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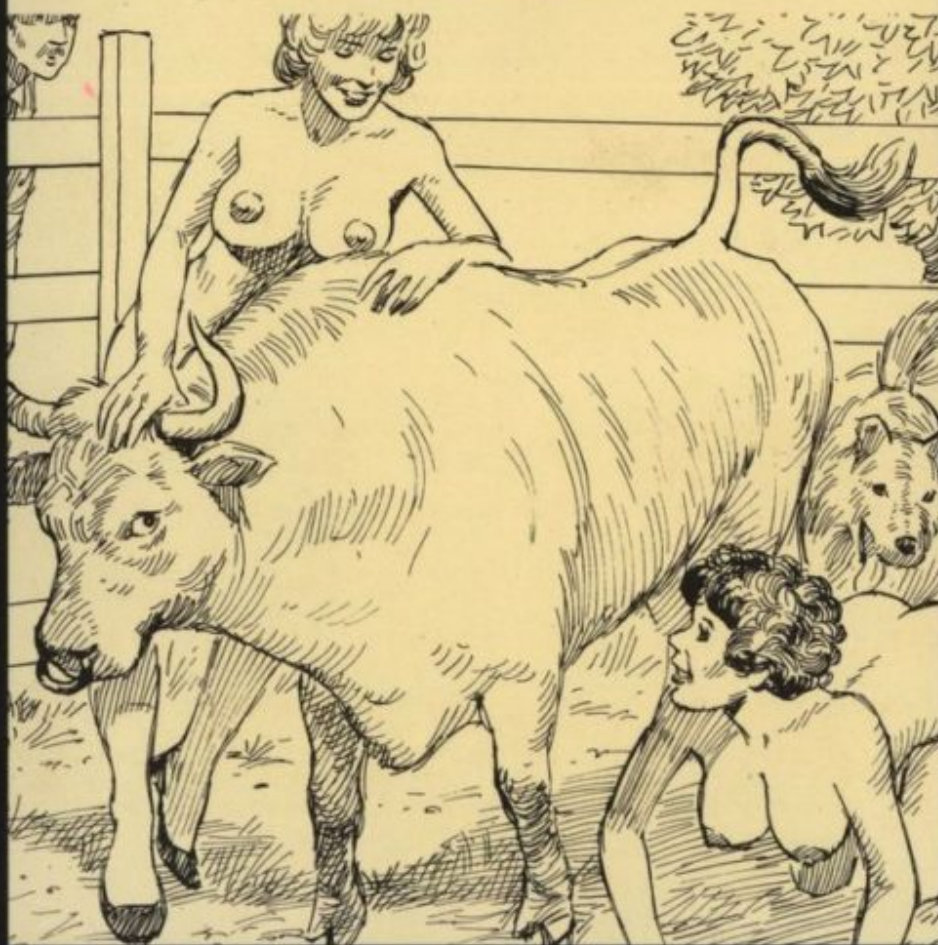
LB-1191 The Wife's Ball With The Bull by David Crane

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THE WIFE'S BALL WITH THE BULL

by David Crane



CENTAUR SERIES

FOREWORD

Although Americans appear to the rest of the world as frank and open people, the truth is often the opposite when it comes to relating on an individual basis. This is particularly true regarding sexual matters.

The fact is, Americans are only now learning to discuss sex and sexuality with candor, and usually that is within the limits of marital sex.

While no one is advocating sex as the main topic of conversation, and while sexual privacy is very important, many adults harbor fears about themselves and their sexual behavior that could be erased if they were more aware of other people's behavior. Most of us have been brought up to be at least slightly ashamed of anything sexual, and it is frequently reassuring to discover that we are not different, naughty, or even perverted in our sexual practices when compared to others.

The characters in THE WIFE'S BALL WITH THE BULL are a case in point. Their story is one of real importance for our hungup society. It is a story well worth the reading if we are ever to understand our own sexuality.

The Publisher

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## CHAPTER ONE

Jill Travis had raven-black hair which cascaded around her shoulders, jade-green eyes that flashed when she was excited and a wide, sensual mouth that invariably turned men's thoughts to blowjobs. She was tall and shapely, with big, firm tits, a narrow waist that swept out into curvaceous hips, a heart-shaped ass and long, sleek legs. Jill was twenty-five and had been married for three years and had only cheated on her husband a few times.

Jill had a doggy.

At the moment, the dog, a big German shepherd named Bruno, walked into the bathroom where his mistress had just stepped out of this shower. Jill was drying herself and looking in the mirror and didn't notice the dog at first. She was admiring her own naked body. As she rubbed the fluffy towel over herself, her nipples stiffened, standing out from her firm mounds like little rockets ready to be launched.

She rolled one taut tip in her fingers and smiled. Her eyes moved down, admiring her reflection. Jill's cunt bush was a plump wedge of ebony hair, curly and thick. When she parted her thighs, her cunt was like a pink swamp running sluggishly through that dark jungle.

Her smooth body glowed from the warm shower and from her own rising lust. She was getting horny. She thrust her loins out, jerking her pelvis in a little fucking motion. Her hand cupped her pussy mound, fingers trailing into her wet slot and gently rubbing against the stiff bud of her swollen clit.

Jill was wondering if she should give herself a handjob. Her husband would be home for lunch soon and he was always more than ready to throw a fuck into his sexy wife, and Jill couldn't make up her mind whether to wait for him or to fingerfuck herself. She had always enjoyed playing with her pussy, since she'd discovered the art of frigging off at an early age. Even though her marriage was perfectly adequate sexually, she still frigged off with regularity.



And, too, there was Bruno.

Bruno was standing just inside the door, sniffing. As Jill gently massaged her cunt, the delicious aroma of hot cunt drifted across the room. The dog's black nostrils flared and twitched as that rich fragrance registered on his bestial senses.

His huge prick began to elongate and harden.

Bruno padded across the tiled floor and thrust his big snout out, nosing Jill's ass.

"Oh!" she cried, startled at the contact of the dog's cold nose against her warm flesh. She looked back over her shoulder and smiled. The doggy sniffed and slapped his wet tongue against the firm cheeks of her ass, then slurped up the crack of her ass. Jill leaned forward. She placed her open hands on the globes of her ass and spread them apart. Bruno began to tongue her ass crack with gusto. His dripping red tongue slurped up to her shit hole and dipped into that right crevice.

Doggy slobber ran down her thighs. Her pussy began to flood, and ribbons of frothy cuntjuice streaked the dog's saliva. She ground her ass around in the dog's face as he merrily slapped his hot tongue up the crack and lapped at her asshole.

"What a nice doggy," she sighed.

Bruno whined and stabbed his lapper at her brown bud as Jill squirmed happily against him.

"Nice doggies deserve nice dog yummys," she said.

Bruno cocked his head and whimpered. His tongue flew around as he licked her tasty asshole with relish. Jill let him lap her ass for a few minutes, then she straightened and turned around. The dog eyed her inquisitively. Jill rested her ass on the edge of the sink, her long legs trailing to the floor and her thighs parted. Her cunt was really hot by this time. The coral pink lips were unfurled like the petals of a flower, the slit had opened into a slot, and that slot was flooded with pussy nectar. Her clit stood out like a pliable log in the swamp, throbbing and tingling with desire.

"Hot pussy, boy," she whispered. "Lap it up!"

The big dog pushed his head into her crotch. His cold black nose tapped against her steaming clit, and Jill shuddered. Bruno sniffed, his shaggy body quivering. His nostrils flared as he scented that tangy feast and his big prick snapped to attention. The fat red meat of his cock-knob came sliding out of the hairy sheath.

The horny dog began to slap his tongue into Jill's open cuntslot and against her cit. His frothy slobber dribbled into her cunthole, mixing with her cuntjuice and streamers of the combined fuck fluids poured down the insides of her thighs.

"Ummmmm," she purred, loving his tongue.

She used her fingertips to spread her cuntlips open even wider, so that Bruno could slide his tongue right up inside her fuckhole. The dog was yelping with excitement now. He stabbed into her cunt, then flipped his tongue up across her love bud. Cuntjuice sprayed up into her dark pubic jungle. She jerked her hips from side to side and her slim belly pumped up and down.

How silly she had been to contemplate fingerfucking herself when she had the services of Bruno's tongue!

Jill tilted her loins higher and spread her legs wider. The dog began to lap at her with long, slurping strokes. His tongue started at her asshole and dragged up through her soaking crotch and rustled on through her curly cunt bush.

Jill stroked his head, purring. She closed her sleek thighs around him for a moment, then opened them wide again. She hooked one knee over his back and slid her foot under the dog, rubbing her ankle against his cock and balls. His hard prick throbbed against her foot, thrilling the randy woman. She wriggled her toes against his scumbags, feeling his cum load slosh around inside the bloated bags.

Bruno whimpered and began to hump, fucking his long cock against her instep and calf. Seeing, hearing and feeling how frantic with lust the big brute was becoming turned Jill on almost as much as the sensation of his hot wet tongue on her cunt. She always loved to make a dog excited and then to satisfy him, one way or the other. Dogs appreciated it so much, that was the thing. Jill just adored to hear them whimper and whine as they neared the crest, and then to see-or feel-all that hot, thick doggy jism squirt out of their pissholes.

"Bring me off, Bruno," she whispered, her voice husky with desire. "Lap me off and then I'll do you."

As it' he understood the meaning of her words-and perhaps he did, from past experience-Bruno began to really go to work on her cunt and clit, his tongue flashing wildly. Creamy cuntjuice poured into his tastebuds, driving him crazy. The frothy cream pooled up on his tongue and dripped from the edges as he slurped at her cunthole, and her love button felt like a stick of dynamite ready to explode.

"Ohhhhh," Jill moaned as the first hot wave rippled across her jerking loins.

Bruno howled in frenzy. As Jill's climax approached, her cuntjuice was getting hotter and thicker and tastier, driving the horny doggy wild with bestial joy. His tongue slapped into her so fast that it was a red blur.

Jill rubbed her foot up and down against his throbbing prick again, then pulled away. She didn't want to take a chance on bringing the doggy off with a footjob. She wanted to be able to concentrate on that creamy task, after she'd creamed herself.

Bruno humped, driving his abandoned cock outward. His swollen scumbags swung back and forth like the clapper of a meaty bell and his naked red cockhead was flaring out, pulsing, the pisshole parted and a few juicy drops of spunk oozing out. The cum ran sluggishly down his prick-knob, like quicksilver, pearly on the red meat.

Another wave coursed across her belly and Jill gasped. The thrill rippled up her thighs like an electric current.

Bruno was trying to wedge his muzzle right up her fuckhole, to bury his whole head in that succulent pussy. His tongue slithered up her cunt hole, then flipped out and slapped at her clit. Bruno's snout was streaming with pussy juice. His head went up and down like a rocking horse, and Jill's thighs tensed and relaxed as she rubbed he groin against him.

Her clit went off like a detonator, and she cried out with the joy of coming. Bruno yelped as her pussy melted and her cuntjuice poured out in a creamy deluge. He lapped the sweet stuff up hungrily, his throat working as he gulped it down.

"Lap it up!" Jill wailed.

Her ass churned on the edge of the sink and her hips danced a wild way as her cunt overflowed onto his tongue. Wave after wave of ecstasy coursed through her, each one higher than the last and rushing faster upon her, until those waves were blending into one. Her clit went off again and again and her cunt juice flooded out with each explosion. Bruno tongued her with frantic lust.

Then Jill was at the very peak. Her whole lush body vibrated with the joy of it. She shuddered at that crest, holding there, prolonging her coming as long as she could.

Then she crashed from the heights with a moan. The last ripple of her coming surged in her stiff clit and the last creamy drops of her cuntjuice oozed out. Bruno tongued the final trickles out of her steaming cunthole. Then his head ducked down as he lapped up the cunt juice that had escaped his tongue and had run down her thighs. Jill was panting like a locomotive.

The dog stepped back and eyed her inquisitively, as if asking if she wanted him to do it again. His long red tongue was lolling out, dripping with slobber and cuntjuice. Jill slowly sank to her knees. Her legs had turned to water. A dreamy smile turned-up her sensual lips and her jade-green eyes were glowing.

She leaned forward and kissed Bruno on his cream-soaked muzzle. Then she kissed his tongue. She sucked that hot cuntlapper into her mouth and nursed; driving herself wild as she sucked her own tasty cuntjuice off the dog's wet tongue.

Bruno shoved his tongue right back to her throat and her lips pulled on it. His haunches heaved. She slid one hand down his hairy flank and cupped his balls. They were swollen like overinflated balloons, his cum load massive.

"Now it's your turn, Bruno," Jill whispered.

Her hand folded around his cockshaft.

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CHAPTER TWO

And then her husband called, "I'm home, honey!"

"Shit!" Jill muttered.

"Honey? You home?" Ron called from downstairs.

Jill released the dog's prick and got to her feet. She was frustrated by the untimely interruption. Bruno, who was only a dumb animal and didn't know that bestiality was wrong, gave her a puzzled look.

Jill hated to leave him frustrated after the lovely cuntlapping he had given her. Then, although not as thrillingly as other methods, like fucking him or sucking him off.

Bruno began to hump, fucking his throbbing prick through her pumping fist. His tail j was swishing around behind him, like a rudder guiding his cock, and his balls ballooned in her hand. His cock was getting bigger with stroke. Her fist could span the breadth of that massive hunk of dogcock.

More preliminary spunk seeped out of his pisshole, frothy and white on his red cockhead. Her tongue slid across her lower lip. She knew how delicious the dog's prick was and how succulent his

cum was and the sight was making her mouth water. She loved to suck Bruno off, and she would have liked to do that right now. But she knew that it always took longer to blow him than to jerk him off, for some reason, and, with her husband waiting, she didn't have the time. Well, she could always suck him after Ron went back to work, she reasoned. And after she'd jerked him off, it would take Bruno longer to come the second time, so that Jill could enjoy a long, lingering suck on that tasty mouthful of hot cock before she drank the creamy results.

Her wrist tilted and she friggd him faster, pumping back to his bails, causing his prick- knob to flare out.

The doggy whined, and whimpered, fucking through her stroking fist with jerking movements of his hairy haunches. His neck was arched and his head turned as he watched her frig him. Jill was curled onto her side, with the dog's cock aimed at her face and tits like a howitzer, steadily pumping up and down his prickshaft.

She adored the way his hard, thick cockshaft throbbed in her fist. More spunk dribbled out of his parted pisshole and trickled down onto the web between her thumb and forefinger. Her fist slid faster as his scum lubricated the action.

"Come," she rasped, longing to see all that doggy slime spurt from his cockhead and yearning for the dog to shoot the hot, thick stuff all over her face and tits.

Despite the lovely come that she had just had on the dog's tongue, Jill's cunt was starting to smolder again. Her clit was throbbing, and her tongue felt every bit as hot as that love bud. Jill's mouth and cunt were interchangeable as fuckholes. She was panting as much as the animal was as she friggd him. "C'mon-shoot it out, boy," she whispered. "Shoot all that steaming fuckjuice out for me."

Bruno humped faster, his haunches slamming and jolting as he fucked hi cock through her stroking hand. Jill pumped back to the root as he shoved his prick out. Her eyes were glued to his cockhead, at her mouth drooled at the tasty sight.

The dog's hind paws scrambled on the tiled floor as he humped, his spine twisting as he thrust his loins out. His cock fucked through Jill's pumping hand and loomed up in front of her face. She could look right up inside his parted pisshole and see the cum bubbling inside his cockhead.

His muscular body rippled and quivered. His head was still arched around, watching Jill beat his meat, perhaps marveling at the mysteries of the human hand. Then he jerked his head, jaws open, like a wolf baying at the moon. He yelped, and Jill felt his balls swell in one hand and his prick expand in the other.

"Yeah-yeah—Yeah-" she panted, realizing that the big beast was about to blow his wad.

Her fist slid back to the root of his prick, skinning his sheath back from the naked meat of his cockhead. She felt his scumbags erupt, and his cock pulsed as his load came rushing up. Then the frantic brute was spurting his jism out in frothy ribbons and billowing clouds.

His first hot load splashed into Jill's deep cleavage, running down between her tits in a creamy stream. She jerked him again, tilting her wrist so that his cock rose to a higher angle, and the dog's second massive load shot right into her excited face. Doggy cum squirted onto her chin and cheeks and into her hair, creamy white in her raven tresses. His spunk was so hot she thought it might blister her flesh. She whimpered with passion.

Jill's lips parted and her pink tongue slid out. She landed closer and gave his cock another stroke.

This time the dog's jism jet hit her right on the tongue and lips. Jill moaned as that succulent fuck cream ran over her tastebuds. Streaks of the milky stuff slid across her lips. Her face was a mask of lust, eyes narrowed, lips parted-and that mask was slathered with doggy sum from chin to brow.

She pumped another dose out. The steaming slime skimmed over her arched tongue and ran back into her mouth. Her throat pulsed as she hungrily swallowed.

The big brute's balls seemed bottomless. Each time Jill pumped back on his prick, he blew another steaming wad of spunk out of his cockhead. She arched her back and frigged a creamy load onto her tits again. Cum dripped from her stiff nipples and spread out in rivulets on the slopes of her fat tits.

Bruno was yelping and barking, gone wild with the thrill of getting his rocks off. Jill pumped still another load out, hosing her face again. Her tongue slid across her lips, lapping the stuff up. She loved drinking doggy cum, loved the taste and the texture and the heat and, too, the very depravity. Knowing that bestiality was naughty only added to the thrill.

A jet shot onto her tits and, at last, the giant doggy's balls were drained. He continued to fuck through her pumping fist for a moment, but only a few trickles of cum oozed out, not shooting from his prick-knob but clinging to his cockhead.

Panting heavily, the dog stopped moving and stood rigid.

Jill stroked his meat a few more times, to make sure that she had milked out every last drop of his precious slime. His cock began to soften and diminish in her hand. When she released him, his huge prick swayed up and down. Cum was dripping from his cockhead and pearly globs clung to the red meat. Jill whimpered and leaned closer.

Her tongue pushed out and she licked at the dog's naked, cum-drenched cockhead. Then she slipped her lips around that fat slab, collaring his prick just behind the knob. His spent meat was slippery and rubbery as she nursed on his prick.

"Ummmmm," Jill purred.

Bruno's prick began to pulse and ripple, and she knew, to her delight, that the potent brute would be able to get another hard-on, and to come again effortlessly. But that pleasant and tasty treat would have to wait until her husband went back to work, she knew and, regretfully, she drew her lips off his cockhead.

All the cum had been sucked from his meat now and that fat red slab was polished to a lustre, glistening with Jill's saliva. His long prick swayed up and down, pointing at the tiled floor like a divining rod and then snapping back up to the horizontal, as if unable to decide if his cock should soften or remain erect.

Jill's tongue glided across her lips, slurping up the doggy scum that coated them. She let the stuff run around on her tastebuds, savoring the musky flavor, then gulped it down. Jill loved to swallow cum and a dog's cum, she thought, was better than a man's. It was hotter and thicker and spicier-and there was more of it, too, so that in quantity as well as quality, doggy jism was superior.

It was nice to have a load of the steaming slime spurt up her cunt, too. At the moment, despite her previous climax, her cunt was smoldering and soaking, the horny dog lover's passion aroused anew. She sighed with regret, wishing there was time to get fucked.

But her husband was waiting downstairs.

Then Jill smiled, realizing that she wouldn't have to wait, after all. Just because she enjoyed dog prick was no reason why she couldn't enjoy human prick, as well. And Ron had a big, ever-ready cock-as far as human cocks went.

Jill gave Bruno a pat on the head and got to her feet. She wrapped the big fluffy towel around her naked body and, wearing nothing.

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### CHAPTER THREE

Ron was mixing himself a before-lunch martini and, his back turned to the archway, didn't notice that his wife was wearing only a towel when she came into the room.

"What was Bruno making all that noise for?" he asked.

Jill frantically sought for some reasonable explanation.

Ron-who didn't really care that the dog was barking, not for a moment imagining why-said, "Honey, I phoned the broker this morning and that farm I told you about is for sale. It's reasonable, too. It'll make a great country house for us, I think. And maybe, a profit, too, since it's a working farm. We can hire someone to run it for us and go out on weekends and there are even horses we can ride."

Horses? thought Jill.

One of Jill's most thrilling fantasies was imagining fucking and sucking a stallion. She didn't know if she would dare be that naughty, and had never expected to have' a chance, anyway, being a city dweller, but, now, the prospect brought a surge of lust to her already aroused' loins. Her pussy rippled and flowed.

Ron, shaking his martini mixer, went on, "Anyhow, I can't get away until Friday but I thought maybe you could take a run out and look the place over tomorrow. Apparently, according to the broker, there's a young couple who're taking care of the stock until the place is sold. They can show you around and maybe they'll stay on to run the place for us."

Ron poured the cocktail into a glass and turned around, looking happy. He had always wanted a place in the country and his enthusiasm was evident-and then he saw how his wife was clad.

Ron looked surprised, then grinned. Jill was holding the towel around her loins but her big thrusting tits were exposed and, from the way her nipples were standing out in rosy peaks, she was feeling randy. She moved toward him, her long, shapely legs emerging from the folds of the towel with every stride. Ron stared at her appreciatively, admiring her curvaceous body.

"I just showered," she said. "I didn't see any reason to get dressed, in case you were in the mood for a fuck."

"You obviously are," he said. His eyes were devouring her tits. He saw streaks of milky slime on her tits and in her cleavage, but he supposed it must be soapsuds.

Jill arched her back, thrusting her tits out to him. Ron cupped her fat tits in his hands, pulling at her taut nipples. Then he ducked his head down and began to lick and suck at her tits. She tasted salty and musky. He guessed she must be using a new brand of soap. He ran his tongue up her slippery cleavage, then slurped on each stiff nipple in turn, his head switching back and forth. Jill squirmed

against him, enjoying the feeling. In some ways a man was better than a dog, she thought. A dog can lap better but can't really suck. The variety was nice.

Ron raised his head and kissed her on the lips. Again he noticed a mysterious lingering flavor, and supposed that she must be using a new brand of toothpaste, as well.

Jill slipped her tongue into his mouth and Ron sucked on it, his own tongue entwining with hers. They swapped tongues back and forth, French kissing and panting into each other's mouth for awhile, then he dropped his head to her tits again.

Jill let the towel fall to the floor and stood naked, pushing her belly out against his groin. His cock was hardening and his scumbags were filling up. Jill wriggled against him, feeling his hard prick press an elongated indentation into her belly.

Ron held her by the ass, drawing her tighter to his loins and turning her hips from side to side so that her slim belly rolled over his cock.

His cock was hammering and throbbing and her pussy was overflowing. Streamers of cunt juice poured down her sleek thighs. The heat of his hard-on seared her through the fabric of 'his trousers as she ground her loins to his.

"Let's go upstairs," he rasped.

"Let's do it right here, darling," she whispered.

She thought that Bruno might have another hard-on by this time and didn't want her husband to get suspicious. Then, too, she enjoyed the variety possible in human fucking. The dog could fuck his prick into her doggy fashion, as she knelt on all fours, and he could fuck her missionary fashion, face to face, but it was too awkward to couple with the brute in a standing knee-trembler.

"Let's screw standing up for a change," she suggested.

Ron grinned enthusiastically. Like his wife, he enjoyed variations, although he would have been shocked and dismayed if he realized how many variations Jill practiced.

She slid a hand between them and began to unbuckle his belt. Then she drew his zipper down. His cock was outlined in his white cotton shorts, dragging the elastic out from his belly. Jill fondled his cock and balls through his shorts. She fingered the prick-knob. She ran her hand down his thick cock and cupped his balls, lifting gently, as if she were weighing the amount of fuck juice that swollen sac contained.

His trousers dropped to his ankles. Ron kicked his feet out of them, - still mouthing her tits and cupping her firm, heart-shaped ass in both hands. His saliva dribbled down her firm tits as his lips pulled lovingly on the swollen peaks.

Jill fondled his hard-on through his shorts, then drew the elastic out wide and tugged them down, exposing his cock and balls. She gazed down at the impressive sight. His shorts were tucked under his scumbags, the elastic drawn tight, so that it looked like his big prick was slung in a catapult, ready to be launched. His cockhead was a mushroom-shaped slab of hot, purple meat, moist at the tip, his pisshole weeping. His cockshaft was long and thick, gnarled with dark, pulsating veins, as taut and vibrant as a bowstring, jutting up from his bloated balls in a meaty tower. A trickle of pearly spunk ran down the slope of his cock-knob.

Jill rubbed her cunt bush against his prick, pressing his cock into her thick black jungle. His prickhead into her belly button, and a glob of cum oozed into that shallow slot. Pussy juice flooded her crotch and ran down her thighs. His prick drew out, slathered with cunt cream, and he fucked back up her smoldering pussy, she drenched his scumbags with frothy fuck juice.

Ron began to lift her by the ass, hauling her up his cock, then letting her settle back, as if he were using her pussy to jerk himself off. .

Jill's supple body twisted in his arms. She hooked one knee around his hip, standing on one foot. Then she threw the other leg up, too, locking her ankles behind his ass, cradled in his arms and on his cock. Her ass switched from side to side and her belly pumped. Ron staggered under her weight, lurching sideways without missing a stroke. He was supporting her with his hands and with his cock, hauling her up and down. Her cunt walls tightened, molding her pussy tunnel to the shape of his prick as he fucked into her. The concentric muscle rings closed, rippling up his cock from the hilt to the crown, working on him like a pliable wringer. Her cuntlips sucked on his prick as he drew out, dragging and pulling. It felt as if she had a secret mouth inside her belly as her cunt sucked on his cock with moist, squishing sounds Ron swung her up and down as her thighs tightened around him, hooked on his hips. As she arched her slender back, her fat tits flopped in his face and he lapped at them, his tongue darting out at the pink tips. Her long black hair trailed down her back as she threw her head back and cascaded over her ass cheeks and tits as she switched her face from side to side. Her green eyes were glazed with lust, and she was panting like a steam engine as she rode his meaty cock.

Ron dipped at the knees, lifting her by the ass at the same time. His prick pulled out until only the cockhead was stuck up her. Cuntjuice steamed from the bared prickshaft. Then he jerked upward as he let her descend, going balls deep up her fuckhole again. His legs were trembling under the burden of her weight as well as with the shuddering of his building need. He began to stagger across the room, still fucking into her, like some fucking machine.

He carried her to the wall and pressed her against it, taking some of her weight off his hands and prick. Then he began to really fuck his cock into her, fucking her right up the wall. Cuntjuice poured out, staining the wallpaper behind her churning ass. Her heels drummed against his ass. Jill's lusty loins were jerking wildly now, and she twisted her hips so that her cunthole was winding around on his cock like a juicy nut on an iron-hard bolt.

Ron grunted and fucked his meaty prick straight into her cunt like a skyrocket. His cock almost hissed as he fucked up that soaking, steaming fuck tunnel, came out dripping, then plunged in again. With her weight braced against the wall, he was pouring the prick to her pussy with furious energy, fucking his cock into her fiery furnace of a cunt with a violence that shook her very bones.

"Fuck! fuck! fuck!" Jill wailed, saying the word each time his cock slammed into her. "Feed it to me, darling-stuff my cunthole. Oh, sweet Jesus! I'm gonna fucking cream! Come in me, Ron! Pour all your hot, slick slime up my pussy, flood my fuckhole with that sweet cream!"

Ron felt her cunt start to melt around his cock like a wax candle around a flaming wick. As her fuck tunnel filled up with cream, his prick fucked into her even faster, gliding up that soaking slot like a submarine in a swamp. His balls dragged up the wall as he thrust his loins out and threw his head and shoulders back. Jill was mounted on the wall like a stuffed trophy, impaled on his rock-hard prick.

"Come!" she cried. "I'm coming-shoot up me!"

Ron fucked his cock into her with long, rippling strokes, his ass grinding and his hips jolting. He was shaking violently as the thrill and the pressure built up in his loins. He lifted her to the top of his prick, held her suspended on his cockhead for a moment and then, as his balls exploded, slammed her back down so that his cockhead was buried in the depths of her cunt as his jism squirted out.

"Oh! Ohhhh!" Jill wailed, as she felt that hot slime spurt into her cunthole, hosing her with a massive load. She had been creaming already but now, with the thrill of having him pump her full of fuck juice, her cunt began to go off like a volcano. The steaming lava of her lust gushed from the hairy crater.

Ron poured load after load of spunk into her, slamming her down onto his cock each time he spurted. His jism ran into her cunt cream, and the combined fuck fluids over flowed her pussy, soaking her crotch and his balls with a frothy deluge. Jill was half crazed by her passion. She whipped her pussy onto his cock in a frenzy, desperately milking him off as her own juices flooded out.

His last spurt ripped into her and Ron gasped. His legs went limp, as if all his energy had turned to jism and sped from his prick. With Jill still mounted on his cock, he slowly sank to his knees, then dropped back onto the floor. Jill sat astride him, grinding her cunt around on his spent prick as she worked off the last spasms of her coming and milked out the last creamy drops. Her tits hung over him, bobbling, like ripe fruit ready to be plucked.

Her ass heaved up and down. Then she, too, was finished-for the moment. She settled onto him, not moving but still holding his drained cock up her flooded fuckhole. A contented smile turned up the corners of her lips. Her eyes were closed.

Ron gazed up at her, thinking what a swell fuck it had been and wondering what Jill was thinking.

Would Ron have been surprised, had he known!

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CHAPTER FOUR

Ron never did get around to drinking the martini that he'd made. Jill found it on the counter shortly after he'd gone back to work and sat, still naked, in an overstuffed chair, feeling short of overstuffed herself, and full of cum, drinking the cocktail. She sipped slowly, not enjoying the taste of gin nearly as much as that of jism. She was thinking about her visit to the farm the next day, not really sure if she would dare do anything, though knowing that she was sure as hell going to get awfully horny with all those animals around. Horses, bulls, mules-hell, even a ram could throw a mean fuck into a girl!

She smiled at the thought, her teeth clinking on the rim of the glass.

Jill's insatiable cunt was starting to heat up again.

She parted her thighs. Her pink cuntlips were unfurled and her clit was stiff. She gazed down at her crotch. She slid her hand over her ebony cunt mound and dipped her fingers into her wet pussy slot, stirring them around and squirming against them. Then she brought her hand up to her lips and pushed her tongue out, licking at her sticky fingers. A spicy blend of cum and cuntjuice tantalized her tastebuds. She bunched her fingers together and slipped them into her mouth, sucking on them and pushing them in and out as if they were a cock.

Cuntjuice was delicious, she thought. It was every bit as tasty as a man's cum. Jill wished that she was limber enough to go down on herself. But she had tried that and failed, unable to get her tongue any closer than her pubic bush. Jill had sucked a few cunts in her lifetime and, at school, she and her roommate had sixty-nined frequently. Neither of the girls was a lesbian-but Jill knew that a woman didn't have to be a lesbian in order to enjoy cuntlapping. She had even confessed to her husband that she had eaten pussy, hoping that Ron might take the hint and bring another woman to their bed .for a threesome. Although he had been turned on by her confession nothing had come .from it, except for a lusty fucking. Jill was in a cuntsucking mood at the moment, wondering if any of her girlfriends had mutual tastes. But it wasn't the sort of thing that she could suggest unless she was pretty sure of the other woman. It could be too embarrassing.

Jill fingerfucked her cunt with one hand and sucked on the fingers of the other hand, then switched. Her fingers went into her mouth soaked with cuntjuice and into her cunt slathered with saliva. Her cunt was sucking like a mouth and her tongue was throbbing like her clit. She took another sip of her martini. It tasted a lot better with cuntjuice on her tongue. Maybe she would jerk Ron off into the cocktail shaker sometime, using his jism instead of vermouth to mix with the gin. She grinned impishly at the thought. Would that ever turn Ron on! She could just imagine how his prick would thunder as he watched her sip his slime!

How would he react, she wondered, if she were to tell him that she sucked and fucked with Bruno?

But she didn't dare take a chance, in case Ron might not receive it well. He might get rid of the dog and that was something that Jill did not wish to risk.

Her stiff fingers slithered up her cunthole and she rubbed her thumb against her clit. Then she switched, fucking into her hungry mouth with her drenched fingers. Her thighs rippled and her slim belly pumped. As her cunt steamed, the delicious fragrance drifted across the room.

In trotted Bruno, following his nose.

Jill smiled at the doggy. His prick was semi-hard, looping out in a fat bow, the naked red cock-knob half exposed. His long, wet tongue was hanging out from the side of his jaw. She wondered if Bruno ever got jealous when she was fucking Ron. But she didn't guess that a dumb animal had the capacity for such an emotion. Anyhow, no matter how often she fucked Ron, Bruno never had to do without. The dog trotted over and thrust his big head between her legs. Jill drew her hand away, and Bruno began to slap his nimble tongue into her smoldering cunt gash.

Jill purred, wriggling against his muzzle. She hiked her ass up so that he could run his hot tongue all the way from her asshole to her clit with long, slurping strokes. As his tongue slapped at her, his cock began to lengthen and harden into a full erection. Dogs were lucky, she thought. They could lick their own pricks. She wondered if Bruno ever tongued his cock until he came. Maybe she would coax him into doing that sometime, then take over when he started to spurt.

Jill's thoughts were getting her turned on as much as the dog's slurping tongue strokes. But she didn't want to come on his tongue again. She was ready for more cock. The only trouble was that she didn't know whether to fuck him or suck him off. Her mouth was as horny as her cunt. Jill wished that she had two doggies, so she could take one prick in the mouth and one up the cunt at the same time. Were there sheepdogs at the farm?

Oh, shit! Maybe I can get gangbanged by a whole fucking pack of horny hounds! she thought, wildly thrilled by that prospect.

But for the moment she would have to make do with one cock. She decided to suck Bruno's tasty

prick for awhile, then let him empty his bloated scumbags into her steaming fuckhole.

Jill grasped Bruno by the collar and hauled his head out of her crotch. His tongue darted out and he whined as he was deprived of that delicious snack. Slobber splattered on her belly and ran into the ebony curls of her cunt mound. She pulled the dog up. His haunches bunched and he sprang onto the chair, one paw on either side of her hips, and his hind-paws scrambling on the floor. His big prick loomed out over her belly. His long tongue lapped at her tits as his head bobbed up and down and his haunches began to quiver and hump. Jill folded her fist around the hilt of his cock and pulled his cockhead down onto her tits. She rubbed the hot prick against her stiff tit peaks, then slipped the hairy cock into her cleavage. She cupped her lit mounds together around his prick, thumbing her nipples. Bruno whined and humped, fucking her between the tits.

His throbbing red cockhead came sliding out from the top of that smooth channel, running up her breastbone. Jill tilted her face down, staring at his cock-knob as his prick vanished between her tits, then came squeezing back out. She licked her lips. Sometimes she liked to let the doggy fuck her through her cleavage until he shot his wad. She loved to see all that hot, thick jism spurt out right into her face and open mouth. Her husband, too, was partial to some titty fucking, loving to watch his slime hose his wife's open lips and flashing tongue. Once, in abandoned passion, Ron had called Jill a scum bucket. Far from being annoyed, Jill had been delighted at that accurate term of endearment. Being pumped full of jism in any available hole seemed her prime purpose in life.

Bruno's flaring cockhead slid up her breastbone again, and Jill ducked her head down and shot her tongue out, lapping at the fiery red cock. The doggy whimpered and humped higher, pushing his cockhead against her lips. His pisshole began to weep. As he fucked through her cleavage, he was laying a glistening track, like the trail of a snail, on her flesh. Jill tongued his pisshole and murmured with pleasure as a frothy blob of cock spume slid onto her tastebuds.

Her lips parted wide, and, as the doggy humped again, she took his smoking hot cock-knob into her mouth, sucking with relish. Bruno yelped and fucked deeper into her maw. His scumbags dragged up her belly and jiggled between her tits as he fed his cock into her mouth. His prick-knob ran right back into her throat, and Jill gagged, but held there for a moment, then sighed as he withdrew. Her lips were turned outwards, sucking on his hairy prick as it retreated, then collaring his cockshaft just behind the fat prick-knob and nursing on that tasty slab of meat.

Her green eyes narrowed with lust as she hungrily mouthed the German shepherd's delicious prick. He was fucking all of the long cock into her head now, his balls slapping against her chin as he buried his bone, and Jill was adoring every inch. Her tongue flashed around against the underside of his cockhead, then folded into a moist carpet over which his prick rode back to her gullet.

"Unghhh," she gasped as his cockhead clogged her throat. Then, as he drew back, she purred. She sucked lovingly on the hairy cock and mouthed the prick-knob again.

His weeping pisshole was dribbling preliminary slime onto her tongue and into her cheeks. She swallowed a glob of the succulent stuff and it whetted her appetite for more. The dog-loving girl had intended to only suck his prick for a little while, then let him fuck her cunt, but now that she had the taste for it she changed her mind.

She was longing for a mouthful of his fuck juice, yearning to swallow all the hot juice out of his scumbags. She should have known better than to think that once she had started giving the doggy head that she would be able to stop. Once Jill had a mouthful of hard, hot prick, animal or human, she always kept on sucking until she was rewarded by the creamy conclusions.

"Feed it to me, you big son of a bitch!" she rasped, as his prick pulled back to her lips, speaking right down his cock as if his prick were a hairy microphone. "Empty the fucker in my mouth. I'm gonna swallow your hot fuckjuice, Bruno-" Her words were cut off as his cockhead lodged in her throat again.

She slid lower in the chair. Bruno was fucking into her mouth with frantic strokes now, his backbone twisting into an S shape as his haunches slammed up. Yelping and whining with bestial lust the horny doggy fucked his mistress in the mouth joyfully.

Her tongue flashed all over his prick. She took his cockhead into her cheek, then let his prick-knob slide back into her throat once again. Hot slime was running over her tongue and pooling in her cheeks as his pisshole oozed more out spunk, driving her wild for more of the delicious doggy jism.

She pushed her tongue right up his open pisshole, so hungry for his spunk that she was delving up his cockhead even before it dribbled from his cleft. His cock expanded mightily, and she whimpered, knowing that the dog was about to shoot his wad. She blew down his prick, humming on the vibrant meat, then sucked again. Bruno howled and fucked into her hungry maw as his balls exploded.

His first spurt went right down her throat. Jill felt the scalding hot load rush into her gullet without tasting it. She gulped the sweet stuff down greedily. Bruno shot his second creamy jet out on the backstroke and the thick slime skimmed over her tastebuds as it poured back into her throat. She gulped it down and sucked for more.

"Ahhhh," she moaned, abandoned to the pure delights of drinking doggy cum out of his spurting cockhead. He slammed his prick in and fed her another frothy mouthful.

Jill was gulping the cum down as fast as she could but his load was too great for her to swallow all of it. Slimy ribbons overflowed her Lips and ran down her chin. His hairy prick ran through her lips and over her tongue, shooting more cum out, spraying her cheeks and hosing her throat and soaking her tongue with jism jets. Jill sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked.

"Ummmm-ummmm_ummmm_" she whimpered, taking all of his lunging cock into her hungry mouth, pulling and dragging with her lips as her tongue slid over his prick. Her mouth was full to the brim with jism. As soon as she swallowed a mouthful, the potent dog poured another creamy deluge into her. Her tongue was floating in the stuff. Spunk ran along her cheeks and dribbled from her lips.

Bruno whined and slowed down, his balls emptied at last. Jill folded her fist around the root of his cock and began to frig him up and down, milking the last drops out. She gulped the sweet slime down hungrily, then used her tongue to lap up the stray globs that had run down onto his scumbags. Bruno poised over her, trembling. His cock swayed up and down. Jill sucked his cockhead back into her well fucked mouth and began to nurse on the fat slab again, gently coaxing him back to a hard on.

His cockhead was softening following his coming. The meaty prick felt rubbery in her lips. But, as she nursed skillfully, his cock began to swell up and harden again. Jill whimpered, loving to feel a soft cock slowly stiffen and turn to throbbing hardness inside her mouth.

Bruno humped slowly, feeding his cock to her tentatively. His balls had collapsed as they had emptied, but now those hairy scumbags began to balloon with a new load.

When Jill drew her lips off, the dog's prick was iron hard and huge once more, the naked cock-knob slippery with her saliva and the hairy prickshaft matted with spit.

“Ohhhh, you lovely, horny doggy,” she purred happily.

It was a question of having her cake and eating it too.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

Bruno was jerking his cock up, trying to get back into his mistress’ hot mouth. The prick- knob brushed against her lips and, when she turned her head away, smiling at his frantic efforts, skimmed along her cheek. Bruno loved a blowjob and he was a lucky doggy to have a mistress like Jill. But he loved a fuck, too. Now Jill, her hungry mouth satiated, was ready for a cuntful.

She gave .his cockhead a lick, then grasped his prick by the hilt and dragged the dog lower. His prick slid down her belly and rustled through the ebony curls of her pubic bush. She arched her back and tilted her crotch up, levering his cock into her steaming pussy slot.

Bruno whimpered as he realized that he was going to get hot cunt instead of that suction cup of a mouth, not caring he buried his cock as long as he got his rocks off again. Jill held his cockshaft and began to rub his naked prick-knob up and down in her open cunt and brush his cock across her stiff love bud, using his prick like a big hairy spoon to stir her cream bowl to a froth.

His haunches rippled. He tried to shove his cock into her, but she held him off, moving only the tip of his cock through her parted cuntlips, enjoying the preliminary contact. He humped again, sliding his cock up her crotch at right angles. The fat red prick-knob came surging out of her crotch and into her dark pussy bush. She moved the fat cock back to her cunt, brushing and rubbing herself against his prick, teasing the doggy-and herself-by denying him entry.

His saliva-drenched cockhead glided fluidly through the parted folds of her soaking cunt slot. The dog growled with frustration. Jill tilted her wrist, working his cock-knob around against her throbbing clit and shifting up and down her cuntlips. She squirmed against his cock, her back arched and her ass grinding. Then she changed her grip and slowly pulled the tip of his cock into her cunthole. Bruno stiffened and yelped, his tail swishing behind him like a propeller. Jill’s cuntlips clamped over his cock-knob, sucking like a mouth.

She pulled another inch of naked prick into her fuckhole, frigging his cock stalk up and down with the prick-knob stuck up her, feeling the big meaty wedge flare and throb in her pussy. Her hand slid down to his balls, cup ping them and caressing them. Bruno jammed his prick out, and, finding that her hand was no longer restraining him, the dog whined. He began to slide his rampant cock up her cunt hole. His prick went in slowly, inch by inch. Her cunt muscles pulled and dragged on his thick cock, that hairy maw sucking just as her mouth had.

“Ooooooh,” Jill sighed, as she felt his throbbing cockhead wedge deeper into her slippery cunt. The massive slab of prick felt like a lump of hot iron in her belly. Her pliable cunthole clamped around the contours of his cock, massaging him inside her. Bruno lunged and fed the rest of his hairy prick into her, burying himself balls-deep up that steaming luck track.

Jill gripped his scumbags, holding all of his cock up her, savoring the pleasure of having her fuckhole stuffed to the brim with that thundering dog prick. S) could feel his cock ripple and pulse, and his cockhead flared out, pounding like a jackhammer. His massive cock was stuffing her so full that she felt skewered. Gazing down the arched slope of her body, she half expected to see the outline of his prick raised up in a furrow in her belly. Holding him all the way up her cunthole, she began to move her hips from side to side, turning her pussy around on his cock. She pumped, fucking herself up and

down through an inch or two of cock. Then she released the dog's balls. He gave a yelp and began to fuck his prick into her with savage energy. He pulled out until only his cock-knob was stuck up. Her, then slammed all of his prick back into her fiery loins. Jill began to move with him, pushing her cunt down to meet his cock as he fucked her, twisting from side to side as he withdrew. The full length of his hard, hairy prick was running across her clit as it sped in and out, driving the horny doggy lover wild with lust.

Her pussy began to melt and her whole lithe body shook with the joyful sensation. Jill was glad now that she had already milked the doggy off twice, by hand and by mouth, knowing that his third come would take longer. She loved fucking so much that she wanted to make it last for hours.

Her love button sparked and her pussy creamed. She slowed down, but Bruno kept right on fucking the prick to her remorselessly. Jill began to rise towards another climax immediately. Her eyelashes fluttered, and a dreamy look came over her face as she realized that she was going to enjoy a whole series of comings, creaming time and again on that thunderbolt of a prick.

His cock dragged out, squishing against the suction of her fuckhole. Her cuntlips were pulled almost inside out as he withdrew, then stuffed back up into her pussy hole as he fed his cock to her again, the hairy prick hissing up her fuck tunnel.

A spasm shook her, then another. Cuntjuice was pouring from her stuffed slot now, dribbling down her crotch and seeping into the tight crack of her churning ass. The dog's hairy prick pulled out, soaking with her cunt cream, steaming as the stuff evaporated. Jill arched and bowed. She jerked her loins around, letting the dog luck his prick up her from different angles and levels. His powerful body rippled with muscles as he drove his loins in and out remorselessly, rattling her bones with the fury of his frantic fucking..

"Fucking hell," Jill murmured as she creamed yet again.

This time was one of the best fucks she had ever had-and it was getting better all the time. Each time she peaked, it was higher and more prolonged. She felt as if her whole body was melting on that plunging prick. Her cunt hole was so full of fuck juice that the dog's cock slithered up with slurping sounds. Jill reached down, splaying her fingers out in her groin so that she could feel his hairy prick luck in and out. She bucked and squirmed, her whole body vibrating.

She threw her legs around the pounding brute, hooking her knees over his flanks, riding him from below. Her thighs rippled against his shaggy flanks. The big beast thundered on like some hairy fucking machine, his cock filling her. Her cunt walls spread out as his thick prickshaft expanded and his red hot cockhead plowed into the very depths of her loins. He was fucking her so deep that she wondered if his cockhead might slide right into her mouth from inside her. His balls swung in against her ass, slapping against her as his cock plunged in to the root, filling her to the brim.

Jill was panting like an animal, moaning and whimpering, transported to a state of bliss by that massive dog prick. Her hips jolted up and down and her slim belly pumped rhythmically. She gasped as another fiery wave of joy rushed through her belly, subsided, then coursed through her again. Her ass churned on the edge of the chair, grinding wildly, abandoned to the ecstasy of that savage fucking, it seemed as if Bruno was going to fuck her forever, as if that hammering prick was going to fuck into her for eternity. Jill wondered if the doggy might still be fucking her when her husband came home. That was a distressing thought, but there was no way that she was going to make him stop before he unloaded his slime.

And now her creaming cunt was hungry for that sweet doggy jism. She yearned to feel his hot, thick

fuck juice squirt into her fuckhole, filling her with the steaming flood. She began to use her cunt like a wringer, sucking on his plunging prick as if she were trying to drag the scum out of his balls by the pressure. Bruno howled and whimpered when he felt those slippery cunt walls suck on his prick. He fucked her harder and faster, tilting her ass up from the chair as he filled her cunt.

Jill was rising to another peak, trying to hold back, wanting the dog to come in her as she creamed.

“Shoot it up me!” she wailed. “Fill my cunt with your fuck juice, Bruno! Flood my fucking cunt!”

The dog fucked his cock into her, panting and growling as he neared the crest. His prick throbbed and ballooned in her clinging pussy hole. Cuntjuice sprayed out as he stuffed her full.

Jill felt as if she might faint with the thrill, rising to the greatest peak of all. She cried out as she peaked. Bruno howled and poured his fuck juice into her in a creamy cascade.

Dog jism hosed her cunthole in spurt after spurt, another steaming load squirting out with every thrust. His cum ran into her cunt juice and the slimy blend poured from her pussy, soaking her crotch and running down her thighs and creaming the dog’s balls.

“More! More!” she wailed, knowing that she was going to keep coming as long as Bruno was pumping her pussy full of his precious cum. She could distinctly feel each steaming drop as it gushed into her, frothy and slimy, thick and scalding hot, melting her cunthole on the volcanic tide. He pounded on like some Unstoppable engine, hammering her cunt to jelly. At the highest crest, Jill screamed with joy.

His prick slammed in. Jism shot out and his haunches rebounded on the recoil, only to plunged back in with another spurt. Cum sped up his prickshaft and hosed out of his cock- head, drenching her cunt, swirling around like lava in her loins.

The big dog shot the last of his jism into her and slowed down, his flanks heaving and his tongue hanging out. Jill continued to grind her pussy on him, working her climax off to the last drops. Bruno stopped humping and his prick began to diminish and soften inside her flooded fuckhole. They stayed locked together for a few moments. Then he pulled his prick slowly out. The soaking cock and dripping prickhead slipped free, and a great deluge of cum and cuntjuice gushed from her emptied cunt. Jill twisted down and took the dog’s creamy cock into her mouth, sucking cum and cuntjuice from his prick, not wanting to waste a drop of the delicious stuff. But, this time, her talented mouth could work no more magic. Bruno was finished for the day, and his cock continued to shrink and soften despite the efforts of her tongue and lips. When she drew her mouth off him, the doggy staggered away and curled up on the floor.

Jill smiled and lay back in the chair. The cushion was slippery under her ass from the overflow of her cunt, and she could feel the dog slime slosh around inside her fuckhole. She felt as if she might float away on the tide. She had a cunthole full of slime and a bellyful, as well. How could she ever object to being called a scumbucket?

Jill was satisfied at both ends.

Yet the horny woman was insatiable. Even in the glowing aftermath of all that sucking and fucking, so full of doggy jism that she thought her vital organs must be floating in the stuff, naughty Jill was already looking forward eagerly to the next time she fucked her doggy.

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CHAPTER SIX

Or any other animal, for that matter. The next day Jill went to the farm.

Farming was lucrative and not farming was even more so. The gentleman who owned the farm had made so much money from the government for not growing crops that he decided to retire in the big city, where never again would he trot in cow shit, and that was why the farm was up for sale. In the mean while the animals were being looked after by Hank and Blossom, brother and sister from a neighboring farm. Hank was a tall, lanky lad with hair like straw and a vacant gaze and a big prick. Blossom was younger, with blonde hair worn in pigtails and big blue eyes and freckles and a set of tits like cannonballs.

Jill met Hank first. She parked the car beside the farmhouse, and, as she approached the building, Hank came out onto the porch. He was wearing denim overalls and a straw hat and the first thing that Jill noticed was that the crotch of those overalls was bulging out in a most promising manner.

Jill was wearing a scoop-necked peasant dress which she had thought appropriate for this trip to the countryside and which also showed a lot of her deep cleavage. From his position on the porch, Hank could look right down that neckline and, as he did so, his long jaw dropped open and his eyes popped out and that lump in the front of his overalls began to swell even more and throb.

Jill explained why she was there.

Hank said, "Uh-huh."

Jill regarded his crotch. Hank stared at her tits. Between this country boy and his urban beauty, sparks flew. Jill did not normally cheat on her husband, preferring to fuck with her doggy, but she was intrigued by Hank, who seemed no more intelligent than a dog and every bit as horny. Jill was feeling horny as well, having made an early start on her journey and not having had any sex with her husband or with her dog.

"You sure are pretty," Hank told her. "My name is Hank."

"Oh, you sweet-talking bumpkin," said Jill. They went into the farmhouse, a rustic place with a certain amount of charm. Jill looked around a bit, trying to decide if the place was suitable but unable to concentrate on her mission because Hank was trailing after her with that big lump in his groin.

Presently, she turned to the local lad, smiling. Jill saw no reason to be reserved or shy with a randy prick. She regarded him much as she would have a dog. She stepped closer and cupped her hand on the big bulge of his crotch. Her eyebrows rose when she felt how truly huge his prick was. Hank gulped and grinned at her idiotically.

"You sure are big and hard," she said.

"Yep," said Hank.

"Have you ever had a blowjob?"

"Only from my sister," said the innocent youth.

Jill blinked in surprise at that casual confession. But she guessed that things were different in the country and that incest and bestiality were not taboo, as in the city.

"Would you like me to blow you, Hank?" she asked.

"Sure would, Ma'am," he replied. What a casual seduction this is, thought Jill. Her mouth was watering at the prospect of milking off that big hayseed prick. She rubbed and fondled him through his overalls for a moment as he stood there. Then she unfastened the straps so that the bib of his overalls flopped down. Hank was wearing no under wear, and his massive cock shot out like a crazed bull into the bullring. Jill gasped at the size of the huge prick. It looked like a piece of farm machinery, capable of plowing a field and, judging by the size of his bloated balls, of fertilizing that field, as well. His cockhead was almost glowing like an incandescent lightbulb, and thick, dark veins pulsed up his stalk.

Jill licked her lips as she gazed at that meaty feast. Hank stood with his legs apart and his loins thrust out.

"Your prick looks fucking delicious," she murmured. "That's what sis says," Hank replied.

Jill cupped his swollen scumbags, lifting them, judging the massive amount of nourishing fuck juice they contained. A girl could get fat if she swallowed a load like that every day, she thought. Massaging his balls, she took his cockshaft in her other hand. His prick was so thick that she could hardly span the distance. She stroked up and down and felt his cock throb like an engine. Jill stepped back and removed her blouse. She knew that there was going to be hot jism flying all over the place when she brought this lusty lad off and didn't want to get her blouse drenched.

Hank stared at her naked tits in admiration. Jill posed for him, loving the way his eyes were burning into her tits like laser beams. Her nipples shot out like rockets. Her cunt was streaming and her mouth was drooling. If they decided to buy the farm, she sure hoped that Hank would work for them, so she could enjoy plenty of farmhand fucking in the future. But it was her mouth that needed to get fucked flow.

Jill sank slowly to her knees in front of the lad. Her lips parted and her tongue slid out. Her pretty face was radiant with desire and her mouth was so hot she thought her saliva might boil.

Hank shuffled closer. The musky fragrance of his smoking hot cock and ball meat wafted into her face. The massive prick towered up before her, cock-knob flaring and ventral vein pounding. Jill leaned closer, pushing her tongue out and licking at his cum-laden balls. She sighed as the tangy flavor tingled on her tastebuds. She lapped all over his scumbags, using them as an appetizer before moving on to the main course of his tasty cockmeat followed by his jism.

Hank groaned, shifting his weight from foot to foot and thrusting his prick up and down against her cheek. Jill began to run her flattened tongue up the underside of his cock- shaft, slurping from the thick root to the flaring crown. The fat vein pulsed against her tongue. She criss-crossed back and forth, going up and down his cock, slathering his hot prick with her saliva.

"Yummy," she purred.

Hank stared down, watching the ebony curtains of her long, silken hair drift over his belly and thighs. Her face was contorted by cock sucker's passion. Jill fluttered her tongue against the sensitive underside of his cock- head. That fat purple slab flared out, and his asshole gaped open. A dribble of jism oozed from his cleft and ran sluggishly down his prick. Jill licked hungrily.

"Ooooooh," she sighed, finding country cum succulent.

Her tongue flew up and down his cock and bathed his cockhead. Then she kissed the weeping tip.

Cum bubbled onto her pursed lips. Jill opened her mouth and slowly sucked his cockhead in, her lips collaring his prick- knob.

She sucked lovingly on his cockhead. The rest of his long prickshaft stood out naked, like a meaty bridge between her lips and his scumbags. Then she began to bob her head up and down, as if she were ducking for apples in a barrel, taking more of his prick in with every stroke.

"Yeah-suck my cock!" Hank moaned.

He placed his open hands beside her face and, holding her head steady, began to fuck into her mouth. Jill gulped as his swollen cockhead jammed into the entrance to her throat. Her head bobbed down to meet him as he fucked his cock in, and his balls dragged over her tits and slapped under her chin. His skinny ass was jerked as he fucked into Jill's head. His huge prick raked her cheeks and tongue and plowed her gullet as he prepared to spray his spunk.

Jill was taking every inch of his prick into her mouth now. Her nose nestled in his wiry pubic hair, and her chin brushed his balls as she gobbled that long feast to the root. She was moaning and whimpering, savoring that delicacy, loving the taste and the texture of his cock.

Her lips turned outward as her head slid up his cock, sucking through every thick inch. She nursed with relish on his cockhead, then slid her mouth back down to the root. Her hands were clamped on his hips, and his hands held her head between them as he fucked in and out of her hot, wet mouth. Saliva poured down his fat cockshaft and onto his balls. His pisshole was weeping steadily now. Frothy jism streaked her slobber, running across her lips and dripping from her chin. Thick, gooey globs of slime splattered on her tits.

That initial seepage was driving Jill suck crazy. The horny cocksucker was ravenous for his fuck juice.

"Come," she whimpered, drawing her lips up to the tip of his moist cockhead. "Spurt your slime in my fucking mouth, Hank! Feed me your sweet fuck juice!"

Hank fucked his prick into her, the fat cockshaft sliding moistly, through the collar of her lips and the prick-knob hitting her throat. He was tilting her head up and down on his massive plow. Jill gurgled and gobbled, gasped and gulped. A trickle of jism ran down her gullet and a flood of saliva ran down his prick. Her hot, nimble tongue was flashing against the underside of his cockhead as her lips pulled and dragged. Her cheeks hollowed in as she sucked with enthusiasm.

Hank fucked in and out and Jill mouthed him hungrily, making little whimpering sounds as she sucked and tongued. She felt his prick expand as he prepared to blow.

"Yeah, yeah," she gasped.

"Here it comes!" Hank wailed.

Suddenly her mouth was full of jism. She didn't feel his first spurt jet out, it was just there, hot and thick and delicious. Frothy cum overflowed her lips. She gulped the slime down greedily. His cockhead squirted a load into her cheek, then shot a jet against the roof of her mouth. Her tongue slid through a swamp of the juicy flow and the tasty stuff was warming her belly like a fine cognac as she gulped it down.

"Swallow it!" Hank rasped. "Drink my cum!"

He staggered and lurched as he fucked in and out, his balls draining themselves in such a steady flow that his fuckjuice seemed to be pouring out in a slimy rope, a slippery quick silver string connecting his scumbags to Jill's belly. She drank the stuff voraciously and her head bobbed up and down as she milked more out.

Hank groaned as the last of his spunk gushed into her mouth. Jill kept sucking, her lips pulling a few last globs out of his pisshole, relishing every succulent drop.

Hank fed her one last stroke, then slowly drew his wet prick out of her mouth and staggered backwards. His cock was softening into a fat, meaty loop. He stared down at his meat- rack, as if he couldn't believe that he'd just emptied it into her head.

Jill, too, stared at his cock and balls, sorry to see that it was shrinking and collapsing. With her mouth still full of his jism, she would have liked another load up her cunt. But even soft Hank's prick was an impressive sight and ready to look around and, she hoped, find she guessed his vigor would soon return-and some more good reasons, she had all day.

She threw her head back and let the rest of that thick mouthful run down her gullet, smiling contentedly. Hank gazed at her, fascinated to see her swallowing his cum. The lusty country lad had never known that women from the big city did such things.

"Jeez, your mouth's just like a cunt," he rasped, impressed and awed by the urban beauty.

"Yeah, and your cum is fucking delicious," she replied, licking a few last creamy flecks from her lower lip. Globs of slime were splattered all over her fat tits from the overflow. She ducked her head down and used her tongue to lap them up.

"I sure hope that you'll work for us, if we decide to buy the farm, Hank," she said. "There's an awful lot of plowing and milking that needs to be done."

"Sure will, Ma'am," Hank agreed.

Jill had found one very good reason why she and her husband should buy that farm- although it wasn't the sort of reason that she could easily explain to Ron.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

Blossom was milking the cow.

The nubile country lass was wearing a pair of denim shorts that were molded to her loins, showing the indentation of the crack of her ass and drawn into a vee at the crotch. She was naked to the waist. She always removed her blouse when she milked the cow because the milk sometimes splashed out of the pail. It was much the same reason why Jill took her blouse off when she sucked off a cock, in fact.

Blossom had huge tits. They bobbed saucily up and down as she pulled on the cow's udder. Jill smiled when she walked into the barn and saw that pretty little milkmaid at work.

"Hi," Blossom said in a friendly fashion. "I guess you must be Mrs. Travis, huh?"

"That's right," Jill replied. She moved closer. Blossom was seated on a stool beside the cow, pulling

away. The milk squirted out in a steady stream.

"You ever milked a cow?" the girl asked.

"No," Jill said. Then she grinned. "But it looks about the same as jerking off a prick, and I've done plenty of that."

Blossom giggled. She had often thought the same thing herself. The milk squirted out just like her brother's jism did.

"A farm girl has to do lots of that, too," she said. "Jerking off, I mean."

Jill looked surprised.

"The animals, you know?" Blossom said. "Like, say, if the old bull gets a hard-on, he gets real mean. And if there ain't a cow ready for him, I got to milk his cock and balls, see?"

Her tits bobbed up and down. "I don't mind doing it, though," she added. "I kind of get a kick out of pumping his big old cock and watching his fuck juice squirt all over the place. But I don't guess that a fancy city lady like you would want to do a thing like that, "Don't bet on it," Jill said, her voice husky.

She knelt down beside Blossom.

"Let me try it," Jill said. She pulled a squirt of milk out of the cow's udder, it was a strangely erotic sensation. She turned and gazed at Blossom's tits.

Blossom grinned at her, making no attempt to cover her tits. "You met my brother?" she asked.

"I sure as hell have," Jill said.

"He says that my tits are as big as the cow's," She giggled. "He likes to pull my nipples, like he was milking me."

"Like this?" Jill asked. Her hand moved cross and she gently fingered a plump, pink titty tip.

Blossom purred and arched her back, thrusting her fat tits out. Jill began to feel the girl up with both hands, massaging the smooth mounds and fingering the taut nipples.

"That feels nice," the girl whispered.

Jill whimpered and lowered her head. Her tongue lashed out, licking at the girl's tit peaks. Blossom squirmed. The cow, neglected, mooed. Jill sucked a nipple into her lips and began to nurse juicily on the swollen nugget, sliding her tongue against it.

"Why don't you take your blouse off. too?" Blossom suggested. "I like to feel tits too."

Jill pulled her blouse off. The moment Jill's tits were bared, Blossom grabbed them with both hands. The naughty milkmaid leaned closer and started lapping at Jill's firm tits. After a moment she drew back, looking rather puzzled.

"Your tits taste like cum," Blossom said.

Jill laughed. "Yeah," she said, knowing there was no reason to be shy with this golden-haired farm

girl. "Recognize it?"

"Tastes like Hank's cum to me."

"That's right, honey. I just sucked his big prick off and some of his slime overflowed."

"Gee, you don't waste any time, do you?" Blossom said, impressed. She leaned in again and began to lap up the residue of her brother's fuck juice from Jill's fat tits. Her blonde pigtails bounced around as her head moved up and down. Jill squirmed against the girl. Then Jill did some more tasty tit sucking.

They took turns mouthing each other. Jill's long black hair swept over Blossom's fat tits, then Blossom's golden head shifted as she ran her tongue up Jill's cleavage and circled around, returning to her nipples.

Both girls were getting very hot and horny. In his stall on the other side of the barn, the bull's nostrils twitched and flared as he scented hot pussy. His big horned head came up, and he pawed at the floor with one hoof. The fragrant aroma drifting across the barn was inspirational.

The bull's gigantic prick began to harden. The prickshaft rose up to the horizontal, and his fat black cockhead came sliding out from his leathery sheath. His massive scum-bags started to balloon.

Intent on tit sucking, neither of the horny girls noticed the bull's arousal.

Not yet.

But they would, of course.

Blossom was nursing on a stiff nipple. Jill slid her hand down and cupped it over the vee of the girl's crotch. Blossom's denim shorts were soaking at the crotchpiece and she squirmed on Jill's hand.

"I like to suck more than tits," Jill whispered.

"Ooooooh You wanna take my shorts down?" Blossom squealed. Without waiting for Jill to reply, the farm girl unsnapped her shorts and drew the zipper down.

Jill hooked her fingers under the waistband and dragged the shorts down as Blossom squirmed out of them. Blossom's panties were damp and sticky at the crotch. Jill rubbed Blossom's cunt through her panties. The outline of her curly pubic triangle bulged against the garment. Jill stroked and petted Blossom's crotch. Then she slowly drew the girl's panties off. She removed them from her feet and tossed them aside. Blossom arched her back and opened her legs, showing Jill her delicious-looking cunt.

Blossom's cuntlips were unfurled and her love button was stiff and tingling. Jill stared at Blossom's pussy and licked her lips. She was drooling for that creamy treat. As she gazed at Blossom's crotch, a pearly ribbon of cuntjuice ran down, seeping into the crack of Blossom's well-packed ass. Jill whimpered with desire. She bent down and began to lick at Blossom's feet and ankles. She sucked on her toes and tongued up and down her shapely calves and licked her behind the knees. Blossom's ass was perched on the milking stool and her legs were extended and Jill ran her nimble tongue up and down the girl's thighs, stopping just short of the junction, teasing them both by delaying the crucial contact.

Licking higher, Jill tongued up the crease where Blossom's leg joined her body, then licked up the

other side, running her tongue parallel with the girl's flooded cunt.

"Suck my pussy," Blossom urged. "I'm so fucking hot and wet-my cunt needs to be sucked off!"

Jill's tongue slid through Blossom's pubic jungle, rustling through the curls like a pink rodent in a sunlit forest. She licked up Blossom's tummy and into her belly button.

Blossom moaned with desire as she gazed down her arched body, watching Jill's raven hair sweep over her loins. Her thighs parted wider and she tilted her groin up.

Jill could bear to delay that succulent snack no longer now. Her tongue was on fire-a fire than only Blossom's cunt cream could put out. Gripping the nubile girl by the hips, Jill moved her face into her crotch. Her tongue slipped out and flicked at Blossom's stiff clit.

"Ahhhh," the girl sighed, squirming and starting to pant like a steam engine.

Jill's tongue slid up Blossom's slot, tracing along her open cuntlips, then dipped into her fuckhole. She tongue-fucked in and out of that slippery slot, stabbing as deeply as she could. Then Jill fitted her parted lips to Blossom's cuntlips and began to suck steadily. Frothy pussy juice poured over her tongue and past her lips, causing her tastebuds to tingle. She swallowed the succulent fuck cream greedily.

"Ummm," Jill whimpered. "Your cunt is delicious."

"Your tongue is so fucking great," Blossom sighed. "Suck me off, then I'll do your cunt, too."

"Ooooh!" Jill wailed, delighted to know that she was going to have her pussy eaten in return, enjoying the feast even more with that pleasant prospect in store for her. Her tongue flashed and flew around in Blossom's soaking cunthole. Her lips sucked ravenously. Her throat pulsed as she swallowed a mouthful of pussy juice.

Holding Blossom by the hips, Jill tilted the girl up as if her cunt were a hairy goblet that she was draining to the dregs. Her dark hair swept over the girl's smooth thighs and belly, the raven tresses contrasting with Blossom's golden cunt bush.

Burying her head deeper, Jill began to lick up the tight crack of Blossom's ass, lapping out the cunt juice that had seeped there. She shot her tongue up the girl's asshole, rimming her out, then stroked her from shit chute to clit. Using her fingers to spread Blossom's cuntlips wide apart, Jill tongued the folds and up the girl's fuckhole. She seemed to be trying to bury her whole head up that delicious pussy hole. Jill was purring like a cat at a bowl of cream.

Blossom's ass and hips danced in a fucking motion as she worked her cunt around on Jill's eager tongue and lips. Her cunthole filled up with hot fuck juices, and Jill sucked it out hungrily. Jill's saliva poured into Blossom's soaking pussy as she slobbered away at the feast. The dark-haired cuntlapper was drenched with fuck cream from chin to brow as she moved her whole face around in Blossom's crotch.

"Come," she whispered, the word echoing up Blossom's fuckhole. "Cream on my tongue."

Blossom's cunt juice was getting hotter and thicker and even more delicious as her climax approached. Steaming ribbons of pussy nectar flooded over Jill's questing tongue and seeped into her open mouth. Jill swallowed and sucked with relish, whimpering with lust, loving this scrumptious treat. Jill was eager to make the girl come, to know the joy of having that sweet pussy



melt in her mouth.

Blossom shook with a spasm of passion, and another creamy flow soaked Jill's hungry mouth. Jill moaned as she swallowed the tangy fuck cream and felt Blossom's cunthole ripple. Blossom tight cunt muscles were sucking on Jill's tongue and Jill's lips were clamped to her hairy slot like a suction cup to a drain. Her mouth was glued to the girl's flooded gash, plastered there by saliva and cuntjuice.

"Oh, shit, I'm gonna cream!" Blossom wailed.

"Yeah, yeah, cream for me!" Jill whimpered, yearning to feel the girl's cunt spark and melt. Her head went up and down as she gobbled greedily on that sweet pussy, wallowing joyfully in Blossom's cunt. Jill's own cunt was blazing hot. It felt as if she had a burning ember between her thighs, an ember that Blossom's wet tongue would soon extinguish. But Jill's tongue was as hot as her clit. She shot it up the folds of Blossom's fuckhole and sucked on the girl's love bud. That taut nugget of flesh exploded in Jill's lips, going off like a detonator. Cuntjuice gushed out of Blossom's cunt slot and poured down her crotch. Jill lapped it up with joy. Her tongue was throbbing as much as Blossom's love bud.

"I'm coming!" Blossom cried.

Her hips shot up and down as she creamed. Waves of ecstasy shot up her thighs and across her loins.

A deluge of delicious cum juice flooded past Jill's lips. Jill gulped a mouthful of cunt cream down and Blossom fed her another flood of the sweet nectar.

Jill could feel Blossom's fuckhole ripple as the girl peaked. Her cuntjuice was as thick as whipped cream on Jill's tongue. Jill's hungry mouth opened wide and she clamped her lips over Blossom's clit and cunthole, sucking both at the same time.

Cuntjuice ran down onto Jill's chin, overflowing her parted lips. Jill had never sucked a cunt as delicious as this before, and the horny woman had to suck crazy on the feast.

"Keep coming," Jill moaned. "Don't stop, Blossom, keep on creaming my fucking mouth!"

"Suck it out of me!" Blossom wailed.

Jill's tongue shot up Blossom's fuckhole, sliding through the flow of her cream, floating in the creamy tide. Her mouth filled up again. Hot cuntjuice ran over her tastebuds, driving her wild. Blossom's ass churned on the stool and her hips pumped in a frenzied motion. She clamped her smooth thighs around Jill's dark head, closing her in a velvet vise. Jill was panting up the girl's cunthole.

Blossom wailed as she peaked again, coming to the heights and holding there in a sustained orgasm. Jill sucked steadily away, working the girl off and milking her to the dregs. With a sigh, Blossom slumped back. Jill kept on licking and sucking to make sure that she had worked off every spasm and sucked out every precious drop. Then she used her tongue to gather up the stray cunt cream that had escaped her lips and poured down the girl's crotch and thighs. She slurped more of the succulent juice out of Blossom's ass crack. "That was so fucking good," Blossom whispered.

Jill raised her head. Her jaws were dripping and streaks of cuntjuice trickled from her lips.

"I love sucking you off, honey," she said.

She smiled. "But it made my own cunt so fucking hot."

Blossom grinned impishly. "That's nice," she said. "On account of it made me hungry."

Her tongue slid across her lower lips and her blue eyes glowed with desire. Jill had found another very good reason why they should buy the farm.

But it was still not a reason she could give her husband.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

And then the bull bellowed .

Jill jumped, startled by the loud, fierce bellow and twisted around to identify the source.

"It's only the bull," Blossom said.

The bull's big head was thrusting out over the top bar of his stall. His wicked horns tossed up and down, and the ring in his nose swung about as his black nostrils flared. His eyes were fixed upon the two girls, luminous in the shadows of his stall. The sight of that massive and powerful brute made Jill nervous.

"It's okay," Blossom said. "He can't get out."

Blossom slid her hand onto Jill's knee, then moved it higher up her thigh, under the hem of her skirt.

Jill sighed and opened her legs wider. She was eagerly awaiting the other half of their mutual cuntsucking session. Now that Jill's tongue and lips and mouth had been satiated, her pussy was demanding attention, and now that Blossom's cunt had been creamed off, Blossom's mouth was horny. Blossom had never done as much pussy lapping as Jill, but what she had done she'd deeply enjoyed and she was really looking forward to getting her tongue stuck up the city girl's steaming pussy and bringing her off.

Blossom's hand slid up to Jill's crotch, and Jill whimpered at the contact. Blossom rubbed Jill through her panties, then tugged the bikini panties down over her ass and hips. She drew them off Jill's feet and tossed them aside. The crotchband was soaking wet. The panties fluttered to the floor like a moth with damp wings.

Jill sat back, her knees upraised, drawing her skirt up above her waist. Blossom gazed at Jill's tasty-looking pussy. Her open slot was flowing below her ebony pubic hair, frothy cuntjuice seeping down into the crack of her heart-shaped ass.

Blossom leaned closer and her warm breath wafted into Jill's crotch.

"Ooooooh-I'm gonna tongue-fuck you silly," Blossom whimpered, fluttering her tongue out in demonstration.

The bull bellowed again as the sweet fragrance of Jill's steaming cunt drifted across the barn.

"What's wrong with him?" Jill asked, still nervous. It was hard to concentrate on getting her pussy

eaten when that dangerous beast was making such a racket.

Blossom turned to look, then giggled. "The big bastard is horny," she announced.

Jill gave a little excited gasp.

"He must of got a whiff of our cunts and it turned him on," Blossom explained. "I was fingerfucking myself here in the barn one day and the bull went wild. I had to jerk him off." She gave Jill a speculative look. "Maybe it would be better if I frig him off now, huh? It won't take long. And then he won't be making so much noise white I go down on you and suck you off."

"That's a good idea," Jill said.

"You wanna watch?" Blossom asked, not knowing how city girls felt about animals.

"Watch, hell! I'll help you, honey!" Jill said with enthusiasm, thrilled by the thought of bull prick. She had often fantasized about horses, and a bull was even more of an erotic symbol.

"You better take your dress off," Blossom suggested. "When the bull shoots his wad, cum flies all over the barn. I bet he must have a bucketful in his balls."

Jill got up and drew her dress off. Both naked, the two horny girls approached the bull's stall. The brute was snorting, tossing his horned head up and down and pawing at the floor. When Jill got close enough to see his prick, she gave a gasp. The thick black cock loomed out like a battering ram. His cockhead was flaring, pulsing and throbbing and his bloated scumbags looked as big as basketballs. The sight of all that fierce potency scared Jill a bit.

"He won't hurt you," Blossom assured her. "He's tame enough, as long as he's getting his cock frigged. Here show you."

Blossom stepped up on a bar of the stall, pushing her belly out. Grasping the bull by the ring in his nose, she dragged his head down. His long tongue shot out and he began to tap at Blossom's cunt.

"Ooooh, let me try it," Jill whispered, realizing that he wasn't dangerous. That big tongue looked awful good to her. She stepped up on the rail beside Blossom. Grasping the bull by the horns, she shoved her loins out.

His massive head swung across. Since Blossom had already creamed, Jill's cunt was more exciting to the big creature. His tongue slid up her thigh and flipped through her creamy crotch. Cuntjuice sprayed out onto her pubic mound, frothy and white.

Blossom got down from the rail and knelt behind Jill. She had never seen the bull in action with another girl, and it was really turning the lusty country lass on. She leaned closer, watching the bull's big wet tongue slurp at Jill's cuntlips and clit. Blossom moaned, inspired by the sight and the juicy sounds.

Placing her open hands on the cheeks of Jill's ass, Blossom spread the ass cheeks apart, exposing the brown bud of her shit chute.

Blossom began to run her tongue up and down the parted ass crack, then fluttered it against that puckered bud. Jill gasped as this new dimension was added to her pleasure. Blossom began to tongue-fuck right up Jill's asshole, sucking on the narrow slot as her tongue went in.

Blossom leaned back, grinning, savoring the tangy flavor of Jill's shit track on her tastebuds.

"Don't stop, honey," Jill panted. "Rim out my asshole while this fucking bull tongues my cunt."

Blossom hesitated. She had been looking forward to tonguing that tasty fuckhole, herself, and she felt a bit envious of the bull. But she knew that Jill was not the sort of woman who would be satisfied by a single coming and that there would be plenty of time for a snack afterwards. In the meanwhile, it was exciting to tongue that hot asshole.

Blossom ran her wet tongue up the crack and dipped it back into Jill's shit hole. Jill moaned and switched her ass around in Blossom's face, transported to ecstasy by the action of two tongues. She held the bull by the horns, grinding her crotch against his snorting snout. His hot breath billowed up her soaking fuckhole. He was slobbering heavily, his saliva blending with her cuntjuice and pouring down her thighs. Blossom jabbed her tongue into Jill's asshole, and her saliva poured down the ass crack, joining the other stream.

Ducking lower, Blossom began to lap the cuntjuice and slobber up from Jill's thighs. The taste was driving Blossom wild. She licked up into Jill's crotch, and her tongue flashed against the bull's slapping tongue as they licked Jill out in unison.

Jill's hips shot from side to side and her belly pumped as she rode the bull's horned head. Leaning to the side, she looked under him and saw that his prick was bigger than ever, inspired by his cuntlapping. His cock looked as big as a telephone pole. What a thrill it was going to be when they milked that huge prick off! But first Jill wanted to cream. The double tonguing was too good to stop.

Blossom slid up and down, alternating between licking Jill's cunt and rimming out her shit chute, whimpering with the joy of that feast. The bull tossed his head, lifting and tilting Jill's loins on his muzzle, his fat tongue working steadily away. Jill reached down into her crotch and grabbed the bull's tongue. She shoved the hot lapper right up inside her cunt hole. It slid around in that swampy slot and creamy cuntjuice poured over his tastebuds and into his jaws.

"Do my asshole," Jill whimpered.

Blossom returned to that tasty brown bud, tabbing her tongue up-the hole, feeling Jill's shit chute ripple and pull on her. She drooled into Jill's asshole, then sucked her slobber back out, deliciously spiced with Jill's ass juices.

"Oh! Ooooh!" Jill wailed, as waves of bliss shot up her thighs and coursed through her heaving loins.

Blossom was shoving her whole tongue up into Jill's asshole and the bull was delving up her cunthole and Jill could feel both of those tongues gliding in her, separated by the slender membrane that divided her twin fuck tunnels.

"I'm gonna fucking come!" she cried.

"Yeah!" wailed Blossom. "Cream on that fucker's tongue!" She jammed her own tongue up Jill's asshole again and her parted lips sucked ravenously on the slot.

Jill was vibrating as the thrill built higher. Her love button exploded on the bull's tongue, and a great deluge of cuntjuice came foaming out of her cunthole, soaking the animal's tongue and muzzle. She had reached such a state of bliss that she thought her asshole was creaming, too-that she was having an orgasm in her bowels.

She jerked the bull around by the horns, grinding her groin against his flashing tongue. Her shit chute tightened, clamping on Blossom's hot rimmer. Blossom's tongue was stuck fast up Jill's asshole, wriggling about in the tight asshole while her lips were clamped to her brown bud, sucking joyfully and hungrily.

A spasm racked Jill's loins. Her cunt melted again and the bull lapped up the juice as it poured out in a creamy cascade. His big black muzzle was streaked and slathered with milky cuntjuice. The brute bellowed with frantic lust; driven mad by the taste and the texture and the heat of that succulent pussy.

Jill cried out as she reached the highest peak. Then, drained, she slumped down, holding the bull's horns to support herself, her long legs trembling and weak.

The bull lapped happily away, slurping up the last drops of Jill's cunt cream and Blossom licked out the woman's shit chute with relish.

Jill gasped and stepped down from the rail, a dreamy smile on her face. Blossom buried her head in Jill's groin and tongued her cunt, gulping down a few creamy drops that had escaped the bull. Then she turned to the bull and sucked his fat tongue right into her mouth, nursing Jill's cuntjuice from his lapper.

The bull roared and jerked his head up. His powerful haunches rippled and thrust as he humped, driving his mighty prick in and out under his belly. Blossom and Jill looked at each other, smiling.

"Your asshole and cunt are so fucking yummy," Blossom said. "I just can't wait to suck you off by myself." Her eyes slid to the stall. "But first we better milk the bull off, okay?"

As if he comprehended, the bull shook his big head up and down and thrust his cock out towards them. His parted pisshole was weeping, and thick drops of bull jism sprayed. The sight drove Jill wild.

"You wanna jerk him off, or shall I?" asked Blossom.

"You do it, honey," Jill said, running her tongue across her lips. "Jerk him off right in my fucking mouth!"

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## CHAPTER NINE

Blossom gave a squeal of excitement at Jill's depraved suggestion, staring at the city girl to see if she was really serious "Holy shit! You wanna suck the bull's co she gasped.

"Yeah! I wanna suck n that big prick while you frig him and when he comes I wanna swallow his hot fuck juice!" Jill rasped enthusiastically, her voice husky with dark desires. She gave the farm girl a speculative look. "Don't you ever suck his cock?" she asked.

"Not really. Mostly I just jack him off," Blossom said. "But I let him shoot on my tits and in my face, and I guess maybe my mouth might be open and maybe my tongue might be sort of sticking out. If maybe some of his fuck juice happens to get into my mouth I guess I swallow it."

Jill grinned, pleased to hear it and to know there would be few limits to the pleasures she could share with this nubile milkmaid if her husband bought the farm.

"How about the other animals?" she asked.

"Well, the sheepdogs got to get jerked off once a week or so," Blossom informed her. "If they got hard-ons, they don't concentrate on keeping the flock together. Usually I do them two at a time, one in each hand, and they squirt all over me-"

"Ooooh," Jill whimpered. Sheepdogs! Jill had been longing to take two doggies on at the same time, fucking one and sucking one off and now it seemed that that was an available prospect. But, at the moment, the bull required her attention.

The massive black beast bellowed plaintively, pawing the ground and heaving his haunches in and out. It looked as if he was standing astride a redwood tree. His mighty prick extended to his chest and he stood bow legged around his swollen balls. Cuntjuice streaked his muzzle and jism trickled from his cock head.

"Let's get that fucker's balls emptied!" Jill exclaimed. "I'm drooling for a mouthful of bull prick meat and a bellyful of his hot, thick fuck juice! Fucking hell-I'm so goddamned hungry for it!"

Blossom grinned and nodded. Moving lithely, the milkmaid slipped between the bars and entered the bull's stall. The bull arched his neck, gazing back at the girl beside his flank, knowing from past experience what was about to happen to him.

But he didn't know that he was in for a new treat from a brand new source. Being only a dumb animal, the bull had never conceived of a blowjob.

Jill squirmed into the stall beside the bull. The heat of his hard cock wafted over her excited face. His cockhead was so huge that she had doubts about whether she would be able to take his prick-knob into her mouth, but she was sure as shit going to try her best.

She reached under the brute, palm upwards, and ran her hand along his pounding cock- shaft. The fat ventral vein pulsed in her palm. She stroked up to his prick-knob and fingered the underside of that massive black slab of cock meat. A trickle of cum ran onto her fingers. She brought her hand back' her mouth and licked the Slime up, moaning as she got her first taste of the musky fuck fluid.

Blossom sat on her sweet little ass and grasped the bull's cockstalk by the root, holding his prick with both hands, barely able to span the breadth of the massive cock. She pulled slowly up, then pushed back, causing his black cockhead to flare out and his pisshole to gape open. More spunk dribbled out, all frothy and milky as it streaked the dark prick- meat. The bull humped, driving his cock through Blossom's caressing hands.

Pulling back to his balls, skinning his cock-head as she dragged the leathery sheath back, Blossom held him steady, waiting for Jill to get into position at the other end.

Jill slid under the bull, curling onto her supple flank, her face right in front of his drip ping, throbbing cock-knob. She gazed at that delicious-looking slab of black cockmeat, already slathered with the thick fuck juice that was seeping from his pisshole. Jill whimpered. She felt an actual, physical hunger for that cockmeat and slime. She loved swallowing doggy cum more than she did human cum- and just think what that load of bull jism was going to be like when she drank it!

Arching her back, she pushed a plump tit out, rubbing her nipple against his hot prick. Bull cum streaked her titty. She cupped her tit in her hands and pushed her stiff nipple right up into his pisshole. The bull was holding steady, not humping now, sensing with his bestial instincts that something new was about to happen to him.



Jill switched to her other tit, rubbing and squirming against the brute's flaring slab. Then she sat back and raised her tits as she lowered her face. Her tongue came out and she lapped the bull's savory slime off of her tits and nipples.

"Ooooh!" Blossom squealed, thrilled by the sight.

Jill was ravenous for a mouthful of the bull's prick meat but she was not rushing it. She was enjoying the preliminaries along the way to the creamy rewards. She held him by the stalk, just behind the swollen cock-knob, and moved his cockhead around on her tits and into the hollow of her throat and against her cheek. His cock was thundering and fiery hot, and Jill was drooling.

Tilting her head, she pushed her nimble tongue out and licked at the tip of his cock.

"Holy shit! You're tonguing his prick!" Blossom wailed as she watched Jill's pink tongue slide around on the swollen black prick meat.

Jill laved all over the swollen slab, licking his jism pp and replacing it with her slobber. Her tastebuds were going crazy as she savored the delicious flavor of his hot meat. She whimpered and moaned, purred and sighed. She slid her tongue into his dripping pisshole and wriggled it around inside of his cockhead.

The bull snorted, startled by this unknown sensation. He tossed his head, horns hooking at the air. Powerful muscles rippled in his flanks. He pushed his, prick out, running his stalk between Blossom's hands and nudging the cock-knob against Jill's lips, tilting her head back as he pressed against her.

Jill's long black hair drifted over the bull's fat black cockhead, obscuring Blossom's view.

But then Jill tossed her head, shifting her hair out of the way, wanting the lusty milkmaid to watch all the juicy details of the contact.

"Suck his cock!" wailed Blossom. "Take it in your mouth and suck the big fucker!"

Jill kissed the weeping tip of the bull's prick as he humped against her lips again. Jism slid across her pursed lips. Then she slowly opened her mouth. When the bull humped out again, the tip of his cockhead wedged past her lips. She moaned and sucked. Bull prick was musky and tangy and spicy and smoking hot. Jill nursed on the tip, then opened her jaw wider and took all of his fat cockhead into her mouth. That massive prick filled her hungry maw to the brim. His knob jammed at the back of her mouth and stuffed both cheeks at the same time.

"Unghhh," Jill gasped, starting to nurse on that succulent mouthful with relish.

Her cheeks drew inward as she sucked, molding themselves' around the brute's giant cock-knob. Her lips were clamped around his thick cockshaft, pulling and dragging, holding all of his prick-knob in her maw, and her tongue slid around against the underside of the fat wedge. The bull humped, tilting her head back, unable to get another inch into her head. Jill began to turn her head from side to side, winding her clutching lips around on his cock as she nursed and tongued his prick-knob.

Jism ran onto her tongue and trickled down her gullet, playing the appetizer, making her lust for his full load. A quicksilver ribbon of slime ran down her chin.

Blossom's blue eyes popped out as she stared at this coupling, seeing Jill's pink lips slurp on the bull's leathery stalk and her tongue glide around on the black meat of his cockhead. Blossom was

almost as eager for the bull to unload his scumbags into Jill's hungry mouth as Jill was. Her own mouth was making little sucking motions, echoing Jill's lips, envious of that tasty mouthful.

Blossom began to skim both hands up and down the bull's cockstalk. She pulled back to the roots, then slid upwards. Her hands nudged gently against Jill's lips. As the milk maid stroked up, she folded the bull's sheath up against Jill's open mouth and as she pulled back to his balls she caused his knob to flare and throb, skinned out naked in Jill's hungry mouth. Jill's cheeks bulged out as his knob ballooned.

Blossom leaned closer and began to run her tongue all over the bull's swollen scumbags. She could feel his jism slosh around inside the fat bags. As the bull jumped his haunches, his balls swung in and out, gliding across Blossom's lips.

Jill gurgled. She was trying to urge Blossom to frig the brute faster, yearning for his ball juice, but she was unable to speak with such a huge mouthful of cockmeat.

Blossom slid farther under the bull, turning her face upwards and resting on her elbows. She fitted her parted lips against the underside of the animal's fat stalk, where the big ventral vein pounded. As the bull fucked his cock in and out, he was running his stalk through Blossom's lips, and over her flashing tongue, en route to Jill's mouth.

Blossom's saliva soaked the bull's cockstalk and scumbags, and Jill's frothy slobber was dripping down from his prick-knob. Every inch of his huge cock was drenched by their combined spittal, and his meat was so hot that the slobber was almost steaming.

"Ummm," Blossom moaned, as she felt that thundering cockshaft run over her tongue and lips. Both girls were making moist slurping sounds, wet suckings and lappings. Both were panting and moaning as they shared that delicious prick meat.

The bull was humping furiously by this time, shaking Jill on the end of his prick. His cockstalk rasped across Blossom's parted lips and hissed into Jill's open mouth. His cock-head was getting bigger with every thrust as he neared the peak-so big that Jill didn't think that she could have spit his prick out even if she had wanted to. Her lips were stuck behind the flaring wedge of his cockhead, her mouth jammed on his flaring slab, unable to open any wider. Jill was going to have to keep on sucking until she had emptied that delicious mouthful, and that suited Jill to a tee.

Cum pooled in her cheeks and washed over her tongue. The bull had already leaked as much jism into her mouth as the average man would have fed her when he creamed. And as she swallowed that initial flow, Jill whimpered in anticipation of the rest.

Rumbling and snorting, he fucked into Jill's eager head.

Blossom's lips slid back to his balls, and, tonguing them, the milkmaid felt his bestial climax begin. She wailed with lust as his huge cumbags exploded against her lips.

"He's gonna shoot!" Blossom cried. "The fucking bull is gonna shoot his cum in your mouth!"

Jill whimpered in expectation, sucking for that welcome load of steaming hot bull cum.

The brute humped again, and, as his fat cockshaft ran across Blossom's lips, she felt it spread out and jolt as his jism load came rushing up the thundering cock.

"Here it comes!" she wailed.

“Unghhh,” Jill gasped as the bull’s joyjuice hosed her throat. The thick wad hit her so hard that he almost blew her head right off the end of his cock. She clung with her clenched lips, collaring his prickstalk as his cockhead poured the spunk to her. A tide of creamy fuckjuice flooded her maw. Jill moaned with joy, gulping the succulent slime down greedily.

Blossom began to frig his cockshaft with both hands again, pumping the cum out of his balls, wanting to empty every precious drop into Jill’s eager mouth.

“Ummmm-ummmm\_” Jill whimpered, swallowing bull cum voraciously, drinking the biggest load she had ever swallowed.

Steaming slime bubbled from her lips and ran down her chin. He filled her cheeks and hosed her tonsils, soaked her tongue and flooded her gullet. Jill flashed her tongue against his cockhead as her lips pulled hungrily on his cock, milking more jism out.

That great bovine fucker humped on, his huge balls pouring more fuck cream out with every thrust, snorting and bellowing with bestial lust as he emptied his scum into Jill’s hot mouth.

Panting like an animal, herself, abandoned to the joy of drinking bull cum, Jill gulped his load down with gusto, savoring the hottest, thickest load of fuckjuice that she had ever swallowed-and the most. Her lips pulled and her tongue flashed wildly about, nursing more out of his spraying slab of black cockmeat.

The bull heaved a last mouthful into her, then slowed down, his flanks quivering. His balls were drained now, although his huge cock remained hard in Jill’s mouth. Jill continued to work on his cockhead with her tongue and lips, coaxing out a few last trickles of slime, while Blossom kept on frigging up and down his prick, milking out the dregs.

When she was certain that she had got it all, Jill pulled her lips off his cock-knob. The bull stepped back, his prick dripping with saliva and still standing at the horizontal.

Blossom ran her parted lips up the underside of his cock, gathering up a few ribbons of cum and slobber that had run down from Jill’s overflowing mouth. Then she clamped her parted lips onto Jill’s lips, and the two horny cocksuckers kissed passionately, swapping tongues and sharing saliva and bull cum back and forth. Creamy ribbons ran from mouth to mouth.

What a thrilling and wondrous experience it had been, sharing that bull’s cock and cum between them! Both of their hungry mouths were satiated, their bellies full. Jill didn’t think that she could have drunk another drop.

But, naturally, with their mouths’ yearnings satisfied, the girls were both steaming hot at the cunts again, and ready for more.

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CHAPTER TEN

The bull had moved to the back of his stall, eyeing the women as if wondering what they were doing and still very much aware of the fragrance of two steaming cunts in the barn. His balls had deflated as they emptied their load into Jill’s greedy mouth but, inspired by that delicious aroma, his cock was still stiff, the saliva-soaked prick standing rampant.

Jill and Blossom were kissing and cuddling, seated side by side at first and then rolling onto their

flanks. They lay belly to belly and tit to tit, mouths locked together and hands running over each other. Jill wedged her thigh between Blossom's legs, and the horny farm girl rubbed her creamy pussy against Jill's thigh. As Blossom did so, she dipped her hand into Jill's groins fingering her slot and rubbing her clit.

Neither girl was aware of the fact that the bull was rapidly becoming aroused again. He had shot so much fuck juice out that they expected him to be drained for some time, failing to realize just how potent a bull is, nor how much inspiration is the scent of hot pussy: "Ready to suck me off now?" Jill whispered.

"Yeah," Blossom panted. "I'll eat your cunt-but my cunt is so fucking hot again, too."

Jill knew the solution to that. It had been a problem with her roommate at school when the two girls first started sucking each other off. As soon as a cunt was creamed, a mouth got hungry and vice versa, but the two school girls had discovered that if they sixty-nined they could satisfy both ends at once.

"Let's do each other," she suggested.

"Ooooh-I've never done it that way,"

Blossom said, her tone making it obvious that she welcomed the suggestion. She had been afraid that her cunt might cream all by itself, while she was sucking off Jill, and that would have been a terrible waste of an orgasm, with a tongue available. Sixty-nining was the definite answer. Blossom stabbed her tongue into Jill's mouth, tasting the lingering hint of bull cum on her lips.

Jill sucked gently, rolling Blossom over onto her back on the hay strewn floor. Then the older woman began to kiss and lick her way down Blossom's nubile body. Although she'd drunk her fill of cum out of the bull's prick, Jill was hungry for pussy again-just as her own pussy yearned for tongue. She licked at Blossom's golden pubic jungle.

Blossom arched, tilting her groin up and whimpering. Jill buried her face in that soaking glen and started to tongue the girl.

"Me, too! Me, too!" Blossom cried.

Jill began to revolve, moving her ass and hips through a half circle without for a second removing her mouth from Blossom's steaming cunt. Her lips were clamped to the slot and her hot tongue flashing in and out of the girl's flooded fuckhole.

Coming into the inverted position, Jill threw one knee across, straddling Blossom's upturned face. Blossom was licking at the air even before Jill descended onto her mouth.

"Give it to me!" the girl wailed. "Feed me your cunt so we can both cream in each other's mouth!"

Jill slowly lowered her pussy, and Blossom raised her head, her eager tongue flashing. Jill moaned as the contact was made, panting right up Blossom's open cunthole. She shifted her thighs, kneeling over the girl's face, settling onto her mouth. Then, linked up in reverse love, they began to suck each other with gusto.

Jill's heart-shaped ass shifted around, the crack of her ass widening as she moved her hips. Blossom was bridged under her, her thighs clamped around Jill's buried head. Jill sucked cuntjuice up out of the blonde girl's pussy and her own hot fuck juice, aided by gravity, poured in a thick cascade down

into Blossom's open mouth. Neither girl knew which end of the contact was giving them the greatest pleasure but that was a moot point since they were getting sex at both ends at the same time, delighting their hungry tongues as they got their cunts and clits pleased.

Jill's dark head wallowed around between Blossom's sleek thighs, her ebony tresses sweeping over the blonde thicket. Blossom was craning her neck as she used her lips like a suction pump on Jill's cunt. Their tongues slurped, their lips sucked juicily and their pussies squished. Blossom was cupping Jill around her ass, drawing her loins down, and Jill was holding the girl by the hips, turning her pelvis froth side to side and rubbing her whole face around in that creamy cunt.

It was hard to say what the bull thought of this action. Perhaps he was puzzled that two females were frolicking together since, never in his long experience, had he encountered a lesbian cow. But whether he understood it or not, the scent and the sight and the sounds were, making the potent brute as horny as could be. He cocked his horned head, eyeing the couple. His cock lurched and his balls started to swell with a new load of cum. But the dumb animal couldn't figure out where his prick could go. He knew about human hands and mouths by this time, but those hands and mouths and fragrant cunts were all occupied. The position left no fuckhole available for a bull's big cock, and he waited, his meatrack hammering, waiting to see what possibilities might present themselves.

Belly and tits pressed together, the girls slowly rolled over and Blossom came up on top for awhile. Her blonde pigtails lay along Jill's upraised thighs, trailing into her ass as the horny milkmaid set about milking, that hairy, juicy fuckhole. Jill on the bottom now, held Blossom by the hips, as if her crotch were a hairy tray from which she was serving herself tasty delicacies without benefit of spoon or fork. Her tongue curled up as she scooped a mouthful out of that honeypot. As she swallowed Blossom's hot cream, her own pussy flooded, as if the she was swallowing was rushing right through her body and gushing out from her own cunt. Blossom lapped the stuff up happily and hungrily. A frothy tendril escaped her tongue and ran down Jill's crotch, spreading out in the hay and the straw under her ass.

Jill's pelvis pumped in a fucking motion, as if she were getting screwed by Blossom's tongue and Blossom, on top now, was heaving her ass up and down in a similar fashion. Her pigtailed head bobbed down and her ass thrust up, then her tongue slurped back up Jill's cunt and across her clit and her ass went down again, jamming her pussy to Jill's eager mouth. Panting and moaning, the girls rolled over and lay on their flanks, never losing the mouth-to-cunt contact in the process.

Jill licked slowly up one pink cuntlip, then ran her tongue up the other. She flicked against Blossom's love button, then slid her tongue up Blossom's cunthole as far as it would extend. Jill was working steadily at her tasty task, concentrating on the juicy details, eager to enjoy the thrill of having the milk maid cream in her mouth again.

Blossom, although less experienced in the gentle art of eating pussy, was working with every bit as much enthusiasm, seeking to bring the raven-haired beauty to a crest. Her hot tongue stirred through Jill's cunt, savoring that carnal confection.

Both horny girls were rising to the heights. The thrills shot through both of them together, like an electric current passing through their bodies at high voltage and transformed to higher voltage each time the sensation hit them in the clit or on the tongue. They shared the same thrill just as they shared each other's cuntjuice.

"Cream my tongue," Blossom whimpered, lusting for Jill's orgasm. "I'm gonna cream- come with me-"

Jill jerked her cunt against Blossom's mouth, her ass and hips dancing.

Blossom's tongue seemed explosive as it drove up her cunthole. Her swollen love button felt ready to burst in Jill's loving lips. Her creamy cuntjuice was hotter and thicker now, as the girl's orgasm neared the crest.

"Oh!" Jill cried, as the peak hit her. "I'm melting, darling! Suck it out of me!"

As her pussy went off, Jill clamped her lips to Blossom's smoldering pussy and sucked her to a simultaneous peak. Both girls were creaming at the same moment, melting together in ecstasy. Cuntjuice poured into their mouths and flooded from their pussies in equal abundance. Tongues flashed and clits sparked. Their mutual coming went on and on as they worked together like some self-fueling engine, some self-lubricating machine. The more cunt juice that Jill gulped down, the more she poured Out into her rural lover's ravenous maw, and each time that lusty Blossom gulped down a mouthful her pussy spilled out another flood.

Jill purred, as cuntjuice gushed onto her tongue and sighed, as her own hot cream slid into Blossom's mouth. Working in perfect harmony, the two horny cuntsuckers held at the crest, prolonging the dual joy of drinking cuntjuice and of sustaining that blissful peak as long as they could.

Then, at last, they were drained. They clung together in loving embrace, both still licking gently, lapping up the last precious drops out of those melted pussies.

Their asses and hips moved slowly, languidly, as they came down gently from the heights of joy. After awhile, Jill raised her head, jaws dripping, Out of Blossom's crotch. She gazed down affectionately at that hairy cunt that had fed her such a feast.

An elongated shadow fell across Blossom's creamy belly.

Puzzled, Jill looked up and gasped.

It was the shadow of the bull's prick!

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

Driven to savage snorting desire, the bull had shuffled across the stall, his cock so huge that he seemed to be riding astride a guided missile. Blossom and Jill had been moaning and panting so much that neither had heard the brute's approach.

Now, seeing that massive cock hovering over them, Jill gasped. Blossom pulled her suction cup lips off Jill's fuckhole and looked up and gave a little gasp herself.

The bull's prick swayed up and down, slapping against Blossom's bell then angling across and whacking against Jill's firm ass, turning like the needle of a compass drawn to the poles of their magnetism and bobbing up and down like a divining rod seeking moisture. And there was an awful lot of moisture, both cuntjuice and slobber, in those cunts. His piss hole was dripping. Jism splashed on Jill's ass.

"The bastard is horny again," Blossom giggled.

"Yeah! He needs his balls emptied again!"

"You wanna suck him off again?" Blossom asked, thinking that maybe it was her turn to take that fat cockhead into her mouth and suck while Jill mouthed his prickstalk.

Jill started to reply, then paused. Her green eyes narrowed as she studied the bull's prick, judging and gaging those tremendous dimensions. It was intimidating-but wildly thrilling.

"I wanna fuck him!" she cried.

"Ooooh," Blossom whimpered.

"Yeah! I want the fucker up my cunt!"

"You think it'll fit?" Blossom asked as, like Jill, she studied the magnitude of the bull's cock.

"Well, we can try," Jill said, not at all sure she could hold that much prick, but hoping like hell that she could. Hell, the prick had fit in her mouth and her pussy was even more pliable, and she figured that she could at least take a portion of that thick cock. The more the merrier. She was trembling with a combination of doubt and hope.

Jill sat up under the big beast and took his cockhead between her hands, kissing the weeping tip. Then she sinuously slid backwards, her lithe body bridging. Her head and shoulders were on the ground, her feet were on the ground and the rest of her sleek body was bridged. Her crotch was level with the head of the bull's prick.

The bull lurched, shoving his cock out. His knob skimmed across her cunt mound and ran up her belly, the moist tip nudging against the underside of her cleavage. His pisshole laid a trail of slime up her belly. The slippery stuff matted her ebony cunt bush and trickled into her belly button and between her tits.

"Help him get up me," Jill moaned. Blossom willingly went to their aid. She sat beside Jill's arched pelvis and put one hand under Jill's upthrust ass, helping her to hold that bridged position. She hooked her other arm around the bull's cockstalk, just behind the giant knob, holding him in the crook of her elbow. Jill reached down her body, squirming on her braced shoulders. Using both hands, she spread her cuntlips wide open.

Blossom guided the tip of the bull's cock into that gaping, smoking crater. Jism ran into the pussy slot as his cockhead drooled. His huge black prick filled Jill's groin.

"Gee, I don't know," Blossom said nervously. She didn't want to do anything that might injure that sweet and tasty cunt that she loved so much to suck.

"Try," Jill gasped. "Shove the fucker up me!"

Her ass rotated as she ground her creamy crotch around on the tip of that bovine prick.

His pisshole dribbled cum up her slot and cuntjuice ran, frothy and creamy, onto his black prick meat.

Holding Jill's ass up, Blossom dragged the bull's cock in with her other hooked arm. Jill held her cuntlips open wide and the tip of the beast's cock nudged into her pussy slot.

The bull seemed to realize that he was going to need assistance to wedge his prick up that fuckhole.

He held steady, his flanks rippling but not humping.

“Unghhh!” Jill grunted as she pushed her belly down, shoving her cunt against that mighty slab.

“I don’t think-oh, shit! It’s going in!” Blossom cried, amazed at the elasticity of Jill’s fuck hole. Very slowly, Jill’s pink cuntlips began to envelope the bull’s huge, black cockhead. Half of his prick-knob was in her. He stuck there for a moment, but Jill twisted her hips around, winding her cunt deeper onto his cock like a nut onto a screw. Her talented, much exercised cunt muscles loosened and her fuck tunnel spread out to accommodate the massive breadth of the animal’s prick.

Blossom hauled his cock forward and pulled back on Jill’s ass, bringing them together. The girl was fascinated to see that black prick slowly vanish up Jill’s hairy cunthole. It amazed her that a fashionable woman from the big city could teach a farm girl such tricks.

Jill’s hips shot down and all of the big brute’s prickhead disappeared into her cunt hole. She held the initial penetration for a moment, panting, her pussy sucking on his prick-knob. Only his cockhead was up her cunt but that much felt as long-and a lot fatter-than most men’s pricks when they were in her to the roots.

Then she began to push down again, taking more of his cockshaft in as his prick-knob slid deeper. She moaned with the joy of feeling her cunt tunnel spread out on such a huge cock. The brute’s cock-knob was the fattest part of his meatrack and as it slid deeper it opened her fuckhole, forging a passage.

Blossom was no longer required to shove and pull the bull’s cock into Jill. He was fucking it to her by himself now, inching his thick prickshaft slowly up her pussyhole. Blossom grasped Jill’s hips with both hands and helped support her while she pulled back, hauling Jill’s cunthole onto the bull’s prick.

One third of his prick had vanished.

Blossom shook her head in amazement. Where the fuck was all that cock going? It seemed like magic. Jill’s slim pelvis didn’t seem wide enough to contain his cock’s breadth, nor long enough for its length. But still the bull’s prick inched in farther.

One half of that black cockstalk was buried in her fuckhole. Jill was bobbing up and down, suspended on the end of his cock like a horizontal flagpole sitter. The stiff prick bent under her weight, then snapped back up. Her ass rose and fell. She moaned.

Blossom looked to see if Jill was in pain. But the moan was of pure lust and Jill was smiling contentedly. The bull humped and another three inches of prick levered into her loins. Then that gigantic fuckstick had bottomed out. His cockhead was at the very limits of her cunthole and most of his cockstalk was buried in her tunnel. The part that remained was like a tube connecting his scumbags to her womb.

“Holy shit,” Jill gasped. “His fucking cock is so deep I can taste it!” she cried, turning her face from side to side in the straw, biting her lower lip, her thighs rippling as she held herself bridged under the brute and on his mighty cock.

The bull humped again but he could go no deeper. His flanks quivered and he snorted. He began to hump in and out then, in the standard fucking motion. At first his cock was jammed so tightly up her fuckhole that he wasn’t sliding in and out of her, instead he was simply dragging her loins along with him.



"Hold me! Help me!" Jill wailed.

Blossom grasped Jill firmly by the pelvis and held her in position. Jill's pliable cunthole loosened slightly, lubricating itself with the oils of her passion. Between the two of them, they held her pussy steady as the bull dragged his cock out of her.

He pulled out until only his cock-knob was in her slot, paused, then shoved more than half of his prick back up her fuck tunnel. He repeated the stroke, starting to move faster, jolting her on his lunges.

"He's fucking you!" Blossom squealed. "The bull is really fucking your cunt! I can't fucking believe it!"

But Jill could well believe it-and she loved it. She had never been stuffed so full of hot, throbbing cockmeat. No prick had ever gone so far up her pussyhole nor spread her tunnel so wide. She felt as if her whole body cavity were filled by his cock, as if she were trans fixed on that long cock, swelling as his prick ballooned inside her.

Jill began to move with the bull, shoving her cunt back to meet him as he poured the prick to her and twisting her hips from side to side as he drew back out.

Her cunt muscles were molded to the shape of his cock, clinging and dragging on every lovely inch. His black prick pulled out, slathered with cuntjuice, pulling her cuntlips almost inside out. He tilted her ass higher as he fucked in, shaking her on the end of his rod. The menacing beast was goring her with his cock just as if he was goring her with his lethal horns, lunging into her ebony-haired cunt with more passion than a bull had ever attacked the red cape.

Blossom was envious of that wonderful cuntful, intimidated but lusting. She leaned in, sliding her blonde head between Jill's loins and the bull's belly. She began to tongue Jill's clit and suck as the bull's slippery cock fucked in and out steadily. She lapped at his black meat, slurping cuntjuice from his cockstalk. She tongued down to his balls and laved the bloated bags, feeling how full of scum they were and envying Jill's cunt, which would soon be hosed by that load. Blossom had gone suck crazy again. She pushed her head back behind the bull and stabbed her tongue up his asshole as his hindquarters heaved. She twisted around onto her back and licked out Jill's suspended asshole, then slid back up to lap and suck at her clit and cuntlips.

Jill shuddered, starting to cream. Her fuck hole was turning to jelly on the bull's giant prick. As her fuck juices flowed she further lubricated the passage and the beast began to really shovel his cock into her, furiously slamming in to the depths of her hot, wet hole.

White cuntjuice bubbled out as his black prick went in. Blossom tongued it up, making hungry, slurping sounds as her tastebuds sparked.

Her tongue wedged up inside Jill alongside the bull's cock, jammed tightly between cunt walls and cockmeat. Her saliva mingled with Jill's pussy juice, adding more lubrication.

Jill's cunt muscles were working on the bull's prick like a Suction cup, tightening up and down his prick and clinging to his cock- head, sucking and milking along with the friction of his thrusts.

The bull roared. His horns shot up as his loins shot out, every sinew in his body vibrating. His balls swung in and out, expanding. He ground up her fuckhole with dynamic desire.

"He's gonna shoot!" Blossom cried, recognizing the signs. "He's gonna fill your cunt with his

fuckjuice!"

Jill whimpered in joyful expectation. The bull's scumbags erupted. His meaty prick drove into Jill's cunthole and his foaming lava came rushing up his cockmeat and jetted from his pisshole in a violent burst. Jill gasped as she felt that thick tide spurt into her loins, drenching her fuckhole. Her pelvis jerked as she fucked his mighty prick, milking him off and creaming again herself. Their mingled fuck juices filled her cunt and over flowed from her pussy slot. Blossom lapped the mixture up blissfully.

Load after load of bull slime poured into Jill as the big beast fucked relentlessly away, draining his balls into her loins. Jill pumped up and down, dragging his cum out by the suction of her cunthole as she shuddered through the spasm of her own climax.

Emptied again, the bull snorted and stood with his four feet spread wide. Jill began to slide slowly down his stiff prick, gliding on the lubrication of their combined fuck juices. She slid down to the end of his cock and hung there, suspended on his knob. The bull's prick swayed up and down, and Jill rose and fell on the end. Then she slipped off and her ass bounced in the straw, tits flopping, smiling contentedly. A load of milky fuck fluids poured from her gaping cunt crater. Her hairy black crotch was streaked with cream.

Naturally Blossom buried her face in that soaking groin and began to suck the sweet stuff up.

And that was the interesting sight that greeted Hank's eyes as he walked into the barn.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Knowing his sister well, Hank was not surprised.

"Whatcha doing, Sis?" he asked, grinning. Blossom raised her head, her pretty face flushed with passion. "What's it look like?" she said, a bit annoyed at being interrupted. She was not too annoyed, though, because she saw that the front of her brother's pants was swollen with a hard-on.

"Sucking pussy, looks like," he said.

"Yeah, but more than that, Hank," Blossom said. "I'm sucking bull jism Out of her pussy!"

Hank's jaw dropped open and his eyebrows shot up. The lump in his pants gave a mighty lurch.

"She fucked the bull?" he gasped.

Jill smiled demurely, not minding at all that her secret had been revealed because, if they bought the farm, it would be hard to keep such things secret from the hired hands.

"She sure did! That old bull fucked the ass off Mrs. Travis-and she sucked him off, too!"

"Holy cow," Hank gulped, gazing at the urban beauty with a new respect.

Blossom grinned saucily and buried her face in Jill's crotch again, slurping merrily away. Then she raised up again.

"I swallowed lots of bull cum, too," she announced, not wanting to be upstaged by the city girl.

Hank stepped over the rails and entered the stall. He glanced at the bull. The brute's prick was soaking and dripping, softened a bit now-but not much. It was obvious that the bull had been well sucked and fucked, and Hank saw no reason to be shy with these two animal lovers, both of whom had given him blowjobs, anyhow. He dropped the flap of his overalls and his cock sprang out, stiff as a nail and long-by any standards less than the bull's. Blossom and Jill looked at each other, both wondering who should take care of Hank's hard-on. As he stood over them, his prick loomed up like a thrashing bludgeon.

"You mind, Mrs. Travis?" Blossom asked. "I really got to get me a cuntful of prick now."

"Not at all," Jill assured her, meaning it. After getting fucked by a bull, a human even one as nice as Hank's, held little immediate interest for her. And she figured it would be interesting to witness a bit of incest, as well.

Blossom got up to her knees and slurped her brother's prick into her mouth. She nursed on the fat cock-knob, then bobbed her head up and down on the long prickstalk. Hank's ass tightened as he slowly fucked in and out of her face, causing her golden pigtails to fly about. Her lips slid up and down and her tongue curled around his cock.

Hank grabbed his sister by her pigtails and began to haul her head around, stuffing all of his big cock into her mouth.

"Unghhh," Blossom gagged, as his meat clogged her gullet.

Blossom wanted to get fucked. She had taken her brother's prick into her mouth a form of preliminary loveplay, intending only to suck him for a few moments and then let him stick his cock up her cunthole. But Hank, feeling that hot mouth enveloping his hard-on, was getting carried away. He was fucking her face to a conclusion!

Blossom shook her head, trying to signify that she wanted him to stop. But the movement had the opposite effect of what she intended. By shaking her head from side to side, she merely increased the oral action on his cock.

Hank pulled out until only his cockhead was between her lips, giving Blossom a chance to gasp, "No-don't come in my-urkkkkk." She gulped convulsively as the lusty lad stuffed all of his prick back into her maw.

Hank was really turned on by having seen his sister sucking pussy and by hearing about the bull fucking. It was not going to take the potent fellow long to get his rocks off. He fed his prick to her face steadily, dragging her head forward by her pigtails as he jolted in.

Blossom sighed, realizing that she was destined to swallow a mouthful of brotherly lism whether she liked it or not-and she always liked it. Resigned to sucking instead of fucking, she began to work on his tasty cock with juicy enthusiasm. Her tongue slid around against the underside of his prick, and her lips pulled and dragged as he fucked in and out. Her fat tits bobbed against his thighs. Her neck craned as she tilted her head down, gorging herself on his cock, taking him balls deep into her mouth and sucking through every sweet inch.

Jill, intrigued to see the girl blowing her brother, watched his fat cockmeat vanish between the collar of her lips, then jerk back out, slathered with saliva. Knowing how tasty Hank's prick and cum were from personal experience, Jill knew that Blossom must be enjoying the task, even if she had wanted to get her cunt fucked instead. Blossom's pretty face was radiant with cocksucker's lust. The bull, too, was observing this scene. It was the first time that he had ever seen a man and woman having

sex in any form, and, although he might well have felt a bit of scorn for a human-sized cock, the horny brute was nevertheless interested. Watching what, by his standards, was a toothpick-sized prick slide in and out of Blossom's mouth made the bull's own gigantic cock begin to throb anew.

"Yeah! Milk his cock, honey!" Jill whispered, encouragingly. "Drink your brother's fuck juice!"

"Ummm-ummm-" Blossom whimpered in agreement.

Hank began to tremble and shudder as he fucked his meat into Blossom's willing mouth, and the thrill built up in his loins. A trickle of spunk bubbled onto her tongue, inspiring the hungry girl to suck harder. Another frothy nugget of slime ran across her lower lip. Jill squealed at the delightful sight of a brother's cum on his sister's lips.

Behind Jill, the bull's huge cock continued to swell and harden and rise up like a howitzer aimed at her ass.

Hank grunted. His backbone arched as he slammed his loins in and plowed her mouth at an upward angle. Feeding all of his cockstalk into her maw, he jerked her head down by the pigtails. As his cockhead slid into her throat, his balls blew and his hot fuckjuice squirted right down her gullet. Blossom gasped and gulped. Hank held all of his meat in her mouth and spurted a second hot load out. Then he took another stroke, creaming onto her tongue this time.

Hank jerked spasmodically as he emptied his scumbags into his sister's mouth and Blossom gulped his slime down joyfully. When his balls were spent, she held his prick in her mouth and nibbled and nursed on it for awhile, so that, when he drew out of her lips, his meat was polished to a lustre and still hard.

Blossom, kneeling there with jism running down her chin, gazed hopefully at her brother's prick.

"Fuck my cunt, now?" she begged. Hank grinned and his prick gave a jolt. "Yeah!" he said, pleased by his own potency. "Get on your hands and knees, Sis, I'm gonna fuck you like a dog!"

Blossom squealed with happiness and turned over, hiking her firm ass up and arching her slender back. Her cunt was streaming like a waterfall between her thighs.

Hank knelt down behind her ass. He placed his hands on those smooth cheeks and pushed his rigid prick into her cuntslot. Blossom reached back between her thighs and grasped him by the prick, guiding his cockhead up her fuckhole. Hank fucked all of his hard cock through her hand and up her cunt, and her hand slid down to cup his scumbags. He held the full penetration for a moment, feeling her pussy pulse and ripple. Then he began to fuck her hard and fast. His belly slapped against her ass. His grip shifted to her hipbones, hauling her pelvis back to meet his cock thrusts. Blossom whimpered each time he filled her cunt with his plunging prick. Her tits swayed under him, and her blonde head went up and down, pigtails -swinging.

Jill was getting plenty horny again, not to mention envious. It didn't seem quite fair to her that Blossom should get two loads of fuck juice out of her brother in a row. But she decided to make the best of it. Jill got down on her hands and knees behind Hank and, thrusting her head out, began to run her tongue up the crack of his ass and to rim out his shit chute. She lapped his balls and slurped on up to his asshole again.

Hank moaned with delight at this added stimulation.

Jill, unintentionally, had assumed a position very familiar to the horny bull. As her head dipped

down, her ass heaved up. Under that ass, her fuckhole was unoccupied. The big brute's nostrils flared as he scented the fragrance of her arousal. He tossed his head, sweeping his horns about, the ring in his nose flashing, and his eyes flashing, too. Jill was in the fucking position and the bull knew all about such things. His prick was thundering. He pawed at the floor, lowering his head as if he was about to charge. But he didn't charge. He moved up quite steadily as he advanced on Jill's foaming cunt.

And the bull wasn't the only one who was approaching.

A mile or two away, Ron Travis was driving towards the farm. As he drove, he whistled the tune of 'How you gonna keep her down on the farm, after she's seen Broadway?' In fact, that concept worried him a bit. Jill had always been a city girl, accustomed to the bright lights, and Ron was afraid that she might not share his enthusiasm for a country home. That was why he had decided to take the rest of the day off work and join her at the farm. He figured that he might be able to influence her, to point out the advantages of a country life that Jill, on her own, might fail to discover.

Little did he imagine the advantages that she had already discovered!

And the bull snorted.

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## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Jill gasped when she felt the massive head of the bull's cock thrust into her crotch. Then she smiled. She reached back and spread the folds of her cuntlips open, slipping them around the tip of that big, black slab of bull cock.

The bull stood over her, stiff-legged, pushing his cock out. Now that Jill's hot pussy was accustomed to the size of that huge load, there was less resistance. She squirmed, pushing back to meet the beast, and his cockhead began to slowly slide up her fuckhole.

Hearing the bull snort, Blossom and Hank both looked back over their shoulders. Blossom, who had seen it all before, merely grinned, but Hank, who had only heard about it, gasped.

He was so shocked that he faltered in his fucking, missing a stroke and drawing an angry and impatient wail out of Blossom. He began humping into her again, but his head was twisted around as he looked at the fascinating situation behind him.

Inch by thick inch, the bull's prick slid up Jill's steaming fuck tunnel. His lunges were pushing her forward, but she had the support of Hank's ass. She continued to run her tongue up Hank's shit chute, her brow braced on the cheeks of his ass and her own ass heaving under the bull. His massive cockhead was halfway up her fuckhole now and his thick prickstalk was trailing in pursuit.

Jill's elastic cunthole spread out, seeping and self-lubricating, her cunt muscles massaging the animal's cockmeat, pulling him deeper and rippling up and down his prick with a jerking motion. Another fat inch wedged up her pussy, then another.

"Unghhh," Jill grunted as the bull thrust.

The bull paused, and Jill took time to take a taste of Hank's tangy asshole.

Hank was fucking into his sister's cunt steadily. Each time he thrust forward, the cheeks of his ass closed, clamping his shit chute tightly around Jill's tongue and each time he withdrew, those asscheeks spread, giving her a chance to suck happily on his saliva-soaked asshole. The thrill of tonguing out a shit tunnel was mild compared to the thrill of getting fucked by a bull, but it added a pleasant new dimension to the depravity.

The bull jolted in, and Jill slammed her ass back, twisting her hips and winding her cunt hole onto his prickmeat. She squealed when she felt his cockhead slid in to the very depths of her loins and knew that at least two thirds of that huge cock was in her.

He slowly drew back. His black prick, throbbing and iron hard, pulled out of her fuckhole. Cuntjuice streamed down her kneeling thighs and foamed on his cockshaft.

His massive prick-knob slid back, to her pussyslot, dragging her cuntlips out. Then he poured his prick into her again. Jill's ass tilted up as his cockmeat filled her belly. The animal-loving girl was in seventh heaven. She jerked and wriggled on the bull's plunging prick. He fucked her steadily, and she moved with him, pumping her cunthole onto his prick and twisting her hips so that she was grinding around, adding torque to the friction.

The mighty beast fucked his cock into her, roaring and bellowing. No cow's cunt had ever sucked on his prick that way. He fucked in as deep as he could go, his swollen scumbags swinging in and out, driving Jill forward and against Hank's ass. Jill wailed with joy. She felt like she had a thunderbolt up her fuckhole.

Hank was throwing a pretty spectacular doggy fuck into his sister as well, inspired by the bull fucking and ass rimming behind him. Holding her by the hips, he jerked and twisted her ass around as he fucked his prick into the smoking pussyhole below.

As Jill's tongue tantalized his asshole, Hank squirmed about and altered the angles of his fuck thrusts. He fed Blossom a long, rippling underslung stroke that ran the full length of his prick across her love button, causing her to gasp. Then he hiked up higher and poured the prick to her with a downward plunge, as he was trying to fuck her right through the floor.

Jill's tongue flicked and flashed and Hank's ass reacted, swaying from side to side and up and down, plunging into Blossom's steaming pussy from every direction. He hauled her back by the hips, pulling her pussy onto his prick.

The bull hammered his cock up Jill's cunt, lifting her ass and pulling her knees off the floor. As her ass went up, her head went down. Her tongue slid down the crack of Hank's ass, and she slurped at his hairy balls. Then the bull drew out and her ass went down so that her head slid up into Hank's asshole again.

Blossom squirmed back on her brother's prick, moaning, fantasizing that it was the bull's cock that was fucking her from behind, that that huge prick was running right through Jill's body and plunging up her cunthole.

Blossom had made up her horny little mind to fuck the bull herself, and damned soon.

Humans and animal, they were all panting. The bull was bellowing, as well, and making a hell of a racket.

That was why no one heard the car drive up.

"Anyone home?" Ron called at the farmhouse.

Getting no reply, he knocked, then tried the door. The door was open but there was no one in the place. Ron scratched his head, wondering where Jill was. He walked into the living room and slipped on a slippery patch on the floor. Looking down, he wondered what that slimy smear that he'd skidded on was. It was, in fact, a blob of fuckjuice that had dripped off Hank's prick just after he'd removed his cock from Jill's mouth, but, of course, Ron never even dreamed of such a thing.

Ron wandered back out and heard the bull bellowing in the barn. He thought that maybe his wife was in that barn, looking things over.

Ron strolled down, breathing in the healthy country air. He walked into the barn, smiling, then stopped dead in his tracks!

Ron was looking at the most bizarre daisy chain that the world had ever known, perhaps.

A pretty blonde country girl with pigtails flying was on her hands and knees, boobs bobbling.

Behind her knelt a lanky country lad, holding her by her nubile hips and energetically throwing a doggy fuck up her cunt.

And behind that lad knelt a dark-haired beauty, happily tonguing out his asshole and-Ron gasped-that dark-haired beauty just happened to be his wife!

And-he could hardly believe this-bringing up the tail end of that incredible daisy chain was a bellowing bull, frantically plunging his prick up Ron's wife's cunt!

What was a man to think? Or to do? Ron just stood there for a moment, stunned. But Ron had always seen the advantages of country life and, after a moment, he grinned.

At the head of that daisy chain there was a vacancy, for saucy little Blossom's mouth was empty.

And Ron's big cock instantly became rock hard. He opened his fly and hauled his meat out. It was so hot it felt like it was blistering his palm. Cock first, Ron walked across the barn and moved to the head of the line. Blossom looked up and her mouth opened in surprise. Ron knelt down in front of her and slipped his smoking hot cock right into that convenient little opening.

He began to fuck into her head, and Blossom, not even knowing who the hell he was, started sucking from habit and with relish.

Hank looked puzzled at finding a stranger fucking into the other end of his sister, but he shrugged and fucked merrily on, not at all objecting to another link in the chain.

Jill blushed furiously when she realized that her darling husband had caught her fucking a bull and licking out a hayseed's asshole. Thoughts of terrible consequences rushed through her mind. Surely he would demand a divorce. The shame of having a bull cited as a correspondent!

But then she noticed that Ron did not look angry at all. In fact, he was smiling, and he was fucking Blossom in the mouth, to boot. Jill smiled tentatively and Ron, who had always seen the benefits of country living, gave her a wink. Jill, relieved, dipped her head down and resumed her snack of Hank's shit chute.

Their combined coming ran like an electric current through the complex linkage of that depraved

chain. Ron spilled his spunk into Blossom's mouth, setting off the chain reaction. Blossom creamed on her brother's cock just as he poured a load of fuckjuice into her pussy. And the bull, with a mighty roar, emptied his scumbags into Jill's melting cunt in spurt after creamy spurt.

Needless to say, Ron and Jill bought the farm and Hank and Blossom stayed on to do the various chores. And ever after, Ron knew that the lyrics of that old song were wrong, and should be: "How you gonna keep her down on Broadway, after she's seen the farm?"

**THE END**