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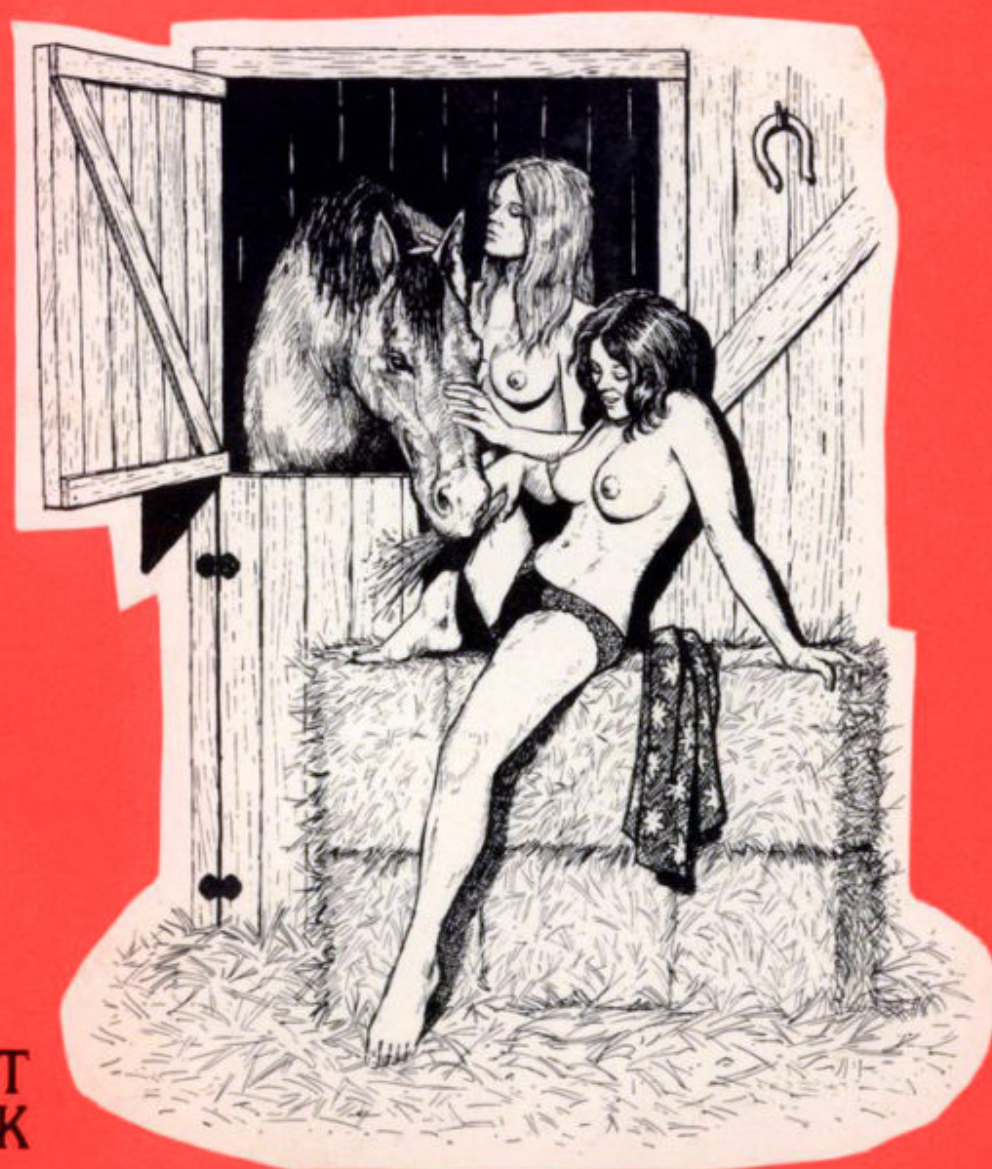


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HORSE LOVERS

by Frank Harper



APET
BOOK

FOREWORD

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

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

Harold and Noreen Burke are two of these outwardly proper and normal people. But within them a love of the abnormal lies coiled like a snake, waiting only for the proper stimulus to arouse it.

HORSE LOVERS-a fictional story about a society that refuses to face many of its real problems.

The Publisher

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## CHAPTER ONE

Marcy Hanson sure as hell wished she had a boy or a man right then! Anybody with a hard cock to give her what she wanted and needed so badly!

Marcy wandered around the downstairs part of the farm house looking for her aunt. She'd heard her uncle drive away in the pickup truck earlier. Not finding her aunt, Marcy went to the kitchen and had a glass of milk and a slice of apple pie. He'd been told to make herself at home, so she might as well do just that, she thought, looking at the dirty dishes piled in the sink.

Harold and Noreen had apparently eaten a big breakfast, Marcy thought, wondering if she was expected to do the dishes. There'd be plenty of chores to do, she guessed, to earn her keep, and she wished to hell she was back in the city. She'd go absolutely nuts on the damn farm if she had to do without her usual regular fucking!

Finishing the milk and pie, Marcy went out on the back porch, deciding that her aunt was down at the barn. She'd been taken on a short tour soon after arriving the day before. Harold had picked her up at the bus station in the town seven miles away.

She'd thought during the first few minutes that it was a good thing he was only her uncle by marriage. Not that she hadn't enjoyed the way he'd looked her over. She'd even had a few thoughts about how it might not be so boring on the farm, after all. He hadn't made a pass or said anything out of the way, but she'd noticed his hot-eyed glances.

Harold might think she was too young to fool around with, of course. He didn't strike her as the type not to cheat on a wife. Maybe he had all he could handle, though. Noreen was very pretty and she really was beautifully stacked. If she was just half as sexy as she looked, Noreen probably kept Harold fucking every night.

Marcy had been walking toward the barn. She skirted around the dog house where King, the great dane, was chained. The huge dog had embarrassed her by sniffing at her crotch when Harold and Noreen had both told her it would be perfectly safe to pet him. She'd pulled back out of reach when the dog had nuzzled his nose between her legs insistently while his cock had started creeping out of its sheath.



"Take it easy or you'll break your neck," Marcy said, as the huge animal strained at the end of the chain.

Raised in the city, she was afraid of most animals, even big dogs, and she hoped she wasn't expected to learn to milk the two cows. She wasn't even eager to try riding either one of the two horses. Most of the farming was done with machines and she didn't think she'd mind learning to handle a tractor.

Marcy wasn't prepared for what she saw soon after entering the barn through the small side door. She'd already seen one of the horses in a nearby pasture, a black stallion, and the brown stallion was in one of the stalls. Noreen was caressing the horse's big hard cock with both hands.

There was a bucket of water nearby and Marcy wondered if her aunt had just been washing the big cock and gotten carried away. It was an exciting sight, the way the horse's prick had extended out of its protective sheath to such a great length, and Marcy could understand why Noreen wanted to touch the glistening hard flesh and muscle.

Then, realizing that the horse would have to be stimulated in some manner to get an erection, Marcy revised her thinking even before Noreen let go of the big cock, stepped back, and began stripping out of her clothes.

Marcy had stopped dead in her tracks just inside the bam. Telling herself that she should haul her ass out, but knowing that she wouldn't, Marcy stepped behind a pile of baled hay where she could peek at her aunt.

It didn't take Noreen very long to get naked, and Marcy was pleased to see that the older woman's body was just as beautifully shaped as she'd thought. At twenty-eight, Noreen was ten years younger than her sister, Marcy's mother, and Marcy knew that Harold Burke was thirty.

Watching Noreen push a bale of hay under the horse's thrusting cock, Marcy saw that the big animal's head was being held down by a bridle fastened to a stanchion. She admitted to being quite ignorant about animals, but she did know that a stallion had to rear up to fuck a mare, so when she saw Noreen spreading a blanket on the bale of hay she was sure that her sexy aunt meant to fuck herself with the huge horse cock.

Marcy knew right away that it wasn't a new experience for Noreen. The bale of hay was the right height and Noreen got on her back and positioned her dark fur-lined cunt under the blunt cockhead with what had to be practiced ease.

Grabbing the stiff and thick shaft with both hands, Noreen hunched upward and the big knob popped past her pussy lips. She moaned and surged higher, taking at least eight or nine inches into her clinging cunt, then lowered, only to lurch upward again. Repeating the up-and-down movement over and over, at the same time wriggling her ass, Noreen fucked herself faster and faster on the giant tool.

Glancing at her aunt's passion-contorted face now and then, Marcy felt her own cunt getting moist. She was sure that she could step right out into the open and not even be noticed by her passionately fucking aunt.

But Marcy remained out of sight, not wanting to take a chance on embarrassing Noreen, yet already thinking how she might use what she was witnessing to her own advantage. She hated the very idea of blackmail, but if it turned out that her lovely, horse-fucking aunt was too damned strict she'd just about have to look out for number one. She sure as hell wasn't going to stay on the damn farm without some kind of sex action other than finger-fucking. Not that she thought she wanted to

stretch her cunt with the giant horse cock!

Marcy knew that Noreen had already bounced and hunched and wriggled through two climaxes when the horse's cock exploded. The jism flooded Noreen's clinging cunt and oozed out around the jerking cock. Noreen moaned loudly, obviously spasming again, and Marcy took the opportunity to leave the barn.

Again skirting around the great dane, wondering if Noreen also let the big dog fuck her, Marcy hurried to the house. Inside, she took her time going upstairs to her room, knowing that it would take a while for Noreen to get rid of the horse semen and get dressed.

Throwing herself on the bed, flopping over on her back, Marcy almost wished that she'd remained in the barn and faced her aunt. She was so sexy-hot she even felt like hauling ass back to the barn and taking on Peter's big cock. If the horse still had a hard-on and Noreen hadn't completely drained his big balls.

Peter was the brown horse's name and the black one in the pasture was called Paul. Wondering if Noreen also fucked Paul, Marcy decided that she just might make a play for Harold. It wouldn't really be incest, as he was only her uncle by marriage, and he'd probably be easy to fuck once he found out that she was experienced.

She'd had her cherry fucked shortly after her fourteenth birthday. Since then, during the past two years, she'd been fucked by lots of fellows many, many times. She'd also tried and enjoyed various other sexual activities.

The first time she'd been fucked she'd wished that she hadn't waited so long to give it a try. After a month the neighbor boy had moved away, but it hadn't taken her long to find another eager sex-partner. She'd been well-developed since the age of thirteen so she'd always been able to make it with the wiser and more experienced fellows.

She'd had enough sense not to be too bold with her almost constant search for sexual satisfaction. She'd managed not to get such a bad reputation in the neighborhood or at school and everything had gone smoothly until a week before. She'd gotten careless, the same as Noreen had just done, and her mother had caught her right in the act of fucking with a boy from down the block.

It had really been embarrassing. She still wished that the boy had been fucking her when her mother had walked in. They'd only fucked once before, on a date and in his car, and they really hadn't meant to start fucking right there in the living room.

It'd been in the afternoon and Bill had walked over to see about a date for that evening. She was an only child and her parents had always been a little strict, but she'd usually been able to talk them into seeing things her way. She'd had to lie quite often, of course, but she hadn't felt that she was doing her parents any harm by lying.

She still felt sorry for her mother, though. She doubted that her mother and father even went for any kind of cocksucking or cunt-eating and it must have really been shocking for her mother to walk in on such a scene. She and Bill had been kissing and necking and she'd gotten carried away and dropped to her knees between his legs.

Bill had cautioned her, but she'd assured him that her mother had gone shopping and wouldn't be back for a couple of hours. She'd tugged the zipper down by then and was caressing his hard and thrusting cock. She'd just taken the swollen glans into her mouth and started sucking when Bill roughly pushed her away.

He'd pushed her with such force that she fell backward and landed on the carpet on her ass. His face had been as red as a beet and his saliva-coated cock had gone limp as he hurriedly tucked it out of sight. She turned her head and found herself staring into her mother's shocked eyes.

The shocked look had turned into a mixture of anger and disgust and she'd known that her own face was just as flushed as her mother's. Her mother began screaming while ordering Bill out of the house. He'd hauled ass and Marcy had jumped to her feet and high-tailed it to her room.

She'd expected her mother to come in raising hell, but her mother didn't say anything even when she'd finally left her bedroom. Instead, she'd gotten the silent treatment.

Finally, after a few days, her mother had informed her that arrangements had been made to send her to visit her Aunt Noreen.

Now Marcy wondered what her mother would say if she knew about Aunt Noreen fucking the horse.

Marcy had been rubbing her fingers back and forth across her tits. She was wearing a thin bra, a cotton sweater, and a pair of blue jeans. Her nipples were stiffly erect and poking against the bra, sweater, and her caressing fingers. She knew that if she hadn't masturbated earlier, she would have already done so since observing the exciting scene in the barn.

Thinking that Noreen had probably returned to the house by then, Marcy decided to go back downstairs. Maybe she'd even find the nerve to tell Noreen about seeing the heated action in the barn.

Noreen was sitting at the kitchen table having a cup of coffee. She smiled when Marcy entered, then motioned to the coffee pot.

"Did you have a good sleep, honey?" Noreen asked after Marcy had poured a cup of coffee and sat down opposite her at the table.

"As soon as I got used to the crazy night sounds here in the country," Marcy said. "It's a lonely sound, really, and I think I like the city noises much better."

"You'll get used to life on a farm, Marcy. Personally, I'm glad I married a farmer. Harold isn't exactly a hick, honey, and you can see we have most of the modern conveniences. They're supposed to run a telephone line through here next year, but we can always take you to town if you want to call your folks."

"What did Mom say in the letter?" Marcy asked, meeting Noreen's dark eyes, thinking how much different the sisters were in so many ways. Her mother had light-brown hair and eyes, and her shape wasn't really all that bad, but it couldn't compare with Noreen's.

"Alice really didn't say all that much in her letter," Noreen said. "Just that she'd like to get you out of the city for the summer. To get you away from the bad company you were keeping, is the way your mother put it. Maybe you'd like to tell me what she meant by that."

"What Mom calls bad company has nothing to do with how I feel about my friends," Marcy said. "You must know what kind of old-fashioned ideas she has."

"I'll have to admit that Alice isn't very modern in her thinking, Marcy. Where things of a sexual nature are concerned, anyway. I'm assuming that it had something to do with sex."

"That's what she meant," Marcy said. "She caught me with a neighbor boy. She'd gone shopping and I didn't expect her back so soon. We were in the living room when she walked in. She ordered my friend out and I rushed to my room. She never did say anything to me after that."

"What were you doing with your friend?" Noreen asked. "Kissing and necking? Knowing Alice, that would probably be enough to make her want to get you away from the neighbor boy."

"We started out kissing and necking, but we were doing more than that when Mom caught us. I was, anyway."

"What were you doing, Marcy? I think I'm sophisticated enough for you to tell me without taking a chance on shocking me too much."

Thinking of what she'd seen her aunt doing in the barn with the big horse cock, Marcy decided that nothing could shock her aunt. It'd take a special type of female-an overly-sexed female, really-to have the nerve to even experiment with any kind of an animal.

"I haven't been a virgin since I was fourteen, Noreen. I managed to hide the truth from my parents, but I'm not ashamed because I've been enjoying the pleasures of sex."

"You shouldn't be ashamed of enjoying sexual pleasures, honey. It's just that you're so young. Sweet sixteen is very young, you know, and your mother had what she thought to be your best interest at heart."

"At what age did you start having sex?" Marcy asked.

"Thirteen," Noreen said, laughing.

"Then you understand my problem," Marcy said. "I'll go nuts if I'm stuck here on the farm all summer without the pleasures I'm used to having."

"I'm sorry about that, Marcy, but your mother would kill me if I let you leave the farm. I guess you'll just have to suffer. Or depend upon the so-called girlish habit!"

"I did that this morning," Marcy said. "I guess Mom would even have a fit if she knew about me fingering myself off."

Noreen frowned. "I'm not sure we should be talking in this manner, Marcy. After all, you are a very young girl and I'm responsible for your behavior while you're here."

"Mom would never find out anything," Marcy said. "I wouldn't get you in trouble with her, I mean, so you don't have to worry about that. Do you still want to know what I was doing to my friend when Mom walked in?"

"I don't think it will be necessary to tell me," Noreen said. "I have a very good imagination."

"Do you and Harold go down on each other?" Marcy asked.

"I think you're getting just a little too personal," Noreen said, frowning again.

"You were getting personal with me," Marcy said, smiling. "I'll bet Mom and Dad don't have any kind of sex other than just plain fucking. I like to do it dog-fashion myself. Not that I really mean doing it with a dog, of course!"



"I knew what you meant," Noreen said, getting to her feet. "Would you like some more coffee?"

"Sure," Marcy said, deciding she might as well have a little fun baiting her sexy aunt before telling that she'd observed the session with the stallion. She'd be willing to bet just about anything that Noreen had also been fucked by the great dane.

As Noreen poured the coffee, Marcy figured that she had a perfect chance to blackmail Noreen into agreeing to just about anything. Noreen should be willing to trade the services of her handsome husband for not having her sister find out about the horse-fucking. That shouldn't be too much to ask.

Noreen finally broke the silence by saying, "I don't think your mother expects me to keep you a prisoner here on the farm, Marcy. We aren't exactly isolated here and I'm sure you'll be able to meet a few young fellows. That doesn't mean that I'm condoning anything you might do, you understand."

"I hope you don't condemn anything I might do," Marcy said. "It's too bad I'm not like a girl I know back home. I'd have my problem solved without leaving the farm."

Noreen arched her eyebrows. "Meaning?"

"I could just go take on King when I got in the mood for sex," Marcy said. "The girl I know has a dog and she trained it to screw her. I never did see her being fucked by the dog, and I don't even know if she told the truth, but she said that it felt great. Just about as great as being fucked by a boy, she said, but I can't even imagine doing anything like that, can you?"

Noreen's pretty face was slightly flushed and she was staring at her coffee cup. Marcy sensed that she'd guessed right. Her aunt had been fucking the big great dane. Remembering how King's big red cock had poked out of its hairy sheath while he'd been sniffing and nuzzling her crotch, Marcy decided that she wouldn't mind giving it a try with King. She'd taken on fellows with cocks just about as big and, with Noreen there to help her, she wouldn't be afraid of the dog.

"I've heard of female animal-lovers," Noreen said. "I don't think you should condemn your friend for what she does with her dog, Marcy. I've always liked the old saying about not knocking anything if you haven't tried it."

"I wouldn't condemn or knock anything having to do with sex," Marcy said. "I've never really given any thought to fucking a dog or any kind of an animal before, but the idea fascinates me now. I like all the other sexual activities I've tried and I'd probably enjoy being fucked by a dog. I don't know if I'd want to go that far, but I've even heard about some females getting their jollies with a horse's cock."

Her face turning pale, Noreen finally met Marcy's eyes. "I've been thinking that you really had a lot of nerve to be talking to me in such a manner, Marcy, and now I'm afraid I've guessed the reason for your boldness."

"There's no reason to be afraid," Marcy said. "I won't tell anybody about seeing you fucking a horse."

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CHAPTER TWO

After a short silence Noreen laughed nervously, then said, "I guess you have me by the cunt-hairs,

honey! God, I'd just about die if your mother found out!"

"How about your husband?" Marcy asked. "Does Harold know about it?"

"No, but he's a very understanding man and I've been meaning to tell him. Just how much did you see?"

"When I entered the barn you were caressing that big horse cock with both hands, Noreen. I left right after the ejaculation. I didn't want to embarrass you."

"What changed your mind?" Noreen asked.

"I have to look out for number one," Marcy said. "I decided that I could use my knowledge to make a bargain with you. I will say, you don't seem all that embarrassed now."

"I'm not, Marcy. I'm not ashamed of what I do."

Marcy said, "I also think you've fucked King."

"That's a logical guess, honey. You couldn't use that knowledge as blackmail where my husband's concerned, though. He helped train King to give me pleasure. What do you want me to do to keep your parents from finding out that I'm an animal-lover?"

"I won't tell my folks or anybody else even if you don't help me out, Noreen. I meant to make a few threats, but now I'll only make one. If I get so horny I can no longer take it, I'll just take off and find what I want."

"I think we'll be able to work something out to keep you from getting too frustrated," Noreen said, smiling and getting to her feet. "Is your new knowledge going to keep you from helping me with the housework?"

Saying that she was willing to do her fair share of the chores, Marcy got up and started helping her aunt with the dishes. She wasn't lazy and had never minded helping her mother at home.

Without any prompting, Noreen started telling how she'd gotten started fucking the dog-and eventually with the two horses.

Noreen and Harold had both been uninhibited swingers before their marriage. She'd met him at a swinging party while he'd been in the city to sell some cattle. They'd hit it off right from the start and she'd left the party with him. They'd spent two days and nights in a motel room. He'd then asked her to go home to the farm with him.

She'd gladly accepted his offer, liking him very much, as well as being bored with the dull office job she'd had, and she'd really been surprised when he'd insisted upon marriage. They'd learned to love each other, however, and after five years they still did.

Harold had been the instigator as far as the dog-fucking was concerned. He'd seen the act performed at a sex-party before their marriage. King had been on the farm when Noreen arrived. Harold had seen the dog sniffing and nuzzling Noreen's crotch, and he'd laughed and said maybe Noreen should give King a break.

Noreen had taken it as a joke at first, even though some exciting thoughts had popped into her mind, but she'd soon discovered that her husband had been serious. One afternoon, shortly after they'd

enjoyed one of their frequent day-time fuck sessions, Harold had told Noreen about seeing a woman fucking a dog. He'd gone into all the details and she'd been fascinated. Her passion had also been rekindled.

His limp cock had still been in her flooded cunt at the time and it hadn't taken much talking on his part to get her to agree to fuck King. The big dog had greedily lapped the semen from her cunt, his hot tongue causing her to have an orgasm, and she'd been the one to suggest that they allow the horny great dane to fuck her.

She'd enjoyed the dog's prick tremendously, happily discovering that the big canine could ejaculate three or four times without faltering more than a few seconds between each spurting climax. Harold had gotten a big bang out of watching and had helped train King so that Noreen could fuck him by herself when she was in the mood for sex when her husband wasn't around.

Noreen had only recently started enjoying herself with the two horses. She'd often seen the long cocks come creeping down when the stallions pissed, and she'd been fascinated and even curious about the possibilities, but she hadn't done anything until a couple of months before Marcy's arrival.

She'd been grooming Peter when she'd first gotten a definite idea to experiment. She'd started fondling the horse's big balls and the stimulation had quickly caused his cock to become erect. Peter had been in the stall eating corn at the time. Remembering how stallions had to lift up on their hind legs to fuck a mare, Noreen had slipped a bridle on Peter and fastened the reins so he couldn't lift his head or front legs.

Still afraid of being hurt, Noreen had then shackled Peter's rear legs together so that he couldn't kick. She'd found later that the shackling wasn't necessary. The big horse seemed to understand and appreciate the favor she was doing for him, but she'd always tied his head down. In that way she could always control the depth of the penetration into her cunt.

There hadn't been any fucking that first time. Not with Peter. She'd washed the natural lubricant from the hard shaft after the horse cock poked completely out of the sheath. Then she rubbed and stroked the huge cock with her fingers until great gobs of jism had spurted out onto the floor of the stall. She'd then hurriedly left the barn, took King into the house, and let him lap and fuck her until her desires had been satisfied.

The next day Noreen had hurried to the barn just as soon as she'd sent Harold to town for groceries. She'd figured out how to fuck Peter without any danger of the big horse cock doing any damage. The blanket had been an afterthought once she'd discovered that a bale of hay was just about the right height.

Noreen had fucked herself with the horse's long, stiff cock until he'd ejaculated twice. The next day she'd gone through the same delightful routine with the other stallion. Paul had also seemed to enjoy the heated action as much as with a mare, and with her eyes closed Noreen couldn't tell any difference between Peter and Paul.

She wasn't afraid to tell her husband. She just hadn't gotten around to it, thinking that even if he was a great liberal where things of a sexual nature were concerned he might not approve of her fucking the horses. She was also afraid that he'd tell some of their best friends and she wasn't sure that she wanted the horse-fucking to become common knowledge.

"And that just about explains the reason you saw me fucking Peter, Marcy."

"You almost make me wish I'd been born a farm girl," Marcy said.

They both laughed and Marcy was suddenly glad her mother had sent her to live with Noreen and Harold. She had the feeling she was going to enjoy herself very much.

"I see the question in your eyes, Marcy. Go ahead and put it into words."

They'd finished the dishes and were again sitting at the table. Marcy felt that there were quite a few questions she wanted to ask, but she was sure she knew what her lovely aunt meant.

"Why are you afraid Harold will tell some of your friends, Noreen? Are they such close friends he'd be willing to speak so bluntly?"

"I suppose I might as well go on and tell everything since you've almost forced me to go this far, Marcy. Harold and I didn't stop swinging when we got married. Variety was too important to both of us to stop. Many farmers are just as modern as city people in some ways, honey, and there are three swinging couples living within thirty miles of here."

"You and Harold are swappers? I've read about the swapping groups or clubs in magazines and the idea always excited me. I've even thought about investigating them when I get older and if I'm lucky enough to have a husband who doesn't think he owns my body just because we're married."

"You're a hell of a lot more like me than you are my prudish sister," Noreen said. "And that's an understatement if I've ever made one!"

"Do the other three couples know about King? Do the three wives fuck him, too?"

"The answer is yes to both questions, Marcy, and I hope I haven't made a terrible mistake by telling you all this."

Marcy smiled. "As you said, I almost forced it out of you, Noreen, and you don't have to worry about me blabbing."

"I hope not," Noreen said, her eyes and expression serious. "You could cause some serious trouble for us, Marcy, and I was afraid something like this might happen when I told Alice to send you. All I can do is keep hoping what you saw this morning won't result in disaster for all of us."

"Don't worry," Marcy said, knowing that she really did have her hot-ass aunt by the cunt-hairs. "I don't want to do anything to cause serious trouble for you or for Harold."

"I'm going to take your word for that," Noreen said. "I'm really glad you reacted as you did. If you'd been disgusted with what you saw and from what you've heard, I'd really have my ass in a sling, wouldn't I?"

"I guess you would at that," Marcy said. "There's one thing I want to put straight right now, though. I don't really know a girl who fucked a dog. I lied about that. I was just baiting you."

They heard Harold drive up in the pickup truck and Noreen asked Marcy not to say anything to Harold until she'd had a chance to talk to him. Marcy said that she wouldn't and she managed to greet the handsome man as if nothing unusual had happened. He asked if she wanted to go riding before lunch.

"I've never even been on a horse," Marcy said, looking at Noreen. "Besides, I'd better stay and help with the housework."

"You run along and let Harold teach you to ride, Marcy. You should learn everything you can about life on a farm. It just might turn out that you won't want to even return to the city."

"I think I'm already beginning to feel that way," Marcy said, smiling and getting to her feet. "You'll have to teach me everything, Harold."

"It will be a pleasure," Harold said. "Come on.

Let's go."

Marcy wasn't very eager to go, but she didn't want to be a poor sport. She followed Harold from the house and to the barn, suddenly hoping that he meant to get her alone and make a play for her.

Passing King, Marcy tried without much success to picture the big dog fucking Noreen. She still wasn't sure that she wanted to be fucked by an animal. She'd like to watch while the great dane fucked Noreen, though. It'd probably be even more exciting than watching her aunt hunching and wriggling on the end of a horse cock.

Peter was out in the pasture with Paul. Harold got some lumps of sugar from a box and whistled. The two stallions came rushing toward them, hoofs flying, and Harold chuckled when Marcy backed away.

"The first rule around animals is not to show fear, Marcy. Come here and pet them. You just have to let them get used to you."

Marcy found that she enjoyed petting the two horses.

Harold told Marcy to watch and pay attention while he was putting the saddles on so that she could learn to do it herself. She did so, and when he helped her mount Peter, his hands seemed to linger on her tightly-fitting jeans.

At first Marcy bounced up and down in the saddle, but she quickly got the hang of it. Harold urged both horses into a trot. They didn't ride all that far and were gone for less than an hour. Marcy enjoyed herself very much. When they returned to the barn, Harold told Marcy that she'd done very good.

She thanked him and again noticed how his hands lingered on her body when he helped her down. The friction caused by the saddle rubbing against her crotch and ass had her sexy-hot and she couldn't keep from looking at the front of Harold's pants.

His cock basket was very prominent, but no more than usual, and she was a little disappointed because he hadn't gotten an erection.

Harold let Marcy remove the saddle from Peter, telling her that it was easier to learn by actually doing, and she was strong enough not to have any trouble. The sun was hot and she felt sticky under her clothes.

While walking to the house, she told Harold she really needed a shower and he said that he could also use one.

"I guess we could've rode down to the river and taken a swim, Marcy, but I was afraid you might not want to go skinny-dipping with me."

"I wouldn't mind," Marcy said. "I've done it before and it was fun."

"Maybe Noreen will go with us sometime," Harold said, not looking at Marcy. "You go on to the house and I'll feed King and be there in a few minutes."

Hurrying to the house, figuring that Harold didn't want the dog sniffing at her cunt, Marcy was eager to take a shower and knew that she needed to put on clean panties. The panty-crotch had been damp since witnessing Noreen fucking the horse. Riding the horse had added to the dampness and King would've really had something to sniff.

Noreen had a baked ham on the table, along with everything necessary to make sandwiches.

Marcy said, "I need a shower or bath before lunch, Noreen. I'm hot and sticky."

"Just wash your face and hands," Noreen said. "After we eat I want you to go upstairs, shower or take a bath, then go to your room. I'll have a talk with Harold, explain what happened, and leave the rest up to him. I'm assuming that you're hoping he will come to you."

"That's putting it too mildly," Marcy said, meeting Noreen's dark eyes. "I'm really hot."

Harold entered the kitchen. He washed his hands at the sink and Noreen told Marcy she could do the same.

Hungry, and also wanting to give Noreen a chance to talk to Harold, Marcy ate fast and finished first. Excusing herself, she hurried upstairs. The bathroom was across the hall from her bedroom. She stripped out of her clothes and put them in the hamper to be washed. Then she brushed her teeth and used a mouth wash.

She stepped into the shower stall. Standing under a luke-warm spray, she soaped her body, being careful not to slip in the tub.

She paid particular attention to her armpits and her crotch, making sure her cunt was very clean by probing with her soapy fingers, knowing that if Harold didn't come to her soon she'd have to masturbate. Even when getting fucked fairly regularly she usually masturbated a couple of times in any twenty-four-hour period.

Rinsing, making sure all the soap was removed from her body, inside and out, Marcy turned the water off and stepped out on the throw rug. She'd closed the door from habit. There was a full-length mirror on the back of the door. While drying, she looked at her reflection, thinking that her body compared favorably with Noreen's lovely nakedness.

Her tits weren't quite as big as her aunt's thrusting titties, but they rode higher on her chest and jutted a little more. Not that Noreen's tits sagged and flopped all that much, Marcy thought, gazing into the mirror at her own firm and round mounds with their spiked tips. Her blonde pubic hairs weren't quite as thick as Noreen's dark bush, but her legs were just as long and shapely. Her aunt's skin was dark, obviously tanned darker from nude sunbathing, while her own firm flesh was a natural golden color that blended well with her blue eyes and blonde hair.

Suddenly weak in the knees as she thought about what might soon be happening, Marcy placed the towel on a rack and hurried from the bathroom. Leaving the bedroom door open, she hesitated, then decided not to use perfume. She was fresh and clean and she'd read that most men preferred the natural scent of a female body when engaged in sexual activities.

Climbing onto the bed and getting on her back, Marcy hesitated again, then pulled the sheet up over her naked body. It might not be wise to appear too bold and eager, and there was the possibility that Harold would come see her to say that he was turning down the opportunity to fuck her because she was his niece, even though it was only by marriage.

Marcy had only been with one older man. Most of her sexual experiences had been with boys her own age. Most of the boys had been quite inhibited. Most of them would let her blow them, but refused to go down on her. There'd been quite a few with the ability to shoot a load and go on to another ejaculation without having to wait for another hard-on.

She'd really been happy to date a fellow and find that he was willing to do much more than just some plain fucking. She liked to have her cunt lapped, especially when her partner was wise enough to suck on her clit. She enjoyed the sixty-nine position very much, but there'd been few times when she'd been lucky enough to engage in that type of exciting sex.

She was a very oral person, very willing to suck a cock all the way off even if in a place where fucking was impractical or impossible. She liked the taste of male-cream from the first time she'd sucked a cock. She'd always swallowed what she considered the reward for her efforts to please and be pleased, too.

Marcy had been frightened after fucking and sucking that one older man. She realized that she'd been foolish to take such a chance with a stranger and had vowed never to do it again. Not by a strange man cruising around looking for cunt.

She'd been warned from the time she could remember not to get in a car with a man she didn't know. The warning had made sense to her, and still did, but she'd slipped up the one time without really thinking straight.

The man had been good-looking and friendly and he hadn't even been flirty when he'd pulled his car to the curb and asked if she'd give him some directions. She'd even remained on the sidewalk at first-until he'd called out that he couldn't hear her.

He'd seemed harmless enough and nothing like the dirty old men she'd been warned about so many times. The street he'd mentioned had been on her way home from school and after a short conversation he'd asked her if she minded showing him the way.

She hadn't hesitated very long, figuring that nothing could happen in broad daylight and in such heavy traffic, but later she'd admitted to herself that in the back of her mind she'd wanted some action.

The man had been around forty. He'd pulled the car to the curb after a couple of blocks and told her that she'd better get out. She'd wanted to know why, already steaming from the thoughts about how it might be to be fucked by the neatly-dressed, good-looking man, and he'd told her that she was younger than he'd thought. Somehow sensing what his answer would be, she'd laughed and asked what age had to do with giving directions.

He'd told her that he'd been hoping to find an older girl willing to give him what he needed. She'd seen his cock poking the front of his pants out by then and her cunt had actually been twitching she'd been so hot for sex. She'd never known whether or not he'd been putting on some kind of an act, but he'd insisted that she get out of the car and she'd ended up by telling him what she needed and wanted.

He'd finally taken her to his motel room. The man had been very nervous and hadn't even taken off

his clothes until she'd gotten naked and on the bed and asked him what he was waiting for. Then, while undressing and gazing at her crotch with gleaming eyes, he'd told her that he wanted to lap her cunt and beat his own meat if she didn't want to be fucked.

She'd told him that she wanted it both ways, and he'd given her more pleasure with his mouth and tongue than she'd thought possible. She'd insisted upon sucking his cock after he'd lapped and sucked her through at least three shuddering spasms-and before he fucked her. She'd wanted to take his load in her mouth, hoping there'd be a second spurting finish in her pussy, and he'd told her that he could last long enough to save his stuff for her mouth.

He'd been true to his word, fucking her better than she'd ever been fucked, and she'd sucked his slippery cock to the exploding point seconds after he'd pulled the throbbing prick from her juicy cunt. There'd been such a big load she'd been unable to gulp the thick jism down fast enough. But she hadn't allowed any of the tasty cream to be wasted, and by the time she'd cleaned the shaft with her tongue he'd had another hard-on.

He'd wanted to go down on her again, and they'd ended up in the sixty-nine position. They'd tried all kinds of different positions while sucking and fucking. He'd taught her many things, really, and he'd even tongued her ass-hole. That had been a new and very pleasurable experience.

Nor had she wanted to take his cock up her ass. She'd been finger-fucked in the ass a few times while having her pussy pronged by a hard cock or a stiffened tongue, and she'd enjoyed the sensation, but she'd been afraid it would be too painful to take a cock into her tight anal opening.

He'd just been passing through the city and she'd never seen him again, of course. She'd been very lucky. It'd been stupid to take such a risk!

"Is it all right if I come in and talk to you, Marcy?"

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Snapped out of her reverie, Marcy looked toward the doorway, hoping that Harold wanted to do much more than talk. He'd stopped just inside the room, a serious expression on his handsome features.

"Hi," Marcy said, smiling, sure that he was naked under the bathrobe he was wearing. "I guess you know that I've been waiting impatiently. Noreen did talk to you, didn't she?"

"Yes," Harold said, moving forward and stopping beside the bed. "And I guess you know you have us both worried, Marcy."

"I told Noreen not to worry. What do I have to do to convince you that I can be trusted? If I wanted to cause trouble I wouldn't be here waiting for you to fuck me, would I?"

"I don't know," Harold said. "I don't know what to expect from a sixteen-year-old girl. I haven't had anything to do with one since I was about that age myself."

Marcy kicked the sheet from her body. "Why don't we save the talk for later, Harold? I've been more than ready for a good fucking all morning!"

His eyes flicking up and down Marcy's naked body, Harold slipped out of the robe. His cock wasn't

completely erect, but she could tell that it was as big as any she'd ever fucked before.

He climbed onto the bed and got between her eagerly parted legs.

He didn't get into position for the penetration, though. He put his head down between her thighs, used his fingers to part the short blonde hairs, stared for a few seconds, then mashed his mouth to her moist cuntlips. She moaned, then gasped and lurched upward as he snaked his hot and slippery tongue into her pulsing pussy.

He shoved his hands under and grabbed her ass, and she settled down on his clutching fingers. He swabbed the walls of her cunt with the flat of his tongue. She began squirming her ass, already well on the way to a climax. He tongue-fucked her cunthole, then went to her clit.

Getting his lips around the elongated passion-button, he began sucking greedily, his strong fingers gripping her squirming ass even more tightly. She grabbed his bobbing head with both hands, dug her fingers into his scalp, and moaned and whimpered loudly as she melted into a blissful orgasm.

Harold kept sucking and lapping after Marcy sagged limply and removed her hands from his hair and head. She tried to open herself to him even more fully as he greedily gulped down the released juices.

When Harold finally pulled his hands from under Marcy's ass and lifted his head from between her legs, he licked his wet lips, grinned, and said that she really had a sweet snatch.

His brown eyes blazing, he snuggled in for the penetration.

Marcy wanted to suck his cock, but at the moment she was even more eager to have the big organ shoved into her quivering pussy. She silently grabbed the stiff and hard and smooth shaft and placed the swollen cockhead on target.

Harold slowly eased his stiff prick in until it was balls deep. Marcy thrilled to the wonderful sensation of finally having the hard flesh and muscle buried in her hungry cunt. She lifted her knees, dug her heels into the mattress. She began rotating her ass and hips, at the same time putting her arms around his neck and pulling his mouth to hers.

The faint taste of her own secretions on Harold's lips turned Marcy on. He shoved his tongue into her mouth and she met it with her own. They kissed passionately, lashing their tongues together, and her spiked nipples dug into his firm chest. He slipped his hands down along her sides and gripped her hips with his strong fingers.

He hadn't moved his cock since pushing it to the hilt in her clinging cunt. She'd stopped her own movements, figuring that he was fighting for control, afraid he would come before she was ready. Because of the thrilling orgasm she'd enjoyed from his lavish oral attentions, she was in no great hurry for another release. It was enough for the moment just to enjoy having his throbbing cock buried in her tingling twat.

It wasn't long, however, before Harold began slowly pumping his prick in and out of Marcy's quivering pussy. She began making thrusts of her own, wriggling her buttocks, enjoying to the utmost the delightful sensation of being fucked.

Soon Harold lifted his chest from Marcy's hard-nippled breasts, saying that he wanted to look at her face while she climaxed. He hadn't stopped his steady thrusts and she sensed that he wasn't in any danger of shooting off right away.

She didn't mind if he looked at her while she came. She quickened the tempo of her fuck thrusts to indicate that she was getting close to another orgasm. Soon they were fucking fast and furiously.

"What am I doing to you, Marcy?"

She met Harold's passion-glazed eyes. "You're fucking me, man! You're fucking the hell out of me and I'm coming, I'm coming!"

Harold fucked her even faster, and she bucked and lurched wildly, caught up in the throes of an orgasm. She moaned and cried out and rolled her head from side to side, her blonde hair swirling, and when she finally sagged limply, her uncle's big cock was still right there, rock hard and buried deep.

"I'm glad you didn't shoot off," she said. "I want to suck your cock."

"Noreen said that's what you were doing when your mother caught you, Marcy. That must've been embarrassing-as well as frustrating for you and the young fellow."

"It was," Marcy said. "Now I'm kind of glad it happened, though. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here with you and Noreen."

Harold withdrew his hard cock from Marcy's juicy cunt. She knew that he was worried, but she'd just have to prove by her actions that she didn't intend to cause her aunt and uncle any trouble.

Marcy got on her hands and knees when Harold was on his back. She licked her own cunt-juice from his poking prick before taking the blood-engorged cockhead into her mouth. She sucked on the swollen glans at first, then she began taking more and more of the throbbing cock, wanting to prove that she'd had enough experience to be quite an expert at the art of cocksucking.

She opened her throat, letting the slippery cockhead penetrate deep enough so that her nose was buried in the curly brown pubic hairs on each downward movement. She enjoyed the male smell emanating from her uncle's crotch, as well as his gasps of pleasure. She'd steadied the thick shaft of his prick by grasping the base with a thumb and forefinger, at the same time using her other hand to gently squeeze his heavy, sperm-laden balls.

He didn't put his hands on her head and he didn't do any hunching. She felt the usual warm glow in her cunt when she was sucking a cock. She was glad when he told her to twist around so he could get his mouth on her pussy. She decided right then that she'd suck him all the way off, hoping that he'd get another hard-on and fuck her to a spurting finish later.

Keeping Harold's cockhead in her mouth, Marcy pivoted her body. She straddled his head and he grabbed her ass, his tongue swiping up through her cunt.

Then, his words muffled, Harold told Marcy it would be better if they got on their sides. She rolled over on her right side. He turned over with her and she found that she liked the position very much.

The side of her head rested on the mattress. His legs were close together, and his poking cock was in a perfect position to be sucked, and his sperm-filled balls were right there to be caressed and fondled. She had managed to keep his cockhead in her mouth while turning over, and he'd kept his mouth pressed tightly against her pussy lips. He slithered his tongue into her cunt, and she began sucking the glans greedily.

Sucking cock while being tongue-fucked caused Marcy to quickly lose herself in the glory of giving

and receiving oral pleasure. Since she'd so recently spasmed she was far more interested in taking his cream in her mouth than in climaxing herself. But when he began lapping and sucking her throbbing clitoris, she thrilled to the wondrous sensation.

When she felt the telltale expansion of his cockhead, she began sucking harder, milking the section of pulsating shaft that she couldn't get into her mouth and down her throat, using her other hand to squeeze his loaded balls.

Just as Marcy blissfully spasmed because of

Harold's skillful cunt-lapping, he hunched in as far as her fist would allow his big cock to go. The pulsating prick jerked as the hot, thick cream spurted into her mouth and down her throat. She continued to suck and swallow until his heavy balls were drained of the very last drop, until she was sure that he had sucked out and swallowed all of her released cunt-juices.

She let his limber cock slip from her mouth and he pulled his head from between her clamped thighs. She rested for a few seconds, then twisted around and stretched out beside him.

He gave her a quick kiss on the lips and turned over on his back. She remained on her side and ran the palm of her hand over his broad chest.

When her palm rubbed over a nipple, the nub immediately got hard. She tweaked it with her fingers, then stimulated the other nipple until it was also stiff. She lifted and tongued the nearest hard tip, at the same time running a hand down over his flat, warm belly and plucking at the curly mat of pubic hairs with her fingers.

His eyes were closed and she decided that she'd better let him rest a little longer. She flopped over on her back and hoped it wouldn't take very long for him to recover.

"What are you thinking about?" Marcy asked after a long silence.

"Mostly about how I must be nuts to be taking such a risk, honey. Do you have any idea what some people would like to do to me for fooling around with my sixteen-year-old niece? Not to mention your parents!"

"I'm just your niece by marriage," Marcy said. "I hope you don't keep bugging me about my age and my parents and all that shit, Harold. Do you think I'm a good fuck? Do you like the way I suck cock?"

Harold opened his eyes. He chuckled. "The answer is yes to both questions, honey. Noreen told me that you've had a great deal of experience during the past couple of years and I don't mind telling you that your talents are as good as my lovely wife's."

"That was a nice thing to say," Marcy said, turning over on her side and again running her hand over his chest. "Did Noreen tell you about the horses?"

"Yes, and I'm looking forward to seeing an exhibition. I get a bang out of seeing my sexy wife fucking King, so I should get a bigger bang out of seeing her fuck a horse cock. I'm glad you aren't disgusted with Noreen because of the animal-fucking. I'm afraid my darling wife's a border-line nympho, Marcy, and it makes me happy to see her happy."

"Is that the reason you and Noreen swap with the other couples?" March asked.

"Just one of the reasons," Harold said. "I also like to swing. She also-likes for me to have all the

sexual happiness possible. I hope you don't think she's jealous because I'm fucking you."

"You were fucking me," Marcy said, smiling.

"Tongue and suck my nipples, honey. They're very sensitive, and when they're stimulated I can get a hard-on even if there isn't a young cunt like you around."

"Do you stimulate your own nipples?" Marcy asked, putting her mouth and tongue on Harold's chest.

"Sure. I found that they were sensitive when I was just a kid. I used to do it before I jacked-off. I still enjoy a masturbation session now and then. Don't you?"

"Sure," Marcy said, straddling Harold's body and tonguing one of his erect nipples, thinking that she'd like to watch her uncle beat his meat some time.

Marcy tongued and sucked both of Harold's stiffened nipples, then trailed her darting tongue and moist lips down along his smooth and warm body. She zigzagged her way down to the curly mat, then down to his erect cock.

Marcy didn't start sucking his prick right away. She planted a kiss on the blunt cockhead, then went down and began licking Harold's balls. The older man in the motel room had wanted her to lick his balls and she hadn't minded giving him that kind of pleasure.

Leaving Harold's sac after it was coated with her saliva, Marcy tongued and licked his inner thighs until he started squirming his ass against the mattress. She then licked up along the underside of his thrusting cock, laved her tongue over and around the swollen crown, then licked down the shaft to the thick base again. She repeated the licking process a few times before taking the knob into her mouth, thinking that it was the longest cock she'd ever had the pleasure of sucking.

When Marcy did finally start sucking, concentrating on the glans, Harold told her that it would be at least fifteen to twenty minutes before he could come again.

"Unless I started trying to shoot off," he added. "Then it would probably take about ten minutes. I can usually keep a hard-on almost indefinitely once I dump the first load."

Marcy had stopped sucking and lifted her head, but she'd continued to stroke the stiff and wet cockshaft with her fingers. She'd sensed that Harold was a long way from a climax and she was glad.

"That's what I like most about older men," she said. "I've only been with one other real man, of course, and some of the young fellows could last quite a while if they'd go a second time, but most were quick on the trigger. I've had them shoot off on my belly and crotch when attempting to climb into the saddle. I've also had them spurt their stuff all over my face just as I dropped to my knees to give a blow-job."

"I like you," Harold said, grinning. "You're so much like Noreen I think the three of us are going to get along just fine."

"I'll bet you're really popular with the swapping wives," Marcy said.

"The wives seem to like me and mine," Harold said. "They also have long-lasting husbands, though, so I'm really nothing all that special."

"Just how long is your cock?" Marcy asked, squeezing the stiff prick just below the crown.



"A few fractions over nine inches when it's as hard as it is now. I learned long ago that size isn't all that important, though. A man with five or six inches can give just as much pleasure as a man with a nine-inch prick. I knew a guy one time who had a twelve-inch cock and he had trouble finding a woman willing to fuck him a second time. In fact, that was one reason he and his wife were swappers. Noreen doesn't care for a cock any longer than mine. Not on a man, anyway!"

"I watched her fuck the horse," Marcy said. "Her pussy really looked stuffed, and it's a good thing a female can adjust to the various sizes. In diameter, I mean."

"Don't forget that's where we all came from," Harold said. "How about letting me suck on your lovely titties now? Afterward we can try fucking in different positions."

Marcy eagerly got on her back and let Harold feast upon her throbbing, thrusting tits. The nipples were already stiffly erect and he tongued one and then the other, using his hands to fondle and massage the firm mounds, before actually sucking.

His hot mouth engulfed each hard-nippled breast, and Marcy ran her fingers through his thick hair while thrilling to the lavish worship.

The delightful little electric-like Shockwaves rippling back and forth between her tingling titties and her twitching twat soon had Marcy wriggling her ass against the mattress. When she finally applied pressure on Harold's forehead with her hands, he pulled his sucking mouth from a spiked tittie, making a little popping sound, and trailed lower on her heated body.

Harold darted his tongue into Marcy's navel, molding the curves of her body with his hands. He kissed and licked his way down to her pubic hairs. He skirted around the blonde bush, however, and began licking an inner thigh.

She enjoyed the foreplay, not all that anxious to have her steaming pussy lapped or fucked.

After Harold had licked all the way down to her knee, then back up along her other inner thigh, Marcy wasn't surprised when he put his hands behind her knees and folded her legs back until her thighs were pressed firmly against her hard-tipped breasts. She'd enjoyed getting her ass-hole sucked the one time the intimate act had been performed upon her and she wanted her uncle to do anything he wanted to do as long as there wasn't any pain.

Harold kissed and licked Marcy's exposed and vulnerable ass-cheeks in ever smaller circles. She liked the sensation, loved it, really, but she did hope he wouldn't attempt to plug her tight cunt with his big cock. There were too many other sexual pleasures to enjoy to take a chance on being hurt and suffering serious damage.

Marcy was a little disappointed when Harold didn't actually jab the tip of his tongue into her puckered ass-hole. Remembering how she'd had to relax when the other older man had tongue-fucked her ass-hole, she did so when Harold planted a moist kiss on her anus. But he only licked up through the crack while pulling her legs down over his shoulders. Then he shoved his tongue into her cunt.

The sensation of again being tongue-fucked in her cunt made her moan and lurch wildly, clutching at Harold's bobbing head with both hands until the rippling waves of ecstasy simmered down and then ceased.

Harold gave Marcy's wet pussy lips one final tongue swipe before lifting his head and swinging her legs down off his back and shoulders. He asked if she was ready to be fucked.

"I'm always ready to fuck," Marcy said. "I guess I'm also like Noreen in that way. Except that I don't think I'd like to fuck an animal."

"Some females think men are animals," Harold said, chuckling. "I have the feeling that you've never tried corn-holing, either."

"I've been fucked dog-fashion, but not in the ass."

"You don't have to be on your hands and knees to be corn-holed, honey. Not that I'm trying to get you to do something you don't want to do. Noreen-likes ass-fucking, of course, but that's one kind of sex I don't care for all that much. The same goes for ass-licking."

"Why did you go as far as you did?"

"You have a lovely ass. I enjoy doing what I did. It's just that I don't really care to go any further. I didn't mean to tease you and if you want me to--"

"I just want you to fuck me," Marcy cut in. "In the cunt."

Harold asked Marcy if she'd like to bounce up and down while sitting on his lap. She said she'd liked doing that with a boy in the back of a car at a drive-in movie.

They both swung from the bed, Harold sat on the side, and Marcy backed up to him. She guided the stiff prick deep into her quivering cunt.

He put his hands on her hips and helped her bounce up and down on his ramrod-stiff cock. She was well on the way to an orgasm when he suggested that he sit on a chair where she could do her bouncing while facing him.

She liked the suggestion, and it didn't take long for them to make the move. He fondled her titties while they kissed passionately, and she fucked herself by alternating between bouncing up and down and grinding her hips and ass with his big cock buried deep in her cunt.

After she'd pushed down and shuddered through a climax, pulling her mouth and tongue from his and moaning loudly while doing so, he asked if she wanted to go downstairs and let Noreen know how well they were getting along.

"like this?" Marcy asked, pulling back and meeting Harold's passion-filmed eyes. "Before you get your gun?"

"Before I get my gun and with my hard cock balls deep," Harold said, grinning. "I'd like to show off a little by proving how strong my legs are and I know that Noreen would like to see us fucking."

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CHAPTER FOUR

"I'd like to watch you and Noreen fucking," Marcy said. "I double-dated with a girl one time and that's the only time I've ever had a chance to see anybody fucking together. I thought it was a very beautiful sight. Can you really carry me downstairs like this?"

"Sure. Grab my neck arid when I stand up scissor your lovely legs around my waist."

Marcy wrapped her legs around his waist. He cupped an ass-cheek with each hand, then started

walking, seemingly having no trouble at all carrying her like that.

Impaled on Harold's thrusting cock, feeling the hard organ jiggling as he walked, Marcy suddenly wondered if Noreen would want to go down on her. She'd read that most swapping wives were bisexual and it seemed logical to assume that an animal-lover would do just about anything with another human.

Remembering the double date she'd just mentioned to Harold, Marcy thought of the one time she'd engaged in Lesbian sex. It'd been after the boys had dropped them off at Jill's home, four blocks from her own. The four of them had gone to a drive-in movie.

She'd been in the front seat, where her date had been too shy to take the opportunity to fuck her.

He'd only kissed and necked with her, while Jill and her date had fucked up a storm. Jill and her date hadn't gotten completely naked, but there'd been enough exposed flesh and enough light for her to enjoy watching. And, as she'd told Harold, it had been a beautiful sight.

Her date had taken one look and shot off in his pants. She knew that because she'd grabbed for his hidden hard cock during her excitement and had felt the jerking and the wetness through his clothes. He'd been so embarrassed. She hadn't blamed him all that much, though, as she'd creamed her own panties when she'd known by the sights and sounds that Jill and her date had climaxed together.

The boys had picked them up at Jill's house, so she'd gotten out there, wishing a moment later that she'd been bold enough to tell Jill's date that she was willing to be fucked if he could get another hard-on.

Jill's folks hadn't been home and she'd accepted the offer to go in for a soft drink, even though she'd wanted to get home where she could give herself relief with her fingers. Inside, after turning the lights on and getting her the soft drink, Jill had left her in the living room-saying that she'd be right back.

Marcy had sat on a couch, sipped at the soft drink, and wished that she had been fucked at the drive-in.

Jill had soon returned, said that she was sorry she'd lined Marcy up with such a jerk, then said she felt obligated to help put an end to Marcy's obvious frustration.

Understanding what Jill meant, Marcy had offered no resistance when Jill had dropped down between her legs.

She'd even helped bunch her dress up around her waist, then lifted her ass while Jill had tugged her panties down and off. Jill had lapped and sucked Marcy through a series of delightful orgasms. Then, shortly afterward, the older girl had cried and begged Marcy not to tell anybody about what had happened.

Marcy had promised to keep quiet.

Jill hadn't been very friendly the next day, nor during the next few weeks before she had moved away with her family, and Marcy had never been able to understand why the girl had been so upset.

There'd never been another opportunity for any kind of Lesbian sex, but Marcy had often had fantasies where she'd been involved in such sexual activities-

"Noreen and I took a shower together while we were talking, Marcy. I told her that I'd bring you down, so she's expecting us."

They had just reached the bottom of the stairs. Harold kept on walking along the hallway. Moving backward like that gave Marcy the strange sensation of floating along on air. Except for the feel of Harold's body against hers and the delightful feeling of having his big cock jammed all the way in her hot cunt and making a little jiggling movement with each step he took.

"It shouldn't be too shocking," Marcy said. "Not after I've already seen my aunt fucking a horse."

"That's the problem," Harold said. "Your relationship, I mean. The fact that you're her niece causes her to have doubts about this whole deal."

"Our relationship doesn't bother me," Marcy said, seeing that Noreen wasn't in the bedroom. She pushed her titties against Harold's chest as he walked on. "It couldn't be called incest, that's for sure. Not with us just watching each other getting fucked by you, anyway."

Harold kept walking until he was standing on the thick carpet near the center of the large living room.

Marcy saw that her lovely aunt was stretched out on a couch, her eyes closed, completely naked, her fingers toying with her own nipples.

Harold cleared his throat, then chuckled as Noreen opened her eyes and dropped her hands from her thrusting titties. Marcy met Noreen's gleaming eyes and smiled. Noreen returned the smile, her eyes shifting to Marcy's ass. She then sat up and swung her feet to the carpet.

"It seems that you two have gotten acquainted," Noreen said, again meeting Marcy's eyes. "You really have a lovely body, honey. Did my horny husband make you happy?"

"As happy as any hot-ass girl could hope to be," Marcy said.

"Marcy expressed a wish to see me fucking you," Harold said, giving Marcy's ass a little up and out push, causing her to relax the grip with her legs and slip off his prick.

On her feet, Marcy stepped backward as Noreen stood up, her eyes flicking up and down Marcy's nakedness. Noreen moved forward and dropped to her knees before her husband's thrusting and glistening cock.

"I guess the fucking will be delayed," Harold said, looking at Marcy and grinning. "Why don't you sit down and watch, honey? I'll save my load for you if you want it."

Marcy wanted his load, but she didn't say anything as she sat on the couch, her eyes on Noreen's mouth and Harold's jutting prick. Noreen was licking Marcy's cunt-juices from Harold's big prick.

After licking her husband's stiff cockshaft all the way to his heavy balls and curly brown pubic hairs, Noreen took his cockhead into her mouth. She sucked greedily, her cheeks bulging, and Harold put his hands on her head and began making little hunching movements. She took his hard cock deep into her throat, then pulled back, her lips clinging to the wet shaft.

While she was sucking the crown, Harold removed his hands from her head and said that he wanted to fuck.

Noreen pulled her mouth from Harold's cock and slipped down on the carpet on her back-very gracefully, Marcy thought, looking at her aunt's dark, hairy crotch.

Harold dropped to his knees and his wife parted her long, lovely legs. Marcy wasn't surprised when instead of sinking his stiff cock into Noreen's cunt Harold leaned over and began kissing and licking her puffy pussy lips.

Looking over at Marcy and smiling, Noreen said, "My darling husband really knows how to eat pussy, doesn't he, honey?"

"Yes," Marcy said, returning her aunt's smile, then looking down at Harold's bobbing head, "I guess he's about the second best cuntlapper I've had go down on me. I also guess it's natural for a female to know more about how to tongue another female's twat, though."

Noreen dropped her eyes to Marcy's crotch and Marcy, knowing that her pink pussy lips were gaping, sensed that the sight was turning Noreen on just about as much as Harold's lapping tongue and sucking mouth.

Pulling her greedy gaze from Marcy's cunt, looking down at Harold's head, Noreen stopped squirming her ass against the soft carpet and said loudly, "Fuck me, Harold! Fuck me right now!"

Harold quickly lifted his head, licked his wet lips.

Marcy scooted her ass closer to the edge of the couch and leaned forward for a better view. Watching the big cock slowly disappearing between the clinging cuntlips, Marcy felt a warm glow spreading out from her own cunt. She wished she had a man with a hard cock so she could be fucked while watching Harold and Noreen fucking.

When Harold's cock was buried balls deep in Noreen's cunt, he held it there and braced himself on his hands and arms. The expression on his handsome features told Marcy that Noreen was working on his hard cock with her inner cunt muscles.

"Marcy also has very educated inner cunt muscles," Harold said.

Noreen looked over at Marcy's face, then at Marcy's exposed cunt. "I hadn't realized that you'd had that much practice, honey."

"I get a lot of practice with my fingers," Marcy said. "Clamping down on them while finger-fucking myself, I mean, and now I wish you'd hurry and make it before I have to frig myself off!"

Harold lowered his chest down against Noreen's tits, slipped his hands down to her rounded hips, and began fucking. She met each masterful thrust, rotated her ass, and pulled his mouth to hers.

Watching the furiously fucking couple, Marcy had to fight the urge to jam a finger into her own steaming cunt. She did squirm her ass against the couch while Noreen was bucking and lurching through an orgasm, hoping that Harold wouldn't lose control and shoot his wad.

As soon as Noreen stopped moving, Harold pulled his mouth away from hers, looked at Marcy, and told her that he hadn't ejaculated. While he was lifting and withdrawing his stiff cock from his wife's cunt, Marcy got down on the carpet on her back and eagerly parted her legs.

"Fuck her, Harold! Fuck the young darling!"

Marcy lurched up to meet his stiff and slippery cock as soon as the crown was between her quivering pussy lips, and he didn't give her time to practice using her inner cunt muscles.

He started his masterful fuck thrusts even as he lowered his chest to her hard-nippled tits, mashed his mouth to hers, and grabbed her hunching hips with his strong fingers. She met him thrust for thrust and wriggled her ass wildly while returning his feverish, tongue-lashing kiss.

Marcy jerked and jolted under Harold's pounding cock within thirty seconds. As soon as she stopped all movement and removed her arms from around his neck, he broke the passionate kiss, his cock still hard and buried deep.

"God, what a beautiful sight!"

Hearing Noreen's words, Marcy looked and saw that her aunt was sitting on the couch. Noreen's knees were parted, as Marcy's had been, and Marcy stared at the bright red folds of glistening cuntflesh beyond the gaping pussy lips.

"I can still last long enough for you to do some practicing, Marcy."

Marcy met Harold's passion-glazed eyes. "I hope I didn't hurt your feelings," she said, wanting to rest her cunt before milking his throbbing cock with her inner muscles. "Because of what I said about you being second best when it came to cuntlapping, I mean. I don't think I meant it, really, as the one time a girl did go down on me is all kind of hazy in my mind now."

"You didn't hurt my feelings," Harold said. "It's only natural that a female would know more about how to satisfy another female."

"That's right," Noreen said. "How did you happen to let a girl go down on you, honey?"

Marcy looked at Noreen's exposed cunt, then closed her eyes, telling herself that she didn't really want to tongue her aunt's twat, not even sure that she wanted her aunt to go down on her. And Marcy was sure that Noreen was trying to get up the nerve to perform cunnilingus.

While snapping at her uncle's deeply buried cock, and with her eyes still closed, Marcy told about the incident with Jill, including the double date that had led up to the exciting experience, but she made it clear that she hadn't returned the favor.

"I still think the girl was foolish for feeling so badly about doing something she enjoyed doing," Marcy finished. She met Harold's gleaming eyes and smiled. "I don't mind admitting that trying to milk your cock is very tiring."

"You did more than just try," Harold said, looking over at his wife. "Marcy's already just about your equal in the cunt-snapping department., honey. I'm just about to lose control."

"I don't want to be greedy," Marcy said, looking at Noreen's twat, then meeting Noreen's blazing eyes. "We made it together in the sixty-nine position when we were upstairs and I can wait until some other time to feel his stuff spurting into my snatch."

"Maybe we could share his cream," Noreen said.

"That's a good idea," Harold said, pulling his cock from Marcy's cunt and getting on his back beside her.

Noreen dropped down and began licking Harold's jutting cock before Marcy could do more than sit upright. But after Noreen had licked Marcy's cum-juices from Harold's big cock she went down and began lapping at his heavy ball sac, so Marcy took the opportunity to do some sucking.

Marcy concentrated on the swollen glans, twirling her tongue as she sucked, but she really didn't want to be too greedy. So she stopped sucking cock to give Noreen a chance. Noreen laved her tongue up along the stiff shaft, opened her mouth wide, and engulfed the blood-engorged cockhead.

Watching Noreen suck a cock, Marcy found it very exciting to be sharing Harold's big cock in such a manner. She heard Harold say that he was just about to shoot off, then she saw Noreen wrap her fingers around the shaft just below the glans. Marcy could tell when the prick spurted by the way Noreen began gulping.

Seconds later Noreen tightened her grip on the jerking shaft with her fist, quickly lifted, and Marcy knew what to do.

Just as Marcy took the glans into her mouth, Noreen loosened her clenched fingers and gobs of hot, tasty cream jetted into Marcy's sucking mouth. She let the thick jism flow right on down her throat, but even so her mouth became flooded.

The spurting stopped before any semen escaped Marcy's clinging lips, though, and Noreen let her-. suck and swallow the last few sluggish drops from the softening cock.

Marcy let the Umber organ slip from between her lips and lifted her head. Noreen had let go of Harold's cock and was settling back on her haunches.

"I could still use a good fucking with a stiff cock! Do you mind if I go get King?"

Marcy met Noreen's smoldering dark eyes. "I don't mind," she said. "In fact, I think I'd like to watch while you get fucked by the big dog."

Scrambling to her feet, Noreen said that she'd get a robe and then be right back with King. Marcy watched her aunt's jiggling ass, then sat back and looked at Harold when they were alone.

"I didn't say that I'd fuck King," she said.

"I know you didn't," Harold said, sitting up, then standing and holding out his hand. "We don't want you to do anything you don't want to do, honey."

Marcy took her uncle's hand and let him help her to her feet. His cock was hanging limply and she wondered if seeing his wife fucking a dog would turn him on again. He seemed to like the idea of Noreen being fucked by King, though, so it just might cause him to get another erection.

They sat on the couch and Harold put an arm around Marcy and pulled her close, then used his other hand to fondle her tits. She looked at him and he grinned and said that he didn't have to have a hard-on and be eager for fucking or sucking to enjoy touching a beautiful female body.

Marcy returned Harold's brief kiss, then said, "I read an article in a magazine where it was reported that most swinging females and swapping wives are bisexual. Have you found that to be true, Harold?"

"As true as any general statement can be, Marcy. I'd say that the vast majority of the wives at least assume the passive role with another female and almost as many will lap a cunt for one reason or

another.”

“I don’t understand,” Marcy said. “What do you mean, for one reason or another?”

“Some do it because they have a demanding need, some do it just to give pleasure to a female partner, and some do it just to please a husband or a group of husbands. For some strange reason it excites a man to see women making it together.”

“In what category is my sex-happy aunt?”

“The first reason I mentioned,” Harold said. “But I’m sure you’ve already noticed that fact. I’m afraid my dear wife has been fighting like hell to keep from eating your cunt. Don’t worry, though. She won’t touch you unless you’re willing.”

Before Marcy had a chance to say anything, and she would’ve told Harold that she was willing for Noreen to lap her cunt, Noreen entered with King. She had the great dane on a leash and when the big animal saw Marcy, Noreen had to pull him up short and order him to sit.

King obeyed, but Marcy had already involuntarily crossed her legs. Chuckling, Harold stopped fondling Marcy’s titties, stood up, and told Marcy not to worry, that King wouldn’t rape her.

“King’s just excited because he isn’t used to you,” Noreen told Marcy. “He wouldn’t have done any more than sniffed and maybe licked your pussy and he would’ve stopped that if you’d spoken to him sharply.”

“Noreen’s right,” Harold said, walking over and taking the leash from his wife’s hand. “As soon as he gets used to you, we won’t need the leash. He’ll learn to take orders from you, I mean, and all you have to do is lose your fear of King, Marcy. As you did with the horses.”

Noreen removed her robe and stopped around in front of King, at the same time ordering the great dane not to move. He didn’t, except for his long tongue, which was already hanging out the side of his mouth.

“He’s getting a little jaded, honey. Only about half of his pecker’s showing.”

“He’s just confused, Harold. Let go of the leash. King, you stay right there until I tell you to move. Do you understand?”

The big dog barked and remained sitting when Harold let go of the leash. Marcy was staring at the red and wetly glistening cock sticking out of its sheath, thinking that if only about half was showing the dog’s cock had to be as long as Harold’s thick prick.

Noreen looked at Marcy. “See, honey? King understands and obeys my orders and within a few days he’ll accept you as a member of the family and do the same with you.”

“If you keep stalling around King might blame me,” Marcy said. She laughed nervously, then added, “Meaning, of course, that I think you should get on with the exhibition!”

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## CHAPTER FIVE

Quickly getting down on her back on the carpet, Noreen parted her legs and told King to lap her cunt. The big animal got to his feet, padded over to Noreen, sniffed at her crotch, then began

lapping her cuntlips. Noreen squirmed her ass and opened her legs.

Staring, strangely excited because it was a dog lapping her sexy aunt's cunt, Marcy uncrossed her legs and moved until her ass was perched on the edge of the couch. Marcy could see that Noreen had lifted enough for King to swipe his wide tongue all the way from the crack of her ass to the dark hairs above her gaping gash.

Noreen only allowed the dog to lap and lick for a very short time, though, before ordering him to back off. He obeyed, proving to Marcy just how well he'd been trained, and Noreen quickly got on her hands and knees. Again she ordered King to lap her cunt. He did so, spending just as much time tonguing Noreen's puckered ass-hole as he did her puffy pussy lips.

Soon Noreen told King to fuck her, and Marcy had been surprised when the great dane hadn't mounted Noreen before getting the bluntly spoken command. Because the dog's cock had extended out to what was obviously its full length even before Noreen had gotten on her hands and knees.

Noreen reached back between her legs and guided the dog's erect cock. The great dane had mounted Noreen and started humping his stiff cock toward her ass. When his knotted prick made contact with Noreen's fingers, he slammed hard against her buttocks and his big cock slipped into her gaping cunt.

The dog's hindquarters moved faster and faster and Noreen moaned loudly as she hunched along with the pistoning prick. Marcy got so sexy-hot from watching the torrid action she almost called out and asked Harold to come over and lap her steaming cunt.

A quick glance told Marcy that Harold's cock was only about half hard, even though he was obviously getting a big bang out of seeing the dog fucking his lovely wife, and she made up her mind right then that she was going to let the dog fuck her.

Marcy could tell when King's cock exploded in Noreen's cunt, and she was sure that her aunt climaxed at the same time. But the dog only stopped humping for a few seconds, then started fucking away again.

Noreen again hunched along with the furiously fucking dog.

Harold stepped forward and grabbed King's collar, then asked Marcy if she wanted to be fucked by King. Noreen stopped all movement and Marcy looked at Harold's cock, now thrusting out stiffly.

"I have to take it easy, Marcy. I can't very well fuck or even be sucked each time my cock gets hard. To do so would be taking a chance on firing a blank and that hurts like hell. But I can make King dismount and shift over to you."

"I'll do the guiding," Noreen said. "Pull him off, anyway, Harold. Let him clean my snatch."

Harold tugged on the humping dog's collar while telling him to sit. Marcy figured that King hadn't started his final drive toward another climax, because the dog immediately stopped hunching and settled back on his haunches, his long red cock thrusting out stiffly.

Noreen got on her back and parted her legs while Harold kept a grip on King's collar. Marcy could see the dog's jism dribbling from her aunt's flooded pussy. Harold released King and the big animal went directly to Noreen's cunt and began lapping up his own deposited semen.

"Make up your mind, Marcy. If you don't want to give it a try, I'll let King finish fucking Noreen."

Marcy, her heart pounding, silently slipped from the couch and got on her hands and knees. Seconds later, she gasped and flinched when King's cold nose poked into the crack of her ass. Then she thrilled to the way the dog's hot, wet tongue licked up between her gaping pussy lips and right on up through the crack of her ass.

Again the long, hot tongue licked, and Marcy gasped and hunched her ass backward. King began lapping, his hot breath adding to Marcy's soaring excitement, and she moaned with pleasure as the dog lapped faster, his tongue digging into both tingling, twitching holes.

Marcy heard Harold tell her to get ready, and the lapping stopped. She didn't look around as she felt Noreen's fingers getting into position to do the guiding. Then, as she felt the big animal actually getting on her, his hot breath on the back of her neck, his wet tongue licking, Marcy experienced a moment of near panic.

But when she felt the dog's long and hot stiff prick slamming into her steaming twat, all of Marcy's passion came surging back and the fact that she was being pronged by a dog's cock even added to her excitement.

King started out fucking her as if she were a bitch in heat. Which she was in a way, Marcy thought, fucking along with the pounding cock, moaning loudly as the knot got bigger and bigger, thinking dimly that the knot in the dog's prick was one reason she'd want him to fuck her again and again.

Soon Marcy cried out with pleasure as she felt the dog's cock jerk spasmodically and spurt hot gobs of jism into her clinging, clutching cunt. She also thrilled to a spasmodic release, mingling her own hot juices with the sperm she felt escaping her flooded pussy and dribbling down her trembling thighs.

When the dog dismounted, Marcy remained on her hands and knees. She enjoyed the sensation of King's long tongue licking her cunt and ass-hole and even lapping the jism from her thighs.

"Get on your back and let him finish the job, Marcy."

Going along with Noreen's instructions, Marcy saw that Harold was again holding onto King's collar. Her uncle's cock had lost some of its hardness and he and Noreen watched as the dog lapped Marcy's cunt and entire crotch.

"That should do until you get to the bathroom," Harold said, tugging on King's collar and telling him to sit. "How did you like it, Marcy?"

Marcy had been watching the dog's cock slowly creeping back into its hairy sheath. She saw that Noreen had gotten to her feet. She met her uncle's eyes, then her aunt's, seeing the concern in both pairs of eyes, wondering if she should tease them by saying that she'd hated being fucked by a dog. They'd witnessed the great pleasure she'd enjoyed, though, and she didn't want to hurt them by lying.

"I just hope I don't get into trouble or into an embarrassing situation in the future," Marcy said, smiling. "I might have to fight the urge to drop to my hands and knees in front of stray dogs I see."

Harold and Noreen both laughed, and Harold said he'd dress and take King outside while Marcy and Noreen took a shower. Marcy got to her feet while Harold was leading the dog from the room.

"You really aren't sorry about any of this, Marcy?"

"Nope," Marcy said, taking one of Noreen's hands. "Come on and let's do as your horny husband said. I'll let you wash my back. I've never taken a shower with anybody and it should be fun to feel our naked and soapy bodies squeezed together in the shower stall. I'm really having a wonderful time, Noreen, and my parents would have one hell of a time getting me to go back home."

They'd been walking through the house, still holding hands, and Noreen didn't say anything until they were in the downstairs bathroom.

"I'm sure you've guessed by now, even if Harold hasn't told you, that I'm AC-DC, Marcy. You know what that means, don't you?"

Noreen had pulled her hand from Marcy's and was getting two bathing caps from a hook on the wall. She turned and handed Marcy one, then moved to the shower stall and began adjusting the spray of water.

"I've heard the expression before," Marcy said, looking at her aunt's lovely body. "Are you telling me about your two-way desires for any special reason?"

"Yes," Noreen said, testing the water with her hands. "I just want you to know that I've always been able to keep myself under control when I felt it necessary, but right now I'm not sure that I can. Meaning, of course, that I think we'd better take turns instead of showering together."

"Maybe I don't want you to control yourself," Marcy said. "I've had a female tongue in my cunt before, you know, and I have no objections if you want to go down on me."

Noreen looked at Marcy, her dark eyes blazing. "You're my niece, Marcy! You know what sex between us would be called!"

Marcy smiled. "So? After what we've already been through together you're still worried about a label?"

"Yes, I am," Noreen said, dropping her eyes to Marcy's jutting titties, then on down to Marcy's blonde bush. "Besides, I've always heard that it's good to deprive one's self of at least a few of the better things in life. It's supposed to make a person appreciate things more, and I think I'll test the theory now."

Noreen had already pulled a bathing cap over her head and tucked her dark hair inside. She stepped into the stall without another word. Marcy, slightly amused at her aunt's reasoning, adjusted the rubber cap over her hair and followed.

Marcy pulled the curtain and saw that there was more room in the stall than she'd thought. Noreen stepped from under the spray of luke-warm water and Marcy was able to get her body wet without touching her aunt's beautifully-stacked body. She turned the water off and took the bar of scented soap when Noreen handed it to her.

Noreen had worked up a lather on her tits and lower body. Marcy did the same, her nipples jumping to attention. She slipped a finger into her cunt and probed deep, wanting to get all the dog jism out.

Looking down and seeing Noreen doing the same thing, Marcy said that it was as if they were two overly-sexed females standing there finger-fucking themselves.

"Aren't we?" Noreen asked, pulling her finger from her cunt. "Overly sexed, I mean. You're really a hot-ass gal, Marcy, and Harold says that

I'm a border-line nympho."

"I don't care what it's called," Marcy said, pulling her finger from her pussy, lifting both hands and massaging her own soapy breasts. "I just accept the way I am and enjoy it. I thought you did the same."

"I do," Noreen said. "Or I did until you told about seeing me fucking Peter. Since then everything seems to be racing out of control."

"I don't think it could really be called incest if we just kissed and hugged," Marcy said, her eyes on Noreen's parted lips so close to her own. "Female relatives do that all the time."

"Not when they're naked," Noreen whispered. Then, louder, "Don't tease me, Marcy! Please!"

Marcy had dropped her hands from her taut-tipped soapy tits and placed them on Noreen's flaring, soap-slippery hips.

"I'm not teasing," she said, slipping her hands around and grabbing Noreen's slippery ass-cheeks. "I guess I've always wondered how another female's lips would feel and taste."

Moaning, Noreen put her arms around Marcy, pulled their soapy bodies closely together, and mashed her mouth against Marcy's in a passionate kiss. Enjoying the feel and the taste of the soft, sweet female lips, Marcy let Noreen's hot, slippery tongue push past her teeth and met it with her own.

Noreen clutched at Marcy's ass. She moved one hand in between their lathered bodies and inserted a soapy finger into Marcy's cunt. Marcy moved one hand to Noreen's soapy crotch and shoved a slippery finger into Noreen's hot, clinging cunt.

Liking the sensation of having her finger in another female's cunt, feeling the hot folds of flesh gripping her finger, Marcy clamped down on the finger in her own cunt.

They stood there finger-fucking each other, their hard-nippled tits pressed together, while they passionately kissed and lashed their tongues together. Noreen finally broke the feverish kiss, her dark eyes blazing, and told Marcy that they should rinse the soap from their bodies.

Thinking that Noreen meant to tongue her twitching twat, Marcy pulled her finger from Noreen's hot, soapy pussy when Noreen's finger was pulled from her own equally hot, soapy snatch. Noreen adjusted the spray and rinsed first, then surprised Marcy by opening the curtain and stepping out of the stall.

Rinsing, making sure all of the soap lather was out of her cunt, Marcy turned the water off and stepped out of the stall.

Noreen was drying herself, her back to Marcy.

Removing the bathing cap and getting a handy towel, Marcy began giving her own body a brisk rundown, hoping that Noreen wasn't going to continue to deprive herself of what they both wanted.

"I know that I'll lose control and go down on you sooner or later, Marcy, so I might as well stop torturing myself now. It might sound silly, and I guess it is, but I would like to show Harold that I managed to take a shower with you without going all the way. Besides, I know that he'd like to watch and-"

Noreen fought the urge to move forward and drop to her knees right there. She'd tossed the towel aside and removed the bathing cap while turning around. She patted her dark hair back into place, then lifted her eyes from Marcy's crotch to Marcy's thrusting titties.

"Anything you say," Marcy said, tossing her towel aside. "I might even return the favor."

Noreen turned and hurried from the bathroom.

Marcy followed, her eyes on Noreen's jiggling ass and flashing legs, deciding that she really did want to try everything at least once.

Just inside the living-room doorway Noreen came to a sudden stop, almost causing Marcy to bump into her.

Marcy saw the pretty woman with Harold just before she heard him chuckle and say they had company.

"You could've warned us," Noreen said, not sounding at all angry because Harold hadn't given a warning. "This is Selma, Marcy. Selma, this is my niece, Marcy. I told you that she was going to visit us."

"Hello," Marcy said, returning the young woman's smile, feeling that maybe she should try and cover her nakedness in some manner, but not feeling all that uncomfortable because everybody else seemed so unconcerned. She even enjoyed the way Selma's blue eyes flicked up and down over her naked body when Noreen stepped aside.

"I'm very happy to meet you, Marcy. Are you going to be with us all summer?"

"I might try and stay here with my lovely aunt and my handsome uncle from now on," Marcy said. "I like the way they live, including the freedom to walk around in the nude."

"You'd have the same freedom at my home," Selma said. She laughed low in her throat and added, "Meaning, of course, that my husband and I both enjoy the freedom of being nude!"

"Selma and George live on a farm about fifteen miles from here," Noreen said, walking toward a couch. "We might as well sit down and be completely comfortable, Marcy."

Following her naked aunt, feeling Selma's eyes on her, Marcy figured she knew the reason for the unconcern about the nudity. Selma and George had to be swappers.

Selma was sitting in an easy chair, wearing white, tight-ass shorts and a white halter. Her legs were long and shapely, but her tits didn't seem to be very big. Harold, fully dressed, was sitting on the chair arm and Selma's hand was resting on his thigh. Marcy didn't see enough of a bulge in her uncle's pants to indicate that he was horny, though, and she was disappointed because of that fact.

Marcy was also disappointed when Harold got to his feet and said, "George wants me to give him a hand with their tractor. It's on the blink again and it shouldn't take long for me to find the trouble. Unless we have to go for pails, of course."

"I told George I'd visit with you this afternoon," Selma said, looking at Noreen. "I could go on back home if you had something planned."

"We had nothing planned," Noreen said. "Did you and Selma have much time to talk, Harold?"

"I had time to tell about the action with King," Harold said, grinning. "I didn't tell how Marcy happened to get the nerve to let us know how she felt about sex and sexual freedom, though. I'd better haul ass. I'll see you lovely girls later."

Marcy wasn't sure that she liked the idea of Selma knowing about her being fucked by the dog. Then, thinking that the very pretty woman had also been fucked by King, Marcy met Selma's eyes.

"Since you didn't leave in a huff, Selma, I take it that you have also been fucked by King."

Selma's face flushed slightly.

Noreen laughed nervously.

"Was I right about the dog, Selma?" Marcy asked.

Noreen spoke before Selma had a chance. "I told Marcy about the swapping, Selma. I didn't mention any names, but I did tell about three swinging couples within thirty miles. And, in answer to the question in your eyes, Marcy and I haven't made it together."

"Harold thought you might be making it in the bathroom," Selma said. "Yes, Marcy, I have been fucked by King and I'm also bisexual."

"That's good news," Marcy said. "I've had my twat tongued by one female, a young girl, and I enjoyed the experience very much. Actually, Noreen wasn't telling all of the truth just now. We kissed and fingered each other in the shower and she was hot to go all the way when we came in here. She wanted Harold to have a chance to watch. Why don't you take your clothes off? You've seen my body and I think it's only fair for you to get naked."

"My God!" Selma exclaimed, looking at Noreen. "I'm having one hell of a time believing all this!"

"Marcy just kind of moved in and took over," Noreen said. "Not that I objected very much. Nor did Harold, even though we're both a little worried about having incestuous relations with our lovely young niece."

"Don't worry about that," Selma said. "Hell, take all the pleasure you can with anybody you can. I've never told you this before, but I used to have sex with my brother when we were kids. Now, since he got married and got religion, he acts as if nothing had ever happened between us. I only see him about once a year, at family reunions, or I wouldn't let him get away with that shit. Not that I need or want to fuck him now. Should I take my clothes off, Noreen?"

"If you can stop talking long enough," Noreen said.

Saying that she always talked up a storm when she was nervous, Selma kicked out of her sandals and got to her feet. She removed the halter, revealing small, cone-shaped titties with big nipples. They reminded Marcy of two little thrusting pricks.

Selma was tall and slender and had light-brown hair. Marcy found out later that the pretty and shapely woman was twenty-six. She found out within a few seconds after the halter was removed that the brown pussy hairs were just a little darker than the hair on Selma's head.

After peeling the tightly-fitting shorts and brief white panties down and off, Selma straightened, smiled at Marcy, then looked at Noreen.



"Is it all right to talk now, honey? I have some news that should interest both you and Marcy."

"It must be important for you not to be making a suggestion or a request," Noreen said. "Harold also calls Selma a border-line nympho, Marcy. As does her husband, of course."

"If somebody doesn't make a move soon, I will," Marcy said, parting her knees.

"George's younger brother is visiting us," Selma said, looking at Marcy's exposed cunt. "His name's Walt and he's only eighteen, but he's also wise far beyond his years. I started out with what I thought would be a little harmless flirting and before I knew it we were fucking together like long-lost lovers! The youngster shot off twice without losing his hard-on! Then, within a half an hour, he blasted off again!"

"Does George know about it?" Noreen asked.

"Sure! We enjoyed a thrilling threesome just last night! Have you ever made it with two fellows at the same time, Marcy?"

"No, I've never had that pleasure," Marcy said, meeting Selma's bright blue eyes. "I've never made it with two hot-ass females at the same time, either. Now would you like to make the first move?"

"How about it, Noreen? Do I have your permission to make it with your lovely young niece?"

"You'll have to wait your turn," Noreen said, slipping from the couch and getting between Marcy's legs.

Marcy gasped as Noreen's open mouth mashed against her cuntlips. Then she moaned and lurched upward as her aunt's tongue snaked into her hot box. When she lowered, Noreen's fingers were right there, grabbing her ass and tugging while burrowing deeper and lapping greedily.

Grabbing Noreen's bobbing head, entangling her fingers in the dark silky-soft hair, Marcy hunched along with Noreen's lapping tongue, thinking how much better it felt when a female lapped her pussy. The fact that it was her lovely aunt expertly lapping her cunt added to her excitement.

Selma had moved forward, dropped to her knees, and was caressing Noreen's back and buttocks. Marcy met Selma's blazing blue eyes.

"You're so young and lovely, Marcy! Am I ever glad George needed work done on the tractor today!"

Marcy started to say that she was also glad, but Noreen's tongue went to her elongated clit and she moaned loudly and lurched upward again. Then Noreen got her lips around Marcy's passion-button and added sucking to her lapping. Marcy cried out as she shuddered through a spasmodic orgasm, digging her fingers into her aunt's scalp and squirming her ass in her aunt's clutching fingers until the spasms ceased.

"It's my turn, Noreen!"

Marcy had removed her fingers from Noreen's head and hair, but Noreen was still lapping and gulping down the released juices. Noreen pulled her hands from under Marcy's ass and made one last swipe with the flat of her tongue up through Marcy's quivering cunt before lifting her head.

Licking her wet lips, Noreen smiled and said, "I refuse to believe that anything so good could be wrong, baby. Do you want to rest before Selma has a go at your sweet snatch?"

"I'm not tired," Marcy said, meeting Noreen's passion-filmed eyes. "I've had so many orgasms I might just coast for a while, but I'd enjoy having my cunt lapped even if I never did spasm."

"Good God!" Selma exclaimed, slapping Noreen's ass. "You had something to say about me talking so much and now you're blabbing while I kneel here with my tongue getting so stiff it's almost like a cock with a hard-on!"

"Selma tends to exaggerate at times," Noreen said, moving from between Marcy's legs.

"God, what a delectable fragrance," Selma said as she quickly took Noreen's place. "And that isn't an exaggeration!"

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CHAPTER SIX

Since Marcy had enjoyed so many orgasms, she was able to coast along with Selma's lavish oral attentions.

Marcy wanted to touch Noreen's firm and smooth flesh. Noreen was still on her knees, her eyes on Selma's bobbing head, a hand caressing Selma's ass-cheeks.

"Why don't you come up here so we can kiss, Noreen?"

Her aunt moved so quickly that Marcy knew she'd been waiting for an invitation. But the passionate, tongue-lashing kiss didn't last very long. Noreen soon pulled her mouth and tongue away and began sucking at Marcy's hard-nippled tits.

Marcy managed to do some fondling and caressing, enjoying the feel of Noreen's firm, sleek flesh under her own fingers, deciding that she wanted to do some tit-sucking. But before she got around to expressing her wish to Noreen, the tingling sensations darting back and forth between her throbbing titties and the cuntlapping tongue had her squirming her ass heatedly.

Selma had been holding onto Marcy's hips. When she did slip her hands under and grasp Marcy's ass-cheeks, tilting Marcy's crotch at a different angle and sucking Marcy's erect clitoris, Marcy started the delightful dash toward a climax.

Grabbing Selma's bobbing head with one hand, clutching at the soft brown hair, Marcy clutched at Noreen's back with her other hand and blurted out that she was ready to come.

Noreen kept massaging one of Marcy's thrusting tits with one hand while mashing her open mouth to Marcy's parted lips.

Feverishly returning Noreen's tongue-probing kiss, Marcy lurched and wriggled through a spasmodic release under Selma's greedy lips and twirling tongue.

As soon as Marcy went limp, Selma pushed up against Marcy's clutching fingers and told Noreen to join her on the floor. Pulling her mouth and tongue from Marcy's, Noreen quickly slipped down off the couch. Understanding the reason for such haste, Marcy watched as Noreen and Selma swiftly arranged themselves in the sixty-nine position.

On their sides, fingers clutching at each other's asses, Noreen and Selma went at each other as if there were no tomorrow.

Watching the exciting sight, and enjoying herself tremendously, Marcy decided that a tongue-female or male-could never take the place of a hard cock where she was concerned.

And the same was probably true where Noreen and Selma were concerned, Marcy thought, aware that the two passionate females were lapping and sucking each other through an orgasm. Lesbian sex was just something extra to enjoy, and she was sure she'd never get completely hooked on Lesbianism even after she eventually went all the way.

When Noreen and Selma pulled their heads from between each other's thighs, Selma twisted around and pressed her wet lips to Noreen's. The kiss was brief, however, and both lovely women sat upright and looked at Marcy.

"I enjoyed the performance," Marcy said. "I suppose that's what you do when you want to get the men hot and horny at the swapping parties."

"Along with the times we do it like this just for the pleasure," Selma said. "I'm afraid it's a little more than just a substitute for me. Not that I'd ever want to stop fucking a man, of course. Nor with a dog, for that matter. Which reminds me! I brought Fritz along, Noreen, and I'm surprised we haven't heard him barking. I left the windows part way down in the station wagon, but he must be hot as hell by now. From the weather, I mean."

"Knowing Fritz, I imagine he's also sexy-hot," Noreen said. "Unless you fucked him before you left home."

"He's fresh and raring to go," Selma said. "In fact, I've neglected him for the past few days. I've been busy taking care of George and Walt and I haven't told Walt about Fritz fucking me. I'll tell him sooner or later, of course-and let him watch if he wants to-but I thought it best that I give out with some of the details gradually. I haven't even told him about the swapping."

Noreen said, "In case you haven't already guessed, Marcy, Fritz is a German shepherd. George bought him for Selma not long after she first enjoyed King's tongue and cock."

"Do you want to take on Fritz, Marcy?" Selma asked.

"There's no hurry," Marcy said, not sure she wanted Selma to see her being fucked by a dog. "Tell me more about your young brother-in-law. Maybe he and I could attend some of the swapping parties."

"I don't think I would approve of that," Noreen said. "I'm not sure Harold would, either. We aren't jealous, honey. It's just that you are too young to become so sexually involved with so many older men and women. I wouldn't object if the young fellow visited you here, though."

Marcy smiled. "So you could get a crack at him, Noreen?"

"I don't suppose I'd turn down any advances he might make," Noreen said, also smiling.

"Walt's very good-looking," Selma said. "Even better looking than George. But that's mostly because he's so much younger. George is thirty-one. They both have dark hair and eyes and both are tall and slender. Their bodies are just about a-like, really, including their pricks. Both cocks are seven inches long when hard, but Walt's prick isn't quite as thick as George's prick. Noreen will tell you that George can make a woman happy with what he has and Walt's surprisingly good for one so young."

"I guess we could have a party here tomorrow night," Noreen said. "The three of you could come

and Marcy and Walt could be introduced to swapping and group-sex at the same time. How does that sound, Marcy?"

"Great," Marcy said, meaning it, thinking that she might get a chance to enjoy two hard cocks at the same time.

"Then it's settled," Selma said. "I hope Harold doesn't say anything in front of Walt, though. I should've told him not to. I was too busy admiring Marcy's lovely young body to think straight. I'm sure Walt will gladly go along with just about anything having to do with fucking and sucking, but I wanted to break the news to him myself-just in case I've judged him wrong."

"Harold isn't in the habit of talking out of turn," Noreen said. "I'm sure he won't mention swapping or the dogs around Walt if George doesn't."

"Then I don't have to worry," Selma said. "George won't bring up either subject. He didn't mind when he found that I'd made it with Walt without talking it over with him first, but he later got on my ass about arranging it so that he'd catch his brother fucking me. I did it to prevent a lot of talking and maybe arguing, of course, but I was sure they'd both go along with a threesome session once they got over their embarrassment and I was right."

"What do you do?" Marcy asked. "When they shoot off, I mean. Suck one cock while being fucked by the other one?"

"Yes, and I also enjoy a double fuck," Selma said. "One cock in my pussy and another in my ass-hole at the same time, that is. God, but that's a sensation that will just about make me blow my mind! Have you ever been corn-holed, Marcy?"

"I've never had it done to me. I've had my ass-hole tongued, and I really liked that sensation, but I think it'd hurt too much to experiment with ass-fucking."

Noreen got to her feet. "Why don't you go get Fritz now, Selma? You'd better get a robe, though. You'll find one in the bedroom."

Selma had gotten to her feet. Saying she'd be right back, she hurried across the room, her ass jiggling, and Noreen said down beside Marcy, speaking as soon as Selma was out of sight.

"I started to tell Selma about the action I've had with Peter and Paul, but I changed my mind, Marcy. She'd want to high-tail it to the bam and give it a try, which would be okay, but then she'd tell the other swappers about it. You heard how she talks on and on."

"What difference would it make?" Marcy asked. "The other swappers know about the dogs, don't they? Why not let them know about fucking the horses?"

"Harold thinks the men might not like the idea. He suggested that we wait until we have a party, bring up the subject of women fucking horses, then decide what to do and say after we get a reaction."

"I guess I didn't think it all the way through,"

Marcy said. "I liked it with King, and I'll give it a try with Selma's dog, but I don't think I want to stretch my twat with a big horse cock and I know the stretching wouldn't be permanent. The men might have doubts about that and-"

Marcy let her words trail off as Selma entered with the German shepherd. She was carrying a robe in one hand and holding the leash in the other. She tossed the robe on a chair and let the dog lead her until he was about four feet in front of Marcy and Noreen.

"Sit, Fritz," Selma said, and the dog obeyed. She patted the German shepherd's head and looked at Marcy. "Noreen helped me train him. Isn't he a beauty?"

"I'm not sure I'd use that description, but he's a fine-looking animal. He's well-groomed and healthy looking, that's for sure. Is he getting a hard-on because of seeing our naked bodies, our cunts, or because of the feminine odor?"

"Both, I guess," Selma said. "Mostly because of the scent, though, I imagine. I understand that's how all male animals get in the mood for fucking. Except in a case like this where they're trained to fuck an entirely different species, of course."

"I've told Selma that she should take Fritz around to the various women's clubs and give lectures," Noreen said. "Personally, I just accept the fact that a dog can be trained to be an excellent fucker and let it go at that."

"Bestiality is a very interesting subject," Selma said. "And not only because I happen to enjoy fucking a dog. I've done a great deal of reading and found that fucking with animals is a common type of human behavior. Bestiality has even been a ceremonial feature in acts of religious worship in many cultures, such as classical Greece." Selma laughed. "Maybe I should make arrangements to go on the lecture circuit!"

Noreen also laughed, then said, "In the meantime, honey, why don't you show Marcy how well-trained Fritz really is?"

While taking the leash from the dog's collar, Selma told him to stay right where he was until she told him to move. The big animal looked up at her face, his long tongue hanging out one side of his mouth, his tail thumping against the carpet.

Looking at the long red cock, apparently extended all the way out of its furry sheath, Marcy said that Fritz did seem to have a lot of self-control, then added that his cock didn't seem to be as long as King's.

"It isn't," Selma said. "King's prick is a couple of inches longer, I guess, but Fritz can give just as good a fuck. Just as George is equal to Harold in the fucking department even if Harold does have a couple of more inches."

"I don't think Marcy needs a lecture concerning the various sizes," Noreen said. "A cock is a cock is a cock, and I say they're all great, big or small, long or short. Now that I've given my own little lecture maybe you'd like to put Fritz through his paces, Selma. Unless you want first crack at him, Marcy."

"I'll watch for now," Marcy said. "I'm still a little nervous about being fucked by a dog, to tell you the truth, and I suppose Fritz has enough energy to fuck all three of us."

"He sure has," Selma said, getting down on her back and parting her legs. "Okay, Fritz, you can lick my pussy now."

Fritz padded over and began lapping Selma's gaping gash. Marcy doubted that he understood the words, but he certainly understood their meaning, she thought, remembering how good King's

tongue had felt.

Selma put her hands behind her knees and folded her legs back against her titties. The dog's tongue went to the crack of her ass and began lapping from her puckered ass-hole all the way up between her cuntlips and into her curly pubic hairs. The short hairs soon became matted with the dog's saliva.

Fritz kept making little hunching movements with his hindquarters while he lapped, but he didn't make an attempt to mount Selma. Marcy felt sorry for the horny animal, and she was glad when Selma put a hand on his head and told him to back off.

He quickly obeyed and stood there panting and wagging his tail while Selma got on her hands and knees. Marcy was surprised that a so-called dumb animal could be trained to restrain himself when he was so sexy-hot.

When Selma gave the word, Fritz quickly mounted her and started humping his stiff cock toward her uplifted ass-cheeks. She reached back and under, and aimed the hunching dog's cock at her glistening twat.

Fritz started fucking fast and furiously, as Marcy expected him to do, and the sight of the long prick rutting in and out of Selma's cunt caused Marcy's excitement to soar.

Selma wriggled her ass and hunched along with the dog's pumping prick, letting out a little moan now and then, and Noreen asked Marcy if she wanted to be fucked next.

Marcy said that she did. She got to her feet when she saw Fritz humping through a climax, sure that Selma was also thrilling to an orgasm.

When the dog faltered, Selma told him to get off.

Flipping over on her back, Selma spread her legs, and only then did the eagerly awaiting dog move in on her wet cunt with his long, licking tongue.

Noreen patted Marcy's ass and told her to get into position. Hot and ready, Marcy dropped to her hands and knees.

Noreen caressed Marcy's ass while Fritz finished cleaning Selma's cunt and crotch. She also parted the pussy hairs with her fingers, telling Marcy they wouldn't make Fritz do any licking before fucking. Marcy didn't mind. She'd had enough licking from the two female tongues. She was more than ready to have a stiff cock jammed into her steaming cunt.

When Selma pushed the dog's head away, Noreen told Marcy to walk forward on her hands and knees. Marcy did so, and Noreen did the guiding while Fritz lifted up and jabbed his stiff prick at Marcy's ass.

Marcy gasped as Fritz hunched and speared his pointed cock deep into her pulsating cunt. The dog started right out thrusting fast. Marcy moaned with pleasure and wriggled her ass while hunching along with the humping dog.

Soon Marcy felt the German shepherd's pistoning prick jerk erratically and spurt hot jism into her clutching cunt. She had been balanced right on the brink, but even as she shuddered through a blissful orgasm she knew she still preferred a man's cock. It felt great to be fucked by a dog, and she wanted to continue to enjoy that kind of sexual pleasure, but she liked to have some kissing and

caressing along with her fucking.

Fritz lost his hard-on after mingling his sperm with Marcy's released juices. He dismounted and began lapping her dribbling pussy without being told. While the dog was cleaning her cunt, ass, and thighs-and while she was enjoying the delightful sensation-Marcy heard Selma say that they'd better let Fritz rest for a few minutes.

Marcy finally pulled away from the dog's lapping tongue and he stretched out on the carpet, obviously glad of the chance to rest.

Selma told Noreen that she'd relieve Noreen's tension while they were waiting. Marcy was glad when Selma started going down on Noreen. She was temporarily sexually satisfied, felt that she'd rather not have anybody else around when she experimented with her aunt, and she wouldn't want the first time to be with Selma.

Marcy looked at Selma's bobbing head, then met Noreen's passion-glazed eyes and said that she was going to take a shower.

Without waiting for an answer from her passionately squirming aunt, Marcy hurried from the room. She took her time showering, using a lot of soap and getting herself very clean, and she wasn't surprised when Selma entered the bathroom while she was drying.

"Fritz is fucking Noreen and I thought I'd shower and be ready to dress and go home," Selma said, smiling, her bright blue eyes dropping to Marcy's fluffy blonde bush. "Your lovely aunt's going to take a nap and she told me to tell you that you should do the same. In your own bedroom, as-

"I understand," Marcy cut in. "I've also had enough sex for the time being, Selma, and you must feel the same way."

"Not really," Selma said, laughing low in her throat. "As a matter-of-fact, I was hoping I'd get here before you got out of the shower. I'm a little jealous because Noreen is going to have you here all the time. If you were at my house, I'd have my head between your lovely thighs all the time."

"When would I get a chance to sleep?" Marcy asked, laughing. "I don't think I could do so with your head in that position."

"Maybe I was stretching it a little, honey, but I could spend hours lapping your sweet pussy. I guess it would be too much to ask to-

"Be my guest," Marcy said after Selma's words trailed off. "I've had so many climaxes today I don't suppose one more will make me too weak to get upstairs."

Marcy tossed the towel aside.

Selma moved forward and dropped to her knees on the thick throw rug. She put her hands on Marcy's hips and breathed deeply while staring at Marcy's cunt.

Marcy felt the warm breath and enjoyed the sensation. She didn't think she could have an orgasm right away, though, and thought about suggesting to Selma that they go where they could be more comfortable.

But Selma leaned forward and licked up between Marcy's vaginal lips, snaked her hot and slippery tongue into Marcy's pussy, and Marcy hated to interrupt the passionate woman.

Selma swabbed the walls of Marcy's quivering cunt long enough to cause Marcy to start making little hunching movements, then she pulled her tongue out, and told Marcy to please turn around.

Marcy knew what Selma wanted to do, and she felt a surge of excitement. She had been stroking Selma's soft hair. She turned around slowly and Selma's tongue and parted lips kept contact with her flushed flesh. She leaned over slightly, placed the palms of her hands against the wall, then failed to suppress a gasp as Selma's hot, slippery tongue swiped up through the crack of her ass.

Selma's thumbs spread Marcy's ass-cheeks apart. Marcy tried to relax when she felt the warm breath on her completely exposed ass-hole. She succeeded until she felt the tip of Selma's tongue jab at her puckered ass-hole. She then tensed, her fingers grabbing at the wall until she slowly began to relax again as Selma's hot, wet tongue darted insistently.

Soon the stiffened tip of Selma's tongue was penetrating at least an inch into Marcy's tight, clinging ass-flesh. The sensation was incredibly wonderful. When Selma shoved a finger into Marcy's cunt, Marcy started the wild dash toward a climax.

Just when Marcy thought Selma was going to finger-fuck her to an orgasm while tongue-fucking her tingling ass-hole, Selma removed her finger and her tongue and swung Marcy around. Mashing her mouth against Marcy's palpitating cunt, Selma went directly to Marcy's stiffened clitoris with her tongue and lips.

Marcy grabbed the back of Selma's head, tugged, and ground her crotch against Selma's burrowing face. Marcy spasmed within thirty seconds under Selma's expert lapping and sucking.

While Selma was gulping down the released juices, at the same time using her hands and arms to keep Marcy from slipping to the floor, Marcy made up her mind to try the intimate oral act with Noreen at the first opportunity. After all, she thought, removing her hands from Selma's head and looking down into Selma's blazing blue eyes, since being fucked by two dogs she shouldn't have any qualms about lapping a cunt.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

"Thanks," Selma said, licking her wet lips.

"Thank you," Marcy said, pulling from Selma's embracing hands and arms. "Maybe some time I'll return the favor, but it will have to be after I give it a try with Noreen."

"I understand, darling, and I wouldn't want you to do anything you don't want to do. Besides, George and Walt will be eager for all kinds of action this evening and I think I can wait. I'll see you tomorrow night, honey."

Selma got to her feet. She patted one of Marcy's hips, then walked toward the shower-stall.

Marcy hurried from the bathroom and went upstairs without looking into the living room. She took the time to refresh herself at the wash basin in the bathroom before going to her room. She didn't like the sticky feeling caused by her juices and Selma's saliva and she also thought Noreen or Harold might pay her a visit.

She stretched out on the bed, still naked, and stared at the ceiling while thinking of the many exciting things that'd happened that day. She couldn't even estimate the number of blissful orgasms



she'd enjoyed.

She'd started out frigging herself that morning, then Harold had caused her to melt time after wonderful time. He'd carried her downstairs, impaled on his big cock, and she'd been licked and fucked by King. She'd spasmed while in the shower with Noreen, then had made it again while having her cunt lapped by her lovely aunt.

Sexy Selma had then tongued her twat, followed by a fast fuck by Fritz, and she'd just had her asshole tongued and her cunt and clit lapped and sucked all the way to an orgasm again.

She really had it made, Marcy thought, closing her eyes. There'd probably be more action with Noreen and Harold that evening, maybe even with King, and then the next evening she'd have a crack at George and Walt. Probably by then she'd return Selma's favor-if she'd already gone down on Noreen, of course-and she knew that she'd eventually give it a try with the horses.

Marcy turned over on her side. In the meantime, she'd take a nap and be fresh and ready for more of the exciting sexual adventures that life on the farm offered.

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It was almost dark outside when Marcy opened her eyes. She turned over on her back. Her first thought was that she hadn't meant to sleep so long. Then, remembering that she'd decided to try cunnilingus with Noreen, she sat up and swung from the bed, thinking there still might be time before Harold got home. Not that she'd really mind if her uncle watched.

Looking out the window, Marcy saw the pickup truck. Suddenly feeling hunger pangs, she wondered if Noreen and Harold had already eaten-and if they had, why she hadn't been called.

After answering nature's call, she washed her face and hands before returning to dress, deciding she'd better not give in to the impulse to go downstairs in the nude. It was possible that Noreen and Harold had company, and she'd better not get in the habit of going naked around the big house, anyway.

Marcy picked a light-weight summer dress, hesitated, then decided not to wear a bra and panties. It was fashionable to go braless and she'd read that many females didn't wear panties even in public.

Marcy was brushing her hair when Harold appeared in the doorway. She put the brush down, turned from the mirror, where she'd seen his reflection, and returned his smile.

"You look very nice," he said. "It's time to eat. I was up here earlier, but I hated to disturb you before Noreen had the food ready. She told me about your experiences with Selma and Fritz. She also told me about finally letting herself go with you. I hope you don't have any regrets."

"None at all," Marcy said. "Did you get the tractor fixed?"

"It just took a few adjustments," Harold said. "George is a little thick when it comes to anything mechanical. I met Walt, his younger brother. Noreen told me about the plans for tomorrow evening. And, before you ask, I didn't shoot my mouth off around George or Walt. I understand Selma was worried about that."

"She wants to tell her brother-in-law everything herself," Marcy said. "I guess Noreen has told you everything, though. Or did you see Selma?"

"I left before she got there," Harold said. "I think Noreen filled me in on everything. Including the fact that she didn't mention the horses to Selma. Are you hungry?"

"Starving," Marcy said. "You should be able to hear my stomach growling from there."

"You've had a lot of exercise today," Harold said, grinning. "We'd better go before Noreen starts yelling that the food's getting cold."

Marcy followed her handsome uncle downstairs and to the kitchen, knowing that Noreen didn't serve meals in the dining room unless there was company.

Marcy returned Noreen's smile and answered in the affirmative when asked if she'd had a good nap.

"After Selma left and I took a shower, I found that I was no longer sleepy," Noreen said. "I hope you like roast beef, honey."

"I do," Marcy said. "I like just about everything, really, and you should've called me to help. If I'm going to live here, and I want to very much, I'm going to do my share of the work."

"We'll try and find something to keep you from being idle," Harold said, chuckling. "Sit down, girls. Even if I am a farmer, I try to be a gentleman."

The three of them had been standing around the table. Marcy had been looking at Noreen's shapely body admiringly, liking the way the white shorts hugged the flaring hips and rounded thighs, the way the nipples were jutting against the skimpy white halter.

Noreen had also been looking Marcy over. Their eyes met briefly while they were sitting down and Marcy was sure that her gorgeous aunt knew what was on her mind.

Harold chuckled as he sat down, apparently having caught the quick, hot-eyed look Marcy and Noreen had exchanged, and said that eating food was also one of the most important things in life.

It was a delicious meal. They all ate hungrily, with Marcy and Harold both complimenting Noreen on her cooking.

Marcy got the pot and poured coffee after they'd finished eating. Partly to make conversation, and partly because she was interested, Marcy asked questions about the farm while they sipped the hot coffee.

Harold explained that Marcy had arrived at a time when there really wasn't much to do, aside from the general chores always necessary on a farm.

"We don't get involved with the hired hands when it is necessary to hire men," Noreen said, getting up from the table. "I don't, I should've said, as it wouldn't be fair to Harold. Besides, they'd probably blab, if only to brag, so if you're still here I also want you to keep away from them, Marcy."

"If things keep working out as they have today that won't be a problem," Marcy said, also pushing her chair back and standing. "I'll do the dishes."

"We'll both do them," Noreen said. "It'll be faster."

"Just so you gals don't try and ring me in on the household work," Harold said, standing. He winked at Marcy. "There's only one kind of exercise I'll do inside the house and it's necessary that I put a limit on that pleasant task."

Noreen slapped Harold on the ass. "Get your ass out of here before we decide to let you kill the entire evening watching television!"

Saying that maybe it'd be good for him to have a long rest, Harold ran a hand down over his wife's ass, winked at Marcy again, then left the kitchen.

It didn't take Marcy and Noreen very long to wash the dishes and clean the kitchen. Noreen told Marcy that Harold had already milked the cows and Marcy asked if they had to be milked twice a day.

"They give more milk that way," Noreen said. "Shall we join Harold and watch television for a while? It's a sad fact that even a hot-ass gal like me has to put a limit on the kind of exercise Harold mentioned."

"We have been going at it kind of hot and heavy," Marcy said. "I keep forgetting the difference in our ages, Noreen. Maybe you and Harold would like to rest until the party tomorrow night."

"I was just talking about watching television for a couple of hours, honey. Harold wouldn't even want to wait until tomorrow evening."

"Did Selma tell you what I said?" Marcy asked.

"Yes, and I already know you well enough not to argue. I just want you to understand that you will be taking a gamble, no matter how small. I know how much you enjoy a cock, but there is a chance that after performing cunnilingus you'll turn Lesbian instead of just becoming bisexual."

"There's another possibility," Marcy said. "I could be completely turned off to Lesbianism."

"Maybe that's what I'm afraid might happen," Noreen said, smiling, then turning and hurrying from the kitchen.

Marcy followed, not really interested in watching a television program. Noreen sat on a couch with Harold. Marcy flopped down in an easy chair, hoping her aunt and uncle would soon get bored watching the boob tube.

The next couple of hours passed pleasantly and swiftly. There was some chit-chat during the commercials, but nothing was mentioned about what Marcy knew was in the back of everybody's minds.

When the movie was over, ending on a happy note, Harold got up and snapped the color set off. Noreen stood up and looked at Marcy, her dark eyes serious.

"Now's the time to make a final decision, honey. We all know what will undoubtedly happen if you go to bed with us. I feel flattered because you didn't experiment with Selma first, of course, but since you are my sister's daughter I'm--"

"Let's don't make such a big deal out of eating pussy," Harold cut in. "Hell, if Marcy isn't upset mentally because of the things she has already done, tonguing your twat isn't going to foul her up. Right, Marcy?"

"Right," Marcy said, getting to her feet. "If I'm willing to accept full responsibility for everything I do, I see no reason for anybody to worry. After all, I've already been fucked by two different dogs without becoming mentally upset. I've also already probed your cunt with my finger, Noreen, so it

only seems logical for me to now settle my curiosity by probing with my tongue.”

Noreen turned and practically ran from the room.

Harold winked at Marcy and followed his wife. Marcy, her pulse quickening, followed right on Harold’s heels. She was finally going to perform the act she’d really wanted to try since Jill had gone down on her, she thought, feeling a strange choking sensation in her throat similar to the one she’d experienced the first time she’d sucked a cock.

Marcy whipped off her dress and was naked and on the king-sized bed before Noreen and Harold even started to get undressed. She watched with growing excitement as more and more male and female flesh was exposed, glad to see Harold’s thrusting erection, her eyes going to Noreen’s crotch when the dark bush was revealed.

But Marcy didn’t get a chance to go down on Noreen right away. Because as Harold and Noreen joined her on the bed, Noreen told her that if she really meant to experiment with cunnilingus she’d have to do so after she’d had some of the passion drained from her beautiful body.

Marcy didn’t mind the delay. Especially when she found out what Noreen and Harold meant to do. They started out by tonguing and sucking on her hard-nippled tits. They also ran their hands all over her flushed body and she was soon squirming heatedly.

Harold kissed Marcy first, while Noreen continued to lavish oral attentions upon Marcy’s throbbing, saliva-coated titties.

Marcy eagerly returned Harold’s passionate, tongue-probing kiss, at the same time lurching upward as a finger was inserted into her steaming cunt. She knew that the probing digit belonged to Noreen; and, if her hands and arms hadn’t been pinned down by the two naked bodies, she would’ve done some finger-fucking herself.

When Harold pulled his mouth and tongue from Marcy’s, and again began feasting upon her tingling titties, Noreen mashed her mouth against Marcy’s parted lips.

Marcy returned the feverish, tongue-probing kiss, liking the softness of the female lips, but fleetingly thinking that if she had to make a choice she’d pick a male to kiss.

Noreen pulled her finger from Marcy’s clinging pussy at the same time she broke the passionate kiss. She licked the spiked breast Harold wasn’t suckling, then kissed and tongued her way lower on Marcy’s flushed body.

Harold soon followed his wanton wife, slipping his hot tongue through the saliva Noreen’s hot tongue had left, jabbing the tip of his stiffened oral instrument into Marcy’s shallow navel seconds after Noreen had done so.

Noreen and Harold both began lapping and licking downward on Marcy’s trembling belly, their tongues often meeting and flicking together, and Marcy knew that she was getting what she’d heard called a tongue-bath. She squirmed her ass against the mattress and thrilled to the way the two tongues gave her pleasure.

They skirted around Marcy’s curly blonde pubic hairs, Harold going one way, Noreen the other. Marcy moved her legs helpfully as they licked her inner thighs. They went all the way down to Marcy’s lifted and parted knees, then kissed and tongued their way back up to her crotch.

Getting impatient, Marcy thrust upward demandingly.

Harold licked one of Marcy's cuntlips, while Noreen's tongue licked the other desire-moistened lip.

Harold and Noreen then mashed their mouths together in a passionate kiss. Marcy lowered her ass back down on the mattress.

The kiss only lasted a few seconds, though, and Marcy realized that Harold and Noreen hadn't meant to tease her. Harold pressed his mouth to Marcy's cunt first, slithering his tongue deep into the hot folds of clinging flesh, and she had just started hunching when he pulled his tongue out and his mouth went away.

But Noreen was right there with her softer lips, her equally hot and slippery tongue, probing deep into Marcy's palpitating pussy. Marcy knew that Harold and Noreen meant to take turns, and by the time they'd shifted around three or four times she was racing toward a climax.

Noreen was lapping and sucking when Marcy bucked and lurched through a spasmodic release. She lifted in time to let Harold get some of the secretions.

As soon as Harold pulled his head from between Marcy's thighs and got back out of the way, she turned over and mashed her mouth to Noreen's wet lips. With their tongues still lashing together, Marcy moved until she was straddling Noreen's lovely body.

Since some of the passion had been drained from her by the two greedy mouths, Marcy was able to keep herself under control at first. She went to Noreen's firm, taut-tipped breasts. She kissed and fondled and sucked the big spiked mounds, each in turn.

Marcy also enjoyed the way Noreen began squirming and moaning. Already she was beginning to experience the thrilling sense of power she always felt just before sucking a hard cock.

When Marcy did start down toward Noreen's cunt, she didn't spend much time kissing and licking Noreen's warm, sleek belly. She wasn't sure if it was just curiosity or a real desire that made her so eager to jab her tongue into Noreen's pussy. It was probably a combination of both, she thought fleetingly, as she found that she liked the delectable woman-smell emanating from her aunt's dark crotch.

She stared at the moist slit for a moment, then pressed her mouth to the gaping, glistening gash. It was almost like being able to kiss herself, her own hot pussy lips, and she thrilled to the little moan that drifted down from the lips above.

Probing her tongue into the hot folds of cuntflesh, Marcy found that she liked the taste as well as the sensation of actually having her tongue in the tight channel. She began lapping, knowing what to do because she'd had it done to her, and when Noreen made a little hunching movement, her erect clitoris was right there. She began lapping that slippery organ, slipping her hands under the rounded hips to the firm, sleek ass-cheeks, getting her lips in on the heated action.

Lapping and sucking the throbbing clit in the manner she liked to have her own lapped and sucked, clutching Noreen's wriggling ass with her fingers, Marcy found that she was enjoying herself very much. But she knew that a cunt could never take the place of a cock where she was concerned.

It wasn't long before Marcy sensed that Noreen was about to climax. Noreen wriggled her ass wildly and hunched against Marcy's greedy mouth and tongue. Marcy then felt Noreen's fingers entangling in her hair, digging into her scalp.

Suddenly Noreen tensed and it seemed to Marcy that the juices actually flowed, even though she knew a female's climax was nothing like a man's.

Marcy kept on lapping up and gulping down the tasty secretions until Noreen removed her clutching fingers and sagged limply.

Lifting up, Marcy met Noreen's passion-filmed eyes.

"You don't have to worry! Nor do I! I still prefer a cock to suck, but right now I'd rather have one shoved into my steaming snatch!"

"There just happens to be one handy," Harold said, chuckling. "Maybe you'd like for me to fuck you while you go down on Noreen again."

"There's no maybe about it," Marcy said, leaning over and licking up between Noreen's puffy pussy lips as Harold got behind her own uplifted buttocks.

She waited until Harold had eased his big hard cock into her already juicy cunt before shoving her tongue into Noreen's quivering pussy, then she tried to tongue-fuck Noreen in the same rhythm Harold pistoned his stiff prick in her own twitching twat.

It only took Harold about sixty seconds to fuck Marcy to a shuddering orgasm. While she was hunching and spasming, she lapped and sucked Noreen through another spasmodic climax. She gulped down the tangy secretions just as greedily as she had the first time, wishing that it was a spurting cock in her mouth instead of a vibrating clit.

"Let's shift around, Marcy. I could use a good fucking, and I know Harold didn't shoot his load."

Harold had thrust his hard cock deep into Marcy's quivering pussy and held it there. Marcy hoped to get his cream one way or another, but she knew how much Noreen did need a good fucking.

She lifted her head from between Noreen's thighs as Harold withdrew.

It didn't take long for them to make the shift. Marcy found it exciting to be able to look into Harold's passion-glazed eyes while he fucked Noreen and Noreen lapped her cunt. She asked how long he could last and he told her not to worry, that Noreen wouldn't mind if he saved his load.

Noreen soon hunched through an orgasm and at the same time lapped and sucked Marcy through another blissful climax. Marcy could tell that Harold hadn't ejaculated.

Lifting her head from between Marcy's thighs, Noreen said, "My horny husband's getting used to fucking you, honey. He'll probably be able to last a long, long time. I've known him to fuck for as long as an hour while working on his first ejaculation at some of the parties."

Harold pulled his stiff prick from his wife's cunt and stretched out on his back. "I've also been known to shoot off within five minutes after a party started. It depends upon many factors, really, and the same is true for all men. An important part of sex is the mental state a person happens to be in, of course. Why don't you two hot-ass beauties take turns sucking and riding? That way I can conserve my strength. One load is all I'm going to give, and if you still need more fucking you can go get King."

"I think we'd better save King's strength for the party tomorrow night," Noreen said, getting out from between Marcy's legs. "Go ahead and take a turn, Marcy. Suck and fuck both if you like."

Marcy liked the idea of doing both. She sucked Harold's thrusting cock for a couple of minutes, then squatted over him and speared his saliva-slippery prick into her cunt. The position was new to her, but she soon got the hang of it and bounced up and down until she spasmed.

When Marcy got off, she watched Noreen lick the cunt-juices from Harold's ramrod-stiff cock, then suck for a couple of minutes before getting in the squatting position and bouncing through an orgasm.

Harold's cock was still hard when Noreen dismounted. Marcy licked Noreen's secretions from the stiff shaft, then began sucking, concentrating upon the swollen glans. She tried for a spurting reward, but finally stopped when her jaws started to get tired.

Noreen took another turn sucking, also concentrating on the blood-engorged cockhead. She finally stopped cocksucking and said that since it was getting late-maybe he'd better finish off in her asshole.

"That will make a cock explode when nothing else will," Noreen told Marcy. "Would you like to give it a try?"

"I don't think so," Marcy said. "No. I'm afraid it'd hurt too much and I'm not a masochist."

"Neither am I," Noreen said. "I'm not trying to talk you in to doing anything, honey. I just thought I'd make the offer. After all, you have been eager to try just about everything else."

"I haven't tried a horse cock," Marcy said. "And I have doubts about that, too."

"I think I can make it after two or three minutes of ordinary fucking," Harold said.

"Fuck Marcy and then I'll show her something else she might not want to try," Noreen said.

Marcy was curious. She got on her back as Harold mounted her in the missionary position. Snuggling in between her legs, he let her do the guiding. When she had the stiff organ on target and had removed her hand, he eased his hard cock into her welcoming cunt in his usual gentle manner.

Balls deep, Marcy began snapping at his throbbing cock with her inner cunt muscles. After a few seconds he began his thrusts. Marcy knew that Noreen also wanted to observe her passion-contorted features while she was making it.

After about two minutes Marcy did make it, digging her heels into the mattress and fucking wildly as Harold fucked her fast and furiously. She didn't try to keep the pleasure from registering on her face and she let the moans spill freely from her lips.

Harold's cock jerked and jolted and spurted hot jism into Marcy's spasming cunt and his groans mingled with her moans. Noreen scooted down on the bed and was waiting when Harold pulled his limber cock from Marcy's flooded cunt.

Marcy's curiosity was soon settled. Because Noreen only took time to clean Harold's soft, wet prick with her mouth and tongue before mashing her mouth to Marcy's cum-filled pussy.

"My hot-ass wife doesn't like to see anything go to waste," Harold said, grinning.

Marcy didn't say anything as she hunched along with Noreen's greediness, but she decided that lapping jism from a cunt was something she had no wish to try.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

The next day Marcy and Noreen worked most of the morning cleaning the house in preparation for the party that evening. Harold went after a load of fence posts.

Harold returned just before noon, and Marcy went out and helped him unload the pickup truck while Noreen fixed a light lunch. After eating, and while Marcy and Noreen were washing the dishes, Noreen said that maybe they should all rest that afternoon. Harold, still sitting at the table, said that he had a better idea.

Hoping Harold meant that they should have a sex session, Marcy asked her uncle what he meant.

"I'm sure that I can guess," Noreen said.

"I won't make you guess," Harold said. "I'd like to see you do your thing with the horses, honey. Would you like to go to the barn with us, Marcy?"

"I couldn't possibly turn down such an exciting invitation," Marcy said.

"We might even bring up the subject tonight," Noreen said. "Enough to get a reaction, anyway. I imagine Selma has told her young brother-in-law about the dogs by now."

As they left the house, Marcy walked close to King and patted the big dog's head while letting him sniff her crotch.

Harold laughed and Noreen smiled and commented on how much Marcy had changed in such a short time.

"I haven't really changed," Marcy said. "I'm now just as I always would've been if I'd had the chance."

"You've added a special spice to our lives, Marcy, and we're happy to have you with us."

Marcy thanked Harold for his kind words and he patted her on the ass as they moved on toward the barn. She was very happy, and she was becoming more determined to remain on the farm.

Harold and Noreen had decided the night before, after Noreen had done her thing with Marcy's flooded cunt, that Marcy should sleep in her own bed. Marcy had agreed with the decision, knowing that there wouldn't be much chance for sleep and rest with the three of them in the same bed.

Peter and Paul were in the nearby pasture. Harold got a few lumps of sugar and whistled. The two stallions came at a gallop. While they were getting their treat, it was easy to entice them into the barn.

Marcy stood by and watched as Harold put a bridle on Paul and Noreen put one on Peter. After they'd led the horses into the two stalls and fastened the reins so the animals couldn't lift their heads, Noreen put some corn in the trough for Peter and called out for Harold to do the same for Paul.

Noreen went over to a faucet. While she was drawing a bucket of water, Harold asked which horse she wanted a bale of hay under. She told him to wait until she'd washed Peter's cock so the hay wouldn't get wet.



Marcy watched as Noreen took a cloth from a hook on the wall and put it in the bucket of water.

Noreen placed the bucket under Peter, then started fondling his big balls. She stroked and squeezed the sheath protecting his soft cock. It didn't take long for the huge horse cock to start creeping into an erection. After about five inches had extended out, Noreen ducked down, got the wet cloth from the bucket of water, and began washing the natural lubricant from the stiffening horse prick.

Soon the giant cock was completely exposed, thrusting stiffly, and washed clean along its entire length. Noreen dropped the cloth back into the bucket and pushed the bucket aside. She slowly stroked the long, glistening prick with both hands for a few seconds before stepping back and telling Harold she was ready for the bale of hay.

Harold had been staring, the same as Marcy, and shortly after hearing his wife's words, he laughed nervously. "I can easily see why Marcy doesn't want to take on that big whanger!"

"It isn't as if I can or even want to take all of the long prick up my snatch," Noreen said, motioning for Harold to push the bale of hay into place, then taking the blanket from a hook on a wall. "I can easily control the depth of the penetration, as Marcy has already seen."

"I don't have any doubts about your ability to keep everything under control, honey. I just said that I can understand why Marcy doesn't want to give it a try. Besides, I'd rather she wouldn't. She might hurt herself, and then we'd both be up shit creek."

Harold had been pushing the bale of hay into place. He took the blanket from Noreen's hand and she started getting undressed. It didn't take long. She'd been wearing a dress, bra, and panties. Naked, except for sandals on her feet, she looked at Marcy and smiled.

"Just the smell of the barn has always made me feel sexy. Does the odor have any effect on you?"

"It will from now on," Marcy said, looking at

Noreen's lovely nakedness. She looked at the bulge in the front of her uncle's pants. "How about you, Harold? Is it the smell of the barn or the horse's hard cock that has you aroused?"

"I don't have any homosexual tendencies, if that's what you mean, Marcy. Just because I get a hard-on when I see a hard cock on an animal or on a man doesn't mean that I'm personally interested in the cock as such. It's just that anything having to do with sex is exciting to me. Plus, of course, the fact that I enjoy seeing my wife being as happy as possible in a sexual way."

"While the talk goes on about hard cocks and sexual happiness, Peter's losing his erection," Noreen said, laughing low in her throat. "I know I started the talking, but I'm ready for the action if you two darlings are ready to watch."

Marcy's arousal wasn't as obvious as Harold's, but she could already feel her panty-crotch getting damp. She was wearing jeans and a sweater over a restraining bra. She'd discovered that going without a support for her breasts for a long period of time tended to make her tits ache. Because of their weight, she guessed-and she was also afraid that if she let them swing free all the time it might cause her big tits to droop.

By the time Noreen had positioned herself on the bale of hay and caressed the horse's cock with her fingers for a few seconds, the huge organ appeared totally erect again. Having seen the insertion before, Marcy kept glancing at Harold as Noreen wriggled her ass around while getting the giant horse cock lined up with her gaping pussy.

Harold was apparently fascinated by the sight. He told Noreen to take it easy as she thrust upward and the big cockhead and about four inches of the shaft disappeared between her clinging pussy lips. She didn't answer. She held onto the stiff cock with both hands and began hunching up and down on about the same length of hard flesh and muscle that she'd first engulfed.

Watching, her own excitement soaring, Marcy decided that she'd give it a try. There was no doubt about the thrilling pleasure Noreen was experiencing and she could tell that Harold was getting a big bang out of watching. Marcy decided that her uncle probably got the same kind of kick out of watching his wanton wife being fucked by another man.

"I'm just about there!" Noreen suddenly blurted. "So is Peter!"

Noreen bucked and lurched wildly, taking at least two more inches of the stiff shaft she was gripping with both hands. Harold told her to take it easy, but Marcy doubted that Noreen even heard him. Her pretty face was contorted, her eyes were closed, and Marcy realized that Noreen was enjoying herself even more because there were witnesses.

The only way Marcy could tell when the horse's cock exploded was by the way the jism practically gushed out around Noreen's clinging cuntlips.

Noreen slowed down, then stopped all movement as the stallion's cock slowly went limber and started retracting into its sheath.

Noreen opened her eyes and looked at the front of Harold's pants. "I see that watching me swinging on the end of a horse cock didn't turn you off, honey. Do you want me to give you a blow-job?"

Before Marcy could speak up and say that she would suck Harold's cock, or let him fuck her, he said that he didn't want to compete with a stallion, then added that he'd rather wait until they returned to the house before he had any kind of sex.

Cupping her crotch with one hand, Noreen swung off the bale of hay and hurried over to the water faucet. Squatting, she turned the water on and managed to do a good job of cleaning the horse semen from her crotch and cunt.

"That should do until I get to the house and take a bath," Noreen said, getting to her feet. "Unless you two voyeurs want me to fuck myself on Paul's big prick."

"He might feel cheated if you don't," Harold said. "I doubt it, though. Not if he remains as calm as Peter did. Peter didn't move much when he was getting his gun, did he?"

"He couldn't move much with his head tied down," Noreen said. "I suppose he would prefer fucking a mare to a spurting finish, anyway."

Marcy whipped her sweater off over her head, then quickly freed her breasts. "I'll give it a try with Paul," she said. "It's either that or using my finger right here. I don't think I can wait until we get back to the house."

Marcy kicked out of her sandals and peeled her jeans and panties down and off. She straightened and met Harold's eyes. He told her that if she was that hot he'd fuck her right there.

"Or I'll go down on you," he added, moving toward her, then stopping when she raised a hand.

"I want to take on Paul," she said, dropping her hand. "I've made up my mind and I'd appreciate

some help.”

Harold and Noreen didn't argue. Marcy was sure that they were pleased with her decision.

Noreen got another bucket of water and Harold pushed a bale of hay into Paul's stall. Marcy put her hands on the stallion's heavy sac and was fascinated by the way the big balls slipped around under her squeezing fingers. She was careful not to cause pain, though-as she would've been with a boy or a man-and used one hand to stroke the sheath until the long cock was all the way out and thrusting stiffly. It seemed to be the same size as Peter's cock.

Marcy was glad when Noreen washed the natural lubricant from the extended organ. She enjoyed the sensation of running her fingers over the clean hard and smooth cock, though, and was suddenly eager to feel a portion of the huge tool in her steaming twat.

Harold pushed the bale of hay into place and Noreen got the blanket and spread it over the makeshift bed. Marcy got into place under the horse and his poking prick. She gripped the hot, stiff shaft with both hands about six inches above the swollen cockhead. Remembering how Noreen had wriggled her ass while working the crown in between her pussy lips, Marcy did the same.

“That's the way,” Noreen said after the big cockhead was embedded in Marcy's quivering cunt. “Just start hunching and control the depth of the penetration by stopping your upward movements when your cuntlips hit your lower hand. Then, if you want to take more cock, just slip your hands higher on the shaft.”

Marcy was getting used to having the swollen glans in her tingling, twitching cunt.

“I feel so stuffed,” she said, meeting Noreen's gleaming eyes. “I just needed a little time to get adjusted.”

“I know, honey. That's the way. Slow and easy at first.”

Marcy had started making little thrusts. The cockhead had already been in contact with her unhooded clitoris. The sensation was delightful as her movements created friction between her erect clit and the swollen cockhead. She began hunching a little faster and taking a little more of the rigid shaft into her already juicy twat.

It didn't take very much hunching on the big hard cock to make Marcy spasm. She moaned with pleasure, getting a special kick out of the fact that she was being watched while she was caught up in the throes of a blissful orgasm.

The horse's cock didn't ejaculate. When Marcy stopped hunching, the big cockhead was still buried in her succulent cunt. She asked Noreen if she'd like to take a turn.

Noreen stepped closer, began stroking the shaft above Marcy's gripping fingers, and said that she wanted Marcy to experience the explosion.

Harold chuckled and told Marcy that she was offering to miss what was probably the best part. Marcy started hunching again, glad that her offer hadn't been accepted. She slipped her hands higher on the stiff and smooth horse cock, taking an inch or so more, snapping with her inner muscles now and then, wanting to feel the sperm spew when she climaxed a second time.

Noreen kept on stimulating the upper section of the long shaft of hard flesh and muscle with her fingers, her eyes on Marcy's face.

Harold stepped closer and began fondling Marcy's throbbing titties, his eyes flicking back and forth from her face to the horse cock and her hunching, wriggling ass.

"Get ready, honey! I can feel the throbbing with my fingers!"

Marcy had already felt the throbbing within her clutching cunt. She moaned as the big horse cock suddenly jerked and shot out gob after gob of hot jism into her palpitating pussy. Then she cried out as the bubble burst and she melted into an orgasm so intense it left her breathless and sagging weakly.

The horse's cock started to soften and withdraw into its protective covering, leaving Marcy's cunt flooded. Jism dribbled on her inner thighs and ran down through the crack of her ass.

Noreen let go of the retreating organ at the same time Marcy did and said that Paul had shot a bigger load than Peter had. Harold had already stopped fondling Marcy's breasts and stepped back.

"Now there's something else I want to try," Marcy said, looking at the way Harold's hard cock was still poking his pants out. "Selma mentioned enjoying a double fuck and I think I'd better get my ass fucked before I attempt to take on two cocks at the same time."

"Maybe you had better just take on two cocks in another way," Noreen said. "There is some pain involved in corn-holing and I know you'll enjoy fucking and sucking at the same time."

"I want to try that at the party this evening, of course, but I want to find out now if I like taking it up the ass. I'll know whether to refuse if George or Walt want to corn-hole me, I mean. You do want to make it with me like that, don't you, Harold?"

"Not while you have horse jism smeared all over your crotch," Harold said. "In fact, let's go to the house where you can take a bath or hot shower. Don't worry. Even if I lose my hard-on I'll get another erection when it's time."

"Harold doesn't even like to wet-deck after a pussy has been filled with a man's cream," Noreen said. She laughed, then added, "And you might be surprised to hear that even I don't have a desire to taste any kind of animal cum."

"I think I'm glad to hear that," Marcy said, cupping her crotch with one hand and swinging from the bale of hay. She hurried over to the water faucet.

Squatting, splashing the cold water on her crotch and thighs first, Marcy managed to do a fairly good job of cleaning her twat with her fingers. She could understand why Harold and Noreen wanted her to take a hot bath or shower, though-and she was anxious to use soap and hot water.

When Marcy got to her feet and turned, she saw that Noreen had slipped her dress on and was holding her panties and bra in one hand and the blanket in her other hand.

"There's no need to put on your jeans, honey. Just wrap the blanket around you to hide your lovely nakedness in case somebody might pass by. We need to take the blanket to the house to be washed, anyway."

"I'll carry your clothes," Harold said.

Taking the blanket, Marcy draped it over her shoulders, clutched it together in front, then walked over and slipped her feet into her sandals while Harold was gathering up her clothes.

Harold said that he would let the horses out of the bam later.

On the way to the house, Marcy saw that King was straining at the end of his chain. She impulsively walked up close and parted the blanket. The great dane's hot tongue lapped up through her damp gash and on up through her wet pubic hairs.

"You shouldn't tease King," Noreen said. "He's getting a hard-on and we were going to let him save his energy in case he's needed tonight."

King kept on lapping, his tongue dipping in between her pussy lips, and Marcy saw no reason why she shouldn't let him fuck her.

"I'm not teasing him," Marcy said. "I'm willing to give him a quick piece of ass, and he has plenty of time to be in good shape for the party."

"I thought you were in a hurry to get cleaned up so I could corn-hole you," Harold said.

"I am, but it'll only take about two minutes for King to get his gun, you know, and then another couple of minutes for him to eat his stuff."

"You want to let King fuck you right here?" Noreen asked.

"Sure," Marcy said. "You and Harold can hold up the blanket to block the view from the road and I'll just drop to my hands and knees on the grass."

Marcy patted the big dog on the head and stepped back where his lapping tongue couldn't reach her cunt or crotch. "Sit, King. Back up and park your ass on the grass so I can get in position. See? He didn't obey me."

"He isn't used to your voice," Harold said. "Down, King. Back off, boy. Sit."

The big dog immediately obeyed. Marcy looked at the long red cock sticking out and glistening in the sun, and she realized that she'd have to do the guiding for the first time.

She soon found that she wasn't repulsed by touching the slippery cock with her fingers, though. On her hands and knees, with Harold and Noreen holding the blanket as a screen to hide the action, she put a hand back between her legs when Harold told King it was okay to mount her.

She managed to steer the hot and wet cock into her hot and welcoming cunt during the third or fourth jab. The great dane started out humping at his usual fast pace and she hunched back to get his stiff, knotted prick deep into her pussy.

Thrilling to the swiftly pistoning prick, knowing that it would be spurting in a very short time, she didn't concentrate upon trying to have an orgasm.

She was learning that it wasn't necessary to reach a climax each and every time she was fucked or lapped to keep from feeling frustrated. She'd been having so much sex she was really experiencing for the first time the joy of fucking without straining and going for the few blissful moments of release.

Marcy enjoyed the sensation of feeling the cock jerking and spurting hot jism into her clinging cunt even if she didn't mingle her own juices. When King stopped humping, she moved out from under him by walking on her hands and knees even though he hadn't, lost his erection.

Remaining in that position while the dog's tongue did a fairly good job of cleaning her cunt, and feeling the long and slippery oral instrument making contact with her sensitive ass-hole, Marcy was suddenly a little apprehensive about her decision. But she was still determined to give corn-holing a whirl with Harold, as she wanted to try and be as uninhibited as the older females at the party tonight.

When Marcy got to her feet, Noreen said that she might as well take a turn with King, as she hated to leave him with a hard-on.

Harold winked at Marcy and said that was as good a reason as any.-

Holding onto the blanket while King humped Noreen to a spurting finish, Marcy was glad to see that Harold hadn't lost his hard-on. She enjoyed fucking with dogs, and wanted to swing on a portion of a big horse cock again and again, but she still preferred a man's cock. She liked kissing and love-play with her fucking and she felt that bestiality was little more than a form of masturbation.

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CHAPTER NINE

Marcy took a shower while Noreen took a bath in the tub. Noreen told Marcy that she meant to take a nap that afternoon, so as to be in good shape for the party, then she advised Marcy to take a hot bath after the experiment with Harold.

"Aren't you going to join us?" Marcy asked, after stepping from the stall and giving herself a brisk rubdown with a towel.

Noreen was still in the tub. She didn't look at Marcy. "There are times when it's better not to have a third person present, honey, and I think this is one of those times. I'll take my nap in another bedroom or on a couch in the living room. You'd better take a towel with you."

"That makes sense," Marcy said. She laughed nervously, then added, "Will Harold stop at any time if I tell him to?"

Noreen looked at Marcy for the first time, her eyes and expression serious. "Yes, he will. My passionate husband is also a compassionate man."

"I know it," Marcy said. "I'm just talking because I'm nervous, I guess."

"You don't have to go through with it," Noreen said. "Harold would understand. In fact, he's really not much of an ass-man. Not like some men I've known, anyway. I like to be fucked in that manner now and then, but I happen to be tight back there.

Maybe you'd better wait until some other time. It'd be a shame if you happen to be too tender and it ruins your fun at the party tonight."

"I guess I'll just have to take that gamble," Marcy said. "I'd rather find out if I can take it now than wait and experiment for the first time with a lot of people around. Isn't that what you'd do if you were in my place?"

"Yes," Noreen said, smiling.

Marcy managed a weak answering smile, then hurried from the bathroom.

Harold was naked and on the bed in the master bedroom. He was on his back, his eyes closed, his cock soft.

She walked up to the bed and made a production out of clearing her throat while tossing the towel over his feet.

Harold opened his eyes and grinned. "You haven't changed your mind, honey?"

"Not yet," Marcy said. "I might after you get a hard-on and actually have part of your cock in my ass."

"All you have to do is give me the word and I'll stop at any time, Marcy. Noreen has told me that it feels good, but I know damned well-I wouldn't want a cock rammed up my ass even if I wanted to take a chance on turning queer. Sure, I enjoy having a tongue jabbed back there, and even a slippery finger at certain times, but even if it wasn't a queer act and I could force myself to get that close to another man, just the thought would turn me off. Have I made any sense at all?"

"You seem to be trying to tell me that I'm nuts for experimenting with ass-fucking," Mary said. "You forget that most people would call me nuts for experimenting with dogs and horses."

"I don't think you're nuts for doing what you want to do where sex is concerned," Harold said. "I was just telling you how I feel. Actually, honey, I think we're both stalling for almost the same reason. I'm afraid of hurting you and you're afraid of being hurt."

Realizing that Harold was right, Marcy climbed onto the bed without another word. Harold's cock had started to lift, seemingly because of her nakedness and maybe because of thoughts of ass-fucking her, and it didn't take very long for her to get his big prick thrusting stiffly.

She only sucked for a few seconds after getting his cock rock-hard, though. She was sure that he'd only want to ejaculate once and she didn't want to postpone the experiment until another time.

"I'm ready, Harold. Unless you want to shoot off twice, of course."

Harold sat upright, put his arms around Marcy, then mashed his mouth to hers. She returned his passionate kiss while holding onto his prick with one hand. He soon pulled his mouth away and told her to get on her hands and knees.

Marcy told herself that she was going to take all of his cock into her rectum no matter how badly it hurt. She could at least do once what Noreen and Selma did often, and there had to be a certain amount of pleasure involved or so many females wouldn't willingly allow themselves to be ass-fucked.

Harold got behind Marcy and caressed her ass-cheeks with his hands. He told her that it was also possible to have anal intercourse with her on her back with her legs lifted at the right angle, but that dog-fashion was the usual position.

She figured that he was talking mostly just to help her relax. Because she was tense and even more nervous than she'd been when she'd lost her real cherry.

He began kissing and licking her ass, and when she felt his warm breath in the crack of her ass, she knew that if she'd never had her sensitive ass-hole tongued she wouldn't be waiting to have a hard cock shoved up that tight hole.

The tonguing had felt damned good and it seemed logical to assume that being fucked there would feel at least as good. If not, she could always call a halt and-

"I'm going to shove my prick in your sweet pussy first, Marcy. Your juices will make it wet and slippery enough to make the penetration easier. If not, if it isn't slippery enough, I'll get some K-Y jelly or Vaseline to use as a lubricant."

Harold shoved his stiff cock into Marcy's succulent cunt. He let the big organ soak for a few seconds, then made a couple of slow in-and-out thrusts before withdrawing and placing the wet cockhead against her ass-hole.

"You're going to have to relax, Marcy. It'll be better if you'll lean over on your elbows or forearms. The angle will be better."

Marcy leaned over and placed a cheek against the mattress. She'd been trying to relax since feeling the blunt cockhead being pressed against her ass-hole. She told Harold that she was as ready as she'd ever be and tried to relax physically while bracing herself mentally.

Harold's hands were on Marcy's hips. He tugged with his fingers as he pushed his cockhead against her ass-hole. She felt the tight elastic ring stretching. There wasn't any pain, and for a moment she thought she'd been needlessly worried.

Then, as the blood-engorged cockhead popped past the tight ring, she gasped as sharp pains darted in all directions from her plugged ass-hole. But Harold didn't push his cock any deeper, and the pain passed, leaving only a slight feeling of discomfort.

"Just tell me if you want me to stop, Marcy."

"I'm all right," she said. "Just take it easy and give me a chance to relax a little more. Surprisingly enough, it's feeling kind of good already."

"I'm afraid there's going to be some more pain before the pleasure starts," Harold said, leaving only his cockhead embedded in Marcy's clinging ass-flesh and keeping a firm grip on her hips with his fingers. "Tell me when you want me to start pushing in."

"Now," Marcy said, forcing her ass muscles to relax as she clutched at the mattress with her fingers.

There really wasn't much pain for Marcy as Harold's big hard cock slowly plowed into the tight tunnel. There was a dull ache, though, that made her fleetingly wonder if there'd be enough pleasure later to make the discomfort worthwhile.

By the time Harold's entire prick was buried in her rectum, and his balls were nestling against her cuntlips, Marcy had already felt a strange kind of pleasure rapidly replacing the dull ache.

"Are you okay, Marcy?"

"Yes," Marcy said. "It's feeling better all the time. I can feel your cock throbbing even more than when it was in my twat. I can already tell that it was worth the pain and discomfort involved. You can start fucking me at any time."

"In case you don't know, Marcy, I've been fighting for control since I first pushed the head in. The terrific heat and tightness of your ass is the reason, of course. Are you in any pain?"

"On the contrary," Marcy said. "There's a wonderful warm glow spreading throughout my entire body!"

Saying that he'd try and last long enough to give her a good ass-fucking, Harold slowly pulled his throbbing cock out of her clinging ass-flesh until only the swollen glans was still lodged inside the tight elastic ring. Then, as he slowly shoved his stiff shaft in balls deep again, the delightful sensation caused Marcy to moan with pleasure.

"That feels great, Harold! Wonderful!"

"It also feels damned good to me," Harold said, slowly pulling almost out, then shoving back in again. "I think I have myself under control now, Marcy. I'm going to start fucking faster and when I get close to a climax I'll reach under and frig your cunt. That's the way I do when I'm ass-fucking Noreen and the other women."

Harold had left his pulsating prick buried to the hilt while speaking. Before Marcy had a chance to tell him to stop talking and start fucking, he started fucking fast.

She wriggled her ass and hunched along with the steady strokes, enjoying the thrilling sensation to the utmost, thinking that she might even be able to climax without Harold frigging her cunt.

When she felt Harold's fingers grip her hips more tightly, Marcy knew that he was nearing the point of no return. She clamped down on his pumping cock with her inner ass muscles and heard him groan.

He made a few more fast in-and-out thrusts, then tensed, shoved in deep, his big balls pressed tightly against her quivering pussy lips.

Just, as Marcy felt Harold's big cock jerk spasmodically in her clinging, clutching ass-hole and spurt hot jism in her churning bowels, he snaked a hand under and slipped a finger into her steaming cunt. She started spasming even before his digit made contact with her elongated clitoris.

She hunched and wriggled wildly, moaning and whimpering as she clamped down on his gushing prick, thrilling to the shuddering orgasms before finally simmering down and slowly stopping all movement.

Harold had flaked out over her buttocks, back, and shoulders, his breathing loud in her ear, his cock slowly softening in her flooded, twitching ass-hole. Her first thought after coming back to earth was that the wondrous pleasure had really made up for the slight pain, then she hoped her ass-hole wouldn't be sore from the rough fucking she'd received.

Harold lifted his upper body without withdrawing his limber cock, then said, "I hope I didn't get too rough, Marcy. Your wild movements might've caused some damage. I did try and take it easy, you know."

"I know," Marcy said, lifting her hard-nippled tits from the mattress. "I'll go soak in hot water, as Noreen advised, and maybe I'll be okay. I won't hold you responsible, no matter what, and so far I'm not sorry I got my ass fucked."

Marcy felt Harold withdrawing his limp cock and using the towel. When he jammed the towel between her legs, she grabbed it with one hand and managed to get off the bed while holding it in place.

"I'll use the upstairs bathroom," Marcy said.

Harold grinned and asked if she was afraid he'd get another hard-on. She said she wasn't all that pooped and would be ready for another session as soon as they cleaned themselves. He said he'd just been kidding and wanted to take a nap after showering.

Smiling and saying that she'd also been kidding, Marcy waved her free hand and left the bedroom. "Upstairs, she sat in the bathtub for at least thirty minutes, adding hot water now and then, and using a bar of medicated soap she'd found in the medicine cabinet.

She didn't feel any soreness and she began hoping she'd be fortunate enough not to feel any later. The hot water made her drowsy.

She went to her room while still drying, then flopped down on the bed. She went to sleep within a few minutes, looking forward to the fun and pleasure she expected to enjoy that evening.

* * * *

Noreen woke Marcy up just as it was beginning to get dark. Noreen remained in the doorway as Marcy sat up and swung her feet to the carpet.

"It's time to eat a bite, honey. You have time to get dressed. It might seem silly to get all dolled up just to strip later, but that's the usual practice. How do you feel?"

Marcy squirmed her ass against the mattress and was pleased to find there wasn't any soreness.

"Just fine," she said. "I guess Harold has told you how much I enjoyed myself and now the experiment seems to have been a complete success. You look very nice, Noreen."

"Thank you, Marcy. We'll be ready to eat in about fifteen minutes. Put on a dress and wear heels without nylons or pantyhose."

Marcy got to her feet as Noreen left. She went to the bathroom and washed her face and brushed her teeth only after she'd checked and made sure there wasn't any soreness in her ass-hole.

Back in her room, she put on clean panties and a bra, then brushed her hair. She dabbed perfume here and there, careful not to use too much, then picked a light summer dress. After slipping her feet into high heels, she was dressed the same as her lovely aunt.

Noreen and Harold were already in the kitchen. They both told Marcy how nice she looked. She thanked them, then put on an apron as Noreen had done.

Harold looked very handsome in slacks and a sport shirt. She told him so while the three of them were sitting down at the table.

"This is turning into a mutual-admiration society," Harold said, grinning.

Noreen had prepared her usual good meal, with fried chicken as the main item.

Later, after clearing the table and washing the dishes, Marcy and Noreen joined Harold in the living room. He had the television set on and was watching a newscast.

Noreen told Marcy that she'd placed towels under various seat cushions as there was usually action at the parties before going to a bedroom-if anybody ever made it to a bed.

"We'd better not even mention King until we find out if Selma has told her young brother-in-law," Noreen said, sitting beside Harold on the couch. "I'll try and get Selma aside and tell her about Peter and Paul, then leave it up to her to tell George and Walt. If she wants to, of course. I hear their car now."

Marcy had also heard a car drive up.

Harold got to his feet, went over and snapped the television set off, then walked to the front door. Marcy had perched her ass on the arm of an easy chair. She slipped down onto the seat and tugged the hem of her dress down as close to her knees as she could. There was still a great deal of her-thighs exposed. She didn't really care. She just felt that she should act lady-like even if she did know that nakedness would soon be the general rule.

Selma made the introductions shortly after Harold had opened the door and she'd entered with George and Walt.

Marcy smiled and acknowledged the greetings, losing most of her nervousness as she realized that the two males were also nervous because of meeting her.

Marcy agreed with Selma's previous description about Walt-only he was a little better looking than George because of being so much younger. She liked them both right away, and she also started looking forward to making it all the way with Selma.

Noticing that George couldn't seem to keep his eyes off her, and that Walt spent just as much time looking Noreen over as he did her, Marcy could understand the reason. George probably hadn't had a chance with a teen-ager in a long time-and Walt probably hadn't had many chances to make it with an older woman.

Thinking of the action that should get started before too much time had passed, and picturing in her mind the threesome scene Selma had told about with George and Walt, Marcy wondered if she should break the silence that seemed to be going on and on.

Selma and George were sitting on the couch with Noreen and Harold, while Walt had picked a straight-back chair near the door. He had his legs crossed and Marcy hoped that he was hiding a hard-on. He was dressed neatly in slacks and a sport shirt, as was George, and Selma was wearing a pretty dress and high heels, her lovely legs bare.

Marcy could tell that Harold's cock was soft under his slacks, but it looked as if George's prick was about half hard. The way his eyes kept going to her bare legs and lower thighs caused Marcy to figure the man had already mentally fucked her-and she wished the action would get started, even if she did know that not much time had really passed.

"This seems to be one of those rare times when I don't know the best way to get the party going," Noreen finally said. "I suppose it has something to do with the fact that Marcy and Walt are so young. Have you ever been to a swinging party, Walt? Other than making the threesome scene Selma has already told us about?"

"No, I haven't," Walt said. "I'd had plenty of sexual experiences before coming to visit George and Selma, but it only involved couples. Me with one girl at a time, I mean. I understand that your experiences had also been limited to that kind of sex, Marcy."

"That's right," Marcy said. "With minor exceptions. I had watched a boy fucking a girl and later the girl went down on me at her home. I never did get enough fucking, though. I didn't have dates often

enough to do so, I mean.”

“I guess you did what I had to do,” Walt said, smiling and meeting Marcy’s eyes.

“You’re right if you’re referring to masturbation,” Marcy said. “I used to keep my fingers busy before and after a date.”

There was a short silence, then George laughed and said, “Let’s stop talking about the past and start doing something about the present! I don’t think anybody here is interested in masturbating at the moment!”

Harold also laughed, then looked at Marcy and said, “You’re the youngest, honey, so I think you should suggest a way to start the action we all want.”

“That’s a good idea,” Selma said. “What do you suggest, Marcy?”

“Since Walt and I are younger, as well as this being our first swinging party, why don’t the four of you pretend that we aren’t here and do what you’d usually do at a swapping get-together? We’ll just watch at first.”

“Let’s do as the darling says,” Noreen said, kicking off her heels and getting to her feet. “We have no set routine now, Marcy, but we can show you how it started the first time the four of us swung.”

Selma also kicked off her heels and stood up. She and Noreen quickly stripped themselves naked, tossing their clothes in all directions, and Marcy figured that was the way they’d behaved the first time while in the heat of passion.

Not that the two women weren’t passionate at the moment, Marcy thought, glancing at Walt and seeing that the young fellow was staring at Noreen’s body with hot, greedy eyes. It couldn’t possibly be the way it had been with the foursome the first time, though. A first in anything was always very special.

Noreen moved in between George’s legs; Selma also stepped close to Harold as he remained seated. George began caressing Noreen’s ass with his fingers while kissing around her belly, and Harold did the same to Selma’s naked body.

When George began delving his tongue into Noreen’s cunt, Harold did the same to Selma’s pussy.

Marcy felt desire stirring within her own body and saw that Walt had uncrossed his legs. The big bulge in the front of his slacks was evidence of his arousal, and Marcy had to fight the urge to go drop to her knees before him as Noreen dropped down in front of George and Selma got down on her knees before Harold.

The two naked women pulled the two zippers down and fished out the two hard cocks. Both female tongues licked up along the underside of a stiff shaft, then the two mouths opened wide, each engulfing a swollen cockhead.

Watching the cocksucking, the two bobbing heads, Marcy scooted her own ass out closer to the edge of the seat cushion. A quick glance told her that Walt had eyes only for the heated oral action and she wondered if she should tell him that it was kind of silly for them to just be watching.

But there was no need to be in a great hurry. There were three hard cocks to have and to enjoy a little later, as well as a couple of cunts, and there were also three animal pricks in case they were

needed to satisfy the three cunts. Not that she'd be the first to mention King or the two stallions, Marcy told herself, watching as Noreen and Selma suddenly stopped sucking and pulled away from the saliva-coated cocks, then began removing the men's shoes and socks.

Noreen and Selma got down on their backs on the thick carpet, their legs parted invitingly, while Harold and George stood up and quickly shucked out of their clothes.

Naked, their glistening cocks thrusting stiffly, the two men dropped to their knees, but they didn't start fucking right away.

George mashed his mouth against Noreen's cunt and Harold started going down on Selma. The two men performed cunnilingus on each other's wives until both women bucked and lurched through an orgasm while each clutched at a bobbing head.

Even if Marcy hadn't known that Noreen and Selma were such hot-ass females she would've known that the climaxes hadn't been faked. She hoped that George and Harold wouldn't shoot their wads as she watched them lift their heads, lick their wet lips, and each snuggle their pricks in between eagerly parted legs to penetrate a welcoming pussy.

George shoved his stiff cock into Noreen's cunt while Harold eased his bigger and longer hard prick into Selma's twat. Both men began fucking rhythmically, both squirming females pulled their pair of wet male lips to their own parted lips, and Marcy could easily tell that both fucking couples were lashing their tongues together.

Marcy was also sure that Noreen and Selma weren't faking a climax when they both began bucking and wriggling wildly. And Marcy sensed that George and Harold hadn't ejaculated.

"There's an important difference in now and the first time the four of us were together," Noreen said as George withdrew his hard cock and settled back on his haunches.

"That's right," Selma said as Harold pulled his hard cock from her cunt and also settled back on his haunches.

"We both shot our loads that first time we swapped," Harold said as Selma moved quickly and began licking her secretions from his stiffly thrusting cock.

Noreen had moved just as quickly and was licking her cunt-juices from George's stiff prick. He looked at Marcy and said he understood that she had never gone down on a female.

"Noreen and Selma went down on each other right after George and I removed our limp cocks that first time," Harold said, winking at Marcy.

"I've never stuck my tongue in a jism-flooded cunt," Marcy said. "I have gone down on Noreen since Selma was here, though."

"I'm going to have to do something right away or I'll be shooting off in my pants!"

Marcy looked at Walt.

"Come here," she said, smiling. "I'll give you a quick blow-job and then we can get on to other exciting sexual activities. Unless you'd rather have Noreen or Selma suck you off, of course."

Walt was on his feet and moving toward Marcy even before she finished speaking.

CHAPTER TEN

Walt had his zipper pushed down and his hard cock exposed before he reached Marcy. When he stepped between her knees, the blunt end of his stiff prick inches from her face, she wrapped her hand around the rigid shaft and squeezed.

She could feel the hard flesh and muscle throbbing and knew that there wouldn't be much time for sucking. A drop of pre-cum oozed out of the tiny slit. She darted her tongue, scooped up the bead of clear liquid, then opened her mouth wide and engulfed the enlarged cockhead.

Walt surged forward, but Marcy's clenched fingers kept his pulsing prick from going more than a couple of inches deeper into her mouth. She pulled her clinging lips back until only the swollen glans filled her mouth. She laved the flat of her tongue over the sleek and slippery crown a few times, then began sucking, enjoying the little moans drifting down from above.

Within fifteen seconds after Marcy started sucking Walt's throbbing cock, it jerked spasmodically and spurted hot cream into her greedily sucking mouth. She kept right on sucking while letting the semen flow down her throat, dimly thinking that the tasty jism wasn't as thick as Harold's cream.

There wasn't as much sperm, either, but Marcy got great pleasure out of cocksucking on the younger fellow's shorter prick. She wasn't surprised when Walt didn't lose his hard-on even after she'd drained and swallowed all he had to offer at the moment.

He pulled his hard prick from her sucking mouth and dropped to his knees. She lifted her ass and bunched her dress around her waist while he was reaching for the waistband of her panties. She then lifted her ass again as he tugged the brief garment down and off.

Marcy had already scooted her ass out to the edge of the seat cushion. She grabbed Walt's thick hair with her fingers when he buried his face in her crotch. He didn't do any licking, seemingly sensing that she was balanced right on the brink, and his tongue went directly to her erect clit.

Thrilling to the lapping tongue, then to the sucking lips, Marcy was well aware of the fact that all eyes were on her-and on Walt's bobbing head. She spasmed almost instantly, not trying to hold back the moans of pleasure, and Walt kept sucking up the released juices after she stopped her movements and removed her fingers from his head.

"Don't eat all that young pussy, Walt! Save some for your horny older brother!"

George had walked over on his hands and knees and tapped Walt on the shoulder while speaking loudly in a joking manner.

As Walt lifted his head, Marcy started to say that she wanted to be fucked, but she didn't have a chance because George had already mashed his mouth to her moist cuntlips.

The older brother took the time to shove his hands under Marcy's ass before doing any more than kissing and licking of her quivering pussy lips. Since the sharp edge had been taken off her passion, and as she knew that a few minutes would pass before she could have a hard cock shoved into her snatch, she didn't mind when George didn't go to her clit.

She did lurch upward for a moment when he snaked his hot tongue into her cunt, though. But even while he tongue-fucked her without going to her clitoris, she watched as his younger brother turned

and crawled in between Noreen's parted legs.

Just as Walt started going down on Noreen, and she dug her fingers in his bobbing scalp, George went to Marcy's clit and began lapping and sucking that bump of sensitive flesh. Marcy grabbed George's head, dug her fingers into his hair and hunched along the same as Noreen was hunching along with Walt's oral greediness.

Selma had moved until she was sitting beside Harold, one of her hands gripping his big hard cock, her eyes flicking back and forth between her husband's bobbing head and her young brother-in-law's. Harold had an arm around Selma, his fingers fondling one of her cone-shaped tits, "I guess you want to try taking on two cocks at the same time," Selma said, meeting Marcy's eyes.

"It had entered my mind," Marcy said. "In fact, I've been having some exciting thoughts about taking three hard cocks on at the same time."

Harold chuckled. "Marcy not only experimented with Noreen, Selma, she also experimented with me and obviously enjoyed being ass-fucked without any ill effects."

Marcy began climaxing under George's skillful lapping and sucking, and Noreen started spasming under Walt's oral attentions seconds later.

George lifted his face from between Marcy's thighs as soon as she removed her fingers from his head.

"Are you ready to have your sweet young pussy pronged, Marcy? Or maybe you'd rather take on Walt first."

"Walt's already fucking Noreen's pussy," Marcy said, having watched Walt mount Noreen after quickly pushing his slacks and shorts down around his knees. "I'd like to get completely naked before being fucked, though."

"I'm all for that," George said, pulling Marcy's high heels off, before getting back out of the way.

Standing, Marcy slipped out of her dress and tossed it aside. She saw that Selma had gotten down behind Walt and was taking his shoes and socks off. He didn't stop fucking Noreen, then, or seconds later when Selma tugged his slacks and shorts off.

"Beautiful," George said as Marcy freed her thrusting, taut-tipped titties. "Do you want to sit on my lap and bounce on my prick while watching the action, Marcy?"

"That sounds good to me," Marcy said, stepping aside so that George could get up and take the position he'd suggested.

But when he was sitting with his cock thrusting stiffly, she changed her mind about bouncing on his prick right away.

Figuring that George could and would last as long as Harold usually lasted, since the two men were practically the same age, Marcy dropped to her knees between his muscular legs.

She took the swollen glans into her mouth at first. Then, after twirling her tongue and sucking for maybe a half a minute, she decided to show that she could suck a cock just as good as he could lap a cunt.

Opening her throat, Marcy let George's blood-engorged cockhead slip deep enough for her nose to bury in his curly pubic hairs. The exciting male-smell really turned her on, causing her to want to be fucked, and she wished that Harold would come over and shove his big cock into her steaming snatch.

After sucking up and down on almost the entire shaft a few times, Marcy pulled away, got to her feet, turned, and lowered her gaping cunt down over the poking, saliva-coated prick. George put his hands on her hips as she engulfed his thrusting prick with her hot cunt.

For a time Marcy was content to just sit still and enjoy the delightful sensation of having the hard cock buried to the hilt in her claspung cunt. George moved his hands up and around and fondled her hard-nippled titties while she looked at the erotic scene just a few feet away.

Walt's shirt had been removed and he was on his back on the carpet. Noreen was sucking his hard cock, and Marcy doubted that the young fellow had ejaculated while fucking Noreen. Selma was down behind Noreen's uplifted buttocks, licking and jabbing her tongue, and Harold was fucking Selma dog-fashion.

Marcy was glad to see that Harold wasn't ass-fucking Selma. She knew that he couldn't last as long in a hot, tight ass-hole and she was hoping somebody would suggest she take the three cocks while George and Harold were working on their first climax and Walt was working on what she was sure would be his second. She didn't want to appear too greedy or she would've made the suggestion herself.

"I want to save this load for Marcy," Walt said. "I haven't fucked her, as everybody knows, and I heard her say that she wanted to take on three cocks at the same time."

Marcy had started bouncing up and down on George's stiff prick, losing herself in the glorious sensation, not realizing that she'd closed her eyes until she heard Walt's words.

Pulling her mouth from Walt's jutting cock, Noreen asked Harold, then George, if they thought they could last long enough to make Marcy happy in the three-and-one scene.

Harold pulled his hard cock from Selma's clinging cunt and said he thought he could, but George didn't answer. Marcy knew the reason. She was grinding herself down on his hard prick while thrilling to a blissful orgasm and she hoped he'd win his obvious fight for control.

When Marcy stopped all movement, George's cock was still erect. At some point he'd moved his hands from her spiked tits to her hips. His fingers relaxed their tight grip and he said he guessed everybody knew why he hadn't answered before, then said he thought he could hold back for a few more minutes.

"I think I'd rather wait until later for the new experience," Marcy said, temporarily satisfied, and also afraid the three cocks were too close to the exploding point to make the experiment as thrilling as she wanted it to be.

Noreen said, "One of the main reasons for the party is to make you happy, Marcy. Maybe you'd like to make a suggestion as to what we should do next."

"I could finish George off while you do Walt and Selma does Harold," Marcy said. "I'm talking about blow-jobs, of course, and afterward the three of us could put on an exhibition to help the fellows get aroused enough to fuck again."

"I'm for that suggestion," Selma said, twisting around and grabbing Harold's glistening prick with both hands and stuffing a goodly portion of the hard male-meat into her mouth.

Noreen leaned over and began sucking Walt's jutting cock again.

Marcy lifted from George's ramrod-stiff cock, turned, dropped to her knees, and began licking her cunt-juices from the rigid shaft.

George entangled his fingers in Marcy's hair when she took his cockhead into her mouth and began sucking. She was pleased when she heard him say that she was very good at the art of cocksucking. She could remember both her parents telling her many times that anything worth doing was worth doing right. Maybe sucking a cock, or even fucking, hadn't been what they'd had in mind when dishing out the words of wisdom, but she had enough sense to include sexual activities in one the things worth doing right whether or not her square parents did.

It took Marcy at least two minutes of greedy sucking to make George's cock spurt, and she enjoyed every delightful second. She enjoyed the way his fingers dug into her scalp and the way the little moans of pleasure escaped his lips.

But most of all Marcy enjoyed the reward she received for her efforts. She fondled the heavy sac with one hand as she sucked, then squeezed the balls while milking the jerking, spurting shaft with her other hand, gulping down the thick cream with only the enlarged cockhead in her greedily sucking mouth.

Marcy sucked out the last few sluggish drops of jism from the Umber cock after George had removed his clutching fingers from her hair and head. She let the soft cock slip from her lips, lifted her head, then swung around to see how the other two couples were doing.

Noreen had apparently just pulled her mouth from Walt's cock. His organ was finally soft.

Harold's cock was still hard, but Marcy was sure by the way Selma was sucking it wouldn't be that way much longer. Seconds later Marcy did see Harold's cock jerking in Selma's mouth and some of the cream escaped Selma's clinging lips. Selma's mouth and tongue captured the semen as Harold's cock went Ump, though, and she lifted her head and gave Marcy a bright smile.

"Maybe we'd better rest before we get on with the exhibition, honey. The evening's young and the rest of us aren't as young as you and Walt, you know."

Marcy looked at Walt. "We don't want to get the older folks pooped too early, do we? What's your record for one evening?"

"Five times," Walt said. "The fifth was almost a blank, though, and I wasn't very comfortable for a few hours."

"You must've made the girl very happy," Marcy said, smiling.

"I could've used some help," Walt said, grinning. "It's too bad the girl didn't have a horny trained dog."-

"I let Walt watch me fuck Fritz," Selma said. "I also told him about King."

"I thought seeing a dog lapping and fucking Selma would turn me off, but I got a crazy kind of kick out of it. Did you really go down on Noreen?"

Marcy told Walt that she'd enjoyed performing cunnilingus on Noreen and before he had a chance to say anything she told him that it didn't bother her because Noreen happened to be her aunt.

"I went around with a girl before I was married who fucked her father and her brother," George said. "She didn't seem to have any hang-ups because of the incest and I imagine there's more of that going on than most people think. Personally, I find the subject fascinating and less strange than bestiality. Not that I'm against you girls fucking with dogs, I hasten to add."

"It's a good thing you did make the addition," Selma said. "Hell, you get such a bang out of watching me being fucked by Fritz and by King you'd be sorry if I gave up the thrilling pleasure."

"You won't get an argument with me about that fact," George said, chuckling.

"I think we've talk and rested long enough,"

Noreen said, looking at Marcy and smiling.

Marcy crawled toward Selma, and Selma got on her back and parted her legs. Marcy snuggled in between Selma's warm, sleek thighs and stared at the slightly puffy pussy lips. She enjoyed the delectable fragrance emanating from the female crotch, fleetingly thought that she'd always prefer going down on a male, then pressed her mouth to the moist cuntlips and thrust her tongue deep into the hot folds of quivering flesh.

While Marcy was swabbing the walls of Selma's cunt with her tongue in the manner she liked to have her own twat treated, and enjoying the intimate erotic act, she felt Noreen's hands on her ass. Knowing what Noreen wanted her to do, Marcy kept tongue-fucking Selma's twitching twat while moving into position so that the three of them formed a tight little circle.

On their sides, with Noreen going down on Marcy and Selma lapping Noreen's cunt, Marcy went to Selma's elongated clitoris, when she felt Noreen's tongue and lips on her erect passion-button. Selma's clit seemed to be a little longer and thicker than Noreen's sensitive bump of flesh. Marcy tried to time it so that her lapping and sucking would bring on an orgasm for Selma when Noreen's lapping and sucking caused her own pussy to spasm.

When she felt Selma begin to make little hunching movements, Marcy tugged on Selma's firm and smooth ass-cheeks and began hunching along with Noreen's expertly applied tongue. Marcy assumed that Noreen was also hunching along with Selma's expert lapping and sucking, as she was sure that Noreen was trying to time it so that the three of them would climax simultaneously.

Holding back until she felt Selma spasm, Marcy thrilled to a blissful orgasm due to Noreen's lavish oral attentions while lapping up and gulping down Selma's released cunt-juices. Marcy was sure that Noreen was also climaxing because of Selma's tongue, as her aunt was always as hot as a firecracker.

"Break it up, you lovely sex-happy gals! There are three hard cocks waiting to be buried in three hot and juicy cunts!"

Hearing George's loud words spoken in a kidding manner, Marcy pulled her head from between Selma's smooth thighs just as Noreen pulled away from her. She rolled over on her back and Walt was right there, his cock poking stiffly between her legs.

As she guided Walt's hard prick into her succulent pussy, and he remained braced on his hands and arms, Marcy saw that Harold was getting between Selma's long legs, aiming his big hard cock at the

cunt she'd so recently tongued, and George had already slipped the meat to Noreen and was fucking away.

"Don't worry," Walt said, starting his fuck thrusts. "We'll give you what you want after a fucking session."

It turned out to be three fucking sessions, Marcy discovered a little later. Because all three males took a turn with all three females and none of them fucked her long enough to give her time to climax. She liked the way Walt fucked her, and she also liked George's pumping prick, but when they shifted again and she was being masterfully fucked by Harold, she decided she liked his big cock and his brand of fucking best of all.

She had enough sense not to mention her preference, though, and she wasn't disappointed when it was decided that she should suck her uncle's cock while Walt and George plugged the other two holes.

Selma made the decision, saying that the two smaller pricks would fit better in Marcy's cunt and ass-hole-and Noreen said that Marcy had already sucked Walt and George off, anyway. George said that he would take her ass-hole, as he could undoubtedly last longer than Walt and had been corn-holing girls since first being introduced to that form of sex at the age of fourteen.

"It was a neighbor woman," George added. "Pretty, stacked, married, and crazy about young boys. She was around thirty, I guess, and I remember her saying that her husband wouldn't even go down on her. She also taught me how to lap her cunt, but she preferred ass-fucking to being fucked in the regular way."

"You didn't have to make a speech," Selma said. "I'm supposed to be the talker in the family. Are you ready, Marcy?"

"Hell, I've been ready!" Marcy exclaimed.

"There are several ways we could go about it, but we'll start by letting you get on your hands and knees, Marcy."

On her hands and knees, Marcy thought later that it would've been just as easy if she'd gotten on her side and kind of doubled up to take George's cock in her ass-hole.

Getting behind Marcy, George shoved his already wet cock into her cunt, saying that he wanted to make sure that his cock was very slippery. He made a few thrusts, then withdrew, and Marcy relaxed her sphincter muscle as he placed his blunt cockhead against her ass-hole.

The stiff and slippery shaft plowed into the tight tunnel easily enough and without much pain. Due to Harold's bigger prick previously stretching the small, sensitive hole, Marcy thought, when George's rigid prick was buried deep in her ass-hole.

George locked his arms around Marcy, rolled them over on their sides, paused, then rolled over on his back. On her back on top of George, his prick poking up her clinging ass-hole and causing a delightful glow to spread in all directions, Marcy watched as Walt got into position to stick his stiff cock into her pulsating cunt.

Marcy moaned with pleasure as Walt slowly sank his hard prick into her clasping pussy. She wrapped her arms and legs around his firm young body and she could feel the two stiff cocks as they stroked each other through the thin membrane separating her cunt and ass.

George rolled the three of them on their sides and Walt mashed his mouth to Marcy's and she returned the passionate tongue-probing kiss.

George and Walt both began fucking Marcy and she thrilled to the glorious sensation of having two throbbing cocks working inside her at the same time. It was wildly pleasurable and soon it got even better.

Walt broke the feverish, tongue-lashing kiss and began sucking on one of her throbbing titties and Harold managed to get down where she could get a generous portion of his big hard cock in her mouth.

The wondrous sensations soon had Marcy almost out of her mind with ecstatic happiness. Her entire flushed and squirming body seemed to be one great erogenous zone. She began hunching along with the two pistoning pricks as she greedily sucked the third, wallowing in a carnal bliss that seemed to go on and on.

It wasn't all that long, though, before Marcy was wriggling and hunching through an entire series of spasms. She sucked Harold's throbbing cock even more greedily as she felt Walt's cock jerking and jolting and shooting his hot jism into her claspng cunt.

Seconds later, George's cock jerked spasmodically and spurted his hot sperm into her gripping, quivering ass-hole.

A split second later Harold's cock exploded and flooded her mouth with hot, thick cream. Marcy almost passed out, her orgasm was so prolonged and shattering in its intensity.

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

"Are you okay, Marcy?"

Marcy looked up into Noreen's eyes and managed a weak smile. "Sure," she said. "I'm just fine. It might be a few minutes before I'm ready for another exciting experience like that, though. It was really wild and I don't think my nervous system could stand it too often."

Harold had lifted out of the way after pulling his soft cock from Marcy's mouth. Walt and George had removed their soft cocks from her two flooded and still twitching holes. Somebody had shoved a towel between her legs and she'd rolled over on her back.

George was standing over her, a towel covering his mid-section. He reached down and Marcy took his hand and let him help her to her feet. Her legs were weak, but she managed to walk across the room without staggering, clutching the towel firmly in place with one hand while George held onto her other hand.

Marcy had regained her strength by the time they reached the bathroom. She stood by as George adjusted the shower spray, saying that it was all right with her when he asked if they could shower together.

Marcy soon found that George wanted to do more than just shower. He waited until they'd soaped themselves and rinsed off the lather, then turned the water off and dropped to his knees. She didn't mind, as she'd completely recovered by then, and since he'd admitted to being an ass-man she wasn't surprised when he turned her around and licked up through the crack of her ass.

Remembering how Selma had sucked her ass-hole, Marcy decided that George and his hot-ass wife were ideally mated. They had plenty "of time to tongue each other's ass-holes, she thought, leaning over to give George a better target, thrilling to the way his hot tongue jabbed at her freshly-washed ass-hole.

Relaxing, pleased that she wasn't sore from the recent double fucking, Marcy was amazed when George managed to get at least two inches of his stiffened tongue into her sensitive bunghole. She'd read that the intimate oral act was sometimes performed for one's own pleasure and sometimes in order to create sexual excitement in the partner. She figured that George did it more for his own pleasure than for hers-or for Selma and the other females.

Many people had strange little quirks where sex was concerned, Marcy thought, and she had too many herself to think about condemning anybody for doing what he or she wanted to do. She was glad when George didn't continue long enough to get her overly excited, though. She was eager to get back to the living room and see what was going on there.

"You're very sexually sophisticated to be so young," George said after he'd gotten to his feet. "You seem to understand and accept the more off-beat desires."

"There seems to be so much unhappiness in this world I like to help people find happiness whenever possible. Besides, it isn't as if I don't enjoy having my ass-hole tongued, you know."

Marcy had turned around. She saw that George's cock was still hanging limply. Turning the water on again, he grinned, ducked his head under the spray for a few seconds, then said that at times his cock could go up and down like a yo-yo.

"I guess my clit does the same thing," Marcy said. "I'm learning that it isn't necessary to keep going until I climax each and every time I get sexy-hot, though."

"It isn't possible for a male," George said. He turned the water off and laughed. "You know, I've always been a little jealous because females are capable of having so many climaxes."

Marcy followed George out of the shower stall and they dried themselves in silence.

When they returned to the living room, they discovered that Noreen and Selma had gone after King. Marcy wondered if Noreen was taking the opportunity to tell Selma about Peter and Paul.

"They've already been gone long enough to enjoy some action outside," Walt said, motioning for Marcy to sit beside him.

"They could be making it on the grass," Harold said, winking at Marcy. "Since it's dark they didn't have to get dressed. I guess we could go out and join them."

"I'm against that idea," George said. "I had enough insect bites back when I was Walt's age."

Marcy had parked her ass beside Walt on the couch and George had sat down beside her. The first thing she'd noticed was that Walt and Harold both had soft cocks. Harold was still sitting on the carpeted floor, his back against an easy chair.

Walt said that he'd had his share of insect bites on his bare ass and preferred to be where it was more comfortable. Marcy, feeling that she should say something, said that she got a big bang out of being fucked by a dog but that if she had to make a choice she'd prefer a man's cock.

"I'm sure the same is true of Noreen and Selma," Harold said. "The action with the dogs is just an added pleasure for them, as it is for you, and I suppose watching such activities would turn many men off. Jealousy would be the basic reason, I think, and the same is true where swapping is concerned."

Noreen and Selma entered with King. Noreen took the leash from the big dog's collar and told him to sit. King obeyed, his long tongue hanging out the side of his mouth as he panted, his long red cock already jutting out of its sheath.

"You took your time," Harold said. "Did you have fun?"

"We weren't fucking King if that's what you mean," Noreen said. "We stopped in the kitchen for a little chat before we went after King."

"We had a very interesting and exciting discussion," Selma said. "Who wants to be first with King? Marcy?"

"You and Noreen make it with him," Marcy said. "I was just saying that if I had to make a choice I'd take a man's cock."

"I feel the same way," Noreen said. "However, I see three soft human cocks at the moment and one hard dog cock. Go on, Selma, and take a turn."

"Thank you," Selma said, laughing. "After that talk we had, my clit's practically fluttering without being touched!"

Selma got down on her hands and knees and King padded over and sniffed at her cunt and her asshole when she told him to come and get some pussy.

As the dog started lapping Selma's gaping and glistening gash, Marcy knew that Noreen had told Selma about Peter and Paul. She also assumed, from the way Selma had spoken, that George and Walt would be told at some point during the party.

"Okay, King! Mount up, fellow!"

Hearing Selma's command, then watching as the big dog did mount Selma and start humping his hindquarters, Marcy found the sight just as exciting as she ever had. As Selma reached back and guided the dog's stiff prick into her pussy, Marcy wondered if there was any sex act that would turn her off. She didn't think so. Not as long as the participants were enjoying themselves.

A quick glance at the three cocks, each in turn, told Marcy that the sight of King humping Selma was causing renewed desire in all three men.

"If Marcy isn't all that interested in being lapped and fucked by King, maybe you fellows should give her another special treat," Noreen said. "I don't necessarily mean the same as before. Just suck on her lovely titties and her cunt all at the same time. How does that sound, Marcy?"

"Great," Marcy said, slipping from the couch and getting down on the carpet on her back. "Maybe the men would rather watch Selma and you making it with King, though."

Saying that he'd pick a lovely young girl any time when it was a choice between that and watching a dog fucking, George dropped down and began feasting upon one of Marcy's thrusting tits.

Walt silently dropped down and began lavishing his oral attentions upon Marcy's other spiked mound of firm, jutting flesh.

"My feelings on the subject are the same as George's," Harold said, his head was snuggling in between Marcy's parted thighs. "I won't be too greedy, fellows. I'll willingly shift around if you don't get too hasty about tapping me on the head."

Marcy felt Harold's warm breath on her pussy lips. She managed to keep from lurching upward when he slithered his tongue into her cunt, but she thrilled to the sensation as he tongue-fucked her, the little electric-like shock waves blending with the rippling waves already being produced by the two mouths suckling at her hard-nippled titties.

While enjoying the three mouths and tongues, Marcy was also able to watch King fucking Selma.

When the dog faltered, obviously shooting a load into Selma's cunt, Noreen took a grip on his collar and told him to back off. The animal obeyed. Selma flipped over on her back and let the dog's long tongue lap up the results of his own passion along with her released cunt-juices.

Noreen then got on her hands and knees beside Selma, and Selma pushed King's head toward Noreen's uplifted buttocks. The dog licked Noreen's puckered ass-hole and parted cuntlips, then mounted her when she gave the order.

Noreen guided the dog's stiff, knotted prick into her pussy and began hunching when he started humping.

Marcy started squirming her ass against the carpet. Harold hadn't gone to her clit, his tongue was still swabbing the walls of her cunt, but that delightful sensation-along with the two greedy mouths at her throbbing titties-had her well on the way to an orgasm.

Walt suddenly pulled his mouth and tongue from Marcy's left throbbing breast and mashed his mouth to hers. While she was returning his passionate kiss, she felt George's mouth and tongue leave her right tit. Seconds later, George tapped Harold's bobbing head. She felt them shifting around and while Harold's lips clamped down on the elongated nipple, George's tongue snaked into her steaming snatch.

Pulling his mouth and tongue from Marcy's, his eyes blazing, Walt said that he either wanted to fuck or be sucked.

Harold stopped sucking and tonguing her taut-tipped breast and said he would save his load for later. George's tongue had gone to her erect clitoris seconds before, but he pulled away and said that he also wanted to save his load for later.

Walt said, "Let me fuck you, Marcy! I don't care about saving anything for later!"

"Get on and in," Marcy said. "We'll blast off together."

A couple of minutes later they were doing just that. Her arms and legs wrapped around Walt, their lips glued together, Marcy bucked and wriggled through a blissful orgasm just as Walt's cock jerked erratically and filled her clasping cunt with hot jism.

When Walt pulled his mouth from Marcy's, she saw that Noreen was on her back and King was lapping up his deposited semen. As Walt withdrew his softening cock, Marcy said they might as well let King have Walt's cream.

Saying that King could have what she left, Selma took the time to clean Walt's wet and limber cock with her mouth and tongue, then buried her face between Marcy's thighs. While Selma was doing her thing, causing Marcy to think there wasn't going to be anything left for the dog, Noreen pushed King away and got to her feet.

Taking a firm grip on King's collar when the great dane started for Selma's uplifted ass, Noreen told him to sit. The animal obeyed and Marcy saw that his cock had retreated into its furry sheath. Not all that interested in having her cunt lapped by the dog, Marcy forced herself not to become too aroused by Selma's slurping greediness.

Marcy also managed to keep herself under control when Selma lifted and let King take his turn. She saw that Walt's cock was still soft and that Harold and George had lost their erections.

She sat upright when Noreen tugged King away and told him to go wait in the kitchen. The great dane barked a couple of times, then went scampering from the room.

"I filled a bowl with his favorite dog food," Noreen said. "Are you ready to tell George and Walt, Selma?"

"Tell us what?" George asked.

"About the discussion she and I had in the kitchen," Noreen said. "Do you want me to tell them, Selma?"

"Noreen and Marcy have been fucking Peter and Paul," Selma said.

"With the horses!"

Selma laughed, then said, "Yes, George, with the horses! How does the mental picture of that kind of action strike you, honey?"

"I think maybe Noreen was justing putting you on," George said. "I can't picture any female taking two or three feet of a horse's cock!"

"We don't take the entire giant cock," Noreen said. "But you knew that, George, and we just want to know if you're willing for your hot-ass wife to give it a try."

"Hell, I want Selma to do anything that will make her happy," George said. "How do you go about it? I'm afraid my hot-ass wife will hurt herself."

"I quickly learned how to control the depth of the penetration," Marcy said.

"I think it best to forget about trying to explain the mechanics or whatever concerning the act," Harold said. "Let's all go down to the barn and continue the party there."

"That's a great idea," Selma said. "Noreen says that it's really a wildly wonderful sensation to bounce on the end of a hard horse cock and I have enough sense not to hurt myself. What do you think, Walt? Do you want to go watch?"

"I hope you don't think I'd want to pass up the chance to see that kind of an exhibition!"

"We won't even have to get dressed," Noreen said, picking up King's leash. "I'd better chain

King, though. He might get to barking and frighten the horses."



They all left the living room and the house.

Noreen chained King to his dog house, then led the way to the barn, saying how great it felt to be naked and walking in the cool, fresh air.

Marcy, glancing up at the jillions of stars, silently agreed, briefly thinking that even without all the many sexual pleasures she'd still want to live in the country.

There was a big chest-like box just inside the small doorway. Noreen turned an overhead light on and Marcy could see that there'd be plenty of light something she'd wondered about, and Harold got two clean horse blankets from the box.

Putting the blankets on a bale of hay, Harold then got a few lumps of sugar, went to the big double doors and whistled.

Selma said that she hated to admit it but she was getting a little nervous.

"Then you can imagine how nervous I was the first time I experimented," Noreen said. "All by myself, I mean, and having to figure out a way to go about getting what I wanted without hurting myself."

"Noreen and I are both living proof that a giant horse cock won't stretch a cunt out of shape enough to make it permanent," Marcy said, seeing that all three cocks were still soft, deciding that when they got hard she'd rather take them on, one at a time or all together, than a huge horse cock.

Not that she didn't enjoy bouncing on the end of a giant horse cock, Marcy thought, going over and drawing a bucket of water while Harold and Noreen positioned Peter and Paul in their stalls. It was just that she felt she'd always prefer a man to an animal and it had nothing to do with moral reasons.

Noreen had led Peter into his stall. Marcy carried the bucket of water and cloth to the stall. She fondled the horse's big balls while Noreen stimulated the prick through the protective sheath. It didn't take much stimulation to cause the organ to get hard and extend out to its full and impressive length.

Selma let out a little gasp and George said that it was a damned good thing Noreen had thought about securing the stallion's reins before experimenting.

"If the horse could lift his front legs he'd drive that big cock so deep it'd choke a girl to death," Walt said, laughing nervously.

"You can bet your balls I thought of that," Noreen said. "I'll take a turn to show how it's done, Selma. I'll stop before Peter shoots off, though, and let you have his stuff."

Noreen had been washing Peter's stiff cock and Marcy had continued to fondle his balls. Noreen stepped aside, taking the bucket with her, and Harold pushed a bale of hay into place.

Noreen got a blanket, spread it over the bale of hay, then quickly positioned herself under the horse's belly and cock.

Marcy saw that Selma, George, and Walt were all staring with obvious fascination. She stopped fondling the horse's balls, not wanting him to ejaculate too quickly, knowing that he'd keep his hard-on once Noreen had the head and a few inches of the stiff shaft in her hot pussy.

When Noreen started fucking herself on at least eight inches of the thick cock, Marcy looked and saw that all three human cocks were lifting into an erection. That fact, along with the way Noreen was bouncing and wriggling her ass while keeping a firm grip with both hands high on the massive horse cock, caused Marcy's passion to soar.

"Now I think I can truthfully say that I've seen just about everything," George said after a couple of minutes had passed. "Are you sure you want to give that a try, honey?"

"Just don't try and stop me," Selma said. "God, what a stuffed feeling that must be! How long can he last, Marcy?"

"Long enough," Marcy said. "He can make it a second time without any trouble, too. Besides, Paul's just as horny, so you don't have to worry about not getting plenty of horse-fucking. Just be sure you don't lurch up too high and hurt yourself. See how Noreen's taking it easy even though she's climaxing?"

"I see, I see! And if she doesn't hurry and give me a crack at that big prick I'm going to be grabbing a hard human cock!"

Marcy saw that all three human cocks were thrusting stiffly. Marcy would've told Walt to fuck her right then if she hadn't wanted to see Selma take Noreen's place.

The shift was quickly made, with Noreen's help, and Noreen kept her hands on the upper shaft while Selma bounced and wriggled through an orgasm. Motionless, with the horse's cockhead still buried in her pussy, Selma asked Marcy if she wanted to take a turn.

"Not now," Marcy said. "Peter will be blasting off before too much longer and I want you to feel his stuff spurting. I'll make it with Paul later. After I've been fucked by at least one of these hard human cocks, I hope!"

"I'll gladly fuck you with this human cock right now," Walt said, running his hand down the middle of Marcy's back and letting his palm rest on her ass.

Harold said, "Lean over this bale of hay, Marcy, and you can both watch Selma fuck that horse's cock while Walt pours the meat to you."

Marcy soon found that the position was almost perfect for being fucked and for watching. She did take the time to spread one of the blankets over the hay, to keep her belly and breasts from being scratched, and Walt said that just for the hell of it he'd try and shoot off at the same time Selma got her spurting reward.

Selma was really laboring to get Peter's cock to explode, and Walt's breathing was loud in Marcy's ear. When Marcy saw Peter's long cock begin to jerk, she turned her own inward motor on and Walt groaned and pushed his throbbing cock in as deep as it'd go.

Just as Marcy saw the horse jism gushing out around Selma's clinging cuntlips, and heard Selma's loud moans of pleasure, she felt Walt's cock jerking and jolting and spewing forth gobs of hot jism into her own clinging, claspings pussy. She then let little moaning sounds escape from between her lips as the bubble burst into a million tiny pieces and she melted into an ecstatic orgasm.

Selma and Noreen let go of Peter's cock as it began to soften and retreat into its sheath. Walt pulled his Umber cock from Marcy's flooded cunt and George said that he didn't mind wet-decking if it was okay with Marcy.

Saying that it didn't make any difference to her, Marcy watched as Selma cupped her crotch, swung from underneath the horse's belly, then hurried to the water faucet. While Selma was squatting and splashing water in her cunt and on her crotch, Walt stepped close and she licked his wet and limber prick.

George shoved his stiff cock into Marcy's sopping cunt and left it buried there while putting his hands on her hips. Marcy had remained in position, leaning over the blanket and bale of hay. By shifting only slightly, she could see Noreen fondling Paul's balls while Harold pushed another bale of hay under the horse's belly and cock.

Noreen told Selma to get a fresh bucket of water, as she might as well learn to clean the horse's prick.

After Selma had cleaned herself and Walt's soft organ, and when Paul's cock was clean and hard and poking, Marcy clamped down on George's stiff shaft. George began making slow thrusts into Marcy's jism-filled cunt.

Marcy enjoyed the novelty of being fucked in her sloppy pussy, but she suddenly hoped that George would shift to her tighter ass-hole before shooting his load.

Noreen took a turn with Paul's big cock while Selma stroked the upper portion of the stiff and glistening shaft with both hands. After Noreen spasmed, she let Selma take her place-and Selma said she'd take it easy and save Paul's explosive moments for Marcy to enjoy.

Knowing that everybody wanted to see her fucking with the big animal, and thinking about how much more tightly the horse's cock would fit into her sloppy cunt, Marcy called out that she'd appreciate taking a turn with Paul, then asked George if he wanted to climax before she shifted.

"There's one way I could in about thirty seconds," George said, stopping his thrusts with his hard cock buried to the hilt.

"Then do it," Marcy said, glad to have the opportunity to give an okay for corn-holing.

George's slippery cock eased into Marcy's tight ass-hole without causing any pain and only a temporary slight discomfort. He gave her time to adjust, then began fucking her clinging, clutching rectum with fairly fast strokes. She hunched along with his pistoning prick, enjoying the sensation to the utmost, thinking that if he lasted long enough she could probably spasm without even having her cunt or clit touched.

Noreen was stroking the horse's hard cock near the sheath while Selma was holding onto the stiff shaft about twelve inches above the huge cockhead buried in her cunt. Selma suddenly began hunching faster, obviously caught up in the throes of an orgasm, and Noreen called out to Marcy that she'd better hurry even if it meant leaving George with a hard-on and loaded balls.

"I'm just about there!" George said. "In fact, I'm there right now!"

Just as George blurted out the last word, his fingers clutching at Marcy's hips, Marcy felt his cock shudder spasmodically and shoot jet-like spurts of scalding semen into her churning bowels.

Seconds later George pulled his softening prick from Marcy's clinging and flooded ass-hole, patted her on the butt, and told her to hurry.

While Marcy was hurrying, jism dribbling from both holes, Selma pushed Paul's hard cock from her

cunt and swung from the makeshift bed.

"I can feel the big cock throbbing," Noreen said, holding onto the horse's glistening prick. "He'll be dumping his load in less than a minute, honey."

"That's enough time for me to make it," Marcy said, quickly getting into position on her back and inserting the huge horse cock into her overflowing cunt.

Even as she thrust upward and began fucking herself on the giant cock, Marcy's eyes went to Harold and his thrusting cock. She asked if he wanted her to give him a blow-job.

He silently moved forward and she used one hand to hold his pulsing shaft and the other one to keep from driving the horse's cock too deeply into her quivering cunt.

Taking the swollen glans into her mouth, she sucked furiously while bouncing on at least eight inches of Paul's thick tool, trying to make both organs ejaculate at the same time.

Marcy was successful. Just as the horse jism spurted and overflowed her already flooded twat, and she melted and mingled her own juices, Harold's throbbing cock exploded and filled her mouth and throat with hot, thick cream. She gulped and sucked and swallowed while her cunt twitched around the horse's softening prick, and when the animal's cock slipped from her grasp and her dribbling cunt, she let Harold's limber prick slip from between her lips.

"Let's get Peter's cock hard again," Selma said.

"I'm game," Noreen said. "How about you, Marcy?"

Swinging from the bale of hay, not trying to keep the jism from running down her inner thighs, Marcy said that she was willing to go along with what everybody else wanted to do.

She hurried to the water faucet, wishing there was a shower as she squatted down and cleaned herself the best she could.

"I have a suggestion and a request," Walt said as Marcy got to her feet. "I could go for a hot shower and I'd like to take one with you, Marcy. Then, after we're fresh and clean, I'd like for just the two of us to try fucking and sucking on a comfortable bed. Are you interested?"

Marcy saw that Noreen and Selma were stimulating Peter's balls and cock. Harold and George were standing near the horse, watching, and Marcy decided she wouldn't even tell the older people she and Walt were going to the house.

Smiling, Marcy silently took Walt's hand and they hurried from the barn. A few minutes later they were fresh and clean and on a bed locked in the sixty-nine position. Sucking Walt's stiff cock while he lapped her cunt, Marcy decided that she'd always like group sex, and fucking with dogs and horses, but it was fun at times to just share sexual pleasure with one virile male, young or old.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Marcy Hanson was sitting in a big easy chair. She was naked, as were all the other people in the living room, and she was looking around at the various sexual activities. She was also having her inner thighs kissed and licked. The man kneeling on the carpet before her and getting closer and

closer to her cunt was Larry Randall.

Larry was thirty-five. His wife, Arlene, was thirty-two. Arlene was very pretty and had a lovely body. At the moment she was across the way kneeling before Harold, sucking his big cock. George was down behind Arlene, tonguing her ass-hole.

Noreen was sitting beside Harold on the couch and Al Forbes was on his knees going down on her. Betty, Al's wife, and Walt were on the carpet in the sixty-nine position. Betty was also pretty and beautifully stacked. She was twenty-seven and Al was twenty-nine. Selma was tonguing Betty's ass-hole.

Marcy liked both swapping couples very much. It was the fifth time they'd all gotten together at the same time. It'd turned out that all four had gone along with the horse-fucking. Marcy hadn't been surprised. She'd figured that since the women, and their husbands, went along with the dog-fucking, there wouldn't be any objections to horse-fucking.

Later, as always, King would be brought in to do his thing-and Marcy was sure that Fritz was out in the station wagon, even though the horny German shepherd hadn't been mentioned.

Before the party ended there would undoubtedly be some action down at the barn with the two stallions.

The summer had passed pleasantly and swiftly. In two weeks school would start and she'd registered two days before. She'd gone to town and called her parents three times during the summer. The conversations had been strained and nothing had been said about the reason for her being on the farm, and both her mother and her father had sounded happy to give her permission to stay with Noreen and Harold. They were going to send her school records-and she was too happy with her new life to miss the city and her friends there.

She'd learned how to milk the cows, she did most of the housework, and she helped with just about all the chores on the farm. She earned her keep, that was for sure, and her father was going to send one hundred and fifty dollars each month for spending money. Not that she needed it so much, Marcy thought, snapped back to the present by Larry's tongue swiping up between her cuntlips.

Putting her hands on Larry's head when his tongue probed into her pussy, Marcy surged forward so he could easily make contact with her erect clit. He lapped and sucked that bump of sensitive flesh until he had her squirming heatedly.

But before Marcy had started the wildly wonderful dash toward an orgasm Larry pushed his head up against her clutching fingers and suggested that she take a ride and afterward finish him off with her mouth. She liked the idea, watched as he licked his wet lips, and told him so.

Larry, almost as handsome as Harold, with a cock only about an inch shorter, got out of the way so Marcy could stand, then sat down. Marcy turned around, backed up, and lowered her cunt down over his thrusting cock with his hands on her hips.

Thrilling as always to having a hard prick in her pussy, Marcy remained motionless and let the stiff cock soak so that Larry could adjust to the heat of the clinging folds of flesh, at the same time watching as Walt and Betty orally stimulated each other through a climax. Selma had moved and was tonguing Walt's ass-hole.

Arlene had stopped sucking Harold's cock and was bouncing up and down on his lap, facing away from him, while he squeezed her jutting titties. Noreen had dropped down on the carpet and was

going down on Al while George fucked her dog-fashion.

Marcy started moving up and down on Larry's ramrod-stiff cock. George liked to corn-hole the females more than any of the other men-and Larry didn't go for ass-fucking at all.

It didn't take long for Marcy to bounce through a blissful orgasm. Then, when she was down giving Larry a blow-job, she heard the moans and groans as various other sex-happy people began climaxing.

She sucked Larry's throbbing cock with all the skill at her command, taking the blood-engorged crown deep and working on the hard flesh with her throat muscles, then twirling her tongue when she lifted and only the knob was in her greedily sucking mouth.

Marcy felt the tell-tale expansion and knew that the explosion was only a split second away. She concentrated on sucking the cockhead, milking the pulsating shaft with one hand, while continuing to squeeze the heavy, sperm-laden balls with the fingers of her other hand.

His throbbing cock jerked erratically and spurt after spurt of hot cream splattered against the roof of her mouth. She clamped her lips tightly while sucking and swallowing and she didn't lose any of the tasty jism. She continued until the prick was soft, draining the last few sluggish drops just before letting the limber prick slip from between her lips and lifting her head.

"You did that with your usual skill," Larry said, grinning. "Any time you get tired of living here, you can move in with us, Marcy. Arlene said just the other day that she wished you could live with us."

"I'm very happy here," Marcy said, remembering that Al had made the same offer over a month before. "Thanks for the offer, though."

"I guess it was more like wishful thinking," Larry said.

Marcy turned around and saw that everybody was resting except Noreen and Selma. They were going down on each other.

She met Harold's eyes and he smiled and winked. She returned his smile, thinking that she still enjoyed fucking her uncle more than she did any other male. And she felt the same about Noreen where Lesbian sex was concerned. She'd made it all the way with Arlene and with Betty, and many more times with Selma, but if she had to make a choice she'd pick her lovely aunt.

Noreen and Selma pulled away from each other and both sat upright. Looking around the room, Noreen asked if anybody had a suggestion as to what they should do next.

"You worry too much about keeping people entertained when you're the hostess," Selma said. "Hell, Noreen, just let things happen spontaneously."

"like you do when we have the get-togethers at your house?" Noreen asked. "Honey, you're always fluttering around making sure that there's very few dull moments at your parties."

"I know what I want to do spontaneously," Al said, chuckling and moving toward Marcy. "I'd like to eat some sweet, teen-age pussy!"

Marcy had been on her back, pleased to see that Al was already getting another erection before he even started eating her pussy. She was usually the center of attention at the parties, mostly because of her age, and she could understand why the men-and the women-wanted to spend a lot of time

with her. They really appreciated the opportunity to make it with a young girl.

While Al was going down on Marcy, and she was; squirming her ass because of the lavish worship, Arlene began suckling one of Marcy's throbbing, hard-tipped breasts and Betty tongued and sucked the other spiked mound.

Marcy kept her own hands busy, caressing the two firm and sleek female bodies, and returning their passionate, tongue-probing kisses.

Marcy coasted, enjoying the uninhibited session to the fullest without actually climaxing, saving those wondrous moments of ecstatic happiness. Al could no longer wait to fuck her. He only had about six inches of hard flesh and muscle, but he really knew how to use what he had to give a female thrilling pleasure.

When Al finally pulled his tongue from Marcy's clinging cuntflesh and said that he was ready to put his prick in her sweet snatch, Betty pulled her mouth and tongue from Marcy's and Arlene stopped sucking Marcy's left throbbing breast.

Suddenly deciding that she wanted to perform cunnilingus, partly because she knew that both Arlene and Betty got a special kick out of having a young girl do them the favor, Marcy told Al that she wanted him to fuck her from behind. Understanding what she wanted to do, Al got back out of the way as Marcy got on her hands and knees.

Remembering that in a similar situation at the previous party she'd gone down on Arlene first, Marcy wasn't surprised when Betty got into position to have her cunt lapped. It was amazing how much understanding there could be without words being exchanged, Marcy thought, staring at Betty's blonde crotch, enjoying the delectable female fragrance filling her nostrils. Nobody wanted to hurt anybody's feelings at the swapping parties, proving that compassion as well as passion was involved, and Arlene and Betty had fixed it so that she hadn't had to make a choice.

Marcy used her thumbs to part the curly blonde hairs and the slightly puffy pussy lips.

Al's hands were on Marcy's hips. She waited until he'd used one hand to guide his stiff cock into her steaming cunt, then lowered her mouth to. Betty's pussy without taking time to do any inner thigh kissing and licking.

Betty lurched upward as Marcy's tongue probed deep into the hot folds of flesh and Marcy slipped her hands under Betty's firm and smooth ass-cheeks.

Marcy, knowing that Betty was already nearing a climax, soon went to Betty's elongated clit. Lapping and sucking that sensitive organ with gusto, Marcy soon had Betty hunching and wriggling through a spasmodic release. She gulped down the tasty passion-juice without ceasing her own hunching movements in harmony with Al's pronging prick.

As soon as Marcy lifted her head from between Betty's rounded thighs, Betty moved away and Arlene slipped her dark crotch under Marcy's face. Marcy again used her thumbs, parting the black pubic hairs and dark red pussy lips, also enjoying the fragrant odor emanating from Arlene's twat.

It didn't take Marcy very long to make Arlene spasm. She tongue-fucked the hot and wet cunt for a few seconds, then went to the protruding passion-button. Arlene's clit was very short, but Marcy managed to get her lips around the slippery bump of flesh by using her hands to tilt Arlene's ass-cheeks while burrowing her face deeper in the hot, clinging folds of cuntflesh.

After Marcy had finished sucking up and swallowing the released juices in Arlene's quivering pussy, still hunching along with Al's pistoning cock, she lifted her head and Arlene scooted out from under her. She lifted until she was braced on her hands and arms and asked Al if he was about ready to shoot off.

"I'm good for two or three more minutes," Al said, stopping his fucking movements and leaving his hard cock buried balls deep in Marcy's claspung cunt. "If you don't mind I would like to get between your lovely legs so we can kiss while we fuck, though."

Marcy didn't mind going along with Al's wishes.

She'd wanted to suck a cock while he was fucking her. Walt had an erection that wasn't being used at the moment-and Marcy suddenly realized that the young fellow had been strangely quiet all evening.

Marcy soon found out the reason for Walt's unusual silence. Because shortly after Al had mounted her, and after Selma had done her thing and left Marcy's cunt practically free of Al's deposited cream, Selma announced that Walt would be leaving the next day.

"I'm going back home to go to college," Walt said. "I guess you folks know how much I'm going to miss these swinging parties."

"Hell, you'll soon make the right connections at college," George said. "I'm going to miss your help with Selma, that's for sure, but she'll still have Fritz to take care of her when I'm not around."

"I'm sure there'll be at least one sex club you can join if you aren't satisfied with just one college girl at a time," Selma said. She laughed. "And after your summer with us you might be glad to have a rest! Shall I go get Fritz now, folks? The evening's slipping away, you know, and I want to go to the bam before I go home."

George chuckled and said that he guessed he was going to have to buy his hot-ass wife a horse, then said that he'd go get Fritz from the station wagon. Noreen said that she'd go get King.

After Noreen and George left the room, Marcy asked Walt what he was going to major in at college. He laughed and said he guessed he should study to be a veterinarian.

"That might not be such a bad idea," Harold said. "All kidding aside, I mean, because we could use two or three more good vets in this part of the country."

"Dad wants me to be a lawyer," Walt said. "Since he's going to pay for my education I feel that I should go along with what he wants. Not that I don't want to be an attorney someday, of course, as I'd never let anybody put enough pressure on me to make me do something I don't want to do. Are you going to college, Marcy?"

"I have two more years of high school," Marcy said. "I have plenty of time to make up my mind as to what I want to do with my life. I might stay right here and pester Harold and Noreen until I'm an old woman."

"You'd be welcome," Harold said.

George came in with Fritz before anything else could be said and seconds later Noreen entered with King. After a short discussion among the women, with Marcy remaining silent, it was decided that Arlene would take on Fritz first and Betty would start with King.

Both shapely females got on their hands and knees and Noreen handled King while Selma handled Fritz. There were so many people at the parties the dogs sometimes became confused and it was easier to keep each big animal on a leash.

Fritz licked Arlene's gaping cunt, his long tongue swiping right on up through the crack of her lovely ass, and King did the same to Betty's pussy and equally lovely ass.

Fritz mounted Arlene, and Betty helped King's jabbing cock penetrate her gash. Both dogs started right out humping at the usual fast pace and the women hunched along in the same tempo.

Marcy had perched her ass on the wide arm of an easy chair while watching the dogs fucking Arlene and Betty, the sight causing her excitement to soar as always, but her thoughts kept going back to the fact that Walt wouldn't be around again.

She'd miss Walt very much. They had a lot in common, and she was sure that he'd also think of her from time to time.

"I'd like to have one last private session with you, Marcy."

Walt had walked up close and whispered in Marcy's ear.

Both dogs were humping through a climax and Marcy could tell that Arlene and Betty were also enjoying an orgasm.

She turned her head and looked into Walt's eyes, pleased because of his whispered statement and telling him with her own eyes that she was willing to go along with his wishes. Marcy stood up.

Harold glanced at Marcy and smiled. She knew that he understood what she meant to do and she waved her hand and hurried from the room with Walt. She'd have plenty of chances to enjoy the knotted dog pricks. Right then she was more interested in helping Walt have happy memories while away at college and possibly comparing her talents with the many girls he was sure to meet and fuck.

Marcy and Walt went to the bathroom first. Marcy put on a bathing cap and they showered together. Walt's cock was thrusting stiffly. Marcy used her probing fingers to make sure her cunt and her crotch were very clean, knowing that there would be oral sex during what would undoubtedly be a prolonged private session.

After drying themselves, still in silence, Marcy and Walt hurried to a bedroom. On the bed, and after they'd embraced and kissed briefly, Walt pulled away and said that he hoped to be coming back from time to time.

"I hope you do," Marcy said.

"I know we're both too young to even think about getting serious, Marcy, but someday I hope to have a wife just like you."

"That was a nice thing to say," Marcy said, wondering if Walt really meant it-or if he was just talking in such a manner so as to make her feel good.

"I'm serious," Walt said, seeming to read Marcy's mind.

"You'd want a wife willing to swap? One not ashamed to fuck dogs? With horses?"

"Why not? George and Selma have a damned good marriage. They never fuss and fight like my parents do. Harold and Noreen seem to be very happy, as do the other swappers, and it doesn't bother me to see you being sexually happy in all the various ways. I'm talking about the future, of course, but I do expect to get married in five or six years, don't you?"

"I suppose so," Marcy said. "I try to just live in the present, though, and I don't think it's wise to make too many plans. There might not be a future, you know, and I could even change as I grow older. I might turn out to be a morally righteous person like my mother and-"

"That could never happen," Walt cut in. "You're a hedonist, Marcy. Where sex is concerned, anyway, and I'm going to keep in touch to make sure you're still that way five or six years from now."

"I'll be looking forward to that time," Marcy said teasingly. "Now, while we're waiting for a happening in the future, how about doing in the present what we both like to do?"

Walt grinned, then began feasting upon Marcy's jutting titties. He soon trailed his parted lips and darting tongue down along her slowly squirming body, however, and skirted around the blonde bush to kiss and lick her inner thighs. She moved her legs, enjoying the sensation, but glad when he soon moved his mouth and tongue to her cunt.

When Walt began tongue-fucking Marcy, she told him to twist around so she could suck his cock. He quickly complied, and they soon turned over on their sides. They remained in the sixty-nine position until Walt had lapped and sucked Marcy's clitoris long enough to make her spasm.

Then, after scooping up and swallowing Marcy's released juices, Walt lifted his head and said that he wanted to fuck her all the way to his climax. She somewhat reluctantly removed her mouth from his hard and throbbing cock, rolled over on her back, and let him do his own guiding.

His stiff prick balls deep, his eyes blazing, Walt remained braced on his hands and arms and told Marcy that he was going to write to her, then asked if she would answer his letters.

"Sure," she said, smiling and clamping down on his hard cock with her inner cunt muscles. "If you don't change your mind about writing to a farm girl after meeting all those college girls."

"I won't change my mind," Walt said, starting his thrusts.

They fucked long and blissfully and climaxed together. Marcy was temporarily satisfied, but she was glad that there were other cocks, both human and animal, on the farm that she was lucky enough to be able to call home.

THE END