

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part 1 - A Walk in the Woods

Twas early in the spring of 1809 that she took up residence in the woods near our small and quiet town of Westmoor. We were a small community, reasonably polite, but wary of strangers. It was always “Miss Lendberg” to her face, maintaining the polite social pleasantries in which we all cloak our true emotions. But by early summer, she carried many another name. A witch, some called her, or for a more dramatic flair, “the dark maiden”. Actual facts on the arts she was said to practice in those woods were of course slim, so we supplemented heavily with rumors, speculation, and hushed gossip. These were only whispered of course. A decade into the 19th century, we knew ourselves to be enlightened beyond the primitive fears and superstitions of Salem and other such witch-hunt nonsense. This we told ourselves, emboldened by the light of day, or in the company of others. Alone in the still of the night however, as the wind might rattle a loose shutter on the barn, or some unseen creature may scurry beneath the floorboards, the demons of paranoia hunted a bit closer to the heart, and even the bravest among us would not dare to tread the path through the woods in which she dwelled.

What were the crimes of this young woman? None could truly say for sure. Always someone rumored this or that. Why, William Baker had heard — straight from the friend of his cousin on his mother’s side — that “That Woman” had flown right at him, plunging from the night sky, screeching and yowling like some animal possessed. Never you mind the several pints of ale that had been downed, because that surely didn’t have thing-one to do with what was the god’s-honest-truth. So the rumors flew, and the tales grew, and as the dog-days of July did rapidly approach, we had ourselves our own little legend festering in whispered tones. Truth be told, there were but a hand-few who would ever truly come to understand the goings-on in those secretive woods. I would be one of those few. I came to see and learn things beyond my wildest imagination; things which defy all logic and things that changed me forever. Was she a witch? Here is the tale, for you to decide.

At the onset of that mysterious summer I found myself of marrying age. My mother, a housewife, and my father, a shopkeeper in the dry-goods trade, worked diligently to procure a suitable husband for their only daughter to marry. Formal introductions had been made to nearly all the eligible men in town, and yet I found myself without a hint of interest in the entire lot of them. Call them what you will, but in turn I found each to be rude, foolish, smelly, awkward, cruel, criminal, or insane, in often unsavory combinations.

My female friends at this age were of course all a-chatter about this boy or that one. Did he like her, and did she like him, and on and on in a boring drone. Forgive me, but I lacked the passion that they felt. No man turned my pretty head, made my heart pound with emotion, nor left me faint and breathless. I did not lack for suitors mind you. Many a young man came a courting at my parents’ encouragement, but alas, never could I find that spark, that magical bliss of which the old married couples speak with such fond memories. As my circle of friends began to dwindle as they all began to marry, I came to know the fear that such wonderful feelings were not in store for me.

But I busied myself with other pursuits. I worked in my father’s store, did my chores, rode horses on our farm, chatted with neighbors, and took long walks down our many country lanes. More and more though, I found myself straying towards the forbidden woods wherein the “Witch of Westmoor” dwelt. I had been warned, to be sure, by my parents and many others, that the woods of Westmoor were no place for a young lady to dally. “The witch — she get ya, girl!” they would whisper. “Steer you clear, Missy, of them woods!” But to the young and foolhardy like myself, such stern warnings only serve as sweet jam upon the bread, and the temptation to see for myself what lurked in those deep dark woods came to beckon me in my waking hours and haunt me in my dreams.

So early in the morning on a Saturday in early July, I told my mother I was off for a walk to the old mill at the spring.

“Oh Honey, are you sure?” she protested. “It’s such a long walk. You’ll be gone all day.”

“Don’t worry, Mother,” I assured her. “I’ll be careful, and I’ve packed a lunch.”

She gave me that crooked smile that said she didn’t approve, but knew better than to try to reason with me. “Well off you go then, you little scamp. Be back by dark though.”

I grinned and assured her that I would, and set off the east along the dirt road at our gate. As I crested the hilltop I turned to wave to her as she looked after me from the porch. That seemed to satisfy her and she returned inside to her household chores. Determined, I then left the road and cut across country, short-cutting a path across the back-forty of Elmer’s wheat field.

From there it didn’t take me long to near the woodlands of Westmoor. A path along Elmer’s farm ran straight towards the woods. At one time that path had been heavily travelled, serving as the main route through the forest. But now it had fallen into disuse, with weeds and undergrowth working at a seemingly unnatural pace to reclaim their turf. People these days just went around the woods, not straight through, the extra time and distance be damned, thank-you-very-much.

In the growing heat of the day I was glad for the light cotton sundress I had chosen for the trip. A drop of sweat formed on my chest and slid down between my firm cleavage as I worked my way through the grasping tangle of plant life reclaiming the path. I fanned myself with my hand, looking forward to the shady tree line just ahead. I crossed from bright daylight into the gloom of the heavy tree canopy and a sudden chill ran up my spine as the sunlight was swallowed up. My nipples popped to rigid attention as a case of goose bumps shivered up my arms. It was the most eerie of feelings and I paused, unsure if I should continue.

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## **Part 2 - All Dressed Up**

I summoned my courage. I was here and I wasn’t turning back. I looked around. The path, strangely enough, had opened back up once I crossed into the woods. It appeared well travelled, or perhaps more accurately, well tended. Listening to the sounds around me, I heard the familiar noises of the forest, the chatter of birds and squirrels, the rustle of the breeze through the leaves. Not quite so haunted as one might have been led to believe. Everything seemed disappointingly normal, with the exception perhaps of myself. The initial chill of the shade had worn off and the forest now held a perfectly pleasant temperature. By my nipples remained hard and swollen, embarrassingly obvious through the front of my thin cotton dress. As I walked, the soft cloth rubbed back and forth on my little bullet-shaped nubs, and even my rounded breasts seemed highly sensitive to even the softest caress. Unconsciously, I brought my hand up and lightly rolled my left nipple between my thumb and forefinger. I gasped at the sensation! It was electrifying and sent a delightful shudder through my entire body. I snatched my hand away. This was no way for a proper young lady to behave! My sole good fortune was that I found myself on an abandoned pathway in the woods, with no nosy busy-body to see and comment on my shameful state of arousal. “Pay attention to your walk,” I chided myself, confident that these unusual feelings would pass in short order.

I continued down the path, steeling myself against the ever-growing sensations in my body. The top of my dress rubbed and rubbed, back and forth, over my soft, round breasts and pointed nipples. I tugged and shifted the position of the garment, but to no avail. The dress seemed to constrict tighter, hugging me, squeezing and fondling me in a most intimate manner. Then — I am most

embarrassed to admit — the sensation began to spread, finding its way down to the plump little mound between my legs. Surely it was my imagination, but my dress seemed to almost take on a life of its own as I walked deeper and deeper into those woods. The soft, cottony material clung between my thighs, slithering back and forth and building up an undeniable friction in my... my... well, in an area that a proper young lady simply doesn't discuss in public. I tugged the material free, but almost immediately it would worm its way back between my legs, seeming to become ever more insistent. The back of the dress also appeared possessed, working its way between the cheeks of my firm, swaying bottom as I walked. Deeper and deeper it slipped in a most unnatural manner, as if seeking to torment my most embarrassingly private and sensitive region of wrinkled flesh. The bunched up cottony material rubbed against the tender fleshy dimple of my tightly puckered portal and I flushed with embarrassment. I tugged the material free, but within a few steps it would slither its way back into the soft, deep cleft of my bottom, digging its way relentlessly deeper. It was a most indelicate of situations, I can assure you.

Obviously I should have turned and fled, and yet I didn't. Strange forces were at work here, but perhaps I had already lost my sense of reason. The urge to walk ever deeper into the woods was overpowering, calling me to follow some strange need that beckoned me to continue.

After a while on the winding trail, I saw a clearing ahead in the woods. My weaving pathway led directly to the fence yard of a charming little house. I paused, uncertain of what to do. The soft white cotton of my dress continued its antics, slithering its way all over my firm young body, clinging to every curve and crevice. The normally lady-like hem, properly cut well below the knee, crawled its way up my thighs and hung bunched at my waist. I looked down, inhaling sharply in surprise and shame that my female charms stood exposed for anyone to see. Desperately I struggled with the dress. It now possessed an amazing strength and will of its own, but I managed to wrestle the hem down to barely cover my naked hips. From behind, I felt the dress bunch up, poking its way between my cheeks, wriggling its way relentlessly towards the tight little pucker of my bottom. In front, it lecherously mirrored its rear action, gathering itself into a wad, forcing its way towards my groin, and probing its way against the ruffled lips of vaginal slit.

Fearfully I struggled with the skirt, horrified at this demonic turn of events. Gripping the wadded hem with both hands, I strained to return it to its proper position below my knees. My arms were shaking with the effort and I could hear stitches in the fabric begin to pop. But the dress resisted all my efforts to restore my modesty. Gritting my teeth, I pulled down as hard as I could, but succeeded only in slipping the top of the dress downward. I stifled a cry of dismay as my creamy rounded breasts toppled free, exposing the quivering orbs of flesh. Blushing, I snatched my hands to the top of the dress and tugged upward, attempting to cover myself, but the stubborn material refused to yield. The cottony fingers of the dress, freed from my attention, exploited the opportunity. I raised my face to the heavens and gave a startled squawk of protest as the finger-like element of my dress prodded urgently at the sensitive puckered opening of my bottom. "No!" I exclaimed to no one in particular, but the dress paid no heed. The other cottony finger also advanced formed, poking and thrusting ever more insistently at my groin, seeking to gain access to my virgin slit.

Mother had warned me, in a hushed and embarrassed tone, that "good girls" don't touch themselves down there, and I had always heeded her warnings on such somber matters. This could not be allowed to continue! I fought with the probing, rubbing material, but it was in vain. The cottony fingers of the possessed garment found their way to their targets and my virgin slit received its first-ever penetration. Crying with fear, I gripped the front of my dress with both hands, yanking furiously in an attempt to drag it free of my puffy little sex mound. It had the strength of three men it seemed, and I could do nothing to halt its progress as it diddled my sensitive ruffled lips. Despite my revulsion, I felt my vaginal lips blossom open in response. The cottony material gathered itself and then wriggled its way up inside my pink girlish core.

"Ah!" I cried out, jerking upright in shock as the rearward finger of the dress nosed its way into the wrinkled dimple of my bottom and pushed, fighting the tightly puckered resistance of my rectal opening. I clenched myself against the invasion, but was powerless to stop it. I issued a moan of protest as I felt the taunt muscular opening of my bottom forced relentlessly open, the wriggling finger of cottony material easing its way into my sphincter.

Tears streamed down my cheeks. This was so wrong... so evil... The forbidden sensations of the twin penetrations shuddered through me. With a sob, my efforts to continue the fight began to falter. I weakly tugged at the dress as an involuntary twitch cause my hips to buck. Instinctively I spread my stance and squatted a bit, opening myself up in an invite for more of this delightful probing. My hands of their own accord came up, clutching my naked breasts, teasing the rigid nipples. "Ummmm," I groaned, closing my eyes and abandoning myself to my fate.

A warm bubbling sensation of pleasure began to build in my belly — something I had never felt before. On instinct I dropped one hand to my groin, clutching at my moist, swollen sexual mound. I extended a finger and rubbed along the ruffled lips of my slit, finding the bunched and twisted appendage of dress embedded therein. As if sensing my presence, the material unwound, opening up and welcoming my finger into its cottony grip. My mother's warnings forgotten, I slipped my finger inside my slit, snugly wrapped in the wet, slippery embrace of the material of my dress. Joining in the motion of the enchanted dress, I drove my finger in and out of slit, simulating the motions I had seen of our barnyard animals in their mating season.

Then, I am most shamed to admit, my other hand stole its way down to my backside. Heedless of who might be around to see, I squatted in a most unladylike manner and pushed my middle finger between the spread cheeks of my rump. Never had I seen our barnyard animals rutting in this second orifice, but the sensations of my probing dress just made the action seem so natural. Again, the animated appendage of my dress unraveled just enough to welcome my probing finger. With a sigh of passion I slowly eased my wriggling digit right up into the warm, clutching depths of my nether passage. It was ever so tight, but with a determined effort my cloth-wrapped middle finger was soon buried to the third knuckle in my anal portal. Biting my lower lip to restrain a groan of passion, I slowly began to slide both fingers back and forth, savoring the wonderful friction that arose. Twisting my finger in my bottom brought forth a whole new dimension of pleasure and a passionate moan escaped me.

So there I stood, in the middle of a pathway in the forest, my bare breasts bouncing and jiggling and legs spread in a most unrefined stance. One finger, wrapped in the material of my white cotton sundress diddled passionately into my virgin sex mound while my other hand slowly drove a twisting, probing finger into the steamy confines of my puckered bottom hole. The bubbling sensation in my belly grew in intensity and I trembled with delight. Faster and faster I worked fingers, digging deeper and deeper into my cracks and crevices. Suddenly, the burning ball of fire in my belly sunk to my loins and released in an explosion of lust and passion that I had never imagined possible!

I cried out a primal scream of lust and lapsed into insensible utterances of "Uh... uh... UH!" matching the timing of my frantic finger thrusts. Pulsing convulsions shuddered through my groin and back passage. Eyes closed, I urgently drove my fingers deep and hard as my hips bucked to meet the thrusts. My rounded breasts bounced wildly, their nipples aching with pleasure as a moist sheen of perspiration broke out over my entire body. My breathing coming rapid gulps, I trembled and groaned, calling out in passion to a god who surely would not approve of my behavior.

I inhaled in short desperate gasps, my body twitching with every breath. Finally my frantic pace began to ease and a warm glow of satisfaction descended upon me. I shuddered as the powerful contractions in my body tapered off to evermore sporadic convulsions, each accompanied by a tired

thrust of my hips and fingers, and a passionate “oh!” from my slack lips.

Finally, it was over. I giggled, unable to stop. I don't know why, but the emotional release from those powerful sensations just set me to laughing. My voice seemed to echo strangely around me in the forest, changing lilt and pitch until I began to doubt that the sounds were even my own.

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Part 3 - The Witch of the Woods

“My goodness, what a happy girl you are!” exclaimed a voice. I gasped in shock and looked in the direction of the sound. There, standing just off the path, was Miss Lendberg, the dreaded ‘Dark Maiden’, the ‘Witch of the Woods’. I blushed fiercely, realizing the forbidden act she had just caught me in. As she watched, I shamefully withdrew my fingers from the grasping confines of my girlish slit and bottom. Adding to my embarrassment, the bunched cloth of my dress remained lodged deep with the humid depths of both of my holes. I had little choice but to tug the material free while under her stern gaze. I pulled the cottony finger out of my tight little bottom, trying to ignore the delightful friction it caused as it slid from the still quivering puckered opening. Flushed red as a beet, I repeated the same for the portion of my dress stuffed up my virgin slit, unable to fully stifle an involuntary twitch of my hips in the process.

Miss Lendberg looked on with a bemused expression of interest. My dress, seemingly possessed of such inhuman strength and lecherous will just minutes before now hung as a limp and lifeless garment, as if to deny that anything odd had ever occurred. Looking down, I saw a large wrinkled wet spot stained the groin area of my dress, revealing the slippery discharge it had absorbed while stuffed deep within my girlish slit. Lastly, I tugged the top of the dress upward, hastily slipping my jiggling, naked breasts back inside their cottony confines. I brushed my tussled hair back out of my face, purposely ignoring the wonderfully musky smell wafting from my finger.

Unable to meet her eyes, I looked at the ground as I tried to explain the odd events that had left me to be discovered in such an indelicate predicament. “It was my dress... It was as if... I just couldn't stop it from...” It all suddenly made no sense what-so-ever, and trying to put it into words just made it sound all the more ridiculous. Was this woman to believe that my dress had allegedly come to life and molested me? All she knew was that she had stumbled upon a gasping, groaning girl, breasts exposed, and stuffing her pretty cotton dress into her naughty little sex holes with the morals of a common street tart. I began to doubt the truth even myself. It seemed completely preposterous. The “enchanted dress” hung lifeless now. Had I imagined it all? What had possessed me to act in such an immoral manner? Confused, I began to cry.

“Oh, there now, baby,” Miss Lendberg soothed in a calming voice. “There's nothing to be ashamed of, dear. It's just us two girls here, and the forest has a strange effect. Come now, quit your crying. I understand.”

Her soft voice served to ease my fears. Still sniffing, I raised my eyes and beheld the dreaded Witch of Westmoor up close for the first time. The rumors run amok had done her quite a disservice. She was a young, pretty woman with a slim, envious figure. She wore a simple work dress, yet her feminine charms could not be concealed by the unadorned garment. She stood about half a hand taller than myself and had a very pretty face, framed in a lovely cascade of wavy hair as black as the darkest night.

“So... so you're the... the witch?” I stammered, immediately flushing with embarrassment at my rudeness, wishing for all-the-world I could snatch the words back before she heard them and took

offense.

"Perhaps to some," she smiled. "But you may call me Kara, if you prefer."

"Yes, yes Miss Lendberg... I mean Kara. It's a very nice name," I gushed in relief.

"And who might you be then?" she inquired, her dark, soft eyes taking me in with keen interest.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I offered. "I'm Kristy, Kristy Miller... from town."

"How pretty," Kara remarked. I blushed under her appraising gaze, not sure if she was in reference to my name, or my general appearance. "And what pray-tell brings Kristy Kristy Miller from Town out into my forest today? Aren't you a bit young to be out on your own in the dreaded witch's woods?"

I saw from the twinkle of her eye that she might be teasing me a bit. "No Ma'am, err... Kara," I countered, drawing myself up to my full five-foot-four height. "I'm every bit of eighteen now, and I can handle myself."

"Yes, well I've certainly seen evidence of that," Kara laughed. I bit my lower lip as it quivered and looked down, ashamed. Kara came over and put an arm around me. "Oh come now, I'm just kidding you Kristy. Friends can tease each other, can't they?"

"Certainly!" I replied, perhaps a bit too eagerly, looking up to gaze into her eyes. I was thrilled that she didn't judge the worst of me for what she seen earlier.

"But you've made a bit of a mess of your pretty white dress, haven't you?" Kara whispered to me in a tone that hinted that this was our little conspiracy. I looked down, having forgotten about the tell-tale wet stain clearly visible on the front of my dress. I could only hope it would dry of its own accord and not leave a permanent legacy of my naughty activities.

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#### **Part 4 - The Eager Student**

"May I? Kara inquired, gesturing at the embarrassing stain on my dress. "Let me see what I can do about that." I nodded and she eased her long, slender fingers down to the wet smear on my dress. She brushed at the material a few times, as if sweeping away a spot of lint.

"I don't think that..." I started, dubious of her cleaning efforts.

"There!" she proclaimed, pulling the material out for my visual inspection. "Good as new and fresh as a daisy!"

I stared in surprise. The stain was gone, the dress was dry, and no hint of the warm, sticky mess remained to be seen. "How? I mean... where?" I stammered.

"Oh, just a handy little parlor trick," Kara assured me. The she held out her hand, uncurling the graceful fingers. The tips of her digits were soaked with a glistening sheen, which I knew to be the dress-staining moisture spilled from my girlish slit. Somehow she had pulled every last drop and driblet of the moisture cleanly from my dress, and now held the slippery mess in a puddle in her hand. As I watched, a single drop — slow as molasses — slipped from her fingertips and hung suspended on a glistening, sticky string.

My eyes grew huge as she brought her hand to her mouth, extending her tongue to capture the errant drop. She licked her hand, eyes closing as she savored the forbidden taste with a quiet sigh of satisfaction. I gazed on in dumbstruck amazement.

"Oh Kristy, you're such a sweet little thing," she groaned. "Still a virgin I note."

"What? Yes... I mean, of course. But how...?"

"Your taste can tell me many things, my dear." She offered her hand to me. "Taste yourself," she offered.

I blushed and cast my eyes away from her. "I... I could not." I stammered.

"But you can," Kara corrected. "You are in my woods. Who is here to judge you? The trees perhaps, the birds, or the wind through the leaves? No one." She brought her hand closer to my face and the musky feminine smell on her fingers sifted into my senses. Despite my reservations, I inhaled deeply, drawing my girlish scent into my lungs, savoring the tantalizing odor. But still I halted, fearful of the unknown. Kara brought her slippery index finger to my mouth, pressing it against my pouting lips. Gently she rubbed the sensitive oral flesh. I could sense just a hint of the taste waiting for me on my lips — the taste of my own fluids from my virgin slit.

"Lick it," she whispered in my ear as she rubbed her finger softly over my pursed pink lips. The power of her suggestive voice seemed to invade my entire mind and body. Perhaps I was powerless to resist her, or perhaps I simply didn't want to resist at all. But regardless, I slowly parted my lips, allowing her to ease the sticky finger into my mouth.

The taste of the slippery vaginal fluid came alive in my mouth. Of its own accord, my tongue danced over the surface of her fingertip as I began to salivate. I groaned and sucked on the finger as she slipped it deeper into my eager oral embrace, ravenous for the intoxicating taste. But all too soon, the savory flavor coating her finger began to fade as I noisily sucked off any last remnants.

"Is it good, baby?" Kara whispered. She had moved in so close that I felt her heated breath in my ear. I shivered in response, feeling the first hints of a resurging quivering begin to bubble in my belly.

"Ummm. Oh yes, ever so good," I sighed, my heart throbbing as I dared to utter the confession.

"More?" she inquired. I felt her lips nuzzle my ear and my knees nearly buckled in response.

"Yes... please," I responded breathlessly. Kara extended her middle finger and slid it between my waiting lips. I moaned and reached to grab her wrist, pulling her finger into my mouth to the last knuckle and sucking on her probing digit for the savory sauce.

"Kristy, you're insatiable!" she murmured, her lips all but nuzzling my neck. "Have you never tasted the charms of a girl before? Still sucking, I shook my head to indicate that I had not. She giggled at this and then I felt her wet tongue probe the depths of my ear. She slipped another finger into my mouth for me to suckle and then gently closed her other hand around one of my rounded breasts, cupping me through my dress. Her thumb and forefinger caught the rigid nipple in their grasp and she gave a gentle, rolling squeeze. I gasped with passion and leaned forward, pressing my heaving chest into her palm. With a practiced motion she slipped her hand down the top of my dress and freed the fleshy mound of my breast from the confines of my garment. I should have been alarmed, but my passion washed away any concern. There was a sense of freedom here in these woods that I had never felt before, and I abandoned myself to Kara completely. My thighs began to tremble and



the wonderful sensation bubbling in my tummy began to simmer all the more urgently.

With a gentle parting squeeze, I felt Kara's hand leave my naked breast and trace a line downward over my taunt tummy, heading towards my groin. Her hand groped at the plump, tender mound and I eagerly ground my hips, rubbing myself against her fingers through the barrier of my thin dress. I felt her fingers grasping at the material, pulling the hem upward. Breathing heavily, I dropped my hands to aid her efforts, pulling the garment upward and exposing my creamy smooth inner thighs to her touch.

Her skillful fingers quickly found my tight little slit and she teased the ruffled flesh of my vaginal lips. With a lustful sigh I pressed myself against her hand, resting my head on her shoulder as I felt her slip the tip of first one finger and then a second into me. Wetness oozed from my secret pink folds of flesh and her skillful fingers danced in the flow. A small shock convulsed through my groin and I knew that wonderful strange sensation I had felt before would soon again be upon me. Quiet cooing noises of delight escaped my lips as I began to pant with exertion.

Then — far too soon — Kara withdrew her talented fingers from my clutching slit. I mewled in protest, needing her back inside of me. I looked up, pleading with my eyes. She smiled and displayed her hand, spreading the fingers. Backlit by a ray of sunshine through the heavy tree cover, a shimmering web of my vaginal juices spanned between her fingers in a sparkling array. I licked my lips, anticipating the taste — warm and fresh — straight from my loins. To my disappointment however, Kara brought her hand to her own mouth and proceeded to wash my spendings off her fingers with a diligent effort of her long pink tongue. I looked on with envy, longingly licking my lips.

Kara turned to me, her lips awash and glistening with the wetness of my juices. She slowly brought her face to mine and tilted her head off to one side. I could feel my heart pounding furiously in my chest as she pressed her body against my heaving breasts. I knew she meant to kiss me and I leaned forward to meet her lips with my own. I could taste myself on her soft, nuzzling lips as my slippery wetness spread in our oral embrace. Her lips parted and I felt the tip of her tongue extend, teasing, probing, seeking its way into my mouth. A shiver of arousal raced up my spine as I opened my mouth to let her wriggling oral appendage slip inside, exploring deeply. Then her tongue retreated as she pressed her lips passionately to mine in a hungry open-mouthed kiss. Eyes closed, I eagerly slipped my tongue into her waiting mouth, groaning with pleasure as she sucked on my invading oral organ. Her mouth was alive with the taste of my girlish juices. Our saliva mingled with my sexual lubrication and a wet slurping sound arose as the passion of our kisses built to a frenzy.

All too quickly for me, Kara broke off our oral embrace. She took a step back and I gazed at her with wide, lust-filled eyes. I could see she was flushed and panting, as was I. "I want to eat you," she breathed. "I want to suck your hot little cunt, and I want you to cum in my mouth."

I looked at her, eager but confused. "I... I don't understand the words you use," I replied anxiously. I wanted to do whatever it took to please her, but never had I heard such words before.

"How wonderfully naive," Kara chimed. "You are yet unspoiled, untainted by confused worldly notions and misconceptions. I could teach you everything. You are so eager to learn, so passionate and ripe, as yet unchained by your peoples' outdated beliefs."

"Yes..." I replied, not fully understanding.

"But you must be completely willing," she countered.

"I will be so," I promised, feeling my pulse quicken.

"You must trust me fully. Any doubt in your heart and you will fail."

"I will not doubt," I swore to her.

She paused, looking deep into my eyes, searching, evaluating. "Then you must learn to understand my words, and to use them. A few perhaps you have heard before. You have been told that these words are wrong, and evil. But they are just words, and you must open your mind and free yourself of your shackles."

I nodded, awaiting further instructions. She stepped towards me. Her hand reached up and warmly cupped my exposed breast. Then her hand slipped again into the top of my dress and retrieved its twin, exposing both to her view.

"How beautiful you are," she breathed. "Such firm and supple breasts, so round and full."

I blushed. "Thank you," I mumbled, looking away, unable to meet her eyes.

I felt her fingers under my chin, lifting my gaze back up to meet hers. "Do not be self-conscious," she admonished in a quiet tone. "Tell me you are not ashamed of your wonderfully amazing tits."

I gathered my courage, looking deep into her eyes. My heart racing, I raised my hand and slowly traced a finger across the upper swell of my breast, then down into my cleavage. "Tell me again that you like my... my... tits," I whispered with a coy smile, trying out the newfound word.

Kara laughed in response, her eyes sparkling with approval. "Yes! Good girl! I do! I love your beautiful, bouncy titties!" I smiled, mentally filing that word away for future reference.

And this?" she inquired, slipping her hand down to cup my mounded loins. "What do you call this?"

I let out a quiet moan in response to her intimate touch. "It is... ah... my... Venus," I stammered in embarrassment.

"How quaint," Kara remarked. "It is a wonder that anyone in your town has ever managed to reproduce." She sensuously rubbed my plump little mound of lust and I sighed with forbidden pleasure. "This, my dear, is a creature of many names. It may bring you and I much pleasure in the times to come. Let me teach you some of its incantations. This is your delicious little cunt."

"My... cunt?" I repeated in a questioning tone.

"Yes, my dear, your cunt. Your exquisite little cunt. Your pink, juicy cunt. As a beautiful girl, you have a tight, tasty, dripping cunt. Your cunt is the soul of everything you are and will become. Hence, you are a CUNT. Do you understand? Say it for me."

"I'm a... a cunt," I dared to whisper. It sounded so nasty, so vulgar, so... right.

"Again," Kara urged. "Do not be ashamed. Be proud. You are a beautiful little cunt."

"I'm a Cunt!" I asserted proudly, standing a bit straighter as I claimed my vaginal badge of honor that no one could ever deny. "I'm a beautiful Cunt!"

"Excellent!" Kara responded. She let the tip of her finger travel up and down the length of my glistening slit... err... cunt, rewarding me. "It is also called your twat."

I nodded, liking the sound of it. "I'm a Twat, a pretty little Twat!" I proclaimed, earning her nod of

approval.

“By another name, it is your pussy,” she explained.

I giggled in response, noting the similarity due to my very thin patch of pubic hairs. I nodded and Kara pressed on with the listing of other names — fuck slot, beaver (to which I laughed again), flesh pot, honey hole, and clam. It is your gash, your snatch, and your cooze... She trailed off as I tried to take in the bewildering array of terms. She gently pinched the ruffled edges of my cunt, causing me to squirm with delight. “These are your cunt lips, twat lips, or meat flaps.”

I repeated each of the terms, trying to commit the growing list to memory. Then Kara slowly inserted her finger into the steamy depths of my twat. I squirmed and grunted as she relentlessly plowed her digit into my slippery folds. “Your cunt hole,” she instructed, worming ever deeper, “or fuck tunnel... Oh, you’re so tight! Can you make it tighter, Kristy?”

I concentrated, experimenting with the muscles in my pussy. I felt my cunt tighten down around her finger and she cooed with obvious delight. “Wonderful!” she exclaimed, drawing her finger in and out to reward me. “Now release and tighten. Can you do that quickly, over and over? Not everyone can. It’s called ‘milking’. Can you milk my finger with your pretty little twat?”

Again I concentrated. At first I struggled, but after a moment I found a natural, rapid rhythm. Kara groaned, obviously impressed. “Do you feel it?” I gushed. “Can you feel me milk your finger with my pussy? Push it deeper, Kara! Push it in deeper and you’ll feel it!” I exclaimed, excited to discover that I was a cunt with such a special hidden talent.

Kara dug deeper, causing me to squeal as her finger prodded up against a barrier in my snatch. Apparently she had found the limits of my pussy, at about one finger depth. I was disappointed, but Kara’s excitement washed away that concern. “Yes! I can feel it, Baby! Shit, what a naughty little cunt you have!” I grinned, basking in her compliment.

Kara heaved a deep breath of heated passion. “Take off your dress!” she urged. “I want to see you fully naked!”

Self-consciously I looked around to assure myself that there were no unwelcome prying eyes to see me. It was a ridiculous action, given that my tits were already hanging out and Kara had a finger buried full depth in my tight little squirming snatch. Old habits die hard. However, the dense forest seemed to have closed in around us and I felt safe and secure. Starting at the top, I unbuttoned the front of my dress and let it slip to the ground around my feet. I then raised my eyes shyly to meet Kara’s, hoping she would be pleased.

She licked her lips with a predatory gaze. “So beautiful,” she exclaimed in a hushed voice. I ran my hands up my naked hips, over my taunt tummy, and then cupped my firm, rounded tits, offering them up to her. She bent down, placing a sensual kiss on the warm flesh of my breast. She nuzzled her soft lips over my rigid nipple, sucking on the little nub of flesh as I squirmed with pleasure. I gasped as she gently bit the nipple with her teeth, pulling at my tit as she gazed up at me with her deep, dark eyes. Her tongue fluttered rapidly across the sensitive tip captured in her tender bite and I moaned as the strange trembling in the depth of my cunt began to bubble once again.

“You see how the mouth and tongue can be used to bring pleasure?” Kara quizzed. I nodded vigorously with clenched teeth, hoping she would never stop. “I will teach you this, and many other things, and you will learn to please me in many ways.”

“Yes...” I groaned, eager to learn and explore all she had to offer.

"Now get on the ground," Kara instructed. I spread my dress out as a blanket and sat myself down. "No, the other way," Kara corrected, "on your hands and knees. Yes, like that, and spread your legs for me a little more." I complied, settling into the position as instructed. "Now down in front. Just rest your head on your arms like you are taking a nap. Get comfortable." I did as requested, with my head down and my naked bottom up in the air. I could feel my naked pussy stuck out below the bottom of my rump cheeks, clearly exposed to Kara's view. I should have been ashamed — mortified. But I realized, after her earlier instructions, that this was a natural way for a cunt to act. I trembled with anticipation.

Kara reached between my legs and once again caressed my little pussy. I sighed with delight and pressed myself eagerly backwards towards her touch. Kara shook her head and gave me a mock "tsk, tsk" or disapproval. "You're certainly an eager little beaver, aren't you?" she teased. "I see that I have a lot to teach you before your tasty little twat leads you into trouble. So continuing... your sweet little cunt has other important elements," she instructed. "But we will get to those in time. For now, the position you are in, do you recognize it?"

I thought for a moment, and then it hit me. "Our barnyard animals assume such a stance... during rutting. The females of course — the males do the mounting from behind."

"Good, Kristy, very good," Kara praised. "And does this feel natural to you?"

I paused to consider, but the answer was clear. "Yes, very natural... because I'm a cunt." I responded.

Kara nodded, smiling. "Even with another woman?" she inquired.

I hadn't thought about it, but now that she mentioned it, it was quite natural with her. To assume such a position with a man now seemed... somehow wrong... dirty and obscene. There were so many confusing things I could not fathom. "It feels so right with you, Kara. But I do not understand. Never have I seen two females undertake the rutting. Surely such a thing could not be done."

"It can, and we will, Kristy. All in good time," she assured me. "But first, another new word for you — fucking."

"Fucking," I repeated, like the sound. "This is like rutting then?"

"It is a difficult word, often abused and with many subtle meanings," she explained. "But essentially, yes."

"Fucking," I repeated slowly, savoring the primitive sound. It seemed so... instinctive, so deliciously vulgar.

"You understand that during the rutting, or fucking, the male will penetrate the female?" Kara inquired.

"Yes... Yes, of course," I agreed. "I have seen this on our farm. The male however is different. He has no cunt. Instead he has... something like a finger, only larger."

"Yes, the male has a cock, a prick, or penis, just to name a few," Kara assisted.

"Which he then puts into the female — into her... into her cunt!" I extrapolated. "Then there is much humping and thrusting, and sometimes yowling and scratching. It is like they are fighting, but they are not."

"Exactly, yes," Kara nodded. "The male does this to implant his seed into the womb of the female. This is of course for procreation — to produce babies."

I nodded, mostly understanding. "Where is this... womb?" I inquired.

"Deep within you," Kara explained. "It is the wellspring of your cunt hole, the farthest nether regions of your tender little twat."

"And from this, the babies are born!" I completed with excitement, beaming as I pulled some of the puzzle pieces together. "The end result of fucking!"

"Often, yes," Kara agreed. "However, humans are a bit different. Animals are driven to undertake fucking to produce offspring. Humans often fuck for the sheer pleasure of it. Yet you are taught that it should only be done to produce a child. It is a lie. Do you understand this?"

I paused and considered. I felt Kara slip a finger into my pussy and the answer became immediately clear. "Yes... oh, that feels so good... Yes, it seems that things are not entirely as we are taught."

"So you do not want a baby?" Kara inquired.

I was shocked at the suggestion. "Of course not!" I sputtered.

"And yet your shameless little cunt yearns deeply for a fucking?"

"Oh, yes!" I responded, blushing at my obvious eagerness. I swiveled my hips as her finger slowly churned in the moist embrace of my twat. "A fucking, deep into the core of my womb!"

Kara giggled at my enthusiasm. "And of course, a female could never implant a baby into another female. Does it not seem a perfect solution then, for a girl to fuck another girl when only pleasure is desired?"

It was all so logical. "Of course!" I agreed with excitement as my understanding became clear. "Two girls could fuck each other for pleasure, and no unwanted child would result."

Kara nodded. "Very good," she praised as her finger trailed backwards out of my moist, tender fuck slit until it slipped out and came to rest on the sensitive region of flesh between my cunt and my puckered little bottom hole. I flinched self-consciously. "You have another orifice which you have already discovered can bring you pleasure?" She prompted.

"Umm... I have... I mean, there is..." I stammered, unable to find the words.

"Do not be ashamed," Kara chided. "Did I not see you earlier, and had you not already found this second portal of delight? It is no source of shame. Many girls are too shy to find pleasure in the stimulation of their bottom. I find the penetration of this hole very exciting. I suspect that you do also. We are very lucky in this."

"I did," I admitted, blushing at the memory of the guilty pleasure. Taking a deep breath for courage, I dared to press further. "I think a finger — very deep into my bottom might be most... enjoyable," I hinted in a hopeful tone.

Kara laughed. "So eager to continue. Very good! This, Kristy, is your hot little ass," she instructed, gripping the firm, rounded cheeks of my rump and squeezing them in a most enticing manner. "You have a wonderful heart-shaped ass, and I know many a man would desire to fondle it. However, as I

think you are learning today, you prefer the touch of a woman instead. Am I correct?" I nodded in agreement. With one hand she tugged on my soft, creamy rump cheek, spreading it from its twin, exposing the wrinkled brown pucker of flesh normally hidden in the deep, warm cleft. My heart raced as Kara's finger trailed slowly upward, making a few teasing circular motions around the dimpled recess of my bottom and then gently easing upward to trace up and down the cleft of my rump. Of its own accord, I felt my secret little orifice pucker rapidly back and forth with excitement. Her finger trailed back downward, once again circling around my dimpled little opening. Closer and closer she spiraled as my pulse pounded with anticipation.

I jerked as she made first contact, gasping an "Ah!" in response. A wonderful trembling in my belly continued to simmer and I found that instead of shying away from her intimate touch, I only spread my legs wider, hoping to provide her better access. Her finger came back to rest on my tightly clenched little orifice, pressing ever so gently as the tight, muscular ring shuddered in response.

"So this nether hole, it can also be used for fucking?" I hinted again.

"Oh, yes, my Dear," Kara assured. "It also has many a name. It is your tight little asshole."

"That makes sense," I reasoned, slowly rolling my hips against her finger.

"It is the gateway to your anus," she explained. "I may also call it your bunghole, your butthole, or your shit socket. It's your rectal pucker, anus and your brownie hole." I nodded, repeating the words to commit them to memory while desperately hoping that she would soon see fit to squeeze a finger deep within.

"So a girl could then — in theory — fuck another girl in her asshole?" I encouraged. "Fucking her deep and hard in her pretty little anus with a finger?"

"Oh, that and many other things," Kara assured me, increasing the pressure on the tip of her finger as I felt my little rectal pucker begin to relent and nip teasingly at the tip of her digit.

I laughed. "Of course things like a finger," I asserted nervously. "My little asshole would be much too small and tight for anything larger than that."

"Do not be so sure, my little butt slut," Kara countered. "It is an amazing little hole, and I suspect from your squirming at my touch that you will find that the larger and deeper the penetration, the more pleasure you will gain. But fear not, little one. We will start you off small." I groaned with shameless delight as Kara finally fulfilled my perverse desire by slipping her finger into the tight, clutching confines of my trembling rectum.

I squirmed with passion under her talented touch, feeling the tip of her finger exploring inside the humid rim of my asshole. Then she bent, bringing her pretty face close to my squirming backside. I felt her heated breath exhaled across my naked butt cheeks. I heard her licking and sucking — wetting a second finger. A warm droplet of spit fell into the crack of my ass, trailing slowly downward.

"More?" she inquired.

I nodded nervously, but Kara demanded my commitment. "You must say it, Kristy. Tell me what you want me to do."

I gulped. It was one thing to passively have these perversions done upon me. But to ask for them — to beg — was yet another level of degradation. Kara withdrew her probing finger from my butthole. I

turned to look back at her, pleading with my eyes. She sucked sensuously on her fingers, first her long slender middle finger and then her pointed index finger, fresh and warm from the hot, clutching confines of my tight little bunghole.

"Pl... Please, Kara..." I managed to squeak, my voice cracking piteously.

Fingers in her mouth, she looked at me with a cocked eyebrow, waiting.

"Please..." I begged again, but to no avail. She closed her eyes, inserting both fingers into her mouth and sucking noisily. Several trails of warm, lubricating spittle trailed down her hand. I gathered my courage.

"Please, Kara... please put your fingers in... in my bottom!" I blurted out, my face blushing red with disgrace.

Kara nodded, seeming pleased. "Good girl," she praised. "You want me to fuck you?"

"Yes... oh, please Kara... in my rump," I urged in a whisper.

"You mean in your ass? You want me to finger-fuck you up the asshole?"

I knew she meant to tease me until I broke. I searched my memory for the words that she had taught me. "Please, Kara," I pleaded, reaching back and spreading my rounded butt cheeks open with both hands in open invitation. "Fuck me. Fuck me deep and hard in my... in my anus. Fuck your fingers up my tight little rectum!" My face blazed red with shame and tears welled up in my eyes, clouding my vision.

Satisfied at last, Kara dropped her hand, wet and warm with her saliva, onto my upturned rump. I wriggled my hips, waiting and breathless as she traced a lazy line down the crack of my ass. I groaned with delight as the tip of her finger once again made contact with my anus. Then I squealed with passion as she pressured the tip of her digit inside me. With a few slow, steady strokes she was hilted to the third knuckle. I arched my back, pushing backwards in encouragement.

She bent over behind me, bringing her lips to my rear. Again I felt her breath, hot and ragged with excitement, washing over my trembling ass. Partially withdrawing her finger, she nuzzled the sliding digit with her lips, licking and sucking her retreating finger, savoring the forbidden taste of my dark and humid bunghole. She slowly pressed back in, causing me to gasp a sharp intake of air as a wave of pleasure throbbed through me. Soon she had me wet and slippery, allowing her finger to slip back and forth with a growing ease. A quiet "slurp" could be heard with every anal fuck-thrust of her talented hand.

Kara paused, but only briefly. I mewled in protest, grinding my hips in desperation. Leaving her wriggling index finger inserted in my anus, she nursed her middle finger in her mouth, coating it with a liberal amount of spit. Then, with only a minor amount of additional effort, she added the second finger to the effort of my anal penetration.

I jerked my head up in shock. "Does it hurt, Baby?" she inquired in a cautious tone.

I shook my head. "It's... It's amazing!" I managed to gasp, reveling in the wonderful stretching sensation.

"And are you my little ass-fucking whore?" she teased. I gritted my teeth, rolling my hips to match the timing of her thrusts, nodding my head in agreement.

"Is it possible then, that your hot little asshole is as talented as your pussy?" she asked. The cheeks of my ass flattened against her hand as she tried to force her fingers in to further depths. Slowly she twisted her wrist back and forth, boring into my bowels like a heavenly drill.

"Ohhhhh.... Yesssss..." I moaned as my tender backside was deliciously stuffed.

"Try to tighten," Kara commanded. "Just like you did for with your pretty little pink cunt." I complied, concentrating on clenching down the muscles in my rectum to embrace her embedded fingers in the loving grasp of my ass. Then, knowing what was expected next, I released and gripped down again, building up a rhythm into a rapid series of anal contractions. My naked hips bucked back and forth with the effort and I felt my stretched little anus pucker open and closed around the base of Kara's fingers. My anal tract fluttered in response and a gripping, milking motion snugged down around her embedded digits, grasping at her fingers and energetically attempting to draw them deeper into my heated bung.

"Fuck!" Kara exclaimed. "I can feel your little asshole sucking at my fingers! It's so tight I can barely move! You're absolutely wonderful, Kristy! Such a talented little butt-fuck slut!" I grinned, happy that I could please her so.

With an effort, Kara withdrew her clutching fingers from my anus, just as a trembling surge of passion was beginning to build in the depths of my ass. "No!" I cried in protest, wriggling my naked rump in the air. "Please, Kara, I need it! Put it back in!"

"Patience, Kristy girl," she soothed, planting a kiss on my trembling, rounded backside, and then another. Her fingers slipped into the crack of my ass, gently prying my cheeks apart. Then she favored me with another kiss — and a lick of her tongue — right at the base of my spine. She gave a second lick, starting an inch or so down into the crack of my ass and swiping slowly upward.

"Do you remember when I told you earlier that the mouth and tongue can be used to bring pleasure as well as fingers?" Kara inquired.

"Oh? Oh... yes!" I stammered, feeling a shiver of excitement race up my spine.

"And would you like me to pleasure you in such a manner?" she asked in a hushed tone.

"Ummmm.... Oh, god, yes. Please Kara, yes!" I arched my back and shivered with expectation. I wasn't sure if I truly understood her intentions, but my imagination was running wild.

"Then you must ask it of me. Beg me Kristy. Tell me what you want."

I paused, uncertain. What if I had misunderstood? What if I asked her to perform such a perversion, only to have her recoil in shock and revulsion? I didn't know if I could bring myself to put my darkest desires into words.

Kara urged me along. "You do want it, don't you Kristy? You want to feel my kiss, my lips, my long, wet tongue?"

"Yes!" I blurted out without hesitation, unable to restrain myself.

"Where?" she cooed softly. "Tell me where."

A tremble of anticipation shivered through my naked thighs. "On my... my bottom, please Kara, I need it!"



She bent, placing a long, sensual kiss on the firm cheek of my rump, nipping gently at the naked flesh with her teeth and then soothing the playful bite with a loving stroke of her wet tongue. "Here?" she teased.

Desperately abandoning any remaining reservations and trappings of dignity, I pleaded again, "No, Kara, please... kiss me, lick me... I need the touch of your lips on my... on my... oh god! On my asshole!"

"There you go, Baby," Kara soothed, pressing her pretty face into the crack of my ass. Her full soft lips nuzzled the dimple around my asshole and then she pressed her mouth fully onto my quivering anus in an obscene oral-anal kiss. I gasped with passion. She lovingly caressed my tight, puckered rectal opening with her lips. I rolled my hips and issued quiet "ooohs" of delight.

"Tell me where you want my tongue, Kristy," she urged in a breathless voice.

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Part 5 - Thoughts of Mommy Dearest

Was I dreaming? Was this beautiful woman really offering to slip her wet pink tongue into the heated depths of my quivering little bunghole? Nothing was now beyond the realm of possibility. No perversion seemed off limits. "Up my ass, Kara, please! I need your wonderful tongue up my hot little asshole!"

"Fucking you?" she teased. "In and out? Tongue-fucking you up your pretty little shithole?"

"Oh... FUCK! Yes!" I cried out. "Please, I'll do anything! Just fuck me!"

"Have you ever let another girl tongue-fuck you in the anus, Kristy?" she teased. "Licking you, eating out your tight little pooper? One of your pretty girlfriends perhaps?"

"No... Never!" I countered, aching for her touch. She knew full-well I had not - could not. Once again I blushed fiercely red as she made me realize and accept the depths to which I had sunk. Who could have done such an unspeakable thing?

"Perhaps your mother then?" she asserted. "By the light of the fire, on a cold winter night? Your father, working late at the store, and you — the shameless little slut — bent over the kitchen table, wanting Mommy's tongue up your ass?"

"Oh god... No!" I denied in a panic, even as the imagined imaged flashed unbidden through my mind.

"Yes!" Kara continued, her voice so strong and convincing that I almost began to believe. "Fuck me, Mommy! you beg. Fuck me up the asshole with your tongue!"

I shook my head 'no', fighting off the lurid suggestion. My head spun in a dizzying sensation.

"Eat me, Mommy, eat out my little asshole!" Kara continued, her voice commanding and almost irresistible. I could see the image in my mind, clear as if it had actually come to pass. "And then she does, Kristy. Your fuck-slut mother spreads your firm little butt cheeks. She pulls them wide apart. Her daughter's tight, slick little asshole, puckered and waiting, longing for her kiss..."

"Yes..." I sighed, my resistance faltering to the illusions Kara appeared to be weaving in my mind.

"You yearn desperately for her oral caress. Your Mother's lips on your asshole, her long wet tongue slipping into your tight little bunghole. Do you see it Kristy? Yes? Tell me, do you try to resist? Do you tell her this is wrong?"

"N... No..." I admit with a gasping sob. I could see myself, spread and eager, waiting for my Mother's incestuous tongue, deep and wet in the depths of my clutching rectum. The event was but a figment of my imagination, and yet now it seemed so very, very real. Kara's voice wove the story into reality, casting it as a vivid memory in my mind.

"... and then she is upon you," Kara described. I nodded in agreement, seeing it all, lit by the flickering firelight and lanterns of our homestead.

"She kisses me," I chime in. "She kisses me... my mother's soft lips on my asshole, wet and warm."

"Her mouth is open," Kara added. "Her soft pink tongue flickers out, teasing your anus. Tell me about it Kristy. What does your hot little asshole do as your mother's tongue begins to probe?"

"It throbs... and opens," I sob in admission. "It trembles, puckering back and forth and then it opens to her touch. Oh god! She spreads my cheeks wider. I feel her breathing, urgent with desire. My little asshole — like a flower — it blossoms open. It gapes before her, and she kisses it!"

"Hard, she kisses you hard?" Kara pressed. "Her lips caress your open little rectum, nuzzling, then sealing her mouth perfectly to your ass. 'My little butt-slut,' she calls you, and you squirm in her grasp without denial. And then her tongue is inside you. Wriggling, digging its way into your shitter."

"Yes!" I gasp, nearly able to feel the sensation of the imagined memory.

"Licking you! Fucking you! Your mother's tongue, deep in your hot, tight little shit socket!"

I was entranced. Hypnotized. A bubbling sensation grew in my belly as — in my mind — my mother reamed out my virgin asshole with her tongue. We had to hurry! Daddy could be home at any moment, which added to the forbidden thrill. Soon the explosive rush of emotion would wash over me, a wonderful convulsion, deep in my sweet little cunt and asshole. My firm body, trembling, quivering around my mother's deeply probing tongue. Deeper! Harder! Faster! Fucking her daughter right up the shitter! I was so close. I felt..."

Kara broke into my delusion with a kind-hearted giggle. "You're such a little whore, Kristy! Only a nasty fucking whore would beg her own mother for a tongue-fuck up the asshole!"

I shook my head, the images in my mind evaporating like so much morning mist. But the urgent need in my body remained. I shuddered in desperation. "Yes!" I agreed, going out of my mind with desperation. "Please, Kara, I'm such a nasty little whore! I'm begging you... please... fuck me up the ass! My tight little butthole needs your tongue!"

Satisfied at last, Kara smiled and then plunged her tongue deep into the grasping clutches of my quivering anus. In a smooth, single stroke she drove her oral digit into the heated depths of my quivering rectum, probing and licking as my rippling shit socket gripped at her tongue in our lewd oral-anal embrace. She explored the hot, humid tunnel of my ass and I cooed and moaned with delight. Never had I experienced such a sensation! I began to pant like a dog on a hot summer day as I pushed my thrust-up rump backwards against her face, urging her ever deeper into my clutching rectal depths.

Kara broke our embrace, but only briefly. Quickly working her arms between my legs, she lifted my hips, spreading my legs into a wide-open stance. The cheeks of my ass gaped open before her as she pressed her pretty face deep into my crack. Then her lips once again found my tender rectal portal. She kissed me there, pressing her soft sensual lips against my frantically puckering anus. Her long wet tongue slithered once again inside me, tasting my heated bowels. She fluttered her tongue and then ran the pink appendage several times around inside rim of my girlish rectal pucker. I issued a squeal of delight as I felt a familiar twitching in my loins. Of their own accord, my hips bucked up and down, timed perfectly to Kara's thrusting tongue which she now popped rapidly in and out of my gaping rectal orifice.

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## **Part 6 - Good Vibrations**

To my dismay, Kara withdrew her loving tongue from my asshole after only scant moments of playful stimulation. "Pleasssse..." I moaned shamelessly, but she hushed me into silence.

"You want to cum, Baby? You need to cum?" she whispered. Sensing my confusion at the new word, she explained with a smile. "It's an orgasm — that wonderful bubbling, twitching and convulsing you feel building in your body. You feel it building, don't you? In belly, in your sweet little cunt, and even in that tight little ass perhaps?"

"Yes... Oh god... yesss!" I nodded desperately. "It trembles in my belly at first, but then seems to want to explode down into my pussy. And my ass! Oh Kara, so deep in my little asshole it trembles and shakes, just waiting to erupt! But the feeling begins to ebb without your touch, Kara. Please... make me cum!"

Kara laughed, a charming, lilting giggle. "Yes, Baby," she cooed. "I'll make you cum. I'll fuck an orgasm out of you the like of which you could never imagine. Watch and learn, Kristy, and I will show you a hint of the powers I could teach you." With that, she brought her hands together, palms flat and fingers upward. As I watched, my eyes grew wide with fear of the unknown. An unearthly greenish light — just a dull glow at first — began to gather about her hands, swirling like a fog. The light grew in intensity, shifting to a soft bluish sheen and accompanied by a droning hum. The bluish glow ebbed and flowed from one digit to another, leaping at times from one fingertip to fingertip with a spark and crackle. The outline of hands became blurred, as if the strange humming sound was linked to a rapid, pulsating vibration.

"Steady yourself," she warned. Without further ceremony she extended her enchanted fingers, sparkling with unearthly energy, and slipped her index and middle fingers deep into the snug embrace of my steamy pussy. Simultaneously, her thumb found my tight and puckered asshole. The greedy little orifice flowered open to her touch and with a single, easy push, Kara sunk the full length of the digit deep into my rectal tunnel.

I shrieked out loud! The apparent vibration of her hand was no illusion! The strange humming sound changed to a lower pitch as it was buried in my steamy, lustful holes, smothered in the wet embrace of my wet, tender flesh. I bucked in response, jerking like a fish out of water. With her other hand firmly on the back of my neck, Kara restrained me, pressing my face to the ground and counterpinning my thrashing hips with her deeply buried fingers. My legs flailed, drumming my feet on the ground and my fingers clutched mindlessly at the grass beneath me.

Inside me, I felt Kara press her throbbing thumb and fingers together, rubbing against each other, separated only by a thin layer of quivering flesh between my cunt and anal cavities. Then she thrust

her hand vigorously back and forth, gaining a little more penetration with each and every insertion.

“Eeeeeiiii Ah-ah-ah-ah... Oh! Fuck, fuck... FUCK!” I screamed. The trembling in my belly erupted. The orgasm I had experienced earlier at my own hands was but a minor tremor compared to the violent convulsions that now thrashed my tender young body. My hips bucked like a wild horse under its first saddle. I shrieked mindless utterances and grunts of unbridled passion that would have shamed me earlier in the day. Primitive animalistic urges were in control now, and all that mattered was to have Kara fucking me — deep and hard — in my twin little portals of pleasure.

The violent orgasmic convulsions in my twat sent shock tremors through my clutching pink vaginal tissues and my anal muscles clamped down feverishly on Kara’s fully embedded thumb, rippling and milking her probing digit. My entire pussy seemed to melt. I issued sounds not unlike a barking dog as the humid walls of my cunt gushed forth a soothing warm flood of slippery fluid. Kara pumped her fingers back and forth, churning me into a froth, calling for me to cum, and then issued her own cry of delight. Her driving fingers — in fact her entire hand — was coated in a warm, sticky gush of discharge from my tight little nasty twat. Every reinsertion of her fingers into the core of my trembling cunt was accompanied by an obscene, wet slurping sound. My vision blurred. Stars danced in front of my eyes as I urgently thrust myself rapidly and repeatedly backwards onto her stiffened fingers, grunting with the effort of every eager stroke of my hips.

Finally I began to falter. The desperate thrusting of my hips slowed, and the orgasmic contractions racing through the depths of my cunt and asshole slowed from their break-neck pace. I shuddered, my whole body quivering as I gasped desperately to catch my breath. At last only an occasional tremor remained. Of their own volition, my hips would buck in response to each and every last little convulsion, and I would fuck myself backwards to re-impale my ass and pussy on Kara’s waiting fingers with a wet and satisfying squelching noise. In the end, I simply collapsed on the ground, drawing myself into a fetal position as I continued to shiver in the aftermath of my exhausted passion.

At last it was over. I rose unsteadily to my hands and knees, panting frantically as if I had just sprinted the length of the town. My heart pounded rapidly in my chest, my naked breasts heaving with every breath. My arms and legs trembled, barely able to support my weight. I was bathed in sweat, and from my little pussy slit I could feel a warm wetness that oozed from deep within my cunt, coating my upper thighs and dripping slowly to the ground between my legs.

“Now, THAT, my dear, was a nice cum!” Kara announced proudly. “God, you literally squirted all over my hand. That was a bucket of pussy cream, you tasty little slut!”

I rolled over onto my back, suddenly overcome with a fit of satisfied giggles. I laughed and laughed. With one hand I caressed one of my heaving breasts, and with the other I stirred a lazy finger through the soaking tissues of my gaping pussy. Kara giggled right along with me, sharing the moment. She bent and kissed me, full on the lips, our tongues tangling in a loving embrace. Then she broke the kiss and caressed my pouting lips with the tip of her finger. Her hand had returned to normal, showing no hint of the mysterious fairy-fire that had swirled around it earlier. I parted my lips and accepted her finger into my mouth, coated with the sticky discharge from my cunt. Tired and satisfied, I tasted my juices, savoring the flavor.

Then Kara slipped her thumb into my mouth. “Suck it, Kristy,” she urged. I complied, suckling on her wet thumb like a baby. “Did you like it in your tight little ass, Baby?” she hushed. “Did you like my thumb, fucking you right up your hot little shitter?” I nodded eagerly, still sucking on the digit, tasting myself, consuming the musky dank oral sensation that my little asshole had to offer.

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Part 7 - An Unexpected Shower

After several minutes of cuddling in each other's arms, my tired swooning began to pass. Curiosity began to overcome me. "What sort of dark magic was this creation?" I demanded. "Through what strange powers do you cause you hand to glow and tremble so, putting these unholy pleasures so deep within my body?"

"Nothing unholy here, my pretty. Do not judge so harshly what you do not yet understand."

I lowered my eyes and offered my apologies. Kara continued, un-offended. "The power comes from all that is around you. The trees, the wind, the rocks, the earth — all hold vast power. I can see the world as you can not. I see the spirit and energy that inhabits all things, living and not. I draw upon that power, channel it, and craft it do my bidding.

I gulped. "You are a witch then, to be sure!" I asserted. "I mean no disrespect, but only a witch of legend could command such forces."

"As you wish," Kara replied with a shrug. "Unless you can come to understand these things for yourself, that overly simple explanation will have to do."

"Could I come to understand such things?" I inquired, enthralled by the possibilities. "Do I have the aptitude? Would you teach me? I would be your most willing and eager student!"

Kara looked pensive. "You do indeed have the aptitude, my dear, but your strength of character is untested. There is so much of what you think you know that would need to be unlearned. Such lessons could well break your mind."

"I would not break!" I asserted desperately. "Please, Kara, teach me, and I will be your humble servant." She studied on this. I chewed my lip, anxious and wanting to convince her, but realizing there was nothing further I could add.

"You understand the demands will be rigorous?" she inquired. I nodded solemnly.

"You also agree that I will treat you as I see fit, and in ways that you may not understand at the time?" Again I nodded in a most serious manner.

"And lastly, as part of your service, you will be required to pleasure me. You will attend to me in many ways, in manners you may judge strange or evil. We will explore each other bodies in ways you have long been taught as being wrong — an abomination. We will fuck, and suck, and cum, and I will use you like a common whore whenever it so amuses me."

I grinned at this. "Service and pleasure you I will, Mistress, if you choose to teach me," I swore. "And as to acts of depravity strange or evil, I look forward to such perversions with great expectancy."

Kara considered in silence once more.

"Let me service you now, Mistress," I begged. "Already I have learned much. Let me put my fingers in your pussy. Or if you like, I would be proud to pleasure you in your asshole with my tongue..."

"Ummmm..." Kara sighed. "A most wonderful proposition, and one I shall take you up on soon."

However, first a test — can you see the world as I do? Can you sense the powers and the auras, such that one day you could gather and draw them to you, bending them to your will?”

I looked around, trying to see the things of which she spoke. Alas, I could see naught, and the forest around me appeared as might any other clump of ordinary woods. I shook my head, tears of failure beginning to cloud my eyes.

“You are yet untrained, and lack the skills to see this all un-aided,” Kara explained. I can grant you a limited view into my world. A crutch, if you will, as your first lesson. It shall serve as a test for you and I to show if you are able to grasp and fathom these things at all.

Kara rose and I started to stand. “No,” she ordered. “Lie still, on your back. I can share my powers, but it will require a consumption of my fluids. You must drink from me. Do you understand?”

I wasn't quite sure, but I nodded in agreement regardless. I lay down on the ground and Kara stepped to straddle my prone form, placing one foot carefully above each of my shoulders. Then she gathered her woolen skirt and lifted the garment to her waist. I gasped in surprise at the unexpected display of her naked pussy. “Oh! It's so pretty!” I exclaimed. Her cunt mound was plump and swollen with excitement. The ruffled lips of her twat were full and soft. Glistening with wetness, they looked ever so delicious. A single drop of her vaginal lubrication oozed slowly from her velvety folds, dangling suspended on a string of goo that stretched and finally broke. The glistening drop landed on my lips, and my tongue eagerly lashed out to capture it. Framing Kara's pussy was a closely trimmed thatch of pubic hair, jet black, soft and silky.

Bending her knees, Kara lowered herself onto my upturned, eager face. She let her skirt fall back around her legs and I fell into a darkened twilight beneath her dress. In the gloom, I could just make out the lips of her cunt, parting open as she squatted. Her open twat hovered above my mouth and it became clear what she intended. Reaching up, I placed my hands about her hips, guiding her into place. She settled her groin gently onto my face and I embraced her cunt, sealing my lips to those of her pussy in a heated open-mouthed kiss. She shuffled her position, getting comfortable. “Drink me, Kristy. Suck the piss from my cunt, and I will show you many wonderful things.”

I obediently pressed my open mouth firmly onto her twat, anxiously waiting. She began with a trickle, just a few drops which slithered from her silky flesh and into my eager mouth. My nostrils flared as my breathing deepened. My heart pounded with excitement at the thought of this lewd debauchery. Then, with a heated gush, Kara released her bladder and torrent of hot girl pee streamed forth, gushing past my open lips. It was so wonderfully depraved! Kara sat on my face, slowly rocking back and forth in her squatting position and peed freely into my gaping, eager mouth. With my lips sealed firmly to her gushing pussy, I swallowed greedily, drinking down her streaming, golden fluid.

Suddenly I choked on the overwhelming flood of girl piss being hosed down my throat. I must have accidentally sucked some down my windpipe. In a fit of panic, gasping for air, I choked and coughed violently, expelling a mouthful of Kara's golden nectar upward. The explosion of piss out of my mouth broke the near-perfect seal between the lips of my mouth and her soft, silky snatch, and I spit the salty liquid back up at her still pissing twat. The mouthful of pee splashed off her naked loins, raining back down onto my face, completely drenching me from chin to forehead. I sputtered and gagged, fighting for air as every intake of breath seemed to suck more and more of Kara's shimmering urine down into my lungs. I felt as if I were drowning, and began to flair in panic.

Kara, sensing my distress, cut off her stream and rose off my face. I continued to gag and struggle, but finally I managed to regain my breathing. I climbed to my knees and greedily inhaled a lungful of

air. I worked out a last few coughs and then wiped the remainder of her stinging fluid from my eyes.

Kara looked down at me with concern. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "Are you alright?" I nodded that I was, feeling the red color of distress slowly fading from my flushed facial features. "Let me go finish, and then we'll get you cleaned up," she continued, her voice full of concern. She then turned her back to me and gathered her skirt up around her hips, squatting down to finish the job of emptying her bladder onto the ground.

"Kara, No!" I cried. She stopped and turned. "Please, let me finish you," I pleaded.

Kara grinned. "You do indeed show strength of character," she praised, standing and raising her skirt further to reveal her naked cunt. "Come then, and embrace my pissing twat, and I shall serve you my golden nectar." She stood waiting as I crawled to her on my hands and knees. I rose onto my knees and wrapped my arms around her hips, digging my fingers firmly into the cheeks of her rump and drawing her dripping pussy to my eager face. Once again I pressed my lips to her cunt in an open-mouthed kiss, waiting for her to release her bladder into me.

"No choking this time," she teased. I pressed my mouth gently against her pussy, looking up at her with a loving gaze as I nodded. The tip of my nose felt the tickling touch of her soft pubic hairs as I nuzzled in tighter, firmly sealing the lips of my mouth to those of her cunt. Then I felt a warm trickle wash across my tongue, followed by a powerful rush of her gushing girl piss. I gulped mouthful after mouthful, savoring each swallow. It seemed like her supply was endless. To quote a crude saying I had overhead from a man in town, she pissed like a drunken racehorse. But I faithfully sucked down every delectable drop of her hot, powerful stream. Finally, with a sigh, her flow began to ebb, tapering off to a trickle and then dribbling to a stop.

I swished the last squirts of her piss around in my mouth, savoring the flavor and then swallowed with a greedy gulp. I set to work with my tongue, cleaning every last drip and trickle out of her womanly core. Exploring, the tip of my tongue discovered the tiny pee hole in her cunt from which he had just gushed. I poked the pointed tip of my oral pink digit at her piss hole, making her squirm and giggle, seeking to enter it if possible. It was too small and tight however, so I busied myself with the cleaning of the soft pink tissues of her cunt, licking and kissing the inner walls of her pussy with great abandon.

Slipping my tongue from her cunt, I pried further back between her cheeks, seeking the brown, wrinkled gateway to her ass. I found her puckered little anal portal and washed it with my spit, licking and probing at the tightly clutched guardian to her rectal passage. I nuzzled in deeper, seeking her dark rear tunnel as my nose slipped between the swollen lips of her twat. Kara groaned, running her fingers through my piss-soaked hair. But then, with a grunt of reluctance, she pushed herself away from my face. I looked up at her, my pretty face dripping with a heady concoction of piss and vaginal discharge.

"Oh, Kristy," she sighed. "You truly do possess a magical tongue, but for now we have more pressing business to attend. We shall take up another time where we have left off, I promise. But for now, stand up and look around you."

I did as instructed and staggered in surprise. At first it was as if I were drunk and the world was just slightly out of focus. I stumbled, off balance, and Kara caught me with a strong supporting hand. Everything around me was bathed in a delicate shimmering of all the colors of the rainbow. The trees seemed to issue a faint glow of healthy green, and the stones of the hills were awash with a glow of shifting silver-grey mist. My eyes adjusted quickly, and then it was if the world were suddenly sharper, so much clearer than I had ever seen it before. Birds and small animals —

concealed before in the dense foliage — were now clear to be seen. I felt as if I had viewed the world before as a flat, grey picture, sketched by an inept charcoal artist. Here was true color, depth, and perception such as I had never known!

I looked at Kara. She was herself bathed in a whitish-pink glow of light, whirling in powerful, writhing streamers around her body. I noticed that her loins, breasts, and mouth did possess a deeper, warmer shade of pink. Staring intently, I could just make out the hint of brownish skin surrounding her erect nipples, as well as the tender cleft of her moist cunt mound. Only then did I remember that she stood before fully clothed, her dress properly in place. Only now, her dress appeared to me as a thin gossamer shroud instead of the woolen garment I knew it to be. My new vision allowed me to pierce beyond its veil and see the outline of Kara's delectable body concealed beneath.

"It's... It's beautiful," I breathed, "like being able to see for the first time!" I clapped my hands in delight and spun about, taking it all in.

"You don't feel dizzy, or sick?" Kara inquired.

"Sick? No, not at all," I assured her. "A bit dizzy, just in the first moments, but then it passed. No, I feel wonderful! I feel alive, alert, and strong, and clever! I feel like I could leap into the wind and take wing!"

Kara threw her head back and laughed at my enthusiasm. "Excellent, little one! Well done! Only a select few can tolerate the Sight, as it is known. Most are rendered sick and dizzy, and must lie down until the effect passes. You may indeed possess a true talent for the craft."

She steered me over to a large oak tree, bathed in this strange new light of the forest. Extending her fingers, she ran them lightly over the rough bark. Her delicate digits traced a rippling wake through the glowing mist, leaving a swirling trail of eddies in their passage. She scooped along the bark of the tree, gathering some of the light and cupping it in her hand. The shimmering ball of energy compressed, growing concentrated in her grasp. She closed her fingers down over the shrinking ball. An intense spark and pop resulted. She unfolded her fingers, palm up. Sitting in her hand, slowly fanning its wings, was a small, beautiful butterfly. It remained for a moment and then flitted away, dancing its way upward on the breeze to disappear into the forest canopy. I clapped my hands, my face beaming with excitement!

"You try," Kara encouraged.

Hesitantly I reached for the tree, attempting to mimic her actions. My fingers traced through the greenish, swirling light and I felt — somehow — the living energy and the vast strength of the giant oak. I scooped a handful of light, watching in amazement as it writhed in foggy tendrils around my fingers. But as I closed my hand, it was like trying to capture a fog. It slipped from between my digits, drifting and twisting, and was then slowly drawn back towards the large, imposing tree.

"I can't," I uttered in disappointment.

"But you can, Kristy, you did it!" Kara corrected in an excited tone. "True command of the elemental forces takes years to master. But did you see? The energy responded to your touch and allowed you to manipulate it! Had you truly failed, your touch would have had no effect."

Encouraged, I tried again, gathering in the slowly swirling cloud of light and letting it weave its intricate patterns through my open fingers. I closed my hand and the light briefly flared and sparkled before once again the insubstantial glowing mist escaped my grasp, returning to the tree.

"It tickles," I giggled, trying to shake off the tingling sensation in my fingers.

"Good. Very good!" Kara approved.

"Show me more! I wish to learn more!" I exclaimed, eager to explore.

"You will, Kristy, in time," Kara countered in a calming tone. "But first you must absorb what you have seen and learned here today. I'm afraid that for now, you must go, or you will be missed in town."

I pouted, sticking out my lower lip, but Kara would not be swayed. "You may return, Kristy, in one week's time, and then we will continue your lessons. In the meantime, explore your world with your new sight, experiment and learn. Then you may return, and we will build upon your growing skills."

It felt like I had been banished for an eternity! But I nodded in agreement, sad that I would not see my new friend for an entire week. "This new vision, it is permanent then?" I inquired hopefully.

"Alas, not yet, little one," Kara replied. "It will fade and slip away, but you may enjoy it for another day or so. But now, put your dress back on and be off with you. Scoot, or I shall put you over my knee and paddle your little bottom until you scream."

"Wouldn't dare!" I countered as a dare, oddly intrigued by the notion. I slipped my dress back on and Kara helped me smooth out the wrinkles from the cloth. Her hands did tarry quite a bit longer over the region of my rounded breasts, but I offered no complaint. Then she kissed me, a deep, probing embrace in which our tongues wrestled in an intricate dance back and forth in each other's mouths. All too soon, she broke the kiss and gave me a playful swat on the rump. "Off with you now, lest and lose my mind and give your naughty little cunt another savage finger-fucking!" I swished my hips in response and wiggled my rump in her direction, implying that that would be just fine with me. However, Kara held firm and I knew it was time for me to depart.

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## **Part 8 - Enter the Villain**

I set off down the path towards town, still enthralled at the wonder of the sights around me. I turned back to wave, but the forest appeared to have closed off behind me. No hint of the path leading deeper into the woods was visible, and Kara was nowhere to be seen. The only remnant of our encounter was the lingering effects of the vision she had granted me. But somehow I knew the path would open up the forest to greet me once again upon my return a week from now. The wait however would seem interminable.

The pathway led me out of the woods, back to the point where I had entered. I stepped out into the brightness of the sunlight and found that it was well into the late afternoon. Where had the day gone? I would need to hurry to be home in time for supper. I had but started off when I heard the steady 'clap-clap-clap' of an approaching horse. I turned and quietly groaned with despair.

Lisa-Marie Jenkins sat tall and haughty atop her favorite black stallion. She approached from the lane leading around the woods, and I knew she had me in her sights. I continued to walk, hoping that she might just pass me by, but I would have no such luck today. Lisa — two years my elder — had plagued my life from early childhood and was a bully of the highest order. Fortunately, now married and "grown up", she did no longer resort to violence. But she remained a bully and a busy-body nonetheless.

"Why Miss Kristy Miller," she chirped, drawing her horse up beside me, "fancy meeting you here."

"Hello Lisa," I replied with an obvious lack of enthusiasm. She frowned down at me from her high perch. It was 'Lisa-Marie' that she preferred. Knowing this of course, I refused her that satisfaction at every opportunity.

"And what would a young miss like yourself be up to, out her all alone?" she inquired, restoring a fraudulent smile to her face.

"Just out for a walk," I snapped, not offering further details.

"Could have sworn I saw you coming from the Witch's Wood," she pressed. "But that would be silly, would it not? You got the sense to not get yourself into some sort of mischief, don't you, Missy?"

I seethed. What a rotten spot of luck to run afoul of this mean-spirited bitch just as I was leaving the forest. "You must be mistaken, Lisa-Marie," I countered, feigning respect. "But your advice is well taken. I'd best be off from these dangerous woods before I encounter some vile creature with ill-intent on its treacherous mind."

"Yes, perhaps you'd best," she sniffed, taking my meaning. I studied her for the first time with my newly granted sight. Although she was a pretty girl, her aura was awash in an unpleasant mist of mustard and mud that could seem to find no peace as it swirled slowly around her. Now, more than ever, I wanted to be shed of her as quickly as possible. Fortunately for me, she must have had a mental list of other victims yet to torment, because with a baneful glare she snapped the reins of her stallion and charged off, leaving me alone in a cloud of dust on the quiet country lane.

I made it home without further incident. My mother quizzed me about my day, but I put her off with some non-committal comments and told her I was very tired. She and my father were soon involved in a spirited discussion over the tending of the garden all the rest of the evening, so they mercifully left me undisturbed.

I was lost in my new world of shimmering vision. The fire in the hearth danced and glimmered in a way that hinted of the power it contained. Although muted in comparison to the forest, the lights and colors were visible everywhere I turned. My parents, the trees in our yard, even the wood planks of our humble home radiated their own unique sense of energy and identity. Upon going to bed, I was surprised to find that the lack of light from a candle or lantern did no longer limit my vision in the dark. I could see almost as clear as day the ghostly outlines of the things around me as they shimmered and glowed.

I'm afraid I lost my notions for the remainder of the week, and received several reprimands from my parents to keep me focused on my chores. Kara had predicted that my newfound sight would last me a day or so, but I was blessed with three full days of my wonderful vision, and even part of a fourth before it finally faded away. By the end of the fourth day, I was thrust back into the world of the ordinary, and felt like I had been struck blind. Once again my world appeared flat and lifeless, and I yearned for the return of the wonderful gift that Kara had granted me. I spent the remainder of the week cranky and irritable, and could not wait for the end of the week to be upon us so that I could once again venture into the forbidden woods.

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Part 9 - A Happy Reunion

My day came at last! Telling my mother I was off for another walk, I set off at daybreak, barely able

to contain my anticipation and excitement. I cut through the fields and found the path leading into the Westmoor Woods. I was all but in a full run when I broke through the tree line and felt the cool shade of the forest caress my skin. I had worn a light dress, selected this time for its quick ease of removal. It was a little chilly in the shade, but I suspected I might be working up a heavy sweat as the day evolved.

I retraced my way down the leaf-covered pathway and the trees now opened up ahead of me, welcoming me home. I noticed that deep in these woods, just a hint of magical vision had returned. Although greatly dimmed, I could make out just a trace of the soft, writhing energies that clung to everything around me. The pathway twisted and turned, but I was sure I was heading in the right direction. The mere thought of seeing Kara again had me wet and excited deep in my loins, and I hoped with every winding twist of the path that the next turn would lead me to the place where she and I had met.

At long last I passed into the clearing. There stood the quaint little house and garden, clean and well-kept, and I knew I found my way. The heavy wooden door creaked wide, and my love was framed there in the opening. I stopped up short as a tremor of excitement jolted through me. She wore not a stitch of clothing! She was beautiful, enchanting! I could just make out the faint glimmer of her vibrant, pink aura, so powerful and alluring. I rushed to her in a headlong run, arriving breathless and panting. She received me in her arms and we embraced. I ran my hands over her smooth, creamy skin as she kissed me deeply, passionately.

"I missed you so!" I chastised her in a plaintive tone. "You must promise to never send me away again!"

She smiled. "All in good time, my pretty little lover," she promised.

"My vision — my sight..." I lamented. "It has all but faded!"

Kara looked surprised. "You still have a hint of the sight, even now, after a week?" she inquired.

"Yes, but just a bit," I responded sadly. "It did last me almost four days in town, and did partially return to me once I entered back into your magical woods."

"Amazing," Kara replied. "Never have I seen anyone with such raw abilities. You are truly a wonder to have stumbled across."

I smiled and blushed at the compliment. "Will you restore my sight?" I begged.

"It is more than just your sight," Kara corrected, "as you will learn today. But yes, my pet, I will restore your sight." She gently pushed downward on my shoulders. I did not resist her efforts and sank to my knees in front of her.

"Drink me," she whispered.

I sealed my lips to her naked cunt and played my tongue briefly into her humid, pink folds of flesh. Running her fingers through my hair, she sighed in response and willed her bladder to release. Her warm, golden fluid streamed into my waiting mouth and poured down my throat with my eager gulps. I knew she had been waiting for me, saving up an incredible volume of girl pee. I drank and drank. I felt my belly begin to swell, and still she continued, spraying her heated piss over my tongue and into my open gullet. More experienced now, I made no mistake, encountered no embarrassing mishap of choking as I greedily drank her down. I took all the yellow girl fluid her pussy had to offer, and spilled not a single precious drop.

Finally she was drained. I licked her clean, probing my tongue deep into her silky pink folds. Then I withdrew, looking around in renewed wonder at the sights around me. As the magic of her fluid infused my body, my vision of the swirling colors and energies once again sprang into sharp focus, perhaps even more vivid than my first encounter. I gazed around in awe, taking it all in.

Kara led me through the main room of her cabin and then through a doorway into a smaller room. Inside, scented candles lit the room and created a heady, sweet smoke. She sat on the edge of the bed and then reclined, spreading her legs. With a practiced motion, she brought her fingers down to her pussy and spread the puffy, ruffled lips to expose the moist pink interior. "Lick my cunt," she ordered. "Eat me, and make me cum."

I approached her with no reservations and dropped to my knees on the floor before her. I felt a bit like a dog at the foot of its master, and it felt good. I slid in between her outstretched legs and once again pressed my mouth against her cunt, sealing my lips to her twat in a passionate kiss. My lips nuzzled and nipped at her fleshy folds of flesh and I let my tongue penetrate into her womanly core. Pressing my face more passionately into her groin, I dug my tongue in deep, delving into her sticky wetness.

"One last lesson about a cunt..." she sighed, swiveling her hips as she squirmed beneath me. She reached down to spread her lips and rubbed an erect little nub of flesh hidden near the top of her folds. "My clit..." she instructed. "It is the nerve center of the twat. You may caress it gently, and it will bring great pleasure." I did as she instructed, gently licking and nibbling at the little pink protrusion. It throbbed, pulsing with her life's blood as I teased it, nipping at it with my lips and then lovingly giving it a tender squeeze between my teeth.

"OH!" Kara gasped in response, bucking her hips. "FUCK! Yes! Right there! Now lick me more, deep inside me. Yes! There! Deeper! Deeper still! Fuck your tongue into my twat! But don't forget about my clit. Come back to it from time to time... Oh! Yes... Like that! Oh, Shit! I'm going to cum in your mouth!"

I happily did as instructed, dining on her open cunt like a starving man on a meal of roast goose. She squirmed and sighed, and would cry out every so delightfully when I would return my attentions back upon her clit. For such a small little lump of flesh, it certainly did provide her a vast amount of pleasure. I wondered briefly if I had a clit, and if so, would Kara be so kind as to tease it for me?

Suddenly Kara raised her naked legs, draping one and then the other over my shoulders. Arching her back, this served to spread her cunt even further open before me and I renewed my oral attack on the depths of her twat with great enthusiasm. I could feel her hips begin to gently sway in a rhythm, and her moans of passion became more constant. I nibbled again at her clit and gently — ever so gently — gave it a tug with my teeth. Kara responded favorably, so I rapidly flipped my tongue back and forth over the fleshy pleasure nub, causing her movements to become more urgent. She crossed her ankles behind my head, pulling me face-first into her wet, sticky pussy with an inhuman strength. I stuffed my tongue back into the quivering depths of her twat while I kept my lips focused on the stimulation of her frantically throbbing clit.

Kara shrieked in wordless passion. Had she not had my face securely trapped in her cunt with a vise-like headlock of her legs, I would have recoiled in fear. She screamed and cursed a sequence of words that even years later I am unable to recount without blushing in embarrassment. Her entire body began to tremble, and I — trapped with my face smothered into her twat — had little choice but to ride out, sucking and licking as a powerful orgasm wracked her beautiful, naked body.

The folds of her cunt convulsed, clutching fiercely at my tongue, gripping and rippling. She bucked

her hips with a grunt, and a wash of sticky fluid gushed into my open mouth. I thought for a moment she had once again favored me with a discharge of her pee, but the taste was different — wonderful — hot and sticky, musky sweet. It was my first taste of a cum-gush of a lesbian cunt, and I devoured it ravenously. It was but the first of many. With each bucking of her hips, Kara would cry out, and her twat would convulse around my fluttering tongue. The warm discharge of her sticky cunt butter would pulse from the walls of her pussy, spraying into my waiting mouth, washing over the taste buds of my eager tongue. I lost count as to how many times she did scream and buck in such a manner, spraying her syrupy discharge from her trembling vaginal folds. So violent were her thrashings that at times I would lose my purchase on her cunt and she would flail, smearing her gushing twat all over my face. I would double my effort and regain the insertion of my tongue, but in the end, I was covered from chin to eyebrows with the dripping, sticky discharge of her snatch. Finally she began to calm, her frantic fuck-thrusts beginning to slow and taper. I rode her to the very end, licking and drinking up her spendings until she at last collapsed in an exhausted state on the bed, panting desperately for breath.

She unlocked her legs from around my head and I lovingly cleaned her. Her pretty pussy hair was wet and matted, and I licked her clean, like a momma cat. Her thighs were smeared with her slippery goo, and I diligently wiped her down with my tongue, missing not a single spot. Her cunt was a veritable swamp. Her slit gaped open, revealing milky puddles of syrupy moisture inside. I slipped my tongue into her and swabbed her out. Minor after-tremors would occasionally make her twitch and moan, and she played her fingers through my cum-stained hair as I serviced and pleased the cunt of my mistress.

Lastly, I noticed that she was draining most profusely out of the bottom of her slit. A sticky trail of vaginal discharge had found its way into the tight little crack of her ass. I lovingly cleaned this also, working my tongue deep into the cleft of her cheeks. My oral digit found the wrinkled brown dimple of flesh surrounding her anus and I probed deeply, applying pressure until the tip of my tongue gained entrance into the clutching confines of her nether orifice. I ran my tongue lovingly around the inside rim of her anus, causing her to squirm and squeal with delight. Then I returned my attention to her draining pussy, trying to stem the seemingly endless tide of cum that poured from her gaping slot. About the stain on the sheets, I could do nothing. Her ass sat in a wet smear of ooze that saturated the sheets. I could only hope that they would eventually wash clean.

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## **Part 10 - On the Double**

Slowly Kara worked through a feline-like stretching on the bed, shuddering through occasional lustful after-tremors as she writhed. Then she sat up, gently lifting my face from her cunt. “Oh, Kristy, I could just lay her and let you lick me for hours, but we have a matter of vital importance to attend.” She kissed me deeply, her vaginal juices spreading from lips to hers, pulling away in long, silvery strands as we finally parted. Rising from the bed, Kara approached a small dresser and retrieved a narrow wooden box, carefully crafted with delicate details of inlaid wood. Releasing the twin brass catches, she opened the lid. Inside the box, cradled in a packing of silk wadding, was what appeared to be a long, thick sausage. Kara retrieved the item and held it up for my inspection. It appeared to be constructed of soft, supple leather, held together along the seams with very fine stitching. It was perhaps an inch in diameter and about twelve inches in total length. Each end of the thing was crowned in a flared knob, a bit broader than the shaft itself. I inspected it for a moment in confusion, and then the comparison came to me, drawing upon classical artwork I had seen. I giggled and blushed. “Oh... oh my. It looks like a... like a man’s...”

“Cock?” Kara offered, smiling. I nodded in response, recalling the term she had taught me last week.

"Very good," she noted. "It's called a dildo, my dear."

"But why does it have two identical ends?" I puzzled.

"Observe," Kara replied. Taking one end of the dildo, she carefully pressed the leathery knob against the still dripping slit of her pussy, and slowly inserted the flexible shaft into her clutching pink tunnel. She closed her eyes as the knob was enveloped by the spread lips of her cunt. After this largest portion of the knob entered her slit, her twat snuggled itself down around the smaller diameter of the cock rod. Then I watched in amazement as she eased inch after inch of the prick into the tight, humid depths of her snatch. She stopped at about half its length, leaving six inches of the flexible shaft dangling limply between her legs, held in place by the grip of her talented pussy.

"I clapped my hands together and laughed. "You have sprouted a cock!" I exclaimed with delight.

"Indeed I have," she replied, and then began a strange motion. Gently grasping the girth of the exposed leathery prick, she slowly skimmed her fingers along its length. Reaching the rounded tip, she toyed with the knob in a playful motion for a moment before sliding her slender fingers back down the length of the dildo, her fist eventually coming to rest against her wet, matted thatch of delicate pubic hair.

She then repeated the motion, closing her eyes and sighing with pleasure as she did so. It was, I decided, only an illusion that seemed to cause the dildo to grow, but it did appear to have swelled nearly half again its original diameter, and have grown several inches in length. I watched as Kara once again stroked down the length of the artificial cock. She issued another deep sigh, as if this action brought her a great amount of pleasure. I stood transfixed as she sensually caressed the length of the shaft several more times. And then finally she released it from her grip.

"How can this be?" I exclaimed in surprise. Now there could be no doubt! The prick, which first had hung limp and lifeless between her legs had now been stroked into an obvious state of erection. Once again she grasped the shaft and I could see that the fingers of her hand could not fully close around its girth. And it had miraculously continued to gain in length as well. A full ten inches of stiffened cock shaft now protruded from Kara's straining pussy. I could only imagine that the other half had swelled in a similar fashion, suggesting that a massive amount of cock was now buried into the farthest reaches of Kara's little twat. As I watched, the huge cock throbbed and twitched, seemingly come to life. A small opening was now visible at the very tip of the monstrous shaft, completing its image as a real flesh and blood organ. As I watched, a small drop of milky white fluid oozed from the tip.

"It is a magic cock?" I inquired, my mind reeling at the marvel.

"Not at all," Kara replied. "It is quite ordinary material, as such things go. As you will learn, all things are interconnected. It and I are now joined. Use your new senses and see."

She was right. I was not yet accustomed to seeing things in this new manner, but once I concentrated on effort, I could observe that the hard, bobbing cock which now sprouted from Kara's twat had the same signature pinkish aura as her pussy.

"You will learn all this — if you choose," Kara explained. "And that time of your choosing is upon you. If you agree, I will deflower you with this prick. Only a virgin taken in this manner by a master may ever truly come to understand our arts and secrets."

I gulped with fear, but then nodded that I understood. "There is no turning back if we proceed," Kara warned. "The results of our coupling may not be undone at a later time." Again I nodded.

“Understand that our mating will change your life forever. You will become my apprentice, and you will find that your friends and family will fall away from you with the passage of time. The study of our arcane ways will become your life. I will be your family, and your lover. Once you are fully schooled, you will find that you can never return to the life that you once knew.”

I did not take long to ponder. My life in this small town held little promise, and I was coming of an age where I would soon have to leave my parent’s house regardless. I looked at the thick, rigid prick and I knew for certain in my heart that it held my destiny. Removing the straps of my dress from my shoulders, I let the garment slip to the floor, exposing my naked body to Kara’s view. I nervously chewed my lower lip, but then gathered my courage and decided. “Yes Mistress, please... fuck me with your cock.”

Kara smiled and led me to the bed. At her instruction, I sat on its edge as she stood before me. Her huge leathery cock bobbed in my face like some sort of weapon. Looking at its immense size, I did not know how I could take it in. But I trusted Kara and knew she would let no harm befall me. “It will make the penetration easier if you suck on it first,” she explained. “Your spit will wet the leather and make our mating more pleasing.” She fisted the leather shaft a few inches below the end and presented the knob of the cock to my lips. I opened my mouth, washing my tongue over the tip. Kara pressed onward and I strained to open my mouth enough to grant access to the knob. My lips flared wide as it forced its entry past my front teeth with a wet ‘pop’. I tightened my lips down around the invading shaft, my tongue instinctively wriggling and exploring this strange intruder. I had expected a leathery taste, but instead the prick had an odd but not unpleasant flavor that seemed somehow familiar.

“This cock has been passed down through many generations,” Kara explained. “It has been tanned with the juices of many young virgins. The tastes in your mouth are those of the cunts of your ancestors, deflowered by this cock, just as you soon shall be. Your juices will mingle with theirs, and you will come to know their secrets.”

I sucked her deeper, feeling the knob of the cock reach the opening to my throat. Kara pushed, and I repressed a gagging reflex. Wrapping her fingers around the back of my head, Kara gently pulled me towards her. I complied, looking up at her with wide, trusting eyes as I felt the knob of cock slip into my throat. I could feel it pulse and throb in time with the pounding of her heart, gaining cadence as her arousal grew. I bobbed my head, pushing the shaft deeper with every motion. Then, lacking for air, I pulled back. The bulbous knob of the cock slid upwards out of my throat and I gasped a much-needed in-rush of air. Then Kara rolled her hips forward as she gently urged my head back towards her, fucking me in the face — using my mouth like a cunt. Now slightly experienced, I repressed my sense of panic and allowed the tip of the dildo to slither its way back into the opening of my throat. I heard Kara groan with pleasure as the shaft buried itself deeper.

The muscles in my throat worked on instinct, grasping at the invading prick and trying to swallow it downward. Kara moaned, feeling the shuddering sensation at work. Then she swiveled her naked hips, drawing herself back out as I repeated my gasp for air. My hands found their way to Kara’s hips, working their way around to the crack of her ass and sinking the fingertips deep into that warm, inviting cleft. I pulled her towards me, taking her prick down into the depths of my throat. We repeated the effort and on her fourth face-fucking stroke, my little button nose made contact with her thatch of pubic hair. My widely splayed lips kissed her pussy and I knew that that the entire exposed length of her massive cock was hilted in my pretty mouth and throat. I could smell the wetness of her cunt as she held herself fully embedded, her hips twitching. I could feel my own little pussy begin to simmer with arousal. I bobbed my head back and forth on her prick, and it seemed to swell to even greater dimensions as she groaned. But then, to my disappointment, Kara backed away, drawing her leathery shaft up out of my throat. I gave a choked squeal of protest, trying to

follow her, but she restrained me with her hands. With a wet slurp the cock slipped from my lips, trailing silvery lines of spittle between the knob and my lips. The cock shaft, freed from the confines of my mouth, bobbed and twitched, oozing a steady trickle of fluid from the opening at the tip. Kara took another step back, her breathing ragged.

“We must stop this, Kristy!” The length and girth of the cock will respond to my level of stimulation, growing ever larger with my state of arousal.” I grinned and issued an animalistic purr of delight at the thought. But Kara was the voice of reason. “I fear the shaft may already be too large to force into your virgin pussy.”

I looked at the massive shaft with an appraising eye. It had gained another two inches in length. I grasped the bobbing shaft with both hands, and found I could barely enclose its girth with the combined span of my fingers. I paused, wondering for a moment if it was possible to churn cunt cream into butter. From the looks of that ponderous piston, it surely looked up to the task. Kara appeared concerned, but I was extremely aroused, wanting — needing — every inch of that throbbing monster stuffed into my tight little virgin twat.

Kara pushed me back onto the bed. I spread my legs, awaiting my lover’s first penetration, like a virgin on her wedding night. Kara fisted the rigid prick, aiming the rounded knob towards my tight little slit. I eagerly offered assistance, taking her hand and guiding her in. The huge dildo made contact with my wet and waiting gash. With a steady pressure, Kara began to force the massive cock knob into my stretching vaginal lips. I raised my hips, giving her easier access. It was an incredibly tight fit, and I squirmed and wriggled, trying to force the seemingly impossible insertion to occur. Suddenly, with a wet ‘slurp’, the lips of my pussy opened up to welcome the cock knob into my silky pink fuck hole. I gasped, feeling but an inch or two of penetration, but already sensing that my straining little pussy was stuffed to its limits. I began to second-guess my voracious appetite, knowing now that there was no way I could ever stretch enough to take in all of Kara’s massive cock shaft. Unconcerned however, Kara pressed forward. I squealed as several inches of her prick plowed their way inside me. Panting like I was giving birth, I shook my head from side to side, hoping to change her mind. Heedless of my panic-induced state, Kara pushed again, straining, the muscles in her taunt ass cheeks flexing. Another inch of penetration was achieved, and we both felt the tip of the leathery dildo bump up against a fleshy barrier in my cunt.

“It’s all the way in!” I cautioned, knowing that she had cored her way all the way to the very depths of my pussy.

Kara laughed in response. “Silly, that’s just your cherry, your virgin barrier. Once I push through, we can really begin your fucking. There will be a moment of pain, but this will pass,” she assured me.

I nodded, chewing nervously on my lower lip. “If you have any doubts, we must stop now,” she warned. “Once you are deflowered, and I penetrate deep into your clutching depths, I fear I may not be able to restrain myself. There will be no stopping our mating then.”

I took a deep breath and then squirmed beneath her, flashing an approving smile. She grinned and then slowly began to force the head of the cock against the fleshy guardian of my twat. There was a building pressure, and suddenly a flash of pain. I cried out, feeling a tearing inside of me. Kara halted her penetration, taking a moment to soothe me and wipe the tears from my cheeks. After a few moments I assured her that I was alright, and ever so eager to continue. From that moment, the stretching pain was transformed into a wonderful twat-stuffing pleasure. Kara eased the meaty dildo out just a bit, grinding her hips, helping my quivering pussy lips adjust themselves to the enormous girth. Then she gave a slow but insistent shove, exploring uncharted territory deep within my juicy



cunt. She retreated again, and on her next down-stroke I cautiously rolled my hips upward, mirroring her motion. The flared head of her prick plundered even deeper, flaring me open as it progressed.

We fell into a rhythm. Kara withdrew the prick, now sopping wet from the generous lubrication of my twat. Then she slowly but forcefully drove it home again, pressing herself into the saddle between my naked thighs. With each penetration I would groan in delight, raising my hips to meet her thrust. With each cycled motion we gained fractions of an inch of additional penetration. Kara sighed, and I could tell she was receiving as much pleasure as she was dishing out.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of slow, gentle thrusting, back and forth, up and down, Kara gave a final push, her thighs quivering with the effort. I realized then that I could feel the tickle of her wet pubic hair against my own. She ground her hips and I could feel the lips of our slippery twats mesh, ruffled flesh slithering against ruffled flesh as our obscenely stretched pussy lips embraced in a lurid kiss.

"It's all the way in, baby," Kara whispered. I squirmed with delight, impaled on the massive shaft. Rolling her hips, Kara retreated her cock from the clutching confines of my juicy honey hole. Retracting perhaps half the available length, she then pressed herself home again. I grunted with pleasure as I was refilled. She repeated the action, but this time buried her shaft back in me quicker, more forcefully. She watched me for any signs of distress, but simply thrust my hips to meet her, and spread my legs a little wider in open invitation.

"Fuck, you're a greedy little slut!" She grunted with exertion. I nodded in eager agreement, letting my fingers trail down to grasp the pistoning prick as it slid in and out of my widely splayed fuck slot with a wet, syrupy noise. "Play with your clit!" she encouraged. I explored and found my little nub of joy, hidden in my pink folds just above the over-stretched tunnel of my twat. I rubbed the erect little stub of flesh and gasped with the pleasure that trembled through me.

I discovered that if I raised my knees, I could further open up my girlish gash to Kara's thrusting cock shaft. She began to pick up speed and urgency, and the slow, steady penetration of my straining cunt was transformed into a forceful, pounding experience. I squirmed, wrapping my legs around her bucking waist, drawing her towards me with every punishing insertion. The bed on which we rutted had begun to creak and rattle, playing in time to our ragged breathing and my whimpers of pain and pleasure as my mistress now thoroughly savaged my tender little cunt. She bore into me, over and over, reaming out my twat. Despite the churning, foaming froth of vaginal juices which bubbled from my eager little cunt, I could feel the friction begin to build within me. My strength began to fail me, but Kara seemed inhuman, pounding my soft, wet little pussy in a relentless assault.

I began to utter little gasps of pleasure as each of her driving fuck-thrusts bottomed out in my twat. The gasps turned to squeals, and I knew that a powerful orgasm would soon be coaxed from the walls of my cunt. Kara too was issuing cute little chirps of delight as she sank her cock repeatedly into my depths, hilding it full-depth in the warm, inviting sheath of my snatch. The lips of our twats ground together, meeting in a wet, obscene kiss before she withdrew and then hammered home once again. I began to squirm uncontrollably.

My loving mistress, not faltering on a single driving fuck-thrust, reached down to explore my clit. I heard and recognized the familiar humming sound, and saw that her slender fingertips were bathed in a bluish glow of light. "Oh... god!" I squealed, knowing what was coming. Her vibrating fingers found my clit and I exploded with a scream of mindless passion. My cunt convulsed around her massive leather shaft, and the pink tissues of my wide-stretched twat rippled and gripped feverishly

at the pounding prick. My pussy gripped down tightly, but it did little to impede her cyclic thrusting. My entire body quivered with each impact, my rounded tits flopping up and down in time with our rhythm. Juices gushed from the straining walls of my vaginal cavern and my creamy, naked thighs shuddered with involuntary muscle spasms. Vaginal cum frothed from my well-reamed fuck-slot, finding gaps in the imperfect seal between her massive dildo and my straining pussy lips. I shrieked again and again, my head spinning in fits of orgasmic passion. My breath came in ragged, panting gasps of desperation. The muscles in my legs, hips and tummy began to cramp, and yet still I continued to be wracked by unending waves of orgasmic spasms. Through the incoherent fog of my faltering senses, I began to doubt that I would survive this wonderful, punishing fuck session. But finally my exhaustion rescued me from my all-consuming orgasm. I collapsed, my muscles limp, desperately gasping for breath.

Kara continued to drill into my pussy, but I could tell that she too was reaching her point of no return. Her nostrils flared for air, and the sheen of perspiration coated her beautiful body. Her naked breasts bounced with each urgent fuck-thrust, matching my own jiggling fleshly tremors that her driving cock jolted into my now-spent body. Then — with a cry of delight that sounded animalistic — she lunged forward and stuffed the massive dildo into the farthest reaches of my well reamed twat, grinding her cunt mound against mine as she came. Her hips bucked in a rapid series of muscular contractions and I could see her firm tummy muscles ripple with each cum spasm that wrenched her cunt. The huge dildo, seemingly already engorged to its breaking point, swelled to even larger dimensions, causing me to cry out in dismay. And then I felt it — a powerful gush of warm, sticky fluid erupted deep within the nether regions of my twat, blasting from the tip of the leathery cock rod like a geyser! “Fu... FUCK!” Kara screamed, withdrawing almost the full length of the monstrous cock before hammering it back in to my trembling fuck sleeve as once again another violent gush exploded from the spewing end of the prick. The hot, churning fluid filled every last nook and cranny of my quivering pussy, shooting deep into my womb and gushing from my widely splayed twat lips in a frothing overspill.

Kara stroked her cock back, pulling completely out of my aching pussy. My ravished fuck tunnel gaped obscenely, stretched and battered, oozing a river of female juices. Kara grasped her massive twitching cock desperately with both hands, skimming her fingers back to the base of the shaft as she lunged forward with her hips. She cried out as she reached the end of her stroke and the cock shaft swelled in girth. A powerful jet of thick, syrupy juice burst from the tip, arching through the air. The thick, shimmering stream, splattered down onto my naked body, lathering me from head to belly in a warm, sticky coating. It soiled my hair and sprayed a liberal coating across my face. I licked my lips, savoring the taste, noting the distinctive and delightful flavor of vaginal discharge. Thick streamers of Kara’s discharge oozed their way slowly down my tits, congealing into a sticky puddle in the depths of my cleavage.

Kara cycled her hips again, stroking the quivering cock rod with her fingers. She lunged forward, aiming lower. A steaming fountain of foaming spray was launched, skimming first over my naked cunt mound and firm little belly. But then Kara brought her thundering fuck-stick down on target and blasted the remainder of stream directly into my gaping pussy. I shuddered with delight, moaning in enthusiastic response. Kara fitted the huge knob of her leather dildo back into the grasping clutches of my dripping wet twat lips. With a punishing thrust that jarred my teeth, she buried herself once again full depth, her huge cock spewing violently during the whole insertion. Her pussy lips meshed to mine and we clung desperately to each other, moaning, grinding twats and clits together as we rode out the final twitching convulsions of our orgasms.

We held each other for a long time, gently rubbing and caressing each other’s naked flesh as we whispered and giggled. The massive prick we held embedded in our cunts, savoring the afterglow as it continued to stretch us both wide open. Then, with a final passionate kiss, we parted, Kara

climbing up off of me. As she retreated, the enormous dildo was retracted from my cunt with a wet sucking sound, draining a veritable river of female fuck juices as it went. The bed beneath me was a literal swamp of girl cum. I squirmed, grinding my naked bottom in the warm, slippery mess, savoring the sensation. I looked down and giggled, running my fingers through the warm, oozing folds of my cunt. My once tight and tender slit was now a stretched, gaping twat cavern. I shuddered with a minor post-orgasmic tremor at the thought and lazily licked the syrupy discharge from my fingers.

“It will tighten back, baby, don’t you worry,” Kara assured me.

I nodded in understanding, gazing in amazement at the prick still embedded in her twat. Kara’s extreme arousal had a staggering effect on the leather dildo. It strained at the seams, threatening to burst open. I would guess its thickness at almost three inches, and its exposed length might be just shorter than my forearm. It dripped, sloppy wet with female juices, and Kara’s ruffled cunt lips strained around the girth of the other half, still embedded in the depths of her pretty little cunt. She looked down and uttered a cry of surprise. “Oh, Kristy, I’m so sorry! Gods! It’s so big... and this is your first time! Are you hurt? I’ve never seen it grow so large before!”

She looked like she was about to cry, but I assured her that I was fine. In fact, I had thoroughly enjoyed myself on the receiving end of that wild ride. Curiosity overcame me though, as to how the leather dildo could behave in such a life-like manner. How could she have jetted into my womb — like a man would impregnate his wife? Certainly this was not possible between the love of two females.

“In a manner of speaking, it is possible,” Kara corrected. “See, the dildo has a hollow channel embedded within. It travels throughout its length, opening also to the other end. It is a hidden tunnel, connecting your cunt to mine.”

I nodded slowly, trying to piece it together. Then suddenly it became clear. “So when you came, your juices pumped through the channel within the prick, gushing up into the depths of my pussy?”

Kara smiled lovingly. “Yes, my pet. The juices of my orgasm were planted deeply in your womb.”

“And when I came...” I continued, struggling to grasp it. “My juices did...”

“Yes, princess. You launched your hot pussy cum deep into my cunt. The spill of your orgasm now bubbles in my womb, even as my love seed now swirls in yours. We are joined — mated — lovers.”

“Your... your seed?” I questioned. “I thought only a man...”

“In most cases, yes, of course,” she agreed. “But we are different. Today a new witch was born, Kristy. I have impregnated you with my seed, as you did ask of me. Your body will begin to change, and you will become like me. The earlier visions I did grant you were but a glimpse into the wonders of the world. Now, as my lover, you may begin the long road of what you are to become.”

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Part 11-A - Knocking at the Back Door

I reclined on the bed, stretching like a cat, taking it all in. I was excited, and a little frightened, but most of all I was filled with a powerful sense of love and lust for this woman who had changed my life. Tired as I was, I yearned to feel her embrace again.

“So... only a virgin deflowered in such a manner by a witch may be born again as a witch?” I questioned, absently stirring a finger around in the soupy mess of my slowly closing pussy folds. Kara nodded in agreement.

“So there remains yet another deflowering before the process is complete?” I cooed, gazing deep into her eyes.

“No, my dear,” Kara corrected. “I have taken from you your virginity, and planted my seed into your womb. The change will take years to complete, but the ceremony is complete.”

“But there is yet another virginity remaining,” I argued, looking up at her with a shy glance. “Surely, to complete our coupling, you must now also take me up the ass.”

Kara laughed, her eyes sparkling. “Kristy, I don’t need to fuck you in the ass to transform you into a witch,” she assured me.

“Can you be so certain?” I purred, rolling over onto my stomach.

“It is not the way it is done,” Kara patiently explained. “Down through the centuries, this is a proven fact, and I know it to be true.”

I rose to my hands and knees, swiveling my naked rump in her direction. “But I suppose it could not hurt to try,” I countered. “Who knows what results we might uncover, if we are just bold enough to experiment.”

Kara looked down at her massive cock. It twitched in response, the knob rising a few inches as it retained a measure of its faltering rigidity. She groaned, closing her eyes. “Oh, Kristy, I’m afraid you could not withstand the strain. I have a strength and stamina far beyond your current skills, and you have been nearly exhausted from our earlier fucking...”

“It is a whole new hole, fresh and at the ready,” I teased, reaching back to spread my cheeks. “Who knows what adventures may await your cock within its dark and clutching depths.”

Kara moaned, her resistance slipping. “Kristy... you could not! It may be dangerous! Your tight little asshole excites me so. You saw the effect you had on my cock as I ravished your pussy. What would be the outcome if I were to unleash myself in your hot little asshole?”

“Ummmm...” I sighed, picturing the mental image. “I suspect that you would savage my tight little bunghole with such delights until I screamed for mercy.”

Kara continued to voice her objections, but I saw the leathery dildo, still embedded in the grip of her twat, once again twitch and swell, gaining ominously in additional length and girth.

“It would be a shameful waste,” I pointed out, “if your wonderful prick were to swell up so large while we are talking, such that it could no longer force an entry into the tight, warm confines of a girl’s bung.”

I turned away from her, allowing her to focus her full attention on my wanton little asshole. I could feel the tender little orifice pucker back and forth with excitement, beckoning to her. I circled the dimpled little opening with my middle finger, stifling a groan of pleasure as I worked the tip of the digit inside. I crooked my finger, running it around the inside of my anal rim, stretching myself in preparation.

Kara took a step towards the bed, the last of her resistance falling by the wayside. On my hands and knees, I shuddered with expectation. In my vulnerable position I felt like a dog — a bitch in heat — waiting to be mounted. I found the lewd comparison most delightful. The huge knob of Kara's cock pressed into the crack of my ass. I slipped my finger out of my anus, giving her unrestricted access. She gripped the cheeks of my ass, pressing them together, forcing me to feel the massive size of her throbbing cock. Then she spread my cheeks, exposing my winking rectum to her view.

"Hurry!" I whispered urgently, feeling the slippery-wet knob of her monstrous cock seat itself into the dimple of my rectal portal, throbbing alarmingly as the pulse of her pounding heart transmitted down the length of the twitching shaft. "Please Kara, you must hurry, before it grows to large to force it in..."

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### **Part 11-B - Fast Forward**

... I awoke in Kara's bed with her arm draped over my naked shoulder in a protective manner. We lay on our sides, comfortably nestled like two spoons in a semi-fetal position. Kara, at my back, was snuggled up tightly against me, the warmth of her skin pressed against mine. I felt her deep, contented breath washing over my back as she continued to sleep, hugging my naked form to hers. Her soft breasts pushed against my back, and her wet little patch of pubic hair tickled at my rump. As I came more awake, I became aware of a deep, satisfying pressure in my bottom. Trying to limit my movements so as not to wake my mistress, I carefully reached down and felt for the cause. The reason became quickly clear. Kara's long, leather dildo, now somewhat shrunken in her spent and exhausted sleep, was still embedded in the clutching confines of my well-reamed little ass. I could now feel the length of the flexible shaft, buried in my bowels.

I started to get up to remove the prick from my tender anal tract, but Kara stirred in her sleep in response to my jostling, and I feared that I would wake her. I realized now that the other end of the dildo was still sunk into the depths of her pink, dripping cunt, and any motions I made to remove it would likely disturb her slumber. So I gave a happy sigh and snuggled back down against her to await the end of her nap, enjoying the intimate sensation of her now semi-limp dildo up my ass.

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Part 11-C - Flashback

Slowly the details of our anal mating began to come back to me. Despite Kara's reluctance, I had obviously managed to overcome her objections and entice my mistress with the warm, tempting charms of my young and tender virgin anus.

She had resisted me at first, out of concern for my welfare. She took a hesitant step back, withdrawing the knob of her cock as it nudged against the quivering opening of my eager little shit socket. But I was not to be denied the rough anal romp that I so desperately needed. On my hands and knees on the bed, I lowered my head to the mattress, arching my back and presenting my naked rump in a shameless display.

Still she paused, but I fumbled around behind me, grasping for the large, erect shaft of her massive leather dildo. I found the bobbing end of her cock, hard as muscle and dripping wet with my slippery pussy cum. Grasping the shaft, I pulled Kara towards me. She followed my lead, groaning but offering no resistance. Fitting the knob of her cock back into its natural position in the dimple of my anus, I felt Kara's hips react with an involuntary twitch. The huge cock shaft plowed forward, trying to nose its way past the tightly clenched resistance of my rectal pucker. I could feel the shaft

tremble, bowing in the middle in response to the pressure. I pressed my hips back towards her, clenching my teeth as I desperately willed my tight little rectum to open up and welcome her into its loving embrace. I squirmed, rolling my hips, trying to force the entry of the straining knob. But alas, my hot little shitter was far too tight to envelope the massive shaft. I cried out in frustration!

Kara however found the solution. With a wet slurp she slowly tugged the full length of the massively rigid cock from the tight silky depths of her pussy. She laid the cum-drenched dildo upon the bed, adding yet another stain to the hopelessly soiled sheets. As I watched, a grin of understanding spread across my face. Freed from Kara's hot, wet cunt, the spell upon the leathery shaft was broken, reverting it back to an inanimate object. It began to writhe and then shrink, shifting back to its original proportions. In just a few moments, the straining leather prick shriveled back to a manageable size and girth. In its un-swelled form it could make a far easier entry into my stubborn little pooper.

Breathing heavily with excitement, Kara picked up the limp prick. Still wet and well lubricated from its recent wild ride in our twats, it needed no special attention to ready it for its impending insertion into the tight, humid confines of my ass. At the touch of Kara's hand, the slippery, dripping cock began to surge back to life, feeding on her intense sexual arousal. As it began to swell again, gaining length and rigidity, it was clear that speedy timing was now of the essence. "Spread your sweet little cheeks for me, baby," Kara urged in a ragged voice. "Spread them, and I'll fuck your tight little lesbian asshole for you."

I eagerly complied, dropping my face onto a pillow and pulling my firm rump apart with both hands. My pink little pussy gaped, still wet and dripping, and my asshole was presented fully exposed and at the ready. Kara — normally a playful tease — quickly pressed the semi-soft leathery cock knob against the puckered opening to my bung. My ass crack was still slick and wet from our earlier coupling, and the entire dildo was shimmering with a liberal coating of our combined vaginal wetness. Kara fumbled several times, both of us giggling nervously as she struggled to maintain a grip on the slippery leather shaft.

Suddenly I gasped as I felt the protective gateway to my rectum blossom open. The bulbous end of the pussy-slickened cock shaft popped right into my virginal little bottom! I mewled with delight, clutching at the cum-stained bed sheets with both hands. A groan of passion escaped my lips as Kara slowly forced several inches of the semi-stiff shaft into the protesting depths of my quivering colon. I sobbed with delight, realizing now that the sensation of a cock up my tight little girlish asshole was so much more amazing that I had even imagined it. I felt so vulnerable, so stuffed, so completely, utterly... fucked."

Kara left me in that position for a moment, allowing my hot, tight anal tract a chance to adjust to the ass-stretching girth of the dildo. But to our surprise, this proved to be a futile effort. Grasped within the clutching confines of my anal tract, I felt the dildo swell and lengthen. It bobbed and twitched, quickly gaining a more rigid state of erection. Kara looked on in amazement. "You're controlling the prick!" she exclaimed. "You are but a novice, and yet it responds to you!" I nodded with excitement, feeling the shaft continue to swell.

Kara moved into position behind me. Taking the other end of the leathery shaft, she readied herself to once again welcome her half of the slippery cock into her cunt. She closed her eyes, playing her end of the prick against her pink, ruffled twat lips. With a subdued whimper of anticipation, she slipped the rounded knob inside herself. Straining my neck to look behind me, I saw her soft, wet pussy lips spread to engulf the wet, brown bulb, and then snug down tight around the still-growing girth of the slippery cock shaft. Thus embedded, the shaft bridged between us, cunt to asshole, joining us together.

Already the shaft of the cock had swollen back to alarming proportions. But now, securely embedded in the steamy confines of my bowels, there was nothing my little rectal portal could do to resist. I could feel it strain around the thick diameter of the cock, the wrinkled little pucker spread wide and open.

On her knees on the bed, Kara maneuvered behind me. I too rose up, kneeling erect on the bed. Kara's arm enveloped me from behind, her hands caressing my naked tummy and then working their way up to cup a naked, heaving breast. Her breath, hot and anxious, washed across me as she nuzzled the back of my neck, kissing me. She reached down with her other hand, grasping the exposed length of cock shaft in between us. Embedded several inches into my tight little ass, I felt the prick pulse and swell a bit more in response to her touch.

"Not yet... not yet... not yet..." Kara whispered to herself under her breath. I knew she was concentrating fiercely, working to keep the massive cock shaft from swelling too much in length and girth prematurely. She faced an uphill battle as I felt my rectal tract flutter, rippling up and down the length of the partially embedded shaft. Lacking Kara's experience, I could feel my sexual energy flow uncontrolled into my portion of the prick and it twitched and bucked with seemingly a mind of its own. But she managed to keep the cock under control, holding it to a yet manageable size. From prior experience, I knew that much greater size and hardness were yet to come.

Kara then settled into a slow, gentle rocking motion, sensuously rolling her hips back and forth. With each tender, loving movement, I could feel just another fraction of an inch of the lengthy cock shaft being urged into my bottom. I began to mirror her efforts, swaying my hips fore and back, timed to meet her every forward push. Together, rolling our hips, we ever so gently worked to embed the incredible length of the leathery prick up my ass.

Gazing back over my shoulder, I saw Kara still had her eyes closed, a bead of sweat on her brow, concentrating on still restraining the potentially monstrous prick to reasonable dimensions. It was a slowly losing battle however, as I could feel the leathery shaft continue to expand, stretching my quivering anal pucker to its apparent limits, and nosing the rounded knob of the throbbing prick ever deeper into my anal fuck sleeve. I looked back at her as we continued our slow rolling dance of lesbian lust. I knew then, with absolute certainty, that I had fallen hopelessly in love with this woman, this witch, and that my life would never be the same.

Finally Kara's rolling hip thrusts closed the gap between us. She slid her hands down to my hips, pulling me tight against her. The firm, rounded cheeks of my naked rump pressed flat against her groin, and I groaned as the last remaining inches of the slippery cock shaft eased their way into my straining asshole. Kara's pussy bulged around the diameter of the prick, her wet, swollen pubic mound pressed into the crack of my ass. Her soft thatch of pubic hair tickled the tender skin of my rear and I knew that my lover's massive dildo was now fully embedded within me.

Her hands slipped back up my tummy, then travelled upward, cupping my naked breasts, her fingers finding and pinching my aching, rigid nipples. I arched my back, pressing my tits into her hands. Her lips nuzzled me from behind, and I felt her breath, hot and ragged in my ear.

"Take my huge cock in your hot little ass, you tight fucking bitch!" Kara hissed with passion.

I knew she was losing control. Her pussy was feeding an enormous amount of sexual energy into the cock and my snug little asshole rippled up and down the other half of our mutual prick, feeding it raw, undisciplined power as well. Her ability to restrain the size of the monstrous prick was faltering.

"Please... Fuck me..." I moaned. "Please Kara... give me all of it. My tight little asshole needs your huge, wonderful cock!"

She issued a lustful, animalist growl. Pushing me down onto my hands and knees, she slowly withdrew the dildo from my anus. It slid from the clutching grip of my anal tract with a hot, grinding friction that nearly drove me insane. I hissed in response, gritting my teeth. The knob of the cock pulled back, reaching the clutching grip of my anal orifice. I could feel the tender, straining flesh distend outward, feverishly gripping the cock knob, unwilling to release it from my loving embrace.

I felt her stroke her hand along the exposed length of the leathery shaft, sighing as she so. The tip of her cock trembled within the quivering opening of my anus, and then the prick began to swell alarmingly. Kara had finally released the last of her mental restraint on the prick and it responded to the pent up sexual energy. It jerked within me as it continued to enlarge, stretching my poor little anal orifice beyond what I thought was possible.

Kara grabbed a handful of my hair, jerking my head upright. I gave a started gasp, seeing for the first time the primitive sexual animal that lurked within her. "Tell me you want it, baby," she urged in a husky voice. "Tell me you need it, hard and deep!"

I wiggled my ass in eager response. "I do!" I assured her through clenched teeth. "Please Kara, hurry! Fuck your huge cock up my tight little shitter!"

"Shameless whore!" she accused.

"Yesssss!" I agreed in a passionate exclamation. The dildo throbbed in response, still just lodged with its knob just inside my widely splayed little anal orifice.

"Lesbian bung-hole slut!" she barked.

"Only for you," I assured her with a whimper. Her cock swelled further in appreciation, stretching, throbbing, a menacing threat, poised to launch.

"You twat-licking, ass-fucking lesbian cunt hole!" She growled, pressing her massive cock into the depths of my eager little shit socket. She was huge! I bit my lower lip against the pain but rolled my hips to meet her as she bore into me. A hot, burning sensation filled my bowels as she drove the huge leather shaft into my anus. It was way too much prick, in far too tight of an ass, but still I took her, greedily, joyfully. She stuffed my colon full to the brim in a single, savage thrust. I grunted as she bottomed out, mashing her pubic mound against my wide spread rump, holding herself there, fully hilted. The only sounds in the cabin were her ragged breathing and me, quietly sobbing with a mixture of pain, disgrace, and my new-found passion for lesbian butt-fuck lust.

Kara withdrew the length of the quivering cock. My hot, clutching asshole gripped at the retreating shaft, fighting to retain each precious inch. I could feel every seam, stitch, and leathery bump of imperfection caressing the tender tissues of my anal tract. I groaned, now sensing only the very tip of the leathery cock knob gripped inside my tight little rectal portal. Kara sighed and stroked her hand along the length of the shaft. With a hard tug she forcefully pulled the remainder of prick from my ass, leaving me gaping and empty. I cried out in protest. She fulfilled my lecherous urges, plunging the knob of the cock back into me with a rough insertion. I grunted, taking her, wanting even more. She pulled back again, a wet 'pop' resounding as the cock knob once again escaped the desperately grasping embrace of my anus. I reached behind me, spreading my cheeks with both hands, tears of passion streaming down my face.

"Play with your pussy," Kara urged breathlessly. I dropped a hand between my legs and slipped two

fingers into my tight, pink slit. Pressing my digits between the puffy lips, I found the eager, dripping cavern of my cunt, finger-fucking myself as my mistress commanded.

“Eeeeeiiiiiii!” I shrieked as Kara plunged her cock back into up my upturned asshole, riding the full length of the massive shaft into me in a single, savage stroke. I buried my face in the pillow, screaming with lust. She bottomed out, knocking the wind out of my lungs. I collapsed on the bed under her impact and Kara fell on top of me with a grunt. Wrapping her arms around me, she rolled onto her back, taking me with her. I lay on top of her as she cupped my naked breasts and settled into a hard, steady cycle, fucking the enormous dildo full length, in and out of my quivering butthole.

At her urging, I spread my legs outside of hers and raised myself into a half-seated position. Straddled thus atop my mistress, facing her feet, my open butt cheeks poised above her groin. The power and urgency of her thrusting hips continued to build. The dildo seemed to swell to even larger dimensions, but my poor little asshole was now beyond offering any resistance, regardless of the impossible size of the shaft. She lunged upward with her hips, over and over, hammering the unimaginably enormous cock shaft into my eager bunghole. Crying out with intense pleasure, I found my pussy with shaking fingers and slipped them inside my swampy, trembling cunt mound.

Kara — her breaths coming in desperate, ragged gasps — fucked me up the ass, hard and deep like she knew I needed. I gritted my teeth against the jarring impact, feeling my tits and ass cheeks quiver with each merciless, plundering thrust. Never had I felt so exposed, so used, so sexy, and so completely, fully fucked! Slipping my fingers from my draining cunt, I gripped the sheets on either side, supporting myself, arching my back as Kara reamed my tender backside with ever-growing enthusiasm. I bounced on her pumping hips and my firm, round titties flopped in time with each punishing anal fuck thrust.

Then, with a loud groan, Kara lunged upward with her hips, fucking the entire length of the straining cock rod into my rippling bunghole. The dildo swelled in my ass and I felt the first hot jet of her scalding pussy cum launch into the furthest reaches of my bowels. Again and again she thrust and jerked, each time firing a frothing eruption of lesbian cunt cream to sooth my tormented anal depths.

Feeling my anal tract begin to swell as she pumped me full, I came as well, crying out as I felt my pussy and asshole spasm and convulse with orgasmic delight. I screamed with unrestrained passion as I felt my cunt clench feverishly and discharge a fountain of shimmering twat cream from my soft, pink tissues. The wet gush exploded from my plump little twat, splattering across the bed and rushing down between my wide-spread thighs to rain down on Kara’s thrusting loins in a warm, sticky mess. I came again, my pussy and asshole nearly cramping with the savage intensity as another wet pulse of my cunt juice erupted from my gaping vaginal slot. Pumping my hips in frantic motions, I came again and again, crying out with delight as gush after gush of hot, wet pussy sauce streamed from my trembling, sopping cunt.

Finally the tides of our orgasms began to ebb. Our frantic motions eased to a sensual rolling of our hips as Kara continued to slowly, lovingly, fuck me up my pretty little asshole. She rolled me onto my side, spooning herself in behind me. I felt her lips nuzzle my ear, whispering passionate nothings to me as she gently eased the massive cock rod back and forth in my trembling, ravished rectal tract. Exhausted and satisfied at last, I smiled to myself, my lover’s leather dildo still sensually easing its way slowly in and out of my tired little butt. I drifted off to sleep as Kara’s motions finally ground to a halt, lost in the notion that lesbian bunghole sex is indeed the finest form of love there is...

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## Part 12 - More Lessons Learned

Later, as I slowly came awake, I savored those pleasant memories. Although deeply satisfied at last, I winced at the feeling of soreness in my bottom, and could say in no uncertain terms that I had certainly been treated to a stern riding lesson. We appeared to have fucked each other literally senseless, and had upon our orgasms, fallen unconscious in this loving embrace.

A soft, tickling kiss on my shoulder told me that Kara was now also coming awake. She groaned, rubbing her eyes. Lazily tracing random patterns on my taunt, naked tummy with the tips of her fingers, she gently ground her hips against my rump, manipulating the now flaccid dildo buried in our worn-out fuck tunnels. I groaned, thinking for a moment she might once again stir the massive beast to life. But she appeared to be as fucked out as I, abandoning the effort after a few lackluster moments.

At last I rose, pulling away from her and dragging the lifeless dildo out of my ass. We had not managed to determine whether there was any actual magical benefit obtained from her fucking me up the ass, but I grinned, knowing that it was not a wasted effort. I was sure it was an experiment we would eagerly look to repeat again and again in the times to come.

Kara joined me, rising from the bed. I watched with keen interest as she carefully withdrew the now spent dildo from her cunt. Her juices dripped freely from her open gash, trailing down the insides of her smooth, milky thighs. She gazed into my eyes. "You are indeed a most promising — and enthusiastic — student," she complimented. "I will teach you many things, including the mastery of this leather cock. Perhaps one day you will take me up the ass in kind.

I blushed and nodded, swearing to pursue this task most diligently.

I turned and found a mirror. I was a wreck! My hair was a disheveled mess and my entire body felt as it were coated with the sticky spendings of Kara's twat. From a bowl and pitcher of water, we cleaned ourselves up. Employing a pair of washcloths, we tenderly wiped each other, leaving no crack or crevice unattended. It may have been quicker had we each simply attended to our own needs, but as I washed her pretty little cunt, and she applied a soothing, balmy lotion to the tender skin of my anus, I was convinced that this was by far the most enjoyable way to complete one's personal hygiene chores.

I was not surprised to find that it was already the middle of the afternoon. We had fucked away most of the morning, and the exhausted nap which followed had brought us well past lunch. It almost felt odd to be clothed in Kara's presence, but we donned our dresses nonetheless, and spent the rest of the afternoon in the forest. Under her instruction, we explored once again the strange and exciting lights and energies that shone from everywhere. I could sense a change had taken place within me. I found the energies of the forest did no longer slip uncontrolled from between my fingers. Instead they came to my bidding, although in a crude and clumsy manner when compared to Kara's finely honed skills of magical manipulation.

She explained to me some of the basics of the craft. "In its simplest essence, all things material — alive or not — draw their force from a single source. This energy however, as you can see, may manifest itself in a multitude of forms. Obviously a tree is different from a rock, and a bird has little in common with a worm."

"Except that the bird may eat the worm," I blurted.

"Exactly, yes, very good. The bird eats the worm, and thus consumes its life force. What was a worm now gives strength to a bird."

I pondered this. She continued. "Like forces attract and gather like forces." Where there is one tree, soon there are many. Where there is but a single bird, others will soon follow, drawn together by a force they can not resist. Water will flow into other water, and even the stones of the earth do group together, forming the mountains."

"So all like things tend to draw together," I restated, struggling with the information. "So why are there mountains here, but not there? Why is there not one huge flock of birds, but instead there are many? Why, over time, have not all like things merged into one?"

"Ah, you have discovered the other side of the circle," Kara explained. "It is called the cycle of power. Do birds or the trees live forever?" I shook my head that they did not. "Even as they grow, they are dying. This is the way of all natural things. The power — the magic, if you will — that sustains the existence of all things is a restless force. Even as it is gathered, it wants to escape and seeks its freedom. Thus, all things are created, exist, and then fade from existence. The bird will die, the tree will fall and decay, and even the mighty rocks and mountains will, over time, be ground away to sand and dust by the ceaseless winds and rains.

"It is all very sad," I observed. "All our time is limited by this cycle."

"Perhaps, yes," Kara replied. "Tell me, how old do you think I am?"

I looked her over with an appraising eye. Her skin was soft and smooth, and her long dark hair shone with a healthy luster. There was not hint of wrinkles or grey. I had assumed that since she spoke in such a wise and mature manner that she must be at least thirty years of age. But now, looking at her again, I realized that she could not be much older than twenty, and stated this as my opinion.

"Just a little older than that, my dear," she replied with a secretive smile. "I was born in Spain in the year 1378. I have seen the passage of well over four centuries."

I gasped and staggered back from her in shock. "How can this be?" I trembled.

"It can be because I — and now you also — sustain ourselves off this magical life force. We are ageless, Kristy, outside of the cruel ravishes of time. If you are not killed — or simply become bored with your existence — you can live forever."

My mind reeled, and Kara sensed this. "Perhaps this is too much for you too quickly," she apologized. "Come, let us experiment more with some simple tasks, and you will gain a wider understanding in the years to come."

I nodded in agreement, gazing at her in wide-eyed wonder. She directed me through some simple exercises and I found that by the end of the day I was mentally exhausted but could — with great effort — begin to bend these magical energies in clumsy and simple manners to do my bidding.

"Always work with the strength of the energy," she instructed. "If the result you seek requires strength, then draw upon the forces in the trees and stones. The tree has no speed. If that is what you seek, look to the birds, or better yet, the wind. All these forces can be warped to serve your goals, but how much effort you must expend will depend on the degree of change you wish to affect. Start with something similar to the desired result and the effect you can achieve will be much greater. It will be your creativity in finding and weaving the most appropriate and efficient source of power for the task at hand that will ultimately determine your proficiency in these arts."

The remaining hours of the day flew by, and all too soon Kara announced that I should once again

have to leave her forest and return to my home, so as to not arouse suspicion and alarm. "Practice," she lectured. "Practice until you are sick of it, and then practice more. You may return again in one week's time, and I will reveal to you more of what I have to offer."

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Part 13 - The Villain Rears Her Pretty Head

I was sad to be sent away, and tried to seduce her into another romantic encounter in order to prolong my stay, but she held firm. "I have years and years to fuck your wonderful little body, Kristy. One week's wait will only make our next encounter so much sweeter." With a long, passionate kiss, and a playful swat on my rear, she sent me on my way. The forest path closed in behind me as I left, and soon I found myself once again on the familiar country lane outside the woods, heading home for supper.

I found over the next week that my appetite had waned. Not even my favorite foods could entice me. I ate to maintain appearances, but enjoyed it not at all. There was a hunger in my belly, but no food could seem to satisfy it. I put this off as my love-sick pining for Kara, and could not wait to be reunited with her, several days hence. I practiced diligently the exercises that Kara had taught me. Every spare waking moment which I found myself alone, I tinkered with the magical energies I found around me. Over that week, my father became quite exasperated with my actions. He presumed me to be day-dreaming, and chastised me again and again to keep my focus on my tasks as I helped him mind his store. However, all his worldly concerns now struck me as mundane, and could gain no hold on my attention. A whole new world had been opened for my explorations and...

"Hello! Miss Miller! Yes, hello! Will you be tending the store today?" grated a voice, snapping me back to the here and now. Lisa-Marie Jenkins stood before the counter in my father's store, hands on her hips, looking quite put out — as she always did. "I said," she repeated, "that I might be convinced to buy these lace napkins, but frankly your price is quite outrageous. What do you intend to do about it?"

"I intend to put them back in their wrapping, and bid you good day, Mrs. Jenkins," I replied quietly, barely restraining the contempt in my voice. I hated this bitch with a bitter passion, and she well knew it. I pitied her poor husband, married to this foul-tempered abomination. She was a pretty girl, no one could argue that. But she had an inner ugliness that managed to shine through nonetheless. This was all the more obvious to me now as I was able to observe her nasty, writhing aura of ill.

She huffed, grabbing the lacework from my hands and fishing out her money. "I'll take them, but I won't be happy about it, you know!"

"Well, that's only to be expected," I countered.

She glared at me, picking up on the insult. She glanced around the store, noting the few other customers browsing the goods. She leaned in close over the counter and whispered hatefully, "I saw you coming out of those witch's woods again, young missy. What's your business there?"

"Surely you're mistaken," I countered, my face flushing in response to my lie. "We all know those woods are no place for a proper young lady like myself."

"Mistaken I am not!" she hissed in an undertone. "Take you care, Missy, 'cause I'm a-watchin' you." She warned, turning on her heels and stalking out of the store. I seethed, glaring holes in her departing backside. There are people in this world who never seem to get their just deserts, and yet this only served to encourage them to ever greater levels of unpleasantness. She was their elected

queen. What a Bitch!

The remaining days passed with no additional misadventures. I was all a-jitter as the end of the week drew near, anxious to show Kara how well I had been practicing. The basic energy control exercises she had shown me — so difficult at first — now came easily, and I was eager to continue my education. I rushed out the door near dawn for my weekly “walk” with barely a word of goodbye to my concerned parents. “Pack a lunch, Kristy!” my mother called after me, but I had no interest in food, and only wanted to be on my way. There was a spring in my step, as well as a desperate itch in my loins now that my reunion with Kara was close at hand.

I hurried down the now familiar lanes and shortcuts, and stepped up my pace into a quick trot by the time the woods were in sight. I broke into a run, my feet seeming to fly over the ground at an unnatural speed. Laughing, I broke into the cooling gloom of the forest shade and then slowed to a walk, marveling once again with my magical vision at the beautiful sights of the wooded environment.

The forest path wound and twisted, purposely and protectively deceptive, but I easily found my way to the clearing and Kara’s secret house. She sat on the porch swing, waiting for me. She smiled, her face beaming. “Such a headlong rush to see me this morning,” she noted as I ascended the few creaking wooden stairs of the porch. You must be tired and thirsty. Shall I get you a drink?”

“Tired I’m not,” I replied in a chipper voice. “I feel like I could sail on the wind, or run with the deer of the woods!” Then I glanced up shyly at her. “A refreshing drink would be nice though.”

Kara began to rise from her porch swing. “I’ll get you a…”

But I stopped her, gently pushing her back down in her seat and settling to my knees in front of her. I lifted the hem of her skirt, bunching the material and moving it out of the way. “Ill take my drink right here, I think,” I purred, raising her skirt to expose her naked pussy.

Kara looked concerned. “You have not lost your powers, have you? Else there would be no need to drink from me again. What has happened?”

Pressing my face between her thighs, I gave her pink little slit a teasing lick with the tip of my tongue. “My powers are quit intact, Mistress,” I assured her. “Can’t a girl simply get a nice drink after such a long and thirsty trip?”

“You understand this will serve no further purpose,” Kara explained.

“Oh, I think it serves a wonderful purpose,” I countered. “Does it not provide you much needed relief to empty a full and pressing bladder? And am I not ever so thirsty to taste you once again? So it also serves to quench my burning need.”

“Piss-slut,” Kara grinned, wriggling her hips to tug her dress out from under her ass, and shifting forward in the porch swing so that her pretty little twat overhung the edge.

“Absolutely,” I agreed, positioning myself between her naked thighs and looking up at her with expectation. “Your slut, to use and abuse, as my Mistress sees fit.”

“Indeed?” she replied with an intrigued tone. “Then open your dress, so that I might gaze upon your wonderful tits.” I complied, pulling down the top of the garment and allowing my breasts to spill free of their confinement. Kara sighed and rubbed her pussy. A stream of her steaming yellow nectar began to spray from her slit, hosing her golden pee down onto my naked, heaving breasts, drenching

the top of my dress. I gasped, arching my back as her powerful gush splattered freely across my naked chest, forming a rushing torrent which raced down into crevice of my cleavage. A warm stain of girl urine soaked the tight, confining garment around my belly, spreading rapidly. Then her yellow stream of pee stuttered to a halt. I moaned, running my hands over my dripping wet tits, squeezing the fleshy mounds and teasing the rigid nipples with my fingers.

“Still thirsty?” she teased, sensuously rubbing a slender finger through the wet folds of her twat. I nodded eagerly. She removed her teasing finger as I leaned forward to place an open-mouthed kiss on her cunt, sealing her lips to mine. She willed her stream to continue, and warm, wonderful torrent of golden girl piss flooded into my mouth. I gulped her down as she squirmed and pissed, emptying her bladder down my throat. Then — all too soon — it was over, and her body had no more urine left to offer. I licked her clean and pulled back from her pussy, wiping the remaining wetness off my lips and chin with the back of my hand. Still on my knees between her open thighs, I gazed up lovingly into her eyes.

Suddenly I felt her body tense, and she was struck with a far-away look, studying something I could not discern. “What is it?” I inquired, but she held up her hand, requesting silence.

She looked down at me. “You have brought a friend this morning,” she stated with a frown.

“What? No. I came alone. I have told no one of our visits, Mistress,” I countered, looking around but failing to see this interloper.

“Look deeper into the forest... there,” Kara instructed. “Remember, use your new vision.” I concentrated, but then shook my head, seeing nothing but the trees and dense brush. “Look though, not at,” she advised. “Peel the layers and pierce the veil.”

Instructed in this manner, I looked again, staring intently in the direction she pointed. My line of sight encountered the tree line at the edge of the clearing, but I mentally pushed it away. More trees lay beyond, but I passed through them as if brushing aside a curtain. I willed my vision through the woods in a dizzying rush, and suddenly, as the last layer parted before me, I saw a rider astride a large black stallion. Lost in the purposely winding maze of false forest paths and blind detours, horse and rider turned in my direction. “Lisa-Marie Jenkins!” I seethed in rage, “that nosy, no-good, nasty bitch!”

“Fucking cunt!” I growled. “She must have followed me. She was on me just the other day, saying she saw me coming from the forest, and now this morning she must have trailed me here. What are we going to do?”

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## **Part 14 - Switching Things Up**

“We shall deal with her in good time,” Kara promised, regaining her tone of calm. “The maze of the forest will keep her trapped until we are ready for her. But as for you, do you see the dangers that may arise when you grow careless?” I nodded glumly, distressed that I had disappointed my mistress. “You now possess sight and senses beyond mere mortal understanding, yet you let this clumsy cow trail and trap you?”

“Kara... I’m sorry,” I stuttered. “I...”

“Hush! Don’t speak, just listen,” she interrupted. “I am not angry with you, little one, but you must be taught to be more vigilant. Such carelessness could bring ruin upon us both. You have

endangered my home, and perhaps even our lives if this nosy twat goes prattling her gossip about the town. Do you understand this?"

I sniffled and nodded sadly, anguished that I had so failed my mistress.

"Brighten up, my dear," she cheered. "This is but an opportunity for you to learn new lessons. Before evening falls today, believe that you will truly know what it means to be a witch."

She rose from her porch swing. "Remove your dress now Kristy. I think you'll find no further use for it today." Eager to make up for my transgressions, I quickly removed the piss-soaked garment and my shoes without question, leaving me standing naked. "Now then, my pet," she said, handing me a small knife, "would you be so kind as to go find and cut me a short sprig of willow branch. Find me one as long as your arm, and thinner than your little finger, if you please, strong and supple. Then we shall proceed with the first of today's lessons."

I took the knife and hurried off, eager to make amends and find her the perfect specimen. A brief search revealed a large willow tree. Using my special Sight, I selected and carefully cut the required sprig, chosen particularly for its strong, stout magical aura. Then I hurried back to Kara's house in the clearing, glancing about me as I went in the hopes that I would not encounter Lisa-Marie as I dashed about naked in the forest.

I returned with the small branch and found Kara in the clearing in front of her house, busy with a large wooden barrel. I inquired if she needed any help, but she ignored my question and instead instructed me to carefully trim the leaves and strip the bark off the willow branch. I attended this task as Kara dumped the heavy barrel onto its side. Long wooden skids were bolted through the staves along two quarter-points, serving to stop the barrel from rolling. The contraption seemed purpose-built, but to what ends I could not yet fathom.

I completed my assignment and handed Kara the stripped off willow branch. She inspected my efforts, appearing satisfied with my handiwork. "Sit yourself down upon the toppled barrel, Kristy. Straddle it as if you were riding a horse." I complied, spreading my naked legs over the huge girth of the wooden barrel diameter. As I notice earlier, the two stout wooden skids secured along the bottom prevented it from rolling, providing me a secure platform.

"Now bend forward, if you please."

I leaned forward, laying myself down along the top of the barrel, only able to reach the ground on either side if I pointed and extended my toes. I lay face-down, riding along the barrel's length. I wrapped my arms around its wooden staves, and clenched it with my inner thighs, steadying my position. Its large diameter spread my legs wide open, and my naked little cunt and asshole were in plain sight to see.

"Now," Kara instructed. "YOU. WILL. NOT. MOVE." She issued the words in a quiet, calm tone, but they thundered through my mind nonetheless. I flinched, stung by the power of the command. As I twitched, I found my arms and legs locked in place, no longer under my control. In a growing panic, I attempted to rise up off the barrel, but my efforts proved in vain. I was locked onto the barrel as securely as if bound by iron bands. I cried out in fear, attempting to thrash myself free, but my body refused to obey.

Kara knelt behind me. I felt a small blush of embarrassment as I realize how exposed and vulnerable I was to her intimate gaze. My restrained position spread my legs and the cheeks of my rump wide open, and my little fuck holes felt obscenely visible. I gasped as I felt a cool liquid dribbled onto the small of my back, feeling it slowly ooze its way down the crack of my ass. The syrupy stream

slithered downward, trailing over the tight little pucker of my anus, and then soaked the plump, pouting flesh of my tender cunt mound.

"A scented oil," Kara explained, spreading the lotion around my groin and over the cheeks of my upturned rump with her fingers. I moaned at the touch but was powerless to move in response. Kara retrieved the slender twig I had cut and trimmed for her. She inspected the smooth surface of the wood, stripped of leaves and bark as she had requested. "It is a fine job you did on this switch, Kristy. I think it will serve us well in today's lesson," she praised as she slid the very tip of the whip-like branch through the ruffled lips of my tight little pussy slit. The probing wooden tip toyed with the opening to my cunt, and I felt the lips of my pink, pretty fuck clam unfurl in welcome response.

Then suddenly what she said began to dawn on me. A switch? She could not mean... I was most certainly too old for a spanking! There comes a point in a girl's life when a bare-assed switching is no longer appropriate! I began to struggle, but the effort was futile as my arms and legs refuse to release their straining grip on the large wooden barrel. "Kara?" I trembled, tears beginning to well up in my eyes. "Please... do not! I'll be more careful in the future! I swear it! I promise! Please!"

"Shhhhh, Baby," Kara hushed. "This is a lesson which must be taught Kristy. And it is only in small part a punishment for your carelessness, as you will come to learn."

I continued to whine and plead, but this fell on deaf ears. I willed my arms and legs to respond, but could not break the paralyzing mental barrier that Kara had placed upon me. I felt the tip of the willow switch gently prod my wrinkled anus. My little pucker could offer no resistance to the slender tip of the twig, and Kara slipped the end of the willow sprig up my fearfully quivering butthole. Goosebumps blossomed on the creamy skin of my thighs as she rolled the shaft of the slender switch between her fingers. I clenched my teeth, feeling the flexible wooden tip slowly, teasingly, rotate back and forth in the clutching entryway to my shitter. My tight, tender brownie hole began to throb, nipping at the end of the twig, clearly exposed to Kara's gaze.

"You really do enjoy things up your hot little butt, do you not, my pet?" She teased. I bit my lower lip and nodded, finding that my paralysis extended only to those muscles that kept me firmly perched in my humiliating position straddled atop the barrel.

She withdrew the tickling switch from my rectum and I moaned, desperate to feel its return. She leaned in and planted a loving kiss on my pulsing rectal opening and I cooed with delight. The she eased back away from me and with a sharp snap of her wrist, brought the willow switch down, raising a stinging welt on the naked flesh of my rump. It was precisely delivered, not hard enough to break the skin, yet stung with an excruciating bite. I shrieked in a mixture of shock, pain and outrage. The muscles of my body clenched of their own accord and I rose perhaps an inch or two off the barrel before my mental bonds caught and restrained me once again.

I gulped an inrush of air, panting desperately as the sting of the lash slowly faded to a dull throb. Then the second strike of the switch was landed, crossing my other rump cheek with a similar red welt, causing me once more scream and strain against my traitorous muscles. Tears leapt to my eyes and I sobbed out loud in dismay! A third blow quickly landed, a light, stinging touch of the very tip of the speeding switch, skillfully aimed at the tender no-mans-land of flesh between my cunt and asshole. I howled in protest! My legs flexed and quivered, seeking to defensively close the open cheeks of my ass. The barrel creaked with the strain, but my vulnerable position held firm.

Tears streamed from my eyes as Kara raised yet another angry welt, drawn diagonally across the protruding mound of my lovely little pussy. My head spun with the pain and I sobbed in a desperate panic. I bucked again, seeking to somehow escape my fate, but I rode the barrel without relief.



Stars burst across my vision as the switch landed with a sharp, audible “crack”

willow wood biting into sensitive anal flesh. I issued high-pitched squeal of anguish, my breath coming in short, ragged bursts. My wrinkled little asshole puckered and clenched, open and closed in rapid succession, attempting to shake off the burning sting on its tender brown skin. I began to cry in earnest, not knowing when or how this would end.

“You feel the pain?” Kara inquired calmly, as if discussing afternoon tea.

“FUCK! Yes! Of course!” I sobbed. What was she thinking?

“It is just a signal from your body,” Kara explained. “It is no different than hunger, fear, or even lust. It is the same as passion, the same as pleasure.”

“This is NO pleasure!” I assured her, anger flooding my voice.

In response, Kara landed a fresh slash across my cunt mound, earning another shriek from me. “Let it become pleasure, Kristy. Control your mind. Take the pain, transform it to passion.” Her hot breath washed over my widely splayed backside. I felt her tongue spread my cunt, delving inside, licking and probing. Then she withdrew, and washed over the raised red welt that branded the mound of my twat. The nerves of my flesh stood on end, tingling with her oral caress that she laid over the stinging agony. I moaned in response, finding I could grind my hips just a fraction of an inch. I worked my inner thighs against the rough grain of the wooden barrel, quivering as the sensations raced through me.

Kara withdrew, then planted another well-aimed lash of the sizzling willow switch across my cunt, raising a second welt, a twin to the first. It burned like fire for an instant, but then her loving tongue was back, licking and soothing, washing over the pain and nibbling at the ruffled lips of my twat. I groaned, pleasure and pain blending indistinguishably. Straining, I found a fraction more of freedom to my movements, allowing me to grind the achingly rigid nub of my fleshy clit against the top of the barrel.

I felt her hand gently rubbing my cunt, and then Kara inserted herself, hilding a single finger to the last knuckle in a single, smooth motion. I sighed with pleasure at the unexpected insertion. “Good girl, Kristy. God, you’re so fucking wet! Your little cunt is dripping with your sweet honey. You begin to see how pain can be turned to pleasure?”

I paused, uncertain, but the swelter of gathering moisture in my pussy was impossible to deny. I nodded as I felt her thumb trail along one of the welts on my cunt. The stinging, protesting flesh sung at her touch and I began gain a glimmer of understanding that pain or passion might be merely a matter of perception.

She withdrew her finger from my twat and then brought the dripping digit to bear on my suffering anus. The tormented flesh flinched at her intimate touch, but then opened in invitation. She slipped her finger into my rectum, fucking it slowly in and out of my ass. I began to pant with desire. She withdrew her finger and carefully placed her thumb and forefinger on either side of my pussy. In this manner she was able to spread her fingers, opening the lips of my twat, exposing the soft pink flesh inside. My asshole puckered with excitement, pulsing open and closed in a rapid series of contractions.

“Pain is pleasure,” she reminded me. I nodded and steeled myself as I heard the switch whistle as it cut through the air. It viciously stung the gaping flesh of my pussy with a wet ‘snap’. I bucked my hips and moaned, but did not cry out. “Good!” Kara urged. Another lash, again landed with

incredible precision between the open lips of my cunt, the tip nipping viciously into the delicate, juicy folds of my twat.

I flinched and hissed through my teeth, making a noise that sounded something vaguely like “Yesssssssssss!” My hips bucked, gaining more movement. Utilizing my limited freedom, I rolled my naked rump up higher, better exposing my pussy to Kara’s stern discipline.

“Yes?” Kara inquired.

“YESSSSSS!... FUCK!” I exclaimed, squirming on top of the barrel. The switch stung again, nipping savagely at my puckering anus. I shrieked — in pain or lust, it was now one and the same. My asshole clenched tightly and then blossomed open, begging for more. My hands slipped free of their grasp on the barrel, my arms once again under my control. I reached back with both hands, spreading my ass cheeks wide, feeling my little anus gape in response.

Kara rained down a quick succession of three snapping flogs, the tip of the willow switch dancing an agonizing jig on the exposed and gaping rim of my rectum. “Yessss! YES!... FUCK YES!” I yelped, keeping time with her lashing strokes.

The paralyzing control over the muscles in my leg also fell away. I was free! Free to leap off and escape, or fight back, or take whatever actions I so chose. I chose to exercise my recovered freedom by arching my back up high and bringing the fingers of one hand to bear on my quivering little clit. I pinched the throbbing little nub of flesh and Kara turned the attention of her switch back to my pussy. A pair of well-timed flicks of her wrist lashed twin kisses of willow-switch-borne-love onto the quivering lips of my twat. I howled with ecstasy, feeling a powerful orgasm begin to boil in the depths of my snatch. Abandoning my clit, I pushed my hand lower, mimicking Kara’s earlier action, I used my thumb and forefinger to spread the lips of my snatch open wide, exposing my inner vaginal folds.

Kara paused only for a moment, easing two fingers of her unoccupied hand straight into the furiously convulsing portal of my anus. I snapped my head up and cried out with delight. The she brought her switch into action, raining down sharp, stinging blows into the folds of my quivering twat. She reversed her angle of approach, cutting upward with a well-aimed slash, landing the sting of the tip directly on my aching clit. I screamed and my hips bucked as my orgasm hit! My cunt convulsed, clamping down tight and then blossoming back open to receive additional delicious punishment. My rectum clenched down on Kara’s burrowing fingers as if trying to wrench them from her hand. And still she lashed at me, gasping with each blow of the switch. Each loving sting now seemed like the gentle caress, lovingly coaxing the gushing cum juices from my trembling fuck slot. I hunched my widespread thighs against the rough wooden barrel, my legs quivering from the strain until I thought they would cramp. The stinging lashes of Kara’s willow whip began to falter, losing strength and precision as she too seemed clutched in the grips of a shaking orgasm. Finally my vision began to blur, darkness threatening to close in around me as I collapsed on top of the wooden barrel, spent, exhausted, sweating, and wrung out like a limp dish rag.

After several exhausted minutes of gasping desperately for breath, I rolled off the top of the barrel, landing in the grass in a most unladylike position on my back with my legs spread wide. Kara looked down at me, eyes glazed, her breasts heaving as she continued to gulp for air. My legs had indeed cramped, and I grasped at my inner thighs with my fingers, working to massage the life back into them. I lay there, spread open, my ravaged twat gaping wide and draining its juicy cunt butter down into the crack of my chafed little asshole.

I lay there for several minutes, regaining my composure. Then — with much foreboding — I

inspected my precious cunt for the damage that Kara's switch had wrought. I expected the worst — swollen red welts of perhaps even a cut or two. Instead, I found my pretty little pussy in pristine condition, oozing post-orgasmic drool but otherwise unharmed and fresh as a daisy. Gently I massaged the folds of my slippery honey pot, but could find no remnants of sore or stinging flesh.

"You have successfully transformed pain into pleasure, Kara explained as I stared in amazement. "You will find no marks or bruises from you lashings. Remember this lesson well, and you will have strength and endurance beyond that of the common folk."

Mentally reeling from the implications, I promised that I would.

"Speaking of the common folk," Kara continued, "perhaps we should now turn our attentions to you inquisitive friend?"

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Part 15 - Dinner is Served

I had entirely forgotten about the snooping Lisa-Marie, still lost in the tangle of woods and winding lanes surrounding the clearing. Perhaps it was because I had been preoccupied with other matters.

Kara gave a wave of her hand in a circular motion, causing the pathway to her clearing to be revealed. Off in the woods there was a crashing of underbrush, followed by the angered cursing of a female voice. "She really is a clumsy cow," Kara observed and I snorted a giggle in response. More cracking of twigs and an unladylike series of creative explicatives followed, and suddenly horse and rider broke into the clearing. Lisa tore at the remains of clinging vines and cobweb that entangled her, oblivious to our presence.

Then she looked up and spotted us. She gasped out loud and her hand flew to her mouth in shock. Kristy Miller! My goodness me, what ever has happened to your clothes?"

It only dawned on me then that I stood next to my mistress in the clearing without a stitch of clothing. I moved to cover myself with my hands, but Kara discretely caught my arm and pushed it back to my side. "You have nothing to hide from the likes of her," she chided. I nodded and stood proudly, glaring back at Lisa.

Lisa feigned disgust and moral outrage, but I could see from the twinkle in her eye that she was visually devouring all she saw, already concocting devious gossip in her mind. She sat tall and proud atop her black stallion, haughty as she surveyed the clearing. I cringed at the thought of how her rumors would flash across town.

"Let us discuss the next lesson for you to learn today, Kristy," Kara said, seemingly dismissing Lisa from her mind. "What have you eaten in the past week?" I looked at her and blinked, unable to fathom the reason for such a question at a time such as this. "What have you eaten?" she repeated.

I thought back. My appetite had almost completely vanished upon my return to town. I had nibbled at this and that, but — much to my parents' concern — I had enjoyed hardly a bite of food all week. "Practically nothing," I replied.

"And yet you hunger, do you not? Does your little belly not grumble and complain of its neglect?" I nodded, realizing now that I was completely ravenous. And yet — strangely — the thought of food gave me no particular thrill.

“And what do you smell, Kristy? Do you sense it on the wind?”

I raised my nose, sampling the air like an animal. I realized then that not just my sight, but also my sense of smell had become razor sharp, far beyond the skills of any normal human.

I smell... I smell the forest... its trees, the flowers,” replied, attempting to sort out the vast array of scents presented to me. “I smell the horse, and even the cooking fires from the town. I smell myself... and you... so wet and sweet. And... and... there is something... something else...”

Kara inhaled deeply, closing her eyes. A gentle breeze played across the clearing as suddenly my mouth began to water. A terrible hunger growled in my belly. The mystery scent was suddenly clear — overwhelming, irresistible. It hung dense in the air, enveloping me. My eyes narrowed, drawn to the source, focusing in on Lisa-Marie Jenkins.

“Pussy!” I whispered in a hushed voice, feeling my hunting senses gather. “Wet, juicy, human twat!”

In a flash, Kara left my side. She literally blurred from my vision, so fast was her motion. The rest of the world seemed to fall into a surreal slow-motion, with Lisa and her horse almost frozen in time. I could not track her motion, but my enhanced vision saw Kara’s shadow streak along the ground, rushing at the intruding horse and rider. She reached the fence at the end of her yard, a single foot vaulting her off the top rail as it bent and creaked alarmingly under the impact. The leap from the fence carried Kara an easy twenty feet through the air. I launched myself on powerful muscles in Kara’s footsteps. I had not the ability to match the blinding pace of my mistress, but I streaked ahead at a frightening pace, driving myself toward my prey.

Lisa’s horse, on primitive instincts, reared up in fear of our animalistic charge. In a slow-motion flail, the blonde girl was bucked backwards off the wild-eyed mount and appeared to float almost weightless through the air. I knew this to be an illusion of my enhanced senses though, because she struck the ground squarely on her ass with a loud grunt of protest, her tits and rump jiggling in seeming slow-motion. Her fleshy tits bounced as she rebounded once off the rocky soil before settling once again onto the ground with an “Uff!” of protest.

Kara’s racing shadow covered the remaining distance in the blink of an eye, and was on Lisa before her bounce was at an end. Fading back into my vision, she impacted with the fallen girl like a cougar bringing down a deer. Her arms outstretched before her, Kara grappled Lisa at the waist, spinning them both around in a cloud of dust. As they ground to halt, Kara maneuvered herself on top of the flailing blonde girl, pinning her helplessly to the ground by planting her ass directly on Lisa’s upturned face while kneeling on her shoulders. Her fingers slashed at Lisa’s tan riding pants, tearing to ribbons the thin cloth at her groin. Lisa-Marie’s naked cunt now lay exposed, and there was a scratch of a blood-red claw mark upon the girl’s naked upper thigh. Kara drove her face into the girl’s crotch and with an open mouth, sealed her oral lips to the vaginal ones of the shocked and flailing blonde.

Lisa squealed and bucked, desperate to throw off her attacker. But her human strength was pitiful when matched against Kara’s unnatural abilities. Lisa squirmed and shrieked as Kara bore down with her lips and tongue on the girl’s naked pussy. “NO!” Lisa-Marie screamed, futilely bucking her hips and thrashing her arms. Then Kara withdrew her mouth and forcefully spread open Lisa’s legs into a wide, inviting “V”, open to my charging approach.

It all happened in but a moment. Lisa almost instantly began to react to what I later learned was an intoxicating substance in Kara’s saliva. Rapidly the sedative infused through the tender tissues of Lisa’s cunt, seeping into her blood. “No!” she insisted again, weaker this time, her voice muffled

underneath the folds of Kara's skirt.

On instinct I scooped my arms under Lisa's legs, lifting her weakly thrashing hips off the ground and robbing her of further leverage from which to launch any resistance. Draping her legs up over my shoulders, I gazed with predator eyes into her vaginal slit before me. "No..." Lisa offered weakly from the gloom beneath Kara's dress. I pressed my face into her snatch. She was a mean, unpleasant girl, but oh my, the intoxicating, alluring scent that wafted up from her pretty cunt..."

She screamed as my mouth made contact with her snatch, her mind rebelling against this violation of social convention. Kara silenced the girl to a muffled squall of protest by pressing her naked pussy down onto the struggling blonde's face, giving her lips something better to do than mouth off in complaint. Lisa thrashed her hips, finding renewed enthusiasm for her fight as I slipped my tongue deep into the depths of her pussy. But pinned down by Kara's ass and with my firm grip on her wriggling hips, our victim was going nowhere. After a few moments of futile struggle, Lisa collapsed, offering only muffled sobs of dismay into Kara's smothering pussy. My mistress shifted her hips forward, dragging her twat off of Lisa's lips and replacing it with the sweet little pucker of her anus. "Kiss my ass," Kara instructed. "You are not worthy to lick my cunt," she commanded. Lisa gave a howl of dismay, quickly cut off as Kara squirmed her hips to force her buttohole down firmly on the trapped girl's face. Protesting lips had no choice but to nuzzle anal flesh.

"Use. Your. Tongue!" Kara demanded, and I recognized the same commanding voice that had locked me into a paralyzing grip on the wooden rain barrel earlier. Kara's eyes closed and she exhaled a sigh of satisfaction, indicating the Lisa-Marie's tongue was obediently thrust into action, digging its way into Kara's tight little shitter. "Deeper!" my mistress commanded. I felt a moment of envy, but forced the thought away.

Turning my attention back to Lisa's twat, my nostrils flared as I breathed in her sweet feminine scent. Despite herself, the girl's pussy began to blossom open with sexual excitement, her meaty twat lips unfurling to reveal the juicy pink wetness within. I wiped away a small trail of drool from my lips with the back of my hand as I struggled to understand the raging hunger I felt in my belly. I hated this vile bitch with a burning passion, but found myself drawn to the flower of her cunt like a moth to a flame.

"Normal food will satisfy you no more," Kara explained, slowly grinding her hips in a gentle rocking motion as she expertly rode Lisa's deeply burrowing tongue. "You have barely eaten in a week, and now you must feed your powerful new body. This is our secret, Kristy, the secret of our kind. We are the elite — stronger and faster by far than any mortal. We command the elements to do our bidding. We will remain young throughout the ages, and we feed off human cattle. You are a lesbian witch, and cunt cream is now your mother's milk. You must make her cum, and drink her flow."

I should have been stunned. I should have been horrified. I was not. I looked down upon Lisa's helpless and wriggling form and my stomach growled in primitive hunger. I had no reservations, only animalistic urges. I would dine upon this bitch's cunt and it would be the finest meal I could ever imagine. I would make her cum, again, and again. I would suck her sweet, thick juices from the depths of her hot pink twat, and savor her from beginning to end.

"No, Kristy, please... it is forbidden between two women..." came a muffled, pleading voice from under Kara's skirt. My mistress gave a growl of irritation and forcefully ground her hips down harder, cutting off additional protests. "Put your wagging tongue to use in my butt, you twat!" Kara commanded. A wet, slurping noise arose, signaling renewed compliance.

I pressed my lips once more to Lisa's pussy, feeling her hips squirm in my grip. I dipped my tongue

into her juicy fuck slot, closing my eyes and sighing with delight as the savory taste washed over me. I pressed in harder, flattening the fleshy lips of her pussy with my mouth. My nose rubbed against her clit, feeling it stiffen in response. My tongue dug deep, wriggling, forcing its way deeper and deeper into Lisa's tight little snatch. She bucked her hips weakly, groaning in protest. But the next motion of her hips was a sensual rolling motion, her pussy falling under the spell of my wriggling tongue. I heard a quiet coo of approval from under Kara's skirt as I put my skillful oral appendage to the task, eating her out, coaxing an ever-increasing flow of syrupy discharge from her reluctant vaginal folds.

Eager to feed, I felt no obligation for subtle foreplay or romantic gestures of love. There was girl cum in that pussy, and I meant to devour every drop. Releasing my grip on her hips, I brought one hand to bear into the crack of her ass. Lisa flinched in response, clenching her firm cheeks in a futile attempt to ward off the intrusion. I stiffened my middle finger, pressing deeper into the cleft of her rump. My intended target became clear and she squealed in protest, writhing her hips.

Silly girl! Did she still harbor the illusion that any part of her body was off limits? I cured her of that mistaken notion, sliding my stiffened finger into the depths of her puckered asshole. She bucked, squealing until Kara once again cut her off with an insistent grinding of her ass down onto the girl's lips. I slowly twisted my finger, easing it back and forth. Lisa twitched and then her hips responded, starting to piston up and down in time to meet my finger's anal fuck-thrusts.

I could sense the muscles in Lisa's thighs and tummy begin to tighten with the tension. Saliva pooled in my mouth and then ran down my chin as the anticipation built within me. I pressed my face down firmly into the sticky feast between Lisa's legs, my tongue digging urgently into the heated depths of her slippery pussy. Her twat convulsed around my probing tongue, gripping gently and then releasing. Her next cunt spasm was more urgent, and she bucked her hips and issued a muffled squeal of passion. Her fleshy folds contracted around my tongue, clutching it desperately. And then, at last, the wet, fleshy walls of her cunt released their savory sauce! I sealed the lips of my mouth tightly to those of her twat, not wanting to spill a single drop. She choked back a cry of passion, still fighting the natural urges coursing through her. But despite herself, Lisa's hips bucked and she spent herself shamelessly into my mouth. I gulped her down as the flow rushed from her twat, pushing my tongue into her depths as my teeth pressed small, fleshy indentions into the lips of her vaginal gash. Finally, with a last quiver, she collapsed into my arms, panting desperately for air as Kara continued to ride her upturned face.

I gave her not a moment's rest. Sipping two fingers into her quivering asshole, I nibbled at her clit with my lips, then nipping with my teeth to torment the firm little bit of flesh into a heightened state of arousal. "No... please..." a weak pleading issued from under Kara's skirt. I paid it no heed, rapidly plunging my fingers in and out of her asshole as I felt her anal tract begin to ripple with delight. Her hips began to swivel in a lewd circular motion, building on the faltering remains of her first orgasm. Post-orgasmic tremors were transformed into newfound lust. She thrust her hips more urgently, moaning in dismay. I teased the rim of her asshole with my fingers, swirling my fingertips around inside her anal orifice, stretching her open. Her rump cheeks clenched in response, beginning to shudder in a growing muscle spasm. With a desperate lunge she thrust her hips upward, grinding her cunt in a sensual circle on my mouth. She screamed, her hands clenching into fists and her heels drumming on the ground. Her entire body trembling, a powerful orgasm wracked her through her. A fresh flooding gush of twat cream erupted, filling my mouth to overflowing as I frantically tried to gulp her down. She paused a moment, gasping, crying, her body rigid, trembling. She bucked her hips once more, ejaculating another powerful geyser of foaming, molten cunt butter into my open and eager mouth. Then she shuddered, going limp. I could hear her sobbing quietly under Kara's skirt as I greedily tongued her clean, harvesting every savory drop from her tight, trembling vaginal folds.

I returned my attention to her clit once more, feeling it throb as my lips nipped at her little button of joy. "Oh... God... please... no more..." I heard her beg in a voice ragged with exhaustion. I paid her no heed. But Kara's hands closed down around my face, forcing me to retreat from Lisa's juicy twat. My tongue slipped from her snatch, trailing sticky fluids that I proceeded to lick from my lips with great enthusiasm. A rumbling growl built in my throat. I felt like a wild animal denied its prey.

"Can you feel it?" Kara inquired, ignoring my animalistic warning.

I nodded, my eyes wide as I regained my senses. I could! There was a sensation rushing through my body, coursing through my veins. The painful hunger in my body had been given nourishment, and I shivered with delight as it spread throughout my system. I felt strong — truly alive for the first time! The ravenous edge had been taken off my hunger, but I was by no means sated. I looked down at Lisa's prone, spent body and licked my lips, feeling my mouth once again begin to water.

"You may feed to your heart's content, little one," Kara assured. "The fate of this nosy cow is of no concern to me. But let me explain. There is a limit to how deeply you may feed before you do irreversible harm. A woman like this, prim and proper, and dulled by the effects of marriage, can offer you two — perhaps three feedings at best at a given time. Then, to properly maintain your cow, you must let it rest.

"And if our cow is not allowed to rest?" I inquired with a menacing undertone, gazing down at the weakly struggling blonde with a predatory look.

"Then you will consume her, use her up. Death may result from exhaustion, with the awkward questions and inquiries that will follow. She is powerless to resist you, but be aware the damage you may do," Kara answered in an instructional tone.

I nodded, understanding, but caring little for the girl's fate. Lisa-Marie had tormented me since early childhood, and payback had been a long time coming. I licked my lips, sensing a still-lingering hunger in my belly. But finally reason overruled my urges and I backed away with a disappointed growl of frustration. "No sense in wasting a perfectly good cow," I agreed reluctantly, looking down at the whimpering bitch with disdain.

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## **Part 16 - Over a Barrel**

Kara and I watched as Lisa-Marie slowly rose to her feet. As the tremors of fatigue in her trembling legs began to fade, she angrily brushed at the dirt on her clothes, looking down with dismay at the torn crotch of her riding pants. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she looked at us, her expression twisted into a grim mask of fury. "You... you... unholy creatures!" She blubbered, caught between a rage and fits of crying. "You wait! You wait until I tell the whole town about you! They'll burn you, I swear it! You'll burn at the stake for witchery! Then we'll see who has the last laugh!"

Kara sighed in exasperation, favoring me with a tired look. I knew we were not yet done with Lisa-Marie Jenkins. I didn't know what it was going to take to break her, but the notion struck me that a little time on the wooden barrel of discipline might be a good place to start. Besides, it was an opportunity to try out some of my new-found skills. Snapping my hand out in a blur of motion, I caught Lisa by the ear, latching on tight with a powerful grip of the magically strengthened muscles in my fingers. Lisa howled in pain. She tried to twist away, but that only brought her more self-inflicted misery as I held her in my vice-like grip. I turned and towed her along behind me, dragging her along like an errant puppy on a leash. "Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!" she protested, having no choice but to follow. I lowered my hand to waist level, forcing her to bend over nearly double as she waddled

along awkwardly, loudly lamenting every painful step.

Lisa was nearly docile as we reached the barrel and I released her. "Sit." I commanded. She glared at me, rubbing her ear and wincing. "SIT. DOWN!" I barked, pulling from deep within myself to thrust the command into her mind. I felt a moment of dizzying disorientation as the unfamiliar sensation of invading another mind washed over me. She blinked, resisting for a moment, but then sat herself down on the edge of the barrel, seemingly surprised at her own inexplicable compliance.

I grumbled inwardly to myself, admitting that my instructions were not entirely clear. "Straddle the barrel," I corrected. "NOW!" Lisa flinched as the directive hammered into her brain. I could sense that I didn't have Kara's intense level of control, but even my primitive attempts were enough to force compliance from Lisa, who appeared to judge it easier to comply than to fight me. I pressed her down from behind, forcing her to lie face down on the barrel. "DO. NOT. MOVE!" I commanded once she had assumed the desired position. I noted with satisfaction that she seemed to take a firm grasp on the barrel despite her desire to disobey me. I stepped back to admire my handiwork. The large girth of the barrel truly did a marvelous job of serving up a girl's nether charms. Her legs were spread wide and her ass was up-thrust, ready for whatever special attention it might receive. Only a minor adjustment was needed. Reaching down, I grasped at the tattered cloth in the crotch of Lisa's riding pants. A few quick jerks with my fingers and the material over her ass was completely torn away, putting her firm, naked rump clearly on display. She cursed a yelp of protest, writhing on the barrel. But my mental command held firm and her muscles refused to obey. She cried out in fear, unable to understand the magical forces that restrained her to the top of the barrel.

"You were such a naughty little cunt to follow me here," I chastised. "You are going to have to be punished." She whimpered in dismay, begging to be released, but her pleas had no effect on me. Remembering my own earlier ride on the barrel, I glanced around and found the discarded willow switch that Kara had used to work me over. I grinned, looking forward to being on the dishing-out end of the whip this time. Years of pent-up hatred for this bully of a girl were about to be released, and I almost pitied her for the savage lashing I was about to dole out to her tender, naked backside. I twitched the tip of the switch against the outside of my naked leg, wondering briefly if Mrs. Lisa-Marie was going to be able to take everything I had in store for her.

Remembering Kara's teasing actions at the start, I lightly brushed the tip of the willow switch up through the wet, glistening folds of Lisa's naked twat, finding and teasing her hidden little clit. She flinched in response. "What... What are you doing?" she demanded, receiving no answer. The tip of the switch traveled back, crossing the tender region of flesh between her cunt and asshole and then slowly spiraling inward in lazy circles, approaching ever closer to the center of her pretty little anal dimple. The end of the willow sprig found the pucker of her anus, probing, slipping just inside the protectively clenched little pooper. Lisa's head jerked up in response as I eased an inch or so of the slender whip inside her. "Kristy... Please! No!" she begged, a sob choking her off at the end. I grinned, realizing that her horror and embarrassment were deliciously genuine.

I could resist no longer. Tugging the end of the switch out of Lisa's puckering anus, I lashed out in fury and with a savage 'Crack!' landed a wicked blow on the soft white flesh of her flawlessly creamy rump. An angry welt arose, accompanied by a small trickle of blood. The girl howled with pain and outrage, clenching her legs and straining her muscles against my mental restraints before collapsing back down on top the barrel, panting heavily. I cursed my poor aim, my intended target having been her tightly puckered asshole. I had missed my mark by several inches.

"You little bitch!" Lisa hissed in rage. "How DARE you! You turn me loose! I swear I'll..."

'Crack!' I stopped her mid-rant with another vicious swipe of the switch, laying down another



bleeding stripe, this one on her lower back. I cursed under my breath again, seeing that my aim was not improving. The second welt bloomed into place, swollen, bleeding red, and angry. Then — before she had a chance to mouth off again — I delivered a third full-force blow. I meant to catch her square across the protruding mound of her pussy, but again I lacked the skill, catching her instead on the back of her thigh, right below the crease where her wonderfully rounded ass began. She howled in pain and then broke into a fit of frantic sobs as a small trickle of blood oozed its way down the back of her leg.

Until now the silent observer, Kara stepped in with a bit of advice. “Control your anger, Kristy, darling,” she soothed. “You’re trying too hard. She can only register so much pain from the end of your lash, no matter how hard you strike. Ease off a bit and your aim will improve.”

“Observe.” She held out her hand and I dutifully handed over the willow switch. Kneeling down behind Lisa’s wide-spread rear, Kara lightly held the sprig between her thumb and forefinger. All it took was a quick snap of her wrist. The tip of the three foot long switch cut through the air with an angry buzz and stuck with deadly accuracy, catching the sniffing Lisa right between the lips of her pretty little cunt with a resounding ‘Snap!’ I thought Lisa would tear a muscle, so hard did she attempt to jump. The muscles in her legs and rump contracted in a spasm, trembling. The barrel creaked in protest and she let out a mighty yowl of dismay. Lesson delivered from master to student, Kara handed the switch back to me and sat down in the grass to watch.

Holding the switch as Kara had shown, I gave an experimental twitch of my wrist. The flexible wooden shaft now responded like a precision instrument instead of a clumsy weapon of brute force. The business end of the willow switch cut through the air and I marveled at my new-found degree of control. Turning my attention back to the involuntarily restrained and struggling Lisa-Marie, I repeated the effort. The switch hissed through the air, connecting with the ever-so-tender flesh between Lisa’s cunt and asshole. Spot-on target! I was surprised at the power and speed the small motion of my wrist could generate in the tip of the switch, coupled with the vastly increased level of precision. I stopped to savor Lisa’s prolonged squeal of pain, verifying the effectiveness of the technique. An angry welt bloomed, but no cut or bleeding was inflicted. I looked to Kara, who nodded with approval at my vastly improved technique.

I settled down onto my knees behind Lisa, carefully pondering my next target. Decision made, I reached out and gently spread the lips of her twat with my fingers, revealing the wet, pink flesh inside. With a rapid-fire motion I landed three quick blows of the willow switch, “Slap! Crack! Splat!” into the dripping wet tissues. Each time the stinging tip obediently found its desired mark between my open fingers. A splattering spray of moist, sticky droplets burst into the air with each accurately placed strike, perfuming the air around me with the alluring scent of wet twat in heat. Lisa writhed and shrieked in agony as I nodded with satisfaction at Kara’s helpful suggestions.

Removing my hand, I selected a new target. With deliberate precision I snapped the willow switch and its narrow tip blurred, landing a searing bite on Lisa’s quivering rectal pucker. She bucked, groaning, shrieking, and howling all at once. I waited patiently, allowing her sobbing body to collapse back on top of the barrel. As soon as she settled into place, providing me a steady target, I struck again, laying a fresh new welt directly across the top of the previous one. Her taunt little anus, still throbbing from the earlier strike, fluttered back and forth in anguished protest as the new mark also reddened. Lisa was gasping in short, desperate gulps of air, sobbing and begging for mercy. Swollen with pain, the girl’s muscular anal ring puckered up into a fleshy little crater, throbbing visibly with every beat of her wildly pounding heart.

In response I dealt her an even dozen blows, lickty-split, lashing one after another down onto her frantically puckering asshole. An almost inhuman sound erupted from the girl in a continuous wail of

agony. I felt not a touch of mercy or remorse over the savage tanning that I laid down onto her cringing little rectum. The muscles in Lisa's taunt thighs and buttocks clenched in a frantic series of convulsive spasms. She thrashed in her helpless position on top of the barrel before collapsing back down, sobbing mindlessly. Casually inspecting the willow switch for wear, I found the tip was beginning to fray with use. The very end was now a wet, feathery fan of tattered, delicate fibers, which only seemed to increase its vicious sting. I tested the tip, teasing across my fingers before I once more lashed out again, landing another single, biting nip of the switch on her puckering anus — lucky number thirteen — just for good measure. She simply moaned and barely flinched, a small trickle of drool escaping from her slack-jawed lips.

"You'll need to give your play-thing a rest," Kara observed, not a hint of actual concern creeping into her voice. "She'll go numb to the pain and you'll just wear out your switch on unappreciative flesh."

I nodded in understanding. Lisa lay on top of the barrel, quivering and sobbing, awash in self-pity. Her unfurled cunt lips, swollen and engorged with sexual excitement, throbbed visibly in time with the pulse of her rapidly beating heart. I gazed with interest in the sweltering swamp of her abused little fuck slot, noting the appearance of an oozing trail of orgasmic discharge. It thickened into a slug of honey-like fluid. The leading droplet reached the bottom of her gaping gash, trailing downward, suspended on a gossamer-thin shimmering strand of fluid. I leaned in, tongue extended, catching the errant drip before it could be wasted onto the ground. Bringing my tongue upward, I licked gently through the folds of her twat, savoring her spent sexual energy. Her eyes glazed in a dizzying whirlwind of pain and pleasure overload, Lisa mindlessly ground her hips as I dug my tongue in deeper, delving into the cum-drenched bog of her clutching pussy. Her juices poured freely from her velvety folds, feeding me.

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Part 17 - The Midnight Ride of Lisa, Dear

Kara meanwhile rose from her spectator position in the grass behind me, her attention drawn elsewhere. I pulled my face back out of Lisa's sticky twat, stretching glistening streamers of vaginal wetness between our lips. My mistress approached the large black stallion. It shied away, eyes widening at the proximity of a stranger. But Kara held out her hand in a friendly gesture and the huge equine calmed, dropping his head to nip at a handy clump of grass. "A magnificent animal," she observed. "What's his name?"

"Whu... What?" Lisa responded after a long moment as the question finally penetrated through her fog of pain and pleasure. "Uh... Midnight... His name is Midnight."

Kara nodded. "An elegant name indeed," she observed, stepping around to the side of the huge black stallion, running her fingers along the fur of his powerful flanks. She paused, her digits trailing over the animal's muscular haunch as his strong equine muscles rippled in response to her gentle touch. My gaze drawn to the glossy black coat of the creature near Kara's exploring hand, I noticed numerous marks, seeming to be welts or healing scars.

"Do you whip him?" Kara inquired casually.

Lisa raised her tear-stained face to look at Kara, still struggling to participate in the ongoing conversation as her blistering little ass and pussy throbbed in agony. "It's... It's just a stupid animal..." Lisa replied, hints of her haughty attitude returning. "Of course I whip him. He's my property. I'll treat him as I see fit."

Kara nodded, calmly absorbing the reply. She moved back to the front of the huge horse, which

nickered as she gently scratched his neck. Leaning in, Kara touched her forehead against the soft black fur above the stallion's nose. He lowered his head in response and then Kara and the huge beast were pressed together, forehead to forehead, gazing in each other's eyes. The muscular flanks of the equine shivered once again as Kara's mouth appeared to softly whisper, the words inaudible to Lisa or myself. It appeared as if horse and girl were communing in some almost telepathic manner. After several long moments, Midnight snorted as the strange bonding continued, pawing with a front hoof at the turf. Then he stomped and shuffled in retreat, eyes wide as Kara broke off the contact.

She calmly turned to face Lisa, but I could see a dangerous fire burning in her eyes. "You have mistreated this animal," she said quietly. "You will make amends to offer your apologies."

Lisa gave a confused snort of derision. "Make amends, to a stupid horse? What do you expect me to do?" She laughed, a tinge of hysteria creeping in.

"Nothing," Kara replied, the fury in her voice concealed just under the surface. "You need do nothing at all." Then she turned to me. "Get ropes," she directed, turning her attention back to the black stallion. "Bind that unpleasant cunt securely to the barrel." Lisa shrieked and strained, fighting her rebellious muscles that as yet still held her firmly restrained in her awkward and vulnerable position. My mental command over her was holding for the moment, but I could sense that it was slipping in the face of Lisa's growing panic.

I procured some lengths of cord, wrapping and double-knotting them securely around Lisa's wrists and ankles, then looping the restraints several times around the diameter of the wooden barrel. "Tighter," Kara instructed with a casual glance over her shoulder. I tugged any remaining slack from the lines. "Tighter still," my mistress directed, not even bothering to look back. I strained, pulling the cords until they quivered. Lisa yelped in protest as the bindings bit down. I saw Kara from behind, finally nod with approval. She busied herself with the removal of Midnight's saddle and harness, taking a moment to retrieve the leather riding crop looped over the saddle horn and fling the whip with a furious motion into the underbrush.

I felt a moment of guilt, recalling the angry lash marks my inexperienced hand had first cut into the tender flesh of Lisa's once pristine back side. I had scarred the fleshy perfection of her sweet little rump in a manner no different than the wounds she had inflicted upon her equine companion. But Kara's wrath appeared solely focused on the misfortunes of the stallion, so I simply noted my errors as a lesson learned and returned my attention back to the struggling blonde girl.

Lisa fought me, the last remnants of my mental domination over her muscles fading away. But by then she was already firmly lashed to the top of the barrel, and her desperate struggles accomplished naught but to dig her bindings into the tender skin of her wrists and ankles. I checked her restraints a final time, eliciting a venomous string of explicatives for my efforts. When I was done, the girl lay securely bound to the top of the barrel, legs widely splayed, writhing and cursing but entirely immobilized.

My task completed, I looked up as Kara approached, the huge stallion obediently following along behind her. At her direction, Midnight was shuffled into position, straddling his four hooves along the barrel as Lisa writhed in concern and confusion beneath his belly. The huge horse snorted, looking expectantly at Kara for instructions. "Now is your opportunity to balance the scales of injustice," Kara informed the squirming blonde girl. Lisa spit at Kara in furious reply, failing to strike her target. Reaching down, my mistress scooped her fingers through Lisa's gaping pussy, causing her to flinch and moan as Kara coated her digits in the syrupy goo that continued to drain from the girl's exposed and openly presented snatch. "Today is Midnight's turn to ride and do a bit of

flogging," Kara proclaimed, handing down her judgment with the solemn tone of a presiding magistrate.

"He will NOT!" Lisa hissed in response as her precarious position began to dawn on her. She fought against her bonds, achieving only a frantic writhing and a state of panting exhaustion.

Kara brought her dripping wet hand to Midnight's muzzle. The beast inhaled deeply and whinnied in response. It was a scent the stallion obviously knew well, having spent countless hours with that juicy pussy mounted astride his back. Tantalizing, but always off-limits, the savory odor of twat never delivered sexual relief, but only brought merciless beatings at the end of a vicious riding crop. But now... now the tables appeared to have taken a promising turn in the black stallion's favor.

Kara stepped back and motioned for me to follow. As I watched, the stallion gave an angry snap of his tail. The sheath below his belly began to expand and a monstrous equine cock slipped forth. Still dangling and limp, it was already impressive in size, hanging down nearly a foot below his belly to rest gently on Lisa's trembling lower back. The overpowering scent of wet cunt quickly worked its magic, breathing life into the rapidly stiffening cock. I giggled as I watched while Kara folded her arms over her chest and observed with a cold, steady stare. The rapidly enlarging horse dick swelled and lengthened, stretching its black skin taut. Within a few moments the now rigid prick pulled up tight underneath the stallion's belly, swaying ominously, hinting of its heavy weight. It stood out like a fleshy cudgel, every bit the full length of my hand and forearm, and much more so in girth. The fleshy head swelled, as large as my fist, beginning to leak an infrequent drip of slippery precum excitement from the very end.

Midnight looked down, assessing his position. Lisa squirmed underneath him, crying out in fear and straining against the knotted cords. The black stallion backed up a pace or two, bringing the heavy, bobbing end of his prick into place over Lisa's squirming, upturned hips. The helpless girl attempted to wrench herself free, or topple the barrel over, but neither plan was rewarded with success. Squatting down his powerful rear legs, Midnight brought the head of his cock to bear, butting the dripping, spongy tip against a naked cheek of Lisa's upturned rump. A wet, glistening stain kissed the firm flesh of her ass cheek, trailing sticky streamers of lubrication as the stallion pulled back and tried for a more accurate approach.

The huge head of his cock slipped into the crack of Lisa's ass, prodding and finding the tiny bit of indeterminate flesh between her cunt and asshole. Midnight eased forward, his thick cock bowing under the strain as he sought to discover a forward passage. The slippery cock head spiraled in a circle, seemingly unable to reach a decision as the stallion brought more pressure to bear. Then, suddenly, the spongy head of the cock slipped upward and fit itself perfectly into the sweet little dimple of Lisa's tightly puckered asshole. She gasped, her head pulling up with a look of dismay on her pretty face as the throbbing horse cock ground mercilessly against her just-so-recently whipped anal flesh. The stallion paused, seeming to sense that the tight little portal against which his prick was pressing did not have the characteristic shape and feel of an eager little pussy. The puckered little orifice resisted him, sending the message that he might be making the wrong approach. However, the stallion gave an angry stomp of his hoof. I took another cautious step back, unsure of how an anal grudge-fuck from a mistreated stallion might play out.

Midnight thrust forward. Lisa squealed in frightened protest. The muscles in her firm little rump clenched tight as she gritted her teeth with the effort. Her resistance held — for the moment. The barrel creaked and the cords twisted against their knots. Midnight shuffled half a step forward, pressing more insistently. The back end of the wooden barrel came free of the ground, tilting upward. The stallion planted another hoof forward, finding the new angle of approach suited him better. The barrel tilted further, tipping Lisa's face downward as her rump was pushed higher into

the air. The barrel reached a forty-five degree angle, tilting precariously. Midnight lunged, thrusting his haunches downward. His massive prick hammered down like a pile driver, causing Lisa's body to quiver under the punishing impact.

"I don't think it's going to fit," I remarked casually to Kara as the stallion pounded downward in a second forceful attempt. Lisa's entire body jolted as she absorbed the driving anal thrust, squealing loudly in protest.

"Third time's the charm," Kara assured me. The stallion gathered himself, muscles tensing. With a snort of warning, he drove his haunches downward with a determined lunge. Lisa's hands balled into fists and her thighs quivered as her entire body seemed to clench. Did I notice just a hint of backward rolling motion of her hips? I was hard to tell, given how tightly the poor girl was trussed to the top of the barrel. In any case, Kara called it right. The resistance of Lisa's straining anal orifice was no match for the relentless battering of Midnight's raging cock. With an audible wet 'pop' the spongy head of the stallion's black prick compressed, and then lodged inside the hot, clutching confines of Lisa's rectal pucker. The girl howled a high-pitched whine in protest, and yet this time I saw it for certain — a subtle, sensual rolling of her hips.

Midnight gave a chuff of satisfaction, feeling Lisa's sweet little asshole shudder involuntarily around his cock knob. The initial insertion achieved, the stallion backed up a step. With a creak, the barrel slowly tilted back down, coming to rest once again on the ground. The huge horse adjusted his stance. Lisa whimpered, her fingers wrapping around the upper rim of the barrel for support. I could see the muscles in her rump flex in anticipation as she snugged her inner thighs down around the girth of the wooden barrel. "Please... no..." she begged. The stallion seemed to consider her reluctance for brief moment and then powered forward, releasing coiled muscles. The blonde girl's rump rose perceptively from the top of the barrel, fighting her restraints. A heated friction arose as rigid horse meat slithered through the ever-so-tight grasp of rectal flesh. Lisa gasped, desperately panting for breath. The stallion's forward progress ground to a halt, a mere two inches of horse cock embedded in her quivering little butthole. Progress into that tight nether passage was obviously going to be a lengthy battle.

Midnight was up to the challenge. Tossing his head, he launched a series of brutal anal fuck-thrusts, splaying his front hooves wide for added balance. Lisa's took each punishing, pummeling stroke with a guttural grunt. A natural sense of timing seemed to develop, and the blonde girl began to arch her back and lift her rump in anticipation of each of the equine's brutal lunges. A single tear rolled down her cheek as the stallion paused for breath, his glossy black flanks heaving. Six inches of cock were now securely lodged in Lisa-Marie Jenkin's upturned asshole. It was probably not her proudest moment.

"I could use a drink," Kara announced. "Would you like some lemonade?"

"That would be lovely, thank you" I replied, trying to fan away the summer heat with a wave of my hand. Kara rose and walked into her cabin, leaving me to enjoy the show.

A few minutes later she returned, bearing two glasses, and settled herself back down in the grass next to me. "How are we doing?" she inquired casually.

"It's going," I offered in a noncommittal reply. "We probably should have staked the barrel to the ground though," I suggested. Kara gave the situation an appraising glance. With each hammering, ass-fucking stroke, the wooden support blocks of the barrel dug into the grass, gouging twin furrows into the turf. Already the earthen skid marks were about three feet long, indicating the forward progress the whimpering girl and creaking barrel had made across the yard under Midnight's

unrelenting efforts. The huge stallion paused once more, gathering his stamina. A lathering sheen of exertion was beginning to glisten on his glossy black fur. He was huffing as if working to haul a massive load. It seemed an apt description, I realized, noting the immense size of his swinging balls. Each was large as a grapefruit, hinting at the incredible volume of cum contained therein.

Underneath him, Lisa squirmed, sensuously rolling her hips in an attempt to coax the animal back into action. Midnight rewarded her with a powerful thrust, the exposed length of his cock bowing into an arch under the strain. Only a disappointing additional fraction of an inch of rectal penetration was achieved. Twelve inches of cock were lovingly clutched in the embrace of Lisa's humid bowels. Yet another six inches remained unfulfilled.

"Lisa's bottomed out," I pronounced. "The girl will never take him all."

"She'll take every inch, I bet," Kara offered in return.

I paused, not eager to challenge my mistress and her knowledge in these matters. But the sport of the moment overtook me. "What terms are we betting?" I inquired with a grin. In the background Lisa squealed as Midnight found renewed vigor and urgently gifted the girl a prolonged series of pounding rectal thrusts.

My mistress considered for a moment. "Loser gets a bare-bottomed willow-switch flogging?" she suggested. I shivered, mentally savoring the thought of delivering an energetic tanning to Kara's shapely backside. "Done!" I agreed, sealing the bet with a handshake. I looked up. The black stallion had made some progress, managing to spike about fourteen inches of rigid black cock into the quivering depths of Lisa-Marie's wrecked little asshole. But he drooped his head in exhaustion, heaving for breath. I smiled quietly to myself, sure that my winning of the bet was all but assured.

Underneath the stallion, Lisa stirred to life. The countless anal fuck thrusts had wrenched the girl forward and back on top of the barrel, stretching her restraining cords and affording her a small degree of motion. She made use of what she had, arching her back and wriggling her hips as she pushed herself backwards against her mount. I could see the tender, straining flesh of her widely splayed asshole shudder, pulsing back and forth in an excited state. The fleshy anal embrace milked the equine's massive cock shaft in a lustful grip. Midnight snorted, rearing his head up in wide-eyed response to the sensation. His tail lashed back and forth, a second wind seeming to come over the animal. I cursed under my breath, thinking it might well be my naked little bottom that would be again brought to suffer the lash under the lost terms of my wager. Never bet against a four-hundred year old witch, I mentally chastised myself.

In a frenzy, Midnight savaged the helpless girl, baring his teeth with aggression as his mighty haunches surged forward. Like some unstoppable force of nature, the huge stallion brutally thrust and thrust, punching his cock forward relentlessly. Lisa groaned, arching her back, surging backwards with trembling hips to enhance the effort. I watched in amazement as what had been a stalled effort was reborn as enthusiastic progress. Inch - thrust! After inch - Fuck! Pounding! Sweating! Squealing! Groaning... begging. Midnight's nostrils flared and his seemingly tireless haunches at last began to quiver with fatigue. Lisa too was at her limits, muscles tense and quivering with exhaustion as she eagerly provided her body as the loving saddle for her stallion's mounting.

And then I lost my bet. With a final desperate heave of his haunches, Midnight truly bottomed out in Lisa's asshole. The firm, rounded cheeks of her heart-shaped rump pressed flat against her stallion's loins. The huge black equine followed through, once more lifting the back end of barrel — and the girl — into the air to assure that every last fraction of an inch of his throbbing horse cock was fully

impaled into her hot little shitter. His huge balls pressed up hard against the blond girl's naked pussy. He vaginal lips nuzzled his wrinkled nut sack, sealing the deal with a passionate pussy kiss.

Kara laughed and clapped her hands together with delight. I grumbled under my breath, pouting at the loss of the bet. Payment and collection would come later, so for now I could only sit and watch, stewing in the knowledge of my gambling defeat.

Lisa's eyes rolled in her sockets, the poor girl anally stuffed beyond all possible comprehension. Midnight wriggled his haunches, lashing his tail with anticipation as he paused to catch his breath. He held himself fully embedded in the clutching depths of little blonde's asshole, savoring the tight, loving embrace and allowing the girl a chance to stretch to accommodate his massive, butt-plundering fuck rod.

Then, recovered, Midnight strained his muscles, struggling to finally withdraw his cock. Up until now, all of the interaction between horse cock and Lisa's tortured rectal sleeve had been relentless forward thrusts. Now it was like trying to throw a steam train into reverse. The black stallion braced his hooves for traction, throwing his body mass into the effort. Lisa's widely splayed rectal pucker visibly distended, refusing to release its shameless grasp. The heavy barrel once again slid a few inches through the turf on its wooden skids, now towed in reverse by the powerful equine. The stallion took one step, and then another, an unstoppable force. Lisa blubbered incoherently as the massive equine fuck-piston finally began to move in her fleshy anal sleeve.

Picking up speed, the huge cock shaft retreated. I could only imagine the incredible build up of friction as inch after seemingly endless inch of the black, robust horse prick was dragged through the quivering grasp of Lisa's clutching anal embrace. Finally the spongy knob of the stallion's dick snugged up tight in the grasp of Lisa-Marie's rectal pucker. Her widely stretched rear portal strained, bulging outward, drawing a line in the sand at the prospect of letting the entire stallion cock pop free of her ass. Midnight bobbed his head up and down as if nodding in approval. The he lunged forward, driven by a mixture of equine lust, malice, and need for revenge. The blonde girl took him — every last inch — with a howl of unbridled passion. The stallion's ponderous balls smacked audibly against her wet little pussy as he hammered home. Lisa's rump cheeks again rippled and flattened against Midnight's furry haunches as she groaned with satisfaction. I marveled at the sight, wondering how internal organs must accommodately shift aside for the girl's anal tract to realign to take in that much cock. I pondered for a moment if this was a skill that all girls might possess, or if Lisa was discovering an exceptional hidden talent in the arena of equine butt fucking.

Midnight withdrew, easier this time as oozing pre-cum poured from the tip of cock, allowing a smoother gliding motion within the quivering confines of the girl's bowels. Apparently savoring the slickened sensation, I could see the cheeks of her butt clench down as she attempted to render her back passage as tight as possible. The stallion's cock withdrew, ebony horseflesh glistening wetly in the sunlight. Excess juices frothed from the tight seal of the blonde girl's puckering anus as the equine prick withdrew, oozing slowly down to coat her pussy and trailing down the insides of her pale inner thighs.

The stallion's cock knob once again reached Lisa's anal blossom, causing it bulge in a pretty little display. It was the signal to reverse the motion and both girl and stallion threw themselves eagerly into the effort. Eighteen inches of horse cock plundered their way into spasming girl rectum, fully seating the insertion with a satisfying fleshy 'Whop!' of heavily loaded balls slapping on cunt. Accompanied by a symphony of squealing girlish appreciation, Midnight surged into action, cycling like a steam engine. Lisa-Marie played her part, linked to her equine lover like an intricate part of a powerful fucking machine. His shaft surged, back and forth, stretching her as he withdrew to the

limits and then launching back into her eager, clutching depths. 'Whop! Whop! Whop!' The steady ball-slapping percussion rhythm sounded through the forest clearing, harmony provided by Lisa's joyous vocal lyrics of butt-fuck lust.

Suddenly — on an outstroke — Midnight overshot. Lisa's rectal pucker grasped in desperation, but lost its grip on his fleshy cock knob as the beast took several steps in retreat to regain his balance. The girl's wail of dismay echoed through the surrounding trees as the stallion's prick slipped from her anal embrace, leaving her asshole puckering with unfulfilled frustration. Her fingers clenched and unclenched, arms straining at her restraining bonds as every instinct in her bound body fought to reach out for her equine lover's cock.

The huge horse snorted, his rigid, throbbing cock shaft snugged up tight underneath his belly. Pre-cum trickled in a steady stream from the end of his exposed cock shaft, trailing down to form a growing puddle on the ground. He gazed down at the writhing form of his owner's body and I swore I could see a grin spread across his equine lips as he savored his newfound mastery over the girl. He let her squirm in restrained frustration against her bonds for a moment, pausing to nip at the distraction of an errant flea in his fur as she desperately begged for his return. He turned his head, favoring Kara and myself with a gaze that conveyed a sense of thanks and appreciation. Then he finally turned his attention back to the prone and helpless form of his female owner.

Midnight once again stepped into position — getting back into the saddle, as the saying goes. Squatting down to align his cock with the girl's dripping loins, he eased himself forward. Lisa purred with anticipation, but then gasped as Midnight's cock head borrowed lower, bypassing her waiting asshole and nosing its way instead into the silky embrace of her unfurled pussy lips. Her eyes went wide as horse cock tunneled into girl cunt, her velvety snatch stretching to take four inches of his massive girth in a single thrust. Midnight assumed a steady stance, pulling back and then delivering another lustful surge of equine prick into the girl's tight vaginal embrace. Six inches of prick thundered in, drawing a shriek from the blonde as the resistance increased. I speculated that while Mrs. Lisa-Marie Miller was a married lady, four or five inches of penetration into her twat was all that she had ever had been treated to. We were on the edge of proverbial virgin territory here, and it was going to be rough going from here on in. I wondered if her sweet little pussy would prove to be as accommodating as her ass when it came to taking in all that horse cock. I sipped casually at my lemonade, gently brushing an errant ant off my thigh with my fingers. Only time would tell.

The black stallion snorted, pawing at the ground, apparently finding wet girly cunt to be to his liking. He withdrew several inches, gathering his muscles for another lunge. Lisa whimpered fearfully. The pitiful, pleading objection of the girl seemed to trip the horse's trigger and he unleashed his haunches in an explosion of forward motion. Once again the barrel creaked, its wooden skids scuffing forward in their well-worn earthen furrow. Lisa howled, her hips thrust upward by the impact, straining the restrictive cords around her ankles. Thirteen inches of cock disappeared into the alluring depths of her painfully stretched twat. Eyes wide, Lisa shrieked, panting like a dog on a blistering summer day. Midnight favored her with an out-stroke, her pussy lips unfurling to lovingly wrap around his cock as he withdrew. Frothing juices poured freely from her twat; a heady mixture of equine pre-cum and vaginal fluids. I licked my lips with envy, wishing I could join in. But this was Lisa's show, and I knew my mistress would not approve of my intrusion. The stallion fucked back into her, spiking fifteen inches before the dragging friction of her clutching twat once more brought him to a shuddering halt. His balls swung like massive pendulums as he ground to a friction-induced stop. I saw the fleshy orbs of his balls twitch and contract in warning. He couldn't hold out much longer. Lisa was chuffing for breath like a woman giving birth, her thighs quivering as she strained to push herself backwards onto his cock.

Kara rose, setting her lemonade glass aside and slowly approaching the mixed-breed coupling. She

watched as Midnight thundered home yet another punishing vaginal fuck-thrust, causing Lisa to quiver throughout every bone in her body. So close — I noted — observing that a mere inch of additional penetration would have sheathed the stallion to the hilt. Lisa rose off the top of the barrel, the stretching cords of her bonds no longer seeming to provide much in the way of a restraining effect. I noticed her belly seemed distended, displaying the unmistakable outline of horse cock and knob. The protrusion terminated just under her downward hanging breasts, offering the clue that the tip of stallion's cock must be straining the far limits of the girl's womb.

Kara addressed the girl, who looked up at my mistress with glazed-over eyes. "I assume we will have no rumors of witchcraft spread about the town?" Kara inquired.

Lisa's expression hardened with determination. "I'll still say what I please!" she spat in reply. I shook my head, wondering at how she could retain any hint of unpleasantness with that much horse cock stuffed up her cunt.

My mistress gave a heavy sigh. "A single peep from you, and I'll have you horse-fucked in the middle of town," she warned. "Would you like that?"

"No... Yes! NO!" Lisa stammered in confused response. In her defense, the full-depth reinsertion of the stallion's prick mid-answer might have rattled her brain just a bit. I suppose that eighteen inches of twat-slamming horse cock might do that to a girl. Midnight's balls whacked up against the blonde girl's inner thighs as she tried to sort her way through the appropriate answer.

"That stallion is about to blow," Kara warned as Midnight's flaring nostrils frothed over the prone girl's head. "If I don't get a bit of promised cooperation from you, I'll assure that his seed finds its mark this day. I do wonder if that sweet little twat of yours might ever be the same once you give birth to full-sized foal. It's the hooves — I should think — that might prove the most... uncomfortable part of the process." Lisa's eyes widened in unfettered horror as her jaw dropped slack and open. Kara wove an intricate and ominous looking pattern in the air with her fingers, murmuring an arcane chant.

I gazed at her in shock. "You can do that?" I mouthed the question at her in silence. Kara gave me a wink of her eye and I stifled a snorted giggle so as to not spoil her bluff.

"No...uh-ohhhh.... NO!" Lisa shrieked, her protest interrupted briefly by a moan as Midnight thundered home yet another full-length fuck thrust. The slap of his balls on Lisa's thighs offered a sharp punctuation to her protest.

"Then perhaps you might consider keeping your pretty little mouth shut?" Kara demanded.

Beaten, Lisa sagged on the barrel. "Yes, please... I promise — not a word, on my life!"

"Your life means naught to me," Kara informed her. "Swear it on your twat. Swear on your tight little cunt that we'll have your silence." I cocked an eyebrow of dubious disbelief. From my vantage point, Lisa's dripping snatch currently appeared to be anything but tight or little. But of course a fully embedded horse cock does tend to skew the perception a bit. I shrugged, deciding it was the spirit of the promise that mattered, more than the actual dimensions of Lisa's obscenely stretched and gaping pussy.

"I do... I swear it! On my Cunt!" Lisa gasped, hissing with passion as Midnight's rapidly retreating cock churned up a burning friction in her twat. Satisfied, Kara nodded and took a step back.

The stallion let out a mighty bellow and thundered forward. I could see his balls contract in a

powerful spasm as he lunged. The rapidly disappearing cock shaft swelled to an even larger girth as it was delivered home with a twat-bruising, savage thrust. Lisa's belly swelled alarmingly as the frothing load of cum blasted into her churning vaginal caldron. The spewing cock head launched a scalding eruption of equine sperm, filling the straining cavity of the blonde girl's quivering womb.

Another surge, bursting forth as if from a dam, was launched as the stallion's balls contracted again. The overflow rushed like a flood through a canyon, gushing through the convulsing folds of Lisa's spastic pussy. She flopped like a fish on top of the barrel, out of her mind with her own orgasmic passion. Her vaginal juices erupted, gushing to mingle with those of her stallion lover.

The glossy black beast exploded for a third time, triggering Lisa-Marie to do the same. Full to her limits, Lisa's twat erupted with a frothing overflow of girl and stallion cum, a foaming brew that exploded like a warm tapped keg of ale. She shrieked, her hips and back contorting in unnatural angles of orgasmic fever.

Midnight withdrew and reloaded for another volley, thrusting high and hard into the soupy mess of her snatch and sending yet another violent torrent of cum bursting from the shuddering lips of her twat. Lisa twitched and bucked, screaming mindlessly as the lips of her pussy rippled in a feverish pattern along the beast's brutal, stretching cock shaft.

The stallion lunged once more, weakening, but still drawing yet another orgasmic writhing from his owner with the effort. A Sticky goo of mingled fluids churned to a lather in her cunt, foaming out in a seemingly endless cascade of lust-fueled thrashing.

Finally Lisa collapsed on top of the barrel, her chest heaving desperately for breath. The stallion withdrew his cock, faltering but still mostly erect and dangerous. Her vaginal lips clutched weakly at his cock knob, flaring as the bulbous tip of his prick stretched them wide. Midnight halfway withdrew the knob, forcing her pussy lips to gape obscenely around its massive girth. He paused, then snorted, lunging forward with one last punishing fuck thrust. He easily buried himself full-depth in the splayed, spent cavern of her abused little twat, making a final statement as to who was now the master. She took him obediently, moaning softly as the savage insertion pumped yet another foaming surge of stored up cum load out of her plundered pussy. Finally he withdrew, dragging his softening cock from her snatch with a wet slurping noise. A river of swirling, bubbling goo oozed from her gaping fuck slot, her tired twat lips making no effort as of yet to close down the cavernous gash of her plundered honey pot.

Midnight pranced away, lathered and spent, but in the highest of equine spirits. Lisa quivered through a series of post-orgasmic shudders, the slack lips of her mouth drooling as I finally cut her free of the barrel. On unsteady legs she attempted to stand, her abused joints and muscles failing her and dumping her unceremoniously to the ground. Stifling a snuffle, she looked up my mistress who towered over her.

Kara favored the girl with a hard stare. Lisa withered under the unrelenting gaze, casting her eyes submissively towards the ground. "You may go clean your stallion's cock now," Kara allowed. She did not use her commanding voice, but instead offered the suggestion in a conversational tone. I watched with interest, sensing that a test of Lisa's broken spirit was at hand.

The Lisa-Marie that I knew before would have flown into a rage at the suggestion. The new Lisa only paused for a moment. "Yes Ma'am," she responded in a polite whisper. "Do you have a bucket and a..."

"Oh please don't soil a bucket and one of my good cleaning rags," Kara replied. God only knows

what nastiness that horse cock has been into? You may use your mouth, my dear.”

I watched Lisa’s aura carefully. Gone was the vile, whirling storm of ugly mustard and brown energies of ill-intent, replaced with a steady, warm glow of gently drifting blue and pink. It’s amazing how a good horse-fucking can bring about a change in a girl. Her aura flickered not a bit as Lisa absorbed Kara’s calmly worded suggestion. “Yes Ma’am... of course... thank you,” Lisa replied.

Midnight seemed ready to shy away as Lisa approached him, wary of her foul-tempered and violent history. But the dreaded riding crop was nowhere to be seen, so the emboldened equine cautiously held his ground. She calmed the black stallion with a soothing voice. Still suspicious, the huge animal watched her with a careful eye as she closed the distance between them, dropping to her knees beneath his belly. She turned to look at Kara and I for a reprieve that did not come, and then obediently reached out with trembling hands to gently wrap her fingers around the stallion’s still-draining cock. The semi-limp prick slid slowly through her grasp, a glistening coating of spent horse cum and pussy sauce skimming off his thick dick as she progressed her hands from his knob back to his balls.

Docilely, Lisa raised Midnight’s long, softening cock, bringing the spongy head to her lips and favoring it with an experimental lick of her tongue. The girl grimaced and shuddered in revulsion but dutifully proceeded with her assigned task. I considered briefly the buffet of tastes that she must be encountering; a thick, meaty slab of horse cock, freshly steamed in the pressure-cooker of her own hot little asshole. Then the sumptuous meal was marinated in a brew of vaginal juices and served up, glazed with a thick sauce of frothing horse cum. She finished up with her oral polishing job of the thick rounded cock knob, leaving it sparkling clean with just shimmering of warm saliva. She diligently moved on to start daunting task of cleaning the full length of the stallion’s cock and sheath. “Balls too,” Kara called to her. Lisa flinched visibly in response and then nodded submissively...

Kara and I meanwhile turned our attention away from Lisa, leaving her occupied with the assigned task. Oh, the plans we had to discuss! It was of course agreed that I would now move in with Kara, sharing her cabin in the woods. The shared single bed would be fine, that went without saying...

The stallion offered a brief distraction to our budding conversation, issuing an excited snort. Kara and I turned to see what had roused the creature. Midnight stomped a front hoof. Lisa looked up nervously from her kneeling position under the powerful animal’s furry belly as her lips and tongue continued to put a shine and polish on his prick. Her job however seemed to be expanding in scope. Reacting to the blonde girl’s oral stimulation, a revival of the beast’s erection appeared to be underway. Limp, dangling cock meat was rapidly transforming once again into a rigid cudgel of firm horse dick...

Kara dismissed this development with a disinterested shrug and we picked up on our interrupted planning. The discussion shifted to how we might best ease the transition, getting my family used to the idea of this big change in order to minimize the anticipated fatherly protests and motherly hysterics...

Midnight whinnied, drawing our attention with yet another interruption. The huge beast’s tail lashed to and fro with enthusiasm as Lisa buried her pretty face in his furry haunches. Judging from the alarmingly erect condition of his throbbing cock, the stallion had never before experienced the charming delights of a girl’s lips and tongue washing over leathery nut sack. She slurped noisily, a few errant streamers of spit dangling from her chin...

More details were discussed as Kara’s and my excitement grew, seeing such bright prospects for the

future. The forest apparently had a lovely little bubbling brook, which Kara promised to show me. I offered to bring her some pretty bolts of cloth from my father's store — the perfect replacement for the old drab curtains currently in the cabin's windows...

A panicked, gagging sound drew our attention, and we once more broke off our important planning discussion to see what Lisa was on about this time. Displaying admirable enthusiasm for her assigned task, the rosy cheeks of Lisa's face bulged alarming, swollen by the overwhelming mouthful of the stallion's fleshy cock head. Locked firmly in place behind her teeth, the monstrous knob defied any of her efforts at removal. She tugged desperately, her fingers finding no solid purchase on the slippery, throbbing length of the stallion's massive cock. Midnight gave a gentle thrust with his powerful haunches. Lisa's eyes widened in shock as she again issued an urgent gagging sound of dismay. Several inches of horse cock slid easily past the embrace of her widely stretched pouty lips. Offered little choice in the matter, the girl tilted her head back, providing an easier, straighter passage as the first few inches of the stallion's black cock pushed into her convulsing throat...

Our attention turned to details of my training, planning the next stages of my apprenticeship. I sighed, expressing concerns that I would be overwhelmed by the vast amounts of knowledge I would have to conquer. I felt like such a simple farm girl in comparison to Kara's years — no, centuries — of worldly experience. But Kara assured me I was doing fine, and was in fact a marvelous and gifted student. I blushed, thanking her for the compliment...

Midnight issued a mighty equine bellow. We turned, concerned to see if the magnificent creature was in some form of distress. The stallion appeared to be doing fine however, aside from the lather of perspiration that glistened on his glossy black flanks. He heaved forward with his haunches. Lisa's pretty red lips flattened, compressed by the grinding pressure of the stallion's swollen nut sack. Her nostrils flared, struggling to suck in even a precious gasp of air as her throat bulged around the choking girth of his fully hilted cock shaft. Somehow along the way, Lisa's ample tits had escaped the confinement of her blouse, spilling free, quivering as her chest heaved. The buttons of the blouse, torn free of their sewn mountings, lay scattered in the dirt around her. The equine pulled back, distending her pretty lips outward as his massive prick retreated from her gaping mouth. She gasped in desperation, drawing in a vital breath. Midnight reversed his motion, thundering forward, savagely fucking his rock-hard cock back into the inviting cunt-like opening of her mouth. The fingers of both her hands laced tightly around the girth of his impressive shaft, guiding him in.

Midnight reared his head, eyes wide and nostrils flaring as he once again sheathed his mighty prick to the hilt in Lisa's bulging throat. The outline of the prick stood out clearly against the pale white skin of her straining neck, the muscles in her throat rippling visibly in an instinctive attempt to swallow him ever deeper. Midnight reared up, front hooves leaving the ground, dragging the helpless blonde with him as he surged. He landed and withdrew, a frothing discharge of his pre-cum bubbling from her lips. Lisa seized the opportunity to greedily inhale a breath, sucking the syrupy sperm bubbles back into her mouth as a lungful of air was drawn past the seal of her lips around his slippery cock.

With a lustful snort the stallion uncoiled his muscular haunches, surging forward. Lisa met him halfway, bobbing her head forward as a muffled squeal of enthusiasm squeaked from her widely stretched oral opening. Midnight's balls contracted in a spasm as they slapped wetly against her pursed lips. The massive cock shaft bulging in her throat expanded visibly and the stallion let out a victorious bellow of delight. The blonde squirmed as the equine's balls convulsed in a second spasm, and then a third, her taunt tummy beginning to swell as churning loads of cum pumped and pumped into her depths. Her face reddening in desperation, Lisa flailed. The stallion pulled back, tugging his still spewing cock from her throat. The bulging cock knob erupted again as she gasped, choking as a mixture of air and frothing horse cum were drawn down her windpipe.

The black beast withdrew further, causing Lisa's lips to bulge as the back of her teeth caught and restrained the escape of the horse's cock knob from her oral embrace. The stallion's haunches twitched, a short, hard stab of his cock. It slid into her waiting mouth only a few inches, but the effort was enough to summon forth yet another powerful contraction of his equine balls. The prick thickened in the grasp of her fingers and her cheeks bulged outward as the equine blew another steaming load of cum. The pressure overloaded the fragile seal of Lisa's mouth around the stallion's cock. An eruption of cum sprayed from her lips, gushing down in sticky sheets to lather her naked, bouncing tits. Lisa's pretty face still engorged like a chipmunk full of seeds, the seemingly endless geyser of churning horse cum sought out any available pathway. Lisa's throat worked furiously, swallowing as fast as she could. But the effort was not enough to stop the rush of equine semen from surging up into the girl's sinus passages. She snorted in a panic, streamers of milky white horse cum erupting from her nostrils, left to dangle in long, sticky trailers.

Midnight pulled back once more, drawing a cascade of bubbling cum from Lisa's slackening lips. The girl's eyes glazed over as her mind seemed to shut down, overloaded by her own orgasmic spasms and a dizzying shortness of breath. The stallion lunged, plowing full depth into her throat. His balls jerked as his muscular haunches quivered. Her body absolutely full to the brim, a cascade of fresh horse cum boiled from the blonde girl's quivering lips, coating her chin and neck and glossing her heaving breasts with a thick, sticky frosting. The massive horse held himself fully hilted, haunches bucking in quick, frantic contractions as his balls convulsed again and then again, finally beginning to falter as Lisa's face took on a reddish color of oxygen deprivation.

I gave Kara a glance of concern and she started toward the poor girl to see if assistance could be rendered. But before Kara could reach her, Midnight took a determined step back, and then one more, slowly withdrawing his spent cock from the clutching embrace of Lisa's throat. Cum poured from her mouth on his outstroke and her lips bulged as he worked to tug the swollen cock knob free from her stubborn oral embrace. With a wet slurp he managed to uncouple his prick from Lisa's facial fuck hole. He staggered backwards, shaking his head as his softening cock dangled between his legs, cum and saliva draining off in syrupy wet rivulets.

Lisa gagged, choking up an impressive volume of foaming equine cum as her stomach heaved. A proper color slowly returned to her face as she deeply inhaled one precious lungful of air after the next, coughing fitfully. She swayed unsteadily on her knees, her eyes seemingly having trouble finding their focus. She wiped her cum-drenched lips with the back of first one trembling hand, and then the other, succeeding only in smearing the overwhelming mess thickly across both her cheeks. On unsteady legs she started to stand.

"You haven't finished your cleaning task," Kara observed casually, turning her gaze towards the fresh coating of dripping cum glazing the stallion's dangling cock shaft. Lisa cast a bone-weary glance towards the horse, realizing her assignment would have to begin anew. Without a word of complaint she shuffled on her knees the few feet over to the finally limp and exhausted animal, tiredly but obediently bringing her lips and tongue once more to bear.

As Lisa set about repeating her oral cock-polishing task, I helped Kara replace Midnight's saddle. The stallion was now truly spent and satisfied for the moment, so the girl's oral attention on his prick failed to arouse any further excitement in the beast. Kara and I then assisted the groaning girl up into a riding position atop the huge equine. A shameful trickle of mixed, slippery fluids continued to ooze from the poor girl's ravished fuck slot, her torn riding pants doing nothing to stop the flow from staining the leather of the expensive riding saddle. Her naked breasts swung freely as her torn and tattered blouse pasted itself wetly to her skin with the sticky coating of equine cum. A look of utter defeat hung over her, and my confidence grew that Miss Lisa-Marie Jenkins would cause us no further spot of trouble.

Kara led the pair to the edge of the clearing and pointed girl and equine down the path that led from the woods. Lisa swayed drunkenly in the saddle, gripping weakly at the pommel with both hands to maintain her mounted position as the stallion began a slow, steady trot. I sniffed the air, almost overwhelmed by the heady scent of spent twat. My mouth watered for a moment, but then I pushed the thought away, not savoring the prospect of a meal flavored with that much horse cum. As they rounded the first winding corner into the gloom of the trees, I saw Midnight raise his head and give a half-hearted sniff of interest at the air. The alluring odor of wet twat was surely picked up with his keen nose as well. I wondered briefly if Mrs. Lisa-Marie Jenkins was going to make it directly home this afternoon, or if the stallion might again find renewed stamina before they reached the town. But then I shrugged, thinking this was really none of my concern.

At last, it seemed, Kara and I were all talked out, and I put on my dress for the return trip home. Stopping at the gate, I turned and kissed Kara goodbye, promising to return ever so soon. I turned to leave, but she gently grasped my arm, drawing me back. "You forget one thing," she said with a sly grin. I looked at her in confusion, wracking my brain for what it could be. A subtle motion caught my eye and I followed it down the length of her arm. In her hand was the worn and tattered willow switch, twitching in a slow, steady rhythm. A shiver ran through me as the terms of the forgotten bet were recalled to mind. I had lost, fair and square, and it was time to pay my dues. A bare-bottom willow switching was owed, and had to be collected. With a shy smile I gathered up the hem of my skirt, exposing my naked bottom as Kara leaned me over the top rail of her fence. A practice swish of the switch cut through the air, whistling in ominous warning. I bit my lower lip in nervous anticipation, knowing that today I was most certainly going to be home too late for dinner...

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## **Part 18 - Wrapping It Up As The Cycle Turns**

Months passed, and then the years, flying by. But the passage of time was of little concern to ageless creatures such as Kara and myself. Oh, the adventures we shared, and the young women we did lustfully savor. But with the turn of several decades, I began to sense a growing restlessness in my mistress. Under her firm and loving guidance my skills had blossomed. My understanding and control of the magical energies was strong. My abilities as yet paled in comparison to Kara's powers, but she assured me that those would continue to build with time and experience. However, I had reached a point where Kara had taught me all she could. The time had come for her to move on, fulfilling her sacred vows to spread the knowledge of our craft far and wide.

My mistress had prepared me for this event, yet as the time of her departure arrived, my heart was torn in anguish. I helped her pack a few meager belongings on her chestnut-colored mare. The rest — the woods, the house, and the furnishings therein — she left all in my care. These I would use until I too eventually heeded the call to travel out into the world.

Kara wiped a tear from my cheek and we shared a parting, passionate kiss. "The time has come for the student to become the mistress," she said with pride in her voice. "The things you must now learn can only be done when out from under my protective wing." I forced a grim smile, understanding that I had to acquire a sense of self-reliance. "Hone your powers in these woods," Kara continued. "Experience the joys of teaching your own apprentice. Then — when you are ready — explore the world. Wonders abound outside your tiny town of Westmoor. Study with the Shaolin of east, or seek out the voodoo priests of the Caribbean. Unearth for yourself the brutal savagery of the lost Aztecs, and marvel at the forgotten powers hidden in the shifting sands of Egypt. The ancient Druid sects, the Knights Templar — delve into their secrets, and claim their power as your own."

I promised her solemnly I would, knowing the path before would take decades, if not centuries, to

complete. Kara gazed into my eyes, seemingly able to read my mind after all our years together. "Our kind exists as a mockery to the passage of time," she reminded. "A mortal lifetime is but a temporary dalliance to us. And know that you can always find me when you wish. We are forever bonded, you and I. Seek me with your heart, and you will know the direction you must travel." Eyes misting, I bit my lower lip, trying to keep my emotional response in check. Placing a foot in the stirrup, my mistress swung herself gracefully up into the saddle. "I have left you a gift," she said with a twinkle in her eye. "Your first apprentice, if she sparks your fancy."

I turned and looked in the direction of her gaze. There, on the porch of the small cabin, stood a petite young lass, straining the confines of a scandalously short floral-pattern summer dress. As if she could feel my gaze upon her, she turned towards me and offered a cheerful wave. She was a stunning little redhead with adorable freckles. She couldn't have stood more than five-foot-two on her tallest day, and well under a hundred pounds, soaking wet. But my goodness, she was amazingly well put together. I instinctively shifted my vision to the spectrum of magical sight. The little vixen positively radiated a throbbing glow of shimmering hot pink, swirling in rippling, rhythmic patterns about her body, almost a mirror of my own insatiable, pulsating magical aura. My heart rate and breathing increased noticeably.

"Miss Annabelle," my Mistress offered by way of introduction, just a hint of pride creeping into her voice as she noticed my obvious level of interest.

"Goodness... she... she looks like a lively little morsel," I observed.

"Oh, she'll be a handful," Kara promised, "an absolute firecracker."

I swallowed nervously. "Perhaps I should go and introduce myself," I pondered in a breathless tone.

"I think perhaps you should," Kara agreed with a grin, gently urging her mare into motion, clip-clopping sedately down the narrow forest lane. I watched her longingly until she rounded the first winding bend, disappearing from view.

Wiping a tear from my cheek, I turned and slowly approached the cabin. Annabelle favored me a nervous smile in greeting before shyly casting her gaze back down to the ground. "I... I made you something," she offered quietly, concealing her hands behind her back. "Kara helped me get them right... She said you would like them." I crooked an eyebrow in anticipation, already taking a lustful shine to her innocent little grin. Her voice has a charming hint of Irish lilt to it, causing my heart to flutter with desire.

From behind her back, the cute little redhead produced half a dozen long wooden sprigs, hand cut and polished of the finest grain willow. I accepted the bundle from her, picking out one at random, admiring the craftsmanship.

"I cut and trimmed them myself," Annabelle explained. "The purple wrapping on the grips is imported silk thread, and Kara taught me how to delicately feather the tip of each switch to a supple taper. And isn't the tiny little pink bow just above the grip just too precious for words?"

Expertly gripping the switch lightly in the fingers of my right hand, I found the wrapping of silk provided an excellent non-slip purchase on the shaft. It bobbed lightly in my hand, displaying a delicately honed balance. Looking up at Annabelle, I raised my eyebrows in appreciation. She smiled and then again glanced shyly away. I gave an experimental swish with the switch, admiring the sound as it cut almost effortlessly through the air. It had the perfect blend of resilience and flexibility. I snapped the business end down smartly against the side of my leather boot, bringing forth a resounding 'CRACK!' as the finely crafted tip bit with authority.

“OH! MY!” Annabelle exclaimed as she twitched, blushing fiercely. I could see her nipples respond, clearly swelling to excited nubs under the cover of her thin dress. My heightened senses picked up on the distinct scent of her body’s involuntary state of growing sexual arousal. The girl was obviously no novice to the loving touch of a switch. I wondered briefly what other skills Kara may have already taught this enticing doll.

“My, what a stunning dress you’re wearing,” I complimented the cute, perky redhead in an attempt to break the cloud of growing sexual tension.

“Isn’t it just darling? Kara ordered it for me all the way from Boston!” the little charmer trilled in reply, spinning nimbly on her toes. The pleated hem — cut ever so daringly, well above the knee — swirled up and outward like a rose in bloom, treating me to a tantalizing view of bare legs and creamy thighs. She braked to a stop, laughing joyfully as the dress fluttered and danced, and then snugged itself back down around her exquisitely formed derriere.

“Spin for me again, you enchanting little minx!” I urged. Annabelle giggled and complied, throwing herself into the effort. The hem of the dress whirled high, pulled outward by the centrifugal force. Brazenly bare hips were put on display, along with an alluring flash of vaginal gash. An almost insubstantial patch of wispy-thin reddish pubic hair drew my gaze, as did an inexplicable sparkle, seeming to wink at me from deep within the cleft of her perfectly formed little rump.

Her momentum slowed and she ground to a stop, stumbling forward into my arms. An accident of her spin-induced dizziness, or a cunning little ploy, I wondered, quickly deciding it didn’t really matter. “And what treasure, pray-tell, have you got concealed back there, little miss?” I inquired in mock sternness, my curiosity perked regarding the mysterious glittering I had spotted.

Annabelle replied with a mischievous giggle, flushing a delightful shade of pink as she slipped her index finger nervously into the pouting lips of her mouth. “Miss Kara said you would like that too,” she intoned coyly, nursing her obvious oral fixation as she anxiously awaited my approval. Intrigued, I let my fingers trail down her back, pausing to cup and caress the wonderfully firm curve of her rounded rump, and then progressing downward to find the hem of her shamefully short skirt. I slipped my hand underneath, drawing the material with me as my fingers closed on her silky inner thigh, moving upward.

The petite, alluring redhead trembled in my embrace, sighing and pressing herself against me. My fingers found her pussy, wet and slippery. But I resisted the urge to dally there. That virginal little slot was to be saved for another time. I paused briefly, thinking of the leathery double-dildo my mistress had helped me craft. Seemingly crude in construction compared to the finely detailed work of Kara’s personal leather shaft, my version sported thick, course stitching. But this was on purpose, and I had high hopes that the rough exterior of the leather prick would serve to produce a wonderful grinding friction once it eventually took Annabelle’s precious virginity.

I turned my attention back to my aspiring apprentice, letting my fingers slip from her pussy and into the deep warm cleft of her rump. My digits discovered a faceted protrusion, blocking my access to her sweet little nether portal. I grasped it lightly between my fingers, tugging gently. Annabelle gasped, her eyes locking with mine as her bewitchingly greenish pupils widened with excitement. The rounded little knob held firm, obviously the exposed grip serving for a handle on something much larger, hidden and captured snugly in the clutching embrace of her taunt little anus.

Intrigued, I slowly worked the rounded knob between my thumb and forefinger, encouraging it to rotate — first one direction and then back the other. Annabelle’s face lit up in enthusiastic appreciation of the effort. I gave another experimental tug on the knob, causing her to whimper in



response. I could sense the puckered flesh of her tight little butthole distend as I increased my effort. The cheeks of Annabelle's creamy rump quivered as her muscles tensed. Was the girl resisting me, purposely clenching down to hold the inserted object within the grasping confines of her anal embrace? I found the notion of such a challenge most appealing.

Doubling my effort in this contest of wills, I elicited a gasp from Annabelle, her rate of breathing beginning to increase. She squirmed, clenching her thighs and buttocks in a trembling effort as she continued to defy my effort. Suddenly, she inhaled sharply, her hips bucking as her grip began to falter. With a wet 'pop' the mysterious object was pulled free. I withdrew the thing from under her dress to inspect it. It was cone-shaped and turned of a polished exotic wood. It flared from a gently rounded tip out to a diameter of several inches before necking down to a narrowed portion. At the very bottom a rounded brass knob was attached, wider than the neck, and adorned with a glistening blue jewel.

Annabelle blushed as I held the object up to the light for inspection. Glistening with wetness and warm from the heat of her rectal tract, it seemed like quite an unusual object to discover inserted deeply into the confines of a pretty young lady's tender backside. "It's a butt-plug!" Annabelle gushed in enthusiastic explanation, giving a light bounce on her toes that caused her small, perky tits to jiggle quite delightfully. "Kara has a friend who got it in Paris. She said it's the biggest one the company makes... but I bet I could take bigger... maybe..."

Unable to resist, I extended my tongue and gave the plug an experimental lick, savoring my first taste of my newly recruited apprentice. Annabelle joined me, and our tongues dueled for territory on the butt-plug's slippery surface. Then the notion crossed my mind as to what effect such a massive insertion might have wrought on the cute little redhead's tight little nether orifice. Trailing my fingers downward, I again slipped them under the hem of her dress and explored. I found her rectal pucker, gaping in open invite. Without a hint of foreplay I easily inserted a stiffened middle finger into the little charmer's back door. She squealed eagerly, her asshole puckering and then closing down around my embedded finger.

I withdrew as she whimpered, adding my index finger alongside my middle. With a wet, easy slurp, both digits were easily driven home to the hilt. Annabelle flinched, gazing into my eyes. I pulled out, leaving her mewling in protest. Grasping her by the shoulders, I directed her towards the railing of the porch. Seeming to read my mind, she bent down, grasping the railing for support as she widened the stance of her legs. I flipped the hem of her skirt up onto her back, exposing her naked feminine charms to my view.

I slipped my two fingers back into the twitching portal of her rectum. She bucked, tossing her reddish curls with a backward throw of her head, her breathing ragged. "More!" she begged, such a demanding little tart. Always a gracious host, I complied, slipping a third finger into her sweet little butthole. She clenched her jaw, grinding her naked hips in a lewd circle. I paused, gauging her reaction. The saucy little tease caught her breath, licking her lips as she considered. The she tightened her grip on the railing, nodding tentatively, offering up unspoken approval for still more.

I added my pinky, the compression of her shuddering anus compressing the four digits down into a tight group. Annabelle rose with a squeal up on her toes as I pressed into her. "God... Yesssss!!!" she exclaimed, her voice cracking into a delightful little squeak.

I spread my fingers, stretching her. A momentary look of distress came over her as she tensed. But then she cooed quietly and her muscles relaxed. She rolled her hips, arching her back in a downward curve, presenting her ass to me. I smiled, withdrawing all but the tips of my four wriggling fingers and tucking my thumb into the mix. The initial insertion was easy, but as widest

portion of my hand was reached, the straining limits of Annabelle's slick little rectal portal was finally reached. Her eyes widened as she flinched away from the ever-increasing pressure. I slowed my assault, gently rolling my embedded fingers back and forth as her body made the effort to accommodate me. A shiver raced up her spine. Then she slowly pushed her hips in a backwards motion as her nostrils flared. Knuckles white with her grip on the porch rail, Annabelle gave up a quite sob of passion. I pressed forward, savoring her resurging enthusiasm. Her asshole quivered around my hand, puckering back and forth in a panic. Then it flared open, surrendering to the inevitable. I slid deeper into her humid bowels, feeling her anal tract convulse and ripple around my hand.

I paused, giving the quivering girl a moment to adjust. I smiled, thinking that just shortly ago, the little redhead and I had been exchanging social pleasantries of our initial meeting. I could not have imagined that a mere ten minutes later I would be watching her puckered little rectal portal snug down tightly around my wrist. Slowly I rolled my ass-fucking fist back and forth, coaxing a groan of passion from my apprentice. Slowly, carefully, I began to push, determined to discover exactly how much of my forearm it would take to truly plumb the full depths of her lustful back passage. I glanced over at the finely crafted willow switches we had set upon a chair, pondering how I might next bring them into play. Annabelle rolled her hips, settling into a steady rhythm. I moved easily with her, thinking how Kara truly had left me with a kindred spirit. Then I brought my focus back to Annabelle's quivering anal portal. The woods of Westmoor trembled with Annabelle's unrestrained shrieks as her passion was brought to a boil. We had much to accomplish today, she and I, and many more marvelous wonders to discover in the days and years to come.