

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## PROLOGUE

*The story series was inspired in part by my Michele, Nikki, and Miss Ryn stories. I have flirted with the concept of submission in my stories but always ended up abandoning it from being a major part of the stories. As frequent readers of my stories will recognize, I tend toward relationships of love, security, mutual respect, and a consideration of safe sex. Readers will also recognize that in my stories the concept of incest is no more deviant of a sexual form than bestiality. My intention for this story is to incorporate all these elements into a story centered on the continuing revelations of a woman who finds her way to an increasingly full self-discovery. An element of deliberate deviation from other stories is safe sex.*

*The setting for the story is modern day rural region east and south of Tucson, Arizona. The specific locations for events in the story will move over the area and beyond, but focused there.*

*This is the continuation of the [Samantha's New Life](#) story, a story of a woman who found herself irrevocably bound to a revitalizing life through a natural series of events while being guided by a man she truly trusts and loves. Her life had been difficult, traumatic, conflicted and deeply depressive, leading up to the introduction of that story. Her guide in discovery, her love giving her the opportunity of new life, shows her that events of her past, and the pain and depression associated to it, could be left behind; and, the present and future could be taken in wholly as revelations for learning and growing, revelations to stir and inspire the soul, spirit, and heart. At the end of [Samantha's New Life](#), she and Nick recognized the submissive slut that lay just beneath the surface and became evident during the weekend experience with Abby's old group. She accepted Nick's definition of 'slut': a slut is a person, of any gender, who has the courage to lead life according to the radical proposition that sex is nice and pleasure is good and a person who has taken control of sexuality. She experienced in a small way what it was to be a bitch to dogs and slut to humans. And, she liked it.*

*In Slut Samantha, her new present and expectant future will take her through a process of discovering things about herself and her love, things she hadn't ever expected, and things she had never before experienced. A new life of discovery, acceptance, and gratification. She will need to survive new trauma, pain, and loss; find her own strength and resilience, and accept new support and guidance, leading her to new hopes, new opportunities, new expectations, and new realizations about herself and her needs.*

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## CHAPTER 1: COMMITMENT

The weekend with Abby's old group was an amazing experience. But, not only for me. Nick also went on about what we had learned. The experience broke down any questions we might have had about what we were doing or our commitment to it. There was no question that I enjoyed dogs, men, and women. We talked about some of the comments that came out of my mouth during those days, and I assured him they were all sincere and how I continued to feel that way. I would take whatever steps he put in front of me.

But, life is a whole lot more than fun weekends filled with wild and outrageous sexual encounters. Life was just as much about the mundane: the clean house, the hot meal at night, the socializing with neighbors and friends, and work, especially for Nick.

So, it was back to normal living. It was something we laughed about, though. Normal. Yeah, right. Our normal would seem pretty outrageous to most people. But, we did return to it. But, I was also

intent on making sure that our normal would never become mundane and ho-hum for Nick ... or me.

And ... there was no doubt in my mind that Nick wasn't already considering some new adventure and challenge to present to me ... our life was never going to be 'normal' ...

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Nick was on the couch in the family room with a freshened glass of bourbon I had brought him. I was curled on the couch next to him, my head in his lap and his cock in my mouth. His drink in his left hand, his right was stroking my long, blonde hair and cheek as I casually licked and sucked on the head of his hard cock.

I love how our life together has evolved. Earlier this evening, we were fucking on the patio as the sun was setting behind the trees of the golf course that stretched just outside the back wall of our yard. The privacy of the tall solid walls surrounding the yard was something I noticed on my first visit to Nick's home after he rescued me from Kansas. At the time, the privacy factor was significant for someone hoping for some time of minimal interaction with others while trying to get my mind around the idea of a radical change in my life at the insistence of my son ... Nick. Nobody here knew us as mother and son, that was our little ... big ... secret. They also didn't grasp our age difference of 14 years. Yes, mine was a teenage pregnancy that nearly succeeded in destroying my life but somehow didn't impact Nick's, which undoubtedly did impact the feelings we secretly harbored for each other and only had the strength to expose recently. Now, securely in Nick's life, the privacy factor on the walls took on an entirely different significance.

Not only did Nick and I fuck on the patio earlier, but Harley had his turn with me, too. Harley is Nick's 70 pound white German Shepard. As Nick is the man I love as a soul mate, Harley is my canine mate. It is not lost on Nick, that while he is off at his work, Harley and I will have likely mated, very often once during the day and usually on the back patio by the pool. And, it is rare that while Nick and I become sexual, Harley is often waiting nearby and very often is rewarded, too. I have learned how very fortunate I am to have a man who enjoys sex in a variety of forms and positions, and also finds it exciting to watch his woman being fucked by a dog.

The phrase 'his woman' still jumps at me, at times. But, that is what I am, how I feel, and how I want him to feel about me. After all, we have already fucked, he has watched me being mounted by his dog, and I am curled on the couch, contentedly tending to his cock, again. Whether we find ourselves actively pleasuring each other or not, I enjoy his cock in my mouth, his gentle, loving touch on my head and body. These are the quiet, unhurried times when inner thoughts can congeal and become expressed openly.

His hand slid along my side and moved under my arm, which I moved enough for him to reach his target, my breast. His voice was soft when it came, "I love you so much ... I can't believe how I ended up with you in my life."

I smiled around his cock and gently bit down just below the crown of the head, "The how would be when I gave birth to you."

He playfully pinched my nipple in retaliation. "A smart-ass ... a pretty ass ... but, you know what I mean."

I rolled onto my back, my head remaining in his lap as I looked up at him. We were apparently going to talk. See ... these times seem to allow our thoughts to be shared. I positioned my head and his cock so it was touching my cheek. I liked the feel of it as long as it lasted, knowing that as we talked, it might soften and shift of its accord.

He stroked my other cheek with the back of his fingers and gazed down at me, "What's wrong?" He thought better of the question, "Maybe 'wrong' is the wrong word." He made a funny face at using the same word twice in the same sentence. "You seem ... distracted, maybe."

I smiled up at him. He was looking for an answer, but he was a patient man, willing to let me come to how I wanted to express it. As my eyes drifted to the ceiling in thought and he waited, his eyes and hand moved to my breasts. He fondled each one, tweaking the nipples that quickly regained firmness.

What I wanted to express was a desire deep inside me, a desire he helped show me but has laid unattended since. I wanted him to see the commitment in my eyes.

"You are very attentive, Sir. It is one of your qualities that makes it easier to do this."

His hand stayed where it was on my left breast, but his eyes quickly tracked to mine. He furrowed his brows in question, then pursued it. "Sir? Why ... and make what easier?"

I smiled up at him, then turned my head and kissed his bare stomach. "Yes, Sir. I mean, yes, I called you 'Sir' and I meant to." I moved my left hand near my head and found his softened cock. I lightly held it and smiled that it immediately started to firm up. "I love you so much, Nick ... Sir. You pulled me from a damaged life and lovingly inserted me into your life of caring, loving, and security. In the process, you showed me that part of my 'damage' was a personality trait that was used against me. You showed me that being submissive by nature needed special consideration. In the meantime, we have also discovered something else about me. It is that something else combined with the submissive that in my mind has left me distracted, as you call it, while I have wondered, speculated, imagined what it might all mean to me, for me ... for us."

I had his attention, at least the full attention of his eyes while his hand was still moving, now slowly down from my breasts to my stomach. His eyes were gazing into mine as if he were trying to read directly what was imprinted on my mind. I don't think I had ever had anyone look into me so deeply and intently.

"How long has it been since we were at the Grassley's place on the mountainside?"

I smiled at how quickly he had picked up on my meaning. "A bit over 2 weeks." I turned my head to the left and kissed the head of his cock which had suddenly become hard, again. I turned back with a smile.

"That experience connected with you more than a passing happening? That is why I have not brought the 'slut' idea up since. I wanted to know that it was something that pushed at you." He had put his drink down on the end table and was using his left hand now to move strands of hair back alongside my head. His right hand continued down my stomach a little at a time. "Apparently, it is pushing at you inside." I nodded and as I did his right hand moved to my mound and slipped over. I opened my legs to provide him free access and his hand moved over my pussy. His index finger found and entered my hole as our eyes remained fixed on each other. When he removed his finger, he brought it up to my mouth, which opened to take it inside. I clamped my lips around the finger and sucked, my tongue assisting in tasting the juices of my orgasm and the cum of both him and Harley. I smiled around his finger. Although our eyes basically remained on each other's, he glanced to my lips working his finger. He removed the finger from my mouth.

"So ... you want to be my submissive slut?"

I nodded, but I wanted my answer to fully reflect my desires, "Yes, Sir! I not only want to be your

submissive slut, I desire it. I desire it deep in my being."

"And that is where the 'sir' is coming from?"

"Yes, Sir. I want you to know my deepest desire is to be yours, wholly. I want you to know that I will do as you desire of me ... whatever you desire of me. I want you to control my body and to use it and have it used for pleasure and experiences I might not otherwise have the courage to experience."

He was gazing into me, again. His eyes were seeking everything he could discern through them. Then, very seriously, "I love you, Sam. I love you in ways that sometimes seem impossible, but I know it is real and it is forever, if you'll have me that long." I nodded enthusiastically and started to speak, but that same finger was over my lips to stop me. "I want no mistakes, misunderstanding, if we enter into this. If I could figure it out, I would have you as my wife." My eyes blinked, he had never indicated that before; but he continued, "I love you enough to do anything that will make you happy. This is exciting ... as exciting as I could ever imagine. I will do this with you, but with several conditions." I frowned up at him. I was still holding his cock in my hand and it was very hard. "No, not limiting conditions. The first one is that you need to take care of my cock you have made so hard with all this talk." I released his cock and rolled off the couch and his lap, scrambling between his feet and greedily taking his cock into my mouth. He laughed. "I guess you are serious about this." All I could do was nodded my head. I wasn't taking his cock out of my mouth as my head pumped up and down on it. "The day after tomorrow, I have to go to Albuquerque on business. I was going to fly and make it a long day, there and back. Instead, I want you to go with me. It's a 6 hour drive but we can spend it working out the details of what we are getting into. There is a restaurant on top of the mountain. The next day ... do you like horses?" I stopped moving my head and he laughed. "No, not sex ... although ... I mean there is a horse show starting and I thought that might be fun before returning home. How does that sound?"

I mumbled around the cock I was devoting my soul to, "Yeth, thir."

"That's another thing ... no more 'sir'. And, didn't your mother tell you no talking with your mouth full?" I laughed, but kept his cock in my mouth.

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The next morning we were leaving for Albuquerque and I had a terrible time waking up. He wanted to leave by 5:30 AM. At 5:00, I was still snuggled under the top sheet. At that point, he pulled the top sheet from my body and ordered me into the bathroom. It occurred to me while letting the hot shower beat the sleep from my body that I wasn't doing so well at the submissive part of our relationship if I couldn't even get out of bed on time. I knew and he knew, I wasn't a morning person, but I committed to making every adjustment I needed to for him. This new relationship element was for me, not him. He already said that he would be perfectly happy to have me as his wife in a 'normal' relationship. He was accepting his role for me, not that it was going to be a stretch for him; he was certainly dominant in other parts of his life and personal relationships, but with me, this was new for him.

Coming out of the bathroom, feeling fresh, if not totally awake, he was standing in the bedroom putting the roller bag together and tossed me one of his large tank-tops. "You'll wear this for the drive up. I have a sundress and shoes for you to put on before we get to the hotel."

I smiled and walked right up to him, kissing him as I took him into my arms. Once he makes up his mind, he moves into whatever it is he was committing to. And, being my dominant, even as a very loving and caring one, was now that thing he had committed to. It made me tingle just hearing the

tone and authority in his voice. I hadn't thought too much about this trip to Albuquerque, except that it was intended to be an opportunity for us to resolve some of the issues around my desire to submit to him and for him to provide me experiences I might otherwise never have the strength and courage to pursue. It was clear now that this trip would be more than just an opportunity to talk about it, this would be putting it into some level of practice, too. After all, at this hour of the morning, he might have had me get into the car naked and we would be out of town before the light of the day would make any difference for my exposure. So, I thanked him for a covering, even if it was minimal.

For the first couple hours on the road, he asked a lot of questions and honed in on my expectations, desires, fears, and things that repulsed me. At first, I didn't understand the line of questions and discussion, but he explained that his expectation was that I would freely and enthusiastically participate in whatever was put in front of me. What he allowed to be put in front of me would be determined by what he knew was within my acceptance. For instance, he explained, we both knew I enjoyed and was willing to mate with even multiple dogs, but what about other animals. To say that bestiality was good, could mean that any animal would be good with me, presuming it was physically possible. We had witnessed my easy willingness to be with both men and women during our time at the Grassley's, so multiple men or women would be acceptable. I had proven an existing excitement at exhibitionism.

At the point where I acknowledged how exhibitionism thrilled me, he told me to take off the tank-top. I saw him checking the mirrors as he said it. He gave me a smile and raised an eyebrow. I returned the smile, released my seatbelt, pulled the top over my head and threw it in the back. I settled back in my seat and refastened my seat belt.

He looked over to me and stroked my bare thigh, "This is going to be fun."

I turned slightly, pulling my left leg onto the seat. I also knew I was presenting a better view of my pussy to him, but his attention had to be mostly on the interstate and traffic ahead. "You weren't sure?"

"In my mind, I knew it could be fun, wickedly so. But ... there was a hesitation in my heart. That's why I needed us to have this open, blunt talk about what it would mean." His hand found mine in my lap and he grasped it, one finger lightly stroking my lower abdomen. He glanced at me, his hand and finger, and back at me with a smile. "You are too important to me to casually risk hurting or offending you."

I took his hand and brought it to my mouth. I kissed the back, then turned it to kiss his palm, then took his index finger into my mouth. I sucked on it before moving it back between my legs, shifting them more to provide him with access. I pushed the finger into my hole. He left it inside me for a few moments, wiggling it. But, with the driving and his basic nature to be safe, he reluctantly removed it.

"I am giving myself to you, Nick, will all the effects and results that can come from that. I want you to surprise me, challenge me, even shock me, to bring us pleasure and excitement. But, this isn't just about me, Nick. Yes, I want to discover things and that means being pushed. It is also about you finding exciting things for me to do. I am here for that, too." My hand went to his thigh and moved it up to his crotch. He was straining inside his slacks. "This excites you, too. Neither of us knows where this will take us and that is part of the excitement."

He glanced at me, "You're mine to use. It sounds funny to say and think about."

"I know. It kind of does to me, too. But, you felt how wet I already am and that is from just talking

about it.”

It was a few miles of quiet when I announced a need, desperate need, for a rest area. We had been consuming coffee, then switched to Diet Pepsi as we talked. My bladder was ready to burst. He pulled into the next Interstate rest area. For a moment, I forgot I was naked until he slowed to pull into a parking spot and I saw the people milling around the building and walks. I released the seatbelt, jumped onto the seat and reached into the back, looking for the top before managing to grasp it. By the time I was seated, again, he had pulled into the slot. Thankfully, he found one without cars immediately nearby, but several people were looking our way and I was sure they had quite a view of my naked butt as we drove past at the requisite 10 mph.

The tank-top hem went down to bottom of my butt cheeks. At least, that was how it felt to me. In the mirror in the restroom, I confirmed that, but it didn't mean I was very well covered. Any slight breeze would show my butt and the arm holes in the sides were so large that the sides of my breasts were visible. When I came out of the building, I saw Nick already at the car, leaning against it and on his phone. He saw me and waved. He had parked away from the building, which now had me walking past all the other travelers who had stopped. A group of young men, about to re-enter their car, stopped as I walked past and gave out a series of whistles and mumbled comments. Ordinarily, such a thing might offend me on the streets as crass and sexist, but I could hardly be offended based on the way I was dressed and I found that my stride shifted to sexier after hearing it.

As I approached the car, Nick held up his phone to take a picture, then one hand dropped down and he pantomimed for me to raise the top. I fought the temptation to check behind me, first, and did what he wanted. As I continued to walk toward him, I took hold of the hem and pulled it to my waist. With his thumb, he indicated further up, and I pulled the hem over my breasts, virtually exposing my entire body to the camera and likely to anyone behind me. A chill and tingle ran through my body as I pressed myself into him, the hem still above my breasts, and we kissed.

He looked to the side, and my gaze followed his, to find a picnic table. He took my hand, allowing the top to fall most of the way down my body. The table was partially isolated from the main rest area by trees and shrubs, but not from the exit road passing in front of it. He backed to the side and indicated for me to pose. I knew, or imagined I knew, what kind of pictures he wanted, so I placed one foot on the bench, understanding that the short him would now be above my pussy. I then turned around so my back as to him and bent over, keeping my knees straight. I looked between my legs and found him moving a step closer for a better picture of my ass. I straightened up, grasped the top and pulled it over my head. I put an arm over my breasts and turned half-way to him. He took several pictures and I turned the rest of the way, dropping my arm as I did. Although, mostly hidden from the main building, the cars leaving had a full view of me as they went by. Although some honked aggressively enough to indicate their pleasure in what they were seeing, Nick decided it was a good time to leave before someone who was not approving could identify us or call the highway patrol.

The rest of the trip to Albuquerque was spent in more talk, although not nearly so much on my submission, and a lot of teasing of truck drivers as we headed up Interstate 25. I got a lot of horn blared at me as we passed, especially when I would use one hand fondling a breast and the other hand between my legs. Nick got to the point of teasing me as much as them by matching the speed of the truck so my window was alongside theirs. The fact that we would pull away from one truck and find ourselves rapidly catching another shortly after didn't dawn on us until I spotted a trucker holding a CB mic up to his mouth with a big smile on his face.

We had fun in Albuquerque, having a nice dinner at a restaurant on top of a mountain, which we accessed by way of a tram from the valley below. At the horse show the next day, Nick pointed out

some chaps that we might consider.

I looked confused and stated the reason, "But, we don't have horses."

"No, but we have a Harley and it might be fun to go to Sturgis or some biker rally." I nodded. He had mentioned it before. "Imagine what you would look like wearing those and a black bikini, either on the back of my bike at the rally or walking the shops and bars ..."

I smiled and squeezed his hand. The idea of such exposure to a large group of bikers and the image and reputation they had was a bit scary, but a lot exciting. Nick was getting into this.

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## **CHAPTER 2: A NIGHT OF RECOMMITMENT**

The days that followed our trip to Albuquerque were exciting even though we remained at home. Nick reminded of earlier times when I came to live with him, times when I was playing at the idea of being a submissive to the man I desperately loved and wanted to be a part of his life. He reminded me how I teased him with my nakedness and wearing erotic nightgowns or a thong, thigh-high stockings and heels. I remembered well and I felt myself blush at the exhibition I presented to him then. I blushed and I felt the tingle of excitement as I anticipated his coming instructions and conditions for our 'normal' life at home.

During the workweek, when he came home, he wanted me dressed in some form of erotic wear, which was to be thigh-highs and heels as a minimum. He felt the 'dressing up' would lend a deliberate attitude to my greeting him in the evening and our interaction during the evening. I was a pretty good cook and committed to having a good meal prepared or arranged for his arrival. It was agreed that he held some responsibility for notifying me if he were to be late so I could adjust to keep the meal warm.

During the day, I should wear whatever was appropriate for my activities outside the house. As long as I was inside the house or the confines of the backyard, he wanted me naked. A twist he added for my time at home was for Harley. Being naked with him, I was to be available to him for mating at all times as I was to Nick when he was home.

Then, he presented to me the 2 toys he had given me some time before to increase my stimulation during the day and as he required at other times. The vibrating egg for my pussy and vibrating bullet for my ass were given to me again for use when he wanted them to be. The when and at what desired level would be provided to me by text messages throughout the day.

After only the first day, I found that I needed to have them in my purse when I went out shopping when I received a text and looked down to see it was from Nick. The text simply said, "Egg, 4", which meant I was to insert the egg as soon as possible and set the remote to level 4. I texted him back immediately that I was grocery shopping and didn't think to bring the egg or bullet and the remotes. There had been a few minutes of delay before I received another text, "We will deal with that tonight."

That night, I nervously waited, for his arrival and then for his reaction. How was he going to 'deal' with that? Was I really scared? NO. I knew I could never be really afraid of Nick, but there was that disappointment and what his reaction would be. Would he simply decide our arrangement just wasn't going to work, almost before it began? I found my reaction to his text telling at so many levels within my psyche. I felt like I had disappointed him and that disappointed me, in turn. I felt that I hadn't fulfilled my end of the relationship and let him down and I needed to be ever more devoted to

pleasing him, doing everything I could to satisfy him, do everything I could to show him that I was his in every way a submissive mate could be: physically, certainly; but, also the heart and mind and soul. It was almost a shock to me, as I busied myself the rest of the day, how that one incident turned me from THINKING about being his submissive to FEELING it as a need.

He was scheduled to be home at 5:30 PM and I had everything timed to be ready. I had Cornish hen baking, wild rice and asparagus ready to be done the same time as the hens. I had a white wine chilling in the refrigerator and some French Vanilla ice cream for after. With everything in order, I moved to get myself ready with shower, makeup and picking an outfit for the night.

When I heard the garage door going up, I slipped my feet into my white heels and walked to the hallway leading to the garage with a bourbon on the rocks for him. I stood at the end of the hall dressed in floor length white, sheer negligee with sheer bodice and separation in the front. When I moved, it parted in front, exposing my naked body underneath. I matched that with white, sheer stockings, leaving the thong in the dresser. As he entered the door, I allowed Harley to greet him, then I moved forward to take the backpack he used for a briefcase, and handed him the drink. I leaned in for a hug and kiss, relaxing somewhat as he pulled me in with his free arm, kissing me deeply. Whatever he had planned for me, he wasn't mad or upset.

We were nearly done with dinner, close enough apparently, because he stood, took my hand and led me out of the dining room. He stopped in the kitchen for the bottle of bourbon and 2 glasses, then led me out onto the patio. He sat me in a chair and moved another directly in front of mine, not 5 feet away. It was different, sitting directly in front of each other this way. There was nowhere else to look but at each other. We sipped our drinks and spoke occasionally, but about nothing. Then, I realized what the thing was. He wasn't leading or directing or assisting the conversation. He was letting me take it or not. And, in the process, I felt the weight of the attention totally focused on me, whether it was my body exposed to him or any conversation I might try to generate. The effect had me flustered. My conversational attempts were futile and went nowhere, having little effect on diverting the increasing attention to what I was uncertain would be coming. His attention on me was bold and obvious and he was seemingly very comfortable to watch me flounder and squirm under the attention.

I was indeed floundering. I expected him to address my lapse today, but he wasn't and I realized he was waiting for me to bring it up to initiate whatever was to follow to 'deal with it'.

"Nick ... I'm ... I'm really sorry about my forgetfulness today. I don't know what I was thinking. I guess I wasn't thinking. It was silly for me to even consider in any part of me that your control would end at the door of the house. I never really thought that, but I ..."

Then, he took it back out of my hands. "We need another splash each of bourbon." I uncrossed my legs to stand up. The 2 things interesting: I wasn't aware that I had protectively crossed my legs; and, he didn't say I should pour the drinks, I just jumped to do it. He held his glass close, requiring me to come even closer. As I lowered the bottle to his glass, his hand went to the inside of my thigh. I gasped and shivered at his touch, forcing me to focus with increasing attention on pouring the amber liquid into his glass as his hand slowly moved up the inside of my thigh. He got more than a splash when his fingers reached my pussy and gently parted my outside lips.

I felt a finger slip inside and I sighed. He smiled up at me but my eyes were closed and I was holding onto the bottle with both hands, not trusting my grip with one under the circumstances. With his hand and fingers not moving, I looked down at him and saw his smiling eyes. I realized that I had spread my feet to allow him better access and was holding the bottle to my breast. I gave him an embarrassed smile, put the bottle back on the patio table and retook my seat in front of him. I

started to cross my legs, but he stopped me.

"From now on, I want you to unlearn the discreet action of demurely crossing your legs when sitting. In public, you may keep your knees together ... unless I suggest otherwise." I shivered. 'Suggest'? He knows that his 'suggestion' is telling me. "But, at home or play with others, your knees are to be relaxed, naturally open." He watched my eyes and I gazed into his. I didn't flinch. "Do you understand? Is this a problem?"

I didn't hesitate, "I understand." I opened my knees until they hit the arm rests. "There is no problem." I looked down at myself, my breasts nearly outside the wispy gown, my pussy on display in the mixed light of the patio, his crotch in the Dockers he wore to work, and finally his face. "You are giving me what I now feel I have always needed and doing it in a way I will be safe and protected. I will do whatever you want, surely you already know that, but you might still need the reassurance of how I feel." I smiled at a thought for words to use. "Just 'suggest' whatever you want ... I'll give it to you." I was feeling completely flushed by his words and my words back to him. If his fingers were inside me now, they would come out wet with my juices.

"Excellent idea, I would love to watch you arouse yourself to climax. Until it is time for what I have in mind for you to be less forgetful." I didn't shiver that time, I shook. But, I continued. As 2 fingers dove in and out of my pussy, my thumb circled and rubbed my clit. My hips were flexing in this awkward position and I was ready to cum, I needed to cum, and only partly for myself, more importantly was to cum for Nick.

He wasn't done with me, though. While my fingers were busy inside my pussy and my thumb on my clit, my eyes focused on his when I could get them open as the lust took hold of me, he had more instructions.

"I want you to cum soon, my dear, but I also want you to hear and understand my words. Can you focus on my words, too?" I nodded my head and forced my eyes to focus on his. "Good. I want you to do something for me from this moment on ... you will stop using contractions in your speech. Do you understand?" All I could do was nod. I needed to cum and wanted to, but I felt I had to wait until he was ready to watch me completely. I had to be a good slut for him. "Good. In our society, the use of contractions is common and accepted, maybe expected. For someone to completely eliminate their use from speech should be unique enough to draw further attention and interest to you."

My god ... nudity, revealing clothes, and a sexual attitude wasn't enough; he was bound to draw attention to me in every way he could think of. My body shook, again, as I never stopped masturbating with my fingers, but I looked up at him with eyes half closed with lust and need and gasped out, "Sir ... I mean, Nick ... I ... I ... need ... I really need ... to cum for you ... now." My lust clouded eyes sought his for acceptance, but he continued to watch me, his eyes flicking from my face to my fingers working at my openly exposed pussy. My fingers didn't stop, but I bit down on my lower lip to hold off my climax and it was becoming harder and harder to do so. Then, I saw a slight nod of his head, but it was so slight that I wasn't sure. My eyes pleaded back to him and he gave a more obvious nod of his head as he relaxed with his drink to observe my body crash into orgasm. With one hand clasping a breast through the gown and the other jammed into my pussy, my body shook, my head thrown back and my eyes rolled back, my mouth hanging open, my breath held between gasps and cries.

When my eyes slowly opened and my head came upright, I saw him watching me. My hand was still between my legs, the other one holding a breast. He held up his drink, "That was beautiful, my dear. I wonder, how many more do you have inside you? We'll find out, okay?"

All I could do was stare at him. I am sure my eyes appeared blank because that was how I felt, spent and drawn. That was when it occurred to me what my punishment was, how he was going to 'deal' with my violation of his direction; his punishment wasn't punishment, at all; his punishment was to make me cum and cum and cum. I smiled and it might have confused him if he had wondered, but it was ingenious really, because it reinforced 2 things critical to this relationship: that I would remember and learn from my lapse, cement in my mind his intention to support me in my quest for the erotic and ever-slutty life; and, reinforcing absolute trust in him.

His next question seemed so completely irrelevant to what had just transpired that it through me for a loop, if just for a moment.

"Didn't you say something about ice cream and a topping for dessert? I think out here would be nice."

The change was so sudden my mind had trouble putting that request with what had just occurred. I smiled, not fully understanding what was happening, never considering anything more than a sudden desire to finish the meal with dessert, despite that we rarely have it when we are home. I stood on legs that were shaky but made my way back into the house and the kitchen. I heard a call from him that made me wonder what he was up to, "You should probably leave your gown inside." This isn't about dessert, at all.

I gathered up the container of French Vanilla, caramel topping, 2 bowls, spoons and serving spoon onto a tray and returned to the patio, sans floor length, sheer gown. He drained the remainder of the bourbon in his glass and turned his head as I approached. I saw his eyes move from my face to my bare breast, down my body to my pussy, and down my stocking encased legs to my heels. Then, his eyes made the slow journey back up, giving me a smile that I had to take as appreciation. I shyly smiled back to him. My god! He had just watched me bring myself to an orgasm and I was shyly responding to his attention!

He indicated the patio surface and it was then that I first saw that he had arranged one of the lounge cushions with a towel spread over it. I saw that one end was higher than the other by doubling the cushion underneath.

"Lie down with your butt on the edge of the high end and spread your legs, then pull your knees toward you." Sitting in front of him with my legs over the arm rests of the chair was exposed, now this. And, how was I going to serve the ice cream if I was down here. But, I did as I was instructed, very curious what he had planned for me now.

He indicated for me to open my pussy hole. After my climax, I knew it would be pliable and ready for nearly anything. My eyes opened wide when I saw him go to the tray I had placed on the little table by our chairs. He opened the ice cream container and decided on the size of spoon to use, choosing the large serving spoon. He knelt down in front of my pussy, looked up at me and smiled.

"This is going to be cold." And, I knew instantly. He took a scoop of ice cream from the container and brought to my pussy, hesitated and look into my eyes. I admit my eyes were probably pleading with him not to, but he merely smiled, bring his attention back to what he was doing. As if trying not to make a mess on the patio, he carefully lowered the spoon to my lips, slid the now cold spoon down my pussy to my hole that I was sure was open to him. He pressed the spoon into my hole and tilted the spoon up. The ice cream and spoon were cold, but when the ice cream slid off and dropped into my pussy, sliding and melting inside me, I shuddered. I shuddered at both the coldness, but also at the wickedness of what was happening. I waited for the next spoonful, but instead, he switched to the caramel topping, squeezing some into my opening which wasn't naturally tending to be quite so

open with the cold inside.

He raised my shoulders and handed me my glass which, while bringing myself off earlier, still had bourbon in it. I took a good swig and laid my head back down wondering what was next. What was next was more ice cream and topping. Then he had me raise my butt so he could level the cushion under me. That confused me. I had assumed that the next thing would be for him to eat the ice cream from my pussy with a spoon. But, instead, he sat back down.

He had me drop my legs back down but keep them spread wide. Then, he took up my glass and sipped from it, smiled at me and spoke one word, a name really. "Harley!" And he pointed to me. I understood immediately, and so did Harley. His snout sniffed its way to my pussy and licked at the melting substance leaking out of me. The licking quickly became insistent and urgent as he tried to take every bit of melting cream and sugar from my pussy.

I moaned and gasped, instantly, fully recognizing in that moment of contact that this was going to take a while. I have always enjoyed Harley's tongue on me from that first time of his surprise lick after my swim naked when I was just visiting here. Ever since, I love sucking him, mating with him, and receiving his licks on my pussy. Normally, minutes of his tongue can pull an orgasm from me. This was going to be much longer than some minutes as the ice cream and caramel melted and was pulled from me.

Within minutes, I did climax, again. My hands grasped the cushion, my hips rising off the ground, mashing my pussy into his snout and tongue. He managed to worm his tongue into me, into my hole, the tongue curling inside me, lapping up what it could find. Then, he pulled back. I opened my eyes and found Nick holding him back from me.

"I don't think he is done with you, yet. I think you should help him. Move to your hands and knees, knees wide apart."

I scrambled on the cushion to assume that position. I turned my head back to them, my eyes flitting from Nick to Harley and back to Nick. I smiled at Nick and wiggle my ass, "Here, Harley. I think there is more for you." Nick smiled back at me and released Harley. His wide, lapping tongue brought me to another orgasm before Nick called him back.

It took me a few moments to pull myself together and rise from where I had collapsed on the cushion. I turned and sat down looking up at him as he watched me recover. I wondered how much more he intended for this night. I thought he made his point, I would remember the egg from now on and anything else he requested.

"You do like your orgasms, don't you, love?" I smiled. If I wasn't already so flushed from climaxing, I think he might also have seen my blush. God, yes, I loved my orgasms. He was making his point, but his point was not punishment because giving me orgasms was not punishment. He was telling me, showing me, how much he wanted to assist me in having them and discovering new ways to have them.

"How long would it take to clean up from dinner?" Oh, I completely forgot the mess from dinner. My shoulders sagged at the thought. "I mean, if we did it together ...." My head jerked up and I smiled, but still having to struggle to my feet, but finding his helping hands to brace and support me. I started for the sliding door when I heard, "Wait." I turned and found him holding out to me the vibrating egg. I looked up at his smiling face and I sighed. But, I took the egg, felt it not vibrating, and inserted it into my drenched pussy. I then saw him pull the remote from his pocket and I felt the egg begin at a low vibration. I sighed, again, as he patted my bare ass to encourage me into the

house.

With the 2 of us working at it, the chore wasn't as big as I thought. I directed his efforts of bringing dishes and serving plates in from the dining room while I focused on moving the leftover food into containers for storage in the refrigerator, scraping the plates into the wastebasket and stacking them in the dishwasher. The pots and cooking things were cleaned out and stacked in the sink for the morning. During all that, Nick poured another bourbon for each of us, with plenty of touches and kisses as we passed close. Of course, the remote kept the egg inside me vibrating at random levels the entire time. At one point when he stepped in front of me for a kiss, he patted my mound and whispered in my ear, "I wouldn't want you to cool down, too much." He winked at me, affirming that there was even more coming.

So, it wasn't any surprise to me when he turned to leave the kitchen and asked that I join him out on the patio. I was still in stockings and heels when I found him and Harley in the back. Harley was on his leash. And, I was nearly naked. I gathered we were going for a walk on the golf course's cart path. I glanced inside the house, but couldn't spot a clock of any kind, despite all the electronics in the house, which have a digital clock on them.

Nick opened the gate and led Harley out, then closing it behind me. He held Harley in his right hand and put his left out to me. I slipped my right arm into it and hugged him tight as we started down the path. I didn't know what time it was, but from the looks of the houses alongside us and across the fairway, it was late enough that most houses were already dark except for a few lights in the upstairs or the ends where bedrooms were. I relaxed on Nick's arm, content to await what was to follow. We have done this little adventure several times before. The thrill of being outside in a public area, even if semi-private, was extra stimulating knowing that the houses we passed were people we might see on the streets or at the club.

He led me past the first green we came to and then all the way to the next one. There he had me sit on the bench at the next tee-box and remove my heels and stocking. I was ready in my mind for what would follow, the only question was where would it happen, this tee-box or the green behind us.

It was the green behind us. He took my stockings and shoes, then gave me the leash and pointed to the green. I stroked Harley's head and neck while I unclipped the leash and handed it to Nick, also. Harley followed me to the green. I patted the smooth, short grass surface for him to lie on his side, which he did almost without my having to finish the indication. He was well familiar with this, too. Once on his side, I moved on my knees to his stomach and lowered my mouth to his sheath. To no surprise to me, I found his cock tip poking out. The darkness made the effort interesting, but once I had the tip in my mouth, the rest was easy.

When I was satisfied by the amount of cock in my mouth, I moved away from him and turned so my ass was pointing to him. He scurried to his feet, sniffed me more and gave me a few more licks. Was it habit or was there still a little leakage of ice cream or did he simply like licking me? Whatever, I never complained. But, now, I did want to be mounted with a rising desire to now satisfy and pleasure him after all the pleasure he had provided to me.

He jumped up onto my back, his furry underside landing on my bare skin, and the intimate feeling of being covered returning to me immediately. My hand provided the slight guidance for his initial penetration and I gasped loudly. This particular green was a bit further from the nearest house and was, as a result, a favorite location for this play unless we walked to the far end alongside the preserve. I wasn't particularly quiet as Harley plowed his cock into me. This night was stimulating to the max and this was my first feeling of cock during the entire time. When his knot began forming and bumping my pussy on the outside, I gave out a low, throaty groan as I immediately pressed back

against him to gain his entire cock inside me. I pressed back as he pushed forward at me, each of us working to the same end, the culmination of canine mating by tying us together.

I gasped out louder when the knot passed my lips and into me. I pulled away from him to jam his knot against my front. I repeated the maneuver, twisting my pelvis this way and that, seeking that spot, seeking the point where pulling his knot against my insides would jam it against my g-spot. Of all the times I had cum tonight, none of them had been on a cock and I felt desperate for that to happen now. I worked on his cock and knot, wanting and needing for us both to climax. My body was ready again to erupt and each time his knot would bump my g-spot, my body just rose another level. The eruption within my body took off when I felt his cock stiffen and enlarge inside me, jerk and twitch just before his first spurt of semen. My pussy clenched around his cock and knot, clamping tightly around him, and moments later he spurted his seed into my pussy. I pushed back hard against him as he pressed harder into me, each of us wanting his jerking, spurting cock as deep as possible.

I collapsed to the grass, my ass still in the air attached to Harley as he turned to be ass-to-ass with me. I mewed as I lay with my breast flattened on the ground, sighing the soft moans of the truly satisfied. I opened my eyes to a sound nearby to find the clothed knees of Nick alongside me. He put his hand on my bare back and gently stroked up and down. He leaned down to me and kissed me and in a soft voice, but not a whisper, "Well, darling, have you learned your lesson?"

I looked up at him and smiled, then with a twinkle in my eyes and voice, "Mmmmmmm ... I might just have to disobey you on purpose some time, if this is what happens." We both laughed. He continued to stroke my back, my loving, caring, wonderful man touching me with soothing and relaxing motion while I was tied to his dog ... on the 7th green of the golf course. Mmmmm, indeed.

Nick gathered up my stockings and shoes, put his arm around my shoulders and led me back to the house, Harley actually leading the way. He dropped the stockings, shoes, and Harley's leash on the floor of the family room, locked the sliding door, before leading me to the bedroom. He took out a couple large towels for the pool and spread them on the lower sheet, then placed another sheet over it before putting me to bed in the center. He undressed and crawled in next to me.

In the moonlight, I gazed at him before kissing him. Then I asked, "Why the towels?"

He kissed my nose, "Because I intend to make love to you now. After everything tonight, I want you to also know and remember that sexuality is also about loving and not just fucking. And ... after Harley ... it's going to be messy." He was right, it was going to be messy. But, I thought how lucky I was. It was going to be messy and it might not even feel the same for either one of us, but, as he said, this was about loving. And, that was why I felt so lucky.

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### **CHAPTER 3: RETURN TO THE GRASSLEY'S**

The days and few weeks that followed our night of 'dealing' with my moment of forgetfulness were balancing in the way the experience was intended by Nick and accepted by me. His love, care, and support of me came through in that night as a force of experience reflective of the extraordinary path we had chosen to follow into our future. We were still uncertain what this extraordinary path would hold for us or what new and exciting experiences would await us, but we were unwaveringly certain of our commitment and faith in each other.

The immediate days following were a playfully re-immersion for me into the attitude of a ready,

willing, and trusting submissive and slut, all within the framework of our understanding of the terms. In a time of our society when both Nick and I felt the labeling of people into categories identified by words limiting entire groups, it was none-the-less fitting for me to have these 2 terms in our understanding, even if they were expressed and used in our private reference.

The idea of using the vibrating egg in my pussy and the vibrating bullet in my anus was as a reminder for both of us as we went about our normal life in the world. That reminder was that both of us were dedicated to the experience of pleasure and erotic pleasure being the primary one. It was just me to be reminded. Yes, if the items were inserted and turned to a stimulating vibration level, it had a physical impact on me wherever I might be at the time. But, it also was a reminder to Nick of his responsibility to lead and control and provide opportunity for that erotic pleasure for me. The vibrators were inserted and the vibration levels determined not by me, but by Nick texting or otherwise instructing me. Their use stimulated me, but required the participation of my lover at the same time.

I went out for my morning run and it was a long one. I followed the meandering residential roads around the golf course until Harley and I reached the boundary of the preserve, at which point, I took a path direction into the hills. When we arrived back to the house, I immediately checked my phone on the kitchen counter and found the text I was assuming would be there. We had come to a compromise on the issue of the vibrators always being available in order to allow for situations like my runs or swimming laps. So, on finding the text waiting, I saw there were actually 2 waiting from Nick.

The first text, as expected, was to insert the egg and use level 2. The second text, which came 30 minutes later, bumped the level to 4. I smiled as I grabbed the egg and remote from the cloth bag next to the phone, inserted it and used the remote to set the level to 4. It was an immediate shock as it started at a higher level, but I smiled all the way to the bedroom where I stripped for a quick shower to rid my body of drying sweat. I wondered at some point earlier about the vibrators used in water and decided that my pussy got so wet that they had to be water tight, so I didn't even hesitate to just step into the shower while experiencing the steady vibration inside my pussy.

Stepping out of the bathroom, I remembered laundry that was piled on the bed and needed folding. I was putting away my panties and bras when I encountered the case the egg had originally come in. I had kept it for some reason, but I couldn't remember why, at the moment. But, my curiosity led me to re-read the packaging. Upon originally reading the marketing message, I remember being intrigued and excited at doing something like that. Now, reading it again, I merely smiled in recognition of how accurate the statements were. It described the contents as, "A vibrating egg. It is remote controlled, wireless with a small decorative chain that hung out the pussy. It is 5 inches long and 3 inches in circumference. The remote control could vary the 7 settings from a low steady vibration, into pulsing, and extreme steady. The best remote control vibe out there! This wireless, waterproof and 7 function bullet is discreet enough to take anywhere and powerful enough to deliver incredible sensations. With 7 patterns of vibration to choose from, the possibilities are endless! Tease your lover from across the room and control the fun!"

The little chain with the heart at the end hung outside and was an obvious indication for an observer, if they knew what they were seeing. My phone beeped just then and I reached to the top of the dresser to look, with a lot of anticipation. It was, indeed, from Nick. "3". That's all, but that was all that needed to be said. I forgot the remote and walked to the kitchen and changed the setting from 4 to 3. The difference, though, wasn't just a level lessening of vibration. The 4 level was pulsing, while the 3 was a steady vibration. It was the beauty of the damned thing, the variety of stimulation. Besides the vibration changes, something I discovered after some use was how the egg affected me by my body position. Certain positions pushed the egg into different positions inside me.

When it hit my g-spot at a high pulsing setting, all hell was likely to let loose. And in public that would be interesting. I was often drenching wet much of the day, not daring to put pants or shorts on even for a short while without a pad to absorb some of the moisture. When Nick was feeling in a menacing mood, it made any kind of public life a challenge.

It had quite an effect on Harley, as well. Not directly, of course, but indirectly. Because I was always wet, my scent must have been continuous and inviting. He sometimes mated with me 3 times in a day and I might be tied to him when Nick came into the house. I might be near exhaustion and dinner would not even be a thought. On those days, though, Nick always seemed to understand. And, very often, I would be told to shower, he would lay out some short, exposing outfit, and we would go out for a dinner.

Whether it was Harley, the vibrators, Nick and Harley in the house or yard, Nick and Harley on the golf course at night, or showing me off in restaurants and clubs in some outrageous dress, I was enjoying our life. But, I was also waiting. Waiting for that next time Nick would set me up for something different. When it happened at the end of the couple weeks, it was something familiar, but not quite.

Nick approached me with an idea that came up. He received a call from Stan and Betty Grassley. They were the older couple who had the remote property where I had been shared by the older group and made available to the 3 dogs they put together plus Harley. Nick, Harley, and I had spent most of 2 days and one night there with the 2 older couples (Ben and Sarah Adamly, the other) and Abby Jorgenson, the lone single of the group. They had done some swinging together ages before and had gotten back together after Nick and I began an informational relationship with Abby about dogs; a relationship that blossomed into a sexual one.

The Grassley's enquired of Nick if we might be interested in a repeat of our previous experience with them. They certainly were and had talked of that time endlessly. Their stamina might not be great, but their interest definitely was. The timing became problematic, however. Abby wasn't available very much and other times when the 2 couples were available, it didn't work with Nick's schedule very well. Nick approached me about the scheduling conflict. We ultimately agreed that with Harley accompanying me, I would go by myself.

Going by myself for another 2 days and one night adventure was exciting for me. This was adding another level to an experience I had already had. In my mind, and I talked to Nick about this very thing, eventually we would be getting this very type of experiential decisions if we were to continue to up the ante for new experiences. I could tell Nick wasn't excited about the idea of me going off by myself, even if Harley was with me. At the time, I don't think I recognized the conflict for what it represented for our quest of erotic, slutty experiences for me. Our love was so intense, him letting go for me to fully experience, despite all our talk about wanting to do exactly that, could be a limiting factor. At the time, I expected that we would grow past that limitation. And, I thought this opportunity would be a good starting point for illuminating that pathway for us.

Despite Nick not being able to be with me at the Grassley's, he was able to take me and pick me up. He felt it was a small consolation to missing the 2 days. Once, again, I was traveling in the car with Harley and the only items we were bringing with us were for Harley. Once we pulled off I-10 at the Benson exit, Nick indicated it was time. Time, meant that I was to remove the only item of clothing I had on, one of his tee-shirts that was big enough to barely cover me as I sat in the car. It would have been very risqué if I was walking in public.

The small ranch-style house sat on the Mica Mountain slope across the valley from Reiley Peak at the end of a long gravel drive that was barely more than 2 ruts going up the mountain side. The

layout of the property came back to me as we approached it. The house was flanked by a detached double garage and an out-building that is used for the 3 dogs and other equipment, most of which had been reduced to a couple of ATV's for running around and over the mountains and desert. Once, it was a small ranch home, one of many that couldn't make it in the area. In addition to those buildings, a newer stone building sat in back, slightly higher up the slope with windows exposing the entire front and sides, giving anyone inside views of the valley below in all directions. The roof extends well over the walls giving the windows shade at all times except early morning, but even then, Reiley Peak is in the way. This is their hobby shack. Stan and Betty busy themselves with any number of retirement activities they never made time for previously. The isolation and remoteness in retirement was the exact reason for choosing the site.

I remembered vividly our stay here last time, several months ago. I didn't have anything with me by way of personal belongings or clothes and I wouldn't need anything for these days. As was the case last time, I was going to be naked and available to the 2 older couples and the dogs. This time would be a little different since neither Nick or Abby were able to attend. That left experiences to come from 4 dogs, 2 men and 2 women. Although, they did mention that they were trying to arrange a little surprise opportunity for me.

As we pulled up to the house, the 2 couples came out and stood on the porch that ran the length of half the house. Nick and I opened our doors and got out, I immediately remembered the gravel of their driveway in front of the house. Besides being naked, I was also barefoot. As Nick strode up to the couples, I lagged behind some as I picked my footing across the gravel drive and parking area. Even the grassy parts weren't grass like we knew it; it was wild, natural grasses of the desert and it was rough to walk on, too. On the far side of the shed was a large, fenced area with a door to the shed. As we approached it, 3 dogs ran out of the shed into the fenced area. I was to learn; this was where they secured the dogs when they were not home or other predators were known to be in the area. Nick quickly greeted them, talked about the arrangements and his timing for coming to get me tomorrow.

Then, he came to me, took my chin in his hand and looked into my eyes. "You're okay?"

I smiled at him, "I told you, this is fine. Go take care of your business in Phoenix and I will see you late afternoon tomorrow." He kissed me and I held him tight. "I love you."

He patted my ass as he moved back to the car. It felt strange to stand in front of these people. I was the only one naked and I was waving goodbye to Nick as he backed to the side and then drove back down the slope and out the valley. As I watched the dust plume moving down the valley, I felt one and then another hand on my bare ass cheeks.

I turned my head to each side, smiling at the 2 men. I then turned fully around to stand in front of them so I could also see the women. "Well ... how do you want to start this?"

Betty Grassley seemed to take charge, whether because it was her place or because she just took charge, I wasn't sure. Last time, things seemed to flow through Nick with more deference to him. That was missing this time. I might see a different side to the relationship and interaction. She took my hand and led me to the gate in the fenced in area by the shed. She opened the gate and stepped to the side, "Now it's time for the bitch to re-familiarize herself with the dogs." I walked in on my own with Harley behind me. The full impact of the possible difference in approach this time around settled in on me as I moved into the fenced area and the dogs came out of the shed. They may have been curious in coming out of the shed, but upon seeing me standing in front of them naked, their memories seemed to kick in. Rather than intimidated, though, I knelt down into the hard dirt ground of the pen and received each dog as they clamored over me, seeking pets and strokes.

It was a chaotic mess of excited dogs at having attention in a way they remembered, but in a way, they hadn't experience since. I remembered, they were cared for but not as pets like Harley was; so, when I lavished them with attention and petting, laughing and giggling at the frenzy of activity, they responded with excitement. I looked back to the fence and found Betty standing against the fence with Stan behind her, his hands on her shoulders, both looking expectantly at me in the midst of these dogs, just like Ben and Sarah who were a step or so back.

It was time to act. This was why I was here, so they could once again share that experience we had before. They wanted to watch a bitch in action with the dogs? That's what I was for. They want a slut for themselves later? That's what I was for, too. And more, if I can be. Being even more might be a function of exposure and experiencing more to be able to easily and comfortably giving more. But, this was the life potential I had been seeking and wanting, and these steps were critical to attaining that life potential.

I tuned out the presence of the 2 couples outside the fenced area. As was true in the previous experience, going through these days was about each experience separated, at least that was how I went through it before. So, now, I focused on the dogs surrounding me. The frenzy could turn damaging for someone and I suspected I was the most vulnerable. I chose Harley to begin with. For one thing, he knew what he was going to be doing with me and that might put the other dogs at some ease, to see the activities my appearance suggested and confirming they would actually start happening.

I reach underneath Harley and was relieved to feel his cock already sticking out of his sheath enough to start. I was relieved because bending over to prepare him would open up my ass to being mounted by one of the other dogs and I preferred to control this situation as best I could. I licked my palm and stroked his exposed cock and sheath, then used the pre-cum that was also present to stimulate him more with my hand. Then, I turned and presented myself to him, sticking my ass almost into his face so he would be the closest one to me in my mounting position. I kept my head turned to be sure Harley was successful and smiled when I saw him react first and felt him landing on my back. I guided his cock into my pussy and arched my back, rotating my pelvis as his cock sank into me with his initial thrust of penetration. I remained stationary as he quickly repositioned himself, clamping his front legs around my waist and pulling me onto him or himself into me ... or a combination of both.

Once inside me, his thrusts quickly became frenzied. This was Harley, and I was assured of his actions in our mating. I attempted to entice one of the other dogs to lie in front of me so I could prepare him the way do with Harley, but I was getting little cooperation from them. Since they were little more than strays except for being in the kennel for eating and sleeping, I wasn't too surprised. And, the effort to coax the animals was detracting from my experience with Harley. So, they would be primal mating ... the poking way.

Harley never stopped, though, through all that consideration going through my mind. His hips continued to drive into me with all the grace of a jackhammer. And, that was one of the things that made canine sex so extraordinarily unique. My attention went back to Harley and his cock inside and my mind tried to block the peripheral images of other dogs circling and prancing around me. But, I couldn't, not completely. One thought that crept into my mind was what it would be like if I always had this many dogs. Would I try to mate with all of them as frequently or would I spread it out over days? This situation with 4 dogs was a challenge and so I would; if it wasn't, if it was just everyday life with 4 dogs, would I treat them different?

But, for this situation, the expectations were clear and the options few. And, right now, I was focused on Harley as his cock grew fully in its hardness and size and that meant that the knot was

the next part of the experience. When I felt it on the outside, I pressed back hard, maybe harder than normal because there were 3 more dogs waiting for their turn at the bitch. And, I knew the humans had ideas for me, too.

Harley's knot was pressing into my pussy, spreading my lips wider and wider as we both pressed in opposite direction to enhance the completion of knotting. When it happened, a sudden jolt of cock and knot into my pussy, I cried out, not a cry of hurting, but exhilaration. With his knot finally inside me, I felt it grow in size, assuming the size that would tie us together after we climaxed. My eye caught a movement to the side and it wasn't another dog. I turned to look at it out of curiosity and found that Ben had Sarah leaning against the fence with her shorts and panties down. He was fucking her from behind as they both watched me being mated by the first of the dogs. I wondered if my being here was as much for the stimulation effect for them as the availability to use me for themselves. Harley's cock jerked inside me, I left that curiosity in the background, but the scene of them fucking outside the fence was an added, unexpected, stimulation for me and I felt my body cresting for an orgasm just as I felt the cock inside me drive deep and be held there, a spurt of seed shooting into me followed by several more.

I caught my breath, tested the tie myself despite feeling Harley had just tested it himself, and tried to coax one of the other dogs close, again. One did venture to me and I slid a hand under his belly to his sheath before he could move. The touch of my hand on his sheath gave him a flinch, but he stayed where he was and I continued to tease his cock, quickly feeling the tip and then more sliding in my hand. I pulled his hind legs closer to me and bent my head down to mouth his cock with my head sideways under his belly. He shifted and moved a half foot from me, just excited, but as I pulled on Harley to allow me to regain contact with the new cock, the knot popped out of my lips and I nearly landing on my front in the dirt. Instead, with quick recovery, I twirled around on my knees to put my ass in front of the next dog. He didn't wait, possibly out of fear of losing his chance with the other dogs still circling us. He jumped onto my back and his hips drove into mine. My hand found his cock driving at me and I used it to funnel the cock to my pussy.

This was a wild fuck. All dogs are, but this one seemed more so, maybe because of the stimulation I had given him, maybe just in comparison to Harley who wasn't threatened by competition or the unknown of getting more in the future. His cock was like a piston driving in and out of me. I threw my left hand back to capture his hind leg and hold him tightly to me so he wouldn't pull himself out in the frenzy of his fucking. I felt his cock grow as he drove it into me and I released his leg, giving me a more stable position with both hands on the ground for support. Soon, I felt his knot on the outside and it seemed to be happening fast, but I went with the feelings and ignored the expectations. Again, I pressed back against him, assisting him in the drive and determination to knot, and we soon were.

It continued this way through the next 2 dogs, the sense of frenzied panic in the fucking, the cocks driving into me like a stuck jackhammer on high speed. Sometime during the second dog, my attention or awareness of anything else around me disappeared. All I had a sense of, any awareness of, was the cock and knot inside my pussy, the seed being shot in with spurt after spurt from each cock, the knots holding us together, the streams of cum draining out of my gaping pussy when the knot was finally pulled out. But, also, the orgasms they all induced in me. Dog after dog I came, orgasming during each one, adding my own juices and fluids to their cum to drain from me as the next dog took its place on my back. When the last one pulled out of me, I allowed my body to collapse to the ground.

At first, the idea of falling to the ground didn't make much of an impression on me. My body collapsed. In moments, though, opening my eyes and realizing I was on the ground of the kennel, I still smiled at the thought of the bitch with her males, well used and content. But then, I noticed

something missing. The couples. They weren't there.

I moved to my knees and then stood up. The dogs seemed content and quiet. Now, to find out what happened to the couples. I found them gathered on the porch drinking beer. One of them pointed to me as I approached along the worn path between the shed and the house. For effect, I jumped up a couple steps to make sure my breasts bounced and I had their full attention because it was very obvious to me as I approached that I was still the only one naked. I came up to Stan, looking at the bottle of beer in his hand. He held it out to me and I took the bottle, draining about half of it in a series of gulps.

He looked at the others, then back to me, "Where ... you finished them ..."

"I am supposed to be their bitch, right?" He laughed and the others did, too.

I was told to go in and start the dinner, which was set out on the counter. As I was walking through the door inside, I heard, "A bitch indeed! You see how dirty she got? The slut must really think she is the dogs' bitch ..." and more laughter.

As I went to the kitchen and began organizing the dinner, I pondered what just transpired outside. Being left to immediately take care of the dogs was nothing I didn't expect. Mating with the dogs was part of the agenda for these days and I enjoyed it as much as the dogs did. The attitude afterward, though, was different. The last time, with Nick, they were supportive and interactive; the relationship they presented was friendly, caring, and intrigued. This almost felt as though there was an element of demeaning under the surface. It surprised me because I didn't remember anything like it from the previous encounter. It surprised me with them because I thought I knew them, but the sense that if I was increasingly exposed to situations of being a slut and bitch for other people and groups, it might be expected to encounter different attitudes. As I continued to work, alone without any assistance from the other women, those thoughts of how I might be perceived and responded to were another step in self-awareness for the situations and actions I wanted to experience. It was something I needed to understand and accept, another thing to discuss and work out with Nick so we both were fully aware.

Later, the 2 couples began their activities in the little living room where I performed oral sex on each of them as they continued to talk and share their stories of the past. Again, it was a separation for me, a time where it seemed the situation was planned for me to be subservient, almost inconsequential to what was otherwise happening among them. It was different, too. Before, even if I was the main actor in a sexual encounter, the group was participating and encouraging, anxious and anticipatory. It reminded me of scenes from the Spartacus series with the female slaves taking care of the men while they talked business or politics. A demeaning and dismissive attitude. Whatever caused it with these people who I thought I knew, I decided right then it was an attitude I shouldn't be surprised at finding in the future with people I didn't know as well. Perhaps it was a function of a woman willing to perform any sexual act, including dogs, with them that brought out a dominant, dismissive reaction. Whatever, I hadn't encountered it before and now needed to factor that into my attitude of this activity ... and Nick's. He shouldn't be surprised at seeing me treated this way. But, he might be and he might not like it.

Once they were ready for bed, the activity shifted and they swapped spouses for the night. That night I moved from bed to bed. I was given a single goal for the evening with each couple: enhance their sexual play.

I awoke to the first light of morning. The house was quiet. I gently got out of the bed I had shared with Ben and Betty, and I pulled the top sheet back over them. I peeked out the door and tip-toed to

the bathroom, then out the front door. I slipped into the shed and quietly called for Harley. I heard a dog shift and move and I hoped it was mine. It was and the others seemed quiet. I hugged him at the door and encouraged him out, closing the door behind us. I knelt on the ground and hugged him to me, giving him more loving attention than was normal for the morning. It felt good to be with just him, responding lovingly back to me. I looked around and chose the far back corner of the house away from the bedrooms. He followed as if he knew my intention. I think, given our frequent relationship, he probably did.

The Grassley's had indicated to Nick that they were working on a potential surprise but it hadn't been finalized. Surprises, in that type of context, are generally a positive thing and I remained curious what they might have planned. I learned after an early lunch when I was directed to their SUV. It was the 2 couples and me, not even Harley. I, of course, was naked and they were dressed in casual clothes. This made me more than a little nervous and I questioned them about it, but they assured me that we wouldn't be going through any towns. They gave me a simple, "Trust us." Inwardly, I registered this as already another step in self-awareness of these situations. Trust ... being a slut might involve just that, and a feeling came over me that changing, fluid situations where I was vulnerable added to the excitement. I could feel it in me as they drove away from the house back toward the main roads. The feeling of the unknown and unexpected being added to the situation. Where were we going; what would I find there; what was going to be expected of me then?

I was wondering if I would be able to find my way, but it did not turn out too difficult. There weren't that many roads in this part of the region. We drove back toward the Interstate, turned north back toward Tucson, but quickly turned off on a paved county road before then. That took us around more mountains heading generally north, but more east, then taking a gravel north, then another back west, which curved to the northeast. The road continued past a number of homes and homesteads and the further we went the narrower and less travelled and maintained the road became. After kicking up plumes of dust for miles, we came to a fence and gate across what was apparently no longer a public road but a driveway. The gate and fence were well marked with signs of warning against trespassing and hunting. Ben was sitting in the front with Stan, who was driving.

"You did get permission, right? Those signs don't look very inviting."

Betty, sitting next to me in the back with Sarah, called out, "It's okay, I talked to him and he's expecting us." This was looking like less of a good surprise and more like a bad surprise. I was a long way from their place, naked and barefoot. At this point, there wasn't much alternative but to see what was coming.

As the SUV we were in crested a rise in the dirt track, we found a small ranch house with several outbuildings and a barn. The barn had a corral off the back and a couple of the other buildings had fenced areas off them. Stan came to a stop in an open area in front of the house, the barn to the left and several other smaller structures to the right. The women in back with me, turned to me and smiled. I saw Stan looking in the rearview mirror as Betty asked suspiciously, "Are you ready for this?" She then opened her door and stepped out, holding onto my hand to pull me out with her. I stepped delicately on the hard packed dirt and gravel surface covering the entire area from the barn past the house and to the other buildings. This was a remote location. It had been miles since the last house or homestead along the dirt road. I looked out past the house and saw nothing but open range past a rise. In the distance to the left was a mountain and trees, a unique sight in this part of the country.

As I stood with the other, the only one naked and in some stranger's yard, "Ready for what? Who lives here and what is going to happen? Did you talk to Nick about this part?"

Stan turned around and looked at me, but mostly at my bare breasts and between my legs. "Don't worry about it, honey. We'll have you back in time for him to find you at our place. And, none too much for wear, I think."

I looked at him, "You think?"

He laughed at my concern, but just then the front door of the little house opened and closed. It was the closing that drew their attention from me and my comment. The door was a wood screen door that seemed to be on a tight spring as it slapped hard on the wood framing of the doorway. It clearly didn't have a closing cylinder to ease the door closed. This thing slammed shut like you saw on the old TV shows set in the country. Heck, they could have shot the show at this place.

The man stood on the low porch and surveyed the group. He stepped off the porch and walked towards us. There was no sign of recognition or welcoming. He either was about to tell us to leave or he knew what we were doing there and just wasn't friendly. As he got closer, I guessed that he was in his early 50's, which would put him smack dab between me and these couples. He looked like he had been on the land for a long time and there was no indication of anyone else.

As he came closer, he looked intently around those standing in front of me. Stan walked out to meet him, putting out his hand, but the man from the house didn't extend his own in greeting. Instead, he motioned Stan to the side and they talked, animatedly. Soon, though, Stan came back to the group and the man stood where he was.

Stan looked at me and smiled. "He almost wouldn't let us. We told him we had a woman who wanted to see a farm and someone told us about his place. I hoped to be able to convince him once we were all here to let you have some fun." I looked at him, then to the other man.

"What fun?" I was liking this less. It is one thing to have fun with animals, but when it happens by tricking the owner, I wasn't so sure. Besides, I still didn't know what they were intending.

"He has goats. Have you ever fucked a goat?" I shook my head. And, I had never contemplated trying it, either. "We didn't think so." He took my hand and led me after the man who was already moving to the right side and the smaller buildings.

I was walking delicately over the rough ground as the others kept trying to hurry me along. The man was standing at the back of one of the buildings along a rail fence. As I was led up to him, he eyed me curiously. And that was curious to me. He looked over my entire body, but as I got nearer, his attention was fully on my face and eyes. It was as if he was trying to gage the situation and my place in it. To be truthful, I was beginning to wonder the same thing, but at the same time, the idea of fucking a goat started me tingling, not to mention doing it in front of the others and this man who was a complete stranger.

The others stood along the fence as the man stood at the gate. He had not offered an introduction and, as far as I knew, no introduction was offered to him of us. His hand was on the latch to open the gate, but he looked intently into my eyes. He was making contact with me, subtly maybe, but he was. I felt at that moment that he was taking the moment to gage if this was my own will or something I was being forced into doing. I don't think the moment could have given him that assurance, but he nodded and opened the gate, allowing me to enter ahead of him, then closing the gate behind us. I stood 5 feet inside the pen that wasn't more than 15 feet square. There were no animals in it, but he moved to a small door in the back of the shed, opened it, and allowed one goat to exit. He closed the door on the second one as it tried to follow the other. I saw 2 other goats inside the shed. The one that came out was a male and had horns that stood up from his head and curved back and to the

sides. He was white, standing about 3 feet. He looked about the same height as Harley but about half the weight, maybe 35 to 40 pounds. His ears pointed out to the sides and slightly forward.

I was curious about it, "What kind is he?"

He smiled as I kneeled to the ground in front of the animal as he held it by the shoulders. "It's a Saanen, the largest breed of the Swiss goats. His females are inside. I just recently acquired them. They should do fine here. They have a high production of milk, which is relatively low fat." He watched me as I gently pet the animal over the side of his face and down his neck. He seemed to take to me, remaining still and comfortable.

In a low voice, that I was sure was intended for only us to hear, he asked the question his eyes were trying to discern previously, "Are you okay? If you need help, I can protect you." I looked at him in surprise and he reacted to it. "I don't mean to intrude ... unless I should. I have never encountered anyone wanting someone to ... to ... mate with an animal."

I moved one hand from the goat to his on the goat's shoulder and smiled at him. "Thank you, but I am fine. Surprised, certainly, but I am fine."

"You didn't know this was going to happen?" I shook my head.

Just then Betty called out, "Is there a problem? We don't have all day, here."

I looked at him and shrugged. He glanced back at the others, then back to me. "I am serious. Say the word and I'll take you into the house, then drive you anywhere you want to go." I shook my head and mouthed, 'thank you'.

Then we worked out how this was going to happen. I told him I mated with a dog and he decided this should be very similar, but since my dog was more familiar with me as a mating partner than the goat, the goat might need more assistance. So, he continued to pet the animal, keeping it comfortable and calm, as I began investigating what he had underneath for me.

I slowly and gently slid my hand down his side to his belly, rubbing it and slowly working my hand further down until I brushed alongside his sheath. The animal flinched and turned his head to me, but remained relatively quiet. I asked the man if it had mated with the females, yet. He assured me that he had and I smiled. He looked at me funny, but then seemed to understand. If I could get the animal to understand what was going to happen, he should be willing to let it happen. One pussy should be as good as another ... I hoped. It seemed to be true for dogs, at least.

I rubbed along his sheath until I felt his penis extend out, then licked my own palm before touching his exposed penis. Assuming the same was true of any penis inside a sheath, being more sensitive, I didn't want to cause the animal any irritation in the process of trying to stimulate him. When I felt his penis sticking out of the sheath, I bent down to look. I found a good 3 inches sticking out and I smiled, nodding to the man. He just shook his head at me like I was crazy, but there was a bemused smile on his face.

I went to all fours and looked over my shoulder, ignoring the couples at the fence. "If you can assist him onto my back. He is big enough for his hind legs to be on the ground and his front legs around me, just like a dog. I will help him into me with my hand as a guide. Then, all things being right with the natural order of things, he should be ready to take over."

He chuckled, "All being right with the natural order of things. This would hardly seem natural, but okay."

I felt the animal's front hoof along my sides, first. Then, I felt the fur of his belly and the man pushing the animal's hind end into my hips. My hand felt the exposed penis slide across my palm and I guided it to my pussy. Once he felt my pussy opening around the tip of his penis, he thrust into me. I smiled. Yes, 'the natural order of things', indeed.

I gasped at the penetration and a smile came across my face. What is it about me that I like this so much? I do so enjoy being filled, but there is something about the different cocks that penetrate me, much more than the number of them, the variety is what thrills me. This animal's action in fucking was different than the dog. The cock was much different. It had some length to it, but it was narrow and a curve at the end. He fucked at me with quick, sharp actions of his hind end, driving his spear-like cock into my pussy. It wasn't like anything I had experienced before and, that alone, was exciting. A different furry body on my back gripping my waist and a different feeling cock embedded in my pussy. It was really as simple as that for me, huh?

I heard comments coming from the fence and I tried to ignore them to focus on the experience I was having. But, as the comments came over the fence at me more deliberately and vocally, I noticed knees covered in worn denim settle next to my hands, his hand stroking my head, shoulders, and upper back. He had been comforting the animal, now he was providing comfort to me. And, it had to be because of the comments, I was sure my reaction to the animal was not indicating any sense of displeasure. Quite the opposite, I was enjoying the sensation, though I too realized the comments were distracting my ability to fully enjoy the experience.

If I wasn't going to achieve an orgasm in this mating, and all indications were pointing in that direction now that I was hearing the comments more and more, I was determined to try to get the goat to climax. At least, if I could get him to cum inside me, I would have accomplished something here. I brought my knees together to tighten the friction sensation for the goat with his thin cock inside me. He hesitated for a moment, then started up his humping even more urgently, and I knew it was going to work. I continued to feel the comforting touch of the farmer on my upper back and hair. I arched my back up and down to change the penetration of the cock inside me and I felt the humping change from frantic to a strong, deeper thrust. When he drove his cock into me and himself against my hips, I smiled as I felt his semen spurt into my vagina, several spurts of goat seed dumped into me like the dogs and men had done earlier.

The animal quickly jumped off my back, his skinny cock sliding down my pussy and glancing off my clit in the process. I lowered my body into a curl, my upper body on my forearms, my butt lowered to my calves. It took a moment, but I felt some of the goat semen drip from my pussy. Compared to the dogs, it was not much at all. Compared to the men, it was waterier, but seemingly the same volume.

I would have liked to savor the experience a little, but from the fence the comments ringing out slowly broke into my reverie. They were telling me to thank the goat and get moving. That drew a laugh from the others. I raised my body so I was sitting on my heels and sighed. The man was still kneeling at my side. I looked down at my body, my breasts and front covered in the dirt of the pen and a small little puddle of fluid having leaked from my pussy. The comments calling me a slut, bitch, and animal whore sank into my mind as I added the appearance of my body.

My eyes glanced to the side at the denim knees nearby. I glanced up at his face, then back down and started to rise. He rose with me and offered his hand for support, which I accepted. The couples at the fence had moved past the gate and were anxiously waiting to leave. The farmer gave them frequent glances that indicated his displeasure and I knew he would not be willing to grant this activity to them, again.

I started moving to the gate and the man stepped in front of me. He asked if I needed anything. I

shook my head, but he didn't move. He reached to his back pocket and pulled out a plastic water bottle.

"It's warm, but it might taste good now." He twisted the cap to break the seal and I took a deep drink. "By the way, I'm Albert Finney."

I handed it back to him. "Thank you. You were very kind and I appreciate it very much." I looked into his face shyly, "I am Samantha. I am very glad you were so kind."

He smiled gently at me, "I won't pretend to understand what was happening here, but you were very gentle with the animal and that made the difference to me. It seemed you put the animal's satisfaction above your own. The others only seemed interested in seeing you degraded, demeaned." He raised my face to look at him, the same way Nick does with a finger under my chin. "I won't allow them back here. It is not because of you, however." He smiled with that gentle smile, again. He was an aged, hardened farmer living out here isolated without anyone. I wondered where such a gentle demeanor came from.

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#### **CHAPTER 4: ALBERT FINNEY**

Once home with Nick, he wanted a debrief of sorts about the days. I could tell he was anxious. Maybe part of it was interest and excitement for me, but part of it was also clearly a nervousness about my having been on my own, though it was already done and finished. I had been by myself, I could see that bothered him still, but it was over and I was back with him. As I relayed the time with the 2 older couples, I downplayed the feelings in their attitudes, but little comments I shared were enough for him to pick-up on the change from the previous time. So, he pulled more details out of me about that. I could tell he wasn't happy about the change. There seemed to be a conflict inside him that I thought could cause a problem with his acceptance of this activity in the future. His feelings of loving and caring for me allowed him to want to support me in what we both 'felt' I needed to be complete, in recognizing my submissive nature and letting it out. But, those same loving and caring feelings for me also rebelled against the idea that I would be treated in any way that wasn't similarly reflective.

Nick was genuinely curious about Albert and his supportive and caring approach to me. The disappointed feelings Nick had about the couples had a curious way of enhancing his feelings about Albert. So, he decided we were going on a bit of a road trip on Saturday to see if I could remember the way to the farm. We had no other way of reaching him, so I hoped he didn't mind our unexpected visit.

Nick was driving and I was navigating with Harley in the backseat. "Are you sure this is the right way? This seems like we are going nowhere."

I looked ahead through the windshield and out the side window. "I think so ..."

"You think so ... We could end up at the back end of a ranch somewhere the way this road is looking."

"That's the way I remember it, Nick. As the houses passed, the road steadily got worse. This is the right way." At least, I hoped so. I had to admit to myself that my mind was occupied with other concerns the only other time I was on this road. We came to a rise in the road and I held my breath. If I remembered correctly, over this rise was the gate and fencing of the property. After that, the road wasn't much more than a track. "Yes! There! The gate. This is the right place."

I was initially excited that I had found the way, but then as we approached the house, barn, and outbuildings, I became nervous. Nick stopped us in front of the house and before we could exit, the man was already opening his front door and stood with his hands on his hips looking not the least bit happy at having a strange car in his yard. He was calling something out to us, but with the air-conditioner on and the windows closed, we heard nothing. When Nick opened his door and stepped out, I could hear him.

"Can't you read signs? The signs down the road at the gate very clearly say, 'No Trespassing'. That means I don't want anyone here."

Nick stood by the side of the car and looked inside at me. I opened my door and stepped out. By this time, the man, Albert as I knew him, was off the porch and walking defiantly toward us. I walked in front of the car toward the man, Nick coming up alongside me. We all stopped when we were about 15 feet from each other. I remember his 'discussion' with Stan when we came before and it was evident that this was a man who lived out here in the remoteness because that was exactly what he wanted ... remote, isolated, and away from people.

I looked at Nick and he indicated with his head for me to proceed. I didn't move, but I made my move vocally. "Albert? I am sorry to intrude, but my partner and I wanted to thank you for the other day. I didn't know how to contact you any other way."

He took a few steps closer and focused on me. His face remained an expression of displeasure as he studied me. "The other day? I don't think we've ever ..." Then his eyes softened as he stepped closer still and he studied my face. I was dressed in jeans, short-sleeved blouse, and sandals, my blonde hair tied back in a pony-tail. A smile formed on his face, then he turned his attention to Nick, assessed him, and returned his attention to me. "Samantha ... I didn't recognize you with ..."

I chuckled, my own eyes sparkling at his recognition, "... my clothes on?"

He nodded, then turned to Nick embarrassed, the implication of our last encounter hitting him. Nick stepped forward to ease the situation, "No explanation needed, she's told me all about it. That is why I wanted to come out here ... to thank you." Nick put his arm out and I stepped into his sideways hug.

He invited us into the house for ice tea. What he really did was walk us through the house to the back where there was a large, covered outdoor patio. Nick and I sat at a wrought iron patio table and chairs while Albert organized the drinks. I could hear him clattering around in the kitchen just to the side of the sliding door. The patio extended the length of the house and about 15 feet out from the house. There were 2 overhead fans spaced along the length of it. From this position, we looked slight down into a valley. The mountain to the left was nearly covered with trees, a curious sight in this part of the state. The rest looked like normal open range land, which appeared what it was by the horses and cattle visible.

When he returned with the drinks, we finally made formal introductions, not that we learned very much about him that day. His name was Albert Finney. He, however, had a lot of questions about us and what we were doing, especially with those couples. As Nick and I tried to make sense of what he had experienced that day, I watched him as intently as he watched us. I could see that he was as much an outward illusion as his house and property appeared. Walking through the house, it was much more comfortable, clean, and pleasant than the outside gave the impression of. The buildings and pens around the house gave the impression of a poor farmer, but the land and animals out the back gave the impression of a cared-for small ranch with an assortment of farm animals. All of it, though, showed that he lived alone. His personal appearance was the same. He was dressed in

coveralls, boots, and shirt like he was a simple farmer, but his talk was anything but that of a simple man. Although his face and hands were weathered and rough like a man having lived his entire life like this and alone, his eyes and voice and thoughts hinted strongly of a man who had once been very different.

We struggled to effectively explain what we were doing in our lives and he struggled in trying to understand. He turned to Nick, "So ... you're saying she is submissive and wants to be led into more and different sexual experiences and that was what was happening when those older couples brought her here? It was arranged that she would be brought here to be with a goat?" He sounded incredulous and, as I listened to how he was understanding this, I didn't blame him.

Nick chuckled, "I don't know, Albert, that we could ever say anything that might help you understand what or why we are doing what we are, that wasn't the point of coming here. No, we didn't know about the goat and we are surprised by the way Sam was treated. I, we, just wanted to thank you for the way YOU treated her."

He laughed, "Well ... treating her nicely was the easiest part of the whole thing. It was evident to me right away that her interest was as much on the animal as it was herself. She was very intent on making the goat comfortable and at ease with her. I am glad to hear that the language of the others was a surprise." He thought for a moment and turned to me, "My first impression was that you were some kind of sexual slave. You read about that stuff. Women being forced to do anything someone else wants. But, your actions convinced me otherwise." He turned back to Nick, "Samantha has been through tough times, emotional issues that have led her to a dependency for guidance and direction. Because she is very sexual, you are trying to provide an outlet for those desires while keeping her safe."

I knew there was far more to this man than met the eye. He came off as a simple farmer, but he was far more than that. He may be a simple farmer living an isolated life, but that wasn't always the case. He was very skilled at pulling communication and information from us. It wasn't until later that it occurred to Nick and me just how much we had divulged about ourselves without really learning very much about him. But, neither one of us felt threatened by the exchange.

After more discussion and another iced tea, he blurted out something that surprised us, "Do you want to try the goat, again?"

I looked up in surprise, sputtering with a mouthful of drink. "Albert, that is not why we came."

He laughed at the reaction, "You've said that and I have no reason not to believe you. But, I think, maybe, the last time wasn't as enjoyable for you as it could have been. And, besides, I am curious about it, too."

I looked at him with a look of curiosity of my own. I looked at Nick and he shrugged and nodded. He was leaving it up to me. I turned my attention back to Albert, "Now that you offered, I am curious, also."

He stood up and smiled. Just like that, I guess. So, I stood up, too. I started unbuttoning my blouse and looked at Nick. He nodded, so I continued. With the 2 men standing and watching me, I removed my blouse, folded it and placed it on the table top. When we stood, Harley got up from being curled at my feet. His tail starting wagging at seeing me start undressing. It wasn't missed by Albert.

"Your dog ... does he think you are getting undressed for him?"

I smiled, "Probably, he is a horny guy. He always seems to be ready for me." I could see Albert

thinking about something, but he didn't offer anything further.

I bent down to scratch Harley's ear, then straightened up and reached behind my back to unclip my bra, then slid the straps off my shoulders and shrugged it off, placing it on my folded blouse. I unsnapped my tight jeans and shimmed them over my hips and down my legs, slipping my sandals off before sitting on the chair to pull them off my legs. I folded them and placed them under my blouse and turned to the men wearing nothing but my bikini panties. Albert was watching intently the show I was giving him, while Nick smiled to me with encouragement. I hooked my thumbs in my panties and slid them down my legs, raising one foot with my panties dangling from it and put them on the other clothes.

I stood before Albert, naked once more, my nipples becoming firm and my shaved pussy beginning to tingle. Standing naked before a relative stranger prepared to have sex with his goat was a turn-on of wild proportions. Whoever this man was, though, he was a gentleman. I won't say he didn't look at my body, but he had the vast majority of his attention on my eyes, even with a smile that said he was thinking about something.

He turned to the side of the house and led Nick around the house to the pen with the goats. I followed behind to the corner of the house where they stopped, seemingly at Nick's suggestion. I had been to the goat shelter before and I found myself leading them. I had little doubt this was Nick's idea of giving Albert the opportunity to view me without my being able to judge where his eyes were going. Nick should know me better than that, though, I enjoy being naked and the exhibitionist. That means being looked at.

At the fence to the shed with the goats, I found it empty. Albert held the gate open and I entered. He asked if I wanted his assistance, again, but I told him I would try it on my own this time. I went to the little door in the side of the shed and opened it. I found the 3 goats milling around. One came to the doorway and exited, but it was not the male. The second one out was the male. I shooed the female back into the shed, closed the door and turned to face the male. He just looked at me. I looked at the fence where Albert, Nick, and Harley were watching. Harley would know what I was looking for. I guessed it was going to take more than one time for a goat to catch on.

I approached the goat and went down to my knees on the hard ground of the pen. The goat did come to me, though. Maybe this was going to be better than I thought. I stroked his head and neck, even touching the horns on his head. They intimidated me. Being butted by them could be painful. I looked at his easy stance in front me as I pet him and wondered if I could suck him. I smoothed my hand down his side and over his side to his belly. I touched his sheath and he remained in position. I felt along his sheath to the front and found the skinny tip of his penis. I moved on my knees to his side and lowered my head until I could put it under his body. He remained quiet so I reached my mouth to the tip sticking out and licked it. He flinched, but he remained. I licked a few more times, then put my lips over the tip. For a moment, I left it like that, no sucking or motion, just holding the tip in my lips. I was feeling more confidence when I moved my feet slightly and bumped into someone alongside me. It was Albert who said it looked like I could use some assistance to keep him quiet. I thanked him, but the goat's penis was in my mouth so I wasn't sure how it might have sounded. But, with the help, I became more aggressive in my sucking and soon I had more cock sticking out of the sheath and I was given enough pre-cum for me to taste it. It was different than either man or dog, but still not a bad taste.

I wasn't interested in taking this too much further, though. What I was interested in was getting fucked by this goat, again, this time without the comments and attitude from outside the fence. I knew that Nick was curious to see it, also, and I had a feeling Albert was curious about a woman cumming on a goat's cock. That is what I wanted, too. I wanted to cum on a goat's cock. With 3 to 4

inches of the skinny cock in my mouth, I released it and turned around with my ass to the goat. I felt him put his nose to my ass and sniff me. He jumped, but he didn't land right and fell off to the side. I asked Albert to let him try. The next time, I felt the animal's hoofs along my side and his furry belly and chest on my back and butt. I quickly moved my hand between my legs, found the wiggly cock and guided it into my pussy. I then grabbed a hind leg and held him against me, feeling his cock grow in length as he continued humping and fucking into me. Then, I released his leg and put my focus on the action happening between me and the goat. It was a strange feeling of that thin, wiggly cock pounding in and out of me with its odd, curved tip moving inside my pussy.

The cock inside me was hitting nice places, but it lacked the size in width or circumference to generate the surface tension and impact my clit or g-spot like a knot would. I moved a hand between my legs, again, this time to strum my clit as the animal continued to fuck me. I moaned at the new sensation of the combined stimulation and by the time I felt him pressing into me hard, holding himself as deep inside me as he could, I too was stimulated to nearly an orgasm. His cock twitched and throbbed inside me and my pussy spasmed at the same time, clenching desperately around the cock inside and that was when I felt him cum, spurting his semen into my pussy. That feeling took me to another level and I cried out as my orgasm climbed to another peak and crashed over me.

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"Look at her ... I love that look." Nick was talking but not necessarily to Albert. It was just his exclamation of admiration for the enjoyment I so obviously got from fucking and mating. "You know ... the first time I saw her with Harley ... he was on her back very much like that ... the look on her face was like she was experiencing some heavenly, ecstatic feeling."

Albert had been watching in fascination after rejoining Nick outside the fence. He had never seen or thought he would ever see, anything like what he was currently watching. He heard Nick's words and saw the woman in front of him with the goat on her back being fucked, and he completely understood what Nick was talking about. It was written over her face as it came up from hanging down, her eyes closed, mouth open with grunts and moans, her nostrils flared as she breathed in air. He marveled at the way the breasts moved as she was fucked, not just back and forth, but each seeming to swing in a circular or elliptical pattern. It was all just amazing to him. And, it struck him as a bit weird, but none of it seemed perverted or wicked or gross or shameful. It somehow seemed beautiful to watch her enjoy the animal and the animal enjoying her as they both exploded into their own orgasms.

Albert had said he was curious about something and that something was really 2 somethings. The first being if she really could or would orgasm by the animal. It was true she assisted herself, but she did and she truly seemed to enjoy it all. The second, though, was about Nick's reaction to it all. The other people reacted to her underneath the animal like she was some kind of whore or degraded slut. Nick's reaction was entirely different, he seemed to find it thrilling and rejoiced in her achieving a satisfying experience. Despite how shocked he initially was by the request of the other people, he now saw how it could be a good and powerful thing, at least for her.

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As with the previous time, after the animal came inside me, he quickly hopped off my back and wandered away. I was still enjoying the sensations coursing through me and dropped to my elbows and then to the ground completely when I remembered there was no knot to hold me in place.

I was lying on my side, content and comfortable in my post-orgasmic bliss, when I opened my eyes and saw Albert and Nick at the fence, big smiles on both of their faces. Upon seeing me smile at

them, they entered the pen and knelt in front of me. Albert stroked my bare arm and side.

Albert gazed into my eyes, "That is what I was curious about and was delighted to see." I gave him a questioning look and he continued, "Your orgasm, you truly and honestly enjoy this. And, Nick's response, he was totally and completely focused on your pleasure. You both truly are what you say you are."

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The visit was so pleasant for all of us, that we exchanged phone numbers. Albert encouraged us to contact him. Perhaps his time of self-imposed isolation, for whatever reason, was lifting. But still, a week and a half later, when a phone call came in during dinner, we were surprised.

"Samantha, lovely to hear your voice. Is Nick there, also?"

I looked at Nick with a smile. "Yes, we were just finishing up with dinner so your timing is excellent, let me put you on speaker."

We exchanged pleasantries, then Albert asked, "Nick, I'm just curious, how is Samantha dressed?"

Nick smiled at me, "Well, she has on a sheer baby-doll, no panties or bra, and heels."

"Lovely. I had a feeling you 2 carried your activities into more than just your sexual activities. I can picture it from here. Sorry, Samantha, but you are an enticing woman. After our last meeting, you left me wondering. Hence, my call tonight. I was hoping you 2 might join me again at my farm and this time ... I wonder if I might be so bold ..."

He stopped. I wondered if he did have the confidence, the boldness to ask. Nick and I had agreed that we liked Albert and the advantages of his farm, which we had just begun to explore. So, we were very hopeful the relationship would continue and expand. "Be bold enough to ask what?"

"Bold enough to ask if ... maybe this time, I might see you mate with your Harley."

So, he was bold enough. I looked at Nick and he gave me the indication that it was up to me. I smiled at him and he knew I was up to something. "Yes, you can witness Harley and me, but ... I also get the goat, again."

He laughed, "Oh, my dear Samantha, you've made my day. You and Nick might be the only people I have encountered who I care to interact with."

That visit was just that, but I insisted that I mate with the goat first and then he could watch me with Harley. When he quizzed me about why that order, I shyly confessed to him that Harley's knot might open my pussy too much for me to enjoy the goat after. The whole time, I was standing before him naked in the area by the outbuildings. As I described it, he looked down to my shaved pussy. He chuckled and put his hand on Nick's shoulder like 2 buddies sharing an experience and confided that he would never have guessed he would have such experiences in his life.

The relationship with Albert continued to flourish, even with him coming up to Tucson and having dinner with us at the club, then joining us at our house where Harley again fucked me while he watched. What never happened, though, was his participation and it wasn't because we didn't allow it. On the contrary, we offer, I offered, I almost insisted, but there was something holding him back and it was clear to us that it wasn't a negative reaction to me or the bestial activities he witnessed. Despite our increasing curiosity of what could be holding him back from going further and taking the

step that would allow the relationship to include a 3-some with him, we honored his feelings and resisted pushing too hard. Whatever it was, it was an intensely personal issue and if it was to be divulged to us, it would have to be at his comfortable time.

Our time with Albert continued and most all of it was at his farm. Although, he seemed to enjoy the time with us at the club and later at our home, he truly didn't look comfortable in the setting of a lot of people and the comfortable surroundings of suburban life. For me, that was fine, even ideal. Our times with Albert were restricted to a weekend day due to Nick's schedule, but we found our time with him became more and more until we were spending an entire Saturday or Sunday. And, the best part was that it became a time of nudity for me with these 2 men, secure in the isolation of the remote farm. I arrived naked and left naked, and the time there was spent happily taking care of the men and assisting Albert on the farm. I cooked for the 2 of them, made love to Nick outside and continued to enjoy the goat and Harley. Albert, however, remained unavailable and I increasingly felt some sadness around that. There was something holding him back despite all that was happening around him. I desperately wanted that to change, and in a way, to provide a way we could uniquely thank him.

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## **CHAPTER 5: ALBERT'S ALONE**

More and more, Nick seemed to be consumed by work. We finally did talk about it after I expressed my frustration at the feeling of us being separated just at the time when I thought our life's direction was bringing us together in a way that had seemed amazing. He said we would talk more after this next business trip. Business was difficult, as it sometimes can be in the manufacturer's representative line of work. But, this trip was supposed to be key to bringing in a new manufacturer to provide some much-needed diversification and a steadier stream of income for his agency.

His trip was taking him to Albuquerque and then down to El Paso before returning to Tucson. It was a long driving trip that was to take a full 2 days. It was a crazy schedule with the distances involved, but was necessary, he insisted. His work had kept us in Tucson for several weeks without much playing in our new and exotic way. He continued to take me to the golf course on some evenings, with either him or Harley or both fucking me somewhere in ear-shot of nearby houses. That was always exciting, but not the kind of increasing excitement we had planned to be getting into for me. He had a line on a group called the South Arizona Swingers. He thought we would meet up with them as guest members to see if we liked it, but even that fell through when his work again interrupted.

I was getting frustrated, but I knew it wasn't Nick fault. He was the bread-winner and sometimes life gets in the way of pleasure. He felt bad and I worked to keep him level in his feelings about it, telling him, reassuring him, that when life slowed down, we would find our way back to the fun and pleasure. Relationships are a partnership in the midst of the loving and caring. Sometimes, the one who has been the strong one, the one who has been the supporter and encourager, needs to be the one who has someone be strong for him, someone to support and encourage him. I was desperately in love with this man. No man in my life had ever been there, loved me, cared for me, and made me feel more special than I ever thought of myself. No other man but him. I could wait forever for another taste of the pleasure he had shown me as long as I had him with me.

In true Nick fashion, though, he made the effort to try to take care of both issues at the same time. He would be leaving early Monday morning for his trip with meetings Monday in Albuquerque. Then meetings Tuesday in El Paso. Then, I was sure being exhausted, he would be on his way back very late Tuesday night. But, he also talked to Albert and suggested a stepping up of our relationship with

him. Albert was willing, even excited, so Nick came to me with an option. I could stay at home while he was gone ... or ... I could spend it at Albert's farm. This new opportunity meant that the experiences I encountered in a day at the farm with Nick, would be a 2-day experience alone but for Harley's accompaniment. This was a big step for Nick after the experience with the couple. He had felt so disappointed in that situation that we never again had contact with them. I was convinced all new experiences would have to be with Nick's presence after that. This suggestion was a surprise, but it was also indicative of the relationship we had quickly formed with Albert. The fact that something was holding Albert back from participating with me might also have provided Nick with some comfort.

Needless to say, I quickly agreed to take them up on the chance. He and Albert had worked out some conditions and agreements, which I knew would be minimal because of who Albert was. Just as most times we have been at the farm, I would be naked. I would be free to mate with the animals but I would have some other responsibilities since I would be there longer. Nick suggested cooking meals because he knew Albert would enjoy the results. I wasn't responsible for taking care of the house or chores in general, but I was encouraged to participate in helping him while I was there. The difference between Albert and the couples, though, was that he wanted me to have clothes available in case he wanted to go into town or for any other reason. He didn't want me to feel trapped or enslaved like the couples tried to do. He also insisted that I drive my own car so I would have my own means of leaving if I ever felt I needed to. As I said, 'because of who Albert was'. It also hoped that this time would provide a chance to learn more about this man who wanted to appear simple and plain, but Nick and I both could see that he wasn't.

Nick and I kissed our goodbyes in the driveway Monday morning, me following him out of the residential area and down the state road leading us to the Interstate. I honked at him as he took the exit leading to the East, while I curled around the one to take me West and then South. I had to admit to myself that I felt a tingling in my heart and body at the thought of the next 2 days alone with this man on his farm of animals. I put my hand behind me and Harley came in for a pet and scratch. I looked into the rearview mirror and found Harley after I removed my hand. "You are going to have so much fun the next 2 days without fences or other people trying to control what you or we do." Was I saying that to him or to myself? The words could be just as applicable to me. I smiled at the thought.

It seemed like an even longer drive than it was. I guess that was an indication of my anticipation and excitement. I hoped to experience more with this extended time and to come even closer to Albert. At least, as much closer as he might allow.

When I finally pulled to a stop in the yard at Albert's, I found him sitting on the porch. Was he waiting for my arrival? Apparently, he walked off the porch and toward the large building where he stored his vehicles. He indicated with a wave of his hand for me to follow him, so I started the car, again, and followed him. I noticed that his old pickup was sitting outside the building and when he pulled the double doors open wide, I saw a space created next to his good pickup. He made a sweeping motion of his arm to the opening. I pulled into the open area, turned off the engine, and climbed out of the car, letting Harley out from the back seat.

"You did not have to do that, Albert. I'm just visiting for a while."

He smiled, took the small case from me, then my arm into his, "Exactly! It is right there, out of the sun, if you ever want or need it." I hugged his arm as he led me to the house. Inside the house, he led me down a hallway where I had always assumed the bedrooms were. He pushed open a door, "This will be your room while you are here. Make yourself comfortable, the house and property are yours to discover and ..." he winked at me, "... and to enjoy." I giggled and he laughed.

So, he still wasn't planning on 'taking advantage' of me? I was determined to find out something more about that. A less confident woman might begin to think she wasn't desirable.

I didn't plan on needing my clothes and hoped not to be using this bed, so I put the case on the bed and stripped out of the clothes I was wearing. The door to the room was open and I could hear Albert moving around down the hall, probably in the kitchen by the sounds of it. I put my hand down to Harley's head and moved out into the hall, Harley following close behind. The times when we have been here, before, he had gained comfort, but this was still not his home and he knew it, so he stuck close to me.

I stood in the entry to the kitchen. He hadn't noticed me, yet. "Albert, what is happening? I thought I was going to take care of the meals ..."

He turned to my voice and froze. His eyes moved, however, taking in my entire body. When his eyes returned to my face, there was a smile waiting for him there. He smiled back to me, stepped to me and led me to a chair at the old kitchen table. It was one of those old rectangular tables with the metal edging and Formica table top. The 4 chairs were matching with metal legs and cushioned seats under the firm plastic covering. The kitchen was simple like everything else in the house ... very outdated, but clean ... very clean given that its sole inhabitant was an older, single farmer stuck in the dry outback of the Arizona landscape.

He brought glasses and a pitcher of iced tea, a plate of sliced fruit and cheese, and a map. "Samantha, this is different than all the other times you have been here. Before there were bits of time that were devoted to certain activities and then some extra time. This time, these days will be more about being here and less about the specific activities that will still be a part, but only a part, of your time. I am honored that you and Nick exhibit your trust in me this way."

I reached out across the table, taking his hand in mine, my breast being pressed into the edge of the table top. "It is how we feel about you, Albert. It is how I feel about you. I look on these days as an extended time to enjoy the pleasures of the farm, but also as a time to be ... just be ... to avoid the outside distractions and be with nature and the animals."

He beamed, "Wonderful! We have plenty of that here." He spread the map out in front of us. "I marked the boundaries of my property. It is roughly a mile and a half on each side. The ridge of those mountains is one side. The trees to the north are roughly another side, then over to the dirt track to the east. Are you okay with horses?"

I sputtered, then it occurred to me that he probably meant riding them, not ... well, not where my mind was. "I have ridden some, but I am not expert."

"Okay. Hmmm ... why don't you put your clothes back on and we'll go into the little town? There happens to be a great boot shop there. And, we'll get some high SPF sunscreen. You, being naked all day for a couple days on end, will need it." I laughed and he joined me.

I tried to buy the boots that he picked out for me, but he refused. He said he could afford it and they would only be used on visits to his place, anyway. They looked like plain, practical boots, but the man helping me said they were one of the finest he had. The worth of a boot, he said, was not how they looked, but how they functioned held up to use, and these would serve me well.

Once back at the farm, he sent me back into the house and told me to meet him in the barn. I went inside and immediately stripped out of my clothes, throwing them on the bed. I sat on the bed, put on one of the pairs of socks he also bought and pulled on the boots. I clumped through the house and out the back sliding door. Walking from the house to the barn, I wondered how ridiculous I might

look: naked, my long blonde hair flowing around my shoulders and back, and wearing cowboy boots. I was carrying one of the bottles of sunscreen at Albert's direction. His idea was to have them divided around the house and barn for application and re-application.

As I entered the barn, through the large open doors, I saw that he was finishing up with saddling the second horse. Without turning, he announced, "Next time, I will show you how to fit the bit and saddle. This time, let's just ride." He turned around and stopped. He looked at me with a funny smile on his face. At first, I thought he might break out in laughter at my odd appearance, but he didn't. Quite the contrary, he simply looked at me and a smile grew big and bright on his face. "You are a fine-looking woman, Samantha. If I was a sexist cowboy, I would say that is how cowgirls should look."

I laughed and gave him a fake curtsy, "Thank you, kind sir."

He showed me the best way to climb onto a horse, then I did as he instructed. He climbed onto his horse and we moved out the same large doors. He indicated to the back and I followed him. It felt strange to be naked and away from enclosures in broad daylight. Nick teased me with going out onto the golf course, but that was at night and we quickly became invisible to anyone in the houses. Here, I was completely visible, except that we were the only ones on the land consisting of roughly 1.5 miles square or 1,440 acres, as he broke it down.

I relaxed with the thought of my nudity, then he started galloping and that brought a new element of self-consciousness. My breasts bounced severely as the horse moved. I initially tried to hold an arm across them until Albert caught a glimpse of what I was doing and brought his horse to a stop.

"It isn't going to work, my dear." 'My dear', I kept reminding myself that he was about a decade older than I was. "If you are going to be self-conscious about your lovely breasts doing their freedom dance, you might as well start wearing bra and clothes." He brought his horse alongside mine, laid a hand on my bare thigh, "But, I thought your time here was about freedom for your body and sexuality." He was looking into my eyes as if challenging my resolve to take this new step in the greater experience of his property.

I looked around me, to the mountain to my left and north to the string of trees in the distance and where the road must be past the hill to the right. Around the house, it has the illusion of a farm with the animals and sheds there. Not far from the house, though, it feels like a ranch, more horses and the cattle scattered in all directions. I turned my face up into the sun, breathed in and out, long and slow. I sighed, tension leaving my body and as it did, a smile formed on my face. I turned to him, leaned over and gave him a kiss on the cheek. I then raised up in the stirrups, "Is this a good saddle?"

He looked down and saw the wet spot where I had been sitting and laughed loud. "That'll be your saddle. That may end up being the softest saddle I have."

I laughed and took off at a gallop and then a run. He caught up with me and I called out to him, "Where to?"

He pointed up the mountain where the trees were. I let him lead the way. Inside the trees was a small mountain lake, crystal blue under the sun and clear skies. He climbed off his horse and tied it to a fallen tree. I did the same and he turned to me, "Are you a good swimmer?" I nodded. "Swim out to the middle."

I looked at him, but he had me by now. I felt like I could do anything he suggested, he was like Nick to me, already. I sat on the fallen tree, removed my boots and socks and walked carefully over the

dirt and rocks to the water and into it until it was deep enough to dive in. I glided smoothly under the water surface, arcing back up and treading water there. Looking around me, the shore where Albert and Harley watched, the mountain and trees around the lake, it was idyllic. Looking down into the water, it was so clear I could see the rocks on the bottom clearly even though it was at least 10 feet deep. I swam out until I thought it was about the middle and I felt it. This must be what he wanted me to experience.

I called back to him, "It's cold here."

"Yes, a spring below from deep enough to provide consistently cold water."

I turned and swam back to him. "How deep is it?"

"More than 50 feet." Before I could ask how he knew that, "I used a 50-foot rope with some rocks and the rope hung straight down."

I looked around the edge of the lake, then back to him. "If it's a steady spring, shouldn't there be some runoff?"

He smiled, "There is." He pointed to the trees to the north. I looked at him puzzled. He simply told me to get my boots on. I did as I was told, got back onto the saddle and followed him north to the trees. There, he slowed and pointed through the trees. I saw 2 old trailers side by side so their doors were opposite each other. "You might want to be cautious here. Some Indians are squatting on that land." So, we talked in hushed voices.

"Is that your land?"

"Yes, all the way to the road beyond them. The fence was stopped just beyond the trees for some reason and I never bothered to extend it."

"You don't mind them being there?"

"I'm not using it. They don't bother me. I suppose at some point I should talk to them about it."

I shifted our attention back to the water issue. "I don't see the water. All I see is a dried-up stream bed."

He smiled. "In wet times, the stream bed will have water in it. The runoff from the lake is underground, maybe 4 or 5 feet. That's what feeds the trees." I looked at him in wonder and he nodded in affirmation. Then he got me out of there before we were seen.

Albert showed me how each animal might be cared for and fed, but it was too much for my city girl mind to absorb at once. He laughed at my confession, then said that he hoped I would spend enough time with him so it would all become natural for me. I smiled and surprised him with a deep-felt hug and kiss on the cheek.

"Nothing would make me happier." He smiled.

There was one shed and pen on the property that he had never shown Nick and me, until now when he led me to it. Hogs. He never mentioned hogs before. He led me into the shed and he showed me the feed and explained about cleaning out the pen. I stood at the fence and watched the 6 hogs milling about with the fresh feed provided to them. I asked and was told there were 2 boars and 4 sows.

He slid sideways to bump me hip to hip as we stood at the fence. "Are you curious?"

My eyes stayed on the boars as they moved around, their large balls clearly visible at their back end. I nodded, "Yes. I know nothing about them, though."

He chuckled at that and turned to me, drawing my attention finally away from the animals in the pen. "You didn't know anything about the goat, either." I actually, blushed. He put his arm around me and hugged me to his side. "You are something. Despite fucking your dog and my goat in front of me, you blush when I make reference to it."

He said the 2 males were between 220 and 240 pounds, but if I was interesting, curious, he would assist me, like he did with the goat. I continued to study the hogs in the pen, then turned to him sheepishly. "I am curious, but I am going to think about this." He nodded.

He grabbed my hand and led me back to the goats, "I have an idea for something different for you. You've done anal with Nick ..." I looked up at him and he was watching me. "The long, skinny penis of the goat should be perfect."

I got a nasty smile on my face and turned to the goats roaming the pen. Without looking at Albert, I asked a necessary question, "Do you have any lubrication?" He chuckled and said he did. I went inside the pen to isolate the male and within minutes Albert was back holding a large tube, which he said he needed sometimes in checking the animals. I didn't really want to know more than that.

I was handling the goat like I had before, making him comfortable with me when Albert came up behind me and pushed a glob of lubricant between my ass cheeks and over my asshole. I flinched, but then dropped to my knees and pushed my butt out at him, giving him more access. He inserted a finger slowly into my asshole and my attention to the goat waned as his finger moved in and out of me. I was holding the goat's head, but not doing anything as a second finger was pushed into me. The question of Albert's awareness of sex evaporated. He definitely had done this before and it renewed my interest in finding out why he was reluctant to participate with me.

He patted my butt as an indication that he considered me ready to take the goat anally. I turned so my butt faced the goat and he responded, indicating that it didn't take many times for him to learn what to expect after only a few experiences.

Albert was behind, holding the goat steady. He tended to be a rather feisty thing, even butting my ass once before jumping onto me. "Do you think you will need me to put his penis into you?" I could sense by the tone that he was really wanting me to say that wouldn't be necessary.

"Let me try to do it myself like before, just aiming for the hole above." I giggled, but the relief coming from Albert was clear.

Albert helped the goat onto my back, holding him steady as I felt between my legs for the long, skinny penis of the animal. When I found it, I blindly tried moving it higher than before, but still, it hit my pussy hole and the goat drove forward, bringing a groan and moan at being penetrated. I allowed him to thrust at me several times before putting my other hand back to push his hind leg back. Albert saw what I was doing and pulled the animal back just a little. As I felt the cock tip exit my hole, I tilted my pelvis down and moved the tip up, this time feeling it touch my puckered, tighter hole. I shivered as the tapered tip slipped in with little pressure. When I have had anal sex, it has always required significant pressure and effort to accomplish. The tape and thinness of the goat's cock made the entry smooth and easy. Albert was right, this was the perfect cock for anal.

Once inside me, Albert released the goat and allowed it to continue on its own. The animal started

fucking rapidly into me, the feel of the funny shaped cock even more pronounced in my ass than it was in my pussy. The difference was stimulating; the animal on my back, it being Albert's idea, the skinny cock moving smoothly inside me all combined for a wild sensation. Balancing on one hand, I moved the freed one between my legs to work my clit, but the animal on my back shifted in his efforts to fuck me deeper, requiring me to pull my hand back for additional stability. That was when I felt a new hand between my legs. I didn't have 3 hands, but one was working my pussy and clit. It should have been obvious but for the state of my mind at the moment. I dropped my head and looked beneath my body, seeing the weathered arm and hand of Albert. It would have felt like a breakthrough in our intimate relationship but the extra stimulation, and the recognition that the stimulation was coming from Albert who had up until now maintained a separation, was enough to bring my body to the crest of an orgasm. My body's response crashed over that crest when I felt the cock tightly held by my anal passage twitch and pulse, then sending spurts of cum into my rectum. I threw my head back and cried out at the feeling of a goat cumming in my ass, but the cry was amplified by my own orgasm, stimulated by the fingers of Albert in my pussy.

Again, as soon as the goat was finished, he pulled out and wandered away. Albert's fingers were still buried inside my pussy, though. That kept me still, remaining on my hands and knees, gently continuing to press back against those fingers.

I didn't look back, but I softly asked, "Albert, would you please fuck me?"

I felt his fingers exit my pussy and for a moment there was nothing. Then, I felt a touch at my ass and I sucked in a deep breath of anticipation and expectation. But ... it was a wet snout and tongue at my ass and a moment later the furry belly and chest of Harley on my back. I was disappointed ... enough that my hand didn't move back to assist him. I don't think I had ever felt a sense of disappointment when Harley climbed onto my back to fuck me, but I did then. His cock jabbed at my ass until I adjusted my feelings and slipped my hand between my legs, but just then, his cock penetrated my pussy and drove deeply into me. I gasped out my response and my attitude returned to the pleasures that my faithful canine could always bring out in me. Perhaps in something of a reaction to my earlier disappointment, I fucked into Harley with an abandonment that seemed to surprise even him as he paused in his pounding into me. But, then I adjusted once again, giving way to him to lead with his frantic, energetic, and totally animalistic style of fucking. I gave into his fast, abrupt jabbing at my pussy, moaning and groaning and gasping as he pounded me with his hard and ever growing reddish cock.

I smiled and braced my body against his onslaught and relished the fucking he was giving me. My ass filled with the cum of a goat, my pussy filled with dog cock. My face broke into a wide smile, a smile broken frequently as my mouth moved in gasps and moans, as his forming knot pressed and banged against my pussy opening. The knot pushed and thrust at me and stretched the opening more and more as Harley drove his cock at me, his every intention to drive his knot into me and again tie us together as if he really were able to inseminate me.

I had lost awareness of Albert, but I was sure he was still there, still close by in the pen of the goat as Harley and I continued with our mating ritual before him as we had done frequently before. As much as I might have felt a sense of disappointment that Albert had not chosen to fuck me, I was never long in being disappointed in being underneath Harley and the divine fuckings we shared.

I pressed back with deliberation, feeling that my pussy was ready, nearly stretched enough, to allow his knot to pass into me. When it did, I cried out, "Yes! Yes, oh ... yes, Harley, yes."

He, of course, said nothing in response, simply continuing to fuck me deliciously, energetically, and fully consuming me. It wasn't long, though. After the knot, it isn't. My pussy clamps down on him,

his cock and knot, his movements constricted by the knot, but his intention never changes. He continues to fuck me with the same energy as if he was pulling further out and pounding deeper in. But, he was already deep and the knot restricted his ability to pull very far out before pressing back in. Each time he pulls, though, I feel my pussy being pulled out from my body, the mental image of what is happening only serves to heighten my experience ... as it always does. And, each pull of his cock and knot, jamming his knot against the front of my pussy, he impacts my g-spot, jolts of erotic, sexual, electrical shocks sent shooting through my nervous system, jolting my clitoris, tingling my nipples, and causing waves of muscle fluttering through my limbs and stomach.

When I orgasm, it is all consuming, higher and stronger than normal. A conscious, thinking mind might wonder and decide it being the combination of the goat, then Harley, the nearby presence of Albert, his earlier touch to my clit and pussy, and the anticipation of what else it could lead to the next day ... or tonight. But, my mind wasn't thinking; my mind was only reacting, following the body it was attached to, and the body was exploding. The explosion coursing through my body clamped my pussy around the cock and knot inside, pulsing and spasming around it until I felt it too spasm and finally shoot its seed into my waiting and wanting pussy.

I must have collapsed in the throes of orgasm, the side of my face pressed into the bare dirt ground of the goat pen. My ass was still in the air on bent knees, still tied to Harley. My mind recognized 2 sensations occurring at the same time at opposite ends of my body. Harley was tugging at the tie that joined us ass-to-ass and my cheek was being lightly, gently stroked. I opened my eyes to the fingers of Albert stroking my cheek. When my eyes focused sufficiently on his face, I found a soft, gentle, bemused look about it.

"My god, you are so beautiful and even more so when you orgasm."

I was hopeful after that comment that I might finally get Albert to allow me to pleasure him. But, I found myself lying in the extra room, alone in the bed, listening to the many sounds of nature when the world is so quiet that one can actually hear all that is available to be heard in the world when man-made noise is eliminated. Alone in the bed, wondering what it will take for him to allow me into his bed, to experience more of his touch, or for me to touch him the way I want to.

Sleep came to me, but so too did chaos.

I was brought out of a peaceful, deep sleep by a body pressed against me on the bed and someone shaking my shoulder firmly.

"Wake up, Samantha!"

I struggled with first my eyes opening and then trying to make sense out of what was happening and what could be so urgent in the middle of the night in the middle of nowhere. It was Albert, of course, and he was shaking me awake.

"Samantha ... are you awake? There is a phone call for you."

A phone call? I checked my cell phone earlier in the day and found no bars of service out here. I had turned the phone off to save the battery from constantly trying to find even roaming service, which didn't even seem to exist. How could there be a phone call?

Albert sat me up, made sure I was coming to, then helped me to stand and led me out to the kitchen where he sat me at the dinette table, giving me a glass of water and making me drink some.

"What do you mean a phone call? How?"

He sat across the table from me, his hands now holding both of mine. "Nick and I wanted you to leave my number on your answering machine in case of emergency, remember?" I nodded, but now I was wondering why someone would find it to be such an emergency that it couldn't wait until tomorrow night ... or was it tonight? I looked up at him with questions in my eyes. He slid a piece of paper to me. "I heard the phone in my sleep but didn't get to it in time. This is the message that was left."

I took the paper and turned it so I could read it. "Message for Samantha Jameson. If she is presently at this number or can be reached from this number, have her call the Arizona Highway Patrol at 520-555-4500."

I looked up at him and he was handing me his phone. "How does your phone even work?"

"Satellite service, same as my internet. Now, call. Do you want me to stay?" Now, I was getting scared. I nodded. The highway patrol ... why? ... no, no ... wait ... call ...

I punched in the number and waited. Albert came around, pulling a chair to join me on my side. I noticed he was wearing boxers. I was naked. Why was I thinking about that? The second ring, "Arizona Highway Patrol, Tucson Office. How can I help you?" My mouth didn't work at first. "Hello, is anyone there?"

I struggled with my control, "Yes ... I ... um, I got a message to call this number. I ... I ... my name is Samantha Jameson."

"Yes, ma'am. Just one moment." I could hear the call being routed, "Samantha Jameson?"

"Yes ..."

"This is Sergeant Hernandez. Do you know a Nick Foley?"

"Oh, my god ... yes, he's my son ... what ...?"

"Ma'am, is someone there with you?"

I reached my hand to the side and Albert took it into both of his. "Yes, yes ... a good friend. Why? What ... what about Nick?"

"Ma'am, I am sorry to have to tell you this ... your son ... Nick Foley ... was killed in a car accident tonight just south of Williamsburg, New Mexico. It appears that during a heavy rain squall, a semi-truck driver lost control ...."

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## **CHAPTER 6: IF NOT LOVE, LIFE?**

"Ma'am, is there someone there with you?"

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That short dialogue haunted me for days after. There were more words spoken, of course, but none that registered in my consciousness. After the words, 'your son was killed', nothing connected. I sat stunned, unable to move, to cry, to question. Albert took the phone from me and had the sergeant repeat what he had said and wrote it all down so I would have the information later ... later when I could hear it and have it mean anything more to me.

Albert was my savior. Thank god, he was there. I couldn't even imagine what would have happened if I had been home and received that call while alone. I suppose I might have stumbled across the cul-de-sac to Tom and Jane's house, which ironically is where Albert went after he got me settled in the house. How he got me back to Tucson and into the house, I won't ever remember. There are large blocks of blank times during those days. Albert stayed with me for the first days, calling on Jane frequently.

After a couple of days, I got my feet back under me and I insisted Albert go back to his animals who also depended on him. He seemed reluctant on one hand but, naturally, relieved on the other. He had been living alone for 10 years and this was giving him more human contact and emotion than he had experienced in all of those 10 years. The thing was ... he was never far away, even when he did end up leaving. He called daily for weeks. He got me set up with a funeral home. He assisted me with Tom and Jane for the memorial. He took me out after the service and got me drunk, then put me to bed with Harley guarding me on the bed, a place he was rarely allowed.

It seemed agonizingly slow, but the estate came together. Nick had revised his will and left explicit instructions with his attorney. As his mother, everything was transferred to me with an expedited probate. The house, his investments, business, and debts transferred to me. And, life became increasingly complicated and nebulous. Everything he had was in the business and the house, property and residential membership. There were no investments to fall back on, no stash of savings for a rainy day. His business really had been on a knife's edge of survival and in the cut-throat world of agency business, the firm had value but not as much as people might think. The office was leased, the employees were salary, and the manufacture contracts were voidable in 30 days for any reason.

The house had value, but it was also heavily mortgaged. It was clear to me that I had to liquidate everything. I couldn't afford the monthly payments of the house or all the vehicles.

Without Nick, the business was quickly sinking into trouble. I might have known the agency business, but I knew it from the perspective of one of the sales people, not the person managing the business. So, I sold it, first. Then, I looked at the mess of my situation. I needed a job, I needed to sell the house, I needed to sell one of the vehicles, and I needed to find an apartment that took a big dog.

It was a little more than 6 months after that fateful call from the highway patrol that I was shaken out of my morose, pulled out of the darkness of shadow and back into the sunlight.

Albert had never left me. He was not with me and we never did meet at his place or mine, wherever that might have been at any particular time. But, he was always there. He called regularly. In fact, the regularly became so regular that when the phone rang on Wednesday or Saturday nights, I could pretty much guess it might be Albert checking in on me. Nearly everyone else had drifted away. Nearly everyone else was Nick's work associates, golfing buddies, or friends around the neighborhood. Few had managed in my limited time with Nick to become my personal friends. So, they drifted away. There was nobody to blame, either. Those 'everyone' had lives to get on with. I needed to have a life to get to. I was just struggling on how to do that. Nick was my life. Nick saved

me, literally, from a life that was becoming miserable and awful. Nick showed me what I was and what I needed to be happy. Nick was the one who showed me that I would move from one bad situation to another as I pursued that rare man whose intention was of a higher order than most men could attain to. I needed a man to show me what I needed and provide me with the how to have it. Most men, though, as I repeatedly found, were in that kind of relationship for their benefit and/or reward. That was where I was when Nick came to get me and take me from all that.

So, after 6 months, I was essentially what I was before Nick rescued me. And, all I had to show for all of it was a nicer car and a faithful dog. I had another low paying job, which was enough to make the payments and keep me solvent. Besides the condition of my life, though, was the mental state I found so comforting. The edges of depression and insecurity after having been brought to a person with strength and courage.

Albert's regular phone calls helped, it reinforced one part of my past that I knew made the rest of my memories real and validated. But, it was his call that came outside his 'regular' calls that caused a jump in my psyche. The phone buzzed on Friday night. I was settled onto the couch with Harley. I had a bowl of some snack and getting ready for another night of Netflix. Yes, the decline in my mental state had a corresponding decline in my physical state. I had gained 11 pounds that people might not have noticed, but mostly because I was never naked in front of them and there was nowhere for a bikini to be worn, any longer.

I reached to the side table, spun the phone around so I could read the display and was surprised to discover that it was Albert. I looked at Harley as if he had the answer for the unusual timing of the call, but was probably only looking at me in the hopes that I would pick it up and end the noise of the tune and the vibration against the wood surface of the table. Not getting any meaningful guidance from him, I picked up the phone and punched the answer key, curious why it rang 4 times without going to voicemail.

"Albert? Is something wrong?"

There was a chuckle on the other end, "No ... sorry, dear ... it even occurred to me that you might worry that. I debated waiting to call 'til tomorrow, but ..."

"Albert? What?"

"I want to meet tomorrow. Maybe an early afternoon salad at that little café across from the park ... their free Wi-Fi means they expect people to spend time. I'd really like the chance to talk. I've been selfish for a long time and I would like to start being more open with you. I think we could both benefit ... if you think you are up for it, that is."

"Albert, don't be silly. Without you, I don't know what I would have done. You are the least selfish person I have known, and I will always up for meeting with you." He sounded relieved and the time was set. The café he referenced was about a mile away from my apartment. They had outdoor seating and pets were allowed in that section as long as they were well-behaved. That was the definition of Harley. After putting the phone back on the table, I looked at Harley, who glanced up at me feeling the weight of my gaze, then I looked at the bowl of snacks and the TV with the frozen face of some superhero in an unnatural pose, and made my decision. I turned the TV off, returned the snacks to the bag and stuffed it onto the top shelf of the cabinet (out of sight), and made the decision that Harley and I would walk to the café tomorrow. I felt something in Albert's words, something that meant a change. If the one person still in my life who truly cared about me to change out of a routine, the least I could do is duplicate the effort. Tomorrow would come soon enough to discover what his intentions were, mine came without much thought from some recess of my subconscious of

the life I once adhered to.

And, that, is how change begins.

During lunch and then in the park across the street with our plastic cups of soft drink, we talked. Really, Albert talked. He didn't want me to make the same mistakes he did. That was confusing to me because he seemed to be on top of who he was and what he wanted. He went on to explain in some detail how that was the facade he had worked hard to create. In truth, for the past 10 years, he had been in his own depressive world carefully carved out of the remoteness of the Arizona landscape.

His wife of 18 years died of a sudden and debilitating illness that took her within 10 months of it being diagnosed. To them, they had an idyllic life smoothly melding 2 worlds into one. He was a financial manager in a large firm handling the accounts of numerous highly prosperous clients. She was a middle school teacher in the small town they lived outside a major metropolitan area in the east. With her summers off and ties to the small town, their home life was casual, easy, and close to nature. The large yard of the old four-square house was filled with vegetable and flower gardens. There seemed to be less and less mowing each year as she directed him in the expansion or creation of garden plots. He had chuckled at the memory that with the reduction in mowing, the edging required increased.

She was 5 years his junior and provided the vitality and energy to their home and life; the very energy that his job in finances and big city demands seemed to suck out of him. Everything she touched seemed to blossom and flourish; the yard was obvious just by looking at it, the children she taught and cared for by the way kids continued to go out of their way to greet her in the morning and say 'goodnight' in the afternoon, but primarily, to him, the way she was able to keep him in the simplicity of life and not get lost in the turmoil, struggle, and competition of the city. He was complete and fulfilled.

That all ended, though, when she was taken from his life. The house, the beauty of the yard, the very lushness of the country in the east were constant reminders of his loss and the emptiness of what was left of his life. A year after her death, he couldn't take any more of the pretending he could live any kind of life when he was constantly reminded that she was not there with him. He couldn't get past the thought, the knowledge, that he would never ... ever ... be happy or be able to make anyone else happy, again. And, when he realized that he truly believed that, he sunk even deeper into the morose that had become his existence.

He finally gave up, literally, gave up on living. That is, he gave up trying to pretend that he could live the life, or any life resembling his life, ever again. That was when he quit his job, sold his house and the wonderful gardens of his love's creation, consolidated his finances, and moved to the Southwest. He stopped in Albuquerque and then Phoenix. He wasn't at all sure what he was looking for, but was sure he would recognize it when he fell into it, which was exactly the expectation he viewed it as. In his depressive state, he expected to find the only glimmer of hope for existence in something that allowed him to fall deeper and out of sight of the world. It was what he wanted, to give up on living while still having to live.

He found it when he found his ranch/farm. It was a ranch when he found it. It was a much larger ranch when he found it. But, he sold off over half of the land and half of the livestock. Over time, he added the goats and hogs. In later years, he had modifications done to the house on the inside to make it safe to live in when he realized that he was actually going to be living some time longer. He avoided everyone, kept his travel to town and contact with others to a minimum. That kept travel on his road down to the point where it quickly became a trail, which further discouraged any curious

visitors.

We were in the park across the street, sitting on a bench adjoining a playground area with children screaming and running around under either the bemused or absent gaze of parents. Harley, for his part, frequently raised an eyelid as some little feet approached his resting spot. I made all the children go talk to their parents before they were allowed to pet him. A big, white German Shepard is enough to scare many adults and I didn't need freaked-out parents scaring him with kids around.

We had been quiet for a moment and I knew the story he had wanted to share had essentially been told. And, it was fitting. He had lived the experience I now found myself in. While he was sharing, I was faced out into the park, giving him the benefit of the comfort of not being watched. Now, I turned toward him on the bench, curling my left leg under me.

"So, you had successfully isolated yourself for all that time. How did you meet those 2 couples?"

He laughed. "Honestly, until that day, I hadn't met them. They came under false pretenses and when you all came, his explanation that there was a woman who wanted to have sex with a goat ... well, I frankly couldn't believe such a thing. I was too curious. I wanted to throw you all off my property, but there was something nagging at me to see what would happen." He laughed, again. "Then I would throw you off my property."

"And, you did."

He looked at me and turned on the bench to face me. "I threw THEM off my property. You and I communicated, remember?" I nodded, I did remember. It was what brought Nick and me back to his place. We were quiet for a while, again, but we didn't turn from each other. "Samantha, I don't want you to make the same mistakes I made. I needed to share my story so you'd understand that I know something of what you are experiencing. Not what you are feeling because everyone is different and everyone's pain and loss is unique. But, I do know. I lost 10 years of my life. I gave it away. I didn't even fight for my life all that hard. I just ignored it. I don't want that to happen to you."

"O ... kay ... but, what...?"

He held up his hand. "I'm not saying I have any answers, but I have an idea." I arched my eyebrow. "I think you should come out to my place. Just during the day a few times. At least, Harley could be off the leash and out of the apartment. And you liked it out there, I know you did." I was quiet and thoughtful, but he continued. "I think you should come out and just be out there. I know my place was somewhere to enjoy different sex, but this time it will be just to be, to take in the solitude and quiet, the lack of expectation."

I looked down at Harley and found him looking up at me. He couldn't possibly have understood that ... But, I smiled at the thought. Albert was right, Harley would enjoy it. "Harley would enjoy that."

Albert touched my forearm, "Samantha, you'll enjoy it, too. It was a place that I ran away to in order to lose myself, a place to ignore the world, a place to die. For you, though, it can be a place to find yourself, to discover your place in the world, a place to live, again."

I looked up at him, "No sex, huh?"

He laughed. "No expectations. You and Harley ... find yourselves."

As I pulled to a stop in the yard in front of his house that Saturday morning, a strange sense of peace came over me. Harley was standing on the back seat and pushed his nose alongside my face, swiping

his tongue across my cheek. He was excited, so this was a good idea. And, if this peace I felt was real, it was a very good idea.

Albert stepped out onto the porch and pointed to the barn. Harley and I went directly there. I had an idea how Harley and I could spend this day ... up at the spring-fed lake on the mountain. I had a backpack containing treats for Harley and water for me, along with a beach towel. We spent the better part of the day at the lake, getting there by horseback, thanks to Albert having the dark gray mare ready for me.

Albert enticed me into coming back the next Saturday and the one after that. Never was sex involved, except between Harley and me. Albert said it, but I hadn't realized just how much my life had collapsed to the point that even Harley and I were not mating. We resolved that during those Saturdays and took that back with us to the apartment.

When the fourth Saturday was approaching, I noticed how much I was looking forward to it, so much so that my thoughts were turning to the goat, again. Even the goat with its erratic temperament. The apartment was what I could afford on my minimal salary doing my minimal job that kept me tied to the city 5 days a week with no expectation of vacation or improvement. I did discover that I had Saturdays to look forward to and I thanked Albert profusely when we left each Saturday night and blessed him in my heart throughout the week as I looked forward to the next Saturday. It should have occurred to me what was happening, but I was caught in the moment of joy for my Saturdays that the emotional and psyche improvements were obscured.

When I pulled the car to a stop in Albert's yard on the morning of that fourth Saturday, it was with the same intention of the previous ones before it. Harley and I would share a day in the quiet with Albert and his ranch/farm. Whether we went to the lake or puttered around the farm assisting Albert or used the large covered patio in back for relaxing and reading, each day had been satisfying and energizing. And, it was in that same expectation that I opened the car door and released Harley who immediately tore off into the back of the house ... free at last, free at last. I laughed as I watched him disappear around the house.

I heard the house screen door slam shut and saw Albert walking out to meet me. He walked right up to me and took me into his arms, planting a kiss on my left cheek, then pushing me out to arm's length, a big smile on his face. "What plans have you today?"

I turned him to the house, slipping my arm inside of his, squeezing it to me, "None. Today, I am helping you around here. You indicate the priorities. I even dressed for it." I wore jeans, a tee-shirt, and an old pair of running shoes. The Saturdays here had already inspired me to be more active and not just here, but in the city, too. Harley and I went for frequent walks and I started body-weight exercises daily, as well as making small and steady changes to my diet and habits. I had already lost 8 of the extra pounds.

By mid-afternoon, I was ready for a break and to experience another of the wonders of nature in isolation. I called for Harley, then called over to Albert, "Harley and I are going for a walk."

He turned to me and smile, "You 2 have fun." Then, as if he knew, he gave me a wink.

I started out past the barn and up the rise behind the barn. The mountain was a bit of a walk away, and the ground steadily rose from the yard and soon I was high enough over the house and yard to see much of Albert's land. It took a particular eye to see the beauty of the desert, but it was there. To be honest, my time in Tucson with Nick was devoid of the desert wonders except for trips on the road from one city to the next or up into the preserve behind the golf course. Actually, spending

periods of time in it, though, brought a recognition of the desert and the land. One of the features of the desert that weren't that beautiful, though, were snakes, especially the rattlers that were hidden behind rocks, brush, and cactus. Albert lectured me at length about precautions, what to watch for, what to do if encountered, what to do if bitten, heaven forbid. As a result, I always had a bite kit with me just in case. I had seen some but we avoid each other, which turned out to be the common occurrence like most wild things.

Harley was ahead of me when I came to a small level surface several hundred feet above the yard below. From here, Albert's land could be seen from one end to the other. I looked at the lake, then to the line of trees and over to the line that marked the dirt road on the other side. I looked around, not so much to verify my privacy, but to marvel at the amount of privacy that existed here. It was no wonder Albert was so secure in my being naked anywhere on the property. He was right, this was isolation in its very definition. I could not see them, but I knew that the Indians had their trailers just beyond the trees. I also spotted a plume of dust rising far off in the distance indicating that someone was out there moving on the dirt road miles away. Yes, this was isolation. This was a place you could lose yourself, hide from whatever you wanted to hide from, a place where you could die while still breathing.

I turned my face to the sun and sucked in the dry desert air into my lungs, exhaled slowly through my mouth, then pulled my tee-shirt up my body and over my head. This can be that kind of place ... or, this can be the kind of place where the solitude, the isolation, the peace brings you face-to-face with yourself, your fears, your disappointments, your sorrows, and your losses. A place where you can look at yourself in complete honesty, largely because there is not a lot more to see until you do. How can you see beauty, if you can't see it in yourself? How can you accept help and forgiveness, if you cannot give it in return?

Harley was above me on a rock outcropping when my movements captured his attention. Whatever had his curiosity before, now he stood on the rocks, his eyes on me. I sat down on my own rock, untied and removed my shoes and socks. I stood up, unsnapped my jeans, pushing them and my panties down my legs. I turned to him as my hands went behind my back, unclipping the 3 hooks holding my bra to me. His scramble off the rocks and down the little slope brought a smile to me. He stopped directly in front of me, his tail wagging in expectation and happiness. Dirt and dust being whipped into the air behind him. I stepped up to him, separating my feet as I did. I watched from above him as he sniffed the air in front of him, then moved his snout to my pelvis, sniffing closer until his nose was between my legs. That was when his tongue shot out and lapped between my thighs, covering the length of my pussy in that single swipe of his tongue.

It was divine. Outside, with Harley, not hidden, not afraid, not nervous about noise. With his third swipe of his tongue, I gasped loudly, because it felt so good, and because I could. I took his head in my hands and crouched down in front of him. I held his face and brought my lips to his, kissing him, then tonguing him, touching tongues and taking his into my mouth.

I looked into his eyes and, in a not quiet voice, asked him, "My Harley, I have ignored you, will you fuck me now, here, like only you can?" He did not nod, he did not say 'yes, ma'am', but his tail was wagging furiously. I reached along his side and felt under his belly. I pulled my hand away and looked into his eyes. "Someone is very horny ..."

I petted him on the head, knelt down in front of him and went to my hands and knees. There was no sniffing or licking of my ass or pussy this time, he just jumped onto my back. My hand was between my legs in anticipation and his already exposed cock slid along my palm, hit the side of my pussy, and enter me. I sucked my lower lip in anticipation and he drove his cock deeply into me. I gasped out but knew from experience that there was more. He adjusted his forelegs around me, then pulled

me and pressed himself, bringing us together with even more penetration. In the next couple thrusts, he was deep inside me and my gasp and cry were complete at again feeling his cock inside me, completing the feeling of renewal, the 2 of us in the open mating. That was what this place was to me, a place where I felt whole and complete and free to be who I wanted to be ... needed to be.

He made me orgasm when his knot pushed through my distended pussy lips and his urgency in fucking me did not stop or slow down by his knot being inside me. He continued to thrust wildly into me, his knot pulling my lips far out from my body as he pulled before thrusting back into me. The feeling of his cock pulsing, then jerking inside my pussy, then his seed spurting in gushes into my hungry, clenching, milking pussy chamber sent me into another climactic orgasm. This one I screamed and cried out in a joyous, climactic, resurgent experience.

I dropped my breast, chest, and face into the crushed rock and sand of the ground, my heaving, gasping breath sending puffs of dust from near my mouth. I opened my eyes, a smile on my face and a determination in my heart. As if a sign of consent of my feelings of soaring, I spied a hawk gliding effortlessly on the updrafts of air off the hot ground. I reached back and patted Harley's hip as we were stuck ass-to-ass. A sign? A confirmation of my spirit? Is that what the Indians would say? How was I to know, but it seemed like a romantic thing to imagine.

When Harley separated us, I rolled onto my back and gazed up at the light blue sky above. The hawk was gone, but the memory, the thought, the image was still with me. This feeling I felt, this sense that I knew inside me, how confident was I about it? Was it a romantic impulse brought on by Harley and a hawk? Was it more and real?

I rolled onto my knees and gained my feet. I found my shoes, sat down on the nearest rock and put them back on. I picked up my clothes, called Harley, and headed down the slope to the yard below.

Harley ran ahead of me as we neared the yard. As I rounded the barn, I found Albert crouched down and petting Harley, his tail wagging crazily. I stopped and watched them for a moment until Albert looked up and found me watching them. He stood up, Harley now lost to his attention. I stood 100 feet from him, naked with my old running shoes on, my clothes held at my waist, wrapped into a ball in my jeans. A smile spread across his face and he met me halfway. He stood in front of me, gazing into my eyes and I thought I might fall into them or they might be seeing every tightly held secret of my past. But his gaze and face never changed. A wide smile and open, welcoming eyes.

"My dear Samantha, so wonderful to see you back." I just smiled at him wondering how real this was. He turned to walk alongside me, his arm going around my bare waist. I leaned into him and rested my head on his shoulder for a moment.

We were in the kitchen at the old dinette table drinking iced tea. I was still naked and I had kicked off my shoes. Albert, of course, was fully dressed. It was late afternoon and about the time when I should be getting ready to return to the city. It was a bit of a drive and much of it was on a bad dirt road that I did not want to drive in the dark. There was nothing darker than when you were miles from the nearest light source.

Albert was not looking at me. Not like he was not LOOKING at me ... it was not my body he was not looking at, it was me he was not looking at. He seemed nervous, tense, or uncertain about something. I let him work it out and waited, sipping my iced tea. He was not drinking his, he held the glass with heavy condensation on the outside, twisting it in his now wet fingers. He put the glass down and look up at me. I looked at him and waited.

"Samantha ..." There was nothing more so I raised an eyebrow, it seemed I should respond

somehow. "Samantha ..." Come on Albert, say it, you want to, just do it. "I want you to stay tonight. Go back tomorrow. I know we didn't plan this, but I think ..."

I half stood and reached across the table putting my index finger to his lips, "Yes ..." He stopped fidgeting with his glass, leaned back in his chair and smiled. "On one condition, though." He nodded. "I sleep in your bed. If you want to just sleep, that's fine. But, I want to share the night with you, against you." He smiled and nodded. The acceptance wasn't resigned or reluctant. His acceptance felt as if he agreed that the time was right.

The night-time ritual would take a little time to develop, I suppose. He went out to the pens, assuring himself that the smaller animals were securely inside the sheds where they were less threatened by wild predators in the area. He didn't shut up the house as securely, feeling the security of isolation and promoting cool night air flow through the house.

I took a shower before bed, having at least been rolling in the dirt with Harley, not to mention the sweat and dust of working side-by-side with Albert with other animals. When I came out, he was ready to go in for his shower. I was drying my hair with a towel as I saw him take a pair of boxers that I assumed he intended to sleep in. When he came back, I was sitting on the edge of the bed. He stopped and leaned against the open doorway.

I looked up, aware of his presence, "What?" It was a question full of uncertainty.

He smiled as he gazed at me, "You ... you are beautiful, Samantha. It could take some getting used to, you like that in my bed. But, if you are going to be in my bed, you should be comfortable being there and not waiting for me."

I smiled back at him and glanced over my shoulder to the bed, "Oh, no ... I will be comfortable in your bed, Albert. People seem to have a natural order to where they sleep in the bed out of long habit, alarm clock location, or maybe just where the window is located for views in the morning or avoidance from the light. I did not want to presume and perhaps take your preferred side."

He chuckled, "You are an interesting woman. And, where would you think I might prefer if you were to guess?"

I had already thought about it, which was why I was sitting on the bedside I was. "The other side, next to the window. There are no clocks in here, few in the whole house, come to think of it. It indicates that you probably wake up to the day when it comes to you. The trees outside would provide filtered light in the early morning, probably some morning birds chirping, which is better than any alarm clock that the day is ready to be taken."

I was proven correct when he turned off the light and walked easily and confidently in the dark to the other side, a walk repeated over the years. As he moved to the other side, his shape appearing before the open window and the faint light of the moon's reflection against the mountain far beyond, I crawled into my side and pulled the top sheet over me. When he was settled, I snuggled up against him, leaving a good share of the bed unused.

The side of my face against his shoulder, "I need to be against you."

One hand reached across his chest and smoothed the hair on my head, the other was wrapped around me. He rolled his head and put a kiss on my forehead. "It is something I could gladly get used to ..."

I smiled into his shoulder and wiggled my body a little bit closer against him. Sleep found me very

quickly, but before it completely shrouded my consciousness, a sense of rightness, comfort, and security enveloped me.

When my eyes flickered open next, it was morning. My hands told me I was alone in the bed. My eyes told me it was bright outside. I tried to think what time in the morning that might be and couldn't. Then, I tried to think what time it might have been last night when we went to bed and realized that I couldn't. The clock wasn't very important in this life. I rolled over onto my back and stretched my body. I hadn't slept so soundly and comfortably for ... yes, since ... And, I felt more refreshed from a single night's sleep than I had for ... yes, the same time. I suspected, here, you go to bed when the work is done and you are tired. You get up in the morning with the sun and the sounds of the world surrounding you. The way of the world around you becomes the clock of your life and that must be the most natural way of life.

I sat up on the bed and looked out the window. It was, indeed, bright outside. I got out of bed, went to the bathroom, then returned and wondered what to do with my body. Should I go out naked or put clothes on. I wasn't sure about either one and I wished there was a middle ground to choose, but I only had the clothes I wore when I came yesterday. It seemed like that or nothing. I looked at the dresser at the side of the room, then at the door, hearing noises from the kitchen. I opened a drawer, then another before finding folded tee-shirts. I pulled out the one on top and held it to my shoulders. It fell down just below my crotch. It would have to do. I slipped it over my head and looked at myself in the mirror over the dresser. It would have to do, though it barely covered me standing quietly.

I walked into the kitchen and it was a moment before Albert turned to my presence. When he did, he did a double take seeing me in his tee-shirt hanging loosely over my smaller body.

"Good morning, how did you sleep?"

I chuckled, "Like the dead. I have not felt so refreshed after a night's sleep in ... a long time." I saw him looking at my barely covered body. "I hope you don't mind me raiding your tee-shirts ..."

He laughed, "Not at all. I said to make yourself at home. Besides ... it looks a lot better on you than it ever did on me."

He dished up a plate for me of a warm egg dish, toast, juice, and coffee. He must have already eaten because he sat opposite me at the table sipping his coffee and thinking and watching me. When I pushed my plate to the side, he refilled our cups and retook his position, but this time leaning forward with his elbows on the table, his hands holding his cup.

It was quiet for a moment, one of those times when you were sure there was something important to come. Knowing Albert, if I pressed, he might chicken out, so I waited while sipping at the hot coffee, watching over the rim of my cup.

Then he started, looking into his coffee cup rather than me, "I have a proposal I would like you to consider." He glanced up at me. I did the eyebrow raise, again, to keep him going. He hesitated longer, "I would like you to consider moving in here with me."

This was not expected. "Moving in ... here?"

"Okay ... hear me out, first, please." I nodded. It was not that I did not like the idea, I just was not prepared for it. "You like it here, and ... I like you here." He looked up at me, "To be blunt, you have a nothing job just to make payments; you and Harley live in a small apartment; your existence is currently in survival mode and ... well ... you may likely get stuck in that existence."

“Did you have this planned from the start?”

He shook his head. “No, honest. It only started to form when I saw you and Harley returning from your ... walk, yesterday. Then, last night and this morning it solidified in my mind. But, I have more to say ...” I did the eyebrow thing, again. It was becoming a regular communication method for me. “We both know how you have responded to your Saturday’s here, not to mention how Harley likes it. I know it is not simple, but ... we have already been good for each other and there is nothing that says it has to be forever, though, I would like that if it was. What I am trying to say, Samantha, is that we are dealing with similar things and I know we can be good for each other. This is not a matter of us finding a love like either of us knew before. I don’t think that is realistic. I also think looking to replace that kind of love will leave each of us wanting and lonely. I’m not saying we can find that kind of love, but we can find a life ... a life that we deserve and want and need. And, that life may provide us with a kind of love that satisfies a desire for meaning and belonging, too.”

He started furtively glancing up at my eyes. I was floored and surprised. I had no idea this was coming, but I was not shocked by the idea, either. Everything he said was right; they were things I have had fleeting thoughts of myself after the first few Saturdays.

He asked me to just think about it and we could talk more the next Saturday if I still wanted to come. Still wanted to come? Of course, I still wanted to come. And, thinking about this was going to be interesting. A dramatic change may be the very thing I needed to keep me out of depression. Yes, I would very definitely think about it.

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## **CHAPTER 7: CHOOSING LIFE**

“Albert, this is Samantha.”

“Yes, my dear, that is what my phone screen also says.” He laughed.

“Oh, yeah ...”

“Sorry, I think I interrupted you. Is something wrong?”

“No, no, nothing is wrong ...”

“So, you are still coming Saturday as planned.”

“That is what I wanted to talk to you about.”

“So, there is something wrong, after all. Something has come up?”

“No ... let me start this over.” I paused for effect. “Hi, Albert! I hope your day and week have gone well so far. I was wondering if you could do something for me.” He laughed. This was nice, the easy, comfortable, teasing banter back and forth.

He responded without question, “Of course, what can I do?”

“I will give you the address to my apartment and I would like you to bring your big pickup on Saturday morning. My living room is half full of boxes.”

Now there was a pause. “Boxes? Why are there boxes in your living room? What are we doing with them?”

"Bringing them to your place, of course. I put in my 2-week notice on Monday. Albert, there was never a question in my mind how I was going to respond to your proposal."

"Samantha, I want this for you and me, but I want you to be absolutely sure. This shouldn't be a decision made lightly and regretted, later."

"Dear Albert, your concern is part of why I am so sure. I have concluded, there can come benefits from loss. Simply because this loss meant a stripping away of the inessential within me. I don't know that I was ever intended to have the perfect, storybook love that I thought I was getting. Even Nick showed me that I was something very different from that. So, I stopped pretending to myself that I was anything other than what I was, and you help me begin to re-direct my energy into finishing the work that I had begun with Nick. And, that is why I am so sure."

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With the knock at the door, Harley and I crossed the apartment and I check through the peephole to find the distorted features of Albert's weathered face. I opened the door, grabbed his hand as he entered and pulled him into the apartment and the living room.

"We have decisions to make." He was a wise man and allowed himself to be pulled and moved from room to room as we compared my stuff with the stuff he already had in his house. Ultimately, he confessed that all my stuff, furniture, dishes, kitchen stuff, and even the bed, were newer and better than what he had inherited from the previous owners 10 years ago when he bought the ranch.

I was standing in front of him, my hands on my hips looking at everything that would need to be moved from the apartment. I was wearing shorts, tank top, and barefoot. "We're going to need a bigger truck or a lot more trips."

Suddenly, I was wrapped up in his arms around my waist. His cheek against mine, "Neither. I'm calling a mover."

I pushed back against him, took his hand and moved them to my breasts. Instantly, he knew that I was braless. I leaned my head back alongside his, "I am going to make love to you tonight."

"Samantha, I ... it's been a long time."

I turned around in his arms and kissed him on the lips for the first time. I looked into his eyes, "It is okay, my Albert. The second time will be better." He groaned.

We piled boxes of clothes and personal belongs into the back of his pickup and my car. It took a while to reorganize the closets in the bedroom and spare room for our clothes. There were a lot of clothes I had that would not be necessary for everyday life on the ranch. Those I put in the spare room: the multitude of negligees, frilly summer dresses, stockings, and a variety of shoes. The practical things went into the bedroom.

Immediately, I shooed him from the kitchen. That was now my domain. I loved to cook, anyway, and I wanted to do it as part of my contribution to the life here. That night, I joined him on his routine of closing things up for the night. I wanted to know and understand everything I could about the life on this ranch according to the way he wanted it. But, when we were done, I led him to the bedroom. He appeared a little nervous.

"Do not be afraid. If I bite, it will be gentle." That may not have settled his mind.

He stepped up to me, his hands on my waist, "Do you know what I find very mysterious, even a little erotic, about you?"

I smiled coyly at him, "There is just one thing?" I was teasing him, of course.

He was nervous, again, but caught my tease, reached behind me and spanked my butt. "The way you don't use contractions. There are times it is very noticeable and it becomes curious."

I smiled, "It was Nick's idea. He thought it would make me more unique. I guess it works." All he responded with was a nod and took me into his arms and kissed me. Ever since I told him I was going to make love to him, he has touched me more, tentatively perhaps, but he has. I was his now, a transfer of sorts in my mind from Nick to Albert. I intended to have him help me expand my experience with his animals, but I also desired his experience at the same time. As much as I like the feel of animals on and in me, I love the feel of a man in me.

I moved him to the edge of the bed, continuing the kiss that he had started. I took hold of his shirt and pulled it over his head. I kissed his face, lips, and down to his chest and stomach, a much softer stomach than Nick's. I was now on my knees in front of him. Put my cheek to his crotch and looked up at his face that was watching me. I smiled up at him as I turned my head to focus on undoing his belt, pants snap, and zipper. I leaned forward, kissing the new skin now exposed and, while I was doing that, I hooked my fingers into the waist of his pants and boxers, slowly pulling them down over his hips, his thighs, and pooling at his feet. His cock wasn't limp. I felt it hardening inside his pants when I put my cheek against it. Without touching it, just gazing at his cock for the first time, he grew in firmness, stiffening and moving on its own before me.

Now, I looked up at him, still not having touched his cock. He was still watching every move I made and I smiled at him. I opened my mouth, my tongue coming out to lick my lips, my cheek moving in fractions of my inch closer to his now hard cock until I felt it on my cheek. I smiled bigger, then turned my head and raised up higher and engulfed his cock into my mouth. Not a kiss, not a lick, not the head into my mouth in preparation or teasing, but engulfing the cock into my mouth, pushing my mouth down over it and down its length until I felt it in the back of my mouth.

His sounds were a mixing of moans, groans, sighs, and gasps. "OH GOD! Oh ... Sam ... antha ... oh god ... I ... never ... oh god ..."

I smiled around his cock, but I also felt his cock pulse in my mouth. He wasn't kidding about it being a long time and I didn't want him to cum quite yet. I did want him to cum, but not this fast. I wanted him to cum so that when I made love to him it could last and be prolonged. But not this fast.

I pushed him back onto the edge of the bed. He body fell all the way with his back on the bed. I pulled up one foot, releasing his shoe, sock, and pant leg. Then the other so that he was naked. I went to the head of the bed and pulled the cover and top sheet down to where he lay. He turned and moved to the head of the bed as I stripped it the rest of the way, folding the top sheet at the bottom where we could find it easily later when we were through.

He was now lying with his head resting on a pillow. I moved to the end of the bed. There was no music playing anywhere but in my head but that was all I needed. It didn't matter if he saw how my body moved to the rhythm of the music, only that he saw my body moving.

I never thought of myself as a great dancer, but Nick enjoyed these shows and I figured Albert would, too. I twirled in the area between the bed and dresser that contained a large mirror at the back. As I moved, I saw myself and him behind me and I knew that as he watched me, he was also able to see the other side of me as I moved. I bent my head back allowing my long, blonde hair to

hang behind me, then twirling, my hair flying out behind until I stopped, my hair moving over my face and held my body in a pose that had me looking through my hair. I started rotating my hips and turned slowly before him. When I was turned back to him, the snap and zipper of my shorts were undone and I danced allowing him to see the tops of my bikini panties. I hooked my thumbs into my shorts and pushed them down, letting them fall to my feet. I stepped out them, kicking them to the side. I continued to rotate my hips and body, taking my shirt in my hands and pulled it up toward my breasts, higher and higher, then turning my back to him as I pulled it up to my chin, exposing my bra back to him. I looked over my shoulder, winked at him, blew a kiss, then pulled it over my head, tossing it somewhere. While my back was to him, I reached behind, unclipping my bra, letting it fall open. I looked over my right shoulder as I held the bra cups to my breast, pushing the right strap off my shoulder and removing my arm. I blew another kiss to him before turning to look over my left shoulder and repeating the actions there. I turned back to him, my hands hold the cups to my breast and I continued to me. I turned around and flung the bra to the side before turning around, my hands back on my breasts, lifting them as if an offering just to him, which it was.

I glanced down at his cock. The break in my mouth's attention to it was doing nothing to lessen his hardness and I smiled at him. He saw me looking directly at his hard cock and I saw him seeing me and we both knew what each other was thinking.

I hooked my thumbs into my panties and lowered them halfway down my hips, one side an inch and then the other side, back and forth. He eyes were riveted to my action and not to either side as they alternatively lowered, but halfway between. Of course, he knew what my pussy looked like, he had seen me naked many times before, maybe more times than he has seen me dressed. But, I turned my back to him, again. I pushed my panties the rest of the way down, but keeping my knees straight, bent down to pick them off my feet. I looked around my hips at him, then stepped each foot to the side, parting my feet and legs and bent over completely, looking between my legs at him. As I looked, and he gazed unabashedly back, I slipped a hand between my legs and covered my pussy and asshole. When I pulled my hand away to fully expose myself to him, I used my index finger to stop at each hole, sliding my finger along the length of my pussy.

Only then did I turn around and crawl onto the bed, one slow stride after the other, my breast hanging from my chest as I approached him. When I got to his thighs, I started kissing, one thigh, then the other, working my way up until I kissed first one of his balls, then the other. I looked up at him watching me as I put my tongue out and ran it up the length of his cock. When I reached the crowned head of his circumcised cock, it jerked, rising up and falling back down onto his abdomen. My lips around the head, I felt it pulse and throb, his mouth releasing groans and gasps, partially in the pleasure of the impending release from his loins, partially in frustration of the impending release from his loins. He called my name over and over between moans and groans. I engulfed his cock head until his cock was at the back of my mouth just in time for him to spurt his semen in my sucking mouth. Perhaps it was his long period of abstinence, he filled my mouth and continued to spurt repeatedly. I gulped around his cock, swallowing loads of his semen, noisily and greedily gulping every bit he gave me.

When I returned to the bedroom carrying the bottle of Jameson's Irish Whiskey and 2 glasses (his drink of choice), he was sprawled on the bed in the exact same position as when I left him. He turned his head to look my way as I re-entered the room. He struggled to his elbows.

"Stop ... right there." I did as he said, wondering if I had misunderstood the drink he wanted. "You are a beautiful creature, Samantha."

I laughed. "I bet you say that to all the girls who have your cum in their mouths." He laughed with me.

We talked. We talked about moving the rest of my stuff down the following weekend with the mover. We talked about getting rid of the duplicates. We talked about the animals and me, which I found intriguingly helpful in getting his cock to begin stirring, again. We talked about if there should be rules about my being dressed or not and how, if so. We made no decisions, only talked.

After I finished my drink and poured him another couple fingers of the Irish Whiskey (my new favorite now, too), my fingers teased his chest, stomach, cock and balls. I kissed his shoulder, chest, neck and mouth. Soon, I was holding in my hand a growing cock and I shifted my position so my mouth was again at his cock head.

He groaned, "You're really going to do this?"

I released his cock from my mouth, turned up to him and smiled. "Poor, Albert. This and so much more. I think you did not understand what it was to have a slut in your life?" He groaned, again, but his face was all smile, his hand stroking my hair as my head bobbed up and down on his cock.

He was hard, again. He was ready for the next stage in my plan for this first night of our new relationship. I had taken his seed into my mouth and swallowed joyfully, while he only laid back and enjoyed my efforts, in my mind establishing our position with each other. Now, I would take him, again. This time vaginally. Another time, I will be taken anally so that I will be fully known to him for his pleasure. I thought, in his mind, this relationship was his giving to me for my benefit and transition from the loss of Nick in my heart and life. And, while I accepted that and needed that for me to move on with my life, this relationship was also me giving to him for his benefit and transition, finally after all these long years, from the loss of his wife in his heart and life. We both had so much to move on from, much that needed to be bridged to become healthy and vibrant, again. And, he was correct, it was not to replace the individuals and loves of before, but to insert something new for a new life and experience.

As my mouth slid off his hard cock, I kissed the end of it, then crawled back to kiss his chest, eyes, and mouth. I straddled his midsection and ground my wet pussy slit over the length of his cock which strained against me as my pelvis moved from the base to the head. I pushed my arms straight, gazing down at him as my pelvis continued to slide along his cock, my slit transferring my wetness to coat him. I shifted my pelvis, tilting it to catch the head between my lips, but not at my hole. I looked down at him with desire and found the same reflected in his gaze up at me.

"I am going to take you inside me now, my Albert." He looked from my face to the space created by my pussy pressing against the head of his cock and pushing it to an angle. As he watched, I rotated my pelvis again and pressed back, sliding the head down my pussy slit between the lips until the head found my hole and sank barely inside. I got his eyes back on mine, "I am yours now, Albert; I am yours to have and to use and to determine how I am to be used; I am yours to challenge and create experiences for; and, I am yours whenever and wherever and however you desire me." He looked up at me, his eyes searching mine. It occurred to me at that moment that I had never expressed those feelings and commitments to Nick, but I was now to Albert. This was a different relationship and that difference was what I needed and wanted.

I searched his eyes for understanding and acceptance. I smiled down at him, lowered my head and kissed his lips while holding pressure on his cock just inside me. I raised back up, his hands rising to my face, then trailing down onto my shoulders and breasts, his eyes following them. He looked back at me, his expression serious.

"Samantha ... have I mentioned to you how beautiful you are?" I smiled and nodded. He smiled back, "I understand and accept the commitment we give to each other." I pressed back on him and sat up

straight, sinking his hard cock deep into my pussy. "Oh ... God ..." He smiled up at me, "If you don't kill me, first."

"I won't kill you, but I intend to thrill you."

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## **CHAPTER 8: HIS FIRST IDEA**

"As much as I like the look, I don't really think that's going to work very well for normal life here."

I was carefully walking across the hard-packed and rough ground from the house to the goat pen/shed where I thought Albert was. The voice came from behind me, though. I turned to find him coming from the far side of the house. I was naked and barefoot, my hair tied in a ponytail, which was the way I was supposed to be when I had been here by myself before Nick died those many months, ago.

"I thought ... I would try this way, too."

I met him half way. He smiled as we approached, then embraced me. That night of passion had done its job. He had been considerably more touchy and familiar since that night and through the completion of moving my belongings into his house. The movers, for an extra fee, agreed to drop-deliver Albert's old furnishings to the second-hand store in the nearby town of Lonely, population 1,211, which on many days seemed as if the wandering chickens and dogs were being included in the census. On other days, the town seemed to be a bustling enterprise as it served not only the town, but the scattered regional ranches, like Albert's, and the reservation just to the northeast.

He stood in front of me, his hands on my shoulders at arm's length, admiringly looking at my naked body. "I do like to see you naked, Samantha, and I will never get tired of seeing you this way. But ... perhaps there can be a pleasant middle ground. The work on the ranch in the hot sun and temperatures of this landscape might suggest something different."

And different I had tried. Naked, then jeans, then shorts ... now I was back to naked. It was one thing to have been here as a challenge and the idea of being naked in front of a stranger and having sex with animals, even if just the goat and Harley. Living here was entirely different. He was right and I had found that out to my own frustration, trying to balance comfort, wear-and-tear, and availability. The truth was that jeans were great for the wear-and-tear of being around animals, hauling feed and hay, maintenance, and general work. But, jeans weren't all that comfortable when sweating, especially my tight jeans, and they were impossible for being available. Shorts had some of the disadvantages of naked and still not that available. Naked was the most available, that was very positive, but it meant everything I came into contact with was up against my bare skin and much of that was itchy.

At first, I was a little insulted by what he had in mind for me. He took me to a little General Store (that was its name) in Lonely that sold just about every, but not much of anything in terms of variety. It was like a General Store out of the old west movies. The dresses sold there were plain, simple, button-down with a belt at the waist. The hem was to my knees or below and it hung on me like a sack ... especially without the belt. The woman behind the counter made them for the women of the area. I was wearing shorts and a tank top and I was looking, with Albert's guidance, at these dresses. The woman watched bemused as I held one up to me and looked at my reflection in the glass door of the frozen section.

Without my knowing it, the woman appeared at my side and Albert had disappeared. She was about

Albert's age, on the heavy side, but still healthy looking. Her hair was mostly brown with gray streaking through it but pulled into a severe bun. Her neck and face showed wrinkles but the wrinkles in her face were happy lines at the mouth and eyes.

She leaned into me and quietly stated, "I was wondering what you looked like. Heck, everyone has been wondering ..."

I turned my head to her, "What? What I looked like?"

"The word has been that he finally found a woman. I just wasn't expecting her to be so pretty." I hemmed and hawed, but she put her hand on my shoulder softly, "I'm Anna. My husband, Harold, and I run this place. A town like this ... anything new spreads pretty fast." She smiled and I could see where those lines came from. She spoke in a conspiratorial tone, "Not enough happens around here to keep us minding our own business. Now, let me see about this dress ..." She held it up to me and looked at it, then took another that seemed a little closer to my size. "You didn't grow up living out here, did you?" I shook my head. "Let's go in back."

She took my hand and the dress and led me through the "Employees Only" door. Inside were a large supply area and an office door to the left. "Harold, I need the office for a bit." He complained before looking up to see me standing with her. Then grumbling just looked at us. She put her hands on her ample hips and stared at him, "Listen, mister, this won't take long, but it could be a lonely night for you if you keep that attitude."

He chuckled and got up from behind the desk. As he passed her, he patted that same ample butt, leaned in to kiss her cheek, "An empty threat coming from you ..." She spun around and reached out to swat his butt in return. They were both laughing. In the process, though, I couldn't miss her equally ample breasts swaying under the same type of dress.

She turned to me and was blushing, "Sorry about that. We forget ourselves sometimes and we hardly know you. But, something tells me you'd understand when I say that sex is a good motivator for men."

I laughed, "I completely agree."

She closed the door and locked it. "Okay, strip down and let's see this on you." My mouth gaped open. She was right before, we don't know each other. She laughed, "I want to see the dress on you, see how it fits and hangs so I can make some adjustments."

I pulled off my tank top and asked, "You do this very often for customers?"

She laughed. "Heavens, no. Most all just buy them off the rack. I make 3 sizes: small, medium, and large. Women fit into one or the others. If you are serious about working alongside your husband, or man, outside in the ground or with the animals, you need comfort and airflow. Looking good isn't part of the thinking. Women who are inside or not active or want to look good, get their clothes somewhere else. I sell a lot of these dresses. They are cheap, lightweight, but hold up to wear. There are Indian, Mexican, Black, and White out there wearing these."

I was down to my underwear and she continued to wait. "Everything?"

"Honey ... Samantha, right?" I nodded. "My recommendation, don't wear underwear ... remember, you want airflow." She lifted her breasts and it was again clear that she was without support. So, I took off the rest. She looked at me, "Oh, yes. If I had that body, I'd want the dress to fit a bit better, too. Heck, I might want to stay naked." She laughed at her joke, but then saw my face. "You tried

that, too, didn't you?" I nodded. "Oh, that man is lucky!"

She made the measurements and marked where she would make the tucks, then promised to have 3 ready by the next day. When I got back to the main store area, Albert had a couple cowboy hats on the counter. I tried them on and he chose the one for me.

The next evening, Albert took me on a big date into Lonely to the Cactus Bar and Grill for a hamburger and beer. Afterward, we picked up the dresses from Anna. As I was waiting for Albert to get the truck going, I glanced into the store. Harold was stroking Anna as she waved to me, then swatted his hand away but was visibly giggling at the attention. I smiled with new recognition. Naked underneath was more than just better airflow ...

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It had become my custom that around the house and immediate yard, I would be naked. That depended greatly on the weather, of course. Even in the desert terrain of Arizona, the days can become cool to cold, at least cold relative to typical temperature ranges. But, being Arizona, many more days could be easily and comfortably spent naked, especially in the afternoon. Mornings, in the house after awakening, however, was always naked. I awoke purposefully before Albert. It took a little training to being sensitive to the light and sounds of the nature around the house to accomplish that, however. I found that certain sounds of particular birds announced the earliest of morning lights. Those sounds, for me, became, as for a mother, like the sounds of a child in its crib in the next room. Once identified and committed to my consciousness, I awoke to them instantly.

So, it was that I was busy in the kitchen, the coffee brewed and ready, a breakfast of eggs from the chickens roaming the barn, bacon, and biscuits were cooking as Albert announced his arrival at the kitchen entry by the squeak in the floorboard, something he could not seem to avoid stepping on. Perhaps there was more than one floorboard with a squeak. He threatened to find the offending board and secure it, but I doubted it. He seemed to enjoy the morning game of him sneaking into the kitchen only to have me greet him before he could.

"How did my man sleep last night?"

He chuckled, as he always did, came to me quicker once discovered, and took me into his arms from behind, his arms hugging me and his hands quickly moving to my naked breasts. "Like a man given a sedative, after the pleasures you drew from my body, you seductive vixen." I released the hot-pad I was using to hold the handle of the cast-iron frying pan, and covered his hands over breasts, pressing them firmly into me.

The bacon grease spit in the pan, sending a few drops onto his hands, and he instinctively pulled us away. "How do manage to fry bacon while nude?"

I smiled, "I only think of who I am doing it for."

He gently swatted my butt, "Nice response, but I suspect you are able to be more careful when I am not distracting you."

I wiggled my butt as I returned back to the cooking, "Mmmm ... perhaps, but I do enjoy your distraction."

Such teasing is a common part of not only the mornings but throughout the day as we encounter each other. The light dresses Anna modified for me now dropped to a few inches above my knees. The buttoned front allowed me, or Albert, to determine how much 'airflow' the dress would provide.

When Anna took in the waist, it eliminated the need for the belt, which allowed playful adjustment to how open the dress could be. It was not uncommon that Albert would have buttons undone on top below my breasts. Teasing and playful touches were a constant throughout the day and it was both ways. While looking at a project needing effort, I might stroke his groin; if I caught him watching while I attended to a male animal for grooming or feeding, I might reach underneath and stroke the sheath, smiling at him. My efforts at teasing him throughout the day produced wonderful results for whenever we made love or he fucked me.

He waited until we were both finished with breakfast and enjoying a final cup of coffee. I caught him watching me, my breasts pressed into the edge of the table, and I smiled up at him and leaned back into the chair, the same way he was. I looked down to my breasts where his eyes were still focused and saw the faint red line still slightly evident from the table edge.

I smiled up at him, then brought my cup to my mouth for another sip. "Albert, you have something on your mind ... and it is not chores related."

The look he brought from my breasts to my eyes confirmed I was correct. But, he also chuckled. "You wanted to say, 'you have something on your mind, DON'T YOU?' That's why you hesitated. But you couldn't get rid of the 'don't you' and turn it into something without a contraction. 'Do not you' just didn't sound right. Talking without contractions isn't always easy, is it?"

I shook my head. "No, it is not. I have to think about it, but it is a constant reminder that my focus is on you, as it once was on Nick." My face must have reflected something in my mind.

He reached across the table with his hands and I extended mine to him. "You know I expect you to miss him. He was the most important thing in your life and will always be a part of you." He looked at our joined hands, then back up to me. My eyes followed his. "I have been concerned, wondering, when it might be appropriate, when you might be ready, for me to start pushing you, challenging you, in the way that he was intending to do for you? I want you to be emotionally ready."

"Sweet man. I love you, Albert. Maybe not the same as Nick, but that will always be different and we both know that. He was, after all, also my son. You have transitioned the shift very well; and I respect and appreciate your effort, skill, and consideration in all of that." I leaned forward, squeezing his hands and gazing deeply into his eyes. "I commit to you, once again, Albert. I am ready for you, and desire for you, to direct me and guide me into new and ever-increasing experiences." I paused, looked down at our joined hands, then looked back into his expectant eyes. I smiled at him mischievously, "And, I think the difference in our love will allow you to direct me in ways Nick might never have been able to bring himself to do. Albert, the difference in our relationship is not a negative."

He squeezed my hands, released them and leaned back in his chair. I did the same, holding my back straight, which pushed my breast outward. He finally spoke, "Then, we begin today." The smile on my face shifted from reassuring him to a naughty anticipation. He smiled his recognition back to me. "Today ... there are many males on this property and only a few have so far enjoyed your talented hands, mouth, ass, or pussy. That ends today."

I gazed at the table top, then up to his eyes, which were on me. He was clearly waiting for my reaction. "If I have it correct, that is you, Harley, the goat, a boar, and ..." I thought about the horses and cattle on the property, "2 horses are male, and ..."

He stopped me, "The bulls are not included. I don't trust them. At least, not yet." He looked at me with a glint in his eyes, "Maybe, someday, we will figure out how they can be safely handled by you

..."

I was staring at the table top. The boar I had always expected would sooner or later become a part of this. The horses, though, and both in the same day ... I looked up at him, "The horses ..."

"Hands and mouth. Fucking them ... that might take some training." Fucking them? That might someday be an expectation? My god, what would fucking something that big actually be like? In nearly a daze, I stood up, added his dishes to mine and took them to the sink, beginning to clean up after breakfast. In my mind, I added it all up: 6 cocks. 6 varying loads of cum in or on me before the end of the day. And, that was the minimum.

Without realizing it, my right hand was holding my breast, kneading and fondling it. I saw his eyes watching my hand and that was when the realization hit. I blushed. I know my face and upper chest became red. I removed my hand from my breast and stood up before him. I was already wet and I could feel it without touching myself, but I did ... just for him. I parted my legs to shoulder width and slipped a hand between my legs, slipping an index finger into my pussy. I walked around the table to him, my finger still embedded in me. I bent down and kissed his mouth, then removed my finger and put it to his lips. He opened his mouth enough for me to insert my finger, which he greedily sucked on.

As he sucked on my finger, his eyes were on mine, both of us searching into each other through our eyes. I removed my finger when he opened his mouth. "This really excites you, doesn't it, Samantha?"

I straddled him in the chair and ground my pussy into his hard cock inside his boxers. "Yes! I never even thought of the horses ... but, you did. This is what I wanted!"

"Good. I will find you men to please. That's what you want."

"Yes, yes, men, I want men."

"And ... animals to use you. You want to experience all kinds of animals. You want to be used by men and animals."

"Albert, YES! Oh god ..." I was still grinding my pussy on him as he told me what he was going to find for me. "God, yes! Oh, god! Albert! Oh ... dear ... god!!" I came just from what he said he would do for me, that and my grinding into him. I clutched him around his neck and pressed my clit into his hard cock and I orgasmed. Oh ... god ... just from that ... "Oh, Albert .... Yes, yes ... please, yes ... that is exactly what I want. I want to be an animal bitch and a man slut. Am I terrible, dear Albert? Is that terrible? It is what you knew, though, is it not?"

"It is not terrible, my dear. Yes, it is what I knew you wanted and I will help you."

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I had completed my indoor chores in the kitchen before making my way naked to the sheep pen. I shooed the sheep into the shed and trapped the ram outside in the pen. I was experienced with him so I mated with him without assistance.

I was standing at the pen with the hogs when I heard a voice behind me. "The hog next?" I nodded without turning around. They were big, very big ... and the boar had balls hanging behind him the size of apples. I wondered how much cum came out of those. I had heard stories about pig penises but had never actually seen one. I heard they were spindly things, long and twisting, and that they

whipped around inside the female. Most things about sex and animals had some kind of evolutionary reason, but I wondered what it was about pigs that would develop such an action to be preferred.

"Do you want assistance with him?" I nodded without taking my attention from it. I was leaning on the top of the fence, my barefoot on the lowest rail. I felt a tongue between my thighs and jumped. It was Harley, of course, but it was a surprise. He apparently was curious about the goat cum leaking from my pussy. I pet the side of his head, but moved to the gate, my attention still on the boar inside the pen.

I opened the gate and stepped inside, careful that Harley stayed outside. Albert followed me into the pen and stood next to me. His hand found mine hanging at my side and squeezed it. I had the feeling he was having second thoughts about what he was asking me to do. I was proud of him, though, when he shifted behind me, his hands now on my shoulders, then onto my front and encasing each breast. He had considered chickening out, then pushed through. I wasn't sure Nick would have, and that, I reminded myself, was the difference. Like Albert had speculated, Nick's deep love might have gotten in the way of pushing me.

"How do you want to do this?" His hands were fondling my breasts. Whether it was intentional or just a reaction to holding me, it served to keep me intent on my mission. "Do you want to get him cleaned up and use the shed or really experience him by doing him in the pen?"

"Oh, my ... this all seems so nasty already. I will just do it in the pen."

"Okay, let's move the others out and into the shed. Samantha, you go over to the other door to the shed and open it for the others. If the boar tries to follow, just step in his way, that will be enough for him to change directions." In the process of shooing the sows into the shed and watching the boar out of the corner of my eye, I had managed to slip in a muddy section and had mud along my left leg. This was feeling nastier and nastier and I hadn't really done anything with this animal, yet.

Albert put his arm around my shoulder as we both considered the boar who seemed to also be considering us, "Okay, there are some things to understand about this. Maybe I should have covered this with you before, but you should recognize that the experiences you want to live will not all be loving and caring and certainly not gentle. A boar is definitely not a gentle lover. Even though he holds most of his weight on his hind legs when he mounts, you will still be carrying part of that weight on your back during mating. You may think that his cock is attached to a blender with how quickly it goes in and out and all around inside you. He will try to enter your cervix, it's what they do with that long, thin cock. He's very inaccurate and there is a lot of poking around. As soon as he feels the warmth of your pussy, he doesn't waste any time ... he just thrusts it all in. The size of his cock could make anal good, too, but take him in your pussy, at least this time. There will be deep penetration and the twitching/twirling effect I imagine will be really strange, but also, I hope erotic for you. The tip is very slender and made to slide into the cervix. Once he finds it and is able to penetrate, the tip will fix itself and he'll slow his fucking down. He'll then begin to cum a lot. Initially, it is clear and thin but a thicker and milky semen comes next and there is a lot of it. Then a thick, jelly-like substance is pumped into you. Now, this is all happening inside your womb if he makes it there. You will feel full, but not uncomfortable. The thick cum can stay in you for up to a couple days. So be ready for it to slowly leak out later without warning. Not doing anything special this weekend, are you? Probably should have really gone over this before. Are you still game?"

"You are right, Albert, ramping up my experiences will introduce me to things that I love and things that I might not otherwise consider engaging in. This is an example, it just seems so nasty. But feel me."

Albert smiled, he had already come to know me in our time together, but reached down and put his hand to my pussy and pushed a finger past the lips and inside. "My slut, you are absolutely soaking. How much of that is the ram and how much came from just the explanation? Oh, just wait, the experiences you can have."

Albert took my hand and led me to a dry area and maneuvered the boar toward me. I went to my hands and knees and lowered myself until my chest was on the ground, too. This seemed like it would help to relieve some of the stress on my lower back once the pig mounted me. Albert helped the hog to get up onto my back and moved him forward over me. I felt a strange movement at my butt and realized that Albert's explanation was not an exaggeration. It was wildly thrusting and extremely inaccurate. Albert assisted and managed to get the tip into my pussy, commenting that he has sometimes had to do the same thing for the sows. Once the tip was inside, he thrust violently and penetrated deeply. And, again, Albert's description was correct, this was weird, wild, and primal. This felt more primal and animalistic than the dogs, for sure, and more so than even the goat. The long, thin cock actually did a twirl.

This is so wild! It feels like I put an egg beater inside me. That thing is whirling around, hitting the sides of my pussy. This is so wild. "OOOOHHHHH, Mmmmmmm!!!! He's hitting my cervix!"

This went on for a while and I quickly reached my first orgasm, although mild. Then I felt it. "Albert! Oh, my god! Heeeeeee's ... ggggooooooooinnngggg ... inside my cervix!!!! OOOHHH ... my ... gooooodddddd. Oh, he's inside me. This is ... so deliciously ... nasty." I gasped out as the weird, skinny cock worked inside my pussy and womb. My chest in the dirt, my gasping breath sending little puffs of dust away from my face, one side of me was covered in mud, and I have a pig in my cunt. And in my womb. "OOOOOOHHHHH. He is cummmminnnngggg ... So, am IIIIIIIIIIII! Yes ... OOOOOHHHHH ... GGGOOOODDDD ... YEEESSSSSSSS."

Albert watched, fondling my breast and telling me how amazing this was. He lowered his head closer to mine, "After the initial cumming, the jelly will follow, so expect the feeling of fullness since he managed to penetrate inside your womb. You are amazing, girl!"

"Yes ... I feel it." And, I did feel the difference. The feeling of my womb being filled was crazy.

When I felt the pig pull his slender cock out of my cervix, it felt so weird. When the boar pulled completely out of me and hopped off, his front hoof grazed my calf, but I would not discover that until later, wondering where that bruise came from. All I could manage was to collapsed completely onto my front in the dirt of the pen. I just lay there leaking cum the boar had left in my pussy. The feeling of being full remained. I had a womb full of boar seed ... I rolled over onto my back and looked up at Albert who was shooing the boar to the corner. I gave him a weak smile, "That was wild. I do not know that I want to do it, all the time, but it was wild."

"You certainly orgasmed!" He sat cross-legged next to me, took my closest hand and held in his lap. "Is 'wild' good or bad?"

I looked up into the blue sky, then turned to the boar. His weird, spiral penis had not completely retracted. A smile formed on my face as the memory of the experience returned. I turned my head in the dirt and looked back to Albert with the smile growing larger. "Wild, in this case, is definitely good."

"Enough so to do it, again?"

I laughed and brought his hand to my pussy and his finger immediately began working my clit. "Yes ... oh, yes." We stayed that way for moments, me on the ground collecting more dirt on my body, him

stroking my clit and very messy pussy after the goat and boar. His eyebrow arched as he watched my face and I chuckled back to him. "No, no ... I was not questioning my reaction to all of this. I was just coming up with all the new descriptions for me ... we had already established that I was a bitch to dogs and wanted to be more of a slut to men ... now, you have me being a doe to goats and a sow to boars."

He moved his hand from my pussy and fondled each of my breasts, as they lay slightly spread out on my chest. His eyes searching mine, "The horses?"

I laughed, "I will not be a mare today." He saw the twinkle form in my eyes, though. "But, I am very interested in getting them to cum however I can." I stood up with his assistance and looked at myself. My front was covered with dirt, I was sure my hair was, too. One side of my leg was covered in mud. "Should I take a quick shower?"

"Are you kidding? You're not walking through the house like that. We'll just use the hose on you if you want to rinse off."

"Use the hose outside? Like some animal?"

He chuckled, "I wasn't the one fucking a boar, missy."

"Yeah, now you say that! Okay, I doubt the horses are going to care." He laughed, again. Harley was still watching from the other side of the fence, but his expression might have indicated that he wouldn't be inclined to get too close to me at the moment.

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## **CHAPTER 9: HIS FIRST IDEA - CONTINUED**

Albert started the day for me with his first real attempt at giving me a completely new experience. I had experienced Harley, Nick, of course, the 2 couples and their dogs. Then, with Albert, it had extended to his goat and him.

That all changed with his words after breakfast when he finally spoke, "Then, we begin today." The smile on my face shifted from reassuring him to a naughty anticipation. He smiled his recognition back to me. "Today ... there are many males on this property and only a few have so far enjoyed your talented hands, mouth, ass, or pussy. That ends today."

I gazed at the table top, then up to his eyes, which were on me. He was clearly waiting for my reaction. "If I have it correct, that is you, Harley, the goat, a boar, and ..." I thought about the horses and cattle on the property, "2 horses are male, and ..."

He stopped me, "The bulls are not included. I don't trust them. At least, not yet." He looked at me with a glint in his eyes, "Maybe, someday, we will figure out how they can be safely handled by you ..."

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That was how the day got started and it quickly turned into a reassuring effort for both of us. By moving right into the effort of fulfilling his directive, he saw that I was indeed intent on this life; and, I saw that he was someone who was intent on providing me the experiences in this life I desired so much.

After the goat and the boar, Albert and I left the pen of the hogs. We normally ride mares because they are predictably calmer horses, so I was anticipating more effort to have a ride out into the property to bring back the stallions. Albert continued to the barn and I jogged to catch up to him. Inside the barn, I found that he was ready for me. He had already retrieved the stallions and they were in individual stalls. He led me to the stall with them, stalls that were opposite each other in the barn that had 6 stalls. Each was roped to the outside so the head was secured. He moved me in front of him, again putting his hands on my breast and sliding them down onto my stomach and back up. He talked into my ear as I looked at one of the horses.

"You need to be very careful with them. They can kick forward as well as back when they become nervous. Stroking their cocks might make them nervous." He pinched both of my nipples as he said that and I leaned back into him. "I will tether the back legs of each in turn so they can't. Then, when you are underneath them, I will stroke their faces and necks to calm them."

My hand went behind me and I stroked his hard, confined cock under his jeans. "What should I expect?"

He chuckled, "A lot of cocks and a lot of cum." I started to move to the horse and he pulled me back. "One more thing, they are like any other animal with a sheath. Lubricate your hands with saliva and pre-cum ... or, he will get irritated. You don't want a thousand pounds of irritation overhead." Not funny ... but I would not forget it, either.

He tethered the 2 hind legs together with enough slack for him to be hip width apart. Then, he tethered that to the end post to restrict him even further. I watched from behind, a hand on my breast and it was not idle. He nodded to me and moved to the head of the horse. I moved tentatively alongside the horse, stroking and patting his flanks as I did. Albert had told me plenty of times before to be wary when behind horses.

I wasn't sure what to do or what to expect. I approached him like I would Harley or a man, a little teasing, and stroking. I brushed my hands over his side and flank, then moved to his underside, stroking his belly as I also reached up with my other hand to continue stroking his flank. I was in a crouched position alongside him so I could watch my hand underneath him, keeping a hand on his side or flank for calming. I stroked further along his belly, getting closer and closer to his sheath. He shifted even with the tethers and I could hear Albert speaking softly to him, so I continued, easing my hand underneath and alongside his sheath and stroking there. After another moment, I eased my hand onto the side of his sheath and gently rubbed. His hind hooves shifted, my eyes going there, as much to verify that he was still tethered and stable.

When I looked back underneath, I gasped out, "Oh, my god ..." I caught movement on the other side to the head of the horse and I turned quickly, finding Albert crouched down and peering back to me. He smiled and our eyes met. "My god, Albert!" The horse had dropped ... and it was massive.

Albert smiled and commented, "I think he likes you, dear." Albert's eyes showed excitement, mine were wide open in amazement. He said I could expect a lot of cocks, but this was ... what do I do with it?

The time had come to see what a horse cumming would be like. I slipped my hand back underneath him and bumped into his hanging cock. I sucked in my breath at the touch. I knelt down underneath him and nervously smiled to myself and tried not to think about what I was doing or what this was in the scheme of things to come. This was far beyond taking a dog, goat, or even a boar. Maybe it was crazy, but my hand alongside this massive cock that still wasn't hard, gave the emotional impression something to be marveled at, and it drove my mind into a flurry of doubts and imaginings of what

might be possible with such a cock. Could something like this really be taken vaginally by a woman? Did I even want to think about that? But, I found that I couldn't stop thinking about that very thing. But, first things first ...

I glanced over my shoulder to Albert for reinforcement as my hand went from touching the side to grasping the cock, wrapping a hand around the massive cock in front of me. When I looked back, I knew I would not take my eyes off the cock, again.

I heard a voice behind me, "See the pre-cum seeping out of the mushroom shaped end? Use it for lubrication." I did, taking more and more and rubbing my hands together to get good coverage, then placing them back on the cock. I held the mushroom head nearest to me with both hands but soon slid a hand down further, using both hands to stroke from the middle and the head. I was in rapt fascination by the size of the cock in my hands and that rapt fascination propelled me to doing what I always knew I would do, I put my mouth to the end, just like I would any cock I wanted hard. I planted my lips to the hole at the end and took in some pre-cum. I moved my head back an inch and tasted it. I have not found cum yet that tasted bad.

I was on fire and was probably ready to do anything at this point. I started kissing, then licking at the pre-cum, tasting more. More to myself than for the benefit of Albert though I was sure he probably heard me, "Mmmmmmmmm ... different, but nice." My mouth went back to the end, while my hands pulled and pushed on the flared head of the cock. I stroked his long cock as I sucked out the pre-cum, reminding myself periodically to replenish the pre-cum on my palms, transferring it to the cock shaft. Somewhere in all that it occurred to me that I had a massive, long, rigid cock continuing to point at me whenever I released it for any reason. But, I didn't want to release any part of it for long, I wanted this thing in my hands, I wanted to make it mine, I wanted it to give me what it had building up inside him. I pulled myself toward it, putting my mouth to it, stretching my mouth as wide as I could get it, then a little wider as I felt the head start to enter my mouth as I worked to fold the mushroom shape into itself, forcing it to my mouth. I only got the flared part in, and my mouth never felt so full ... of anything much less cock. I was pumping his cock with one hand and holding the head near my mouth with the other.

I couldn't believe how turned on I felt right then. I had to have more. I had my mouth around the cock further than I had managed before. Further than I had imagined it being and now I wanted more in my mouth. With more cock in my mouth, my hands moved further down the length of cock. I thought I would feel some pulse when the horse was ready to cum. But, when I did, it was coming down the cock too fast and powerful to react. When I realized what was happening, it was too late. My mouth was stretched around this massive cock and he was cumming. My eyes bulged out and my cheeks bulged out as the first spurt of cum shot into my mouth. I was gulping, swallowing as fast as I could, but my eyes started to tear and her cheeks were distended to an extreme point until there was no more room. It felt like having your mouth around a large hose that was suddenly turned on. Then, the second spurt came through the cock and nearly drove me backward. I gagged and cum actually came out of my nose. I pulled back and cum ran out of her mouth and down her body. I was coughing and sputtering, but as the cock hung in front of me, the last of that spurt and the next one flew in all directions as I tried to gain control of it, but in the process pointed it at my face as the next one shot out, hitting me squarely in the face and running down my body. I had the horse's cum in my hair, on my face, in my mouth, nose, eyes, and ears, and the stuff was running down my chest, breasts, and stomach. I had heard the expression of a 'cum bath' at gangbangs, but this was one cock.

When the horse stopped cumming so the end of his cock was only dripping additional cum, I leaned forward and lick and sucked the remaining cum from his cock head. I looked at my body and started laughing, then turned to find Albert who was again crouched down, a hand over his mouth as he

laughed. He later said that when I first turned around to find him, there was still cum hanging from inside my nose and drops hanging from my nipples. I had to wipe the cum from my eyes to begin to see properly.

He patted the horse and waited as I made my way out from under the horse. He then joined me outside the stall. I stood there in the indirect light from the open double door and the open windows on the north side of the building. The cum was thick, not runny like that of a dog, and it flowed down my now erect body. I will not smirk at the comment of being covered in cum, again. And, to think that one animal did this by himself.

Albert stood in front of me. I think he might have been concerned because of my quiet stance with my head down. He put a finger under my chin and applied some pressure to raise my head. He ducked his head down a bit to look into my eyes and with contact, I could see the concern in them. "Are you okay?"

I raised my head up to fully engage his face and eyes with mine, my mouth and eyes immediately reflecting the pleasure and delight I felt. Without giving him the opportunity to react, I flung my arms around his neck and hugged him tightly, planting a very sloppy kiss on his mouth. His reaction was startled, as I expected, and I laughed despite our lips pressed together as I continued to hold him firmly in my grasp. The next moment, though, showed the man I already knew him to be. He stopped his startled resistance and squirming, joined my smothered laugh, and pulled me closer with his own arms, pressing my body tightly into his and lifting me off the ground.

He showed the strength that working around a ranch can provide by easily hooking a hand under my ass and lifting me higher, allowing me to wrap my legs around his waist and hips. With my arms still around his neck, we separated, allowing us to look into each other's eyes. I looked down at his cum smeared shirt and the wetness around his mouth. I leaned forward and licked off the wetness from his face, giggling the entire time.

"Sorry, my dear, sweet man. I got carried away. I have made a mess of you, I am afraid."

"So, you did enjoy it?"

I looked at him and smiled with my eyes into his, "I loved it!" I paused and thought a moment, "Okay, maybe not the cum through the nose part ..." and he joined me in laughing. He put me down and hugged me to his chest, stroking my bare back, which was a part of me that was clear of cum. I looked up into his eyes, my happiness showing in the smiles of my eyes, face, and mouth. "I thought I was experiencing an illicit, taboo, bestial life when I was being mated by Harley, but you have opened the world for me that is so far beyond that. Each cock is different, they feel different and look different; each cock I have taken inside me reacts different and cums differently; each one brings a different response from my body and mind. But ..." I put a finger to his cheek and stroked along his jaw and cheekbone, "you and Harley are still my favorite."

"Tell me, is it more than just his knot?"

"Yes ... he is comfortable on me and with me. He is still an animal who fucks wildly and aggressively, but ... I don't know, there is a familiarity between us that I haven't felt with the other dogs." There was quiet and I saw he was thinking but not able to ask, but was curious. "And you ... you are a favorite because you are my dear man. It is everything that is so much more than physical." I looked up into his eyes, "You were there for me when you didn't need to be and that will always be a part of us. But, also, there is something about what happens when a physical response is pulled into the emotional love response. And, you, my lovely man, reflect that to me."

A shyness came over him and I could see the wheels turning in seeking a way out of the attention. Then, "Continue or take a break?"

I laughed. Too much emotional interaction for him. "Continue! I have 3 more to go."

"I intended that you do all of them during the day, not like a gangbang." I reacted with a slight withdrawal reaction. "What happened?"

I hugged him tightly and looked up at him, again. "I had some bad gangbang experiences in my prior life in Kansas." I put the side of my face to his chest, "Will you help me replace those experiences with new, good experiences?"

He held me tightly and stroked my cum-messed hair, "That's what I am here for, right?" I nodded into his chest. I patted his chest, took his hand and pulled him across the aisle to the other stallion. He laughed, the game was back on ...

We followed the same procedure with this horse, except that I applied important lessons learned from my first experience. When he came, I was aware of the feeling in his cock, removed my mouth from the end of his cock, and turned my head down slightly. The first time, I had cum coming out my nose, this time I didn't want it going up my nose. I did, however, want the feeling of that massive shower of cum on my face and body. I did not particularly understand what the excitement it brought me, but it did. There most definitely was something thrilling about being covered with forcefully shot cum in huge volumes covering my face and body. Perhaps it was just the obscenity of it; the combination of being with a horse and having its cum over my body, face, and hair.

Albert positioned me at the end of the stall and put me in the best light in the area with the horse still right behind me. He had taken his phone from his pocket, took a picture, checked it, then repositioned me after turning the horse around so its head was alongside mine, and took several more.

I put my hands on my hips, bending one knee and presenting a jauntier pose, and he took a couple more. I then put a hand up alongside the horse's head for another. I giggled, "And, what are you going to do with those?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe, they will just be for personal enjoyment, but, maybe, they will come in handy at some point in the future when we are making contacts for new experiences. I wish I had taken some of you with the ram and boar."

"I think you will have your opportunities ..." He smiled. A boy in the toy store.

I walked out into the yard, stopped and considered my options. I snapped my fingers and Harley was right next to me. I knew he knew his turn was coming soon, not that he ever wanders far from me if he has the choice. I found the grassy spot I was looking for. There weren't many in this yard and especially with something around it to provide some shade, but there were a few. I led Harley to that spot and Albert followed, too. I kneeled on the grass, Harley coming to me, immediately, wagging his tail and poking his snout into me, licking off the cum still coating me. He did not seem put out by the taste and continued as I looked up at Albert.

"Although I do not require your assistance with Harley, obviously, I would like you to stay nearby if you have the time."

He got down next to me and sat down. "You are really going to do all of us in succession, huh?"

I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, then leaned to kiss him. "Yes, but not to get it over with. I thought it would be more representative of a challenge if done one after the other. What you and I do later will not be affected by what happens with this." I gave him my best coy smile.

While we were talking, I reached underneath Harley and stoked his sheath, bringing his cock out by several inches just that quickly. He watched my actions with my dog and got comfortable. "You have my attention." He chuckled, "I wonder what I might think would have a higher priority than being available for you?" I giggled as I lowered my body to the ground and pulled Harley over me so I could suck his cock. He was far enough out to be effective, but for Albert's benefit, I wanted to do this. I was also careful to position myself just so ... so as my right leg lay on the ground and my left leg was raised and bent at the knee, my pussy ... my leaking pussy ... was right in front of his eyes.

I moved into position and Harley mounted me, penetrating me deeply and fully. I let the dog fuck me in his own frenzied pace so I looked behind for Albert. "May ... I ...mmmm ... suck your cock?"

He came and stood in front me, his feet a foot from my hands, so close I could not see his face or to his belt. "You want to suck my cock while you are being fucked by a dog?" I nodded. "Say it."

"Yes. Yes, I want ... I want to suck ... mmmmm ... I want to suck your cock ... while ... Harley fucks me." I craned my head up, but it was to no avail. "I want you ... both at the ... same time."

I saw him pry his boots off, then his jeans dropped to his feet. He stepped out of them, then his boxers dropped. He took off his socks, jerking from foot to foot to pull them off and keep his balance. When he knelt in front of me, his cock was already firming up. As I reached forward to take his cock into my mouth, I saw him taking his shirt off, too. I was being royally fucked by my dog and sucking the cock of the man who had quickly become so important to me.

I felt his hand on my head as I pushed and pulled my mouth along his cock, sucking the head every time I came to it. All that while the dog was pounding me from behind, sending my breasts bouncing underneath me.

"Have you enjoyed the day so far, Samantha?"

I nodded and uttered, "Yeth."

"That's good, don't take your mouth off my cock." I nodded, again. "And, do not let me cum, I will cum inside one of your other holes." There was a pause as if something caused a thought for him. "Have you had anal with a man? And, if you have, did you enjoy it?"

"Yeth ... yeth." I continued sucking, then tried my own question, "Yoo?"

He chuckled and I did, too. "No ... never. My wife ... she didn't want to. I think she thought it was dirty."

He was quiet for a while longer and I was feeling Harley's knot as he pulled his cock nearly out of me and thrusting it back in, each time I felt the knot against my outside as it grew in size. I pushed back against him and he pushed harder at me until it passed inside my pussy and I called out ... around the cock in my mouth, of course.

This was too much for me. The sexuality of the day, the different animals, the horses and the erotic feeling of being cum drenched without my own release, now Harley giving me what I so desperately needed and Albert in my mouth. I cried out as an orgasm crashed over me. My sucking stopped, but my mouth stayed on his cock as I gasped and groaned. Then, my pussy clenching on the knot and

cock in me, he spurted his cum into my pussy to join that of the ram and boar.

My arms almost buckled underneath me, but I held and closed my lips around the cock, sucking in air as I regained my breath and composure.

"That was beautiful, Samantha. I don't know if I understood voyeurism as a pleasure device, but perhaps I have a better understanding of it after today. You so enjoy being fucked, don't you?" I nodded, grasping his cock with my lips and mouth, whirling my tongue around the head and the sides. "And, giving pleasure ... what you did with the horses was ... simply spectacular."

"Thanth." I giggled at messing it up ... but I had a cock in my mouth.

He chuckled. "Tell me something ... would you like to try fucking the horse? Even trying?"

I paused for a considerable time, but he patiently waited. "Umm ... don no. Beeeg."

"Yes, they are very certainly big. But, since you didn't say 'no', I guess that means 'maybe'." I shivered and he must have seen that. His hand was on my back as he leaned forward, his cock moving deeper into my mouth. "Just teasing, sorry. I wonder, though, what your limits might be. I mean what you physically couldn't handle." He reached underneath me and fondled a breast, "But, we'll see about finding out, won't we?" I shivered, again, but I was also nodding enthusiastically. God, this was so hot! He was really getting into it. I wondered how we would proceed; where the opportunities would come from; and, who would it be to be involved and how do we find them?

With that thought, Harley managed to pull his knot of my saturated pussy. The sound was obscene as if some amount of suction had developed with all the cum inside me. There was an audible popping sound followed by squish as his cock pulled out bringing long strings of cum from 3 animals with it. I sat back on my heels and looked up at Albert. I looked between my legs at the puddle forming in the grass below me. I stared at the sight for a moment, then shyly looked up at Albert, "Only 3 animals caused that."

"How does that make you feel?"

I smiled up at him, "Wonderful, actually. It makes me think I really am on my way to becoming that slut." His eyes were watching me and I saw that he was watching to see how all that was settling with me. I leaned up and captured his hard cock back in my mouth and sucked a few times. When I pulled back off it, "And, that makes me feel happy; it is what I have been wanting to experience. And, I want a lot more ... and more."

His face was a big smile, again. "Okay, slut, now what?"

"Well, if I am the slut, then you should probably be planning to use me however you want." I looked him in the eyes, "But, if you don't mind ... since you have never had anal ... I would like you to use my ass. Plus, I think you will enjoy it much more than my sloppy pussy."

"I ... I never thought to bring lube ..."

I shook my head and turned around on my hands and knees so my ass was pointing at him. "Silly man, my pussy is full of natural lubricant."

I lowered my head to the grass and put both hands on my ass, my fingers in my crack, pulling my cheeks apart wide. I heard guttural sounds from him exclaiming his disbelief, but excitement, of what he was about to be able to experience. I wondered if he thought he might experience the same

thing the ram had earlier in our playing as he assisted in my taking the ram in my ass. That time he had used a lubricant on me, fingering my asshole to prepare me. Now, he would experience what it feels like to have my tightest passageway clamped around his cock.

I waited in that position, feeling him moving up to me on his knees, then his hard cock at my messy pussy, pushing it into me, firmly and deeply. He thrust into me several times, then pulled out, which was my signal to pull my cheeks further apart, again. I felt several fingers enter my pussy, then moved to my asshole. First, one finger entered me, then the other. He did not spend too much time fingering me, merely transferring some of the spent cum onto and into my asshole. I felt him wiggle closer and his cock head slid along my right cheek, then pressed against my asshole.

With my head still on the ground, "Don't be bashful, Albert. Use that hole like you would my pussy. All I ask is that you go slow, allowing my tight hole to adjust to you. Then ... use me like the slut you want me to be."

He pressed firmly at my tight opening and there was resistance. I relaxed and pressed back against him like I would with Harley to take his knot. He pushed suddenly into me, just the head, but he was in me. I put my hand back against his thigh and he held his position, not pushing or retreating. I kept my hand on his thigh as I tentatively moved on the cock. I took a little more on my own movements, then removed my hand and rose to supporting myself on my hands.

"Now, Albert ... fuck me ... use me ... cum in my ass. You will have had all my holes, then."

That was all he needed. He pounded into me forcefully taking long smooth strokes of his cock into my ass, nearly taking the head outside my sphincter before thrusting back into me. I moved one hand between my legs and worked my clit as he continued. I lowered my head back to the grass, moving my other hand to a breast and nipple. I used both hands to abuse my clit and nipple, pinching them and twisting them as his cock plunged deeply into me. He pressed hard into my ass, holding his hips tightly pressed against me and I felt his cock pulse and twitch inside my tight passageway and that was all I needed for my orgasm to break over me. I remembered a fleeting recognition of spurts inside me, but as my orgasm took control of me, my hands fell away from my body and twitched on the ground below me. My breath held in my lungs until I felt a burning sensation and only then remembered to breathe; the breaths then coming in gulps and gasps, as if coming to the surface after being underwater too long.

At some point, Albert pulled out of me and I collapsed to the ground. I smiled up at him as I rolled to my back, he kneeling next to me. He stroked some stray hair from my face, pushing them to the side. His face reflected happy contentment.

I put a hand out to his closest thigh, "How was your first?"

His face gave me the answer as it added the appearance of caring and appreciation. "Indescribable."

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## **CHAPTER 10: THE COUPLE**

I pulled into the driveway showing the address Albert had provided me and entered into the GPS system of my smartphone. As the female voice on my phone announced, I was at my destination. The house was located at the top of a quiet cul-de-sac in a very nice, upscale, upper middle class neighborhood that reminded me very much of the neighborhood Nick had before ...

I took a deep breath as I sat in my car in the driveway. I do not suppose I will ever fully get over the

loss of Nick ... my son and lover and protector. Albert had been magnificent in moving me from that loss and the depression, sorrow, debilitating grief, and isolation ... the last part being self-inflicted. In turn, I had managed to provide him the same support and motivation to escape the isolation, loneliness, and depression that had filled his existence for the 10 years since his wife died. What a pair to come together; but, perhaps, the ideal pair to find in each other what was needed to move on. For me, Albert became my guide to a life that Nick opened my eyes to but then found hard to release me fully into. Albert provided me with the time for adjustment, acceptance, and strengthening my desire and need in order to transition my long-felt desires to this very point of life experience.

I had discovered Albert spending more time on the internet of late, searching sites and communicating via personal messages within sites and outside by emails. When I came up behind him one night, finding a picture of a woman under a dog, I asked him about it. He had laughed at my reaction of concern that he was resorting to internet porn. Instead, he was searching to help me. My confusion was evident and he went on to explain that it occurred to him that the best way to find experiences for me would not be to rely on friends ... we didn't have many of those and certainly not in the lifestyle we were pursuing. No, if he were to find new and increasing challenges for me, it would have to be from the outside and where better to find those kinds of contacts than the internet.

He showed me the links on the computer so I could peruse them, also. I was surprised by what he had been able to find. Sites that had focused on bestiality, sharing, gangbangs, and even BDSM. He had pointed me to a particular correspondence chain with a couple, this couple, who were looking for a 'sex slave' for a weekend. He had gone back and forth with them numerous times. They were interested in a woman willing to perform to the desires of the couple, including mating with their dog. Albert had gotten to the point of asking for photographic evidence of their interest. They had balked, but Albert insisted. We were the ones with the most to risk. They relented, sending pictures, probably selfies in a mirror, of them and their Black Lab. As requested, they were both nude, holding a printed copy of his last email. He allowed them to not show their faces. He, in turn, sent a picture of me fully nude and under Harley, my long hair hiding my face. In the final emails, the limitations and boundaries were established for the weekend. I was willing to do what they requested, directed, except that there would not be pain, marks, scat or pee, and the weekend was restricted to their house and private property and to them.

Which is how I now find myself in their driveway. That thought process and memories left me in the car just long enough that the inside was getting hot in the Arizona sun. I thought I spotted movement at the curtains of the picture window. I took a deep breath, opened the door, retrieved a carry-on sized case from the backseat, and clicked the button to lock the car. I started up the sidewalk fully recognizing that this was the start of what I hoped would be many more new experiences and situations. A start that Albert promised would change the way we look at people, animals, relationships, and our lives.

I didn't even get the chance to knock on the door my knuckles were poised above. The inside door opened to reveal an attractive dark-haired woman about my age, low to mid 40's, with a figure that was fuller than mine but still attractive. She opened the outside door. "Samantha?"

I nodded, "Yes, you must be Carol ..."

"Yes, please come in." She turned back into the house, "Bob, Samantha is here!" She turned back to me and put her hand on my arm, "He's always sneaking off to the room he uses as an office. I wish he would stop and relax more."

I returned the touch back to her, "Perhaps, I can help you influence him away from his work ... at least for this weekend." I winked at her.

"Samantha, I still can't believe we are doing this." But, just then a Bob turned the corner from the direction that must contain the bedrooms. It was a single-story home, much like most of them in the area. The kitchen and family room at the back and a formal living room to the side in front.

He was a hugger, apparently. He opened his arms as he drew near and enveloped me in his arms. He was a good 6 inches taller than me with a body that indicated that he was quite athletic at one time, though that time was sometime in past. But, his embrace was strong and gentle, at the same time.

Bob took my small case and put it at the end of the hallway, then led me into the family room. We sat with them on the large couch and me in an easy chair facing them. It seemed out of position for normal entertaining.

Bob started, "Samantha, welcome to our home. I want to get something out of the way before anything else." He looked at Carol and she gave him a slight nod. "We mentioned some of this to Albert, but ... this is still new for us. We want you to know that we love each other and for us, this is an investigation into something we think will provide some enhancement to our lives. We, Carol, thought she would be interested in doing it with the dog after we investigated some bestial websites. The idea was very exciting for both of us." He glanced at her, again. "We turned to porn sites to find stimulation for our lovemaking. We have experimented with sharing of spouses. We found a few couples who we have gotten together in a swinging group and have joined them, too. We have always been together when the sharing has occurred. We feel like we are still in the early stages. We see this as an extension of that pursuit."

I smiled at them and put up my hand, "You don't have to explain your intentions, but I do appreciate it." I looked down at my hands in my lap, then back to them. "For Albert and I, this is something of the same for us. I won't go into the why of what we are doing, but being here is something I am excited to do. I know Albert has explained to you what I am comfortable with, so we understand the boundaries for this next day and a half." I looked at them with an easy smile and my hands opened to them. "I am here for your pleasure and only your pleasure. My pleasure will be secondary to bringing you both pleasure." I stood up in front of them. "How would you like me dressed for the time ahead?"

Carol leaned forward. Perhaps they had parts of this worked out. "Naked, dear. We may or may not be, but we want to find you naked at all times."

I smiled, "Albert likes me that way, too." I was wearing one of my sundresses, so this was going to be easy. I reached behind my back and pulled the zipper down, which loosened the dress fully. I slipped the thin straps from my shoulders and the dress fell down my body, piling at my feet. I stooped, picked up the dress, and folded it onto a nearby chair. I stood before them naked except for my strap heels, which I then kicked under the same chair.

Carol gasped, "You came naked underneath?"

I shrugged, "I came here for you to use me sexually however you wished. It was an easy assumption to come to." I sat back down on the chair, my knees pressed out to the arm rests. "I would also assume you want me to be openly exposed at all times."

They both nodded, then laughed. "You're quite a woman, Samantha." I smiled back at them and raised an eyebrow. They understood, what now? "Right ... well, even though Carol couldn't go through with Blackie, we both want to see it in person rather than video."

I suggested either doing it outside or they get an old blanket or comforter, that there can be quite a

mess at the end. They looked at each other and smiled. Each took me with an arm around me, each stroking my bare back, and someone was on my ass. There would be much more than that this weekend, though. I found Blackie, a quite large Black Labrador Retriever in the back where they had a large patio with a pool and a small patch of grass between the patio and the fence. I crouched down and called the dog. I made sure my knees were amply parted. I knew I was excited and was confident that my scent would be reaching out to him in my naked state.

I scruffed his head and ears, gently encouraging him closer and closer until his snout was between my knees. It was by that point we could all tell he had sensed something interesting. While stroking him, and feeling him sniffing my scent, I asked, "Has he mated? Do you know?"

It was Bob's voice that came back, "Yes, he has. He bred 2 litters."

I smiled at nobody, just the thought. "Good. He might not completely recognize the scent he has found, but he will know what to do when he finds himself in the situation."

I stroked down his sides, casually moving underneath him to his belly. I remained easy and non-threatening in my approach, easing my hand over his belly and further down toward his sheath. I allowed the process to take some moments so as not to startle or frighten him. My hand grazed the side of his sheath, but I had done my efforts well, he barely flinched at my touch. I nuzzled the side of his head and whispered into his ear, nothings really because I didn't expect him to understand, I just wanted him to associate my calm, caring voice with my touch underneath him. I moved my hand to his sheath, purposely making contact this time, easing the side of my hand along the sheath and his penis inside. He remained calm with only a brief flinch. I continued to whisper and nuzzle him as my hand moved more firmly into contact with his sheath.

I glanced behind me to find them both seated on the ground nearby. I smiled at them but directed my attention back to Blackie. I quickly debated with myself how to present this to them and just as quickly decided on the full presentation. They said they found the idea and images of bestial activity very stimulating, but something was holding Carol back from following through with it. Maybe, over this weekend, I could influence her.

I hoped I did have Blackie's trust. It is one thing to encourage a dog to mount you and be wild, it can be another for him to allow the intimate contact I like in foreplay with Harley.

I sat back on my heels and patted the ground in front of me, issuing a command, 'down'. Nothing happened. Bob stepped in and encouraged Blackie down on his side as I requested, while he apologized for not having him better trained. I chuckled because I think few dogs really are, they just get to understand what their owners expect and an awkward communication becomes established.

Once he was on the ground, I soothed him with strokes, but my attention was more directed to his exposed sheath and the red tip of his penis exposed from it. My focus was really on Carol at this point, it was she who I wanted to see what would happen and how I would react, still hoping to alter her consideration of canine sex in some form. I lowered my head to his belly while maintaining a steady and affirming touch to his side. I put my tongue out to touch the exposed tip and the dog flinched, but he remained in place. That was encouraging so I continued with more deliberation, licking the already present pre-cum from the tip, then putting my lips to it and tentatively sucking at it to test his reaction. Again, he flinched at the new contact and sensation, but he partially rolled to his back, his upper leg falling to the back and exposing his belly completely to me.

That was all the encouragement I needed. I sucked on the end of his cock, taking in more of his pre-

cum, but more importantly, stimulating more of his cock from the sheath. After feeling its growth in my mouth, I pulled back to allow Carol to see the cock, its color, shape, and length. I glanced at her as I shifted my position and saw her mesmerized by the unusual cock before her, indicating to me that she had never moved far enough with the idea of mating with the dog to witness its engorged cock.

I shifted onto my hands and knees, turned to pointing my ass to him, and patting my butt in encouragement. Since he had experienced mating with bitches, I expected him to be familiar enough to be curious about this human invitation. He quickly came to his feet and sniffed my ass, his nose contacting my cheeks before contacting my pussy. Once he found the source, though, his tongue replaced his sniffing nose, swiping the length of my already moistened slit. I reached back and pushed his snout away, patting my ass to encourage him to do more. His instincts kicked in, jumping onto my back and moving his hind end into my ass. My hand was ready for him, feeling his cock hitting my hand and guiding it into my pussy.

I gasped at the penetration, as I most always do with dogs. Their initial penetration is strong, deep and forceful, while men tend to align their cocks with the hole and push in slowly and incrementally. Animals aren't prone to anything but brute penetration and fucking.

I wasn't paying any attention to the couple, any longer. They wanted to witness canine sex so I was going to enjoy it with a dog different than Harley. I had learned that dogs, like men, are different in little ways, and sometimes big ways, that makes the experience of different partners unique and enjoyable. That was the case with Blackie, whether it was due to less experience in general or being with a female human, his approach was more erratic and jerky, lacking the comfort I have come to know with Harley. He was a frenzied, crazed, pounding machine on top of me like he found himself inside a bitch again and was going to make the most of it in case it might never happen, again. At least, that was that feeling as I braced my body with my knees apart and my hands in front of my head for better support and stability.

The knot forming and beating into me on the outside told me that might be a new experience. I thought Harley was a big dog at 70 pounds, but Blackie was bigger still and his forceful thrusts with the knot on the outside made me wonder what he might do trying to pull it out of me. Even the Great Dane I mated on the golf course didn't create this image. I cried out as the knot pushed through my lips and into my pussy, then my sounds were a series of moans, groans, and gasps as he continued to try to thrust into me, the effect being to push me, then pull me back with his knot trapped inside me. Instantly, once inside, his cock and knot continued to grow and expand, telling me that he wouldn't be too much longer before his climax. I strained against him, pulling his knot against my pussy, moving the knot with his thrust, impacting me in as many locations as I could manage, intent on the occasional impact against my g-spot. When I felt his first spurt inside me, that was all I needed to orgasm. As his cock jerked, twitched and spurted seed into me, my pussy clenched and spasmed around the cock and knot.

I relaxed my arms from the chore of supporting me and collapsed to the ground, sucking in air. With my face and breasts planted on the ground, my ass still up in the air secured to the dog, he turned on me so we were ass-to-ass. I turned my turn toward Bob and Carol, finding them, and smiling weakly. "What ... did you ... think? As good ... as the videos?"

Carol was effusive, "My god, Samantha! That was amazing ... I think I am dripping just from watching ..." I saw her stop abruptly after hearing what she was saying and become embarrassed.

"I am glad you are wet and turned on, Carol. That means it was enjoyable for you. It was very enjoyable for me and based on how much cum he pumped into me, I think Blackie enjoyed it, too."

The 2 of them looked at each other with smiles and it was only then that I realized that Carol had her hand on the front of his pants and his hand was fondling one of her breasts. "There's no question that he did. He's breathing as heavily as you are."

True to my curiosity, Blackie pulled on the tie hard enough that I was forced to give him some movement or I feared being torn. If we were on a smoother surface, he might have pulled me backward. When the knot did come out, there was a flood of cum escaping me and my pussy gaped. Carol was astounded by all of it, but I could also tell that she was very turned on and more curious.

Carol said, "We're going to continue inside. Even though the neighbors can't see into the yard, they might become suspicious of the sounds." I reminded her about the old blanket and pointed to my leaking pussy. She chuckled and hurried inside. Bob assisted me up, put a hand on a breast, the other on a shoulder and kissed me on the mouth.

"I have to fuck you now." I smiled. That was why I was there.

By the time Carol returned to the family room with a large, old blanket, Bob again had me in his embrace. We were kissing and our hands were roaming over each other's bodies. I had unbuttoned his shirt and was stroking his chest, his hands on my ass when Carol walked in. She pulled the coffee table to the side and spread the blanket on the floor, then came to us and maneuvered the 2 of us onto the center of the blanket. She was behind Bob and was pulling his shirt back and off his shoulders. I moved my hands to his waist and worked on his belt and the snap and zipper of his pants. While I was doing that, Carol encouraged his feet up one at a time so she could remove his shoes and socks. I opened his pants and let them drop, then sank to my knees in front of him, taking his firming cock into my hand and moving my mouth to the head. I felt Carol assisting him out of his pants as I took his ever-hardening cock fully into my mouth, sucking the head each time I pulled up.

I was intent on sucking him when I found Carol kneeling next to me, still dressed. I move to the side to allow her some room in front of her husband and we traded back and forth sucking his cock and massaging his balls. Then, I turned his cock fully over to her and unbuttoned her blouse, pulling it off her shoulders and down her arms. I worked the clasps of her bra, then removing it. I unsnapped her slacks and lowered the zipper. This was going to cause a break, but it was unavoidable. I pulled her to the side and sitting on the floor as I grabbed her slacks and panties, pulling both down her legs and off.

I stood up, pressed my body into his, my hand stroking his rigid cock. "Doggy position?" He nodded his acceptance. I turned to Carol. "When I am in the position, you slide your legs underneath me." I smiled at her as I saw her reaction. "Have you cum to a woman sucking and licking your pussy?" She shook her head, she had only kissed one of the women a few times. I smiled at her even bigger, "A new experience, then."

I moved to my hands and knees and Bob was behind me immediately. I felt his hands on my hips as Carol went to the floor and shimmied between my arms and under me. I was making eye contact with her and holding her attention as I anticipated Bob penetrating me. They said they had done some sharing, but I was still interested in seeing her reaction, so I held her eyes. I felt his cock head enter me, just the head, and I smiled. Then he pushed a little harder, withdrew some, and pushed more into my pussy. My mouth dropped open and I sighed long, the sound coming from deep in my throat. Her eyes held onto mine and her mouth opened with mine, then turned to a smile. That was when I dropped my head between her legs and licked the length of her pussy slit as if I were imitating the long, strong licks of a dog. She gasped and put her hand on the back of my head, pulling down to force my mouth more firmly onto her pussy.

I pushed back on Bob and raised my head to look at Carol. I decided to put the focus on Carol, even if Bob was fucking me. "You have a beautiful, naked pussy, Carol. I love your smell and taste; I love the feel of your wet pussy on my lips and tongue." She was staring at me, raised on her elbows to watch me and her husband. I pushed back against Bob's cock sliding in and out of me. I wink at her, "I like the feel of Bob's cock inside me, too. He has a nice cock, I think, do you agree?" She nodded, her eyes flicking up to Bob as he continued to bump into my ass from behind, pushing me toward Carol. I slipped 2 fingers into her steaming pussy, using my thumb on her clit, causing her to gasp and suck in a lung full of air. "You like it when his cock plows into your pussy." She nodded and gasped as I continued to finger her. "Just imagine, Carol, his cock is plowing into my pussy full of dog cum. I am soaked inside with it; do you hear his cock making squishing sounds as he bangs into me?" She nodded and gasped again. I reached up and squeezed her breast and pinched a nipple, then returned it to her pussy and clit. "Think about all that dog cum on your husband's cock right now ... it must be coated with it ... the full length of his cock is coated with dog cum." She gasped.

I pushed back on Bob. I twisted my ass back and forth and picked up his rhythm and matched him, pounding back as hard as he was into me. I looked back up into Carol's eyes, "I am going to get off of his cock and you are going to suck his cock clean of the dog cum. Then, after you have cleaned him, he will fuck you just like he is me now, and I will help both of you climax." Her eyes watched me and her mouth was open but soundless.

Without ever addressing Bob or asking him, I pulled away from him, his cock sliding out of my pussy, cum following it out of me and dripping onto the protective blanket beneath us. I put a hand out to Carol who took it. I pulled to assist her to her knees and she went directly to her husband's hard, messy cock. I waited for her to take his cock into her mouth, then, and only then, did I look up at Bob and finally address him. Despite his being able to hear our conversation or my words, I had left him out of any decision potential. I smiled up at him, "Your wife decided she wants to taste Blackie's seed. She is going to clean your cock of his seed and when she is done, when she has completely cleaned your cock, have her kneel over my head and fuck her the way you have always wanted to, the way the woman you want her to be should be fucked."

I didn't ask him or seek his compliance. I took charge and told him what he was to do just as I had told Carol what she was going to do. They had thought they were looking for a 'sex slave' to do their bidding in compliance. And, later, I might just be that person, but now they were going to experience the other side.

I slid my finger between her legs from behind, slipping 2 fingers into her and she raised her ass, then pressed back against my hand, gasping and moaning around the cock in her mouth. I then stood up and wrapped my arms around Bob's neck, kissing him and rubbing my still horny pussy into his thigh, leaving a very wet streak behind.

I lay on the floor alongside Carol and waited, my legs spread, one hand fondling my breast and the other between my legs working 2 fingers in and out of my messy pussy. I pulled my fingers out and transferred them to my mouth just as Carol released his cock and turned to see me. She smacked her lips and bent down to kiss me. She then crawled over my body so her pussy was directly above my face. Bob put his knees on either side of my head and I watched as he poised his cock at her hole and pressed into her. She gasped. I used one hand on her breast and another on her clit right above me. My pushed up with my elbows and put my tongue to her clit, then tilted my head back to mouth her pussy and his cock where they were joined, his cock sliding in and out of her.

The next surprise came when Carol lowered her head to my pussy, kissing my clit and tonguing my open pussy. I strained to look between our bodies, "Cannot get enough of your dog's taste, I see ..." She giggled but continued licking. The exchange and seeing how his wife took to the dog's cum

seemed to excite Bob more as his thrusts became more forceful and urgent. He held her waist and was pulling her back onto his cock as he pounded forward into her. She wasn't passive, either. Besides licking me, she was matching his action with her own, aiding his apparent desire to pound deeper and harder into her.

Her multiple focus activity abruptly stopped, though, as the impact of what Bob and I were providing to her overwhelmed her body and mind. Her head and body fell onto mine, her head resting on my thigh and her pelvis at my chin. I moved my head to the side as Bob began to thrust with even more powerfully into her pussy. My tongue and mouth sought his cock and balls as they slid over my face. I felt Carol shaking and convulsing, first, followed by Bob pressing hard against his wife, both moaning and groaning, gasping and crying out as each was in the throes of orgasm.

It took me a few moments to extricate myself from the tangle of exhausted bodies, both of which were on top of me. I stood, stretching my body, and viewed the naked couple on the floor as they sought to hold each other, Bob crawling to be alongside his wife, holding her in his arms as she found the strength to roll onto her back to accept his embrace.

I had shooed them to the bedroom to shower and get ready for dinner. I cooked a nice meal centered around Cornish hens and wild rice. I cleaned up quickly when there were moments and was dressed to serve them when they came out to the dining room where glasses of wine and a salad were waiting for them. They were dressed nicely, he in slacks and shirt, she in a dress that fell to her knees. They had wanted to stay naked, but I insisted they dress. I wanted the difference between them and me to be stark. I was dressed in only a black choker around my neck, black garter belt and stockings, and matching heels.

I refilled their wine glasses and removed the salad plates. I rubbed my hips against them as I did so, even brushing my breast against the side of their faces as I bent to remove the plates. It encouraged them to touch me. When I brought in the plates with their main course, I was being freely touched and groped. Bob slipped a hand between my legs and slid it up the inside of my thigh to my pussy as I refilled his water glass. They made excuses for having me at their sides to touch me more: water, wine, splitting another hen, more rice, or rolls.

After I served the light desert, I asked if there was anything else, and they were quiet, merely looking at each other. I acted on my own, dropping to my knees and crawling under the table. I moved first to Carol. When my hands touched her knees and slid up under her dress, she flinched and sighed, which drew the attention of Bob. I grasped her panties and she raised her hips, allowing me to pull them to her feet. I separated her knees and pulled her to the edge of her chair, applying my first licks to pussy.

After only a few licks, I crawled to her husband, releasing his belt and zipper, then pulling on his pants and underwear. He too raised his hips so I could lower his pants to his knees. His cock was already firming and I licked the length from the base to the bead before engulfing it in my mouth, the back of my head repeatedly bumping the bottom of the table as it moved up and down on his cock.

Carol made the move. She pushed her chair back and announced that I was to put on the same sundress I arrived in. The stockings didn't go with the dress, but it was already getting dark. I was in high heels and they were in comfortable shoes. I hoped we weren't going far, but I sensed the idea for a walk was not for exercise.

I was right, they led me to a little park about 2 blocks away. They took me into the center and pressed me up against a tree there. Carol pulled the straps off my shoulders and began fondling my

breasts as she kissed me. Bob raised my dress to my waist, pushing my legs apart and thrusting fingers into my pussy. They continued, even changing back and forth until I came, pressed against that tree, my dress bunch at my waist.

On the walk back to the house, I sensed they were transitioning to the type of play that a couple with a 'sex slave' should be: controlling, dominant, and a focus on using rather than pleasuring.

When we started up their driveway, I saw Bob stop us, check the surrounding houses, then directing me to strip off the dress where I stood. This was as much a risk for them if a neighbor were to look outside, but it was me stripping, and that risk they were taking heightened the thrill for me as I removed my dress, handing it to Carol and walking provocatively to the front door, directly under the outside light at the door.

Inside I was directed to make drinks for all of us. They again sat on the couch and I was directed to the chair in front of them. I was to drape my legs over each of the arm rests, opening my pussy to their view, as we had our drinks. They didn't speak to me or include me in their dialog. They referenced me, pointed out the way my breasts were beginning to sag, the way my nipples hardened and pointed out proudly, the way my inner lips of my pussy separated and that even my hole was visible. Relative to the things I have done with animals it might have seemed tame, but it was very erotic and thrilling to be considered purely as an object to be evaluated and appraised.

When my drink was finished, they told me to refresh their drinks, but not mine. When I resumed my position, I was told to masturbate to an orgasm. This was new and thrilling. I have been mated by various animals before someone else; I have been fucked by men in front of others; but, this was something else entirely and I found it thrilling to be used as such an object for viewing and exhibitionism. It didn't take me long to achieve the requested orgasm and I was fortunate that I had slumped so low into the chair that my pussy was over the edge of the seat, my knees pulled up to my breast, or my drooling pussy would have made a stain on the chair's upholstery.

After that, they brought the dog into the room and continued to sit on the couch, this time after removing their clothes. While I was mated with the dog, they stroked each other, not intending to achieve climax, which they wanted to wait until we were all in bed together. After the dog was through with me, I retreated to the guest bathroom to try to stem the flow of dog cum from my pussy.

In bed, I again played the more passive role of adding stimulation to them as they fucked. They moved through several positions, but through it all, I added stimulation with my hands, fingers, mouth, and tongue. I massaged his balls and scrotum, stroked her clit, fondled her breasts and pinched and twisted her nipples. When they were through, they pulled me between them, draping arms and legs over my body, their hands wandering over my body, which had the frustrating effect of raising my level of stimulation without achieving any potential for release. After the 2 of them fell asleep, each partially on top of me, I debated with myself if there was a way that I could bring myself off without waking them. I considered it long and hard and exasperatingly gave up on the idea, falling asleep instead with the bodily needs of a final climax.

My newly developed custom of waking with first light to have breakfast ready for Albert, had me awake before the Bob and Carol. The dream I awoke from was of being wonderfully stimulated with fingers on, and in, my pussy. When I woke, however, I discovered not a dream providing thoughts of stimulation, but my own fingers grinding into my pussy. I was no longer covered by limbs, but the touch of their bodies and the steady, soft breathing, told me they were both still next to me and asleep. I decided, again, to leave my needed release until later in order to prepare a breakfast for them.

I re-entered the bedroom and pulled the top sheet covering from their bodies. I crawled between them, my mouth kissing his cock while my fingers lightly played over her pussy lips. They shared several moments of sighs before opening their eyes to finding me causing their sensations.

"Come on, you sleepy-heads. Breakfast is waiting." I turned and left the bedroom, my naked ass swinging with a little more attention-grabbing effort.

They joined me for breakfast naked. After, Carol and I decided to treat Bob to some attention, the 2 of us using our mouths to lick and suck his hard cock and balls. He was kneeling on the floor and Carol and I took turns with our mouths on his cock or at his balls, occasionally moving up to his mouth to kiss him. I was holding his balls, massaging one as I sucked on the other and I could feel a change in them. Carol indicated it was time to switch, again, but I insisted she continue for just a while longer. She was rewarded with cum not a moment later. While she sucked the cum out of his cock, I sat back and watched. When she sat back, herself, I noticed a little cum at the corner of her mouth. I kissed her and used my tongue to move the wayward drop into her mouth. She giggled when she realized what I had done.

Carol and I were in the pool and naked. It was not so much for any exercise, but I sensed she wanted to talk about something. The weekend was winding down. Bob had apparently come to the end of his cumming and was sleeping in a lounge chair nearby. Blackie was lying on the grass, but still alert to what we were doing. I felt he was hoping for another mounting before I left.

We were slowly moving from one end to the other and finally settled at the end furthest from Bob. Our arms were on the edge of the pool, suspending us in the deeper water. Carol turned to me, "Can I ask you something? Woman to woman?"

"Of course." She was relating to me as a friend and I was glad because I felt very at ease and comfortable with them, too.

"You seem so comfortable when you are doing it with Blackie. You do it with your dog, too, right?" I nodded. "Sometimes or ... a lot?"

I chuckled, "A lot. Well, probably every day, at least. Is that a lot?"

She nodded back. But, there was more to follow. "Do you ever feel guilty? Or, ashamed for doing it with a dog?"

"No ... never. I guess, if you are going to have guilty feelings about doing something, I do not think you should do it. Me ... I find bestiality an exciting addition to the sexual experience. It was, actually, how I met Albert. But, that wasn't a dog, it was a goat ... a ram. That was an interesting experience, too, but I am getting off the point. I enjoy fucking with animals and Albert enjoys seeing me enjoying it. He and I have wonderful sexual experiences, but he understands that I desire new, different, or more intense sexual experiences sometimes. That is why we look for opportunities like this weekend with you." I looked at her, "I do not know if that makes any sense or not."

She thought about it for a moment, "Yeah, I understand. We're not quite there ... at least, not yet." She smiled. "Right now, I think we are experimenting, investigating what might be good for us." She was quiet for another moment, looking at me from the corner of her eye. "What I can't get out of my head, though, is Blackie."

I moved closer to her and ran my hand up her back, down and between her legs, stroking a finger along her pussy and inside. As my finger went inside, I leaned into her, "Then try it. It sounds like you are going to wonder about it until you actually try. I think you are going to like it if you do."

Remember, you like the taste of his cum ...”

She looked at me for a moment, then smiled with a giggle as we climbed out of the pool. I called Blackie as we headed for the section of grass. Carol stopped and looked at Bob, “Maybe I should wake Bob ...”

I laughed, “Don’t worry, he will wake up soon enough.” She smiled in anticipation.

I got her to play with Blackie’s belly and around his sheath while I stroked his head and neck. Soon there was the red tip showing and I encouraged her to use her tongue to lick it. Without instruction from me, but being the sexual woman she was, she soon took the exposed cock between her lips and into her mouth. She was tasting pre-cum and the sounds indicated she was enjoying the taste as much as she seemed to yesterday.

I told her to assume the position when she felt there was enough exposed cock to easily penetrate her. She popped right up and was on her hands and knees. I pushed her so her ass was pointing at Blackie. Now it was his turn. He sniffed her with his wet nose pressing against her pussy. She gasped and moaned. It was then that I saw movement from the pool area. I looked up and waved Bob over to us. He knelt down but didn’t try to intrude on Carol’s experience.

I patted her lower back and Blackie jumped up onto her, his front legs going around her waist and pulling himself against her. He thrust several times without penetration.

“Carol, use your hand and help him slide into you.”

She did after a moment of hesitation, trying to decipher what I was saying. She did, though, and she cried out as he apparently penetrated her deep. I sat back as Blackie took over, thrusting into her like an out-of-control fucking machine. This was the first time I had witnessed a dog fucking a woman when I was not the woman. It was a wonderful thing to behold and I understood visually why it feels so good.

She started to panic, asking what was happening back there, and I knew it had to be the knot. I raised Blackie’s tail and looked.

“It is the knot, Carol. You will love it once it is inside you. Press back against him.”

I encouraged her through taking the knot and smiled when she cried out. I put a reassuring hand on Bob as he reacted with concern. Then, her cry turned into long, low moans and grunts as the knot and cock continued to fuck her.

“Oh ... oh, oh ... oh god! It’s getting bigger ... longer and bigger ... oh, ohhhhhhhh.” Her head sank to the ground as she panted like a dog herself. Then her head popped back up and her arms went stiff. “I’m ... I’mmmmm ... I’m cummmm ... mmmnnngggggg!”

I saw her legs and arms quiver, struggling to hold herself up. Her mouth was gaping open with intermittent sounds escaping from it. Finally, she dropped back to the ground and it was quiet except for the sound of heavy breathing, some of it coming from Bob.

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## **CHAPTER 11: THE DONKEY**

Albert has changed. Of course, it goes without saying that I have changed. But, I have been able to

change because Albert has changed. Looking back to Nick's death and my feeling of complete loss of self as a result of losing Nick, Albert changed. Did he change for me? I have thought so. He poo-poo's any discussion about it, but I have come to the conclusion that he changed himself because he saw what was happening to me. The short connection formed between Albert, Nick and myself proved stronger and resilient than should have been expected for such a new relationship. It may have been a primary result of seeing his own grief and loss and loneliness and neglected time reflected in my reactions. I have thought, and praised him in my heart and soul, that he pulled himself out of his loss and grief to stand strong and confident in order to pull me out of my own.

His renewed dedication and spirit has not been only for me, though. The ranch has seen the change in him, also. The original image I had of him when the couples brought me to his place for the goat as a lonely, craggy, unhappy, old man has disappeared. He has become more acquainted in Lonely and has reached out to some of our neighbors. We go into town for shopping and meals and people acknowledge us.

He has worked hard on the ranch, identifying projects for remodeling and building to better care for the animals or for our comfort inside the house. So, when he mentioned that he was looking for a donkey, I had to ask him why he would want to get a donkey. Of course, we laughed because I knew very well why he wanted to find a donkey. I had expressed my concerns that a horse might be too large to fuck. His solution was something smaller but still big ... a donkey. Maybe, he even thought a donkey could be a stepping stone to taking a horse. But, when I challenged the thinking, he had to relent. All the other animals that I fucked were not there because I needed something to fuck. They were there because they had a purpose or brought value. How would a donkey do that?

He stopped mentioning it, but I knew he was still thinking about it. And, I love that about him.

It was no surprise then, when he blurted out one night, "I found one!"

I laughed. That excitement could have been about a number of things including a carpenter out in this lonely part of the state. Hmmm ... possibly how the town got its name ... "You found what?" I was deep in my third novel about a sheriff up in Wyoming whose best friend was a Cheyenne. With the riding and ranch/farm work, I was doing, reading about the quaint life in Wyoming seemed like a natural. My response was, therefore, only expressing mild interest.

"A donkey! I found one."

I put my Kindle down on the coffee table and turned to him. "I thought we talked about this? I'm not saying the idea of a donkey ... yeah, okay, it would be exciting, but ... Albert, I thought we agreed ..."

He was waving me over to the computer he had set up in his lap on the sofa. I stood up to cross to the other side of the coffee table, "Wait!" I froze. He pulled out his cell phone and snapped a picture. I just looked at him with that look that only a woman can give a man who is just being such a ... well, man. He shrugged, "Never know when I might need another picture of you naked ..." I rolled my eyes. He must be transferring them to that computer for all the pics he has been taking lately.

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We had been driving this poorly maintained dirt road for miles. The road surface alone would have limited our speed, but we were watching closely for the landmarks the farmer had provided us. He had laughed that street signs were not very frequent out where he lived. We had not said anything, but the same was true for where Albert lived. He said the last turn-off for the road leading his drive would not be marked at all and we might miss it until we were passing, but there was a 6-foot high pile of rock and boulders on the right side just before the turn. That is what I was looking for; Albert

was too busy watching the ruts and holes in the road. He decided to take the old pickup because of the roads along the way, but now he was mumbling something about hoping the truck held up under the abuse.

I pointed ahead and to the right, "There! There is the pile. There should be a road to the right just ahead."

He mumbled something, again. I looked at him questioningly and he hooked a thumb to behind us. I turned to look out the open sliding window of the back and saw what he was grumbling about. If he slowed down too much, we may be enshrouded in the plume of dust that has been behind the entire way on this road. His old truck did not have any air-conditioning, so we would be breathing it or taking the turn fast. He laughed, as though he was reading my thoughts, put his hand out to hold me back, despite the seat belt I was wearing, and took the turn fast.

This road was narrower and poorer than the previous one and I fully expected that when we reached our destination, we would be in the 1950's.

I focused on the direction he gave us and read them out loud for Albert's sake even though, by the looks of the road, I was still going to have to guide him. "A series of dead cottonwoods on the left; the drive in the middle of those. The house and buildings are just over a rise." There was another rise in the road ahead and at the top of it, I saw the dead trees. "There ... on the left. The drive should be in there somewhere."

He slowed the truck down and the drive became apparent. He pulled into it and up to the gate. We looked at each other, Albert got out to open the gate but returned without doing so. He sat back behind the wheel, "It's locked ... why would it be locked? He knew we were coming." He turned to me and I shrugged. "What would you do?"

I looked at him and then it hit me what he was asking, "If I was alone, you mean?" He nodded. "If I were alone, I think I would turn around and leave."

"Good, girl." He thought for a minute.

Before he could add anything, "But, I am not alone."

He looked at me and smiled while nodding. He pulled out his cell phone. "Damn ... I haven't seen a tower forever, but I have a bar." He talked to the guy, but it was mostly from the other guy. When he ended the call, Albert turned to me with a puzzled look on his face. "He said for you to get naked and we can walk up to the yard." I just looked at Albert and he looked at me, "Yeah, I know. But, he sounded nervous about the whole thing now. He wants to be careful and doesn't want to have any trouble."

I looked out the windshield, staring at the gate the 2 ruts going up the rise beyond it. I turned back to Albert, "It seems strange ..." He nodded and I could see the concern on his face. I pushed my hand against his shoulder hard enough to rock him in his seat, "Sort of like the first time I ever saw you." He turned to me and we both started laughing. That first time, he had become skeptical of people coming to watch a woman, me, get mounted by one of his animals.

He nodded to me and I opened my door, stepping out onto the hardpack and gravel. I stripped off my boots and the simple dress I had become accustomed to wearing around the area and I was naked. I piled it all on the seat after closing the door window and Albert locked it. He then got out and locked his door.

The horizontal metal bars in the gate were spaced wide enough that I could slip through, Albert elected to climb over it. I found walking on the wild grass between the ruts to be easier on my bare feet. As we walked, I was now even more curious than ever about this guy.

The donkey Albert found was not one to buy, but one that someone was willing to have used by a woman. Albert put a posting on one of the bestial websites and among the strange and peculiar replies that he received was a very simple reply, "If you are serious, use the site's personal messaging system back to me." The man was quite skeptical and as Albert had learned, the replies from others on the site were usually dead-ends. Albert did get a picture of the donkey with the man, or a man, standing beside it. Albert needed to send a picture of me and sent the same one he had used before of me under Harley, naked but my hair covering my face. After much back and forth, we decided to set a day for a meeting. Now, I was naked and walking into a stranger's farm for the opportunity to fuck his donkey. I said I wanted experiences ...

Albert walked slightly ahead of me as we crested the rise and looked at the farm yard ahead. The man was standing on the concrete stoop at his front door. He saw us, but he did not wave or call out, he simply stepped off the stoop and walked to the barn where he slid open the large door and disappeared inside. Albert slowed so I was alongside him, "Seems like an interesting fellow ..." We both laughed. I imagined there must be a high percentage of guys that are offering their animals for fucking women that could be categorized as 'interesting'. Of course, they might feel the same way about the women looking to fuck those same animals.

The inside of the barn was dark. The large doorway we entered provided the most light and there was a smaller door on the other end that offered a narrow slice of light. The windows along each side had been covered over by dirt and grime many years ago, by the appearance. We stopped just inside the door hoping our eyes would adjust from being in the bright sunlight outside.

From ahead of us and not too far, came a call, "Over here. The third stall."

We had stopped near the first stall, so it wasn't far; he had been behind the wall of the stall, but as he stepped to the entrance, we found him. The donkey was inside the stall and its hind legs were already tethered and a rope secured his head to the other end.

He seemed to be watching me intently, but I rather think it was just ogling me very intently. He was an older man, similar in age to Albert, and just as weathered and rough looking. His hair was on the long side, hanging over his ears and the collar of his shirt and much of it was gray. His clothes were clean, both the loose work shirt and bib overalls. I wondered if this had ever happened to him before and when the last time was that he had seen a naked woman so close. He didn't offer any introduction, so we had no idea if the name he gave us was real or made-up. We didn't offer anything further, either.

I moved to the side of the donkey, comparing it with the horses. "So, how do we do this?"

He looked at me, then Albert, a stupid grin on his face, "Beats me. I'm not the one that wants to fuck it."

I put my fists on my hips and turned to him, "If you don't want us here, we'll leave and find someone else." He put up his hands in defense and appeasement. "He is your donkey and I just thought you might have some ideas, that is all."

"Okay, I'm sorry. To be honest, I have put a note up like that before and received replies and communication, but you are the first that were REALLY interested. The others, I think, were just messing around or something. I guess I'm pretty nervous."

I smiled at Albert and he nodded. I walked up to the man, put my hands on his chest, raised up on my toes and kissed his cheek, making sure my breasts pressed into him.

"Thank you, for the honesty. But, you must know from the website that there are women who like to do this."

He nodded shyly. Now, he wasn't quite as overt about looking at my body. "Well, I was beginning to wonder about that certainty."

I smiled at him, "Well, I am real and he", I hooked my thumb back toward Albert, "he can attest that I like a lot of different animals." That got him curious and we talked about the animals at our ranch. It seemed to help him and he relaxed more as we laughed about some situations, including the first time I met Albert.

He looked at Albert, "I have an idea." Albert motioned to me. He turned to me, "I have an idea." He put his hands on my shoulders and moved me to the side of the animal, again. He was obviously much more comfortable with us, now. He knelt down alongside the donkey. I joined him and put my hand on the animal's side. The animal didn't budge at the touch. Upon my query, he confirmed that the animal was very gentle.

He had me get on my hands and knees and moved under the animal. He reached underneath the animal and my back. I looked over to him, seeing him concentrated on whatever he was examining. He then looked down at me and smiled, then offering me his hand to assist me from under the animal.

"We need 4 to 6 inches to have you at the right height for him." He said it as though it was the most natural conversation to have. Gone was the insecurity and reluctance of before. He moved into the aisle between the stalls, pulled a pocket knife from his pocket and broke the strings binding a bale of hay. He separated a section that looked to me to be about a foot thick and wondered how that looked like 4 to 6 inches to him. He took the section of hay back to the donkey, asked me to resume the location and placed it under my knees. I was having to bend my knees, but he just smiled.

"Don't worry, it won't take much movement to flatten it out more." He watched me, turned to Albert and nodded, then back to me. "I think you can do whatever it is you have to do, now."

I looked up at him. Whatever I have to do? I turned my attention to Albert who was smiling. He found the choice of wording interesting, too. So, I turned around so I was facing the end of the donkey, partially underneath the animal. I approached him like I did with the horse, stoking along the belly, increasingly closer to the sheath until I was stroking with both hands on either side of the sheath and finally along the sheath itself on each side. It did not take much of that for the animal to shift a few times, but he did not kick or move too dramatically. The tethering might not have been necessary for this animal, but it was a welcome safeguard. And, it did not take more after that for it to 'drop', as I learned the term to be when suddenly a long length of cock is hanging from the sheath. Before my eyes, I had 10 inches of cock hanging in front of me. This was not like the horse who was longer, but it was still a lot of cocks, and, unlike the horse, I was intent on fucking this cock.

I took the cock into my hand carefully, then licked the mushroom head until I started getting the pre-cum. As with the horse, I used it for lubrication, coating my palms with it, sucking some more as I carefully stroked the long shaft, then collecting more of the pre-cum as it came. As the cock stiffened under my attention, it was not as long as the horse, but that was all relative. This cock stiffened past the point where my 2 hands could cover most of it and was probably 18 inches long. I took my lips

from the cock end to spread more pre-cum over my hands and the cock, only to find that the cock was hard, standing out at an angle when I released it from my hands. I continued to suck, but I did not want it to cum in my mouth or on me like the horse. I wanted this one inside me.

Satisfied, I turned around, hunched over given the room available. I moved the hay under my knees and straightened my thigh vertical until my back bumped into the underside of the donkey and his hanging penis. I realized I was not sure how this was going to work. I needed more than one hand to move the cock to my pussy and gain its entrance into me. I called out for assistance and heard some discussion. To my surprise, the knees I saw behind me were those of the man, not Albert. I told him I need help in folding the head into my pussy, that once it was inside, I could take over.

His hands were tentative as he touched me and seemed to be initially reluctant to take hold of the cock, but my plea for help overtook the phobias about handling a cock and did what I needed. I felt him move the cock head to my pussy but was struggling. He was trying to open me and fold the head into me, all at the same time. I balanced myself on one hand so I could assist with the other by putting the hand between my legs as I did for the dogs. I use the first 2 fingers, inserting them between my lips and spreading them as widely as I could.

My stimulation was on a rocket ride. The premeditation and anticipation were in the background, the presence of the stranger and his touching me were driving another response, and the forceful pressure of the large cock onto my pussy, rubbing up and down along it, bumping my clit, and sliding over my anus were primary to driving my physical and emotion stimulation to a fever pitch.

As the head of this super large cock passed through my outer and inner lips, into my hole to a depth where I felt the entire head had penetrated me, I gasped, then cried out, "Ohhhhhh ... DAMNNNNN ... oooooooooo, yesssssss ..." My legs and arms quaked and my breathing was caught in my lungs, nothing working but my body first accepting and then adjusting to this strange cock filling me. Already I felt so stuffed and I knew very well I only had a very small portion of it inside me. But, I braced myself, both hands pressed into the hay, my knees spreading a little further apart as if that might make accepting the large head a bit easier.

From the feet at the back of the animal, I heard as if in the distance, "Did she just cum?"

Then, I heard Albert's distinctive chuckle, "Yes ... she very definitely just came."

It was only the head, but it was the largest thing I had ever taken into my pussy, larger than the knot of the Great Dane, and this was constant. My lips and hole were not allowed to relax as when the knot goes in. This is constant, like a cock in my ass, but more so.

I repositioned my hands and knees, spreading my support and taking in large, deep breaths for calming and psyching myself for more. I was not holding the massive cock and the man was not, either. I knelt under the animal with the cock head embedded in my pussy and the rest of it in-line with me. The cock was anchored by my pussy and the animal's sheath. With a lot of thought, doubts, and admonishments, I slowly pressed back against the cock without much seeming effect. It was wedged inside, but apparently gentle was not the way to take more of into me. I dropped my head and sucked in more air, held it, then pushed back several inches. I cried out as the head moved much further into my expanding pussy. I shook my head with the thought, 'How in the hell could a woman possibly take a horse cock?'

I sensed movement, then knees alongside me. I looked over to find Albert bent over looking at me. His hand came out and stroked my body, "Are you okay?"

I nodded, then shook my head. "I don't know. What I do know is ... I am going to do this."

"You don't have to."

I smiled weakly, "Yes, I do." My smile got bigger and determination came to my eyes and attitude, "How else can I take a horse cock if I cannot take this?"

He smiled and shook his head.

He thinks I am an idiot, maybe. Why would I hurt myself for pleasure? He does not understand. I laugh, do I understand? But, I know this is something I want and need to do. It seems like a pinnacle of some sort in achievement ... or a step to that pinnacle, perhaps. With that resolution in my mind, I press back again, again, and again. Each time I manage another inch, but it is as if the donkey has had enough of me and my ways ... he thrusts his hindquarters forward, driving the massive cock into me until it hits the end of my vaginal cavity, bruising against my cervix and everything else just beyond. I cry out with the pain, the fear, and the exaltation of being fully and completely filled, stretched and consumed by this bruising weapon, much of which was still outside my body.

I pull forward, feeling it moving through my pussy until it comes to the opening, the head still inside me and the flair bumping my g-spot, and I wiggle, rotate my pelvis, and start to push back against him when he again thrust and takes me in a quick, full surge, and I cry out, again. This is good? This is fun? Oh, god, YES. Each time drives me closer to being crazy with pent-up adrenaline and arousal seeking a climactic release of epic proportions.

At this point, I was biting my lower lip, concentrating, talking to myself, mumbling the sounds that are not quite words when they come out of my mouth. I am holding on, waiting, silently pleading for this beast to cum, a cum that I want more than anything right now to share with him. He has bruised me, pained me, abused me, and I want more of it.

He pounds into me and I try to find a happy middle ground of penetration, but I realize I am in the wrong position for that. I have no control; this brute is in control, he pounds into me and I move forward as he bottoms out inside me. To influence control, I need to be in a different position, a position that allows me to resist with my feet ... on my back. My mind processes for future reference, I have no question that I will attempt this animal or another, again.

Finally, I feel his huge cock pulse and swell even more than it was and I know, I just know, that he is about to cum. In a nano-second, a thought flashes through my lust-induced brain if it matters if his cock is all the way inside or ... But, it is too late for even that thought to fully develop, much less have it be concluded.

I feel a massive swelling and pulse from his cock inside me and I suck in air in anticipation and expectation. The first spurt is massive, but I only sense it happen because, with the sense, my orgasm finally releases and instantly encompasses my entire body with flashes through my eyes, pulsing of nerve ends, and the feeling that my body is exploding.

I was to be told later by Albert, my arms collapsed and my ass was stuck on the cock that continued to spurt huge volumes of seed into my full pussy. He said the first spurt came when the animal was deep inside me, apparently had no place for the semen to go, and shot out of what little gap existed between cock and pussy, spraying out for feet in all directions. Of course, the second, third, and fourth spurts were equally confined and maybe more so with the cum inside me from the first. Donkey cum was sprayed everywhere.

When the cock started deflating, my ass fell to the hay covered ground below me. I rolled enough to look up to see the thing that had penetrated me, not quite believing what I had accomplished. The thing was still leaking a slow, thin stream of cum. I struggled to my knees and pulled the quickly

shrinking cock to my lips. I sucked, but more, I put the cock to my lips and drank the slow leak as if it were a hose set at very low flow. It was obscene and I felt obscene. There was a puddle of cum where I had been kneeling.

I crawled out from under the donkey and both men came to me, each taking an arm to assist me up. I stood between them on shaky legs, but as I looked to Albert, then the other man, my face shone with pride and accomplishment. Shining with pride and accomplishment? What a slut I must be becoming.

Albert took a step back from me, still providing support for my arm and gazed between my legs. I followed his gaze to find a steady drip of cum falling. I think I blushed, but who could tell. I was covered in sweat from the effort in the confined air of the barn, hay and dirt dust from the floor, and cum streaks on my legs. Who knows how I looked, otherwise.

They assisted me to a bale of hay and the man ran into the house for some cold beers in a cooler. We had the first ones, mine emptying in 2 chugs, in silence. Albert opened my second bottle and handed it to me. I noticed him looking at the other man as I raised the bottle to my lips. The man nodded with some eagerness. I don't normally drink beer so fast, but I was into the next gulp when I heard Albert ask how I felt.

I put the beer to my forehead and sighed. The cold bottle and warm air brought moisture to the outside of the bottle and it felt good against my skin as I dragged the bottle down over each breast and nipple and to my stomach. I looked at him, finally.

"Tired as hell." I chuckled, "Such lady-like language, huh? But, then again if I just fucked a donkey, I may not be a lady ..." I looked up and realized it had not been an idle interest into my feelings. "Oh ... not that bad, really." I looked at Albert and he gave a slight head motion to the other man. I looked at him, lean forward enough that I could touch his knee with my free hand. I saw him shift his gaze to my breast as it hung below me as I lean forward and I smiled ... but to myself. "I suppose this all might still seem strange to you, but I really did enjoy your donkey. A lot!" His eyes were fixed on mine and I smiled at him, looked down at my beer bottle dripping onto my knee, then back up to him. "There is one more thing that would make this experience complete."

His eyes fixed on me, "What ... what's that?"

"You were good enough to allow me to enjoy your animal, I thought ... I think it would nice if I could thank you properly."

He watched me, confusion coming over his face, then ... recognition, and awkwardness. "I ... you don't ... it's ..."

I stroked up his thigh, but just half way, his eyes dropping to watch. "But, I would like to. My pussy is kind of messy ..." I opened my legs showing a sight of cum and puffy lips. "Or, I could use my mouth ..." He was watching me. I waited. He gave a slight nod but nervously looked at Albert.

I gave Albert a similar head-motion and he caught on immediately. "I think I'm going to take my beer outside and catch that breeze. It's too stifling in here." As he stepped behind the man, he turned and blew me a kiss.

I went to my knees in front of him, my bottle dropping next to the bale I had been sitting on, my hands sliding up his thighs to the end. I looked up to him and smiled.

"Stand up." He did without question, not looking at me as I undid his pants and pulled them down to

his ankles, then his worn thin boxers. Underneath was a hard, straining, uncircumcised penis. "Sit down and relax ... let me do this for you." I moved my head to his stomach and kissed it as my hand grasped his hard cock. He gasped at my touch and I was concerned that he might cum right there. I looked up and he was biting his lip, just as I had done earlier, and that shared reaction brought a smile to my face. A smile he did not see, his eyes focused somewhere else ... perhaps praying he was not going to cum too soon. I wondered at that image of concentration; I wondered when the last time a woman held his cock, much less sucked it into her mouth, which I was about to do.

I lowered my head to his lap and the cock waiting there for me. I used my fingers to pull the skin back to fully expose the head. I kissed the tip before putting my lips around it. He gasped and jerked at the touch. I placed a hand at the base of his penis. I wanted to be able to gauge his response and try to give him attention without a quick climax. After a little sucking of the head, I dropped my mouth further down the cock and pulled back up. He was breathing heavy, moaning, and sighing with every motion. I knew he was not going to last long, so I slowed down on my stimulation, but he had other ideas. I felt his hand on the back of my head and gently pressed down, his groans becoming more urgent and his cock twitched and jerked. At the base of his penis, I felt a surge and pulse so I dropped my mouth down onto him taking him as deep as I dared, pulled up and sucked the head vigorously. At the next pulse, I squeezed off at the base and sucked even harder while not allowing any climax through. His groans became insistent and demanding.

"Oh, you woman! I have to cum!"

I smiled around his cock in my mouth and I released the pressure at the base and his cum shot explosively into my mouth as I raised my mouth up closer to the head. He had a lot of cum to give me and I took it all, noisily gulping his seed.

I pulled my mouth off his cock and watched some of the foreskin recover his cock head, then looked up and smiled at him. "Did I do okay?"

His eyes closed and he fell backward and off the bale of hay. "Oh, God, that was beyond 'okay'!" He laughed and rolled to his side before gaining his knees and his feet, struggling a bit with his pants down around his ankles, which just cause more laughter from him.

Albert re-entered the barn at the sounds of laughing. He re-entered just in time to see me use an index finger to pull some stray man-cum off my chin into my mouth. He smiled at me. I smiled back and fell onto my back, my arms out wide, my legs spread. A giggle escaping my lips.

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## **CHAPTER 12: THE FARM FAMILY**

"You apparently were not aware that the bridge at Rocky Creek was washed out?" I was sitting in Albert's old pickup at the barricades blocking the little bridge that had a visible tilt to the west side.

Albert and I had agreed that trips to experiences in the rural areas would be better in the old pickup for first-impression consideration. Arriving in my shiny SUV or his new, king-cab pickup might put off some people, given the purpose of my visiting. But, the old truck did not have and never did have, air-conditioning beyond the opening of windows in the cab. No air-conditioning in the hot and dry rural lands of Arizona is a challenge and experience in itself, and being stopped on the road under the high sun made the experience that much more trying. I wanted to be out of the heat absorbing metal of the truck or moving at a speed providing at least sufficient air flow to give the illusion of some comfort. That air flow, though, would only provide some comfort to my front, knowing very well that the back of my conservative dress would be plastered to my otherwise naked back when I

exited the vehicle. I had come to accept, however, that all moisture evaporated very quickly in this environment, including sweat-soaked garments.

The voice responding back to me was the woman I was trying to meet in another equally remote part of the eastern part of the state. "Oh, dear, I'm sorry. No, we rarely go to the north. The closest town is to the south. I'm going to have to ask the boys what the best route is likely to be." There was a pause as I heard her asking the question and several other voices giving countering advice. "I'm going to work this out with the boys and call you back, okay? But, you will have to go back to 191, I'm sorry."

County 191 was 8 miles to the north, the road I had just traveled. This remote land is wonderful for being essentially lost to the world and having all the privacy or isolation a person might desire, as in Albert's original case. Or, it is just cheap and plentiful land that a hard-working family might find independence and survival from. For this family, I had the feeling it was both isolation and survival.

Albert had approached me with another 'opportunity' and this time added the word, strange. His pursuit of experiences for me had become much more deliberate and focused. After the suburban couple and their dog, then the new animal experience with the donkey, he was looking for something with the potential of more animals or more humans. What he found was this family, again, on the same bestial website. His searches on the sharing, swinger, and gangbang websites gave him some pause in his effort to properly vet the people and situations replying. I appreciated that care and attention while coming to the conclusion that Albert would find situations beyond what Nick would have been comfortable with given the different relationship Albert and I shared.

It took me a couple hours to detour around the bad section. The recent storms that provided refreshing moisture to our part of the region had apparently dumped on this region and massive amounts of sudden rainfall produced flooding and torrents of water down what otherwise seemed like dried out ravines. That bridge wasn't the only damage, as I was also routed around a section of washed out dirt road where water from the neighboring hills had created a new wash through the terrain.

This place was more remote than the donkey place and looked quite similar as I approached it on the double rut path from the dirt, unmaintained road to the yard in front of the house. The house, though, was 2 story, an old style four-square I was more familiar seeing in the plains states. As I approached the house, I noted a smallish barn to the left and a larger building alongside it, guessing that the barn was for larger animals but they had more machinery than Albert did. To the right was a slew of smaller sheds, coops, and structures, many with fenced in pens in front, on the side or in the back. They appeared to have a lot of small animals. Or, at least, they did. Several of the pens seemed vacant.

I had planned to arrive mid to late afternoon, but it was now after dinner time. I grabbed my case from the floor of the passenger's side and slid it across the bench seat and out of the cab as I closed and locked the door. Holding the case, I turned to the house but was diverted by the sounds of a dog from the area around the barn. The dog came running, a mutt that I could not identify a particular dominant breed. There was mild barking, but it was more of a greeting than a warning.

I heard the slap of a wood screen door on wood framing and turned back to the house to find a woman and 3 young men congregating on the front porch. The porch stood 3 steps above the cracked concrete sidewalk that seemed to stop with little purpose in the hard-packed, dry ground that made up the yard and most of the area in front of the house from the barn and storage building on the left to the other sheds and fenced pens to the right. The woman motioned with her hand and the youngest looking young man bounced down the steps to intercept me and took my case.

I could recognize the men from the picture sent at Albert's insistence. The woman's picture had not shown her face, but her longer brown hair, and thin, tired body was evident even from under the conservation dress she wore ... the same conservative style I was wearing, except I was sure she had underwear on underneath.

The woman had been the contact with Albert. Albert had responded to a posting seeking a woman experienced in sex with canines and multiple men and herself. She made it clear that they had a dog, male and intact. On the face of it, it seemed to Albert as an ideal situation for me to step to another new experience level. One of the things Albert checked almost immediately was the length of time the poster had been a member of the site or forum. This woman had been a member for 3 years and her profile listed 'single'. Slowly, as he does with impressive skill, the details were pulled out through many messages and eventual emails. It is not until getting to the point of setting up a time and place that he uses phone or text messages using a separate phone with purchased minutes that he could easily throw away, if necessary. The multiple men were her sons. The situation seemed unusual, but I was certainly not one to offer objection or judgment about incestual relationships, which was what this appeared to be. Whatever their relationship was sexually, it was still 3 men, a dog, and a woman.

A near breaking point became the photos Albert insisted on. She objected and refused. That was fine with us. Albert simply ignored them, didn't respond back or attempt at convincing her. He simply moved onto the next likely opportunity he could find. Several weeks later, he received another response from her asking what was happening. He replied that nothing was happening; we had our rules and safety processing methods he would not compromise. The next day, we received the email with the 2 photos attached. He responded with the photo of me and the rest of it fell into place. It occurred to me that she might have found comfort in Albert's careful approach, also providing her with comfort about me, as well.

The picture of the sons was taken in what appeared to be the barn with the dog. They were naked, standing shoulder to shoulder with the dog sitting in front of them. The sons looked quite awkward and nervous in the photo, which was taken by someone standing before them. My guess had been by the mother. The woman's photo was a selfie taken in front of a mirror, carefully eliminating the head from the photo. But, I was sure this was the woman in the photo.

I followed the younger man up the steps and was led into the house. It was similar to other houses like this I had seen. An entryway with stairs curling up to the second floor. A living room/family room, then a dining room, and finally the kitchen completing the circle back to the stairs with a new set of stairs that went into a cellar, which was unusual in these parts, but would be excellent for storage of foods and canning from a garden. Upstairs would be the bedrooms and I guessed there would be 4 small bedrooms with a common bathroom at the head of the stairs and separating the bedrooms.

It was already getting dark after just a little conversation and a couple of beers. We introduced ourselves formally and I was pleased that real names and information came out. The mother was Marge, the sons were James, the oldest at 20, and John and Jason, the twins at 19. The family had been on the land for years, having the dog, goats, chickens, and cows. They grew, harvested and sold hay and wheat, which explained the large building for equipment.

It was still quite early, but I sensed that the evening was breaking up and nothing had happened or appeared to be likely. The boys were still timid and nervous, with fleeting glances to me, then their mother. It seemed conclusive, though, when Marge declared suddenly, "Boys, I think it is time. Go upstairs to your rooms and get ready."

There was not any discussion or fighting that I might expect from young teens to be going to bed at this time, much less 19 and 20 year-olds. But, I watched as each moved from the table, kissed their mother on the cheek and took bottles and dishes to the kitchen, then filed past us and upstairs. I looked at Marge, ready to ask my questions about what was happening when she put up her finger. I listened with her as doors closed, sounds of boots clumping on the floor above as they undressed, then doors opening one at a time with another door opening, closing and the toilet flushing. Soon, it was quiet upstairs.

"You must be wondering what you have walked into." I nodded vigorously. "I apologize for not being completely honest with you, but the basics of what I posted is still true, except ... well, I let you believe that this would be a time of ... shoot ..."

I reached out and held her hand, "Marge, I think I already know. This will be their first experience with a woman, right?" She nodded, her head down. I looked at the table between us, then back up to her. I squeezed her hand to get her attention. "This was to give them some experience with a woman. What about what you said about the dog?"

She shook her head and offered up a sad smile, "Samantha, I want it all to happen, I do. I will explain anything and everything later, after ... when you have ... if you still will, that is."

I smiled, "Of course! Wow, imagine having 3 virgins in one night." I chuckled, but then got nervous and looked up at her quickly. She was smiling, too. "I would like to understand what is happening, what you want to happen, or ... whatever." I looked up at the ceiling, "Should I wake you when I am through?"

She patted my hand, "Dear, I don't think any of them will last more than a minute once you've started."

I smiled back at her as I stood up, "Yes, they will. Maybe not the first time, but that will be each of their secrets." I patted her shoulder, "Do not worry, mom, your boys will have a very enjoyable first time." I stopped before leaving the dining room, "Should I leave my case and clothes in your room?"

She looked up suddenly, "I didn't even think about that. Yes, fine."

"By the way, Marge, have you ever been with a woman?" I smiled at her and watched her face and mouth reflect her slow understanding of my question. I walked up the stairs for a most unusual experience. When I first met her, I thought of Marge as being in her late 30's or early 40's, but after seeing her better up close, I think she has just had a hard life. She is probably in her mid-30's. Wait until I tell Albert about this one ...

I stood at James' door, or at least the door Marge said would be James'. I was naked now as I looked at the 3 closed bedroom doors containing the 3 virgin young men I was about to have the honor of introducing to the sexual world ... and the responsibility of ensuring that their first was memorable.

I knocked on his door and opened it just enough to peek inside. It was completely dark inside except for the thin shaft of light from the hallway. "James? Is it okay for me to come in?"

"Yes." His voice was tentative and shaky, and he was the oldest.

I opened the door further and stepped inside. "Is there a small light you can turn on?" I didn't see him move, but I heard the 'click' and a light next to his bed shined. "Thank you, that is much better." I walked to the side of the bed and stood next to him, the bedside light next to me and fully illuminating my naked body. I saw his eyes roam up and down my body, stopping at my pussy and

breasts more than my face. "You know why your mom invited me here?" He nodded. "Is it okay?" He nodded. He was very nervous and I tried to imagine how a 20-year-old would be so unprepared for spending an intimate moment with a girl.

I knew very well what was going to happen, so I decided to do this the easy way. I put a knee on the side of the bed and gently pulled the covers from his body. I was surprised to find that he was wearing his underwear, but maybe I should not have been given his nervousness. I fixed his eyes on mine, moving my hands to his waist and pulled his briefs down his legs and off. I tossed them to the floor at the end of the bed. I broke my gaze from his eyes to look down his body. To no surprise, his cock was already hard and moving, the muscles flinching in anticipation of whatever might happen next. I moved my hand from his stomach, over his abdomen, and watched as his cock strained, rising in expectation of that first touch that was not his own. When I did touch it with the side of my hand, it jumped. I could not afford to tease and play with him any further for fear of losing him much too soon. I crawled onto the bed, straddling his right leg. I looked into his face, again, my head slowly descending but still holding his gaze until I turned my face down, my hand lifting his cock up to my mouth. I kissed the head, then put it between my lips, careful of how much stimulation and attention I gave him too quickly.

I sat on his leg, sliding my wet pussy over it, hoping to divert his attention from his cock to the feeling me on his leg, a feeling that had to be new to him. I sensed it was working when he pressed his leg up against me, providing something firmer for me to rub myself against. As that game was playing out, I sank my mouth further down his cock and slowly brought my mouth back to the head. With my fingers at the base of his cock, I tried to feel changes that might happen, easing my actions and speeding them up depending on what I felt. But, I knew it was going to only be moments.

I heard a cry and moan combination coming from him, his torso going rigid, and his hips rising off the bed. I clamped my mouth around his cock and sucked hard, feeling his cock pulse and throb at the base and up the length before shooting his seed into my mouth. I sucked all that he had and sucked some more, then licking the head clean. I crawled up alongside him, glancing again at the clock at the side of the bed. It had only been a matter of minutes ... as his mother had expected.

As I came up alongside him, he turned to the side, his arm over his face, mumbling, unhappy mumbling coming from beneath it.

I pulled him over, requiring a bit of effort, and kissed his face, cheek, and eyes. "Shhhh ... shhhh ... It is okay, James. Okay. It was good."

"No, no, no ... too fast, too soon ... I ruined my first time."

I turned his face to me and I looked deeply into his eyes. I put a finger to his lips to silence him, then I offered him a tender, caring smile. "No ... nothing happened, James. Your first time will be wonderful ... trust me ..." He shook his head and I stopped him with a kiss on the lips. "No ... hear me, James ... nothing happened, that did not happen. Your first time is still to come. This will be our secret. Forget that ... your first time is coming ... and it will be wonderful."

He turned his head to fully look at me and I could feel his body relax next to me. "Still to come? You mean ..."

I nodded, "Yes. That was to relax you so you could focus on your first time."

It seemed to be working, a smile started on his face, then clouded. "But ... I just ... how ..."

I propped myself onto an elbow and looked sternly, if playfully, down at him, "You question my

abilities?" He shook his head and the smile was back with more self-assurance. I kissed him, again, and more. He was unsure and clumsy, but we kissed and kissed. I gave him my tongue and after some time he returned his to me.

I raised above him, again. I smiled down at him while my hand roamed down his body. I caught his eyes and he smiled. "Even though that didn't happen ..." I winked at him, "... did it feel good?"

"Samantha! It was amazing! I only got upset, ashamed, because I thought that was my time with you tonight. I am glad it's not." I kissed him, again.

My hand had been playing with his limp penis, almost idly so as not to create any new tension. But, as we kissed, his limp penis began transforming into much more. I slid down his body, taking my kisses from his lips and face to his neck, shoulders, and chest. I sucked and nibbled at his nipples and he groaned. I moved off his chest, down his stomach and sank my tongue into his belly button and he squirmed under the attention. But, when my tongue trailed out of his belly button and down his abdomen, I felt him suck in breath, tense, then release a long sigh as my mouth and tongue continued down into his pubic hair where I encountered a semi-hard cock quickly working to become hard. I encouraged it, however, my mouth taking it in, sucking the head, then slipping further inside my warm and welcoming mouth.

When I raised my head next, his hard cock plopped out of my mouth and slapped against his body. I lay down on his bed next to him, opening my legs and putting my arms out to him. He scrambled to his knees, crossing my leg, and coming to rest between my legs. He looked down at my pussy, then his eyes traveled up my body to my face. I nodded to him and put my arms out to him, again. He lay his body on top of mine and we kissed. I could feel his hard cock over my pussy.

I whispered into his ear, "I want you inside me, James. I want you, now."

He looked at me and raised his hips as I slid a hand between us, taking his cock and moving it from on top of me to between my legs, wiggling it up and down along my slit until I found my hole. His cock slipped inside as deep as the head where it stayed.

"Push, James, push it into me." He did fiercely, driving his cock deep into me, then pulling it part way out and driving it back in. He did this several times until I put a hand on his shoulders. He looked at me and I saw the look of unbridled passion suddenly being realized. "Slow down, we have time to set our pace. You are doing wonderfully."

He did slow down, setting a comfortable and easy rhythm. I pulled him back to me for kissing. Then, as his cock continued stroking in and out, "A woman likes to be loved and feel the man trying to please her. If you kiss and suck and gently bite my nipples, it adds to my stimulation."

He smiled, seemingly pleased that I thought he would give me more. He bent his upper body to kiss my breasts and nipples as I stroked his shoulders and arms, my legs wrapping around his waist and hips, pulling my pelvis up into him as he thrust. He lifted his mouth from my breast and I smiled, tilted my head back and moaned long.

After a time like that, I rolled us over so he was on the bottom. I kept him inside me as I repositioned my legs under me, changing our position. I lowered myself to kiss him and straightened back up, my thighs flexing to raising and lower my body over his cock. I looked down at him, "So much for you to experience, dear James. The first is called the missionary position and is very common and was probably the position your father used with your mother. This is called cowgirl; the woman is dominant and has control. Most woman who try it, feel they achieve deeper penetration."

He watched me, my breasts bouncing, the gap showing between us as I raised, then closing as I dropped. "There are more?"

I chuckled, "Much more. As many as a man and woman are willing to be creative."

That was the position we both climaxed in, though, me first and followed immediately by him for his second time.

After leaving John, the second twin, I went into the bathroom to clean myself somewhat. I was then standing outside Marge's close bedroom door. I knocked and cracked the door to find it light inside from the bedside lamp. She was leaning against several pillows stacked at the headboard. She was reading a paperback, which she put down to the open page on the bedside table.

Her breasts were showing with the light cover pulled to her stomach. I was surprised to find her this way. I stepped into the room and stood at that side opposite her. "It is late, you could not sleep?"

She sighed and giggled, "Are you kidding? These walls are not all that sound proof. It sounded like my boys had a good time." I smiled and nodded. "Thank you, Samantha, for what you said to them. I assume the others were like John. Thank you for reassuring them and making the premature one a secret."

"You heard?"

She nodded, "The walls ..." She reached to the side I was standing alongside and pulled the cover off, an offer for me to join her. As the cover flew back, I saw she was completely naked. I smiled at her. "But, I also couldn't sleep because of what you asked me before coming upstairs."

I smiled at her, "Do you have an answer you want to share?"

She turned to her side and put an arm across my chest, just below my exposed breasts. She watched her own arm move onto another naked woman in her bed, a woman she had just met, and smiled shyly before looking back to my face. She nodded as our eyes met, "Yes ... I mean no, but yes." She chuckled, trying to remain quiet. "I mean, no, I have never been with a woman, but, yes, I would like to be."

I smiled and rolled into a hug, my arm moving around her, and I kissed her lips softly. I looked into her eyes and gave her a reassuring smile. "After your boys, I would enjoy that very much. But ... tell me what is happening here ... the boys being so old, yet no experience of any kind, yet you are on that website."

She rolled back onto her back. Her body moved under my arm until it was my hand on her body, not my arm. She nervously met my eyes, then looked to my hand, took it into hers and brought it up to her lips. "It's a long story, but not that complex." She took a deep breath as her fingers held and moved over my hand before finally pressing it between her breasts and holding it there. It was almost as if she was hoping that some of what she had to say could pass directly from her into my hand to me, saving her the effort of expressing it.

She took a deep breath, glanced at me nervously, then sighed. "My family was part of a very conservative religious group. All the families were like us and lived on farms or small ranches. Our only contact with anyone, except for buying supplies and selling our products, was with the other families of the group. Anyway ..." she took another breath and sighed it out, "... I was still pretty young when my father arranged my marriage with a man, my husband, who seemed nearly as old as my father. He was, perhaps, stricter about the laws of the group than even my father. It was a very

patriarchal establishment of power and control. Children were home schooled to avoid any teachings they might not approve of and, as I have found out since, that would have included most of what would be needed to live in the larger society. The group required conservative, modest dress, head coverings, and demure responses from the females. We were taught not to look directly at men and certainly not challenge or debate with them in any way. The religious teachings were so strict in the interpretation of the bible, it was felt that any free-thinking or expression of bodily desires or needs was sinful. It was very oppressive ..." she sighed, again, "... but, it had been the only thing I knew to exist."

She stopped. For a time, nothing more came from her and I thought she might have expressed as much as she could. I leaned in and kissed the side of her head, now feeling that any more physical contact might be invasive.

But, she was not finished quite yet, "When he died 6 years ago, I just continued on as I had, only now without a man around. The boys had to and did, grow up quickly to take over more of the farm. I watched those boys in that early time after. You know what struck me the most about those early months of the boys and me on our own?" I frowned and gently shook my head, feeling some encouragement to continue might help. "How hard they worked; how little they complained or resisted or grumbled; how caring they were toward me, jumping in to help me when their chores were done; how attentive they were on their lessons and they never questioned when the religious part became less and less; but, mostly, how they seemed to become more relaxed and at ease, laughing and joking as they worked and how they started teasing me and making me laugh." She turned her head to me, "A few months after losing my husband, their father, and our life was better."

She became quiet, again. I watched her, my head braced on my hand as I lay on my side. With a finger, I moved some strands of hair from the side of her face and tucked them behind her ear. I was trying not to interrupt her thoughts, but to also let her know I was still with her.

"It was a strange time for us. We continued to live as we had been, but I let us drift from the group. They, of course, became concerned about our situation. They tried setting me up with another husband, insisting that it was not right for a family to not have the direction and controlling hand of a man. I finally stopped straying away and left them completely, telling them, including my family, that if they couldn't accept our desire to be as we were, they were not welcome. They argued ... some even threatened me, but the boys were just reaching the age where they could stand up for me and the 3 of them together in front of me made me more proud of any man or men than I had ever been. I had to be careful because of the boys, though. I schooled them the best I could, but I had no illusions that I could put them into the public schools at 13 and 14 years old and have them fit in, much less keep up with school work, so I continued to school them at home as best I could. As time went, their time became more responsible for the farm and less about schooling, but that was required by our situation. Without the group, we were completely on our own with no help at cutting, baling, or harvest."

She went quiet, again, but now she was more animated. Her fingers held my hand, examining my fingers and nails as though they were disassociated from me. There was also the smile that formed on her face as her mind continued to work on the story to be told. She giggled, "Isn't it funny? They warned me that life was going to be hard and punishing if I turned my back. They were mostly right, too. Our life did get hard, very hard; but it didn't get punishing." She turned her head to me. "You've had hard times in your life, too. I can see it. So, you know. Life became hard for us, but the harder life got, the harder the boys worked with me ... never against me, like they did with their father. The harder it got, the better and closer we got. Until ..." her face beamed at me, "... until life wasn't hard, anymore. Oh, the days are long and the work can be hard and we get very tired, but we are good ... the boys and I ... we're good."

I leaned in and kissed her cheek, no longer thinking about the element of 'being with a woman', but intent on her story. "You have me hooked, so I have to ask: how did you come to being on that website for animal sex and posting for someone like me?"

She laughed louder and covered her mouth. As she and the boys grew stronger and more self-assured away from the group, they took small, incremental steps into the world outside their experience. As they did this, she allowed tentative exploration of the internet with very strict guidelines and rules, rules that she found herself breaking. She found stories, book, and magazines about nearly any topic imaginable. Some she shared with the boys: farming, equipment, livestock, gardening, even sports, and movies. It was a new and amazing world opening to them, but she was wise in allowing the exploration to be slow and cautious. She came to realize how vulnerable her boys would seem, how hard it would be for them to find and experience love and acceptance in that world when their experiences were so limited. And, she realized her own limitations. The stories might have been fiction, but she found that women had lives of love, acceptance, and caring given by their men, things she had not experienced and things her boys were ill-equipped to give to a woman.

The stories and information became a new study guide to lead her boys into the idea of relationships with women, but she also came to feel her own loss of having been able to ever experience such a relationship. The feeling about the relationship and belonging inevitably led to bodily feelings and needs. She discovered porn, hiding her interest from the boys, but her desires for attention and love and pleasure were coursing through her with strong needs. She felt guilty about her interest in this new material but made it a part of discovery and possible solution. The more she thought about it, the more she wondered about it. Her mixed up mind contemplated sex with the dogs when she came across a story with it described. She had a dog and she could possibly manage it in secret from the boys. In a weak moment, that was when the posting went out. Then, she thought of her boys, 19 and 20, and the need they must also have. So, her posting was modified. She could explain to them the plan of giving them a chance to experience sex in safety, but how could she explain an interest in dogs?

She rolled to her side to look into my face and eyes. She lifted an index finger and traced my cheek to my lips and chin. She looked deeply into my eyes, "I was, however, avoiding the conflicting issues swirling in my head behind all this. Even at my age, there was a part of me that wanted to just rebel against everything I had been taught and told to do all my life. I wanted to strike a blow against what I was told, to be pure and righteous. I knew that was wrong, that it could easily take us down the wrong path. But, it was there and it was strong. I wanted to enjoy sex, Samantha. Do you know I never did? It was wrong. Sex was procreation, simply to create a new life ... no more. Then, here I was discovering that sex was good and healthy and full of pleasure and love. I wanted to know that, Samantha. Is that so bad? I wanted my boys to know that. But, how ... how do I do that for my boys?"

I waited. There was nothing else for me to do but to let her run her course in the way and time she needed. She was studying me, my face. Her fingers traced over my lips. I parted them slightly and she looked back to my eyes. She touched my lips, then moved the fingers to hers.

She looked into my eyes as if searching for an answer, for a direction. "You kissed me ... earlier ... like a man might kiss a woman." I waited. I held her eyes with mine. "I was taught that a woman with a woman is wrong, a sin." I waited. "I was taught that thoughts of sex and pleasure are wrong, are sins." She searched my face, again. "You don't believe that, do you?" I shook my head very slowly. "I had thoughts, not just thoughts but plans, of sex with dogs so I could feel what that pleasure might feel like." She looked into my face and smiled, "I made those plans ..." The words drifted off and I wondered if she was drifting away from what she wanted, or thought she wanted. So, I waited, again.

She was quiet too long for me, looking at me in a way I couldn't read. "Marge ... if this is not right ... we do not have to ..."

"NO!" She put a finger to my lips, her eyes focusing on my lips, lifting to my eyes, then back to my lips. She leaned forward and kiss me ... on the lips. "No ... no, this is what I want, but ..."

I put my hand to the side of her face, "Tell me."

"I want you to help me with more." She laughed, "More than the dog. Yes, I do want that, but ..." she looked into my eyes, a pleading, help me type of expression, "... but I want you to help with my sons." I started to indicate what I had just done and she laughed, "Yes, you did and they will remember that first time, but I ... me ... I also want to share that with them." I smiled at her. She asked seriously, "Is that to wrong?"

I surprised her by throwing myself on her, pushing her over onto her back and kissing her passionately. I pulled up, "Is that wrong? You ask a woman who has multiple partners, men, and women? A woman who mates with animals on a regular basis?" I looked her intently in the eyes, "You ask a woman who fell in love with the man who saved her from a miserable life and that man was my son." Her eyes went wide and her mouth dropped open. I nodded. "Yes, I am all those things so how am I able to say if those things are wrong for you. If it is what you want and what they want, then can any loving relationship be wrong?"

She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me with a passion that I wondered if she had ever before shared with someone. Then, she pulled her head away, "But will they? Will they feel the same way?"

"I know they will, trust me. I have seen it in them." I looked to the side at the closed door. "We need to plan, strategize how we do this ..."

She pulled my head back to hers. "After ... now, I want you to show me what 'being with a woman' is like." I smiled.

I kissed her lips, opening mine and giving her my tongue to feel. She experimented with me, tentatively opening her own lips, allowing my tongue to touch just inside, then to bring her own tongue out to contact. I retreated my tongue and she followed it into my mouth with hers, her eyes searching me for affirmation. I closed my lips over her tongue and sucked. She giggled. I pulled back and looked down at her with a smile in my eyes as well as my mouth.

"Samantha, I have so much to learn. Were the boys just as ..."

I kissed her, "Yes, they were. There were just as willing to learn, too."

"You will help me with them?"

"I will do everything I can to show you all what this can be like if you wish."

She smiled and her face grew serious. "Can you give me an orgasm?"

"Have you never?" She shook her head, but her eyes held mine. I nodded. "I will certainly try."

I kissed down her face to her neck and shoulders, then back up to her lips. I whispered to her how lovely she was, how strong she was for herself and her boys, and how she deserved to find love, pleasure, and happiness.

I kissed down her shoulders to her chest, covering her breasts with kisses, her nipples with my tongue and lips and small bites that brought gasps and moans from her mouth. I moved back to her mouth, whispering more of the same, calling her name softly, extolling her dedication to the boys.

I moved quickly to her breasts and nipples, moving down onto her stomach, my hands and fingers fondling, caressing, and pinching while my mouth used kisses, licking and touches to her belly and belly button, bringing new sounds of pleasure and surprise from her. I returned to her mouth and she took my head in her hands, pulling me into a fierce kiss, our tongues now attacking each other, seeking each other's and the insides of our mouths.

My hand was on her hip, down her thigh and over into the inner thigh. Her thighs parted as I caressed and stroked up the inside of her thigh, moving closer and closer to her groin. I kissed her before sliding down her body, once more, this time to her abdomen before using kisses and licking. My mouth entered her pubic hair while both of my hands stroked the insides of her thighs, coming up to her pussy as my lips found her clitoris. She cried out at the touches coming at the same time, my hands and mouth finally on her private of parts, another barrier broken from her old teachings.

I looked up at her, past her rising and falling breasts crowned with hard, erect nipples, and found her raised head looking down at me. I smiled at her as my tongue came out and dipped between her pussy lips. She gasped and I felt the bed move as her head fell back down. I pushed her legs apart, then put my hands under her knees and pushed them into the air and splayed her legs wide. She was wet with anticipation and foreplay, her pussy separated before my eyes and I smiled. This was a sexual woman; a sexual woman trapped by circumstance into a non-sexual existence until ... misfortune brought opportunity and she took it.

I dipped my tongue into her, finding her hole as my fingers spread her lips apart, my thumb working her clit as my tongue explored outside and inside her pussy. I slipped a finger into her, then a second, shifting my mouth to her clit, sucking and nipping it, alternating with licking. My fingers explored, probed inside her. I search for her g-spot, curling my finger and probing upward at the front. When her thighs closed around my head and her hips rose from the bed, I knew she was feeling it. When her body tensed, her legs fell to the side, the pressing her hips into the air and she cried out loudly, I knew she had her first orgasm.

I crawled up to her and lay alongside her, holding her tightly as her breathing fought to gain control. I whispered in her ear, "Tomorrow, we begin ..."

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## **CHAPTER 13: THE FARM FAMILY: DISCOVERY**

"What are you 3 going on about in here? We could hear you in the kitchen." Marge and I were carrying the bowls and platters of food into the dining room for breakfast. There was not enough room around the little kitchenette table for the 5 of us.

The food was placed on the table and her sons waited for her and me to sit before they started passing the food around. I noticed immediately the absence of a formal prayer, another piece of fallout from their former existence.

I watched obliquely as the 3 young men loaded their plates with eggs, ham, and biscuits. They may have been as intent on the food in front of them as hard-working men on a farm would have to be, but there was an element of little boys coming out as their eyes flashed back and forth between them, smiles they were trying to hide, and giggles and laughs they were struggling to suppress. And, it was plainly more than they could manage to control.

Marge and I didn't find any of this to be a mystery, though. It was evident even while we were in the kitchen before they were moving around upstairs. Despite the much longer night Marge experienced, one of her roles in the family was to have food ready for her men who put in the majority of the physically taxing work on the farm. A role that I share with her in my support of Albert, we were awake and moving with early light and the sounds of the new day. So, as we had coffee ready and the meal cooking, the first clumps of feet in the morning were soon followed by low words shared and constricted laughing. As Marge had indicated the night before, this old farmhouse might muffle sound from one room to another but did not hide it.

Marge sipped her coffee from her favorite mug, one her sons had gifted her when they were little that simply said 'MOM', peering at them over the lip, suppressing her own smiles, but her eyes giving away the delight she found in the playful exchanges of her sons.

"Boys, what has ..." Sitting close to her at the corner of the table, I reached my hand quickly to her. I had talked to her about this earlier. She looked at me and frowned. She had their attention, now needed to correct herself. "I want to make something clear to you." She made eye contact with each of them in turn and their attention was fully on her. "There isn't a mother anywhere that has more love, gratitude, appreciation, respect, and more love for her sons than I have for you. I want you to know, that all of you are the men of this house. So, if I sometimes refer to all or any of you as my boys, it is purely and simply my affectionate term for you because no matter how old we become, you will always be my boys. But, understand, I see you as men."

James got up, first, then the others and they trooped around her chair for a group hug and kisses to the top of her head.

When they were reseated, she started up, again. "Now ... without trying to embarrass Samantha or you, do I take all this snickering and glancing back and forth to mean you enjoyed last night?"

She brought her mug back to her mouth and I duplicated the motion. I no longer had coffee in mine, but I, too, was trying to hide my reaction as I waited for their response. It came from the oldest, James, as the others stopped and looked to him, apparently, something they had already worked out because he did not look to them. He self-consciously looked at me, grabbed his orange juice and drank some, then turned to his mother.

"Yes, mother, we agreed that last night was far beyond the simple description 'enjoyed'." He turned to me, "Thank you, Samantha. I know we all thanked you last night, but we want you to know how much we ... well ... enjoyed that." He chuckled at having to use the same word and we all burst into laughter, lightening the tension. Then he turned to his mother, again, "But, mom, we were wondering ... did you enjoy last night, too?"

My eyes flicked to her in time to see her reaction. She had just taken a sip from her mug when the question came directed at her unexpectedly. She nearly choked and spat the coffee back into the mug, her eyes huge in surprise. Her response was a mumbling stutter, "I, I ... I ..."

Her sons were beaming with delight at her reaction and it was James, again, who continued after glancing my way, "You were quite loud last night, mother." I tried to suppress my laugh, but when the boys saw me, they burst out laughing. Marge turned a bright red and continued to sputter a meaningless response. He quickly got up from his chair, taking her in his arms from behind her chair and kissed the top of her head, then placing his head alongside hers. "I didn't intend to embarrass you. I'm sorry if I did. Yes, we have been a bit silly this morning, but the experience last night was ... maybe something we didn't know when or how it might happen for us and we love you for that gift. But that gift, bringing Samantha here, is minor to the gift you have given to us every day by being

you. I don't know if this is coming out very well, mom, but ... as much as what we experienced with Samantha blew our minds, we each agreed this morning how much more delighted we felt at hearing you enjoying it."

She turned her face to him, "You weren't upset that your old mother found satisfaction from another woman?" He kissed her cheek and all 3 of them allayed her concern with a firm 'no' in unison.

James stood behind his brothers, a hand on the shoulders of each, "We love you, mom. You are the most important person in our lives and have been forever. As much as you see us as men while still being your boys, it became clear to us that while you will always be our mom, we realize and understand that you are a woman who has the same desires and needs that we have felt." He looked at me, giving me a smile, then back to Marge, "To address your question, I know my brothers would agree with me, we certainly don't see you as old and, if Samantha can show us these pleasures, why shouldn't she show you, also?"

I got up from my chair, stopped at hers and leaned in alongside her head and whispered, "I told you so." I returned with the coffee pot and refilled everyone's mugs, including my own. Marge and I had not planned for any of this, but I decided to plow ahead while the feelings were ripe. I stood at my chair, blowing into the mug before taking a sip. Being the only one standing drew attention to me and I took it.

"The 4 of you seem to be in agreement, then. The intention of my being here has been a success." Heads nodded. "My question then, to make the most of the remaining time, what you expect from me as a group interest?"

The boys seemed to be confused. Marge jumped in, "I think what she is asking of us is, are they any new conditions or requirements we want to put to her to enhance our pleasure going forward." I nodded. The boys just continued to look at us and I was sure they were thinking they had a good thing going as it was and did not want to ruin it with offending comments. Marge stood up and came to me from behind, her hands on my shoulders. "For instance, since we all enjoy her and the pleasures she brings, how about if she was to remain naked?" With that she reached around me and unbuttoned my simple dress, pulling it up to get to the bottom buttons. Once they were undone, she spread the dress open to their view.

James was gathering up his nerve; I could see it in his eyes. "How about ... she is to be always naked inside and outside the house. She is to be available for any of us whenever and wherever we desire her?" I could not avoid smiling. Partly because this was a young man that only last night had never experienced sex and now was contemplating ways that I might further entice them throughout their day.

I felt Marge's hands squeeze my shoulders, an indication to me that she was deciding. She pulled the loose dress from my shoulders and off my arms, placing it over my chair. I stood before the boys as Marge's hands went in front of me, sliding up my stomach and stopping just below my breasts. She, as well as I, was watching their reaction. What reaction I could see was restricted to watching hands as they inched closer to my breasts and finally encompassed them, giving each a quick squeeze.

"I agree. Samantha will be naked and available to any of us for the duration of her stay here, which is tomorrow afternoon, right?" I nodded. I turned around in her arms and kissed her passionately on the lips. She moved her arms around my neck and returned the kiss. When I looked back at them, the boys looked stunned to witness their mother in an open, passionate kiss with me. Despite what they overheard last night, this was in front of their eyes. But, the stunned looks gave way to smiles and appreciation; appreciation of what it meant for their mom and, also, appreciation for what it

meant for them in the coming days. She reminded them, however, that a farm had some chores that could be put off for a time, but others that were critical each and every day.

Breakfast was over. The boys stood and each came to give their mom a demure kiss on the cheek and I wondered if that could change soon. I stood to the side and watched. The boys stood, awkward, not moving for the doorway and their chores. I stepped forward, making a guess, and putting my arms out. Jason was closest and stepped into my arms. I put my arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. He broke the kiss, but I held him close so I could whisper, "I am here for you. I hope you won't be shy." He smiled and his hands roamed down my back. The same was repeated to each of the boys.

While cleaning up the kitchen, I proposed an idea for stepping into the next part of Marge's interest ... she with the boys. She was still nervous about the boys' reaction but I reminded her of their comments and we agreed. And, all through the cleaning up, she touched my body when she came close. She was hot with the idea of her boys.

When we were through with the kitchen, I left the house in search of the boys. She was sure they would be tending to the milking of the cows and goats and feeding all the animals. I went to the barn where the cows would be ushered in for milking and rotated through. James and Jason were there. My sudden appearance in the barn naked was a distraction, but one they adjusted to in order to finish. John had been milking the goats and feeding the other animals and soon showed up to join his brothers. Despite milking goats at home, I had never handled milking machines, but with some close supervision from John, I was picking it up. We duplicated the system James and Jason were using, one handling the machine while the other moved the cows around. After finishing the last of the cows, we all worked to clean up the floor and spread fresh straw on the floor. The boys were surprised by my skill and effort, but Albert had been a good teacher in my farm education.

We were all dirty from sweat in the confinements of the barn in hot weather, moving the cows, and the general dirt surrounding the animals. We stood in a tight circle and surveyed the barn and I could see the boys checking off mental checklists. James verified, much to his brothers' irritation, that the other animals were taken care of, and we looked at each other. I looked down at myself, following their eyes, and I started laughing.

"See? This is why Albert suggested I not be naked at home doing the chores." They laughed with me, but the laugh was also mixed with surprise ... they realized that I do this at home, too.

As we walked to the house, I remembered that there was one bathroom. At that moment, I could not remember if it was just a tub or if there was a shower included. Marge met us at the door. She was holding 4 cold glasses of water. She sent Jason upstairs, the rest of us got comfortable on the porch. There turned out to be a shower, as I found out when it was my turn, which was last because I wanted to talk to Marge privately.

After my shower, the upstairs was quiet and the 3 doors to the boys' bedrooms were closed. I opened James' first, "In your mom's room." I repeated it at the other 2 doors. I went to Marge's room and was turning the cover and top sheet down and folded them over the chair stuck in a corner. I turned to find the boys in underwear crowded in the doorway.

I put my hands on my hips and looked at them sternly, "Out of your shorts."

Someone reacted, but I was already turned back to the bed, crawling into the center, "But ..."

I looked over my shoulder, swatted my ass, "This is a butt ... do I need to be rough or are you coming peacefully?" They were more than a little surprised. I knelt in the middle of the bed and faced them.

"Last night you each brought me to orgasm and I did you." They looked at each other, but nobody was giving up their secret. "This time, for your education and experience, we will try group sex." I smiled at them, "An awful lot of people never get to experience this, but I know you will love it, especially after you get comfortable and engaged. Now, come join me. I am yours to do with as you wish."

It took James, again, to get it going. He moved to the bed and took the advantage of being first to pull me to the bed and kiss me. Soon, very soon, the others were touching and kissing my body. I felt a hand on my wet pussy and I broke the kiss with James to look. It was Jason who suddenly looked nervous. I smiled at him, "I was just curious. You are doing wonderfully." I went back to kissing James who now had a hand on my breast, the one John was not sucking at.

"Shift." I decided everyone change places. As James slipped a hand between my thighs, I reached down and touched his hand. "Try using your mouth and tongue like I did to you last night." I went back to kissing John. I quickly moved them through rotations so they would each do each thing until Jason was now licking at my pussy.

"Is there room for another?" Marge and I had this planned, of course, but the guys were surprised. They stopped what they were doing and spun around to look at the door where the voice had come from. I propped myself up on my elbows to watch. Marge was standing in the open doorway and she was naked, her hair down, which dropped just past her shoulders.

The guys sat or lay around me still stunned. I whisper to them and it was unavoidable that their mom would also hear, "Someone better respond."

James had been in my arms, but turned to the edge of the bed and stood up, moving to a few feet from his mother. "Mom, you ... you ... want to ... be with us? I mean ... have sex ... with us?"

She nodded her head, then looked at the other boys who were now standing, too. I could no longer see her as her boys were lined up in front of her. "I do. That was one of the reasons I brought Samantha here. I want you all very much." She looked at them, fully looked at them. "My ... my boys have certainly become strong, handsome men. Without you, I don't know what I would have done. I love you each and together so very much."

In unison, they moved up to her, took her in a group hug, but then she purposely moved to hug each of them separately and deeply into her, naked mother against naked son. As she hugged into John, she looked at me over his shoulder, tears dropping from her eyes, and silently mouthed, 'thank you'.

After embracing the last of them, she took a step back, her boys in front of her. The 4 of them caught in the moment of the strangeness of the situation. She was certain in her own mind; she had thought about it, planned for it. Her only concern was for them and their reaction. None of them had shied away from her, each accepting, eagerly, her embrace despite their nakedness.

She looked into the faces of each of her sons, "Yes, to your question, yes, I want to be with you, each of you. But ..." she searched their faces, "... but, it can only be good if each of you also wants it." There was no hesitation as the 3 of them moved to take her hands or arms to lead her to the edge of the bed. Their answer was clear and unquestioned.

I was still sitting in the middle of the bed. Strangely, there was no awkwardness with my presence in the situation. I moved to the side and patted the bed next to me for Marge. She was released by the boys and she crawled onto the bed, kissed me on the lips and lay on her back before her boys, her legs slightly separated. The boys crawled up onto the bed, but I sat up quickly with a thought and turned to Marge.

"This is a time of discovery for all of you. You and your men will need to discover what activities you all or each enjoy. I have come to understand that they like me to suck their cocks." She looked from me to her sons and her gaze dropped to their groins where she found stiffening cocks growing before her eyes. "Marge, have you ... ever?" She shook her head. I was not surprised given how she had described the attitude toward sex. I smiled, leaned into her and kissed her passionately on the lips while the boys had to watch. "Excellent! School is back in session." She gave a nervous laugh, but it changed as she joined the anticipatory attitude of the boys. "Okay, guys, you sit at the end of the bed. Marge, you and I have 3 cocks to attend to."

The guys took their place at the end of the bed, Marge and I rolled off the bed and knelt before them. I told her to follow my lead and to think about the action as making love to them through their cocks with only her mouth, lips and hands to express that love. She was kneeling in front of Jason at one end of the line with James in the middle and John in front of me. She shyly looked up to Jason as I described what she was going to be doing to her son. The love and respect transferred between them as he leaned forward, put a hand to the side of her face and kissed her on the lips.

Her hand found his hard cock as she turned to watch me lower my face to John's cock. I licked the head, kissed it, then licked the entire length. She could see his cock flex and strain under the attention and she looked up at his face. She found him watching her and they exchanged smiles. She lowered her face to Jason's, repeating my actions, seeing the same physical response, and looked up into Jason's face. She was rewarded with another smile.

She looked over to me to find that I had moved to taking the head of his cock into my mouth. I exaggerated the sucking to show my cheeks pulling in so she would understand. Then, I moved my mouth down over his cock, pulling up and sucking, then moving back down. She watched a few cycles, then duplicated the action on Jason. His groans and his hand on her head encouraged her. I stopped to watch as I stroked John with my hand. I then touched her shoulder and indicated that we both move to James. I had her take his cock head into her mouth and I licked the shaft below. We continued to rotate between the guys, inducing more pronounced moans and groans as we did.

I sat back on my heels and watched her. She was fully intent on her son's cock until she sensed that we were all watching her. With her hand still on the cock, she pulled back and looked around at us. "What?"

I just smiled, "Nothing ... it would appear you like this as much as they do."

She looked shy, again, exchanging looks with the guys. Her answer did not come to me. Her gaze was on her sons. "No, I don't ... I LOVE the feel of your cocks in my hand and mouth and lips and tongue. The reality of being with you exceeds the anticipation. I want everything and to give everything."

"Then, I suggest you experience the taste of it, too. You and I suck the guys to climax. I can tell you that their seed is good."

John reacted, "But, we were hoping to lay with you both."

"You will. We will make lunch after, you will recover and continue." That satisfied them and the look on Marge's face seemed to show her realization that she was about to experience more in the next few hours than she might have in weeks or a month of marital life.

I pulled back from John as I heard Jason climax. Marge was sucking hard and swallowing eagerly. When his groans subsided, her mouth came off his cock but returned to lick or suck off any new drop of cum escaping from the head. Then she licked around the entire head before licking her lips. She

froze when she realized we were all watching her. "What?"

I smiled, "You are beautiful."

Jason reached forward, took her face into his hands and tilted it up to him, kissing her. "Yes, you are ..."

She smiled, looked at James shyly and moved to him, grasping his cock as she settled in front of him. "Good thing this floor is carpeted ... I just might be in this position a lot." We all chuckled and I returned my interrupted attention back to John.

Marge and I were busy in the kitchen preparing a slightly late lunch. We were naked as we worked because all 5 of us were planning on more sexual activity shortly. We suggested the guys relax while we prepared a quick lunch, with the suggestion that they, too, remain naked. They seemed a little nervous at the idea of running around the house naked but conceded that if we were, they would.

We were side-by-side at the counter as she made sandwiches and I put left-over side dishes into serving bowls. I asked her, "How are you feeling? You just sucked and swallowed the cum of 2 of your sons."

She stopped and turned to me. "Amazingly good. I know I said I wanted to do it, felt like I needed to do it. But, doing it, actually doing it, felt more right than I even imagined." She went back to working on the sandwiches. "The best part, though, was their reaction. From the moment I stepped into the room and interrupted what you were doing, they weren't just accepting, they seemed to desire it as much as I was. It's perfect, Samantha." She stopped and hugged me. "Thank you. There is no way I can thank you enough for this."

I gave her a quick kiss and slid my hands down her sides to her hips. "I was just the catalyst, the 4 of you were primed for it."

After lunch, the guys eagerly assisted in cleaning the kitchen. Then, they followed Marge and me upstairs to her larger bed for round 2.

I held onto Marge's hand and pulled her up onto the bed with me. I lay down with her next to me. I bent my knees and spread my thighs out to the side, opening myself up to the guys standing at the end of the bed. I looked at Marge to follow suit.

"Samantha! My god ... that ... oh, my god ... in front of them ..." But, she relented and followed my action completely.

I laughed and looked at the guys who were focused on their mother spread out in front of them. The looks on their faces were not looks of sons looking on their mother.

"Guys, it is your turn now." I turned my head to Marge and told her to repeat after me. She gasped, but she did. "I sucked your cocks. Now, it is time for you to return the pleasure with your mouth on my pussy." She said it, but her face was a bright red. She was more embarrassed by saying that than being spread out in front of them.

We obviously did not have enough pussy for each, so they were going to have to switch off. I directed 2 of them to Marge and the remaining one to me. When Jason crawled on the bed between her legs, Marge raised her head to watch in near disbelief that her son was indeed heading for her pussy. When his lips came into contact with her lips, his tongue sliding along them, she gasped and dropped her head back to the pillow. I smiled.

"Guys, it is very important that before attempting to penetrate your partner, you make sure she is ready. Jason, is your mom wet and her pussy lips pliable and easily opened?"

He put his mouth back onto her pussy, then opened his mouth wider and I knew he was pushing his tongue into her when her mouth gaped open and cried out, "Oh ... oh, oh, oh ... oh my ... oh, Jason, that feels so good."

He then slipped a finger into her, pulled it out and sucked off her juices noisily. This boy was quite the tease. He smiled up at his mom, "Oh, yes, she is very wet." He teased a finger back into her, "And, my finger slides into her easily."

She gasped, "Oh, god, Jason ... what are you doing to me?"

I wiggled out from under John, thanking him, but deciding the focus should be on Marge. I had Jason yield and James take his place, then John. As John took his turn, I moved next to Marge. I kissed her. Her eyes focused on me and she was already panting. "I think it is time, guys. She needs to be fucked. Each one of you in turn. Remember what I said, think about your partner's pleasure."

James was next to me, his hand on my shoulder, "Not you Samantha?"

I leaned into him, "Thank you. Trust me, I am pretty sure this will not be the last time we will be together like this today. Besides, this is a special moment for you all."

There was no competition or discussion. John was at her pussy, already, so he simply moved up her body, his eyes fixed on hers and vice-versa. It was amazing to watch as mother and son were completely mesmerized by what they were about to do. As he approached her, his chest skimmed over her breasts. We were all watching as the first time was about to happen. His cock touched her pussy as he moved forward to kiss her. He worked it like a pro, whether by accident or intention. He pulled up further and kissed her neck and whispered something that we did not hear, but made her grasp him tightly to her.

He pulled back from her and looked between their bodies, reached down and positioned his cock on her pussy, finding her hole and slipping into her. The moment was clear to us when Marge gasped out at the initial penetration. As he slowly and carefully pulled back and moved further into his mother's pussy, she gasped out stronger, adding moans as he achieved a deep penetration. She smiled up at him and pulled him down for a kiss but he diverted to her breasts, kissing, licking, and biting the sensitive nubs sitting proudly on top.

As they found a good rhythm, I asked the other 2 which was next. They did paper, scissors, rock and determined that it was Jason. I spun around him and captured his cock in my mouth. I was going to have the next son in line ready and hard when it was time for him.

Marge was nearly delirious with pleasure and pride. The guys left us to do some more chores and suggested that we get some rest. Not that I needed it, but Marge was certainly needing some. Marge fell asleep and I prepared a dinner, which somehow came together as the guys finished up and cleaned up. When they came down, they had Marge with them. They had requested that she remain nude like me. That night and the next morning were similar, although, I got into the sex much more.

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Upon my arrival back at the ranch, Harley was pestering me so badly that I dropped to the ground and pulled my dress up over my butt. He was on me in a moment.

Albert and I were relaxing in the back at sunset with a cold beer. "So, you never did mate with the dog?"

"Nope."

"The whole thing was hooking them up?" I gave him a, yep. "Huh ... you think we'll hear from them, again?" I gave him another, yep. I was positive. She still wanted the dog.

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## CHAPTER 14: THE SQUATTERS

"I guess we read that situation wrong." It was the night of my return from Marge and her sons. Albert and I had just finished making love and I wanted very much to have a repeat. For a relationship we expected to be more of convenience and joint benefit, we were both pleasantly intrigued how it had blossomed into deep feeling and connection. It was not the deep, heart-throbbing, consuming love some might look for, but that might also be the reality of our age and past relational experiences. He was sprawled on his back, his hands behind his head, and we were visible to each other by the moonlight streaming in from the open window. I was on my side at his hip, my right shoulder across his stomach as I sucked and licked his cock clean of our juices and cum. I had been off and on doing this after loving with him and Harley, not a committed routine, yet, but something that felt good, and submissively appropriate, when I did.

His hand came down to the top of my head as I teased and gently worked his soft cock. There was no urgency in my effort, simply a loving, caring tease to be able to give him more pleasure. I noticed, whether he did or not, that my drive to give him pleasure was increased upon my return from one of these experiences and it did not seem to matter if he was with me or not. Put quite simply, these experiences made me very horny for days after; they made me hornier than usual and, now released, I was usually horny.

"I thought I was putting you into an intense situation of 4 people wanting group sex and a dog." He paused, stroking my hair, and sighed. "Mmmmm ... that feels good. Instead, it seems you were functionally a hands-on sex education instructor." I laughed around his cock in my mouth. "We missed something in that exchange."

I had thought about that even while at their farm. The situation was not what we had anticipated. We had missed something that meant I walked into something we had not considered. I scraped my teeth over the surface of his cock as I raised my head from it, holding it in my left hand. "We did." I kissed the head and felt some firmness returning. "The pictures you require are good, but in this case ..." I kissed the head, again, and took off some pre-cum from the stiffening cock, "... the pictures did not match up."

I returned to his cock, nipping the head with my teeth and feeling a reflexive reaction. I took it back into my mouth, working it up and down. He continued to stroke my hair, it was amazingly like the pet you might give a loved dog, which made me smile. "I think you are right. I need to pay more attention to that. After she had refused, I thought the situation had fallen apart. She and the guys were separate. The guys looked nervous and awkward, not confident and smug like you might expect. And, hers was a selfie in the bathroom."

I pulled my mouth off, again. I was holding a nicely firming cock in my hand now. "They did not ..." I kissed the head and flicked my tongue at a drop of pre-cum forming at the hole, "... represent a group comfortable being together naked." Well, it worked out and no harm, just a lesson learned. Right then, though, I had a cock in my hand firm enough to be inside me, which I immediately did. I

crawled up to kiss him on the lips, swinging my leg over his hips and guiding his cock into my pussy. I sighed as I sank down completely on him. "Ohhhhhhhh ... Albert ... I like so much coming back to you ..."

I raised my hips up, pulling my pussy along the length of his cock. His hands came up, grasping firmly my breasts, and I dropped back down. He sighed and stared up at me, "I ... mmmmmm ... I pray you never tire of this simple place ..."

I bent down, my forearms alongside his head, my hands on top of his head, and kissed him, my hips rising and falling slowly on his cock. "My dear, dear Albert ... there is nothing 'simple' about this place ... not with you in it." His hips rose strongly to meet me and I knew this was going to be long and the conclusion explosive.

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It was early afternoon and it was another in a long string of hot and dry days. It seemed like forever that we had any reprieve from this weather, but the work never ended on the ranch. My presence had long ago convinced Albert of its permanence. That created a number of changes in him, not only in a measure of acceptance of outside contact but in the function of the ranch. He had always cared for the animals, just one of the things I admired about him, but now he was looking to increase the functionality of the rest of the property including the buildings and house.

We had been discussing the need to do some upkeep around the ranch. He had reassured me that he could afford whatever was needed, so I stopped worrying about that. Some repairs we could manage like repairs to farm-animal fencing and sheds and repainting them. Other things would require more expertise or equipment like the barn and modifications to the house. Despite my assurances that I was comfortable in the house, he wanted to upgrade the kitchen, bedroom, and bathroom.

An item that had become a major concern to him was the condition of the fencing around the property. He was not aware of cattle or horses wandering away through damaged fences, but in all the time on the ranch, he had never bothered with an inspection. Now it became a priority. While he was at the hog shed, I was riding the north line inspecting the fencing. He had given me colored ribbon: red for post replacement and yellow for wire replacement. In short order, I found that the fencing was in dire need of serious effort. I went back over the fencing I had inspected and removed the ribbons. I switched my tactic to using the ribbon to identify the sections that did NOT require replacement. It was going to be easier.

I was on the far side of the dry creek bed and the trees beyond that where the fence was located. The fence was about 50 feet beyond the trees, but a good 100 feet from the road that marked the north edge of Albert's land. I was approaching the 2 mobile trailers and noticed that 2 men were sitting at a card table between the 2 trailers. They appeared to be very intent on some large papers spread between them. There was music coming from one of the trailers and that might have hidden the sound of my approach on the horse, given the 25-foot separation.

Albert had never bothered to worry about these trailers, but I was curious. I stood up tall in the stirrups, took off my hat, and waved in a wide arc to get their attention. It took a minute or so, but one finally did notice and nudged the other. That one moved into the trailer on the left and soon the music died away. I climbed off the horse, tied it to the nearest post, and stood at the fence. I watched them start to move toward me and I decided to meet them halfway. I bent over to crawl through the middle and top wires and managed to get my leg through and part of my upper body, but I became entangled in the barbed wire. The more I moved to get unstuck, the more the barbs snared my loose hanging dress.

I called out for help and the guys came running to me. The dress I was wearing was a simple button-up 'old-farm-woman' style that the lady in the General Store talked me into using. I had unbuttoned it below my breast and nearly to my crotch at the bottom due to the heat and comfort in riding. As the guys came to rescue me, finding all the places the barbs had the material hooked, I knew the guy in front had a clear view down my front at my freely hanging breasts. As I caught him looking, not that I could blame him, he looked away embarrassed.

When I was free, I backed out to where I had started. I laughed with embarrassment, "That will teach me to climb through fences with a dress on."

They joined in my laugh and stuck their hands out over the fence to shake. They introduced themselves as Jim Standing Bear and Henry White Wolf. They looked very similar and, as it turned out, they were cousins on their fathers' side. They were both in their early 30's; black, shiny hair that hung to just below their shoulders, although, Henry was wearing his in a ponytail; skin that was brown, darker than a good tan like mine; eyes that were deep brown; pronounced cheekbones; and strong nose. Jim was the bigger of the two, but they were both big guys. Jim looked 6'-3" and about 230 pounds, while Henry was a couple inches shorter and 10 to 20 pounds lighter. From what I could see, it looked to be mostly muscle. They were initially nervous, but I assured them that Albert was aware of their trailers on the edge of his property. After a little prodding, they gave up more of their situation. The two of them were co-owners of Bear & Wolf General Contractors, specializing in additions, remodeling, and repairs. They apologized about the squatting on the land, but they were trying to save as much money as possible and were putting almost all of it into the business. The trailers were their business, office and equipment storage, while they lived on the reservation, although they said, 'rez'. They were Aravaipa Apache and belonged to the San Carlos Apache Tribal Nation. They expressed pride in their heritage but conceded that their ability to get jobs improved when their business cards included a PO Box in Lonely rather than on the rez.

They expressed their surprise at seeing me since they had never encountered the owner. They were wondering why the fence line was so far back from the road and I said that was a good question. Since I didn't offer anything more than that, they just shrugged. I finished the bottle of water Henry had fetched and handed it back to them. As I stepped into the stirrup and bounced to swing up onto the saddle, Jim called out to me.

"Samantha, do you think we're going to have to move?"

I settle myself on the saddle, spreading the dress to the sides. I turned the horse toward them, leaned my forearm against the saddle horn, "Knowing Albert, I would doubt it. The way this fencing looks, he may want to replace the whole thing and then it might make sense to move the fence out closer to the road. I cannot really speak for him, but ..." I smiled, "... he might be willing to have a gate put in, especially if you bought it and kept it locked." I could see the surprised looks on their faces. I turned the horse around to leave but then turned him back, again. "Tell me, are you pretty busy right now?"

They said they were finishing up a job and were talking to a couple others, but no contracts. I dug out their card from my dress pocket and noted the email address and phone number. I confirmed that they could email some references, then I did turn the horse to continue down the fence line.

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We were in the family room overlooking the back patio enjoying a whiskey after a late dinner and sexual play while watching the sun disappear behind the mountain with the spring-fed lake, which reminded me that I had not been up there in a while. I had just come back into the room from the

patio where Harley had mounted me and I cleaned his cock and knot, afterward. The day had been hot and sunny and now the night was cooling off just enough to either fetch a blanket to cuddle under or retreat to the family room couch.

We were both naked, Albert having fucked me in several different positions prior to Harley. I had purchased a cover for the couch that was easily washed, just for this reason. After Albert and then Harley, my pussy would leak our combined fluids, especially as I wiggled around as I often did.

As I settled in next to him, I took his drink and sipped the amber fluid, feeling its warmth sliding down my throat. I then curled alongside him on his right side, my head in his lap. I kissed the head of his limp cock, my right hand holding it at the base as I covered the head with my lips, sucking out the few more drops of cum that were predictably there after it had shrunk. Despite how hard I might suck and encourage immediately after he came, there could usually be a little more found after he softened. I took his cock completely into my mouth and gently, casually, mouthed and sucked and licked it. There was no urgency or intent in my actions ... merely a profound contentedness of having Albert's cock in my mouth during a quiet, shared moment at the end of a good day.

His hand found its usual place at these moments, either on my head stroking my hair and idly pulling strands back behind my ear or on my shoulder and arm stroking my skin. Our actions were comfortable, easy, and familiar, reflections of where we were with each other in our life together.

I felt a slight stirring in his cock, but that still was not the intent. If we made love, again, it would be wonderful, but my intention was only to love him. We had discussed my conversation with the Indian squatters earlier at dinner, but the conversation did not go anywhere.

I pulled my mouth slightly off his cock, "What do you think about the Indians?"

He shifted underneath me and gave me a tone of playfully hurt, "You have my cock in your mouth and you are thinking about 2 big, strong Indians?" I bit down just behind the helmet of his circumcised cock, "Ouch ..."

"Oh, stop. I didn't bite that hard." I kissed all around the head, "Better, now?" He laughed. He stroked my cheek. "I am not a very good submissive, am I?"

He laughed, "You are not a submissive, dear woman. I know what you and Nick were going after, but that isn't you. You mistook your reserved and selfless approach to life as a weakness and a need to be filled. In truth, it is an attitude that can be manipulated and then exploited by others who would exert a more aggressive and self-centered attitude. You may have a preference to not be in front, to not lead or initiate actions beyond your comfort, but that doesn't make you submissive, wishing to be led. It means you need a bit of push to be outside your comfort zone."

I took my mouth off his cock with a kiss and turned in his lap, switching his cock to my left hand and looking up at him, the head of his cock now against my cheek where I could simply turn my head and rub against it. My right hand snaked up his chest to the side of his face, "That feels better to me." I put my thumb over his lips and he kissed it as I thought about his words. "I guess with Nick, I felt so completely safe that I did not care what he called it. It felt right because it came from Nick. But, you are right; everywhere I have been, I have exerted a level of my own control and direction over the situation. The one place might be with the old couples but you were there and inserted some of that for me." His hand had moved to my breasts after I rolled over, then strayed to between my thighs, leaning over slightly to reach it, a finger sliding through the messy lips of my pussy. I smiled up at him, "That feels good." I looked at him intently. "You know that I feel as safe with you?" He nodded with a smile. "You also know I love you?"

He nodded, his hand moving back to my breast. "Yes, and I you. I also know our love isn't the same as what we once knew, but that is okay ... in fact, it's better that way. What each of us had was special. What exists between us is different but still good."

It did not take Albert long to follow through with my suggestion about Standing Bear and White Wolf. My presence in his life had convinced him that changes in the house, not to mention other buildings and fencing, needed improvements. Even though I had no issue with the house, old and outdated as it was, he put his first priority on it. He contacted the Jim Standing Bear, received references and got a quote and schedule for work in the kitchen. I think Albert allowed the impression that he was seeking multiple quotes even though he was not. The references all came back very good and Albert felt the estimate was reasonable. If Standing Bear thought he was going to get a haggle, he did not get one. Albert was the kind of person that believed everyone should make a good profit and valued quality of work for a reasonable price.

The first project was a test, a way to evaluate they would be who we wanted for the rest of it. The rest included some bigger projects. The first was some modest changes to the kitchen, largely refinishing the cabinets and converting a useless closet into a much-needed pantry. The guys finished that with amazing attention to detail, below estimate and before they estimated. We were very happy and Albert rewarded them. The next project was the bathroom. The bathroom was at the end of the hall containing the larger bedroom we used and a smaller bedroom and office room on the other side. Besides changing out the bath for a walk-in shower and new dual sink countertop and tiling, he wanted a doorway directly from our bedroom. It took some creative thinking on their parts, but they came up with a solution that required moving only a few things around.

After all the plumbing and electrical changes were finalized, which the guys outsourced to licensed individuals, and the guys were busy with trim, staining, and tiling, Albert approached me at the vegetable garden between the goat and hog pens. I was finishing some weeding and digging out potatoes and carrots for a stew with leftover meats.

"No change of heart? Just checking because I like the idea, too."

I stood up, rubbing the caked dirt from my knees and pulling the sweat-soaked dress from my back. "None. It will be exciting to have someone local involved. You will stress the need for confidentiality, though."

"Absolutely, but I agree with you, these are good guys and the friendship that has developed feels real."

I stood, gathered up the product of my labor into my dress, which had the effect of baring my legs to my crotch. I leaned into him and gave him a peck. "You are amazing."

He chuckled, put his arm around my shoulder and walked me to the house, opening the door for us. "If you hear a couple of loud thumps, they fainted." I laughed.

Mid-afternoon, the stew was slow-cooking on the stove and I was a mess. Albert had taken the guys out onto the shaded patio 'for a discussion' and I headed for the shower. Despite work that still needed to be done, the shower itself was completed.

Afterward, I was in the bedroom waiting and deciding. There was a discreet knock on the door followed by Albert opening it and standing in the opening. "It's a go. As if there was any doubt." We shared a knowing laugh. "We were right about them. They already had a high degree of confidentiality about what happens at a place of work, but their quick comfort and relationship with us just naturally raised that to a higher level." He chuckled, "They were their normal relaxed selves

until I blurted out what I wanted to talk about. Then they stammered, not understanding the joke. It took a few minutes for them to accept that it wasn't."

I was naked, my long, blonde hair air drying and finger combed. I stepped up to him, my hands on his shoulders, "But, they did? We are good?" He nodded. I smiled thoughtfully for a moment, then threw my arms around his neck and hugged him, covering his mouth with mine.

He turned to head back out the door, "I think they could probably use some more cold lemonade ... whether they know it or not." I gave him a nasty smile.

From the side of the house with the bedrooms, the hall opens into a large open space that is perfect for the needed airflow for this environment. The entryway and front door was on the left with a very casual sitting area and dining table. The kitchen and dinette were directly forward and an open family style area to the back with a large sliding door leading to the covered patio. The areas of the house were separated by furniture, bookcases, and standalone cabinets that allowed for an odd setup until you came to appreciate the airflow it created. It also meant that we could be in separate areas but still in sight and communication.

As Albert reached this area of the house, he turned to rejoin Jim and Henry on the patio and I continued into the kitchen where I took out another glass for myself and the pitcher of lemonade from the frig. I walked to the sliding screen door, "Help ..."

Jim was sitting with his back to me, but jumped up to help with the door and stopped dead in his tracks as he turned and saw me. It took him a moment to recover any resemblance of composure and during that moment his eyes instantly focused on my breasts, then moved down my body to my bare feet before moving up to my face. He then seemed to recover enough to jerk his way to the door handle and slide it back for me. Henry was doing no better, but he was sitting down, his mouth hanging open.

I had been waiting uncertainly in the bedroom after my shower, anxiously anticipating Albert's report on how our proposal and their conversation had gone. Once assured, I had no further need to cover my body around them unless I needed to for my own comfort. I placed my glass on the table at the open chair across from Henry, "Albert thought you might like more lemonade and, possibly, more reassurance." With that, I moved from man to man, refilling their glasses and blatantly leaning over each to place a bare breast as close as possible without being ... well, too blatant ... if that was possible. I then took my chair and leaned back comfortably, indicating no tension or insecurity at joining them while completely naked, my hair still damp and clinging to my shoulders. Nick's instruction way back when to allow my knees to be relaxed and open had become normal for me even after his death and coming to live with Albert. It was something he enjoyed and encouraged as another clear indication of my needs.

Jim held my eyes, then looked to Albert. "When you said it earlier, I still thought there was some joke or ... I don't know, more qualifications, conditions ... You're serious about this."

It was not a question, but it begged a response. Albert glanced at me; he had already given them assurances, any more needed to come from me. "I was attracted to you both from the first time we talked at the fence." I turned to Henry, "I know that when you untangled me from the barbs you could see down my dress. That was unintentional and thrilling." I moved my attention back and forth between them, "Albert and I think of me as a slut, but not a wandering one. We are very careful about who, how, when, and where." I held the eyes of each to have their attention, "I am sure Albert has explained all of this, but so there is no misunderstanding, it is a given to us that I have a high desire for sex and variety. We have not done this locally, before. As I said, we feel a need to be

cautious. But, I felt good about you and now Albert agrees. And, that is how it always has worked. The two of us have to agree."

Jim looked at Henry, his best friend since grade school, then to me and to Albert. "You'll excuse us if we are a bit overwhelmed ... so, we can have sex with Samantha?" He didn't even answer, he indicated with his head to me. "Sorry, I didn't mean to subjugate you, but ..."

I reached out both of my hands to them, each taking one. My left breast was pressing into the edge of the table just below the nipple and both guys were well aware of it. "It is okay. I understand the awkwardness. As I said, until now, we have been intentional about doing anything with others away from here. And, yes, that is what it means. I want you to be my sex partners, as well as friends ... friends with benefits, I guess." They chuckled as I made a joke about it, slowly gaining some comfort with the idea. "I do not want any misconceptions about Albert, though. I have a lot of good partners here, this is just about variety."

I released their hands and leaned back. Henry looked at Jim, then me. "You said 'partners here' but you said you haven't been involved locally."

Albert burst into laughter. "Sorry." He put his hand out to me, "You have to handle this one." The look on his face had both Jim and Henry wondering.

"It is good I let that slip because you probably should be aware ... besides Albert, I enjoy Harley and some of the other animals." I steepled my fingers to my lips, partially to hide the smile forming there, and waited.

Jim responded simply, "Well, this is going to be interesting, to say the least." They understood that there would be no privacy, hiding it, or secrecy. It would happen when and where we wanted, sometimes with Albert, sometimes not, but his presence would not be required or a limitation.

I felt a demonstration of my sincerity might help them, so I pushed my chair back and disappeared, figuratively, under the wrought-iron table. They discerned my intention immediately and pushed their own chairs back enough to give me more room. I touched Albert's knee as I approached Jim under the table. Albert gave my hand an affirming squeeze and I never questioned the arrangement after that.

I moved up between Jim's knees, sliding my hands up his thighs and brazenly over his jeans covered crotch. A very promising object seemed to be awaiting me there. I unbuckled his belt, unsnapped the closure and struggled the zipper down. Once opened, I worked my hand to the top of his briefs and grabbed a stiffening cock. I sensed movement to my right and found Henry not wasting any time, he was loosening his pants for me. And, when I pulled Jim's pants and underwear to his knees, Henry did the same.

I had them move closer to the corner and they quickly complied. I took Jim's cock into my mouth and suck, licked and teased until he was hard, all the while stroking Henry with my hand. I then moved to Henry, using my mouth on him while shifting hands to stroke Jim. I went back and forth with them, each sagging more and more in their chairs, more moans and gasps coming from them as I pushed a hand underneath and squeezed their balls. I knew that sooner or later I was going to have to focus my efforts or allow this to occupy a good part of the rest of the afternoon. I released Jim's cock and focused on Henry, for no other reason than that was the cock I was sucking when I made the decision.

I had his cock deep in my mouth. His cock was slightly longer than others I had in the past and I wondered if I could, if I should try ... I pushed down harder on his cock, pressing it to the edge of my

throat, then pressed a little more. I took the head into my throat opening and stopped. I tried to figure out my breathing, couldn't, and panicked. I pulled up and gasped.

He pushed his chair back further, giving me more room, and put his hand under my chin and raised it to look at me. "Are you okay? What happened?"

I looked at him but was embarrassed. I glanced at Jim and Albert, then licked Henry's cock of the excess saliva. "I ... never tried to deepthroat before ..." I glanced around, "That was not very smooth, was it?"

Henry was trying to stifle his laugh, but Albert ruined that when he broke out in laughter. Henry put a hand to my cheek, "Well ... how about Jim and I let you practice on us ... what are friends for ..."

Albert's voice came from behind me, "Better be careful. I have learned that she can bite ..." Then, I joined them in laughing.

But, my laugh was short as I rededicated myself to his cock. I think my failed attempt at deep throating had a big impact on him. I knew it did me. I worked his cock with new vigor and determination, taking his cock as far into my mouth as I could without creating the same problem, then sucking the length as I pulled my head back up until I was sucking hard on the head. My hand was kneading his balls and he was moaning harder. I smiled when his hips raised off the chair and his hand went to the back of my head, not pressing, but encouraging. I pressed down, squeezed his balls, and felt them swell in my hand. I felt his cock pulse and throb up his cock as I pulled my mouth up to the head, sucking so hard my cheeks pulled in. The first spurt was strong and nearly filled my mouth. The second spurt filled it and I gulped it down. The subsequent spurts were emptying his system and I sucked for all I was worth, seeking to capture every drop of semen it had to offer me. A greedy christening of our relationship.

I stood up next to him, kissed him, mashing my mouth against his, my mouth sucking at his lower lip, then his tongue when it came out as mine pressed into his mouth and his came out to play. While I did, I took his hand and put it between my legs. He felt my wet pussy and he found my hole with a single finger, then another. I straightened up with his fingers inside me. I looked into his eyes, our faces 6 inches apart.

"Feel what you did to me?"

"God! You're dripping."

I smiled at him, then turned to Jim and pointed at him, "You are next ..." My tone was almost predatory.

When I stood up after similarly gulping the last drops of Jim's cock offering, Albert was ready with a tall, cold glass of water. I kissed him and gulped half of it down greedily. I put the glass down and looked over my victims. Jim was still leaning back in his chair with his pants around his knees. Henry had pulled his up. Just for effect and because I was feeling wicked after that little scene, I threw my head back, my long hair flying behind me. I used my fingers to comb my hair back into some form of control. Then, I looked at the 2 of them.

"I suppose I ruined the rest of your workday ..." Standing next to Albert, he put his arm around me, his hand stroking up and down my thigh and hip. In response to his touch and the heat I had generated by giving head to 2 men I had been thinking about for days, my own hands became unconsciously active. One hand found its way between my legs, the other moving from breast to breast. Without looking at him, but maintaining my gaze on my 2 Indian friends and new lovers-to-

be, "What do you think, Albert?"

He did not look up at me, but kept his eyes on them, too. "I don't know ... I think maybe that might be enough for them today." I watched them intently and I wasn't sure if they were wondering if they could get it back up so soon or if they were afraid I might expect them to, but they were silent, their eyes moving between Albert and me. "But ... you did let the cat ... or dog ... out of the bag earlier. Since you did, maybe they would enjoy seeing you with your favorite lover." He squeezed my hip in encouragement. I broke my gaze from the guys and nodded to Albert. He continued, "Would you like to see this sexy animal underneath her favorite lover, her dog?"

I poked him, "Silly man, you know he is my co-favorite." I bent over and kissed him on the lips. "You know you have moved into that co-favorite position."

Albert and I turned our attention back to the guys. I saw we were looking for a reaction ... consent or rejection ... before I was going to proceed. They nodded dumbly. That's the only way I can describe it ... a silly, dumb look as they nodded.

Albert called Harley, who came running from under a shade tree on the far side of the house. Intending to stay in the shade of the covered patio, I removed cushions from a lounge chair, dropped them on the patio block floor. This was a rare time when Harley was called into action unprepared. Usually, he is nearby and aware of the sexual activity, which gives him cause for anticipation. This time, the presence of these men he was still getting used to, fooled him. So, I knew I was going to go through the full activity of getting him ready before he mounted me. No problem, though, it would just be that much more for the guys to witness.

I stopped considering what might, or might not, be happening behind me with the guys. The intention of Albert's suggestion was, besides raw stimulation, exposing them to the other side of my erotic interests. If they were going to have any problems with that part, it was best to get that understood right off the bat. Harley was easy to get into position, almost laying himself on the cushion and raising his hind leg for me. Maybe not quite, but this is very common for us, even when he is ready to mount me. I guess I have already mentioned that I just love cock in my mouth.

I nuzzled Harley's face and neck, my hand working down his side and belly until it was sliding alongside his sheath. There was little concern of frightening him or him being nervous about the touch ... not after all we have experienced. I stroked his sheath, his reddish cock tip showing quickly. I bent down, my face moving along his soft belly, turning my face to his cock tip showing in front of me. I licked at the drop of pre-cum showing on the tip before taking it between my lips. I sucked at the end of the cock, rewarded with more pre-cum with increasing amounts with increasing length of cock showing from the sheath. I worked my mouth over the visible cock, sucking hard, and finding more cock deeper in my mouth as I did. I heard Harley moan softly and pulled away slowly, making sure to suck all the precum his cock was ready to give me. I found about 4 inches of reddish cock showing and I moved back to Harley's head so the guys could get a glimpse of the dog's different cock.

I heard murmurs behind and figured Albert was commenting or answering comments or questions from Jim and Henry. They were quiet and I was focused on what I was doing, not what they were doing. As if reinforcing that, I moved to my hands and knees, wiggling my butt at Harley and only half glanced at the guys still at the table, but repositioned for better viewing angles. Harley did what he does, approaching me with calm self-assurance. I felt his wet nose against my moist lips, then his tongue lapping at my sex. I spread my knees further apart and sighed as his tongue lapped the full length of my slit, over and over. His tongue was randomly long, wet strokes over much of my pussy from my clit to my asshole or more intense and focused attacks at my pussy, his tongue occasionally

slipping inside my hole, curling inside me and sliding out and up over my asshole. I was already wet and ready just from giving head to the guys, but being licked by a dog with experience is always a joy and thrill and it is difficult to want him to stop.

I did break his attention to my pussy, though, I wanted his cock inside me. I moved my hand past my hip to move his snout and pat my butt. He knew what I wanted and he responded immediately. He responds so quickly sometimes that I wonder if he is not licking me for my benefit, but is always more eager to mount me. We have mated so much, I would not doubt it.

The effort of our mating is fluid, unlike my possible experience with other dogs or animals. He jumped on my back, my hand was between my legs and his initial probes of his cock sliding along my open palm to my waiting pussy. Despite the familiarity, despite the predictability, his initial penetration still causes me to gasp, then sigh as his next thrust drives deeper. I then wait underneath him for him to relax his grip around my waist, pull me back and himself forward, then regripping me firmly with his front legs, his cock sliding still deeper into my vagina, my pussy. Firmly together, his hips begin their frantic piston motion, his cock pounding in and out of my hungry and needy and wet pussy. My body tingles from my pussy through my clit to my nipples as this completely unique and thrilling fucking ritual begins. A dog fucks with an approach and style that is uncontrolled, frantic, and dominating. I am under him, held by him, and thoroughly fucked by him. It is not a situation of moving with him or against him to influence penetration or force. With a dog, I feel like only a body that is for fucking into, for him to get himself off into, a bitch for him to seed and inseminate. It is animalistic. It is consuming.

Almost immediately, within the first thrusts, I feel his hard cock inside me grow more, swelling and lengthening as it slides inside me. The pre-cum becomes more prevalent, a small spurt of it, coating our mated parts, combining with my own body's natural lubrication. I brace my body with spread knees and arms that are locked, knowing that frequently even they will buckle and my body will fall to my elbows. But, for now, I am supported on my arms and Harley is driving his cock into me, his front legs tight around my waist, his shoulders and head stretch out over my back and shoulders. I hear him panting just over my left shoulder. I feel his drool occasionally drop from his panting tongue to my skin, knowing more is falling into my hair, which is now mostly hanging to the ground, obscuring my face from the view of the guys.

I hear sounds of grunts, moans, and panting coming from us. I realize that only a few of them are coming from Harley, even many of the panting sounds are being generated and emanating from my mouth as the pounding continues. His cock feels swollen inside me. The pre-cum feels like a steady, regular seepage.

Then, I feel it ... the bump of something outside my body, intruding on the smooth, easy movement of his cock in and out of my body. His cock sliding into my wet pussy, then a bang on the outside as the forming knot pressed against my lips and hole. I groaned loudly as the sensation and motion changed, already anticipating the new sensations and stimulation to come from it. I pressed back, bracing myself against the firmer, more powerful thrusts that would be coming from the dog as he worked to push his increasing knot into me. I sucked in lungs-full of air and grunted as I pushed back against the knot, feeling it spreading my hole as it slowly gained ground only for him to pull back and thrust all over again, repeating the effort over and over. I could feel my lips and hole stretching at the insistence of the pressure. I felt a sensation of being stretched, my body yielding to the domination of the animal on top of me and his primal need to tie to his bitch before breeding her/me with his seed.

I sensed my body giving in to the knot, stretching enough to allow it to pass into me, and I cried out loudly as it popped into my body, the tip of his cock suddenly a couple inches deeper and his hips

impacting my ass, pushing me forward. My breasts in a constant state of motion, swing forward and backward, but also the sides as they almost took on an elliptical swinging pattern as Harley continued to pound into me.

I felt his cock and knot swelling almost immediately after the knot was firmly inside me and I knew he would not have much more before filling me with his seed. I moaned as he pulled to thrust deeper into me, but being restricted by the knot, the feeling was a distinct pulling of my pussy away from my body, as if he was trying to turn me inside-out. I felt him twitch inside and I jerked myself in anticipation, and when I did, I jammed the knot against my g-spot, which was all I need to fire my body into orgasm. It was like a jolt of erotic pleasure electricity that fired from my pussy into my clit and up to my nipples, still swinging underneath me.

My pussy clamped down around the knot and cock inside me and I felt the pulsing of his cock more distinctly until it was his cock jerking inside me with spurt after spurt of his seed flying into me, filling my vaginal cavity and coating my already wet walls. He pressed against me, trying to get deeper and deeper in, a natural desire to increase his chances to inseminate me. An effort that was doomed to fail, but an effort from his primal, instinctive reflex to replicate every time.

I happily dropped to the cushion, my face, chest, and breasts pressed into the heavy nylon material. My ass stuck up in the air, fastened to my dog, his knot firmly securing us together for the next while. Somewhere on the edges of my pleasure hazed mind, I heard soft talking.

"My god ... is it always like that?"

Albert chuckle came to my ears like a familiar signature of sound. "Virtually every time. Earlier, she graciously included me with Harley as her 'co-favorite lovers'. It isn't true. Without question, he is her favorite."

"If he can do that for her every time, I can see why."

I opened my uncovered eye and found the 3 of them lined up 10 feet away. I moved my head slightly to uncover my other eye and focused better on them. I gave them a weak smile ... and released a long sigh and moan as Harley pulled to test the tie.

"What an obscene sight ... ass-to-ass like that."

Another voice, "How long does it take?"

Albert winked at me, "Up to 5 minutes usually. Sometimes longer."

I pulled against the knot, but not to test the tie. "Oooooooooo ... yeeeeessssssss ..." Bumping my g-spot.

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## **CHAPTER 15: ABSTINENCE**

I heard the Apache Nation arriving from the sounds of tires crunching on the loose gravel in the yard in front. The past several weeks since Albert included Jim Standing Bear and Henry White Wolf in our sexual play had been the success he had hoped for. Not only did they quickly become comfortable in seeing me naked and teasing them, but their understanding that the play they were now included in should not jeopardize the completion times of projects had the side benefit of the projects being completed ahead of schedule.

Our inclination regarding the 2 Indians was proven out in their professionalism in their work and their propriety in the way they engaged with both of us. Spending such time with them, together and separately, I came to feel close to them and they to us. People come up with nicknames for friends and mine for them became "Apache Nation", Bear, or Wolf. They were receptive and the discussion of Indian, Native American, or Apache became a topic of discussion. They refused to commit that their opinions were shared by all in the tribe, but they felt many did share them.

Such terms and identification, in their minds, is just so much political nuance that might over time stick or irritate. For them, Native American is an irritation. Yes, 'Native' is a concession to the reality that their ancestors were original inhabitants of these lands; but, 'American' is a term that has no reference to the original relationship, since America was a name given by Europeans. Indian to them is like referring to someone else as white, black, Hispanic, Asian, or Oriental; it is a regional identifier, only. They were Apache like other people might be German, English, French, or Chinese. More specifically, they were Aravaipa Apache which was a specific definer of tribal region and life. I was both surprised and appreciative that these ambitious and prideful men related strongly to their heritage and were proud of it. Though they had their business address in Lonely for practical business reasons, they remained living on the reservation and were recognized as part of a group intent to be identified by the proud, independent, and nomadic ancestry of the Aravaipa Apache and all Apache, for that matter. They had taken me to the Tribal Resource Center and it became a matter of interest to me because it was important to them.

This morning was no different than many in the recent past, except for me. Since including them, I had made it a habit of greeting them on the porch with mugs of fresh coffee ... naked, of course. Today, Albert greeted them as they knocked on the screen door and were told there was coffee in the kitchen. They found me at the sink cleaning up from our breakfast. Not only did I not greet them or have coffee poured for them, I also was not naked. I was wearing one of the dresses Albert has me wearing when I am wearing anything around the yard or house.

The guys have spent the past couple days at another job site, finishing it up, then returned here to put the finishing touches on our bedroom project yesterday afternoon when I was away in Tucson shopping for some furnishings. That sequence played well in Albert's plans.

I gave them a curt, "Morning", which even surprised me when it came out, and took them back.

I busied myself, not turning around or giving them any additional recognition or greeting. I heard Wolf's response whether really to me or to Albert, "Did we offend you somehow?"

When I did not immediately answer, Albert did, "Excuse her, she can get quite surly when she has been without her customary orgasms." I turned around and glared at him, my wet, soapy hands on my hips, soaking my dress in the process.

I huffed and turned my back on them, "He is being mean to me." It sounded almost like a whine in the attempt for them to confront the school-yard bully.

Albert, "Don't be like that. I explained this to you." But, I did not respond.

Today was the final inspection of the work inside the house. The remaining projects we agreed on were now down to some maintenance on the barn (too much for Albert) and the replacement of the fencing on the north side of the property. They refilled their mugs and led Albert on a review of the work they had completed. As they walked out of the kitchen, I heard Bear enquire further about me. I heard muffled conversation as they walked away and I knew Albert was explaining the situation.

Albert took the bold step of initiating a course of action I had underestimated at the time. He

directed a period of sexual abstinence for me, but that meant by association it was for him, also. We both knew that the effect of a period of abstinence would be far more impactful on me than him. There were not too many days I was without sex, at least from Harley. He did not seem to mind at all when I started menstruating; in fact, it seemed to have a heightening effect on his hormones.

The period of abstinence, as directed by Albert, would be for 57 hours, starting at midnight 2 days ago, and ending at 9:00 AM this morning. He had it timed to end after the walk-through inspection with the Apache Nation. Albert directed the abstinence. It was not a discussion or acceptance for me. He directed it. At the time, I accepted it as he stated it. I still did. I also begrudged it. 57 hours. It had now been 56 hours and 35 minutes. I finished up in the kitchen, checked the time, for the hundredth time, then went to the back patio and called for Harley. I wanted him close by.

With 12 minutes to go, I moved down the hallway, glanced into the guest bedroom where they were looking at the remodeling work required in it when our master closets were enlarged, taking a little of the guest room in the process. Albert glanced at the door as I passed, smiled, and the others turned with looks of concern. I had been sharp and abrupt earlier. I trusted Albert to have explained. I would apologize in my own way.

I entered our bedroom and stripped out of the simple dress, checked my hair in the mirror and grunted at the foolishness. How my hair looked would be of little significance in ... checking the alarm clock ... in 7 minutes. I raised the pillows and pulled the bedspread and top sheet down to the foot of the bed. I folded both on the carpet, making a couple feet of cushioning next to the bed. It might make an excellent place to be kneeling if the situation required it.

I looked around the room, moved to the door and flipped the switch for the ceiling fan, then adjusting the speed at the fan to medium. I checked the alarm clock ... 4 minutes.

It was not lost on me what Albert had intended for me to experience. This was not some form of pretending on his part of dominance and submission, controller and follower. That was not who he was and it was not who I was. We already agreed on that, despite my feelings to the contrary with Nick. He showed me that being a slut did not require me to be submissive or something I could not have control over. He was here to help me, not to control me. And, it had a remarkable easing of my spirit. I did not need to be anything but who I was, just who I was. I enjoyed sex. I wanted sex. I wanted it in new ways, different cocks, different circumstances and situations and ways. But, having a home base was good, too. Now, my home base had the potential of 3 men and animals.

Yes, I knew what Albert was doing, what my experience should be. My surliness, irritability, edginess were the indicators; he wanted me to feel desperate for sexual release, primed for whatever might happen, to be in a state of mind of taking anything for that release. But, he did it in a safe environment in my home base.

I lay on the bed in the center, my arms folded behind my head, my legs spread wide. I waited. I looked ... 1 minute. Really?!? Is he timing this perfectly? Even that was adding to my pent-up tension. I heard them in the hallway, Albert in the doorway, the Apache Nation behind him, their heads showing above his shoulders.

"I had to twist their arms, but I think I convinced them to stay for a while." Albert can try to be funny sometimes. It is an acquired taste. But, I suddenly saw him lurch forward as Bear hit his shoulder with a friendly poke. Bear was not taking any chances, wanting to make sure I knew they were very eager.

I tried to smile and appear encouraging, but I was not sure it came across until my words, "Someone

better get naked. I have been without for 57 hours. Another minute and someone is going to have claw marks on their body from me getting their clothes off!" I smiled in spite of it. Express something clearly with full meaning and you can get amazing results.

Albert was a little slower than the Bear and Wolf. But, then again, he had the intention of letting them be first, anyway. I gazed at each of them, or more specifically at their crotches. I pointed at Wolf and gave him the come here signal of my index finger curling toward me repeatedly. Of the 3 of them, he was the hardest and hard enough to penetrate me. Which was exactly what I needed right now ... being penetrated. He looked nervously at the others but did not hesitate much beyond that and knelt onto the bed edge and made his way to me. I put my arms out to him with my hands over the space between my legs, directing him there. I leaned forward and touched his shoulders, guiding him up my body before moving my hands to the side of his head and pulling him in for a kiss, his naked body coming to rest on my naked body. The touch of him, his naked body over mine, his hardening cock against my crotch, his mouth on mine, and his tongue probing my mouth as our tongues went back and forth, all of it causing me to shiver with excitement. I moaned and sighed at the physical contact from my crotch to my mouth. I felt, again, the power of what Albert had prepared for me to experience.

I groaned into his mouth, gasping as our mouths shifted for position against each other. "I want ... you ... to fuck ... me. God ... yessssss ..." I pushed his face inches from mine, my eyes were aflame with desire and lust and need, "I do not ... oh ggggoddyyyy ... do not want you to ... make love ... to me. I want to be ... fucked!"

His eyes were searching mine, but one of his hands had left me and moved between our bodies to where our crotches were. He raised his hips into the air, inches maybe, but enough for his hand to go between us. His mouth reclaimed mine and we mashed our mouths together as if our passion would be realized at that union of our bodies. But, I felt him ... felt his hard cock being moved along my wet, dripping slit, my hungry, aching pussy. I felt it being moved up and down along and between my lips, lips that easily parted at the pressure exerted by the head of his cock. I felt the head hit my hole and he paused, but just a moment. A moment long enough to raise his face from mine and gaze into my eyes, a crazy smile forming on his lips, a wicked twinkle in his eyes.

What he did next was exactly what I told him I wanted, but even though his cock was position at my opening, even though I had told him what I wanted, it took me by surprise. He did not enter me as every other time he had with ease, caring, and consideration. He did what I told him I needed. His cock head poised at my opening, the head just between my inner lips, he thrust his hips at me, his cock not just entering me, but his cock propelled into me, deeply and fully, our pelvic bones jammed together in a brutal initial assault.

I cried out and moaned, sighed and gasped. I sucked in air and it became lost in my lungs, my body and mind separated. My body started shivering, then shaking. My arms clamped around his neck, pulling my chest and head up into his. My mouth was open and my lungs full, but I was not breathing. My orgasm erupted from inside my pussy where his cock had jammed itself in. My nipples tingled. My toes curled. My fingers dug into his strong neck and shoulders. I clung to him as if I thought I might fall apart if I was not holding something to keep me together.

As realization again came to me, he was fucking me strongly, powerfully, urgently. I released my death grip on him and wrapped my legs around his waist. He raised himself to his arms and slightly raised himself with his knees to take advantage of my raised hips. He plowed into me. His cock pulled out of my pussy, then thrust back into me. At first, I thought it was my imagination, but as my mind continued to clear, I realized it was true. My orgasm had released my body and, especially, my pussy. He was pulling his cock completely outside me, then plowing back into my gaping hole.

His eyes caught mine and I pulled his face back to me, smothering him with more kisses. His fucking became more sharp, urgent. He thrust deep into me, then ground his pelvis into mine, seeking to press another fraction of an inch into me. I broke the kiss and looked into his eyes, eyes filled with crazed lust and desire and need. And, I knew. I felt it in him as he thrust into me. I felt it in the muscles of his lower back and hips as I held to him with my legs. I felt it in the new throbs and jerks of this cock clamped by the walls of my pussy. I felt it in my soul.

He was about to climax ... and I was about to join him! Another orgasm in the same fuck! Oh, god! Albert, I love you!

He inched his knees up, gaining some extra point of stability to finish and I pulled my groin tight to him, ready for everything had left to give me. It felt like his cock stroking fast and deep inside my clenched and soaked channel was igniting a fire inside me, a fire radiating heat up into my body. My nipples were hard and sensitive nubs rubbing against his chest as he thrust and pressed. His eyes focused on mine and mine on his.

I glared at him, lust that was previously unknown to me and I growled at him, "Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Cum in me and make me cum, too." That was what he did. He pulled his cock outside me, his eyes holding mine, and he thrust with his incredible strength into me, pressing his body against mine, his cock head deep in me ... and he came. His spurt was an impressive load into me. And, I came, too. I felt his seed filling my body and my pussy clamped down and quaked around his cock. I cried out and held him to me, my legs and arms around him as if we were a strange single form.

It was minutes ... how many I did not know ... before it began to occur to me that I should release him from my hold. It was more minutes before I actually did release him. By that time, his cock was growing limp ... growing limp seems like an oxymoron ... and his cock had nearly softened to the point of slipping out of me, when he rolled to his back, his hand patting my hip.

"My god, woman ... I thought you might suck the life right out of me."

I rolled over and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "You were wonderful, thank you." I slinked down his body and took his limp cock into my mouth, sucking and licking our juices from it. I rolled back and raised my shoulder by propping myself on my elbows and looked over to Bear and Albert. "Which one of you is next?"

Albert pushed Bear to the bed, "Wear her out some; she might give me a heart attack right now."

"No, my dear Albert, I would never do that. Not the man who devised such a devious plan for my enjoyment." I looked at Bear, "I think you are correct, though. Come to me, Bear ..." He gave me a smile, but I could tell he was wondering how he could possibly top what he had just witnessed. He lay his body over mine as Wolf rolled off the side of the bed. I kissed Bear deeply, then put my mouth to his ear and I whispered, "Do not worry, my strong warrior. Albert had me primed to explode. But, I want you to fuck me, too. We will have plenty of opportunity for considerate loving other times. My only question is, what position should we use?"

He returned me a smile that grew in confidence. "Doggy." He kissed me and raised his body off me, sitting back on his heels and watched me move into position. From behind me, "Wow ... you're still really turned on."

I looked over my shoulder at him, but also glancing at Albert, blowing him a kiss, too. "Yes, but what caused you to say that?"

"Your pussy ... it's pulsing as if it needs something in it more."

I chuckled and heard Albert laugh, "Then put something in it."

He did not waste any more time with talk, he moved up to my hips, his hands first touching them, then his thighs bumping mine before I felt his cock being rubbed up and down my slit. I felt him push his cock between my legs, gliding over my clit, and I shivered, releasing a sigh and low moan. One of his hands slid from my hip up my back to my shoulder, then rotated underneath me to grab a hanging breast as I felt his cock head probe along my slit until it was at my opening. Once in position, he leaned forward slightly and I thought the penetration would happen, but it did not. Instead, the head parted me and inched, if that much, between my inner lips, but his hands were both firmly grasping my breasts. He mashed them in his big, strong hands, then grabbed them as handles, pulling me back and him forward, my messy pussy pulled over the length of his cock. Again, in a single movement, his cock was buried deep inside me.

His hands moved back along my sides to my hips as he slowly pulled his cock back so it felt like the head was the only part still in. Then, with his hands firmly grasping the top of my hips, he pulled and pushed, strongly pulling my body onto his cock and pushing his cock into me. The impact resulting from the combined action was significant. My body vibrated. My breasts swung wildly. He leaned onto my back, buried deep, kissed me between my shoulder blades, my long hair having been thrown over my shoulders by our action.

His voice was quiet, but strong, manly, and controlled. "You want to be fucked, Samantha? Do you want to be fucked like a slut? Like the slut and dog-bitch you are?"

Ohhh, yessss, my mind screamed. He or any of them have never talked to me like that, called me those names. "YEEESSSSS! Fuck me as your slut! You can love me as Samantha other times." I heard talk from behind us, exclamations and responses. I partially ignored them, but they were there, just as I was here acting like a slut in front of them.

"What's gotten into her? Is this really the result of 57 hours of no sex?" Wolf's curiosity reflected the previously unspoken interest.

Albert's chuckle was immediate. "Psychological. As much as she enjoys and engages in sexual acts around here and with some others, she doesn't on a level of developing a dependency on the feelings from orgasm. In fact, sometimes she doesn't even orgasm. The horses and sometimes the ram. Or, when she is simply sucking cock or eating pussy. No, going without for 57 hours or longer would not be a physical dependency for her ... at least, not yet in her life. No, it was in her head. It wasn't that she didn't have sex, it was that she knew she couldn't. Everywhere she went around here she was reminded of sexual encounters: me, Harley, the ram, the boar, the horses, you guys, her vibrating egg and anal bullet. I am sure she started thinking about other encounters with others. No ... her mind did this to her, I simply initiated the condition."

"Devious."

"I'd say she is enjoying the effect it had on her ..." If my mind had been able to fully process everything my ears funneled to it, I would have agreed ... I was definitely enjoying it.

As my orgasm on Bear's cock came over me, I dropped to the bed, his strong hands holding my hips in the air as he continued to plow his cock powerfully into me. It was only moments after I started shaking in an orgasm that he pressed hard against me, his cock deep and he too climaxed, his seed shooting in great spurts into my body, joining that of Wolf and the secretion of my own body.

He lay his body over mine, a hand moving my hair from my neck, which received his kisses, then his soft voice in my ear. "You are the most amazing woman I have ever come to know. Wolf and I will be

here for you and Albert for any reason you need us. This is far beyond the sexual. I hope you understand that."

I reached over my shoulder and touched his head, "My dear man ... that is the reason you are lying on top of me." He flinched his hips, moving his spent but still hard cock inside me. "Yes ... and your seed inside me."

He slowly backed his cock out of me and I turned to lick and suck the combined fluids of the morning from his cock.

I rolled to a sitting position on the bed as Bear moved off. I looked at Albert, my right hand extended and curling my index finger to him. Albert spoke to Bear as they all looked down at me, cum leaking from my gaping pussy as I sat cross-legged on the bed.

"Did you take some of the steam out of her?"

"I'm not sure ..." I watched as he put a hand on Albert's shoulder and nudged him toward me, "Good luck ... at least, it will be a great way to go ..." He and Wolf burst out laughing, though Albert's face still reflected some concern. Despite what his face might be reflecting, though, his cock was hard and standing up proudly, which flagged my attention compared to the soft cocks on either side of him.

I was still using my finger to give him the 'come hither' gesture, a provocative smile on my face and my eyes still twinkling. "Come into my web ..."

He groaned but knelt on the edge of the bed, "Said the spider to the fly ..."

I giggled and lay him on his back. "I will do all the work, you just enjoy." I kissed him on the lips as my right leg swung over his mid-section. "I need you to be around for a long time."

He looked up into my eyes, "Thank you ..." I grasped his cock and moved it along my gaping pussy to my hole, "... for being here, a part of my life." I fell down onto his cock in one swift motion, burying him deep. "Ohhhhhh ... myyyyyy ... ggggooddddddd ..." I smiled down at him, but his eyes were closed, his mouth open, grunting each time I dropped to bounce on his upper thighs.

I supported myself above him. Well, I supported most of myself above him. My arms were braced into the bed alongside his shoulders, but my ass rose, then impacted his hips and thighs as I dropped back down, each time his cock pulling out most of the way, then being driven back deep inside me. He moaned and groaned, but I did, too.

I grasped one of his hands and brought it up to my breast. He grasped it at contact. I smiled down at him, my smile soft and my eyes welcoming, but determined. "Make yourself useful, I will do the rest."

As my hips continued to move up and down on his cock, he used his free hand to pull my head to his and kiss me. Then, that free hand grasped my other breast and he pushed me back up to a sitting position. He alternately released my breasts and stroked my thighs and sides, but watching my wildly swinging and bouncing breasts, then regaining hold of them or capturing the nipples and teasing them with pinches, twists, and pulls.

I was adding my own alternating effects, too. I used a motion of vertical rising and dropping so our main contact was cock inside pussy, but sometimes I switched to a slanted motion that had my clit striking his pelvic bone, or grinding my pussy on his groin, not really rising much, but pulling my

pussy along his body, grinding my clit along his pubic hair and pelvis. It all combined as our individual variations played against or on top of each other in a multitude of combinations.

Before I knew it, my actions became frenzied and desperate as my next impending orgasm made itself known and I wanted badly to bring Albert along with me. But, I had little to fear on the score. I saw him biting his lower lip, his eyes clenched tight. He was holding himself back, wanting me to cum, again.

I leaned forward, my fucking still as wild and pounding, and I kissed him. With my lips touching his, "Let yourself go, my love ... I am there, too." His eyes opened and I could see his need to cum burning in them. I smiled with my own eyes, "I love you for wanting to hold off, but I am ... am ... going to ... cum now! Please ... please cum with ... cum with me!" Neither one of us was disappointed. My pussy clamped tightly around him as my orgasm took hold of me. I felt my body spasm around him, my 4th orgasm so far. Then, he raised his hips up against me, lifting me as he pressed into me harder. His first spurt into my pussy caused me to peak, again.

We held each other through our mutual orgasms. This one was far less intense for me but made the more satisfying by sharing it with Albert.

I rolled to the side, his cock slipping from my pussy, which was again gaping with more semen leaking from it. I sighed, grasped alongside our bodies until I found his hand and pulled it up and onto my chest, then to my mouth where I kissed the back of his hand.

He rolled onto his side and looked at me, "Well, are you sated, yet?"

I sat up and moved off the bed. "Not likely!" I pointed out the bedroom door, "To the patio." I heard Wolf mumble to Bear something like he bet it was Harley's turn, followed by a mumbled agreement by Bear. I stopped at the door, letting the others proceed down the hall while I turned to Albert. "Can you find the lubricating gel?" He smiled in that understanding way and turned to the nightstand.

I detoured to the kitchen for the pitcher of iced tea and 4 tumblers with ice. As I was leaving the kitchen, I heard Albert yell and whistle for Harley. He knew exactly why we were going to the patio.

I went around the table filling glasses while Harley sat attentively barely out of my way. I looked down at him as I moved and each time his tail started wagging with anticipatory excitement. With all the glass filled, I took a long drink from mine, then turned to Harley. He rushed to me, sitting with his front paws only inches from my toes. I laughed and moved to the closest lounge chair, pulling the long cushion off and laying it on the ground. Now Harley was really going crazy. There were rituals, habits, patterns of how things happen and for Harley these actions meant only one thing. And, he was correct, this time, too.

I knelt on the cushion without bothering to look back at the men. They had their turn at me, now it was Harley's turn. But, I was not done with them yet, either.

I patted the cushion in front of me and Harley quickly lay on his side. I moved his leg up and he rolled partially to his back where his leg remained out of the way. Like I said, there were patterns to how things worked in his world.

Unlike with most other dogs and animals, with Harley, I am able to move right into sexual play, much like with a man. My tongue tip licked precum already forming at the end of his pointed, reddish cock poking from his sheath. The more I licked, the more cock was exposed from the sheath. Soon, I was able to take the end of his cock between my lips and gently sucked at the precum, once

again tasting my canine lover. I pushed my mouth over his emerged cock until my lips contacted his furry sheath. Down and up, my mouth worked over his exposed cock until more and more of his cock was in my mouth before contacting his sheath. At that point, I shifted my position, raising up to my hands and knees, and turning so my ass was closest to him.

I glanced up at the guys, a smile spreading across my face as I recognized their rapt attention to what Harley and I were preparing for. The guys have seen Harley and me together many times since we included them in our sexual play, but it never seemed to be taken casually by them. Someday, perhaps, I will include them in my play with other of the animals. I wonder what their reaction would be to seeing me under the boar or goat or horse?

Harley was on my back without even sniffing me, indicating his desire was high, too. Then I remembered that my abstinence over that 2 days impacted him, too. It is one thing for him to be without when I am not at the ranch, but entirely different when he has to go without me and I am at the ranch. How does he understand why I am there, but not available to him? Rejecting his advances those 2 days was as hard on me, just seeing the confusion in his manner.

His cock made its initial penetration guided with my hand, then he thrust hard and urgently. His initial grip of his forelegs around my waist relaxed as he repositioned himself on me, pulling me back further onto his cock as he thrust himself deeper into my pussy. His grip around my waist tightened and his very familiar, strong, and aggressive fucking took over our union. I grunted and gasped. I moaned. I bit my lower lip and held my breath. I did it all under the onslaught of his powerful fucking. I didn't need to tell this one that I wanted to be fucked, not loved. This one, my canine lover, fucks me that way all the time.

I braced my body, my knees spread, my hands firmly planted on the cushion to present a stable, fuckable target for him. But even so, even with my intention to be a firm body underneath him to drive his cock into, his pounding forced me to readjust my hands as my body made a slow forward motion from the relentless assault. Through my grunting and gasps from the attack on my pussy, the smile forming at my mouth showed my pleasure and enjoyment. His furry body pounding into my hips, rubbing over my back, his snout panting over my left shoulder, and the occasional drip of drool from his efforts wetting my hair and shoulder are all stimulating physical signals of this animalistic union. The physical sensations away from the cock in pussy can be as telling of this action: the animal on you, the drool, the scratches from claws or hoofs, and the soft or rough fur against the skin.

His knot bumping into my pussy opening on the outside broke through and reminded me of the most significantly trying and enjoyable part of canine mating: the knot. If I had tried to be a firm object for his fucking before, I redoubled that effort now. My hands moved a foot or so in front of me and my hips shifted slightly back, all to increase a position of strength to resist his powerful thrusts. His need now was changed from fucking me to entering me and completing the breeding function. His trigger for seeding his bitch is achieving the tie. And, for this bitch, the tie is a separate and distinct mechanism for pleasure that drives me to desire the knot embedded in me as much as his instinctual need to accomplish it.

My pussy opening was being stretched deliciously, each thrust was forcing it open more and more. After being aggressively fucked by the guys already, my opening was more pliable than normal and the effort and work to force the knot inside was reduced. But I still cried out when my opening suddenly stretched fully to allow its passage into me, the cock and knot making a squishy sound as my vaginal canal soaked in cum already became filled with canine meat.

My head sank to the cushion, my hair covering my face and much of my arms, as his urgent,

abbreviated thrust into me continued. His whimpering was drowned out by my more vocal sounds, but I heard them and felt the change of his cock and knot inside me as I sensed the pending completion of our fucking when his seed would fill my pussy. Of course, the completion of seeding me was only the first part of the end of him breeding me. Then, the knot traps the seed inside me to allow the inseminating sperm to find their way through the cervix and into the womb and the mass assault on the egg waiting there. The thought sends a shiver through my body and my rising orgasm crashes over me. My pussy clamps in contraction around the cock and knot inside me, my body shakes and my mouth hangs open, neither taking in air or expelling it. His cock throbs once, twice and again before I feel the first spurt of his seed into my body and the image of his seed in a frantic race to find my egg returns to my mind and my body convulses in a quaking physical reaction of my orgasm.

It is a full minute, at least, with Harley turned on me and after a couple of tries by him to test the security of the knot that I raise my upper body from the cushion. I recover my bearings and my place in the world and locate the guys who are again sporting hard cocks, each held by slowly stroking fists.

"Albert ..." my voice came out weak and shaky, "... now, please." I look to his right, "Bear should be first, this time." That is all I say and Bear is confused as to what is expected of him, but Albert knows exactly. We have done this before.

I drop my head back to the cushion as Albert nudges Bear's shoulder, grabs the tube of lubricating gel and moves to Harley and me. Bear follows but is still bewildered until he sees Albert apply a large glob of gel to his first 2 fingers and smooth it over my asshole, which causes me to mew and wiggle my butt. Albert grabs Bear's hand, applies some into it, then he uses more to push into my anus. Bear sees what is happening but is still not in acceptance as his hand begins to spread the gel over his cock head. By the time Albert steps away from me, Bear's attention is singularly focused on my tightest bodily opening smeared with shiny gel.

He looks from my ass to Albert who is standing by my head, "Now? You mean with Harley still inside her?" I cannot see Albert's reaction, but I know he just smiles because there is nothing verbal related.

I turned my head toward him, still only able to see his naked legs that are alongside me. "Have you ever participated in a double-penetration?"

"No."

I chuckle, "Well, I want you to now. And, yes, with Harley. This may be the tightest you will ever get. His knot still has us tied and once you get inside me, your pressure will keep him there." Without having to think about it more, he stepped over me, causing Harley to shift some and pulling at the knot. I strained to look back, still not seeing him completely, "This time, though, go easy on me. Take some time to get into me and for my body to adjust."

He eased his hips down over mine and I felt him place his cock head at my puckered entrance, which caused me to flinch. I wiggle my butt to reassure him after that reaction and he placed his cock back at my asshole. I pressed back to encourage him and he leaned forward to match my movement. Together, his hard cock pushed at my resisting opening, but the gel liberally applied inside my anus and on his cock head eased the process considerably. Besides the natural resistance to penetration past the tight sphincter were Harley's cock and knot in the adjoining chamber. Bear grunted in an effort that was certainly magnified by a fear of hurting me and the tightness he was encountering. I pushed back against his cock and felt my hole open some under the steady pressure. I did not let up

on my effort and felt Bear leaning in with his own matching effort. His cock head felt huge and I was trying to remember the feeling from the last time I did this and the memory was that I really had not done this very often, but I knew I could because, despite infrequency, I had accomplished it.

Suddenly, the head popped through the sphincter, which quickly closed around the cock past the helmet of the head. I put my hand back on Bear's thigh and he stopped pressing.

"Oooooo ... thank ... you. Just ... give me ... a minute ... hmmmmmmm ..."

"It's so tight, Samantha ... are you okay?"

"Yes ... this is ... weird ... I know ... but it will ... be amazing ... I promise." I felt Harley move and I was sure Bear did, too. He had to and his moan was a clearer indication that he did. I saw movement to the side; it was Albert moving to calm Harley with strokes, knowing that our actions would soon become much more animated.

I took several deep breaths and pushed back, again. I felt several more inches of his cock sink into my anus, feeling cock forcing my tight channel wider as it moved, but also the cool gel substance being pushed deeper and deeper down my passage.

I reached back and patted Bear's leg, "Okay, Bear. Now ... give me more." And he did. He pressed at me as I had done myself. Steadily, his cock pressed deeper into my anus. I felt him stop, again, pulled back a couple inches and pressed harder forward sinking his cock fully into me when I felt his pelvis impact my butt. He hesitated for another short moment, then pulled back until it felt as though my passage was mostly empty, then he pushed in a little harder. Back and forth, a little harder each time. Soon, his strokes were long and smooth, gliding fully into me, each time gaining more rhythm and control.

He continued to gasp and moan as he pumped harder into me. Inside, I felt his cock gliding in my tightest chamber while my pussy firmly held the cock and knot. Each stroke of Bear's cock impacted and pushed the knot forward. That movement over the knot caused Harley to react with a pull, despite Albert's efforts to hold him steady. For me, internally, the movement of the knot down, then pulled, often jammed it into my g-spot and every time it did, I shuddered from the erotic jolt sent through my pussy and up into my body. Time after time, the jolts sent me closer and closer to a building orgasm. As I sucked in air to attempt to stave off the inevitable, I became convinced that this may be a multiple orgasm fuck and, with that acceptance, the orgasm crashed over me with an intensity that shook my entire body. So much so, that Bear stopped moving, leaning down and capturing my breasts, his body like a comforting blanket on my back.

He started stroking into me when I seemed to stop shaking. The crest of my orgasm may have ebbed, but it was still there, still washing over me like a receding tide on a warm lagoon beach. Moments later, when he pressed firmly and deeply in me, when his cock twitched, pulsed and jerked inside me, when I felt his first spurt of seed join the gel now pushed deep inside me, my ebbing orgasm broke over me like a wild, giant wave consuming everything in its path.

Bear seemed overwhelmed by the experience, too. He remained precariously on my back for moments, his lungs taking in massive volumes of air and expelling it with long, deep exhales. Initially, his heart pounding in his chest was felt through my back. At first, I was not sure if it was his or my heart seeming to race with abandon.

I felt Harley pulling harder on our tie, which was made tighter by the double penetration. I reached up to touch Bear, "Bear, Harley is getting desperate to break our tie. You need to pull out."

He jerked back. I think he may have lost awareness of what the situation really was. He slid out of my hole easily with the combination of his cum, the gel, and his shrinking cock. As soon as he was out, Albert released his efforts to control Harley and his knot pulled out with little effort. At that moment, cum drained out of both gaping holes.

I rolled to my back, my legs spread and obscenely exposing both gaping holes with cum draining. Both guys came to me and gingerly helped me to my feet and into a chair at the table. I was given a tall glass of iced tea and a towel to dry my sweat covered face and upper chest. The chair seats and backs were heavy nylon cushions and would be sprayed off later. I drank from the glass greedily, then smacking it down on the wrought-iron table top, gasping to get in air after nearly draining the glass.

I looked up to find them all looking at me. What a slut I was the way I have been this morning. Oh well ... it is not as if they have not contributed to this debauchery.

I smiled ... that wicked smile ... caught the eyes of Albert and Wolf, "I know I have at least one more good one left to experience." Wolf looked at Albert as I watched them. "And, I know how it should go ..."

Without waiting for me to get sore or stiff or Wolf to chicken out, I moved Albert onto his back on the cushion, having used the towel to clean up a little, first. Where I had been was quite nasty. I sat down on his hips, positioned his cock at my sopping entrance and sat down. I turned to look over my shoulder at Wolf, "I don't think there is any need for the gel." I leaned forward onto Albert's chest and kissed him on the lips and whispered, "Was this what you were thinking it might be like?" He nodded. I smiled at him, giving him another kiss.

As we kissed, my legs wide on either side of Albert's hips, my pussy filled his cock, I felt Wolf's cock touch my butt, then he moved above my filled pussy to my asshole. This time, though, it was not very tight. In fact, he slid his cock into me and quite deeply on the first thrust. Happily, the 3 of us climaxed within moments of each other, me for the ... 6th? ... 7th? ... 8th? Whatever ... maybe a period of abstinence is not such a bad thing ...

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## **CHAPTER 16: APACHE NATION**

Every now and then, Albert will catch me with the same question. It has become much less frequent, but it happened again earlier today. Every time, my response is immediate and heartfelt, "Absolutely and completely, I am happy and content to be here and with you." I think he is believing me. I guess, maybe, I understand the reason for his concern or need for assurance. I left a life of suburban comfort and security with a younger, self-assured man to live on a struggling small ranch requiring hard, physical labor and little glamor with an older, troubled man.

That was his comparison; however, it was far from fair. He did not take me away from that comfortable life; that comfortable life was violently, miserably stripped away from me. In fact, his offer for me to join him here was a hoped-for salvation for each of us. His insight into our individual struggles and needs, combined with our potential for supporting and growing through each other, proved to be the insightful wisdom that I saw in him the first time Nick and I visited him in order to thank him. Not only did I come out of my own bottomless, dark state of depression after Nick's death, but he has crawled his way out of his own self-imposed isolation from the world. The remote location of the ranch is no longer a self-imposed prison, but a haven of our creation.

So, tonight I found myself in one of my favorite settings as another long day was coming to an end.

The long days of hard, physical labor are refreshingly freeing for both body and soul. While my body and soul are freed to experience anew each day, my heart accepts that it is continuously and unendingly full. All around me, I find I am surrounded by the things I love and cherish. The land, the animals on the land, the quiet to experience and feel, new friends and experiences we have come to discover through each other; but, primarily, for me it is Albert and Harley, always present, always attentive.

My favorite setting after a long day as we ready ourselves for sleep, curled on the couch with Albert, my head in his lap. We are both naked, sometimes after I have been mated with Harley, once again. We are content, quiet, and relaxed. And, his cock is in my mouth. There is no urgency for either of us. It is simple play and comfort. His cock alternately growing and softening in my mouth and on my lips as our talk and minds take us to different feelings.

"I think you should approach them. They would be honored and grateful to be able to do something for you that was personal."

I lifted my mouth from his cock head, "You really think so? Honored?"

"I know it. Both of them would do anything for us, especially for you. You've already honored them, Samantha. You know how proud they are of their heritage and they are unabashed about their warrior heritage. They trace their ancestors to some of the big battles with the Mexican, then US Armies. You've spent long hours researching at the San Carlos Tribal Heritage Center, even taken out a membership. They are proud that their friend has taken such a personal interest in who and what they are. And, they are master horsemen. Who better to teach you to ride bareback?"

I lifted my mouth and kissed the head, "Just walk right up to them and ask ...?"

He hesitated before replying, "No ... no, have fun with it. Here's what you do ..."

The next day, late morning, but still well before a lunch break, I approached the north edge of the property by horse. Bear and Wolf would be putting in new fence posts along the edge of the right-of-way along the narrow dirt road that marked the edge of Albert's land. They needed to have the new fencing in place before removing the old fencing that was currently well short of the road. I rode for the western end where they had started with plans to ride east until I came upon them.

As I came out of the tree line along the creek, I stopped the horse and stood tall in the stirrups looking in both directions along the road. I removed my cowboy hat and moved it just so to provide better shade from the sun. Even so, I was squinting against the bright sun that did not shine just from the clear sky, but also the reflection off the dry grass and sand that was the range land. I was not looking so much for vehicles or the glint of reflection from windshields as much as for plumes of dust that provided a much easier identification of vehicle movement. It had been a dry period making it difficult to even walk on such a road without raising up dust in the process.

I saw nothing that would indicate movement on the road, but I did see the reflection of the sun off glass about halfway down the road to the intersection of another equally small and non-descript backcountry road. That would be the Apache Nation and would also indicate they were making good progress installing the posts.

I dropped back into the saddle and gave the horse a nudge with my feet, moving it into a trot, through a gallop, and a full run, making sure my hat was securely on my head. I have had to stop several times in the past to go back for a lost hat, learning to make sure it is firmly in place when riding fast. I kept my eyes on the guys and waited. They would notice my approach by sound or sight. I was waiting for their reaction to my approach. It was the sound of the horse pounding the

ground that ultimately drew their attention. Once they looked up, though, it was their double-take followed by quick looks up and down the road that I was waiting for.

I slowed the horse to trot as I got closer. They shook their heads, taking off their own hats and wiping the sweat from their foreheads. Even at a trot, my breasts were bouncing significantly. I came to a stop between them, both of them taking hold of the rein on their side.

"Riding like that along the road? That doesn't concern you?"

I put on a look of innocence, "Whatever do you mean?" I swung my right leg over the horse and dropped down next to Wolf who partially caught me around the waist as I landed. As Albert suggested, I was wearing my boots and hat. The boots to keep me stable in the stirrups and the hat to shade my eyes.

They were both shirtless and sweat covered from working in the sun for the morning. I stepped into each of them, pressing my naked body into their well-developed, bare chests, giving each a long, deep kiss.

"What should I be concerned about? You would protect me, right?"

Bear gave my butt a playful smack, "And who is going to protect you from us?"

I ran my index finger down his chest, over his stomach, over his belt, and onto the front of his jeans, pressing the finger into the bulge under the denim fabric. "Who said anything about wanting protection from my Apache Nation?"

With that, he took my hand and led me toward their big king-cab truck. Wolf took the reins of the horse and tied it to a bundle of wood posts. I put the back of my hand to my forehead, tilting it back and very dramatically, "OH, NO! No ... please, please ... someone, please ... help me ..."

Wolf caught up to us, tweaking my swinging butt, taunting them both. Wolf took my other hand, "What a find. A white woman alone and unprotected."

"No, no ... oh, help me ..."

"Apache warriors finding a helpless white woman."

"Oh ... you savages ... what are you going to do ... oh, poor me ... defenseless and at your mercy." We had reached the truck. Wolf ran around to the driver's door, jumped in, started the engine and turned the air-conditioner on high, then exited and came in the opposite rear door as Bear encouraged me in from the other side, his hands on my butt cheeks. I giggled as he squeezed with both hands.

I was moved into the center of the rear bench seat, each of them on a side of me. The air-conditioner was blowing air but so far it had a lot of catching up to do before it was going to be making any difference. A sheen of sweat was already forming on my body as Bear turned my head to his and took me into passionate kissing. Wolf moved his hands to my breasts, one of them quickly sliding down between my legs, which I opened. They had other ideas, though. Bear broke the kiss and looked past me to Wolf and something passed silently between them. They had told us they had been the best of friends since they stumbled around the yards under the watchful gaze of one of their mothers.

Each took one of my legs and hook it over their own, effectively spreading me wide and keeping it

like that. Wolf took over kissing me while Bear lowered his mouth to my right nipple, his hand moving down to my open crotch. He sucked on the nipple while his finger traced around my clit, then down each side of my pussy before slipping between the lips. He removed his finger and brought it up to his lips, sucking my juices from it. Yes, I know ... but I had been wet since I had climbed into the saddle back at the barn and waved to Albert. He had waved back enthusiastically, know full well I was likely to be fucked by these guys. I guess I am that friend that is a gift that keeps on giving.

They moved into a shared effort of smoothly handing me off to the other, then back, again. We kissed, they loved my breasts and fingered my pussy and clit. But, I had intentions of my own. I turned to my knees toward Bear, my butt in Wolf's lap, as I worked Bear's belt and jeans open. As I struggled to push his jeans off his hips and down his legs, he was struggling to try to wedge his boots off his feet. Wolf had stopped playing with my ass and pussy from behind and I found him removing his own clothes quickly by opening his door and giving himself more room.

When they were both naked, I knelt on the bench seat, my ass again in Wolf's space while my head dropped to Bear's lap, capturing his stiffening cock in my mouth. As I sucked aggressively on his cock head, I wiggle my ass for Wolf who slipped a hand between my legs, a finger rubbing my clit, another slipping into my pussy, and his thumb pressing at my anus. I pressed back against his hand while moving my mouth down and up the cock in my mouth.

With Bear hard, I turned around awkwardly in the tight space to suck on Wolf's cock, getting similar treatment from Bear's hand, only Bear forced a hand between my thighs and body to squeeze and fondle my breasts. As both men were hard, I was kneeling with my mouth working Wolf's cock, but wondering what we were going to do and who was going to make the choice? The choice factor was taken away from concern. I was pushed forward by Bear's body getting position behind me. I, in turn, pushed Wolf against the door, giving a little more room behind. I must have been prepared well by all the fingers on my pussy and clit because the next feeling I had was a cock sliding between my pussy lips and smoothly pressed deeply into me. These were both large, strong men and it was beyond me how all this was happening in this space, but I was glad it was working now that I could feel the cold air being blown from all the vents, the large engine idling smoothly and putting off its own vibration through the seat.

With Bear now smoothly plowing his cock into me, Wolf was busying himself with my breasts while my mouth was still preoccupied with his cock. It was almost comical in my imaging of what this might look like from the outside and that reminded me that we were doing all this in a truck parked just off the edge of a public if seldom traveled road.

A giggle escaped from around the cock in my mouth, causing Wolf to question, "What's so funny?" I looked up at him and he was looking questioningly from me to Bear who never missed a stroke as he continued to fuck me.

"Oh, just thought about what this might look like if anyone happened by." I checked each of them, "Come on! Two big guys and a woman crammed into the back seat of a king-cab fucking?" We all laughed, but Wolf quickly lowered my head back down. I obligingly returned my mouth to his cock. A smile still on my face as I did, though.

It proved to be more awkward and cramped than was practical for good fucking, though. I pulled away from Bear, excused myself as I accidentally thrust a breast into Wolf's face, then told Bear to sit down. I crawl over his legs, reached between my legs for his cock and guided it as I sat back down, letting it fill me as my hips hit his. I rose and fell several times before satisfyingly said, "Oooooo ... yesssss ... much better."

Bear responded by clutching my bouncing breasts and assisting my action through his grasp on my breasts, fairly ineffective but arousing. Wolf, however, put a hand on my waist and the other between my legs, 2 fingers over my clit. His hand on my waist was effective in adding momentum to driving me back down; his fingers strummed my clit like he was a country music star. For my part, I had a bracing hand on the side door and the passenger club seat in front. My mind lost perspective of the world around us as the cock inside me pounded into me every time I dropped my body onto it, using gravity and Wolf's assistance. As far as the feelings I was experiencing, we could have been safely on Albert's family room couch. My mind no longer registered the bizarre scene of us crammed together at the side of the road, our bodies glistening in a coat of sweat despite the cold air blowing hard into the cab.

It was not long before Bear strained underneath me, his hips rising up, lifting me with them, and groaning into the back of my neck and hair. I gasped out one word, "Nipples", and his hands switched from grasping my breasts like handles to his fingers blindly fumbling for pinching my nipples. Once found, he pinched them between index finger and thumb, twisting and pulling them as he did. Wolf also responded to the word in his own way, shifting his fingers to pinching my throbbing clit in the same way. I was now joining Bear with grunts when I dropped fully onto his cock and gasps as I rose. I heard a "1 ... 2 ... 3" somewhere in my foggy brain. At "1" they released the pinch but maintained a comfortable grasp of nipple or clit. At "3" they both squeezed and twisted hard ... very hard ... and I exploded, crying out so hard and loud I later wondered if the people in Lonely, miles away, might have heard.

I fell back against Bear, my body quivering in orgasm, but his body was a rigid mass of tension and flexing muscle as he sent spurt upon spurt of his seed into my pussy. His hands released my throbbing nipples to wrap me in his strong arms, pulling me tightly against his chest and pressing me firmly down on his cock as his hips were still raised off the seat.

When he could, his butt dropped back to the seat and he panted into my neck and shoulder, his puffing breath blowing loose strands of hair into the air before me.

Remembering Wolf in my haze and not wanting to lose the impact of the moment, I pushed my left arm out to the side, hitting Wolf on the shoulder and forcing him, as much as my strength is capable, to sit back against the seat next to us. I grasped both front seats for leverage and pulled myself up and off the cock still hard inside me. I glanced down, seeing his cock coated in our juices as more and more of it came into view before it plopped against his abdomen, a fine string of his semen momentarily still connecting us until it too finally broke.

I shifted and struggled in the space to move my right leg over Bear's, then shifted in a sideways shuffle until I could lift my left leg over Wolf's, guiding his cock into my pussy as I once again sat down ... a familiar 2 round experience with the Apache Nation.

Bear was initially far less involved than Wolf had been as he recovered his breath and energy. Wolf, however, seemed to be more desperate in his actions having been a witness, but an up-close witness, up to this point. He was not relying simply on my efforts, as effective as I thought they were but was also flexing his hips up to meet my downward motion with his own upward thrusts.

The same torture of my nipples and clit by their fingers produced the same result the second time. The action sends jolts of intense charge from my nipples to my clit and back, seeping into my pussy, through my body and brain. It feels like an electrical charge surging through my body focused from those 3 points and surging to my every extremity through my body. I am pleading with him to cum as my orgasm is beyond control and will be crashing over me in moments. Even before I am in the complete throes of my orgasm, my pussy is clenching around his cock. When my body spasms,

driving me rigid, every muscle in my body tight and contracted, my pussy clamps around him with the same strength. Inside my body, an isolated sensation deep within my pussy, a feeling registers of his cock flexing, throbbing as his hips rise up off the seat, raising me into air effortlessly as his body reacts to his own impending climax. We remain in that position for moments, each of us rigid, unable to move, to relax or change, our bodies shaking against each other in our separate but shared climaxes.

It is moments later that the feeling of complete, enveloped love and devotion is recognized as the bodies of these 2 men. Each has their face pressed into my shoulder and neck, Wolf from behind and Bear from the side and front. Each has a light caressing hold of a breast, the 3 of us slowly bringing our breathing under control. The sensation of the embrace is one of complete and utter love, admiration, adoration, and belonging. And, the feeling is going in both directions and beyond the confines of the cab. My feelings are also aimed far beyond this tangle of sweating body parts to a man busily laboring somewhere on the ranch who sent me to these men knowing full well what was likely to occur. A man whose loving concern and attention for me are only my care and satisfaction. I put my arms around the 2 men currently pressed against me, the sweat between our bodies increasing and dripping from our skin, but my thoughts of love and appreciation is sent to an image of Albert moving around the animals or in the barn quietly and selflessly tending to the business of the ranch. As his face comes into focus in my mind, though, I see a smile of recognition and knowledge as his eyes flick up, twinkling in his delight.

By the time we struggle out of the cab, we have begun to get chilled by the hard blowing cold air in the confined space. But, once outside, I kiss and hug each of the guys as they struggle back into their jeans, glancing up and down the road as I stand before them completely naked. I bounce into the stirrup and swing my right leg over the saddle knowing my pussy is still leaking the cum of these 2 men. After a last "bye", I turn the horse but turn back quickly to them.

"Hey, I almost forgot the reason I came out here." They looked up curiously. "I was hoping you could instruct me in riding bareback sometime." I turned and rode off to the house wondering what their expressions looked like.

Only a moment later, I heard yelled from behind me, "That was why you came out here?"

I took off my hat and waved it above my head, not stopping or turning.

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## **CHAPTER 17: PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB**

As I made my approach to the address I was looking for, I found myself in a very nice, upscale part of Tucson I had never seen when I lived here. The road was in actuality a boulevard, a line of trees down the middle, with wide sidewalks that still contained people out for walks and on bikes. The buildings were a mix of small businesses with nice homes on the back side of the block. The building I was approaching housed a photography studio. Their website matched the information given to Albert indicating they were a high-quality studio for photographic needs from personal to family portrait, wedding and special occasions, and corporate layouts and illustrations supporting presentations. Harley and I were here for an entirely different condition.

Finding the address, the building had lights on inside but the lighting inside gave the impression they were not open for business but rather there were people still working inside on some project. I parked on the street, stepped out and verified the address one final time, then walked around the back of the car to let Harley out of the rear seat. I left Harley's leash in the car, pointed the key fob

to lock the car behind me as we walked to the building.

I found no door bell, so I firmly rapped on the ornamental door, which contained a large cut glass pattern window. Almost immediately, another light came on inside and the inside door opened before the outside being pushed open by a distinguished looking middle-aged man.

I stepped back as the outside door was pushed open, leaned to the side to look at the man, "This is Hutchins Photography?"

He smiled, glanced down at Harley sitting at my side, then back to me, his eyes taking in my body under the light from the 2 decorative lanterns on either side of the door. I was wearing an outfit I have not had much opportunity to wear since joining Albert at his ranch. I had put some effort into my hair, to the point of adding some waves to it beyond what was natural. Some simple makeup for my eyes and lips was a bit of a struggle. A practice that had once been second-nature now seemed foreign, like a teenager experimenting. I was wearing a sundress with spaghetti straps, a supporting bodice, a form-fitting waist, and flowing skirt that ended about 6 inches above my knees. I wore no hosiery and my feet were in 4 inch high heels. Underneath, I wore only bikini panties. I had to admit it felt nice to be dressed up, again.

"Yes, and you have to be Samantha." He looked down, "And ..."

I smiled at him, "Harley, who is very well behaved as long as he does not feel I am being threatened."

He looked at me intently, "Well, that won't happen here." He held the door open and we squeezed past him into a darkened reception area. He put out his hand, "I am Tony Hutchins." We shook hands. "Follow me. The rest of the group is in the studio making final preparations." There were a number of doors along the hallway he started down, but the door at the end was open and light was spilling out from it. "I hope asking you to come at night was not too much of an inconvenience. Some projects are best done away from curious eyes."

Albert and I took the opportunity to make a mini-vacation out of this. Albert was waiting at a nearby hotel that allowed pets the size of Harley. Tomorrow we would see a couple sites in the area neither of us had taken the time for previously: a preserved decommissioned missile silo with the Titan II missile inside it; and, a historic mission constructed in the late 1700's.

Tonight, though, awaited me in the brightly lit room ahead.

Inside was indeed a brightly lit studio with light screens around what appeared to be a glass platform. Three other men were fiddling with equipment as we walked in, but turned, forming a ragged line before me. Tony introduced them: Jake Tomas was about 30, a little shorter than Tony and a little heavier, not in a fit way; Mike Tillerson was a little older than Jake, about the same height but fitter, like he might be a runner; Marty Orteiz, about 40, shorter still but also fit, being the only non-white in the group he was darker skinned, perhaps Hispanic ancestry given his name. Judging Tony, again, in comparison to the others, he was mid-to-late 40's a few inches short of 6 feet and about 180 pounds with brownish hair that was naturally graying on the temples. Tony was an attractive man and I could see how he would be a good front man for the business.

After the introductions, Tony explained what they were looking to accomplish. The company is well known regionally for their portrait and layout work, but they had recently branched out into a new concept of illustration that was both unique and effective for the right situation and purpose. They had found a unique and creative way of photographic documentation of some types of subjects like athletes in motion, animals in action, even manufacturing equipment in motion. They use up to 4

photographers surrounding the subject, spaced to be out of the view of the other photographers and at different levels around the subject. They take photographs at the same time, then review the results later, selecting a sequence from various angles to tell the story. He showed me a layout of a female hurdler in stride over a hurdle, shot capturing her movements from back, front, higher and underneath.

I looked at the glass platform I had noticed on entering the room. Tony confirmed my thoughts, "Yes, it is made of heavy duty plexiglass, ultra-clear. As you can see, it is 3 feet off the floor which allows a photographer room to hold and move his camera while on a rolling dolly." The effect was quite dramatic, each angle managed to catch a nuance of the muscles and position of the body. The hurdler was wearing spandex shorts and sports bra to expose more of the body and the sheen on her muscular, dark skin created quite an effect.

They were all standing in a loose arc in front of me. "Okay ... impressive. But, none of that lends itself to what we are going to be doing."

Tony chuckled and the others glanced nervously at each other. "Yeah, well ... someone got a bright idea about photographing a nude this way. We agreed we needed something with movement or action to be effective with this process."

"But, still ..."

"I put out a notice, anonymously, very general regarding photographing a sexual act. Your guy, Albert, responded. It was clear he was fishing and I am sure it was clear to him that we were fishing. We both agreed to lay our cards on the table, so to speak. And, we were intrigued by the idea."

"Us, too, obviously. We never thought of doing anything like this." I then added to what Albert had told them about what we were doing.

Tony suggested we get to it, then. He offered a screened off area for me to undress. I looked over at it, then turned back to them, "What would be the fun in that. We may as well start right away." And, they did. They each took up their cameras and moved around me, some kneeling, another going up a step-ladder already in position and facing the platform. I moved to the steps going up to the platform and called Harley. Once in the center of the platform, I smiled around at the guys but found only 3 of them. Something spooked Harley and I found his attention underneath us. The 4th photographer was scooting his way under the platform on the rolling dolly, using his heels for propulsion as he aimed the camera up through the glass at me. And, very soon, right up my dress. As much time as I spend naked, even around other people, somehow the idea of someone pointing a camera up my skirt was unsettling ... and erotic.

I didn't figure it mattered where Harley settled, so I had him sit next to me. I thought a woman stripping next to her dog might add a photogenic aspect to the shots. I was later to see that it did, as several shots seemed to catch Harley gazing at me as I did so, almost as if admiring what was transpiring before him.

I moved my arms behind my back and pulled the zipper of my dress down to my waist. I shrugged the straps off my shoulders and pulled the dress up and over my head. I tossed the dress to the side and ran my fingers through my hair to give it a rough combing after being messed in removing the dress. I was now standing in my heels, necklace, and bikini panties. I made a few partial turns, not knowing what might be expected of me until Tony started the direction.

"Samantha, lean to pet Harley keeping your legs straight." That seemed to be a classic pose for nude or partially clothed models and I was sure one of them was behind me to capture it. "Spread your

feet about shoulder with, continue with the dog.”

Then the direction came from various of the guys.

“Slowly push your panties down on your hips. Good ... good, hold them there ... good, excellent.”

“Let the panties drop to your feet. One foot steps out ... good. Now raise your foot with the panty on it behind you. Excellent ... you’re a natural, Samantha.” Flattery works and I smiled.

“Reach back for the panty, then hold it to your breast and look toward the door like someone might be standing there. Excellent.” All the while, I could hear the clicks and whirls of the cameras around me. I had forgotten about the camera below me until, “Stay like that ... now separate your feet ... a little more. Good. Now, toss the panties and crouch to your dog and pet him.” Yeah, my feet were about 2 feet apart and I was crouching ... a great pussy shot.

“Great, Samantha. Thank you. Relax for a moment before we get started on the next ... you know.” I smiled, he did not want to say getting fucked by the dog?

I stepped closer to the edge, now more aware of the man below me. “Do I leave the heels on or off? The necklace?”

They huddled quickly and just as quickly had their answer. “Leave both on. We think the heels and jewelry might lend something to the image.” I thought it might, too. And, certainly different than what Harley has been accustomed from me at the ranch.

They conceded that from this point on, they would be silent witnesses. They did not know what to expect from a dog mating with a woman and I should just do whatever it is that I normally do. That would certainly be easy for us, except for the distraction of the cameras, particularly the one below us, but I would be the one most influenced by that.

I knelt on the platform surface and patted the place in front of me. Harley was spooked by the vision of the man below us, so I put out my hand for him to be still until Harley’s view was no longer impacted. Once getting Harley on his side, I nuzzled him, trying to get his comfort with the situation and easing his concerns of the men moving, the sounds of the cameras clicking and the bright lights sounding us.

Once settled, though, my touches brought the tip of his cock out of the sheath with my face moving to allow me to lick it. I found it difficult to ignore the cameras myself, the movements of the men, especially the one under the clear platform. I hoped I would be focused once Harley’s cock was well out and ready to fuck me.

I was not sure what the men were getting in the way of specific shots, but they seemed to buzz around us like a swarm of bees and it seemed impossible that they were also avoiding others in the background, but their experience and familiarity with each other might make the difference that I could not relate to. But, I convinced myself to ignore all that and do what I was here to do. How they were managing their part of it was their problem. Although, it was also part of my imagination of what it would be like to have professional pictures of Harley and me mating hung somewhere in the bedroom. We were promised our own copies of the photos and a couple professionally matted copies for our use.

My mind not quite able to release those surrounding thoughts, I was suddenly aware that I had about 4 inches of dog cock in my mouth, which was regularly feeding me precum that was swallowed greedily. I pulled my mouth from the cock and kissed the end deliberately, making a show of staying

in position for an extra moment hoping that it would be captured. I could easily envision such a picture, my red lipstick lips puckered and kissing the reddish tapered tip of the dog cock.

With that parting kiss, I pivoted and moved to my hands and knees, patting my butt, which was the obvious signal to Harley regardless of distraction. I felt his nose to my ass, then to my pussy with his tongue. After a few licks, though, I wiggled my butt to encourage him to mount me. It was another signal that he would recognize and he did, bouncing with his front legs and landing on my back. My hand went between my legs, as normal, and his penetration of me was smooth and deep. My head dropped in a low moan and my eyes popped open wide. Right below me was the man. His legs were below and I could see him using his heels to maneuver the dolly. More striking, though, was seeing his camera as I tilted my head to look at him. I could not see much of his face, only the camera pointed up at my pussy, my pussy with a dog cock pumping in and out of it. I have been viewed numerous times in different situations mating with Harley or another dog, but the proximity and focus of the man with the camera were unnerving.

Harley's unwavering drive and deliberation to his actions, however, diverted me very effectively when I felt his forming knot pressing at my pussy. I put a hand up to my shoulder and touched Harley's head as it draped on me. His tongue came out to lick it, but that was about it. His focus and energy were on mating me and with his knot forming, his maximum attention was putting it inside me where it belonged. I could not believe he was handling all this better than I was, but I was thankful for the ability to completely focus on the knot. I pressed back against him as he pumped hard into me, his knot stopping short of entering, but stretching and widening my resisting hole a little more each time.

Now the presence of the men was helping in my rise to orgasm. The knot pressing against my pussy, the cock swollen and long inside my pussy, and the exhibitionistic factor of the men and the audible reminder of their cameras as they continued to click and whirring as the shutters opened and closed and the lenses zoomed in and out.

With the knot pressed half in and half out of my pussy, I pushed back against it and cried out in a moment of both a sharp feeling around my stretched opening and pleasure at the sudden fullness and increased depth of penetration.

I braced myself as Harley's driven fucking turned ever more urgent and demanding. Now with his knot inside me, his singular focus and effort were the completion of seeding me and I felt that focused desire and need from him as he pressed and pounded into me. His knot and cock both swelling to seemingly huge size as his pending climax approached. That huge knot pulled me before he tried pushing it back in deeper, an act of futility, we were stuck. But the pulling and pushing hit my g-spot with regularity and that combined with the size and pulsing of his cock and I dropped my head down in a deep moan only to fling it back as my orgasm crashed over me, my long, blonde hair flying in an arc with my rotating head.

I felt Harley's cock jerk and twitch inside me, then spurt his seed deep into my pussy as I cried out again, my pussy clamping around his cock and knot with more spurts, one after the other pouring into me.

When we both stopped our climatic reactions, I sagged the front of my body to the surface, my ass still in the air as Harley turned in a natural defensive position so we were ass-to-ass. As my eyes focused on my surroundings, I saw the fog created by my gasping warm breath on the air-conditioned plexiglass surface. I watched it for a moment as it fogged and cleared with my breath. Then, I focused further away, drawn by movement and found Tony still moving in the area of his assignment, snapping his pictures from the angles available to him.

He moved closer to me. "To be honest, I had no idea how powerful this was going to be."

I smiled weakly up at him without removing the side of my face from the surface. "You will want to ... mmmmmm ... want to be ready for whenever the knot is pulled out of me."

When it did come out after a while of the guys anxiously reacting to each movement of Harley, I heard a frenzy of clicks and whirrs. I remembered the guy underneath and found he was still there, taking photos and shifting his position as the release of the knot also brought an amount of spilled cum leaking from me and dropping to the clear surface. Those pictures might be very interesting.

I was sitting on the edge of the platform sipping a chilled glass of white wine. I had suggested having a towel to sit on, but they poo-pooed it saying the surface already needed to be well cleaned. I shrugged my shoulders, knowing I was still leaking dog cum. The guys were huddled around a computer downloading their photos into the system. I idled my time nuzzling Harley until I finally lay back and let him lick clean my messy pussy. I noticed the guys nudging each other to look at me, but I ignored them and enjoyed Harley's tongue long after he probably had me cleaned.

They had offered a robe for me to cover up with, but my nudity was not an issue for me. When they were ready, they called me over and they let me sit on a chair as Tony flipped through pictures. What they showed me was a rough effort of what a storyboard might look like and I was impressed. The shots flipped from angle to angle capturing what had happened and what each was seeing. I was right, too. The pictures of Harley pulling his knot from me were very interesting from below.

They had a shower and changing room attached to this studio. After showering and cleaning up, I rejoined the guys back in my street clothes. As Tony walked me back to the front door, he stopped me.

"We were talking while you were in the shower." Why am not surprised? "We think this could have some commercial value. We aren't sure how to take it to market and the market is probably small, but ... well, is that a possibility?"

I smiled at him, "Talk to Albert."

He smiled back. I was sure he was used to that. I was the 'talent' and there was someone else managing it. "Also, they have already come up with other ideas that might be good. Any possible interest?"

I gave him a peck on the cheek, turned and snapped my fingers for Harley to follow. I turned at the door and smiled, "Talk to Albert."

When I got back to the hotel, I almost raped Albert. But, as the saying goes, you cannot rape the willing ...

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## **CHAPTER 18: SWINGER CLUB**

I was back with Bob and Carol Carson. I always knew I would be after introducing Carol to the joys of canine sex and their being adventure with the swinging group. I knew there could be another opportunity for us all to share.

When I arrived at their home in the suburbs of Tucson, I was again reminded of the life Nick and I had shared for that brief time. There were so many reasons for me not to forget those times and I

was sure, regardless of what might come, there would always be pangs that would fill me unexpectedly. After the last time, though, I was expecting to feel those pangs and I did.

It hadn't taken them long to move from experimenting with the swinging lifestyle to being in the swinging lifestyle. When Albert agreed to the return visit and the inclusion of the swinger group, he received some information about the group, some of which he shared with me. I was told there were various types of swinger groups and this one was carefully managed for couples. When singles were allowed, it was generally only a few at a time and they were especially restrictive of single men.

They provided a very teasing message, "I know your sexy body is always needy of something new, so I have an offer for you. The group is getting together this Saturday and I suggested a special demonstration for the group as a primer for the evening. I hope you will agree to be that demonstration. No details until you get here Friday night, but bring Harley. That may be enough of a hint, but, regardless, trust me. I know you'll do it, so give me a call saying you will."

She was right, too. I had opened myself up to Bob and Carol the last time. Her message might have presumed a lot from that single time together, but it was playful and accurate. There was more, though, that Albert didn't go into any detail about. He simply told me that he had approved something new for me. He wouldn't explain, but simply said it would be better to just experience it. Then, after much pestering and mild threats of not going, he finally divulged some mild pain, nothing I didn't experience with Bear and Wolf in the truck. That will teach me to relay everything that happens ...

In keeping with my last visit with them, they requested that I remove all my clothes immediately. They said there was still another surprise about the weekend. Another woman who they had been having a relationship with would be joining us that night and with the group the following night.

I did as they requested, removing my clothes and placing them in the spare bedroom with my small case. I then returned to the family room, eventually moving to the back patio where Harley and Blackie were nosing around the backyard. I was kneeling on the patio playing with the dogs, when I heard the front doorbell chime. I watched Carol rise from sitting next to Bob and move to the front, glancing to the side at me as she did. The next thing I saw was Bob rising and moving toward the entry. Carol brought another woman into the family room and Bob was placing a small case in the hallway. They were talking and Carol called out to me. Once, again, I was the only one naked. As I reached the sliding door, I found the woman looking at me with a wry smile on her face and I could tell right then, my nudity was not an issue with her. In fact, she seemed quite comfortable with it.

Carol led the way out onto the patio, which brought the woman and me together with Bob and Carol. She made the introductions. "Samantha Jameson, this is Laura Cariston. Laura, Samantha." She then explained to both of us that we were both going to the swinger party with them. It was at this point that Bob turned to the other woman.

"Laura, I think you are overdressed. After all, you and Samantha are here for the same reasons."

It was my turn to watch this woman, Laura, with a wry smile on my face as though I knew something she didn't. And, I suspected I did. I could only deduce that the reason for us both being there a night early might have to do with the dogs. I had introduced Carol, so perhaps, I was also to introduce Laura. It was an intriguing consideration, but I patiently waited for whatever it was to unfold. She smiled and calmly undressed on the patio in front of us, Carol taking each of her garments and folding them on the patio table. She was reaching behind her back to undo the clips to her bra when her eyes went to the dog licking my naked hip. Her bra loosened and fell to her elbows, exposing her breast when I could see in her eyes the thought clicking into realization.

She looked at me, then turned to Carol, handing her the bra, "The demonstration you said was going to be given at the party ..." she turned to the dogs, "... the dogs?"

Carol chuckled and nodded. She explained how I had spent some time with them and introduced her to canine sex. At first, Carol thought of a canine sex demonstration with her and me, but then she remembered how much Laura liked to extend her sexual experiences and fussed so much about not getting enough opportunities to experience new things. Carol thought if she tried to explain it over the phone Laura might not have consented. "Somethings", she said, "were best being surprises."

Laura gasped out her reply, "I've never ... you know I have never done anything like that."

"That's why they call it new experiences, dear. Don't fret. Samantha is a wonderful guide. She'll have you wanting more canine sex before you know it." She smiled at me, "I know first-hand." She put her arm around the woman, "But, we'll get to all of that, later. Bob, why don't you get us some drinks."

As Bob left, I asked the question I had been wondering, "Laura, how did you come to know these two?"

Laura went into a little description of her relationship. She lived in Phoenix where she had a good management job at a major bank. But, she had a strong desire for increased sexual experience, and she was terrified to let that desire have too much acceptance in her life. Carol and Bob provided an outlet through the swinger's group, not to mention other weekends with them in between.

As Bob returned with a tray containing the drinks, Carol took Laura by the shoulders, "She isn't giving you the full impression, Samantha. This woman has nearly the highest sex drive I have seen. You, Samantha, are right there, too. I think the difference is that you have your friend Albert to arrange these meetings and Laura is in a position to worry about her career and reputation because of that career." She gave Laura a kiss on the cheek and I could see she was a bit uncomfortable with the details coming out to someone she had just met.

I looked at Carol, then to Laura, "Can I have a talk with you for a minute?" She nodded, so with our drinks in hand, we walked to the other side of the yard. "You looked as surprised by this as I was. Are you okay?"

She nodded and held out her arms, "I'm naked, aren't I?" We both laughed. She hugged me. "Thank you, though. I appreciate the concern. There is enough discretion in the group, but they are more interested in their own pleasure. Having an outside participant, even one who has been with them several times, seems to be a chance to maximize their pleasure." She looked concerned by what she said, then added, "Not Carol and Bob, though." I smiled. "Of course, you already know them."

"Laura, I think we will get along just fine. I think we are a lot alike." I turned to head back to the couple, but she stopped me with her hand on my arm.

"In the group, they call me 'Laura C'. There is another Laura already in the group. Just so you know ..."

"Well, I am not of the group, you will remain Laura to me." She smiled.

She did not proceed, though. "You really do it with dogs? I never even thought about ... anything but humans."

I smiled. "Dogs, yes. Harley and I are very familiar with each other. But ... other animals, too. But,

Carol seems intent on you trying a dog. She seems intent on you performing with one tomorrow night. Between you and me, I hope you try it. I am sure you will love it. About tomorrow night, though, if you think it will be too soon to be in front of others, don't worry, I can take both of them." I leaned into her and whispered, "I have done much more in front of others."

She took my hand. "Thank you. I want to talk to you more about all of this. Yes, I will try the dog, but you'll show me?"

"Every step of the way." And, we rejoined Carol and Bob.

This woman, Laura C, was not really young, but certainly younger than me, and was someone I found I could strongly relate to. In ways, she reminded me of myself. We shared the same desires and needs, she was fortunate, however, to be strong and self-assured about who and what she was to be able to manage it and she did. She avoided the mistakes I had made in my life. At least, it appeared to be true. That did not mean she did not continue to struggle with all the feelings; she did, and we would talk about it and I knew she would talk to Carol about it, as well. She was fortunate enough to have consulted with a counselor who told her it was better to accept it and give it recognition, even if she was not going to release it. At least, then, she could attempt to manage it. The "it" was, of course, a sexual drive that literally scared the hell out of her. Yes, someone I could relate to.

For the time being, Bob and Carol seemed content to allow Laura and me to gain comfort and familiarity with other before springing the full canine issue on her. They sat on the couch in the family room while Laura and I engaged in some mutual pussy loving. Soon, the sounds of moans and gasps were not just from Laura and me. Bob and Carol were soon partially undressed on the couch as they used our display to ignite their own play. Laura was a gifted lover. I had suspected as much with men, but I was pleased to experience her abilities in arousing me to an orgasm as I did for her.

That night, we gathered in the family room for a discussion of Carol's thoughts for the coming party with the swinger group. I moved to a blanket Carol had placed on the floor in the center of the room and called Harley. Carol then encouraged Laura to join me so she could have a better view of what I was doing and what the dog would be doing.

She watched intently as I placed Harley on his side, encouraging the cock out of the sheath with first my fingers, then my tongue, lips, and mouth. Glancing her way, I could see she found just that part amazing. Nobody thinks much about the penis of other species, at least not until it becomes important. I gave her opportunities to see how different the shape compared to a man.

I wanted to show her, though, that I held no reservation in treating it any differently than I might a man's cock. I hungrily used my tongue and mouth on Harley's cock, taking it deep into my mouth. Harley had become a trooper in front of others and remained calm throughout, his cock quickly extending out of the sheath to a length of about four inches. At this point, I sat back on my heels while continuing to stroke my canine mate.

I looked at her while petting Harley's side and belly, "My preference is having a good amount of cock out of the sheath before having him mount me. Dogs, and animals in general, are not able to see where they are putting their cock, so they probe and jab in an effort to sink into the pussy. The dog's cock has a bone in it that can be brutal with enough jabbing. So, I use my hand to guide it in me. You can determine your own preference, of course, but I encourage you to consider the easy way."

With that, I moved to my hands and knees, patted my butt and Harley scrambled to his feet, sniffing

my ass before giving it and my pussy several licks. I wiggled my butt and pushed his snout away but telling Laura that the feel of a dog licking is amazing and she should indulge sometime when she has the chance. She watched intently as Harley suddenly jump onto my back. She leaned over to watch my hand move between my legs and provide a guide for the cock to find its way into me. That interest told me she would be doing this herself soon. She seemed to be game for many things sexual, even if she had not previously experienced them.

I gasped at the aggressive initial penetration and soon he was going crazy on top of me. With only a moment of pause to reposition himself, Harley's hind-end thrust into me with an energy that always feels amazing. I braced myself underneath him and made no attempt to match the furious fucking. With gasps, I told her to raise his tail and look. She did as I instructed, a bit tentatively perhaps being concerned that Harley might be nervous by the touch. Then, I heard her gasp.

"What is that?! Is that normal? It must be ... but ... you mean that is going inside you?"

Even through my gasps and moans at the fucking Harley was giving me, I managed to reply, "The knot ... it forms ... to tie ... to hold him ... to his bitch ... to increase the ... likelihood of ... insemination." I pressed back against Harley and the knot slowly spreading my pussy open. "Yes ... inside ... the best part ... of dogs."

I cried out, but it wasn't a cry of pain or distress but of the completion of the effort, the stretching of my pussy and what feelings that involved, and the sudden fullness of having that ball of dog flesh fill me. I wanted to convey that to her somehow, but I was too consumed to talk. I settled for a simple smile to her that I hoped expressed what I was feeling. It wasn't long after that I literally exploded in orgasm. A combination of what Harley can do to me and the exhibitionistic display before this intently watching woman.

It took minutes before we separated. In the meantime, I rotated, pulled and pushed against knot stuck inside me. Harley turned by lifting his leg over me so we were ass-to-ass. From the sounds, this seemed to amaze her. This time, she lifted the tail in her own curiosity, seeing the ball of cock flesh just inside my distended pussy lips. I told her the rotation and pulling against the knot would sometimes take me to another orgasm. It didn't that time, but I clearly enjoyed the knot while being tied.

After some recovery, I looked to Laura. She gave me a simple nod of ascent. I put my hand out to her, telling her I would assist her in duplicating everything she had just witnessed. As she quickly and eagerly moved to experience her first dog, Blackie, in the same manner, I heard Carol to Bob, "She always talked about needing more sex, and I just knew there was a lot more inside her. Look how she doesn't seem bothered at all by the idea of being fucked by a dog and her eagerness to duplicate that action in front of us in her first time."

And, I could see she was right. Laura was not only showing her eagerness to do this now, to be fucked by a dog, something that she never, ever fantasized about, but the idea of doing it in front of others with me at her side assisting, wantonly being bred by the dog, professed another side of her sexuality she would not be able to ignore in the future.

We knelt on the same blanket before Carol and Bob, gently stroking Blackie who I had just called and positioned on his side. I talked her through what she had just witnessed me doing. I was correct about her attentiveness earlier; she nodded as I talked through the stages, her face showing the connection of what she just saw with what I was now verbally reinforcing.

I went to Blackie's head, mostly to reassure Laura, while she tentatively approached the dog's belly

and sheath with her hands and fingers. Her own hand moved to the dog's side, gently stroking it, as her fingers carefully moved along the sheath. I could see the interest in her expression as the reddish tip poked out of the sheath, then another inch of cock.

"Go ahead," I said to her, "touch the tip with your tongue. See what you think of dog pre-cum."

She didn't hesitate, she bent over further, placing the tip of her tongue on the tip of the cock and licked off the drop of pre-cum that had formed there. Her mouth retreated only a few inches as she seemed to consider the taste, but without saying anything, her mouth returned to the exposed cock and took it between her lips. This was certainly not the first time she had a cock in her mouth. I watched with pleasure as her mouth and tongue worked the dog's cock.

She removed her mouth, considered the cock that had been inside it, and looked up at me. She didn't ask the question, but I answered it. "Yes ... good ... now would be an excellent time to move into position. Give him your ass and he will have an idea of what to do."

She gave the dog a final stroke along its side, then moved to her hands and knees, her butt pointed at the dog. Blackie had some experience, but not much. He rose to his feet and sniffed up to the woman's butt. She flinched at the feeling of his nose against her butt cheeks, then again when his tongue shot out to lick her ass, finding the location between her cheeks, and bringing a gasp from her when his tongue made contact with her pussy. She spread her knees further and enjoyed the dog's tongue as he found greater access and licked at the source of the scent, finding her own secretion to encourage his licking.

I continued to encourage her with guiding words, "Gently move his snout away from your pussy and pat your ass. Wiggle it in the process and he should mount you. It will be 60 to 70 pounds, so be ready for it. Also, be ready with your hand to assist his cock in finding your hole."

Her response was a soft gasping reply, "Oh god, I'm really going to do this."

She did exactly as I instructed. Blackie jumped onto her back and his cock slipped into her pussy with just a bit of fumbling. I smiled at her as her mouth formed a perfect 'O' and her breath came out in long sighs. This was a woman who would become an expert in mating dogs, there was no question in my mind.

Her head sagged from her shoulders as Blackie grasped her tightly around the waist and began fucking into her with a ferociousness she had never before experienced. All she could utter through gasps was, "Oh ... my ... god." Over and over it came out like a mantra.

She was braced like I had been as the black dog pounded into her. When I heard her exclamations suddenly change, I knew exactly what was happening. She was feeling the knot at her pussy entrance. I leaned in close to her head, "Press back against him, Laura. He wants that knot inside you. It is part of his DNA in mating. But, believe me when I say, you want it, too. I can see what you are, Laura. You will come to love the knots from dogs. I know you will."

She cried out and pressed back against the dog. When it passed inside her, she screamed, but followed that with, "Oooooohhhhhh ... Godddddd ... yessssssssss!" She was cumming. And there was more to follow. Even before her orgasm ended, she announced in a loud and clear voice that the dog was cumming inside her. And, she peaked, again. By this point, she collapsed, her chest and face against the blanket. Her ass was still in the air, tied to the dog who turned to be ass-to-ass. A broad and satisfied smile spread over her face as she breathed in deep and sighed out.

The next day, Laura and I switched dogs just for her curiosity. She confided that the fuck was similar

as the previous night, but there did seem to be something different, smoother, and satisfying when Harley. I confided back to her that I often felt the same way. Other dogs can be enjoyable, certainly, but a dog used to mating with a human female seemed to display a subtle quality, slightly gentler and comfortable in the act. The night at the party didn't quite go as Carol had planned. Laura couldn't go through with participating in the demonstration with the dogs in front of the other couples. That meant that it was up to me to thrill the others with the bestial demonstration that served the intended purpose of stimulating the group to a fever pitch.

As an additional twist, someone suggested I be blindfolded before taking the dogs. I had to admit, it added something for me, too. I was blindly groping for the dogs, stimulating them without knowing which I was sucking, licking or being mounted by. In my first fuck, though, I realized it was Harley. As Laura said, there was something different.

While being mated by the 2 dogs, someone (I was blindfolded) put clamps onto my nipples with something having sharp, biting points. This was the part Albert mentioned to me. Although I was surprised when it happened, I remembered and tried to relax. Then, the tension increased, pulling my nipples harder. I would find out later from Laura that steel ball weights were suspended from the clamps. She said it was a wild sight. My breasts were swinging from the fucking by the dogs, but the ball weights suspended from my nipples swung wildly. I knew exactly, because the tension and biting into my nipples was intense. It was exciting and very stimulating. Later, Laura quizzed me some about the feeling and I had confessed that it increased my initial orgasm.

I lost track of anyone else for a long time, but I occasionally encountered Laura involved with a couple or several men at the same time, as I was. I remembered at one point being taken in a double penetration by two of the men, pussy and ass. After that, I seemingly floated from naked body to naked body, not caring if it was male or female, single or couple. It was during that phase of the evening that I looked into the woman's eyes I was kissing. It was Laura. I had simply turned to the person who was pulling at me. I rolled into the arms of someone with breasts. I didn't care, male or female, at that point. But, seeing her smiling at me, feeling her body against mine, I smiled back at her and smothered her mouth with mine.

Later, Laura and I were collected late at night and we returned to Bob and Carol's where we collapsed together into a sound sleep. But, not before I wrapped my arms around her and whispered into her ear, "I hope we meet sometime, again, Laura. I would like that very much."

Three weeks after that night, Carol called. She said Laura had an interview for a peculiar job offering in Florida. Bob had pried through some contacts at the Phoenix bank, but nobody seemed to have many details. Laura only shared that the interviewing and job requirements were uniquely suited to her. After getting off the phone, Albert asked what the matter was.

"I knew her for only a few days, but ... silly ... she reminded me of a more fortunate me. She made me wonder what my life might have been if certain times would have been different."

"Are you sorry for the way your life turned out?"

I hugged him tightly and just then I heard the crunch of pickup tires on the gravel outside. The Apache Nation had arrived for dinner and ... well, whatever might happen. I smiled at him, "No, silly man, I could not be sorry. I was never as strong or self-assured as she appears to be. Besides, my weakness gave me a wonderful son. And, my depression gave me you." I kissed him and I heard Harley barking at Wolf and Bear, his friendly, greeting barks. I looked deeply into his eyes, "I love you, Albert. With all my soul. I hope that is okay ..."

He smiled and took my hands to his lips and kissed them. "Okay? I am happier than I thought I could ever again experience."

He unbuttoned my simple dress, pushed it off my shoulders, took my hand in his, and led me to the front to greet the guys.

**THE END**