eat your pussy now, Carla-and then we can fool around with the dog some more, okay?" she suggested. She paused. "Or we can fool with the doggy first and . . . and . . ."

Now she hesitated, embarrassed.

Carla was grinning up at her from the vee of her crotch, amused and delighted by how willingly her voluptuous neighbor had taken to doggy loving.

"Do you ever do more than just jerk him off?" Mary blurted out, blushing delicately.

"Anything you want," said the wanton, dark-haired sexpot, realizing that things were going to just get naughtier and naughtier on this exciting weekend. They had plenty of time to experiment with all the variations.

How happy Mary was that she had sent the kids to Aunt Pearl's for the weekend. She hoped that they wouldn't be too bored on the farm.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Brenda had been happy enough to go to the farm. She was young and nubile and the visit would mean missing out on a date or two and a chance to carry on with the necking and petting she had recently begun to enjoy so much—but Aunt Pearl had some horses and Brenda was looking forward to getting a chance to ride. She had learned to ride in town, but following the bridle paths in the park wasn't nearly as exciting as the thought of cantering freely through the open farmlands.

Billy, who was a little older and struggling with the frustrations of virginity, had been much less keen on spending a weekend on the farm. He wasn't interested in riding horses or milking cows. He considered a farm a place where people chewed on stalks of straw and stepped in cow-shit a lot.

In town, he could have chased after the girls and had some hope of finally losing his cherry—or at least getting a hand-job off some naughty little tramp. He was sadly resigned to a weekend of lost opportunity and boredom.

He guessed he would have to spend the time beating his meat while he made believe that his fist was some girl's mouth or cunt.

He was thinking about jerking off at the moment, in fact. Billy had caught a glimpse of his sister's plump young tits as she came out of the bathroom and the sight had driven him to an incestuous frenzy. His Aunt Pearl was a sexy woman, too, and Billy figured that he would enjoy some naughty thoughts about both of them while he pounded his prick.

And maybe even his mother.

Billy had a suspicious mind—not without cause, as it were—and he wondered why their mother had been so determined to send them away for the weekend, while Daddy was on a business trip. His lively imagination gnawed at this and he had half convinced himself that Mom must have a lover coming to the house. Maybe she was even having a whole shit load of guys in to gangbang her!

He felt a bit guilty, thinking such a terrible thing about his mother.

But the idea really stiffened his prick.

Aunt Pearl was just taking Brenda out to the barn, where the girl could choose a horse to ride. Billy sat in a chair, slumped over and hiding his hard-on behind a copy of The Farmer's Almanac, intending to empty his burdensome balls as soon as he was alone.

He watched them go out.

Brenda was a sexy blonde girl, her lithe body just starting to change from willowy to bouncy-and the bouncing of her tits, turned her brother on enormously. Incest was wrong, he knew, but thinking about it was thrilling. She had a delightfully round ass and long, slim legs.

Billy had spilled a lot of spunk, thinking of her.

Aunt Pearl looked like her sister-Billy's and Brenda's mother-with the sort of body commonly referred to as built like a brick shit house. Her tits were big and heavy in her cotton shirt and her ass and hips were wide. She had a provocative way of walking and usually stood with her legs apart, one lush hip shot out saucily. She looked a lot like Mom, Billy thought. He had-feeling guilty, to be sure-pumped his prick while thinking about his mother getting gang-banged and now he figured he would squirt out a bucketful of fuck-juice while he fantasized about his aunt, too.

As soon as they went out, Billy opened his jeans and hauled his cock and balls out.

He figured that he would give himself a quick hand-job right there in the chair, then go on up to his bedroom for a second, more leisurely frigging. He guessed he would have to jack off about a dozen times, to get through what he thought would be a dull weekend.

* * * *

"Oh, that black horse is lovely!" Brenda cried. "Can I ride him, Aunt Pearl?"

Pearl glanced sideways at her niece. She had been surprised and pleased at how nubile the girl had become since she'd seen her last. There was something about nubile young girls that Aunt Pearl found very interesting.

When she and her sister, Mary, had been teenagers they had explored each other's budding charms a few times and Pearl remembered that as she gazed at Mary's daughter. There was a speculative look in the woman's eyes and the tip of her tongue showed in her lips. But Brenda was looking at the glossy black horse and failed to notice her aunt's meaningful look.

The horse was a brawny brute, his sleek coat jet black, his mane flowing and his tail silken. He eyed the girl and his dark, moist lips curled out from his big, blunt teeth as he nickered softly.

Brenda stroked his arched neck and the animal's black nostrils flared slightly. He regarded the girl with a big, white eye, in almost the same way that Aunt Pearl was looking at her-in a sort of horsy speculation.

"Well, Ebony is a stallion, dear," Pearl stated.

"Oh, I'm sure I can handle him," Brenda said.

Aunt Pearl almost burst out laughing.

The girl didn't realize just how appropriate the word handle was in this situation.

"I'm not talking about riding him. He's broken and gentle enough. But a stallion-well, Brenda, he can get rather worked up with a girl on his back . . . "

Brenda looked wide-eyed at her aunt.

"You mean horny?" she asked, grinning.

"Exactly. It can be embarrassing."

"Like when a guy gets a hard-on in the movies, huh?" said the little minx.

Pearl was surprised and delighted at how bold the teenager was. Not at all modest. Billy was a handsome young man, too, and Aunt Pearl was starting to see a whole lot of possibilities for the weekend.

"When, as you say, a guy gets a hard-on on a date-and you don't intend to let him screw you-I suppose that sometimes you might give him a hand-job, right?"

Brenda blushed, but nodded. "Well, it's the same with a stallion." Brenda looked intrigued and not at all shocked.

"Usually, when I'm going to ride Ebony, I jerk him off beforehand," Aunt Pearl continued. "That way, his big balls are empty and he doesn't embarrass me by getting a stiff prick while I'm on him."

"Oh, wow!" Brenda gasped, showing surprise for the first time.

The stallion snorted and pawed at the ground. Aunt Pearl's pussy had been simmering a bit and now Brenda's cunt began to heat up and the animal was pleasantly disturbed. His enormous prick was hanging down in a hunk of thick, black meat. Now it twitched and began to rise.

"See what I mean?" Pearl giggled.

Brenda looked at the stallion's cock. The long rod was lifting toward the horizontal, like a thick lever. As she stared at that impressive erection-in-progress, his leathery sheath drew back and the glossy tip of his jet-black cock-head came sliding out.

"What a whopper!" Brenda cried.

"I'm afraid that one of us will have to jerk him off now, anyhow," said Aunt Pearl. "He gets very rambunctious when he has a hard-on. He might kick his stall down. I-I don't enjoy jacking him off, you understand. It's just a thing that needs to be done!"

"Gee, it looks like fun, to me," Brenda blurted out, then she giggled, making it sound like a joke.

Both pussies were steaming fragrantly by this time, and the horse's cock was rock-hard and throbbing. His haunches bunched with muscle and he jammed his prick out. His swollen balls rolled out like bowling balls.

"If I frig him, can I ride him?" Brenda asked. .

In fact, at the moment, she was much more interested in the frigging, whether she rode the brute or not.

Aunt Pearl had been about to offer to empty the stallion's balls, herself. Now she felt a rush of lust at the thought of her sexy little niece doing the job.

"Okay," she said. "Errrr . . . I'd better stay here, though, to make sure that you can manage it."

And to watch you do it, you lovely little nymph, she added, to herself, thrilled by the prospect. She

figured that Brenda was certain to get hot after she played with that huge prick-and hot little girls needed attention.

Brenda started to move closer to the beast's hindquarters, running her hand along his flank.

"You'd better take your blouse off, honey," Pearl suggested. "Horse cum shoots all over the place and there's no sense getting all slimy!"

Brenda saw the sense in that. She started to unbutton her blouse. Then, for some reason, she turned so that she was facing her aunt as she removed the garment.

She arched her slender back, thrusting her pert tits out as she slowly drew the blouse from her shoulders. Her firm tit-globes jutted out, needing no support. The rosy tips stood out taut and stiff and tantalizing, like twin pink rockets ready to be launched. She posed like that for a moment, staring at her aunt in a knowing, challenging way. Aunt Pearl was trembling slightly and licking her lips, her eyes glued to those succulent tits.

Then, tits bouncing, Brenda spun back to the stallion and knelt beside his rippling flank. Aunt Pearl stepped closer, looking over the girl's naked shoulder. Brenda was staring at the horse's formidable cock, not as if she were intimidated by the gigantic prick, but as if she were wondering how to go about the job. She knew how to jerk a guy off, to be sure, but the horse's prick was a different prospect. She guessed that she would need both hands for that job-that the process would be the same as with a human cock, but that the quantity was the difference.

Reaching out tentatively, Brenda cupped the animal's balls in her upturned palm. She lifted slightly, as if she were weighing the amount of jism they held.

"Oooooh-he's sure full of it," she whispered, her voice sounding all husky.

She heard a rustle of clothing as Aunt Pearl knelt, weak-kneed, behind her. A moment later she felt the woman's hot breath on the back of her arched neck and the heaviness of her tits as they rubbed against her shoulder. Brenda grinned impishly. She figured she was right about her aunt's inclinations.

Brenda had fooled around with some of her girlfriends from school and she wasn't naive about deviant desires. Girl's bodies were nice.

Brenda didn't mind at all.

But there was the whole weekend for anything like that to happen-if it happened-and at the moment the naughty girl was more interested in stallion cock.

She fondled his balls for a while, using both hands now and tugging those bloated bags up and down almost as if she were milking a cow. But the load in his balls was a lot thicker and creamier than anything milked from an udder. She could feel his cum slosh around inside the leathery sacs.

Her little, upturned nose wrinkled as she sniffed the gamy aroma of that overheated cock-meat.

Brenda wondered what horse prick tasted like.

But she couldn't very well find out, not with her aunt watching her.

She pulled her hands up onto the stallion's cock-shaft, gripping it between her palms. His prick was

so thick that she could barely span it in a double grip.

She gave his stalk a slow push-pull. It throbbed violently in her hands and the brute snorted and humped, fucking his cock out through her caressing palms. The action was the same as with a guy-but a whole lot more thrilling.

Tightening her grip, Brenda began to frig up and down on his potent prick pillar.

"Am I doing it right, Aunt Pearl?" she asked, with an innocence she did not feel.

"Y-yes, dear," the woman croaked.

Pearl was dizzy with desire, hardly able to believe this was actually happening. Her fat nipples felt explosive and the crotch of her jeans had filled up with a slimy pool as her cunt overflowed.

Brenda friggd back and the stallion's naked cock-head skinned out, a looming slab of ebony meat. His piss-hole rippled open and a thick glob of pre-cum squeezed out. It looked like a moist pearl.

"Ooooh, look!" Brenda squealed.

She pumped his prick faster, her hands skimming down toward the hilt, then dragging back to the knob. She could feel the rock-hard core of his cock pulsing and vibrating inside the coarse, leathery sheath.

Snorting and blowing, the stallion stepped up the pace, shoving his cock frantically through the girl's hands. His tail swished behind his powerful ass like a propeller. His head went up and down, mane flowing, neck twisting as he turned to look down at the girl.

The beast's whole mighty body began to quiver, and sinew rippled like steel cords under his glossy coat. More goo oozed from his open cleft. The jet-black wedge of his cock-head looked like it had been whitewashed.

"He's gonna shoot!" Brenda gasped, feeling his thundering prick buck and throb.

She leaned sideways, moving her swinging tits over in front of the animal's pulsating cock-knob. She was staring right down his prick as her hands flew frantically up and down on that pounding cock.

Sighting down his stalk, the girl saw the stallion's huge balls expand-and explode.

She wailed in excitement.

As she pushed back on his cock-shaft, she felt that vibrant stalk shudder as his cum came rushing up through the core. His prick was so long that he seemed to be coming in slow motion, the juice taking moments to span the distance between his balls and his piss-hole.

Then horse spume was spurting out in a torrent. The steaming slime splashed heavily on Brenda's tits, running like boiling oil over the mounds and onto the nipples and frothing into her smooth cleavage. Brenda whimpered, staring at his cock-head in awe as the juice pumped out, lathering her belly and tits. A jism jet shot over her shoulder, just missing her face. The animal drove his cock out and squirted again.

Aunt Pearl was moaning and shuddering, creaming her jeans and drooling as she watched her sexy little niece milk the stallion to the bone.

A last heavy wad hosed out and the horse blew, spraying slobber. His humping slowed and his balls hung slack.

Brenda kept on pumping his prick, coaxing out a few fast trickles from the cleft.

She pulled her hands up and held him just behind the knob, squeezing and teasing out one final fat glob that clung like quicksilver to his cock-head.

When she released his prick, his cock stood upright for a moment, trembling. Then it collapsed, falling like a tree, the knob almost reaching the ground.

The stallion was finished.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

Brenda, her face glowing radiantly, twisted around toward Aunt Pearl, thrusting her cream-drenched tits out. Pearl gazed longingly at those plump tits. If the horny woman hadn't just creamed her jeans, her pussy melting untouched, she wouldn't have been able to resist the urge to dive on those delightful tits. But having cum, she resisted the impulse, not wanting to shock the girl.

"I-I better mop you up," she stammered.

Pretending that the hand-job had been a necessary task, rather than a pure pleasure, Aunt Pearl drew a handkerchief from her pocket and proceeded to wipe up the congealing horse cum from Brenda's tits. She leaned closer, as if to make sure that she had mopped it all up. Her breath was panting onto the girl's slimy tits. She paid particular attention to the taut titty tips, pulling at those swollen points and rolling them in her thumbs and fingers.

When all the stallion spunk had been cleaned up, Aunt Pearl sat back on her heels, looking stunned. Brenda waited for a moment, then shrugged slightly.

She figured that it was up to her aunt to make the first move toward an incestuous seduction.

And, too, naughty minx that she was, she was eager to be alone with the stallion.

Brenda got up, her legs a little shaky, and put her blouse back on. Her nipples molded against the material, standing out in stiff peaks, tingling yet from the diligent fondling of her aunt's hands.

The moment was lost-for now. Pearl got up, her legs equally shaky, and proceeded to saddle

Ebony. With his balls drained, the beast stood with his head drooping down, as placid as could be.

Brenda swung lithely into the saddle, gave her aunt a bewitching smile, and dug her heels in. The stallion obediently trotted off. Pearl watched them ride away. Brenda's tits were bouncing in her blouse and her trim ass squirmed in the saddle and Aunt Pearl whimpered hungrily.

Her pussy was simmering again.

Her fingers tingled as if remembering those stiff nipples they had caressed and she was drooling so heavily that spit overflowed her trembling lips.

She wished there was another stallion in the barn.

There was a kind gelding who didn't mind grazing in her pussy, but Aunt Pearl wanted more than just a tonguing, at the moment. Then she remembered that her nephew had also come to visit. Incest was incest. The horny woman's thoughts shifted easily from niece to nephew.

Smiling, she went back to the house.

And caught Billy jacking off . . .

Billy, believing that Aunt Pearl was also going to ride, and that he had plenty of time, was still sitting in the chair in the front room, pulling his prick very slowly-enjoying it and wanting to make it last.

He was an expert frigger, having practiced long and hard, often jerking off just to keep in practice even when he wasn't feeling particularly horny. But he was horny as hell now. He fondled his balls with his left hand and stroked his right fist steadily on his stalk, staring down at his purple cock-head as it flared and pulsed.

He liked to watch his jism squirt out.

Now he was so intent on his own prick that he didn't hear Aunt Pearl come in.

But she sure as hell heard Billy!

The horny lad was panting and wheezing and the chair was rocking loudly as he humped up from the seat, driving his towering prick through his fist. She could even hear his cock hissing through his hand.

Pearl stood in the doorway, smiling. The woman had been hot to begin with and seeing her handsome young nephew pounding on his prick turned her knees to jelly. She could feel cunt-juice trickling down the insides of her thighs and her tongue felt swollen in her mouth.

The sight turned her on so much that she was tempted to remain silent and watch the creamy conclusion. But that, she figured, would be a waste of fuck-juice when her mouth and her pussy were both hot for a load.

She cleared her throat.

Billy's head jerked up in surprise and, seeing his aunt standing there, he turned bright red with mortification. His fist, well into the action, continued to stroke his prick for a moment. Then, realizing that he was still frigging, Billy jerked his hand from his cock. But that only left his shame exposed. Gulping guiltily, he tried to cover his prick and balls with his open hand, but his cock was too big to hide behind a hand. His wedge-shaped knob loomed up in an angry slab and his balls ballooned below-and Aunt Pearl was staring right at his tackle.

As she moved toward him, Billy realized that she wasn't looking shocked or angry, at all. In fact, the voluptuous woman was smiling and her eyes were glowing. Billy began to wonder if getting caught with his cock in his hand had been so bad, after all.

His aunt moved up and stood over him.

Still blushing, he gazed up from the tops of his eyes. Pearl returned that gaze, looking down over the thrusting mounds of her big tits.

"Don't be embarrassed, Billy," she whispered.

He stared silently, still ashamed yet wondering about her attitude-and her obvious interest.

"All horny young men jerk off," she said.

"Errr . . . I guess," he croaked.

"Women, too," she added. "I finger-fuck myself at least once a day."

That wasn't strictly true, since Pearl had the stallion, but it had the desired effect on Billy. His prick had started to soften and droop in his dismay-now it snapped back to a pounding rod of rock-hard meat. A graphic image of his sensual aunt jamming her stiff fingers in and out of her juicy cunt-gash flashed into his fevered mind. Billy managed a strained smile.

"Don't you have a girlfriend to take care of you when you need to cum, Billy?" she asked.

He shook his head, his eyes wide and staring.

"Are-are you a virgin?" she breathed.

"Yeah," he rasped.

Pearl whispered. The thought of cherry fuck-juice sent a fiery surge of desire through her loins. She loved to seduce virgin boys very much. But then, Aunt Pearl loved to do lots of naughty things.

Billy could actually feel her eyes burning into his cock and balls, like laser beams. He moved his hand aside, hardly aware of the motion, exposing all of that big rack to her fascinated gaze.

"Oh, Billy-shall I help you cum?" she whispered.

He croaked. His vocal cords seemed as stiff as his prick and only a gurgle came out. His aunt slowly sank down onto her knees before him. Her eyes moved up and down, from his cock to his face. He felt her heated breath billow over his cock as she panted.

Am I dreaming? Billy wondered.

"Is Aunt Pearl gonna jerk me off?"

But Aunt Pearl had more than a hand-job in mind for that cherry cock and balls. Her parted lips were frothy with saliva as she leaned over his loins. The head of Billy's cock was glowing like a light bulb, the meat smoking hot. The thick, dark vein pounded up the underside of his long cock-stalk and, at the root, his balls were swollen with an enormous load of cherry jism.

"Wanna cum in my mouth, darling?" she purred.

Now Billy was almost sure this must be a dream-for a blow-job was the stuff of dreams, even more exotic and elusive to a horny teenager than a fuck.

"Hummmm? Shall I suck your lovely prick, Billy? Shall I swallow your spunk?" She was whispering, her lips very close to his knob so that he could feel every word on his sensitive cock as she breathed them out.

Aunt Pearl held his balls in her hand.

"Ummmm-such a heavy load," she sighed, squeezing gently, holding his balls in her upright palm

like a softball pitcher about to deliver.

Now that she was touching him, the boy knew it was no dream-and that no dream, no matter how wet, had ever felt his good.

Pearl leaned down and lightly ran her tongue over the tip of his cock, slurping at the sticky, dribbling piss-hole and then fluttering against the sensitive underside, where his knob wedged out from his stalk.

"Yummy," she purred.

Licking his cock-head, she stared up at him through lowered eyelashes, loving the frantic look on his face. She adored to make a young man whimper and pant-and cream. Her tongue bathed him all over his swollen crown, saliva dribbling down his long, thick cock-shaft. She tongued faster as the succulence of his cherry cock made her tastebuds tingle.

"Your cock-meat is delicious, darling," she sighed. "I'm hungry for your hot, thick cum! I'm gonna milk you off and drink every slimy drop!"

Billy had lost all control now. All of his inhibitions were melting as her hot tongue washed over his steaming cock. He jerked up, shoving his prick into her face.

"Yeah! Yeah! Blow me, Aunt Pearl!" he gasped.

She turned her face aside playfully and his cock-head skimmed along her cheek. Turning back, she licked up and down his prick, tracing along the pulsing vein and flutter-kissing where the thick, dark line spread out in the delta under the triangle of his knob.

His piss-hole was starting to weep. Pre-spunk oozed out and slid down the slope of his knob, onto his cock. Pearl licked the goo up. She savored the scrumptious flavor of cherry jism on her tongue, then let it slime down her throat. That first taste whetted her appetite, making the woman ravenous for the full load bloating his balls.

She ducked down and tongued his balls for a moment, relishing the musky flavor and aroma of hot cock-meat and moaning at how full they felt as they ballooned against her slurping tongue. More spunk oozed out and she lapped up his cock-stalk, gathering it up as it poured down.

Aunt Pearl was really enjoying licking his prick, but she was afraid that the horny youth might blow his rocks off if she continued-and she didn't want that hot geyser to just shoot up into the air.

She tongued up that throbbing tower to the tip, then turned her face down over it. Billy trembled in expectation as her moist lips kissed his knob, right where pre-spunk was bubbling from the slot. He saw his goo smear her parted lips and saw the look on her lust-twisted face-the unmistakably hungry look of a woman eager to swallow cum.

Her lips parted and she slowly pushed down, feeding his cock-head into her mouth.

Billy groaned and whimpered as he felt his hot cock-meat buried in a wet mouth for the very first time-and found that it felt even better than he had hoped. It was his first blow-job and it was being administered by an expert. Aunt Pearl's mouth was magic, skillful, experienced and, above all, totally enthusiastic. She loved sucking cocks as much, or more, than the guys she sucked loved having it done.



Holding only his fat knob in her lips, Pearl slurped and nuzzled and nursed. She turned her face from side to side, winding the collar to her lips around on his cock-rod just below that meaty mouthful.

"Ahhhhh," she sighed as his prick throbbed and another trace of spunk spilled onto her tongue.

She held the boy by his jolting hips, not using her hands on his cock, wanting to do it all with just her capable mouth.

She wondered what his mother-her sister-would think if she could see them now. She'd probably be jealous, Aunt Pearl figured-not an unlikely idea, knowing Mary.

She munched and moaned, gobbled and gurgled, mouthing his meaty knob adoringly. Not wanting him to shoot too soon, really enjoying the cock-meat before she got down to drinking the dessert, she pulled her lips away for a moment, letting him cool down just slightly. Then she sucked that fat purple slab back into her mouth.

Her slobber, streaked with spunky ribbons of seepage, slid down his cock-rod and washed over his balls. Her mouth was making plenty of noise, slurps and soft sighs. His cock-head bubbled and steamed in the suction cup of her mouth. Her cheeks drew in hollow as she sucked, then expanded as she blew down his cock-rod. Her tongue washed his knob inside her mouth, adding to the stimulation of her lips.

From the steady way that the boy's piss-hole was dripping, she knew he wouldn't last much longer. She began to bob down, feeding more prick into her mouth. She took half of his stalk in, then three quarters. His eyes looked haunted as he stared down and watched his prick vanish.

Aunt Pearl took it to the hilt, her chin brushing his balls and her nose rustling in his pubic thicket. His cock-head had slipped right down her gullet and she made a little gagging sound, but held it in.

Her lips plastered around the hairy root of his meaty rod, her tongue ran up and down the buried stalk and she sucked on the whole thing, seeming to be trying to swallow his sex tackle balls and all.

"Aunt Pearl!" Billy croaked.

She pulled her mouth back to his cock-head. Lips moving on the cherished knob, she whispered, "Spunk me, Billy! Cream in my fucking mouth!" She lid down, gulping him to the hilt again, then drew back up and whimpered, "Feed me your cherry fuck-juice, darling! Hose Aunt Pearl's mouth . . . ummmm! Whitewash my throat-"

Her words broke off in a gurgle as she swallowed his prick again.

His cock was drumming savagely in her mouth.

"I'm gonna shoot!" the boy gasped.

"Ummmm, ummmm!" she moaned. Her mouth sucked and her head jumped frantically up and down as she sought to bring him off quickly now, drooling for his creamy load. Her mouth was like a bubbling cauldron as she dived on his cock-rod.

Billy howled and humped up from the chair, fucking into her face, his balls swinging up and slapping heavily under her chin as she bobbed down.

His jism hit the back of her throat.

Aunt Pearl gasped and gurgled and gulped the sweet slime down. His scum sped out in a geyser and she jammed her mouth down against the thick stream. She took his prick in to the hilt as he spilled a steaming torrent down her throat, then pulled up and let his next delicious spurt skim over her flashing tongue. She was swallowing his spunk greedily but the potent youth's balls were pumping it out massively. Jism overflowed her pursed lips and trickled down both sides of her chin.

"Umpfff!" She gulped as fuck-juice splashed in her mouth. Her throat pulsed, swallowing. The juice warmed her belly like a fine cognac.

Billy felt as if he was coming from his heels, as if his spurting prick was rooted somewhere back in his asshole, transfixing his loins on an iron-hard spike. He was shooting out a tremendous load, yet his hungry aunt was drinking it greedily, and still sucking for more. It seemed as if her body should be expanding as his giant cock pumped her full of fuck-fluids.

Drained, Billy collapsed back in the chair.

Aunt Pearl swallowed the last mouthful and kept right on plating him, coaxing out the final swampy trickles. It took her a moment before she realized that the potent boy had stopped shooting. His cock and balls were empty-but that fat tool was still hard as a crowbar in her mouth.

Pearl smiled, her lips turning up around his cock-shaft, when she realized that in the potency of his tender years, Billy was not going to be finished by a single cumming, no matter how abundant it had been.

She drew her mouth from him, her lips foaming with jism. She swirled that cherry nectar around in her mouth, then swallowed it slowly, in slimy ribbons and creamy coils. Billy stared at his cum-drinking aunt in awe. His prick was still rampant, as hard as if he hadn't just shot his wad.

Bending down again, Pearl used her nimble, spunk-slimed tongue to lap up all the drops that had escaped her lips and poured down his cock-stalk, onto his balls. As she tongued jism from the outside of his balls, those formidable sacs began to balloon again as another load instantly rushed in to refill the potent cum containers. Drinking his virgin cream had been so lovely that Aunt Pearl was tempted to suck him off again.

But Billy was still a virgin. His aunt decided his next cherry load belonged in her steaming cunt . . .

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CHAPTER SIX

Brenda's pussy felt volcanic as she rode the brawny black stallion across the rolling fields. Lust liquid poured out like lava. Brenda had naturally gotten awfully hot while she was pulling the horse's prick and that horniness had been increased by the definite longing in her sexy aunt's eyes and Brenda knew that she just had to get her rocks off soon.

The pommel of the saddle was getting so slippery from the cunt-juice seeping through her jeans that the girl was slipping and sliding around at every stride. She had to cling to the curved saddle horn to keep from sliding right out of the saddle, and holding that hard horn reminded her of fondling pricks, only making her hotter. She stroked the saddle horn as if she were frigging it. Her taut clit was throbbing and pulsing as she squirmed about on the horse's back and her pliable pussy-lips were open so wide and so wet that she felt as if her cunt was a rubber plunger stuck on the saddle. Each time the horse took a step, her cunt squished.

The stallion was well aware of the overheated fragrance of Brenda's pussy. But the girl knew she had milked his balls to the dregs and she didn't realize how quickly a stallion's sexual vitality could recharge itself under such stimulation-nor that his massive prick was already beginning to elongate and stiffen.

Brenda was tempted to ride straight back to the farm and make her availability known to her aunt. But there was just a chance that Aunt Pearl might decline and it would be better to wait for the woman to make the first suggestion. Brenda decided that the only thing to do was to dismount and give herself a thorough finger-fucking to tide her cunt over until she got something more interesting than her own hands.

She flipped the reins and turned the stallion off into a fringe of trees. Drawing him in, she slid gracefully from the saddle, dropping the reins. She hadn't yet noticed that his cock was at half mast-and rising steadily.

She looked around to make sure that she was alone, then quickly undressed, knowing that frigging in the woods would be more exciting if she was naked, her hot body all exposed to the pine-scented breezes.

She removed her blouse first, paused to tweak her titty tips-remembering how carefully Aunt Pearl had mopped the horse spunk from those taut nuggets-then unfastened her jeans and squirmed from them. Her bikini panties were soaking wet as she pulled them from her feet.

The stallion nickered softly as, with her loins bared, the sweet scent of her pussy got stronger. His head dipped down to munch at some grass, then tossed up as he sniffed at the perfumed breeze.

His prick jolted up under his belly and his balls inflated steadily as his sperm reacted to his instincts. But still Brenda hadn't noticed his arousal as she concentrated on her own fiery need.

Standing with her legs apart, she rubbed her pussy with both hands. Pussy-cream streamed down her thighs. Her lovely face twisted with lust and the lithe girl knelt, then rolled onto her back in the grass. She raised her knees, parted her legs and began a two-handed frigging job in her smoldering crotch. She used one hand to finger-fuck in and out of her pussy and rubbed her tingling clit with the other.

Cunt-juice dampened the ground in a sticky patch under her churning ass. She pumped her belly, and her hips worked like fluid pistons. Her pelvis tilted up, jerking her crotch against her hands in a screwing motion. Her eyes fluttered and closed as she lost herself to self-stimulation.

And didn't see the horse approach.

Ebony, like any red-blooded American stallion, had lost interest in grazing on dry grass when he saw the chance to munch on juicy pussy. With his cock jutting out so far that he seemed to be mounted over it, he approached the writhing girl. His big head pushed out and he snorted, lips rippling and slobbering. Then his neck arched, the glossy black pelt glinting in the dappled sunlight and his nostrils flaring.

He shoved his muzzle in between Brenda's legs, his long jaw rippling, intent on cropping cunt.

Brenda squealed when she felt that hot, damp muzzle press into her steaming fuck-slot. Her eyes snapped open in surprise, not realizing what was nuzzling her cunt. Then she saw that it was the stallion and she smiled, pulling her hands out of her groin to let the brute wallow around in her pussy unhindered. He snuffled, and she felt his wet lips roll in her hot folds. He blew and his breath

whistled into her cunt. Then his fat tongue shot out and began to slap into her fevered fuck-slot.

The idea of getting head from a horse thrilled the naughty nymphette, firing her mind, as his salivating tongue snaked into her and ignited her loins.

She twisted her hips and heaved her slender belly up and down, riding his head. Her trim little ass lifted right off the ground, churning in the air. Cunt-cream and horse drool washed down her crotch, soaking the cheeks of her ass. A swampy pool glistened under her heaving haunches as juice seeped into the earth.

Brenda jerked up and grasped the stallion by his silken mane, dragging his head between her legs. But he needed no guidance or persuasion. The cunt-hungry beast was right where he wanted to be, in heaven as he grazed in her gooey groin. No sugar cube had ever sparked his tastebuds the way her creamy cunt was doing.

She dropped back down and arched, belly and ass thrust up, feet flat on the ground and her head and shoulders braced against the earth. The horse's fluttering muzzle and flashing tongue were driving Brenda crazy. His tongue felt as big as a prick as he shot it up into her fuck-hole.

The overheated teenager threw a leg up and hooked her knee over his neck. Then she tossed the other leg up, thigh muscles rippling. She was saddled on his muzzle as firmly as she had ever been mounted on his brawny back in this strange and randy ride.

She stared down her belly, watching his meaty red tongue plunge into her split cunt-gash. Streaks of juice ran down his muzzle and dripped from his jaws in pearly beads. The horse was lathered with foaming sweat and now her flowing pussy added a creamier suds to his glossy coat. She jerked higher and his tongue whipped into the crack of her ass, then pulled up into her groin again. Her cunt-lips were sucking and dragging on his tongue meat, yanking him up her hole.

Her legs shot out, pumping in the air beside his shoulders, then spreading open as if she were doing the splits as she opened the vee of her crotch completely to his frantic feeding. She was so fiery hot that she didn't know if she was creaming yet or not. It felt as if she were cumming, but then the waves of joy rushed through her loins even higher. Cum-juice gushed out and the stallion slurped it up, but then more came pouring out, even hotter and thicker.

His nose shoved right into her gaping grotto and she felt the wet nostrils ripple inside her pussy as his tongue slid even deeper, seeming to slither in a meaty coil right into the core of her cunt-hole.

Another peak hit her and the girl cried out. Her whole body was shaking like a rag doll. Her arms and legs flew about frantically, as if the horny teenager were becoming disjointed in the throes of her dynamic climax.

She almost passed out as the highest crest surged in her pussy and her clit exploded again. Limp and gasping, she sank back onto the grassy ground, panting like a steam engine. The stallion kept on grazing in her gooey groin, gorging on the dewy dregs that were still running out from her cunt, lapping the hot little minx through the ebb of her cumming just as he had lapped her up through the rising spasms to the smoldering crest.

The gentle seepage following the frantic flood felt lovely and Brenda smiled blissfully as she enjoyed this moist and attentive afterplay, coming down from her horny high by slow degrees and stages, the platforms of her passion slowly petering out in her pleased pussy.

After a while, the limber teenager sat up. The stallion's head was still nuzzling down in her cunt. She

stroked his arched neck and his tongue flipped up onto her slim belly, then fluttered against her tits. Tilting her face down, she watched that meaty tongue slurp at her tits. The horse's tongue was all creamy with Brenda's cum-juice and, for some reason, it looked delectable.

Brenda leaned lower and slowly sucked the horse's soaking tongue into her mouth. It slid around and she sucked on it, French kissing the brute. In some ways, kissing him in that passionate manner seemed even more depraved than jacking him off or letting him lick her cunt.

His fat tongue filled her mouth and Brenda's own little tongue moved against it. She could taste her own frothy cum-cream mixed with the horse slobber and, with her cunt slurped to satiation, she began to get hungry.

As Brenda sucked deeply on the stallion's tongue, drawing it to the back of her mouth, the animal's prick responded. Each time she sucked his tongue in, his cock jolted out, connected by some mysterious internal mechanism.

She mouthed his tongue just as if it were a big, meaty cock that had already cum and was now semi-stiff and coated with cunt-juice and as she did so the horse's haunches heaved as his actual cock thundered for attention.

Something would have to be done about the stallion's mighty prick, thought Brenda.

Something really naughty . . .

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

Something naughty had already been done to her brother, and now Billy looked as if he had been poleaxed as he sprawled back in the chair, his stunned face turned up toward the ceiling. His loins felt hollow, as if Aunt Pearl had sucked his guts out. He was all loose-limbed, as if his very bones had melted into jism and shot into that greedy woman's magic mouth. Yet, despite his tremendous cumming, his sturdy young prick was still standing like a crowbar-and Aunt Pearl was still working on it adoringly.

Holding his purple knob in her fingers, she tilted his stalk up and carefully tongued the heavily veined underside. Her face turned from side to side as she licked up and down from all angles. She lapped his balls, slurped up his prick and then laved his fat cock-head again.

Billy groaned. The lad could feel another spunk load pouring into his balls. He thought that his sweet-mouthed, cum-hungry aunt was going to suck him off again, since she was still down on him and busily lapping away. He humped, shoving his cock up invitingly.

But then Aunt Pearl moved away. His temporarily abandoned cock steamed with her saliva as the spit evaporated from the hot meat.

When Billy looked down, he saw that Aunt Pearl had removed her clothing and was spread out, naked, on the floor. Her knees were lifted and her legs were parted. She was smiling at him, resting on her elbows with her head upright. Her cunt was wide open and flooded with juice, the lips peeled back so that Billy could look right up into her fuck-tunnel and see the darker inner folds into which she obviously wanted him to sink his cock.

"Fuck me, now, Billy," she rasped. "Give Aunt Pearl your cherry load!"

Billy grinned, his jaw muscles tight. He didn't see how a fuck could possibly be better than the wonderful blow-job she had just given him, but he sure as hell wanted to find out-and lose his cursed virginity in the process. He slid from the chair, his movements awkward, and his new cum load shifted like heavy ballast in his loins. He sank to his knees and shuffled toward the welcoming vee of her wide-open thighs.

His prick jutted out like a spear that had been thrust into his belly. Pearl gazed at that cherry cock and trembled in anticipation. She hadn't seduced a young virgin boy in ages and the fact that this was her own nephew added another dynamic dimension to the thrill of his cherry cock-meat and cum. The dark desire of incest caused her to shudder as she waited in the missionary position. Boy on top seemed somehow appropriate for giving him his first-ever piece of ass-although she had every intention of showing Billy a whole lot of other positions over the weekend. And Brenda, too.

Billy knelt between her legs and hesitated, relishing the final moments of his innocence before he lost it in incestuous frenzy. His cock loomed over her belly, poised like a war club about to strike. The knob flared out, glowing a dull, angry shade of purple, and the dark vein that seamed the underside of his cock-rod was writhing like a snake.

Whimpering, Aunt Pearl hiked her ass up and lifted her crotch into a fucking angle, presenting the platform of her pussy to Billy's prick.

Billy had never done it, but he certainly knew how. He dipped lower and his giant cock levered toward her cunt-slot. Taking his weight on his hands and knees, he shoved his ass out and the head of his prick nestled in her pussy.

He held steady there for a moment, with only the tip of his prick in her as her cunt-lips massaged and pulled on that meaty wedge.

Billy didn't even have to hump.

Aunt Pearl's fuck-hole was dragging his cock up her cunt by suction. He gasped at the wonderful feeling of being slowly enveloped in pussy. Aunt Pearl smiled up at him, knowing how talented her pussy was, guessing at how she was making the youth feel.

His cock-head vanished in her wet cunt.

Billy stared down at the coupling in awe. With his knob buried, his thick cock-stalk stood out between them bolting his balls to her cunt-gash. Her cunt-muscles rippled and she pulled another inch of stiff prick into her pussy. His balls rolled around at the root of his shaft, heavy and inflated again. He saw her pink pussy-lips distend, groping down his cock-shaft. Then she sucked another inch up into the cauldron of her cunt-hole.

His prick was humming and vibrating and her pussy was making soft, sucking sounds as she dragged him deeper. Her mouth had taken his prick just like a cunt and now her cunt was sucking his cock-meat in just like a hairy mouth.

The wet, softly padded walls of her pussy-tube closed around him, molding to the outline of his knob and cock-shaft, applying moist friction to every inch.

Billy humped tentatively.

But Aunt Pearl's pussy was clinging to him so greedily that he was unable to pull his prick out. When he jerked back, her cunt-lips pulled out along his stalk, not giving up any of that fat rod.

He stopped trying to move and let her magic fuck-hole slowly draw him in. Inch by precious inch, she engulfed his cock. The inner rings of her cunt-muscles rippled up his stalk. It felt as if she had a secret hand inside her belly, frigging him off. And a mouth, as well, hungrily sucking on his knob as it slid deeper toward the fiery core of her cunt-hole.

Her ass flipped suddenly and her hips jolted. Billy gasped. She had sucked his cock in to the hilt. His balls were tight against the curve of her up-thrust ass and her cunt-lips were spread out around the root of his prick as if they were glued to his belly.

Aunt Pearl held it all in for a few moments, letting the boy know the pleasure of having every hot inch of his cock buried in steaming pussy while she thrilled to having her cunt stuffed to the brim with virgin boy cock-meat. Her pussy worked on his prick, fluttering and rippling, caressing him inside her before they began to jolt together in the in-and-out action of furious fucking.

Billy bent over her and began to lick and suck at her tits and nipples. An hour ago, the lad would have been thrilled to the core by the very thought of nuzzling fat tits. Now, with his prick stuck up her pussy, it was only a slight thrill. Pearl arched up, shoving her tits into his face. She slid a hand down to fondle his balls, then gently slipped a finger into his asshole. Billy jerked at that probing finger and his buried cock-meat surged.

Aunt Pearl's clinging cunt-hole loosened slightly, no longer gripping him in that velvet vise.

"Fuck me now, Billy!" she moaned, her eyelashes fluttering and her lips parted. "Fuck my ass off!"

Billy pulled back and this time his cock came sliding from her pussy. She paused with only the fat knob stuck in her pussy, the rod dripping cunt-juice between them. Then he slammed it in ball-deep again.

"Oh! Ahhhh!" she cried, as that first stroke thundered into her smoldering pussy.

Billy pumped it to her again. The sliding friction felt even better than the full penetration. This was what fucking was all about! Billy gasped with the unbelievable sensation. If her cunt wasn't any better than her mouth, it was sure as hell just as good! Crazy by the thrill of it, Billy began to shovel his prick into her furiously.

Aunt Pearl whimpered with the joy of it as she felt her frenzied fuck-hole fill up with her nephew's rock-hard, smoking cock-meat.

Billy was pounding it to her with lightning strokes, slamming in as if he were trying to fuck the voluptuous woman right down through the floor.

Aunt Pearl met him with equal vigor, shoving her loins down as he plunged in and rolling her hips as he withdrew. Her cunt-sleeve was winding around on the retreating cock-rod, adding a strange twist to the straight, sliding friction.

His bloated balls slapped against her ass and their bellies sucked together as they joined to the hilt. His prick pulled out, steaming and drenched, then whipped back into her cunt like a thunderbolt.

She rode under him, clamping her lush thighs around his hips and drumming her heels against his corkscrewing ass. She kicked at the air, then threw her legs wide apart as he plowed between them so fast that his ass was a blur. Her wide, firm ass churned and her hips jolted. She rammed down as if she wanted to take him, balls and all, up her pussy. But he could go no deeper. His flaring cock-head was already bottoming out in her cunt-core.

Pearl felt as if her hipbones were going to jump right out of their sockets as his thick cock-stalk stuffed her full. He was pumping in so deep that she half expected his cock-head to come out of her mouth.

Billy fed the prick to her and Aunt Pearl whimpered like a bitch in heat as she took it all.

He was screwing her so furiously that she knew it could not last long, but that was all right because she had started to cream on the very first thrusts and now she was yearning for his cherry fuck-juice.

"Cum in me, Billy! Cum in my cunt!" the oversexed woman wailed, as her own cum-juice bubbled from her pussy.

Billy's thick prick gorged her pussy, and the cream of her crest came boiling out in a deluge.

Billy's spine twisted and his ass churned. He was quivering as he soared to the heights and held there for an instant-for one last stroke. Then his balls erupted and the thick sap came pouring up his prick-rod.

"Here it comes!" he cried.

Aunt Pearl gurgled with the rapture of it as she felt his jism run into her cunt. Thick as paste, the cherry scum flooded her cunt. She could feel every seething spurt hit her clinging cunt-walls. Billy kept pouring the prick to her, spurting more fuck-juice out on every thrust and even squirting on the backstroke.

Aunt Pearl's pussy creamed again and again, peaking each time her nephew hosed her with another thick cum-stream. She whipped her lush ass about wildly. His massive prick plunged into his aunt relentlessly.

Billy was cumming so hard that she thought that she could hear his jism splash when it hit her pussy. Blended with her fuck-juice, the thick stuff swirled around in her pussy and came gushing from her gaping cunt, soaking her grinding groin with the overflow!

Billy was pumping her up like a balloon with his incest juice, cumming so much that it felt as if he were pouring the sweet slime into her by the gallon.

He hiked up, pounding down, then dipped and threw a long, rippling stroke in from below, heaving her ass up into the air and holding her loins suspended on the iron-hard lever of his prick for an instant.

Her ass bounced on the floor as he pulled back. Then he slammed in again, fucking her cunt to jelly, then stirring that jelly to a foam. He gored her like a maddened bull with a single fierce horn, rammed into the portals of her pussy as if his cock were a battering ram, tossed her lush loins about on his prick like a broken puppet on a string.

Aunt Pearl gasped and slumped back. All of her vitality ebbed in her cumming, her pussy-juice spilling out from her melted cunt.

Billy croaked and shuddered, at long last spilling out the last dregs of his cum-cream. He stopped stroking and knelt over her, his chest heaving as he panted. Then he sank down into her embrace and they clung together in the radiant aftermath of their simultaneous climax.



And already that naughty woman was wondering where to take his next lovely load . . .

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Billy had pumped plenty of spunk into Aunt Pearl's greedy mouth and steaming pussy, but it was nothing compared to the load that was bloated in the stallion's balls by this time. Still sucking on his tongue and pulling it with her as she twisted her head to look at his cock, Brenda gasped when she saw how enormous his balls were. They looked almost as big as basketballs as they bulged there at the hilt of his long, throbbing cock-stalk.

Brenda let the horse's tongue slip from her lips and shifted down alongside his flank, staring at his prick in wonderment. His balls were a lot bigger than they had been when she'd jacked him off in the barn. After a moment, she grinned impishly, as she understood why.

In the barn, the brute had been only mildly excited by the scent of hot pussy.

Now that horny horse had been grazing in those creamy fields and had responded to a much greater stimulation. What a huge load they must hold! How eager naughty Brenda was to milk him off again. And now that she was alone with the stallion and didn't have to act shy and innocent in front of her aunt, she could empty those lovely balls in a more thrilling fashion.

The horse had given her some head.

Brenda figured that she owed him a blow-job!

And it would be no hardship, she knew, because her mouth was already beginning to water as she stared at the massive slab of his flaring cock-head. It was too big to fuck, she figured, but it sure looked like a lovely mouthful.

The sexy teenager whimpered at the prospect. She remembered how hot and thick his jism had been when it splashed onto her tits and she just knew that horse cum must be delicious when a hungry girl sucked it straight out of the brute's big, tasty cock-head. Her randy mouth was already forming an open oval as she gazed at that feast.

The stallion arched his neck around, staring at the kneeling teenager expectantly.

Brenda sat on her ass and squirmed in under the stallion, so that his knob loomed up before her face. His piss-hole was gaping open and she could look right up the cleft-that slot from which his steaming scum was going to shoot! She could see a glob of pre-cum sliding around in the open slit. As she stared, that gooey glob slid out and clung to the tip of his prick like a lump of paste.

"Ooooh," she moaned, drooling.

She held his cock between her open hands, spanning his cock-stalk just behind the bloated head. She frigged very gently. The jism-drop swung on the tip of his cock, stretching on a thread as it hung down, ready to drop off.

Brenda was fascinated by that solitary nugget. She lowered her head and stuck her tongue out as far as she could. She didn't lap the slime up, but simply placed her extended tongue under it and waited. The gooey lump was swinging like a ball on a string as it slid down.

The cum-drop settled onto Brenda's tongue.

Her tastebuds went wild as that gamy blob of horse jism spread out on her pink tongue. The thread snapped and the jism-ball rolled like a blob of quicksilver onto her tongue. She let it run around, then tossed her head back and let it slide down her throat.

It was so thick and nourishing that she felt as if she were eating it instead of drinking it. She could feel the hot drop trickle all the way down her gullet and into her belly, whetting her appetite for more.

Any doubts that the girl had about sucking a stallion vanished now. She skinned back on his leathery sheath, making the black meat of his naked cock-knob flare out. Tongue flashing, she licked up the broken thread of slime, then began to tongue all over the horse's smoking hot cock-head.

The stallion snorted and whinnied and stamped his hooves as he discovered the thrill of a girl's tongue caressing his swollen crown. The horse began to tremble through his sinewy loins.

Brenda was turning her head this way and that as she licked the meat of his savory cock-head from all angles, bathing the black slab with her hungry drool. She pushed her tongue right up into his piss-hole and wriggled it about. Her nose pressed to the fat slab and she sniffed, adoring the musky, heated fragrance of that steaming cock-head.

She slid under his cock-rod and lapped up and down the underside of his shaft. The leathery cock-rod had a succulence of its own, slightly different from his naked knob but still delicious. She licked back to his balls and gave those swollen sacs a thorough lapping.

Then she turned her face up and fitted her lips to his cock-stalk, running her wet mouth up and down the length of his prick from balls to knob. By the time she turned back to his cock-head, preliminary spunk was pouring heavily from his piss-hole and, with a greedy gasp, the girl tongued that slimy juice up.

"Fucking hell," she murmured, simply adoring that spunky flavor and gamy aroma.

The horse hadn't cum yet, it was only pre-cum oozing from his knob, yet the girl had already swallowed as much of the stuff as the average guy would shoot out when he got his rocks off. When those massive balls blew, it was going to be like sucking off a fire hose, she thought-and loved the creamy prospect.

The stallion nickered and humped, shoving his meaty slab against Brenda's lips. Her head rocked back as his cock-knob jolted into her face. Her lips parted. The horse's prick-head was so huge that she wasn't sure if she could take it all into her mouth, but she was sure going to try.

Her lips stretched open around the slick tip and her jaw dropped down. When the stallion humped again, Brenda pushed her face forward to meet him.

His cock-head sank into her mouth.

"Ulphhh!" Brenda gulped.

The head of the stallion's fuck-rod was so enormous that it was stuffing her mouth. It flared out into both cheeks at the same time, while the dripping tip had lodged back at the entrance to her throat. Her lips were stretched wide around the thick shaft just behind the point where the knob vanished into her face.

She sucked lavishly, loving it.

The horse humped. But he could plunge no deeper. His cock-head had filled her mouth to the limits and he couldn't move another inch of stalk in. As he pumped in and out, he was only dragging her head back and forth on his cock-knob, tossing her about on the end of his prick.

She was gurgling and moaning, moist, bubbling sounds coming from her widely distended lips. His piss-hole continued to weep and a gluey trickle escaped her lips and slid sluggishly down the girl's chin. More of the slimy nectar was seeping down her gullet, flowing into her cheeks and washing creamily over her sinuous tongue.

Brenda was more ravenous than ever, now that she was mouthing that steamy cock-meat. She couldn't bob her head up and down in the classic blow-job motion, taking rod in as well as knob. As she nursed on his cock-head, she began to frig his shaft up and down between her hands.

The brute rammed his prick out, fucking through Brenda's skimming palms as his cock-head flared in her mouth and tipped her head back and forth. He was going frantic as he fucked her face, his balls flying out like the clappers of a bell. His knob ballooned even more. Brenda realized that she couldn't have spat that hunk of cock-meat out even if she'd wanted to—that the bloated slab was lodged fast behind her teeth, gorging her jaws and stretching her lips as wide as they would go. The girl had learned a truth—that once a woman started sucking a stallion's prick, there was no way on earth that she could uncouple until she had milked him off.

Hungry as she was for his slime, it was not an unwelcome lesson she had learned.

As her greedy mouth suckled and her hot tongue bathed his knob, Brenda stroked his cock-stalk faster, working toward the magic moment of the brute's climax. His knob loomed in her mouth as she pumped back. She could feel the pre-cum sliming from his piss-hole in a steady flood. Whimpering and whining, gulping and gasping, she sucked joyfully away, yearning for the torrent of the stallion's massive load.

The powerful brute tossed his head back, eyes wild and white, foam spraying from his jaws. Like a machine, he hammered into her head relentlessly as he neared the peak.

Then he shot his wad.

His balls burst and the fuck-juice rocketed up his cock-rod and shot into Brenda's mouth so hard that he almost blew her off the end of his prick.

Her head rocked back as that high-pressure juice hosed her mouth. But his cock-knob was stuck fast and his knob stayed in her mouth, spraying and squirting.

His meaty slab had clogged her lips full and there was no room for his scum to seep out. The only place that it could go was down her throat and, gulping furiously, cum-hungry Brenda swallowed the stuff as fast as she could.

The stallion fed her a stroke that raised her right off the ground, his jism splattering on the roof of her mouth. His cock worked like a lever, jolting her on the end. His jism came out in slimy ropes and steaming geysers and the girl drank it and sucked for more, her thirst for stallion spunk unquenchable.

The brute pumped a last gooey glob down her gullet and faltered, missing a stroke, then another. His prick began to soften and diminish in her mouth. Brenda could have pulled her lips off his cock-

head now, as it deflated, but she kept it in her mouth and sucked merrily away, dragging the last dregs from his piss-hole.

His cock-rod bent, like some magic rubber pole. She stared down and saw that his balls were drained and hanging. She gave his cock-head a last adoring suck, polishing the slick meat to a glossy black luster. Then, full of stallion scum but still sorry that it was over, she drew her lips from his knob.

The horse, his interest in Brenda gone with his load, wandered off and began to munch some grass.

She sat there, all full of sweet spunk, looking dazed by that greedy feast.

Now her pussy was burning again.

But the stallion didn't seem inclined to lap her off again, now that his balls were drained. That muzzle that had nuzzled in her pussy with such enthusiasm, before, was now placidly grazing on the ground.

Brenda needed some tongue or some cock.

Naturally, she thought of her aunt and her brother . . .

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## **CHAPTER NINE**

With her pussy squishing and soaking the saddle, Brenda rode Ebony back to the farm. She unsaddled the brute and gave his dangling prick a squeeze and a kiss and then, leaving the stallion well lathered up and well sucked off, the naughty girl went back to the house.

Aunt Pearl was downstairs and Billy, sucked and fucked to a frazzle, had gone to his room to take a nap and recover his energy for the next event.

Pearl greeted Brenda warmly. That sexy woman had had plenty of nephew cock but now she was as eager as ever for some of her nubile niece's pussy.

Brenda was just as eager to provide it.

But first she thought that she had better take a shower. If Aunt Pearl got amorous, as she hoped, they were going to be kissing and Brenda didn't want the woman to detect the distinctive flavor of horse jism on her lips.

She gave Pearl a meaningful glance, saying that she would be right back, and went upstairs to shower and brush her teeth-although she hated to do that because the lingering taste of Ebony's cum was really pleasant. Still, there was plenty more of the succulent spunk to be sucked from that potent animal, and there was no point in making Aunt Pearl suspicious-or jealous, as the case might be.

Brenda stripped and showered, playing with her pussy a bit as she stood under the spray, not trying to cum but just to keep it nice and hot and juicy. Then, still damp from the shower and wrapped in a big fluffy bath towel, she started back downstairs. A towel slipped off a lot easier than clothing and Brenda didn't want any delay or inconvenience to hinder her aunt's attentions. If Aunt Pearl had any last inhibitions about lesbian incest, Brenda figured she could always just drop the towel, knowing

that her naked charms would be sure to drive the woman wild.

But on the way to the stairs, Brenda had to pass her brother's room. Billy had left the door ajar, thinking that Aunt Pearl might want to look in on him, and Brenda took a peek into the room. She always sneaked a look into her brother's room when she had a chance, hoping that sometime she might catch him beating his meat.

The room was dimly lit by only the light filtering in from the hall and the shaded window and it took a moment for Brenda's eyes to adjust.

Then she caught her breath.

Billy was lying naked on the bed. His eyes were closed and he seemed to be sleeping-but his prick was curving up in a fat, meaty coil, semi-erect.

Brenda grinned wickedly.

Her handsome brother must be just starting to have an erotic dream, she figured, since his cock was rising without being fondled by his hand.

Was it gonna be a wet dream?

Brenda was thrilled by the sight and the prospect. She slipped silently into the room and moved closer to the bed. If her brother was going to cream in his sleep, the cock-crazed girl sure as hell wanted to see it happen.

Billy stirred and moaned very softly. He was dreaming, in fact, a confused jumble of aunts and mothers and sisters flitting through his slumbering mind. His prick continued to rise in a series of jolts and jerks until it was standing straight up from his loins like a flagpole.

Brenda was impressed by her brother's cock and balls. His cock wasn't much compared to the stallion, to be sure, but by human standards it was a masterpiece. It was long and thick and shapely, a classic configuration with the fat purple knob flaring out in a triangular wedge atop the veined stalk.

She moved to the side of the bed and leaned over him, her breath wafting onto his knob.

Brenda trembled with desire. She didn't dare to touch him, although her hands were itching for a feel of his prick, because she was afraid that he might wake up and that this magic moment might be aborted. But she bent her face right down close to his cock-head, caressing him with her warm breath. His knob pulsed and his piss-hole opened.

How far would his jism fly? she wondered.

Her mouth opened wide, poised a few inches over his throbbing purple slab. She let the bath towel fall away and began to play with her tits and pull on the nipples as she waited eagerly for her brother's wet dream to reach the creamy crescendo. Billy was moaning a bit now and his loins were starting to glide up and down. In his dreams he was shoving his cock into Aunt Pearl and in the real world his sister's cum-hungry mouth was wide open just over his knob.

Shoot, Billy! Brenda silently urged him.

A drop of saliva flavored by toothpaste fell from her lips and splashed on his cock-head, steaming as

the frothy fluid hit the smoking, hot slab. Her spit acted like a catalyst on his cock and a fat glob of pre-cum oozed from his piss-hole, glistening on the flushed meat.

Brenda's tongue jolted as if it had been charged by an electric current when she saw that spunk-drop. She still didn't dare to lick his slimy knob because the idea of seeing him shoot in his sleep was so thrilling that she wouldn't take a chance on disturbing his dreams, but the sight of that promising glob of jism from her brother's balls made her whimper hungrily.

Suddenly Billy stiffened, his whole lean body vibrating as the dream sequence speeded up in his fevered mind and sent the message to his loins. Brenda saw his balls explode and his cock-shaft ripple.

"Ooooooh!" she gasped.

Billy's sibling slime came spurting from his cock-head in a foaming geyser. It flew up in a milky cloud, straight into his sister's open mouth, skimming over her arched tongue and cascading back to her throat.

Brenda gulped as she swallowed that brotherly fuck-juice. Flavored more delicately than stallion spunk, it was equally succulent and all the more thrilling because it was incest oil. Billy shot another creamy tower up, jism splattering on her lips and drenching her tongue and dribbling down her chin.

He jerked and a third squirt of cock-spume jetted from his piss-hole into Brenda's eager mouth.

Billy groaned and collapsed back on the bed, smiling in his scum-soaked slumber. The dream had been exciting and satisfying, but the reality, for his sister, was even more thrilling. Brenda drank his jism slowly, savoring every slimy drop and wishing there had been more of it.

But there was more.

Not all of her brother's cum had squirted into her face. A lot of the sweet stuff had coated his cock-head and streamed down his stalk.

Brenda wanted that jism and, too, she wanted to taste his cock-meat. She had resisted the urge before, wanting to see the wet-dream reach the crest, but now the cock-hungry girl didn't care if her brother woke up or not. She just had to have a mouthful of his drenched cock-meat.

Her head dropped down and she licked at the slimy slab of his cock-head. Billy's balls were empty again, but his formidable prick had not gone soft. It was swaying about over his belly, arcing around but not bending or shrinking.

Brenda sucked his prick into her mouth and began to nurse adoringly on the spunky knob.

The insatiable girl was wondering if she could suck her brother off through another wet-dream, milking his cock in her mouth without waking him up.

But then his eyes slowly opened.

He gazed down his belly and saw a head buried to his groin and, naturally, thought that it was Aunt Pearl who had so nicely embellished his dream.

"I was dreaming about you," he murmured. "Did you suck me off again while I was asleep, Aunt Pearl?"

Brenda stiffened and gasped on Billy's cock.

Aunt Pearl had been blowing Billy! The knowledge sent shafts of lust lancing through Brenda's loins. Fascinated by the idea of incest, herself, Brenda was thrilled to the core to know that her brother and her aunt had already done it. Brenda had intended to let sexy Aunt Pearl seduce her, but Billy had beaten her to it. He had jumped the gun-or, rather, Aunt Pearl had jumped Billy's gun. Brenda wasn't at all angry-but the wanton little minx felt left out and envious. But not for long, she thought, smiling around Billy's cock-head.

As Brenda's head bobbed up and down, her plump tits swung saucily over Billy's belly. He frowned slightly, wondering why Aunt Pearl's tits looked smaller than they had before. They were still lovely tits with big stiff tips, but they were definitely deflated. Still groggy with sleep, he reached down and cupped one, squeezing. They were still full and firm. He pulled at the taut, tingling tip and felt it explode in his fingers.

"Gonna suck me off again?" he sighed, shifting and sliding his prick around in that hot mouth.

But Brenda had changed her mind.

She had already sucked the stallion off and swallowed a load of her brother's spunk and now her pussy was raging.

Brenda needed a cuntful of cock.

And the thought of having her brother's big prick stuffed up her fuck-hole drove her crazy with desire. She pushed her fluttering lips all the way down to the root of his cock, then drew them back up very slowly, sucking through every precious inch, making sure that enormous prick was as hard and as hot as she could make it.

Then she drew her mouth off him and threw one knee across, straddling his hips. She held his cock by the hilt and guided the slick knob into her pussy. Her head was tilted down as she gazed into her groin, watching his cock-head flare in her sodden cunt-slot. Billy couldn't see her face. In the dimly lit room, he still assumed that it was Aunt Pearl who was about to canter on his cock. Her tits were still mysteriously smaller than before, but Billy was not about to ask any questions about such an insignificant matter. He reached up to fondle those pert tits.

Brenda rubbed his knob around in her creamy pussy and against her clit, stirring her cunt with his cock-head. Cunt-juice streamed down his stalk.

She slowly settled down, feeding all of her brother's prick up into her smoldering pussy.

Billy moaned with pleasure.

Aunt Pearl's cunt seemed tighter, he thought.

Then, mounted on his prick, Brenda arched her back and her head came up.

Billy gasped in surprise.

His sister was squatting on his cock! Sibling incest was even more taboo than aunt fucking, he knew. And even more wonderful . . .

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CHAPTER TEN

Aunt Pearl's tongue was sizzling as she waited for her sexy niece to come back from the shower. From the way that Brenda had looked at her, Pearl was pretty damned sure that the nubile teenager was as eager to get her pussy sucked as Pearl was to suck that creamy delicacy. Pearl had had plenty of prick from Billy, but she was still as hungry as ever for Brenda's hot cunt.

As she waited impatiently for the girl's return, she rubbed her steaming, cum-drenched cunt, and then, when her fingers were nice and gooey, she brought them up to her mouth and licked and sucked, tasting her own pussy-juice as a prelude to Brenda's and getting her tongue limbered up for the delectable pussy-licking soon to come.

But Brenda was taking a long time in the shower.

Thinking of her naked body, all frothy with soapsuds and glistening under the spray, Aunt Pearl got so hot and so hungry that she couldn't bear it. It dawned on her that it might be a subtle approach to go into the bathroom and offer to soap the girl's back, gradually shifting her hands to more fascinating parts of that ripe little body and eventually replacing the soapy lather with her own frothy saliva.

Grinning and licking her chops in anticipation, Aunt Pearl went upstairs.

But the bathroom was empty.

She hesitated, disappointed. Had she read the signs wrong? Had Brenda gone to her own room to rest after her ride-or even to finger-fuck herself, wasting a creamy cumming on her own hands and leaving her cunt-starved aunt deprived?

Pearl headed for Brenda's room. She was determined. If she found that minx frigging off she was just going to yank her hands out of the way and pounce on her pussy and finish the job with her tongue whether Brenda expected it or not.

Then she heard the bed in Billy's room squeaking.

Jesus-was that potent lad pulling his prick? She had thought that she had milked him dry, but with a young man's vigor and vitality, she could never tell.

Now Pearl was in a quandary.

Having had plenty of cock and cum, she was more keen to suck some pussy, but the thought of Billy pumping a load out by hand seemed a sinful waste. She rubbed her belly and licked her lips and decided that she had room for one more load of spunk. She would go to Billy's room and swallow his load quickly and efficiently, then go on to Brenda's room for a long and leisurely cunt-lapping session.

Thinking that she was about to suck cock and cunt in sequence, Aunt Pearl was surprised-and overjoyed-to find those delicious objects in incestuous conjunction.

* * * *

"Sis! Oh, wow!" Billy gasped.

Brenda grinned at him and held her cunt-sleeve all the way down to the hilt of his towering prick.

She moved her hips a bit, not frigging up and down but just grinding around on the ball-deep cuntful.

"You had a wet dream, Billy," she whispered. "You slimed in my mouth!"

She slid her tongue across her creamy lips and made a purring sound. Billy's buried cock pulsed violently, spreading her cunt-tunnel out as it expanded. Knowing that his kid sister had swallowed his cream made Billy so excited that, despite the fact that his balls had already been emptied repeatedly, the potent lad was as horny as ever, already filling up with more jism.

His prick was stuck up his sister's pussy to the hilt! He had cum in that sweet sibling mouth and soon he would be cumming in her cunt! The dark knowledge of their incestuous depravity was as thrilling as the physical sensation of it. The antics with his aunt paled beside the passion that he felt for his wanton little sister.

Her tits swung as her body turned, and her fuck-hole wound around the spindle of his rampant prick. Billy reached up to squeeze the plump mounds with both hands. The tips detonated in his palms. She purred and moaned, still holding all of his cock jammed up her pussy.

Billy's caressing hands slid down to her flanks and hips and her lovely face twisted from side to side, tawny hair tumbling about. Her eyes narrowed to glowing slits and she panted softly.

Billy heaved up from the mattress, lifting her slender weight easily on his loins.

"Ride my prick, Sis!" he rasped.

Her slim thighs tensed, rippling, as she very slowly pulled her pussy up his cock-shaft. She poised there, squatting on the knob. Cunt-cream flooded down his stalk and foamed over his swollen balls. Her pussy was sucking on his knob and he could feel her clit flare.

Then she slid back down his cock-rod, taking it all up into her seething core again.

She began to rise and fall slowly and steadily, wanting to make it last, to prolong this first sibling fuck. Billy moved with her, humping up as her cunt descended, matching the slow pace she was setting. He, too, wanted to make it a long fuck. The horny youth was yearning for the moment when he shot his scum into his sister's fuck-hole, but held back, loving the slow build-up leading to the peak.

Her pussy squished and slurped as she came down, stuffing herself. She clung to his cock-meat with moist suction as she rose up again on trembling thighs. His cock felt hot as a branding iron in her pussy. The swollen knob was filling her so deeply that she thought her vital organs must be bumped out of the way by that bulbous cock-rod, that he was transfixing her like a pig on a spit.

Her lovely ass began to swing from side to side like a pendulum and her tits swayed about. His hands ran all over her, ass and hips and tits. He reached in under the shelf of her cunt-mound and fingered her fiery clit as his thick, slippery cock-shaft ran in and out of her cunt-slot.

"Ooooh, Billy!" Brenda moaned, starting to move faster, despite herself.

She wanted to fuck for hours, but the thrill was already building. Her loins were starting to take control over her willpower.

And that was the juicy sight that greeted Aunt Pearl when she stepped through the door, expecting

to find only a prick-pulling youth and encountering a sibling screwing in progress. She blinked, then grinned in lewd appreciation. Inclined to incest, herself, she could well understand the situation and she paused to enjoy the performance for a moment.

Brenda's trim little ass was whipping around in a frenzied dance as she rode her brother's big cock, saddled on his heaving loins and increasing the pace from a tender trot to a carnal canter, building up toward the grinding gallop that would bring them both to the peak.

From where she stood, Aunt Pearl could see all the details of the coupling. As Brenda rose up, the cheeks of her taut ass spread, revealing the tiny bud of her asshole. Her cunt pulled like a squeeze box on Billy's prick, the pink lips splitting out and open as she dragged her pussy up his long cock-stalk. Billy's thick cock-shaft came out, soaking with cunt-juice, then vanished back into the juicy slot. Her pussy plastered to the root of his cock and her ass brushed against his swollen, spunk-filled balls.

It was lovely to see.

And even better to join.

Aunt Pearl stripped her clothing off. Her naked body glowed in the dim light as she moved toward the bed.

Brenda heard the woman panting and turned to look over her shoulder, never missing a beat.

For an instant her expression flickered with uncertainty. After all, she had been caught in the act of fucking with her brother and that was certainly a naughty thing. But then she remembered that Aunt Pearl, herself, had led the way down this incestuous trail and saw, besides, that the voluptuous woman was naked and smiling.

Brenda grinned saucily at Pearl and began to jolt onto Billy's prick with renewed vigor. Billy humped up to meet her, bridging his back like a wrestler struggling under a pin. Aunt Pearl slid onto the foot of the bed and leaned close to

Brenda's churning ass, watching the coupling with her radiant face only inches from the juicy action. The woman's tongue was throbbing uncontrollably as she gazed at both of those delicious snacks served on a single platter.

She placed her open hands on the smooth curves of Brenda's ass-cheeks, spreading those firm globes apart. She began to run her flattened tongue up the girl's ass-crack with lavish slurps. Brenda squealed and jerked. Her horny aunt licked up to Brenda's tiny, puckered shit-hole. She lapped at the tight brown rim, then stiffened her tongue and began to push it up into the girl's asshole.

Brenda whimpered at this new sensation, jamming down on her brother's prick as Aunt Pearl's nimble tongue fluttered into her shit-chute. Aunt Pearl sucked at the tangy rim, slobbering into that taut bud. Then she sucked her own saliva back into her mouth, flavored from the nubile girl's asshole. She tongue-fucked into that spicy slot and her lips nuzzled and nursed against the fluttering rim.

"Ooooh, yeah! Lick out my shit-hole, Aunt Pearl!" Brenda encouraged the ass-hungry woman.

Billy groaned, hearing that and knowing what their sexy aunt was doing. His prick hissed up Brenda's cunt and Pearl's tongue shot into her ass. Brenda squirmed between them, grinding down

on her brother's cock and shoving her ass back against her aunt's eager face. It felt so lovely to have her asshole stuffed full of tongue that the naughty teenager was looking forward to having Billy's big prick ramming up that back passage and squirting her bowels full of a steaming, hot enema.

Aunt Pearl buggered out Brenda's shit-tunnel, probing as deep as she could. As her tongue slithered in, she could feel Billy's cock throbbing in the other channel, through the slender membrane that divided the twin tracts. The girl's trim little ass was a flavored delight and Aunt Pearl's hot tongue was going crazy as she stabbed it in.

Then the woman began to work her way down, licking through Brenda's ass-crack and into her groin from under the churning curve of the girl's ass. Pearl very delicately licked at Brenda's soaking cunt-lips, her head turning as she laved each pink fold in turn. Billy's prick was pulling out, slathered with cunt-juice, steaming and pulsing. Aunt Pearl began to lick up the thick, heavily veined underside of the boy's cock-shaft, lapping up Brenda's overflowing cunt-cream with relish. Pearl had been hungry for that sweet nectar and tonguing it up from her nephew's drenched prick added to the treat. She moved lower and mouthed Billy's balls, feeling them swell as he drew toward the crest.

Pre-cum dribbled into Brenda's fuck-hole. As her cunt-juice spilled out and ran down Billy's stalk, that creamy flow was streaked with thicker ribbons of spunk. Aunt Pearl greedily tongued the slime up. Cum was scrumptious and cunt-cream was yummy and, mixed together, they were a pure joy. She fitted her parted lips against the base of Billy's prick and let the slimy cock-rod run through her mouth as it went in and out of his sister's pussy.

Brenda started to cream and the flow from her packed pussy got thicker. It ran like sticky paste onto Aunt Pearl's flashing tongue, washing her tastebuds with the tantalizing juice of a young girl's cumming.

"Shoot in me, Billy!" Brenda gasped, wanting to feel her brother's jism jet into her pussy as she melted in her own fevered release. "Slime my cunt! Give it to me!" Her pussy-sleeve flew up and down frantically. "I'm cumming, Billy! Pump your spunk up me!"

Billy grunted and lashed his loins up. His prick slid through Aunt Pearl's sucking lips and into the core of his sister's melting cunt.

As his prick vanished in the slot, Aunt Pearl sucked on his ballooning balls. As his cock pulled out, she lapped up the cream from his shaft. She was as desperate for Billy to blow his wad as Brenda was.

Billy wailed, his loins driving up.

His fuck-juice rocketed into Brenda's creaming cunt. She squealed with joy as she felt her fuck-hole flood with his fuck-juice. He was shooting straight up into her with steaming geysers. Brenda felt as if she had been squatting astride a geyser when it erupted.

She slammed her cunt down on his volcanic cock and more cum hosed into her. She pumped away, still creaming and milking Billy dry with her sucking pussy. Aunt Pearl whimpered as her tongue slashed in, gathering up the blended overflow of both their cumming.

Billy groaned and collapsed, drained and gasping, all of his energy spent in his sister's loins. Brenda kept on grinding away for a moment, as she worked off the last sweet spasms of her own dynamic orgasm. Then she slid down onto her brother and they lay panting together, while Aunt Pearl continued to tongue up all the seepage as it dribbled from Brenda's pussy.

Aunt Pearl was wedging her tongue up into Brenda's fuck-hole, alongside Billy's slippery, softening prick. She was whimpering desperately -and Brenda knew what she wanted.

Brenda had been well-and-truly fucked, but she was still eager to know what it felt like to have her sexy aunt suck out her cunt. Pearl was already tonguing her hungrily, but full access was blocked by Billy's cock. That big prick was beginning to shrink and soften inside her cunt, and Brenda slowly drew up. His wet prick emerged inch by inch. His cock-head stuck in her pussy for a moment, then popped out.

Billy's prick stood upright for a moment, swaying. Then it fell, slapping along his trembling thigh. It was soft now, but still long and impressive-and tasty. Aunt Pearl sucked it into her mouth like some long candy bar that had melted in the heat. She took his prick in to the hilt and sucked all the cum and cunt-juice from the meat. When she drew her lips away, the boy's prick was glistening with saliva, but not a drop of cum-juice remained on it.

Brenda had rolled over on to her back and lay, arched, her knees raised and her thighs parted. She tilted her crotch up, presenting her pussy.

Aunt Pearl shifted from her nephew to her niece. She paused for a minute, gazing at Brenda's cunt-gash and drooling like a glutton at the delicious feast laid out before her on that hairy tray. Brenda's cunt-slot was still gaping open, the folds retaining the outline of Billy's cock. The open slot was flooded with cum-juice, and trickles of the stuff were seeping down into the crack of her ass.

Aunt Pearl dove in tongue first.

She licked Brenda's clit.

Brenda moaned at the sensation as that skillful tongue slurped at her clit. She had creamed to the dregs on Billy's prick, but now she began to heat up again immediately. Aunt Pearl's tongue was magic and the fact that it was her aunt added to the stimulation, embellishing the physical sensation by the dark knowledge that it was lesbian incest, with a naughty charm all of its own.

Aunt Pearl tongued out Brenda's gaping pussy, then shot her tongue up into her fuck-hole. She slid down and licked the stray spunk out of the crack of the girl's up-thrust ass, then moved back to her pussy, stirring the creamy bowl with the whisk of her wet tongue.

Parting her lips, Aunt Pearl clamped them over Brenda's gooey pussy and began to suck steadily. Her mouth filled up with thick cum and cunt-cream. She cupped her hands under Brenda's ass and lifted her loins higher, as if the girl's cunt was a hairy goblet that she was draining to the last sweet dregs. The spunky cunt-load was flooding into the woman's eager mouth so heavily that Brenda could hear the slime splash as it drenched her tongue.

"Ummmm!" Pearl sighed.

Then Brenda heard the woman's throat pulse as she gulped it down. For a moment, Brenda's pussy was drained dry. Her hungry aunt had sucked out every last drop of cum and cunt-juice. But, an instant later, more pussy-nectar began to gush into the girl's fuck-tunnel as she creamed toward another rising crest.

Sweet goo bathed Pearl's tongue, more delicately flavored than the blend of cum and cream but getting richer and thicker with every tongue stroke, every suck. Aunt Pearl dined on Brenda's pussy as if it were some rare, pink-fleshed shellfish served in a creamy sauce.

Brenda began to jerk and pump, mopping her aunt's face with her dripping cunt. Her slim thighs brushed against the woman's cheeks and her blonde vee slid up and down as Pearl's mouth worked below it.

"Cum, baby! Cream for Aunt Pearl!" the woman murmured into that flowing slot.

"Yeah! Yeah!" Brenda gasped, a hot nugget starting to glow in the depths of her pussy, the warmth spreading out in waves that rushed through her loins.

Aunt Pearl bunched her fingers together and began to slide them in and out of Brenda's fuck-hole, sucking hungrily on her swelling clit at the same time. She finger-fucked in, twisting her fingers around inside the steaming pussy, as her mouth nursed on that explosive bud. But then she drew her hand away again and clamped her mouth over the girl's soaking cunt, wanting to finish the job without assistance from her hands. Her mouth worked like a suction pump as Brenda surged to the heights.

"Cumming!" Brenda cried, trembling violently.

Her cunt spilled over like a boiling cauldron.

Aunt Pearl moaned in rapture and drank the cum as it pumped from the grotto of Brenda's pussy-gash, gulping hungrily from the gooey goblet.

She sucked Brenda through a prolonged series of creamy crests, each higher than the one before, until at long last the teenager slumped back, moaning, once more drained and spent and content.

Aunt Pearl mouthed away for a few more moments, hating to stop.

After a while, she drew back, her face radiant with cunt-lapper's joy and creamy from Brenda's groin.

"Oh, you do that so good," Brenda sighed.

Aunt Pearl was beyond all restraint. She wanted to be shocking-and hoped to excite the youngsters again.

"When we were teenagers, your mother and I used to eat each other out," she rasped.

Billy and Brenda exchanged a glance-both thinking of that other incestuous prospect.

Aunt Pearl, happily satisfied with cunt, gazed longingly at Billy's cock and balls. Her pussy was steaming for another load of that young meat. But Billy had been sucked and fucked to a frazzle and his prick had not reacted.

Then Brenda, not to be outdone in shocking statements, giggled and looked bashful and said, "You know why I was so horny when I got back from my ride?"

Her aunt and her brother looked at her expectantly.

"I sucked the stallion off!" she blurted out.

Billy gasped and his prick pulsed.

But now Aunt Pearl was no longer gazing wistfully at her nephew's cock. Brenda's statement had

given her another idea. She needed prick-and she knew damned well where there was the biggest, hardest cock that any woman could wish for. In the barn . . .

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Ebony had his nose down in his feedbag and was munching placidly away.

But then he raised his head and his nostrils flared. He nickered softly and sniffed again. The fragrance of hot pussy had wafted to his nose and it was getting stronger by the moment. The stallion tossed his head and pawed at the ground and his cock began to inflate.

Into the barn walked two naked women and a fascinated young man. Billy's cock was dangling but quivering, not quite ready to stiffen yet. But both Brenda and Aunt Pearl were fragrantly steaming, excited anew by the depraved desire that had brought them to the barn.

Ebony's massive prick looped out, slightly bent but steadily rising toward the horizontal. His balls were bloating as, drop by thick drop, jism poured into them.

"Suck him up hard for me, honey!" Pearl rasped, both because she wanted the end result and also because she wanted to see her nubile niece sucking stallion cock.

It was no hardship for Brenda.

The naughty teenager knelt down and gave the horse's cock a slow push-pull between her hands. Then, looking sideways at her aunt and brother and grinning impishly, she held the brute's knob up to her face. The black cock-slab flared. Brenda licked his piss-hole and slurped around the meaty wedge, then sucked it into her mouth. She nursed away, moaning and whimpering and slobbering on his cock-head.

Ebony humped, fucking into her face.

His knob was spreading out and Brenda remembered the first time she had sucked the animal off-how his cock-head had gotten so huge that it was stuck fast in her jaws and she couldn't have removed her mouth if she had wanted to until the frantic brute unloaded his rocks. Brenda wouldn't have minded swallowing another load of stallion spunk in the slightest, and intended to blow the beast again, but at the moment she knew that Aunt Pearl was next in line.

Reluctantly, she pulled her lips off his cock-knob. The fat slab was glossy and polished with her slobber. The stallion humped, trying to shove his cock back into her mouth. Brenda kissed the swollen wedge, but kept her lips closed.

She had done the job and now the beast's prick was rock-hard and throbbing. His balls had expanded, rolling heavily at the root of his prick. The dumb brute couldn't understand why the girl had stopped the wet suction on his cock-head and he jerked it out frantically.

Then Aunt Pearl sat down in front of the horse. She gazed at his huge prick for a moment, slightly intimidated by the enormity of it-but thrilled by the thought of having that massive tool gorging her fuck-hole.

She dropped onto her back and bridged deeply, hiking her ass up and bringing her cunt on a level with the head of the stallion's prick. Brenda moved aside and when the horse humped again, his

cock-knob bumped into Pearl's crotch.

"Help the fucker get in me!" she moaned.

Both nephew and niece were pleased to assist. Billy knelt beside his aunt and cupped his hands under her up-thrust ass, holding her raised and steady. Brenda leaned over her aunt's curved belly.

"I better make you wet," she whispered, tremulously.

In fact, Aunt Pearl's pussy was already drenched, as sodden as a cunt could get, but it made a reasonable excuse. Brenda dipped her face in and began to suck Aunt Pearl's pussy with relish. She slobbered into the slot and sucked cunt-juice out and, if she didn't make that smoldering cunt-gash any wetter, she certainly didn't make it any drier, either.

Brenda slurped and swallowed. Munching her sexy aunt's pussy was a joy and the naughty girl was looking forward to enjoying a lovely long suck on it, in due course. But first there was a horse fuck to be engineered-and, anyhow, that hot pussy would be even more delicious after it had been pumped full of a load of stallion spunk.

She drew away, smiling, her jaws seeping with ribbons of pearly cunt-juice. She ducked back down for one last hungry gobble. Then she hooked her arm around the stallion's thick cock-shaft, clamping him in the curve of her elbow just behind his flaring knob.

With her free hand, she spread Aunt Pearl's pussy-lips open wide, stretching the pliable folds out into a wide oval socket. Turning her shoulder, she levered the horse's knob down into that gaping, dripping pussy.

The animal's huge cock-slab filled Pearl's crotch, seeming to be too big to fit in her. But Pearl squirmed, shoving down against his mighty black cock-crown. The slick tip nudged into her pussy, pulsing between the pink lips.

Brenda pulled on the animal's cock-rod with her elbows and dragged Aunt Pearl's elastic cunt-lips onto his cock-head. The woman's pussy sucked moistly. The stallion shoveled his cock out, snorting with enthusiasm as he began to get the idea that he could fuck this woman just as if she were a broodmare. Billy held Pearl's jerking ass up and shoved her groin down against the brute's knob.

Suddenly, with a slurp, that gigantic black slab of cock-meat vanished in Pearl's fuck-slot!

Pearl gasped as her cunt filled, then gurgled with the joy of it. She wriggled and squirmed, pushing her pussy farther down his leathery prick. The stallion seemed to realize that it was a delicate process and he stood steady, not humping now, waiting for them to get his prick buried. Brenda tugged and Billy pushed and Pearl pumped. Getting a cuntful of horse prick wasn't the sort of thing that the average woman could do unassisted-but with her willing helpers at hand, Aunt Pearl was managing it, inch by inch.

With a jolt, the horse bottomed out in the randy woman's pussy. His cock-head had slid in as deep as it would go, flaring in the depths.

Half of his long, thick prick was buried up her fuck-tunnel and the rest stood out, bolting them together. Her cunt-lips were split wide around the thickness of his prick, pulling and fluttering. Aunt Pearl had never been so full of cock-meat before-and she loved every inch of it.

The stallion worked his cock-muscles.

His prick swayed up and down and Aunt Pearl jerked on it, suspended on the end of that iron-hard lever. Her ass heaved up and bounced around and her heavy tits rolled. Her cunt-socket was plugged so full that although her fuck-hole was soaking wet, there was no room for the seepage to ooze out. The juice just foamed around in her stuffed cunt-tunnel, serving to lubricate the tight-fitting coupling.

The stallion tried to hump her then.

His cock was jammed in Pearl's pussy so tightly that, at first, he couldn't drag it in and out in a proper fucking motion. When he pulled back, he simply hauled her loins along on the end of his buried cock-rod.

"Help us fuck!" she wailed, desperate to feel that mighty prick pounding in and out of her pussy.

The horse pulled back again. This time Billy held Aunt Pearl's ass and hips in position and, slowly, his cock came sliding from her oiled fuck-tube. He withdrew until only his enormous cock-head was lodged in her pussy, paused, then hammered half of his cock into her again, jolting her ass and rattling her hipbones.

He began to plunge in and out frantically, his cock-meat hissing in her steamy cunt-hole. That thick prick came out with a slurp, all creamy from her pussy. Brenda began to lick up and down his prick, tonguing up her aunt's cunt-juice spiced by the taste of horse-cock.

She licked back onto the unused portion of his prick and lapped at his swinging balls, then slid up and tongued at the slimy section as it pulled out.

The horse was almost pulling Aunt Pearl's pussy inside out as he withdrew. Her pliable cunt-lips distended, stretching down his retreating cock-rod. Then he whacked back in, tucking those pink folds up into her fuck-hole along with his cock.

Aunt Pearl cried out and creamed.

The stallion's prick whipped in faster as her cumming soaked her pussy. She thought the lightning friction of his thundering cock was going to ignite her loins. Then the big brute bellowed and his balls exploded.

Horse spunk gushed up his cock-rod and came spurting into her cunt-core as if a dam had burst. She ground her pussy down to meet him as he stuffed her again, squirting more stallion spunk from his flaring cock-knob. Flanks rippling, the beast pumped away, draining his balls in bursts that filled the woman's melting loins and overflowed in a lather, drenching her groin and streaming down her thighs.

His last spurt poured into her and the stallion stopped humping. He stood, his legs widespread. His cock pumped up and down, lifting her on the end. Pearl hung suspended there, jerked off the ground, dangling on horse-cock.

Then his prick sagged, the knob drooping.

As the long prick lowered, Aunt Pearl slid slowly down to the knob. That fat slab popped from her fuck-slot and her ass bounced on the ground. She sat there, looking stunned, her knees raised and her pussy spilling out rivers of cum.

Brenda slurped on the stallion's cock-head, mouthing up the mixed slime. Then she turned to Aunt



Pearl. Pearl's cunt was gaping open, the pink lips folded back. Her pussy was a swamp. Brenda sighed with longing and buried her pretty face in that wet hole and sucked out the fuck-juice rapturously.

The horse stepped away, spent.

But now Billy had a booming hard-on again.

And the long weekend had just begun.

\* \* \* \*

When the telephone rang on Sunday night, Mary Buckhorn was tempted not to answer it.

That was understandable, under the circumstances, because voluptuous Mary was on all fours on the floor and the doggy was throwing a frantic doggy fuck into her steaming cunt-hole. His front paws were wrapped around her heaving hips and he was pumping his hairy prick into her furiously, almost ready to shoot his wad.

Carla was waiting, eager to suck the doggy spunk out of Mary's fuck-box as soon as the brute had creamed her full. While she waited, she fondled the dog's swinging balls and rimmed out his asshole with her tongue.

The phone rang again.

Mary sighed. But she knew that she had better take the call in case it was the kids to say that they were on their way home. It wouldn't do to have them walk in and find her with a dog-cock stuck up her cunt.

With the dog still mounted on her ass and coupling furiously, never missing a stroke, Mary crawled across the floor to the telephone and picked up the receiver.

She spoke for a moment, and grinned.

She put the phone back on the hook.

Carla looked at her inquisitively, afraid she might have to take her doggy and leave before she got another chance to suck Mary's cum-drenched cunt.

But Mary said, "It's okay-the kids are having such a good time that they want to stay a few more days."

Mary was surprised. She had figured the teenagers would be bored silly on the farm.

But she was delighted, as well.

Now, with no need to rush things, she settled down to enjoy the rest of the doggy fuck followed by some more lovely cunt-lapping. She hoped the kids would want to visit the farm a lot, from now on.

And, of course, they did . . .

**THE END**