

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter 1

The Oak Tree estate and grounds were as typically lovely and idyllic as ever in their late summer garb of fading green meadows and mellow, wilting flowers. The undergrowth of the heavily-wooded area was dark with knobbed shrubs and the oldest trees stood gnarled and sprawling, like old men colored brown with age. Glistening dew drops of rain splashed down on the leaves and dribbled earthward through the thick networks of foliage, finally to fall on the rich black soil below. And yet, strangely enough, the sky was a bright clear blue that seemed somehow separate from the woods, which languished obediently under the inexorable rules of the season's end.

The Hartley home, a large rustic house with an ample amount of partially-cleared acreage surrounding it, nestled cozily in a small shallow valley running on a rocky irregular level between two gently sloping ridges on either side. Behind the house, off to the right and slightly downwind, there was a spacious modern dog kennel with half a dozen central shelters and a maze of long fenced runs in which a number of handsome German Shepherds, of varying sizes, ages and colors, could be seen either dozing quietly or pacing nervously to and fro, whining and occasionally barking at some barely perceptible movement in the nearby underbrush.

In one of the longest runs, an immense black-and-fawn-colored male stood by himself, completely motionless and at the alert, as he stared upwards at a tiny rag of grey sky that was framed overhead by a small circle of evergreen branches. The imposing thoroughbred dog gazed longingly, almost defiantly, at a bird flying in a cramped orbit far above the treetops, its spread wings catching flashes of yellow and silver light from the sun. The bird drifted around and around, seemingly fixed to some invisible track in the air. After a while, the magnificent German Shepherd's strong legs began to tremble, his massive muscular body tense and straining with his natural instinct to somehow, impossibly, snag the feathered creature from the safety of its lofty circling and destroy it with one crushing swipe of his forepaw.

„Jesus, look at Wolf out there. The bastard looks better than ever,” Bill Hartley enthused proudly as he stood gazing out the living room window at the kennels. The good-looking twenty- four-year-old young man did not wait for his young wife's reply and added, „If I'm lucky enough to buy Pete Sangler's prize bitch up in New Hampshire, just think what a beautiful litter she and Wolf will produce. We'll make a goddamned fortune out of the pups!”

Diane Hartley, his wife, an extremely pretty twenty-one-year- old blonde, sat in haughty silence across the room, sipping daintily from her whiskey sour cocktail as she fought down the impulse to say what was really on her mind. She resented the fact that she would be left alone again while Bill was off on another of his frequent business trips, selling some of their own valuable dogs and negotiating for new championship breeders to upgrade their stock at Oak Tree. As usual, she would be left in charge of running the kennels by herself, a demanding responsibility that both intimidated and frightened her. God knows, the voluptuous young blonde thought bitterly to herself, her wealthy aristocratic parents had socially-groomed and educated her for far more important things than playing hostess to three dozen hairy brutes, no matter how valuable and expensive they were, while her thoughtless husband deserted her for days ... sometimes weeks ... at a time.

„What's the matter, honey?” he asked suddenly, interrupting her thoughts. „Now don't tell me you're going to start complaining again just because I've got to make a business trip.”

„Oh no, not really,” the satin-skinned blonde answered in a sulky, slightly hurt voice, her full lower lip pouting out to give her the appearance of a beautiful little girl who has been unfairly treated.

„It's just that ... well, we've only been married for eight months, and you've been gone almost half of that time, while I stay home and take care of the dogs ... You know they frighten me.”

„But honey, dogs are our living ... a damned good living, too ... and someone has to handle the business end of things,” the handsome dark-haired husband protested, shrugging his shoulders in a gesture of helplessness. „I've got to travel and visit other breeders. We're in a highly competitive business and need the best dogs available to keep our line where it is—at the top.”

„Yes, Bill, I know, but—“

„And that means scouting around,” he continued, ignoring her attempted objection. „Unless, of course, you'd rather we just sat back and lived off your parents, always dependent upon them and without any real say about our own lives.”

„No, darling, I—I didn't mean that at all,” Diane assured him weakly, hating herself as she felt the last of her self-righteous indigence fade away in the fact of his solid common sense and logic. Despite how lonely and deprived she always felt when he was gone, she could think of no effective way to communicate her feelings to him about the task of caring for the dogs and the sense of loss she experienced as a young bride when he was not home with her. As conscious as she was of her social background and upbringing, it was true that she also wanted independence, not to be enslaved by the large sums of money her mother and father would gladly give them if only they would abide with the older couple's wishes. The exquisite blue-eyed girl felt her irritation waver and finally topple over altogether as she faltered helplessly in her own rising sense of shame and guilt.

She felt a flood of relief as he crossed the room to where she sat on the plush sofa and eased himself down beside her, his brawny right arm automatically encircling her shoulders, enfolding her. She dropped her head against his firm chest, her breath quavering as he drew her closer against him, his warmth mingling with hers. Gently he rubbed up and down along her bare arms, craning his head forward to nibble softly with his lips at her slender neck and sensitive left ear lobe.

„Ummmm, you certainly feel nice,” he whispered hotly into the tender tingling flesh of her ear, sensing her anger and resistance flow away to nothing as he touched her with his breath. The light fluttery warmth relaxed and yet exhilarated her, causing a maddeningly light throb of anticipation in Diane's loins and at the small, bud-like tips of her full breasts. Without thinking, she began to rotate her rounded flaring hip against her husband's sinewy male flank, pressing the softness of her still-clad flesh against him.

„You feel nice, too,” she purred, wiggling even closer to him on the sofa.

„You know, I've got to leave in less than an hour,” Bill reminded her huskily. „Maybe we ought to use the time for action instead of words.” Feeling herself slipping further into the intoxicating warmth of his touch, she nodded her head in wordless agreement and ran her fingertips tremblingly across his cheek, her long red nails tracing the distinctive contours of his strong masculine face. In a corner of her passion-dimmed mind, she could hear the tempo of the falling rain increase, the drops now pattering on the roof and in the trees with a steady staccato sound that seemed to match the pulsing beat of her blood. Suddenly, she felt him shift beside her and ease himself off the couch and down to his knees on the floor. He knelt forward then and caught her long smooth legs, his palms eagerly clamping against the soft insides of her thighs as she giggled and struggled halfheartedly in an attempt to free herself. She could see him hunched down on his knees between her open legs, grinning up at her through the deep valley of her upstanding breasts like a conquering warrior about to partake of a feast as he pressed outwards against her with his hands.

Slowly, he reached up under her short skirt and hooked his fingers into the elastic waist-band of her silk white panties, tugging gently downwards on the flimsy garment until the sheer, flimsy material slipped softly over her slightly-lifted buttocks and down over her shapely, well-tapered legs. The pink moist flesh of her naked vagina was presented up to his searching eyes in an almost lewd, sexually inciting position of sacrifice. She lay back against the cushions of the couch and reveled for a moment in the delicious languor of her young husband's exciting touch. She watched his tongue slowly circling his lips in rapt anticipation of the ravishment about to take place. He moved closer, placing his thumbs on the soft fleshy edges of her cunt. With a deliberately slow, torturing outward movement, he pressed the blonde hair-lined lips of her pussy apart and pressed his mouth forward against it, his long slippery tongue darting snake-like into the throbbing warmth of the smooth inner walls. Her tummy twitched and she felt a convulsive spasm of delight course up and down her spine as he began to suck slowly, teasingly, at first, nibbling at her erect clitoris with the sharp tips of his teeth. It was almost more than she could bear. Despite the thought that what he was doing to her down between her legs with his tongue was shameful and obscene, her nerves were ablaze with rising lust and she made no effort to prevent him from continuing to lick her there and give her this exquisite pleasure.

„God, it's too bad we can't manufacture and sell this feeling," Bill rasped as he pulled back from her naked loins a few inches. „Hell, we could make a mint."

His crude words sent a sudden jolt of alarm through her, one that gradually changed into a heavy sinking weight of depression. The stiff arch of excitement in her spine gave way and she collapsed back on the couch cushions as though in defeat. It was the same as always, the same thrill-shattering attitude he had had towards their sex-life since they had been married. Like everything else, he looked upon sex as a kind of commodity, something that could be used and sold, as though their deepest, most intimate emotions were mere products that might be turned into profit. She realized that it was important to Bill, as well as to herself, to be self-sustaining and not to have to rely on the money and advice of others in order to succeed as a newly-married couple. But God, he carried it too far! Sometimes she thought she would go crazy with self-doubt and frustration as a result of their crippled sexual relationship. Not that she wanted him to make love to her constantly—nothing like that—but she desperately needed to believe that he desired her as a woman more than just a vehicle through which he could prove his personal sense of worth and his ability to succeed. After all, she mused inwardly, she was a woman, a wife, and deserved to be treated with consideration just as much as he thought he deserved to be respected as a capable man.

He seemed oblivious to her lack of response and continued to nuzzle his face between her tantalizing loins. She groaned suddenly, watching with fascination as his head bobbed hungrily back and forth down between her thighs with the effort of his assault. She whimpered involuntarily and threw back her head on the top of the sofa, her hands clutching unashamedly at his face to pull him tighter against her now hotly squirming cunt as the lewd wet sucking noises of his tongue swirling deep in her vagina filled her ears.

As if sensing her sudden unwilling submission, Bill reached up and placed both of his hands over the front of her soft woolen sweater, cupping his work-calloused fingers around the roundly rising mounds of her heaving, nipple-hardened breasts, while with his wide shoulders and brawny upper arms, he forced her delectably-shaped legs even further apart. As his mouth and tongue worked hungrily in bestial subjugation of the throbbing wet moistness of her widely flowering vagina, his excitedly bulging eyes remained open, ogling with vulgar excitement the impassioned contortions of her lovely young face.

„Come on, honey, make it good," he grunted encouragingly from between her splayed-open loins as he kneaded lustfully at her heavily palpitating breasts through her clothing. „When you cum,

pretend we're getting a dollar for each little tingle."

With a tiny guttural cry, Diane involuntarily ground her ivory-like hips forward against his face, burying his hotly flicking tongue all the way to the roots again as he renewed his lewd attack up between her open thighs. She was powerless now to struggle anymore against the unrelenting wonderful thrill that rocked her very soul, even though she felt a simultaneous quivering of distaste at the lewd, inconsiderate meaning of the words he had just uttered. A wildly rising erotic fire replaced her sense of revulsion and wounded dignity ... replaced everything. Seldom in their still-new marriage had she ever so quickly felt so utterly wanton with him, so wild to be shamelessly and deeply satisfied.

"How many dollars have you got now, honey?" he asked abruptly, once again pulling away his pussy-moistened mouth to grin lewdly up at her. "Would you like to earn more?"

"Ohhh, yessssss, Bill," she crooned responsively, hardly conscious of what she was saying. Spreading her long legs wider and wider to give him greater access to her cuntal crevice, she begged without thought of shame. "Hurry, darling, hurry. Kiss me ... kiss me down there. Faster! Oh, God, I'm almost there!"

Every young muscle the silken-haired girl possessed was alerted as she strained her naked, creamy-white buttocks upward towards the exciting red probe swirling deeply and wetly up between her legs. Her up-drawn thighs opened and closed tightly around the tormenting face that was sucking and licking gluttonously at her eagerly responding cunt. She kicked her heels hard against his back, spurring him on to suck her harder, harder, until a loud rushing sound rose to fill her ears, a great resounding and echoing [SPAM] of sound. The tensed cords of her long graceful neck stood out under her golden skin as she pulled with all her strength against the tangled dark hair of her husband's head.

"Oh, darling, I'm almost ready to cum! Don't stop licking me, please!" she pleaded. At that moment, just as the hot sweet flow of emotion and sensual abandonment was nearing its crest, she saw a self-satisfied, smirking grin light his face, the very same expression that he often wore after closing a particularly profitable deal for one of his prize German Shepherd pups.

"Cum, baby, cum a million dollars worth," he urged with a gloating smile.

Suddenly her excitedly writhing body switched off automatically as though someone had pushed a button in the center of her aroused senses. She was instantaneously swamped with a feeling of loathing at the idea that her handsome young husband, kneeling with his face buried between her wide-split legs, could actually have said something so horribly insensitive, like comparing her own blissful orgasm, so near now, to the filthy thought of dollars that seemed to preside over their life together. Was nothing sacred in their marriage, she wondered bitterly, afraid that she already knew the answer. She was beginning to suspect that Bill, her own husband, was more attached to his stupid account books than to his wife.

"Oh, Bill, stop it, stop it right now!" she sobbed, fighting to loosen his fierce grip on her still brassiere-clad breasts and squirm away from him. "How can you be so revolting? How can you be mean enough to say something like that? Don't you love me at all? ... Or do you want to get paid for that too?"

"Aw, I was only kidding, honey. Come on now, don't be such a baby," he said between breaths in an irritated tone of voice, struggling to spread wider her now tightly-clenched thighs and continue his lurid tonguing of her still visibly throbbing vagina. Then, mustering all of her female strength, she

jerked violently away from him and rose to stumble to the other side of the room, trembling from head to foot with rage as she pushed her rumpled skirt back down over her whitely exposed hips. Bill remained a few moments longer in his kneeling position on the floor, then sighed heavily and climbed up to seat himself in the place on the couch that she had vacated. He stared wordlessly down at his trousers where, beneath a dark wet stain of seminal fluid, his erect penis was rapidly deflating, finally curling up limply in his trouser crotch like a small wounded creature. After what seemed an eternity, he raised his head and opened his mouth to speak, but said nothing and lowered his eyes again in an attitude of distant thought.

From where she stood stiffly near the far wall of the living room, staring out miserably at the steady autumn drizzle outside, Diane began to feel the first stirrings of real guilt, and she imagined how painfully humiliated Bill must feel after her indignant outburst and the abrupt halt she had brought to their love-making. Despite the annoyance she had often felt at his coarse, thoughtless comments during sex acts, she had never actually dared to follow her immediate impulse and walk away from him in plain disgust. But now that she had done it, she felt her heart swell with pity for the young, dark-haired man whom she really did love with all her being. She ransacked her unsettled mind for something comforting to say to him.

„I ... I'm sorry, darling. I guess I'm just not in the right mood today," she finally said, her honeyed voice gently breaking the long embarrassing silence between them. But he seemed not to hear her and continued to peer down disconsolately between his legs, his gaze fixed on something secret and known only to him. Then, without warning, he straightened up with a wry, almost sardonic smile illuminating his face.

„Now don't worry, Diane. After this trip, we'll have enough money to buy you a big bed with velvet draperies and gold tassels on it, whatever it is that royalty like you and your family need to sleep on .. Maybe then, you'll feel better about my terrible preoccupation with dirty, disgusting money. Who knows," he went on dryly, „you might finally turn into a decent fuck for your husband, despite yourself."

„Oh, Bill!" she cried out in disbelief, shocked by his lewdly cruel comment. Refusing to acknowledge his sadistic sarcasm further, she turned quickly away and stomped off toward their bedroom. As she slammed shut the door, and leaned her unsatiated young body back against it, she heard him call out in a contemptuous voice:

„Could you please stir your aristocratic little tail long enough to hand out my suitcase before you lock yourself in? I've still got a business trip to make—if you don't mind too much."

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## Chapter 2

The next day dawned cool and misty but Diane found herself humming a little tune and smiling, almost in spite of herself, as she moved slowly from pen to pen of the kennel in the early morning dampness, feeding the hungry German Shepherds and cleaning out their living quarters. Just as always, after Bill had left on a business trip, she felt her innate resentment toward the big, thoroughbred dogs fading away in the face of their obvious delight in her presence around them.

„It's not your fault, Sissy," she murmured warmly to a large gold and white bitch who was devotedly licking her hand as she scooped out a generous ration of dog meal into one of the many long feed troughs. „You poor dumb animals don't even realize that you're coming between Bill and me. Oh, God, I sometimes wish you'd manage somehow to dig under the fence and just run away—every last

one of you beautiful brutes.”

With a resigned sigh and a shrug, Diane rose to her feet again and picked up the heavy bag of meal, slipping out of the wire gate to the bitch’s kennel and moving toward the one dog that was left to feed. Wolf, the son of one of the three finest German Shepherd champions in the country, lived in solitary comfort with the biggest shelter and the longest run of the yard to accommodate his sleek, powerful body’s need for exercise. Except at mating time, he was seldom allowed to run with the other animals for fear that some mishap might mar the dog’s perfect lines, lines that had proved to be worth almost as much in dog show prizes as in stud fees. Wolf was her husband’s pride and joy. For that reason, she thought quizzically, Diane could never quite sort out her feelings about the monstrous black and tan beast.

Pulling her trench-coat more snugly around her against the sharp damp chill of the sunless morning, she stared inside the wire-fence enclosure for some sign of the magnificent brute. Like the true aristocrat he was, Wolf often slept later in the mornings than the other dogs, and Bill had frequently warned her not to step into the pen without first announcing her identity to the dog. It was dangerous to surprise him in his sleep because, as her husband had often warned her, his instincts were to attack a stranger, and besides, the dogs were always a little crazy when the bitches were in heat, such as some of them were now. It was several young bitches this time, ones that they had raised from puppies, so they would have to wait one more season before they could be mated. But the worried young dogs did not know that, and neither did the anxious males who had yelped and howled all last night against the fences that separated them from their breeding partners.

Wolf too must have worn himself out with his anguished cries of frustration last night, Diane decided as she reached his compound and saw no sign of him. Letting the heavy bag of dog food rest against her shapely sun-bronzed calf, she reached out and lightly shook the wire gate.

„Wolf. Wolf,” she called timidly, preparing herself for the sudden explosion of growling and snapping that always came if he was awakened too quickly. „Wake up, boy. I’ve got your breakfast.”

She could hear nothing over the noise of the other dogs yapping and rough-housing with each other and, half-fearful of the eruption of fierceness she expected at any moment, Diane pressed her young curvaceous body up tighter to the fence and summoned him more loudly:

„Wolf, come on out here, boy! Wolf!”

From the inside of his wooden kennel, she thought she heard a low whining, and suddenly fearful, she unlatched the gate and slipped inside, dragging the food bag along behind her before she closed it again. Deliberately walking heavily on the hard-packed earth beneath her shoes, she stepped inside the dog’s shelter and gasped with dismay as she saw him curled up on the floor, his great hairy back toward her as he licked frantically at his lower mid-section.

„Wolf, what’s the matter with you? Are you all right?” she gasped aloud, alarmed. She took another tentative step forward to see what was wrong with the valuable beast. At the slight movement and the sound of her fresh young voice, the massive creature became aware of her presence in his kennel for the first time and with a menacing growl, he sprang to his feet, whirling around to face her. The girl’s breath caught sharply in her throat and she froze involuntarily on the spot as she suddenly saw the real reason for the dog’s preoccupation with his lower body.

The mammoth dog’s long scarlet penis was glistening wetly as it stood out in full view beneath the hairy curve of his belly, thrusting excitedly in and out of its thick furry sheath, the heavily tapered cock-tip dancing obscenely in the air. My God, she exclaimed inwardly, he had what looked like an



almost full erection!

Wolf's bushy tail started to switch rapidly back and forth over his hindquarters, showing his undisguised delight as soon as he recognized the human intruder in his pen, but the expression of pure, unadulterated fear did not leave Diane's face even at his obvious change of attitude. Her sky-blue eyes were wide and round with shock and disbelief as she gazed helplessly at the almost obscene spectacle before her. In the months that she and Bill had owned the kennel, buying and selling and caring for the purebred dogs, the beautiful blonde young woman had sometimes seen such things, but it had always been from the safety of outside the fence—and always a smaller, less imposing animal had been involved. Now, not even four feet away from the sexually excited beast, she stood staring, transfixed, barely able to believe the shocking size of the dog's fully-aroused sex organ. On a man, perhaps its hefty thickness and length would seem normal, or even maybe a little larger than normal, but to see this long scarlet shaft on a dog, a savage hot-blooded animal who probably weighed more than she did, filled her with a quivering dread that she could barely control.

„Lie down, Wolf,” she commanded shakily, trying to keep her mounting sense of fear out of her voice. She knew that dogs were able to detect fright in human beings and with a great effort of will, she forced herself to turn her back on the tense-muscle animal and walk slowly out into the center of his run. With trembling fingers, she tore open the top of the feed bag and bent down to hurriedly scoop out a large portion of the rich meal into his food tray. Steeling herself, she resisted the impulse to look back at the dog, and by the time she had filled the tray, she knew that Wolf had obeyed her and remained inside his shelter. Her feeling of apprehension gradually faded to relief as she realized that what she had seen was not really so extraordinary. After all, there were several young bitches in heat in nearby pens, and most of the other male dogs had been behaving a little strangely that morning anyway. No, she told herself, her fear had been completely unjustified, the same kind of selfish hysteria that Bill had often accused her of.

As she closed the feed bag again, she calmly resolved to take a firm hold of herself or she would never be able to make it through three more days alone with the dogs. Even so, before she mustered up enough courage to call Wolf out of his house for the bit of affection that was as much a part of the daily schedule at the Hartley Kennels as was the carefully-chosen food, she cautiously unlatched the gate for a hasty exit if necessary.

At the sound of her voice, the huge, beautifully-formed dog came bounding happily out the door of his shelter. In the split second before he jumped playfully up on her, pinning her with his weight against the wire fence, Diane saw thankfully that his huge penis had withdrawn and disappeared back inside the hairy sheath beneath his loins. She laughed openly and tousled his silky dark ruff as he licked joyfully at her face and long smooth neck. She was still a bit anxious around him but could not help but admire his raw animal magnificence. Standing up on his hind feet, he was strikingly large and feral, exciting. His chest was as broad as a young boy's, and she allowed her eyes to roam from its huskiness down along his fawn-colored belly to the ominous sheath aiming up between his powerful hindquarters. For some reason, the dog's flesh-encased sex organ reminded her of the sight of male penises, ones belonging to the boys she had dated before Bill in college. She remembered how they had jutted up under their trousers during seemingly innocent petting sessions in parked cars—and she also remembered that she had been mysteriously excited. The handsome German Shepherd's ensheathed maleness now had the same alarming fascination about it, like some mighty hidden masculine strength that was threatening and yet oddly thrilling as well.

Suddenly aware of what she was doing, she quickly raised her eyes and stood there in confusion for another long moment, wondering if the dog understood her thoughts. What if, somehow, he knew how intrigued she was by her view of his heavy, animal sperm-filled testicles swaying softly down between his back legs?



It was not until she escaped his playful caresses a few minutes later and slipped regretfully out of his run to carry the meal sack back to the store shed, that she felt something wet dribbling down over her ankle from the calf, something lukewarm in the chill, damp air. Unconcerned, she did not even look down to see what it was until she had placed the heavy bag in the storage building and was walking back across the yard toward the house. Glancing casually down at the drying moistness on the naked skin of her leg, she felt a cold shiver run through her and had to fight to suppress the surge of nausea building up in her stomach.

God, the dog had done something unspeakable during those last few minutes she had spent with him!

She crouched down immediately and plucked a handful of the dew-soaked grass that grew just outside the house, struggling against the revulsion rising in her as she scrubbed frantically at the long white streaks on her calf and ankle. She knew instinctively that the enormous champion dog had somehow managed to leave the stain of his animal lust on her human body and the thought sent strange tremors of sensation racing through her mind. To make matters worse, the bunch of wet grass did nothing more than spread the thick cream-like wetness over her soft skin more widely. With sudden tears of frustration running down her face, she tossed aside the useless grass and raced into the house, heading toward the bedroom where at last she threw herself down on the bed and shook with the half-angry, half-shameful sobs that wracked her whole body.

It was all Bill's fault, she raged to herself, her nerves smarting with indignation. After the carefully-sheltered life she had led, including expensive boarding schools and cultured society, how on earth could he expect her to be able to cope with these obscene animals of his? It was one thing to talk of raising puppies, as they had when they were still in college, but an entirely different thing when it came to enduring the disgusting experience she had suffered only a few minutes ago. Even imagining how the hulking animal's shining red penis must have silently slipped out of its sheath to rub against the unprotected flesh of her naked leg made her quake anew as uncontrollable waves of emotion rippled continuously through her curvaceous young body huddled on the still-unmade bed. The memory of Wolf's dark powerful flanks as they had appeared that morning when he had risen to greet her in his kennel, and the thick pointed rod of flesh that had jabbed lewdly into the air beneath his furry belly, was stamped indelibly into her mind and she cringed into the sheets, trying to erase the appalling vision from her brain.

Then, as she struggled with her shock and hysteria, Diane unthinkingly placed her hand inside her coat to warmly cover her own full breast, a gesture that had often brought her comfort during the days when she was alone in boarding school, far from the security of her home and parents. It was a childish comfort left over from her life before she had met Bill and learned that there was more solace to be found in the touch of a man's hand than her own, but even now her agitated body's reaction to the innocent touch was anything but child-like. An insistent ache suddenly rose deep in her belly, and she was instantly aware of her own soft white limbs, her curved hips and taut buttocks pressing down into the mattress through the fabric of her light coat and cotton dress, her high proud breasts jutting out against the tight confinement of her lacy white brassiere. It took her another moment to wholly understand the fact that she was strangely aroused and the trembling in her body was of excitement and passion, not of shame and anger.

For a panicky moment, Diane scoured her brain for some justification of the unbelievable thing that was happening to her mentally-unprepared body, and she quickly remembered the unsatisfactory love-making session that she had shared with Bill the afternoon before. Of course, that was it, she mused with a breathless surge of relief. Her young husband had aroused her and had then left callously on his business trip while, by her own choice, she had still been locked up in their bedroom, fuming over his cruel sarcasm. It was no wonder that she was aroused this morning, she

nervously rationalized to herself. Obviously it was all a result of that disastrous experience yesterday afternoon ...

As her slender hands began to roam restlessly over her own warm curving body, she resentfully recalled how loving and considerate Bill used to be when he made love to her—but that was before they had gotten the loan from the bank to buy the kennels! Now, everything in their existence, even their most private sex life, seemed to revolve around those stupid barking animals outside the house. Though she hated to think about it, the newly married young woman had been learning, little by little, to resort more and more often to her own devices to satisfy the natural yearning that always seemed to well up in her body just at a time when her husband was simply too involved in taking care of his dogs to pay much attention to her.

But it did not really matter right now. Paramount in her thoughts were the insistent demands of her sex-starved body, the sharp tingling feeling down between her tightly-clenched thighs. Casting all of her natural inhibitions aside, Diane began to knead her ripely throbbing breasts, pinching the soft pliant nipples into rubbery hardness under her blouse. Then, with a soft, impatient moan, she rose from the bed and began at once to take off her clothes.

In another moment, she stood completely naked in front of the full-length mirror in their bedroom, gazing questioningly at her voluptuous, exquisitely formed body. At least, Bill had never been able to complain about the way she looked, the golden-haired girl breathed heavily as she eyed herself approvingly. Flaxen blonde and perfectly proportioned, Diane had long ago grown accustomed to the fact that men automatically thought of sex when they first met her and, to tell the truth, she suspected that her classically beautiful face and desirable body had first attracted Bill to her in college. It had not mattered then, for they had fallen rapidly in love with each other, but now she almost wished that Bill felt a bit more of that electric sexual excitement that had caused their first quarrels when she was still a frightened young virgin.

Now that they were married and Diane had learned some of the exciting delights of physical love, she wondered if perhaps something about her had changed to make him so cold and uncaring. Her worried gaze traveled over her lush young breasts standing firm and high above a waspish hour-glass waist, her full rounded buttocks topping the long sun-golden columns of her perfectly tapered legs. No, there was nothing wrong with her body, she finally decided, and certainly her face with its wide blue eyes and sensuously pouting lips was just as pretty as it ever was. What more could Bill want?

Well, she didn't know, she shrugged, and she did not feel like worrying about it right now. Slowly, she placed her palms under her full, milk-white breasts and lifted them slightly until they hardened out in full bloom. She held the softly pulsating nipples between her thumbs and forefingers, tweaking them gently into erection, a little moan of excitement in her throat. Her left hand began to slide down along her awakening body, down to the flat plane of her sides and across her stomach to rest on her pale blonde pubic mound, pausing there to rub sensuously back and forth over the silky softness of the curling blonde strands of vaginal hair. She could feel the wetness flowing down out of her strangely inflamed pussy on the insides of her smooth ivory thighs, a moisture that was flowing freely now as she edged back to sit down on the bed.

Complete surrender to the warm sexual need building inside her showed in her passion-glazed eyes as her naked buttocks twisted tensely on the mattress, writhing there until she could feel the crisp sheets brush thrillingly against the tender swelling of her cuntal lips. Her long beautiful legs scissored open and closed slowly as she teased herself with the rhythmic pressure of the bedclothes against her tingling clitoris. Her breath quickened and the passionate force of her yearning grew stronger in her hungry loins.

Diane was astounded that she could feel so thoroughly aroused after the disgusting thing that had happened to her this morning but the slight shame she felt only stimulated her all the more. Her lipstick-circled mouth opened in sensual rapture as both of her hands teased lightly over her body as if no longer under her control, floating over her soft sleek belly, then coming to rest once again on the golden vee at the entranceway to her burning loins. Groaning at the sudden contact of her fingers against her sensitively pulsing clitoris, she spread her legs far apart, exposing to the air the glistening hair-lined furrow nestling between them. Her trembling fingers slid down further on the soft swollen lips, pulling them gently outward until the deep pink opening was fully exposed to the open room and the mouth-like orifice throbbed and sucked greedily inward like the mouth of a gulping fish.

Slowly and tenderly, she wormed her slim middle finger into the moist pulsating hole and forced it downward until it was deeply embedded in the tight smooth passageway, while at the same time she flicked at her throbbing bud-like clitoris with the middle finger of the other hand. Afraid to pause as her excitement soared higher, Diane quickly worked in another finger alongside the first, sliding it into herself between the crimson-colored ridges of her desire-drenched cunt, pushing the soft hair-fringed lips outward as she rotated the two fingers in a slow, ever-widening circle. Incoherent images of her husband fucking into her with his long, lance-like cock flashed through her mind and in a frenzy of lust, she levered her legs far back up against her naked breasts and ground her buttocks upwards to meet each penetrating stroke of her fingers. Her face contorted strangely with the soul-jarring effort of her frantic fingering of her open vagina.

It was not enough!

Clenching her teeth tightly together, she squirmed even another finger into her ravenously hungry pussy as it contracted spasmodically around the instruments she was using to give herself pleasure. Deep moans of animal ecstasy issued from her graceful young throat as her loins started a hungry, more rapid fucking rhythm, straining toward a wild blissful orgasm, thrusting upward into herself to bury the invading fingers deep into the tight pink opening between her wide-spread thighs. Her blonde flowing hair rippled sensuously around her rising and falling head as she groaned out in helpless frustration, trying more and more desperately to bring herself to the much-needed pinnacle her body desired.

Suddenly a loud whine seemed to answer her own frantic cries. It was a high-pitched sound from outside the house. Then another howling whine broke through the stillness, and another. She ceased her abandoned movements for a moment, her fingers still buried deep inside her hotly aching cunt, and she raised her head to listen in surprised wonder. From behind the house, she could hear several of the dogs whimpering and yapping, and above it all, came the deeper, huskier timbre of Wolf's voice howling mournfully from his private kennel. She knew that the dogs were only crying because of their yearning to be with the young bitches in heat but she could not discard the strange feeling that somehow the males were answering her own moans of sexual frustration. In her mind, the nakedly squirming young woman pictured Wolf as she had found him that morning, his strong animal body curled up on the floor of his shelter as he licked his naked unsheathed cock with his long slaverling tongue.

The great dog, Wolf, seemed to understand the way she felt, the young beauty reasoned vaguely as her long delicate fingers began to twitch again inside the wet, impatiently throbbing walls of her pussy. She thought of the handsome animal that was trapped out there in his locked kennel, his primitive instincts all straining toward the tantalizing scent of the lusting young female bitches in heat that he would not mate with for at least another season. Like him, she was also trapped, a virtual captive in her own house, with a thoughtless husband who seemed to care nothing about his own wife's needs. Secluded as she was this way in the lonely Oak Tree region, she might as well be a

sour old widow or a crotchety spinster who has given up on the notion of ever fulfilling her natural female desires. Then, a peculiar thought crossed her mind: If only she too could be a wild bitch in heat just this one morning and join the great champion in his pen, maybe they could both be satisfied. The idea caused an embittered but wicked little smile to twist her pretty mouth.

Suddenly, as her wet fingers pushed in and out of her burning vaginal channel, Diane's cheeks flushed a deep rose color and she felt the long-awaited orgasm approaching, building inexorably with an almost paralyzing force in her hotly squirming belly and in the tortured nerves of her loins. She was teetering on the delicate brink of orgasmic release, her entire youthful body vibrating with maddening expectation.

Then, at last, the dam of her passion spilled over the edge, the hot female juices rushing out of her wide-stretched vaginal lips and around her rhythmically fucking fingers and running down between her hotly quivering thighs onto the sheets beneath her. Her mind whirled crazily and blacked out as the storm of her cumming shocked her system for an endless moment, her throbbing cunt claspingspastically around the fingers inside her that she was using as a pitiful substitute for a hardened male penis.

„Ooooooh, God, moooorrre,“ she gasped deliriously, her voice crying out and bouncing off the walls of the bedroom, signaling the intense moment of sensuality she was feeling throughout her whole naked being. But gradually the waves of pleasure dwindled, becoming weaker and weaker, until finally she was afraid they were over altogether. The passion-crazed girl wanted more, the real thing, and she stayed glued to the edge of the mattress, her long, sensuously shaped legs bent back crab-like up against her huge billowing breasts. She could not bring herself to withdraw her submerged fingers from the hot wet passage between her upraised thighs until the last dying spasms of orgasm had almost completely stopped in her still-unfulfilled body.

Finally, when the frenzy of the half-satisfying sexual bliss had died away completely, she felt a brief flurry of anger and removed her hand from between her moist thighs, her fingers slithering wetly from her partially-satiated cunt. She lowered herself back until she lay stretched full-length on the rumpled bed and felt her own cum stain cooling where her buttocks pressed against it.

When she had regained her breath a little, she rolled limply over on her side and thought about what she had just done. Every time she had fingered herself since her marriage to Bill, she had always felt a nagging sense of guilt, for she realized that it was shameful and unfair to him to give in to her self-indulgent desires this way. She chastised herself now, feeling guilty and ashamed, until suddenly she remembered the true reason that she had allowed herself to behave so disgracefully this morning. After all, she decided, it was just as much his fault as hers that she had to resort to such humiliating acts to quell the sex drives that sometimes overwhelmed even her normally proper conduct as a decent and respectable young lady. It was not as though she were some kind of sex freak but only that, just like anyone else, she needed to feel loved and desired as a person.

After a few minutes, she raised herself a bit unsteadily from the bed and pulled at the cum-moistened sheets to remove them. When they came free, she dropped them in a heap on the floor, pausing then to notice again the now-dry white crust of the great dog, Wolf's, sperm on the lower part of her leg. She felt her earlier revulsion return for a moment but defiantly shrugged it away. Actually the huge dog had done nothing more immoral than she had done herself right here on the bed, the very bed that she shared with her inconsiderate husband. And Wolf, lusty dumb animal that he was, had every bit as much right to a periodic lack of self-control as she did.

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Chapter 3

The next morning promised a pleasant warmth later in the day. As she stood peering out the kitchen window, Diane could see that, although it was still slightly overcast, the sun already shone cautiously through the light blanket of mist over the trees. The woods were a silvery shade of green and she was able to make out several patches of new violet-blue flowers that had blossomed open on the outer fringes of the garden at the side of the house. To add to the peaceful scene, there were perhaps a dozen or so black and yellow songbirds flitting here and there among the branches of the scrub pines just beyond the clearing, warbling like feathered sopranos in the overall symphony of color and sound outside. The young blonde wife could not help but feel buoyant and high-spirited, despite her distress of the day before, and she actually looked forward to going outside to feed and water the dogs.

After draining off the last of the lukewarm coffee still in her cup, she started off toward the main bedroom to change from her heavy yellow bathrobe into a pair of jeans and a warm flannel shirt, but just then the piercing howl of one of the German Shepherds set off the rest of them. Within a minute, the lot of them were barking and whining like a small army of banshees and Diane became so rattled that she decided to attend to them right away, without even bothering to dress first. She knew that they were complaining because it was almost a half hour past their regular feeding time. She had slept a little later than usual, as she sometimes did when Bill was away on business, and the dogs always let her know when she failed to conform to the established schedule.

She hurriedly donned the pair of slippers she had kicked off under the breakfast table while having her first cup of black coffee and headed for the door at the rear of the house. As she descended the steps outside the living room, she was surprised to find that the robe was warm enough to protect her against the mild morning air, even though she wore nothing at all under the garment. A few moments later, she had fetched the weighty sack of dog meal and was within twenty yards of the kennel when the dogs heard her and renewed their ear-splitting din. Even Wolf was awake and pacing back and forth in his run, his louder barking seeming to lead the others on to greater noisy impatience.

„All right, all right, I'm coming," the young flaxen-haired woman muttered irritably under her breath as she lugged the heavy sack across the yard toward the kennels. In the clearing behind the house she saw the dogs bounding about and prancing anxiously in their exercise runs, pawing impatiently at the wire fences as they watched her approach. They were behaving as though they had not been fed in a week, she thought crossly, as at the same time she struggled to keep her robe closed and the dog meal from spilling out of her arms. God, if they only knew about all the dinners that she had prepared, ones that had waited for hours on the table until they were cold, while Bill was out here doctoring one of their running noses—or whatever it was he did for so long in the kennels—maybe they would not be so loud and demanding.

„Hush up, Daisy. Quiet now, Gypsy," Diane sternly admonished two gangly half-grown bitches as she approached their pen and unlatched the gate. They were two of the ones who were in heat, two of the females who had indirectly caused her distressing ordeal with Wolf the day before. The flaxen-haired girl scowled grouchy as she slipped through the barely-opened screen-gate and quickly kicked it shut behind her. Ignoring their enthusiastic lickings and jostlings, she filled their trays with meal and walked back to the gate. The two fledgling dogs were virtual balls of energy but they soon forgot her presence as they went to work on their breakfast. Watching them for a moment, she felt her heart soften toward them in spite of the rumbles of hunger in her own stomach. She knew that these magnificent purebreds were altogether dependent upon her while Bill was away and, ironically enough, it made her feel rather maternal to realize it. She moved hastily to let herself out and go on to the next enclosure full of hungry animals.

Kennel by kennel, she filled the feed troughs and the dogs quieted then as they heartily gulped down their slightly tardy breakfast. Finally, only Wolf was left to attend to. The irritation that she had felt a few moments ago faded with the diminishing racket from the other dogs as she stood watching Wolf's antics, smiling to herself as he whined and scratched at the fence enclosing his run.

„Don't worry, boy," she consoled in a light mocking tone as she set the open feed bag to one side so that she could pull open the latch to his pen. „Your royal majesty's breakfast has arrived."

She giggled to herself at his unabashed delight to see her as she picked up the meal sack and slipped heedlessly into his compound. It made her feel warm and good that the dogs depended so much on her and she knelt down on the dirt floor, digging her fingers into his thick ruff of sable fur and wrinkling her nose at the sloppy licking kisses he planted on her face and neck. She knew he must be hungry but when she tried to rise and carry the feed bag over to his empty tray, he pushed her imperiously back down to the ground on her plush haunches with his hairy muzzle. The beautiful girl experienced a brief flash of fear but then smiled affectionately at what seemed to be the grand champion's demand for more attention, reminding herself that he was isolated and alone almost all the time. She patted his stately head without fear, dropping the burden of the sack in her arms to one side as the giant German Shepherd's cold wet nose poked boldly under the top of her robe and sniffed interestedly at the full snowy mounds of her naked breasts under the fluffy yellow material.

„Hey, boy, I think you've got me mixed up with one of those hot-blooded young pups over in the other pen," she giggled with perceptibly strained gaiety, her bright blue eyes widening with the beginning of alarm. The forced laughter died in her now- exposed throat as his massive head nuzzled further downward, nosing more brazenly at her housecoat until the sash slipped loose and the front of the garment fell open. She was startled enough to utter a tiny cry of fear, especially when the huge creature lowered his head even further down and began to sniff daringly at the naked, unprotected mound of her exposed vagina. This was not right, was unnatural, she thought as she cowered and tried to move away from his slavering mouth. Maybe it was only the scent of the young bitches in heat, the scent that had rubbed off on her when she was in their pen, that attracted the big male brute to her in this strange way. Whatever it was, she was afraid and wanted to finish feeding him and get out of his pen as soon as she possibly could.

„Back, boy! Get back!" she commanded with as much authority as she could manage to fake under the circumstances. Then, with one sudden movement, she made a futile attempt to close her bathrobe and rise to her feet but a low rumbling growl from Wolf caused her to freeze in terror just as she got to her knees. Her glazed blue eyes popped open wide in fearful surprise and she pressed the back of her hand tightly over her gaping mouth to keep from screaming out in the stillness of the surrounding forest. In her unreasoning dread, she thrust out the flats of her palms in front of her in a vain effort to ward off any attack upon her that the hulking German Shepherd might make, but the miscalculated movement only made her lose her balance. The frightened young blonde toppled helplessly over to the ground on her side, her long white legs sprawling out under her as the animal growled ferociously, standing menacingly over her prostrate form. It was impossible for her to move without bringing another threatening snarl from him. Her instinctive fear of the dog had returned with such paralyzing force that she knew now it was useless to make any attempt to intimidate him into obedience with her feeble commands. Just as he could sense her helpless panic, Diane could sense his savage confidence growing stronger and stronger as he hovered possessively over her voluptuously young cringing body.

She tensed automatically, wincing throughout every pore of her being, and whimpered as the black and tan dog inched his great head forward and searched with his dark spongy nose between her soft fleshy thighs, nudging them further apart until the tender pink folds of her hair- fringed pussy were open to the coolish draft of the autumn air. She heard him begin to pant excitedly, his thick cords of

muscle quivering as the full lust-inciting aroma of her female scent filled his nostrils and ignited his interest in her nakedly spread vagina even more. It was as though he had cornered a bitch in heat, a beautiful, fully-aroused female whose enticing aroma and smooth hairless skin maddened him to unheard-of daring. Without warning, his hot pink tongue snaked out and began to lick wetly up and down the slightly moist slit between her cream-white thighs, probing and swirling eagerly at the inviting female odor of her defenseless vagina. A bone-chilling shudder ran through her as the long dripping animal tongue slaked hotly up and down on her naked genitals, all the way from the top of her naked young cunt to the tiny puckered ring of her anus cringing below it. It was almost more than Diane's tortured mind could bear as she lay frozen and helpless under the huge dog's explorations of her sensitive loins with his lapping canine spear of flesh.

„Oh, no, God, Wolf, stop, stop,” she begged tremulously, her panicky voice breaking into an uneven wavering tone, but the enormous dog seemed not to hear her despairing pleas and continued his efforts to burrow his relentlessly flicking tongue up into her, to find the vital source of the teasing sexual scent that was crazing him. With a harsh forward thrust of his head, he drove the helplessly writhing young woman down flat on her back in the dirt and wedged his salivating muzzle deeper into her trembling loins. For a moment, the terrified girl tried weakly to twist away from the stubborn attack but another sinister snarl from the brute monster crouching over her vulnerable young body made her collapse back to the ground. His mercilessly spearing tongue ran searingly along the full length of her narrow moist crevice again and again, flicking relentlessly between Diane's wide-spread legs. Then, suddenly, it darted deep into her vaginal opening, spreading apart the blonde's wispy down-lined cuntal lips like a knife slicing through butter. Fear-stricken moans tumbled from her fright-ovalled lips as the dog's hot lingual lance flicked fluidly into her openly-spread loins. She repeated over and over to herself, as if in a trance, that she must remain motionless and not provoke him in any way, for he might become really violent and hurt her seriously out of sheer frustration and animal rage.

And yet, despite her horror and revulsion at what was happening to her, the helplessly-trapped girl began to feel something unexpected taking place inside her, something like tiny chills of forbidden excitement beginning to flutter all along her spine from the perverted stimulation of the dog's feverishly sluicing tongue. Good God, she thought, surely her mind was temporarily deranged by the reeling shock of this grotesque mistake of nature, for certainly no normal woman could be aroused by this weird thing that was taking place. A thing like this could happen only in nightmares or lewd fantasy stories written by perverted people with unbalanced minds. She vaguely remembered that the gate to the kennel was behind her, that there was a way to escape if only she would reach out and open it with her hand. If she called upon her dwindling reserves of strength, she could crawl out of the wire door on her hands and knees, but the weirdly rising thrills that were coursing through her drained off the last of her will and courage. And besides, the little prickles of pleasurable sensation that Wolf's rampant tongue set off in her hungry body left her too weakened to drag herself even that short distance.

„Oooh, don't, pleeease, Wolf,” she moaned futilely, feeling her resistance disappear more with every passing second as he licked harder up between her open thighs with ever-increasing urgency. She was completely at the mercy of the ruthless dog and found herself pushing her nakedly trembling buttocks unwillingly upward toward the fiery lance that was drilling in and out of her now moistly secreting cunt and slurping obscenely at the tiny puckered lips of her anus. In her blurred brain she was dimly aware of the sounds of the other dogs barking and whining excitedly as though in a medley of applause and bestial frustration. Oh, God, were they all watching her lewd surrender to Wolf, she asked herself through her haze of confusion as the champion brute's mouth opened and nibbled softly on her wet, dilating pussy and lapped away the final reserves of her resistance to the strange bestial attack. All around her the general clamor and low sexual whines in the kennel

seemed to grow louder and Diane felt the first needling worry and concern about the noise they were making. Soon, soon she would have to escape ... somehow ... find a way to make the dog release her ... to speak to him in a tone that would make him obey.

The other dogs were setting up a raucous unbridled uproar and she knew she had to do something right away.

„I mean it, get back, Wolf!“ she shouted at the huge worked- up German Shepherd whose head was thrashing unceasingly between her lewdly-spread legs, his thick, hungrily-licking tongue slobbering voraciously in and out, up and down and back and forth on the ravishing young woman’s now steadily-pulsating vaginal slit. „Back, boy! Please, please get back.“

But her own voice betrayed her weakness and sounded even in her own ears like a frail useless mewling that came from far away, a sound that was not at all what she had intended. Her brain was fogged with haziness and nothing was real to her but the teasing burning sensations that flowered throughout her obscenely ravaged loins. The riotous barking from the other pens went on, unabated, and she finally let her head fall back on the hard-packed dirt as she at last admitted to herself how hopeless it was to try to master her own wanton desire. She knew now that she could do nothing but lie here and allow the lewd incident to run its course, until the great German Shepherd was finished with her and she had reached the unnatural climax that was driving her nerves ruthlessly toward the point of breaking. She labored, gasping for air and began to moan wickedly as she pressed her involuntarily responding loins upwards, trying to make firmer contact with the wet, excitedly swollen lips of her cunt up against the passion- inciting hotness of the dog’s hungrily drooling mouth.

Then ... just as her self-control was moments from deserting her completely, „Get away from her, dog,” a deep male voice sounded from outside the kennel. In the next few moments, everything happened so fast that the impassioned young blonde could barely comprehend it. The huge dog, Wolf’s, hotly-slaving mouth lifted immediately from her lust- saturated loins, depriving her of the wildly rising sensation of the animal tongue fucking up between the pink, wide-split edges of her throbbing young pussy. Next, she heard the thin metallic click of the gate to the pen as it opened, and a few seconds later, a pair of strong calloused male hands grasped her shoulders, pulling her bodily from behind, her heels dragging in the dirt. It all took place so quickly that even the immense dog was surprised and had no time to snarl out his protest at being cheated of his gorgeous human victim.

Diane’s first, shock-dazed reaction was frustrated resentment that the delicious erotic sensations had been so abruptly interrupted but then, as she slowly regained her wits, a crippling tide of dismay and horror flooded her consciousness. Scalding tears of shame overflowed from her tightly-closed eyes as she searched her dazed brain for some kind of excuse, some logical explanation, for her vile lascivious behavior. But at least she was being rescued from this horrible, shameful ordeal by her husband, the man whom she had been accusing of inconsideration and selfishness for the last two days.

„Oh, Bill, Bill, thank God you’re home,” she sobbed wretchedly, forgetting in her hysteria that he was not due to return home for another two days. „Wolf trapped me, darling ... I—I couldn’t get away from him ... it was awful!”

„Well now, it didn’t look that way to me, lady,” a brusque masculine voice drawled sarcastically from behind her. „Sure, you were fighting a bit, that’s true, but it looked to me like your hot little pussy was twitching like a live wire.”

Oh, my God! she groaned inwardly, realizing in that instant that it was not Bill. How could it be? Her

husband would not be back before Wednesday at the earliest! At the sound of the unfamiliar voice, Diane's girlish, fear-flushed face blanched pale white and she clutched reflexively at the front of the soiled yellow robe that was bunched up beneath her, attempting to cover her nakedness. Her eyes flew open wide, blinking several times as she tried to focus through the blur of her tears and the sudden blinding brilliance of the sunlight. She could not identify the shadowy form towering above her still partially-exposed body as she endeavored to draw her bathrobe around her on the ground.

„Who—who are you?“ she finally managed to ask in a stilted voice, after she had concealed her exposed front from his leering view.

„I'm Jack Green, ma'am, and I'm the caretaker over at the Taylor place,“ his mockingly-amused voice drifted down to her. „And listen, you sure don't have to worry about covering yourself up for me. I don't mind at all seeing the sweet young curves on a gal like you.“

„Oh, no! You're a caretaker over at the Taylor place?“ the embarrassed young woman asked, truly flabbergasted by his announcement. My God, she moaned, this on top of everything else! As if it were not bad enough to be caught red-handed in such a humiliating position, her rescuer turned out to be a common hired hand from a nearby estate! Not only that, the man was rude and insulting, an oaf who was obviously incapable of understanding the circumstances that had led up to her being in such a compromising situation with their prize German Shepherd. She wrenched herself up into a sitting position, curling her legs under the skirt of her robe as she gathered the top of the garment more tightly together over her upper torso.

„Now tell me, ma'am, what do you mean by that? What's wrong with being just a caretaker?“ Jack Green inquired in a sterner tone, his sarcastic grin and the bantering sarcasm in his voice swiftly dissolving as he stiffened his shoulders in indignation. „Maybe you'd like it better if I put you back in there with that hot-blooded dog of yours?“

His ominous suggestion caused Diane to look up and carefully study the man who had suddenly appeared out of nowhere to rescue her from the lewd advances of the huge animal. Just the sight of the man, this Jack Green, increased her sense of humiliation and debasement all the more. His face had a rather grizzled appearance and he was well into middle-age, perhaps forty-five or even fifty years old. He wore khaki trousers and an ancient moth-eaten sweater that drooped sloppily down from his broad but slouchy shoulders like a shapeless sheath of worn-out drapery. As he stood there with his arms folded across his barrel chest, the man's natural strength was apparent even though hidden under his shaggy sweater. She remembered how easily he had dragged her out of Wolf's kennel, as though she were a mere feather and no challenge whatsoever to his well-tempered muscles. Another thing seemed curious about this stranger: the wry, impertinent glint in his watery hazel-colored eyes. It was certainly more independent and arrogant than that she had seen as a child in the eyes of the servants who had been employed by her father on their family estate. This Jack Green, an unshaven man whose hair was greying, met her gaze evenly and made her sheepish embarrassment of a few moments ago turn slowly into haughty anger. Momentarily, she forgot her awkward state in relation to him and felt her blood begin to boil with resentment at his insulting attitude toward her.

„Thank you, Mr. Green, but I'm finished caring for the dogs this morning,“ she said glacially as she rose to her feet and stood facing him with a patronizing expression on her exquisitely featured face. In a cold, measured tone of exaggerated formality, she added: „Actually, I would like to know exactly why you're on our property. I must thank you, of course, for your timely arrival and the help you gave me, but I'm certain my husband would disapprove of a stranger wandering around our grounds without permission.“

„He’s away, is he?” Jack grinned suggestively.

„Well, yes, he is ...” Diane blurted out, suddenly angry with herself for volunteering information that was none of the caretaker’s business and might even threaten her safety. „But he’s due back very soon ... any time now.”

„Is that so?” the middle-aged man smirked, nodding his head toward her with a significant wink of one of his twinkling greenish-brown eyes. „I wonder what he’d think if he’d found you in there with that horny dog .. I mean, if he turned up before, I did.” The man’s insulting gaze raked over her soft curvaceous form and, although Diane clenched her robe tightly around her nakedness, she could not quite avoid the disturbing sensation that this lonely servant was staring right through the material and devouring the naked curves of her body with his burning eyes. This was really impossible, she rankled, her lush upper lip arching slightly upward in ill-concealed distaste at the caretaker’s presence. One thing, she was relieved that Bill was not here now, since he had been raised in a less sophisticated household than she had been, and he had no real understanding of how to deal with lower class people such as this common vulgar man. This Jack Green should be put in his place—despite how undemocratic that might seem to the blonde’s less refined husband- -or perhaps she might not be able to live down the awful mortification that she had undergone this morning.

Staring at some undefined point beyond the older man’s unkempt grey hair, she smiled faintly in a manner that she had often seen her striking, well-brought-up mother smile when coping with insubordinate servants.

„If you’ll come to the house with me,” Diane said frostily, „I’ll pay you a little something for your trouble this morning.” Despite her feigned reserve, she heard her voice waver slightly from the after- effects of the unnerving experience she had just endured, but she stretched her graceful aristocratic neck arrogantly straight, her head held high, and turned on her heel to set off toward the house without another word.

Standing in the grassy clearing near the dog, Wolf’s, kennel, the middle-aged man stared after her for a moment, his hazel eyes darkly pensive as the beautiful, excitingly-shaped young woman’s haughty words registered fully in his mind. Despite his shabby clothes and generally disheveled appearance, Jack Green was a proud man and had the single distinction of being one of the earliest residents of the still relatively undeveloped Oak Tree area. His father had cleared land and worked hard to eke out a skimpy living from the untamed forest, and Jack’s own status as caretaker of the Taylor estate was no more than a symbolic token of admiration and respect from the wealthy Taylor urbanites who had purchased the property that old Mr. Green, Jack’s father, had never bothered to gain ownership of from the government. Among the local citizens in sparsely-settled Oak Tree, Jack was regarded as a bit of an eccentric and a loner but certainly not the stupid clod that this prissy little blonde seemed to take him for.

The crow’s-feet around his greenish eyes deepened as the wiry man recalled how he had first seen this stuck-up little bitch as he had been strolling through the woods this slightly hazy autumn morning. Despite what had sounded like cries of terror at first, she had actually been squirming like an over-heated little wanton on the dirt floor of the kennel as that fired-up German Shepherd had lapped ravenously at her stark-naked pussy. He felt his rancor kindling anew as he remembered how she had treated him ... her cold, snobbish dismissal of him and his willingness to be friendly ... and maybe even more ... after he had helped her out of the dog’s pen. It was just too damned bad that she was such a tight-assed little slut, he frowned, shaking his head disgustedly as he ambled off slowly toward the house into which she had already disappeared. Hell, he had already been courteous enough to service several of the lonely wives in Oak Tree while their husbands were busy working in the city or out drinking with their friends, and he had been eagerly looking forward to a

pretty young sexy addition to his personal rural harem.

After the interesting little show the gorgeous young blonde had staged with that big stud dog, he had pretty well decided that he had just discovered the prettiest, most available piece of ass for twenty miles around. Now, though, his keen sense of frustration only added to the annoyance that he already felt and he hoped to get her down flat on her back and fuck her silly to even the score. He walked dourly through the front entrance to the house, not even bothering to stamp the dew-soaked leaves and caked mud from his heavy work boots before he trod across the deep-pile beige carpet just inside the doorway.

Diane was waiting in the living room, wearing an impassive expression on her face to conceal the consternation she felt as she sat primly in an easy chair. Her yellow bathrobe was cinched tightly around her tiny willowy waist as she rummaged with studied nonchalance through a purse she had snatched off a peg on the clothes-horse in the entranceway. Unfortunately, the purse contained little more than some loose change and a dried-up container of mascara—nothing she needed to spruce up her appearance in a hurry.

She lifted her eyes automatically when she heard her neighbor's hired hand's heavy footsteps grow louder as he approached, her gaze intensifying with glowering indigence as she watched the unkempt character striding indifferently toward her, heedless of the trail of muddy prints he was leaving behind him on the expensive carpet that she and Bill had bought with her parents' generous cash wedding gift.

„Please, Mr. Green, the carpet!“ she burst out in dismay, horrified at the man's insolent lack of consideration, but before she could protest further, he had already settled himself in his grimy old clothes on the plush velour sofa that they had also purchased with a portion of her parents' wedding gift of money. God, what a boorish man, she rankled, and yet for some unknown reason she found herself wishing that she could retreat to the bedroom and make herself presentable in a nice dress as well as apply make-up to enhance her appearance ... anything to give her more confidence with this crude, incorrigible man. Her bedraggled-looking state, her robe still smudged from the floor of the dog kennel, made her feel helpless and unable to do anything but stare at him in exasperation.

As if things were not bad enough, here she was with only a few loose coins and some useless cosmetic in her pocketbook. She had no idea how in the world she was ever going to get rid of this disgusting man now—not without something to give him as a little reward for his timely arrival when she was at the mercy of Wolf's sexual attack upon her.

„Hey, why don't you just relax, honey?“ Jack Green asked huskily, grinning suggestively at her from his seat on the sumptuous couch. „Let's just have a little drink together and be friends about this whole thing. And if you really do want to give me something, how about a good pup when that big hairy stud of yours decides to get interested in something else besides your pretty little tail?“

„Friends?“ Diane sputtered in fury and disgust at the shabby man's unbelievably crude comments. In the space of a second, she remembered just what kind of person he was, that he was lower class, and her anger cooled slightly, gradually turning into a mere cold distaste for him. Her eyes blazing blue with sparks of contempt, she spat out, „I don't associate with people like you, Mr. ... Mr., whatever your name is.“

Rising then, she crossed the room toward the bedroom, disappearing for a few moments only to return with a bundle of garments that she had grabbed out of a closet just inside the door. Hurling them across the living room toward Jack, she shouted, „Here are some of my husband's old shirts so you'll have something clean to wear—if you ever decide to take a bath!“ Then, pointing one

trembling finger toward the front door, she punctuated her insult by adding, „Now get out of our house and don't ever trespass on this property again!”

The patiently-indulgent smile disappeared from the middle- aged man's weather-toughened face as he slowly lifted himself from the now dust- blemished couch. Diane shuddered and instinctively pulled her robe more snugly around her throat as she felt his penetrating yellowish-brown eyes roving boldly over her sensuous curves. He ignored the shirts that lay in a rumpled heap on the floor where she had tossed them and walked slowly across the spacious room toward the spot where the beautiful twenty-one-year- old blonde stood quivering with uncertainty.

„You can keep those things, little lady,” he informed her, pointing at the shirts with a contemptuous glint in his eyes that was contrary to the friendly drawling tone of his voice. „But there's something else of your husband's I'd like to have ... something he doesn't seem to use very much.”

„I-I'm sure I don't know what you mean,” Diane stammered feebly, a sinking sensation growing suddenly in the pit of her stomach. The grim realization was slowly dawning on her that this unusual man was not responding as she had intended him to, that he was not at all intimidated the way she had expected he would be.

„Yep, honey,” he continued, a salaciously-knowing grin crossing his face as he came closer to her nervously-trembling body, „you wouldn't be half so mean ... and you sure as hell wouldn't be playing around with that dog out there ... if you just got enough hard cock to satisfy that tight little pussy of yours. As a matter of fact, I'd say that a nice man-sized fuck would be a fine reward for saving you from that damned animal out there. Wouldn't you say so, honey?”

Diane gaped incredulously at the ungroomed, foul-mouthed stranger, the full meaning of his lewd words registering with a stunning impact on her shock-numbed brain. Under her bathrobe, she felt the muscles of her naked, unpantied tummy contract with dread and a chill helpless feeling crept along the length of her spine. Still, though, she could not tear her fixed gaze away from his face as he stood before her, his calloused hand resting cockily on his hip as he waited for her answer to his obscene proposition.

„You're ... you're crazy!” she finally gasped, reeling a little. „You don't mean that you want me to ... to let you ... to ... to pay you that way?”

The shoddily-dressed man chuckled in a vulgar tone at her obvious distaste for him. Well, she would change her tune soon enough, he assured himself with unswerving confidence as he felt his cock begin to jerk to life in the crotch of his khaki trousers. His intrusive eyes roved down the front of her robe, ogling the smoothly-rounded contours of her large heaving breasts and her thinly-curved waist where the yellow material of the housecoat flared outward over the luscious swells of her perfectly-formed young hips. Christ, he gasped to himself, there can't be a more perfect body than that, not anywhere, not only for the perfection of every beautiful line but also for the pure potential of untapped sexual energy that seemed to radiate from it. Christ, she was a flawless little bitch and he could hardly wait to get his hands on her soft white flesh, to turn her into a mindless mass of animal lust like that dog had almost done a few minutes ago. Actually, he had never had to take advantage of an unwilling woman in his entire life but this little bitch's high and mighty attitude pissed him off—especially since he had seen her almost having a wild session with the big German Shepherd behind the house. Goddamn it, if a dog could make her go crazy that way and make her forget all of her snotty ways, she'd go absolutely berserk when her hot little cunt was stuffed full of a real man's cock, the same one that had kept so many of the so- called ladies and untouchable wives of Oak Tree happy and smiling all this time.

„Yeah, baby, that’s right. I’m going to fuck you,” the middle-aged caretaker informed her bluntly, relishing the expression of shocked, unbelievable horror that distorted her proud young face. „I’m going to fuck you until you beg for more, and you will too. They all do.”

His filthy words made Diane want to scream, to cry out in disbelief, to do anything to put a stop to the incredible series of events that had victimized her ever since Bill had left on his business trip two days ago. That this horrible unsavory character could even conceive of her allowing him to use her body and commit adultery as though she were some kind of common tramp was the greatest of all possible insults!

„You pig, you! You insane pervert!” she shrieked at him. „My husband would kill you with his bare hands if he ever found out what you just said!”

Jack exploded into a long convulsive quaking of gruff sadistic laughter before he quipped, „You can just tell him that big dog stretched your hot little pussy. Hell, he’d understand.”

With a tiny cry of maddening frustration, the dazed young wife whirled quickly around and made a break for the front door but her attempted escape was stopped short by the older man’s long, sinewy arm that snaked out around her waist. She stood staring at him frantically, like a wild animal at bay, then made a move to retreat backwards but her way was blocked by the living room wall behind her.

„No, you can’t do this to me, my husband will kill you, I told you!” she gasped fearfully, her eyes searching desperately for another means of escape. „No one but my husband has ever ... done it to me.”

„Well, baby, there’s a first time for everyone,” the older man replied callously, without the least sign of compassion, his lust-glazed eyes traveling even more directly up and down her deliciously young trembling form. An electric shock jolted her every nerve as she felt his extended hand slither out and around her ribs and on down to the flat plane of her tummy as he edged closer to her, his leathery unshaven face now only inches from her own fear-twisted face. Traveling down to the base of her tremulous belly, his rough fingertips rotated in small teasing circles against the soft hair-covered mound of her vagina, pressing against her robe until the fluffy fabric wedged into the narrow crevice between her thighs. To her horror, the young wife felt her knees buckle momentarily and yet somehow she managed to shake the sudden giddiness enough to keep from toppling over onto the floor.

„Tell me, honey,” the hired hand taunted as she leaned back against the wall for support, „tell me that you don’t want me to fuck the shit out of you. You’re still as hot as a firecracker from that big dog licking your hot little cunt, aren’t you?”

Diane stiffened as though suddenly she had been doused with ice water. Her lush mouth fell open loosely and her blue eyes widened in utter horror as she felt the faint beginnings of betrayal in her own young body add to her sense of helplessness against this crudely arrogant man. She felt his powerful arms drawing her tightly against him, his big rough hands slipping down further to encompass the full rounded spheres of her buttocks. The blood rushed hotly to her face at the horrible shame of having this complete stranger pawing her tensed fear-stricken body with his hands, hands that were heedless of her mounting dread.

„Stop it, stop it, do you hear me? I’ll scream for help,” she threatened futilely.

„You go right ahead, little lady. Scream your head off, because nobody’s going to hear you but those dogs out there,” he grinned evilly into her lovely face, adding, „I locked your furry boyfriend’s pen before I came in, so don’t count on him to cheat you out of the fucking I’m going to give you.”

She could do nothing but gawk at him, aghast, searching for some tell-tale sign of mercy in the caretaker's face, but there was nothing but lust in his features and she quaked helplessly as his teasing fingers massaged and stroked her cringing, tightly-clenched buttocks as he pulled her more firmly against the huge bulge in the crotch of his trousers. God, why was he doing this terrible thing to her? she groaned to herself. Desolately, she wondered how she would ever be able to face her husband, Bill, again after all that had happened during the seeming eternity since he had left to scout for additional breeding stock.

Even through the layers of their clothing, the shuddering girl could feel the intruder's lust-aroused penis rising to greater hardness against the soft plane of her belly, its hot pulsating rigidity sending little shivers of unwanted excitement shimmering up through the walls of her vagina. If only she could clear her head she might be able to think of a way to escape from this debasing situation ... She had only been doing her job, feeding the dogs, when suddenly everything had gone haywire and something strange had taken control of her life, tearing its control from her hands ... And now, she could hardly think of anything but the insistent pressure of the hidden rod of flesh jabbing out and throbbing suggestively against her tender vulnerable flesh.

Again, she struggled in his arms, trying to free herself, but she was powerless against his greater strength and slowly he lowered his head until his lips closed over hers, completely engulfing her soft pink mouth, his tongue working deep between her lips and into the warmth between her teeth. She moaned weakly as his big hands jerked her pelvis more tightly forward against his, the harsh throbbing bulge at his loins causing an uncontrollable flutter of excitement to ripple through her soft flesh and center in her helplessly tingling vagina. The caretaker suddenly reached up with one hand and pinched hard against the soft rubbery nipple of her right breast through her robe igniting a flash of mixed pain and pleasure in the futilely-struggling young woman's captive body. She uttered a low helpless groan which was quickly choked off by the harsh pressure of his saliva-moistened lips clamping down hard over hers once again.

Great surges of fiery shame washed over her as she felt the forbidden pleasure of the man's experienced touch relentlessly overcoming her desire to resist him. After these last few days of constant sexual stimulation and frustration, she felt her passion snowballing suddenly, beginning to drown out her fear and intense humiliation. Her breath caught in her soft milky throat as she felt the man, Jack Green's, invading hand slip audaciously under the front of her robe, slithering lizard-like up and down over the smooth fleecy flesh of her quivering hips. He let his hand brush lightly several times over the blonde curling strands of her pubic mound, his fingers pressing gently but insistently on the outer flanges of her pink swelling pussy-lips. She groaned and quailed with each gently pressured touch against her tingling genitals, her brain desperately fighting to gain control over the flowing tide of passion creeping through her passion-inflamed body.

„N-no ... no, p-please, don't," she beseeched him weakly as she felt the grey-haired man's strong hand burrowing deeper into the crevice between her tightly-clenched thighs. Suddenly his thick blunt finger began to trace the thin, pink-furrowed slit of her naked cunt and, against her conscious will, her muscles began gradually to relax until her legs opened slightly to his touch.

Diane's slender hands flew up to his powerful shoulders, her long nails digging into his tough flesh through his ragged sweater. Even as a brief sensation of repulsion swept over her, lascivious waves of involuntary desire spiraled crazily through her burning loins and in her belly as he parted the soft sparse pubic hair and slowly, deliberately, teased his middle finger deep up between her warm moist vaginal lips.

„Oooooooh, God noooooooo," she moaned in protest even though she sensed her own sexually-aroused dampness spreading from the unwanted excitement that was taking over her entire being

and she bit down on her lip to hold back the noises of delight that were rising up from deep in her graceful throat.

Heated tears of humiliation streamed hotly down her flushed cheeks as the horrified young housewife suddenly recognized that her traitorous body was actually giving in to the thrill of this man's fingers probing into her hotly throbbing vagina. Her eyes closed despairingly as her hips began to thrust slowly back and forth of their own volition, matching the lewd rhythm of his teasing finger-fucking up between her slightly-spread legs.

„That's the spirit, honey," he crooned triumphantly in her ear. „You're starting to like old Jack, eh? That tight little cunt of yours is getting nice and wet just like it does for your hubby. You're about ready for me to fuck you now, aren't you?"

Diane could not speak. Words of indignant horror formed in her tortured brain but died in her throat, lost in the sensual shock of his thick fingers teasing and flicking mercilessly around her now hotly quivering clitoris. Her shamelessly aroused young body jerked responsively as she unwillingly allowed herself to sink deeper and deeper into the waves of delectable sensation that were coursing through her. Every muscle in her exquisite body was taut as she unconsciously worked her loins forward now toward the maddening probe between her open legs.

„Well?" he demanded again, thrusting his finger up into the tightness of her pussy walls with a quick, unexpected rush that shocked the breath out of her lungs. „Do you want to fuck, honey?"

„Oh, God," she moaned, miserably torn between her guilt and her female body's electric demands. „I ... ooooooh."

„Yeah, you just keep telling yourself that," he chuckled knowingly as he felt her supple young pussy muscles rippling excitedly around his buried finger. Bringing his other hand up to clutch at her long flaxen blonde hair, he drew her tear-streaked face back to him and kissed her wetly, his thick wet tongue sliding deep into her mouth as his fingers began to torturously tease up into her quivering cunt once more. Then Diane felt him begin to pull her across the room, slyly edging her captured body toward the plush red velour couch as he continued to deftly titillate her excitement-drenched vagina. Somewhere in her anguished brain she knew that the moment of her ultimate defilement and subjugation was drawing ever closer but she could no longer find the will to resist. There was nothing she could do but moan defenselessly as his hands took the most indecent liberties with her helpless young body, causing convulsive little twitches of unwanted delight to race through her glistening wet genitals.

„Let's take that rag off you, honey," he whispered hoarsely into her ear. „I want to get another good look at what I'm gonna put my cock in."

Diane hung her head in shame and did not even struggle as she felt him tear open the knot of her belt and slip her fluffy yellow robe down over her naked shoulders. She closed her eyes, deliberately refusing to think about what was happening to her, assisting him by her passive submission until she felt her single protective garment fall into a soft, useless heap down around her slender ankles. As the cool air of the room rushed over her beautiful naked body, she heard the older man's sharp intake of breath. His big work-hardened hands clutched hotly at her full heaving breasts, kneading, squeezing, rolling the tiny pink nipples until they became hard and distended, throbbing almost painfully under his fingers. Finally she felt his wet, passion-heated mouth encircling one of the tiny erected tips, his tongue flicking maddeningly over the taut point of flesh. And then his hands left her swelling breasts, drawing his fingers down along her ribs to her hips to push her gently down on her back onto the sofa. Her eyes were still clenched shut against the harsh reality of what was occurring

in her own living room as the young wife lay motionless and defeated on the plush cushions of the couch. She could hear a rustling of clothes as he undressed beside her.

There was nothing left for her to do now but submit, she thought numbly, as she lay completely naked in the muted light of the living room. Where could she run without any clothes on and who would ever believe her if she tried to explain exactly what had happened to her? Her own husband already thought that she was silly and self-indulgent, she thought bitterly, so why not give in to the selfish desires that were coursing through her blood-stream like a conscience-killing drug? And yet she did not want this ... this horrible, older man forcing her to satisfy his lewd desires with the softness of her body. No, no, she couldn't go through with this! It wasn't right for a married woman to commit adultery like this, no matter what the circumstances.

Suddenly her wandering mind was forced back to the reality of the present by the knowledge that another weight was settling down on the couch, down below where her long white legs dangled uselessly over the edge of the cushions to the floor below. She felt harsh hands grasping her right ankle, lifting it high in the air and finally placing it down high over the back of the sofa. The springs squeaked as he crawled between her now widely-parted young thighs, causing her to stiffen in apprehension of the brutal rape she knew was about to begin at any moment.

„All right, honey, let's open up those baby-blue eyes," he commanded gloatingly. „I've got something I want you to see."

She obeyed slowly and reluctantly. She saw him kneeling between her wide-spread thighs that he, himself, had spread open, his sinewy body completely naked now and his weathered face twisted in a lewd salacious grin. Her gaze trailed downward along his broad muscular torso to the thick hardened penis standing out from beneath the little overhang of his slightly paunchy belly.

Her eyes began to widen in mounting revulsion and frightened disbelief as she visually measured the abnormally large penis that pointed toward the ceiling like the shaft of a large menacing weapon. God, it was enormous!

Jack Green stared directly into her awe-rounded eyes and his licentious smirk broadened as his hand lustfully stroked the heavy uncircumcised foreskin back and forth over the hard blood-engorged head.

„Think it's big enough, baby?" he asked her, a triumphant gleam burning in his eyes. „Now, aren't you glad that your hubby's not home?"

At the sound of his cruelly-taunting voice, loathing and nausea swept over her again, nearly destroying the erotic sensations that possessed her. Even so, she could not help but gape at the massive size and thickness of the fleshy hardness dominating her vision. She sensed that the middle-aged man was enjoying the devilish brutality that he was subjecting her to but she could not tear her incredulous gaze from the heavily-veined rod of male cock-flesh that he was still holding and stroking in his hand.

Still, she could barely believe its fantastic size and wondered how any normal woman could safely take such a huge thing inside of her without stretching her vagina unbearably. She tried to imagine that great monster buried inside the narrow, hair-fringed folds of her tight young pussy and a quiver of paralyzing fear coursed through her.

„It's ... oh, God, it's too big," the blonde-haired girl managed to stutter in a last ditch effort to voice her resistance.

Jack Green continued to massage the granite-hard tower of flesh, slowly, tantalizingly. „That’s what all the wives around here say ... the first time,” he leered at her. „But you’re going to take every inch of it, honey, every hard throbbing inch of this big baby ...”

Once again, the tears dribbled down Diane’s flushed cheeks as she realized that there was no appealing to this vile man. He was not her sensible Bill, nor any of the other men who had jumped to fulfill her every wish all her life. She tried to steel her senses for what she knew was to come, refusing to listen to his insulting words and filthy implications any longer. Her anguished brain was too occupied with the hopelessness of her position and the horrifying dread of knowing that there was no escape, that she must endure his lewd assault. With Bill gone away, she was utterly alone and subject to this man, Jack Green’s, every ruthless wish.

„I’m going to make you lick my balls before I’m finished with you,” he rasped down at her. „You’re going to cry for me to fuck that snobbish little cunt of yours ... beg me to bury this cock so deep up in your high and mighty little belly that you’ll be able to taste it ... just wait and see!”

„Please, please, don’t,” she begged pitifully, trying a last time to appeal to his conscience but knowing as she looked into his rugged, triumphantly-smiling face that he would show no more mercy to her than he would to any common whore that he had paid for off the streets. She whimpered in terror as he crawled up over her prostrate spread-eagled body, pinioning her shoulders to the cushions with his strong arms and hands. Then he lowered his head and sucked the tiny, erect nipple of one breast into his mouth, biting into it painfully until her nakedly- trembling buttocks writhed in agony beneath him.

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## Chapter 4

Diane lay unmoving beneath him, her fear-clouded eyes fixed on the workings of his mouth as he blurted out the obscene filth to her, its lewdness penetrating and echoing throughout her dazed brain.

„Now take it in your hand, honey and guide it into that hot little pussy of yours,” he ordered, his sex-glazed eyes gleaming sadistically down at her.

„No ... no ... I can’t.”

„Put it in, you stuck-up little cunt,” he snarled in furious impatience at her hesitation. „Do it now or I’ll slap you silly.”

Diane had no doubt that he meant what he said. Trembling with dread and humiliation, she reached down between their bodies with one hand and encircled his thick throbbing cock with her soft white fingers. A sudden cowering expression crossed over her face anew as she felt for the first time the true size of the mammoth rock-hard shaft.

„Oh, God ... God, I can’t. It’s too big ... please ...”

The grey-haired caretaker opened his mouth to torment her further, then quickly decided that he could stand this waiting no longer. With a savage grunt, he grabbed her parted legs behind the knees and shoved them roughly all the way back against her tightly-pinned shoulders, dropping his weight on her body to hold her fast. His long rigid cock brushed against the soft down of her pubic hair as her slim delicate ankles wedged tightly around behind his head. He could look down between their prone bodies and see her upturned young ass-cheeks completely exposed to his lusting view.

The narrow cunt-slit was visibly throbbing as he held the moist pink furrow wide apart with the outward pressure of his thighs pressed tightly up against hers.

Diane trembled, her brain whirling with a confused mixture of fear and anticipation as she felt the hugeness of the older man's fleshy hardness lying on the full length of her helplessly-open vaginal slit. Her eyes widened in a sudden, unexpected delight at the sensation of this first soft rubbery contact against the smooth sensitive edges of her naked pussy. The blunt jerking head of his cock rested pulsing between her wide-spread buttocks, insinuating itself up and down, up and down, in a maddening teasing motion as her soft smooth hips jerked involuntarily upward and she felt the rubbery mushroom-shaped tip slip hotly down over her distended clitoris. The young blonde housewife clenched her teeth tightly together, fighting with all her will against the subtle titillating sensation that was gradually firing all her senses again. Her shame and mortification slipped gradually out of her consciousness as the man gently moved his lower torso, sliding his long thick cock back and forth over the sensitive exposed flesh of her vaginal lips.

She groaned again, praying that her body would not betray her further as it almost had earlier out in the kennel with the dog, but his expert ministrations on the tender, unprotected parts of her defenseless body were already forcing her into surrender. After a long moment of desperate struggle within her blurred and confused mind, the flood gates of her sexual desire burst open once again. All the hurt and frustration she had been holding secretly within herself ever since her husband, Bill, had begun to seem more interested in his dogs than in her, suddenly reached a peak and she knew that she could not wait one more moment for the desperately-needed release that she had been trying to cope with so unsuccessfully. It didn't even matter now that his man, this stranger, was dirty and unshaven, that he had sadistically tormented her in her weakest moments ... nothing mattered but the long thick length of hard flesh teasing mercilessly at the thin hair-fringed mouth of her cock-starved vagina.

Shamelessly abandoning the last of her scruples, she ground her wide- spread buttocks upward toward his huge, heavily-throbbing penis, her hungry wet cunt searching desperately for the bulging blood-filled tip.

Oh, God, no matter whose it was, she had to have it in her!

Frantically, Diane reached down between the softly-gyrating cheeks of her ass and tightly grasped the full length of the rock- hard penis, heedless now of the threat of its size as she felt it throbbing excitingly in her fingers. This was what her body was screaming for! Being careful not to scratch the precious fleshy hardness, she carefully guided it up into the cleft of her buttocks and wedged the thick pulsing cock-tip in between the wetly-swollen lips of her cock- starved pussy. She held it there with one hand and placed the other on Jack's backside, drawing him downward with all of her girlish strength to push him into her blazing hot pussy, to quench the gnawing need that was driving her completely insane with animal lust.

The caretaker grinned obscenely down at her beautiful, flawless face. It was all he could do to keep from shoving forward to skewer the squirming little bitch's cunt on his painfully aching cock but the desire to punish her for her disdainful attitude when he had tried to be friendly with her, overcame his immediate passion. He wanted to see her suffer a little, to realize just how much she truly wanted a long hard male cock to be shoved into her proud little belly. Haughty and spoiled, she was a classic example of the type of city people who were unthinkingly changing the sylvan peacefulness of Oak Tree into just another characterless suburb and this wild fucking he was going to give her might be the best opportunity he would ever have to wreak vengeance on the people who were ruining his beloved woods. Besides, if anyone ever needed to be taught a lesson, this arrogant little blonde housewife did. Well, he would do it; he would fuck her until she couldn't even walk. The lewd

satisfying thought caused him to flick his hips forward, pushing his cock- head harder against her naked young cunt.

Diane gasped as she felt the super-sensitized lips of her now hotly tingling vagina being forced wider apart. The tight elastic opening momentarily resisted the hard cruel pressure of the older man's bluntly-pressuring cock-head, then suddenly gave way, allowing the huge blood-filled tip to slip just up inside. The pain was excruciating and she automatically resisted, whimpering out loud at the monstrous painful intrusion into her tightly- clenched cuntal channel.

The hired hand felt a wave of sadistic pleasure wash through him at her soulful protest and he was unable to conceal the evil grin that immediately formed on his lips.

He shoved again.

„Oooooooooh, nooooooo stop, you're hurting me!" Diane screamed. Her upthrust legs jerked spasmodically on either side of his heavy body, kicking futilely into the air to escape the cruel impalement. She stared pleadingly up into the grey-haired man's face but found no pity or compassion in his expression, only a sadistic lust that made her blood run cold.

Slowly, he forced his massive span of lust-hardened flesh into her constricting inner passage, filling her moist, vainly resisting cuntal cavern inch by inch. Jack Green could barely contain the excitement that the helplessly protesting young housewife gave him as he slowly and relentlessly penetrated further and further into her futilely- resisting cunt and again and again he flexed his hips against her wide- split loins, until at last, he could stand it no longer.

He had to fuck the snooty little bitch and right away!

He rammed brutally forward, dropping his weight down on her, smashing her full, firm breasts flat beneath his powerful chest as he rammed his hips forward at the same time. His thick hard cock plunged into her moist, squirming cunt with the cruel force of a battering ram, bruising the soft tender walls of her warm vaginal flesh in rippling waves before it. There was no stopping it until he felt his balls smack resoundingly against her tiny wincing anus that had screwed itself deep down into the cushion in an attempt to escape the sudden vicious impalement.

„Oh, my God, you're ripping me apart! Aaaaaaaaggggh!" she wailed, her skewered form pinned helplessly to the sofa. Her arms were outstretched, palms against his hips, trying to ward off the blood- filled head of the prick that pressed like a hot heavy rock against her fragile womb. Her vagina felt battered and stretched as though she had been impaled on a sawed-off young sapling tree. In agony, she fought the hard, fleshy invasion, squeezing tightly together the muscles of her helplessly-upturned buttocks to keep the rampaging prick from burying itself further into her tortured young pussy but with every struggling movement the hugely throbbing cock-head seemed to burrow even more deeply into her. The man's outstretched arms held her shoulders pressed tightly to the cushions, his wide-spread knees wedging her quaking thighs far apart. She felt as though her body was being torn down the middle, that the fiery cock had gone all the way up past her breasts and was about to come out of her throat.

The heavily breathing man's lips curled into a lascivious grin as he saw her face cloud with the pain of his first cruel lunge into her. Glancing down between their joined bodies, he could see his greying pubic hairs tangled lewdly with her golden blonde ones, the gleaming base of his tremendous cock buried to the hilt between the moist, curl- lined lips of her wide-stretched vagina. He only wished that he could record this moment in a photograph, so that the aristocratic little bitch would never be able to deny, even to herself, that she had been spread-eagled and fucked senseless this way by what

she thought was only a low class caretaker. By God, he was certainly making her scream and yell, and he was about to give her a fuck that she would never forget for as long as she lived.

Beneath him Diane struggled uselessly against the agony of his sudden forced entry. Though she tried desperately to push it out by flexing the muscles within her straining pussy, each throb of her insides seemed only to excite him more and he plowed even deeper into her wide- split cuntal passage. She could feel his huge sperm-laden balls lying down against the tiny, softly-flexing lips of her rectum as he lay buried deep up inside her futilely- straining belly. There was not one ridge or vein on the mighty hammer-headed cock that she could not feel as the tender wet walls of her cunt clasped around it like a tight- fitting elastic sleeve. At the very end of her anguished vaginal passage, she could feel the huge rubbery tip throbbing against her cervix like a second heart in her body. The gentle pulsing of the thick shaft within her sent tiny jolts of pain and faint pleasure flitting through her trembling body and she moaned softly beneath him.

The naked man felt the slight throbbing pressure she exerted against his deeply-buried penis and smiled delightedly at the hot sensual urgency he felt. He had waited patiently for this and hovered motionless over her quivering prostrate form until she became accustomed to his thickness rammed far up inside her white little belly. Still not moving his body, he flexed his heavy, blood-filled prick inside her, stretching her vaginal walls ever further apart.

„Ooooooh, God, noooo,” she whimpered, her eyes tightly shut as she fought the fine line of pleasure-pain.

He throbbed the stiff rod again in the hot-channeled depths of her tight narrow passage, watching her wincing face below.

She groaned again, but more softly as she felt the embedded cock expanding the tight-stretched walls of her throbbing passageway.

„Ooooh,” she gasped breathlessly as the older man flexed again.

„Noooooooooooo, pleeeeeeease,” she pleaded, her eyes clamped tightly shut as she seesawed between the tiny throbs of pleasure and the lingering pain. He flexed the stiff rod again deep in the interior depths of her cunt, relishing the responsive grimace of pain that distorted her now slightly-perspiring face. She groaned again but this time with less suffering in her tone as she felt the deeply-embedded cock expand and press outward against the tight-stretched lining of her vagina.

„Gaaaaawwd,” she gasped breathlessly as he flexed again and again, setting a teasing rhythmic pattern to his tormenting movements. Her pain-tensed face relaxed slowly and he could feel slight, still- uncertain answering throbs around the pulsing head of his deeply imbedded prick as her prostrate body began to slowly respond to the maddening flexing of his member. She groaned helplessly beneath him as her smooth, milk-white buttocks began the gradual involuntary rolling that signaled the unmistakable rekindling of the uncontrollable fires smoldering deep in her naked loins. He could barely contain himself as he felt her hungrily-nibbling young cunt begin to clench tightly around his achingly-hard penis.

Diane could also sense her soft warm body reacting, sparking into the beginnings of an ecstasy that she had never known before. The agonizing pain had given way to another sensation, a deep thrilling tingle that rose from deep in her womb and seemed to saturate her entire body with an urgent need to have even more of the brutal impaling cock deep up inside her viciously-filled belly. Her smooth silken flesh seemed totally alive now with lewdly swirling sensations that throbbed out in tiny dancing waves across her white skin from her head to her toes each time the huge buried penis

lurched far up in her belly. A burning need centered hotly in her upraised loins, making her heavily-filled cunt involuntarily dilate and twitch around the rock-like pole that was stuffed into her. She wanted more of it, wanted to feel the swollen cock drilling in and out of her moist hungry passage. Instinctively, she drove her young buttocks upward, grinding herself against his pelvis but he remained motionless, above her, his weight pressing her back down into the cushions. She could not move and she felt like she was about to go out of her mind with the fiery frustration that blazed inside of her helplessly- pinioned body.

„Oh, please, please, do something,” she gasped, looking pleadingly up into the unshaven face above her. She saw a sadistic grin of lewd delight crease the caretaker’s weathered face.

„Did you say something, little lady?” he taunted, sending a particularly forceful throb into the very depths of her being.

„Oooooooh,” she breathed helplessly, as she rotated her lush young hips up around the hard fleshy rod. The dilated lips surrounding her pink wet slit nibbled hungrily at the inflated prick, sliding moistly down the penis for several inches then working slowly back up until his curling dark pubic hair meshed with hers and the full length of him was again embedded deep in her softly heaving belly.

„What? What did you say?” he insisted mercilessly, pulling his muscular loins a teasing few inches away from her. He watched gleefully as she strained upward, trying to capture his length again as he kept pulling his monstrous, wetly-glistening cock just out of her reach.

„Oh, God, please do it to me,” the distraught girl begged, her eyes wide and pleading.

„You mean you want me to fuck you?” he demanded loudly. „Say it! Tell me to fuck your cunt!”

„Oh, no, I can’t! I just can’t,” she moaned. This, Diane knew, would be the final humiliating surrender. Her resistance this way was the last thing she had left. She couldn’t let him have the satisfaction of hearing her grovel and beg for him to do it to her. After that, there would be no escaping the fact that she had wanted it as much as the caretaker did and she would never be able to face herself or her husband again.

„Do you like that?” he mocked her, rubbing the broad rubbery tip of his thick cock up and down the full length of her hungrily- starving pussy. „Doesn’t it feel good?”

„Oh, God, yessss,” she gasped.

„Do you want me to stop now?” he demanded, throbbing the huge fleshy shaft just up inside her hotly-contracting pussy. He flexed it harder and harder. „Do you?”

„No ... Yes ... Oooooooooh, I don’t know! No, no, don’t stop. Don’t stop!”

„Then beg me, bitch,” he snarled, losing patience with this waiting for her surrender. With a low growl, he grabbed her naked shoulders and dug his fingers painfully into their ivory softness. As he roughly shook her trembling body, he commanded again, „Say the words!”

„Oooooooh, nooooo, I can’t ... nooooo ...” she moaned, but even as she uttered the words, the overpowering knowledge of her guilt and helplessness melted her last defenses and she knew it was useless to struggle anymore. Though her own weakness sickened and repulsed her, the urgent demands of her aroused body had completely conquered her protesting conscience. It was no longer a matter of right and wrong. All that mattered was that she wanted him now, now, wanted his lust-



hardened cock to be set in motion to match the desperate desire that was churning within her. At last, through tightly-clenched teeth, she hissed bitterly, „All right ... fuck me right now. fuck ME!”

As she closed her eyes in humiliated defeat the older man's face twisted into an obscene smirk of victory. Savoring his sweet revenge, he levered himself up into a push-up position and slowly withdrew his deeply-imbedded length until only the bloated mushroom-like head still rested within the moistly glistening lips of her tender young pussy. His anger was quickly forgotten as he felt the intoxicating friction of his massive gleaming staff against the smooth moist walls of her cunt and as a new wave of intense passion pulsed through him, he gathered all his muscular strength and rammed forward again, the broad fleshy head of his thick cock pushing the soft flesh of her warmly-welcoming cuntal channel before it like buttered velvet, until the entire length was buried once more in her wide-stretched pussy.

This time there were no cries or pleas for mercy, only the throaty animal sounds of a lustful woman reaching out for pleasure. To his delight, Jack Green felt the aroused young housewife's trembling hands snaking up around his body to clasp around behind his buttocks, pulling at his tightly-clenched muscles to draw him even deeper into her aching belly. Confident now of her unconditional submission, he began to slowly grind his loins up between her open thighs, pistoning his great thick cock in and out of the tightly-clenched cavern that was now wet and slippery from the delicious young blonde's unchained passion. The velour sofa shook and squeaked wildly beneath them as Diane jerked herself desperately up to meet his every slamming thrust, grinding her nakedly-writhing buttocks higher and higher to get more and more of his wonderfully-skewering cock deeper up inside her.

Her neighbor looked victoriously down to see the thin soft ridges of her pink cuntal flesh pulling outward with every outstroke and then disappearing back into her as his moist glistening length was swallowed whole back into the tight, greedily-working opening. He slowed, fascinated by the utter abandon of her labors as she strained against him, a half-crazed ecstatic smile playing across her curving red lips. Her motions became faster by the second, the tempo of her thrusts becoming more urgent, and he knew that she was straining to cum. The inner fluids of her hotly-milking vagina were beginning to flow and he could hear the wet sucking sound of the in and out fucking movement of his huge jack-hammering cock driving in and out of her freely. Suddenly her back arched almost a foot off the jiggling sofa and she bucked wildly against him.

„Oh, God, yes ... yes, I'm cummmmmmming!” she wailed. „Oh, fuck it! fuck it harder, fuck it harder!!!”

With a deep-throated groan, her desperately-writhing body began to quiver uncontrollably, creamy viscous fluids oozing out from her hot vibrating pussy to cover his impaling rod with its sticky warmth. It trickled down the valley between her smooth rounded buttocks and over his still sperm-loaded balls that smacked hard and noisily down against the tiny brown-puckered ring of her anus.

The middle-aged man lost the last of his self-control as the young blonde wife of his neighbor jerked spasmodically against him, trickling the last of her orgasmic juices against his hair-matted pelvis. He reached up, grabbing her ankles and pushing them viciously back over her shoulders until she cried out from the pain of her inhumanly-bent body. Half mad now with lust, he pulled his deeply-buried prick from her until only its excitedly-oozing tip penetrated the soft swollen lips of her vagina. Then he rammed forward with all of his stored-up strength, burying the full throbbing length of his sex-incited cock deep into her wholly-exposed pussy. The slap of his sperm-bloated balls slamming against her upturned buttocks resounded loudly throughout the room.

She had had her fun and now it was his turn.

Clamping his mouth tightly over hers, he slipped his tongue deep between her open lips, muffling the gasps forming in her throat. His broad shoulders pushed against the back of her symmetrical-rounded calves, locking her in that defenseless position as he fucked deeper and deeper into her. Snaking his sun-bronzed hands beneath her whitely- grinding buttocks, he tightly grasped each full soft cheek of her ass, cupping them in his spread fingers and palms, squeezing the warm fleshy orbs and pulling them wide apart.

He began long hard strokes into her seething vagina and the quivering walls, lubricated from her climax, clasped hungrily around the fleshy hot rod, slithering up moistly to devour its length all the way to the hilt. His sperm-filled balls slapped into the dampness between her buttocks and his own breathing came in short angry bursts. The sight of her magnificent young breasts dancing wildly with the buffeting her lower body was undergoing, the tightly erect pink nipples bobbing before his eyes, made him plunge even more deeply, driving her several inches back on the soft cushions and making her neck arch with the sudden lewdly- inciting sensation.

„Oh, yesssss, ooooh,“ Diane groaned out her submission to the obscene sensations racing through her cruelly ravished young body. There was no longer any reason to fight the lewd flames of desire coursing through her veins. She had lost the battle against the obscene feelings and even the agonizing thought of her total surrender to this perfect stranger she had met only a half an hour ago sent lascivious chills of increased desire prickling around the base of her spine as she responded to the measured rhythm of the caretaker’s heavy cock driving in and out of her now- voluntarily-upturned loins. She could feel each movement of the huge fleshy shaft in her hotly-clasping cunt walls, the giant head slithering up and down the warm slippery passageway, and hear the sharp slap of his bloated balls against her tiny hairless anus as he lunged forward with each in-stroke. Maddening rushes of cool air eddied between her wide-splayed thighs each time he withdrew, teasingly cooling the thin rivulets of sweat that trickled hotly down from his powerfully straining loins.

Her womb flared and the now completely unresisting lips of her hair- lined vaginal furrow flowered open to receive the delicious rape of her secret genitals. Her hands forced themselves desperately from under her legs to slip around his back. Her fingernails clawed a red-streaked path down to his muscularly-flexing buttocks as she pulled him deep and thrust her fleece-covered cuntal mound up hard to skewer herself deliciously on the hotly-driving hot flesh of his wildly-pumping cock. She sucked voraciously on the thick wet tongue that was shoved deep in her throat through the older man’s widely-opened lips and in the lewd excitement, she swallowed greedily the droplets of his saliva that ran down it. Her body began to match his pounding lunges with her own rhythmic thrashing.

The heavily-straining sofa squeaked loudly in time to the two tightly- entwined bodies struggling wildly against each other. The sound of deep straining grunts and groans filled the sunlit living room, mingling with the flat smacking sounds of sweat-soaked flesh banging against sweat-soaked flesh and the wet viscous slurp of his pile-driving cock ramming in and out of her slippery, passion-drenched cunt.

„Christ, honey, you’re a good fuck,“ the caretaker grunted, fucking faster and faster into her with a maniacal frenzy, his heavy-lidded eyes filmed over by the force of his sexual excitement. He could feel his hot white cum boiling up in his heated balls as they beat hard against her uptilted ass. He was ready to explode. He savagely shoved his tongue far down her throat and with harshly kneading hands pulled the wide-spread cheeks of her hungrily-grinding buttocks hard up against his jack-hammering pelvis as he rammed his expanding cock all the way to the hilt inside her soft, now gratefully-welcoming cunt.

Diane was rocketing to a new and thrilling height of pleasure and her breath whistled and rasped from her throat in short cries of passion. He fucked mercilessly into her willing vagina and with the depth of each lunge, she screamed from the sheer lust and pleasure that she felt. The young blonde housewife could feel her insides stretching painfully as the head of the deeply-sunk cock suddenly flared into a hugeness that threatened to tear her belly wide open and then it began to spurt out its thick creamy load like a firehose gone wild!

She could feel the delicious hot white liquid shooting into her like molten fire. The pores of her cunt clasped around it, absorbing it, erupting in reply! Again her cum juices flowed out around his jerking prick.

This was what she had been needing for so long and now she could not bear the idea that it might ever stop. Reaching frantically around under her hungrily-squirming buttocks with both hands, she began to desperately milk at the excitedly-emptying balls pressed tightly into the split of her wide-spread buttocks. Her long shapely legs kicked out, quivering uselessly in the air on either side of his heavily plunging body. The huge, rhythmically-throbbing cock continued to jerk out its orgasm, the white hot spurts filling her womb to the bursting point and foaming back out of the hotly-contracting lips locked so tightly around it. „Oh, fill me, fill me some more,” she babbled incoherently. The smooth hot walls of her cunt clasp and unclasp wildly at him, milking at the jerking male organ like a sucking starving mouth, until it gave one last spasmodic jerk, the last drop sucked dry from it.

The exhausted man collapsed limply across her wetly sweating young body, feeling her insides still gushing forth around his rapidly- deflating cock. It seemed to go on forever until, at last, she too sighed and quivered to limp stillness. Her legs fell lifelessly out on either side of his semen-drained body and one arm dangled wearily over the edge of the couch. Her still warmly-contracting young belly was filled to the point of bursting with the obscene mixture of their hot sticky cum.

Green lay panting for a moment to recover his strength and then slowly dragged himself off the exhausted young housewife's still form, his almost limp cock sliding slowly and wetly out of her battered and bruised cunt. Diane's blue eyes fluttered open at the withdrawal and she felt an immediate sense of loss until she remembered what had happened and who was standing beside the couch on which she lay.

A sudden spasm of horror and shame took hold of her mind as she imagined how she must look, lying there exposed, her belly sperm- filled, next to a strange man standing nakedly over her. Raising her head, she could see that they were still obscenely connected by a thin gleaming string of sticky sperm that stretched downward from the head of his limply hanging cock and across her thigh to disappear down the blonde curling valley between her thighs. It pulled taut and then broke as he turned away to pick up his grayish cotton shorts that lay on the floor beside the couch.

„How'd you like it, honey?” the naked middle-aged man grinned pervertedly as he stepped into his underpants. „Now, aren't you glad your hubby wasn't home today?”

„Oh, God, can't you just leave me alone?” the young wife said miserably. „You've gotten what you wanted from me, now just go away ... please,” she whispered meekly as she saw a now-familiar sardonic grin spread across his grizzled face. „Won't you please just leave me alone now?”

„Hmmp, it's hard to believe that you're the same hot-assed little bitch who was screaming and twitching for more cock only a minute ago,” he said, staring pointedly at her still-trembling body. „Maybe you need another round to settle you down.”

„Oh! God, no, I couldn't," she gasped in horror, then blushed at his chuckle of amusement. It was impossible to deal with this ruffian, she self-righteously decided, and quickly grabbed her robe up from the floor to cover her nakedness from his laughing gaze. Even that meager gesture seemed to give her back a little of her self-respect and lifting her chin with as much dignity as she could muster under the circumstances, she impatiently watched him don his pants and ancient sweater.

„Don't feel bad, honey, not many women could do it twice in a row with me," he assured her conceitedly as he sat at the other end of the couch to put on his heavy boots and lace them up. His eyes sparkled as he added, „When you feel up to a good fuck again, you can always find me down the road."

That was the last straw for the humiliated blonde girl. Heedless of the yellow robe that slipped to the carpet as she rose to her feet, Diane strode over to the chuckling man, her hands clenching tightly into angry fists. Never in her life had she been so angry and insulted and without thinking, she drew back her arm and prepared to deliver the most powerful wallop she could to the caretaker's smirking face. But he was faster than she and in the next moment she felt both of her hands being held together in an iron grip and, before she knew what had happened, she was lying on the sofa once again, her arms and legs sprawling obscenely in the position of her fall. Above her, Jack Green hovered menacingly for a moment, then stepped back, laughing out loud.

„Damn, I can understand now why your hubby doesn't want to mess too much with that pretty little pussy of yours," he rasped as his hilarity subsided. He shook his head in mock disbelief. „Never heard of a woman who didn't like to be fucked before. Maybe you've been spending too much time with those goddamn dogs, honey."

His mocking comment came altogether too close to the real truth of the situation and Diane's eyes lowered shamefully as she remembered how the man had found her earlier that morning. Unable to bear one more word of the man's teasing banter, she pressed her palms tightly against the sides of her head and silently prayed for some sort of merciful end to this seeming eternity of torturous degradation.

Miraculously, when she looked up a few moments later, he was gone. She could barely believe that it was over ... almost. For above the whining and barking of the dogs that had suddenly begun outside, she heard the stranger's mocking laughter ringing loudly in the woods around the house. It was not until it faded into the distance that she could bring herself to move from where he had flung her onto the sofa ... and then, at the sight of his muddy footprints on the rug and her soiled yellow robe, she broke down completely and wept out her [SPAM] of shame and regret at the lewd adultery she had just committed on her own husband's couch ...

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Chapter 5

Late that night, the snug rustic Hartley home in Oak Tree had an almost festive appearance from the outside, little blazes of light shooting out through the windows to brighten the clearing surrounding the structure. Inside, however, Diane Hartley paced around like a caged tigress, opening and closing doors as she manufactured one excuse after another to search through the rooms, reacting to some undefined fear that had lodged in her unsettled mind after the sun had set over the forest.

Having made what was probably her twentieth tour of the house since darkness had closed in around her, she sat down at the kitchen table still heaped with Bill's clothing that needed mending. She picked up the needle and thread from the floor where they had fallen when she had thought she

heard some peculiar sound outside a few minutes before, and went back to work repairing a torn pocket on one of her husband's wool shirts.

It was silly to be so nervous, she admonished herself, for, after all, she had spent many evenings alone in their house and not been afraid. But that was before she knew that the dense woods out there harbored other creatures more menacing than the gentle deer and shy rabbits that occasionally she had seen there. She strained her ears for any sound from the kennels but the German Shepherds were evidently peacefully asleep and no other sound interrupted the woodland quietness.

She knotted and cut the thread she had been using, then tossed the mended shirt beside her on another chair. After several soundless moments had passed, she rose and walked back toward the living room. She winced slightly as she entered the room and glanced at the red velour couch on which Jack Green had crawled between her wide-spread legs and fucked her into submission that morning. A dull ache still throbbed in her bruised loins and she tried vainly not to think about the cause of it. The memory was impossible to evade, though, and she found herself realizing all over again that she had actually betrayed her own husband behind his back. She had allowed another man, a low class stranger, to seduce her and had actually responded to the debasing experience like some cheap whore whose existence depended upon the presence of a hard male penis between her legs. The slight soreness in her ravaged genitals was a small enough price to pay for the adulterous way that she had behaved that morning.

„Don't think about it, just don't think about it, or you're going to start crying again," she said aloud, finding comfort in the sound of a human voice, even her own, in the house. She had spent most of the afternoon weeping as she lay stretched out on the bed, reliving her shame and guilt over and over again, but not even that great flood of tears could soften the horrible memory of what she had done, had allowed to happen to her young body in the throes of her own desire.

Later that afternoon, she had dozed off, exhausted by her racking grief and by the intensely emotional and physical ordeal itself. When she had wakened, she had felt relieved at first, certain that it had all been nothing but a bad dream. She a risen from the bed, in which she had been cowering like a criminal for hours, and felt the tender soreness of her harshly-used breasts. Even the soft nylon nightgown that she had put on sent sharp pangs of pain running through the firm white mounds as the material rubbed against the raw, tooth-marked tips. And yet, worse than the pain, there was the awful knowledge that she, a formerly faithful young bride, had truly enjoyed the caretaker's fiendish rape of her succulent young body. There would never be any way that she could justify the wantonness that had over-powered her, had caused her to lurch and writhe toward her own vulgar fulfillment under her attacker's pounding body. Before today, she would never have believed that she could have behaved like such a common slut and now she could not help but be terrified as she wondered what was to become of her and her marriage after this. It was an ominous and frightening thing for her to face by herself and as dusk had fallen around the house, Diane had felt her fear building to unmanageable proportions. Irrational as it seemed, she was terrified that there might be someone outside the house, someone waiting for the right opportunity to slip inside and ... and ... well, she didn't know exactly what might happen, but she was no longer so self-assured that she could handle any difficult situation that confronted her.

Prowling through her home, Diane considered turning on the radio or television, anything for company, but she knew she would not be able to sit still long enough to listen or watch. She knew she wouldn't be able to sleep tonight and made no effort to try. A night-owl's mournful cry outside the house made her shudder and, when she realized that there was really nothing to be afraid of, she sat down in the kitchen again, wearily brushing a blonde curl away from the side of her pale, worried face. She knew that she would have to calm down soon or go out of her mind with fear and

irrational dread.

She picked up one of Bill's sports-jackets that had a button hanging loosely from the side pocket and dropped it on the breakfast table, but not even her guilt could make her like the prospect of repairing the garment. It seemed so useless now, as though everything had changed forever and it was senseless to even think of her husband's wearing clothes that she had mended. If only he were here, she thought somberly, somehow she might be able to explain everything that had happened and he would understand, comfort her. He would somehow know that none of it had been her fault, not really, and he would kiss away her wretched unhappiness and tears of shame.

In the next moment, her gaze fell on the blue wall beside the kitchen sink and lingered thoughtfully on the telephone receiver hanging there on its cradle. Maybe ... maybe she would call him ... She rose abruptly and walked to the bulletin board on the wall beside the telephone. As she flipped through the tacked-up notes that Bill always left there each time before he left on a business trip, she smiled with the anticipation of hearing his deep masculine voice. At last, she found one of the business cards with the address and telephone number of the kennel he was visiting. If she got in touch with the owners, perhaps they would know the name and number of the nearby motel where Bill was staying.

She lifted the receiver and began to call the long-distance number but when she had finished dialing the area code, an unexpected stab of doubt caused her outstretched hand to stall and then finally drop to her side. No, there was no way to explain this, she suddenly realized; at least, she could never make everything sound right and true over the telephone. He would probably be all the more upset by her sketchy emotional account of the affair than if he heard it first-hand from her in person.

If he had not taken their only car, maybe she would have driven up to see him, even though it would mean that the dogs would be left alone for a whole day. But there was no car and, now that she thought about it, she would no doubt have just as hard a time telling him what had happened face-to-face as over the telephone.

The hopeful smile drained away from her pretty youthful face as she realized the true futility of her position. God, how do you tell a man that his own supposedly-faithful wife spent the morning groaning and writhing adulterously, legs spread shamelessly wide under another man's hard-driving penis? Even to her, it sounded too shocking and insane to be true, and even if she were able to convince him that it had all happened as it did, why should he ever forgive her? Even she was not certain that the horrible episode had happened as she remembered it now. Maybe her own mind was playing cruel tricks on her now and she had been far more responsible for the obscene interlude than she dared to realize.

Well, it was her responsibility to protect Bill from the ghastly truth, she decided, because she loved him too much to cause him suffering simply for the sake of clearing her own conscience. She would try to stick this out in silence and suffer alone for her terrible mistake. And yet, it would be hard. She knew that she would never be able to curl up in his lap again and nip playfully at his ear in girlish innocence without remembering Jack Green and how she had actually submitted to his filthy rape of her shamelessly-willing cunt. It would be like a penance that she would have to bear by herself, a scar that she would have to hide for the sake of her husband. Yes, time might dull the memory but it would never completely erase it.

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## Chapter 6

„Hey, hey Wolf, slow down boy,” Diane commanded as she tugged at the plaited leather leash that the huge animal had almost wrenched out of her hand. The enormous animal had apparently caught some interesting scent in his nostrils and wanted to follow it but the flush-faced young blonde fought to guide him back onto the trail. It was a magnificent day, unexpectedly warm and sunny, and the forest ground was springy under her feet. The usual gray haze of the morning had dissolved and now, just after mid-day, the sun was blazing down brilliantly, cooled only by a light breeze from the south that ruffled and swept away the last traces of clouds. She was aware of the late hour, troubled by the thought that this was grooming day for the dogs and she had to be home in time to brush and comb each one of them carefully while there was still enough light.

It was the day after her indecision about confessing to Bill and she had awakened that morning feeling slightly better. In the clear light of the dawn, she had resolved that her conclusion last night, not to tell Bill anything about what had happened, was a good idea and now she should make every effort to forget the nightmarish experience. It would do her no good at all to dwell on the horrible memories of the cruel rape and besides, she had made up her mind to avoid any further contact with that common man, Jack Green, again. Surely he realized that she could get him into serious trouble legally if she ever wanted to go to the police with the story of how he had sexually assaulted her ... in her own home. No matter what kind of woman the caretaker had thought she was after finding her in that compromising position with Wolf, he had no real right to force her to make love with him, to mock and taunt her through it all as though she were some kind of sluttish idiot.

Yet ... yet, if she was so certain of her position, why had she backed out last evening when she started to telephone Bill via the kennel owners? It returned to her with full force that her rendition of the last three days' events would sound to anyone, especially to a husband who was extremely conscious of his masculinity, like a girlish fairy-tale or simply a deliberate lie. She heaved a deep sigh and continued on along the trail as she thought back on the seemingly normal events of that morning.

She had risen from her lonely bed, slipped into blue-jeans and a soft black knit shirt, and then made herself a hearty breakfast. The day before, she had been too upset to even think of eating and this morning she had gulped down a massive breakfast of toast, eggs, and coffee to counteract her overall feeling of weakness and to help her think more rationally.

It was as though she were suspended in some kind of delicate balance between right and wrong, frustration and happiness. Though she still felt unspeakably disgusted about her own spontaneous lusty reaction to Jack Green's obscene usage of her helpless body yesterday morning, she had begun to consider again the idea that much of what had happened was really partly Bill's fault. Then, there was the unavoidable fact that he often did leave her alone out here in the woods, heedless of her loneliness, while he went off for days on his frequent business trips ... and more important, as far as her guilt was concerned, she recalled how he had not bothered to take the time and trouble to really satisfy her when they had made love before he had gone away Sunday afternoon. If he had been only a little more loving and thoughtful, she had decided as she sipped at the steaming black coffee earlier that morning, she undoubtedly would not have been so vulnerable to the strange sexual occurrences that had filled her days alone since he had departed. Not that she was trying to avoid her true share of the blame, she rationalized, but it was comforting to know that she was not evil through and through, a woman who would spread her legs for any man who made an offer to satisfy her. After what had happened yesterday with the grey-haired caretaker and the strange incident with the dog outside, she had been almost out of her mind as she had sat at the kitchen table, with a look of worried distress on her face about the actual nature of her personality. Now, though, she was slowly beginning to understand the terrible sexual strain she had been subjected to ever since Bill had left the house. She found that she could at least live with herself now. It was a good thing, too, because she was certain that she might have been capable of trying to run away, or

even an attempt at suicide, if she had gone on feeling the way she had been feeling last night.

Panting from the exertion of keeping Wolf's monstrous black and tan bulk from pulling her off the trail and into the forest, Diane decided to sit down on the thick trunk of a fallen tree. It was the first time that she had taken any of the dogs for a walk this way in the woods behind their house, and as she rested her curvaceous young body on the hard, damp log, she mulled over the practicality of exerting herself so much. But yes, she felt that she owed Wolf at least this little treat after she had found the feed sack lying outside his kennel this morning, when she had walked out of the house to start her chores with the dogs and had realized that the poor brute, like herself, had spent the whole day yesterday without a bite of food. She had felt a pang of pity when she had seen the starving animal straining against the wire fence of his run, his fierce golden eyes fixed on the open bag of dog meal. She had felt guilty about her negligence of the dogs and had rushed through her feeding and watering of them so that she could have enough time to exercise Wolf and herself while it was still light enough to see.

The two of them had been strolling through the forest for almost twenty minutes now, farther than Diane remembered ever having walked here before.

She knew they probably should turn back soon, but she hated the idea of returning to the house and the kennels. Here among the towering trees, she felt free of sadness and the disappointment that had been marring her married life with Bill. She could almost imagine what it might be like to be a little woodland creature whose existence was uncomplicated by guilt and emotional responsibilities.

As she sat there lost in thought, her eyes full of the poetic scene around her, she noticed Wolf sitting patiently at her feet, his massive head resting lightly on her knee.

She lifted her hand to good-naturedly scratch his head and wondered how this gentle creature could be the same dog whose slithering tongue had invaded her most secret flesh, lapping hungrily at her tight young vagina until she was out of her mind with ecstasy.

Even the memory of the strange happening sent a little flash of excitement through her soft belly and she wondered whatever could have possessed the dog to make him do such a thing. At the time, she had been numb with fear, too terrified to think of anything but that the huge dog had actually wanted to rape her. Yet, after yesterday morning with Jack Green, she knew more what a real rape was. In retrospect, the gentle ministrations of the animal's long pink tongue seemed less horrifying. Undoubtedly, the dumb brute had had no idea of what he was doing, had been attracted only by the light enticing scent of her female parts. Certainly he could not have known what effect his thick wet tongue would have on her sex-starved body, she decided calmly.

Impulsively, she slipped down off the flat-topped log to sit on the leaf-covered earth beside the great furry animal, encircling his warm body with one arm. Obviously delighted with the amount of affection he was receiving that morning, Wolf whined happily and covered her face with moist licking kisses. Diane smiled and ducked her head away, hugging him as she did so, and thinking ruefully that he was perhaps the best friend she had at the moment. He did not make fun of her, as her own husband often did, and she admitted to herself with a downcast melancholic little grin that this animal had unwittingly given her a truly pleasant sexual experience. At least Wolf had not talked about their money problems when he was licking her vagina yesterday morning. Little by little, it occurred to her that she was thinking erotically again, that she was exciting herself by just thinking about what had happened in the dog's kennel yesterday. The very idea shattered her mellow mood and, in irritation, she quickly tied Wolf's leash around a nearby sapling and rose to try to walk off the unwanted excitement. But, aroused as she was, even the brushing of her clothes against her body seemed to feed the passion that had crept up on her as she contemplated yesterday morning.



It was crazy, she knew, but even now she was tempted to let the exciting animal lick her again. Who would see her out here in the forest? Did one more time really make that much difference now? she wondered longingly.

Before she had even taken two steps away from the fallen tree, the lovely flaxen-haired girl stopped and looked back, almost longingly. Wolf was still sitting where she had left him, his liquid eyes trustingly reflecting her own gaze. Perhaps she could just play with herself a little bit, she thought wickedly. There was nothing wrong with that and she did need release so badly just now. Almost as soon as the thought had entered her mind, Diane found herself starting to slip out of her blue-jeans and shirt, shivering a little as her creamy flesh was exposed to the light, cool breeze that moved gently through the trees. She discarded one garment after another on the shade-mottled path, then moved back to settle herself on the ground again beside the log, delighting in the light pricking sensation of the fallen oak leaves against the smooth naked cheeks of her buttocks.

The young blonde wife leaned back against the rough surface of the fallen tree trunk, closing her wide blue eyes as her hands lifted to her full jutting breasts. Her nipples were already diamond-hard and she felt as though she would be able to reach orgasm in a matter of minutes. Wolf whined softly for attention and she absentmindedly reached out to pet him as her other hand drifted down over her tiny waist to the blonde curling triangle of her pubic hair below. Her full curving hips lifted in willing acceptance of the tiny electric chills of sensation that danced lightly over her satin-like skin when one finger of her left hand brushed down over her nakedly exposed cuntal slit.

„Well, little lady, you just don't ever get enough, do you?"

Even though the sound of his voice was immediately familiar, Jack Green's words made Diane's eyes jerk open in horror. God, he was not more than a few feet away from her on the narrow tree-lined path. He was holding two dead rabbits in his right hand and a wide, lewd grin creased his face.

„What ... what are you doing here?" was all she could manage to say as she drew her naked legs tightly up against her body in a futile attempt to hide herself from his piercing eyes.

„Just catching my dinner, honey," he said, waving the dead animals at her, „and I've been thinking about your hot young pussy, too. I didn't want to rush you again right away, but if I'd known you wanted to get it plowed good and proper again so soon, I would've been over here a lot sooner."

„I don't want it—I only want you to go away," she said coldly, regaining a little of her composure, not bothering even to excuse her embarrassing situation to the older man. After what he had done to her yesterday, she did not care what he thought of her now. She wanted only that she should never see him again.

„Now don't be like that," he chuckled, dropping the rabbits and walking toward her. „You don't have to use that damned dog while I'm still in good shape, honey." His eyes flickered appreciatively over her huddled body causing the young girl's mind to suddenly rebel against his attitude of possessive familiarity.

„Mr. Green," she said, glaring at him icily, „I am not your 'honey.' I did what ... what I did yesterday because you forced me to do it. Now, if you don't leave me alone this minute, I'm going to call the police when I get home and tell them about what has happened."

„You gonna tell them how much you liked it, honey?" he said, smiling, his watery greenish eyes staring straight back into hers.

„Liked it!" Diane spat back at him. She wanted more than anything in the world to somehow hurt

this vile, small man because of the indescribable humiliation he had heaped upon her defenseless body. „I don't know how anyone could like being even close to you, let alone ... let alone letting you touch her. Look at you, you filthy old man. You're stupid and you smell and you make me sick. You're revolting and disgusting!"

Almost before the words were out of her mouth, Diane was sorry. In her sudden uncontrollable desire to revenge her own weak surrender, she had forgotten how capable this man was of cruelty. She almost reached out her hand to apologize and say that she did not really mean those things but his hard cool stare cut her short.

„You do that, little lady. You go to the police, but you better do it fast, because I'm heading home myself right now. And I'm going to tell all my friends exactly how I found you yesterday morning and again today naked on the ground with that dog. I'll probably get to see quite a few of my friends before the police catch up with me, and your hubby's going to be mighty surprised when the neighborhood gossip catches up with him one of these days."

„Oh, my God, you can't! You wouldn't dare!" she gasped. Her blue, horror-stricken eyes followed him as he turned to walk back down the path away from her, off into the woods. She leapt to her feet and started running after him, her full naked breasts jiggling heavily with each jarring step she took. „Please, wait! I didn't mean it! I won't call the police or anything! Just don't tell anyone what you've seen and done! Please!"

He stopped walking away and turned around to face her, running his eyes greedily over her naked flesh. „Well, I might just keep my mouth shut," he offered, „if you convinced me just a little bit."

„Oh, God, I'll do anything, anything! Bill would never be able to forgive me!"

Jack Green's lust-filled eyes quickly locked on the soft enticing sight of her firm erect breasts, the memory of their smooth hard-nippled fullness causing his big hands to twitch hungrily. Suddenly he reached down and caught hold of her wrist, jerking her body close against his. Diane could hear Wolf snarling behind her, straining at his leash, but she had tied him tightly to the slim young tree and she knew that there was no hope of his coming to rescue her.

„You're a sexy little bitch," Jack hissed down into her face. „I knew you and I would have to get together again sometime soon. My prick's already aching to get into that sweet little cunt of yours." He pulled her to him roughly and smothered her soft wet lips with his fleshy open mouth. She struggled against him instinctively, but it was useless. His callused hands clutched brutally at her bulging tender breasts, the delectable white globes that were still sensitively sore from yesterday's bruising treatment. Her frightened struggles seemed only to incite him further and he ground his rough dirty palms into the palpitating fleshy mounds, panting heavily. „Okay, tell me what you want!" he demanded.

„I—I want you to fuck me again like you did yesterday on my living room couch," she said dully, barely able to believe that she was in the same situation all over again. „Just do it to me quick and get it over with."

Diane felt him stiffen and then suddenly he pushed her away from him with such force that she fell down to the soft coating of leaves at his feet.

„You stuck-up little bitch!" he spat out viciously. „I probably gave you the best fuck of your life yesterday and now you tell me that! All right, then, I'm going to teach you a thing or two about respect, and you'd better do exactly what I tell you to do or your hubby's going to be the laughing-stock of Oak Trees!"

Diane did not answer ... she was unable to speak ... she was too frightened and too ashamed. She could not put aside the thought of Bill's ever finding out what she had been doing. There was no question in her mind but that this horrible man intended to do everything he had threatened to do and she knew that her marriage to Bill would never survive something like that. Somehow, she would have to make herself do whatever he commanded so that Bill would never know about the horrible adultery she had committed right in their own home.

„What ... what is it you want me to do?“ she heard herself question in a meek, quavering voice.

A wicked salacious leer curled the grey-haired man's lips. His red tongue shot out of his mouth and began to lick at the dry corners of his lips as he stared down at the delightfully ripe contours of her naked body cowering on the ground before him. „First, get up on your knees in front of me,“ he snarled, taking a step closer toward her still-prostrate body.

Diane crouched before him, chilled with terror, unable to cry out or even to think as the realization of what he was going to make her do filled her fogged brain. She had never done such a thing, even with Bill, her own husband, and now the very idea of such a depraved act like taking a man's prick into her mouth filled her with nausea. And yet, she would do anything in the world she could to keep Bill from finding out about her betrayal. She had no choice but to submit. Slowly and reluctantly, she rose to her knees and stared dumbly out in front of her. „Well, damn it, take out my cock! Why do you think you're down there?“ He entangled his hand in her long, golden hair and twisted it cruelly, pulling her head down and forward, grinding his crotch against her face at the same time so that she could feel the hardness of his already-erect penis beneath the rough material of his pants.

She closed her eyes in bitter submission, determined to somehow live through this ... this trial ... without any further struggles. Reaching upward, she fumbled awkwardly with the zipper on his trousers to take out the giant throbbing cock underneath.

„Hurry it up, honey,“ he barked cruelly down at her, impatient with her slowness in unzipping his fly. „I'm gonna cum in my pants before you ever get it out!“

A moment later the zipper came free and the huge fleshy instrument burst out into the air through the opening in the material. Jack grabbed her hand and wrapped it around the thick fleshy cudgel, slowly skinning it back so that the giant red fleshy head popped out from the thick foreskin a scant few inches from her face and her bulging eyes.

„Come on, you know what to do with it, honey,“ the caretaker taunted hoarsely. „Rub it around on your lips and then lick it clean from top to bottom. It's still got some of your dried cum on it from yesterday. I just couldn't bear to wash it off!“

The nauseating thought almost caused Diane to gag. She was certain she could still detect her soft feminine vaginal odors on him.

Oh, God, she could never suck that horrible thing ... it was more than she could bear ... but then she thought of Bill and what this man would tell the neighbors and submissively closed her eyes.

Her long pink tongue darted out tentatively and she licked down the full length of the rigid thick flesh. She was sickened by the thought of her mouth being used this way, as a receptacle of lust for this horrible man and the lewd sperm he was going to pump down into her unwilling throat. She had no doubt that he would expect her to swallow his gushing semen and she knew she would probably choke and be sick for a long time afterwards.

„All right, little lady, suck it now! By God, it better be good, too,“ he barked, grinning.

To her surprise, the taste was not nearly as bad as she had anticipated, merely a pungent earthy tang that she slowly decided must be mostly from her, yesterday. Her full lips parted and she lowered her face uncertainly to place a wet tickling kiss on the huge rubbery head, and she lifted up her hands, reaching toward his smooth, heavy testicles with one of them, grazing her dainty tapered nails tantalizingly over the hairy flaccid flesh. The other hand she placed at the thick base of his cock where it soared from the crinkly grey pubic hair covering his lower stomach. She squeezed it, her fingers unable to fully encircle the huge girth, and pulled up and then down hard, skinning back the foreskin until the large gleaming head stood alone and naked against the softness of her thirsty lips. She began planting moist warm kisses around it, beginning at the tip and tracing a path down the full length of it to the bottom and then wetly back up to the tip again. She caressed it longer than she knew she should, not being able just yet to bring herself to put it in her mouth.

But the caretaker could wait no more. With a gurgle deep in his throat, he reached down to lock his hands behind her head and thrust his loins upwards with the strength of a bull. Diane resisted for a moment, doubt colliding with desire in her mind, but it was too late. He was pushing against her, forcing the wide head of his thick prick into her mouth. She mumbled out the first sounds of fear she felt and tried to shake her head away, but he held her tightly and she could not move. She could only clench her lips and teeth firmly together and try to keep the monster away. But he would not be denied. He increased the pressure; it felt as though her lips were being pushed back through the sharpness of her teeth. He groaned and struggled against her resisting lips, feeling them parting, bit by tiny bit, until suddenly with the aid of an extra lunge he slipped his cock-head into her helplessly gasping mouth, penetrating through her soft, moist lips and into the warm, wet cavern beyond. She could feel the hugeness of it slithering up the length of her tongue and filling her mouth completely with its hot slippery wetness.

„Ooooh, baby,” he said, „that husband of yours don’t know what he’s missing. Your sweet little mouth slips over my cock like melted butter.” Diane heard him gasp harshly as he began a slow lascivious rhythmic undulation of his hips up into her helplessly upraised face. She closed her eyes to keep from choking as more and more saliva seemed to fill her mouth everywhere except where she was filled by Jack Green’s great flexing penis now protruding banana-like from her thinly stretched lips. Her oral orifice was ovalled and seemed ready to split open at any instant.

The grey-haired man groaned above her as he slid his thick lust-inflated cock in and out of her sucking mouth with a wet sluicing sound, guiding her head with his hand, his fingers ensnarled in her pale hair. He watched her cheeks puffing out as he filled her warm mouth, bobbing up and down on the turgid head of his huge prick. His sadistic grin widened with each thrust he made into her trapped face and he forced his thick sword of flesh deeper and deeper between her red straining lips as she groaned in servile acceptance between his hairy legs. He suddenly jerked his rock-hard penis away from her mouth, taunting her.

„Wait a minute,” he commanded as he stepped back from her swaying body. She raised her eyes in an expression of mixed dread and anxiousness as the caretaker began to remove his trousers. „We might as well make this fun for both of us, right, honey?”

Diane stared apprehensively as he walked a few feet down the path to where the great dog lay uneasily beside the tree to which he was tied. Jack lay down on the ground, settling his feet on either side of Wolf’s furry head. Underneath his grimy sweater, the caretaker’s loins were naked and completely exposed, his massive, upthrusting shaft of hard flesh jutting out like a log over the huge sac of sperm-filled balls hanging beneath.

„All right, honey, get over here,” he ordered crisply. „Get down between my legs and kneel up on all fours. Let’s see if your hairy friend here has taught you anything.”

The pretty, young housewife felt chills run up her spine at his words. As she crawled over to him in a semi-stupor of terror and humiliation, afraid to disobey, not allowing herself to think of what she was doing for fear she would lose her mind, she pictured clearly the lewd position she was in.

He grasped her head between both hands, pressing the huge fleshy penis between her forced-open lips, slipping her saliva-soaked mouth down over its full rigid length. Nothing mattered to her anymore except to get this horrible ordeal over with and to do what she had to do, no matter what, to get away from this despicable man.

„That’s fine, little lady, just fine,” Jack rasped, pushing his giant cock further into Diane’s warm velvety mouth. Then, lifting his head to look beyond her crouching form to where the massive German Shepherd lay, he called, „Here, boy, come on. She’s all ready and waiting for you.”

The beautiful twenty-one-year-old bride tensed as she heard Wolf whine softly behind her but she continued to suck slavishly on the thick pole of flesh, milking at the loathsome man’s prick to end the ordeal as soon as possible. Then, she heard the rustling of dead leaves as the champion dog lumbered to his feet and she felt something cold and wet back between her upraised buttocks a moment later. She stiffened and jerked at the cold, moist touches against her sensitive genitals, as the dog began to lick her, and when the huge animal growled in warning for her to be still, she realized it was not his loins against her, but his nose. Oh, God, he was going to lick her between her legs again! She felt her fear of the animal returning with full force and instinctively withdrew her mouth from the caretaker’s long straining cock, her wide-open eyes fixed on the stranger named Jack Green.

„Don’t try to tell me you don’t like that dog’s tongue on your pussy, honey,” he chuckled sarcastically. „I saw you yesterday morning, remember? Now you just get back to sucking MY cock before I decide to spread around the word about you anyway.”

He entwined both of his hands around her lowered head and pressed it downward, thrusting his hips upward at the same time. Diane felt as though she would choke to death as the fleshy shaft penetrated deep into her mouth. She gagged slightly at the choking entry, struggling to regain her breath. It came in great gasping rushes as she sucked in air as Wolf’s cold searching nose suddenly rubbed against her tiny cringing anus. Grunts of protest escaped from the thin-stretched tightness of her lips and she clenched her buttocks against the taunting torment of the brute’s icy touch. Then, as the dog growled ominously behind her, she began to relax in humiliated resignation, realizing that there was little hope for her to avoid this perverted act. There was nothing she could do. She felt Wolf begin to lap hungrily at the deep cleft between her parted thighs, his hot tongue sliding wetly over the area of her loins from the tiny hairless little anus up to the warm hair-lined lips of her vagina, flicking finally against the tiny jerking bud of her clitoris. Electrical tingles of intoxicating pleasure followed its path as it laved relentlessly between her opened thighs, pausing occasionally to lunge deeply into her narrow vaginal channel. Diane struggled valiantly against the effect of the gentle dog-licking of the vibrant flesh back between her open buttocks but, slowly, the very lewdness and helplessness of her situation came clear to her. She pictured herself as she was now, her body trapped obscenely between two rutting male animals ... a human male’s cock sunk deep in her unwilling mouth and a dog’s long wet tongue slaverling ceaselessly at her naked behind. A strange masochistic excitement began to well up from deep in her belly, up to the tips of her swelling breasts, as she envisioned how she must look in this debasing kneeling position.

She was doing this for Bill! she reminded herself desperately. She had to remember her husband. She mustn’t forget ... mustn’t let herself ... again.

She groaned aloud as Wolf’s relentlessly probing tongue shot deep up into the moist passage of her

vagina. The hot, unwanted desire rising deep in her trembling belly became a rapid [SPAM] once more and she began to move her naked buttocks high up behind her in a small grinding circular movement, constricting the outer lips of her tight little cunt muscles back over the obscene animal tongue burrowing relentlessly into her.

Suddenly, insanely, she wanted to exploit it to the limit, to feel her entrails filled with it and to cum as she had the day before. She sucked wildly at the caretaker's massive pistoning cock in her mouth, almost gagging, her cheeks hollowing and filling with his every thrust. It was the first time she had ever tasted cock and now it was sliding deep down into her throat as she fought for breath, managing to catch quick gulps of precious air on the outstroke of his thrustings. The caretaker's soft, swollen balls slapped harder up against her chin as he fucked happily between her widely-ovalled young lips, giving her almost all he had. She was beyond fighting this lewd rape of her mouth and cunt from behind. She could no longer even visualize what was happening to her ... she was all sensation and mentally raving like a slave to the erotic fury that had taken control of her within a mere matter of minutes. Even the stale odor of sweat that was now around Jack Green's loins, maddened her, filling her nostrils with a constant reminder of the perverse attack she was being subjected to at both ends of her desire-inflamed body. Dazing pulsations thumped at the bounds of her brain and she was growing close to bursting with ecstasy, was twitching and twisting, slaverling saliva and semen from the corners of her tensely out-stretched lips.

„Well, now, look at you ... you don't think it's so awful now, do you, honey?" Jack gasped as he raised his shaggy head from the ground to watch her soft wet mouth clasped greedily around his huge throbbing prick fucking lewdly upward into her lovely, penis- filled face. His pubic hair was saturated with the juices dribbling from the edges of her warmly-milking mouth and her entire body was in fierce and total motion. The thin tensile rim of her lips clung to his stiffened rod of flesh as though held there by some unseen force as her now passion- contorted face licked and sucked hungrily. Even the caretaker himself was surprised by the increasing wantonness of her demonical attack. She was sucking at his swelling member like a starving whore and the thick pummeling instrument seemed to disappear completely into her face as he rammed upward, trying to bury it all the way in her throat. He felt her soft warm hand reaching again under his cock to cup and squeeze his balls, pulling on them lightly as her head was driven obscenely upward with each lunge he made into her.

Diane had begun to pray inwardly ... pray to some pagan god that the magnificent animal-lover behind her would lick her to completion. She was aflame with the fires of lewd passion that were about to consume her and she prayed that the huge hairy beast would satisfy her as he almost had before. All reason had left her and she thought of herself as nothing more than a mass of sensitive flesh, created for this lust- maddened moment. Behind her she could feel Wolf's tongue snaking deep into her torturously flaring cunt then slithering out to lave at the erectly tingling bud of her clitoris. She felt that she was going mad .. but, oh God, what an exquisite insanity! She was changing, beginning to want the grey-haired man to cum in her mouth, to spurt his white thick sperm far up into her suddenly uncontrollably-hungering throat. Already she was wild with anticipation, groaning out her submission to the lewd desires racing through her doubly ravished body.

„Tighten your lips harder around my cock, you cocksucking little bitch!" he snarled at the slaving girl, his voice harsh and dry with passion.

Diane followed his bidding unthinkingly, at the same moment feeling herself tighten all over with the heat of increasing excitement rising throughout her sex-possessed body.

Suddenly his moment arrived like a surprise hurricane.

The middle-aged caretaker jerked suddenly as though lashed with exquisite pain and jammed his wiry hips up tightly into her face, sinking the whole fantastic length of his long hard cock deeply into her wide-stretched throat. She could not breathe, could not care, as the incredible prick erupted hotly into the warm soft interior of her silky sucking mouth, and vile oaths of passion spewed from his gasping lips. His hot thick sperm squirted into her distended throat like a rush of raging lava through a storm-drain and she sucked and swallowed wildly, her smooth cheeks inflating and deflating from the pressure of the man's hotly bursting dam of cum. It lasted forever, it seemed, her throat barely able to accept the torrents of warmly-cascading liquid. She swallowed faster to keep from choking as he grunted out his last spurts in final fulfillment, the monstrous prick slowly deflating inside her wide-stretched mouth. She kept on sucking, milking every last drop of his warm white cum from his deflating cock while behind her the great German Shepherd continued to lap hungrily at her upturned young cunt with his wildly-licking tongue.

Now, at last, her senses were completely conquered, no longer her own, and she clung to their neighbor's caretaker's rhythmically-jerking hips as her own reeling orgasm stiffened her body, flooding out in wet sensual waves of cum around the thick wet dog tongue buried deep in her hotly-quivering cunt. The scalding fluids ran out of her in hot streams, making her pink cunt-lips glisten as it ran down the insides of her soft trembling thighs. It was indescribably satisfying and the whole of her back-thrust loins felt wet and ravished beyond words. She was actually crying tears of ecstasy, the shiny drops pouring from her blue eyes and down her cock-impaled face like liquid jewels. After the man had shot the last of his sticky hot sperm into her mouth, she released the caretaker's softening cock, its thick length slipping from her widely-pursed lips with a slight pop. She fell forward then across his exhausted body, her own strength sapped as never before.

„Did you say your hubby'd never forgive you?" the older man gasped after a few minutes of silence as they both fought to catch their breath.

Oh, God, he's going to start it again, Diane thought despairingly. She did not even answer but merely rolled her naked young body over on her back on the dank ground with her arms and legs obscenely spread, not caring. She could feel the caretaker's lewd wet sperm drying on her chin where some of it had spilled from the corners of her bruised mouth. She could also sense the wetness of her own cum juices still flowing out of her dog-lapped vagina, running down the sensitive insides of her loins like tickling trails of warmth.

She had not even noticed when Wolf's saliva-drenched tongue had pulled away from her orgasm-flooded backside and was unaware that he had moved off to the end of his leash to curl up at the foot of the sapling, sound asleep. At this point, she could not move or even care about covering her shameful nakedness.

The combination of satiation and humiliation was more than the young wife could cope with just now. God, she was a worse whore than she had thought! Not only had her willing body reacted to the perverse act of sucking this man, Jack Green, a lowly caretaker's cock, but she had also gone wild with the slurping wetness of the dog's ravishing tongue on her genitals again. It seemed useless to fight anymore, to even try to think of herself as anything but a cheap wanton tramp ... not at all a loving wife who deserved any consideration or affection from her husband. In the span of three short days, she had been brutally raped, forced to suck a strange man's cock, and had shamelessly allowed to be overwhelmed by the indecent slaverling of a dumb animal's hot tongue in her pussy. No, it was pointless even to pretend to be angry and indignant now, for she realized that her own primitive desires had helped, if not actually caused, everything that had happened.

„I take it that you're pretty much in love with your husband, aren't you?" Jack said in a strangely perceptive way, as though he could read into her befuddled thoughts. „You've had a good time, all

right, but you've been fighting me right down the line. I've got to respect you for that, anyway, and I don't mind admitting that you're one of the hottest little bitches I've ever worked over."

"Yes, I do love my husband ... very much," Diane assured him in an impassive tone of voice. She had no energy left to combat what she supposed was only the beginning of another of the older man's tormenting games. If what he wanted was to fuck her again, to use her already defiled body to satisfy himself, it could hardly matter now. She had nothing left to lose—her honor was forever stained by the lewdness of what she had submitted to and no amount of repentance could clear her conscience now.

"Christ, that's too bad, baby, because you're one hell of a lay and I wouldn't mind straightening myself out a little just to settle down with you," the ill-kempt older man said softly, almost regretfully. She watched silently, blindly, as he stepped over to where his trousers lay and bent over to pick them up. A moment later, when he was fully dressed again and had zipped up the front of his pants with an almost tragic slowness, he gave her a gallant little nod and swooped down with his right hand to pick up the two rabbits he had dropped earlier. After walking a short way along the trail, he paused as though in thought and turned to face her again.

"Yep, you were pretty damned bitchy toward me," he said, "but I sort of respect you for it. I think by admitting to yourself you like to be fucked, you're going to respect yourself more now, too ... in the long run, I mean."

With that, he spun around and walked off rapidly along the trail, disappearing around a bend between the trees. The worn-out young blonde could not restrain herself from calling out to him.

"Wait, please, wait!" she shouted, using his Christian name for the first time. "Jack! Please, I want to talk to you!" It was more than she could handle to have him just walk off this way, without any final resolution to all that had happened between them, and she forced aside her pride in an attempt to make him turn around and explain his thoughts and feelings.

Jack Green smiled to himself as he walked thoughtfully along the leaf-carpeted trail, uncertain for one of the first times in his life that he was justified as a real man in dealing with a woman. Well, whatever happened, he had had a helluva time with the sweet little bitch. She had been worth every bit of the trouble and he knew that she would be much more receptive to a healthy man's sexual advances toward her than she had been before his encounter with her that morning after her session with the mammoth dog. She was a real woman now ...

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Chapter 7

Bill was due home today! Diane glowed.

It seemed like years now since he had left and she hummed a tune along with the radio as she dusted and polished the interior of the house in preparation for his arrival. She knew that he would question why she was in such a happy mood when he arrived home. Usually when he left on one of his important business trips, she spent the days building up resentments and frustrations until she could barely keep from exploding the minute he walked in the door. But this time was different, in more ways than one. For some reason, she felt as though she had changed, had grown up in the last four days.

Maybe it was just the first time she had ever really been forced to face something alone, the lovely, blue-eyed girl mused as she withdrew the carpet-sweeper from the hallway closet and began to drub

it back and forth across the rug. God knows, it was a dreadful enough ordeal for anyone to endure and yet she was not completely sorry it had happened. She still felt just as regretful and ashamed as ever of having enjoyed another man pumping his wildly excited sperm into her behind her husband's back but Jack Green's words yesterday afternoon had given her her first taste of personal pride. All her life, people had been wonderful to her because they admired her or thought she was pretty or something else like that, but the grizzled caretaker from the next estate had praised her because he thought she had truly earned it. There was a world of difference.

She felt a strange new sense of power, as though she could do almost anything she set her mind to. And the really odd thing was that she had realized after she came home last night that she had never really disciplined herself about anything, except maybe making herself comfortable. Out of this newfound self-confidence, she had perked up and groomed the dogs, even cleaned all the kennels from top to bottom before darkness fell.

Ordinarily, it was a job that Bill did on Saturday afternoons, usually while she dawdled around the house, resenting the time he was spending away from her.

It was astonishing, she thought to herself as she looked over the freshly-cleaned living room, actually horrifying that she could have been such a silly selfish idiot all this time. It was not that she was kidding herself into thinking that all her problems had suddenly been solved miraculously by the adulterous sexual encounters with Jack Green in her home, and in the woods yesterday afternoon, but at least it was a start. For the first time in several months, she felt real hope that she and Bill would be able to work out their petty marital differences. She still thought the wisest course would be to keep silent about all that had occurred this week: It would be such a waste to have Bill's natural jealousy interfere with the new mutual understanding that was going to bloom between them after he arrived home today.

She had finished her housecleaning and realized with a start, as she wandered around the house looking for any odds and ends that still needed doing, that the dogs had not been inspected for several hours, not since she had taken care of them very early this morning, and now she still had several hours to kill before Bill arrived home. She gazed thoughtfully out of the living room window toward the kennels behind the house, then impulsively walked out of the living room and across the back yard toward Wolf's compound. After her wonderful experience with him yesterday afternoon, she felt a new affection and respect for the fantastic beast, one that not even her uneasiness about the rightness of what had happened could diminish. She would bring the dog inside to keep her company until Bill arrived home.

„Hey! Down, down, Wolf!“ Diane laughed as the huge dog almost knocked her over in his eager rush to get into the house, a treat he was unaccustomed to. A light rain had fallen the night before and, as he jumped up joyfully on his beautiful mistress, slobbering wet kisses all over her face in gratitude for being let inside, his muddy paws smeared his footprints all over the front of her frilly blue housedress.

„Oh, Wolf, look at me!“ she scolded after she pushed the big dog back down to the kitchen floor and saw that the outfit she had worn especially for Bill was marked and streaked with huge black and brown paw prints. The excited German Shepherd had also smudged the linoleum- tiled floor with wet blotches of mud from his feet.

„I guess it's my own fault,“ she sighed as Wolf began to race happily around the kitchen, sniffing inquisitively at everything from the dishes drying on the drainboard to the huge steak she had taken out of the freezer for that night's celebratory dinner. The dark tracks over the floor showed exactly where the tremendous creature had been and she realized that now she would have to mop up the

kitchen all over again. „I should have made you wipe your feet,” she said lightly as she moistened a terrycloth dishtowel to wipe all the mud and wetness from the animal’s paws.

„Come on, boy, you can wait in the living room while I change clothes,” she ordered as she tossed the dirty towel into the kitchen sink. The obedient dog followed happily behind her as she led the way into the next room. She watched him settle down on the carpet in the middle of the room and then, satisfied that he was relaxed, headed off toward the bedroom, stripping off her soiled dress as she went.

She could not decide what she wanted to wear. With Bill gone, she had not even been able to go to the laundromat in town and nearly everything she owned was either dirty or inappropriate for his homecoming. Her fair young face drooped into a thoughtful pout as she stared into the closet, rifling with one anxious hand through the array of garments inside. The young beauty considered wearing one of the sexy nighties that he liked so much, to surprise him, but she shook her head in a negative back and forth motion, obviously displeased with the idea. Even though her enterprising young husband would never know about all that happened to her during his absence, it seemed unfair of her to try to lure him into bed so soon after she had been fucked half senseless by another man ... not to mention her obscene delight in his canine hero’s unnatural licking of her naked loins. She was sincerely remorseful about everything and knew that it would take some time before she could overcome her guilt sufficiently to feel right about making any genuine sexual overtures toward Bill. She had resolved most of her anxiety, it was true, but she was also aware of the fine line between her stoic acceptance of what she had done and the strong self-doubt that had made her life a nightmare after she had responded to Jack Green’s obscene caresses.

She was slightly sweaty from the exertion of her work that morning and decided to take a shower in an hour or so, and let the final decision about what to wear wait until then. Stripping off her panties and brassiere, she dropped the soiled lacy garments into a heap with the muddied dress and slipped into a pretty gingham-checked smock that was decent enough if anyone happened to come to the door.

The beautiful young blonde woman walked back to the living room and sat down on the sofa, picking up a ladies’ magazine from an end table beside her. She leaned back into the cushions and stretched her legs out casually in front of her. It was the first peace and quiet she had really experienced since Bill had left last Sunday and she was enjoying the change of pace. An item in the magazine on the care of pet dogs caught her eye and in a minute she was thoroughly engrossed in the article. Then she felt the couch stirring slightly and she looked up to see that Wolf had clambered up onto the cushions beside her. She frowned at the dog and snapped her fingers, pointing to the floor at her feet. But the big dog only whined softly and dropped his mammoth head on her sun-tanned knee, his cold nose nuzzling under her cotton dress to rest in the warm crevice between her smooth creamy thighs just below the blonde patch of her pubic hair. She shuddered and chilled from the unexpected sensation of the dog’s cold wet nose on the sensitive flesh on her inner thighs and the warm blast of his breath against her uncovered genitals beneath her dress.

„Oh, no, you’re not going to start that again,” she warned him sternly. But he paid no attention and renewed his effort to reach the hidden source of the female scent that fascinated him. With a powerful downward push, the big dog succeeded in opening Diane’s tightly-clenched thighs with his nose. He ran his tongue wetly over the full length of the narrow pink slit that came into view. Her clitoris came immediately to life and throbbed as the hairy beast’s long moist tongue slid wetly over the sensitive bud. She found herself responding without conscious thought, her hips writhing back at the dog, moving of their own volition, until it fully dawned on her what she was doing.

„Back, Wolf, back!” she snapped, pushing his face away determinedly with both hands. The huge

brute moved off the couch reluctantly, only to sit and place his front paws on the back of the sofa beside where she sat, his hindquarters beginning an obscene humping motion against the edge of the couch. Diane watched aghast as his glistening, scarlet penis slipped out from its hairy sheath, dripping lewdly. The tapered point jabbed and danced in the air as he tried futilely to bury it in the cushion. The hot scarlet of his stabbing member contrasted startlingly with the darker muted color of the plush couch cushion. Unnerved, she wracked her brain for some way to stop the great beast before his untimely animal lust got completely out of hand. She moved to rise to her feet, planning to lead the mountainous German Shepherd by the collar out to his run, but a sudden snapping growl from the huge creature froze her where she sat.

„Get down, Wolf! Stop it! Stop it ... right ... now ...” Her strident authoritative tone began to fail her and then died out completely as the dog’s long, prong-like fangs appeared in a menacing snarl. She was paralyzed, numb with fear at the dog’s abrupt change of character, not daring to move as Wolf lowered his forepaws from the sofa and prowled the carpeted floor around her feet. Ominous sounds rumbled up ceaselessly from deep in his powerful chest and he suddenly thrust his snout between her slender ankles, wedging his brawny shoulders between her curving calves as they came unwillingly apart. Feeling the panicky sense of helplessness returning like a chronic disease, Diane tried to clench her thighs and buttocks tightly together but the dog muscled powerfully between her straining knees.

No, no, she thought frantically to herself, this can’t happen again!

It had finally seemed as though she had gotten everything under control, but now ...

For a moment, the quavering golden-haired girl tried to twist away from the strange attack, but another threatening snarl made her fall limply back onto the couch.

„No, no, Wolf! Bad dog! Lie down!” she shouted in desperation, hoping that a new combination of words would make the rutting animal retreat.

As if in defiant answer, the huge dog brought his great panting head down to the narrow hair-lined slit between her forced-open thighs and licked at the wetness, sliding his soft red tongue along the thin hair-fringed slit up to the hot little tip of her clitoris. It was just as he had done before. She was helpless against the dog’s intense determination to keep her trapped on the couch, and felt her ripe young body trembling and jerking under the tempting stimulation. This is sick, she raged to herself; it’s unnatural and perverted. But as she tried to wriggle into a safer position, the monstrous dog’s long tongue snaked out again, licking hungrily at her moist crevice, lingering at her tiny puckered anal mouth where the pointed red tip pushed and probed, trying to force its way past the outer ring of soft rubbery flesh. The young housewife’s nervously-tensed thighs quivered at the forbidden sensation and a deep moan spilled from her open lips. The husky dog’s slathering wet tongue was forcing her toward excitement in spite of her revulsion at the thought of enjoying the unnatural stimulation.

Diane groaned despairingly as she realized she wanted still more of the mind-blurring, debasing stimulation. Her natural resistance was fading under the maddening torture of the German Shepherd’s tongue and suddenly the giant lance stabbed into her vulnerable warm pussy like a thick pink snake, plunging up deep into her, heedless of the sobbing, tearful objections that came spontaneously from her mouth. The last remnants of her self-restraint disintegrated and, oblivious to all morality and reason, she rolled her tempting buttocks against the face of the aroused animal, drowning in the weird obscene sensations of his slithering tongue against her shamelessly aroused loins.

Before she realized what was happening, the dark-haired dog pulled away from her willing vagina and reared up to place its forepaws on the couch above her pinned shoulders. She gasped as she saw the creature's glistening red penis slip out from its casing, its tapered point dripping and dancing in the hot valley between her wide-spread thighs. The dog began to shiver and tremble, trying to bury the blood-red tip into her luscious ready body. Her mind reeling in a confusing daze of sexual need and debasing humiliation, she looked up at him through her wide eyes watching him over her nakedness. Then, as though a demon had taken over her will, she thrust hungrily upward with her buttocks in a mechanical attempt to capture the lengthening shaft of flesh between her swollen cuntal lips. She heaved upward towards the long scarlet organ as though she were a rutting bitch herself, and the very thought of herself as another bitch animal in heat like those out in the kennel sent another electric tingle reaching deep into her belly. She could feel the seeping wetness between her thighs increasing even more and her heart pounded loudly like a jungle drum.

Groaning, she pulled her thighs up tight against her over-spilling breasts, turning up the flat plane of her silky loins in a frantic effort to capture the jabby fleshy spear. The desire-maddened dog pushed forward wildly as he struggled to implant the pointed tip of his dripping cock between her thighs, striving to shove it into her until his pinkly tapering hardness sank all the way into the wet opening, popping cruelly into the tightly-clenched little hole with one quick forward lunge.

With a strangled cry, Diane twisted to one side in an effort to escape the sudden animal impalement. But having tasted his first success, the lust-driven dog returned to the attack with all the barbarousness of a Tartar, mindlessly, savagely humping against her tiny hardened clitoris and slipping his flanks down to thrust between the naked lips of her white-hot pussy.

At last, Diane grasped the dog's slippery prick without shame and parted her cuntal opening to assist him, holding her breath as he began to stroke into her, inch after inch of his long, thick cock disappearing into her with each new pile-driving thrust of his hairy flanks. Suddenly her frail young breath hissed out of her body in a high whistling sigh as the great cock slipped into her all the way and began to slam up into the moist cavern like a fleshy spike being pounded deeper and deeper into a tight moist tunnel.

Wolf's forelegs dropped down on either side of her smoothly-curved hips, trapping her, and she began to undulate her quivering young body, her tightly-clenched buttocks grinding upward in lewd circles, abandoning herself to the wonderful animal-fucking that she was receiving from the German Shepherd. Her face was twisted with ecstasy and her full taut breasts jiggled lightly, moving in time to the throbbing dog-cock as it spiraled up into her vagina like a rampant drill made of hot flesh.

Oh, God, she moaned, relishing every vicious slam of Wolf's prick into her hotly raving cunt. She was being screwed senseless by a German Shepherd, his huge dog-cock filling her slim belly and pushing her inner organs higher and higher until she was afraid they would rupture and be pushed all the way up out of her mouth. It was tearing the soul from her body, driving it out of her with every powerful stroke. She was begging him to fuck her harder and faster, to shoot his hot cum up into her pussy, aching to be filled with the dog's lewdly-building sperm. That was all that mattered to her now. She was reveling in her defilement, uncaring, no longer capable of thinking about sex as right or wrong or thinking of anything but the tremendous shaft of hard animal flesh pistoning back and forth in her wide-stretched pussy, causing her to hump back hungrily up against the dog's hairy, jerking body like a female animal herself.

Small droplets of moisture were forming in the juncture of Diane's erotically-rotating thighs, glistening and sparkling in the light as they trickled down over her smoothly gyrating buttocks onto the couch, sometimes sticking to the dog's sperm-laden testicles as they slapped wildly against her nakedly upturned anus with each downward stroke. Her rounded ass-cheeks began contracting

uncontrollably, signifying her approaching climax, and she screwed up greedily against the beast like a woman possessed.

Suddenly a piercing scream came from her passion-twisted lips and she rammed up violently against the dog just as he hunched forward and his cock began spewing its sperm in hot searing torrents far into the depths of her voraciously clasp vagina. The young woman's crazily grinding buttocks began to pitch and toss wildly on the cushions of the couch as her own thrilling climactic upheaval exploded deep in her belly. Thick white liquid oozed from her tightly-squeezing cunt as she milked hungrily at the dog's thickly-jerking penis, drawing out every last drop of the precious animal sperm. Glistening trails of the sticky cum fluids streamed down the cream-white fullness of her buttocks, creating dark stains in the velvety fabric of the couch below.

At last, the deflating cock of the drained beast slipped from her mauled passageway with a lewd wet sucking noise that echoed obscenely through the silence of the room. Then, in a last act of bestial depravity, the dog dropped to the floor and lowered his muzzle between her widely-splayed thighs, lapping at the warm viscous animal sperm still dribbling from her well-fucked young cunt. He gulped it thirstily until eventually there was none left and then he turned away to lumber across the living room. Diane listened to Wolf whining happily and unconsciously assumed that he was searching for a place to rest. Then suddenly she heard the unmistakable click of the door latching shut, followed by the soft padding of the dog's paws descending the outside steps.

Gradually the realization of what she had just heard dawned on the blonde girl's tortured mind. Her blue eyes fluttered open and her face fell in utter paralyzing disbelief. Bill was home!

„Well, Diane, that was quite a performance. I didn't know that either of you were so accomplished," her husband's voice rasped from where he was standing inside the door, his suitcase on the floor beside him. „Do you do that often while I'm away? Is that why you didn't worry your pretty little head about putting me off that way before I left? You knew you had something better waiting as soon as you could get your stupid husband out of the house!"

Diane's shame and humiliation were beyond words. At that moment she wished for death, for unending sleep and escape from the reality of herself—a wanton slut who would use anything or anyone at her disposal to quench the wildfire of passion raging within her.

„Oh, darling," she sobbed despairingly from the couch. „I don't know what happened ... I couldn't help it ... I ..."

„Yeah, I could see you hated every minute of it, you bitch," he snarled, reviling her tearful plea for understanding. „I'm just sorry now that I didn't pick up one of those little floozies hanging around my hotel. After being married to you, I could use a good lay for a change! And to think that I even missed you, you slut! Jesus, Diane, I knew you were selfish, but this is simply beyond belief!"

„No, no, darling, you don't understand! Please, let me tell you what happened?" she pleaded. Then she gaped in horrified disbelief as her husband began to tear off his pants, draping his shorts and trousers over the back of a chair at the entrance to the living room. His prick was jutting out from his hairy loins like a flashy sword and he wore an ugly grin as he crossed the room to where Diane sat cowering on the sofa.

„Notice my cock, baby," he spat out venomously as he stood in front of her, his hands clenched defiantly on his slim hips. Smiling coldly at her stricken expression, he continued, „That's right, I have a hell of a hard-on. Watching you screw that goddamned dog is a lot more exciting than listening to you whining day and night about how I don't love you enough. Hah! That's a joke! Does Wolf love you enough, baby?"

Oh, God, if she could only tell him about the mind-breaking horrors she had endured at the hands of Jack Green and his own precious dog, she knew that her husband would not be cruel. But she had vowed to keep the terrible secrets. „Darling, you must believe that ... I ... I ... love you,” she said weakly.

„Well, that’s a thrill,” he sneered. Then with an evil grin, he commanded her, „Turn over, dog-fucker, and lean over the back of the couch. I can see that normal sex just doesn’t turn you on- -so I’m going to give you something you’ll love!”

Unthinking, willing to do anything to please him now, Diane twisted around on the sofa, changing positions until she was kneeling with her body resting on the back cushions. She felt her husband move closer behind her and his rough hands rudely grasped the smooth oval globes of her buttocks, pulling apart the soft yielding moons.

„Now, take my cock, you cheating little whore, and put it in your asshole,” he ordered her in a voice thin with anger. „I’m going to give you something you’ll never forget!”

Without conscious thought, his beautiful dazed wife obediently reached back behind her and took hold of the throbbing hard shaft, aiming the swollen purple tip at the tiny brown ring of her tight, hairless anus. Her husband’s long, thin cock leapt in her hand and he thrust impatiently against her as she worked the bloated cock-head up and down the full slit of her naked pussy, lubricating the long stiff member with the warmly flowing animal sperm that still trickled wetly from her ravaged vagina. She still had not fully comprehended his curt command until she felt him reach down and guide the hard rubbery tip of his eager cock up from her drenched vaginal lips and into the warm valley between her upraised buttocks.

Behind her, her dark-haired husband gazed down at the gratifying spectacle of his long thick prick wedged up against her luscious virginal anus. He had always dreamed of fucking his proud young wife in the asshole and now he had the perfect opportunity to do it and not worry, for a change, about when the spoiled girl felt sufficiently loved to bear the initial pain for his sake. His sperm-bloated balls tingled with angry desire as his fingers sunk cruelly into the soft flesh of her pliant white buttocks, pulling them apart, wider and wider until the tiny brown hole parted a little. Suddenly understanding the fiendish nature of his intentions, Diane began to squirm and whine, but she could not manage to elude his grasp.

She felt the end of his finger start to probe at the entrance of her exposed rectum and she clenched the tiny puckered opening tightly in a desperate effort to prevent the awful penetration that she knew would soon come. Bill continued to jab for a minute at the sensitive outer edges of the small brown elastic circle and then suddenly shoved forward with a sadistic grin on his handsome face, sinking the finger in with a jerk up to the first knuckle. Diane jumped forward from the pain, a gurgling moan rising from her throat. She suffered as he moved the finger around in little rotating motions and gradually the agony lessened. She relaxed a bit until she felt the extra pressure of a second finger ram unexpectedly alongside the first. This time, it did hurt and she jerked away in an effort to escape the painful entry. Her husband pulled back, though, and continued to move the two fingers inside her painfully-stretched rectum.

Oh, God, Diane thought as tears of pain and humiliation rose to her eyes, he was really going to make love to her back there and there was nothing she could do about it. She would never live through this—would never be able to face herself again after this ultimate degradation and subjugation. Even what had happened with Wolf had been child’s play compared to this ... How foolish she had been to ever think that perhaps Bill would understand what she had been through this week! she mused as a tiny spark of righteous anger kindled in her anguished brain. Her beloved

husband was a devil, a horrible fiend!

Diane tried again to cringe her buttocks away from Bill but it was useless. He held her firmly with one hand as he wormed his fingers in and out of her with the other, turning and twisting them in the tight narrow hole. The pain lessened more and more until gradually she felt a slight sensation of pleasure from the unnatural reaming. She was just beginning to enjoy the feeling of the fingers in her rectum when suddenly Bill pulled them out of her.

The two fingers seemed to slip out reluctantly, the elastic ring of her anus clinging to them until they popped out with a slight sucking sound. He forced her lush legs wider with his knees, dropping his head to her buttocks to lick wetly at the crevice between them, moistening the tiny brown hole with his tongue and sending delicious shivers coursing over the beautiful girl's back.

Then, Diane felt Bill's hands jerk her hips higher, driving her full breasts more firmly into the back of the couch. Her flint-eyed husband peered down at the tiny hairless circle of her anus and smiled bitterly at how completely she was subjugating herself to his desires ... now when it was too late to make any difference. He grasped harshly at her soft hips, holding them steady before him as he impressed his long, slender cock in the moist naked split of her cunt, running it up and down the full length to moisten it with her own guilty wetness. Then, he guided the pulsing cock forward until it touched the slightly- stretched little anal mouth and moved it around, lubricating the tiny cringing hole. Diane gasped in fear at the first startling contact. God, it would never fit! It was too big! She tried to move forward again but he held her solidly.

„Darling, don't do this to me ... to us ...” she groaned back at him.

„You weren't all that worried about us when you were getting fucked by our prize German Shepherd,” he mocked her.

She felt his hairy loins behind her and his hard cock searching and probing into her upturned buttocks. Then, she felt a direct jabbing pressure between his hands that was soft and rubbery at first and then grew into an unresisting blunt hardness.

„Billlll, nooooo! Aaaaaggghh!” she finally screamed as she felt the tight resisting nether ring giving way before the unyielding pressure of his cock, its head popping into her with a jerk. She screamed again and then groaned ceaselessly as the blunt intrusion of her own husband's cruel shaft vibrated through every fiber of her being, pushing the soft velvety flesh inside of her widely-stretched anal passage in great waves before it. She groaned with pain as it sunk deeper, deeper, deeper ... on and on into her until she felt the coarse hair of his loins smack heavily into the softness of her vagina below.

Bill was inside her, in her asshole, all the way up to the hilt!

He paid no attention to her anguished cries and began to fuck viciously and without mercy into the soft depths of his young wife's sweet, tight asshole, bringing further sobs of pain and humiliation from her tortured lips. She had never felt so soiled and debauched in her life and her whole behind felt wet and used as he levered up behind her and began to plunge the full length of his punishing cock into her with long smooth strokes. Her body jerked and quivered and her thighs, now that her resistance was broken, periodically convulsed as an extra hard thrust seared into her tortured rectum. She could hear his grunts of sadistic pleasure floating through the silence of the room around them and suddenly she hated herself and her body for the joy it was giving him, even though there was nothing she could do to prevent it. Then, despite the pain, she clenched her anal muscles tightly together in an attempt to pull out his cock at its very roots.

„Aaaaaaaah, Gawwwwd,” her husband groaned, throwing back his head in ecstasy from the feeling of her warm clasp anal flesh enveloping his cock. She was sorry momentarily when he cried out, but she could not stand still and do nothing while she was being brutally fucked, even though the pain was lessening now. In fact, the sensation of his cock- head riding deep into her rectum was starting to send little darts of warm pleasant feeling in her stomach, as though she had a second cunt and was slowly learning how to enjoy its use.

She moved backward to meet the forward thrust of his stiff prick, undulating her body and swinging the cheeks of her round ass in little tight circles, clasp her anus tightly shut as he withdrew mightily on the out-stroke. Bill rammed into her with fresh power, knowing that she was beginning to like this depraved ass-fucking, the feeling of being impaled on his long staff like a sacrificial piece of choice animal flesh.

„Oooohh, yessss,” she moaned as he slammed harder up into her belly, pushing her forward and down until her breasts were smashed flat against the back cushions of the couch. He felt her tighten her anal muscles again and again around his hard thick length buried in her back passage. His cock throbbed crazily and he flexed it up deep in her rectum in an answering signal until he feared the head would explode from the pressure around it like a burning hot, tight-fitting glove.

Her obvious surrender added to his excitement and in a vengeful effort to torture his wayward wife, Bill pulled his imbedded cock almost all the way out of her rectum until just the blood-inflated tip rested inside the hot rubbery passage, then grinned as he saw her try to squirm her nakedly-writhing buttocks back tighter on its rigid length.

But the spectacle inflamed his own lust as well, and with a hoarse moan, he pulled her ass-cheeks wider apart and drove his pelvis into her smooth yielding behind with a jarring vicious smack. He began to ram rapidly into her, hard and deep, battering into her quivering backside with brutal slaps that resounded through the house. His sweating face dripped on her lovely hollowing back, making it glisten in the pale afternoon sunlight in the room. He had now completely lost control of his obscene lust and he felt his cock expanding in the warmth of his wife’s stretched rectum. His balls began to throb almost painfully and his hardened prick felt as though it were about to explode in the rubbery tight grip of his gorgeous wife’s vice-like back-passage.

Below him, Diane was mumbling and whimpering incoherently and he increased the speed and power of his strokes until the couch began to rattle and shake from the steady battering of his loins against her buttocks. She could feel herself being split open wider and wider from the power and pressure he was exerting deep up inside her. She wanted to shout back obscenities at him and plead for him to use her however he wanted to vent his pent-up angry lust on her helpless nakedness.

She wanted him to shoot his great load of seething creamy liquid deep into her belly, to mingle his juices with the wetness of those of the huge German Shepherd she had let fuck her moments before.

Then, suddenly, Diane heard him gasp and groan behind her as he hammered the iron-hard length of his prick into her contracting, velvety rectum, causing her to whine in a delirium of joy. He did it again, roughly pulling her back onto him as though he were fitting a tight sleeve on an oversized arm, then rotated the lust-inflated cock- head deep in her rectum again. She mewled with delight. The boiling lava of his milky sperm began to churn wildly in his swaying balls and, with one last tremendous thrust, he crashed into her buttocks, flattening the smooth globes of flesh against his loins.

Diane felt the warmth of the first delicious torrents of his white hot liquid spread through her stomach and surge through her blossoming nerve ends like a volcanic eruption, gush after gush,

touching off her own climax. She thrust her face deep into her arms to muffle her scream as a great surge of animal ecstasy rippled through her and she felt her own creamy cum fluids streaming from her open cunt below, trickling down her inner thighs to mix with the dog sperm saturating the cushions below.

Then she slowly collapsed on the sofa as she felt her husband begin to withdraw his slowly-deflating cock from her sperm-flooded anal passage. There was a slight, embarrassing little farting noise as it slipped out from between the full white globes of her buttocks and a sudden rush of cool air laved the steamy wetness of her ravaged loins as she sprawled in exhausted satiation, face down on the couch.

Her body felt pillaged and subjugated beyond belief and her mind was numbed by the certainty that her marriage was ended.

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## Chapter 8

„Darling, please don't do anything else to me," she pleaded, waiting dully for her husband's voice to break the silence of the room. „I'll leave if you want me to, but ... I can't take anything else right now. Wolf ... I can't say anything to make you believe me, but, it did, it did happen that way!"

Diane braced herself for the blistering sarcastic reply that she was certain would soon come directly as a result of her husband's injured pride. Naturally he would make her pay for what she had done—if he still cared enough to be concerned.

God, he had walked in on her this afternoon and found her with a German Shepherd pistoning in and out of her obscenely- accepting vagina. What else could happen to her now?

„I believe you, sweetheart, so help me," Bill assuaged in a surprisingly gentle voice. „When I saw that that dog turned you on, I took a long look at myself, and I wondered why Wolf could satisfy you more than I could. Sure, I was mad and did what I did partly out of spite, but Jesus, I've got to admit that I've never been so hot to fuck you before ..."

Diane was thoroughly dumbstruck by the impact of his words. As she ransacked her mind for something appropriate to say, she saw that Bill was actually sitting below her, on the floor, and she could not help but see the understanding tenderness in the loving expression on his handsome face. It was as though a miraculous ray of sunlight had filtered through the gloomy reality of the last few days and transformed the horrible truth into a bright rainbow of happiness.

„But, darling, I—"

„No, don't say anything else," Bill said softly, „because I think I understand now ... I think I know what's been wrong with our marriage so far ... me."

„Oh, Bill, it's no one's fault," she objected in an unconvincing voice, snuggling closer to ward off any negative feeling from her handsome young husband.

„It's not important who's fault it is, honey. The real truth is that I've found out what kind of person you are beneath all that camouflage .. that mask you've been wearing since we've been married. And I like that new person," Bill soothed, placing his arm around her shoulders like the adoring husband that she had always dreamt of.

„Do you mean that?“

„Why don't you ask Jack Green?“ Bill answered in a sly voice, his eyebrows lifting in mock sternness.  
„He told me more about you in ten minutes than I've learned in all the time we've been married ...“

**The End**