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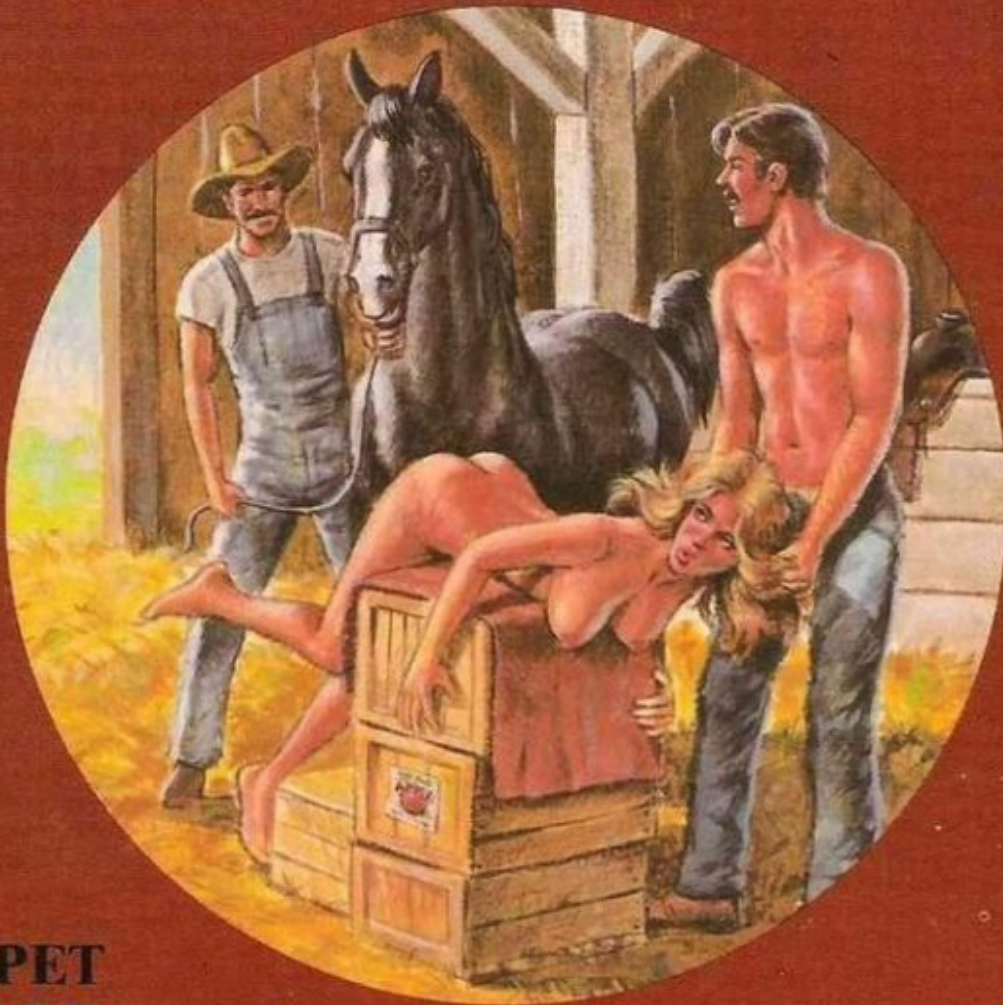
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AUNT HOT FOR HORSES

by Paul Gable



A PET
BOOK

FOREWORD

The crime rate in this country has been rising rapidly. Every day there are instances of brutal rapes and murders occurring in our streets and countryside. Rape and kidnapping are becoming as common as shoplifting and auto theft.

Recently there were three separate incidents in which hostages were held in one major city. Some of these criminals claim to sacrifice human life for political causes or demands. There are other types of criminals-the psychopaths venting their frustrations on other human beings.

Anne Williams is one of the innocent victims of such degenerate individuals. Her situation proves that no woman is safe, whether she is walking alone in the street at night or during the daytime, or, as in Anne's case, in the supposed safety of her own farm. She has the attitude, as most do, that nothing can happen to her.

AUNT HOT FOR HORSES is the story of a woman degraded and used in every way by demented men. It is a contemporary story of the possible dangers facing every one of us.

The Publisher

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## CHAPTER ONE

"It's so damned hot!"

Anne Williams brushed a stray strand of blonde hair from her damp forehead as she leaned against the sink counter. Outside the small curtained window she saw the farm her husband had left her. It stretched, she thought, like an endless desert, offering her little money and no pleasure.

"Damn!"

The farm was about as exciting as her husband. Anne smiled wryly, watching as several chickens scratched around in the near-by dirt for scraps of corn meal or hay. What a disaster that had turned out to be! A girl from Chicago just couldn't find happiness in the outback of Fresno, without money or a stud. And Fred was no stud and no millionaire.

Stud. The word brought shivers to Anne's pussy. She closed her eyes, feeling her flesh crawl while her cuntal muscles tightened at the thought of fucking. Fucking-a good hard wild session of fucking. What she wouldn't have given for that! The damned farm, Anne thought, smiling again while rubbing one hand over her bare tummy. Of course, she had had her opportunities. There were various farmhands, not to mention the locals who dropped by the stared at her tits, her thighs, or her pert little ass. Yes, they wanted her, she could see it in their eyes. And toward the end she had wanted them too.

How her cunt ached to have a man inside her - a real man. But Anne still had a fear of infidelity, the terror of having her affair discovered and her reputation ruined. She had endured Fred and his beer drinking and lack-luster fuck-sessions. And what had been her reward? The miserable farm with a mountain of bills. When she could finally get this patch of dirt out of the red, she would sell it and move back to Chicago. Hopefully, Anne thought, it wouldn't take too long and she would still be relatively attractive when she was finished.

"No, Griffin, no!"

The big black and gray German shepherd nosed up to her again, something that was making Anne a little nervous. That dog! Fred had bought him as a puppy, something to protect the house and offer some companionship to them both. Buying that dog was one thing her husband had done correctly. Griffin was a good guard and a friend. But lately something had come over the dog. Anne stared down at him, screwing up her eyes as she saw that handsome furred face with that long pink tongue hanging from one corner of his mouth.

“Outside, Griffin,” she said, pushing him against the side with one foot.

Griffin twisted his head around, drawing his tongue over her bare ankle. The touch made Anne shiver.

She pushed him again, drawing back her foot before he had a chance to touch her with his tongue. The dog moved toward the back door then stopped and looked back. When he realized Anne wasn't going to force him out he sat down, panting heavily while staring back at her.

“Oh, it's so hot. Why send him outside?” she whispered to herself.

Again she stared out the window. To complicate things even more her niece Diane was staying with her for three weeks. Her sister in Los Angeles thought it would be good, for Diane to have some time in the country. Neither Anne nor Diane was thrilled over the prospect.

Anne was having enough trouble sorting out her own life without worrying about a young teenager. And Diane wasn't all that excited about seeing cows and chickens rather than hanging around the local shopping centers and gabbing with her friends. However, the mother had been insistent and Diane had arrived, bag and baggage and ready to hate every moment of her stay. The girl was out there somewhere now, probably by the stream cooling off, Anne thought. She was already plenty tired of the teen's snippy comments about how “rube” the farm life was and her begging about going into town all the time.

“Griffin!”

That dog! He was doing it again, swarming around her ankles and drawing his tongue over her ankle. She wondered if he could sense just how hot she'd become lately. The thought brought a blush to her cheeks. Was she being smelled by an animal, her own pet? Anne fanned out her fingers out, pressing them lightly against her tummy. She felt her chest tightening while her mouth became dry. Her heart was beating furiously against her chest while that tongue drew over her toes. Anne slipped both feet from her leather sandals, curling her toes until they cramped. “No!”

Anne curled her fingers around the top edge of the porcelain sink, staring guiltily out the window. Diane was still nowhere in sight and neither were the three men she'd hired recently to help with the farm. She was alone . . .

“What am I thinking of?”

Anne put one hand to her head, closing her eyes and trying to stop the whirling of her thoughts. It was incredible! She was thinking of ... of letting that dog touch her! She shook her head, feeling the tangle of her light-blonde hair bouncing around her throat. How could she think of something that vile, that strange? Anne blamed it on the heat and her recent heavy responsibilities to run the farm. It had all made her a little crazy. She laughed hard, noticing that her voice had become somewhat hollow and cracked.

“Get away from me, dog.”

But Anne really didn't want Griffin to leave her. She stared down at the big animal now sprawled on the kitchen floor. His dark gray bushy tail was wagging slowly from left to right and his pointed ears were pinned back against his head. She watched his nostrils. They were so black, so wet, and twitching with some interesting scent. Her cunt! Again the woman felt a pleasant rush of blood to her face. She was starting to feel a little giddy and then a noise outside made her start. "Oh!"

No, it wasn't Diane. Why was she relieved?

Griffin stirred at her feet, sniffing her sandals, then moving forward and nuzzling his snout against her legs. The touch of him against her flesh once more made the woman stiffen and draw back against the sink.

"You can't . . . oh, Griffin, you can't do this to me!"

Her voice was barely a whisper now. Anne turned around, feeling her ass flattening out against the front edge of the sink. The thin blue cotton short-shorts she was wearing tightened up against her cunt and she could feel the material working into her pussy, caressing the slick, trembling walls. And her tits were swelling in the halter, the nipples stiffening and poking up against the cotton!

Anne closed her eyes as that awful hot tingling itch began to crawl up her inner thighs. It was happening all over again. Arousal. Excitement. She would handle it as she had handled it in the past—with her own fingers, bringing herself off alone while thinking of some mystery man who would take her away from this misery.

But there was Griffin, tonguing and nuzzling her! Anne felt her head swimming and pounding. No. No. She couldn't pursue these half-thoughts any more! They would drive her mad!

"Go outside, Griffin. Go outside and play. Go find Diane."

But the handsome German shepherd refused to move. He sat there by the sink on his powerful haunches, always near her feet. And that tongue! How inviting it seemed. What would he do to her? What would she let him do? The question tantalized Anne. Then, moving as if possessed, the woman reached the back screen door and flipped the latch. That would give her plenty of time to hear if Diane came home.

Knowing the front door was always locked the woman moved back to the kitchen, feeling him nuzzling her ankles again, drawing his tongue daringly up her right inner thigh. Anne let out a groan, her knees shaking and knocking against one another. She stretched out her left hand, bracing herself against the large green refrigerator. She felt the pleasant cool surface against her fingertips. And all along Griffin was pressing his furred body against her legs, licking his tongue over the tops of her toes, over her ankles, and up her thighs. "This has to stop."

She could hardly speak. And below her the dog was making a sexy muted growling noise in his throat. Something inside Anne recognized that growl and she shivered. She knew he was hot, aroused, as aroused as she was, perhaps more. She smiled a half-smile, feeling her pussy shiver, those tiny muscles cramping so deliciously and pulsing in time with her wildly beating heart. She was going to do it. Oh God in heaven yes, she was going to do it! And it would probably be better than anything she had ever done with her late husband! "Griffin . . ."

Anne whispered his name, curling her fingers around the elastic waistband of her shorts. She moved forward, feeling his nose sliding between her moving thighs. He bumped the underside of her cuntal mound and she felt that subtle pressure against the dampening cotton material. It was as if someone had touched her pussy with a low-voltage electric wire!

“Ohhh . . .”

It was good, so good. She was stopped in the doorway now, her hands braced against the stuccoed walls while she stared into the living room. There on the couch, yes, that would be good for her and the dog to . . .

“Yes, Griffin ...”

Anne could hardly see straight. It was as if someone had given her a powerful drug. She stumbled through the living room, nearly reeling into the tall oak grandfather’s clock.

“Fucking . . . fucking.”

Just saying the word sent series of wild sensations racing through her body. How her flesh burned for the animal as she stood there by the couch, reaching around and unhooking her halter. Anne looked around a little nervously, making sure the curtains had been drawn across the front bay window. There was no way anyone could peer in and see what was happening.

“Griffin ...”

She felt oddly giddy and weak. Again she wondered what it was that made her feel like that? He was just a dog, a beautiful, silly dog. Anne moved back, her legs pressing against the cushions of the large red sofa. Griffin moved close behind, licking her. He drew his tongue around, touching the swelling softness behind each of her knees. Anne sucked in a ragged breath, feeling the oxygen burn the insides of her nose. Drawing one hand up to her mouth, she pressed her fingertips against her lips, stifling a moan.

Wonderful! Oh, so marvelously wonderful! Something was touching her the way she had longed to be touched for years! Anne turned and faced the handsome animal. She thought she could see something like human intelligence glowing in his eyes. Was he smiling at her?

She shivered and dropped her halter to the floor, watching the large cups float down to the carpeting. Griffin sniffed at the bra, then moved back to her legs and started licking her again.

Anne felt his snout pushing up against her panty crotch again. Her fingers trembled, growing icy as they fluttered about her throat. She had only to push down, to slip her shorts past her knees and everything would be over. The dog would begin lapping her and then . . . and then what would happen?

She felt the soft cotton of her shorts being pressed up against the pink, puffy lips of her pussy. Her knees were threatening to buckle once more and it was almost too much for her to stand. Anne stretched out her right arm, fighting for balance while the dog licked away.

She was breathing heavily, panting like a dog, like an animal just like Griffin.

“Griffin . . . oh, your tongue’s so soft, so nice and soft and warm, Griffin ...”

She was calling to the dog, talking to him as if he were her lover! Her body was shaking, shivering as if she were having a fit. And now Griffin was butting her thighs farther apart with his head and licking his tongue over her ass. She could feel his long, pink tongue slicking over the lower swell of her asscheeks, then pressing up against her panties and shorts. He wanted her to take off those damned things but could she? Anne hesitated, her fingers gripping the band of her shorts. Then, biting down hard on her lower lip, the woman did it, sliding the soft material down over her legs,

over her ankles, gone!

There she stood, nearly naked, her electric blue sheer nylon panties the only thing clinging to her sweat-dampened body. Anne stretched, feeling good about being naked in front of the dog. Griffin pulled back a second, staring up to admire his mistress. Anne drew one hand down over her thighs, rubbing her thumbs against the front panel of her panties. When she pressed the smooth cool, material against her cuntlips, she could feel her outer labes trembling with delight. Oh yes, this would be a wonderful time with the dog. Anne wondered why it had taken her this long to do it.

“Come here, Griffin . . . that’s it, come to me. Oh, be a good doggie and lick me ... oh that’s right, lick me off. Ohhhhh, yes, we’re gonna have a good time, aren’t we?”

The words bubbled out automatically from somewhere deep inside her troubled mind. Anne gasped, her words sounding so horrible, and yet so excitingly inviting. The dog picked up on her tone and began licking more wildly. She could smell herself now, and realized why the dog was going crazy. The smell of a woman in heat, surely that was enough to drive most animals wild.

Again the woman peered down at the dog, seeing how the thick fur around his throat was sticking straight up. There was something almost wolfish in his stare now and it made Anne shiver. She knew he could tear her to pieces, but all he seemed interested in how was her cunt. He growled again, his black rubbery lips peeling back to reveal double rows of crisscrossed white fangs. Again Anne trembled deliciously. She would give herself over to the animal completely. He could do what he chose to her.

Griffin was lapping noisily at her crotch. Anne swayed from side to side, feeling Griffin’s rough, hot-pink tongue graze one exposed cuntlip. She gasped. The feel of it brushing up against her was unbelievable. Anne wobbled again, stretching out one hand behind her. She drew her legs together, rubbing her knees tightly against one another. She dipped and lunged her ass around, feeling the plump cheeks jiggling. How her clit burned now. And her little dance added to her delight.

“Ummmmm, oh yes, doggie, oh yes, oh I want you so bad!”

She was telling the truth. Standing there, doing her grotesque little dance, Anne did want to feel Griffin on top of her. Somehow she’d figure out what to do. It couldn’t be all the different from fooling around with a man. Again he shoved his head between her legs, spreading them apart. Then she felt his tongue pushing up, the scalding pressure stretching the soaked nylon of her panties to one side and touching her pussy.

“Oh, Griffin!”

Her knees shook. One wet lick rubbed over her clit. Anne bit blood from her lower lip. A dog, a damned dog was doing this to her. She felt her asscheeks tighten, relax, then tighten again as the licking came on stronger. She couldn’t stop him, stop herself.

“Oh, Griffin, let’s do it. Come on, doggie, let’s do it. You’re going to make me feel so good . . . better than I’ve felt in years.”

How her cunt ached from the tension of all those years of sexual unfulfillment. And now the German shepherd was going to take care of that. To be stimulated by a dog? Why not? It was just friction, one wet surface rubbing against another. In this case it just happened to be a mouth, a dog’s mouth, sucking at her cunt.

“Yes, yes . . .”



Griffin growled at her again. Finally Anne sat down on the couch, feeling the scratchy material against the backs of her naked thighs. Griffin positioned himself between her spread legs, his ears tickling her legs while he explored higher and higher, licking along the insides of her thighs. Why was it making her feel so wild? It was like those wicked days when she had first let boys touch her. Of course, Anne never let them go too far. Now she wished she had. But then back then everything had been so controlled by her mother. Now things were different.

“Oh, Griffin, touch me, fuck me.”

Anne’s words were lost in the haze of her excitement as she gripped the couch cushions and felt herself drifting into a new world that promised incredible delights!

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CHAPTER TWO

“Good dog, goooooo doggie!”

Anne felt the rush of feelings overwhelm her. Her legs pranced against the carpeting while her ass slid down on the couch. She was giving her cunt to him, surrendering it to the big animal. Griffin stretched his tongue out, brushing over the narrow band of nylon halving her pussy. Anne moved down even more on the divan cushions, shoving her hips forward. Those wonderful electric sparks she’d felt earlier were turning into a regular electric storm! The woman let her head fall back against the cushions while her feet shuffled rhythmically over the floor.

“Oh please ... oh yes, please, it’s so good, so wonderfully good.”

Anne was rolling her head against the back of the couch, hunching down lower for the big animal. It was so wild! She heard the dog whimpering, his breaths wheezing through his quivering black nostrils. The touch of his fur against her flesh was so delicious! Again the woman slipped down a little farther, her neck bending. Anne felt his nose pressing against her inner cuntlips, forcing them wide apart. Suddenly she thought she could hear the back door rattling. Was it her imagination?

“Uhhhh . . . ohhhh, Griffin!”

He dog was twisting his maw around, shoving it down deep against her panties. No, no, she had to have the feel of his snout against her pussy! Clenching her cheeks together, the woman hunched up her ass, feeding Griffin her cunt. Anne pressed her palms up against her thighs, supporting her body while she arched her back against the couch. Griffin braced his paws on either side of her legs, shoving his snout down into the wet, silky crotch. Anne felt his tongue stretching the elastic bands around her legs. He wanted to get at the hot, furry hole he could smell there. “Uhhhhhh!”

Anne sobbed, rolling to her right side on the couch. The woman pressed her knees together, humping her ass back.

“Do it, do it! Oh doggie ... oh God, Griffin, it’s good, so goooooo!”

Anne was jerking her ass back and forth in short, jerky fucking movements. Gasping, babbling, the woman felt the sloppy nylon twist then pull to one side to reveal her swollen cuntlips. Anne put one hand down there and she could feel the hot flesh throbbing against her icy fingertips. Jerking to one side, the woman tried pulling the slick material down over her pussy. But it was too wet, far too wet for her to get a good grip on it.

“Griffin . . . ohhhh . . .”

The things he was doing to her! Anne rolled onto her back, raising one leg and hooking it over the low back of the sofa. She let the other fall to one side of the cushion, pulling her cuntlips stickily apart.

It was so easy, so damned easy for the animal to stretch his long tongue under the elastic leg band of her panties. He was slicking it down, down into her pussy! Anne cried out, her face a mask of intense pleasure while the animal lapped away. Wet, she was so darned hot and wet down there!

“Ummmmmm . . .”

Again, hesitating only for a second, the woman pushed her panties down, pulling her knees up to her tits and kicking off the juice-stained blue undies.

“There, oh there, Griffin. Yes, you can have all my pussy now.”

Anne smiled wearily, watching her panties drift down to the floor. Griffin glanced to one side, then moved back down to her pussy. He was aroused more than before, his tongue drilling into her. He gouged his claws against her thighs, his tongue dipping again and again into the seepy pit of her cunt.

“Do it, do it!”

Her voice was frantic, urgent. Anne could feel herself rocketing up toward climax. It was going to be one hell of a cum, far better than the simpering ones she had had lately with her husband! Anne yammered, dropping both hands to the dog’s neck. How soft, and yet how muscular Griffin was! She moved her hands up and down. Smiling, Anne could feel the fur tickling the flesh just under her fingernails. And then he was dropping his maw back into her cunt-pit. Yes, she could see that her hot juice was wetting down the short, bristly fur around his mouth. His black nostrils were wet with it.

“Uhhhhhhh . . .”

The room spun maddeningly around and around. His tongue lolled sloppily over her cunt, splitting the hot crack and bathing her clit again and again.

“Damn! Damn!”

Anne straightened the leg over the top of the couch, gasping for air, feeling the excruciating tickle growing worse and worse between her legs. Her mind was overloaded with all the messages it was receiving from her pussy. That tongue was so magical, drawing the deepest sensations from inside her cunt. Anne felt herself building steadily, breathlessly, toward that orgasm.

Her mind was overloaded with the lusty rub of the dog’s maw but he showed no signs of slackening. He burrowed his tongue down deep, sliding it into her cuntslit. When he twisted his maw around the woman could feel those short muzzle hairs bristling up against her clit. It was as if a million burning pins were stuck into her cunt, each one drawing incredible pleasure from her.

“Uhhhhhhh . . . oooooohhhh!”

Griffin was nuzzling and licking and pressing his snout against her soaking cunt. The woman couldn’t keep herself from that wild climax much longer. The stiff tickle of his warm coat against the soles of her feet made her throw her head to the side. Saliva frothed around the corners of her lips

as Anne spun around and around. She moved her ass up and then let it fall back to the couch, jerking it up against Griffin's lapping face again. He was growling, the vibrating sounds from his throat sending yet more powerful sensations echoing through her pussy. "Damn! Oh damn!"

The dog was making hurried little yipping sounds and nibbling along the puffed outer edges of her cunt. Anne had never in her life felt anything as devastating or exciting before. Crying out loudly, she snapped her knees together, trapping the dog's handsome head between her white, shivering thighs. Rocking back and forth, the woman nearly lifted the animal from the couch, her wet, hungry cunt spasming around his nose. It was too good to be true! Again and again she yelled, hunching back against the dog's snout, wanting to feel more and more of the German shepherd's muzzle against her cunt.

"Griffin!"

How delicious his name sounded. How good it was to cry out her pet's name, thrashing around on the sofa. Her cuntal walls spasmed. Anne could feel the muscles clasp, trying to clamp onto the dog's black snout. She was quivering on the brink of climax and the big muscles in her ass cramped. Kicking her feet high, she fanned her toes until they cramped as well. The dog slowed his rubbing friction, tilting his head around to stare at her.

"Oh don't stop, not now!"

Anne screamed out her needs, feeling the hot juice dribbling down her asscheeks and wetting the sofa cushions under her bouncing ass. She pitched on the sofa, bucking her ass against the dog's maw. She wanted something inside her, something very hard, something unyielding. She cried out again, her legs dropping to one side. Anne opened herself completely to the cunt-licking animal, wanting his tongue to slosh all the way into her seepy pussy pit.

Griffin became bolder, nibbling along her pussylips. Anne raked his fur with her fingers, pulling him harder against her. She didn't dare scream again for fear of frightening the animal.

"Oh, do it, do it!"

Looking heavy-lidded at the big animal, Anne realized she had to go further she couldn't stop here. She had to go all the way and let the dog fuck her. He'd be a better fuck than her late husband, of that she was sure. "Uhhhh . . ."

It was so difficult to move! Anne felt as if she were moving through a thickening jello as she pushed the growing animal away from her pussy.

"Just wait, oh just wait," Anne groaned, folding one leg under the other.

In a second she found herself on all fours, her tits hanging down sexily from her chest. Anne let out a short groan, leaning heavily against the back of the couch. She was doing it, hunching down and back for the dog's cock. Dropping her head and feeling the silken sweep of her hair, she peeped between her hanging tits. Yes, she could see it! There, wet and red, slipping out of its furry fuzzy sheath was the animal's red cock. Anne let out a soft moan. She had never really seen a dog's cock hard before! Actually, she hadn't even seen a man's prick hard all that often, either.

"Uhhhhh . . ."

Griffin shook his body as if he'd just come in from a swim. More of his red, knobby hard-on slipped out from his sheath. Anne thought about its stiffness, about all those bumps and how she thought

they would feel rubbing up against her clit. She let out a cry, her cunt spasming at her thought.

“Fuck me, Griffin ... oh yes, doggie, do it, do it to me!”

He was sniffing at her pussy, snuffing around her juice-slicked pussylabes. She could feel the short, hot little pants brushing up against her cunt. Anne curled her fingers into the soft cushions, shaking her head up and down, peering through her curtaining blonde hairs at the grandfather’s clock in front of her.

“Fuck me, Griffin. Oh God, fuck me, fuck me hard!”

She began rocking her hips from left to right, squeezing her aascheeks together. She did anything she could think of to excite the animal again. She needed that cock in her cunt desperately. Oh, to have a hot, hard prick . . .

The world seemed to explode all around her, bright sparks flashing past her eyes. Griffin had mounted her. Oh God, yes, the dog had mounted her! She could feel his large forelegs wrapping around her chest now, the claws scraping lightly along her sides. His head was sliding up the bumps of her spine and in a moment Anne could feel his chin resting against the back of her neck. His hind legs were dancing nervously behind her, pressing up against the backs of her legs.

“That’s it, boy!”

Oh, he was balancing himself carefully, tightening his grip around her lower belly while gouging his pointed red cockhead up against her pussy. Anne could feel his knobby cock sliding up and down along her ruby-red cuntlips! More juice bubbled out from her cunt, running down her inner thighs. She was rutting like a bitch in front of the dog and she didn’t care.

Fucked, she wanted to be fucked. She needed to have his cock inside her. Desperately Anne rocked her ass up and down, spreading her knees until the right one nearly slipped off the couch. Griffin was adjusting his position, crouching down for power. She loved it, feeling his body snuggling up against hers. A warm trickle of her cuntjuice ran down her thighs.

“Oh, I feel it, feel it now,” the woman gasped, her head spinning around.

Oh, yes, yes, she felt his cock. Her ass pranced in circles for it. She wanted to run from it and yet she also wanted to be caught and raped by that spiked cock. The small bumps pressed into her tender, blood-filled cuntlips, raking over her clit. Anne shoved one hand under her belly, pushing it between her spread thighs. Griffin growled into her left ear, his tongue slopping around her neck. She shivered, her movements nearly knocking the animal from her. He barked once more, tightening the grip of his forelegs around her tummy.

“Do it, oh do it!”

She felt peeled open, stretched until she thought she would tear in two. The dog tightened his grip yet further, hunching under and up. He gave her a powerful lunge that bounced her knees up off the sofa.

“Uhhh . . . ohhhhh, it’s going so deeeeeeeep, Griffin! Ohhhh, soooo deeeep!”

Anne fell forward, her elbows bowing out as she collapsed under the surge of sexual excitement frying her brain. The woman pranced her ass frantically about in tight little circles gasping and wheezing while her cuntal muscles tightened around the dog’s fucking cock. Spasm after spasm

rushed through her pussy, making her feel as if the world were exploding again and again all about her.

It had been oh so long since something that hot and hard had slipped into her cunthole. She backed up, spreading her knees apart. Griffin held her tightly, his claws scraping along her sides leaving long red marks on her ribs. The animal was going crazy, humping his ass up and down, scraping the tip of his cock against her clit then dropping it back into her swampy cunt.

“Uhhhh . . . ohhhh, good doggie, good . . . oh, it’s so good feeling you do that to me. Oh yes, yes, yes!”

It was so wonderful Anne didn’t care about anything else any more. She forgot about her niece, her sister, and any obligation she had. All that mattered now were her own desires and the dog’s. And Griffin was handling himself very well.

“Ohhhhh fuck me, fuck ...”

The dog stopped fucking, leaving his cock buried all the way inside her cunt. Anne moaned, her cuntal muscles milking his cock, pulling it deeper into her pussy. She loved that feeling-that hot, hard feeling throbbing deep inside her body. She squeezed her cunt muscles even tighter, cinching her eyes shut from the effort. It was getting more and more difficult for her to breathe now! She sucked in deep lungfuls of air to feed her body. Then Griffin began pulling back, his knobby prick rubbing up against her clit. How she loved that sensation! Long strings of drool oozed from her mouth and Anne tried pushing her cheeks up off the couch cushion. But her excitement was too great and her arms trembled, then collapsed. Anne fell against the cushion, her ass still high in the air and dancing about as the dog dug his claws into her hips and fucked deep again.

“Uh! Uh! Uh!”

He was riding her down into the couch, driving his powerful doggie hips down into her ass. Anne was perspiring with Griffin’s thick fur against her body. How strongly he had her in his grip, his forelegs trembling against her ribs. But still he held her firmly in place. Mistress and dog had exchanged roles. Now Griffin was the master, keeping Anne in line by fucking her.

“Fuck, fuck!”

Griffin twisted his head around and nipped at the back of her neck. Anne could feel his strong furry belly pressing against her asscheeks and back. He was climbing her again and again, fucking powerfully into her drenched cunt. Anne rutted shamelessly, clenching the cushion in her hands and whimpering.

“Oh so close ... so close . . . I’m so close to cumming.”

Her mind was a kaleidoscope of sexy thoughts. She wanted the dog to fuck her every way there was to fuck. She wanted to stay with the animal all day, keeping her niece out of the house if she had to while she satisfied her cunt again and again.

“Fuuuuuuccckkkk!” Anne babbled and jerked from side to side. Juice seemed to erupt from her cunt and she felt it oozing down her ass. It slicked between her asscheeks, wetting the cushion beneath. Grinding her hips hungrily, she felt herself about to cum. She was yelping and snarling as loudly and meanly as the animal fucking her. A core of white hot joy seared her cunt. Griffin’s cock sent streamers of cum blasting into her pussy.

The pleasure ached through her pussy, making her sob and cry and laugh all at once. The dog hugged her closely, growling and barking while more and more of his animal jizz spurted into her clenching, milking cunthole. Anne gasped out again, feeling her pussy cinch down around the dog's cock twice for every shot of his spunk. Cuntjuice and doggie cum oozed from her pussy, wetting her trembling thighs. How good that delicious hurt was! Anne wished it could go on forever as she collapsed onto the couch and hugged the cushions hard.

"Uhhhh . . ."

Finally it was over. Griffin had climbed off her and was circling around near the coffee table. His handsome head bobbed up and down while his tongue tried reaching his shrinking cock. In a moment he had flopped down onto one side and curled his spine, licking the tip of his prick.

Flat on her tummy Anne watched him with a sleepy kind of fascination. She knew she should get up, wash, and rearrange herself so her observant, precocious niece Diane wouldn't notice anything askew in her aunt's behavior. But oh it was so nice stretched out on her couch, her pussy still burning pleasantly from the fucking the doggie had given it.

"Griffin . . . nice dog."

The German shepherd pricked up his ears at the mention of his name. He looked around, his brown eyes rolling up to his mistress. Anne trembled. No, she couldn't think that he was more human than he was. That was teetering on the brink of madness. She pushed herself off the couch, letting the animal go back to his cock-licking while she scooped up her panties, bra and shorts and quickly padded toward the stairs.

Climbing the steps, not looking back down at the dog, Anne vowed she would never be frustrated again-not with Griffin about. Of course, she would have to be careful about Diane. But with a little luck, the girl would never notice anything. Smiling, Anne stepped into the shower, feeling good for the first time in years!

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Diane Williams hesitated at the door, her right foot shuffling lazily along the loose dirt. It was so hot outside. The thought of going back into the house occurred to her time and again but there was nothing to do in there. Her aunt would probably give her more boring chores to do around the yard. Darn! Why did her mother think it would be so good for her to come to the country? She had been having so much fun back in L.A., especially since she found Bob Jenkins and his magic fingers.

Diane closed her eyes and shuddered, feeling her flesh crawl when she thought of the handsome basketball center. She felt tingly and excited, her cunt shivering against the soft nylon crotch band pressing up against it. Bob did strange things to her. Of course, she hadn't let him go all the way, but the way his fingers strayed up under the leg band of her panties drove her crazy! She had cum several times during their last date, shamelessly hunching up against his hand while she tongued his mouth savagely. Diane didn't know just how much longer she could keep that up without doing something stronger, something far more daring. Bob, of course, was urging her to give in and something deep inside her was slowly convincing the blonde that it really would be all right for her to fuck him.

"Fuck!"

Diane leaned against the barn door, rubbing her fingers up and down her upper arms. Just whispering the word made her hair stand up on end. She could feel the goose bumps puckering up on and around her cuntlips while the blood rushed to her outer pussy labes. Diane moved her ass, feeling the subtle, sexy rub of her cuntlips against one another. Oh, she was so hot, so very hot! And she was so far away from her Bob. The girl let out a sigh, shaking her head from left to right. Bored, bored, bored! "God."

Diane had heard her Aunt Anne talk about two new horses she and her husband had purchased just before Uncle Fred had died. Seeing them would kill at least a few minutes, she thought. Diane looked around. The hands weren't around and Aunt Anne was probably doing the books or something equally nauseating in the house. Diane slipped into the cool barn, closing the door behind her.

The smell of stale piss and shit invaded her sensitive nostrils. Diane wrinkled up her nose, wondering if slipping inside this building had been such a good idea after all. The barn seemed terribly empty. Standing just inside the doorway, Diane cocked her head, listening for some sort of sound.

Nothing. Maybe her aunt had sold the animals already. Anne kept harping to Diane about how much money she needed. Diane shrugged her shoulders and had turned around to leave when she heard snorting sounds behind her.

Her heart skipped a beat. Well, there were animals inside! Turning about again, Diane walked slowly past the large empty stalls toward the back of the barn. The smell of piss and shit grew stronger and she liked the way her sandaled feet sank into the hay-covered floor.

Passing several overturned wood crates and cartons, Diane finally came upon the two stallions her aunt had told her about. Both were black and incredibly handsome. Diane paused in front of them, feeling a strange, funny sensation creep over her like a fog. She had always been fond of horses. Her father had taken her to the circus and little Diane had always jumped and applauded for the horses that strode by. Now she felt something like that excitement as she stood in their presence.

"Oh, boy, are you beautiful," she whispered, stretching out her right hand to the black stallion to the left.

The big animal bobbed his head up and down, stretching it forward to receive the caress. Diane smiled, rubbing her fingers up and down the big head. When she saw he was friendly, Diane grew bolder and moved up closer to the big animal.

"You're a pretty boy, you know that? I wish I knew your name. I'll have to ask Aunt Anne what your name is."

A jealous snort from behind her alerted Diane to the other horse.

"You want to get petted too, hmmm?"

She smiled more broadly, moving to the other stall and opening the low gate. Stepping halfway inside, Diane moved to the big stallion, touching the animal's side. Tickly, weird sensations rippled up her cunt each time she drew her fingers along the animal's smooth coat. No, she thought, that was silly. Those feelings had nothing to do with the horse. She'd been thinking about Bob and . . . Still, perhaps it would be better for her to stand outside and breathe some fresh air. Aunt Anne would be needing her for one thing or other and . . .

“Oh!”

Diane reared back, putting one hand to her mouth. The big stallion had moved his head about and was blocking her path out of the stall. He moved back, his big tail swishing from side to side. Why did she suddenly feel so threatened? Edging around, her ass pressed against the wooden wall, Diane was about to slip from the stall when the animal drew his big, sloppy tongue across her bare midriff.

“Ohhhh!”

This time the girl’s cry of surprise was mixed with something else. She fell back, her fingers fanning out, the tips pressing against the old rotting wood behind her. Why was she standing there like someone being lined up to be shot? “Let me go, boy.”

There was a way out and all Diane had to do was take it. But instead the girl stood there, her eyes wide, focused on the handsome animal. It was then she realized that her heart was beating fast. And her cunt! Oh, it had grown so sweaty-hot, the juice wetting down her panties. They clung uncomfortably to her outer labes while her thighs alternately chilled and burned with excitement. No, no, it couldn’t have anything to do with the horse, could it?

Diane stretched out her hand again, trailing her fingertips lightly along the beast’s side. The stallion snorted, bobbing his head up and down and twitching his ears around toward her. She saw those big brown eyes roll like marbles in his handsome head as he stared back at her. His hind legs pranced nervously against the ground, thudding menacingly while his muscles tightened and shivered. Diane shuddered, suddenly knowing that she wanted that horse, and not in a way her mother or father would have approved of. She wanted the stallion in the same way she wanted Bob!

“My God! What’s happening to me?”

Diane knew that if she wanted to “save” herself she would have to leave the barn right now. But instead she remained in the stall, her fingers tightening around her thighs as she stared back at the handsome horse.

“Oh boy, you’re so good-looking. You’re such a handsome animal.” Biting her lower lip and giving the nervous, excited animal an impish stare, Diane reached around and unhooked her halter.

Her cunt did strange, exciting things as she slipped her bra from her tits and hung it carefully on a near-by wooden peg. She turned around, finding herself face to face with the animal. He was eyeing her as she moved her hands up, rubbing the flat of her palms over her nipples. The red nubs were standing straight up, swelling while her tits rode high on her heaving chest. Diane had played with herself and she had let Bob do the same thing, hunching up against his crawling hand while he sucked on her nipples.

Diane had moved closer to the animal. Once again the stallion bobbed his head up and down, opening his mouth and letting his long, pink sloppy tongue hang out. It was soooooo long! And his teeth! Diane had forgotten about how big and square and white a horse’s teeth were. She drew closer, her feet shuffling along the loose hay covering the floor. The stallion moved around a little more, drawing his tongue now up from her tummy to her tits. “Ummmmm!”

Diane smiled, closing her eyes as she felt the large, rough surface rub up over her belly and slop onto her tits. She pushed forward against the heavenly feeling. She was shameless, walking forward another step and holding onto the horse’s neck. He was licking her steadily now, drawing that wonderful tongue up her belly, touching her tits and rubbing her nipples into an itching frenzy that made her cunt wink shut on nothing but thin air.



“Ohhhhhh!”

Bob. The horse. Their images were somehow being merged, fused by her hot, overworked imagination. Diane leaned heavily against the handsome animal, hugging his head and feeling him nuzzling her body. She felt his ears twitch up against her tits as that tongue slurped up against her tits. For an instant Diane wondered what it would be like to have the horse’s tongue against her cunt.

Bob had tried putting his mouth to her pussy and licking down to her cunt lips. But Diane had stopped him. Doing something like that, she felt, was almost like fucking. But with the horse . . . well, that was different. Nobody was going to tell on her. She didn’t have to worry about the stallion blabbing about what they’d done. Her reputation would stay intact, no matter what happened in here. Diane let out another shuddery breath, feeling her lungs filling up with oxygen. “Ummmmmm...”

Diane moved her hands down, back toward the stallion’s hindquarters. All the time she hugged his body, dragging her stiff-nippled tits along his heaving sides. She could feel his skin rippling, the muscles tensing beneath the smooth black coat. At times the stallion stomped around, his hoofs nearly crushing her feet. Diane had to be careful but she knew he wouldn’t hurt her intentionally. She spoke to him all the time, cooing to him the way she would talk to a human lover while caressing his body.

“Oh, that’s a good boy. Yes, you’re so beautiful, you know that, horsie?”

Diane felt a little giddy as she pressed her fingertips against his sides again. The animal was acting up again, prancing his hind legs nervously against the ground. More than once he had backed up against the stall wall, his firm ass butting the wood like a battering ram. Diane had moved away then, petting him nervously on his head while talking low and softly at him.

“Don’t worry, boy, I’m not going to hurt you. See? I’m Diane. I’m Anne’s niece. I’m not going to hurt you or work you.”

Again that odd feeling overcame the young teen. She backed away, hooking her thumbs over the tight elastic band of her shorts. It was utterly shameless the way she was sliding them down past her trembling knees, stepping from them and hanging them right next to her bra. She looked at the two garments hanging there, then ran her fingers lightly up her thighs to her pussy. How wet and warm it was! Diane moved up to the snorting animal again, sliding her hands up around the stallion’s hindquarters. Was he hot, too?

“Oh!”

Again the beast snorted, shaking his body mightily at her touch. From across the aisle Diane could hear the other stallion snorting too.

“I’m not going to hurt you,” she repeated again, rubbing her hands caressingly around the stallion’s hindquarters until he quieted.

Diane found herself staring at the animal’s cock for the first time now. While she was calming him down, moving her hands around to his sides, she had caught sight of something very big and black hanging from his hindquarters. At first, in the dim light, the girl thought it was his tail or something. But now, Diane saw it was something very hard and very big.

She felt funny again and her eyes were glued to the thick-muscle cock. She backed away, still

keeping her hands on his sides while staring at the big prick. Diane bit her lip again. What would it hurt if she were to touch it? Again the girl looked around, peering through the semi-darkness into the narrow aisle. Only the other horse stared on jealously, snorting at his neighbor.

"I'm not doing to do anything weird, horsie. I'm just going to touch you."

Diane moved her hands down his right rear leg, feeling the muscles tense at her touch. She could feel her knees knocking together as her hand reached his first leg joint. But this time the animal wasn't moving. He could have stomped around and crushed her with his body or his hooves but instead he just stood there, heaving with great sighs.

Diane took that as a sign of encouragement. Moving her hand around and up, the girl stopped her fingers just short of his cock. It was so huge, so ... so monstrous! She had never touched Bob's| cock, although he had it out plenty of times, stroking it himself and trying to get her to touch it. But Diane had been afraid she would go cock-happy and the next thing he'd be fucking her. But this . . . well, again the girl thought about the differences and smiled. She would at least know what a cock was like! "Oh!"

Her fingers brushed up against the big prick and she drew her hand back as if she'd touched a live burner! The stallion snorted as well, but still managed to keep still. The only thing that moved was his handsome head. He swung it around, peering down at the crouched, naked teen between his hind legs.

"Easy, boy, easy ..."

Diane stretched her hand out again, this time keeping the fingers pressed against the animal's cock rod. It was so big, so hot. Finally she dared curl her fingers around the big prick.

The stallion snorted again, his body shaking while she tightened her grip on his cock. The outer skin was a little loose and Diane jerked her hand up, feeling the hot outer cockflesh moving over the steely inner core. Again and again the girl did this, feeling the fat prick throbbing against her jerking fingers. How interesting! Diane tipped her head to one side, wondering if a man's cock worked the same way.

"Good horsie ..."

She was getting really hot! Slipping one hand down to her cunt, the girl felt her pussy react strongly to the light fingering touch. , Diane was wheezing, panting now while her hand moved up and down on the horse's jerking cock rod. The stallion was jerking his head up and down, banging it against the stall wall. He moved, away from her but Diane kept up with him, two fingers entering the tight hole of her pussy and scraping up inside to her clit.

Diane was breathless with what her fingers were doing. It was so wonderful to have her fingers sliding in and out of her cunt while her other hand was busy with the horse's cock. It was so naughty, so wicked, so good! The girl jerked her ass around in sharp, fucking movements. How strangely exciting this all was and she was doing it all with an animal, a horse!

"Oh!"

The cock in her hand was jerking around harder now. She guessed he was close to cumming. One of her friends had told her something about that, something about how men came a lot easier than girls. It must be the same thing with animals, Diane thought as her fingers jerked faster and harder along the horse's cock.

“Oh, oh, oh!”

Diane’s face suddenly became red and pinched and she felt her cunt going into convulsions. She sensed the building pressure, then felt the muscles cramping around her fucking fingers.

“Horsie ... oh yess, oh yessss!”

Diane pressed her burning forehead against the beast while sawing her fingers harder into her cunt. Then something happened, something that nearly made the girl faint. The beast was cumming, too, firing long white squirts of his jizz into the hay!

Diane could feel his cock muscles contracting against one another, squeezing out the jizz from his balls. The young girl watched in fascination, her own climax nearly blinding her with lust while more and more of the horse’s cum shot out. Oh, oh, what she had done?

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CHAPTER FOUR

“Good, good horsie,” Diane cooed, buckling her halter, then adjusting it tightly over her high-riding tits.

It had been quite a session! Diane left the stall a little shakily, having to brace herself against the wall more than once as she moved toward the front door of the barn.

“Oh!”

It was opened! Diane stopped short of the doorway, feeling guilt and shame wash over her. She had closed the door before, she was sure. Had someone come in and watched her and the stallion?

With a worried look on her face Diane stepped into the brilliant sunlight. She shaded her eyes, looking around the large farm. There was still no movement from inside the house. No, her aunt wouldn’t have sneaked up on her like that. Stepping out into the daylight a little more, Diane wheeled around slowly. In the near distance she could see Mike and Jeff, the two hands her aunt had taken on shortly after Uncle Fred had passed away. They were staring at her, leaning heavily against a near-by fence. But then again, they were always doing that.

Diane shivered, turning away from the men. If they had seen her with the horse ... she didn’t even want to think about it. Perhaps the wind had blown the door open. Diane didn’t remember bolting it. It could have swung open on its own easily!

Diane brushed her long blonde hair away from her eyes and walked away from the barn as if nothing had happened. They couldn’t do anything to her even if they’d seen her. Would her aunt believe a couple of down-and-out ranch hands or her own niece? Diane had seen her Aunt Anne giving the two men curious, wondering looks. She knew it wouldn’t take much from her to have them canned. And they probably knew that, too.

She stopped by the door. It was locked and Diane sighed, moving around the porch to the back of the house. Griffin was standing just under the large elm to the left of the rear porch and Diane smiled at him. He was such a handsome dog and the two of them had gotten along so well. Bending down, she clapped her hands together, laughing lightly as the big German shepherd bounded up to her. Behind in the kitchen Diane could hear her aunt clattering around in the kitchen.

"Come on, boy. I don't want to be scooped up for K.P. duty," Diane whispered, ruffling his ears with her fingers.

Griffin barked his approval, running forward and then stopping and looking back to see if Diane followed. She cast one more look back at the barn and then looked at the house. Her aunt would never know.

"Come on, boy."

The two of them rushed away from the house, down to a shady grove through which a stream meandered. Diane found a stick and tossed it to Griffin, watching as he bounded for it, grabbed the thing with his powerful jaws, and set it back down at her feet.

"Get it, boy."

Again Diane tossed out the stick, watching the dog pounce after it and bring it back to her. Diane laughed, sitting down on her ass and drawing the big hunkering animal next to her. It had been an exhausting day. The surprise in the barn had strangely tired her. She just wanted to lay back and enjoy the filtered sun coming through the criss-crossed branches overhead.

"Good, boy. Good, Griffin."

Lazily she stroked the shepherd's sides, falling back onto the soft ground and closing her eyes. The warm weather was like a sleeping pill and Diane soon felt herself getting very buzzy, very warm. She knew her strange mood had a lot to do with her little caper in the barn. Again the blonde teen smiled. That had been wild!

"Ohhhh ..." Gradually Diane felt herself drifting off to sleep. She slept fitfully, her dreams filled with erotic images. Diane saw herself naked, chased by several faceless men, their cocks all big, thick, long like the stallion's. She couldn't get away from them and then she realized she didn't want to flee from them. The girl wanted I them all.

And then . . . and then one of them caught her and flung her to the ground. She screamed, trying to beat him with her fists. But he only laughed, knocking her hands away and then dropping his mouth to her pussy. Oh yes, yes, she could feel his tongue slopping over her pussy, digging down into her cunt. "Uhhh . . . oh!"

Diane awoke with a start! This was no dream! What she was feeling was for real. Blinking her eyes open, she peered over her tits to find Griffin wedged between her splayed thighs. He was lapping at her crotch panel, having soaked the thing through with his hot doggie spit!

"Griffin! What's gotten into you! Stop this now!"

The dog was nuzzling her thighs, pushing his snout up against the groove where her leg met her belly. Diane sat up on her elbows, staring wide-eyed at the animal. She thought about the horse suddenly, remembering how she had wanted the beast to touch her cunt with his tongue. And now there was Griffin. She lay there spread out on the grass while he fed on her pussy.

"No ..."

Diane looked over her shoulder nervously, holding the dog at arm's length for the while. She heard him growling with frustration but the girl would rather chance being bitten rather than have her aunt or those awful men peering down at her and enjoying the scene.

But the trees and surrounding high bushes prevented anyone from spotting them. Surely, Diane thought, she'd hear someone tramping through the brush in time. The stream gurgled happily nearby as she found herself once more sliding down her panties.

This time there would be more than just feeling around. Griffin had his mind set on something far more exciting, Diane could tell. She didn't stop to wonder at the time about how he had come to learn about cunt-licking. The girl had been worked up too much by the horse to question the rightness and wrongness of the situation. Her finger-fuck job had taken the edge off her excitement for the moment but the initial force was still there. Now Griffin was working it up once more as he lapped at the soft spot just around from her ankles.

Diane cast off her panties and shorts, feeling the prickly grass tickle her puckered little asshole. How her white legs contrasted with the green grass covering the sloping hillside! Griffin stared at her for a moment, sniffing at the cast-off panties. He nudged the juice-soaked material, then moved back to her cunt. Diane watched him, her heart beating wildly.

"Oh!"

The touch of the dog's tongue against her pussy made her jerk so hard that she fell on her back. Staring up at the branches above, Diane felt his strong furred legs bumping against the insides of her thighs. She half-rose again, crawl-fishing back, teasing the grunting beast while enjoying the touch of his tongue.

"That's it, boy. Oh, that's it! You're making me feel soooooo good!"

Diane felt him nuzzling her cunt once more, his fore paws braced against the lower swell of her ass. It was making her crazed! The girl sucked in a wheezing breath, feeling the air burn her nostrils. She was heating up quickly, feeling the juice bubbling out her fuzzy cunt-slit. How long had Griffin been licking her pussy before she'd awakened? Diane didn't know.

"Uh!"

Diane felt the chilly rushes of sexual heat singe her thighs as the dog divided her still-swollen cuntal slit. She gasped from the friction as he raked her clit again and again. Peering down, the girl saw her tendons bulging and her curling toes. The dog was doing it to her, doing all the secret things she had wanted Bob to do to her but had been afraid to ask for.

"Oh, do it doggie, do it!"

Diane realized she was talking too loudly. Biting down on her lower lip, she moved back until she felt her spine resting against a tall elm. There she let her knees fall apart and allowed the dog to feed.

"Ohhhh!"

A dog was eating her cunt! She could feel the animal feeding on her pussy. His tongue burrowed deep, halving her cunt, curling around and sliding in deep. He sucked at her, his cold black nostrils pressing up against her swollen cuntlabes.

"Do it, Griffin!"

The sensation of his tongue was so hot and silky! The girl groaned. What would it be like to act like a dog herself? The thought burned through her mind. Half laughing, half moaning, Diane got up, twisting around until she found herself on her hands and knees. Her tits were still trapped in her

halter, jiggling in their tight-fitting cups as she wagged her naked ass at the dog. Whimpering through her nose, she began crawling away from the shepherd. Griffin growled for a moment. And then . . . and then she heard him running for her. He jumped.

“Oh!”

Diane felt his strong legs on her back. The underside of his belly was hunching up against her bare ass and his body was pumping against hers. And then the girl felt something very hot, slick and sharp gouging at her cunt. He was trying to fuck her! “No!”

Things had gone too far and the dreamy smile faded from her lips. Twisting halfway around, Diane slapped back at the big dog, knocking him away from her body. She staggered up, her fingers clawing at the loose bark of the giant elm behind her.

“No, no, can’t . . . can’t go through with it,” she said.

Diane was close to panic. She had been in control of the horse, and, she had thought, she had been in control of the dog. But Griffin was more intelligent and had different ideas than that caged stallion. She ran out into the woods and then remembered she had left her panties back in the clearing.

“No!”

Racing back, the teen met Griffin. He purposely dodged in front of her, causing her to veer and lose her balance. In a second the screaming Diane felt herself falling and she shot her hands out in front of her.

“Uhhhhh!”

The blonde teen landed in a pile of loose brown leaves. Pushing herself up, she realized that the dog was swarming around her legs. She kicked at him, jerking her knees up. But Griffin dodged her moves easily, slipping around and sliding his muzzle into her cunt. He growled and tossed his handsome head around. The sudden penetration of her pussy sent a fiery shiver over her skin. That dog, that wonderful, wonderful, cunt-licking dog.

Diane smiled weakly at the animal, stroking one foot over his furry back. How deliciously the coat tickled the sensitive spots between her curling toes. She winced once more, feeling him licking down between her asscheeks. It was so good, so good. The animal was making strange whimpering sounds now, shoving his paws up against her ass while that exciting tongue fucked deeper and deeper into her cunt. Diane stiffened her thighs, pressing up against the dog’s maw. It was maddening the way Griffin was growling and licking and nibbling along her pussy!

“Uhhhhh . . . ohhhhhh, Griffin, do it to me! Oh yes, do it!”

Diane moved her ass on the cool grass, feeling the blades tickling her asshole. Griffin was making those odd noises once again as he plowed her cuntlips open and ate on her squishy cunt. Letting out another cry of delight, Diane reached forward, rubbing her fingers along the dog’s head.

Griffin went after what he wanted, forcing her thighs to stay open with his scratching paws. Diane felt completely possessed by the animal. She fell back onto her spine, closing her rolling eyes. The world spun around once again while the dog lapped deep into her tender young pussy. Those slick, clicking sounds his maw made against her swollen-open cuntlips were so exciting! They sent feverish chills rushing up and down her spine.

“Do it! Oh, do it to me!”

Diane opened her eyes, watching his long muzzle and opened mouth slide back and forth against her pussy. The white-fanged fury of his attack brought another shuddering groan from her.

“No ... oh no,” she said, her voice a hoarse whisper.

Griffin was getting more and more involved now, growling and using his paws and maw to reach deeper into her young cunt. Did he sense she was a virgin? Was he trying to get at her cherry, to tear it open so he could . . . Diane stopped the thought right there.

Griffin growled, closing his jaws down on her flesh. She felt his fangs going deeper as he rolled his brown eyes up and watched her reaction. His look was almost too much for her to stand. It was as if he had more intelligence than she or anyone else would have thought.

“Griffin,” she whimpered when the pain became acute.

The German shepherd let go, opening his mouth and biting up a little higher on her thigh. Diane babbled, twisting her body against the ground like a snake, beating it with her clenched fists. It was too much! The girl could feel the pressure building between her legs as the rough wetness of his nose against her clit drove her crazy. Diane moved her feet so her soles were pressed against the ground. In that position the teen was able to tense her ass and hunch up against Griffin’s snout. The dog drove his tongue around and around the small trigger at the top of her outer cuntlabes.

“Fuck . . . fuck ...”

Diane found herself raising her knees, pressing them back against he tits. Griffin pulled back an inch or two, tipping his head and staring at her curiously while she rocked lazily from left to right. Thoughts and half-images drifted through her mind as she began to feel like a dog herself. She couldn’t talk any more. All she could do was groan and cry out to the animal.

Griffin moved forward again. He was licking deep now, scratching one fore paw against her cunt as if he were trying to spread her cuntlabes farther apart once again. Then, without any warning, the animal began licking her belly, leaving broad silvery swaths of spittle across her tummy and tits. Then he moved back to her pussy.

The wind whistled through the tree tops, stirring the branches as Diane bucked and jerked up against the dog’s maw. Her knees moved back a little farther, this time nearly touching her tits. Did the dog realize what he was doing?

“Uhhhh!”

Staring at her again, Griffin moved forward, putting one paw tentatively against her left inner thigh. Diane moaned. Then the other paw came down on her right inner thigh. There were some tentative moves while the big dog looked down at her cunt, then at his paws. But slowly, purposefully Griffin climbed onto her, mounting her as if he were her human lover.

“No, no, I can’t . . . can’t ...”

But Diane didn’t have the strength to fight him off. The girl was helpless, feeling the dog crawling onto her splayed-open body with the express purpose of fucking her. One part of her mind simply told her to lay back and enjoy! That was exactly what Diane did.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

“Ohhhh, fuck me, doggie, fuck!”

It was as if she were standing outside herself, watching someone else fucking. Her mind rattled about her head, her blood scorching her veins while the dog mounted her. Diane rolled back a little farther, feeling the weight of her body press against her jutting shoulder blades. Twigs stirred under her twisting body as the big German shepherd finally positioned himself on top of her. Diane stared hotly up at the animal and found him staring back at her. She shivered and once more thought of that intelligence she saw shining in his eyes. It was unsettling.

“Ohhhh, Griffin, do it, do it now!”

The animal needed little encouragement. Dipping his hindquarters slightly, the animal pressed down against her wide-opened cuntlips. When Diane felt the tip of his cock brush up against her pussy, the girl went wild. She kicked one leg high in the air, fanning out her toes until they curled. No one had ever told her fucking would be so much fun! And with a dog yet!

“Do it, do it!”

Griffin growled, then dipped his doggie ass once more. That hot, stiff feeling against her cunt was there again and Diane stiffened as she felt it pressing against her cuntlips. Already her cuntlabes were flattened back and throbbing as the animal’s cock slid against them. The moment his prick touched her clit Diane went off into a series of spasms.

“Uhhhhh!”

She drew her knees together, rubbing their insides against the animal’s furred sides. Her eyes rolled into her head while a pulse leaped at her throat. For a second the girl forgot about her cherry, forgot the fact that she was still a virgin and was about to lose that treasured status to a dog.

Griffin hunkered down for power, his tail straightening out behind him and jerking with each of his forward fuck-thrusts. Diane yelped, gasping with the affection the dog was giving her. She felt wanted, happy, wild with a new kind of freedom. But then something like fear sawed through the young girl the moment she felt all those bumps sliding past her clenching cuntlips.

Her cherry! Oh God, her cherry! She could feel his cockhead rubbing up against the bunched, puckered flesh. He had stopped for a moment, twisting his head around and stabbing his pointed cockhead rhythmically against her cherry. In a moment Griffin would burst through with his fleshy battering ram of a cock No, no, Diane couldn’t let that happen! She couldn’t lose her cherry to a German shepherd.

“Stop!”

But the animal was too far gone to listen to her weak commands. Diane tried twisting away, sliding backward on the damp grass. Still the animal remained with her, his paws scratching her thighs.

“Stop this ... oh God, you can’t, you just can’t do this to me!”

She felt the beast shove down and forward with his powerful hips. Again the tip of his cockrod bumped up against her cherry. Diane stiffened, her eyes wide with terror. She felt a faint pain start



to radiate up from between her splayed thighs. Had he done it? A sickening feeling washed over her.

“Get away from me!”

Frantically the girl beat her fists against the large dog, feeling her climax only moments away. If only she could cum, could get the dog off her and cum-that would be wonderful!

“Griffin!”

Desperately Diane began prancing her ass around in circles, shoving it up and down to increase the friction of her cuntlabes against the dog’s cock. She remembered how her friends had told her that some guys come fast. She tried to excite the dog more and more, wanting to make him shoot before he had a chance to pop her cherry.

Griffin was going wild, his mouth opened, his tongue hanging out as if he needed water desperately. He was making all sorts of growling sounds, still trying to stab his aching prick into her cunt all the way.

“Come on, boy, come on!”

Diane perspired with the effort, beads of sweat gathering on her forehead. She tilted her ass one way and then the other. The dog dug at her inner thighs for support, nearly tumbling from her body more than once. Diane gasped, her clit burning from all of the fear, the excitement, and the constant bumpy slick rubbing of the shepherd’s cock. It was heavenly.

“Uhhhhhh . . . ooohhhhhh!”

It was happening! It was finally happening! Diane felt herself cumming and cumming fast. Through the red fog that had settled over her brain she could still see the dog. He was about to shoot as well and the girl rubbed her toes briskly over his humping back. Oh, oh, it was so wild to feel his spine curling, snapping around as he threw his cockmeat skillfully into her cunt again and again.

“Uhhhhhhh ...”

Diane was writhing in a paradise of explosions tearing through her cunt. It was the first time she had ever had anything like that inside her body. The animal was growling still, his body twisting against hers. When she thought about his cock shooting all that jizz into her cunt, Diane felt that sickening feeling sweep over her again. Having reached her climax and now coming down, the thought of Griffin dumping his load inside her body wasn’t quite as exciting as before.

“Uhhh ... no, no ... ” Somehow Diane managed to knock the animal off her body. She shivered, feeling his cock slip from her cunthole. Frustrated in his goal, Griffin began rubbing his doggie cock against her right leg. Diane petted his neck with one leg, her belly heaving and bucking as the animal began shooting his cum against her.

“Ohhhh, yes, yes, Griffin. Oh, that’s a good boy, a good doggie.”

The big German shepherd shivered as more and more of his doggie cum spurted from his pointed cockhead. Diane shuddered, feeling the long white-hot streaks against her thighs.

“That’s it, boy, that’s a good dog. Ohhh, real good dog.”

Again the girl rubbed her bare feet over his humping back, listening to his whimpering and feeling

his cum spurting up against her legs. It was a good feeling, especially since she'd managed to keep her cherry. Griffin backed away, curling up near-by and licking his shrinking cock.

Diane eased her legs down, naked in the tall damp grass with her arms stretched from either side of her body. Peering up through her blonde lashes, she looked at the branches swaying lazily above her. How beautiful the sky was now! Puffy clouds dotted the blue sky and there was hardly a sound in the world except for the continual murmur of the near-by stream. Occasionally she could hear a bird calling to his mate and the leaves rustled above her-tree talk. Diane smiled.

But, gradually the girl grew a little uncomfortable. The effects of having lain so long on the hard ground were telling on her spine now. Diane raised her torso, shaking her long blonde hair from her eyes. She looked about. No, no one had come upon their secret little spot. She had fucked like crazy and had managed to keep the whole thing secret.

"Oh, Griffin . . . that was wonderful. You're such a good dog."

The animal's ears shot up at the mention of his name. Then he went back to licking his cock. Diane rubbed her fingers around her tummy, feeling as if the animal's tongue was still on her flesh.

"I've got to get out of here."

Diane wiped herself off, throwing her clothes back on quickly. More than once she stared at the animal, watching his tongue brush over his shrinking cock, then rub around his furry little balls. Dogs were so strange! Diane paused for a second, her hands stopping at the zipper of her shorts. She wondered if she would have let the dog do it. No, that would be something for a man. Still, she felt her teeth chattering against one another as she hitched up her shorts, then turned and began lumbering back up the hill to her aunt's house.

Reaching the top, Diane saw the farm house nestled in the small valley of the land near-by. Everything looked so normal-just as it was when she left it only a few minutes ago. But how much had changed! Pushing her hair back, Diane walked through the tall grass back to the house, wondering when she and the animal would get back together again. Behind her she could hear Griffin running. Diane smiled. It would be soon. Oh yes, it would be soon.

When Diane reached the house again, she found her aunt busy setting the table. The girl sighed, she should have been doing that. Nervously the girl turned around but Griffin had disappeared. Turning back, Diane saw her aunt staring at her curiously.

"Been out for a walk, dear?"

"Oh, just around."

Diane tried to act as casual as possible, taking the dishes from her aunt and finishing the setting. There was the delicious smell of food coming from the kitchen. Diane had to admit her aunt was a fine cook.

"You should be careful out there. There are plenty of wild animals about . . .oh, you nearly broke that cup!" Anne cried. "Sorry."

Diane had to be more careful. That remark about wild animals had somehow touched a nerve. Diane resettled the cup on the saucer, bracing her tummy against the back of one of the oak wooden chairs. She had to get control of herself.

"You and Griffin have fun together? I saw him following you."

Somehow Diane managed to keep from dropping another cup. Concentrating on sounding as bored as possible, the girl shrugged noncommittally at her aunt.

"I guess. I was alone most of the time. The stream's pretty down there. But ... but Griffin's been acting strange lately."

Now it was Anne's turn to look unsettled. Diane glanced up and noticed how pale her aunt's face looked. She wondered if she had the flu or something.

"I think he's got something, Diane went on. "You know, a bug. He almost bit me."

"Bit ... bit you?" Anne stammered, feeling the room start to sway around her.

Oh no! The dog couldn't be thinking of . . . The idea was too horrible for her to contemplate! Anne changed the topic of conversation quickly.

"Did you get a chance to see the new stallions in the barn, dear?"

Diane smiled. Had she! Again the girl remembered how that horse's tongue had felt slopping up against her tits. And how the stallion had neighed and snorted when she'd jacked him off. Diane curled her fingers around the back of the chair in memory, her hand rubbing from side to side.

She could still feel the throbbing pulses through his hot cockflesh as long white streams of cum shot from his cockrod and splattered on the hay between her legs. And how she had cum, her fingers sawing through her cunt. To have a horse's cock in her pussy would be a real feat. Diane frowned suddenly, remembering having seen those two farmhands near-by. Had they seen anything?

"They're both such handsome animals. It's a shame I'm going to have to sell them," Anne said, a touch of sadness in her voice.

"Oh no!"

"I don't know much about farming, Diane. Your uncle did most of it and I kept the books. And I'm afraid things aren't looking very good frantically. This place just needs a man's touch, I guess."

Anne felt good talking about selling. It would be a joy unloading this place and leaving for the city.

"Have you put the place up for sale yet?" Diane asked.

Anne disappeared into the kitchen, pulling the food off the stove.

"Not yet. But I'm sure it'll go quickly. Now sit down and let's have some dinner."

Diane thought about what her aunt had said all through the meal, hardly uttering a word. After what she had experienced she wasn't sure she'd do something like sell the farm. Of course, Aunt Anne was thinking of the money but Diane thought of that horse, of the dog, of anything that would give her cunt all those delicious feelings without the threat of a man! There was a whole farm full of animals out there with all sorts of possibilities.

"Something wrong, Diane?"

"Hm? Oh no, just feeling a little tired. Guess I ran around a little more than I thought today."

Anne smiled back. Her niece really was a sweet child. She was just getting in the way of some things right now. If only she could pack her off tomorrow! But Anne had promised her sister the girl could stay three weeks. Diane wolfed down a bite of potato.- "Oh, here comes Griffin."

Both women stared at the dog then looked away as if the glance would give something away. Neither noticed her counterpart's reaction.

"Yes. In the kitchen, boy. Your dinner is waiting for you there."

Obediently the dog trotted from the dining room.

Gathering up the dishes, Anne moved from the table through the doorway to the sink. There crouched before his yellow bowl was Griffin, busily eating his food without paying her the slightest attention. Fickle dog! But there would be a time when he would want her. Anne smiled. That time, she hoped, would be soon.

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CHAPTER SIX

It was mad! Anne drew the pink sweater more closely around her shoulders as the breeze picked up from the north. It was utterly mad to be standing like this in the middle of the night in front of the barn. She turned around, gazing at the lone yellow light shining from her bedroom window. It was nearly two in the morning. The stars blinked overhead while a half moon silvered the near-by fields with an eerie light. The faint rustling of the elms behind her house was the only sound.

Griffin was nowhere to be seen. He was out, perhaps hunting for wild game or something. There was so much Anne didn't know about animal behavior.

It had been impossible for her to sleep-not after having watched the dog feed like that while her niece was chatting away in the dining room. She'd watched that tongue go over the red meat and listened to his maw chewing over the bits of beef. Anne had remembered his maw, remembered what his tongue felt like brushing over her clit. And then she could almost feel his cock sliding into her cunthole, spreading apart the itchy, slick labes and sending her off into a torrent of frantic spasms. How she had loved that feeling of cumming against the dog's body! And now that she wanted that sensation again but Griffin was nowhere to be found.

What had driven her out here to the barn? Something brought the image of the two stallions to her mind. Perhaps it was something she had said to her niece at dinner. There had been something in Diane's answer that had made Anne think differently about the horses. Could she? Would she dare do something like that? Standing there before the tall wooden barn, Anne knew she would.

Straightening her back, Anne squared her shoulders and marched to the barn door. There was a small lock on the large double doors, the key to which she had in her pocket. Her fingers trembled with the small brass key as the wind whipped her hair against her face. Shaking the strands from her eyes, the woman opened the lock, pulling open one door, then letting it slam shut with a dull thud behind her.

She had never noticed it before but that pleasant aroma of animal was almost like a heavy perfume. Reaching around, Anne slipped the sweater off her shoulders. Several small, yellowish lights illuminated the narrow aisle. She could hear the nervous snorting of the animals in the rear stalls. Anne swallowed hard. She thought about turning back but then the steady, burning, itchy pulse between her legs turned her around once more. She had to have some satisfaction. And if the dog

couldn't give it to her . . .

Anne walked slowly down the aisle, her feet sinking comfortably in the thick hay covering. Her husband had bought these stallions, having grandiose dreams of breeding horses. Still, perhaps Fred's ridiculous purchase would have some positive results after all-only in ways Fred had never thought of.

"Oh, nice Thunder. Good Lightning," she said as she reached their stalls.

Thunder and Lightning. Anne smiled. It was corny, but the horses recognized their names so why bother changing them?

"All tied up in your stalls all night. That's a shame," Anne said, unbuttoning her blouse slowly.

She had changed into warmer clothes that evening. Now, trembling, she began removing them, feeling a tremor pass through her cunt as she met the roving eyes of Thunder.

"I don't know what I'm doing. I really don't," Annie said breathlessly, shedding her blouse, then stepping from her skirt. She hung the garments neatly on a near-by hook-the same one her niece had used earlier.

Anne felt so odd standing stark naked there in front of Thunder. What was she supposed to do? Sucking in her lower lip, she bit down hard, feeling that strong electric pulse surging through her cunt and exploding in sputters through her clit. Unsure, she moved forward, stepping into Thunder's stall.

Lightning, who had had Diane earlier, looked on with mild curiosity. Thunder was whinnying with excitement, his powerful hoofs stomping nervously on the ground. Anne put one hand to her throat, terrified that he would trample her into the dirt!

"God."

What a silly thought! The horse was just glad to see her. Anne moved her right hand up, caressing the big beast's long black mane. They were handsome, all right. Her husband had really done something right in buying the animals. She moved her fingertips along his powerful sides, feeling the muscles tighten then ripple under her gentle caress. He was as excited as she was! The thought made the woman suck in air through her burning nostrils. What was she supposed to do?

"Thunder . . . that's it, boy, take it easy. Take it easy."

She rubbed her fingers along the horse's sides, tracing the contours of his thigh muscles then moving back until her hand was caressing his smooth, rounded ass. More than once Anne felt his tail swishing up against her hand while the horse trembled at her touch. He wasn't moving much now. He seemed to be waiting for something-for her to do more. Again Anne bit her lower lip, smiling grimly at the beast. Suddenly he twisted his head around, dropping it low and sticking out his tongue. He spread his forelegs apart at the same time to drop his mouth down as low as he could.

Anne nearly fell over when she felt his tongue licking up from her knees and touching her inner thighs, then drag up long, hard and hot through her cuntal bush. The resulting sensations nearly sent her shooting through the barn ceiling. Again he did it, bobbing his head up and down, drawing his tongue through her pussy hairs and halving her cunt easily with the strength of his tongue. It was far more powerful than anything Griffin could have done! Anne pitched forward, grabbing onto the animal's powerful sides. "Uhhhhhhh!"

Impossible, this was just impossible! Anne had never heard of anything quite like this. Thunder was making soft, whinnying sounds, shaking his proud head every now and then, his tail swished back and forth regularly, wiping across his powerful ass. Anne regained some control over herself, parting her thighs until her inner cuntlips peeled stickily back from her wet pussymeat along her cuntslit. The horse kept his head down, nuzzling her pussy with his snout, sniffing at her hot cunt. Anne clawed his sides, still not believing this was actually happening to her. A horse couldn't be doing this!

"Ohhhh God ..."

Anne felt her knees buckling, knocking together. The woman leaned heavily against the big black stallion. He licked and lapped, his head nearly knocking her onto the ground. She was reeling, grasping for support as the tongue entered her cuntmeat, spreading it apart and digging down into her pussy. It was heaven, something more powerful than she'd ever experienced, even with the wild licking of the German shepherd. "Do it, ohhhhh!"

Anne stared down and saw something she couldn't believe. The size of his cock! It made her eyes grow wide while her heart skipped a beat. If she could only touch it. If she could only have something like that slip into her cunt and spread it apart and . . .

"Uhhhh ..."

The thought sent fiery chills rushing up and down her body. It was so big . . . so big and thick and long and hot. Thunder whinnied again, shaking his proud head while backing into the stall.

"Christ, what am I doing?" Anne asked herself.

Dropping to her knees, Anne scooted back to the animal, stroking his slightly sagging under side with one hand while stretching the other out for his fat prick. Above her Anne could hear the stallion whinnying softly.

His cock was just like a man's-only much larger. Anne moved her hand up. Now she could feel the black, ridged, glossy cockhead. It was soaked with the juices that bubbled from the animal's piss-slit. Anne swallowed hard, feeling as if she were entering some new world.

"Easy, boy, easy, Thunder."

The woman rubbed her finger over the piss-slit once more, knowing that's where the potent cum would shoot out any second. Anne moved her hand up, feeling that cockhead, enjoying the velvety soft hardness of it. She shivered with excitement and fright as she moved her hand up toward those hanging, leathery sacks on either side of his cockroot. If she could only figure out some way she could take that horse-cock into her cunt!

Her hand was still around his cock, feeling the big thing throbbing against her fingers. She tightened her grip, hearing the horse snort as she began jerking him off. Anne had done this many times with Fred. In fact, it was about the only thing other than plan old fucking he'd let her do. But this was far more exciting than doing anything with him like this. Anne felt her knuckles brushing up against Thunder's balls. How good it was!

"Thunder ..."

Anne moved back, twisting her head around and dropping it until her lips were even with the animal's cockhead. Opening her mouth a little wider, Anne slipped it over the fat cockhead, closing

her lips tightly behind the big black bulb.

“Ummmmmmmm...”

Thunder stomped around nervously until she began tickling the underside of his cock with one hand. He settled down, his tail jerking from left to right as Anne twisted her head around once again and began gobbling up the animal’s cock. How hot and hard it felt as it brushed over her teeth and slipped back to her tonsils. Anne raised both hands now, placing the fingers just in front of her puckered lips. Slicked with her saliva, they added friction to the animal’s enjoyment as Anne sucked as hard as she could.

Up and down, up and down her head bobbed, her lips sliding around Thunder’s cock while her fingers tightened and slipped around the animal’s cock. She could taste something bubbling out of the horse’s prick-head-his cum! It was so salty, so bleachy . . . just like the cum that used to shoot out of her late husband’s cock.

“Mmmmmmm ...”

Her voice was low and throaty while her mouth and hands pushed the animal toward climax. At this point the woman was unaware of two distinct shadows creeping across the floor toward her. She noticed only how she was pleasuring this animal and of how her cunt burned. If only she had something sticking up her pussy! If only Griffin were here to ease the burning tension pressing into all her nerves!

“Hey, man, get a load of this!”

“Yeah, the old lady’s gettin’ off on the fuckin’ horse’s cock!”

Anne jerked back, horror freezing her body. She dropped the animal’s cock, wiping her hands as she staggered to her feet. It was Mike and Jeff, the two hands she’d hired. They were standing bare-chested in front of her. Mike, the taller one, was scratching his stubbly chin. Both men were staring lewdly at her.

“What are you doing in here?” Anne gasped, staring defiantly at them.

“That’s a question we oughtta ask you, right, lady?” Mike shot back, grinning from ear to ear.

Anne was terribly aware of her nakedness. She shot a glance at her skirt and blouse and sweater hanging on the near-by hook. But when she went to reach for them Jeff batted away her fingertips.

“You ain’t gonna go nowhere for a while,? little lady.”

“Lady?” Mike snorted, running his fingers through his coarse black hair while looking from Anne to the horse, then back again. “This ain’t no lady. Ladies don’t go ‘round suckin’ a horse’s cock. And man, she was goin’ at it real good, wasn’t you, ma’am?”

Anne blushed beet red, wishing she could run out from the barn. But where could she go? She could just imagine the neighbors sneering at her. And then there was Diane. The girl would be stunned, and God only knows what she would tell the rest of the family when she went home. Anne decided it was better to wait and see what these men wanted from her.

“Please, can’t we talk?”

Both men laughed.

"We ain't interested in talkin', ma'am. We been watchin' you for a while and we think we've got a whole lot more to offer you than him," Jeff said, nodding in the direction of Thunder.

Rape! They were going to rape her! She pressed protectively against the horse, mixed feelings rushing through her. Those men could ease the ache in her cunt. They would be the answer to her needs! And yet the thought of them abusing her, raping her on her own property sickened her. Anne backed away as Mike approached her. Jeff lay a comforting hand on Thunder's nose, steadying the horse while leering at the frightened woman.

"We ain't gonna hurtcha. We're gonna give you just what you want. And when we're through with you, we're gonna help you out with the pony here. But," Mike said, wiping the back of one hand over his lips, "first us."

"No!"

Anne wanted to scream but she couldn't with Diane in the house. She'd never be able to explain this to her niece. Then biting down on her lip, she let the big man take her, pulling her by the shoulders from the stall and spinning her around in front of the horse. Thunder whinnied, looking at the threesome while Lightning pushed forward from his stall and twisted his head toward the people. Anne winced, wriggling between the men as Mike's eyes bored a hole in her head.

"Gonna fuck you like you ain't never been fucked before."

"Better be careful what you say about that, Mike. If she's been with the ponies, you got some doin' to make that lady happy."

Mike sneered down at her and Anne trembled.

"You been fuckin' around with Thunder before?"

"No. I swear it. I don't know what came over me. I've been alone so long and ... and I came out here for a walk and things just . . . happened!" It was the truth. She hadn't had any particular plan.

"I believe her," he grunted.

"Then let's party, man. I wanna feel that cunt wrapped around my cock. Been watchin' that ass waggin' around all over the farmyard for a while."

"My turn first, man. I gotta have that cunt."

"No, no!" Anne backed away, feeling that two-fold lust tearing her apart. "Please don't. Please don't do that to me."

Mike could tell her pleas were weak. She shivered again as he backed her up against the wall. Anne felt her body explode into high heat as she felt Jeff move in behind her, pulling her tight against his chest. He was humping into her naked ass, working one hand down to his fly.

"Ever take two cocks at the same time, babe? I mean, one up the cunt and one up the ol' shitter?"

"You're crazy!" she gasped.

"Get 'er, man! She's gonna try to make a break for it!"

Mike held her tight while Jeff skinned out of his Levi's. Anne heard the rubbing of material against flesh then felt something very hot and long sliding up her right asscheek. His cock! Glancing down, she saw Mike unzipping his pants, too. When his fat cock slipped out from between the zipper Anne thought it was almost as large as the horse's. "No!"

"They call him ol' donkey dick. Been known by that name for a long time," Jeff said, sliding his hands around her sides until he clamped his fingers around her tits. Strumming her nipples, he went on. "Mike fucked one girl crazy, one time-plumb outta her mind over his cock. He's gonna do that to you, mama."

"Oh no, no!"

She saw Mike's cock swing out toward her, the thick head an angry red. It bobbed up and down.

"Come on, baby, smile. Man, you're gonna be all smiles and laughs once we get into you. You won't wanna come outta here for a year!"

"Ohhhhh ..."

She felt Jeff's cock sliding into her asscrack, the head of his prick nudging the wrinkled, puckered flesh of her asshole. At the same time Mike was drawing up to her. Oh, two men. And the horses behind her. This would be quite a night!

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

"She's hot, man, real hot."

"Sure, Jeff. Christ, she wouldn't be suckin' a horse's cock if she wasn't."

"Uhhhhhh ..."

Mike reached down, rubbing his hand over her thighs, then heading for her pussy. The woman groaned, jerking her head back while pressing her ass into Jeff's cock.

"Hear that, man? She's goin' nuts when you touch her like that!"

"Don't know why the fuck we ain't done this before instead of runnin' around here diggin' post holes."

"Gonna dig us a good post hole in this broad. Gonna trench you out good, baby."

"Don't ..."

Jeff hooked his arms around her waist, lifting her off the floor. He carried her back a few feet with Mike following them, pushing his fingers through her cunthairs. Instinctively Anne clamped her legs together, trapping Mike's right hand.

"Woouoooooeeee! Feel that grip! Man, she's holdin' onto me like she's gonna die if she lets go!"

"Stick it in 'er, man. I'm so fuckin' hot I could cum all over her ass right now."

The conversation was making Anne hotter and hotter. And all the while she could hear the horses

whinnying behind her. Again the woman moaned as she felt Mike's fingers inching up to her cunt. Her body burned with his touch. And that sexy, hot hard feel of Jeff's arms holding her from behind while his cock worked into her asscrack drove her mad! She pushed back into him, rubbing her ass from left to right. She felt Jeff's fingers tighten around her upper arms.

"Christ, man. She's pushin' away from your hand and right into my cock. It's crazy, buddy. This broad wants it bad!"

"And that's just how she's gonna get it."

"Ohhhhh!"

In a second Anne reversed directions. She was soon hunching onto Mike's hand as he moved it up her legs toward her cunt.

"We got a good thing going," Jeff laughed. "Now she's shovin' onto your hand like she wanted it up her cunt. You want to have them fingers spreadin' your pussy apart? Man, bet you could take a whole fist up there. Bet you want ol' Thunder's cock slidin' up there between your pretty white legs."

"No, you're . . . ohhhh!"

Anne pumped her ass back and forth as if she were trying to get away from them. But now the thought of escape was far from her mind. She loved it! God in heaven help her but she loved having these two men touching her body, telling her awful things about herself and what they were going to do to her. She rolled her eyes to one side and saw the horses. They had calmed somewhat and were now staring at the threesome curiously. Anne closed her eyes, blinking away a few tears. Were they tears of joy? She couldn't tell. All Anne knew was that her cunt was burning, itching and throbbing while the two men fingered her body and hunched their cocks against it. "Uhhhhh!"

"Juicin', man. She's juicin' like there's no tomorrow," Mike announced.

"Good. It's gonna be easy slippin' cock-meat into that broad."

"Yeah, good hot cockmeat. Bet you ain't had much of that lately-not with your old man gone up the creek. You been fuckin' the animals around her to take care of that?"

"No! No! This is the first time!"

Mike laughed.

"Bet they all say that once they been caught. Bet I could tell you more about this," Mike said, winking at Jeff behind her. "But you'll find out in time."

"What?"

"Ain't none of your business. You're gonna shut up and fuck anyways."

"Yeah, you ain't been gettin' any cock for a while," Jeff echoed, smoothing his hands up her tummy. "So now you're gonna get your quota-plus some to grow on!" Jeff moved his hands up to her tits, cupping the fingers around her tits and squeezing them. Anne shivered, her body shuddering against Jeff's while her ass flexed shut against his cock.

"No, no, no!"

Anne felt her nipples mashing in as Jeff's fingers squeezed the rubbery buds. The strength of his fingers, the boldness of his actions made the woman twist and writhe against him. She wanted that cock! As shameless as it was, Anne wanted that cock sliding into her asshole while Mike fucked her. They had said something about the two of them fucking her at once. She couldn't wait!

Anne groaned as she felt Mike's two fingers slip into her hot cunt. The feel of them gliding past her fat pussylips was enough to make her beg for their cocks. She wriggled around, her knees still clenched together while her thighs shivered.

"Good grip, baby. Hope you keep that good grip while I'm finger-fuckin' you."

He twisted his hand around and around, touching her clit with his thumb and studying her face as Anne let out a long, groaning moan. Her feet slipped along the hay while she flexed her asscheeks again against Jeff's high-riding cock. That head! She could feel the flanged cockhead burning up her ass!

"Man, wanna smell this? She's burnin' up down there. No wonder she's moanin' like she's gonna die or somethin'," Mike said.

In a moment she smelled herself-smelled her own cunt juice as it dribbled down her thighs now, wetting her ankles. She struggled, feeling the hair on the back of her neck rise. She was so hot now she wanted to get down on her knees and suck on the first cock.

"Hey, maybe she'd rather have a smell of my cock," Jeff said, still keeping hold of her.

Anne could still feel his cock working between her asscheeks.

"Smell it, baby. Smell what you're gonna swing on."

Jeff reached down and rubbed one hand around his cock. In a second she felt that hand clamping over her nose, the flat palm rubbing something greasy against her nostrils. She inhaled sharply, smelling that bleachy aroma she knew was pre-cum. A flash of heat made her cuntal walls buckle, slapping together while her thighs tightened even more. The smell of an aroused male! There couldn't be an odor as beautiful as that one! Anne went limp in Jeff's grip as he rubbed his hand again and again against her face.

"Man, she's gonna burn up if we keep 'er like this. Come on and let's get goin' on this broad before we cum all over her."

They dragged her away from the double stalls, the horses stomping around and banging their bodies against the small gates. Mike went ahead, his cock bobbing and jerking up against his belly. Anne lost track of where they were taking her. She had half images of the two men laughing at her, pulling her along the center aisle. She guessed they had dragged her to one of the abandoned stalls near the front of the barn. All she knew for sure was that someone was shoving her roughly between her jutting shoulder blades. She stumbled forward, her knees giving out. In a second she was flat on her face, her arms stretched to either side of her body. "Uhhh!"

"Fuck it out, baby."

Jeff was on top of her in a second. His hands gripped her shoulders, spinning her around until her ass worked into the soft hay. There was the faint aroma of piss in the area as she sucked in more air to feed her twisting body.

“Gonna slip it in, man. Get ready for a good fuckin’, bitch.”

“Nooooooooo!”

Anne let his cockhead work between her juice-slicked thighs and inch toward her cunt. Suddenly she felt his cockrod sliding up, up, touching her cuntlips. That touch sent the woman into complete abandon. She jerked her thighs from one side to the other, begging Jeff to fuck her while she raked his back with her fingernails.

“Man, she’s goin’ nuts.”

“Then fuck her, idiot! If that’s what she wants then give it to her!”

“Yeahhh, give it to her.”

“Oh, fuck me, fuck me!”

Anne was beyond worrying about her pride. All she knew was that she was burning up between her legs. Her eyes rolled into her head while she inched her legs back, tightening her thighs around Jeff’s hips. He groaned something into one ear, bending forward and pressing his mouth against hers. Anne growled into his mouth, feeling his tongue battling against hers. At the same time she felt his hips grinding against hers convulsively.

Anne arched her back, wallowing her shoulder blades against the soft hay while prancing her ass frantically for more sensations. Yes, she wanted more cock, much more! Her cuntal walls spasmed again and again, the itchy ache turning into something much worse, something much more intense! Anne could have died happily doing something like this!

“Uhfhhfhfhff!”

Jeff’s thick cockrod shoved hard between her cuntlips, riding high and continually teasing her sputtering clit.

“Man, this chick’s nuts! She can’t stay still,” Jeff gasped, tearing his mouth from hers.

“Shut up and fuck the bitch. I’m gonna slip in after you get through.”

Jeff pumped hard, his hairy, thick-muscled ass pumping up and down. Anne was coming completely unglued. She felt her insides stretching out, her cuntal walls snuggling up tight against that invading prick. It was wonderful! How those brilliant lights popped and swirled in front of her eyes as the big stud fucked her.

“Uh! Uh! Uh!”

It was so different from being fucked by that animal. Jeff was purposely controlling his movements, at times going slow, then speeding up. And all the while his cock was bumping against her clit.

“Nooooooooo!”

Anne bounced her ass hard against the ground, her tits jiggling with her wild movements. She was a maniac, a wild woman who needed as much cockmeat as she could get. She could hear Jeff panting and let him fuck her harder. As she felt his prick sliding deeper and faster into her cunt she clawed her fingernails across his broad back.

“Uhhhh . . . ooooohhhhh, fuck me, fuck Anne cried out the demand again and again, finally being silenced by Jeff’s sucking mouth. She swallowed his tongue, fighting back with her own while spittle frothed down her chin and dribbled onto her throat.

“Gonna cum. Goddamn it, gonna shoot into this cunt’s pussy!”

“No, don’t . . . not yet!” Anne pleaded with him.

She wasn’t ready. Oh no, no, she wasn’t ready for this! She didn’t want him to cum too fast. But from the way he was hunching the woman knew it would only be a few more strokes before he shot his spunk down into her pussyhole.

“Uhhhhhh ...”

“Get it on, man,” Mike encouraged. “Come on, get that little ol’ pussy good ‘n’ hot. I’ll slide in on your jizz and fuck ‘er till she shoots. Tie it on, man. Come on, pump out your nuts.”

“Now. Oh man, now! Gonna ... oh fuck, gonna blow it now!”

Jeff moaned, shoving his cockrod up as far as he could get it. For a second Anne thought she’d be tasting jizz in her mouth. She felt that hard, thick prick jerking and twitching around in her gut. And then in a second Jeff was biting her ear lobe, squirming on top of her and calling her all sorts of names. And all the while goutts of cum spurted from his prickhead, wetting down her cuntwalls. Too soon! He’d cum too soon!”

“Ohhhh, man, fuckin’ A! This broad’s prime fuck-meat.”

Anne loved that sensation of a cock shooting up inside her. But still it was far too early for her to cum. All she could do was hunch back into his shooting prickrod and take his load. She twisted her thighs, feeling his cockhead gouging out one cuntal wall, then the other.

Jeff filled her up, some of his cum oozing out from between his cock and her stretched outer labes and dribbling down into her asshole. It was a lovely feeling, one she hadn’t had for many, many years. She felt her pussy wrapping tightly around the thick cockrod and working all the hot jizz out. Anne felt him shudder against her belly, sinking heavily against her body.

“Ohhh, good fuck, man, good fuck. Best fuck I’ve had in a long time,” Jeff moaned, giving his crotch a few more hunches. “Ain’t fucked this hard in a while.”

“Good, eh man?”

“Good? Man, she’s fantastic!”

“Like I said, don’t think she’s had much cock lately. That’s gonna really freak her out, you know, when a couple guys like you and me stud ‘er.”

Studding, that’s what they were doing to her. They were studding her, mounting her like animals mount one another. Finally he stopped, pulling his cock slowly from her cuntslit. Anne trembled, feeling her cuntal walls shrinking behind the retreating cockhead. It was like no other feeling she’d experienced before. Certainly Fred’s cock hadn’t been that big. And Griffin’s prick, of course, was much smaller.

“Uhhhhh ...”

Anne let out a shivery moan as she felt the cock slide from her tightening cunthole. Jeff staggered to his feet, leaning heavily against one of the stall walls. Mike walked in, his cock sticking straight out.

The sweet smell of fucking was heavy in the stall, mixing with the scent of sweat and cunt juice. The animals behind them could smell it and Anne could hear the horses whinnying madly.

"They want a little of the action too. Maybe if they're good we'll give it to them-after we've finished with her."

Mike climbed onto Anne, sliding up until his knees were jammed between her torso and arms. He rode her tits, sliding his cock between them and rolling them together. Anne moaned, her nipples turned inward, rubbing constantly against his cock. It was heaven! Anne rubbed her ass against the hay again, feeling the stubble tickling her puckered asshole. Mike was greasing down his cock with his own cock oil, the grease making her nipples wet and itchy.

"Ohhhh, no, don't ..."

"Want me to stop now, baby? Now that ol' Jeff worked you up, you want me to stop now?"

Anne remained silent, feeling her teeth chattering against one another. She wanted to beg him to fuck her but she wasn't that hot- yet. Once he shoved his prick into her, however, there was no telling what she would say or do.

Mike pulled back, reaching down and sliding one hand under her head. He pulled it up, dropping his mouth down onto hers. In a second the woman felt his tongue sawing into her mouth. She shoved back, opening her mouth wide against his attack, flicking her tongue against his.

"Christ, man, she's as hot under you as she was with me."

Anne moaned into the spit-slicked kiss as she felt his cockhead jabbing into her cunt. She felt it sliding through the blonde, curly cunthair, riding over her clit and sending a shower of delicious sparks into her pussy. Mike adjusted his fucking position a little, angling his hips down. That was all that was needed. In a second the woman felt his prick-shaft slide in, hitting the load of cum that his buddy had shot earlier. "Uhhfhfhfffff!"

It was happening all over. The thickness and hardness thrilled her tender cuntal walls. His hot flesh was shoving against hers, spreading her open while his balls rubbed deliciously against her pussy lips. His cock was fucking her, reaming her out, getting her hot enough to hunch back onto him.

"Don't wanna stop now, do you? You don't wanna stop and get off, do you, baby?"

"Unhhhhfff, no, no, no!"

The tempo built quickly. She moaned wildly, her hands flying around his back and pulling him down tight against her body.

"Then take it, baby, take my cock. Fuck it out, bitch. Fuck it out and get my cum."

He grunted hard into her ear, shoving his cockrod deep inside her pussy. Oh, it was better than anything she could have dreamed of! And they were far from through with her.

Fucking, that was all there was to live for, Anne thought, as Mike pushed his cock all the way into her pussy.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

"Ohhhh, fuck me, fuck me hard!"

Anne was begging them for more, her legs high in the air. Brilliant flashes of light danced through her head while the blood seared her veins and arteries. Her heart was beating very hard while her head throbbed from the excitement. Again and again Mike threw his cock-meat into her with skill. Her juices bubbled out freely, wetting down her ass and the hay around it. Mike's ass shoved down hard, sending his cockmeat steaming in and out of her pussy as fast as he could.

"Slow down, man. You're gonna blow it like I did if you fuck 'er like that."

Jeff moved around to them, kneeling next to her. Anne could smell his cunt-soaked cock near her face. He had stretched out toward the two of them and now his prickhead was close to her mouth. As she felt Mike shoving his cock deep into her body, she twisted her head around and opened her mouth wide but she couldn't reach his dick.

"Oh please . . . give it, give it!"

The two men looked at one another.

"Man, this broad's one step ahead of us," Mike said laughingly. "Give 'er a little cock and she's plumb full of ideas!"

"That's not a bad 'un."

"Then take my cock in your cunt, baby. Take it hard!"

Mike grunted thickly as he shoved his cock all the way into her pussy with one big stroke. Anne could feel her cunt getting close to shooting. Now it was her turn to hold back. Anne loved it all and she didn't want it to end, not so quickly.

"You want my cock in your mouth, eh baby?" Jeff asked, sliding close and shoving his limp cock up against her lips. "Come on, then, suck it up hard . . . real hard so I can shoot down in your throat."

Anne did as she was told and she tasted his cum washing over her flicking tongue. The salty, strong flavor melted down her throat like ice cream, making her hunch up hard to Mike's fuck-thrusts. Her cunt burned hot, cooking in the oil of his cum and her cuntal oil. Her mouth clamped down hard on Jeff's cock, her cheeks caving in while her tongue flicked teasingly along the slit just under his cockhead.

The big man was shuddering, moving his hands around the back of her skull and moaning. Anne almost smiled. She could feel his cock hardening under her tonguing skills and his balls were rising up against his thick cock-root. He was getting hard again and soon he was going to shoot down her throat. The thought of it sent more spasms racing through Anne's cunt.

"Ohhh, baby, that's good."

"Yeah, man. She's fuckin' your cock with her pussy while she's blowin' me. Yeah, that's it. That's good head. Jesus Christ!"

"Unreal."

Mike gasped in admiration, watching the woman taking on the two of them. The small area was echoing with the slicking, clicking of cocks, cunt and mouth. In a moment Anne felt Mike slowing down his fuck-strokes. That saved Anne from getting her load off before she wanted to.

“Ohhhh, Christ! She’s somethin’ else. Ain’t fucked like this . . . uhhhh ...”

Mike hammered his cockrod harder and harder into her cunt now. Anne was flying on a sexual high like she had never done before. Having two men working on her hot body at the same time was something she wanted to make last all night. Her cunt worked and squeezed down on Mike’s cock as she felt it slow down again. His strokes were getting longer and deeper and slower. And at the same time she felt Jeff trying to cram his cock down her throat all at once. She took all the thick cock she could. But when she had to breathe she signaled him with a sharp pat on the leg.

“This bitch could take on a whole football team,” Mike gasped.

“Yeah, second string as well,” Jeff added, the two men nearly choking with laughter.

Anne tightened her cuntal sheath up a little more, squeezing the stud’s prick as it slipped into her body on one stroke. She could feel the head as it worked its way down, down into the depths of her body.

“Mmfmmfmffff!”

More tremors, more threatened climaxes. Anne was falling to pieces. Mike was squeezing her tits hard, mashing her nipples between his fingers. Anne ground her hips up, raising her body a little off the ground. In a second she rocked forward until just his bulging cockhead was inside her powerful ring of cuntal muscles. Anne was careful not to bear down too hard but she made those tiny muscles tighten.

“Uhhhhhhh!”

Mike groaned loudly, arching his back and snapping his head to one side. Anne looked up, thrilled at his reaction. She had some power over this strong, male animal. Slender, weak Anne could make that man growl and grunt.

“Baby, that’s somethin’ else. Ain’t had that done in a long time.”

His words made her burn. She released her hold on him then slowly clenched down again. When her cuntal muscles were tight around the cockshaft just behind the flared tip, she tossed her ass around in wild movements. Mike sounded as if he were strangling. Anne stopped moving again, loosening her cunt so his cockhead would glide out of her pussy.

“Jesus!”

“What happened?”

“You wouldn’t believe what this bitch can do with her cunt!”

Anne swallowed more of Jeff’s prick, rapidly flicking her tongue around and around while caressing the sides of his mouth-fucking cock with her cheeks. The younger stud went wild, nearly pitching over onto his buddy.

“Yeah, I can believe it. Christ, this broad’s unreal with her body.”

“Yeah, real unreal.”

Anne plunged her teasing ass up and down, working her cuntal walls hard against that fucking cock. She was close now and she didn't necessarily want to prolong the climax. She had worked for her reward and now Anne wanted to collect it. She loved the hot firmness of Mike's balls pressing up into her. She loved the feeling of her soft cuntal flesh being halved, divided. And now it was time to feel the wild on-rushing sensations of a hot climax!

“Ohhhhhfhffff!”

Anne moaned, gripping Mike tighter while shoving her head down fast onto Jeff's cock.

“Give it to her,” Jeff groaned, shoving his prick down her throat.

“Yeah, can't hold back.”

Anne felt him start his action. His hips shoved down suddenly terribly hard, the force knocking the wind from her lungs. He held them there, his cock careening into her cunt like a missile. As the spasms on her pussy became stronger, she felt her clit begin to pick them up. Anne moaned and grunted, trying to get Mike and Jeff to work it out with her. Her climax was so close she was afraid to move.

And then suddenly the woman felt Mike's cock start to pulse deep inside her cunt. She shoved her head down tight against Jeff's prick, feeling the hairs tickling the insides of her nostrils. Jeff groaned out something, then shoved back. His prick was jerking around deep in her sucking throat.

“Man, gonna make it.”

“Come on, buddy. We'll shoot together. Gonna blow this mama apart.”

“Yeah, she's gonna get fucked outta her mind now,” Jeff added.

“Mmfmmfmfmff!”

Anne felt Mike's cock start quivering hard, then he began to shoot his load.

“Cummin'!” he cried. “Cummin' hard in this bitch! Christ, and she's milkin' me too!”

“Come on, baby, suck me hard. Make me shoot my balls out in your throat and . . . uhhhhh!”

Anne needed no encouragement. She was doing it, blowing apart, feeling her body coming unglued by the force of their double fucking. She felt her hot, sore stretched pussy explode. Her climax came on strong, her clit throbbing and beating while her cuntal muscles clenched down hard on Mike's cock. They held his meat tightly, squirt after spurt of cum coating Anne's cuntal walls. It was unbelievable! The woman twisted and jerked in their double grip.

“Oh yeah, gonna wash it down her fuckin' throat. The cunt's gonna choke on it. Yahghghghhg!”

Jeff rocked and reeled on his feet, dumping load after load down Anne's sucking throat. The woman went wild, knowing the three of them were cumming at the same time. At the same time! It was almost too unreal to believe. It had been hard for her to come with Fred and they had been married for nearly ten years.

Finally they all lay still.

"Un-fuckin' believable," Mike panted.

"Yeah, good head, baby. Damned good head. Ain't had that good a head since some broad in Eureka sucked me dry last October."

"That's all they do up there," Mike laughed, giving Anne another thrust.

"What we gonna do with the slut now?"

"Hey, come on," Mike cautioned, holding one finger in the air while still giving the woman a few quick jabs in the pussy. Anne stirred beneath him, her lips still milking a few drops of cum from Jeff's cockrod. "She's our boss. You don't talk to the boss that way," he sneered, pinching her tits. Anne let out another yelp, curling her spine upward.

"Yeah, but you don't usually have your cock in the boss' mouth."

Mike laughed again.

"Guess that's so. I've called a lotta 'em cock-suckers. But never thought I really was gonna give one of 'em my prick."

"And this one wants some more. Man, she's hot enough to fuck all damned night," Jeff said, reaching down and stroking his fingers around Anne's speared-opened cunt.

"How about ol' Thunder over there? She's been wantin' somethin' real big. What about the pony?"

Jeff leered down at her, pinching her cheeks, then slowly drawing his cock out. He smeared the greasy head along her lips, laughing as she gasped for air and more of his cock.

"You want that? You wanna feel what it's like gettin' jabbed by the fuckin' pony?"

"No, oh no ... "

"Goddamned liar!" Mike snapped.

"Yeah, she was givin' head to ol' Thunder there. Probably could hardly wait for somebody to give her a lift up onto his balls and no cock. Well, baby, we're the ones to do it for you."

"Oh, stop. You've done enough," Anne said, unsure of what was going to happen next.

"We done nothin'. And you want it, baby. You want it bad. Like lots of broads around here, they dig havin' sex with animals."

Mike slipped his cock from her cunthole, watching as dribbles of cum oozed from her cuntslit in creamy rivulets and trickled down her ass. Anne could have lain like that for hours, feeling the comfortable warm glow wash over her flesh. She had been fucked by two big studs and the sensations were wonderful. But exhaustion was creeping over her and she would have loved to have been left alone.

"Come on."

Anne grunted, wincing as Mike slipped behind her and raised her from the floor. Her knees refused to straighten for the first few moments and the men had to carry her from the stall.

"Wh . . . where are you taking me?" Anne stammered, the tops of her toes dragging over the stubble.

"Just where you wanna go, babe. Just where you wanna go."

Anne looked through her curtaining blonde hair and found she was back in the stall with Thunder. The big horse was stomping impatiently, shaking his head from right to left while his eyes rolled up and stared wildly at Anne. Jeff was inside already, smoothing his hands over the handsome black stallion's sides. Anne shivered. She watched as Thunder's nostrils quivered, small puffs of dust rising from the floor under his pawing hoofs. "Take 'im out."

Jeff stroked the big animal gently, cooing to him as he encouraged Thunder to step from his stall. Mike drew Anne back, eying several crates near-by.

"Pile those up and get a blanket. We're gonna have ourselves a little dog and pony show."

Anne was too weak to fight back. She heard the clattering of boxes all about and watched as Jeff piled several on top of one another and tested them for strength. Then, covering the mass with a thick blanket, he motioned to Mike to begin.

"On your belly, baby. You're gonna get the fuckin' of your life . . . next to mine, of course," Mike said with a snort.

He shoved her forward, draping the woman over the boxes until her hands were brushing up against the ground. Anne's knees banged against the wooden boxes. Behind her Mike was doing something to the horse, she could hear him talking reassuringly to Thunder. Then there were the sounds of hoofs all around her. She lifted her head and twisted it around, peering over her right shoulder. To her shock and surprise, the woman found herself staring at one of the stallion's forelegs! "You wanna get fucked by a horse? That's just what's gonna happen to you."

"No!"

Anne tried scrambling out from under the big beast. But Jeff slapped her back down to the boxes, stuffing more rags under her belly to angle her ass high in the air. She felt the horse's forelegs stomping up on the boxes. The pile shook and Anne thought she could hear breaking wood under her. She imagined the two of them, horse and woman, tumbling down together to the ground.

"Ohhhh!"

But the boxes held. Thunder moved forward, his eyes still rolling nervously in his handsome head. Anne trembled, her fingers curling into tight fists. Something brushed up against her cunt. His cock! The same cock she'd been sucking earlier! And now it was there, banging up against her furry pussy slit. The horse let out a nervous whinny, trying to draw back.

"Come on, boy, you don't know how good this little bitch's gonna be," Jeff said.

"Yeah, man, you're gonna be one happy horse after you get through fuckin' this one."

Thunder calmed down, moving forward a little more. With each step his cock dropped down against Anne's cunt with more force. He stopped, his body shaking and quivering with excitement. Yes, he knew she was under him, her cunt exposed to his cock. Anne felt another rush of pussy oil bubble to the surface of her cunt, washing away the spunk still lodged like glue in her pussy. She moved her knees up against the box, flattening her body against the wood. Anne could feel the heat of the big animal above her radiating down to her naked back. She was sweating heavily, her thigh muscles

tensing as she waited for the horse's cockhead to penetrate her body.

"Uhhhhhh ..."

"That's it, boy, come on, you can do it. It's not that hard," Mike jeered.

"Yeah, man, she's gonna cook your cock and you're gonna love every second of it," Jeff added, whispering in the horse's ear.

"Nooooo!"

Anne winced. The fat cockhead had slipped into her cunt. She was being fucked by a horse! Oh God yes, yes! It was really happening to her. The woman's knees jerked widely apart, banging hard against the overturned crates. Thunder was fucking her, slipping his fat black cock into her pussyhole!

"Man, he's got it in 'er."

"Yeah. The ol' boy's really goin' at it."

Thunder dipped his large back, his belly tensing as he pushed more of his horse cock into Anne's cunt. His tail jerked as he stuffed more hard prick muscle in.

Anne felt no shame, no guilt. The only thing she felt was that wonderful sensation of something being stuffed in her cunt. The small muscles pulsed once more, cramping around the animal's cock. She could feel that ball-like cockhead rummaging around in her body, pushing her open. Thunder pulled back a bit, then shoved down violently. His prick traveled down like a red hot-rod through a tub of butter.

"Mmmmmmmmm ..."

Anne loved the way he was throwing his cockmeat into her. Her pussy heated up under the constant attack while more and more juice frothed up to ease the animal fucking her wildly.

"Go for it, boy. That's it, fuck home," Mike laughed.

"Yeah, do it, go all the way. This bitch's gonna burn you up. Then we get 'er again."

Anne wailed. More? There'd be more? She shivered. When would it all end?

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## CHAPTER NINE

"In! In! Oh God, it's going in!"

Anne cried out, clawing her fingers against the ground. That cockmeat, that wonderful, hard cockmeat was rubbing up against her clit, sending it closer and closer to an explosive climax. Deep in her body Anne could feel that sexual ball of excitement starting to spasm hard. , "Uhhhhhhh ..."

She could feel the horse's black, leathery sacs swinging up against her ass as he fucked her harder. Oh yes, yes, she was his mare, his mate in the fields. She and Thunder would fuck all night in spite of these men taunting them. How she loved it! Then the woman felt his cock tightening deep inside her milking cunt. He was going to cum. Anne knew it was the end of control for the horse-what little

control he had. In a few more cunt-searing strokes he'd be shooting his jizz, flooding her body with horse cum!

Not yet. Oh God, not yet. She just wasn't ready to have this wonderful scene end! But the horse couldn't be stopped. He drilled her pussy open again and again, making the attractive blonde woman wail louder yet. Her thighs tightened while her asshole puckered. Close, she was close, but Anne needed a few more seconds to reach the plateau Thunder was on.

"Man, she's gonna fly."

"Yeah, poppin' off," Jeff laughed.

"Uhhhhhh!"

Thunder rammed his cock down hard, steaming it deep into her cunt. His balls tightened up against his fat black cockroot. Throwing his head about, the horse began to whinny loudly. For a while Anne thought he was going to start stomping around her shoulders and feet. But the stallion was too interested in keeping his cock buried in her cunt to trample her. Anne lay draped like a speared beast over the crates, twitching and jerking as she felt her climax start. "Yaghhghghghhh!"

White-hot flashes of delight seared her clit, shriveling the tiny spindle as if it were being touched by a burning torch. That torch was Thunder's cock, singeing all her quivering nerve-endings.

The stallion was about to cum as well. His big brown eyes rolled around in his handsome head. His tail stood straight out as if he were going to take a shit. His coat shone with perspiration as if he had just come in from a run.

"Ohhh no, no, no!"

Then Anne felt it. Oh God yes, she felt it! It came into her like the contents of a fire hose, splattering against her slick walls. Again and again the woman felt the spurting horse-cum wash up against her cuntal walls, filling her up then spilling out of her overstretched pussy.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Anne could feel his cockhead squeezing tight deep inside her body. How odd! It had taken her over as if it were another beast. Yes, she was possessed by cock, moved by prick-meat. And again and again she felt the thick wads of cum flashing up into her cunt, eating into her walls until they were slick with his spunk. Then another white-hot spasm passed through her cunt, sending Anne into a babbling fit of joy. Her cunt squeezed tight, clutching the shooting cock hard. "Ohhhhhh ..."

Anne screamed loudly as she felt herself coming unglued. Horse, man, what did it matter? All that counted was the delightful feelings searing her cunt. Anne exploded, spinning about the room. Then, finally she collapsed, utterly exhausted from the workout and resulting climax.

"Yeah, she's through."

"I don't think she's gonna be much for anything else," Jeff remarked.

"Come on, let's get this fuckin' nag off her pussy."

"Maybe he could fuck her in the asshole."

Anne shivered. She felt the horse's cock slipping from her cunt, popping free. Anne's legs spasmed,

kicking out behind her while Mike and Jeff led the spent Thunder back to his stall. It was so crazy! Anne drew her hands up to her tits, feeling her nipples. She rolled off the crates, falling onto her back while digging at the soft ground with her heels. She could still feel the animal's spunk against her cuntal walls. Yes, oh yes! She had done it, she had gone all the way. It was wonderful!

"Come on. Let's wash 'er up. Maybe she'll still be good for another fuck before we're through."

"Leave me alone ... oh please, don't touch me any more."

But secretly Anne wanted them to touch her. It had been so long since anyone had done anything to her. Now she was getting it all at once. But it was better than that empty, un-fulfilling life she had trudged through for so many long years!

\* \* \* \*

Back in the house Diane was having a sleepless night. She tossed in her bed, her dreams filled with images of Griffin. But still the dog's shape intruded into her mind, making her cunt pulse like a burning jewel. She jerked awake, finding herself sitting bolt upright in bed. Her eyes were wide while her thighs were splayed apart. Diane looked around her darkened room. There was nothing, nothing moved, nothing made a sound. Outside she thought she could hear laughter but maybe that was her imagination. She raised one hand, pushing her fingers through her blonde tangled hair.

What had happened to her? Why was she dreaming about the dog when she should have dreams of men? Diane stared at the ceiling, licking her lips, feeling that awful, steady pulse driving her mad. Was her aunt up? Diane swung her long legs over the edge of the mattress, pushing her baby doll night gown down modestly over her knees.

Standing up she tip-toed to the door, cracking it open and peering down the hall. Diane could hear the steady ticking of that grandfather's clock in the living room. Her aunt's bedroom was down the hall and there was no light coming from under the door. Diane bit her lower lip. She felt terribly naughty. Wouldn't it be wonderful if she were to invite Griffin up to her room now? While her aunt was sleeping peacefully down the hall, she and the dog could be . . . could be doing things!

"Ohhhh!"

Just the thought of it made her heart skip a beat. Diane felt dizzy as she walked into the hall, wondering where on earth Griffin could be. She had last seen him down in the kitchen wolfing down his meal. Again Diane looked nervously over her shoulder, remembering; those two awful men and then thinking of her aunt. How strange she should link the three of them together! "Griffin."

Diane whispered out the dog's name, her fingers curling tightly around the oak handrail. She was at the top of the stairs now. The ticking of that old clock sounded louder. She was afraid the slightest sound would awaken her Aunt Anne. How could she explain being up at this hour? It was nearly three a.m.

"Griffin."

Diane felt her body tense. She was wound tightly like a spring, her clit still beating a sexy rhythm against her swollen cuntlips. A trickle of pussy juice warmed her quivering inner thighs as she heard the dog stirring around in the living room below.

"Griffin!"

Again Diane called and in a second the dog was bounding up the stairs, rubbing up against her body. She couldn't see him clearly but Diane felt his tongue-that wonderful tongue that had done so many delicious things to her body. She reached down, ruffling his fur, feeling the hair tickling the sensitive spots between her fingers.

"Come here, Griffin. We're going to have some fun."

Anne slipped two fingers under his collar, pulling him down the hall. Again she looked closely down the corridor, focusing her eyes on her aunt's door. No, there was no indication that her aunt was awake.

"Inside, boy, inside."

Diane closed the door carefully, flipping the latch. She'd done it! How her heart was beating now, threatening to tear right through her rib cage!

"Oh Griffin! What you've done to me!" Diane confessed.

The dog pranced nervously around the darkened room. He jumped onto her bed, nosing the little crushed pillow her head had rested on minutes before. Diane shivered, criss-crossing her arms and skinning off the sweat-dampened baby doll nightgown off her body. She licked her lower lip, feeling her nipples stiffening with delight. Tiny electrical flashes were playing all around her clit and nipples as she edged toward the bed.

"Griffin ..."

Diane sat down, feeling her ass sink comfortably into the soft mattress. She had pushed aside the covers, puddling them at the foot of the single bed. Swinging her legs back around, Diane scooted back up toward the headboard, the silken pink bed panties clinging deliciously to her lush cunt. Her knees were trembling as she drew her fingertips along the edges of her inner thighs. Diane could almost feel the dog fucking her again. Would she let him pop her cherry now? Oh, she didn't know. The teen was feeling so ... so freaky now.

"Come here, boy. Come here, Griffin. Come on and make me feel good."

The dog whimpered, finally bolting forward. Diane let out a hungry little cry when she felt his black muzzle prodding at her hungrily.

"Oh yes, doggie. Oh come on, do it, do it to me, doggie. Come on, Griffin!"

There was no hesitation now. Diane had no qualms about doing it with the German shepherd. Her body twisted up against his maw now and it was wonderful. She felt his sharp front teeth nipping at her baggy pajama bottoms, his fangs tearing at the shorts. The translucent nylon tore and Diane shivered. Yes, she could feel the nylon ripping in his maw as his paws braced up against her ass. Diane rolled her ass to one side, her fingers smoothing over and over the dog's humping back.

"Come on, Griffin. Do it to me! Oh yes, it's so damned goooooood!"

Diane's voice was getting lower, throatier as her sexual excitement mounted. Those awful dreams had done this to her! She had dreamed of the dog fucking her and now she was lying stretched out on her bed letting him do it. Wonderful, wonderful! Diane moved backward on her narrow bed once more, her heels digging into the mattress as she squirmed playfully away from the panting dog.

"Oh, I can't believe this is happening!" Diane whispered to the dog.

But it was. Her thighs had been stripped now, the panty silk hanging in shreds at her ass and over her belly. Diane could feel the wetness of her cunt exposed to the big dog. Griffin hesitated for a second, tipping his head to one side while sniffing at her pussy. Diane was moaning softly, drawing her knees up, then letting them sink back down to the bed. She could hear the springs groaning under her body as she twisted and bucked. How good it was feeling the slick inner surfaces of her cunt rubbing together as she wormed higher on her bed.

Griffin moved forward finally, sniffing all along the way. Diane loved that sound-the sound of a dog smelling her, sniffing at her hot little pussy. She moved her hands down to her thighs, drawing her fingers up and down on the sides of her puffy pussy. She could feel those tiny muscles tensing and cramping again, clamping down on thin air. It was good, this teasing! How she loved to tantalize herself while the dog was ready to pounce on her any second.

Griffin moved quickly as if he could read her mind. The girl cried out, her belly tightening at the feel of his broad paws. In a moment he stuck his nose under her hot cuntal mound, his tongue wetting her again and again. He was whining and whimpering, the sounds coming from his throat muffled by her hot wet cunt-flesh. Diane shot down on the bed, her head striking the headboard on the way toward the foot. She arched her back, wallowing her shoulders against the sheets. Diane closed her eyes, drawing in a lungful of air to feed her pumping body.

"God ... oh my God!"

It was heaven! She was opening her cunt to him, spreading her legs for the big animal to lick her. She loved the sensation of his head rubbing up against her inner thighs. It was the same kind of excitement she loved.

Griffin was going wild, his eyes rolling about in his head while snuffing growls filled the air. His tongue slopped over the tender inner skin of her thigh and Diane cried out, kicking one leg out, then dropping it back to the bed. It was a wonderful friction! She pushed her legs together once more, hearing her cuntlips unstick. Griffin lapped at them then quieted suddenly, as if he wanted to study how this odd woman was put together.

Diane cried out, nuzzling his black snout between her cuntlips. He was smelling and tasting her, licking deep into her twisting body. Diane shivered, hoisting her body up from the bed once more. Her belly tightened, her tits jiggling and her upper chest like mounds of fleshy jello. Again and again Diane moved her hands up to her tits, squeezing the nipples, loving the licking feeling down there between her thighs.

"Ohhh, doggie! Ohhhh, Griffin! Do it to me, do it harder!"

Suddenly Diane remembered her aunt. She would have to calm herself down. She would have to be quieter and restrain her comments. Diane thought of anything-school, sidewalks, speed bumps, anything to take away the edge of sexuality driving her up the wall.

She felt herself slipping down a bit. Perhaps she would be able to control herself a little better now. The girl bent her knees, rubbing the naked soles of her feet up and down against the sweat-stained, wrinkled top sheet. All the time Griffin was licking at her toes, wetting down her ankles, then moving back up to her cunt.

"Uhhhhh . . . ooohhhh!"



Diane pushed her head up, peering over her tits to look at the dog. He was resting on her belly, his big head buried in her cuntal thicket while his tongue licked sloppily, noisily in and out of her pussy. She could feel his hot breath panting against her asscheeks and inner thighs! This was no dream, no nightmare! It was so very real!

Griffin!"

Diane loved thinking about what was happening to her. Downed by a dog! The thought sent more rushing hot thrills of pleasure cursing through her veins. She loved feeling that animal pressing between her white legs. The hunger of her body was forcing her down that wonderful path of pleasure. How she loved the trip, wallowing under the dog's tongue, feeling it skewer her pussy. And there would be more. Oh yes, there would be much more! Diane could sense the animal was wanting more from her than just a simple lick job. He had mounted her earlier and now he would want to go all the way in, to spear past her cherry. The thought made Diane shiver in heat. She kicked out at the animal, rolling her head from left to right on the pillow and babbling out something in her own strange language. "Ummmmmmmm!"

She felt the squishy, steamy mess between her opened thighs with her fingers. Griffin was licking her hand, wetting down her palms, then slicking down her fingers. Too much, it was just too much! Diane moved her ass up, feeding the dog her hot cuntmeat. The pink tongue pressed hard against her swollen cunt once more, slicking up and down, then tunneling into her cunt. Her clit burned from the steady licking friction. Gasping out once more, Diane fanned her fingers out along the dog's neck.

"Fuck!"

Could the dog understand her? Could he know what she wanted of him? Daringly the girl raised her feet gradually off the bed, inching her knees back. They moved back until they were against her tits. Would he remember? Would he remember how much she wanted his cock? Now the girl was thinking about letting the German shepherd go all the way. Let him rape his cock through her cherry?

"Uhhhh ... oh, Griffin ..."

Diane gasped as he raped her again and again with his tongue. She moved her ass up and around frantically, feeling Griffin's hot spit slick down her ass and into her asshole.

"Uhhhhh . . . oooooohhhh!"

Diane pushed herself up from the bed, shaking the blonde tangles from her eyes. Sitting partially up, she dropped her legs, watching as the dog licked up and down her thighs. Her tendons bulged out whenever the dog slurped upward through the slippery length of her cleft. The dog saw this phenomenon and moved his head to one side, closing his teeth down on the ridged muscle. The effect was immediate, burning into the girl's brain. She fell back on the bed, wallowing in a fury of tingling goodness. She shoved her cuntal mound up, twisting it around in frantic circles. Diane whimpered for the dog to eat her again.

"Uhhh, oh doggie, oh Griffin, do it to me again! Oh God, can't stand it!"

Griffin was going to oblige her. Pulling back for another second, he moved in for the kill, shoving his tongue into her pussy and watching as Diane pitched and jerked on her narrow bed.

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CHAPTER TEN

“My God ... oh fuck me, Griffin, fuck me so goooood!”

Diane whipped her legs against the bed, hugging the dog’s body with the insides of her knees. He was bringing her up, up to the final throbbing hurt. It was a kind of hurt that made pleasure boil up from her hot cuntal crack. Diane cried out again. She heard the slick sounds of his mouth on her pussy, sucking and clicking with each movement.

“Oh, ohhh!”

And the girl couldn’t stop moving. Her shivering moans, her wild, feverish squirming seemed to set the dog off into a licking frenzy.

“Do it! Do it! Do it!”

Diane found herself screaming again and she had to force herself to quiet down. Oh, oh, she could feel her passion about to reach that pin-point of excitement. It was knifing into her brain, making her choke out cries of wild, unspeakable joy.

The dog moved back, taking her clit in his maw and shaking it. It was so crazy! He had never done something like that before. Diane pitched her body hard against the bed, her thigh muscles cramping from the excitement stiffening them. The girl felt his fangs sinking deliciously into her hot, puffy cuntmeat! And all at the same time Griffin was tonguing her, licking his maw up against her sore, aching cunt!

“Huhhhrrrrr! Huhhrrhrhrrr! Huhhhrrrrr!”

Griffin dropped back.

Diane was about to raise her legs again in a silent plea for fucking. But then she thought about going to a more direct position. Griffin would recognize this quickly. Groaning the girl folded one leg under the other, rolling around until she was on her belly. Griffin backed up a little, dropping his big handsome furred head and sniffing at her goose-pimpled ass.

“Ummmmmm ...”

Diane was making short, jerky fucking movements against the bed. The dog was snuffing around her asscrack, smelling her pussy. But the odor was much fainter than before. He growled, pawing her ass. Diane knew what he wanted and smiled weakly. She pushed her hands out, raising her body slowly until she was standing on her hands and knees. Her tits hung down from her upper chest, the nipples ends sweeping over the cool cotton sheets.

“Oh yes, yes!”

Diane was quivering, shivering as she crouched there in front of the big animal. Griffin swept his tongue several times over her ass. That touch of his maw against her ass was heavenly but Diane wanted much more. Again she wriggled her ass, prancing it high in the air as she curled her fingers into the soft sheets. Fucking, the girl wanted fucking. She wanted to feel his doggie cock slipping into her ass.

“Fuck me . . .”

Diane pushed her knees apart, angling up her ass while Griffin licked down and out at her cunt. And then she felt that tentative right forepaw touching the tops of her ass. The girl knew what that meant. Diane sucked in a shuddering breath, feeling her body tense up as Griffin began to mount her. "Fuck . . ."

Long strings of drool oozed from the corners of her mouth while her hair curtained her face. Fucking! She could feel Griffin's body pressing down now against hers. He was climbing onto her, his forelegs wrapping tight around her chest while his hind legs pranced nervously behind the backs of her knees. Diane dropped her head, pressing her burning forehead against the crushed pillow. She moved her ass around more carefully now, afraid a jerky movement would knock the dog off her hot body.

"Do it, Griffin, come on, do it for me. Fuck me hard, Griffin."

Diane was whispering now. She didn't want to awaken her aunt now when something as important as fucking was going on.

"Ohhhh . . ."

Diane felt the hot, dripping prick sliding up along one side of her cunt. Griffin stiffened his grip on her, hunching his ass against her back. He was trying to work his cock into her pussy!

"Do it . . . oh th . . . there, Griffin. Yes, there! Ohhh my God!"

He'd done it! He'd fucked her, pressing his pointed cockhead into her pussy. Diane straightened her back, her head snapping up. She looked wild-eyed at her headboard in front of her. How the nerve-endings in her pussy sang as Griffin's cock slipped in. The muscles cinched down hard against the invading prick, gripping it hard while her ass pranced for more. More doggie cockmeat! Oh yes, more of that for her aching pussy! Diane fought down another desire to scream out in delight.

Diane bit down hard on her lower lip. The girl pranced her ass around again, loving the feeling of Griffin's warm, furry body against hers. She was dripping with perspiration as yet another lumpy inch of the dog's cock slithered in.

"Yaghghghhh . . ."

She could hardly keep conscious. Diane breathed in huge lungfuls of air, swinging her lust-swollen face around to stare back at the dog. He had moved up a little, pressing his chin up against the back of her head while hunkering down a little more fucking power. There was another growl, another inch of his doggie cock slipping into her convulsing cunt.

"Oh fuck me, fuck me good and hard, Griffin," Diane whispered.

The dog did as his mistress wanted. She felt his pointed prickhead spearing into her cunt. It was just like it had been before only this time she was determined to let the German shepherd fuck her. This time the blonde teen was wagging her ass like a bitch in heat, wanting to get fucked like a dog in the gutter. The thought of it made her head spin! "Fuck meeeee!"

Griffin tightened his grip. She felt his cock slide out, rubbing up and down her outer labes. The girl ground her teeth against one another, the lumpy cockrod pressed right over her clit. She sighed, feeling the electric charge seeping from the hot spindle to her cunt. The girl cried out now, rocking her ass from left to right.

Biting the back of her neck, Griffin shoved back in. Now Diane could feel his cock gouging against one cuntlip, then the other and the tiny pebble of her clit rolled under the resulting pressure. More and more heat shot to her brain and her pussy and Diane clutched at the bed, jerking her head from side to side. The dog kept biting and licking at her, every nibble sending flashes of half-frightened pleasure running up and down her spine.

“Uhhhhh!”

The girl rocked her hips forward, sliding the greasy crack of her cuntflesh over his cockrod.

Up and down, up and down she rode him, the weight of the animal’s body pressing hard against her spine. Diane straightened her back, snapping it up, nearly tossing the poor, growling animal to the floor. “Oh, ohhhh!” The girl squirmed, trying to slide more of her cunt onto the thick, lumpy rod of doggie cock. But the big German shepherd was busily moving backward, still trying to get a good hold on her body without slipping completely out of her cunt.

“Oh yes, Griffin! Oh good doggie, good, good doggie! You feel so good in my cunt.”

A low moan seeped from her throat. Diane - wanted that cock deep in her. She needed to have that hot thing chugging from side to side in her pussy, filling her up, taking her over. “Oh!”

With a backward shove her hips, Diane pushed onto Griffin’s cock. She held her stiff nipples rubbing itchily over the wrinkled top sheet. With another low moan Diane felt more of his cock enter her cunt. The pointed head was now rubbing up against her cherry! This was the second she’d been waiting for!

“Do it, doggie! Come on, Griffin. Do it to me, fuck me all the way!”

The German shepherd hesitated for a second, whimpering while readjusting the position of his hugging fore paws. Sweat dripped freely from under Diane’s arms and ran down her forehead. She loved the feel of his furred body against her but now she wanted something more, something that would tear through that thin membrane and rip away her innocence. She wanted that dog to fuck her! “Uhhhh!”

The dog grunted, shoving forward and upward. With a greasy, slippery slide, the head of his cock popped through her cherry, spearing the thin membrane easily with that one shove. Diane’s mouth opened and she shook her head, her body convulsing while her belly tightened. Fucked down all the way! And by a dog! The pain shot into her brain like a white bolt of lightning. But somehow the girl managed to keep her cries down, muffling her screams in the pillow. Besides, as the moments ticked by the pain became less excruciating.

Diane licked her dry lips, feeling herself melting into a sensuous mass. She felt his cock resting for a moment inside her cunt. The girl wagged her bare ass slightly, dipping it down, then raising it once more, trying to get the animal to start fucking her again.

“Ohhh!”

There! That had done it! She felt his hind quarter muscles tightening while his feet began bumping up against hers. She had communicated her needs to him. The rising heat in her cunt was making her start to move more freely. Diane led, but the dog followed with perfect rhythm. When she arched her back, the animal tugged his cock outward until the ridge around his large bump tugged at her cuntal muscles. That tugging sensation was wild and Diane felt her muscles and pussy go into spasms. He was such a good dog!

“Ohhhhhhh!”

Diane forgot about her aunt, about those leering farm hands who might have seen her playing with Thunder. She forgot about everything except Griffin. Swiveling her ass, she bucked from left to right, feeling her tits swaying up against the top sheet.

“Fuck . . .”

Griffin fucked deep and hard, grinding against the girl with all his might. It was more than Diane could stand. Soon she would cum- cum with the dog, the animal that had torn away her cherry. Just the thought of that fact made the young woman quiver in ecstasy. Oh, this would be a wonderful night!

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

“Ohhhhh, Griffin . . . what a good doggie ... oh yesh, yes, what a . . . uhhhhh . . . nice dog!”

Diane was moaning loud and low now. The need for air seemed to grow more and more as Griffin fucked her hard and fast. She felt his body sliding over her jiggling asscheeks, his forelegs tightening around her chest. He was almost choking her with his paws, leaving long red marks along her sides.

“Uhhhhhhh ...”

Diane could hear herself sobbing. The roar of the blood in her ears as almost deafening. She was being fucked by this wonderful dog! How wonderful it was!

“Doggie . . . ohhhh, fuck me!”

Griffin was growling, that smothered growl that told her he was very close to firing his load in her pussy. Diane cried out, forgetting about her aunt, not caring about that any longer. All she wanted to do was grind her clit against him. She loved the sensation of all those delicious bumps slipping and sliding over her cuntlips, stretching her until she thought she was going to come apart.

“Huhhrhrhrhrrrr!”

Every bump of his cockmeat against her clit sent the stuffed, tingling feeling higher. Diane felt herself stretching very thin. She was vibrating like a taut bowstring, every touch of the animal inside or outside her cunt plucking her into jerky movements again. She felt sweat dripping freely off her forehead and out from under her arms.

“Fuck . . . fuck Diane was in a daze now, her eyes glazing over while her long blonde hair clung in damp little curls against her forehead. She felt him going all the way into her now, his big knobby cock pricking her cunt again and again. The girl moved her ass in circles, feeling the cock stirring her insides about like a giant spoon.

“Ohhh . . . huhhrrrr! Huhhrrrr!”

It was madness, sheer, sexual madness! The headboard clattered rhythmically while her thighs alternately chilled and burned with her flowing juices. The sound of the dog’s juice-slicked cock chugging through her clutching cunt echoed through the small, suffocating bedroom. Diane pushed

down internally, her burning asshole pouting outward. Her ass-cheeks flexed, softened, then tightened again. Every part of her body was spasming- one giant clit. She was one giant clit, throbbing and pulsing with a crazed beat while Griffin fucked her for all he was worth.

“Uhhhh!”

Diane felt his tail brushing over the tops of her feet. It was so wonderful being surrounded by dog. To feel his fur tickling her flesh and his paws scratching along her rib cage was too much!

“Ohhhhh, cum, cum!”

And now she felt herself teetering on the fence of climax! The girl groaned, her body turning quickly into a melting mass of clinging fluid. There was that golden whirling ball of hunger growing at the center of her, taking over everything until all Diane could think of was her oncoming orgasm.

“Do it, doggie! Oh, Griffin, make me cum. Make me cum!”

The rapid click-click of his cock against her pussy seemed to increase as her pulse raced faster. Diane tossed her hips with the beat of her heart. The juggling, rocking, pitching motion of her body nearly tossed the dog from her back. Diane felt the boiling heat in her cunt climb toward her brain. It rose steadily like the red fluid in a thermometer and as it seethed into her brain she began holding her breath, pitching her ass from right to left.

“Noooo!”

The room dropped away from her. There was no more house, no more bed, no more anything. All that existed at this point was the dog-that wonderful, beautiful dog fucking her brains out. How her cuntmouth hurt from the fucking friction! Diane pitched her head about, feeling the tangle of her hair splashing over the tops of her whitened knuckles. She spread her knees farther apart, hunkering down while she kept her ass angled high in the air. The resulting stretching of her pussy added a kind of spicy tang to her fucking.

“Uhhhhh . . . gonna . . . gonna do it . . . gonna do it!”

Everything tightened in her body. Diane felt as if she were an over-wound spring as Griffin fucked her into oblivion. A wild fire was starting around her clit, burning into the throbbing little spindle. Soon, very soon she would be cumming! She grunted, feeling his cock ram down into her cunt. And then Diane exploded, her mind blasting into millions of pieces. There it was, the hard, heavy jolt of the German shepherd’s cum blasting against her cuntal walls. She cried out and struggled, her fingers curling into fists and beating against the mattress. Waves of delight washed over her cunt, making every muscle in her body spasm. The teen wanted to kick and claw and bite but instead she remained crouched in the doggie fuck position, tears of joy washing down her flushed cheeks.

“Mmmmmmmmm!” Diane felt herself milking and clenching at the bucking rod of the doggie’s cock. She lost the noises of the house, the presence of her aunt-everything except the wonderful feeling of the dog’s cock in her cunt. Her head snapped back and her tits jiggled like pudding with the furious blasts of her cunt’s reaction. Diane felt her cum go on and on even after the thrusts of the dog’s prick faded.

“Do it, do it, do it . . .” Her voice was low, throaty, almost a growl while she kept jerking up and hunching back down into the dog’s crotch. The pleasure was so keen, so sharp it was nearly painful!

“Doggie! Ohhh Griffin! Good dog.”

The last thing Diane could remember that night was falling onto the bed, her cunt still throbbing and milking long after the dog had slipped from her back and curled up beside her bed. It was wonderful, the best, most wonderful time she had ever had in her life! And all due to that marvelous trained dog.

Diane sighed, closing her eyes and pushing her fingers into the crushed pillow while making small fucking movements against the bed. What a super vacation this was turning out to be. She would have to visit Thunder and Lightning in the morning. Of course, she would have to be careful of her aunt. With another sigh Diane drifted off to sleep, thinking about the sharp, delightful sensations she had had in her cunt.

\* \* \* \*

Back in the barn things were not going so well for Aunt Anne. Far from dozing off in her safe bed like her niece, Anne struggled with both the men and her own feelings.

Thunder and Lightning were quiet in their stalls. Mike had splashed cold water over her, washing out her stretched cunt while Jeff scrubbed some of the hay from her body.

"Goddamned filthy little pig. That's what she is," Mike growled.

"Yeah, turn over, pig."

Jeff kicked the toe of his boot against Anne's right side making Anne cry out, quickly doing as she was told. Crouching down, she heard Jeff sliding behind her, grabbing her by the thighs and hooking his fingers around her hipbones. Something brushed up against her asshole and before Anne's mind could register what was happening she felt his cockhead pressing up against her asshole. Ass-fucked! That was the only thing they'd failed to do to her-until now.

"Awwwkkk!"

Anne squeaked out her dismay, her eyes widening as the flared cockhead found its way. She yelled again, feeling the blunt prick pressing against her asshole. Jeff laughed hard and nasty while Mike passively watched.

"Take my cock! You're shit and I'm gonna feel your shit against my cock."

He jabbed again, his hands moving up until his fingers squeezed her nipples cruelly. There was a moment of hesitation, followed by the movement of his head into her ass. Anne felt her arms and legs spasming. He was holding onto her tightly, sending the full length of his cockrod into her asshole, then pulling out again. Anne bit her lip. She couldn't even sob now. They had done too much to her! He was fucking her hard, drilling her asshole back and forth. Again she squeaked, feeling her cunt going into tremors of need.

"Wanna get something in your cunt? Too bad, baby."

Jeff let out another grunt, then trembled behind her. He was firing his load up her ass.

"Bitch."

"Come on, then. You said she was a pig. Then let's throw 'er there."

Jeff quickly stuffed his cock in his pants, bending down and helping his buddy scoop the trembling

blonde woman up to her feet. Anne could hardly walk. Her ass still stung from that quick, savage fucking and her pussy was still hot, and overworked from the horse's prick. Again they dragged her down the aisle, laughing at her and telling her what a slutty bitch she was while heading for the large double doors.

How good it was to feel the cool early morning air against her body. The sky to the east was just turning a dirty gray, an indication of just how long she'd been in her capture. They dragged Anne past the pump and finally down to the small pig sty her husband had built. The commotion had roused the wallowing, burly animals and Anne could hear them snorting and rutting about in the mud as Mike shoved her against the wooden enclosure.

"Said you were a pig. Now you might as well go in and have fun with your relatives."

Hands were on her ass, her thighs, pushing her over the top of the fence. With a yelping cry Anne tumbled headlong into the pen. There was a splash and with a sickening cry the woman found herself wallowing in the filthy mud.

"Oh!"

Worse! A large male pig was waddling over to her, his flat nose snorting while those beady little eyes focused hotly on her. Anne had heard stories about pigs and how savage they really were. Now she found herself facing the horrid beast!

"No!"

He was on top of her in an instant, snuffing at her cunt, his massive, fuzzy body rubbing up against hers. Anne screamed again in horror, twisting around in the shitty mud and scrambling for the fence. The animal, however, was more agile than she could have expected. He knocked her down, his stubby legs holding her ankles prisoner while he tried mounting her! The other pigs snorted in approval near-by while she felt something stubby, muddy and hot probing her cunt. "No!"

Anne swatted her hands back frantically, her head splashing down in the fetid mud while her knees rubbed up and down over the slick ground. Mike and Jeff were laughing cruelly, pointing at her as the big male pig mounted her. Her hands shot out once more as she lost her balance and tumbled headlong into the mud.

There was something jabbing inside her cunt-the pig's cock! This was too much. He was halfway on top of her body, crushing her with his tremendous weight. The mud made it hard for her to get away and before she knew it he was fucking her, sliding that stubby, bristly little thing in and out of her pussy. The mud was acting as his lube.

"No, oh God no, not to me! Not again!"

Anne wailed, swatting back once more at the rutting male pig. Again he jabbed, then let out an inordinately high squeal. Cumming? No, no!

"God!"

Anne climbed up from the mud, struggling away from the grunting beast and draping her arms around the top of the fence.

"Please, get me out . . . please . . ."



"Come on, buddy. Let's get the madam out."

Mike and Jeff hauled the filthy woman from the pen, dragging her back to the barn where they hosed her clean.

"Been a long night," Mike said, stretching both arms over his head and yawning.

"Yeah. Gotta get some shut-eye. Then maybe tomorrow night we can work on the girl."

"What?" Anne gasped.

Had she heard correctly? Anne pushed the wet hair from her eyes and stared at both men. No, she must have been mistaken.

Mike brought her clothes and then left with his buddy as she began to dress.

Fucked-and so many times in so many different ways! She stood there by the side of the barn alone. How awful it had been-but then again how good! All those years of nothing and then everything in a few days-an hour or two, really. It made her head spin! The woman sighed, closing her eyes and thinking about all she had felt. It had been wonderful- all of it! The pigs? Anne smiled. That stubby, thick cock had rushed something of a pleasurable sensation from her clit. "Hah!" Anne nearly startled herself with that sharp laugh. She would have to be more careful, of course. They had said something about her niece. Nonsense, naturally. But still she would be more cautious. Mike and Jeff and . . . and anything else on two or four legs. How good life had become-how darned good! Anne inhaled the fresh, sweet country air and watched with a faint smile as the sky began to redden with the dawn. It would be a good year!

**THE END**