

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter 1 - INTRODUCTION

...Most of us lead two lives...real and fantasy. The housewife imagines herself leading a life of luxury. The businessman imagines himself away from the rat race, fishing by a quiet lake. The schoolboy dreams of becoming a famous athlete. And then there are sexual fantasies...wild dreams that we seldom expect to see come true.

In this story, Mary Wilson has learned to be honest with her sexual desires, and she becomes a girl whom many would brand a slut and others would merely call liberated. She is a girl dedicated to becoming a sexually liberated soul — a person who not only feels sexually free, but who has been compelled to unshackle others from the bonds of puritanism.

MARY HAD A HOT RAM deals with a volatile issue, an issue that government has tried to define, that churches have tried to repress, that swingers have tried to advocate...but perhaps the answer lies with the individual. Let him or her decide his own standard of morality where sex between consenting individuals is concerned, just as Mary has done.

Mary Wilson had a little lamb. His fleece was white as snow and he followed her to school and all that shit, but the nursery rhyme stuff stopped there — because the little lamb grew up to be a horny ram.

The ram was a powerful creature with swept-back horns, mighty shoulders and piledriver haunches. He remained white except for a black face and black rings around his legs just above the nimble cloven hoofs. He had golden eyes. He had the long flowing beard of a patriarch, but his balls were full of youthful cum.

He had a huge prick and massive balls. In the prime of his life, the ram would have been ready to challenge all other rams for the right to fuck the fat, wooly ewes that grazed on the green hillside, for he knew his rightful place.

But it had been reared as a pet. And the ram often turned a glowing golden eye on Mary and his thoughts were hardly sheepish...

Mary Wilson was a teen by the time the ram was in his youthful prime. She could hardly fail to notice the change in the beast. As a soft wooly lamb she had named him cuddles but as he grew into a powerful hard-muscled creature the name had seemed rather silly and she had begun to call him Rocky the Ram.

Mary was growing into a nubile young lady at the same time that Rocky matured into potency.

Mary was still a virgin and quite innocent, although, being a farm girl, she knew all about the way that animals fucked and observed those bestial fuckings with interest. She wasn't sure just how humans fucked but, being inquisitive, had often listened to the grunts and the moans that drifted through the thin wooden farmhouse walls from her parents' bedroom.

Fucking sounded like fun.

Although the ram was no longer what could be called cuddly, he was still Mary's favorite pet and she often stroked and petted the powerful brute.

She had also recently started to stroke and pet her cunt.

She had discovered the pleasures of self-caress more or less by accident.

One day her pussy had been particularly hot and juicy and her clit was standing out stiff and tingling. Mary had begun to rub her crotch to soothe her cunt, not quite sure what had caused the condition. very soon, a thrill had started to sweep through her pussy.

She had been surprised by such a wonderful sensation. Her hand had rubbed vigorously away. All of a sudden her big blue eyes had snapped wide open in amazement and her mouth had trembled as her first ever orgasm ripped through her. She had been almost frightened by such intense feeling.

After she'd finished coming and her cunt had cooled down, the girl had thought about what had happened.

She had a strict upbringing.

Anything that felt that good, she figured, just had to be a sin. She vowed never to rub her cunt again.

Fifteen minutes later she frigged herself off again.

Since that day of discovery, Mary began to give herself handjobs with regularity, at least once a day.

Her hands felt so lovely that the girl just had to wonder what a cock or a tongue would feel like.

There was a girl in her school — a one room country schoolhouse — who had a bad reputation. Her name was Lulu May Dickens and it was rumored that she had gone all the way with more than one of the lusty local lads. Mary placed little stock in such gossip as a rule, but she thought that Lulu May looked like the sort of girl who had been naughty.

Mary was eager to ask Lulu May about such things. But Mary was shy. She couldn't think of a way to bring such a subject into the conversation without becoming embarrassed.

One fine spring day, Mary was sitting on a fallen log out in the back forty, out of sight of the farmhouse, watching the fluffy white clouds drift across the bright blue sky and thinking about this and that. Mainly she was thinking about sex and trying to figure out how to ask the advice of Lulu May without seeming to be too interested, to find out about naughty things without acting naughty.

She was wearing a checkered dress and a blue bonnet with a pink ribbon.

Under the dress, she wore nothing.

Being a young farm girl of 18, Mary did not have any sexy underwear. She had no money of her own with which to buy any. The local general store didn't stock anything like that, anyhow, and her mother always bought her plain white panties and bras as unshapely and restrictive as armor plate.

Mary hated those awful undies.

So she had taken to not wearing them.

She liked to know and feel that she was naked under her dresses. It gave her a thrill.

It was also handy for frigging herself off.

It was a bother to have to remove her panties when she felt like a quick fingerfucking and if she left them on she always got the crotchband soaking wet, which was awfully embarrassing when her mother washed them in the tub.

She hadn't yet decided if she would give herself a handjob today. It was a Saturday and she had slept later than usual. By the time that she awoke, her mother was banging the gong to announce that breakfast was on the table.

Usually on Saturday mornings when she didn't have to hurry to get to school, Mary liked to stay in bed and enjoy a long and leisurely fingerfucking session.

This morning she had been forced to make a choice — she could miss breakfast and have a good come, or she could forego the pleasures of her pussy for those of her tummy. Mary had a healthy appetite and she could smell bacon and coffee. Furthermore, having just awakened, she had not had time to think the sort of thoughts that usually got her cunt smoldering. Anyhow, she reasoned, she could always fingerfuck later on if she wanted to. So she went down to breakfast.

Then she wandered out to the fields.

Now she began to squirm on the log as, thinking of the things that naughty Lulu May might have done, she became aroused and horny.

The idea of fingerfucking herself in the fresh air was attractive. An outdoor handjob seemed sort of wholesome.

She was in no hurry to come.

Coming was the best part, certainly, but Mary liked to enjoy the build up and the preliminaries. She looked around to make sure that there was no one who could see her, then, smiling, she began to unbutton the front of her dress. Spreading it open, she tilted her face down and looked at her tits.

They were lovely tits.

Mary had been amazed when they first became so large and shapely, and she admired them a great deal. Her tits were full and firm, and her nipples were big and fat. When they got stiff, as they were now, they stood out like little pink spaceships ready to be launched.

She knew that the boys in school looked at her tits a lot.

But they looked at the rest of her, too.

Mary's ass was shaped like a teardrop, firm and sweeping. Her waist was tiny and her hips were rounded. She had long, shapely legs that seem to have been designed for wrapping around a man's haunches as he fucked her and had a gently sloping belly fashioned to pump a man dry.

Her face was well matched to that splendid body. She had big blue eyes that looked innocent when they were wide open but not so innocent when they were narrowed with desire. Her mouth was wide and full and sensual, the lower lip slightly turned down in a cute pout. Her hair was thick and blonde, like coils of spun gold tumbling to her shoulders, cascading over her cheeks.

Now she gazed down at her tits.

As she looked, as if her vision were gently caressing her, her nipples began to grow and stiffen.

She cupped her tits in her hands, lifting the plump tits and pushing them together into deep cleavage.

Cupping her tits in her palms and fingers, she began to seep her thumbs back and forth across the nips.

She was starting slowly.

Mary hadn't yet decided what to think about, what fantasy to employ while she worked on her hot cunt.

Usually she thought about Jimmy Wilson or George Hubble. They were the best-looking boys at her school. But sometimes she liked to think about nameless strangers. Sometimes she fantasized about more than one nameless stranger at once, imagining what it would be like to have two or three horny young men fondling her at the same time.

She had even pretended that she had sneaked into a monastery where monks had been without women for years, and she had fantasized about a jailbreak, when a dozen escaped convicts who'd had nothing better than their own fists for their long incarcerations raped her.

Mary was a normal heterosexual girl.

She had never thought about doing anything naughty with another gir — yet.

Nor had she ever thought about fucking with an animal.

Like, say, a ram...

Yet there had been a nagging sensation, a dark thrill that was not yet knowledge the last time she had fondled Rocky the Ram. Mary had felt the sexuality of the potent beast. His powerful muscles had trembled and vibrated under her hands and his head had tossed about as he snorted with vague significance.

The girl had become sexually aroused and had had to rub herself off three times afterwards before she was satiated. Yet she was still innocent and did not realize that it was the ram who had turned her on.

And perhaps the ram had not yet realized why his balls had bloated and his big prick tensed as Mary petted him.

Both girl and ram sensed what they did not yet realize...

Mary squirmed on the fallen tree, the rough bark stimulating her juicy pussy.

She lifted her tits higher and ducked her head lower, pushing her tongue out.

She began to lick her stiff nipples.

She was lucky, she thought, that her tits were big enough so she could mouth her own nips. She would be even luckier when she got some handsome boy to do it for her, she figured. She lapped away, her face turning as she switched back and forth from taut tip to tip. Then she gently slurped one nipple into her lips and began to nurse.

Her nipples seemed to explode in her lips.

She switched to the other.

It was like a stick of dynamite.

The rippling thrill ran through her tits and rushed down her belly and swirled in waves in her crotch. She could feel her clit expand just like the nipples.

She wished that she were agile enough to get her head down there and tongue her sparking clit.

But she knew that she couldn't. She had tried once.

She had sat on the edge of her bed and bent down as far as she could go, but her tongue had fallen just short — frustratingly short — of her creamy cunt. Then she had leaned back and had thrown her ass and hips up, her feet over her head, and had tried to get at her tasty-looking pussy that way. But she had failed by inches again. Her cunt, just over her eager upturned face, had fluttered and the cuntlips had unfurled and a drop of hot cuntjuice had fallen right onto her straining tongue. Mary had let it run around on her tastebuds for a moment, finding it delicious, then had swallowed it down.

Her failure had left her pussy smoldering.

Her fingers had done the job but she still yearned for a nimble tongue to lave her cunt.

Mary mouthed her tits and nipples for some time, growing hotter by the second.

Then she hiked her ass up from the log and drew her dress up above the waist. Parting her sleek thighs, she gazed down at her pussy. She was very fond of her cunt because her pussy gave her so much pleasure and was looking forward to the day when her cunt would be giving someone else pleasure at the same time.

Her cuntlips were unfurled like the petals of a fleshy pink flower, opening to the morning sunlight and still streaked with pearly dew. Her pussy had opened and was flooded with cuntjuice. The darker inner flesh was streaked with fuck cream and her clit button stood out in a taut nugget.

Not touching herself with her hands yet, the oversexed farm girl caressed her cunt with her vision.

She licked her lips.

She began running the tips of her fingers slowly up the velvety flesh of her inner thighs, teasing herself, stopping just short of her pussy. She wriggled on the log, starting to pant. Her fingers traced up the creased folds where her legs joined her pelvis, running parallel to her steaming cunt.

She flicked a fingertip over her clit.

She shuddered all over with the sensation.

Bringing her hand up to her lips, she moistened her fingertips with spit, then flicked them over her clit bud again. When she brought them back to her mouth, she could taste her own delicious cuntjuice. She was starting to really squirm by this time. Her slender back arched, her fat tits thrusting out. She looked past those looming tit globes as she eyed her pussy.

She began to fondle her cunt with both hands.

With one hand she stroked her turbulent clit. with the other, tilting her wrist, she slowly and steadily fucked three stiffened fingers in and out of the hole.

Her cunt sucked on her fingers, the inner muscles contracting as her hole dragged and pulled.

Her love button expanded and fluttered.

Her eyes had narrowed and her lips parted, her pretty young face contorted into a mask of pure passion. She was panting like a steam engine and hot flashes ran through her body, melting her loins and shooting like an electric current up the smooth flesh of her trembling thighs.

She was almost ready to cream.

She fucked her fingers in steadily and strummed her clit as if she were playing a banjo. The wild thrill increased, the passion waves coming higher with each joyful spasm.

Just as the horny girl was about to reach the crest, she realized she was not alone.

She was being watched!

"Oh!" she cried, blushing with embarrassment.

Her hands stopped moving. She was about to pull her dress down to conceal her creamy shame.

She looked about frantically, wondering who was watching her. Was it one of the farm-hands or, worse, her daddy?

Then she saw the eyes that were fixed upon her.

They were golden eyes.

Rocky the Ram was watching the horny girl masturbate...

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## **Chapter 2**

Mary's first feeling was relief.

It would have been mortifying to have a human see what she had been doing, but the ram was only a dumb animal.

Yet she still felt embarrassed.

Animal or not, he was giving her a very strange sort of look. Did a ram know about handjobs? They certainly weren't equipped for such things, not with those cloven hooves. But did they understand how talented a hand with an opposing thumb was? Did Rocky realize Mary was doing something sexual?

The girl still felt embarrassed.

And she still felt horny, too. She had been just about to come when she had been interrupted. With her orgasm stopped at the last moment, her cunt was steaming and her clit was throbbing with a terrible immediacy.

She wished that the ram would wander off so that she could finish her handjob.

She just couldn't bring herself to continue while those golden eyes were fixed upon her.

Then Rocky stepped out of the bushes and slowly advanced towards the frustrated girl, a speculative look in his elliptical eyes. He was stepping lightly, almost gingerly, placing his cloven hooves with care.

Mary noticed that his prick was semi-hard.

She supposed that the ram was out looking for a plump sheep to fuck. Why else would his cock be getting hard? Surely it could have nothing to do with her.

Rocky moved up and stopped just in front of her, dipping his big horned head down and pawing the earth. Mary began to stroke his hairy neck. She could feel the pulse beat there, drumming steadily. His whole body seemed vibrant, and the girl could not help but gaze under his belly and look at his cock.

She saw that his dark-grey balls were like inflated balloons, full of sap. His prick stuck out in a great loop, not really rampant yet but coiling from his loins, the knob starting to squeeze out from the woolly sheath. His cockhead was dark, almost black, a startling contrast to his fleecy white coat and woolly stalk. His cock was a lot bigger than a human prick, she calculated, for although she had never had anything to do with a human prick she didn't think that a cock that big would fit in a pair of trousers.

She stroked the ram's hairy flank.

His cock quivered, hardening more.

Mary had an unholy urge to touch the ram's prick.

She wanted to find out what a cock felt like.

But she struggled against the urge, knowing that touching a prick was a very naughty thing to do. The ram stepped sideways, his hind-quarters turning as if he realized what she was thinking and was presenting his prick to her.

Mary shook her head, shuddering.

No! I won't touch him there! she thought.

She closed her eyes to lessen the temptation, for his prick was a sightly slab of cockmeat.

She felt the ram's breath billow over her bare tits, then waft over her thighs.

Although her dress was still hiked up above her waist, she had closed her legs. But, as she felt the ram's breath bathe her loins, her thighs trembled and very slowly parted. It couldn't be really naughty just to let the brute breathe on her, she thought. Just to see what hot breath felt like on hot cunt, just out of curiosity— harmless curiosity.

That breath billowed into her groin.

Then the ram thrust his muzzle in and began to nibble very lightly at her pussy.

Mary gasped.

She started to push his head away, then stopped because that gentle nibbling felt awfully good! It was amazing how soft the beast's lips were as they pulled so tenderly on her overheated flesh. She felt her cuntlips ripple and spread. Her clit sparked. The ram's soft tongue began to slurp right up her wet pussy.

Mary realized suddenly that she would be able to have an orgasm if she let the ram keep nuzzling her.

She knew she ought to stop him.

But she had been longing for the feeling of a tongue on her pussy, and that long, hot, soft tongue felt absolutely wonderful. She didn't have the heart to stop the beast as he licked her pussy. She opened her eyes, staring down, watching his tongue lave her creamy cunt. She wailed, dizzy with lust. She folded one hand in his long flowing beard and wrapped the other fist around one of his heavy curved horns, as if to hold him in place. But Rocky did not need to be held there— he was savoring the taste of human cunt, just starting to get the idea that a human female had the same sort of cunt that a sheep had. He was wondering if that pussy could be used for the same purpose.

"Oh—oh—oh!" Mary gasped.

The thrill was racing through her cunt again. She clung to his horns and beard and her hips began to pump. Her belly heaved and her juicy ass churned about on the log as she worked her cunt around on the ram's snout. Ribbons of cuntjuice poured down her crotch. The ram lapped the sweet fuck juice up. Trickle seeped down into the taut crack of her ass and the ram's tongue slid up, gathering the cuntjuice from her ass and then sweeping on up her crotch and over her clit.

Mary arched her back.

Her bonnet fell off.

Her knees rose up and she clamped her smooth thighs around the ram's mighty shoulders as she ground her crotch around in his face and on his sweeping tongue.

She was doing a wicked thing, a sinful thing. But the thrill was all the greater because of that!

Then the thrill was as great as it could get.

Long lateral waves of lust passed across her belly and met the electric current that sped up her thighs, the separate spasms meeting in a surging storm in her cunt.

Mary was coming.

The thrills came faster and higher, running through her in such rapid sequence that soon they were merging together. One prolonged height of bliss seemed to racked her cunt.

Her cuntjuice gushed out in a deluge.

Rocky lapped the fuck juice up with relish.

At long last her orgasm ended. She stopped thrashing about. Her pussy still tingled in the aftermath of her climax. The ram continued to lap and nibble at her cunt as if to make sure that he had worked off every spasm and lapped up every drop of fuck juice.

Then he raised his head and gazed at the young girl with a curious expression.

Mary was blushing furiously. Even though he was only a dumb animal who probably didn't even know what he had just done, she could not help but be embarrassed at having allowed a ram to tongue her cunt to climax.

Yet it had been wonderful and, even as she blushed with the shame of it, she was wondering if the ram had enjoyed licking her pussy enough to want to tongue her cunt again. Lots of times.

He had certainly seemed to relish her pussy.

Now she noticed that his huge prick was completely erect, the dark knob throbbing and flaring and the woolly white shaft so taut that his whole cock was almost humming like a tuning fork.

Obviously the ram had gotten horny while he had lapped her cunt.

The poor brute was feeling frustrated now.

Mary knew what frustration was.

And Mary was always kind to animals.

It was only natural that the innocent young girl should think about jerking the ram off to relieve him, milking his fat prick out of gratitude and kindness.

It was an act of charity, nothing else.

But she had to admit that the idea thrilled her.

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Chapter 3

Rocky the ram was confused by his frustration, for this situation was as new to him as it was to Mary. Lapping her juicy cunt had been a natural thing to do and getting a hard-on during that tasty snack was also natural, but now the ram was confused.

Mary had a hot cunt, but she was not a sheep. Rocky had never fucked anything but a sheep before and he wasn't sure if such things were possible, if the fuck could be arranged, if his prick would fit up her cunt. If the girl had got down on her hands and knees, the situation would have been less alien to the lusty brute and he most likely would have mounted her. But since she was still seated on the fallen tree, facing him, the dumb animal had no idea how to proceed.

Mary was wondering how to go about it, herself.

She had made up her mind that she was going to jack the ram off, half convincing herself that she was doing it strictly out of kindness and not because her hands were itching for a feel of that robust cock or because her eyes yearned to see the jism spurt from his prick. But she wasn't sure how to approach the task. Mary had never had a cock in her hand before, not even a human cock. She had a pretty good idea how it was done but she wasn't sure how to get at the beast or where to aim his load. Should she jack him off from behind — from the root of his prick — so that the stuff flew away from her? Or should she jack his cock from the front and let the brute come on her?

She decided to play it by ear, to start jacking from halfway up the prick and see where her

inclinations led her.

The ram was twitching and stamping his feet.

His big horns swept up and down as if he were trying to demonstrate the sort of stroking motion that his cock required.

Mary slid down from the log.

She was kneeling now, closer to a fucking position, but Rocky was still uncertain. For one thing, she was kneeling only on her hindlegs and for another she was facing him. The very idea of fucking face to face seemed totally weird.

Mary began stroking his flank.

She was delaying, struggling with last minute inhibitions. Yet she wanted to touch his cock so much that it frightened her. She wondered how sinful it would be. She wondered what the preacher would think about such things. Was it hellfire and damnation stuff, or was it just a little harmless and enjoyable amusement? It wasn't, she reasoned, as if she were actually fucking an animal. A hand wasn't a cunt. She had often stroked and petted her pet ram before, and just because she happened to be stroking a different part of his body didn't really seem to make it that much different — or so she told herself.

His cock was throbbing.

She slid a hand under him, palm upward, and cupped his balls. She gave a little gasp as she felt how packed full of cum they were. She lifted them slightly, as if trying to guess the weight of the hot load. She was thrilled to feel his hard balls shift inside the dark sac.

She slowly slid her hand up along the fleecy stalk.

His cock pulsed and rippled.

She fingered the underside of his cockhead, causing his prick-knob to flare out and throb with urgency.

The ram had turned his horned head sideways, watching his mistress with his elliptical eyes, amazed to realize that human hands could caress a cock as no hoof could ever do. He was starting to understand that there were things that could be done with humans that might be as much fun as fucking.

The ram was quite content to play a passive role and let the girl do what she would, as long as what she did felt as good as it felt at the moment.

Mary fingered his cockhead, fascinated by the rubbery texture, like a lump of hot iron encased in taut elastic.

The cleft parted and Mary gasped when she saw the frothy pre-cum bubbling in the gap.

She was eager to milk him off and see that lovely cum hose out of his huge prick, to feel his cock throb in her hands as he came. She cupped both hands around his prick, just below the cock-crown, gripping his prick as if his cock were a club. She began to stroke him up and down, her hands just skimming lightly over the woolly cocksheath at first, then tightening her grip so that she was moving

his foreskin back and forth.

The fleecy pelt curled up over the ledge behind his prick-knob on the upstroke, then drew back taut, causing his meaty cockhead to flare out naked and throbbing. More pre-cum bubbled out, sparkling on the dark meat of his cock-crown, running in sticky ribbons down the slope of the big slab of prick. His cockhead seemed to be burning like a coal now, almost starting to smoke.

Mary was still kneeling beside him, at right ankles to his cock and bloated balls.

She began to inch forwards.

She refused to admit to herself what her intentions were, but naughty little Mary wanted the ram to shoot on her body. Her dress still gaped open, exposing her heaving tits, and the hem was still drawn up, revealing her steaming cunt. The girl was eager to feel a load of ram jism spurt onto her heated flesh.

She moved up until she was kneeling beside the ram's burly shoulder, both hands pulling and pushing up and down his prick. His cockhead was looming out right in her face.

She stared at that pulsating wedge of cockmeat, trembling violently, as if in sympathetic vibration with the huge prick which was trembling so energetically in her hands.

Mary was licking her lips.

Oh, no! She thought! No, she would never lick an animal's cock!

Jacking him off, she had convinced herself, was harmless enough and a simple kindness. And letting him lap her cunt hadn't really been a sexual act. But it would be too depraved to even dream of using her tongue on his cock!

But how delicious his prick looked!

She wondered what cock would taste like.

With mint sauce, would his prick taste like mutton? Did cocks have a distinctive flavor?

Her mouth was watering.

Would a ram's prick taste like a human prick? Would a ram's cum taste like a man's? But she had never licked or sucked a man's cock, and she had never tasted jism, so there was no way that Mary could tell the difference.

She shook her head as if to clear her thoughts.

She wanted very much to push her tongue out and take a lick. She struggled against the unholy impulse, determined not to yield to such utter depravity.

Her hands pumped faster.

Rocky had started to hump now, his mighty haunches bunching with muscle, fucking his cock in and out, fucking her between her hands and pushing his cockhead out almost into her face.

Mary could tell he was ready to shoot.

Did she realize that, positioned as she was in relationship to the head of his prick, that the brute was going to hose her face with his steaming load?

She pretended she intended to have the ram shoot on her tits. She arched her back and thrust those plump tits out, ready to receive his squirting cum.

But her lips were parted, too.

Her pink tongue was slowly sliding back and forth across her lips. Her face was glazed with lust as she knelt directly in front of the ram's prick. Her eyes crossed, turning inwards as she fixed her gaze on the head of his cock, staring at his prick in fascination, waiting for his cock to erupt with his volcanic coming.

Rocky was humping vigorously now and her hands were fairly flying up and down on his fucking cock, pulling up to his prick-knob, pushing back towards his ballooning balls. His head was thrust out over her shoulder, the long beard trailing down her back.

She felt his prick give a great lurch.

The ram bellowed.

His balls seemed to explode and his cockshaft spread out as the thick sap rushed up. Mary gasped and pumped back on his prick.

A great geyser of cum spurted from his cock-knob.

The creamy jism hosed Mary's face.

Cum splashed all over her chin and her cheeks and a ribbon of slime ran across her parted lips — where her tongue was sliding.

Mary wailed with joy and kept on pumping his prick.

He squirted a second mighty stream of hot cum into her face.

The jism was running over her arched tongue and sliding back into her mouth.

His third spurt, coming under reduced pressure, fell short of her face and dropped onto her heaving tits.

That was what she had intended in the first place, Mary told herself.

The first two spurts in her face had been a mistake, an accident. She convinced herself that she had simply misjudged the angle, and a girl could not be blamed for getting a facefull of animal jism by accident. Yet, even as she rationalized that, her lips were still parted and her hot little tongue continued to lap up the hot spunk.

She kept stroking his cock, and he shot another dose of jism onto her tits. The head of his cock began to bob up and down and soften slightly. But cum was still pouring out. Mary gave a little squeal and dropped onto her back, squirming under the brute. She raised her knees and took the head of his prick between her thighs and massaged his cock-knob, milking out the last of his spunk with her knees.

The stuff poured down the insides of her smooth thighs and pooled up in her cunt.

Her cuntjuice gushed out to mingle with the ram jism.

Mary was so hot that she didn't know if she had come or not. Her fuck juices had certainly flowed, but that draining did nothing to reduce the surging lust in her cunt.

His cock had stopped dripping now and her legs fell away. She rested there, spread-eagled in the grass, her whole body heaving as she panted with wild passion.

The ram sidestepped away from her body.

He looked thunderstruck, amazed that human hands could have brought such pleasure to him.

His big prick had only softened slightly, enough to bob up and down. However, his cock had hardly diminished in size at all.

Mary gazed at his cock and realized that the ram was not yet satisfied, despite shooting all that cum.

And she knew damned well that, whether she had come or not, she was not satisfied either.

She wondered if she should jerk him off again.

As she thought about it, her tongue continued to glide across her creamy lips, lapping up cum. The girl suddenly blinked, as if she had just realized what she was doing, that she had swallowed a mouthfull of ram spunk. And the stuff was delicious! She didn't know if ram jism tasted like human cum, but she couldn't see how any cum could taste any better!

She knew it was very naughty to drink animal spunk.

But since she had already done it — although it had happened by mistake, of course — it didn't seem to be any more wicked to finish the job. She lapped her lips clean and then leaned down and began to tongue the congealing jism off her fat tits and stiff nipples.

The more cum she slurped up, the hungrier it made her. Jism was like an appetizer, she realized. Licking cum up was making her ravenous for more, for a whole load! And if the stuff was so delicious second hand, just imagine how wonderful it would be if she were to swallow a whole load straight out of the ram's prick!

She eyed that tasty cockmeat.

She blushed the shame at her own desires and shuddered with the joyful anticipation.

Mary was able to rationalize these things.

Having already swallowed some ram cum, her sins would not be compounded if she swallowed some more of the stuff. And if the ram's big prick just happened to be in her mouth when he shot his wad, that was merely a convenience, so that she wouldn't spill a drop. Mary decided to suck the ram off.

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## **Chapter 4**

She knew there was a danger that she would feel terribly guilty and ashamed of herself afterwards, but at the moment Mary was so eager to suck on a mouthful of prick that she wasn't about to let such considerations prevent her pleasure.

She had often wondered what it would be like to suck a cock and to have that cock shoot in her mouth.

She had always thought of sucking a human cock, to be sure, but the ram's cock was a welcome substitute. She already knew how succulent his cum was.

One of the things she wanted to ask her naughty friend, Lulu May, was what it was like to give a blowjob, assuming that Lulu May had done it and was willing to talk about it. Now Mary figured to get some cocksucking experience of her own.

She sat up.

Cupping her plump tits in her hands she lifted them to her face and tongued up the last residue of spunk from her tits and cleavage and sucked some from her nipples. Her crotch was awash with more of the lovely stuff and once again the girl wished that she was limber enough to get her mouth onto her cunt. She scooped a handful of cum and cuntjuice up and lapped it from her fingers and palm.

Then Mary turned onto her hands and knees.

She began to crawl towards Rocky on all fours.

This was a position that Rocky understood — and her velvety haunches looked every bit as mountable as any fleecy sheep's.

The ram started to sidestep, trying to circle around behind the girl so that he could mount her properly and throw a ram-style fucking into her juicy pussy.

But Mary turned with him.

Rocky halted, his big head swaying from side to side in confusion. He could sense that the girl was hot for sex. Why was she keeping her head turned towards him? Why didn't she let him get behind her so that they could fuck properly?

He moved sideways again.

She turned with him again, advancing.

Rocky halted. He was perplexed. He had been astounded when she made him come with her hands and he was an intelligent sort of brute. He realized that maybe there were more mysterious delights involved in fucking with humans.

Mary crawled in face first, smiling.

Her mouth was open and her tongue pushed out.

The ram realized that a human mouth, open like that, was quite similar to a cunt. He could see that it would be possible to fuck a girl in the mouth quite satisfactorily. But he couldn't figure out why the girl would want to fuck that way.

Did she want him to shoot in her mouth?

He'd seen her licking her lips, and she certainly seemed to enjoy drinking his jism.

Maybe a human mouth was an erotic instrument, a fuck zone unknown to the limited mind of a sheep?

Whatever — Rocky was willing.

Rams have no sense of morals.

Rocky didn't even know that he was participating in the terrible perversion of bestiality.

But Mary knew.

And it thrilled her all the more because it was so wicked!

She crawled up to the ram, watching his prick sway slightly from side to side and jolt up to a new hardness. She curled up onto her flank, one knee raised, her face just in front of his cockhead. She gazed at the tasty slab of dark cockmeat, anticipating the pleasure she was going to have when she sucked his prick.

Her mouth watered at the sight.

Rocky stood stiff-legged and rigid, waiting to see what new delights the horny young girl had in store for him.

She leaned in and her tongue fluttered out.

She licked lightly at the tip of his hot prick, then drew back to let the meaty flavor tingle on her tastebuds, to appreciate that first taste of cock.

It was yummy!

Ohhhh, she thought, this is going to be fun! Ducking in again, the cock-hungry girl began to run her hot tongue all over his glistening meat, laving and licking and slurping on the succulent slab. His prick-knob ballooned in her face. She pushed the tip of her tongue right up inside his parted cleft.

Then she began to sweep with long moist strokes around the fat width of the ram's cock-knob, lavishing his meat with devout attention. The more she licked the hungrier she became. She was eager for the beast to shoot in her mouth, but she was in no real hurry because she was enjoying the taste of the cockmeat that came before the creamy jizz.

A thick drop of pre-cum squeezed from his cleft.

She watched it run sluggishly down the slope of his cockhead. Then she gathered the drop up with her tongue and purred with joy. She had figured right — cum was even more delicious when lapped up from a prick!

She tongued his cock some more and lapped up another glob of slimy pre-cum.

Now she figured that it was time to take the head of his cock into her mouth and suck him to a climax.

She felt an actual physical hunger for his cock and cum, along with the more subtle inner urge that was driving her towards this depraved act.

Her mouth was salivating every bit as much as her cunt was creaming, and her tongue felt as hot as

her clit.

Pursing her lips, she kissed the tip of his prick. Then she let her lips slowly part and fed his cockmeat into her mouth.

The ram gave a little lurch as she felt his cockhead buried in a human mouth and discovered that it felt every bit as good as any cunt he had ever fucked. He didn't start fucking her face yet, however. He was willing to let the girl take the initiative, introducing him to the strange, bizarre and wonderful human activity called cocksucking.

Mary was learning the joys of cocksucking at the same time.

She sucked softly, her cheeks hollowing in, her lips collaring his cock just behind the knob. His cockhead flared out so huge that the sides of his prickhead pressed into both of her cheeks at the same time, giving her the look of a squirrel with a mouthful of nuts. Her lips unpeeled, almost turning inside out as she nursed on his succulent cockmeat.

Her tongue switched back and forth against the underside of his cockhead, then folded into a soft, pliable bridge as she bobbed her head up and down, fucking his cock-knob in and out of her mouth and sucking on every precious inch.

"Ummmm—ummm—ummm," she purred, relishing the taste, the temperature, the texture.

She was salivating heavily.

The ram's prick had started to drool steadily, his thick cock slime mixing with the girl's saliva. The mingled juices flowed around in her mouth, washed over her gums, and set her tongue afloat on a sluggish current of fuck juice. Some slipped down her gullet.

She was holding his prick in both hands now, not pumping his prick because she wanted to do it all with her mouth. She pushed back on his sheath so that his massive cockhead flared out in her lips. As her head bobbed back, about half of that big meaty prick slipped from her mouth. Cum and saliva steamed from the hot cockmeat, evaporating in the air as she worked hungrily on the tip. Then she ducked down and took all of the cock into her mouth again, her nose twitching as it came into contact with the curled rim of his woolly sheath.

The ram began to fuck gently, not the way he would have lustily fucked a cunt. He calmly fucked his bloated cockhead in and out. The dripping tip of the prick lodged in her throat, causing her to gag, then drew out until only the very end remained collared between her lips.

Her tongue was bridged under the slab, a pink carpet over which his prick could fuck triumphantly into her throat. She was gurgling with joy, the moist sounds muffled on his cockmeat. The knowledge struck her as much as the physical sensations. She was getting fucked in the mouth by an animal! The depravity, the degradation, the wickedness all enhanced the thrill.

"Unghhh," she gasped as the huge wad of his cockhead slipped into her gullet, cutting off her air.

Then she purred while the cockmeat fucked between her pursed lips, pulling them almost inside out. She sucked on the tip, milking tasty cum from his cleft.

"She sighed, "Ahhhhh."

Rocky began to quiver violently.

His cock-knob ballooned in her mouth, and, sighting down his prick, Mary saw his balls swell alarmingly.

He was about to shoot in her mouth!

A ram was going to unload his cock and balls in her mouth, and she was going to drink it! Fiery waves of pure passion raced through the girl. She trembled in anticipation as much as the beast. Her lips pulled, her cheeks dragged, her tongue flashed.

Suddenly her mouth was full of cum.

The jet hit her throat with such force that her head was tilted back, her golden curls bouncing, her blue eyes opening wide in surprise. The ram almost blew her head right off the end of his prick. Mary stiffened and pushed her face back onto his spurting cockmeat, fighting against the tide of his river of cum with all the strength she could muster.

She mouthed his prick-knob again as he hosed her mouth with another squirt. The cum-starved girl was gulping the fuck juice down as fast as she could, but the beast's load was too much for her. She couldn't manage to swallow it all. Cum filled her mouth, expanded her cheeks and, overflowing her lips, ran down both sides of her chin.

She kept sucking voraciously.

Rocky kept spurting jism out.

Her mouth had been more effective than her hands, and he was coming with more abundance than he had when she'd jacked him off. His balls seemed to be bottomless, spinning out in an endless supply of hot jism.

At last he stopped spurting.

He stood, splay-legged, his head bobbing up and down over her shoulder, his flanks heaving in and out.

His prick was still in her mouth.

Mary nursed on his cock, milking out every last drop of his cock slime. She used her hands to stroke his prick. Her lips pulled and her tongue flared as she made sure she had gotten every precious drop.

She pulled her mouth away and his dark cockhead bobbed up and down before her face. She used her tongue to lap his prick clean, polishing the solid piece of cockmeat until his prick-knob gleamed with a wet luster like some tasty dark pearl.

Then she sat back on her heels.

Now that the act was over, the cocksucking accomplished and the cum swallowed, Mary wondered how she felt about it.

She had expected to be ashamed of herself, to have to suffer self-recrimination and remorse. She had been willing to suffer such regrets, in fact, figuring that the delicious feast of cum was worth it. But now she felt nothing of the sort. With the taste of the ram's succulent cockmeat and delectable jism still lingering on her tastebuds and lips, still warming her gullet and belly, Mary felt no regrets

at all.

She looked up at the ram. There was a dazed look in his eyes, as if he had been completely drained and fucked-out by the tremendous force of the climax Mary had given him with her mouth.

The ram stared back at her, his golden eyes fixed speculatively upon her blue eyes.

Mary grinned with delight when she realized that she could look the beast directly in the eye and feel no embarrassment.

She doubted she could have done that with a human whom she had just given a blowjob to.

There were, she saw, enormous benefits in having sex with dumb animals.

And now naughty little Mary, with the taste of cum still lingering in her mouth, began to wonder what else she might enjoy doing with the hot ram.

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Chapter 5

Mary wondered if she should let the ram fuck her.

Was getting fucked in the cunt by an animal more sinful than getting fucked in the mouth? She wasn't sure. It certainly didn't seem any naughtier, but such things were hard to judge.

She wondered, too, if a girl could lose her virginity to an animal. Was it the mere fact of having a prick up a girl that divested her of her cherry, or did that prick have to be attached to a human being?

Maybe an animal cock was like using a dildo or a sausage or something. That would be handy, no doubt of that. A girl could get all the animal cock she wanted and still retain her purity. She couldn't be sure about it and realized that, for the sake of convenience, she might well be stretching a point.

But the thought of having Rocky's massive cock fucking in and out of her pussy was awfully exciting.

The ram, having come twice now, no longer felt horny.

He was grazing, big-horned head down. His cock was semi-hard now, looping out in a fat curve, sweeping down from his loins. The dark-gray tip glistened with the polished luster that the girl's mouth had put on it.

He eyed the girl as he grazed.

His balls had been nicely emptied. But, still, who knew what other treats the girl might have in store for him? Not desperate with need now, the stout creature was nevertheless willing to perform whatever other strange human perversions might arise.

And Mary felt pretty certain that a few strokes or a lick would soon have his cockmeat stiff again.

But should she do such a naughty thing?

Blowing the beast had made the girl as hot as she had ever been in her life, and her inhibitions were flagging, but still she could not make up her mind. Fucking a ram was not the sort of thing that an

innocent young virgin took lightly.

Mary might not have pondered the question so deeply had she realized that such things were not so uncommon as one might suppose, and, in fact, there was a family tradition of animal fucking...

Early that morning, Bess Wilson, Mary's mother, had woke up feeling like a nice bit of prick. Bess was a good-looking woman. Years of hard living on the farm had not wasted her, as it often did with farmer's wives. Her skin was tanned but not leathery, she wore her hair tied back in a prim bun but it was still soft, and hard work had not made her scrawny, but had rather made her shapely. She had an hour-glass figure, wide hips and big tits around a narrow waist.

She came awake all of a sudden, with the sharp realization that she was horny as hell.

She rested on her back and stared at the ceiling for awhile.

Her husband, Clem, had not fucked her for nearly a month now, as near as she could recall. He seldom had the energy to fuck. Clem labored in the fields six days a week, long and hard. On Sundays he relaxed but, being a religious man, he believed that it was a sin to fuck on the Sabbath, even when fucking his lawfully wedded wife.

Bess had made other arrangements.

But when she was feeling fuckable, she always, being a devoted wife, gave her husband first crack at her cunt.

Clem had started to stir beside her in bed now.

It was not yet dawn, for the farmer's day started early, and Bess hoped there was time for a fuck. She reached out and cupped her husband's cock and balls. His prick was soft and his balls were shriveled. She began to fondle his cock and was rewarded by a twitch in his prick and a slight swelling in his balls. He groaned in semi-slumber.

Bess would have liked to suck his prick up nice and hard. She knew that a little sucking was guaranteed to stiffen even a fatigued cock. In her youth, before she was wed, Bess had been known as the best blower in seven counties and few were the local lads who had not had head from her. But Clem didn't know that. She had never given him a blow job.

She had started to go down on him on their wedding night.

Clem had been scandalized.

"That's whorish behavior," he told her.

Bess had batted her eyes and looked innocent and said, "Oh, I thought that was what wives were expected to do."

"Naw, you got that wrong, woman," he said, calmed by her obvious innocence.

"That's a perversion and a blasphemy."

So Bess hadn't blowed Clem.

She judged it would'nt be wise to tell him that she had sucked the cocks of countless boys.

In the early days of their marriage, their sex life had been adequate, for Clem was lusty enough and not yet worn out by years of hard labor. He had fucked her almost every night, but only in the missionary position and only in the cunt, to be sure, but she was relatively satisfied. But their fucking had fallen off drastically after awhile and soon Clem was only screwing her once a month or so.

Bess had considered taking a lover.

But she knew that adultery was a sin.

So she started fucking animals instead.

Just as Clem's cock was starting to get nice and hard, he gave a lurch and sat up in bed.

Bess smiled at him.

He stared down at his cock, which was in her hand.

"Good God, woman!" he said.

"Clem?"

"It's morning! Only a whore would fondle a man's member in the cold gray light of dawn!"

"But I'm feeling horny, Clem," she insisted.

Clem hopped out of bed, scrawny as a scarecrow, his arms and legs flopping about like a disjointed puppet and his cock sticking straight out. He was staring down at that hard-on with a look of horror and revulsion on his face. He figured it was a sin to have a hard-on at dawn. What sort of pervert was he wed to? And it was Saturday, to boot — the Sabbath but one day away!

Clem ignored his hard-on and got dressed.

Bess sighed.

She got up and made breakfast. Her pussy was like a smoldering ember between her shapely thighs. Clem stared at her sadly as he chewed his flapjacks. She could tell that he was having thoughts of Sodom and Gomorrah. She wouldn't have minded a nice bit of sodomy, herself. But she knew it was useless to persist. She was thankful That she had worked out alternative arrangements.

Clem stomped off to the fields, his hogwasher overalls flapping around his skinny shanks.

A little later sweet little Mary went out to wander around innocently, looking like an adorable golden doll in her dress and bonnet.

Bess, dutiful wife that she was, cleaned up the breakfast table and did her morning chores.

Then she went out to the barn.

Ringo the bull was standing in his stall.

He was a massive black brute, horned and horny. All the farmers for miles around fetched their cows

over to be fucked by Ringo and never once had the bovine brute failed.

He had never failed Bess either.

When the woman walked into the shadowed barn, the bull raised his huge head, the ring in his nose glinting. His wide nostrils flared and, scenting her sexual heat, his prick rippled.

The bull was not as intelligent or as imaginative as Rocky the ram and it had never dawned on him that fucking a human was a perversion. He merely thought of Bess as a cow and himself as a fucking machine.

Bess stood back and regarded the bull wistfully for a moment. She wondered sometimes if it was wrong to fuck an animal. She knew it was not as wrong as adultery would be and so it was justified, the lesser of two evils.

Nothing could be as wrong as a horny, unfucked cunt.

She stepped into his stall. The bull's big head came around as he looked at her. He was slobbering but she didn't mind — she wasn't going to kiss him. She pulled a stool up. It was more normally used as a milking stool, but it did just as well for milking hot cum out of pricks.

Sitting on the stool beside his massive flank, Bess reached under the brute with both hands and began to pull and fondle his cock and balls. She took little pleasure in this. She didn't feel at all romantic about the beast, simply regarding him as a city woman would regard her cock-shaped vibrator. But still, when she felt his massive cockmeat start to tense, then harden, the woman felt a rush of hot pleasure.

Out came the bull's huge cock.

Longer and longer and fatter and fatter grew the bull's prick.

Gazing lustfully at that enormous prick, Bess marveled that she was able to take that cock up her cunt. The huge prick-knob seemed wider than her pelvis, the cockshaft longer than her torso.

Where the hell did the prick go when he fucked her?

And his balls were big as melons.

When he shot such a load into her, it was a wonder that she was not simply washed away on the tide.

Thinking of being stuffed brimful of that black cockmeat made her cunt steam and cream. Cuntjuice dripped from the rim of the stool. She stood up and took her dress off, not wanting to get it soaked. Then she sat down and played with his prick some more.

His cock was iron hard now and pulsating.

Ringo stood patiently, enjoying her hands.

He loved her nice tight pussy too. Cows were often sloppy, even with his huge cock, but Bess' cunt really pressured his prick and sucked. On the whole, Ringo thought that he preferred Bess to most any cow.

The head of his cock had started to dribble.

Ribbons of milky white jism trickled down the smooth black slope of his cockmeat. Bess leaned in and tongued up a mouthful of the stuff. She had never sucked the bull off — that would have been perverted, she reckoned — but she did like to drink a little of his spunk once in a while. Bess had always adored a mouthful of cum back in the days when she was the champion cocksucker of the country. Now that she was married to a man who did not believe in blowjobs she had to get her cum where she could. Her tongue flattened on his cockmeat, slurping upwards, gathering up the delicious cock slime onto her tastebuds.

Her saliva lathered his cockhead in place of his cum.

Licking that lovely prick was making Bess so hot that she was afraid she might come before she got her pussy full, and she decided she had better get on with it. Creaming with an empty cunt had always seemed a waste to Bess.

She moved the stool around in front of the bull.

His cock loomed out, the prick-knob extending all the way up to his front legs so that he seemed to stand astride of his cock. Bess sat on the stool and positioned her shoulders back against the rails of the stall. She needed to be securely supported or else she would not be able to wedge that bull's cock up her cunt.

The stool was just the right height.

When Bess arched her back and tilted her crotch up, the head of the bull's prick nuzzled into her groin. She spread her legs wide apart. Reaching down with both hands, she opened her cuntlips wide, pulling the fleshy folds over the tip of the bull's prick.

Then she began to work her cunt down over his cock.

It was a long slow process, but one that she enjoyed. She shot one hip down, then the other, feeding an inch of bull cock into her cunt at a time.

She felt like a boa constrictor devouring a pig.

The bull's cockhead was halfway up her and she already felt stuffed to the brim, but she knew from happy experience that she could manage a lot more than that.

Inch by inch she squirmed down.

Ringo stood rigid.

The first time they had fucked he had started to hump her, as he would have a cow, but that had been futile. His big, blunt prick had battered her away. So he had learned to stand stiff and let the woman work his cock-meat into her pussy.

It made a pleasant change from cud-chewing creatures who stood docile as he fucked away.

"Ummmm," purred Bess as her cunt spread out around that black cockhead and her clit rubbed against the smooth prickmeat. She was no longer sorry that her husband had declined her offer. She had quite rightly given him first crack at her cunt, but the bull's cock was a hell of a lot more satisfying than Clem's prick. If Clem felt compelled to rush off to plow the fields, this plowing was a welcome alternative.

Suddenly his cock-knob slipped in.

"Ooooooh," she cried.

Her cuntlips collared his thick cock just behind the crown and his big massive prick-knob throbbed within her pussy. His cock felt like a white-hot lump of iron inside her belly. Her pussy began to work on his cock, the inner muscles tightening in a series of concentric rings, sucking on his cockhead just as if she had a secret mouth in her cunt.

She pushed down, taking more cock up her pussy.

She had never managed to take all of that huge prick in, but she knew she could take half, and she worked towards that objective now, her belly heaving, her hips pumping, her ass grinding. She took inch after inch up her smoldering cunt.

The huge prick-knob surged in, wedging a passage open, prying and levering into the depths of her loins, forging a way for the thick cockshaft that followed. Bess squirmed on that huge prick like a pig on a spit, roasting over the fires of her own passion.

She had as much prick up her as she could manage now.

His cock had bottomed out in her belly.

She began to turn from side to side, winding her cunt around his prick like a nut about a bolt. Slowly her pussy adjusted to accommodate that vast bulk.

She tried a stroke.

Her cunt was too tight still.

She squirmed around on his cock some more, lubricating and spreading her well-stuffed pussy. When she stroked again, she slid up his prick, then back down on the thick cockshaft. Her cuntlips turned almost inside out as they dragged up his prickmeat, then were stuffed back inside her as she pushed down again. The bull began to fuck very gently, sort of swinging his prick in and out, meeting her cunt as she slid down.

Gazing down at her belly, Bess was surprised that she could not see the outline of his cock lifted up in a furrow along her loins, pushing her innards out of place. A dreamy smile turned her lips upwards as she relished that sweet load of hot cockmeat, cherished that stout stuffing.

Her cunt was melting like a wax candle around a flaming wick and her clit was going off like a detonator. She moaned and whimpered. The bull began to snort, pawing at the floor of the stall with one foot, his massive head swaying back and forth as if stunned by the sensation.

Braced against the stall, Bess threw her legs up and hooked her knees over his cock, gripping the fat prick between her thighs so that she was mounted on his cock like a horizontal flagpole sitter. Her ass began to churn wildly now as she increased the tempo and Ringo began to fuck his prick in with vigor as they began fucking furiously.

Bess shuddered and came.

Then she came again.

Stuffed to the gunwales with throbbing bull prick, the horny woman was going off like a machine

gun, her orgasms rattling through her pussy in volleys. She moaned and wailed and whimpered. Her hot fuck juices poured out onto his fucking cock. As her pussy lubricated itself, the mighty bull was able to fuck into her more fluidly, fucking his prick in faster with every stroke.

Ringo bellowed.

Bess felt his hot jism squirt into her cunt in a creamy jet.

Her own multiple orgasm surged to a new peak as she thrilled to the joy of being hosed full of cum.

The bull was coming by the bucketful, dose after dose of hot thick cum flooding her. Bess' steaming cuntjuice gushed out to blend with the bull's cum.

At long last the bull's balls were drained.

His prick began to sway up and down, lifting and lowering the woman who was still spiked on the end of his prick.

Bess continued to squirm as she worked off the last sparks and the final drops of her prolonged climax. With her thighs clamped around his cock and her knees hooked over, she rode up and down, tipping the stool over. Cum and cuntjuice ran down her crotch and spread out on the floor like spilled milk.

His cock began to soften and diminish.

Bess squirmed off his prick, going out inch by inch, emptying her cunt just as she had filled her pussy. When his cockhead finally popped out of her, his prick bobbed up and down. The tip was dripping, slathered with mingled cum and cuntjuice. Thick drops splashed onto her belly. Bess slid down onto the floor of the stall, sitting under the bull's front legs, watching his prick sway up and down. That black cockmeat, streaked with fuck cream and cum, looked delicious.

She ducked forward and began to tongue his cockhead, gathering up all the precious fuck juices, quenching her appetite for cum and savoring the flavor of her own cuntjuice. She laved all over the prick-knob and slurped up and down the cockshaft. She crawled right under the brute and licked his collapsed balls, as if to show the gratitude she felt for the sweet load of cum they had poured into her. She licked back up to the prickhead and slobbered again.

She continued to tongue the bull's prick until his entire cock had dropped down, hanging under his loins, spent.

She knew he would soon be potent again — as soon as she needed another cuntful of big bull prick.

But she was satisfied for now.

She mopped her frothy pussy up with a handful of straw and put her cotton dress back on.

She left the stall and walked out of the barn without looking back. Ringo was only a dumb animal, and she felt no need to say goodbye to the brute. She had kissed his cock and balls in gratitude — the rest of the animal didn't count.

Bess returned to the farmhouse where, like any good country wife who had not taken a lover, she did the rest of her chores.

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## Chapter 6

If Mary had known that her mother fucked the bull regularly, she would probably have been less inhibited about letting the ram fuck her — especially since she had already sucked him off. But she had no idea that her mother was a bullfucker. Nor could she ask advice of her mother, not the way she could ask naughty Lulu May Dickens.

Mary had intended to ask Lulu May about fucking and blowing men, anyhow, and she guessed maybe she could work in a few questions about animal fucking, making it sound as if she were curious rather than eager. If Lulu May was as naughty as she was said to be, she shouldn't object to those questions. She might even be flattered that Mary took an interest in her affairs. Of course, Lulu May might not know anything about fucking animals.

If she was getting fucked by men, she might never have felt the need or the urge to make it with an animal. Mary would have to phrase her questions with a certain delicacy, to keep from causing them both embarrassment.

But Mary needn't have worried.

Nothing would embarrass Lulu May Dickens.

Lulu May was every bit as naughty as her reputation proclaimed. She had taken over the role that Mary's mother had held years before, and she was known to be the best cocksucker in the county as well as an energetic piece of ass.

Lulu May had sucked off countless cocks.

Some of those cocks had been sucked off under strange circumstances, so that Lulu May, herself, was not sure who the man or boy she had given a blowjob to might happen to be. She recognized the various cocks with no trouble. Finding a suckable prick before her eyes, she always knew for certain if it was a prick she had sucked before. But often she didn't know who what prick was attached to.

Her first mouthful of cock and her first drink of cum had happened like that, and Lulu May, who had become a confirmed cock-sucker with the very first lick, never knew whom she had given her first blowjob to. Nor did she care.

The prick was the thing.

The man attached to the cock didn't matter in the slightest, as long as the prick was big and hard and full of fuck juice.

How did this happen?

Lulu May usually blew men through a knothole.

Lulu May was a teen, like Mary, and she had started her sex» life two years before when she was already a nubile young lady with a lusty temperament.

Her bouncy body seemed to have been constructed completely out of circles and ovals and curves, without a straight line or an angle anywhere.

Her tits were like balloons.

Her stiff nipples were like the valves by which those big balloons had been inflated.

The cheeks of her ass were round, as if fitted behind her to counterbalance her round tits.

Her thighs were rounded, her hips were rounded — even her cunt seemed to be round instead of a slit, for that creamy fuck hole was always gaping open, the slot ready to be stuffed. Her cunt smoldered at the base of a gently rounded belly, between those molded thighs. These characteristics extended to her features, as well.

She had flashing dark eyes that were usually wide open as she gazed lustfully at a young man's well-packed groin. Her lips were usually parted in a little oval of astonishment — or as if they were all set to be slipped over the head of a cock. She had ebony hair which she wore in ringlets, little round coils of jet that bounced gaily up and down as her head bobbed up and down on a prick.

Yes, Lulu May was shapely and well rounded.

And her experiences were well rounded.

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This is how Lulu May first encountered a stiff prick and dealt with the situation instinctively:

Behind the country schoolhouse which both Mary and Lulu May attended, there was a two-compartment outhouse. One side was for the boys, the other for the girls.

The outhouse was made of knotty pine.

In the wall between the two compartments there was a knot of wood which some enterprising young boy had knocked out, leaving a knothole through which the boys could peer and observe the girls as they squatted on the wooden seat.

Lulu May — a virgin then — had for some time been aware that whenever she went to the outhouse, a boy seemed to have a need to perform a bodily function.

She didn't, at first, realize that that bodily function had nothing to do with voiding his bladder or bowels, but that it was his balls that needed to be emptied.

But one day, as she lifted her skirt, she saw a watchful eye peering through the knothole.

She was furious for all of ten seconds.

Then the naughty nymphette grinned, finding that she loved the idea of having a horny young man gaze at her body. She squirmed out of her panties, holding her skirt up and parting her thighs so that he could get a clear look at her pussy.

Lulu May went to the outhouse every day after that.

One boy or another always followed on her heels.

She knew that the boys varied, because sometimes a blue eye gazed at her, sometimes a brown or a gray eye. But whatever the color, the gaze was hot with lust.

Lulu May knew that those young men must be beating their meat as they looked at her through the wall.

She adored the thought of all that fuck juice being spilled in her honor.

She took to wearing the sort of clothing that she could easily open, so that she was able to show them her tits and her ass, and, of course, her creamy cunt.

Then one day some bold lad — she never figured out who it was — had pushed his cock through the knothole.

Lulu May had gazed at it.

It was a fine big cock, the prick-knob shaped like a mushroom and hot like a poker used to stir a fire. A dark fat vein pulsated up the underside of the cockshaft and the cleft tip was parted. She could see preliminary spunk bubbling in the cleft.

Lulu May was cherry.

She wasn't sure what to do with that prick.

But the cock was available and lovely looking. All of a sudden, the girl realized that she wanted to take hot prick in her mouth. She had heard, vaguely, about blowjobs.

She guessed she wanted to blow that prick.

She hesitated for a moment, then she grinned impishly, bent down, and took the swollen cockhead into her mouth.

She was naive — she blew on the prick.

But she was a natural and, as soon as she had puffed, she inhaled, ready to blow again. But she discovered that inhaling on the sweet cockmeat was lots better than huffing and puffing.

She took a long, tentative suck.

"Ummmm," she purred, finding that she had discovered the secret of giving head. She knew instinctively just how to go about delivering a first-class blowjob.

She sucked the lucky lad off.

When he came in her mouth, her dark eyes opened wide in surprise. She swallowed that thick, hot fuck juice and adored it.

Back in the schoolroom, Lulu May looked around at the various boys, but couldn't decide which one she had sucked off.

Whoever he was, though, he must have blabbed about it, because the next day a different prick was presented to her through the dividing wall. This prick was as big and as tasty as the first, but shaped differently, with an elongated, tapering cock-knob.

Lulu May milked the prick dry.

After that, the cum-hungry girl started visiting the outhouse twice a day. On every occasion she found herself presented with a tasty cock and a hot load of cum.

The school teacher worried about the state of Lulu May's bladder, but made no connection between the girl's frequent excusals from class and that of the dozen or so boys who took it in turns to raise their hands to be excused.

Lulu May drank so much juicy jism in the next few months that she gained two pounds.

But that was okay — she gained it in her tits.

Soon afterwards, Lulu May began getting fucked by various local lads, but she still made her daily visits to the outhouse, enjoying the thrill of sucking off disembodied, anonymous cocks.

The boys looked at Mary through the knot-hole, too.

But Mary had never discovered the fact and, therefore, never made a point of exposing her cunt to the wall except by accident. Nor did she have to use the outhouse frequently, so no lad had ever been bold enough to push a prick through when Mary was on the other side.

If one had, Mary might not have had to ask the advice of Lulu May in such matters.

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Chapter 7

Lulu May lived on a farm bordering on Mary's farm.

Though older, she was still sucking off two lucky lads every schoolday, Monday to Friday. In the evenings she frequently met young men out behind the barn or down by the river and managed to get her full share of fucking as well.

But weekends were different.

The boys played baseball or went fishing, and Lulu May often found herself devoid of prick on Saturday and Sunday.

That was why she started fucking the sheepdog.

Mary and her little lamb had fallen to a sexual encounter more or less by accident.

Mary had been fingerfucking herself.

The ram had been looking for a sexy sheep.

Fate had thrown them together.

But Lulu May was a different kettle of fish. She had deliberately decided that it might be fun to get fucked by a dog. She had been watching Old Blue round up the sheep one afternoon and had noticed how vigorous and energetic he was as he bounded about the hillside. It had occurred to her that if the sheepdog were to put that much vitality into a fuck, he would make a wonderful partner.

No sooner had she thought of fucking the dog than she decided to try it. And try it, she did.

Fucking a dog was as good as she had hoped.

In a way, getting fucked by a dog was a lot like sucking anonymous cocks through a knot hole. There was no need to make small talk, no need to kiss and cuddle, no emotional entanglements to cloud the pure pleasure of an all-out fuck.

The dog put a lot more energy into fucking than most guys.

His balls held more cum.

It made a nice change and solved the problem of where to find some prick on weekends.

Today was Saturday.

Mary was pondering the fucking of her ram.

And naughty Lulu May was just about to get balled by Old Blue ...

Old Blue looked forward to the weekends more, if anything, than fdid Lulu May.

There was a sheepdog bitch not far away who sometimes put out for Old Blue, but she was a shaggy sort of creature and, although he didn't mind emptying his cock and balls into her, he didn't really fancy her. There was an old hound bitch in the area as well, but she sometimes gave him a nasty nip when he got too rough.

Lulu May never nipped him.

Her smooth, hairless loins were the stuff of doggy wet dreams.

And, unlike bitches, she was always in heat.

Lulu May came out of the farmhouse, wearing a pair of cut-off jeans that were molded around her pert ass like a coat of denim paint. She also wore a cotton workshirt with the tails tied up so that her midriff was bared. Ole Blue was in the yard, his muzzle resting on his forepaws, his fluffy tail twitching.

When he saw the girl he cocked an ear.

Lulu May winked at the dog.

The perceptive brute gave a little yelp of joy, realizing that it was time for his weekend treat. He bounded to his feet.

Lulu May strolled on towards a nearby fringe of trees that bordered the farmyard, and the dog trotted after her, trying to look nonchalant. The dog understood that it would not be a good idea for other humans to find out that he was putting the prick to Lulu May.

He didn't think it was wrong, himself — not the sort of thing to bar him from doggy heaven, say, the way killing a sheep would do — but he had a pretty good idea that the girl's mother and father might not take kindly to the idea that their little girl was getting pumped full of dog prick.

But it was not easy to act nonchalant when his big prick was already starting to swell with readiness.

Lulu May strolled on, her juicy ass swaying.

Her jeans had been cut so short that they were tucked up into a vee at her crotch and a few fluffy strands of cunt hair curled out from the taut leg holes. The crotchpiece was damp. Lulu May, wearing those skin-tight, skimpy shorts was a provocative sight even for a dog, although she dressed more

for human benefit. And she always liked to notice when her daddy stared hard at her crotch and a big lump began to grow in his pants.

She wondered if her daddy jacked off while he thought about her. She wondered if, sometimes when he fucked her mother, he might close his eyes and pretend that it was his daughter.

Lulu May had never fucked her daddy.

But all he would have had to do was suggest it.

The sheepdog was following close behind the girl, moving as if he were rounding up a stray sheep, his head low to the ground, his long tongue lolling out, his haunches raised and quivering.

His prick was semi-hard and the big reddish tip had started to push out from the hairy sheath. As he hunkered low to the ground, his cockhead plowed the earth. His tail wagged, and he yelped with anticipation as Lulu May looked back over her shoulder and gave him any encouraging smile, along with a pronounced flip of her tight ass.

She moved through the fringe of trees and halted in a pleasant sunlit glade, overhung with leafy branches.

The eager dog circled around her.

Lulu May stretched, yawning as if with indifference, but a smile played over her full red lips and there was a glint in her dark flashing eyes. She had been thinking about getting a nice cuntful of sheepdog prick all morning and had gotten herself worked up.

She untied her shirttails, then slipped the shirt off.

Her naked tits were round and firm, the nipples jutting out in taut nuggets.

She unzipped her shorts and tugged them down.

Her pubic thicket was like a dark, wild forest and through that forest her open cunt ran like a sluggish jungle river.

She sat down in the grass.

Old Blue moved over to her, whimpering, his prick bouncing up and down under his shaggy belly.

Lulu May parted her legs and the dog buried his snout in her crotch and began to tongue her hot cunt. She purred, enjoying that long, moist rasping caress. Sometimes she liked to let the dog do that until she had an orgasm, but today she was more inclined to want her pussy stuffed full of prick. After a few moments of pleasant cuntlapping, she drew the dog's head away.

She fondled his prick.

His cock was fully rampant now, a long hairy prickshaft capped by a flushed, flaring slab of polished cockmeat. Her hand skimmed up and down the prickshaft. She tickled the underside of his cock-knob, wanting to make the brute as big and hot and hard as possible before they went on with their fuck.

She touched the tip of her tongue against his cockhead, testing to see how hot his big prick was.

She lapped the tasty slab of cock for a few moments, enjoying, as she always did, the flavor of hot prickmeat. The thought of letting the dog come in her mouth was attractive and she toyed with it for a few moments. She licked lightly on the tip of his cock. But once again she decided that her cunt needed cum more than her mouth did.

She turned over onto her hands and knees.

The dog yelped and shuffled about nervously. He was an obedient dog and was waiting for permission to mount her.

Lulu May wagged her ass as if she had a tail.

Old Blue hopped up, folding his forepaws around the handles of her hipbones and clinging to her haunches. She arched her back, tilting her ass up under his belly. His hot breath billowed onto her neck and he clung to her. His haunches humped, but his prick wasn't in her pussy yet.

The cock-knob rebounded from the back of her thigh and then skimmed up the slope of her uptilted ass. The prick was so hot she wondered if it would mark her like a branding iron. She lowered her head to the ground, leaving her ass at the highest point of her kneeling body. Her fat tits dragged on the earth.

She reached back between her thighs and took the sheepdog's cock in her guiding hand.

His prick throbbed and pulsed, making her more eager than ever to feel his big cock fucking into her slimy writhing cunt.

She directed his cockhead into her pussy and began to run his prick up and down, not letting him penetrate get. She was using his cockknob like a spoon to stir her creamy cunt. She brushed the cockmeat across her trembling clit and shuddered.

Old Blue slobbered on her neck, whimpering with need, his haunches poised and trembling.

Lulu May slipped his cockhead into her pussy.

The moment the dog was correctly positioned, he took over. He humped, fucking the length of his long iron-hard prick up the girl's cunt with the first long rippling stroke.

"Oh!" she gasped.

The dog held the full penetration for a long moment, savoring the joy of having every inch of his hot cockmeat buried in a slippery human pussy. Lulu May thrilled to the sensation of having her cunt brimful of thundering dog cock.

She squirmed her ass around, and her cunt began to drag and suck on the dog's buried cock.

Old Blue drew out until only the head of his prick was still in her, paused, then fucked the whole huge cock in again, plunging balls deep up Lulu May's steaming pussy.

He repeated the stroke and this time she met him with a thrust, pushing her cunt back as his prick fucked up her pussy hole, then twisting her hips around as he pulled out. She was adding the friction of twisting to the in-and-out contact. His cock almost hissed as he fucked into her cunt.

Faster and faster the dog fucked her.

His shaggy haunches became a blur as they darted back and forth, and his prick was like a lightning bolt. Cuntjuice sprayed out of her pussy as his fat cock stuffed her cunt full. Lulu May had started a steady wailing as thrills rippled through her hot pussy, wave after wave coming higher and faster. Her ass was tilted up as the dog's huge cock fucked in to the root, and her cunt sucked on his cockmeat as he withdrew. The sheepdog's shaggy belly whacked against the girl's smooth, hairless ass, and his bloated balls swung in and out of her crotch like the clappers of a meaty bell.

Lulu May was starting to cream.

She tried to hold back, tried to wait for the dog. She wanted to feel his hot cum squirt up her pussy hole before she came. She knew there was not long to wait, for the horny brute was fucking his cock into her cunt with frenzied energy, his spine curving into an S shape as his cock fucked into her cunt.

His cock was swelling, spreading her pussy hole out around the expanding size.

His prick-knob seemed to be reaching halfway to her throat as he bored full length and balls deep into her cunt.

She felt his clinging grip tighten on her hips and heard the beast whine with frantic need. Lulu May twisted her ass wildly about, her pelvis churning and her belly pumping, her bones almost rattling under the furious canine assault.

Then the dog shot up her cunt.

Lulu May wailed with pure bliss when she felt that hot dose of canine cum squirt into her cunt.

Like a cata-lyst, the dog's cum changed the chemistry of her cunt and her own hot fuck juices gushed out to mingle with his. Waves of ecstasy shot through her loins, and her clit seemed to ignite. Ripples flowed up her trembling thighs and electric spasms passed across her belly. All the sensations crashed together deep inside her cunt, where the dog's thundering prick was spilling its hot load.

Lulu May gurgled with the joy of climax.

She was having a multiple orgasm, going off like a machine gun, spasm upon spasm racking her loins. The dog, not to be outdone, was having a multiple ejaculation. Each time he fucked in, another creamy jet of jism hosed her pussy. He was pumping the stuff out in load after load, fluid rockets launched from his balls. Great creamy ribbons of cum and cuntjuice gushed from her pussy hole and flooded down her crotch. The stuff ran down her thighs and seeped back onto the dog's balls. A damp patch spread out on the ground under them.

And still they fucked on.

With her cunt hole oiled by their mingled juices, the dog's prick was fucking in faster than ever and squirting out more fuck lube with every lunge.

Then, at long last, he shot the final dose up the girl's cunt, and his humping slowed and faltered. He clung to her ass, his prick still buried in her pussy as Lulu May squirmed around, working off the final sparks of her own coming on his emptied prick.

Finally she, too, stopped moving.

They remained joined for a few minutes, both of them panting from their frenzied fucking, his prick stuffed up her cunt like a plug into a socket, a peg into a hole. Although he had emptied his cock and balls to the very dregs, that big prick was not getting any smaller or softer. If anything, his cock seemed bigger and harder.

Lulu May crawled forward.

Instead of separating from the sheepdog's plugged in prick, she simply dragged the dog along after her.

Her cunt was molded to the shape of his cock, glued there by the sticky juices of their coming.

The girl reached back between her thighs and got a grip on the dog's emptied balls. Holding him firmly, she attempted to drag her cunt off his prick.

But to no avail.

They were well and truly stuck together!

This was a thing that Lulu May had often feared. She knew that when two dogs fucked they sometimes got stuck together afterwards. Now it had happened to her!

How long would they have to wait before the sheepdog's prick finally softened and slipped out of her pussy?

She tried to remember how long it usually took when two dogs got stuck fast, but she couldn't. Whenever that had happened, someone had come along and thrown a bucket of cold water over them. That always freed the animals.

But Lulu May didn't want someone to come along and throw a bucket of cold water on her — to have someone find her there, with the dog stuck up her cunt, the fact that they had been fucking so obvious that she couldn't even begin to deny it.

Lulu May began to get worried.

She began to squirm and writhe as she attempted, in vain, to pluck his prick from her pussy. No matter how hard she tugged, how much she pulled or pushed, that stout cock remained lodged up her cunt.

There was nothing to do but wait. But it turned out okay.

It was Mary who found them.

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## Chapter 8

Across the fertile green fields came a moving scene that might have been an illustration for a nursery rhyme.

A sweet little girl with golden ringlets, wearing a gingham dress and a bonnet with a pink ribbon, walked across the rolling land, and at her heels followed an adorable lamb. But a closer inspection would have showed it a strange sort of nursery rhyme — more of an adult tale — because the sweet little girl was flushed with passion and her pussy was steaming between her thighs and the adorable

little lamb was, in fact, a lusty ram with a big prick looping from his fleecy loins.

Mary was on her way to visit Lulu May Dickens and to ask her advice about fucking animals.â

Mary had enjoyed jerking the ram off, and she had adored sucking him off, and she had positively been ecstatic when the big beast shot his wad in her mouth. And she knew that now that she had started fucking around with beasts of the field she was likely to continue. A mouthful of ram prick was a lovely thing to have available.

But the innocent virgin simply couldn't work up the nerve to actually go all the way with the ram — to let him fuck her cunt.

She wanted to.

Blowing the beast had made her hotter than she had ever been before, and her pussy yearned for its first ever load of prick. But would fucking an animal be a mortal sin? Would such depravity leave her blemished for life, marred forever by degradation?

She had no idea what sort of effect the fucking of an animal might have on her personality or on her body. She didn't even know if she could lose her virginity to an animal, or if, once her cunt had been fucked by a ram's prick, her pussy would still be suitable for human cocks.

Lovely as the thought of getting fucked by Rocky was, Mary simply had to feel assured that it would not ruin her for humans, that she would not be limited in the future to fucking with animals. The actual fucking might be better with a ram than with a man, but there were limits to such affairs.

She couldn't, for instance, marry a sheep.

Mary had no idea whether Lulu May was an authority on the fucking of domestic animals, but she figured that if anyone she knew did know about such matters it would be lusty Lulu May. It might be a delicate subject to bring up, it might well be embarrassing, but Mary felt that she had to seek Lulu May's advice.

When she had gotten up from the ground, had smoothed her skirt down and had buttoned her dress at the front, Rocky had regarded her with his golden eyes. Had he expected to screw her? It was hard to say. He had already come twice and his prick was no longer rampant, but on the other hand, that big cock had not gone completely soft.

Mary was sure that the ram could get another hard-on without very much effort.

And if she got some assurance from Lulu May that it would not ruin her cunt for men, Mary was looking forward to jacking or sucking that big prick up to a new rampancy, then fucking him on the spot!

Girl and ram, they crossed the bordering fields.

Coming to a fringe of trees, with a leafy glade, Mary stopped and stared in amazement at the bizarre scene that confronted her. Then she slowly smiled.

It was obviously not going to be at all difficult to bring the conversation around to bestiality.

It was, in fact, the only logical topic of conversation under the curious circumstances, for there was sexy Lulu May on her hands and knees, a sheepdog stuck up her cunt.

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Lulu May blushed when she saw Mary approach.

She figured that Mary was a naive little virgin who would not understand about such things. Still, she guessed that it was better than having her mother or father discover her full of dog prick. Maybe Mary would be kind enough to fetch a pail of water and to keep her mouth shut about what she had discovered.

Mary strolled up, smiling.

The smile was encouraging. It was a lot better than if she had looked shocked or disgusted.

"Hi, Lulu May," said Mary.

Mary's little lamb — which, Lulu May now saw, was no longer a little lamb at all — was eyeing them with a strange expression. But it was only logical that a ram would be surprised to find a girl fucking a sheepdog. The ram and the dog exchanged a meaningful glance. The dog looked sheepish and the ram looked knowing.

In fact, the two animals had met before, in the fields. Rocky had been putting the prick to a will, fucking sheep and the dog, following his instincts, had tried to round them up. Rocky had been forced to butt the sheepdog vigorously, knocking him ass over heels, before he could finish fucking the sheep.

Old Blue had a healthy respect for the ram. But now the ram was gaining respect for the dog because, although the dog didn't have horns, that cock that was stuck up the girl was impressive by canine standards, of course, and was no match for Rocky's prick.

"Errr — hi, Mary," said Lulu May.

"What you doing?" asked Mary, grinning impishly.

"Errr-ummm-ahhh-oh, shit! What the fuck does it look like I've been doing?" said Lulu May, giving up her attempt at denial.

"Been fucking your dog, huh?"

"Yeah," Lulu May admitted. "You don't seem surprised, Mary."

Mary sat down on the ground in front of the kneeling dog fucker. She raised her knees and Lulu May, looking up her skirt, saw that Mary was not wearing any panties and that her cunt was open and flooded with hot fuck juices.

"Oh, I had an idea you might know about such things," Mary said. "In fact, I was gonna ask you about it. But look — don't let me interrupt you, Lulu May. You can finish fucking the dog, don't mind me. I'll just sit here and watch."

"We already finished," Lulu May explained.

"Doesn't look like it."

"Damned dog is stuck up me. Can't get his prick out until it gets softer."

"Oh, that's kind of awkward, huh?"

"Well, I'm glad that you're being reasonable about it, anyhow. Lots of people don't approve of fucking dogs."

Mary tilted her head to one side.

"Do you do it lots?" she asked.

"Only on weekends," said Lulu May. "I fuck and suck with boys during the week."

"Yeah, that's what I wanted to ask you, Lulu May. If a girl gets fucked by an animal, doesn't it ruin her for guys?"

"Naw, not at all."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Mary.

"Why? Don't tell me you've been balling animals, too?"

Mary thought for awhile before she replied.

She had intended to gradually work the conversation around to animal fucking and not admit that she had been fooling around with her ram or that she wanted to fuck him. But now, having found Lulu May in such a compromising position, it didn't seem necessary to be so subtle.

Mary said, "Well, not exactly. I mean, I haven't actually been fucked by anything. I'm a virgin, really. But I got carried away this morning and -" She blushed a delicate shade of pink. "And, well, I guess I sucked my pet ram's prick."

"Ooooh — how exciting!"

"I figured you might think so."

"Did he come in your mouth?" asked Lulu May.

"Um-hum. I swallowed it, too."

"Gee, you're as naughty as I am," Lulu May said with respect, pleased to discover that her friend shared such inclinations.

"Do you blow your dog, too?" Mary asked. "Sometimes. Mostly we just fuck."

"And the guys who screw you can't tell that you've had animal meat up your cunt?"

"Naw, no way."

"In that case -" Mary said, and she glanced at Rocky. "In that case, I think I'm gonna get laid!"

Rocky's big-horned head came up, almost as if he understood the girl's words or sensed their meaning.

Lulu May said, "Before you start fucking your ram, do you think you might help me get this damned dog's prick out of my cunt?"

"I'll try," said helpful Mary.

She moved around beside Lulu May and grasped the dog's prick by the root. But she didn't try to pull him out right away. She was gazing at Lulu May's cunt. The girl's cuntlips were unpeeled around the dog's hairy cock, and they seemed to be sealed together by cuntjuice. Mary found it an astonishing sight.

Mary was fond of her own cunt.

Now she found that she was looking fondly upon Lulu May's cunt, wondering what it would be like to suck it.

She had tried and failed to go down on herself.

She wondered if Lulu May might be interested in a little mutual cuntlapping.

But she wasn't sure how to bring the topic up, for she didn't want to give the impression that she was a lesbian. She considered the situation for a moment, gazing at that sweet-looking pussy and finding that her mouth was watering for a taste.

Then she got a clever idea.

She put one hand flat on Lulu May's ass and pushed while she pulled on the dog's prick with her other hand.

His cock remained stuck up Lulu May's pussy.

"I think I see the problem," Mary said.

"What?" asked Lulu May.

"All that cum and cuntjuice has sort of stuck you together like it was glue," Mary said. "I think that if I were to lick it up, it might get you unstuck."

Lulu May was surprised. She turned and gazed back at Mary, her eyebrows raised questioningly.

"If you don't mind," Mary said. "I mean, it won't be like I was licking your cunt for perverted purposes."

Then Lulu May slowly smiled.

Lulu May never objected to having her cunt licked. She had never been tongued by a girl before, but she figured that a tongue was a tongue and it didn't matter at all what sex the tonguer happened to be — just as a cock was a cock, regardless of species.

"Sure, go ahead," she said.

"You won't think I'm a lesbian or anything nasty like that, will you?" Mary asked nervously.

"Of course not," said Lulu May.

Mary leaned in and stuck her tongue out.

She began to run the tip very slowly up Lulu May's unfurled cuntlips, where they were spread open around the dog's prick.

"Ooooh," Mary purred.

Lulu May's cunt was delicious!

Mary wished that Lulu May's pussy was not stuck full of dog prick so that she could really go to work on it.

Lulu May began to squirm.

Perhaps she was trying to pull her pussy off the dog's cock or perhaps Mary's nimble tongue was causing her to writhe about with such trembling and moaning.

Mary lapped with relish up both parted folds of Lulu May's cunt and, just for the hell of it, gave the sheepdog's balls a few licks as well. But her efforts were to no avail. Tonguing up the fuck juice was not doing anything towards freeing them.

After awhile, Mary drew back.

Cuntjuice glistened on her lips.

Her pink tongue slid across her mouth.

"I guess it didn't work," she said.

"It sure felt good, though," said Lulu May.

"I never licked a cunt before," Mary said, fluttering her eyelashes and looking demure.

"I never been licked by a girl before, either."

"I never been licked by anyone — except my ram."

They stared at each other.

"We could suck each other off sometimes, if you wanted to," said lusty Lulu May, excited by the prospect of adding a new perversion to her formidable array. She found — just as Mary did — that the idea of sucking a cunt was every bit as thrilling as that of being sucked, that both ends of the arrangement would be equally enjoyable.

"I wouldn't mind," Mary whispered. ▯

"But we got to get the damned dog out of me first."

"I guess we'll just have to wait."

"Yeah. But while we're waiting ..." Lulu May began, and she grinned with anticipation. "I mean, my cunt is occupied, but there ain't nothing in my mouth."

"Ooooh! Will you?" squealed Mary.

"Sure, if you promise to do me afterwards."

"I promise! I promise!"

"Why don't you sit in front of me then?" suggested Lulu May.

Lulu May loved the idea.

It was kind of boring, kneeling there with nothing to do while she waited for the dog's prick to shrink.

And the naughty teenager could think of no better way to kill a few minutes than by sucking her first cunt.

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Chapter 9

Mary moved back around in front of the kneeling girl. Lulu May was on her hands and knees and Mary felt upright. Mary began to open her dress. She didn't know if Lulu May wanted to play with her titties before going down on her cunt but it seemed like a good idea to bare those plump tits anyhow. She pulled the front of her dress apart and arched her back, pushing her tits out.

Lulu May leaned forward and lapped at a nipple.

She switched across and licked the other nipple.

Then she began sucking on the stiff nips, pulling them between her lips and nursing gently while she purred happily. Mary swayed back and forth. She placed one hand alongside Lulu May's cheek.

Lulu May tongued up the deep cleavage, lapping around the tit globes, working back to a fat nipple.

She could see why boys like to suck tit.

And it was making her hungry for the juicier main course that was soon to follow.

Supporting herself with one hand, she reached out with the other and groped up under Mary's dress. She cupped the blonde girl's creamy cunt in her palm, squeezing gently. Cuntjuice poured out. If that pussy tasted as good as it felt, Lulu May reckoned that she was in for a real treat! Her tongue was tingling and her mouth was drooling in anticipation of a hot cunt.

Mary cupped her tits, lifting them and pushing them together as she thrust them out into her friend's face. She liked to suck on her own nipples, and now she found out that it felt a lot better to have someone else doing that sucking.

She could have enjoyed having her tits mouthed for ages — maybe even gotten her rocks off that way — but, with the far more thrilling prospect of having her cunt licked, she couldn't bear to linger too long over the pleasant preliminaries.

She drew back.

Lulu May craned her neck out, lapping at a retreating nipple, but then she realized that it was time to move on to the main course. She smiled expectantly. Mary sat back in the grass and drew the hem of her dress up above her waist. Her knees lifted and her thighs parted. Lulu May gazed right at her flooded pussy. Her pink cuntlips were unfurled and cuntjuice lathered her groin.

Her pussy looked yummy.

Lulu May began to lick her lips. Mary leaned back, supporting herself on one elbow so that she could gaze down and see what Lulu May was doing. She slid one hand down and opened her cunt

wider with her fingertips, exposing the darker inner folds, which were streaked with pearly nectar.

Lulu May gave a little squeal. Leaning down, she began to run her tongue up the insides of Mary's thighs, switching from leg to leg, stopping just short of Mary's foaming crotch. Mary squirmed and whimpered, waiting to feel that hot tongue make the vital contact. Her clit was pushing out, stiff and swollen, as if reaching for that tongue.

"Ooooh — do it," Mary moaned. "Lick my pussy, Lulu May."

Lulu May ran her tongue through Mary's golden cunt curls and licked up the creases where her legs joined her torso. She could feel the blazing heat of Mary's cunt against her cheek. It was like looking into the open door of a furnace.

Lulu May slowly slid her tongue up Mary's soaking pussy.

"Ummm," she purred, as the succulent flavor of a juicy cunt tingled on her tastebuds.

Mary whimpered with joy as, for the very first time, she felt a tongue lap on her pussy.

Having her cunt licked was as good as she had hoped it would be.

"Yummy," purred Lulu May, and she licked again. She began running her tongue up the cunt and over the clit, then stabbing it right up the smoldering pussy hole with a fucking motion. Just as she had when she had first sucked a prick, talented Lulu May discovered that cuntlapping was an instinctive thing and that she knew just how to do it without any practice or training or previous experience. Knowing how she liked her own cunt licked, the horny girl proceeded to do it to her own taste.

Mary was going wild.

Her ass churned about in the grass and her hips began to jolt up and down as she ground her pussy around in Lulu May's willing face. She was panting and moaning with joy. Lulu May had used only her tongue at first but now she parted her lips and fitted her mouth over Mary's foaming pussy and began to suck steadily.

Cuntjuice flooded over her tongue and poured past her parted lips. Her mouth was stuck to Mary's cunt like a suction cup plastered over a drain, nursing lovingly on the creamy feast.

Cuntsucking was as good as cocksucking, Lulu May realized. It was just as thrilling and, if anything, tastier. She was eager to bring Mary off, to have a cunt melt in her mouth for the first time, to drink the fuck juice of a girl.

Her hands slid down and cupped Mary by the haunches, holding her as if her loins were a bowl into which she was dipping her head, lapping up the creamy fuck juice. Mary's thighs clamped around her head for a moment, then flew wide apart again. The blonde girl was vibrating all through her nubile body. She was so hot now that her whole being seemed to have become a fuck zone, melting with rising lust.

"Come," Lulu May purred. "Ooooh, cream for me, Mary!"

Mary wailed, her hips grinding as she worked towards that end, thrilled by the knowledge that the other girl wanted to milk her off as much as by the sensation of the sucking.

Lulu May slurped cuntjuice out by the tongueful.

The stuff dripped from her tongue and slathered her lips.

She swallowed and sucked, sucked and swallowed.

Mary began to melt.

The sheepdog and the ram looked on in wonderment.

Still mounted firmly on Lulu May's vibrant haunches, his cock still buried up her cunt. Old Blue was staring over the girl's shoulder, amazed to see her tongue lapping merrily away on the other girl's cunt. Rocky had moved closer, his golden eyes wide with astonishment as he observed this strange scene.

Was there no end to human perversion?

He had lapped Mary's cunt himself, but that was only normal. To the ram, the concept of bestiality was not nearly as deviate as that of homosexuality.

The dog felt the same way.

He could understand why his mistress liked to suck his prick, but he couldn't see why she would want to lap a cunt.

The two confused animals looked at each other, sharing a sense of bestial bewilderment. Their expressions were very nearly human.

What strange and mysterious longings worked in the minds of women? What dark desires motivated them to such an unlikely thing?

Yet, weird and incomprehensible as it might be, it was obvious that both girls — the sucker and the suckee — were enjoying the juicy cunt-lapping with equal pleasure.

The dog's cock, still stiff and stuck fast in Lulu May's twat, began to tingle with new arousal.

The ram's prick began to harden and throb.

Neither animal understood the situation, but they were getting turned on by it. And it seemed likely that, very soon, there was going to be a demand for some stiff animal prick.

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## **Chapter 10**

As Lulu May gobbled hungrily away at Mary's sweet pussy, she realized that a subtle transformation was taking place in Old Blue's prick — a change in purpose rather than magnitude of intention rather than dimension. That large cock was still jammed tight up her hole but instead of merely plugging her, his cock had begun to surge and flare and throb.

Her cunt, too, was changing.

She was getting plenty excited while she sucked Mary's juicy cunt and the excitement registered in her own cunt. Her pussy was getting hot and lubricated and was starting to ripple upon the fat prick

that was stuck so snug into her cunt.

Old Blue drew his haunches back.

This time, instead of dragging her cunt with him, he managed to slide his prick out a few inches.

He poised, about half of his thick cockshaft drawn out of her, the hairy prick soaking in her fuck juices. Her cuntlips had collared him halfway up the shaft, pulling and sucking. His prick was like a fat, hairy spike, bolting his balls to her cunt. The cock-knob was still buried. At the other end, his balls began to expand with renewed vitality. The shaggy brute rumbled deep in his throat.

Lulu May realized that the dog would be able to pull back from her pussy now.

But she also realized that he no longer had the slightest wish to pull his prick from her — nor did she want him to. Without ever having gotten unstuck following her first fuck, both girl and sheepdog were all ready to fuck again.

The dog slid his prick back into the root.

He drew out a bit farther the next time.

He was fucking his prick in and out slowly at first as he got into the rhythm of the movement, following that prolonged period of being stuck fast and immobile up her cunt. Then he began fucking with longer thrusts, but still slowly, dragging back until only his elongated cockhead remained in her cunt, pausing, then fucking the whole vibrant prick back into her creamy pussy hole.

Lulu May began humping with the brute.

As the fucking started again, Lulu May faltered a bit at the other end of the three-way link up, losing her attention and concentration. Her mouth was still clamped devotedly to Mary's cunt, her head still buried in that golden groin, her tongue still lapping, but she missed a stroke here and there. She was no longer paying attention to the creamy details. Her cuntlapping had become erratic. She was concentrating on her pussy now instead of her mouth.

Mary moaned with impatience.

She had not failed to notice that her friend had faltered.

She thrashed about, fucking her foaming cunt into Lulu May's face, her hips pumping just as if she were getting fucked by the girl's driving tongue.

Lulu May realized that she was not paying attention.

But by this time the dog was into his rhythm, fucking his cock in steadily. Lulu May's loins were responding automatically. She began working on Mary's cunt with renewed hunger.

Lulu May loved to have sex at both ends at once.

She had done it with two boys before, sucking one off while the other threw a fuck into her, but this was a new experience for her, sucking a cunt while getting fucked by a sheepdog.

She was in seventh heaven.

The horny farm lass didn't know which end of the ~sexual chain she was enjoying more. Her lush

hips flew about and her ass heaved as the dog resolutely fucked his prick into her pussy, burying his cock to the hilt now, pulling out easily through the hot, gliding, lubricated friction, only to fuck back in, his swollen balls swinging back and forth and his hairy cock hissing up her pussy hole.

Cuntjuice poured from her pussy, pumped out by his tight-fitting cock while, at the other end, she was lapping up another creamy load of pussy nectar. It seemed as if the cuntjuice that Lulu May was swallowing was rushing right through her digestive system and pouring out her crotch.

Lulu May's juicy cunt squished softly and fluidly as the dog's hairy cock pulled out, as if her loins were echoing the moist slurpings of her hot tongue as she worked on Mary's flooded cunt.

Clinging tightly to Lulu May's haunches, his spine grinding into a curved S shape, Old Blue panted with his efforts and looked down past her shoulder, watching the girl tongue cunt.

Rocky the ram was watching too.

Rocky was as puzzled as the dog and a hell of a lot more frustrated, because Rocky had no place to put his rampant cock. There was no way to get at Mary's cunt with Lulu May's head buried there. The hot ram moved closer. He remembered how Mary had taken his prick in her mouth and milked him dry and he could see that the girl's mouth was not occupied, unlike her cunt. He was hoping for a blowjob.

But Mary was starting to come again.

Glazed with lust, her eyes were narrowed and she failed to see her faithful pet standing over here, his prick throbbing for attention, the tip starting to drip.

But Lulu May saw that fascinating cock.

Although her mouth was clamped on Mary's cunt, her eyes were open and looking up from the girl's crotch. She whimpered when she saw how huge the ram's cock was.

His prick was lots bigger than the dog's.

Lulu May wondered — and hoped — if Mary would let her have some of that ram prick.

But at the moment she had nowhere to put his cock.

Rocky was standing over writhing Mary, his cock looming out over the squirming maiden. Lulu May reached out and placed her hand on top of his pulsating cockhead. Then she drew the meaty slab down, pressing the prick into Mary's face.

Mary's eyes snapped open when she felt a hot tasty cockhead pushed against her lips.

She began to tongue the underside of the prick-knob.

Cum trickled down into her mouth.

The thought of sucking the ram off while Lulu May sucked her off was tempting. But Mary wanted to get fucked by Rocky next.

She'd already had a drink of ram jism, and she wanted to save the next hot load for her pussy. She lapped at the hot cockmeat for a moment, then turned her head away.

The ram humped at the air, frustrated, pawing at the grassy earth and tossing his head around. But then he seemed to sense that if he waited he was≈ going to get a treat. He backed away, his cock jutting out under his belly, dripping a trail of cock slime down Mary's tits.

Mary cried out in ecstasy.

Her pussy was so hot it was ready to ignite. Then a thrill raced through her, spasms of joy shaking her whole body as her heavy fuck fluid poured forth.

Lulu May wailed and whimpered and voraciously lapped that succulent fuck juice up.

She tongued it out from Mary's pussy hole and her lips sucked mouthfuls out of the melting cunt.

Her own cunt began to cream.

Old Blue was on the furious final strokes now, fucking his hairy prick in with vigor, and Lulu May's pussy began to melt around that hard hot cock like a candle around a flaming wick. He hauled his cock out. Her cunt dragged his prick back in with a fierce suction.

The dog howled.

His balls blew and his jism hosed Lulu May's cunt.

Jet after jet of dog cum spurted into her as the brute beat his lust out upon her pumping haunc%ohes.

Like some well-oiled intricate machine with the batteries running down, the two girls and the dog slowed their movements. Old Blue continued to fuck his prick into Lulu May to make sure that he had emptied his balls to the dregs, and Lulu May kept squirming on his cock as she worked off the last spasms of her orgasm. Mary ground her frothy cunt around in Lulu May's face and Lulu May's tongue kept licking as, at the other end, another climax ground to a conclusion.

They stopped humping.

The dog panted, clinging to Lulu May's hips.

Then he withdrew his prick.

They had not gotten stuck together this time!

The dog's fat cock came out stiff, then began to sag, bobbing up and down under his belly, the tip dripping with cum and the hairy cockshaft sodden with cuntjuice.

Old Blue was finished for awhile.

But Rocky the ram had a gigantic hard-on and his balls were as big as melons.

Lulu May was still lazily lapping at Mary's cunt, licking up the residue of the girl's climax.

Mary smiled dreamily.

Now Mary found herself confronted by a decision.

She had a cuntful of dog cum to suck and a huge ram prick to fuck, and the girl had to decide which

to do first.

But it was not the sort of problem that a horny girl minded having.

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Chapter 11

Mary was a logical girl.

She wanted both thrills equally — her first cuntful of ram cock and her first taste of pussy.

It would be possible to have both at the same time, she knew, the same way that Lulu May had just done. She could get fucked by Rocky while she gave head to Lulu May. But there was a serious flaw in that idea. With a brand-new thrill at both ends of her body, she would not know which to concentrate on.

If she thought about her cunt, she would not fully appreciate what her tongue was doing and vice versa. No, she guessed that it would be better to take the two treats separately, enjoying each to the fullest.

But which one first?

She glanced at Rocky's rampant cock.

The thought was ^exciting. Yet it was obvious that the ram's hard-on was not going to go away, that his prick would still be there when she chose to fuck him.

On the other hand, Lulu May's cunt was full of delicious dog cum at the moment, and it would probably be a lot tastier if she ate it out now, before that slime had cooled and congealed.

Then, too, Mary had just creamed in Lulu May's mouth.

She owed the girl some head but, more to the point, she knew that she would get awfully hot while she was delivering that head and would appreciate Rocky's cock all the more when she finally took his cock up her pussy.

With her mind made up, she smiled at Lulu May.

But even if Mary had decided to get fucked before she sucked the girl's twat, Lulu May would not have stood for it. Even while Mary had been making her mind up, Lulu May had crawled forward and now she was moving up Mary's prone body, straddling her, determined to get the cuntlapping done before anything else.

She paused halfway up Mary's torso.

Lo'wering her creamy crotch, Lulu May began to rub her cunt around on Mary's upthrust tits. Mary purred and reached down, fingering Lulu May's clit bud with one hand and, with the other, guiding one of Mary's stiff nipples up the sodden cunt.

Gazing at each other, the girls smiled, sharing the desire for what they were about to do together.

Lulu May moved higher, kneeling astride Mary's face.

She didn't lower her crotch right away but poised there, her creamy pussy over Mary's head. Mary gazed up at that feast, licking her lips.

A drop of dog cum fell on her chin.

She lapped it up and was pleased to discover that dog jism was as tasty as ram spunk - especially after it had been soaked in a hot cunt. She watched another slimy drop run down the folds of Lulu May's cuntlips, then drop off directly onto her tongue.

Lulu May spread her pussy wide open with her fingertips.

Lulu May's cunt was soaking and steaming. "I'm full of dog jism," she whispered.

"Ummm — I know," Mary purred.

"Want to sfiuck it out of me, Mary?"

"Yes. Oh, yes!"

Mary was already lapping at the air, even before that tasty pussy had been lowered within reach of her tongue. Her head was tilted up like a baby bird waiting to be fed.

Holding her cuntlips spread open, Lulu May slowly descended, her creamy pussy pressing into Mary's face. Mary slurped her tongue up the juicy cunt and her lips opened. She clamped her mouth to the pussyhole and began to suck voraciously.

Dog cum and cuntjuice, all blended together into a succulent fuck sauce, poured into her mouth.

Sucking a cunt was all that Mary had hoped it would be.

Just as Lulu May had, Mary discovered that she had an inborn talent for cuntlapping, that she knew just how to go about it without any previous experience. A cunt was such a suckable thing that she guessed any girl must know how to do it — and most any girl must enjoy eating out such a delectable pussy as well.

Mary remembered how she had tried to go down on herself.~

How silly she had been!

When she had failed to get her mouth onto her pussy, she had been frustrated and had thought that she would never discover what it would be like to suck a cunt. Now, even as she was just beginning her first cuntlap, Mary was already wondering which one of the girls she knew would like to get sucked off. Mary had become a confirmed cuntsucker with the very first lick, and she knew full well that whenever there was an available pussy in the future, she was going to suck that cunt off.

She was not a lesbian.

That idea had troubled her in the past when she had thought about going down on another girl. But now that she was really doing it she realized that she still felt absolutely heterosexual — as her longing for the ram's prick testified.

She was a cuntsucker but not a lesbian.

There was, Mary knew, a big difference.

Rocky the ram paced about, bowl-legged around his prick.

He eyed the girls from all angles, looking for a hole into which to fuck his cock meat.

Lulu May's cunt was occupied.

Mary's cunt was vacant but the girl was flat on her back and the ram couldn't figure out how he could slide his prick into her pussy that way, dragging along the ground like a plow.

Mary's mouth — how well he knew the joys of that mouth — was clamped to Lulu May's cunt like a limpet to a mossy rock.

Lulu May's mouth was empty, he saw.

But she had her head turned down, watching Mary mouth her pussy, and the ram could not see a suitable angle of approach.

Rocky decided he simply had to wait his turn.

But he wished that the humans would finish their terrible perversions so he could get on with some wholesome bestiality.

Mary wanted to make Lulu May come, of course, but she was in no hurry for that, for she was truly enjoying the tasty snack. She fucked her tongue up that hot pussy hole, and her lips pulled on Lulu May's trembling clit button. Fuck juices filled her mouth and she let them soak into her tastebuds before she swallowed them. She wondered if Lulu May was jealous of the sheepdog. Maybe she would let Mary suck the dog off sometime in return for some of Rocky's cock. It was a pleasant speculation.

Mary's cunt was getting hot again, heating up all by itself as she lapped at that sweet pussy. Her hands came up and cupped Lulu May by the firm globes of her ass, tilting her pelvis up as if her cunt were a cup from which Mary was drinking. That fuck juice was as sweet as honey.

Mary's tongue felt as tingly as her clit.

She thought that she could have an orgasm in her mouth, her saliva flowing as freely as cuntjuice.

Slipping one hand into Lulu May's crotch, Mary began to push her middle finger up the girl's pussy. Then she added another finger, and yet a third, stuffing them in to the knuckles. As she finger-fucked Lulu May's cunthole, her lips sucked steadily on the girl's clit. She had sucked every drop of dog cum out now and the flavor had changed subtly. Now she was drinking fresh pussy juice, instead of a mixture of dog jism and previously spilled pussy nectar, and that hot flow was every bit as scrumptious. Every drop she drank was making her hungry for more.

Then Lulu May promised her more.

"Oh! Oh, I'm gonna cream!" Lulu May wailed.

Her ass heaved as she ground her cunt around on Mary's fucking tongue. Lulu May's face had contorted with lust, passion masking her features. She trembled and shuddered violently as thrills

began to pound through her bloodstream and rip through her nerves like a high-voltage current.

“Now! Oh, Lord! Take it, Mary, drink my cum!”

Mary sucked for all she was worth, whimpering with joy, as her mouth filled up with a new rush of cuntjuice, hot and delicious and foaming as it gushed back into her gullet.

Lulu May came for age»s.

Mary sucked out every drop and worked off every spasm.

At long last, Lulu May had finished creaming, and, swallowing the final drops, Mary found that her hunger was at last slaked.

But she found, too, that her cunt was hungrier than ever.

Mouth and pussy became aroused in turn, and now that her tongue and lips were satisfied her cunt burned for attention.

Mary smiled, her lips still clamped to Lulu May’s pussy as she did so, pleased that she had worked things out so cleverly.

She had sucked her cunt.

Rocky the ram still waited, rampant.

Now it was time for the randy virgin to get her cunt stuffed full of Rocky’s massive prick.

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## **Chapter 12**

Lulu May sighed happily and raised her well-sucked cunt off Mary’s smiling face. Mary was coated with a film of cuntjuice from chin to forehead, and her tongue lazily licked a few glistening drops up from her parted lips.

Lulu May dismounted from her friend’s head.

Mary sat up.

“That was love«ly,” she purred.

“It sure was,” agreed Lulu May. “I’ve had guys eat me out, but no guy ever did it as good as you, Mary.”

“It’s probably because I was so enthusiastic,” Mary said demurely, fluttering her eyelashes.

“Yeah, I know,” Lulu May said. “I loved sucking you off, too. It’s funny, since neither of us is a lesbian — but doing it is as nice as having it done!”

“Ummm. It’s yummy. Let’s suck each other off lots of times, okay?” Mary suggested, every bit as keen on the idea now as she had been before her hunger had been satisfied.

Lulu May nodded enthusiastically.

She was eyeing Mary's cunt.

"You mean again — now?" Lulu May asked, her tone and expression implying that she was more than willing for another snack.

But Mary blushed and looked towards Rocky.

Lulu May grinned, for Lulu May was a girl who understood these sort of things and realized that sucking a cunt was certain to make a girl hot for cock.

"Go ahead," she said.÷

Rocky understood that, at long last, it was his turn.

The sheepdog — who no doubt remembered the time that Rocky had butted his head over heels — had been gloating, tongue lolling out, looking superior because he had had a piece of ass while the ram had not had anything. But now the mighty ram shot the sheepdog a look of disdain, and his huge prick rippled. The ram's cock was a lot bigger than the dog's prick and the dog looked abashed.

The ram walked over to Mary.

She began to fondle his woolly prick with both hands and, leaning in, ran her tongue over the dark-fleshed, smooth-skinned crown, leaving a trail of saliva and causing a few drops of pre-cum to bubble from the cleft.

She lapped the slimy stuff up.

It went well with the cuntjuice she'd just swallowed. She drew the woolly skin back, causing the head to flare out, naked and hot. She tongued all over the big meaty slab of ram cock.

Lulu May felt envious.

She hoped to get some ram prick for herself soon, but she knew that Mary had first crack at it, especially since this was the girl's first time. Lulu May respected the giving of Mary's virginity. It was, she thought, almost a romantic situation.

Lulu May called Old Blue over.

His prick was soft now but a limp cock was better than nothing. She began to play with his prick while she waited for Mary to get on with the rest of her ram fuck.

Mary was wondering how to do it.

Should she get on her hands and knees and let Rocky fuck her cunt that way the first time? Or should she do it face to face, initiating him into a human fucking even as he initiated her virgin cunt into the joys of being stuffed with prick?

She was sitting under him, rubbing his cockhead on her plump tits, ducking down to lick his prick from time to time. She just sort of leaned over backwards, arching under that cock without really thinking about it. She braced her head and shoulders on the ground and hiked her ass high in the air, her feet flat on the ground and her nubile, nimble body arched in a wrestler's bridge.

The ram's prick was sliding up and down her belly and nudging into her soft, deep tit cleavage. The bloated tip was flowing like a fountain, jism welling up between her tits, running down her belly,

spurting up into the hollow of her throat.

So much fuck juice was bubbling out of the brute that Lulu May thought he was getting his rocks off.

But Mary knew better.

She'd jacked a load out of Rocky and had sucked another dose from him, and she knew how abundant his coming was, knew that the slippery stuff pouring out now was only a trickle compared to what he would shoot when he came. Still, although the outpouring was small compared to the full load to follow, it was still welcome. Ducking her head down, Mary lapped some of the hot cock slime from the head of his prick, which was bedded between her thrusting tits, pushing her tongue right up inside his bubbling cleft.

Rocky humped, pushing his prick up through her tits and into her face. His balls dragged low down on her belly. Having already fucked her in the mouth, the dumb brute assumed that she intended to take his cock that way again once she began lapping his cockhead.

But Mary arched higher and flipped her crotch up.

When the robust ram drew back, the head of his long, fat cock slipped into her crotch.

Not sure what to do, he held himself rigid.

Mary's creamy pussy sucked on the foaming tip of his prick, and she began to rub up and down against his cockmeat, lathering her hairy groin with his streaming spunk.

It dawned on Rocky that, although they were face to face, they were in a position where fucking was possible.

An inverted position, to be sure, and probably degenerate, he thought, but he was so eager to get his stiff meat up the girl's juicy cunt that the ram was not bothered by such thoughts.

His mighty haunches bunched with muscle, then heaved, fucking his prick toward Mary's pussy.

The first thrust failed.

The head of the brute's cock was too wide to slip easily up Mary's cherry pussy. As Rocky plowed into her crotch, he simply pushed her pelvis back without penetration. Bridged on the ground before him, the girl's belly rose higher and she came onto the tips of her toes, her whole arched body vibrating.

Mary moaned, wanting to be full of prick every bit as much as Rocky wanted to fill her.

She began to grind her crotch in a circular motion against the tip of his cock. Rocky stood rigid once again, realizing the girl's intentions. As her pussy whipped around on his cockhead, she began to open her cunt more. The tip of his dripping prick pushed into her pussy. She was screwing her cunt down on his cock like a nut onto a bolt. Inch by inch, she took his prick-knob into her loins.

Rocky was snorting and Mary was whimpering.

Her sweet ass swung around and around, the taut muscles contracting. Her trim belly pumped. Suddenly the whole of the ram's big cockhead slipped up her slot and her cuntlips clamped shut in a tight collar around his woolly prick.

Rocky humped again.

This time, with the head of his prick already stuck up her slippery cunt, he was able to fuck a few more inches of stiff prick into her. When he drew back, he dragged the girl along with him on his prick. But her cunt was starting to adjust itself to accommodate the great bulk of his cock. He pushed in again and managed to fuck in and out of her cunt.

He began humping steadily.

Each time he fucked in, he buried more of his massive prick in her cunthole. Mary was stunned by the sensation of having a hard, thick cock fucking in and out of her pussy for the first time. She continued to rotate her ass and swivel her hips, winding her pussy onto his fucking prick. His cock-knob was pushing in deep now, and the woolly prickshaft was sliding in too, then squeezing back out, the fleecy cock matted and slathered with the hot juices of the girl's steaming pussy.

His cock-knob felt like a smoking lump of iron as his prick probed the depths of her belly, and his cockshaft felt like a heated crowbar, wedging and prying and levering a passage through her cunt.

Now Rocky was fucking his whole massive cock into her pussy with every lunge, burying the cockshaft so deep that his balls were slapping on her ass.

Mary began fucking in and out with the ram now, shoving her cunt down to meet him as he fucked in. Her cunt muscles were sucking on that fat ram prick, pulling and dragging. Fucking, she had discovered, came as natural to her as sucking cocks and cunts. She knew just how to tighten her muscles, just how to hump and grind.«

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” she gasped each time he fucked into her, stuffing her cunt to the very brim.

Her pussy began to melt.

Rocky was fucking furiously now, as his climax built towards the bursting point.

Mary suddenly threw her legs up, clamping her thighs around the ram's surging flanks. Her hands came up and tightened into the fleshy curls of his heaving shoulders. Suspended under the brute, completely off the ground, she was riding him from below. Her ass swung back and forth, skimming the ground. Her tits rubbed against his woolly breast. Her face was buried in his neck.

Rocky came with such force that he almost blew her right off the end of his prick.

Mary wailed when she felt for the first time a rush of hot, thick jism hose her pussy.

Her thighs tightened on his flanks and her fists twisted into the curly wool as she jammed her cunt back down against the jetstream of his jism, and her cunt creamed with him.

Rocky fucked in with s%o%urt after spurt of hot cum, and, each time he spilled another dose into her, Mary's cunt creamed again, her climax so intense that she felt as if her whole being were turning into cuntjuice, as if her blood and bones and brains were dissolving and pouring out her pussy.

The ram, at last, emptied his cock and balls.

He stood stiff-legged while the horny young teen continued to sway back and forth under him, riding out the last spasms of her own orgasm, milking out the last drops of her ecstasy.

Drained at last, she relaxed her grip.

Her cunt was so slippery from their mingled fuck juice that she slid off his cock and bounced on her ass on the ground.

But Rocky's prick, although emptied, snapped right back up under his belly, still hard as a stone.

Mary grinned when she saw this, realizing there was more joy to be obtained from that mighty cock.

Even more than she thought.

For, by this time, Old Blue the sheepdog had acquired another hard-on. Mary was in for a double dose!

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Chapter 13

Lulu May had been frigging the dog lazily as she watched her friend getting fucked by the ram, but soon enough his prick had started to swell and throb in her fist. She gave his cock a few more vigorous strokes, then stopped, knowing full well that there would be a better use for the dog's next coming than her hand.

Lulu May was a generous sort of girl.

Although she loved cocks in all shapes and forms and in all the various holes into which she could let them shoot, she was not greedy. She was so delighted to have discovered that her friend Mary shared her inclinations that she didn't mind letting the previously innocent girl have most of the fun for awhile.

Sitting on her ass on the ground, a pool of cuntjuice and ram cum spreading out under her, Mary turned to look at Lulu May. She looked a little sheepish, but that was appropriate enough for a girl who had just been fucked by a ram.

She noticed that the dog had a hard-on again.

Rocky pushed his still-rampan't prick out, the tip nuzzling against Mary's cheek, gently insinuating and hinting. She turned back and gave the soaking cock some licking. There was obviously another load to be milked out of the ram's prickmeat, but she didn't know whether to suck it out or fuck it out.

That fuck had been wonderful. She decided to get her cunt stuffed again. But it seemed only fair to let Rocky get his rocks off ram style the next time. He had been civil enough to fuck her face to face and it was right that now she should make her cunt available on his terms.

Giving his cockhead a last slurp with her tongue, Mary turned over onto her hands and knees.

She shifted her ass about, thighs parted.

This was a position with which Rocky was well acquainted and he nuzzled against her smooth ass, enjoying the novelty of having a smooth ass to fuck.

He mounted her haunches, his big-horned head tossing, snorting as he fucked his prick in. His first stroke missed the mark and rebounded from her ass.

His second thru~st slid right up her cunt.

With his hooves clinging around her trembling pelvis, Rocky began to throw a ram style fuck into her cunt with vigor.

Mary heaved under him, against him, her loins pumping and her ass grinding as she thrilled to his assault.

Then, through passion-glazed eyes, she saw that Lulu May was crawling towards her and that Old Blue was coming with her.

Lulu May came up on her hands and knees and, face to face, the two lewd teenagers gazed into each other's eyes. They kissed, swapping tongues back and forth.

Then Lulu May whispered, "How would you like a stiff prick in both ends, Mary?"

"Ooooh! Yes!" squealed Mary.

"If I let you blow my dog, will you let me fuck your ram afterwards?" bargained Lulu May.

"Sure," Mary said.

Old Blue was not quite sure what was required of him. He had been sucked off by Lulu May before, but this situation was new to him. He yelped and squirmed about, willing but uncertain. But then Mary pushed her face out, and her mouth opened in a moist oval, her tongue curling over her lower lip. Her mouth was now positioned just where a cunt would have been, if the girl had been facing in the other direction. It would have been a dumb dog that failed to understand the meaning of such a position.

He glanced at Lulu May.

Lulu May smiled encouragingly. Old Blue was pleased that Lulu May was so liberal minded. He was possessive himself and wouldn't have wanted another dog to fuck Lulu May, although he didn't guess there was much he could do about it if that damned ram with those big horns wanted to fuck her.

"Come on, dog," Mary moaned.

She lowered her head another inch.

"Fuck her, Blue, fuck her in the mouth," Lulu May panted, and, if the dog didn't understand the words, he got the meaning.

Old Blue hopped up, mounting Mary's shoulders just as he would have mounted her haunches.

His stiff prick brushed her cheek, then her lips.

Mary lapped at hot cockmeat, then sucked the prick-knob into her mouth and went to work on his cock with relish.

The dog held steady for a moment as she sucked on his cockhead. Then he began to hump energetically, fucking his prick right down her gullet, fucking her mouth as if it were a cunt.

Filled with hard animal cock at both ends, Mary went into a wild gyration, adoring it. The ram fucked his prick up her cunt, and her ass pushed back to meet him. Then the dog fucked his cock into her mouth and her lips sucked every precious inch.

The ram and the dog were face to face.

They stared at each other across the girl's trembling body, sharing a bestial division of her hot flesh. The dog eyed the ram's horns warily, but Rocky didn't mind that the dog was fucking his girl in the mouth — not when he was fucking her pussy.

Mary was coming, a prolonged orgasm that rippled through her in hot waves, one upon the other. Her clit was sparking, and so was her tongue. She wanted both animals to shoot into her — she wanted them to come at the same time, filling her cunt and her mouth, her womb and her belly. Her pussy rippled, milking Rocky's cockmeat, and her tongue and lips worked with enthusiasm on the dog's prick.

She felt both pricks swell.

Lulu May had pushed her face in, licking around the edges, getting involved as best she could. She tongued Old Blue's balls for a moment, then turned onto her back and slid underneath Mary. Raising her eager face, she began to suck on Mary's clit button, pulling and slurping while the ram's prick fucked in and out of the girl's hot pussyhole. Now Mary was getting the attention of three lovers and her climax soared to a new height, her whole body racked by her coming.

Old Blue howled.

Rocky bellowed.

Mary felt a hot rush of ram spunk pour into her cunt and, a split-second later, the dog shot his wad into her throat. She drank dog cum down in great gulps and her pussy rippled, milking out the ram's load to the sweet dregs.

How would she ever go back to finger-fucking after this?

But Mary wouldn't have to, would she?

When the dog dismounted from her head, his prick popping from between her pursed lips, her head sank down to the ground, cum spilling from the corners of her mouth.

The ram dragged his spent cock out of her pussy, and a great wash of jism flooded down her kneeling thighs.

Lulu May clamped her parted lips over Mary's flowing cunt and sucked the foaming spunk out of her.

And, from there, it was only natural that the two girls slid together into a sixty-nining position and, while they waited for the dog and the ram to get hard-ons again, sucked each other dizzy.

Mary and Lulu May became the greatest of friends after that memorable occasion.

Lulu May told Mary about the knothole in the outhouse wall.

The two lewd girls suddenly began to develop an urge to leave the classroom at the same time and shared many a prick between them. The teacher wondered if they had turned into lesbians. But they hadn't, of course, although they frequently sucked each other off.

Rocky the ram still followed Mary to school, just as he had as an adorable nursery rhyme lamb. He soon figured things out. One day a lusty lad tried to enter the outhouse, only to have his ass butted about ten feet in the air — and the girls were amazed to find that one of the lads in school had a prick as woolly as a ram when Rocky shoved his cock through the knothole and got it well sucked off.

On schooldays, the lads were quite content.

But Mary and Lulu May never went out with boys on the weekends.

Rocky the ram and Old Blue the sheepdog just loved Saturdays ...

The End