

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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# BEA'S PONY

by Sydney Mandell



WHEN HE ENTERED, SHE FLEW INTO AN UNBELIEVABLE  
SEXUAL FRENZY

## Chapter 1

I had an opportunity to visit my sister last fall when an oddball assignment took me to Texas. I don't usually like to leave New York in the fall. To my way of thinking it's the nicest time of the year to be in the city, but I accepted anyway, as I had not seen Helen for some time.

My work as a senior editor on the staff of Pet World normally confined me to the office, but occasionally, just to get out and around, I would take a story, especially if it was of an unusual nature.

My sister lived in Irving, a suburb of Dallas on the Forth Worth side, and I had never visited her there before. Helen had lived in New Jersey before her husband was transferred, when we used to visit each other quite regularly. I would spend weekends in Pompton Lakes, and during the week Helen would come into the city and stay at my place overnight.

We had always been close, Helen and I, as close as any two sisters could be, even though Helen was several years older than I, and for a time after she moved to Texas I felt her absence keenly.

At twenty-eight I was still unmarried. Helen had married a year or two out of high school but had never had any children. Her husband, Jack, had been working for years with the same company, one of the big tire concerns, as a salesman.

When I knew I was going to be visiting them, I tried to visualize Jack. He was rather a nondescript type and hard to remember in your mind's eye after you hadn't seen him for a while. He was a pleasant enough person, however, and I was certain that Helen had made a happy marriage in many respects.

Helen was at the airport to meet me when I arrived in Dallas. I first saw her waving madly from behind the little fence separating the visitors from the departure area. She was wearing dark glasses, and had on a light blue cotton dress. She seemed overjoyed that I had come to see her.

"Oh, Bea, I'm so happy you've come. You look grand," she said, kissing me on the cheek.

"Never thought I'd make it to Texas, did you?" I said jokingly.

We stood there just looking at each other for a full thirty seconds, people milling past us. She had gotten a little chubby, I thought, and I wondered how I appeared to her.

Finally, my arm around her waist, I walked her over to the luggage area.

"How's Jack?" I asked.

"Same old Jack," she replied. "He's out of town for a few days. Houston and Galveston. I hope he comes back before you have to leave. How long do you have? You didn't say."

"A couple of days or so," I said. "I have to visit Denton, as you know."

"It isn't far, Bea," she said quickly, "and you can use my car. Maybe I could go with you," she added hopefully, and then rather guardedly, "unless it's some big deal."

"I promise to tell you all," I said, reassuring her with a smile. Close as we were, Helen and I understood I had always been the more reticent one when it came to my private life. Helen, on the other hand, had always confided in me her innermost thoughts and secrets.

My suitcase arrived finally and we walked out through the terminal. Helen drove very fast on the way home. The freeway system looked quite efficiently designed. The city of Dallas, too, had a shiny compactness to it as I observed its skyline.

"Didn't know you had so many tall buildings," I remarked.

"Why, Ma'am," she drawled in imitation of a Texas cowpoke, "didn't you all know everything's big in Texas."

We laughed at that, and she told me a slightly dirty joke having to do with big Texans. It put me in mind of what I knew had been a personal problem of hers.

"You still have that thing about Jack?" I asked her after we had been quiet for a few moments. I could see her blush and turn to look out the window to her left. She did not answer, and I dropped it.

It was a sore point, but occasionally she had wanted to talk about it, had even for a while visited a psychiatrist in an effort to overcome her feelings.

It seems that at the time she married she had built up in her mind a mental image of what a man's erect penis should look like. She had visions on her wedding night, I guess of some enormous thing stuffing itself into her, and was fully, in fact, eagerly awaiting to receive such an organ.

As luck would have it, Jack turned out to be a man with a very small one. "No bigger than your index finger," she had told me the first time, scarcely concealing the disappointment in her voice.

She had told me more than once of the times they had had intercourse when she had felt so empty, so "unfilled" as she would describe it. She had loved Jack, and had realized it was silly to let it bother her, and had tried to overlook it.

The doctors had told her it was all in her mind, that the size of the penis had nothing to do with it. Her psychiatrist had once tried hypnosis. For a time Jack had even used a rubber extender while they were having intercourse to fatten and lengthen out his tool, but the extender was a flop, too.

"It doesn't have any blood in it," Helen had told me after it had been tried out a few times. "I know it just isn't alive." After a few drinks she had been able to stand the thing, however, and on those occasions had consented to letting him use it in her.

During our discussions I had always been at a loss as to how to console her. It would have been easy just to agree with the doctors, but in my own heart I knew I would have been lying to my sister. I had been and still am single and had been reluctant to pour out to her what I had known from my own experience.

Also, I had not wanted in any way to have appeared to be criticizing her husband. Sometimes those chickens come home to roost, and I had not wanted to risk alienating my sister then or now.

It was true, though, that the size of a man's penis makes a difference. The medical books and sex manuals were all written by men. Men would naturally pooh-pooh the idea as it had too great a potential for pointing the finger of inadequacy at many of them.

My own experience told me that there can be nothing like the feeling of depth and contentment, of total repletion, on being filled with a healthy-sized organ. And what more marvelous things happen when it moves inside you!

The city of Irving turned out to be a residential community, rather flat like much of Texas, with neat houses and trim yards, and none of the homes looking too terribly old. We pulled up into the driveway of one, and I could hear a dog barking.

"You still have Clyde!" I exclaimed, remembering the tricolored collie they had owned in New Jersey.

For some reason my sister blushed a florid red as she got out her side of the car. "Yes," she said. "Why not?"

"Why, I'll be glad to see him," I said, hopping out. "Good old Clyde!" I ran to the front door and could hear him jumping up against it alternately barking and whining and scratching at the wood.

Helen opened the door, and he bounded out rushing between us. He got to the sidewalk, wheeled around, and came back. He was panting madly, and jumped up, first at Helen, and then at me, sniffing curiously.

"Get down, Clyde!" Helen was shouting.

Sniffing at me, he suddenly froze when it appeared he was in the area of my crotch. He brought his nose closer to my dress, and I backed away instinctively.

"Clyde!" Helen screamed, grabbing him by the fur. "That's enough." It took all her strength to pull him back toward the door, but she seemed determined to get him back inside.

"It's all right, Helen," I said, feeling a little guilty for having backed off. "He's just happy." I followed them inside the house.

She had taken him to the basement door and had shut him inside. She was huffing, out of breath. "He can be so exuberant, Bea. You'll have to pay no attention to him," she said. Flushing, she dropped her shoulder bag on the sofa and flopped down herself.

I sat down in a chair. It was a warm day, but cool in the house. Evidently the central air conditioning was still connected. I stood up again to remove the coat I was wearing.

"He may do some strange things," Helen was saying, still flushing. Her eyes were curiously avoiding mine. "Just make him mind. He'll stop." She looked about the living room. "Well," she said, changing the subject, "let's get you settled. I'll get your bag." She got up from the sofa, and walked over to a doorway off the living room. "First, I'll show you your room. "

I rose and followed her into a short hallway that led first to a small sewing room on the right. The second door on the right was a bedroom. Across the hall from it was a half bath.

"You'll have to bathe upstairs, Sis, but there's a john here and a sink," she said, turning on the light in the bathroom.

"Okay by me," I said. The small bedroom looked quite cozy. It held a double bed, a night table beside it, and a small chest of drawers. There was a full length mirror on the inside of the closet door. I flopped on the bed while Helen got my bag.

I lay there thinking how nice it was to be waited on for a change, and it was true. I had always allowed my older sister to wait on me ever since I could remember. I had missed the attention since she had moved to Texas, and it came to me lying there just how much.

"Here we are," she said, coming in with my grip. She set it down and came over to the bed, seating herself on the edge. "I'm so glad to see you, Bea." She leaned over and kissed me lightly on the cheek. Her breath smelled so clean. Her eyes were misty, and I wanted to reach up and embrace her.

"I keep hoping you'll move back to New York," I said wistfully.

The thought struck her as a remote one. "Perhaps," she said after a moment. She patted me on the thigh. "I'll let you relax now. Take a nap, sweetie. I'll get some dinner going, and we'll have a long chat when you wake up." She rose, adjusting the belt on her dress.

Feeling the belt at both sides of her waist, she took in a deep breath, and I was given visual reminder of the amplitude of her breasts. Helen's development there had always been a source of envy while we were growing up.

I remembered back when I was only just beginning to show there myself, watching her take baths, and later begging my mother to tell me if mine were going to be that big when I was in high school.

My own breasts had never quite made it, not to the extent of Helen's anyway, and I felt a twinge as some of the original feeling of disappointment came over me.

She left, closing the door behind her, and I sat up to take off my shoes. My feet and legs were tired. I reached up under my skirt and pulled the panty hose down over my legs. The cooled air in the room felt good on my bare legs, and I walked around the room letting it play over them.

I took off the dress and hung it in the closet, looking at myself in the mirror. A full length mirror was something of a treat as I did not have one at home, and I gazed at the full figure before me as if for the first time.

Reaching behind me with both hands I unclasped the bra and allowed my breasts their full freedom. They were big enough, I supposed. Some slight amount of curve on both sides did protrude beyond the line of my rib cage when they were viewed from the front, which was more than some girls could say.

I still had a waistline, too. At twenty-eight I didn't need to wear a girdle yet. I turned sideways at the mirror and ran my flattened palm down my tummy. Perfect, I thought.

Running my hand down inside my panties, I scratched at the matted hair. Farther down it felt a little sweaty, so I removed the panties and went back to the bed. I lay down on my back with legs spread and my knees up in the air, letting it all air out.

It itched down there, and absently I ran a finger down along the lips slightly parting them. I must have dozed off because the next thing I knew I was dreaming.

Something was happening to me down there. It felt warm and wet. I was conscious of the strangest movements as if a dozen fragile fingertips were playing upon it with just the right amount of pressure. At the same time it was throbbing wildly, and I knew I was going to have an orgasm.

I guess I began to gasp in my sleep for I was conscious of making sounds. The feeling was building in intensity to the point where I had to wake up, which I did suddenly with a start, and before I had reached a climax.

It took me a few seconds to realize what had been happening. I noticed Clyde right away, his feet up

on the foot of the bed, his tongue hanging out, but I could not associate the dog immediately with what had brought me almost to the point of coming. My vulva was aflame and tingling madly.

Clyde cocked his head to one side, closed his mouth briefly, and stretched his head forward into my crotch. Instantly I knew what he had been doing and got up quickly onto my knees.

"Clyde, you old rascal," I said, grabbing him by the scruff around his ears with both hands. "You devil, you. What do you think you're doing?"

He licked forward at my face greedily. I noticed his pink thing had begun to come out of its sheath, and he was humping slightly at the end of the bed.

Good heavens, I thought. He means to do me as if I were some bitch in heat. Is it possible? The thought of the big furry Collie doing it to me raced through my brain. I was already hot. Dare I get down on the floor on all fours and see if he would?

The thought just about drove me wild. I had to fight the feeling off. What if Helen should walk in? What on earth would I say to her?

I tried hard to think of the utter preposterousness of the whole idea in order to bring me back to my senses. It occurred to me that if I got my clothes back on, it might help me recover my sanity.

I jumped off the bed. My panties were lying on the floor. Clyde was already up on his hind feet pawing at my thighs as I kept turning to keep him in front of me, but I had to kneel down slightly in order to reach for the panties. He was on top of me in an instant, humping away instinctively. I was up in a second.

"Down, Clyde!" I commanded. "Down!"

Somehow I managed to put my panties on and was struggling with the bra when Helen walked into the room.

"Clyde!" she screamed. "Out of this room, out of this room, right now." She pointed to the door while literally glaring at him. Clyde left the room obediently. She must have noticed then the pink streaks his claws had made. "Oh, Bea," she said. "It's all my fault. I should have kept him in the basement."

She came up to me and carefully stroked the thin markings with her gentle fingers, and we both sat down on the edge of the bed.

"I had better tell you about Clyde," she began.

"What's happened to him?" I asked, still bewildered. "Do you know, I think he wanted to have intercourse with me."

She held my left hand in her lap. "Bea, dear," she went on, "I have always told you most everything about my private life." She blushed. "I suppose this is really no-different than a lot of things, but it may seem," She hesitated. "It may seem, well, unnatural to you when I tell you."

"Go on, Sis," I urged her.

"It all started after we moved here from New Jersey. Jack was home that whole month while we were getting settled, and Clyde, well, I was a little worried about him at first. He moped around for weeks, didn't seem to have an appetite. I just assumed he was going through a period of adjustment.



“Well, Jack finally was sent out of town, and I was left here alone for the first time, with Clyde of course. Clyde seemed to change immediately followed me around the house, everywhere, even upstairs which he never did before.

“It got to be he was making me a nervous wreck. When I would turn suddenly in the middle of the room, I would almost trip over him, he was hugging that close behind me.

“I had been having my period, was just over it as a matter of fact, and had gone to the bathroom to pee. Clyde followed me inside and stood, his head just about touching my knees. He was panting and had a glazed look in his eyes.

“Naturally I pushed him away, told him to get out of there, but he came right back. I tried patting him on the head and calling him nice names. This seemed to merely encourage him. He stopped panting, licked his lips, and began snaking his head forward as if to get it between my legs.

“At first I thought maybe he was thirsty. You know how he likes to drink water from the toilet bowl. I love the pooch so much, I thought, well, go ahead. Let him have a drink while I was sitting there. I hadn't gone yet, so I spread my legs.

“Well, Bea, he didn't want a drink. He went straight for my pussy. Just dove right in, started licking and slurping like it was dripping with honey. I thought I was going to go out of my head.

“I closed my legs on his head almost automatically, but then, as the feeling swept over me, I gradually opened them again. Bea, he was making me come, right there on the toilet seat. I could feel it coming over me in waves. I could do nothing, I tell you, nothing.

“I gave in to it. He kept licking and licking, his tongue going in and around everything. Finally I felt that first big jolt, you know, when you go up over and you know you've come. I guess I gave out a little cry. It scared him and he backed off.

“I must have lain back on the seat for what seemed an eternity. It took me awhile to come down. Yes, Bea, it was a real long one, several minutes anyway.

“Clyde was sitting in the doorway just looking at me and panting merrily. I could see his pink penis poking its way out. I remember wondering how long it would be when it came all the way out, and I wondered next if he would - would, you know, do it to me.

“Don't look shocked, Bea. I was so hot, I didn't know if I was coming or going. I had just had the biggest climax of my life and wanted more. You know what my life has been with Jack.

“I took my underpants the rest of the way off, and got down on the floor on my hands and knees. I crawled like that to the doorway and when I got there gave Clyde the biggest hug I think I had ever given him, the big furry pooch. He licked at my ear as I embraced him. I was deliriously happy.

“My knees were really shaking though, Bea. I knew what Clyde was likely to do. I wanted it badly but I was afraid at the same time, afraid he might hurt me unintentionally.

“I crept past him down the hall and stopped. I crossed my arms on the floor and lay my head on them, looking back to see what Clyde would do. My fanny was poked way out in back. He came trotting right after me, of course.

“At first he started licking me, which I don't have to tell you set me wild all over again. He stopped that and started to whine, then he placed a paw on my back. I knew by that he was going to try to

mount me.

“He got both front paws on my back, and I could see him start to hump at the air. At the same time I could see it begin to come out. He moved in closer, and I shut my eyes waiting for whatever would happen. I remember thinking it was going to poke and jab terribly.

“Instead I felt the softest nudging all over my vulva. It was as if someone with very soft lips were kissing me repeatedly without any particular target in mind. But I knew what the thing was nudging at me like that and strained upward at it, spreading my lips as much as I was able.

“The instant it nudged into the right spot, it never once lost sight of it again, and I had this incredible sensation of something very warm and firm plunging into me. It seemed to go in and in and in. I don’t think anything that long had ever gone in there before.

“Finally I felt all his fur up against me there. He seemed to dig in then, pushing hard on me. His front paws clung tightly to me as he pressed his head against my ribs.

“I found myself responding, too, rocking back against him as he pushed into me. I was about to come again and lost control as the feeling became more intense. I think I must have fallen forward when I came. Clyde had stopped humping and had placed both feet on the floor beside me.

“He was licking my arms and face. I could feel his organ still plugged up into me even though it must have been twisted for him to have been standing in that position. I remember wondering why he didn’t take it out.

“Not that I wanted him to, mind you. It didn’t seem to go all soft like Jack’s does after. It was still swollen, and I felt myself closed around it in a kind of heavenly seal. We stayed like that for what seemed like forever.

“Clyde started whining and pulling on it after awhile. It didn’t seem to budge, and it occurred to me it was my fault he couldn’t extract it. I started taking long, deep breaths in an effort to relax, and all at once it slipped out.

“He took a few steps and sat down, reaching around with his snout to carefully lick his exhausted thing. I crawled over to him and gave him another hug.

“Well, that was it,” Helen said. “Ever since, Clyde and I have been lovers. When Jack is home I keep Clyde in the basement as much as possible.” Something struck her as amusing. “Jack suspects I have a human lover. He sees the change in me.” She giggled at the thought.

I looked at my sister in near disbelief. It was an amazing story, and one that though it had to do with a pet could never appear in Pet World. I wondered at my own feelings about Clyde.

“Like all males, he has a roving eye, your Clyde,” I said remembering my own predicament a few moments ago.

“If you want to,” Helen said, blushing again. “I mean, I wouldn’t mind if you wanted him to-”

“Do it to me?” I asked. “No thanks,” I said. “I prefer the two-legged kind.” A tug at my throat at the suggestion, however, indicated to me I was probably lying. I had been affected, by both the incident and Helen’s story. If I could just try it without anyone finding out about it, I thought.

“Well then,” she announced, kissing me on the shoulder. “Let’s have some dinner.” She left me then

to finish dressing.

Clyde soon reappeared at the door. He seemed almost human now that I had heard Helen's story. I called to him and he came over to where I was dressing. I patted him softly the head. "Nice Clyde. You is a nice doggie," I said, speaking a kind of baby talk to him. He wagged his tail in appreciation.

After that he began following me everywhere in the house. It was as if he had transferred his affections from my sister to me.

I kept expecting her to make some resentful comment about it, but she seemed not to notice.

Later, in the kitchen, she was telling me about some French ticklers Jack had brought home from Mexico. It sounded like something Jack would do, trying his best always to make up for the dirty trick nature had played on him.

Clyde was lying on the floor between our chairs looking up at me.

"Tell me about Denton," she asked enthusiastically.

"There's a man there who has developed a breed of pony about the size of a large dog," I told her.

"Pony as a horse?" she wondered.

"Right. What's more, he claims they can be housebroken."

She looked at me as if I had been weaving some fairy tale. "Keep a pony in the house." She said the words slowly and individually as if to make sure she was hearing me right.

"No doubt about it," I said, having to laugh myself. "He has been advertising in Pet World, and we decided it was time to do a feature on it." I knew she had wanted to come with me and reminded her.

"Sounds screwy," she commented. "I won't get in your way, will I?" she wanted to know.

"Not at all," I said. "Wear something breezy tomorrow and you can pose with the ponies. It's always better to have people in the pictures." I could see the excitement building in her eyes.

She began suggesting some things to wear. The weather was still warm, she noted. We finally agreed on hotpants and a very sheer jersey pullover.

We sat and talked about old times for several hours, did the dishes together and talked some more. Helen mixed highballs for us afterward. We had a second round and began to get a little giddy.

"Why don't you come upstairs and sleep with me, Bea?" she asked. "There's no reason to stay downstairs with Jack gone."

It sounded like a good idea. Helen had slept with me often, even after we had grown and left home. It had been some time since I had enjoyed the comfort of a warm body next to me in bed. I looked down at Clyde. "What about your pooch?" I asked. "Isn't he expecting any tonight?"

We both began to giggle uncontrollably. Clyde raised his head as if somehow knowing our mirth was because of him. He appeared perplexed, looking first at one of us and then at the other. His actions only made us laugh more.

Helen suddenly lifted her dress and dug her finger down inside her panties. "Here, Clyde," she cooed at him, extending the moist finger at his snout.

Cocking his head at the finger, he raised himself up, all the time sniffing carefully. Barking twice, he placed his front paws on her dress, wagging his tail and licking at her nervously. He became extremely agitated as he had been earlier in my bedroom.

"Aw, Sis," I pleaded. "That's cruel, teasing him."

"Who's teasing," she winked, getting down on all fours with her behind aimed at him.

"You're not-?" I screamed and got up from the chair. "Helen, no! Not in front of me." I began blushing furiously and ran from the kitchen.

"Come back, come back!" she cried, laughing. "I'm only kidding. Come on back!"

I poked my head back into the kitchen. She had gotten on her feet and was smoothing her dress. Clyde, still agitated, kept trying to place one paw on her thigh. Helen I had to conclude was still full of the devil.

"You're always doing things like that," I said, coming back in.

"It's because you're such a prude." She crinkled her nose. "Sometimes," she added.

She shut Clyde in the basement and we walked upstairs, our arms around each other.

I got undressed first and got into bed, watching Helen take her clothes off. The extra weight she was carrying since last we met seemed to be on her hips and thighs. The fat was not rumped, though. The skin was still smooth in texture.

When she removed her bra and those lovely globes spilled outward, my heart skipped a beat. They had only developed the tiniest amount of sag over the years.

"Sweets," I said. "Why don't you go braless tomorrow? It will look good under a jersey."

"You really think so?" she asked, pushing her breasts in toward each other with the heels of her palms. They formed a massive cleavage at the center. Slowly she released the pressure against them and allowed her hands to move across them until the fingers meshed. She dropped her clasped hands.

"They're still just as lovely as ever," I said, just as envious as ever.

She cupped a hand under one as if estimating its weight. "Pound for pound, you can't find a better buy," she said, looking down at it, her lower lip pursed.

I laughed. "Give me one of those puppies with the brown nose, too." I watched her as she removed her panties. Her round little tummy pouted just the right amount. She had less hair on her than I did. Mine tended to grow wide to the sides and down on the insides of my thighs, necessitating shaving.

Helen, on the other hand, was blessed with a perfectly shaped thatch. It seemed better coordinated with the figure somehow.

She came over to the bed and got under the covers. After all these years we were still sleeping in the

nude. I snuggled up to her, drinking in the warm smell of her. She reached over to turn out the light and put her arm around me, her breasts pressed against mine.

“Goodnight, Bea,” she said.

“Night,” I answered, slowly fading.

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## Chapter 2

The drive to Denton the next day took us about an hour. It was a warm October day, the temperature well up in the seventies. My appointment with the breeder was at ten o'clock, and we had allowed for plenty of time.

Helen had taken my suggestion and not worn a bra. As I watched her at the wheel, I could see how the material of the jersey she was wearing hugged the firm shape of her breasts. The least little rocking motion of the car caused them to bob deliciously.

I had worn a skirt and blouse, and had taken a cardigan sweater to look a little bit more dressed up than for any other reason. I was bare-legged with only loafers on my feet.

Helen looked much more casual, and could have been mistaken for my younger sister than what was actually the case. She hummed a tune whenever there was a long pause in our conversation.

The farm was located a few miles outside of Denton and was known as the Ho-Ho-Pony Estates. A big sign bearing the name was positioned near the long dirt driveway leading to the main buildings, and we could see some horses and conventional sized ponies grazing in the pasture on either side.

A tall, lean Texan greeted us when we pulled into the compound. He was wearing a battered hat which shaded a rather weather-worn face. I noticed though he was clean shaven. He wore levis and didn't tuck them inside his boots.

“Mornin' ladies,” he hailed us. Noticing the camera hanging from my shoulder as I got out, he said, “You must be the lady from New York, be you?” he asked.

I nodded. “I'm Beatrice Starr,” I said, “and this is my sister, Mrs. Smallwood.”

He tipped his hat. “Pleased to meet you. I be Hack Raver, the foreman here. The owner, Mr. Cunningham, is tied up at the moment but'll be here presently,” he said, looking us over with undisguised interest. “What you can do, if you want, is walk around the place for yourselves. Or I can take you.”

He waited to see what we might choose to do.

“I imagine,” I said, looking around, “we could do that, just walk around by ourselves until Mr. Cunningham is free.”

“Whatever you ladies want, I'm at your service,” he said, tipping his hat again. “Them new ponies is over in that barn, there.” He pointed to a low, one story building that was probably the newest structure in the compound.

Helen nudged me as we walked toward the new barn. “Why didn't you want him to show us around?” she asked. “Did you see that bulge in his pants?”

I hadn't noticed, but Helen was always alert to such things. "He's too eager," I said. "I'd rather wait for Cunningham." We looked back. The Texan was standing there watching us. He took the little-finger side of his hand and made a move at the "bulge" Helen had noticed as if to adjust it.

We walked into the barn. The ponies were tied in small stalls on either side. They were quite small for ponies as I had, of course, anticipated. I judged them to be roughly the size of a St. Bernard or Newfoundland dog. They were amazingly sleek and clean looking.

I walked down along the stalls slowly, thinking there wasn't much in the way of an interesting picture to be taken there with nothing but rear ends facing the camera.

One mare was in heat. She had thrown her tail straight up, and the hole was opening and closing rhythmically. Each time it opened rather violently, and I could see into the pink vastness of what was beyond.

I looked into some of the other stalls, wondering if the stallions had been gelded. It appeared that many of them had been.

One chestnut-colored male pony obviously had not been touched. He was straining at the ropes securing his neck, tugging backward, and pawing at the floor with one front hoof.

Glancing down, I noticed his thing was out stiff and hard. I gulped. It almost touched the floor. He underwent some kind of reflexive action with it, bringing it up from the floor and whacking it resoundingly against his belly. It seemed then to slowly shrink except for the head, collapsing accordion-like.

In my experience looking at animals it occurred to me that of all animals only the members of the horse family seemed to have things that anywhere resembled a man's. I looked around to see if Helen had been watching and was surprised to see that she was not even in the barn.

"Helen?" I called instinctively.

Walking out into the compound, I saw that Helen was nowhere to be seen. A few chickens lazily picked their way here and there a step at a time, but not much else was happening. Were there no stable boys around, I wondered? Whatever activity was pursued on the place, I decided, must happen somewhere other than where I could see it.

"Yo, Helen!" I yelled.

A likely place to begin looking for her seemed to be an old fashioned gambrel-roofed barn directly across from the pony stables. I had to walk up an incline to enter this barn. The massive sliding door had a much smaller conventional type door in it which I opened easily.

Inside it took me a few moments to adjust to the semidarkness but I could hear voices and the sound of laughter immediately. The voices seemed to be coming from directly overhead. I strained to look above me but saw no apparent stairway or opening in the ceiling.

I walked back farther into the barn, past some heavy farm machinery that appeared to have been parked there a long time. There wasn't much space to squeeze past, and a lot of the equipment had protruding parts that caught at my sweater.

About two-thirds of the way back, I noticed a ladder propped up against an open trap door in the ceiling. Carefully stepping up each rung, I stopped when my eyes reached the level of the floor

above. It appeared to be a hayloft.

Hauling myself up onto the floor, I began to crawl towards the front of the barn in the direction of the voices. I was moving closer to the sounds when I recognized the laugh as belonging to Helen. The other voice was Mr. Raver's.

The hay was piled high in front of me and seemed insurmountable. I found a low spot all the way over on one side and crawled up over it. Soon I was able to see just what the two of them were up to. A tiny window illuminated the scene.

Helen was lying down on the hay on her back with her head pointed toward my vantage point. Raver was seated at her feet and were he to have lifted his gaze one inch would have been looking right at me.

Raver evidently had been telling a few Texas jokes.

"Go on," Helen was saying. "You Texans like to brag, I think. Everything's not that big here."

"Well, now, ma'am, most everything that's real Texas is. 'Course we got a lot of foreigners in the state now, and what they bring in with them, I can't vouch for, but if it's home grown Texas, you can bet it's mighty big." He turned toward her.

She was teasing him. I could see her rolling her body slightly. She raised one knee and rocked it from side to side, and I saw him look down at what she must have been revealing at that moment.

I could see his neck reddening. "Now, ma'am," he swallowed. The bulge in his levi's began extending way to one side and then ballooned outward. He loosened his belt with one hand and got up on his knees. "I'm just gonna have to prove it to you, I guess."

He tore open the fly, and his thing bounded out. I saw Helen sit up suddenly, and was conscious of a sharp intake of my own breath. It was huge. Bigger than any man's I had ever seen. I felt a slight burning sensation in my vulva.

He moved forward on his knees closer to Helen, and I stared, transfixed by the thing as it bobbed up and down.

"Get a feel of it," he urged, reaching for her hand. "It's all Texas beef" Her hand seemed so tiny as she clasped it about midway along its length.

"Gosh!" she breathed. "I didn't think." She stammered for a second or two. "It's just so big," she finally said. Her hand moved down along it, squeezing it occasionally as a housewife might squeeze fruit at a market.

She stopped at the base and began moving her hand up it again. "It's so smooth. Jack's is bumpy and veiny," she told him. When she reached the apple-shaped head at the end of it, she gave it a particular squeeze. Raver let out a shriek of pleasure.

Spurred on by the effect of her squeeze, she leaned forward and began showering the end of it with kisses.

"Now, ma'am," he gasped, having difficulty with his breathing. "Don't you want to try this out 'fore it all goes to waste."

She was placing her tongue on the end of it now. I noticed the sac containing his testicles pull up and almost disappear into the base of his penis.

“Ma’am!” he cried out, pitching forward.

She had just placed her mouth around the swollen head when I saw his whole frame convulse abruptly. He closed his eyes and grabbed at her hair, his body apparently racked with spasms.

He was coming! I hadn’t realized it because it had happened so soon.

Helen was gulping spastically. Much of the end of his tool was well inside her mouth. Poor girl. It was probably pumping into her faster than she could swallow it.

When the last of it had gone down her throat, she fell back gasping for breath. Still on his knees, Raver, too, sat back on his heels, his face turned upward, eyes closed, his chest heaving. The massive instrument had softened and somehow it seemed less formidable.

“Beggin’ your pardon, ma’am,” he said after a minute, “but never play with a loaded gun. No tellin’ just when it’ll go off.”

“Oh!” Helen was still gasping. “Oh! There was so much. Do you always come so much?” she managed to ask between breaths.

“That’s real Texas cock, ma’am,” he said almost in a matter of fact tone.

She sat up, her breathing gradually returning to normal. Picking up the fallen piece of meat, she lifted it in a way that suggested she was testing its weight. “Gosh!” she exclaimed. “Even soft, it still must weigh a ton.”

I suspected that Helen was far from satisfied. It had never gotten anywhere near the place that counted. If the throbbing in my own pussy was any indication, she must still be quite hot.

Fishing around in my bag, I looked for something I could stick between my legs and squeeze. I found a plastic roller for setting hair that for some reason had been dumped there. It was a fat one with holes along it and seemed to have some give to it.

I placed it between my thighs up against my throbbing crotch and squeezed on it, at the same time working my thighs forward and back, first one and then the other. It was better than nothing. In the meantime, I kept my eyes glued to the scene in front of me.

Helen had moved forward and though I could not clearly see, it appeared she was pushing the soft head of his penis into her vulva. Her shorts were lying on the hay to the side.

“Wup!” she snorted. “He’s still oozing from the last one. At least I’m getting a little bit of it.” She reached forward to where it joined his body and grasping it, pulled forward compressing her fingers at the same time.

Evidently a lot of come had remained inside because both suddenly blurted out laughing.

“Good to the last drop,” Raver said.

It had begun to swell again. The couple became more agitated as it rose once more into the air. The thing seemed fatter this time, and redder. Helen lay back in a near swoon in anticipation. Raver moved forward over her placing his weight on his hands.



Because of its length, he had to raise his butt high while she placed the end of it at the precise spot. I could see his buttocks tighten as he began to thrust it forward. As it packed in I heard Helen groan, and I felt as if I were suddenly sharing the thrill of its entry into her.

From what I could see, most of it had gone in, too. Raver had settled into a quick in and out movement and had reached up under her shoulders with his hands where he held her tightly. He seemed to be trying to stuff as much of it inside her as was possible. I had never seen a man drive so hard.

Helen had wrapped her legs around his body and was responding to his thrusts by pushing upward. She was going to find out now, I thought, that size means something after all.

With all the activity going on, they had managed to turn clockwise about a quarter of a circle so that now I commanded a view of that marvelous machine as it jammed away at her. It appeared that several inches had yet to go on in.

I was still squeezing the roller between my legs and began to feel the first tug at my innards as the pleasurable sensation began to build inside me. It was taking a hell of a lot of energy to get myself off this way.

Helen had begun making the little clipped whines she was prone to utter as her orgasm approached. When the last one trailed off into a long sigh, I knew she had come.

Raver's testicles did that same melting action up into his groin that I had noticed before. He suddenly slowed his pumping and collapsed on her, convulsing spasmodically.

As my own climax arrived, I had to place a palm tightly over my mouth to avoid giving myself away. Having worked so hard to get it, the jolt left me utterly debilitated, like an athlete out of shape, and I wanted to sink miles into the hay.

I must have slept for awhile, for when I became conscious of my surroundings again, it was very quiet in the barn. I sat up and looked over where Helen and Raver had been, and they were no longer there.

Crawling along the floor, I reached the trap and climbed down the ladder. In a moment I was outside. Hearing voices inside the pony barn, I entered it to find Helen, Raver, and a man I presumed to be Cunningham engaged in conversation.

"This must be your sister," the man said, breaking away from them and coming toward me. He was rather a pudgy man, but well-dressed, and spoke with a soft drawl.

"Good grief, Bea!" Helen exclaimed. "We thought maybe you had run off with a hired hand."

"Only hand around here I know is Hack," I said, winking at her, amused at myself for making her blush.

"Yes indeed, ma'am," Hack said, "and I'm at your service." He seemed pleased as pie with himself.

Cunningham began telling us then a little of the history of his operation. It seems he had crossed a small Icelandic stallion with an unusually small Shetland mare he discovered at a carnival. He then bred the progeny with other Icelandics breeding back only those ponies that held their small size.

"That Shetland is the true prototype," he said. "Bought her for only twenty-five bucks from the carnny

guys, too. Been selling these for forty times that," he said proudly.

I was busily taking down everything in a little notebook I carried as we strolled past the stalls.

"The Icelandic gives them that clean look. Don't smell as much, either," he informed us. "You take a Shetland into a house, it'll smell like a barn right off. A Shetland'll bite, too. Can be mean. These ponies," he said, extending his arm in an arc, "are as gentle as a lamb."

I asked him about pictures, and he went into one of the stalls and untied the pony occupying it. With just a hand on its neck he guided the pony out. He walked back towards the open barn door to the sunlight.

"See that?" he asked. "Don't need a halter.

Kids can ride without a saddle, too. Just grab hold of the mane." He clutched a bunch of the beautiful white hairs then let them go.

"They're just adorable," Helen said, stroking the pony's flank.

"Here," Hack said, lifting Helen by the waist and placing her on the pony's back. I noticed his hands run up over her breasts as he released her.

"Won't she be too heavy for him?" I wondered.

"Oh, I don't guess she weighs that much," Cunningham said. "I wouldn't ride him regular," he added.

We had come outside, and I took a few pictures of the pony with Helen seated on him. I took some more of her leaning over feeding him some sugar. Cunningham and Hack seemed to enjoy that pose as Helen was quite generous in revealing her charms. I took some head and shoulder shots of Cunningham alone.

"Tell you what," Cunningham said. "Why don't you take a pony home with you for a few days. Then you can get some good pictures of the animal around the house."

It seemed a good idea. Readers would want to see pictures of ponies in a domestic setting since he was advertising them as house pets. I looked to see Helen's reaction.

"Could we?" she asked, evidently pleased at the idea. She leaned down, throwing her arms around the pony's neck. "Would you like to come and stay with me for awhile?" she cooed.

"I didn't have this particular pony in mind for that," he said rather sheepishly, "but I suppose it'll be all right."

"What's wrong with this pony?" I asked, curious.

"He's not gelded, is what." Seeing the confusion in our faces, he went on. "He's not cut."

"Well, Mr. Cunningham," Helen said almost with indignation in her tone, "I know what gelded means. What difference does that make?"

"Thing is," Cunningham continued, "if any of you ladies come around," He blushed at the term. "If it's that time of the month, I mean. This pony being inside the house and all, he may get a little aggressive."

I could see the realization of what he was saying sink into Helen, and the gleam start building in her eye. She shot a quick glance at the animal's genitals. There wasn't much of a penis to be seen, but the testicles hung like two eggplants side by side.

"Well, we'll just put him in the garage," Helen said, the problem solved as far as she was concerned.

"Let me get you a halter and some grain, ma'am," Hack said, going back into the barn. Helen followed him inside.

"If you have a back yard he can graze in, you don't have to grain him but once a day," Cunningham told me, practically reading my thoughts. "They've been toilet trained to go only when they're standing on grass, but you have to take them out at least three times a day. Otherwise it's not like a dog. They really let loose," he cautioned me.

I had visions of great floods in the living room and huge piles on the kitchen floor. Suddenly it didn't seem like such a good idea, but I knew that changing Helen's mind now would have been very difficult. It was her house.

I asked him for the names of some local people who had purchased his ponies and had been keeping them as house pets for awhile. If I could contact them I might get a slant on a long-term situation.

He gave me the name of a man in Highland Park who had bought one of his first ponies, a mare.

"Beautiful animal," he said. "Had glass eyes, too, which is rare."

"Glass eyes?" I asked.

"Blue eyes, Miss Starr. Beg your pardon. Just an expression," he said. He was thumbing through an address book.

I jotted that down under the heading of local color and then laughed at the unintentional double entendre I had created. Another man, he said, a garage owner who lived on a lonely farm the other side of Fort Worth, had purchased several stallions over the past two years.

"Might be something there," he suggested.

"Man likes them that much to buy More than one."

"You used the word lonely. What did you mean by that?" I asked him.

"Creepy place," he replied. "I delivered the first pony, myself. House was kind of run down, shades all drawn, miles from any other farms. Lots of animals on the place, but just this one fellow living alone. That's what I meant."

"Many people prefer the company of animals to humans," I said. "It's not so strange. How many did he actually buy?" I asked.

He did some mental recollection. "Four," he said finally. "He bought the last one this past summer."

"And all stallions. No mares or geldings," I repeated. "Does he keep them all in the house?"

"Can't say," he shrugged. "Haven't been out there since, and the fellow never says much when he's here."

Helen and Hack came out of the barn, my sister leading the pale tan animal by a lead rope hooked to the halter. Hack carried a small pail of grain.

"Keep him for a few days," Cunningham said to Helen. "Maybe you'll want to buy him." He watched Helen as she and Hack walked over to the car. We followed them over. "They make nice presents, too," he commented. "We also have regular ponies and horses," he added.

He seemed to be more interested in Helen than in his sales pitch, for after the pony had climbed in upon the back seat Helen had bent over to hand-feed the animal and was presenting her rear end to us. I could just imagine the effect on a man of that plump little butt in the hotpants.

"Well now, ladies," Raver drawled. "No reason you've got to run off, is there?" I could see what he was thinking. "Lots more to see around here." He moved in close to the car, appearing to be assisting her with the pony. It looked to me like an excuse to touch her.

Sure enough. He must have worked up a half erection and pressed it against her because she reacted as if she had been tipped with an electric cattle prod. "Uh, Hack! I mean, Mr. Raver. What else is there to see?" she asked.

"We've got some beautiful Arabs here," he said, pronouncing the word as if it were Ay-rabs. "Them's awful nice," he drawled, making it sound as though we were really going to be missing something if we turned him down.

"Perhaps you ladies would enjoy some refreshments, a sandwich," Cunningham suggested, having no idea what the two of them might have been thinking at that moment. "Come and join me in the kitchen and we'll see what there is." He made a motion to accompany him.

"Why don't you go, Bea," Helen suggested. "I'd really like to see the horses." Her pretended ingenuousness was almost convincing.

"By all means do what you really like, Sis," I said, laughing. "I'm a trifle thirsty, anyway. Have you got a cold beer?" I asked Cunningham, throwing my camera and sweater on the front seat.

We separated then, Helen and her longhorn Texan walking off in the direction of one of the other barns, and Cunningham and I strolling over to the house.

"Your sister," he said, "is a very pretty girl. But then, so are you."

"I'm glad you added that," I said, not really being very interested. He was a short man, pudgy, with fat little fingers that had rings on a few of them. The sort of man I never, ever had a desire to make it with. Invariably, though, the type always had ideas about me.

The farmhouse had a large, old-fashioned kitchen which the owner had modernized very little. The plumbing fixtures looked new, although I noticed a hand pump at the sink. Outside of the cabinetry, though, much of what I saw could have been there a hundred years ago.

I was surprised then when he told me the house had another kitchen, much smaller and completely modern, on the other side of the dining room. The kitchen we were sitting in was just for show, he said, and to satisfy his feel for antiquated Americana, as he called it.

"Everything in here is just as it was styled in 1880," he said, "which was the year the house was built. Everything works, too." He went over to the sink and started pumping water. "From a well. No chlorine." The flowing water looked somehow clearer for him having said it.

He walked over to the large wooden ice box and lifted the top. "Fresh ice, delivered every other day." He pulled out two bottles of beer and put them on the table where I sat. From inside the bottom section of the box, he brought out a partially picked carcass of a chicken and a strange looking mold of butter.

"Now, some bread," he said, reaching into a tin bread box. He took out a partial loaf of what was undoubtedly home made. "Made with unbleached flour," he said. He brought two mugs and an opener and sat down. "Now we eat."

He opened the beers and poured their contents into the mugs. Quaffing a healthy draught, he urged me to do the same. The beer was foamy and cold but tasted good. I had been thirsty, and it was hitting the spot. I drank greedily.

I watched the pudgy fingers tearing at the chicken. He ate with much enjoyment in what he was doing. A real gourmand, I thought. He kept urging me to dig in along with him. I sliced off a piece of bread. Cutting it in two, I made a half sandwich with the chicken and butter.

He seemed pleased and got up to fish out two more beers from the ice box. "This is excellent beer, don't you agree?" he asked.

"Yes. It is good," I said, drinking some more.

"A friend of mine brings it to me from Czechoslovakia. Twelve per cent," he asserted. He stopped eating for a moment and looked at me. "As you can see, I like good food," he remarked. "I love to eat." He said it in a way that made me cross my legs instinctively.

I was beginning to feel a little woozy from the beer. As he ate, he appeared to be drinking in more and more of me. He gazed at my breasts for a long time, and I could feel the nipples tightening under my bra.

"Shall we see what the others are doing?" I suggested, rising from my chair.

"Oh, no!" he stated abruptly. He got up fast and took my arm. "I mean let's stay a moment more." He wiped some butter from his chin. "Surely there is time. Please. Sit down," he urged.

"I really think I should be checking on my sister," I said. He was somehow too insistent. I wasn't quite sure what he had in mind, although I was certain he would make a pass.

Standing up quickly as I had done had made me quite dizzy.

"Then one favor before you go. My Victorian room. You must see my Victorian room. I have a room in my house, Miss Starr, which is an authentic reproduction of the most opulent interior in all London during the eighties." He took my arm again.

Perhaps it wouldn't do any harm to humor him, I thought, He was obsessed with such things as furnishings to the point where his sex drive might have been completely sublimated. I felt fairly confident I could handle his passes when and if they came. "Oh, very well," I said rather reluctantly. "For just a minute."

I followed him through the house to the main hall. A carpeted staircase went straight up to the second floor. He went over to a set of double doors near the bottom of the stairs and motioned me over close to him.

"Real double pocket doors," he , said. "Notice the brass fittings." He opened both doors simultaneously, sliding them about a foot to each side. "After you, Miss Starr," he said, motioning at me to go on in.

I entered a very plushly furnished room. Red velvet drapes hung from polished brass rods across the windows. On the floor was a brilliant Persian rug. A large carved wooden bed occupied the center, and over it stretched a brocaded canopy. It was lovely. I heard the doors close behind me.

"Why this is a bedroom," I said, surprised but nonetheless affected by the surroundings.

"Yes," Cunningham said. He sighed and walked over to a closet. "Here," he said, handing me what looked like a silk nightgown. "Put this on."

"What!" I cried.

"Put it on. Please," he emphasized.

I turned and walked over to the door; "Unlock these doors," I demanded. "Mr. Cunningham, I want you to unlock these doors immediately."

"You might as well do as I ask," he said calmly. "I'm not going to hurt you, you know."

"I know what you want to do," I told him.

"Do you?" he asked, suggesting that perhaps I had been mistaken.

I turned toward him, folding my arms across my chest. "Well, suppose you tell me just what it is that you want to do."

"I want to eat your pussy."

My arms dropped suddenly and I gaped forward at him. I could feel an imaginary hand clutching at my vulva. The fat little son of a bitch was actually making me hot.

He was wetting his lips. "I haven't eaten any in so long, I can taste it," he said, holding out the nightgown again.

If that was all he wanted, maybe it wouldn't be so bad, I concluded. The thought of the pudgy little man's body lying on top of me was another matter entirely. I don't know what made me do it, the beer or the room or watching Hack Raver that morning, but I reached out and took the gown.

My next thought was where to get undressed. Was he going to stand there and watch me, I wondered?

He walked over to the same closet and began undressing himself, facing the inside of the closet. Something about his matter of fact way of taking his clothes off set me wild.

I took my loafers off with my feet, unhooked my skirt and zipped it down. It fell and I stepped out of it. I noticed he hadn't turned around. He had taken his pants off and was carefully hanging them up.

Unbuttoning my blouse, I removed it and went to work on the bra, turning my back on him in the process. The bra off, I noticed the nipples and surrounding area had turned rock hard, I rubbed hard at them in an effort to relax them, but the rubbing only seemed to make them worse.

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw he was entirely naked. He must have been wearing something before to hold in his stomach for now the belly on him seemed enormous. He was reaching for a robe.

I got out of my panties as fast as I could and I noticed they were wet down there. Some of it had dried already. Pulling the gown down over me, I got up on the bed and hid my eyes with my forearm, waiting for whatever was going to happen.

I could hear him moving softly around the room, and thought I heard the lid to a jar being screwed off. The suspense was getting to me, and I had to reach down and touch myself.

His weight on the bed made it creak. He moved my legs a little farther apart as he shifted himself into position.

"This is going to feel cool at first," he said. Instinctively I removed my arm and look down. He held a jar of cream or something in one hand, and with the other was evidently preparing to gunk me up with whatever it was.

He slapped the stuff on gently and began working it in. It was cold at first application, but slowly began to heat up until the whole area there glowed. It had a faint fruity odor.

Suddenly, he grabbed me by both hips, and I felt his mouth close over me violently. His head was nodding like a nanny goat as he ran his lips and tongue up and down the gash. He was salivating like crazy, and I thought it was going to be more than I could stand.

I began to shriek and grabbed at his hair, thinking I was actually going to pull some of it out. I tried to roll over on each side and close my legs, but he was too strong.

He had managed to work my clitoris out and was sucking on it, pushing his face back and forth into the rest of it. I was screaming now and dug my heels into his waist, kicking at him for all I was worth.

Changing tactics again, he shoved his tongue into my vagina and began a vigorous in-and-out thrusting, his nose pushing at my clitoris. He had extremely well-developed tongue muscles.

Feeling myself reaching an orgasm, I knew it was going to be a shattering one. I was clutching his head tightly now, my heels braced against his hips. My back began to arch involuntarily as my body tensed. My mouth gaped wide, and I lost the power to focus my eyes.

It came with a rush.

Great undulating waves of warmth flowed through me. One, two, three, four...five...six. The intervals lengthened. If the feeling would only persist indefinitely. I ran my fingers through his hair.

He was sucking now, sucking deep draughts, long and slow. There wasn't going to be anything left of me, I thought. When he was done, he lay his head on my thigh and gasped for each breath, his face a raw-looking red.

As the hot blood began to flow back into my vulva it tingled. I wondered what he was going to do. If he had wanted intercourse, I would have let him do it. It didn't matter now. Not many men had ever brought me to such a climax.

He sat up quietly. "I want you to know I loved your cunt," he said, still breathing hard. He put a hand

on my leg. "I want you to come back. Please. Will you promise to come back sometime? And your sister. I'll eat you both. Anytime you feel you're ready for Joe Cunningham."

I told him I would be happy to return. The pudgy man looked almost pathetic standing there in the robe. I asked him if he didn't like it the regular way.

"My only scene," he said, shaking his head. "My only scene is eating pussy. I was kicked by a horse years ago and it left me impotent. There's not much else I can do."

"How did the horse kick you?" I asked him.

"Next time you visit perhaps I'll tell you," he said. "Don't tell many people that story." He bent over the bed and kissed me lightly on the vulva. "I'll leave you now. Hope you like the pony." He opened the doors and went out.

I dressed quickly. Helen was waiting for me at the car with Hack Raver.

"You look happy," she commented. "Want to tell me about it?"

I glanced at Hack and blushed. "Later, Sis."

We got into the car. Helen gave the pony a pat and waved at Hack. "So long Texas," she called out.

"You ladies know I'm always at your service." He was grinning widely and fingering at his groin.

On the way home we chatted very little. Helen was obviously happy with her adventure. I was pleased as well. The old sadness that sometimes lurked in the background seemed far away.

We pulled into the drive and walked up to the door.

"That's funny," Helen said. "I don't hear Clyde."

"Maybe he's asleep," I suggested.

She unlocked the door and went inside. I watched her go from room to room, even checking the basement. It didn't seem possible he could have gotten out. She gave up and slowly walked back into the living room. I was afraid she was going to cry.

"He's gone, Bea. Clyde's gone." She shook her head slowly from side to side. "Where?"

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### **Chapter 3**

It was in the middle of the day. I was seated at a vanity in Helen's bedroom brushing my hair. I hadn't had a good chance to brush it out since arriving, and the brisk strokes tugging at my scalp felt good.

My hair was longer than it had been in years, the thick brown tresses reaching down to just below my shoulder blades. It seemed like an awful lot of hair as I watched it move with my head in the mirror. I picked the mass up with both hands and held it atop my head for an instant.

The tap-tap-tap of the hooves on the kitchen floor downstairs interrupted my thoughts. The pony had made himself quite at home. So far there had been no "accidents," but the novelty of having a horse-



like creature roaming at will throughout the house was something I had not yet gotten used to.

Helen was still upset about Clyde. We still hadn't figured out how he had gotten out of the house. He was adept at pushing doors open that were not quite tightly shut, but all of the doors leading to the outside were found locked when Helen checked them.

Because of the air conditioning, all the windows were closed, but one basement window we had found unlocked and very easy to push outward. The window was a good six feet from the floor, however, and it seemed doubtful that Clyde could have both scaled the wall and pushed open the window. Still, he was gone.

Helen had reported him missing to the police shortly after we had arrived home, and all morning had been on the telephone checking with the pounds in the metropolitan area. She had also alerted local kennels and pet shops to be on the lookout in case the person taking Clyde tried to sell him.

She was being very thorough. I had heard her calling in ads to the Lost and Found sections of newspapers, and talking to medical school people on the hunch they were buying animals for student dissection.

"It's not going to be easy to hide a tricolored collie. They're the rare ones," she had pointed out to me. "Well, maybe not as rare as the Morrells," the thought occurred to her, "but certainly not an everyday breed." She had been moved to tears periodically. "Where can he be?" she had kept asking me.

Her grief over Clyde had kept her from paying much attention to the pony. The tan and white creature had taken to her almost immediately and frequently walked up to where she might be sitting, softly nuzzling her.

On top of everything else, Jack arrived home later in the evening. I thought he was going to croak when he laid eyes on the pony. He went quickly from a kind of shocked expression to a livid fury which he managed to keep under control but just barely.

Helen, of course, didn't waste any time telling him about Clyde's disappearance. Jack did his best to reassure her that everything was going to turn out all right, but seemed too stunned by the pony's presence to gather his wits about him enough to be of any material help.

"Whose idea is this anyway?" he had almost demanded, casting an eye in my direction. Because I had not yet married, he was prone to suspect me of the darkest sexual adventures, and once had told Helen that I was probably a lesbian. He was a very insecure man.

He had insisted Helen keep the pony in the garage while he was home. He calmed down considerably finally when Helen told him the pony would only be there a few days, but kept at her occasionally about the exact time of departure.

After he had left for work earlier in the morning, Helen told me he had wanted intercourse with her the night before, but that she had begged off because she was so worried about Clyde. He had gotten angry and said things about Clyde he had never said before, strange things.

"Do you suppose he knows that Clyde and I have been lovers?" she had asked me.

I had blushed at the thought. It had seemed like such a blunt way of putting it. "Only you can know that, Helen," I had answered.

"I've been very, very careful," she had said. "Why, I think I'd be mortified if Jack found out. He'd be so upset."

I had thought he would be more upset if he knew of some of her other escapades, such as the hay episode with Cunningham's foreman.

"Jack would not be one to keep something like that to himself, I think," I had said. "You would hear about it pretty fast."

"He's been suspecting something," she had told me again. "I just haven't been as frustrated when he fails to satisfy me completely, not like I used to be."

I decided to put my hair into a loose ponytail, and looked around the vanity for a barrette, Helen had several including a wide tortoiseshell type which I chose. A light itch behind my ear reminded me that it would be a good idea to wash my hair. Perhaps tonight, I thought.

Standing up, I removed my robe and caught my reflection in the mirror. I was a body without a head as the vanity was just low enough to cut the reflection off. The hair on my bottom was a thick mat, and I ran a comb through it, rattling it up as much as it would go.

All fluffed out, my pussy suddenly seemed larger than life. I turned sideways and looked at my reflection. The hair made quite a bulge. Patting the crest of the bush lightly with my hand, the thought occurred to me I really had too much hair there, and I wondered how many men might be bothered by it.

I had just put the robe back on when a squeal from Helen downstairs attracted my attention.

"Bea!" she called out, "come down and see this!"

I went down the stairs and turned, thinking she was in the kitchen.

"In here!" The voice came from the living room.

I changed my direction and walked into the room. Helen was kneeling on the floor alongside the pony. I could see immediately that the animal was in an erect state. In fact, it was still growing.

"Oohh," she piped. "It just keeps on coming out!"

It was true. The organ kept extending outward and slightly down. Less embarrassed than I had been about looking at it in the barn, I knelt down on the other side of the pony and watched, fascinated, as the skin on the protuberance grew tauter.

I could not resist touching it and reached for the shaft. Helen had the same impulse for our fingers clasped it about the same time. We both gave a little squeeze.

"It's so soft," Helen marveled, "yet solid!"

It felt warm to my fingers, and I let them run down to the fat head at the end. It resembled a big brown apple except that inside the depression where the stem would normally be was an open hole about the size of a pea. Inside the hole the lining was a fresh pink.

The pony was blowing softly and turned to nuzzle me on the ear. He didn't seem to mind that we were so curious about his huge part. His thing was easily thirteen or fourteen inches long.

"I wonder if we could get it to come," Helen mused.

"You mean, jerk it off?" I asked.

"Do you think he would stand for it?" she asked me, in turn.

"How would you do it?" I wanted to know. "I mean, without him kicking you?"

She had begun jacking at the penis with her closed fingers, but her tiny hand seemed inadequate, scarcely reaching around. "I don't know if he likes that or not," she said. She stopped and shifted her position. The pony neighed deep in his throat.

"See," I said, smiling. "He doesn't want you to stop."

"It's hard to do because of the angle," she revealed, and rolled onto her back, reaching up to continue stimulating the animal.

I watched as she worked. The pony was showing no signs of losing the erection, but didn't seem particularly excited, either, as I would have imagined him to be when sexually aroused. He seemed to be tolerating it more than enjoying it.

"Oh!" Helen exhaled, "all the blood ran out of my arm and it aches. This is hard work!"

She stood up, rubbing her arm and looking at the thing. I could tell what she was thinking. Here is this magnificent thing. How can we keep it from going to waste?

"I wonder, she mused. "I wonder if that would go in. What do you think, Bea?"

Oddly, my curiosity had taken me over completely. Whereas the thought of Helen with Clyde had embarrassed me, the thought of her with the pony quickly aroused me. Clyde seemed so human. The pony was more impersonal.

I knew, though, that it was the immense thing he was carrying that outweighed all other considerations. There is nothing like the sight of meat to thoroughly distract a woman.

"Go on!" I urged, blushing in spite of myself. "Live dangerously!"

"How do you go about it?" she wanted to know. My blushing was making her blush, and we talked without looking at each others' eyes.

"Try it like with Clyde," I suggested.

"You mean, get down on all fours?" She stood thinking for a moment. "Okay," she said quickly, unbuttoning her skirt on the side. "That damn thing's got me so hot, I'll stand on my head if I have to."

Unzipping her skirt, she stepped out of it and quickly pulled down her panties. Getting down on her hands and knees, she backed up slowly at the pony. She was telling the truth about being hot. The lips on her bottom were glistening wet.

There was a burning lump in my throat that started to throb. The strangest notion came over me that I would like to be that pony right then, about to be doing whatever it was that was going to be done to Helen. The feeling must have been based on a sheer desire to want to participate, nothing else.

Helen had moved close to the pony. He nodded his head at her exposed rear, and I noticed his nostrils flare slightly as he nosed at her open pussy. He muffled at it, and I saw the tongue flick for an instant.

"Yi!" she exploded. "What a feeling!" I stroked my juicy twat harder. "Anything doing?" she asked.

"He's not exactly hell bent for leather," I said. "Do you suppose you have to be in heat?" I asked her.

"Sis, I'm in heat thirty days a month," she informed me.

"You know what Cunningham said," I reminded her.

She got up and rubbed at herself. "Damnation! There must be a way." She walked around the animal, banging her fist into the palm of her hand.

Something someone had told me once about Catherine the Great of Russia came to mind. "How about like a hammock, underneath?" I suggested.

"You mean like a sling?"

I nodded. In a fit, I disrobed and got underneath the animal, placing my arms around his neck. The space between his front legs wasn't too wide, and I had to force them apart. His big thing poked at my belly. I looked up at Helen. "Like this."

"Well," she said, "go ahead. I'll be glad to wait my turn."

I felt a thrill run through my body. Why not, I thought. Moving up further on the animal, I felt the heavy weight of the end of his penis move slowly down my belly as I inched forward. When it reached the crest of the mound, I stopped.

"Can you lift my legs over his back?" I asked Helen.

She grabbed hold of first one and then the other, holding them until I had a chance to lock the feet together. In making the adjustment, however, I lost contact with the head of his organ. The big apple bounced on the top of my pussy, came to rest momentarily on a good spot, where it tamped briefly, then fell off down below my ass.

"Point it, point it!" I nearly shrieked at Helen.

"Jeepers!" she gushed. In a second she was down on the floor, grabbing hold of the fat thing. She had to bring it up almost parallel with his belly to get it into position. "Is that good?"

"Down a little more. No! Too much. That's it. Hold it there, right there." I was beginning to breathe faster. "Work it in a little. Oh, gosh!"

I could feel the enormous head beginning to slip inward. The pony was evidently not going to do anything but stand there, so I had complete control. Almost by definition, though, the thing seemed to be entering me. The opening began to stretch.

"Oh, oh! Sis! Oh, oh! Oh wow!!"

With a rush, the head cleared the opening and plunged softly into me. I was conscious of an enormous filling. The feeling continued for some time.

"Oh sis," I drooled, "it's wonderful. How much is in? Can you see?" My breathing was short. I was wishing the animal would start pumping or something. The pleasure seemed long and drawn-out with no movement.

Helen was rubbing her fingers into herself vigorously. "About half of it, I guess," she said.

I moved forward more actively than before and was aware of it packing in slowly, deeper and deeper. After about a minute I was stuffed almost beyond endurance.

"Is it all in now?" I asked, breathlessly.

"There's still a lot out, Sis," she said apologetically.

My face must have shown my disappointment.

"Bea, you can't expect... I mean, there's an awful lot there."

Try as hard as I might have wanted to, I could not force any more inside, and gave up trying. I began to contract the muscles in my thighs in an effort to initiate some movement back and forth. I was packed full, and it was lovely, but I wanted things to go all the way.

My biceps just were not that strong and I soon tired. Helen saw my predicament.

"I have an idea," she said. Running into the kitchen, she soon returned with a fly swatter. "Hold on!" she commanded.

She began swatting the rear end of the pony, yelling at him to giddyap. The effect on the beast was electric. He took off around the living room at a trot, and at last I began to feel some movement inside me. It wasn't much but it was having an effect.

He kept following the same path until one turn around the sofa cut a little sharp. He ran up onto it with his front hooves practically sitting me down on it. I held on and he began to make thrusts at me. He had finally been aroused.

"Hooray!" Helen yelled. "Ride 'em, cowboy!"

It was much rougher than I had been prepared to take. The latent strength in the animal, finally mobilized to action, was incredible. Some instinct at work in him was driving him to sink the last full measure of his phallus inside me. I began howling from the mixture of pleasure and pain.

"Helen," I gasped, "I don't know if I can take it!"

My sister just stood there transfixed by the spectacle, as the animal drove still deeper. He was sweating profusely, the horsey, leathery smell overpowering me. What's it going to be like when this animal comes? I wondered.

As exhausted and jammed up with meat as I felt, a warm feeling began to grow inside me. As it increased, the pain of being stretched to unbearable limits subsided. I was embarrassed to come in front of my sister and squeezed my eyes shut.

"Helen, I'm going to have an orgasm. Don't look," I managed to blurt out.

The pony was blowing hard through his nostrils. I felt him drive particularly hard on one thrust. The hot come suddenly spurting out and around the sides of his organ, for my vagina could not contain it

all. I could hear the drops hitting the floor and landing gosh knows where. I heard Helen shriek.

My climax came over me, then. It seemed to me I was going to become part of the sofa, sinking deeper and deeper into the cushions. In the dim recesses of my brain while sinking, I felt the pony withdraw. The sudden loss of all that power within me left a great void, as though I had just given birth to the Empire State Building.

The next thing I was aware of was Helen standing over me. She was talking to me, but the words didn't register.

"What?" I managed to say drowsily.

"I said I could drive a truck through there. Look at you!" She was pointing to my bottom. I must have been in a beautiful position for someone to walk in on us, then. Flat on my back with my head buried in the cushions, my feet on the floor, and my knees spread and pointing in the air.

I managed to sit up after a fashion. I felt sore as blazes. Looking down at myself, I saw that I had been reamed out to the point where I was afraid things would never close up again.

Struggling to my feet, I took the robe from Helen and headed for the stairs. "I'm going to soak in a hot tub for the next hour," I moaned. "At least an hour. Do not disturb!"

Helen was laughing. "That was supposed to be mine, you lucky girl."

I turned on the stairs. "By all means, be my guest," I said, extending my hand in a magnanimous gesture. "By the way, where's the family stud?"

"In the garage, happily munching grain," she announced, "and does he have an appetite!" She seemed pleased that I had done something at long last to overcome what she regarded as prudery, or perhaps excess modesty.

The hot bath felt good. I was still sore and quite open. I couldn't help wondering if I was ever going to be able to enjoy an average-size penis again. I wasn't torn. Just stretched. Hadn't it always shrunk back to normal limits? Why should this be any different? I had to admit it was an extreme case.

Helen was on the telephone when I came downstairs. She was talking to someone about Clyde. From the gist of the conversation, it must have been the owner of a kennel. They were talking about registration papers and the fact that without AKC registration, the dog could not be sold at a high price.

I had an appointment that evening to visit a Mr. Ben Cameron in Highland Park, the next town over from Irving. Cunningham had given me the man's name and telephone number as the owner of a pony. I had called Cameron, and he had seemed happy to have me come over and take some pictures.

Helen had begged off accompanying me. She had to stay by the telephone, she had said, in case some news about Clyde developed.

She completed her call and came over to the sofa where I sat. "Would you believe the mess?" she asked, pointing to the spot on the floor. She sat down and stared at it blankly. "I can tell Jack I spilled a drink. What say we have one?" she suggested.

I opted for a beer, and she got up to go to the kitchen. While she was getting the drinks the doorbell

rang. I rose to see who it was. It turned out to be the paper boy making a weekly collection.

"Look in one of Jack's coat pockets in the closet," Helen called from the kitchen.

I fished through several suit coats and jackets. Feeling what I thought was a loose dollar, I pulled out only to find I had a plain white slip of paper with a telephone number written on it in pencil. The number looked vaguely familiar. I stuffed it back into the pocket.

Helen had to come to the rescue with some change from a kitchen drawer. We sat down then and quietly drank. I had to sit with my feet up on the end of the couch. Helen chuckled at my aches and pains.

After dinner it was still bothering me as I drove over to Highland Park. We had sat very quietly during dinner. Jack had been in a much better mood than the night before and had valiantly tried to cheer Helen up. She was too worried about him finding the spot on the carpet and complaining about the pony, to be at ease.

I was glad in a way to get out of the house. Cameron, as I soon found out, lived in a house not unlike Jack and Helen's. The neighborhood was a more expensive-looking one, larger lots, some nicer homes, but the difference was merely a matter of degree of income, rather than of lifestyles.

Cameron answered the door himself. He was a gruff kind of a man. I judged him to be in his fifties. He explained to me that he was a bachelor and like all bachelors his small talk with young ladies was not very smooth.

I noticed he was wearing a kilt, and commented on it. He told me he was born in Scotland, but never wore them in the States except at home.

The pony was in the living room when we entered. It was standing so still it appeared to be a statue at first. It was a gorgeous animal, a mare, with softer features than the pony at Helen's. I noticed, too, the blue eyes Cunningham had told me about.

Cameron offered me a Scotch highball, and we sat and talked about the pony. He was very fond of her, he said. They were just like an old married couple, he felt. He saw me raise an eyebrow at that, and reddened.

"It's the whole truth, lass," he said, making no bones about it. "I won't deny it."

I wondered, though, if he had actually caught my meaning. He called to the pony, speaking slowly and affectionately. The animal trotted right over and licked at his ear. He asked it to lie down beside him, which it did without hesitation.

"You can see, my dear, she's quite fond of me, too," he asserted.

He explained that the Shetland Isles were off the coast of Scotland and that Iceland, too, was not really so far away, and for that reason undoubtedly the two of them got along so well.

I noticed a small platform in one corner of the room. It was about a foot high off the floor. He explained to me that he used it for playing the pipes. When he had guests he frequently performed for them on the bagpipes and used the platform like a stage.

When he mentioned the word "platform," the pony suddenly got up and trotted over to it. She stepped up onto it, threw up her tail, and I was able to observe immediately that the animal was in

heat.

Cameron reacted instantly. "Dash it all, Heather," he said, shooting me an embarrassed look and getting up. "Come now, girl. That won't do," he said to her, walking over and trying to coax her off. "That won't do at all."

"Why does she do that?" I asked, walking over to them.

Cameron thought I was asking why she kept opening and closing her hole. "Why, lass, she craves the dork, as they say." He was having difficulty being at ease. The pony had embarrassed him, and he didn't know how to handle both her and me at the same time.

"I meant, why does she mount the platform like that?"

"That? Well!" He cleared his throat. "Heather wants to hear the pipes, don't you, girl? I'll get the pipes and well have a tune, we will." He walked over to a closet and brought out a set of bagpipes.

He stood there then, playing a quickstep and tapping his feet. The pony turned around once and looked at him rather oddly, but otherwise continued standing in the same position, opening and closing her organ in the violent manner that is the animal's nature.

I took a picture of the pair of them just like that, the pony calmly listening to the sweating, huffing Scotsman's music. It might have seemed more natural for the pony to be facing the music in this case. Perhaps when he was through, I could rearrange the pose. I set the camera down and waited.

He was done shortly, and I asked him.

"Lass," he began, "She'll not be changing that position. Take my word for it. You may as well put it out of your mind." He seemed certain, and I did not press for the pose. He returned his bagpipes to the closet, and we went back to our chairs.

The remainder of our conversation was strained. Cameron seemed to have something on his mind and was anxious to conclude our interview. I felt he had probably lost face somehow when the pony would not heed his request to get off the platform. I thanked him warmly and he walked me to the door.

Out in the car I realized I had left my camera inside the house and returned to the front door. It had not been shut tightly and I could hear Cameron talking inside.

"Heather, darling," he was saying. "Did you have to do that, my lass? The young lassie was near to finding out all about the way I feel about you."

Curiosity got the better of me and I squeezed just inside the door. From the vestibule I could, by standing close to the wall, peer around into the living room.

The pony was standing where I had last seen her. Cameron was over behind her stroking her rump with his large hands. To my surprise he had an erection. A rather broad, fat, ruddy penis jutted up out of his kilt at a forty-five degree angle.

He kept stroking the animal's hindquarters and speaking to her in soothing tones. With the pony on the platform, he was in a good position, simply by moving forward and tilting his organ down about fifteen degrees, to copulate with it. It seemed obvious to me that was his intention.



I didn't have long to wait. Cameron began catching at his breath as he became more aroused. He dropped his kilt suddenly and stepped out of it. Bending his penis slightly downward he brought it within a fraction of an inch of the pony's throbbing hole.

He waited momentarily like that, apparently trying to time his thrust to coincide with the wide-open phase of the vagina's openings and closings. He rocked slightly in rhythm with them and then suddenly lunged forward.

The timing was apparently right. The pony's hole closed over Cameron's organ in an enormous grip, and held it tightly, pulling the man off his feet.

Cameron cried out and fell forward, clutching the pony about her flanks. The massive vagina seemed to undulate and slobber, making gurgling noises as it attempted to consume the somewhat inadequate organ it had captured. The animal neighed and kicked out at the man's legs convulsively.

Cameron came very quickly under such conditions. I saw him try to extricate himself.

It didn't seem to be an easy task, but he did pull away, falling back against the closet door where he leaned, panting, for some moments. "That's a good lass, that's a careful lass," he kept muttering to himself.

The pony, seeing that he had finished, stepped off the platform and walked over to him, nuzzling at his hand. In spite of the violent nature of what had just occurred, the relationship was returning to a tender phase.

Cameron patted the pony's brow. They remained there like that, exchanging gentle touches of one kind or another, and I was reminded of Cameron's statement about them being like an old married couple. The term suited them at that moment.

Finally, his arm around the pony's neck, he turned with her and walked back into the house somewhere. He was speaking to the pony again in soft tones as the tapping of the hooves beat a staccato accompaniment across the floor.

I waited until I was sure they had gotten out of earshot before stepping into the living room and retrieving my camera. Very quietly, I pulled the door shut and stepped out into the cool Texas evening.

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## **Chapter 4**

I slept through breakfast the next morning. Jack had already left for the office when Helen appeared in the bedroom quite excited.

"Someone's found Clyde," she announced.

I opened one eye and looked at my sister. She was holding a slip of paper in one hand and begging for my attention.

"Where?" I managed to ask.

"It's some kennel north of the city. The police picked him up running along the highway and brought him there." She was elated. "Isn't it grand? I'll be so glad to see him again."

I stepped out of bed and put my robe on. My sister was reading off the name of the kennel from the slip of paper.

"Are you certain it's Clyde?" I wanted to know.

"It must be," she assured me. "I just talked with the man who runs the place, and his description was uncanny. It could not be any other dog."

"I'm glad," I said, coming up to her and giving her a kiss on the cheek. "You're very fond of Clyde."

Her bosom heaved slightly and pushed gently against my own. "Quick!" she said, grabbing both my arms. "I'll fry you an egg while you get dressed. I want to go over there this morning." She turned and ran in the direction of the kitchen.

I stepped across the hall into the bathroom. Removing my robe I sat on the toilet and reached for the hand mirror behind me. I was curious as to my condition and spread my legs.

Spreading the lips with the first two fingers of my right hand, I moved the fingers down two or three times more, separating the folds as much as I could to get a good look inside.

The soreness seemed to have disappeared. I ran the tip of one finger inside. The opening seemed normal. I tried two, and then three fingers. It stretched easily but was elastic enough to offer some resistance to being opened.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Everything was returning to a state of normalcy.

Spreading my legs a little wider, I held the mirror a foot away from it and tried to get an idea of its overall appearance. The outer lips didn't exactly close over everything. Well, I wasn't sixteen anymore either, I told myself.

The amount of hair growing around that region of me always struck me as excessive. Except for my head and under my arms I was not a hairy person, and could never understand why I had such growth down there.

I held the mirror closer to examine it. Hair grew thickly on both sides and down under. Rising slightly, I looked further on down and saw it growing around my asshole, although much more sparsely.

Sighing, I put the mirror down and stood all the way up. With two fingers, I gently tried to squeeze the outer lips shut. They mushed together nicely, but pouted open again immediately when I let go.

Helen was calling me that breakfast was about ready, and I turned to other matters.

She sat and watched me eating. Her conversation was very animated. I knew she was impatient to get out to the kennel and tried not to appear uninterested. She was planning a bath for Clyde the minute he got home, she told me.

As she knew the way, I let her drive although she offered the chore to me. While I listened to her talk I kept doing a little exercise I had been taught once which was supposed to strengthen the muscles around the opening to the vagina. It must have seemed to Helen that I was not paying attention.

"You're miles away, aren't you?" she was asking me.

I took notice and blushed.

“What are you thinking about, Bea?” she queried.

“I was thinking about a man having one the size of that pony’s.” Actually I had just come up with the thought in reply to her question.

“How would you ever find him?” Helen wondered. “Even if you did, he might be too hard to live with. You know? What kind of a husband would he make? Every girl around would be chasing him.” She was thinking of Jack.

“I wonder though, does a man ever have one that big? Is it possible?”

We were passing a farm where some horses were grazing.

“Maybe you should move up to a horse,” Helen suggested. “They’re even bigger!”

The thought of something even bigger yet stuffing into me was a randy idea but frightening.

“Come on,” I said. “I thought I was going to be killed.” She was getting me excited talking about it that way. “Were you able to see? Did he finally get it all in?” I asked.

“I,” she paused, “I think so. I couldn’t believe it.”

“Where did it all go?” I asked, amazed. I held up my hands in the manner of a fisherman. “It must have been this long,” I said, looking at the distance between them. “Now, if you take that same length and lay it across me here,” I explained, moving my hands to my body, “the end of it is way up here.”

She shot a glance at where my hand rested. It was almost exactly between my breasts.

“It can’t possibly go all the way up there, or can it?” I wanted to know.

“It stretches nice,” Helen giggled.

“Let’s see how you do when your turn comes,” I said to her.

She giggled some more. We came to a crossroads, and Helen turned the car to the right. About two miles down the road we saw the sign indicating the kennel and turned into it. Pens were all around us filled with dogs of many different breeds, and the animals collectively made one great racket as we got out.

The noise brought a man running out of what must have been a private house at one time, but had been converted to an office and other facilities for the kennel.

“You the ladies for the collie?” he asked immediately. At our acknowledgment he motioned us to follow him, and we walked back along the pens to a small brick structure that looked of recent construction. A number of bricks that had not been used were still piled off to the left.

The man was tall, about six feet five or six inches, but had an enormous pot belly that hung out over his trouser belt. In profile the trouser belt made a diagonal line up to where it clung to the small of his back. His trousers were rather floppy, he had no ass to speak of, and were too long.

He yanked out a mess of keys from one pocket and looked through them until finding the right one.

"Here we go," he said, unlocking the door.

We followed him inside. About six stalls lined each side of the wall. They were very clean and seemed to incorporate every convenience available to the up-to-date kennel operator.

"We keep the real good dogs here," he informed us. "Your collie is in this one." He pointed to one marked number nine.

Helen walked over and called out Clyde's name. The big collie came up to the gate, wagging its tail, but I knew instantly Helen was looking at a dog other than her own.

"Oh, Bea," she said, disappointed. "It isn't him."

I came over and reached through the bars, patting the dog's head. "You could fool me, Sis. It's an amazing likeness," I told her.

"It's the eyes," she said, "and the coloring on the nose. See that pink splotch just at the beginning of the nose? Clyde has no pink on his nose. This isn't as good a dog as Clyde," she concluded.

He was a beautiful dog nonetheless.

"Too bad!" the man said. "Make a nice pet. You have kids?" he asked Helen and then fixing his eyes on me as if to ask the same question.

We shook our heads.

"Be good pet anyway," he went on. "Cops found this poor guy running along the interstate. Well, "he declared, "somebody's going to claim him. Too good a dog."

We walked outside to the car. Helen was dejected and had little to say. The man wished her luck, and we drove off.

About a mile along the road her thoughts had absorbed her attention a little too much, and she failed to notice a wide truck coming in the opposite direction.

"Yipe!" I shouted, pointing.

She reacted instantly, swerving to the right, but overcompensated, and the car's right side went off the shoulder into a deep gully.

The car was not damaged, nor were we hurt, but Helen could not get enough traction to move the car either forward or backward.

"You try it, Bea," she suggested.

We exchanged places, but I had no better luck. The weight of the car needed both rear wheels to drive it, and one wheel just spun uselessly, barely touching the ground.

"We'll need a tow," I said. "You belong to the Automobile Club?" I asked her.

"Yes," she sighed, going through her purse. She found the card in her wallet and showed it to me. Something in her expression made me feel sorry for her. I patted her head.

"I'll go, Helen," I assured her. "It can't be more than a mile back there. You stay here."

She smiled at me. The warm smile of our childhood when we had just shared a candy bar, or when pushing little dolls around inside a doll house, our hands had accidentally bumped.

She leaned over and gave me a hug, and I could feel her heart beating through her skin.

Out on the road I was wishing I hadn't chosen to wear heels that day. I thought back to myself sitting in the bedroom that morning and making the choice. The road was level but at the pace I was trying to maintain, the walking was giving my muscles a workout.

As cars came up behind me, I tried slowing down to prevent too much of a bounce and swing to my butt. I would have welcomed a ride, but wasn't in the mood for offering myself as payment, even in jest.

Some cars slowed and went by. I noticed they contained couples, a not likely source for a hitch for someone like me. So many women, having once surrendered their names and identities to a man, are naturally insecure. Having an unperson then for a partner, the man will often seek a real individual elsewhere.

I thought of those guys as they went by. From the way one's face lighted up, I knew he would have offered me a lift if the wife had not been along. If women had anything approaching real freedom in the country, she would have been happy for him to stop.

An old black panel truck with white peace signs sloppily painted on it slowed down as it passed. A number of older teenage boys inside did some whistling and hooting. I waved at them good-naturedly.

It was a deserted section of the road. I could not recall any buildings between the kennel and where we had gone into the ditch. It was a cool day, and I was in no danger of working up a sweat.

The black panel truck had turned around and was slowly coming back the other way. As it came up abreast of me, it came to a stop. The driver, a young kid about twenty asked if I wanted a ride.

Some pleasant tone in his voice temporarily disarmed me and I said okay.

"I'm just going to the kennel," I said.

"Get in," he said in a matter of fact tone. "I'll turn around up ahead."

I walked around to the other side of the vehicle. A short, fat boy of seventeen or eighteen was already out of the truck and held the door open for me. I stepped up in, and the boy doing the driving told me to find a seat inside.

A curtain separated the body of the truck from the driving area, and as I stepped through, it took me a moment to become accustomed to the dimness inside. I soon noticed there were no seats. Two boys were seated on the floor near the rear. The floor was covered with blankets and sleeping bags.

The truck started up, and I sat down on one of the bags to keep from falling.

The boy who had been driving came through the curtain, and I concluded the fat boy must obviously be at the wheel. The boy sat down next to me.

"Peace!" he said, chewing on what must have been gum.

He had moved a little too close to me, and I grew apprehensive. "Whatever you say," I told him, shifting my position so as to let him know I didn't welcome any funny business.

"Know," he chewed. "A woman gets in a gig like this, I read she's hoping one thing." He was seated Indian-style and leaning slightly forward, his head nodding slightly as his jaws worked on the gum.

"You better go back to school and learn how to read," I said, getting up. "When's your kid brother going to turn this thing around?" Looking through the curtains, I got a glimpse of Helen standing alongside the car as we drove by. I was positive she had seen me, too.

Recovering from his initial surprise, the gum-chewing kid stood up and, grabbing my arm, spun me around. I lost my balance and fell, landing hard on my bottom. He flung himself on top of me immediately, pressing the bulge in his trousers into my crotch as hard as he could.

"You ain't gonna act so uppity, lady, when you find out there's real cock on board here," he snarled.

I pushed at him. He was actually hurting me with his weight and knew it. The two boys at the rear moved forward to watch. He wasn't about to budge, and just lay there. He began pressing the bulge rhythmically against me. I got the impression he was trying to work it up as it in no way felt hard.

"Real cock, lady," he said again.

I reached up with my mouth and bit him hard on the nose.

He rolled off, screaming and holding his nose. Coming back, he whacked me across the face with the back of his hand.

"I'll bite your tit off for that," he swore. "Hank! Bijou! Sit on her arms," he commanded the other two.

The two boys got on either side of me and sat with all their weight on the insides of my elbows. I could feel the circulation in my arms being cut off almost right away.

"We, got her good, Macho," one of them told the gum chewer. It was true. I couldn't do much more than move my shoulders.

"Now, let's see what kind of a cunt this one's got," the one called Macho said. He pushed my thighs aside violently, pulling the tendons. I cried out in pain. My legs had never been spread apart that wide before.

Grabbing hold of my panties, he tore them off in one quick yank. All three of them started to laugh at once.

"Look at that," Macho leered.

"All hair," snorted one of the others.

"Lady, you have got one hairy ass," Macho said to me. "Feel on it, Hank," he urged.

The kid on my left reached down and ran his fingers roughly into my vulva as if he were fingering gravel.

"That's enough," Macho said suddenly, irritation in his voice. "Now, lick 'em off," he commanded.

"Aw, Mach," Hank protested. "I ain't one to eat no pussy."

"That's why you got to lick 'em off," he said, smiling through clenched teeth. "You got to learn what these dumb cunts are made of."

Hank stuck the fingers in his mouth quickly, pulling them out almost immediately. Macho and Bijou roared and kept up the teasing. I shut my eyes hard.

"You know, Beej," Macho declared, "I've heard it said, a man who will eat cunt will eat cock, too."

"I've heard that, yeah, yeah," said Bijou, agreeing.

Hank tried to change the subject. "You gonna fuck her?" he asked, nodding in my direction.

"Maybe she's gonna eat a little cock first, then we'll talk about ass," Macho answered. He unhooked his belt buckle with one hand. Sucking in his stomach, he reached down with both hands and slowly unbuttoned his fly. Standing straight on his knees, he pushed his levi's and undershorts down below his groin.

The meat flopped out. He had no erection, but the penis appeared to have the potential of being quite large when hard. The testicles clung close to the base and had very long hairs growing out from the sac that contained them. There were not too many of them, but they were quite long.

The skin covering his penis grew down over the head, encapsulating it. I took this to mean that he was uncircumcised though I had never seen one like it before. I stiffened.

"How 'bout it, lady?" Macho urged, taking the penis in his hand and lolling it at me. "Getting' hungry?" he grinned. "You want to be fucked, you're gonna have to work on it a little," he informed me, moving it closer.

"I'll bite it off, so help me," I seethed out at him through clenched teeth. Probably remembering his nose he changed expression as if he were convinced I meant it. He backed away. I felt I had won some kind of a victory.

"She don't eat, Mach," Hank said.

"Shit she don't eat!" Macho exclaimed. "They all eat. There ain't a woman around don't want it. What do you think makes the dumb cunts so dumb? It's cock, man, cock," he bellowed.

Spitting into my vulva suddenly, he rubbed the spittle into the lips with his fingers. Leaning forward, he tried to run the spongy organ into my vagina in its flaccid state. The exercises I had been doing all morning evidently had made it possible to thwart him. He got nowhere.

I was afraid his continued frustration might lead to further violence so I relaxed. At one point in his struggles then, he succeeded, by careful tamping, in getting the hooded tip just inside the entrance. For some reason he could not feel the degree of success he had thus achieved and allowed it to fall right out again.

Hank and Bijou remained breathless, apparently afraid to make any comment. The truck slowed down to a stop, and I heard the motor turn off. The fat boy appeared through the curtain, combing his hair and staring at me.

"Tony, you fuck her," Macho said, getting off me. "I ain't ready yet." He sat back against the wall

looking dazedly at his penis.

Tony unbuttoned his fly and pulled out a penis that quickly hardened. It had a long, thin look to it. He broke into a smile and knelt down between my legs.

He didn't quite know where to put it, but jabbed away at me anyway. He poked a few places that really hurt and I howled. Both he and Macho interpreted my cries as sexual. Macho crawled back over to me.

"You like that, huh? Fuck her good, Tony. She's loving every minute of it." He began to laugh softly.

Tony finally found the right spot, but got only two good strokes inside when I felt him come. Then, instead of leaving it there to pump the full load into me, he yanked it out. The stuff flew all over. Everybody backed away and I felt the pressure come off my arms. They, had fallen asleep.

"You some nut, Tony?" Macho yelled.

"He's crazy, Mach," Hank volunteered. "I keep tellin' you."

"Yeah," piped in Bijou.

"What did you take it out for?" Macho was still yelling at him, totally amazed. "You leave it in, dummy, 'til it's all dumped inside," he emphasized. "Ain't you never fucked?"

Macho had a lot of the come on his levi's and undershorts, and was daubing disgustedly at himself with a corner of one of the blankets.

I used my torn underpants to wipe it out of my pubic hair where most of it had lodged. Some of it was oozing out my vagina. I rolled the panties into a ball and stuffed them between my legs. Getting up, I smoothed down my dress, adjusted my shoulder bag, and made a move for the curtain.

Tony was standing closest to the partition. I winked at the inexperienced kid as I went by. He had seemed sheepish and ashamed of himself during the heap of abuse they had piled on him, and blushed at my wink, turning his face from me.

"Hey, Tony, grab her," Macho yelled, getting up from the floor and pulling up his pants.

I dashed past Tony who for some reason sought not to hold me, slid across the front seat and jumped out onto the ground. The truck had pulled into a wooded area off the road. The macadam was visible about fifty yards away, and I struck out for it, first taking off my shoes.

There was shouting and sounds of a scuffle inside the panel truck, then the back end opened, and looking back, I saw three of them pile out.

They were soon right behind me and closing fast. They caught me about five yards from the road, but I fought furiously now, with a shoe in each hand, screaming my head off.

I heard the brakes of a truck, and just as quickly as they had caught me, they let me go and ran back into the woods. I reeled out onto the road in the direction of the truck. A man was getting out. He was tall, slight, and fortyish.

"Am I glad to see a new face," I cried. "The last four were getting stale."

He came up to me and held me steady for a minute.



"I saw three. Were they kids?" he asked.

I nodded. "And consider ourselves lucky we're not school teachers." I was very much out of breath. I showed him my shoes, and he held me while I put them back on. "How do I look?" I asked. "If you say like a gang-bang, mister, you are batting two-fifty."

He laughed in a compassionate way that appealed to me and told me to get in the truck. It was a small pick-up, and I noticed he was only carrying a pair of tires in the truck bed.

"Snow tires," he said, noticing my curiosity.

"In Texas?"

"Mostly for mud," he smiled. "Where to?"

I explained what had happened to Helen and me, and described the road. He said it was about six miles from where we were but that he would be glad to take me. He put the truck in gear and drove off.

"I think some man must have invented heels," I said. I had turned the rearview mirror in such a way that I could use it for grooming. "If you only knew how hard it is to run in them." I was busily combing my hair. "All those movies when the girl runs away from some man in the woods. She always gets caught."

"Heels," he said.

"Heels."

"Did it ever occur to you," he began, "that maybe a woman might have invented them to make sure the man caught her."

"So what?" I said. "Either way it's a case of an equal human being handicapped to make another human took superior. It doesn't matter who did it, except if it was a woman as you suggest, that might mean women are more clever.

"I predict a long, enjoyable friendship," he said.

"Why not?" I asked. "Here's your mirror back." I turned it back a little, and he adjusted it to where he wanted it.

"By the way, don't you think you should report that little episode to the police?"

"And make folk heroes out of that bunch?" I blurted out.

"I feel a pun coming on," he chuckled.

"Exactly," I said. "I don't want to see that crew again in court or out of it. I'm leaving Texas in a few days, anyway. It's just a business trip."

"What do you do?" he asked.

"Write," I said.

"Don't tell me. Human interest stories. Our embattled youth, et cetera. Am I right?"

"Right!" I exclaimed. "And I want to find out first hand just how depraved they are on account of they're deprived. Actually, I work for a big tire company and go places where it doesn't snow looking for people who buy snow tires."

"It snows in Texas," he said.

"Not much, I'll bet."

"I told you they were for mud. I live off the highway on a winding dirt road," he told me.

"Alone?" I asked.

"When you're not there, yes, he answered.

"You're not a hermit or something like that, are you?" I asked.

"Would you rather I had said I lived with my mother?" he wanted to know.

"Well, I know a man who lives alone, that is, not quite," I added. "There's a little mare pony he keeps around the house, and the two of them are like an old married couple."

"No ponies," he said. "Just me and myself."

"Interesting arrangement," I remarked. "How long has this been going on?"

"Oh!" he pronounced. "It was love at first sight."

"You mean, when you passed that first mirror it hit you all of a sudden like."

"Yes," he said, "but now you've come along and broken us up." He brought the truck to a stop, reached over and embraced me.

It was a long, low-keyed kiss that said, let's take our time about this. He was filled with the strength of unhurried passion. I hadn't been kissed like that in a long time and savored the moment.

We broke, and I clung to him, wanting to forget somehow his maleness, his hardness of body for a brief time, and it was easy to pretend with him. He had that rare quality that blurs the sexes. Deep down inside me was a gnawing sadness that I was weaving fantasies again.

"Know something?" I murmured.

"What?"

"I'm not wearing any underpants." I stared ahead out the windshield at the roadway. He was kissing along the bone behind my ear, and it tickled gently.

"Know something else?" he came back. "I don't even know your name."

"When is a good time to find out?" I asked, moving my body around so that I could kneel on the seat facing him, my bottom on his lap. Apparently, I had lost the panties in the woods, and felt my hairs crinkling against his fly. My hands were clasped behind his neck, and our noses touched.

A car came up behind us and went on around.

"What does it look like we're doing?" I asked him. I could feel the flesh underneath me swelling upward in his pants.

"A little noontime smooching, maybe," he replied. "Please tell me your name." He asked the question seriously.

"It's Bea," I said, doing a little shaking action with my butt as if to settle more comfortably in the seat I had chosen. "And yours?"

"John." He was becoming cramped, and grunted. "Lift up a minute," he begged, tapping me lightly on the hip.

I raised my rear end, and he quickly undid his belt, pushing his trousers and undershorts down as far as he could reach. His stiff penis, freed at last, swelled out further and stood at attention. It had a slight lean to the left.

I lowered my bottom again and covered his erection with my dress. I felt it tamping against my belly and reached down under the dress to bend it downward slightly.

The thing felt like a stiff, warm handle, and resisted being bent. I had to throw out my chest and jut my rear end upward in order to point the fat thing correctly, and could not relax until it had started to go in.

It went nicely. I could feel the ripple of pleasure running through his body, and worked my knees back father on the seat so that it could go all the way in.

"Oh, that's nice," he said, his breath shuddering. He lurched his bottom forward, and I felt the last of it sock up in. He began a grinding motion with his rear with an occasional good hard up-thrust as the moment suited him.

We had to stop the furious squirming frequently as cars passed, but as the feeling grew more intense inside me, I found myself little caring who or what was outside the truck.

It felt good getting it this way. The hard meat worked in and around more. It rotated and dug at the sides, and I was conscious of the thick base up against my clitoris pushing and massaging.

He was going to come before I did, and I began some hard grinding myself to try to catch up. He had stopped fooling around and was trying to make deeper thrusts, though it must have been difficult in that position.

The thrusts increased rapidly. He leaned forward suddenly, and I felt the jolts inside as he pumped out the hot sperm in four or five successive spasms.

A warm glow enveloped my entire body knowing his come had filled me. He lay back against the seat exhausted, his eyes closed. I kissed his wet brow and ran the fingers of one hand through his hair. He was taking long, deep breaths.

His organ shrank slowly while still inside me. I could feel it retreating into itself. The warm come, shot straight up into me, was slowly running back down along the sides of his organ and covering the balls.

We sat there like that enjoying the warmth between us. His come was like a balm cementing our union, and I hesitated to move.

He was the first to break the spell.

"Let's do that again, very soon," he said, opening his eyes.

I lifted my dress as I moved off him, looking down to see how much had run out of me. I was soaking wet but nothing compared to what was all over his lap.

"I have some Kleenex in my bag," I said, half standing while reaching into it and fishing out the bunch I had suddenly remembered putting there that morning.

I offered about half of them to him, and used the rest on myself.

"Do you always travel without panties?" he asked me as he sopped away at the goo. It had run down underneath his balls, too, and he was busily wiping while holding his scrotum up over his belly.

"Aren't you glad?" I asked. "One less obstacle to our pleasure." He was looking me as if I were probably telling him the truth. "Silly," I said, laughing, "the peace freaks wanted a souvenir. It's probably flying proudly this second from the truck's radio antenna."

He laughed at that. "What do you write about, anyway, Bea?" he asked, tightening his belt.

"Pets." I said. "Stories about people and their pets."

"If I went out and bought a pet, would you write me up?" he wondered. He started the truck and we moved off.

"If it were unusual in some way," I told him. "The animal wouldn't have to be unusual. It could be your relationship with it, or an adventure it had gone through. If you had a pet, John, what would it be?" I asked him abruptly.

"A twenty-five year old brunette female, about five-six, a hundred and twenty pounds."

I interrupted his little whimsy. "Seriously, John, what would you own?"

"I don't know," he said. "Give me a couple of days to think about it and I might have an answer." He turned and flashed a smile at me. "I've never thought about owning an animal."

We drove the rest of the way in silence. It wasn't far. I recognized the spot where Helen had gone off the road. Tracks indicated she had been pulled out already, and as we approached the kennel, I recognized her car in the parking area.

Helen came bursting out of the office when she saw me get out of the truck.

"Holy Smokes, Bea," she shouted. "I called the cops on you. What happened to that other truck?" She looked at John and smiled. "it doesn't look to me like you were in any trouble exactly."

"Wait until I tell you," I said. "You're just looking at the happy ending. This is John, Sis. John, this is my sister, Helen."

The introductions over, Helen started in about having a "goody" to tell me. It couldn't be any more interesting than the one I had for her, I said. She went back inside to telephone the police that I had been found, and I talked with John.

"If you want to heat things up, it's all right with me," I told him, "but it will have to be without

strings." I explained about my job, my love of New York, my desire for independence.

"After you know me awhile," I went on, "you'll see that I value friendships highly. I'm independent," I said, "but I need people, also. Even men."

"An independent women can't hope to be any man's pet," he said. "I'll take what I get. What do I have to lose? "

"Why, you lose me, John," I said.

"On your terms I never really have you in the first place," he came back.

"Materially, no!" I exclaimed. "But why is material possession the only way to think about your relationship with a woman. Are we really just property? A man's daughter leaves home, he doesn't have her materially and, yet he still has her in other ways, still loves her, and she him."

"A man wants to feel he's important to a woman," he stated.

"You don't think the father is important to the daughter?" I asked.

"It's a special relationship of diminishing importance in his everyday life. Anyway, Bea, you're comparing apples to oranges," he said. "Granted, the pair bond between a man and a woman should not be an owner-possession thing, I don't think you can compare a daughter to a wife."

"I guess what I was trying to say was that you speak of your daughter as yours all of your life, whether she's there at home with you or not, or whether she's had ten husbands in Timbuktu, she's still yours, your daughter." I insisted.

"Go on," he said, calmly.

"Why then, the moment a woman ceases to act as if she were an indentured servant, or what is the term, having left my bed and board, does she cease to be your wife? You've had a more intense relationship with her than you've had with any other woman, yet you'll put up with less."

"It must be," he said, "that people have a low regard for the objects that have satisfied their sexual appetites, and a high one for those who have not. If we all could fuck our mothers and our daughters, our sisters and our aunts, we might see a little more clearly."

Helen interrupted our discussion by her return. "They want to talk to you, Bea," she said.

I stepped into the office. There was no one inside, but I noticed the telephone off the hook and picked it up. Since Helen had brought them into it, I decided to tell the police the entire story. I told them I would not sign a complaint. I was in Texas only a few days, I said, and didn't want to stay.

They settled for a description of the truck, and the names of the boys involved. They would pick them up for questioning, and perhaps put a scare into them.

Just as I was hanging up, the tall, pot-bellied man who ran the place came into the room from a rear doorway.

"Glad to see you back, miss," he said. "Your sister was plumb worried about you." He fumbled in a shirt pocket for a cigarette. "Did she mention my cheetah?"

"You have a cheetah?" I asked him.

"Most beautiful cat in the world," he asserted, lighting the weed, and blowing out the match with his first puff.

"I promise to ask her," I said, turning to go. He was leaning on the counter with both hands. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up past his elbows, and I noticed the arms were quite hairy.

"You all come back, now," he waved. He had a look about him, the kind of an expression on his face I used to think belonged only to old torn cats.

Helen was suggesting the four of us, Jack, herself, John, and I, get together that evening. She suggested her place, but John came in with a good pitch for his place in the woods.

As I rejoined them I said we might have to wear hip boots. John laughed.

"I told your sister I lived on a muddy road," he said to Helen, "but it's actually quite dry at the moment."

"Well," said Helen, "let's hope it doesn't rain then. His place all right with you, Bea?" she asked.

"Well, those aren't exactly the conditions I had anticipated," I put forward. "John told me he lived alone."

"I see," said Helen, catching my meaning. She looked from one of us to the other, savoring the thoughts she must have been thinking.

"But let's see what develops," I continued, smiling up at John. "Well have to postpone our debate," I said to him.

We parted then. As we were driving off, John pulled the pickup alongside my window. He was holding something tightly in his fist and extending it outward.

"Present for you," he said. "Compliments of John Young."

I reached up and took it. It was my torn underpants. I looked at him in complete surprise. "How did you?"

"Wedged down between the door and the seat," he said. "See you later," he waved, and drove off.

I held the torn, stained reminder of the morning's adventure up for Helen to see.

"Come to think of it, Sis," she observed, "I'd like to hear your story first."

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## **Chapter 5**

I was in the bathtub soaking, telling Helen of my narrow escape that morning. I had filled the tub full and was able to submerge all of me, except for my head. The water was good and hot.

Helen was sitting on the toilet seat in her robe listening intently, her feet propped up on the edge of the tub. I could see everything she owned in that position, and what I saw was deliciously pleasing.

Remembering the comments made about my hairiness that day, I wondered what, if any, remarks would have been said had it been Helen there instead of me. Certainly no man in his right mind

could fault that pussy.

Her hair was much lighter than mine and formed a perfect triangle. Whereas mine tended to grow wild, hers almost seemed sculpted, the margins clear, the hairline well defined. The hair itself glowed in contrast to my own, which could look dull, lacking the magical highlights I observed now in Helen's.

Her well-developed lips formed a perfect cleft. No open gash here, no flabby distended labia. Just Helen's fat little pussy for all the world to see. I wondered how much Jack appreciated that darling cunny.

Helen observed my rapture and, noticing the source of it, closed her legs and tucked in her robe.

"You can make a girl horny sometimes, Bea," she noted. "There are times when I think you appreciate me that way more than Jack. He's never one to drink me in with his eyes like that."

I lifted a leg up out of the water. "I wish I had it all together like you," I told her.

"Bea Starr, you're still fourteen years old wishing you were seventeen, aren't you?" she maintained. She got up off the seat. "Here, let me scrub Your back."

I sat up, swirling the water around me. My back was piping hot.

"I better take my robe off," Helen said, "or it'll get wet for sure." The robe dropped and she stood there, naked, as close to me as ever I could remember. Uncontrollably, my hand reached up and lightly touched the top of her thigh. The wet fingers trailed off down and back into the tub.

She bent over and started scrubbing my back with a soapy washcloth. Her large breasts swung in unison with her movements. I turned my head to get closer to them, and one slapped against my face, the hard nipple tracing a line across my upper lip. Indescribable urges were tormenting me.

"Hey!" I cried. "That's heavy cargo."

She laughed. She was rinsing the back now, lifting the water up with both hands and letting it stream down from my neck. Running her flat hand back and forth across, she seemed satisfied no more soap remained. "There!" she said, straightening.

I rose from the water and stood there as she handed me a towel. She had put her robe back on, and as I stepped out of the tub, she went out the door. I dried myself off quickly and got into my own robe.

Helen was seated at the vanity when I entered the bedroom.

"Let's hear your story, sweets," I urged, flopping on the bed. "I'll bet it has something to do with a cheetah, am I right?"

"Did Telford tell you?" she asked, slightly surprised.

"The guy at the kennel is Telford?" At her nod, I went on. "Only that he owned one and to ask you about it. He looks like a guy that would own a big cat. What happened after I left?"

"After you left I got out of the car and stood, leaning up against it. It makes me nervous to just sit in a parked car alone. I watched the cars go by, and saw the black panel truck, too. Some kid was driving. He slowed down and mentally undressed me as he went by.

"I remember thinking, these guys will be back to give me a hard time. To my surprise when they did, there were you in the middle looking out at me. I couldn't understand why you hadn't stopped to explain what was going on.

"My next thought was that you hadn't stopped because they had kidnapped you, horrible as that sounded. I started hiking then back to the kennel as fast as I could. It must have taken me ten or fifteen minutes. When I burst into the office I really startled Telford. I was so out of breath I couldn't make much sense, my words were mostly gasps, I guess.

"Telford finally got the gist of my story and told me to wait and see, that you had probably picked up a ride to the AAA station. Just in case, I thought I had better call them anyway. If you did show up, they would simply tell you I had already called and told you to wait there.

"I did that. I called them and no, you hadn't arrived yet. They wanted the Triple A number, but I didn't have it. You had taken the card, remember? They finally agreed to send the tow truck out, anyway. One down, one to go, I thought.

"Telford kept telling me to relax, and then offered me a drink. It sounded like a good idea, and I told him to make it real stiff. He said, "it'll be that, all right" and asked me to join him inside.

"We went through a door in the back of the office down a hallway to a door he had to unlock to open. Turned out to be a kind of lounge, you know, soft chairs, lots of pillows, a bar on one side.

"He mixed me a drink he called a tomcat. It tasted good, like punch almost, but what a wallop. He waited until he thought I was reeling, and then told me he had a friend who would like to get acquainted with me.

"At first, I thought, he's got some kid there who's going to come in and really take advantage of me. But, no. What he's talking about is a big female cat, and I mean cat. He opened a door in the room and in bounded this thing. It had legs as long as mine, and black spots all over it.

"The thing was purring like crazy and kept getting down on its knees and elbows and crawling across the floor, its tail way up in the air. It reminded me of the way they get Lassie to crawl on TV when she's acting a part where she's wounded.

"After crawling like that for a while, the big leopard would throw herself on her side and roll over on her back, feet up in the air. She would do this once or twice and then get back up and start meowing. And what meowing! In that small room it was frightening."

"Telford is enjoying every minute of it, of course. He sat there and just roared, that big belly just heaving up and down."

"Finally he said, 'let's have some fun' and went over to the wall and pushed a switch. The whole Wall opened like locks on a canal and out came a low king-sized bed along the floor. It finally stopped before it knocked me down."

"He wanted us to take our clothes off, but I said nothing doing. Wait until you feel all that fur against your body, he said.

"At that point, Bea, I was confused. I still didn't hanker to strip down for that big galooka for any reason, but wasn't sure at the same time what he was intending."

"Do as you please then, he said. Watch, if you want, he told me. They pay good money to see this in



Saigon, and so on. My first impulse was to turn around and get the crap out of there, but you know, Bea, how funny I can think something is when everyone else is somber-faced. I stayed.”

“Telford started taking his clothes off. When he was fully stripped, he looked a sight. That man is the hairiest thing I’ve ever seen. There wasn’t a spot on that body that I could see that wasn’t covered with hair, except for what was dangling out of you know where. He paddled over to the bed with the cat and both of them started rolling around in it. He grabbed the cat in a tight embrace and wrestled with it as they rolled.”

“Sure you don’t want to try it, he asked me, stopping to stroke the animal down the back. The big cat loved it all and purred and purred. It sounded as though they were building a subway underneath the building, the purring was so deep-throated. I was sure, I said.”

“I saw then that Telford was getting a hard-on. It just came bobbing up out of the mixture of hair and fur on the bed. He sat up and clutched it in one hand as if he didn’t know what to do with it. His eyes had a glassy look, and I thought for a second he was going to sit there and masturbate. He came out of the trance and reached with his hand for a spot far down on the cat’s underbelly. With his thumb and forefinger, he tweaked the spot several times. The effect of the cheetah was instantaneous. It immediately locked itself into that crawling position I told you it was doing before. It threw its tail up and started creeping forward on the bed.”

“Now I noticed, where I didn’t before, a large pink hole with a cream-colored rim pouting open several inches down from the tail. It caught the light’s reflection and glistened. Telford got down on his knees behind the cat and placed the end of his tool square at the lustrous center of that hole. The purr changed to a lower-pitched vibrating noise, and I saw the flesh around the hole push up and outward as if seeking to grab hold of the intruder that had disturbed it.”

“The man eagerly allowed the grasping hole to have its victim. The rim leeches around the end of his rigid penis and began pulling it in as a snake might convulsively swallow a young pig.”

“The cat’s vibrating noise increased in intensity. It turned its head around as if to check on the source of the thing penetrating it and opened its mouth in a deep wail. This wail kept threatening to reach shriek proportions. Telford’s organ had gone all the way in, but instead of pumping in and out as you would have expected him to have done at that moment, he made a series of uninterrupted vibrating movements forward. They were of a very heavy nature affecting every muscle in his legs. He was a big man, and it was something to see the cat tearing him up like that. He came suddenly, violently, as if all the juices in his body had been sucked out through that one part of him.”

“The cat had taken it all but would not let the man go. I saw the mixture of pain and pleasure on his face. The beast greedily maintained its hold. It wanted more, but the man had no more to give, except the flesh itself.”

“The cheetah was screaming loudly. Telford himself was bellowing and digging his fingers into the animal’s sides, pushing himself backward. If anyone had been outside the door and heard all that commotion, they would have thought someone was being fed to the lions. It was a terrible din. It was so wild, I stood up and edged toward the door. I was afraid the cat would come for me after finishing up with Telford.”

“He finally got himself out of the cat’s ass and sat on the end of the bed. He pushed both palms down around covering his genitals and howled. The howling was interrupted by an occasional outburst like ‘hah’ and ‘oho’ and ‘fat fuck’. He paid absolutely no attention to me. The cat was flopping all over the bed doing those rolling motions I told you about. It looked quite pleased. It stopped the rolling

only once to reach down and lick at itself a few times and then went right back to the rolling and tossing.”

“Mizz Smallwood, Telford finally said to me, come on over and give the little baby a hug. She won’t hurt you, he went on. She’s just the softest most lovable thing in the world.”

“The whole business had frightened me as I said, but it had also made me a little hot. After all, Telford didn’t have any clothes on, and they had been doing it there right in front of me. I half wished the big cat had been a tom and I might have been tempted.”

“I was willing to settle for Telford even. All that hair, and that big belly, not to mention that rod of his, I thought maybe he had in mind to use me for dessert, but when he got up, he walked back of the bar and washed himself off in a little sink that was there.”

“Shall we have a drink then, before we leave, he said, putting his shirt back on. I knew then he was in love with that cat and no other pussy. I was still half-clobbered from the last one and told him no thanks.”

“He got all the way dressed then and put the cheetah back where she had come from, and we came back down to the office. It was not long after that the tow truck came.”

I looked at my sister when she had finished the story. “You mean,” I said, “he never once hinted at wanting to have intercourse with you?” I turned over, propping my head on my elbows.

She shook her head.

“Amazing,” I declared. I decided to tell her the whole story about Cameron then. She listened, laughing at some of the ways I was describing the scene in the Scotsman’s living room.

“Well, it’s true,” she remarked when I had finished. “A person becomes very devoted to a pet. I have to think of myself with Clyde. Bea, you’ve never owned any pets and don’t know,” she chided. “I’m surprised, too,” she continued, “considering your occupation.”

“Maybe that’s why,” I suggested. “It may be that I did not want to become too attached to an animal.”

“Or a man either,” she came back. “You’re going to end up an old lady having to pet your own pussy if you’re not careful. I don’t know where you got to be so independent.”

“But you don’t just have intercourse with Clyde,” I said, changing the subject. “I mean, you’re not so wrapped up with him that you can’t think about doing it with anyone else.” I got up off the bed and walked to the window.

“I suppose if it weren’t for Jack, it might end up that way,” she posed. “Jack keeps me in touch with the world of people somehow. Telford and this bagpipe player don’t have another human being in the house to remind them.”

“That’s it, isn’t it?” I surmised, turning from the window. “They get so they like it that way and no other, and when the opportunity comes along to go to bed with a real woman, they either don’t recognize it or can’t work up any interest.”

Helen was blushing. I knew she must have been thinking about Clyde. She did like it when the pooch did it to her, and maybe liked it better than with Jack, well, certainly with Jack, and for all I knew,

better than with anyone that she had done it with since Clyde first screwed her that night.

"Bea?" she queried. "Do you honestly think we'll find Clyde?" The tone of her question implied she was falling into depression again.

"You've done everything anyone could do in the situation," I assured her. "I'm optimistic myself, and you should be, too." I walked over to her and patted her shoulder.

"I miss getting it," she said, "getting it good like that, and this morning, watching Telford do it to his cat reminded me." She bent her head down and kissed the back of my hand.

"Well, there's always the pony," I remarked.

Her eyes lighted up. "That's true," she declared. "I had forgotten about him." She stood up and went over to the window. "He's down there grazing." She turned to face me. "Let's get him inside. It's my turn, isn't it?"

She took off for the stairs with me following. We kept colliding with each other in the run and started laughing. Helen reached the back door first and opening it said, "You get him, Bea. Your robe is heavier than mine." It was true. You could see right through the thin nylon of her robe. The firm breasts were heaving outward as she tried to catch her wind after running so hard.

I stepped out into the yard. The pony, expecting a handful of grain, came trotting up to me and worked its lips at my right hand. It had such a soft mouth. A light breeze was playing with the snow white mane, and the afternoon sun gave its tawny hide an almost golden sheen.

"You can have some grain," I said softly to him. "But first a little fun inside." I gave him a pat on his cheek, and guided him back into the kitchen.

Helen was holding the door open. "Do you think we can get him to do it again?" she asked as we came inside. "Oh, I'm so hot," she squealed, clutching her crotch through the robe. She did a little jumping movement and followed us into the living room.

The pony walked to the center of the room, lowered his head and shook it four or five times. He put one foreleg out stiff in front of him and licked at one of the joints.

Helen had taken off her robe and was walking around him looking longingly at every part of him. She came up to him and ran her thighs along his flank.

"Just the feel of him is enough to set you off," she declared. "What marvelous hair!"

She knelt down on one knee and started caressing the folded skin out of which his enormous shaft would surely emerge if she were successful.

I knelt down on the other side and watched her ministrations. She was feeling his testicles with her other hand, cupping her hand under first one and then the other, and then trying to feel the weightiness of both of them at once.

"What big balls!" she oodled.

The pony turned his head and stretched it backward under his belly as if to nibble at her kneading fingers, but otherwise was showing no reaction to her efforts.

"How did he get hard yesterday?" I asked her.

"I don't know," she answered. "I just walked into the living room, and there it was, coming out."

"Do you suppose he knows?" I wondered out loud. "Or is it an involuntary action?"

Helen got back on her feet and walked over to the sofa. "I'm going to get down like with Clyde," she said, kneeling before the sofa and placing her hands up on the cushions. She spread her knees apart and jutted her butt back and upward. "Bring him over," she requested.

I walked the pony to where her gorgeous bottom was exposed. The lips were swollen and had a purply pink color that showed through the hair. Just the faintest hint of a wet, dark red interior was visible along the line separating them.

I couldn't resist patting the pert little puffiness that bulged up at me. Her reaction was to wiggle her rear end and groan, thrusting the fat cunny upward some more. The lips opened to reveal more of the engorged tissue inside. It was stunningly moist. How could the pony resist it?

The pony did notice it and mouthed it gently with his Ups, breathing heavily on it at the same time.

"Oh, gosh! I wish somebody would do something," Helen moaned. It struck me as an odd statement.

The pony licked out at the gash, turning its head sideways so that the juicy tongue was aligned vertically with it. The big muscle slopped and pushed as it churned up the flesh. His saliva foamed slightly around his lips, and as he bared his teeth at one point, I was afraid he might try to bite.

Helen had pushed her face down into the sofa cushion. It was bright red and covered with sweat. Her eyes were glazed, and her mouth held loosely open. Her breath was coming out in heavy shuddering sighs.

The pony raised one front hoof and dug at Helen's back. I could tell by the way she raised her head suddenly that it had hurt, and I ran to the coat closet, bringing back a thick, fluffy car coat. I threw this across her back.

The animal was slowly getting an erection. It came out almost imperceptibly at first and then, like one of those long, thin balloons, Filled out fast at the end. The skin stretched very tightly along the length of it when it was fully hard, and the big, blobby knob at the tip seemed enormous.

Again, he raised a hoof at her back. The third time, he succeeded in getting both hooves up and took aim with his organ. I couldn't believe that huge shaft would positively land on target when he landed, and got down on the floor beside them.

Grabbing the thick, massive stick of meat, I tried by bending and waving to aim it at the precise spot. It took both hands to hold it steady.

Whinnying and pawing at Helen's back, the animal lunged downward. With an awful glopping noise, the big head poked into the space between the lips, slamming in with tremendous force.

I sprang back quickly, releasing my grip. The entire organ went down like the Titanic, with a rush, filling into the space available to it at an alarming pace.

Helen's head was pushed into the back of the sofa. She grunted in one long horrible sound that a person being pressed to death might have made. Her face was pushed out of shape where it was against the upholstery.

The big penis finally struck bottom with about four or five inches still to go inside. The pert little bottom I had just been admiring was opened and stretched beyond credibility, the lips clutching at the shaft seeming about to split.

Helen recovered quickly from the initial thrust and pushing up with her hands, regained a tenable position. The huge organ was imbedded deeply inside her, and she seemed determined to brave its next assaults.

The pony began working the staff back and down in a series of short, broadly based thrusts that seemed designed to achieve complete penetration. Something in the animal's instinct apparatus was telling it everything was not right as long as the merest fraction of an inch remained outside.

He was driving against her, pressing and stretching, his rump weaving to and fro, as the organ dug deeper into her.

For her part, she pushed back against him apparently eager to take as much as he was willing to give. The natural juices began to ooze from around his shaft as it moved back and forth between the completely distended lips of her vulva. It was working out okay.

"Oh, boy!" she finally found the words. "This is the ride of my life." Her head was raised high, and I noticed she was biting at her lower lip. "This coat is so damned hot," she muttered.

The pony kept packing it in, deeper and still deeper. I could see that about two inches remained outside. The enormous testicles were already beginning to bump against her thighs. Gradually, those same testicles began to pull up, and the skin around them acquired an increasingly complex network of ridges.

Snorting and blowing, the animal increased the tempo of his thrusts. His forelegs began to slip off Helen's back on either side, and he allowed his head to hang down, its one side pressed against her ribcage.

His balls had by now been drawn up into his groin completely, and I took this to mean those great agates were about to be emptied of their contents.

Sure enough, the animal made one last thrust of a frenzier nature than the others and let out a deep, satisfying neigh that seemed to originate from deep within him.

The hot come must have been gushing into her then. After the third or fourth spasm, it came babbling out all around his organ and ran down into her pubic hair, some of it trailing off down her thighs, a few blobs dropping off onto the floor.

Most of the action was now due to Helen's movements as the pony gradually stopped all motion. Helen let out a shriek of pleasure suddenly and collapsed forward on the sofa again. The coat fell down around her head, blocking my view of her face.

The pony made a couple of short deep neighs and backed off. As his organ was withdrawn, the fat head inside momentarily resisted, stretching the lining out like so much taffy. As a rubber band will snap when released, the end popped out finally, letting loose a well spring of come from inside her vagina.

I ran into the bathroom for some Kleenex and hurried back, placing a pile of them under her so at least to protect the sofa from the oozing flow. She was so open I could have thrust in my hand and arm up to the elbow. This, I thought, must be how I looked to Helen the day before.

She was enjoying her reverie, and I chose not to disturb her. Placing the rest of tissues on the sofa, I guided the pony into the kitchen and outside. He was such a gentle, docile beast except when he was screwing.

I thought of so many men I had known who were just the opposite. Gruff, aggressive, loud, even bellicose some of the time, they were just barely adequate in bed.

I heard the shower running upstairs when I came back into the living room and concluded Helen had gone up. There was going to be another wet spot on the carpet today. I went into the kitchen for the necessary cleaning materials.

After brushing out the spot I had cleaned with some paper towels, I sat back on the sofa. Watching the pony have intercourse with Helen had left me high. There had been no release as there seldom is for the voyeur unless he chooses to masturbate.

The lighthearted feeling combined with the blood-engorged tissues in my pelvic region was completely unsatisfying. I looked forward to the evening when we would drive over to John's house. I would leave it to him to figure out a way for us to be alone.

It irritated me that I had allowed my last thought to enter my brain. I didn't usually give up on a problem by telling myself some man would solve it for me. That was falling into the trap of female subdominant, which had led to thousands of years of slavery for women.

I had best watch my step with him, I thought, since he was leading me into the valley of temptation that way. I produced a mental picture of him, his easy going way, his willingness to banter or argue as the whim moved me. I also liked the fact that he was something of a loner.

I could live with a guy like that, I concluded.

Business thoughts and returning to New York entered my head. There was one more pony owner to see. I got up and went into my bedroom, taking the little notebook I carried around with me out of my bag.

Thumbing through it, I found the phone number of the man who had bought four ponies from Cunningham. Walking back into the kitchen to the phone, something odd struck me about the number. It occurred to me that I had seen that telephone exchange and exact number somewhere else.

I dialed the number and a very soft-spoken male voice answered. I explained who I was and how I had come by the number and asked his permission to come and see him and take a few pictures of the ponies.

"I only have one pony," he said softly.

I explained that Cunningham had told me there were four.

"I only have one pony," he repeated in the same tone.

As he was obviously reticent to expand on the subject, at least over the phone, I dropped it and asked if I could visit him. He seemed willing, in a vague kind of way, and suggested a date about a week hence. I told him that was impossible and explained my schedule.

"All right," he said flatly. "Come by tomorrow morning. Ten o'clock."

He gave me his name as Albert Felt. The address was a rural route box number on a country road. I thought of Cunningham's description of the place, and it certainly fitted what one might imagine from the address just given me by Felt.

Helen came down in her robe. Her hair was swept up on top of her head, and she was humming gaily.

"Fully recovered?" I asked, winking at her.

"Except I feel pretty well reamed out," she allowed. "Not sore, though," she was quick to point out. "Just," she paused, "what is the word I want?" she asked.

"Enlarged?" I suggested.

She winced.

"How about 'reshaped'?" I proposed.

"That's it," she said. "I just feel reshaped. How about a cup of coffee, Sis?"

"Good idea."

"I should start dinner," she informed me, looking at the wall clock. "If we're all going out tonight, we should eat early." She fixed some percolated coffee, and we chatted while it perked. I told her about Felt. She would go, she said, but didn't like to be away from the house so much with Clyde gone.

I suddenly remembered where I had seen Felt's telephone number before and got up to go into the living room. I found the little slip of paper I had discovered the afternoon before. It was where I had seen it, in the pocket of one of Jack's coats. There was no mistake. It was Felt's number.

Coming back into the kitchen I asked Helen, "Have you ever heard Jack mention this fellow Felt?"

"Never," she said. "Why?"

I told her of what I had accidentally found in the pocket.

"Jack knows an awful lot of people," she told me. "What does this guy do?"

"I think Cunningham told me he owned a garage," I said.

"Well, there's your explanation," she said. "Jack knows every garage owner in the state of Texas. He sells tires. I don't think it's anything strange that he would know this guy Felt." She looked at me for a minute. "If you want, I can ask him," she offered.

Something told me I shouldn't have mentioned the matter to her. "I'd rather you didn't," I said. "It was silly of me to bring it up. It's just a dumb coincidence."

We sat there waiting for the coffee to be ready. I could tell by Helen's expression that she thought I was on to something about Jack. Just what that something was, I hesitated to ask even myself.

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## Chapter 6

We arrived at John's place about eight o'clock. It had been darker than usual that night, and Jack experienced some difficulty negotiating the road up to the house. It turned out to be every bit as winding as John had described it, and I could imagine the road after a heavy rainstorm.

Jack was in high spirits. Helen had promised to return the pony the day after next, but only because Jack had carried on so. Pleased at her acquiescence, he had mixed himself a few highballs after dinner and had become jolly company for us ever since.

John's house turned out to be more of an oversized cabin than a regular house. As we pulled up, I noticed another car next to John's pickup.

John met us at the door and we trooped inside en masse. The interior resembled a lodge. We entered first a narrow hallway lined with coat hooks, but this led directly to a huge living room with a fireplace at one end and a balcony all along one side. A small fire burned in the fireplace.

Stereo speakers were placed on each side of the fireplace, which was very wide and made of a white stone of some kind. Music was coming from all sides of the room, however, and I noticed another pair of speakers at the opposite end of the room. The walls were covered with paintings.

A large polished oak bar had been installed near the fireplace just under one end of the balcony. It was heavily carved and looked like it might have been European. There was a man standing behind the bar, leaning on his elbows and swishing a drink in his hands. He was staring right at me with an almost imperceptible smile on his face.

John introduced everybody calmly, and asked what we were drinking. All of the men had either bourbon or scotch, but Helen as usual asked for a cocktail. I settled for some bourbon on the rocks with a little soda.

The man behind the bar was introduced as Perry Somers, John's lawyer and drinking partner. The latter designation brought smiles to both of them. He had dropped by unexpectedly, and there was a lot of repartee about where to find a girl for him to round out the party.

Some jokes were made about sharing the girls who were already there, and I was certain that the idea was not entirely a matter of humor to Somers.

John passed out the drinks and we grouped ourselves around the fireplace. He explained that we were hearing quadraphonic, not stereophonic, music being produced because there were four speakers instead of two. The music sounded like early ragtime piano.

As I sat there, I thought of the difference a few years made in terms of a get-together like this, or perhaps it was a matter of geography.

The last gathering I had attended in New York had involved people a good decade younger on the average. There had been no booze, just pot for those who wanted it, very loud rock music, and low, low lights. There wasn't all the talk about sex as there seemed to be here, but there was plenty of action although none of it was very private.

I wondered what kind of a sex scene was going to evolve out of the five of us. My personal preference was to have John all to myself somewhere for the rest of the evening, but the independent streak in me was telling me maybe that would just lead to unwanted complications.

John was friendly but seemed to be making a point of not appearing possessive with me. I was annoyed that that should bother me, which it obviously did. Somers was acting like he had a clear



field with me. It made me wonder what John had gotten to tell him about me before we arrived.

"As a writer," Somers was telling me, "you must have some opinions about today's young people."

"I do," I said. "I think they are just as you named them. Young people."

"I detect then a note of disapproval. You feel, perhaps, like many of us, that parents and the nation as a whole have been too permissive?"

"When there is affluence, much leisure time, and a high degree of technology, permissive attitudes are a natural consequence," I said. "I myself could not, as a woman, be as independent as I am in a poor, struggling society such as exists today in Latin America, for example."

"I should expect you to express your independence quite agreeably wherever you lived, Miss Starr," he complimented me.

"Beatrice," I informed him.

"Ah yes, Beatrice. Bay-at-trichay." He gave it the Italian pronunciation. "Dante's distant vision of loveliness, and you are very lovely, Beatrice, too." He kept his eyes on me as he drank. "And very intelligent as well."

He was spreading it on thick. I figured then he had me all staked out for the bedroom. I glanced at John. He was taking it all in from across the room, all smiles. I pretended complete bemusement.

"You feel then, Bea, your independence, or your freedom, whatever you want to call it, exists only because men have permitted it?"

"In a patriarchal society, such as we have, it could not be otherwise," I said.

"I think you must hate us men very much," he imagined. "Tell me then, Bea. I'm calling you Bea, I hope you don't mind. Tell me that you don't hate me. I should feel terrible if you said otherwise."

"Why don't you fix me another drink?" I asked, tiring of his game.

"By all means, Bea," he replied, getting up and going over to the bar.

John was sitting in between Jack and Helen and came over when he saw Somers head for the bar.

"What do you think of the old family retainer?" he asked me.

"Who is he retaining tonight?" I wanted to know.

"Are you interested?" he asked, pretending surprise. "I'll relay the message, that is, if you haven't already. But Perry's a little dense that way."

"He's only dense when it comes to saying Ceno'," I informed him.

Somers returned with two drinks. "Here you are, Bea." He sat down across from us. "Your little friend is quite charming, Johnny. It's a pity you can't tie her up or something. New York's such a dreadful place." He sipped his new drink carefully.

"Maybe a lot of people might think the same of Dallas," I said to him, a bit ruffled.

"Perhaps. But you never hear it," he said. "And you always hear it about New York."

I refused to be baited into defending the place I had chosen to live in, particularly when I wasn't sure why he was hoping I would lose my temper. He probably hoped to work the old ploy of women being unstable, emotional and the like.

He could then say to John, "See, your free-flying little bird is just like all the rest. Clip her wings and she'll keep house for you."

"How long have you lived here?" I asked John.

"About six months, Bea. How do you like it?" he asked.

"It's cozy," I said, "and isolated. It's such a funny place to live in all by yourself."

"Haven't you told her, Johnny?" Somers interrupted.

"Told me what?" I looked startled.

"It isn't perhaps that important, Perry," John said. "Bea wants no involvements."

Somers laughed out loud at that. "You naive boy," he almost choked. "At, what is it, forty-one? Two? There hasn't been a woman born, Johnny, who doesn't want that ball and chain welded on. This lovely girl is no exception."

I hated to see John let himself become embarrassed but his friend had succeeded.

"Perry is very opinionated, Bea. He also is not going to be satisfied until he can find that chink in your armor where he can dig the old knife in. Don't let him find it," John said.

"Bravo, Johnny!" Somers roared.

"Forewarned is forearmed, Bea. My terrible secret is out."

"What is it that he meant before, John?" I asked, my curiosity still aroused.

"This house was built for me and my future wife, Bea," he said. We were to have been married last June, but Pat's mother in Los Angeles developed terminal cancer, and we put things off until January."

"You mean you're engaged, is that it?" I asked.

He nodded.

I couldn't help but laugh. I don't know what I had expected him to say, but the news of his engagement was anticlimactic. Somers was examining my face for the faintest sign of disappointment.

"Ten to one, Johnny," Somers said, "Ten to one, she starts acting differently with you."

"I'll get in on that bet, too," I said. "There may be a lot of angles here you haven't even thought of, Mister Attorney." I said it and wasn't even sure myself what I meant by it. It had an effect on him.

"What's happening over here?" Helen interrupted.

Somers was looking at me and thinking.

"What do you say we get more comfortable?" John suggested. "Bea, I'll show you the rest of the house." He walked over to the wall and turned a switch, dimming the lights in the room to a very low level. "Come on," he said.

I got up and followed John to a stairway leading up to the balcony. We walked up together, arm in arm. When we reached the top, he took me in his arms and kissed me. All I could think of was Somers down below, watching my every move.

"Your mind's not on your work," John informed me.

"Your friend. How does Pat get along with him?" I asked.

"Hate each other's guts, naturally," John informed me.

"Seriously," I urged.

"Well, actually, he thinks Pat would make a good wife for me, like he thinks of a wife, a housekeeper, mother, mistress combination thing. But in reality I don't think he wants me to get married at all. We've been bachelors all our lives, and he sees no reason to change."

We walked slowly down a corridor to a large bedroom.

"This is the master bedroom," he said, turning up a dimmer switch. Several colorful paintings on the walls attracted my attention.

"Who did all these wonderful paintings?" I asked.

"You're looking at him."

"John, you're an artist!" I exclaimed, amazed I hadn't found it out sooner. "You must think me awfully uninterested in you." It had not even occurred to me before to ask him what he did.

He seemed embarrassed. "Some of these are Pat's."

"Those downstairs, are they all yours?" I asked.

He nodded.

I shut the door and walked over to the bed, unbuttoning my blouse. I sat down on the bed to remove my shoes.

"You're not bothered, knowing this belongs to someone else?" he inquired.

"I said no strings. How could I be bothered?" I lied. I was down to my bra and panties when he came over and sat down beside me.

"I had hoped downstairs, after you had found out, that it might make a difference," he revealed.

He was showing me a side of him I didn't like. He was sincere in letting me know he cared, but I felt it was unfair under the circumstances.

I cared about him, too, but I wasn't sure how much. I was certain, though, that if I admitted to caring, the very act of admission and its results were likely to be out of all proportion to the game.

"Let's just make love," I said, lying down on the bed.

He got up to dim the lights and began undressing very slowly and quietly. I could hear the voice of Somers downstairs talking very loudly, followed by Helen's laughter.

Lying naked on the large bed I was conscious for the first time in ages of being outside my body. I was standing beside the bed looking down at my nakedness, only it wasn't me looking but somebody that had part of me forever inside him, and that part made it be me.

And it wasn't me lying on the bed, but somebody that had a part of me forever inside her, and that part of it made it be me.

John climbed up on the bed. In the dim light I saw his erection bobbing between his legs and I wondered what part of me he was going to touch first. I felt his fingers close over one knee, linger a moment, and then move forward caressing my hip.

He moved his knees in close, and I felt the hair on his legs brush against my thighs. As he moved forward the hardness of his body enveloped me and brought tears to my eyes. Closing my eyes tightly, I fought them back and reached up around him with my arms.

I opened my legs for him to enter as he must, for what other way is there? The rigid penis with the bulging head so hard and yet so soft, a velvet cushion perched on the end of a steel rod, punched lightly at my vulva.

My vagina was drier than usual, and the fat organ did not immediately penetrate. It pushed in very slowly, the want of lubrication giving me the impression his prick was much bigger than it was. I could feel the pressure of entry tugging at the skin as the shaft moved relentlessly forward.

"Oh, John," I whispered.

The feeling of tightness persisted even after he was in and began pumping the organ back and forth. The juices started flowing then, generously covering his rod, and the tugging ceased. He drove deeper and deeper, determined to make his penetration of me a part of his life and my life together.

I could feel his heaving chest as it expanded against my breasts, the hard ribs of him against the soft flesh of me. He was kissing the tears off my face and then kissing the source of those tears. He was able to do that.

I was letting myself go with him, not holding back, and it brought me to climax quickly. The churning of the stiff male instrument deep within me soon brought little pulses of pleasurable feeling at the end of each downstroke, each one greater than the one before. They began to build to such intensity that I was hurting for release. And I needed release. I needed it and wanted it that moment more than I ever had.

I clutched him to me as the exploding pleasure suddenly spread throughout my system, filling every nerve and every capillary. It spread like morphine through a dope-starved addict's body, reaching out to toe and fingertip alike, bringing peace and love and happiness.

And while I lay there filled with ecstasy, he came inside me, filling me with the hot butter from his balls, pumping shot after shot of the sperm that had been his, which he now willingly, gladly gave to

me in quick, hard spurts.

We lay in each other's arms for a long time, sleeping the sleep of two who had seized a moment without reservations, without guilt, and had won.

I awoke after dreaming dreams that left my memory on awakening. Dreams that left only sadness at having forgotten the Eden I must have been dreaming about.

I felt the bed for John and he was no longer on it. Where had he gone? Perhaps he was still in the room. I called his name softly and got no reply. I noticed the lights had been turned all the way off.

"John!" I called, more loudly.

"How about John's alter ego?" a voice I recognized at once declared.

My first thought was, Why did John let this happen? My second was irritation at the first. I was independent, wasn't I? John was not my lord protector, nor did I want him to be.

"Methinks the lady's silence doth protest too much, Somers said.

"What in hell are you doing in here?" I asked, controlled fury in my tone. "Get out!"

"Melodrama from the lady. Get out at once, you cad, you scoundrel!" he declared in mock theatrical tones.

I peered through the darkness of the room. He was somewhere over near the door. A likely place, I thought. Cut me off if I made a run for it.

"Somers," I began, "You wanted me to tell you that I didn't hate you tonight. Now it's my turn to ask why you dislike me so much."

The voice moved over nearer the bed. "I don't dislike you, Beatrice. I'm afraid of you. There is something in you that threatens me."

He was talking like a crazy person. "You've seen too many horror movies," I said. "Get out of here!" It was hard to take him seriously, talking nonsense like that.

Suddenly the lights came on full blast. I saw him then, about midway between the door and the bed. He was standing stark naked with an erect penis tilting off at an angle. It was somewhat short but fat. He seemed to enjoy his exhibition of it.

I got up off the bed like a shot and started hunting for my clothes. Someone had taken them from the floor where I had dropped them.

"Clothes are useless commodities, aren't they?" he said. "Especially when there is lovemaking to be enjoyed."

"Enjoyed?" I asked. I had folded my arms over my breasts. I sat down finally on the bed and pulled the quilt over my body, turning away from him entirely. "Maybe if I pretend you're not there, you'll go away."

He walked over very close to me, holding his erection forward.

"I don't expect you to give me the full treatment, Bea. I already know you want to get married, so no

amount of convincing me how much you really love John, as you probably just did with him, would change my notion that marriage is all you are after. What is it you really want in bed?" he insisted.

"You're a sick man, Mr. Somers. You have some hang-up about women that's made you sick," I said, feeling myself starting to come unglued.

"You wouldn't be any good for John. If he has to have a wife, the one he's got is more suited to his personality. Your independent ways would destroy his talent in no time. Why, just keeping track of your comings and goings would be a full-time job," he kept bringing his penis closer and closer.

"What is it you want me to do? I'm leaving here in a day or two. John knows that. As far as I know, I'll never see him again." I was beginning to shake.

"The hysterical woman! Spare me, please." He brought his penis within inches of my face. "Here," he said, indicating his stiff organ. "Take this. It's the best medicine in the world for little girls who have lost their way."

He wanted me to suck his cock. It was a symbolic act of some kind. It would prove in his mind that I was inferior.

It wouldn't work, I thought. It wouldn't work because for one thing, I didn't believe it. It takes two people to make a religion. I was determined to turn the tables on him.

I jumped up suddenly. "Lie down on the bed," I commanded. He appeared stunned, too stunned to disobey. I got on top of him in the sixty-nine position, making sure my pussy was full into his face. He began to protest, but I ignored him.

He was not a strong man or he might have been able to throw me off. As it was I had a devil of a time staying on top of him that way. I sat with my muff full on his head.

His erection had fallen off slightly. I picked it up and, holding it by the base, stuck it into my mouth. I sucked hard on it, stretching it out and rolling my tongue down around and along it. It stiffened back up pretty fast.

He must have been standing there in the dark with his erection for a long time, because there was a lot of pre-seminal fluid in the organ. The sweet, nut-like taste of it was unmistakable in my mouth.

His erection restored, I began blowing him in earnest, rising and failing with my head in a steady rhythm, salivating copiously and sucking at the same time.

It was a short cock, but fit well inside my mouth. I could close down on the base with my lips without any feeling of gagging. On the other hand, it was quite fat, and distended the lips considerably.

His balls hung loosely in a rather flabby looking scrotum. My nose kept poking into the sac as I went down. As I was working, I noticed the skin on the sac begin to convolute as the testicles began to rise.

So far he had not made any attempt to perform cunnilingus on me, and I gave up hoping.

I began to pick up the rhythm of my rising and failing head as his testicles pulled up tighter and tighter. The sac had lost its flabbiness and actually became a tight little pouch under his penis. It began to turn a dark purple red.

As things fast approached a climax, he began to move instinctively in rhythm with my movements. His pelvis made thrusts upward as I drove downward with my mouth.

The scrotum pulled up further and became one fat, tight ball. As it almost disappeared into his groin, I felt the head of his cock swell suddenly inside my mouth. Instantaneously the first squirt of hot come jetted deep down into my throat, I gulped instinctively.

The organ pumped out more in successive spurts. I sucked hard and kept swallowing in deep gulps trying to keep up with the load. I didn't hold back on any of it. When I had swallowed the last drop, I let go of it and collapsed, gasping, my mouth tingling and my throat on fire from the hot sperm.

During the hot flush of swallowing the load I had failed to feel my partner's activity down below. He was muffing me rather crudely without any plan or apparent knowledge of what he was about, but he was trying.

"My dearest Bea," he said, "does that feel good?"

He wasn't going to get me off the way he was kissing me, but it wasn't unpleasant. I especially enjoyed the fact that he was down there after all.

"Fine," I said.

For a lawyer, he made a lousy face man.

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## Chapter 7

"So the three of you were in bed together," I said. Helen and I were sitting at the kitchen table having a second cup of coffee after Jack left for work.

"Yes," she replied. "And your Mr. Young is one of the gentlest men in bed I've ever known."

I felt a twinge of jealousy which I put down right away. So that's where he disappeared! In fact, I hadn't seen him again. Somers and I went downstairs for a drink, after he had given me back my clothes, of course. Somers had mellowed after our encounter. Later, Jack and Helen came down, and we left.

"What did Jack have to say about all this?" I asked. "I thought he was pretty square."

"He wants to please me, Bea. I think he would agree to anything as long as he wasn't left out of it." she said.

"Well, what did you do?" I asked.

"When you and Jack went upstairs, Jack started telling me jokes, dirty jokes. He knows a million of them, as you know. He went through four of them, and then Mr. Somers told a really filthy one. That man has a low opinion of women, Bea. You should have heard that story. Disgusting!" she averred.

"I did an operation head-start on him," I said. "Maybe he has a higher opinion of us now." I remembered how Somers had almost cracked me too. What happened after the filthy joke?"

"Jack told a few more of his traveling salesman ones, and then Mr. Somers said he was tired and wanted to go lie down. He said if we were very tired, he would show us a spare bed upstairs. Jack

and I said fine and up we went.

“Well, we both got undressed in the bedroom Mr. Somers had pointed out to us and we were just about ready to get down to business, when in walks Mr. Young, stark naked and carrying his clothes with him.

“He said he was sorry and would be glad to turn the lights out when he left. He said he had been using the bedroom temporarily until he got married.

“I rolled over onto my elbows and told him it was all right. I didn’t mind that he had come in, and I told him that Jack didn’t mind, and why didn’t he just stay.” She giggled.

“Why you little devil,” I said. “What did he say to that?”

“He looked at me, I mean at what I’ve got here. You know.” She pointed at her breasts. “He said I was a beautiful creature, and that Jack was lucky to have me for a wife.”

“Next thing I know, his thing starts swelling, and if he had any ideas about leaving the room, he soon forgot them. He dropped his clothes on the floor and came over to the bed.

“Jack started fussing then, and I kept telling him to shush. Jack was really embarrassed. But Mr. Young started talking to him and pretty soon Jack was all for it. “Well, Mr. Young lay down on the bed first, on his back. That thing of his was just a rootin’ tootin’ to go. I wanted it bad too. He told me to get on top of him, which I did, and he put it in. ‘Boy,’ he said, that’s wide open country!! On account of the pony, you know.” She glanced at me shyly.

“Next thing he told Jack to get on his knees behind me and stick his thing up my rear end. Did you ever? Jack really was hot for the idea, too, and he never has suggested anything like that at home. I couldn’t believe it.

“He told Jack where to find some cream to use, and Jack went and got it. He put it all over his thing and then rammed it up me. It felt like fire at first, but then all three of us going to town like that together like that, it started to feel good with two things like that in me at once. Have you ever done that?”

“We all three came at about the same time and toppled over. Jack had had a lot to drink and went off into dreamland almost at once. I mean he went out. Talk about sawing wood!” she exclaimed.

“Mr. Young said to follow him, and he went into another bedroom where he made love to me extra special. I asked him where you were, and he said you were sleeping. I asked him if you would mind if you knew what he were doing, and he said no, you didn’t have any strings on him and vice-versa.”

“Was that it then?” I asked, irritated beyond compare. I was seething inside. I wanted to get into the car and drive over there and break something over his head. I looked down at the floor and began mentally counting the tiles in an effort to take my mind off the whole thing.

“That was it,” she said. “What a night!”

I sat, staring at the floor and drumming my fingers on the table.

“Helen,” I began. “what do you think happened to Clyde?” I got up from the table and walked slowly over to the door leading to the back yard. The pony was eating the lawn with singular dedication.



"I don't know, Bea," she responded, apparently puzzled by my question.

"I mean," I said without turning, "what do you, Helen Smallwood, personally think happened that day? You must have some notion or theory. Your mind can't be a blank."

"I'm afraid it is though, she replied. "I haven't the faintest notion where he can be."

"Suppose we forget for the moment where he might be right now," I argued. "How do you think he got out of the house?" I turned around and faced her.

"I don't know that either, Bea. There didn't seem to be any explanation. There was no way he could have possibly gotten out."

"Exactly!" I said. "There was no way he could have gotten out by himself."

"Are you suggesting someone took him out?" Helen asked. "How did they get in? There was no sign of forced entry anywhere."

I saw the realization of what I had planned for her to think spread across her face. "J-Jack?" She looked up at me in amazement. "You think Jack took Clyde? But he didn't get home until evening," she protested. Her face reddened suddenly. "Besides, for what reason would he do a sneaky thing like that?"

"I'm not sure that he did, Helen," I confessed, walking back and sitting down. She was on the verge of resentment at my accusation. It was the reaction I had expected and wanted somehow. I picked up a nail file and fussed at my fingernails.

"No? You sure seem secretly pleased at the idea if you're not," she perceived. The thought I had planted in her mind was cankering there. "Well?" she asked suddenly. "Is that all you have to say, that you're not sure?"

"I'm not sure," I repeated, looking down at my nails. "There are just some things that make me think of the possibility."

"What things?" she asked.

"Somebody that had a key would have had to let him out of the house," I stated. "I heard Jack say last night at John's that he got back early on Tuesday, not Tuesday night as we assumed."

"He probably meant he got back to the office early in the day," Helen countered. "He doesn't always come directly home after a business trip."

"Then there's that telephone number," I brought out. "The number of a man who keeps a lot of animals at his place. Why would Jack have had just that number on a slip of paper?"

"Didn't we already discuss that?" Helen reminded. "It's undoubtedly a business contact. You said that man owned a garage."

"Yes," I agreed, "But wouldn't it have been more likely Jack would carry the telephone number of the garage? The number on the slip is a home phone," I informed her.

"Oh, Bea," Helen said impatiently, "he knows dozens of those guys personally. Goes on hunting and fishing trips all the time. I even know some of the wives."

"The telephone number of a friend like that would be in some kind of address book, wouldn't it? I asked. "Jack must keep account books, too. This was a fresh piece of paper, and you said yourself you never heard him mention the name before."

She practically glared at me. "Is that where you're going this morning?" she wanted to know.

I nodded.

"Well, I'm going too," she announced, getting up out of her seat. "Excuse me," she said. "I'm going to get dressed." Her tone was short and curt.

I watched her as she trailed out of the kitchen in the robe. If we found Clyde out there, she was going to be madder than hell at Jack. Either way, she would be angry with me for some time.

I had played with my nails long enough. They hadn't really needed any manicuring. It was just a nervous habit, and I had been nervous talking to my sister. I hadn't intended mentioning the possibility of Jack taking Clyde until I was absolutely sure, and even then if I could have arranged it with Jack, I might have kept it from her.

Was I really so upset about John with Helen that I had wanted to get even? I had always loved my sister above all others, and now I had deliberately made her uncomfortable.

I stood up and stretched. A warm, pleasurable sensation ran down through my vulva. I squeezed my breasts lightly and walked back to the bedroom to get dressed.

We were out on the highway to Fort Worth when Helen spoke to me.

"If we find Clyde out there, what shall I do?" she asked.

"About Jack?"

"Yes," she replied.

"He'll have to have an explanation," I said. "Helen," I said in all seriousness, "is there any possibility he might have come home early one day and caught you with Clyde without you seeing him?"

"We always did it downstairs," she said. "Clyde doesn't like to go up and down that staircase," she mentioned. "I suppose," she went on, "if Jack had looked in a window."

"What would he have done?" I asked. "Gone out and gotten drunk and sworn to get rid of the dog, right?"

She puckered up her mouth and nodded.

"He's just going to have to live with both you and Clyde, Helen," I insisted. "Compromise. Tell him you only play with Clyde when he's away on trips because you get so lonely for him. Tell him about all your girl friends who play with men when their husbands are away. Ask him if he'd like that better?"

"You know how he can get, Bea," Helen demurred. "You know how it has been with that pony. I don't think it would work."

"If you would just take a stand. I know he loves you," I argued. "You said he would put up with almost anything. Put it to the test."

"He wants to be a part of it," Helen said.

"Figure out a way," I urged her.

We were silent for a long time then. We passed through Fort Worth easily. Helen knew a way to get around to the other side without running into a lot of traffic. She was still sulky to an extent. I knew finding Clyde would be a tonic to her whatever the circumstances.

We had been driving along a back road to the northwest for some time when Helen announced she had to go to the bathroom real bad. After about another mile we saw a service station up ahead on the left. It turned out to be a small rural station offering a cut rate brand of gasoline.

Helen parked the car away from the pumps so as not to give the impression we wanted gas, and we got out.

A beefy kid of about twenty-one or two came pounding out of the little station house grinning from ear to ear.

"Ma'am!" he greeted us. "Got troubles?"

"Bathroom troubles," I said. "Where's the rest room?" I looked around the back of the house for a doorway but could find none.

An older man came running out of the house. "What is it, Homer?" He asked the fat boy. "What do them ladies want? You ladies lost?" he addressed us.

"Stopped by just to use the rest rooms, Pa," he told the older man. "I'll go on down and tidy up," he said, padding off behind the house.

"That boy's a real worker," the man informed us. "Real clever with his hands. Should have been a carpenter."

"Amazing," I noted, thinking about the enormous hams I had observed at the end of each of the boy's arms.

"Are the rest rooms messy?" Helen asked him, appearing somewhat leery of having to use them at all.

"Ain't that," he told us. "Just kids get in there sometimes leaving a lot of paper laying around. Can't always watch it. Homer'll set it in order. No point in waiting here," he said. "Go on down."

We walked down and around the house and observed a path running slightly downhill leading to a wooden outdoor privy. There were two doors marked crudely with chalk designating which was for men and which for women.

"Don't pay no attention to them signs," the old man shouted after us. "One's the same as the other."

I looked at Helen and she laughed for the first time that afternoon. We both laughed.

"Do you suppose Homer is still in there?" I asked Helen when we reached the step leading to the doors.

"I don't know," she said, " but I can't wait or I'll pee in my pants. Keep an eye out, Sis," she requested, stepping up onto the platform and walking to the door marked for women After she had

gone inside and closed the door, I debated whether or not to use the other side. I didn't have to go so bad as Helen, but the power of suggestion was working on me.

I decided to wait until Helen came out and use the one properly marked for my own sex. I half expected to find Homer waiting inside the other one anyway, grinning and blushing sweatily, expectantly hoping I would show a bit of pussy.

It seemed Helen was taking an awfully long time in there. Maybe she had cramps as well as a full bladder. The dear girl had a constipation problem since marrying Jack. Too few orgasms will do it to a woman, I thought.

In a moment there came a shriek from inside followed by gasping moans that seemed to die in intensity. I raced up to the door and pushing it open and saw Helen seated on the commode, her head thrown back, and her body racked with what appeared to be the throes of sexual passion.

Looking down at the round opening I could see her pussy clearly. To my amazement huge strings of jism were cascading down out of it into the pit below. What looked like an entire load came out before it ceased dripping.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "What's happening in here, Helen?" Looking around, I saw no one else was inside. It seemed incredible. I started shaking her. "Helen, " I insisted, "what happened?"

"Oh, Bea," she puffed, grabbing my arm for support. "Believe it or not, I just got screwed." She was trying to catch her breath. "And cripes, did it feel good. Phew!"

"But how?" I begged her. "there was no one in here."

"Hand me that paper," she requested, pointing to a small pile of cheap toilet tissues stacked on a shelf.

I handed several to her.

"Thanks," she said, wiping what was left of the load from her cunt. She dropped the papers through the opening and stood up, pulling up her underpants. "Wait until we get back in the car," she whispered.

We walked up the slight incline together and back to the front of the station. Homer was standing there red as a beet and grinning. I noticed his sweat had soaked through his shirt in several places. He reeked of body odor.

The old man came out of the house as we got into the car. "Hope you ladies found things to your liking," he called out to us. Helen waved at him as we pulled out.

"Now tell me, I'm dying of curiosity"

"When I went in there, it looked like an ordinary outhouse," she began. "I went over to the place where you sit and pulled my pants down. I sat up over the hole and began urinating."

"Well, she said, "I had just finished peeing when the fattest, warmest thing you could imagine pushed its way up into me. I didn't know what it was at first, but it sure felt like you know what.

"I looked down through the opening and saw the thing up in me was definitely no imitation. There was a man lying on his back underneath."

"Was it Homer?" I asked.

"I couldn't see his face," she said. "I could just see that part of him that showed through the opening. It was a fat man," she added.

"Then it must have been," I concluded. "That slob. What a way to get a piece of ass!"

"I had no idea how long the thing was he had stuck in me." she continued. "When I looked down, all I could see was like a tree stump stuffed up between the lips. I had the feeling that plenty was in there, though. It was grand. It didn't seem as if he were going to get around to pushing it in and out," she continued.

"He probably couldn't," I suggested. "Not in that awkward position. Undoubtedly it took all his strength just to hold on."

"I couldn't take it," Helen went on, "not just sitting there stuffed like that with nothing happening. I started rotating my bottom, you know. Around the circle, then up, down. Around the circle, then up, down. I didn't know about him, but it was sure working on me."

"I started working that routine harder and faster, and pretty soon I came. I could feel it running down out of me. I noticed then that he was still working up into it as best he could. He hadn't come yet. Before I knew it, I felt a second orgasm building inside me. How many times does that ever happen? You know how the second one can really zap you, so I grit my teeth and hung on."

"When the warm flow of all his come gushed up into me, there was a wrenching spasm in my pelvis. I felt my back arching and my legs go straight. It felt so good I cried out. It must have frightened him because he pulled out suddenly before I had had a chance to come all the way down."

"That must have been when I arrived," I said. "You were still way up there. Too bad," I sympathized with her.

"Yes," she agreed. "Why do some men do that? Jack does that, Bea. You know it? Drop that load and get out fast. That's his motto."

"I wonder how often Homer pulls off that little trick," I chuckled.

We had reached the county road leading to Felt's place. Turning onto it we soon saw it was badly in need of repair. Whatever county funds were earmarked for paving roads must have always found priorities somewhere else. It didn't appear to have been patched in years.

Helen's car was fairly new, and each time a wheel ran into a chuck hole in the road I felt a twinge of guilt for having brought her car there.

"By day's end, you're going to have an old rattletrap for a car," I said rather apologetically.

"If it means finding my pooch, I don't care," she declared.

When it appeared we were close to the general area, I told Helen to slow down in order to read the numbers on the mailboxes. Some boxes carried the names of the tenants as well as the number. Perhaps we would be lucky and see Felt's name on one, I hoped.

Numbers had been placed on the mailboxes in many different ways. No two boxes seemed to use the same decals, paint or reflectors in posting the numbers.

To my delight, I saw Felt's name on a box up ahead. I told Helen to drive alongside the box to check the number just in case there was more than one Felt in the neighborhood. The number checked.

Felt's farm was evidently not close to the county road.

A long, dirt road went off across the fields at a right angle to the county road and must have continued for quite a distance for no buildings were visible on the immediate horizon.

Helen and I turned into the dirt road and bounced along for what seemed like miles before a clump of buildings came into view. As we pulled into the compound, we were surprised at the number of animals to be seen around us.

There were the usual barnyard animals running loose; chickens, ducks, geese, even pigs seemed to be roaming at will. Other animals, mostly dogs it appeared, were cooped up in cages placed in no visible pattern around the area. Several dogs were tied to stakes sunk into the ground. The din was terrible.

The main house was in a decrepit state. Shutters hung by one hinge where there were any left. Practically all the paint had peeled from the clapboard sides, and the roof showed many barren patches where shingles had been lost and never replaced. Shades were drawn over all the windows.

"You go see your friend," Helen proposed, jumping out of the car. "I'm going to look around."

We had parked next to several vehicles already there. One, a battered pickup, bore the name of a garage in Fort Worth. I stepped out of the car and watched Helen trudge up past some of the cages, then went up the steps to the porch and rang the doorbell.

When I had not had any response for some minutes, I knocked on the door thinking that the doorbell probably did not work.

The door opened quickly, and I beheld a man in the dimly lighted hallway inside. He was dressed in a crumpled suit and asked me to please come inside.

He led me into what must have been the parlor where he offered me a seat and a cup of coffee. I accepted both. He poured the coffee from a silver pot and asked me if I would like it braced with some cognac.

I declined the brandy but complimented him on his service.

"Thank you, Miss Starr," he returned. "I presume?"

I smiled acknowledgment and looked my host over. He was a slight man, graying, and probably in his late fifties. He evinced a delicacy that didn't seem to fit his surroundings.

"There are a million and one stories here for your magazine," he revealed. "Every animal has a story to tell, don't you agree?" he asked.

"Perhaps we mightn't keep them around if they could tell it," I suggested.

He glanced at my face oddly. "What a strange thought! Ah, but you're thinking about the ponies," it occurred to him quickly.

"Mr. Felt," I said, leaning forward in my chair, "Joe Cunningham has sworn to me he sold you four ponies over the past two years. If, as you say, you have only one pony now, I am curious about what

happened to the others.”

“My dear,” he began, “curiosity in you is a virtue I admire. I do not have to tell you, you realize, what you want to know, but I can say at least that they have died.”

“Died?” I asked. “All of them? How?”

“What does it matter how?” He inquired. “Death comes to everything sooner or later.”

“It doesn’t always have to come sooner,” I commented.

“Perhaps,” he said.

“Mr. Felt,” I began a new tack, “You strike me somehow as out of place here. I understand you own a garage in the city, too. None of it fits as far as I can see.”

“It’s true,” he admitted, “I’m no farmer. You can see that outside. The fields are rented out to those who like that sort of thing. As to the garage, it is operated on a lease basis by someone else. All of these things,” he opened his palms, “are just an inheritance I haven’t had the heart to sell.”

“Then how do you explain that truck outside?” I inquired.

“A private matter, Miss Starr, a private matter,” he asserted. “Nothing to do with the business of the garage, I assure you. But why should that be of concern to you?”

“Mr. Felt,” I said, “do you know a Jack Smallwood?”

“Why, yes,” he replied, becoming more and more disconcerted by my interrogation. “Only casually.”

“I have reason to believe Mr. Smallwood stole a valuable dog recently and that you have possession of that dog right at this moment.” I had not minced my words.

His hands twisted in his lap. He appeared to become more agitated.

He stood up at once. “My dear girl, what are you saying?” He appeared flustered. “Come with me at once,” he requested.

I followed him out of the room. He unlocked a door and led down a flight of stairs to another door at the bottom which he unlocked also. After that we entered a damp enclosure that was evidently a little used portion of the basement.

At one end of the damp area we entered what appeared to be a small arena or theater in the round. The seats were arranged around a small platform on which was a bed and a few straight-backed wooden chairs.

We passed through the theater area to another door that led to dressing rooms and a lounge. A man and two women were sitting around drinking and talking. The man stood up when he saw us come in.

“Elbie,” Felt addressed the man. “Bring the collie out here.”

The man put his drink down and walked back to a rear door. The two girls, who looked suspiciously like prostitutes, ogled me curiously. Moments later the man returned with a collie held by a leash. I recognized Clyde at once.

"Clyde!" I called.

His ears perked up and seeing me broke away from his holder and bounded in my direction.

"Clyde, you old rascal," I blurted out, hugging at him.

He licked at my face and started humping at my leg in the excitement. The man and the two women laughed abruptly.

"Maybe we can use her in the show, Felt?" the man suggested.

"I had no idea this dog was taken from anybody," Felt confessed to me. "Believe me." He seemed sincere. "I have private shows here in the evenings," he went on, "shows in which we use animals in, let us say, erotic situations with our actors."

The others seemed amused by Felt's choice of words.

"This collie was brought to me by Mr. Smallwood, who had heard about the entertainment I provide and thought I might be interested. He took no money for him. He told me he was his dog and that he could not take care of him anymore." He paused.

"What else did he tell you about him?" I asked.

"Else? Why he said the dog was a natural born actor," Felt hedged.

"What kind of an actor?" I insisted. "I want to know exactly what he said."

Felt looked embarrassed. "He said the dog liked to, uh, do it to girls."

"He does, too, lady," Elbie piped up. "He don't need drugs, either."

"Drugs?" I asked.

"Yes, does that surprise you?" Felt wanted to know.

"Do you drug the animals in your shows?" I wondered.

"Most of them will not perform unless they are drugged," Felt revealed. "This collie is a grand exception. One in a million."

As well I knew. I patted Clyde on his shoulder and thought about Helen.

"Drugs ain't good for them, He's lucky," Elbie chimed in again.

"Is that what happened to the ponies?" I asked Felt.

"It's a tough life for all of us, Miss Starr," he volunteered rather gratuitously.

"But what a way to go!" Elbie exclaimed.

The two girls giggled. One of them, who had been eyeing me during the conversation, winked. I had no explanation for it but the wink sent a hot flash through my body. Furious, I glared back at her.

"I must get my sister," I said. "She's outside waiting for me. I assume you are going to let me take the dog," I asked Felt.



"What can I say?" He smiled, throwing up his hands. "Come by some night and see the show, and bring your Clyde," he urged. "We invite audience participation at all times."

I left them laughing. Felt insisted on accompanying me back up through the house.

"Remember what I said," he reminded me at the door. "And no hard feelings?" he wanted to know.

My feelings are my own so I said: "Am I going to report the theft to the police? Is that what you want to know? The dog belongs to my sister. It was her husband who took it. Need I say more?"

He seemed astonished, and I left him in that condition.

I found Helen, or rather Clyde found Helen poking around inside a hen house looking for fresh eggs. She forgot about eggs when she saw Clyde and fell into him with joy.

"Oh, Clyde, honey," she cried deliriously, her eyes filled with tears. The dog was humping at her legs, but Helen paid no attention. "I'm so glad, so glad," she repeated burying her face in his fur. "My baby's back, my Clyde baby's back!"

Clyde kept humping at her excitedly, his pink organ inching its way out slowly. He licked at her face and began to whine.

"Oh, Bea," she pleaded. "I can't wait I'm so hot for him. Stand at the door, will you, honey?" Her eyes were all soft and moist. I could see the longing in them.

She stepped back into the chicken coop and put her purse on the floor. She pulled her pants down as best she could with Clyde clambering all over her and got down on her hands and knees in the straw.

Clyde mounted her insanely, humping at her rear end like a frenzied creature. The wet looking penis was way out and jabbed forward missing the right spot on every thrust. It poked, it slid off to the side, it almost bent in a right angle to itself when it struck one of her buttocks.

Suddenly it slapped into the right spot and dug in deep. Clyde changed his frenzied humping to a kind of close in ramming. He was humped up with his haunches as close as he could maneuver and in an effort to dig deeper lifted one rear leg off the floor, set it down, then lifted the other, rocking from side to side.

He was panting madly, the pants coming in short, tight huffs. They began to lower in register until they became almost inaudible. He was just about to come, I thought.

I heard a groan escape Helen's lips, and she pitched forward, the dog falling with her.

Clyde got up right away and stood alongside her, panting as though it were the hottest day of the year. I could see his meat bent clear around still anchored into her hole. It resembled an umbilical cord twisting out in that strange way.

The dog was too interested in getting its wind back to try breaking the union at once. Helen, too, was down in the hay, out of this world and into some seventh heaven. She relaxed abruptly, and I saw the twisted dong come grooving out.

Immediately behind it a big blob of white come welled up and blocked the entrance to her vagina. Helen shifted slightly, and the come slowly oozed back inside the hole. She turned and sat up.

"Where are my panties?" she inquired, the picture of contentment.

Clyde was over in a corner licking carefully at his member. I handed Helen's panties to her, and she stood up to put them back on.

"Got a Kleenex or something?" she asked me.

I searched through my bag and handed her a couple. She took them and folded them, then placed them down inside her underpants covering the vulva.

"If I don't do that, I'll drip all over the place," she averred.

She reached down for her purse and we walked out to the car, Clyde trotting after us.

"You drive, Bea," she said. "I'm just too up to think about driving. Do you mind?" she asked me.

I didn't mind at all and told her so. We were soon barreling down the dirt road homeward bound. Clyde kept poking his head forward over the front seat between us and demanding little pats of attention from Helen. She was only too willing to oblige him.

"We'll have to have it out with Jack tonight," Helen remarked. "I take it you found out he knows."

I told her about Felt's little theater group and Clyde's natural acting ability.

She hugged the dog's head affectionately. "I wonder how many times he performed in the last few days." She stared straight ahead out the windshield. "It's like Jack to have taken Clyde there. Don't you see the humor in it? He could have disposed of the dog anywhere, but he didn't."

She was milking something out of the situation that was flattering to her husband.

"He's going to wonder how in the hell we ever found that place," Helen said, laughing at the series of events that had found him out.

"Put the blame on me, if you want," I told her. "He will be only too glad to jump on me. We haven't had our usual blowoff this visit yet, anyway," I said.

She reached over and put her hand on my thigh. "Bea, I know how upset you were this morning. You wouldn't have said anything about Jack otherwise. I'm glad that you told me, though. I want you to know that. I want you to know, too, that I still love you better than anybody."

I took my right hand off the wheel and placed it on top of hers.

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## **Chapter 8**

Jack had been furious.

He had stormed out of the house swearing never to come back. Before that he had threatened to shoot the dog, shoot the pony, carve me up into strips of bacon. His ultimatum before leaving was, no dog, no pony, and no sister. Until then, goodbye!

Out he went into the night.

Helen was speechless. She had not been able to get a word in edgewise while Jack was there and after he had gone could not find the words. I was at a loss as to how to console her.

There was no doubt that I was going to leave on Sunday. I had planned to be back on the job Monday morning. There was no doubt we were going to return the pony that morning. There remained the presence of Clyde.

"Has he ever done this before?" I had asked Helen.

"Yes," she had admitted. "When he does, he usually means it and stays away for one night, anyway. I try to think of it as just another business trip."

"Where does he go?"

"He has friends all over, drinking buddies, who knows?" She had thrown up her hands. "I guess I will have to give Clyde up, after all," she had said in resignation.

We had sat through dinner quietly, feeling the consciousness of Jack's absence. Helen had shut Clyde in the basement not to please an absent husband, but to remove from her sight the tangible evidence of their conflict.

After dinner I had begun to expect that John might telephone. Not that I had been anxious for him to call. It had just seemed a likely expectation. When the dishes had been done and the kitchen cleaned up, I had begun to feel it a certainty.

When the hour had reached eight-thirty or so and he had not called, my ego had been severely bruised. I had thought then of telephoning him, but wouldn't that have been playing his game? I had decided against it.

Helen had tried to escape her problem by watching television. That had never worked for me, and soon she had come back into the living room herself.

"I can't enjoy the thing unless I'm completely relaxed," she had said. She had sat down, and observed my own tension, thinking, probably guessing the truth, that I had had John on my mind, but guessing wrong what it was about John that had been bothering me.

"A girl like Pat, now, whom I'll probably never get to meet, what's the big difference between us?" I had asked Helen. "She paints, she willingly puts off her marriage to care for a sick mother, she leaves John on his own for six months. That's about all I know about her," I had said.

"It adds up to an unusual girl these days," Helen had remarked.

"I wish I had some time to look at those paintings. Some were his and some were hers, you know. You can tell from a painting how the artist sees things. The better his technique, the easier it is to see what he's left out. If John were to do a portrait of me, I could tell how he sees me by what he's discarded."

Helen had looked at me and smiled.

"It's true, Sis," I had insisted. "When you look at yourself in the mirror, you see an awful lot of junk. You think it's all important, down to the last hair out of place. You can't be selective about yourself, so you never really know how you see yourself."

The doorbell had rung then. Helen had jumped up, her lips forming the name Jack questioningly. She had gone to the door and I had heard the voice of a woman.

It had turned out to be a local friend of Helen's a Mary Parker.

Soon we had mixed some highballs and were gradually relaxing as the liquor began numbing our brains, pushing aside the problems-of the day.

Mary, a divorcee, had just returned from a trip to Acapulco, and had been anxious to tell all to my sister concerning her vacation.

"It's not the romantic place I used to think it was," she had said. "Every accountant from New York must have been there with his secretary, and the college bums, yi! Who needs it?"

I had argued that the water and the climate must still be unspoiled, and she had agreed.

"How's Clyde?" she had asked suddenly.

Helen had stolen a quick look at me. "My sister knows about Clyde, Mary," she had said.

"Really!" She had exclaimed, her face lighting up. "How groovy!" She had quivered her rear end in a jello-like shake on the seat, a little movement she was to repeat throughout her visit. "Let me tell you about this place in Mexico, then."

She had begun then to tell of a visit to a place outside Cuernavaca where she and the girl accompanying her on the trip had stayed overnight.

"We had reservations in Taxco, but couldn't make it because we had stayed too late in Cuernavaca. We decided to take the first thing that came along, so," she had said, "we kept our eyes open for a likely looking hacienda or something."

"It started to get dark all of a sudden, and we sort of got that panicky feeling." She had giggled. "We didn't know what was going to happen if we had to sleep in the car. Finally we spotted something, a plain old two-storey adobe house, nothing more. I said to Jane, let's ask anyway, and she agreed. It turned out to be a private house, but they offered us a room downstairs in the back if we wanted it."

"Well, we took one look and guess what? It's like a combination stable and sleeping porch. Two cots along one wall separated by a short rail from a manger for burros. And there were burros in there, let me tell you, in spades. You know how everywhere you go outside the cities smells like tortilla flour. You get kind of used to it after a while. Well, this was different. We didn't know if we were going to be able to take it. All night, no less!"

"We finally said, screw it, and flopped down on those cots, smelly donkeys and all. We hadn't been in bed long when the old guy in the place, the grandfather I guess, comes padding in with a bottle of tequila and some limes."

"Ola, he says, Chiquitas, Mira, Mira! He gets out some glasses and pulls up a little table by the beds. He pours a little in each glass, cuts the limes, and passes the salt around. Well, you know me, Helen. I always think the guy wants to end up in bed with me, but I wasn't sure with this old abuelo. He sits there rattling off in Spanish, sipping his joy juice and sucking at his wrist. Jane keeps looking at me for cues like, what do you say to that, or what do I do now?"

"We relaxed after a while. The tequila we were drinking helped. I get to the point where I start

glowing and I think well maybe the old guy in bed would be a novelty if he has any meat between his legs. But that's not what the old man is thinking. Turns out he just wanted somebody to drink with. Pretty soon he says Buenos notches and picks up his marbles.

Well, there we were, in bed with a tequila glow and no companeros. I'm pretty sure Jane feels the same way I do. What do we do now, she says to me. We just sat there, Helen, looking at all those burros, hotter than hell."

"All of a sudden one of those animals starts getting a hard-on. Have you ever seen a burro hard? The damn thing must be as long as from my elbow to my fingertips. And thick! Like a firehose! Jane and I just sat up on those cots and stared. There must have been three or four coming out in that herd anytime you cared to look. They would come out, wave around a bit, then whap! bang up against the belly and start shriveling up."

"Jane says, Do you think you could get one of them to go inside of you? I said I'd had a lot of meat shoved into me in my time, but that's stretching it a bit. She says, let's try it, anyway. We got out of bed and went over to the gate in the fence. Jane says, there's a good one, and sure enough I see the little guy beginning to come out in a big way. We coax him through the gate and pretty soon we have him all to ourselves."

"How shall we do this, I ask Jane, and she says try it doggy style. I said, here goes, and lifted up my nightie. I got down on the floor, and Jane walks the donkey over to me until I felt that thing popping at my pussy. You ever have a real big one go pom-pom at it?"

"I spread myself as wide as I could because I figured a boxing glove like that is going to want punching room. I said to Jane, you coax him forward while I move backward at the same time. She does and I did. Wow! I thought I was being split wide open. The head on that thing just about tore me up. After it cleared, though, the rest of it ran up in pretty fast without much strain. I thought it would never stop, as a matter of fact. I had been filled with a longie, I knew, but I couldn't see just how much of it I really had."

"Jane said, you'll have to raise your ass up and put your head down on the floor. She said, because of the angle, his meat was bending, and it didn't look like the rest of it could go in. I did what she suggested and felt the rest of it slip into me. Something heavy bumped my legs, almost pushing me forward. I asked Jane what it was and she says the donkey's balls just slammed against you. I knew then there couldn't possibly be any more left that hadn't gone in."

"What do we do now, Jane says. Get him to pump, I said. How, she asks. I don't know, I said. Give him a whiff of your pussy. All right, she says, and bends down in front of him, raising up her nightie.

I could see it all. The burro goes after it like a carrot. He lifts his front legs and tries to climb up Jane's back. In the meantime, I could feel him stretching out inside a little bit."

"Turn around, I yelled to Jane. Turn around and try to hold his front hooves off the ground. She does and the angle of the thing feels perfect inside me. He starts pumping then and I could feel the juices working in there. If Jane could hold him, he would do just fine. As for me, I was finally getting the big F. He dug down into me, jamming away at it. I could feel it swelling and stretching. That big head was deep in there reaming out those neglected, far away places. I knew it."

"All I could think of was a big sign they used to have on a water truck in my home town that said Filled to Capacity. That was me, Helen. For the first time in my life I really felt packed solid. Those testicles kept bumping my thighs like flour sacks. I figured on bruises there by next morning. I wasn't going to worry about it then, however. The burro began to bray compulsively and I thought,

now, he's going to let go. I yelled to Jane to hold on, and waited for it to come. The animal shuddered violently and drove down into me hard, and then slowly tapered off."

"I felt that warm glow inside suddenly and the pressure building up. The load these animals expend must be prodigious. It had no place to go but out. It burst out around the sides in big, bubbly farting sounds, splattering all across my rear and running down my legs. I could feel the stuff forming pools in the little depressions behind my kneecaps."

"I came then myself, grabbing Jane's legs for support. It came over me in wrenching waves that convulsed me forward toward her. I moaned uncontrollably, unable to stem the tide of pleasure that was almost unbearable. I finally collapsed on the floor, limply. The last thing I felt was that organ slithering out of me."

"Gosh," Helen had said. "It sounds better than with the pony."

"Pony? You have a pony?" She had wanted to know.

Helen, of course, had told her everything then. She had been eager to know if we still had it, and where she might be able to get one for herself.

Before long they had brought the pony in from the yard and were getting undressed. Mary had been dying to try it since being told. Mary's story had left me exhausted and I had begged leave to retire early. Since the two of them had been good friends, I hadn't felt I was deserting.

I had gone back to my bedroom. I had felt very, very tired, and had fallen asleep very quickly.

I awoke with a feeling of disappointment inside me. I was aware of my surroundings as wrong, in error, and felt that if I waited a second or two, they would turn into the correct ones.

They remained the same.

I lay in bed thinking what had started out as a good prospect of companionship had been demolished by my own fear of commitment. I had to be myself, fears and all, in spite of what happened. That was the way it had always been with me.

I got up out of bed and walked over to the clothes closet. I took my robe off and stared at myself in the full length mirror. It isn't worth it, I thought. It isn't worth the hassle. Every time I had let myself fall, it was the same old story.

I decided I was not going to eat my heart out over anybody. Let somebody eat his heart out over me, if that's the way it had to be.

There were plenty of Hack Raver's around, and if I did not want it that way particularly, there was always Joe Cunningham, or maybe the answer was a good old comfortable collie like Clyde. Was I leaving something out?

I was still young, only twenty-eight, and what's more, I looked good. There was nothing to criticize about the reflection I saw in the mirror.

It wasn't the reflection that counted. It was what was inside my brain. What was in there that I could not see? What memories of dreams were stored in those cells that I had never been permitted to remember?

Once in New York City I had gone to see the ballet. A particular prima ballerina had done a dance so exquisitely well it had sent chills up and down my spine. I had turned my head at that moment and had noticed the person seated on my right, a young girl of about sixteen, had been similarly affected.

Our eyes had met at the same instant, and she had gasped. Her hand had suddenly hesitatingly reached over and touched mine for a few seconds.

We hadn't spoken then or later. In fact, our eyes had not met again, and after the performance, I never saw her again.

The color of her eyes had never been erased from my memory. A recurring dream I was to recall upon awakening had had to do with it.

I am standing on a diving board about to dive into a swimming pool. Around the pool are many people, some of whom I recognize, some whom I do not. They are both men and women. Some of the men stare at me with sober faces, other men are jeering at me.

Still other men, naked, are holding their penises and wagging them at me. All of the women are smiling at me warmly. I dive, finally. Suddenly the water changes to the color of the young girl's eyes, and I actually fall into one of her eyes.

I keep falling. The color is all around me. I begin to fear I am drowning and wake up.

Standing there in front of the mirror, I thought about the dream and its meaning. It occurred to me that the sadness that gripped at me periodically I had first felt at that performance. It occurred just as the young girl had finally passed from my view forever, during my last impression of her, from the rear, of the ponytail, the camel's hair coat, the lithe calves, the loafers.

What was the meaning of the experience?

I dressed slowly, sadly, putting on a blouse and skirt. Definitely I decided on flats. The weather had turned cooler, and I took the short length light brown suede leather coat I had brought along out of the closet.

The coat fit snugly and tied with a belt. It flattered my figure and I looked expensive. It was one of the few articles of clothing I owned which I considered a prized possession.

Helen was waiting for me in the living room. She was petting the pony lovingly.

"I guess we can safely say we enjoyed your visit, pony," she said to him, patting him on both sides of his head. "I'm going to miss you, you know."

"That's nothing compared to what he is going to be missing," I said.

"That's right," she giggled. "What about that? What do you suppose he will act like when he gets to someone else's house?"

"I can see the headlines. Woman Raped in Backyard by Pet Pony. Wild, huh?"

"Then you'd have to write it up in Pet World."

"Actually what will happen is Cunningham will keep him there for stud," I said, "or have him gelded."

"You mean he will actually cut those big things off" she asked. "Does the pony ever want to do it afterward?" she wondered.

"If they are cut proud, in other words, castrated after they have reached maturity, I understand they still want to do it, but whether they actually can or not, I don't know."

"This pony is certainly mature, wouldn't you say?"

I laughed. "No question. Maybe a little too much so, Remember what Cunningham said?"

"The pony would get all excited when we had our periods," she recalled.

"He certainly didn't wait for that," I asserted.

"It was because we gave him a little help, wasn't it?" she chortled. "Shall we have one last one?" she proposed.

"Come on, Sis," I said, leading the pony toward the front door. "We're going to need all the energy we can save."

We got the pony in on the back seat and drove away. The way to Denton looked familiar this time and didn't seem quite as long a trip as it had the first time. Some first touches of fall appeared here and there in the north Texas countryside, reminders to me that fall was already cold up North.

The Ho-Ho-Pony Farm looked just as deserted as it had on our first visit. Even more so. There was no Hack Raver standing in the compound to greet us.

"Why, where's Mr. Raver?" Helen wondered after we had gotten out of the car.

"Try the hayloft," I suggested.

Helen looked at me oddly. "Now, why there, for heaven's sake?" I could see the puzzlement still on her face. "Does he, pitch a lot of hay?" she asked.

"No," I answered, "but he pitches a lot of woo."

She threw up her hands. "You're impossible today. What's eating you? It's about John Young, isn't it? You're still mad because he made love to me." She softened her tone came close to me. "Sweets, if you had only said something. You know it would have been strictly hands off if I had known."

"It's not just that, sis," I said, patting her hand. "It's mostly a lot of other junk. I've really gotten over that night, really," I said. "Just bear with me. I'll be all right."

We strolled around the compound together poking our noses into sheds and barns here and there as curiosity dictated. As on our previous visit, a strange quiet prevailed throughout most of the area, as if the regular work of the farm was taking place somewhere else miles away.

Far down at the south end of the compound we came upon what looked like a sheep shed. The ramps and pens were set up for running sheep through a water system and prepping them for shearing. A few sick-looking sheep were penned up. The others, we concluded, were probably out to pasture.

As we walked down around one side of the sheep shed, we heard what sounded like human voices coming from an enclosed area. Occasionally the human sounds were overlaid with the obvious bleating of sheep.



We stepped up close to the side of the building and the voices grew louder. There was an argument of some kind going on inside, but the voices were still too indistinct to make out too many words.

I looked around for a door but seemed to find only windows on the structure. I was standing there puzzled when Helen motioned me over to her. She was standing by a sheep pen at the end of the shack.

She pointed to a flight of concrete steps leading down into the basement of the building. To get to the steps required walking inside the building where the shearing was done, but that did not seem to pose a real problem. The worst that could happen was getting our shoes dirty.

We picked our way through the shearing area. Sheep dip was everywhere but most of it had dried. It was hard to believe that better sanitary conditions could not have prevailed. Since slaughtering was not involved there, it was probable no strict sanitary code affected the operation.

We reached the top of the steps without mishap. Helen had reached out to grab a board at one point and had picked up what looked like birdshit on her hand. She wiped it on a clean patch of concrete.

Carefully, we stepped down into the basement well. The door at the bottom opened easily, and we found ourselves in a storage area.

Shushing one another in an effort to be very quiet, we walked back into the basement. The voices were above us now, and we could hear the tramp of boots across the floor along with the other sounds.

We reached another staircase, this one leading to the upper floor, and carefully ascended. A door at the top opened easily and we found ourselves in a corridor hemmed in on both sides by a heavy wire mesh partition.

The voices came from behind the partition on the right side. We tiptoed along the corridor to a point where we could see clearly through the wire mesh the scene that had been our ultimate destination since first hearing the voices.

Four boys, in their middle teens, obviously farmhands, were in the room along with several sheep. One tall boy wore a Montana cowboy's hat and western riding boots. The other three were hatless and wore conventional workboots. All wore levis and denim jackets.

I noticed another pair of boots out in the middle of the floor, side by side. It seemed strange to see them there so obviously in the center of the room and in the way, yet judging from the attention of the boys, somehow important to what was going on.

The tall boy's name we picked up as Montie, and he was doing most of the talking.

"Shit, now," he said. "We ruined a good pair of fuckin' boots for this, and you gotta change your mind."

"Aw, Montie, his old man told him sheep is where VD comes from," one of the other boys said.

"You mean you told your old man you was gonna fuck some sheep?" Montie asked the boy, "Billy, you actually told him you was gonna do it?"

Naw, Montie," the other boy came in. "He told his old man he knew of some kid in Denison who did it. He made like it wasn't gonna be him at all."

"Tex is right, Montie," Billy piped up. "I put it to him like that. I ain't never fucked nothin' before, and I got like uptight."

"Well, if you're that uptight, put on a rubber. Course I figure a man's uptight about a little ol' sheep, he ain't never gonna get up nerve to fuck a woman, right Glenbo?"

Billy was squirming. They were reaching him, and he did not seem to know where to turn.

"Well, why do I have to be the only one?" Billy protested. "If it's all that good, why don't one of you guys want to do it too?"

"Cause we already fucked one, man. Me, Tex, and Glenbo already been initiated, right, guys?" Montie asked around.

"Seems dumb, if it's all that good, just to fuck it once," Billy allowed.

"Man, you think anyone wants to be a sheepfucker all his life?" Montie asked him. "You want to spend your whole life fuckin' sheep?"

"Come on, Billy," Glenbo urged him. "It ain't so bad."

"Yeah, Bill," Tex agreed. "Get it over with. You gotta do it. Them's the rules. You knowed that when you joined up."

"Well," Billy faltered, "you sure Raver ain't gonna come poking his nose back here?"

"Bill," Tex said, "I told you Raver's in Dallas, and Uncle Joe don't care about nothin' but them ponies."

"And eatin' pussy," Glenbo chimed in.

"Fetch me one of them sheep," Montie told Glenbo. The boy chased one of the roly-poly animals back into another room and came out moments later dragging the reluctant animal by the front legs.

"Give it here," Montie ordered.

He took the animal and placed its hind legs inside the boots on the floor. The animal tried to move forward but could not move its hind legs. I realized then the boots must be nailed to the floor. The animal bleated in fear.

The boy called Tex dropped a cushion on the floor behind the boots. "Okay, Billy boy," he said.

"Your Move," Montie said to Billy.

Billy knelt there for several moments, apparently unsure of his next move.

"Nice day," said Montie, feigning a patient air.

"C'mon, Bill," Tex urged.

"What do you do first?" Billy asked, as if stalling for time to think.

"Man, you take your cock and stick it in that little ol' hole right there," Montie said, pointing to the sheep's pulsating vagina.

"Look at that," Helen whispered to me. "It almost looks like a girl's."

"Shh!" I cautioned her.

Billy bent over and unbuttoned his fly.

"Naw, Bill," Tex interrupted. "Take the whole fuckin' thing-off. Otherwise you're liable to get sheepshit and whatever on your levis. No telling what these sheep'll do while you're fuckin' them."

"Montie knows a guy in Oklahoma got a wet sheepfart right in the face once, don't you, Montie?" Glenbo asked him.

"That ol' sheep got so excited he didn't know if it was fuckin' time or shittin' time," Montie averred.

Billy had pulled his levis and underwear down below his knees. His meat hung limply in a flaccid state. "Don't see how I'm gonna do it. I ain't hard," he said.

"You can get it up," Tex assured him.

"Jack it a couple of times," Glenbo suggested.

Billy spit on his palm and started whacking at the dead organ. It swelled out a little bit and got red, but didn't harden.

"Keep it up, man," Montie urged.

"Maybe he needs a cunt to look at," Glenbo said.

"What the hell do you think that is?" Montie snorted.

"He means a real pussy, Montie," said Tex.

"Come on, Billy, jerk that thing harder," Montie insisted. "Ain't you never jerked off?"

Billy worked hard at the organ. It finally reached some semblance of an erection, but was far from completely rigid. It would have been a good-sized organ fully hard, but lacking those last few inches, it seemed a pale imitation of its full potential.

He leaned forward on the cushion and pushed his raw penis into the dripping gash. It oozed inside in spite of its flexibility. The sheep responded by bleating excitedly and pushing outward with the sphincter muscles controlling its opening.

"Feels good," Billy announced, surprised with delight.

The others laughed out loud.

"Well, move it in and out, Billy Boy," Montie urged.

Billy began to pump back and forth at the sheep's rear end. "Oh, man!" he exclaimed. "That's good. Does a woman feel that good?" he asked no one in particular.

"Better," Tex assured him.

He was driving furiously into the animal now. His full erection must have finally developed inside the

vagina. I could see that the shaft, when I was able to get a glimpse of it, was much fatter than before.

He let out two short cries of pleasure suddenly and fell across the animal's back. The others applauded his performance.

"Well done, Bill," Tex cried.

"Hey," I whispered to Helen, "Let's get out of here before they discover us. They're all through now."

For a moment she didn't respond.

She nodded her head in agreement, and we tiptoed back along the corridor to the stairway.

Outside in the sun again Helen was asking me questions.

"Do all young boys experiment with animals that way?" she asked me.

"I suppose the ones that grow up on farms do," I told her. "Farms where there are sheep."

"What's so special about sheep?"

"Well, you saw," I reminded her. "I think the body oils and fluids are similar to a human's."

"I wonder what the sheep thought about it," she said.

We walked down to the farmhouse hoping to find Cunningham now that we knew Raver was out of town. We rang the bell several times before he finally emerged. He seemed pleased as could be when he saw us.

"Did you come to return the pony or did you have something else in mind?" he asked.

"What else is there?" Helen asked him.

He glanced at me and seemed disappointed Helen did not understand his remark. I had put off telling her about his famous room. I had meant to tell her the night we brought the pony home, but Clyde's disappearance had become the major topic of discussion that evening, and I subsequently lost immediate interest in talking about the strange incident.

We walked to the car and let the pony out. Cunningham remarked that he was still a stunning animal. Helen wanted to know if he was going to geld the animal.

"Don't think so," he said. "If he proves a good stud, throws true, I'd be foolish."

"I'm so glad," Helen said, "I hope he throws true, as you say."

Cunningham looked puzzled. "First time I ever heard a lady choke up over cutting a pony. It don't hurt them more than a scratch might," he assured Helen.

"I wasn't thinking about that," she told him. "I was thinking about all the fun he would miss."

Cunningham looked her up and down. "How about that, Miss Starr," he said to me. "Your sister's a real winner."

He had a habit of fixing his stare on a person, and not letting any change in the conversation sway him from the object of his gaze. He was wrapped up now in Helen's pelvic region. She had not worn hot pants this time, but the skirt she had chosen did an even better job.

I knew what Cunningham hoped for more than anything else in the world, and I had a feeling with Raver out of the way, he might just realize it.

We walked the pony back into one of the stalls in the barn where Cunningham tied the animal in place and filled the feed bucket. Helen had wandered a few stalls down and Cunningham sidled up to me.

"You haven't told your sister about the Victorian Room, have you?" he asked.

THE END