

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES





CHAPTER ONE

Brenda Tucker liked to ride bareback.

Brenda was a nubile young teenager and she loved to feel her crotch slide around on the horse's back. She could get her rocks off that way, creaming her jeans and lathering the horse's broad back. Zeus seemed to like it, too. Zeus was a stallion.

Brenda was riding down the lane that led away from the farm where she lived. Many of the

farmhouses in the neighborhood had been modernized and converted into country homes for people from the city, but Brenda lived on a proper working farm, with harvests and animals. She had little respect for the newcomers, the city slickers. But she had a lot of respect for the stallion, especially for his mighty prick.

Brenda was fond of pricks.

Now she leaned limberly sideways, one fist clutching the horse's mane, and gazed under the animal. Sure enough, his cock was starting to stiffen. The girl smiled impishly. She had been pretty sure that the stallion would get a hard-on while she squirmed around on his back. She loved the idea of turning a stallion on. The sight of that big prick starting to get hard really inspired the naughty teenager. She squirmed around more, her slim thighs tightening around the animal's flanks as she worked her crotch up and down his spine.

Brenda was wearing denim shorts and a tee shirt.

The fact that she wore no bra under the tee shirt was obvious, because her stiff nipples were standing out in little peaks. The shorts were very short, tucked up into her crotch. A wisp of blonde pubic hair curled out from the leghole and the crotch-piece was soaking wet with the flood of her pussy-juices. A creamy ribbon of the juice was trickling down her smooth thigh and onto the stallion's back, lathering him with the liquids of her lust.

Zeus tossed his head and snorted.

Brenda ran her hand down his powerful, arched neck.

"I know what you want, boy," she whispered.

The stallion pricked up his ears. Brenda slid her foot down under his belly and began to rub her heel against his prick. It stiffened at the touch. But then she stopped. She was afraid that the stallion might shoot his heavy wad if she rubbed him too long with her heel... and the girl had better uses for the animal's hot load.

Just then a pick-up truck came down the lane, billowing dust in its wake.

Brenda drew the horse to the edge of the track to give the truck room to pass. The truck slowed and the driver looked out at her, a big grin on his face. Brenda knew him. He was Mike Rowley, a local handyman. He wasn't bad looking and Brenda smiled back at him. The truck was passing at a mere crawl and, for a moment, Brenda thought that Mike was going to stop. She hoped not, though. Brenda wouldn't have minded giving Mike a fuck, not at all, but at the moment she had that massive horse prick to take care of.

She hoped Mike hadn't noticed that the stallion had a hard-on. And if he had noticed, she hoped that he would not realize what she was going to do with that hard-on.

But then Mike winked and speeded up.

Mike, too, had something else to do right now. He was on his way to seduce - or rape - a woman.

Brenda waited until the truck had turned out of sight. The stallion was quivering under her. She could feel the tension of his body in her crotch and between her slim thighs, causing her to tingle all over. Her nipples shot out like bullets and her clit sparked. She was smiling, because she was about to do a very naughty thing... and naughty things always made Brenda smile. But there was nothing

humorous about the look in her big blue eyes. They glowed with pure passion.

“C’mon, boy,” she said.

Brenda neck-reined the horse, heading him toward a nearby grove of trees. The stallion snorted. He seemed to have a pretty good idea what was going to happen now. It had happened before.

They rode into the trees, a sun-dappled glade that was hidden from the lane by the trunks and the leafy boughs.

Zeus halted automatically.

Brenda slid gracefully down from the animal’s broad back. Her plump tits bounced merrily and her tight little ass squirmed around in the tight-fitting shorts. A ribbon of cunt-juice was running slowly down the inside of her leg and there was a pool of the creamy stuff welled up in the crotchband.

She stood off to the side, looking at the horse’s cock and balls in profile. She loved to look at the stallion’s prick... for starters. Now his prick got longer and fatter, as if her gaze was caressing him. His cockshaft stretched out under his belly and the dark knob came squeezing out from its leathery sheath, a huge slab of cockmeat that was making the horny girl’s mouth water. The very sight was making her dizzy with desire. Brenda liked all pricks, even human ones, but she preferred the stallion’s mighty fuck-tool, by far.

“Yummy,” the teenager sighed.

She licked her lips in happy anticipation.

The stallion tossed his head, mane flowing and rippling, one wild black eye turned on the girl.

“You want me to do something about that nice big hard-on, don’t you, boy?” Brenda whispered. “Something nice.”

The horse’s prick, almost fully erect by this time, heaved with a powerful surge of energy. Zeus pawed at the grassy earth and made a moist nickering sound.

Brenda giggled.

That moist sound seemed to hint at just what the stallion wanted her to do to him.

Brenda pulled her tee shirt off.

She didn’t want to get cum on it.

Then Brenda unsnapped her shorts and she tugged them down, her lithe hips squirming and her juicy ass wriggling. She stepped out of the shorts. She was wearing no panties and her cunt was awash with juice. She cupped her hand over her crotch and gave it a squeeze. She shuddered at the sensation. But then she drew her hand away again. She was not ready for a handjob yet.

She stepped up, then sank to her knees beside the horse’s flank. The horse stood still, his haunches quivering slightly in anticipation of the pleasure he was about to enjoy. Brenda was quivering plenty, herself, now. The girl really loved to milk that massive prick and drain the stallion’s huge balls.

She reached under him, palm upward, and began to run her hand along the length of his prick, from his bloated balls to his flaring cockhead. His fat fuckrod throbbed in her hand. She began stroking

the underside of his prickmeat with both hands. His cock was so stiff that it was vibrating like a tuning fork and that vibration ran up her arms and set the girl's body to trembling in the same tempo.

She blew her warm breath onto his cockhead.

The great prick flared out wildly.

His piss-slit was gaping open and now a drop of thick milky jism came bubbling out. It ran down the dark meat of his cockhead in a creamy trickle. Brenda whimpered when she saw that. It looked like a glob of evaporated milk, she thought, but she knew from past experience that it was a lot more delicious than milk.

Her mouth was as hot as her cunt by this time. It even felt like a cunt, her lips like cunt-lips and her tongue tingling every bit as much as her clit.

She leaned in, pushed her tongue out and slowly drew in the tip of the horse's cockhead, gathering up the hot cum-drop. She let it roll around on her taste buds for a moment, savoring the flavor of stallion jizz, adoring the taste and the texture of the slimy nugget. Then she tossed her head back and let it run down her throat.

"Ummmm," she purred.

Brenda was thinking that there was nothing as delicious as a stallion's cum, lapped from a stallion's prick. She loved the taste of the horse's cockmeat and she adored his jism.

That first drop had made the girl ravenous for more. She rubbed her hands up and down, milking another fat droplet from his piss-slit. She tongued it up and swallowed it.

The horse's cock bucked in her hands.

Brenda was worried that the dumb brute might suddenly blow his wad, while she was still kneeling beside him, instead of where she wanted the delicious load. She squirmed under the animal, sitting on the ground with her knees drawn up and her excited face poised directly in front of the head of his cock. She could look right down his parted piss-slit, inside his prick. She saw more cum bubbling inside his knob and she whimpered with the sight. She fitted her hands around his prickshaft, just behind the throbbing cockhead. She could not quite span the breadth of his prick with her two hands.

She began to slowly jack his cock up and down.

As her hands pulled back, his cockhead flared. Brenda gave a little gasp and leaned forward, sticking her tongue out. She began to lick at his dark cockhead, lightly at first, then laved all over the huge stab of prickmeat with long, slurping tongue-strokes. She pushed her tongue right up inside his piss-slit.

Zeus humped, pushing his rubbery cockhead into the girl's face and tilting her head back. She continued to lap at his prick. Then she kissed the tip of his prick and let her mouth slowly open as wide as she could. She could not quite manage to fit his massive cockhead into her mouth, but she was able to get most of it in, collaring the dark-meated wedge with her lips.

She sucked, her cheeks hollowing in and her lips turning almost inside out as they pulled at his prickmeat. Her tongue was still working merrily away, sliding around against the underside of his

knob. Her hands skimmed up and down his fuckrod, jacking the brute faster now, eager for him to fill her hungry mouth with his load, yearning for a dose of hot, thick, creamy stallion jism.

Pre-cum was trickling onto her tongue. Her tastebuds tingled with the flavor. A little jet of his precious cum hit the back of her throat. Another jet splashed into her cheek. Her face was contorted by lust now, a mask of pure desire. She knew that it would not be long before the animal blew his wad and she sucked for all she was worth, fairly inhaling his prickmeat. She loved sucking on that mighty slab of dusky cockhead and wouldn't have minded at all if the horse did not shoot for a long time. But now that she realized he was nearing the peak, she became wild for his slimy cum.

As she sucked and tongued, she continued to pull his prick back and forth with her hands, jacking him into her mouth.

The stallion's massive prick expanded mightily between her stroking hands and his cockhead swelled in her mouth, spreading her lips out wide around the slab.

"Ooooooh," the cum-hungry teenager moaned - knowing that it was coming, that the horse was just about to shoot his load.

Suddenly her mouth was full of cum.

The slimy cream flooded into her, tilting her head back as Zeus hosed her throat with jism. She gagged and gasped. Her hands pumped up and down as fast as she could, milking the horse's cock into her greedy mouth in a frenzy of cum-drinking lust. She sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked. She kept jacking and sucking, and the stallion kept pouring the cum into her mouth. There was too much of the thick stuff for Brenda to drink it all, even as cum-hungry as the girl was. The foaming jism overflowed her stretched lips and ran down her chin. Thick drops splashed onto her thrusting tits and a trickle curled down her cleavage, then ran into her belly button.

Another spurt hit her throat, whitewashing her tonsils.

Brenda gurgled with the joy of it. She just couldn't get enough of the succulent stuff. She wanted to swallow jizz until her belly was blown up like a balloon.

But Zeus stopped spurting it into her then. The last few drops came out in a trickle. At last his mighty balls were emptied. Brenda kept right on sucking, though, to make sure that she had nursed out every last precious drop and worked off every spasm of his orgasm.

She swallowed the last mouthful greedily.

Her slender throat worked as she gulped it down. Then she drew her lips off of the stallion's dark cockmeat. She kissed his pricktup fondly and affectionately, as if out of gratitude for the lovely load of jism it had spurted into her voracious mouth. A glob of cum oozed from the cleft of his massive cockhead. It surprised Brenda. Where in hell did that come from? she wondered. It disturbed her a little; when Brenda milked a cock, she liked to get every available drop. But she guessed that the horse's prick was so long that it must take a few seconds for the final drops to run from his balls to his knob. She would have to remember that in the future - to keep sucking for at least a full minute after the horse had shot his load.

She tongued the last glob up.

Then she used her hot, nimble tongue to lave all over his meaty knob and down his leathery prickshaft, gathering up whatever cum had escaped her lips and trickled down there.

She leaned back, a dreamy smile on her cum-soaked lips, jism glistening on her chin, on her thrusting tits, and on her belly. What a delicious load, she thought. Brenda guessed that she would rather drink cum than just about anything. She liked to come, herself, of course, but that was no problem. Now that she was all worked up from blowing the stallion she would climax at a touch. She could simply rub her clit, or she could finger-fuck her cunt, or she could mount that stallion, naked, and squirm around on his back until her pussy melted.

She gazed at his cock again.

Someday Brenda wanted to have the stallion fuck her. But she was a little afraid to try it because his cock was so damned big. His prick might not fit up her cunt. It might stretch her out of shape. Maybe after a horse had fucked her, her pussy would be too cavernous for a man's cock. A guy might not make contact at all when he slid his human prick up a stallion-stretched cunt.

Brenda thought that it would be a good idea to get some other girl or woman to fuck the stallion first, so that Brenda could check her pussy out afterward and see if it had retained its new dimensions or sunk pliantly back to a normal size. But she didn't know any other girls that would be willing to fuck a horse... at least not as far as she knew, because it wasn't exactly the sort of thing that a girl talks about. Bestiality was not as common as normal fucking and sucking, but it was not as uncommon as Brenda thought, as she was going to discover.

Now she was looking at the horse's cock and wondering how to get her rocks off most satisfyingly.

Following his massive ejaculation, the stallion's big prick had softened a bit and was drooping down in a long curve, the dark knob pointed at the ground. But his cockhead was still pushed out from its leathery sheath and foreskin, still semi-hard.

Brenda decided that she would cream on the horse's cock. She wasn't going to actually try to fuck the brute, but she knew it would feel wonderful to rub his black knob around in her cunt-lips. Semi-hard as it was, his pricktup was already aimed at her belly. Brenda grinned impishly. She sat back on her tight little ass and raised her knees, opening her slim thighs.

Her cunt was foaming heavily and ribbons of pussy-juice were seeping down into the crack of her ass and fertilizing the grassy earth beneath her groin. She looked down at her cunt, seeing it framed between her plump tits. She thought that her pussy looked delicious. She wished that she were limber enough to go down on herself and to eat her own pussy out. She had tried it once but her tongue wouldn't quite reach.

Now she spread her cunt-lips open with her fingers. She let a few drops of saliva drip from her lips and fall right into her fuckslot. Then she ran her fingers up her pussy and brought them to her mouth, licking the cunt-juice from them and then slipping them into her mouth, bunched up together into a cock-shaped mass. She sucked on them happily, thinking how nice it would be to suck a prick that had just come out of a cunt. The horny little horsefucker was getting herself really worked up with her wild imagination. She leaned forward and kissed the horse's pricktup. Then she scooped up more cunt-juice, lapping it from her cupped palm like a cat slurping cream from a bowl. There was still a trickle of horse cum on her belly. She scooped that up too, and rubbed it into her pussy. The girl raised her hand to her mouth again, licking and sucking up the spicy blend of cunt-juice and stallion cum.

Zeus arched his neck, gazing down at her, sensing that there was more to come and standing patiently.

Brenda took the head of his prick between her two cupped hands and tilted her crotch up. She drew

his dark-meated fuckslab down into her frothy cunt, shivering at the contact.

The stallion's knob flared in her pussy-lips.

"Ahhhh," she sighed.

She closed her thighs around his cockshaft, behind the knob, holding his bloated prickmeat snug in her crotch. Then she began to wriggle around, working her cunt against his bloated cockhead. Her pussy-lips gaped wide open. Her cunt was sucking on the horse's cockhead just the way her mouth had before. Her cunt-lips were plastered to his dark prickmeat, clamped on him like a suction cup.

Brenda thought that with just a little stretching, she might get his cockhead wedged up her fuckhole. She wouldn't be able to take all of his prick, of course. The damned thing was just about as long as her whole torso. But she might get two feet of it stuck up her, and what a lovely prospect that was.

As soon as possible, Brenda wanted to find some woman who was willing to fuck her stallion so that Brenda, reassured about the elasticity of a cunt, could fuck him, herself.

For now, she would cream on his knob.

She folded her legs around his prickshaft, holding him in a scissor grip, as she writhed on his cockhead.

Her slender body arched deeply and she bridged, lifting her ass up from the ground. Her hips rotated and her pelvis jolted and her ass churned wildly. She felt the horse's prick began to stiffen. His cockhead swelled in her pussy.

He was getting hard again.

Brenda loved that idea and she began to jack him with her legs, using her knees and thighs to pump his prick into her cunt. As the stallion's cock got harder, it rose higher under his belly. Clinging to the knob, Brenda was lifted right up with it.

"Ahhhh... ooooooh," she purred.

Her sleek thighs caressed his hot fuckrod and she ground her cunt onto his knob. His cockmeat slipped around in her creamy pussy. The stallion's prick was on the rampage again, jolting and throbbing, shaking the girl around on the end of it.

The stallion's haunches tightened. He pawed at the earth with one hind hoof, then started to hump in a fucking motion. The dumb brute had seemed to understand that he could not fuck Brenda in the mouth and that if he had humped when she was blowing him he would have pushed her sweet mouth away. But now, with her riding his prick, he was able to get into his stride.

He humped faster. Brenda clung to his prick with her scissored legs, riding his mighty, meaty cock like a lumberjack on a log. Her whole body shifted back and forth under his belly.

His prickshaft pulsed between her thighs and his cockhead was swelling more with every stroke, filling her whole juicy pussy with bloated fuckmeat. Back and forth the girl rode - a bareback ride beyond her wildest imaginings. She had never done it this way before, but she loved it!

"Cum," she whimpered. "Cum up my cunt!"

The horse nickered. The girl whined. They were riding toward the crest together. The stallion was going full tilt now, humping at the gallop. His whole powerful body was rippling and trembling. She saw that his massive ball-sac was full again, big as a melon, loaded up with another dose of precious horse cum.

Brenda yearned for that load, she wanted to feel it squirt right up her fuckhole. She was trying to hold her own orgasm back, to wait so that she could cream when the horse filled her with jism. Waves of joy were already coursing across her belly and running up her thighs, and her clit was like a detonator, ready to set off the explosive blast of her climax.

“Cum!” she cried again, pleading for it.

Her ass skimmed over the grassy ground as the horse drew back, then lifted high as he thrust.

Her legs continued to jack him. As Zeus thrust, she drew her knees up and as he withdrew she straightened her legs. His prick felt like a heated crowbar between her thighs and his cockhead felt like a molten ball of iron in her pussy.

The stallion was snorting, nostrils flaring. He tossed his head, his eyes wild and the whites exposed, his mouth foaming. He was like some giant fucking machine gone berserk and out of control. Brenda was as wild as the horse. Her eyes were rolling and she was drooling. Each time Zeus jabbed into her pussy, she gave a little gasp, then she moaned and panted as he pulled back, dragging her with him.

His prick thundered.

She felt his jism coming! His huge cockshaft expanded between her clutching legs as the heavy load rushed up his cum-tube. Brenda let her own orgasm come crashing to the peak and, as she did so, the horse’s cum spurting out of the head of his cock and hosed her pussy. She cried out in ecstasy. The hot jism was poured right up her open fuckhole, soaking into her cunt in a river of cream.

Her cunt was melting like a wax candle around a flaming wick, her pussy cream flooding out and mingling with the horse’s jism. A watershed of juice poured from her pussy. Horse cum spurting up through her blonde pubic thicket and onto her belly. Brenda was fucking madly, ass and hips grinding. Another spurt of horse cum shot up her belly and into the cleavage between her fat tits. She scooped it up with her hand, then poured it into her mouth.

The stallion’s cum was hitting her cunt with such force that, if she had not been clinging so tenaciously, she would have been blown right off the head of his prick. She felt as if she were standing astride Old Faithful when the geyser erupted.

Spasm after spasm shook her slender body. She was in the joyful embrace of a multiple orgasm, coming time after time. The waves of her ecstasy crashed through her in sequence. She was so hot that she half expected her pussy to ignite, to suddenly burst into flames, flames that would be quenched in the flood of her cunt-juice and hosed by the horse’s massive dose of jism.

His cockhead was throbbing in her cunt and cream was pouring down from her frenzied pussy.

“Oh, my God!” she wailed.

Another geyser flooded her hot fuckhole and another load of pussy-juice gushed out to mingle with the cum. Then the stallion began to slow down. She rode back and forth on his slowing prick, still wildly squirming on his cockhead, desperately working off the last of her orgasms on his spurting

prickmeat.

Zeus was drained.

His prick softened and sank, lowering her ass to the ground again. Brenda churned her hips and cried out as the final wave of her multiple orgasms ripped through her. Limp with her climax, she slid off the horse's prick and lay panting under him. His cockhead bobbed up and down over her loins like a horizontal pendulum. Cum was dripping from his pricktup and falling onto her belly. Brenda squirmed down so that her face was directly under his cockhead. She opened her mouth and pushed out her tongue. The thick cum drops continued to fall from his knob, splashing onto her face now, falling onto her tongue and into her open mouth.

The last drops fell and Brenda swallowed the precious slime. Then she raised up on her elbows and began to tongue the head of the horse's massive cock, lapping up cum and cunt-juice from his softening prickmeat with utter delight.

She licked his cockhead until it glistened.

Then she lay back with a contented sigh, her whole pussy lathered with horse cum, the cunt-juice still running out of her fuckhole. Both Brenda and Zeus were satiated.

And both were looking forward to the next time.

But it was time to return to the farm.

Brenda had to do something about her juice-filled cunt before she put her shorts back on. She had to mop it up. She scooped the slime up with her hand and, not wanting to waste a precious drop, lapped it up with her nimble tongue. Brenda was completely satisfied now and not passionate, yet the naughty horse lover adored horse cum so much that she drank it even when she wasn't horny. She scooped up four handfuls and swallowed it down happily. If the stallion had still suffered a hard-on, Brenda would gladly have sucked him off again. She loved to suck horse prick even when her cunt was cool.

That was one lucky horse.

With her cunt mopped up, Brenda squirmed back into her denim shorts. They were already damp at the crotch, but nothing like they would have been if she hadn't mopped up. She pulled her tee shirt on. The horse was placidly munching grass. She grabbed a handful of mane, hooked a leg over and swung lithely onto his back.

"Giddup," she commanded.

Zeus, who liked to please his rider in every way, moved out from the grove of trees. They returned to the lane and headed back the way they had come, at a sedate pace.

On the way, they passed one of the modernized, converted farmhouses. Brenda had seen the people who lived there. The woman was elegant and fashionable. Brenda felt sorry for her. Girls from the city did not have fun the way a country girl did, she thought.

But Brenda was wrong about that...

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## CHAPTER TWO

The huge bull mastiff dog came walking into the back yard of the converted farmhouse with a stiff-legged gait. His big, blunt head turned slowly from side to side, sniffing. His amber eyes glinted and his long, red tongue lolled out.

The dog wanted to get laid.

The big brute had a hard-on, a gigantic fuck-tool quite in proportion to his powerful, two-hundred-pound body. He lusted for someplace to slide that hard-on, someplace hot and wet and slippery. His balls were swollen as big as melons. He needed to empty them.

There was not a bitch in heat in the area. His keen canine senses assured the dog of that. And yet the dumb brute had scented hot pussy. That was why his cock had gotten stiff.

Being a mere dog, the mastiff did not understand this, nor did he question it. A dog does not have a well-developed sense of depravity or morality.

A dog does not realize that bestiality is wrong.

But this dog knew what a hot cunt was and how it pulled on his prick until he shot his wad, and now the huge animal was being driven wild by that definite aroma of hot pussy.

The delicious scent seemed to come from the farmhouse.

He sniffed, puzzled. There seemed to be two separate and distinct scents, two hot cunts, the aromas wafting over him together. He eyed the house balefully. He wanted to go up and scratch on the back door. But he was hesitant. He was brave enough, but he was not inclined to approach strange humans who sometimes hit him with a stick. With a little grunt, the big brute curled up, his head resting on his forepaws.

He was going to wait there... although he had no idea what it was that he was waiting for. That aroma was compelling to him, it drew him like a magnet. His cock stayed stiff. He was belly down on the ground and his big prick was plowing a furrow into the earth. His hindquarters twitched a little, sliding his cock along the ground. He rumbled in his throat.

The mastiff was named Samson.

Samson was going to get lucky.

The woman who lived in the converted farmhouse was named Molly Turner. She was entertaining her good friend, Claire Dupont, at the moment. They were sitting in the spacious kitchen, with the copper pots hung on pegs on the wall but the appliances all modern, drinking coffee and talking about their love-lives.

That was why the mastiff smelled hot cunt.

The women were horny.

"I get so damned frustrated, sometimes," said elegant Claire. Claire was a tall, slender blonde with lovely long legs, a taut ass and a tiny waist. She had blue eyes and a wide, sensual mouth that seemed to have been designed for sucking on a prick. Claire did not look like the sort of woman who would have to remain frustrated for long, should she want to take a lover. She was the sort of

woman into whom any man would love to sink his prick.

“Yeah, me too,” Molly agreed.

Molly was a nice contrast to Claire. She had long, dark hair and flashing brown eyes. She was more rounded than Claire, and softer, with tits like twin balloons – balloons that had been blown up via the stiff valves of her nipples – and a round ass that counterbalanced her tits. Like Claire, Molly could have had almost any man, had she chosen to. A glance from her flashing eyes, the way she sometimes slid her tongue across her lower lip – Molly could drive men wild.

The girls did not know yet that they were driving a frustrated bull mastiff wild.

They sat there with the coffee cups steaming on the table and their cunts steaming between their legs.

The two women had recently moved into two converted farmhouses that were located next to each other on the lane. Their husbands were partners in an advertising agency and, having been successful, decided that they should seek the idyllic life of the countryside instead of living in the crime-plagued city. Molly and Claire had liked the idea, at first. But soon enough they had become bored... and horny. Their husbands still worked in the city and often had to stay overnight entertaining a client or doing a rush job on some project or other. This frustrated both women. They did not like to sleep alone and they both liked to get fucked at least once a day.

Claire said, “I almost got laid yesterday.”

Molly looked interested. “Really?” she said.

Claire shrugged. She said, “I’ve never actually been unfaithful to Harry. I never felt the need to, when he was home every night. But out here in the boondocks...”

“Who was he?” Molly asked.

“Well, it was Mike Rowley.”

Mike Rowley had done some of the work in modernizing both of the women’s farmhouses and still did odd jobs for them.

“Mike, eh? That’s interesting,” Molly said. “He’s a good-looking guy.” She leaned forward. “How far did you go?”

Claire sipped some coffee, then said, “Not very far. But I was awful tempted. I was flirting with him and he kissed me and... well, I let him squeeze my tits and...” She blushed slightly. “And I rubbed his cock, through his pants. He’s got a real big prick, by the way. It was really turning me on to play with it. But I didn’t really want to cheat on Harry, and I was afraid that Mike might talk, too. Boast about it, you know? So I made him stop. Mike wasn’t very happy about it. He called me a cock-teaser.”

“You can’t blame him, huh?”

“If I’d played with his prick any longer, I just wouldn’t have been able to stop myself from fucking him... or sucking him off. Or if I’d let him get his hand on my hot cunt – ohhh! Maybe I should have fucked him, I don’t know. I guess it wouldn’t have done any harm, as long as Harry never found out

about it. Just once, you know... not a love affair or anything, nothing with emotional entanglements or obligations." She grinned. "Just a good, physical fuck."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Molly said.

"Do you cheat on Robert?"

"Naw... but I might, if it just sort of happened."

Claire blushed a little and said, "Hell, a woman needs it, right? I've been frigging my cunt a lot lately."

"Yeah, so do I," Molly admitted.

"But a handjob ain't like the real thing, is it? I mean, it's better than nothing and you get your rocks off, but I always feel a little silly about it - a married woman frigging her pussy! Maybe the next time I go to town I'll stop at one of those sex shops and buy myself a nice cock-shaped vibrator. Or maybe a big rubber prick!"

Molly grinned.

"The kind that lesbians fuck each other with?" she asked.

"With a leather harness and all, right? I'd have to find some girl to use it on me."

"Can I borrow it if you get one?" Molly asked.

"I don't know - I might get jealous of the damned thing." They both giggled at that ridiculous idea. Then Claire looked devilish and said, "I guess you could borrow it... if you used it on my cunt!"

"Naughty girl!" Molly said. Then she added, "It might be kind of fun, at that. Not that we're lesbians or anything, but just sort of fooling around."

"This talk is making me hot," Claire said.

She was looking carefully at Molly, her gaze more serious. She seemed to be pondering something. She raised her coffee cup but didn't drink from it. She gazed through the rising steam.

Claire said, "What I'd really like is to find a man who would suck me off and not demand anything in return. That way, I could come without really cheating on Harry."

"Yeah! That would be great, huh? You really love to get your pussy sucked, huh?"

"I sure do!"

"So do I," Molly said.

Now the horny women were regarding one another with open and obvious speculation.

It was Molly who made the suggestion.

"We could suck each other off," she said, her voice husky. She lowered her eyes and blushed a pretty pink. Then she glanced up again to see how Claire had taken it.

"I guess we could," Claire said.

"Have you ever done it with a girl?" Molly asked.

"No," Claire said.

"Neither have I... but the idea is exciting."

"It's not as if we were lesbians or anything," Claire said, as if that justified it. "I mean, two normal girls can have some fun together without turning into dykes, right? We'd just be doing each other a favor, making each other come."

"It might be a lot of fun," Molly said.

Tension flowed between them like an electric current, bonding them together, confirming a shared desire.

Molly said, "I'd do you, Claire, even if you didn't want to do me. I wouldn't mind."

"No," said Claire. "If we went to bed together, I'd want to suck you off, too. I... I think I'd enjoy it."

"We gonna?" Molly blurted.

"Yeah - let's," Claire said.

Molly stood up, with a little moan.

"Let's go up to the bedroom right now," she said.

Claire, too, got up.

Now that they had made up their minds to give cuntsucking a try, both girls were more than eager to get at it. They would have preferred some cock, however.

It was too bad that they did not realize that there was a big mastiff lying in the back yard with a hard-on and his tongue lolling out. Too bad for them, and tragic for Samson, who was desperate to get his bloated balls emptied.

But Samson was going to have to wait.

Not, however, for long.

Both Molly and Claire were eager to experience the pleasure of lapping a cunt.

Both had often wondered what it would be like to do some cuntsucking and had wondered if the other girl might be willing to try it. It had worked out just right today. They were pretending that they were merely doing each other a favor... but, in fact, both girls were more interested in sucking than in being sucked. They knew damned well what it felt like to have their pussies sucked by a man - both of their husbands were ardent cuntlappers - and knew that it couldn't be a hell of a lot different with a woman. A tongue was a tongue, no matter the sex of the tonguer. So now they were both curious to discover what the other half of the act would be like - curious and lustful, as well. A soft, sexy female body was fascinating and the prospects were exciting.

They went up the stairs together, Molly's hand resting on Claire's taut ass, their hips brushing

together. They were both breathing hard and both smiling with expectations. They shared a pleasant thought that this was going to be a real thrill.

They went into the bedroom. The bed was large and covered with a patchwork quilt. It was a good fucking platform, and Molly hoped it would be a good cuntsucking arena, too.

"Shall we get naked?" Claire asked. Molly nodded. She was already unbuttoning her blouse. Claire began to undress, as well. The girls looked at each other as they stripped. Molly's tits were a little bigger, but both sets were nice and plump and were capped by big, stiff nipples. Molly's dark-haired cuntmound was like a tangled jungle as it dipped into her crotch. Claire's blonde cunt was like a sunlit forest.

"You're making my mouth water," Molly giggled as she stared at Claire's golden cunt.

Those words excited Claire.

She wanted to really turn her friend on.

Thrusting her belly out and tilting her crotch up, she used her fingers to spread her cunt-lips open, revealing her dark inner pussy flesh, streaked with frothy cunt-juice.

"Ooooooh..." Molly purred.

"Like it, Molly?"

"You look yummy."

"You can eat it, baby," Claire whispered.

"I want to!"

"Then I'll eat your pussy, too," Claire declared. "Ohhhh, I'm drooling for a taste of your sweet cunt!"

Molly was dizzy with desire.

She moved to the big bed, then sat on the edge. Claire followed her over and she stood before her, legs apart and slim belly thrusting out. Molly began to lick at Claire's belly button and to run her hands up the insides of Claire's thighs. Claire's cunt steamed in her face. Molly was about to bury her face in the blonde's soaking cunt and start sucking immediately, but then Claire shifted to the side. Claire figured that they shouldn't rush the conclusions, but that they should linger over a little foreplay before they got down to sucking.

She was hot to suck some tit, first.

Claire sat next to Molly on the edge of the bed.

She cupped Molly's fat tit in her hand, feeling her nipple go off like a stick of dynamite in her palm. She pulled on the stiff tip, causing Molly to gasp.

Molly cupped her own tits in her hands, lifting the mounds and deepening the soft cleavage.

"Suck my tits, honey," she moaned.

Claire dropped her head and sucked a fat tit-tip into her lips. She mouthed the brunette's nipple

hungrily, her hot tongue darting over it, then switched across to the other tit.

“Ummm,” she purred.

She ran her tongue up Molly’s cleavage, circling over her fat tit globes, then returning to her nipples. Molly was massaging Claire’s tits with both hands. The women squirmed together, hip to hip, Claire twisting in from the waist. Both of their cunts were flooded now, the juice running down and seeping into the cracks of their asses.

As she mouthed it, Claire slid her hand down and cupped Molly’s bushy cunt, squeezing and rubbing. Molly gurgled with the joy of it. Claire slid her middle finger up Molly’s hot fuckhole and Molly’s cunt muscles sucked on it. This was the first time that Claire had ever played with a pussy, other than her own, and it thrilled her to have that steaming, soaking handful pulse and throb.

It would be lovely to make her cream, Claire thought.

But she didn’t want to waste a climax on her hand, nice as it would be, because she wanted to save the juicy treat for her mouth. She was so much enjoying a snack of tit that it was making her even hungrier for a feast of cunt.

Her fingers squished up Molly’s fuck slot. Molly shuddered and squirmed, then slid her own hand down and began to finger Claire’s cunt, in turn. Claire raised her head and the two horny women kissed on the lips, swapping tongues back and forth. Then Molly dropped her face and began to suck on Claire’s tits, as they continued to finger-fuck each other, working themselves up to a true frenzy.

Molly drew her hand up from Claire’s crotch. Her hand was sticky with cunt-juice. She brought it to her lips, licked at her fingers, then pushed them into her mouth and sucked on them as if they were a prick, a prick that had just come out of the blonde’s cunt. Claire watched in fascination as her friend tasted her juices. Then Claire brought her own hand up and lapped Molly’s pussy nectar from it. Both girls had often licked their fingers when they were finger-fucking themselves, but it was far more exciting to taste another girl’s juices.

“Yummy,” Molly purred.

Her appetite was really aroused now.

Molly pushed Claire back onto the bed. Claire was as hungry for pussy as Molly was, but she was willing to wait her turn. She drew her knees up and parted her thighs. Her crotch was awash with cream. Molly gazed at the delicious-looking snack, licking her lips, her dark eyes glowing with passion.

“Lick me, Molly,” Claire moaned. “Suck my cunt!”

Molly moved closer. She could feel the intense heat of Claire’s cunt waft into her face. She pushed her tongue out and tapped it lightly against Claire’s swollen clit. Claire gasped. Molly drew back for a moment, savoring her first taste of cunt. Then she leaned in again and started to tongue furiously, lapping up the blonde parted fuckslot and over her clit. Her flashing tongue sprayed cunt-juice up from Claire’s soaking crotch.

“Ummm... ummmm,” she sighed as she tongued.

“Oh, God!” Claire moaned with the joy of it.



Molly had been using only her tongue, to begin with. Now she fitted her lips to Claire's cunt-lips and began to suck voraciously, fairly inhaling the hot juices that flowed out.

Claire squirmed and writhed about on the bed, her pelvis jerking and her belly heaving. She kept gasping, "God, oh, God!"

Molly had gone suck-crazy now, truly enjoying the delicious pussy she was sucking.

Claire's smooth thighs closed over Molly's face, as if to clamp her in a velvet vise.

Then Claire threw her legs open wide again - Molly needed no vise to hold her right where she was. Her mouth seemed to be glued to Claire's crotch by a paste of cunt-juice and saliva. Her tongue was flashing as far up Claire's fuckhole as it would reach and her lips were clamped over her fuckslot like a suction cup to a drain.

Claire's legs bicycled in the air.

She arched her slender back deeply. Molly cupped her ass in both hands, lifting her higher, as if Claire's cunt were a goblet which she was draining to the dregs.

"Come," she urged, the word muffled on Claire's pussy. "Come for me, cream in my mouth!"

"Yes... yes... milk me off!" Claire wailed.

The thrill had started to ripple across her belly and to run up her thighs like an electric current. The waves came faster and higher and closer together, until they were melting into one high crest, crashing savagely into her groin.

"I'm creaming!" she cried.

Her pussy melted and a river of foaming cunt-juice poured into Molly's hungry mouth. Her tongue was floating in the hot stuff and it cascaded down her throat.

Molly was enjoying Claire's creamy climax every bit as much as Claire was, herself. The dark-haired beauty was rubbing her whole face around in the blonde's melting pussy. Her lips were wide open, sucking the sweet fuck cream out, and her tongue slapped wildly up the woman's cunt. Her hands hauled on Claire's ass, pulling her tighter, as if Molly was trying to bury her whole head up the blonde's soaking cunt.

Another spasm shook Claire. Molly could actually feel the waves of Claire's climax flutter through her pussy and throb in her clit. Molly switched from Claire's fuckhole to her clit, sucking steadily and with great concentration on that pulsing nugget of flesh, bringing her off time and again. Then she moved her mouth back to the blonde's flooded pussy and parted her lips wide, mouthing the whole hairy, juicy fuck slot, and began to steadily suck the cream from her cunt. Her throat worked, fluttering, as she swallowed the juices.

Alternating between sucking Claire's fuckhole and sucking on her clit, Molly continued to eat the blonde out eagerly. Claire trembled through the blissful sensation. Her legs extended, then drew back up. She arched her back, then bowed forward. Her hips were working like pistons and her belly heaved up and down. She felt as if her whole body had turned to cunt-juice and was pouring out through her pussy, her very life force liquefied and spilled into Molly's greedy mouth.

Finally the thrill began to ebb.

Claire stopped thrashing about, a dreamy smile on her face. Molly continued to lick and suck, wanting more, having turned into an avid cuntsucker with the first taste. She was sucking more gently now and licking with light strokes. Claire reached down and she placed her hand alongside Molly's flushed cheek, a gesture of gratitude for the pleasure that the woman's hot tongue had delivered to her cunt.

Molly raised her head, gazing up at Claire's face. When she saw how happy Claire looked, Molly smiled with equal contentment. Then she dropped her face back into Claire's hairy pussy and started sucking again. Molly knew that Claire had finished coming and that she could stop now, that she could now have the pleasure of Claire's tongue. And yet Molly was reluctant to stop mouthing the blonde sweet pussy, even though her own cunt was steaming, needing attention. Molly was willing to forsake her own pussy in favor of Claire's tasty cunt. She would gladly have kept sucking until Claire's pussy got hot again, and creamed again.

But Claire had other ideas.

Now that her cunt was satisfied, Claire found that her mouth was really hungering for the other half of the act, watering for Molly's juicy pussy. If she had ever doubted the fact that she would enjoy sucking a cunt, she no longer did, for Molly's pleasure had been very evident, proving what a treat it was to eat out a pussy.

Molly raised her head again. Her face was coated with cunt cream from brow to chin. A trickle of the succulent stuff ran down from the corner of her mouth. She smiled at Claire... then buried her head between Claire's thighs again.

"Molly... come up here, now," Claire whispered.

Molly gave Claire's cunt a last slurp and then moved up the bed, a bit reluctant to stop feasting on Claire's delicious pussy, but also happy at the prospect of getting her own pussy tongued off. Molly had discovered a carnal law the reverse of the one that Claire had just discovered - that with her mouth and tongue satisfied, her cunt was smoldering for attention.

She slid into Claire's arms and the two women kissed passionately. Claire could taste her own cunt-juice on Molly's lips and it made her mouth water for more cunt-juice - Molly's. She pushed her tongue into the dark-haired girl's mouth and Molly sucked on it, just as she had been sucking on Claire's clit. Claire's tongue began to tingle and throb, turning into an erogenous organ. She gently rolled Molly onto her back, kissing her passionately, then began to work her way down the woman's lush and curvaceous body. She sucked Molly's nipples and tongued up her deep cleavage. She lingered over her belly button for a moment, then moved down to her bushy black pubic mound and lapped at the thick curls, matting them with saliva. She moved lower, bypassing Molly's pussy, and began to tongue up the insides of the woman's thighs.

Molly was writhing about wildly, jabbing her pelvis down with frenzied jerks, wanting Claire to mouth her cunt.

Claire ran her tongue up the crease where Molly's leg joined her torso, licking parallel with her cunt but not yet making that vital contact. She was teasing Molly, of course, and teasing herself, as well, for her tongue and lips hungered for pussy-juice.

"Suck me... oh, God... suck my cunt!" Molly begged.

She raised her ass right up off the bed, her back arching, offering her soaking pussy to Claire's lips. Cunt-juice was pulsing from her fuckhole and flowing down her crotch in a rivulet of cream.

Claire gave a little whimper of passion and moved her head sideways, tongue out, slurping across Molly's open cunt. Then she tongued upward, stirring her tongue through the juicy flood. Molly moaned and began to pant like a locomotive. Claire gurgled with joy. Her first taste of cunt had proved as wonderful as she had expected it to be. Like Molly, Claire had become a confirmed cuntlapper with the very first lick.

Claire drove her hot tongue up Molly's fuckhole as deep as it would go. She wished her tongue were longer and fatter, wished that she had a cock in her mouth instead of a tongue. Her lips clamped on Molly's clit, sucking voraciously. She lapped at Molly's cunt-lips and sucked the hot juice out of her gushing pussy.

"Ummm... ummm, ummmm..." she purred, as her hungry mouth filled up with Molly's cunt-juice.

Claire realized that cuntsucking came natural to her, as it had to Molly. A woman needed no previous practice or training or experience, but instinctively knew how to eat a pussy. She knew that she was doing the job well because Molly was crying out with the ecstasy of it and churning madly about, working her foaming cunt around in Claire's face and on Claire's stabbing tongue.

Claire used her fingers to spread Molly's cunt-lips wide open and slapped her tongue up the woman's gaping fuck slot. Cunt-juice sprayed out. She fitted her lips to Molly's open pussy and sucked, filling her mouth with juice. She pushed three stiff fingers up Molly's cunthole, finger-fucking her, while she sucked on her throbbing fuck button.

Claire felt as if her mouth was coming.

Her tongue was tingling and her saliva flowed like cunt-juice.

"Come," she whimpered, the word muffled on Molly's pussy. "Come for my tongue, baby!" She was desperate to feel Molly's orgasm flood into her cum-hungry mouth. She continued to finger-fuck Molly's cunthole, driving in to the knuckles, while she tongued and sucked on her clit. Her other hand moved under Molly and she began to finger her asshole, gently probing up the woman's taut brown bud. Molly gasped and jerked. Claire raised Molly's pelvis higher and ran her tongue up the crack of the brunette's ass, then began to rim out her asshole. Molly wailed and humped, thrilled to feel her friend's hot tongue toying with her shit chute.

"Lick my asshole, Claire!" she wailed.

Molly was thinking that she would have to remember to rim out Claire's shitter, too, the next time she went down on the blonde.

Claire tongued out Molly's asshole thoroughly, then moved back to her cunt. She clamped her lips over the woman's hairy, juicy fuckslot and sucked ravenously, stirring her tongue around up inside Molly's flooded cunt tunnel.

"Cream, Molly!" she urged. "Feed me, fuck my tongue!"

Molly humped away on Claire's face, moaning loudly, her body heaving and vibrating. She felt as if Claire's tongue were an electric plug stuck up her socket, galvanizing her.

The rippling thrills built to the crest.

"Ohhhhh! I'm creaming!" she wailed. "Drink my cunt-juice, Claire, suck me dry!"

Her juices poured out, and Claire swallowed them hungrily, greedily sucking for more. She milked Molly's pussy dry, then tongued up the fuck cream from her crotch and from the crack of her ass. At long last, Molly stopped grinding and lay still, panting. Claire took a last slurp on her cunt, then moved up and lay in her arms. They kissed again, not passionately this time, but affectionately, each showing appreciation and gratitude.

"It was good, wasn't it?" Molly murmured.

"God, yes - I love sucking your cunt."

"I'm glad that we did it, Claire. We can do it a lot, from now on, can't we?" Molly asked.

"Ummmm, every day, if you like."

"Ummmm, I like!"

"Who gives a shit if our husbands stay in town overnight, now that we can take care of each other!"

The women were very happy that they had discovered a way to get their rocks off without fucking a man and cheating on their husbands. They didn't realize, yet, that there were other ways to enjoy sex without fucking with a man.

There was, for instance, a big bull mastiff with a hard on.

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CHAPTER THREE

Mike Rowley drew his pickup truck up into the driveway of the Dupont house and got out. He knew that Harry Dupont would not be at home but, just to be on the safe side, he had brought a table that he had refinished for the Duponts.

Mike was horny.

He had been horny ever since that abortive session with Claire, when he'd played with her tits and she had rubbed his cock and balls through his pants... and then refused to go any further. He had been laid since then - fucking a local farm girl in a haystack, in fact - but he still lusted for elegant, sexy Claire. He had, in his own words, the hots for the blonde.

He intended to have her today, one way or the other. If she was willing, wonderful; if not, he was damned well going to force her. He wasn't worried about being charged with rape. He figured that Claire would not dare let her husband know about that abortive necking session that had inspired his lust.

Tall and good looking, in a rough way, Mike walked up to the front door, carrying the table. He put the table down, then knocked on the door. There was no answer. After a moment, he knocked again. His face had been fixed in a leer, ready to greet the woman when she opened the door. Now the leer became a frown, then a scowl.

Where was that cock-teasing bitch?

He knocked again, savagely.

If that prick-teasing tramp was off getting her ass fucked off by some other guy...

"Damn it, c'mon!" he shouted.

His cock was semi-hard and his balls were full.

Maybe she had just gone to the local store and would be right back, he reasoned. Her car was there, so she couldn't have gone very far... unless she had gone with someone else, some lucky guy! Not that Mike gave a damn if Claire fucked around, as long as he got his share. He figured that once he had fucked her the first time, she would want plenty more of his cock meat. He was looking forward to an affair, fucking her three or four times a week when her husband was in town. It was too good an arrangement to pass up.

Mike decided to wait.

He tried the door.

It opened. He hesitated, then shrugged and took the table into the spacious front hall. He put it down and went through into the large, oak-beamed living room. Mike knew where the liquor cabinet was, since he had fitted it. He poured himself a whisky.

He sat down to wait.

His cock was aching. After a moment he grinned and opened his fly, hauling his cock and balls out. His prick was fully erect now and it was an impressive sight. He gazed down at his fuck meat fondly. He liked his prick for the pleasure it gave him and he admired it for its size and contours.

The knob towered up to his belly button.

His cockhead was dark purple and so hot that it had started to throb. His piss-slit was parted and preliminary jism glistened in the slot. A thick, dark vein pounded up the underside of his prick shaft, and his balls were like over-inflated balloons.

He wrapped his callused fist around the root and gave his cock a long, slow pull.

His prick throbbed in his hand.

If the bitch ain't home soon, I'm gonna just have to beat myself off, he thought. Maybe he could find a bra or a pair of her used panties and shoot his wad into them. It would be better than nothing. But he was determined to wait as long as he could stand it, to keep that big hard-on for Claire, if he could. She had felt his prick, but she hadn't taken it out and seen it. Mike felt confident that once the woman got a look at his impressive cockmeat, she would be unable to resist him, that she would yearn for a cuntful of his big fuck-tool.

Mike sipped his drink.

He gave his prick another slow stroke, causing the knob to flare out like the head of a hooded cobra about to strike as his fist skinned the foreskin back.

Mike grinned at his cock.

What a beauty, he thought.

Mike reckoned that he had the biggest prick in the county.

That wasn't quite true. It was not, for instance, as big as the mastiff's cock, not to mention the

stallion!

Molly hadn't bothered to put her clothing on as she escorted Claire to the door. The two women had made plans to get together for another cuntsucking session soon. The prospect was so thrilling that Molly was thinking that she might finger-fuck herself a little, after Claire had left, remembering what they had done.

At the door, they kissed, entwining tongue and rubbing bellies and tits together. Claire was dressed, but Molly was naked, and Claire slipped a hand between the brunette's legs and gave her cunt a squeeze. Molly purred and rubbed against her.

"We'd better not start this again, or I'll never get home," Claire said, drawing away.

Now Molly knew that she was going to have to frig her pussy, for she was all hot and horny again.

Claire went out and walked across the yard, looking back and smiling. Molly watched her ass sway provocatively and remembered what it had been like to wallow between those smooth thighs. Molly wished that Claire were just arriving, instead of departing, that the cuntsucking session was about to start, instead of having ended. Despite the lovely come she had had on Claire's face, Molly was still horny as hell and in the mood to be daring and imaginative... in the mood, in fact, that was going to suit the mastiff just fine.

Samson looked up when Claire came out of the house. Claire didn't notice him, because she was walking in the other direction. The big dog clambered to his feet, sniffing. Now the scent of hot cunt was stronger than ever. His head swayed. He watched Claire walk away, taking one of those delicious aromas with her. The other aroma was still coming from the house. He looked that way... and saw Molly standing, stark naked, in the doorway.

Samson began to walk slowly toward the farmhouse, his prick jutting out under his belly, so long that the knob reached his mighty chest. It looked as if he were walking astride a pole.

Molly started to close the door.

Then she noticed the dog.

Samson's red tongue was hanging out and that was the first aspect of the brute that Molly noticed. She was shocked at her own thoughts. Molly had never had sex with an animal and had seldom even thought of such a thing, but at the moment she was in the mood where anything and everything of a sensual nature appealed to her. What would it feel like to have a dog's long, wet tongue slapping up her cunt? she wondered. She guessed that a dog would enjoy a snack of pussy. It wasn't a really wicked thing, she told herself, it wasn't as if she were fucking him or anything. And thinking about fucking, the horny woman naturally glanced down at the dog's cock and she gave a little gasp when she saw that it was hard as iron and about a foot long.

The mastiff approached warily.

Molly didn't know if she should close the door or if she should invite the dog inside. She had already decided to let him lap her cunt, but seeing his hard-on made her nervous. Obviously, the dog was going to expect something in return for his cuntlapping. He was a huge brute and Molly wouldn't want to make him angry. Still, she did want that tongue. And that massive prick looked inviting, as well! I guess it wouldn't do any harm to jerk him off, she reasoned. It would give him some relief,

and I could get my cunt lapped, and just giving him a handjob isn't really very naughty. Molly managed to convince herself that it would all be only harmless fun, just as cuntsucking with Claire had been.

The woman honestly believed that all she was going to do was to jerk the dog off.

Molly should have known better.

"C'mon, boy," she called.

Samson cocked his head and stood just below the steps. The woman seemed friendly and she didn't have a stick in her hand... and her cunt was sending out those compelling signals. She stepped back, holding the door open. The mastiff made up his mind. He bounded up the steps and into the hallway. Molly patted him on the head.

"Nice doggy," she said.

She knelt down, rubbing his big head and neck. The dog licked at her stiff nipple, his tongue long and wet, causing Molly to shiver.

"Oh, yes... what a nice doggy," she purred. "Do you want a nice snack of pussy, boy?"

As if the dumb brute understood her words, he ran his tongue up the inside of her thigh. She shivered again. Oh, shit! This is gonna be a real ball! she thought. She figured that it was sort of depraved to let a dog tongue her cunt and to jerk him off, but the idea was all the more exciting because of that depravity.

"Follow me, fella," she urged, standing and turning.

She walked down the hallway. Samson followed at her heels. She paused, glancing back to make sure that the dog was following. Samson thrust his big snout against her ass and began to tongue the firm globes.

"Ooooooh," she sighed.

Molly liked to get her ass tongued. She had loved it when Claire had rimmed her out and now she placed her hands on the cheeks of her ass and spread them apart, bending over from the waist. The dog began to run his tongue up the crack of her ass and slap it moistly against the taut brown eye of her asshole. Molly squirmed with the pleasure of it. She bent over lower. Samson lapped merrily away. His tongue made juicy slurping sounds as it slid around in her ass.

Bending over that way, presenting her ass to him, it dawned on Molly that it would be possible for the big brute to hop up and mount her. It would be possible for him to actually fuck her with that massive hunk of dog meat!

Her pussy rippled at the thought.

Oh no! she told herself. I'll jerk him off but I won't fuck him. That would be just too wicked.

Molly wasn't ready for that idea yet, but the thought had been implanted in her horny mind. She swayed, grinding and humping, as the dog continued to tongue her ass with such gusto. It felt wonderful. Just think what that tongue was going to do to her cunt! As much as she was enjoying having her asshole lapped, Molly was too eager to get her pussy tongued to delay any longer. She

straightened up, releasing the cheeks of her ass. They rolled together, clamping the mastiff's tongue in the vise of her ass cleavage. He drew it out with a slurp.

"I've got something tastier than asshole for you, boy," Molly told him when he looked up at her, his gaze inquisitive and a bit disappointed that she had taken that delicious feast away from him. But he looked hopeful, as well, sensing that he was in for a rare treat today. The dog had never licked a human asshole before - if this woman let him do that, she might let him do all sorts of things.

Molly went into the living room, Samson following obediently at her heels and sniffing at her ass.

She sat on the couch, her ass perched on the very edge and her legs extended and parted. The dog gazed at her hairy, juicy cunt. It made Molly tremble, the way he looked at her, his animal lust so evident that she thought she could actually feel his eyes burn into her cuntflesh like amber laser beams.

"Hot pussy, fella," she purred.

She spread her cunt wide open with her fingers, exposing her dark inner pussy flesh, streaked with juice.

"Come and get it, boy, lap it up," she commanded.

Samson moved closer, his head thrust out, his red tongue hanging from the side of his jaw. Molly noticed how big his fangs were and had a moment of doubt, but she was far too hot by this time to let such considerations halt the proceedings.

"Tongue my cunt," she urged, lust contorting her face so that she looked like an animal herself, some sleek feline in heat. "Lap the pussy-juice out of me!"

The mastiff pushed his snout into her foaming cunt. His cold nose bumped against her fuck button and Molly gasped. Then his hot tongue began to lap up her pussy-lips. He tongued her with long, slurping strokes, his tongue flattened as it slithered up her soaking fuck slot. Cunt-juice sprayed out in a mist.

"Oh, God!" Molly moaned as she found out what it felt like to have a dog's tongue slapping up her pussy. She arched her back, staring down along the line of her smooth belly, seeing the dog's massive head busily lapping away at her cunt. The sight was almost as thrilling as the feel of his tongue. A dog is licking my cunt! she thought, relishing the depravity of the act.

Samson seemed to be enjoying it as much as Molly. He had never lapped a human cunt before and he found it exciting and stimulating. His big cock was hammering wildly but he was willing to ignore it, for the moment, as he savored the feast.

His long red tongue slid right up inside her fuckhole, and her pussy walls pulled and sucked on it.

Molly squirmed on the edge of the couch, her ass whipping from side to side. The mastiff's tongue was all over her crotch, slobbering into her cunt, soaking her with foamy saliva. She saw his tongue flick up from below her pussymound. It sprayed cunt-juice and her red fuck flesh was streaked with the stuff. He was long-lapping, tonguing all the way up from her asshole to her pussymound. Molly was panting steadily, a background noise punctuated by the steady slurping of the mastiff's tongue and the squashing sounds that her cunt was making. Molly closed her thighs around his head, clamping him to her. Then she threw them wide open again, giving him full freedom to move around in her crotch, free access to her cunt.

The big brute was shoving his muzzle against her now, as if he wanted to fuck her cunt with his snout.

His tongue slithered up her fuckhole, driving her wild. Molly began to pull at her nipples, adding another sensation to her fiery body. Her fat tit-tips exploded in her fingers. She cried out, gasping and wailing. Her hand slid down and she began to finger her clit, feeling the dog's tongue slurp over the stiff bud of flesh. Her pelvis jabbed down and the dog's black nose vanished into her cunt. Ribbons of pussy-juice poured out of her and ran down her crotch, only to be lapped up as the dog's tongue slid upward.

The mastiff was whimpering and whining now, as he savored this strange new dog food, not really knowing what was happening, or why. But he knew that it made him feel wonderful and that his cock was getting bigger and harder and hotter with every tongueful of cunt-juice that he lapped from her pussy, as if his cock were magically connected to his tongue by some internal clockwork.

He slapped his tongue up her cunt-lips.

Molly closed her legs again, then opened them again. She fingered her clit and plucked at her nipples. She stroked the dog's head. She stared down, seeing the top of his head framed between the inner slopes of her fat tits. Leaning forward and craning her neck, she could watch the brute's tongue slip and slide up her hairy fuckhole. The sight was thrilling. She tilted to the side and looked under the dog.

"God," she gasped, when she saw how truly massive his cock had become now as the beast became more and more aroused. It looked at least a foot long. His shaggy prickshaft was broad and throbbing and the huge slab of his red cockhead flared out, pulsing, the cleft parted. She saw a few drops of jism ooze from his cockhead and run sluggishly down his red prick meat, then drip onto the carpet. Her eyes got bigger and bigger. It was going to be fun to jerk that massive hunk of dogmeat off, Molly thought - because Molly still honestly believed that that was all she was going to do with the mastiff's prick, just frig him off with her hand. She didn't even realize that she was drooling, spit running over her lips and down her chin.

Molly spread her cunt-lips open with her hands, so that the frenzied doggy could lap right up inside her, laving the walls of her cunt. She stuffed his tongue up her pussy as far as it would go and worked her crotch around on his snout.

A spasm shook her.

She had come, suddenly and unexpectedly. But she was not finished. Under the attention of that wonderful tongue, Molly wanted to cream time and again.

"Lap it up, you wonderful doggy," she purred as Samson slurped at the juices of her first coming.

The dog yelped. He could taste the difference between her normal juices and the juices of her orgasm and found the new release even more delicious. He lapped her cunt throughout her climax, then began to lap her right back toward another.

Molly threw her legs around his haunches and hooked her knees, bringing her feet down under his loins. She began to rub his cock between her heels. She could feel it swell and throb and she was tempted to jerk him off that way. But then she slowed her strokes. She didn't want him to shoot when she could not see the head of his cock and watch the hot jism spurt out of him. His balls were so huge that she knew the brute must have a massive load of jizz stored up. She longed to see it shoot out of him. She figured that maybe she should let him shoot on her belly and tits, that it would

be thrilling to feel dog cum spurt onto her flesh.

She was rising to the crest again.

Waves of joy coursed across her belly, shot down from her stiff nipples and ran up her legs.

The dog's tongue slapped and flashed. His huge prick vibrated between her heels as she slowly foot-stroked him. He began to hump, fucking her between the feet. Reluctantly, she drew her heels away, afraid that he was going to come before she was in a position to see the jism rush out of his cock.

His haunches bunched with muscle. His tail lashed from side to side like a rudder guiding his movements.

"Ooooooh!" she squealed, as his tongue flattened and slid across her fiery fuck button.

Her hips were shooting out and jolting up and down, and she was rolling her pelvis from side to side. A wave crashed through her. For a second, she thought that she had come again. But then a second wave rushed into her pussy, higher than the first, and she realized that she was in the throes of a multiple orgasm.

"Lap it - lap my pussy!" she wailed.

She was panting like a steam engine. Samson was panting, too, and his hot doggy breath billowed right up inside her cunt. She was so hot that she thought she might ignite.

A third wave of joy rushed through her, then a fourth. Then they were coming so fast, one upon the other, that all the separate waves were blending into one prolonged spasm of bliss. Molly was at the crest - and she stayed there. Her whole body vibrated and shook and she felt as if she were dissolving. Her total awareness was centered upon her cunt as it melted on the dog's tongue.

"Lap up my cream!" she cried.

His tongue was gathering the cunt-juice up. His throat pulsed as she swallowed her fuck juice hungrily.

Molly cried out at the peak of her ecstasy.

Then the final waves crashed through her. Her cunt opened up like a floodgate and a river of cunt-juice cascaded over the dog's eager tongue and into his mouth.

Molly's jerking motions slowed, then stopped.

A blissful smile turned up her lips and a dreamy look came into her flashing eyes. She stroked the mastiff's broad head. The brute was still dutifully lapping away, content to be feasting on the horny woman's delicious cunt. She was tempted to let him carry on, knowing that in a few more minutes her pussy would begin the ascent to yet another orgasm as he tongued her. But for the moment, Molly's cunt was satiated, and she was eager to play with the dog's huge prick and to pull the jism out of him.

She gently drew his muzzle from her crotch.

The mastiff looked up at her inquisitively, cocking his head to one side and letting his tongue loll out. Molly could see streaks of her cunt-juice on his red lapper. The sight drove her wild. Spit ran down her chin.

She leaned forward and took the dog's head between her hands, holding him steady. Then she sucked his tongue into her mouth and sucked her own cunt-juice from his doggy meat. His tongue stiffened as her lips pulled on it.

"I'm going to give you a treat now, for being such a lovely doggy," Molly told him.

As if he understood, Samson yelped.

She leaned back and patted the couch beside her. The mastiff hesitated, then hopped up, placing one forepaw on either side of the woman's hips. His prick loomed up over her belly, the massive knot of his wedge-shaped cockhead aimed at her fat tits.

For a moment, Molly just looked at it.

Untouched, his cockhead flared and his prickshaft throbbed. His balls were like over-inflated balloons.

Then Molly folded her hand around the root of his fuck rod and prepared to jerk the dog off. Molly actually knew herself better than that. She certainly realized that she was horny by nature, so why think only of jerking that sweet prick off, when there were so many nicer things to do with it?

Like sucking it, say...

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

Molly held the mastiff's mighty prick by the base, not stroking his cock yet, enjoying the thrill of the anticipation. She gazed at his swollen cockhead, thinking what a real turn on it would be when she saw the jism spurt out of it. She knew that it was going to make her so hot that the doggy would have to lap her cunt again, but she didn't think that the doggy would object.

Molly thought she would jerk him off on her tits.

She wasn't sure how far a dog's ejaculation would shoot, though. The load might fly right past her tits and hit her in the face. Molly gave a little whimper at that thought. God, she thought, how depraved can a girl get? Imagine, jerking a dog off in her face! But there was nothing revolting or disgusting about the idea. It excited her. Molly wanted to feel dog cum spurt into her face and onto her lips!

She intended to keep her mouth closed, of course.

The dog's prick thundered in her clenched fist. She could barely span the fat width in her hand. It felt like a bar of heated iron. Molly was licking her lips without realizing what she was doing. Her tongue knew what it wanted before her mind did.

Would she dare to tell Claire about this? she wondered.

God, how hot Claire would get if Molly were to tell her that she had jerked a dog off in her face! Molly didn't think that Claire would be disgusted by it, knowing Claire as she did. Maybe Molly would confess about the dog the next time that she and Claire got together for a little cuntsucking. It would certainly be a wild thrill to tell the blonde woman what she had done, in all the juicy details. It would probably excite both of them so much that the following cuntsucking session would be better

than ever, if that was possible.

Samson yelped.

His hindquarters humped and he drove his prick through her fist in a fucking motion. He had been happy enough to ignore his cock while he was lapping up her sweet pussy nectar, but now that his tongue was not so busy, the dog's attentions had turned to his own raging need to get his rocks off.

Molly began to skim her hand up and down his cockshaft, slowly and steadily. Then she tightened her grip, pumping his prick. As her fist drew back to the root of his fuck rod, his cockhead flared and throbbed. As she pulled up, his hairy sheath rolled over the ledge behind his knob. He was fucking through her fist, plunging forward as her hand pressed back, loving the brand-new sensation of manual stimulation. Samson had fucked bitches but he had never fucked a hand and it was all a delightful mystery to the dumb brute.

Molly cupped his swollen ball-sac with her free hand, squeezing it gently, as if trying to determine how much jism the bloated sac contained. She stroked him lovingly.

"Are you gonna cum for me, you nice doggy?" she whispered. "Are you gonna squirt all that hot jism on my tits and in my face? Ohhh, I want you to cum!"

But even though she yearned to see the dog's jism spurt from his cock and balls, Molly was in no hurry for it. She was really enjoying playing with his mighty prick.

She cupped her fat tits together with her hands, letting the dog's cock rest in her cleavage. The dog humped. His cockhead came squeezing out from between her tits, nestling into the hollow of her throat. His piss-slit was dripping now. A trail of jism ran up her breastbone, like the slippery trail of a snail.

Molly fingered her nipples and pressed her tits around his cock as the dog fucked her cleavage.

She lowered her face so that she could see his big red cockhead vanish into her tit channel, then come looming out again. As the mastiff humped upward, the head of his cock was pushing almost into her face. Molly was cross-eyed as she turned her vision to stare at the throbbing slab of his prick knob.

Her lower lip was trembling.

She suddenly realized that her tongue was running back and forth across her mouth and that, if the doggy shot his wad at that moment, it was going to splash right on her parted lips and her switching tongue. She closed her mouth.

Then she opened it again.

Molly was in a turbulent frenzy of lust now. She had intended to jerk the dog off in her face - was it any more wicked if his cum fell on her tongue than on her closed lips? Molly realized now that her mouth was watering for the taste of dog cum.

Oh, God, she thought, shall I? Shall I jerk him off right into my open mouth?

His shaggy prick vanished in her cleavage, then shoved out again, the tip inches from her lips. Her tongue was pushed out now, curled over her lower lip. Her tastebuds were tingling. Molly shivered. Yes, damn it, she thought, I want to! I will!

She began pumping his prick again, her fist jacking over a few inches at the base, while the rest of his long fat fuck rod moved up and down between her tits. She caressed his balls. She blew her warm breath onto the head of his cock.

I'm gonna swallow dog cum! she feverishly thought.

Then Molly whimpered, dizzy with passion. If she was going to drink a dog's jism, why shouldn't she also have the pleasure of sucking on his delicious-looking prick meat?

Oh, no! That would be just too naughty!

But, God, she was hungry for a mouthful of his prick!

And just think how Claire would gasp when she told her that she sucked a doggy's prick and let him come in her mouth! Think how hot it would make her... and how juicy! Maybe they could have the dog join them, even. Would Claire suck his prick, too?

Molly just couldn't help herself. She knew that it was depraved to suck off a dog, but she no longer gave a shit about that. The depravity only made the idea more thrilling.

She rested her chin on her breastbone and stuck her tongue out. The mastiff's meaty cockhead came squeezing out from her deep cleavage and she flicked her tongue against the tip, lightly. She drew back, with the taste of dog meat tingling on her tongue.

"Ooooooh, it's delicious," she murmured.

Samson gave a little yelp of bewilderment as he felt her tongue flutter on his cockhead. It was all a mystery to the dog and he didn't know what was happening... but he knew that it felt wonderful to have a hot tongue on his prick.

He began to hump with renewed vigor, driving the head of his cock up along her breastbone and into her face. Molly laved the flaring wedge of red prick meat, her saliva bathing it. His cockhead was so hot that the woman's spit couldn't even cool it as the dog fucked upward. His prickshaft was vibrating like a tuning fork, so stiff that it was explosive. As he humped her cleavage, his bloated balls dragged up her belly.

Molly licked all over his slippery cockhead, relishing it. Dog cock tasted slightly different from human cock, she decided. If anything, it was more succulent.

His knob was dribbling now, jism bubbling from his piss-slit. Molly lapped that doggy cum up greedily, letting the nuggets run around on her tastebuds for a moment. The individual drops were like quicksilver as they rolled sluggishly over her tongue. Then she swallowed the hot slime. More of the pre-cum oozed from his knob and she licked it up hungrily. She was trembling in anticipation of his full load. Those initial droplets were making her ravenous for more, for all of it. Molly wanted to milk his cock and balls to the bone and drink every precious drop. She was hot to swallow dog jism.

She slid lower on the edge of the couch.

His prick came out of her cleavage again, and this time she parted her lips.

His red cockmeat slid right into her mouth.

She collared his cockhead in her lips and sucked, her cheeks hollowing inward. She purred with the

pleasure of having a mouthful of dog prick. Samson drew back and his cockhead popped from her lips like a cork from a bottle. She waited, mouth open, and he thrust in again. His cockhead went into her mouth, slimy with cum, and came back out slippery with saliva. Molly moaned and whimpered in ecstasy.

His cockhead pushed out again. This time a little jet of jism shot out and splashed onto her tongue.

“Ooooooh!” she purred, gulping it down.

The hot juices warmed her belly like fine cognac.

“Shoot it in my mouth!” she wailed.

Molly mouthed his cockhead again and this time she began to bob her head up and down on it, so that it stayed in her mouth. It was nice to have him fucking her between the tits, but not as nice as having a mouthful of his prickmeat.

“Fuck my mouth!” she cried. “Fuck me in the mouth and shoot your cream down my throat!”

The mastiff was really pouring the prick to her mouth now, his spine jerking into an S shape as he fucked in. Molly sucked on his cockhead and her nimble tongue flashed around against the underside of that meaty wedge.

Then she let him fuck right back into her throat. His huge knob lodged in her throat and his hairy prickshaft slid through her lips. She knew she was going to have hairs stuck between her teeth. Her lips dragged and pulled on him as he fucked in and out. The dog was whimpering with the joy of this brand-new sensation, and Molly was gurgling with the ecstasy of having her mouthful stuffed to the brim with hot and succulent dog meat.

“Unghhh,” she gasped as he clogged her throat.

“Ummmmm,” she sighed as he withdrew, while she sucked hungrily on every inch that slid through her lips.

She began to twist her head from side to side, winding her mouth onto his prickmeat like a nut onto a bolt, adding torque to the in and out friction.

The shaggy sheath ran through her pursed lips and over her flashing tongue. She nursed on the naked meat of his cockhead, bobbing her head up and down, taking almost all of the dog’s prick into her mouth as he plowed in, then sucking joyfully as he drew back out. His cock came out coated with her spit and throbbing. He hadn’t come yet, but already her mouth was filling up with his pre-cum juices and yearned for his full load.

“Come - shoot it in me!” she wailed, the words muffled on his prick meat, speaking into that hairy microphone. Molly was adoring sucking on his cock but now she was longing for his jism.

His powerful hindquarters slammed in, feeding his cock to her hungry mouth, tilting her head back on his thrusts. A trickle of cum ran down from the corner of her mouth. Another trickle slid down her throat. She gurgled and moaned, sucking so hard that she seemed to be inhaling the dog’s cock down into her lungs.

His balls dragged over her tits as he plugged her in the mouth. She cupped his balls and squeezed, as if to pump the cum out of them by the pressure. The big dog was trembling violently as he neared

the peak, yelping and rumbling with the joy of it. The head of his cock was smoking-hot now, soaked with cum and saliva. Her tongue slithered around on the fat slab, fluttering and flaring. Then she bridged her tongue under his cock, so that the dog was fucking over it as he lunged back into her throat.

God, I'm starving for it! Molly thought. She wanted to swallow his cock right down her throat. The mighty knob filled her throat and pushed deeper. Molly gurgled and gulped and gasped, gone totally suck-crazy, mad for his prick meat and yearning with all her heart for his fuck cream.

Samson howled loudly.

Molly gasped, knowing that the huge brute was about to come, to fill her mouth and throat with his jizz. He plunged in savagely, driving his cockhead into her throat. His first squirt shot right down her throat. He had come deep in her mouth, missing her taste buds and Molly felt his hot thick jism pour down her throat without tasting it. He shot his second wad as he withdrew. The slimy cum skimmed over her tongue and whitewashed her tonsils.

Molly gulped it down eagerly.

"Ummm... ummm... Ummmmm..." she purred as she swallowed the delicious jizz and kept sucking on his savory cockmeat.

The dog kept shooting. He filled her cheeks with hot cum and hosed her throat and spurted jets against the roof of her mouth. Her tongue was floating in the thick slime. She was sucking the jism out of him and swallowing it down as fast as she could but there was too much for her to drink, hungry as she was. It overflowed her compressed lips and poured down her chin. Ribbons of glistening cum ran back down the dog's hairy fuck rod, only to be sucked up again as he plowed into her throat on the next wild lunge.

He yelped and howled, turned frantic by the joy of emptying his cock and balls into her mouth.

At last he slowed, the peak past. Jism was still coming out of his cockhead but it was only a trickle now. Molly continued to nurse on his cockmeat, wanting every drop.

Samson stopped humping and stood rigid, his cock quivering in her sucking lips. Despite his coming, his prick was still iron hard and as big as ever. Molly sucked until she was certain that there was not another drop of dog cum in his balls. She slowly drew her creamy lips from his prick meat and kissed the tip, grateful to that slab of dog cock that had fed her such a savory bellyful.

She ran her tongue up and down his hairy fuck rod, gathering up the cum drops that had escaped her lips before. She tongued up a fat nugget of jism from his balls. His balls had grown smaller now, emptied of their abundant load, but they were still taut. Returning to his cockhead, Molly mouthed the big wedge again, sucking on it happily, knowing there was no more cream to drink but enjoying the empty fuck meat, anyhow. His cock remained stiff. After a moment it began to throb again. His prick was like a lump of hot iron encased in firm rubber, she thought, as her tongue and lips worked on the mouthful.

She drew her mouth away and looked at the doggy.

He looked stunned by what had happened.

"Can you come again, you lovely doggy?" Molly asked him. "Shall I suck another delicious load out of your cock and balls?"

His prick flared, hard as a stone.

God, that huge prick would feel good up my cunt! the horny woman thought. She gazed at it. She had sucked it off, so why the hell shouldn't she take it up her cunt, as well?

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CHAPTER FIVE

Molly was on a spiral of depravity, following a descent into greater degradation. One thing led to another. Her initial intention had been simply to coax the dog into tonguing her cunt until she creamed. That had led to the idea of jerking him off, as a sort of reward for the pussy lapping he had done. But as she handled his big prick

, Molly got carried away and decided to let him shoot in her face, then to let him shoot in between her parted lips. Finally, she had tongued his cockhead, then taken it into her mouth and sucked the animal off.

Now that, in turn had led her to the concept of getting fucked by the mastiff.

Molly, a short time ago, would have been startled by the idea of getting fucked by a dog, but, taking it step by step, she had worked her way up to what now seemed the logical conclusion.

The big dog was still angled before her, his forepaws on either side of her hips and his still-stiff prick jutting out over her belly. The head of his cock was wet with Molly's spit. Her lips were wet with the dog's cream. She kissed the tip of his prick again.

Molly was wondering how to fuck Samson.

She had never fucked an animal before and she wasn't sure if it would be possible to do it face to face. She knew that she could get down on all fours and get fucked like a bitch, but in that position she would not be able to see the dog.

If Molly was going to get fucked by a dog, she damned well wanted to watch the brute as he fucked her.

She figured that they would probably fuck in the same basic position they were in at the moment. The mastiff had fucked her in the mouth like that, so why not up the cunt?

She kissed and tongued his knob again, making sure that he was as hard and hot as possible.

Samson whined and his hindquarters rippled, ready to start humping again. The dog had learned a new trick and he figured he would be fucking the woman in the mouth again, since that seemed to be the way that humans did it.

His cockhead pushed against her lips, then skimmed along her cheek. He whined when he did not get his cock into her mouth. He sounded so pitiful that Molly giggled.

"You really liked that blowjob, didn't you, fella?" she said. "You loved to come in my mouth, eh? Well, maybe sometime I'll suck you off again... but now it's time to go fuckies."

She gave his cockhead a last lick, then folded her fist around the base and began to push him down lower. The powerful dog resisted, not wanting his cock to retreat from her wonderful and mysterious mouth... a mouth like a cunt.

Molly arched, tilting her groin up.

The hot scent of her cunt drifted up to the dog and he began to get the idea, to realize that human women were versatile and could get fucked in either end. He stopped resisting and allowed Molly to lower his big cock into her crotch.

"I sure hope this works," she said.

Molly began rubbing his cockhead around in her foaming pussy, using it like a meaty spoon to stir her creamy cunt. Her cunt-lips sucked on his swollen knob and her fuck button sparked as his hot prickmeat ran over it. Samson was yelping, quivering all over, and all set to hump away but waiting until his bone was buried. Fuck aromas drifted up from her groin. Molly couldn't tell what was hotter, her cunt or the dog's cock. They were both so fiery hot that she half expected them to melt together and wind up cast into one.

That led to another thought. She knew that dogs often got stuck together after they had fucked. Was it possible that the dog's cock might get stuck up her? It was worrying and slightly amusing, as well. What if she had to wait there, with the dog stuck up her, until her husband got home and threw a bucket of cold water over them? Still, Molly was so eager to get fucked by the big mastiff now that, even had she known for a fact that they would get stuck together, she would have fucked the dumb brute, anyhow.

She stirred his prick knob up and down her cuntcrack.

Her pussy-lips had unfurled like the petals of a fleshy pink blossom, turning almost inside out. Her fuckslit had opened into an oval and that oval slot was full of cunt-juice. The dog held steady and Molly humped a little, fucking against his cockhead.

Then she began to feed his prick into her.

Molly smiled as she realized that it was going to work in this position, with her ass perched on the very edge of the couch and the dog's hindquarters on the floor.

She slipped his meaty prickhead into her fuckslot.

Samson whimpered. His cock throbbed. His knob was buried and the rest of his hairy prickshaft stood out between them like a shaggy bridge - spanning the gap between her cunt and his balls, or a furry pipeline set to deliver the oil of his lust into her fuck tank. The dog began to salivate, his drool falling onto her tits and belly. Molly was drooling a bit herself in anticipation of the great fuck she was about to have poured into her.

Holding his cock by the root, she allowed the dog to slide his prick up her pussyhole little by little, enjoying the slow approach, feeling him go deeper and deeper, little by little. The mastiff was humping now, but her hand kept him from shoving the full length of his long fat prick up into her soaking cunt.

Her pussy walls were being spread and stretched by the width of that doggy cock.

Molly purred with the pleasure of it. The mastiff's cock was truly massive. It was bigger than her husband's cock, both in length and in breadth. It was stretching her pussy out farther than it had ever been stretched before. When he finally got it all stuck up her, his prickhead was going to go deeper than any prick had been before, opening up virgin territory inside her cunt.

Molly loved that idea.

She released the mastiff's cock, her hand sliding down onto his swollen balls. Samson humped again and this time, unrestrained, he drove the length of his cockmeat up inside her pussy. The dog was balls-deep up her cunt, buried to the root. They held that full penetration for a moment, as Molly thrilled to the sensation of having her cunt stuffed to the brim with dog prick and the mastiff savored the joy of having every inch of his throbbing cock embedded in hot cunt. His cock was throbbing inside her pussy and Molly's cunt muscles began to work on it, clamping tightly around his prickmeat, gripping the contours of his cock in her slippery flesh.

Her pussy sucked on his cock like a mouth... just as, before, he had fucked her mouth like a cunt. As her cunt muscles rippled, it felt to him as if she had some secret hand inside her pussy, frigging him off. They weren't humping yet, just holding steady with the dog's cock buried to the balls while Molly's pussy caressed it.

His cockhead was deep in her cunt. It felt like a lump of smoking iron smoldering away up there, at the far end of his thundering, hairy fuckstick. Molly sighed and purred.

She began to move first.

The brunette gave a little push with her hips, fucking in two or three inches of his cock. Although his massive fuck-tool was a tight fit, her pussy was so well lubricated by her cunt-juice that she slid easily up and down on his big prick.

Samson whined and his back legs scrambled on the carpet as he braced himself for the assault.

Then he began to fuck her frantically.

He pulled out until only the head of his prick remained in her fuckhole, then drove his whole huge cockshaft into her again. Cunt-juice sprayed out, pumped out by his huge, tightly hugged prick. Molly fucked with him, with counterpoint strokes. As the dog plowed in, she jammed her crotch down to meet him, and as he wrenched his cock away she rolled her hips, winding her fuckhole around his retreating cockmeat. Her ass churned on the edge of the couch and her belly heaved.

"Fuck... fuck... fuck..." she urged.

And that was just what the doggy was doing. Samson's hairy haunches slammed in, shoveling his cock up her pussy like a bestial stoker feeding phallic fuel to her fiery furnace.

He was tilting her pelvis up and down on his furious thrusts, lifting her ass, driving her hips in a wild dance. Molly moaned and whimpered, loving it, loving to be stuffed full of doggy cock and eager to feel the hot rush of his jism as he filled her cunt with his load. He was fucking in so deep that she would not have been surprised if the head of his prick had suddenly come sliding into her mouth from out of her throat. She felt as if she had been skewered by his cockmeat, like a pig roasting on a spit.

Molly drew his big blunt head down to her tits. The dog obediently began to lick at her nipples, adding a new sensation to the incandescent fires of her cunt.

She threw her legs around him, hooking her thighs over his haunches and locking her heels behind his grinding ass. Her thigh muscles tightened, drawing him into her cunt, then relaxed as he pulled back out. His cock came out dripping with pussy-juice. It was getting bigger and bigger with every stroke as the friction of cock and cunt inspired the brute to even greater lust.

Molly gasped as she shook her hipbones on his prick and spread her cunt walls wider and wider. Her skeleton was being rattled by the fury of his savage assault. Molly felt as if the powerful animal was going to fuck her apart.

His swollen balls swung in, slapping against her ass like the clapper of a meaty bell. His tail was swirling around like a propeller, driving his cock into her. He ran his tongue up her cleavage and lapped at her face and mouth and Molly, abandoned to her lust, sucked the dog's tongue into her mouth and worked her own tongue against it in a wild French kiss, coupling them at both ends. Doggy drool ran into her mouth and down her throat. She gurgled as she swallowed it, as his long wet tongue caressed the soft flesh of her mouth.

The dog's spine arched deeply as he drove his haunches in, slamming his cockmeat up her cunt as far as it would go. Molly arched, too, as she shoved her pussy down to meet him. The dog was growling and yelping and panting, and Molly was making sounds every bit as bestial, lost in animal lust.

Her pussy began to throb around his prick.

She tried to hold back, to wait for the dog to shoot his jism up her cunt before she climaxed.

"Come," she whimpered. "Oh, sweet Jesus, pour that hot, thick cum up my fuckhole!"

Samson was fucking so fast now that his haunches were a mere blur, driving in and out with lightning strokes, slamming the mighty thunderbolt of his cock into her pussy for all he was worth.

A spasm shook her.

"Shoot in me... shoot up me!" she wailed, unable to hold back any longer, yearning for his hot jism to fill her pussy as she creamed. "Pour it into me now!"

She felt his prick give a great throbbing surge, spreading her cunt even wider. A moment later the dog howled, and Molly felt a volcanic river of thick dog cum pour into her pussy. She cried out with the joy of it and let her own orgasm come rushing into her cunt. Her cream gushed out, blending with the dog cum, and her clit exploded.

Samson fucked on, filling her with spurt after spurt, shooting another dose with every stroke. Cum and cunt-juice cascaded down her crotch in a foaming rivulet. Her fuckhole was filled to the brim with his cockmeat and there was no room for their mingled cream. It poured out of her as the dog plunged in. The edge of the couch was dripping with their thick cum-juices and a dark stain spread out on the floor under her ass. She jerked and twitched, lost in her orgasm, every nerve in her body carrying a current of lust, desire bubbling in her blood, her mind dissolving with her ecstasy.

His hairy prick slammed in again and again, and recoiled, shooting the jism into her and driving his haunches back as the slimy jet sped from his knob into her cunt.

Each time she felt another load of doggy cum rush up into her fuckhole, Molly shuddered with another spasm of her own coming.

The mastiff fucked his cock and balls dry and, in the process, fucked Molly's coming to sweet termination.

They slowed, still grinding together but at a more leisurely pace. Molly smiled dreamily. Samson's tongue lolled out and his amber eyes glowed with his contentment. His cum was still flowing into

her, but only in a trickle now, and the abundant rush of her cunt-juice had been reduced to a seepage.

The last spasm shook her and, with a sigh, she stopped moving. The dog fed another stroke into her but this time no jism came out, for he was drained.

They remained coupled for a few minutes, both panting with exertion and satiation. Molly felt his prick start to soften and shrink inside her dripping cunt. She took it by the hilt and slowly pulled the dog's prick out of her pussy. It slid out easily; they had not gotten stuck together, after all. His hairy fuckrod pulled out, then the slippery naked meat of his cockhead popped free. A flood of cum and cunt-juice poured out from her vacated pussy.

Molly leaned down and she took the dog's prick into her mouth, sucking the cum and pussy nectar from his cockmeat. Then she pushed his big head into her groin to let the dog lap her creamy pussy, replacing fuck juice with his hot slobber.

She lay back, satisfied. Samson moved away, equally contented, and curled up on the floor. His prick was drawing back into his body now and his balls had collapsed.

Molly wondered how long it would be before that big brute could get another hard-on. She hoped it would be soon. Molly felt no misgivings or regrets for having sucked and fucked with a dog. On the contrary, she was delighted that she had discovered the joys of bestiality and she had every intention of doing it again... lots of times.

Like cuntsucking with Claire, fucking a dog was a wonderful way to get her rocks off without committing adultery with a man. Molly intended to be promiscuous in her newfound pleasure, fucking and sucking with every dog she could.

And, thrilled by the naughty things she had done, Molly was dying to tell Claire about it. She decided to telephone her sexy blonde friend right away. Maybe Claire would like to fuck dogs, too. Maybe - Molly thought Claire would like to suck the dog's cum out of Molly's cunt! Molly went to the telephone.

It was going to prove a fateful telephone call.

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## **CHAPTER SIX**

Claire scowled when she saw Mike Rowley's pick-up truck parked in her driveway. What did he want? Well, she knew what he wanted, but what did he expect to get? Claire knew that she shouldn't have flirted with the man, that she had been a terrible cock-teaser, but that didn't give him the right to come around looking for pussy, did it? She set her jaw, determined to be firm and distant with the horny fellow. She marched into the house.

She stopped dead in her tracks, with a gasp.

Mike was sitting there, grinning, a drink in one hand and his huge prick in the other!

"How dare you?" Claire demanded... but her eyes were glued to the man's mighty weapon. Despite herself, she began to get hot at the sight of his potent cockmeat.

"I came to get laid," he rasped.

"I... I told you, Mike, I don't want to cheat on Harry..."

"Fuck Harry! You're a cock-teasing bitch, Claire... and I ain't the sort of guy that likes to get turned on and then teased. If you don't give me a fuck, I'm gonna tell your husband how you let me feel your tits and how you played with my prick."

"You wouldn't!"

"I sure as hell would."

"That's... that's blackmail!"

"Yeah - and your cunt is the ransom."

Mike had not failed to notice the way that Claire's eyes were fixed, fascinated, on his cock. Now he grinned and slowly ran his hand up and down his prickshaft, causing his cockhead to flare out in a meaty wedge and the dark vein to pulsate.

Despite her good intentions, Claire felt dizzy with desire as she stared at his thundering cock. She knew that it was going to be hard to resist him. Then, too, maybe he would tell her husband about what they had done. Wouldn't it be better to cheat on Harry, without his knowing about it, than to have him find out that she had almost cheated on him? Did blackmail justify it?

"C'mere, baby," Mike rasped.

Claire shook her head no, but even as she did so, she found that she was stepping toward him. She could not take her eyes off his cock. She felt like a bird that had looked into the eye of the serpent and could not look away or flee.

Rowley grinned at her expression, figuring that he had it made. He gave his cock another slow push-pull. It was towering up from his groin like a beacon, the knob bright purple, and Claire was being drawn to it like a moth to a flame.

She stood close before him, her hands clenched at her sides, emotions struggling in her mind and her body, good intentions wrestling with carnal urges.

"You like my prick, right?" he said.

"Y-yes. But I d-don't want it in me," she stammered.

"Bullshit," he snorted.

He hiked up, driving the tower of his fuck-tool up like a launched missile. A bead of pre-cum glistened at the tip.

"Suck it!" he snarled, certain now that he had her.

"N-no! No, I won't!"

"C'mon, baby - suck my cock. You know you want to," he urged, speaking softer now, persuasively.

"Maybe I want to but I'm not going to," she said.

He leered. His fist pushed down and his naked cockhead throbbed, straining and swelling. That bead

of pre-cum slid down the dark purple slab. Claire watched it, her mouth watering. The pink tip of her tongue slid across her lips and Mike grinned.

"If... if I suck your cock and let you come in my mouth... will that be all right?" she asked. "I don't want you to fuck me but I'll suck you off if you want it... if you'll promise not to tell my husband that we were fooling around. Okay?"

Claire had decided that it was the best way out of the situation, as long as Mike agreed to it. Blowing him wasn't as bad as fucking him, she guessed, as far as infidelity went. Claire reasoned that she was justified, that it was the lesser of two evils to take him in her mouth instead of up her cunt, as long as her husband never found out.

But the truth, of course, was that Claire was drooling for Mike's cockmeat.

"Yeah! Gimme a blowjob!" Mike said, enthusiastically. "I won't tell old Harry if you drink my jism, baby."

Claire hesitated for a moment, then sighed and sank gracefully onto her knees in front of the seated man. He pushed his legs out and thrust his loins upward. The purple head of his prick was shaped like a mushroom and the fat, dark vein that seamed the underside of his cockshaft was as big as Claire's little finger. His balls were enormous. Although the woman was being forced to do this, she could not deny to herself that she wanted to do it, as well. She hungered for his tasty looking prickmeat and for the jism it held.

She blew her warm breath over his cockhead.

Mike worked his cock muscles, causing his big fuck-tool to throb. He was leering at her, looking over the head of his upthrust prick as if it were a gunsight.

Claire reached out and she folded her fist around the stem of his prick, squeezing, feeling the hardness and the heat. Then she slowly stroked his cock up and down.

"I ain't gonna settle for no fucking handjob," he snarled. "Use your mouth, baby. Suck me off with those sweet lips and that hot tongue and swallow my cum."

That, of course, was what Claire wanted, despite herself. She slid her hand down from his pounding fuckrod and cupped his balls.

She leaned closer.

She could feel the heat of his cock and balls waft into her excited face and she knew that her face was flushed and glowing. The cock-hungry wife had lost all her inhibitions now that she was so close to Mike's massive prick, her mouth watering for it.

Claire managed to smile, she said, "Oh, yes... I'll suck you off, Mike. I'll milk your prick and drink your cream."

"Yeah!" he grunted, aroused, perfectly happy to settle for a blowjob instead of a fuck... but thinking, too, that maybe he would make her fuck him afterward, as well. His blackmail had worked the first time and he figured it would be good again, that he would come over for a blowjob or a fuck whenever he felt like it.

Why, he might even fuck the cock-teasing bitch's asshole, he thought.

But there was no hurry. First he wanted to enjoy her mouth. He wanted to see his fat prick going in and out of that haughty, aristocratic face, between those lips that had denied him. He wanted to drench her with jism and watch her swallow the stuff, both for the pleasure of it and to humiliate the woman who had toyed with him and teased his prick.

He could see that Claire was getting enthusiastic about blowing him, however. He rather wished that she was more reluctant, that she was forced to do it without enjoying it, herself. But he knew that a woman gives better head when she is in the mood for it, and he was not about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Claire leaned in, pushed her tongue out and started licking his bloated, hairy balls. Mike groaned. His hard balls jiggled around inside the loose skin as she lathered his sac with saliva. The bitch knew how to tongue, all right! She knew that she shouldn't just pop it in her mouth and suck, but that she had to work up to it gradually.

She lifted his balls, tonguing under them.

"Yeah, lap my cockmeat, you bitch!" he rasped.

Claire began to lick up his prickshaft, her hot, nimble tongue slipping back and forth, tracing up the line of his dark vein. She fluttered her tongue against the underside of his knob, where it flared out from his cockshaft and the vein spread out into the fat, bivalved head. Mike moaned with the wonderful feeling.

"You cocksucker!" he growled. "Lap it up, bitch! Tongue my cockmeat, you cum-drinking whore!"

But he failed to humiliate the woman. Claire was far too aroused for that. She looked up at him, amusement showing in her eyes. "Yes, Mike," she purred. "I'm a cocksucker. I love sucking cocks. And I'm going to milk you to the bone, you bastard."

Lowering her face, she began lapping him from his balls to his cockhead once more, running her tongue up with moist, slurping strokes, then zigzagging it up and down. A nugget of jism squeezed from the tip of his prick and ran down his cockshaft. She lapped it up with her tongue, and he saw her throat work as she swallowed it. It thrilled him to know that some of his cum was in the elegant woman's belly, that he was defiling her with his jism.

"Ummm, yummy," she purred.

"Jesus! Suck it!" he rasped, humping up from the chair, afraid that he was going to blow his wad before he got his prick into her mouth. As he thrust up, Claire tilted her head and fitted her lips to the underside of his cockshaft, playing him like a flute. His cockhead was leaking steadily now, foaming with jism. Some of it stayed on the tip of his cock, frothy, like whipped cream lathering his dark purple prickmeat. The rest of it trickled down into her lips. Her mouth slid up and down, slurping the stuff up.

"You're a bastard... but your cum is delicious," she purred. "I hope you got plenty of it because I'm real hungry."

"I got plenty!" he growled.

Christ, he thought, what if she milks me dry and doesn't get enough? That would humiliate the living shit out of me! But he wasn't really worried. He always came by the bucketful and had never had a complaint.

Claire slid her lips up to the tip of his prick now. She kissed his throbbing knob, then let her lips part and slowly fed his cockhead into her mouth.

"Ahhh..." he sighed as he felt his blazing prickmeat enveloped in her soft cheeks and pursed lips. She nursed on his cockhead, her cheeks drawing inwards on both sides and her lips peeling outwards. Her tongue was working against the underside of his knob, flashing back and forth under the fat wedge.

"Ummm," she purred. She glanced up at his face and was pleased to find his features contorted by lust. She knew that she gave great head and she wanted to drive Mike wild.

She only had the head of his cock in her mouth so far. The rest of his long, thick fuckrod stood out between his balls and her lips, throbbing violently. She had his balls in one hand. Her other hand flattened on his belly.

"Suck it! Suck my prick!" he wailed.

Claire began to bob up and down as if she were ducking for apples in a barrel, the hairy apples of his balls. Each time she bobbed down, she took a little more of his cock into her mouth. Mike groaned and thrashed about as more and more of his meat went into her hot mouth. He reached down to place a hand behind her head, urging her to take more of it, to take it all.

"Swallow it, baby," he moaned. "Swallow my cock, get it all right down your fucking throat!"

Claire whimpered and bobbed all the way down. His fat cockhead wedged into her gullet and every inch of his formidable prick vanished into her greedy mouth and throat. Her nose rustled in his wiry pubic hair and her chin caressed his balls. He stared down, amazed to find that the woman had swallowed every precious inch, that she was deep-throating him, her lips parted at the very base of his fuckrod.

"You cocksucker!" he gasped, but it was no insult now. This was the best head that Mike had ever had and now he was using the word as a sort of compliment. Claire took it that way. She smiled around the mouthful of hot cockmeat.

The blonde began to go up and down again. She drew up until only the head of his cock was in her mouth and her lips had collared him just behind his big knob, paused to suck, then bobbed back down, taking his cockhead down her throat, consuming every inch of his delicious prickmeat. She was taking him in like a sword-swallower. Her lips pulled and dragged and sucked. Her tongue continued to slash against his cockhead and shaft as it went in and out. She tilted her head, varying the technique, taking his knob into one cheek and then the other and then taking it right down her throat once more.

As her lips pulled up, saliva ran down his fuckrod. Streaked with that saliva there was some of his milky jism. Then her lips went down again, slurping his meat back into her mouth, reclaiming her saliva and his jism. She sighed and purred. She swallowed. As much as Mike was enjoying having his prick sucked, Claire seemed to be enjoying it even more, having gone suck-crazy on his cockmeat.

Claire slid her hand from his belly, then reached under him. She began to finger his asshole, then pushed one finger right up inside his shit chute, reaming the tight hole.

Mike yelped and his ass corkscrewed upward, driving his prick into her eager mouth. Claire began to tilt her head from side to side, rotating her compressed lips around his fuckrod. He bucked, plunging into her throat. Claire gagged as her air was cut off, then panted as his prick withdrew,



sucking across every inch of it.

She drew up to his pricktup.

“Come,” she whispered, her lips mouthing the words right on his meaty cockhead. “Cream in my mouth, Mike...”

“Yeah... yeah...” he gasped. His heels drummed on the floor and he threw his head back, his eyes rolling wildly and his mouth hanging open, lost in the thrill of her mouth-fucking skills. “Soon - keep sucking, baby. Suck the jism out of my balls, you sweet cocksucking bitch - you - cum-drinking tramp! Suck my cum out!”

Claire began to bob up and down faster and her tongue was flying around against his cockhead and shaft as she sought to bring him to the peak now. She was relishing his tasty cockmeat but now she yearned for the creamy dessert of his ejaculation.

“Here it comes!” he cried.

Claire whimpered in anticipation, salivating heavily as she drove her head far down on his fuckrod... and met his first thick spurt on the way, as it shot from his cockhead in a mighty jet.

His cum hit the back of her throat. She gulped it down and mouthed all of his prick, taking him in balls-deep. As she drew back up, he shot his second wad. It skimmed over her arched tongue in a creamy cascade. She drank it merrily down and kept bobbing, as if her head was a pump, pulling the juice from the well of his balls.

Her mouth was filling up faster than she could swallow his jism. It overflowed her lips and poured back down his prickshaft, pooling up on his balls. Up and down she went, milking and nursing, sucking and tonguing for all she was worth.

It was making her hot to drink his cum.

Her pussy had opened and ribbons of cunt-juice were running down the insides of her thighs. She knew that she was going to have to finger-fuck herself as soon as she finished emptying his prick. Maybe he would like to watch her do it. Or maybe she should go back over to Molly’s for another cuntsucking session. She would decide afterward. At the moment there was only one task at hand, and that was emptying Mike’s big cock and drinking his succulent jism.

He sprayed her cheek with a dose, then hosed the roof of her mouth with another. He flooded her tongue and throat. His hot jism was running through her teeth and soaking into her gums and dripping from the roof of her mouth. She swallowed it eagerly, willing to ignore her own needs as long as he was feeding her that delectable fuck juice, abandoned to the joys of cum-drinking. He was coming so hard that she could actually hear the cream squirt from his cockhead, shooting out with a moist, hissing sound. She could feel his balls collapse as they emptied themselves and poured the creamy load into her mouth.

Mike’s body was racked by spasms as his cum shot out. His back arched deeply and he emitted a strangled cry, a bubbling sound rather, as if his own throat were flooded with jizz. He threw his head back, staring at the ceiling with sightless eyes, his mouth hanging open, his chest heaving violently. As he shot, his loins recoiled. The man seemed to be suffering the shock of an electric current, some high voltage charge galvanizing his body, as if his prick had been plugged into a wall socket instead of into Claire’s hot mouth.

Claire was jerking around, as well, her body out of control as it yielded to pure lust. She might have been drinking from a soldering iron, instead of from a prick, from the way she reacted. Her face was a mask of passion, enhanced by the jism that ran down her chin. Her nipples and her clit hummed and cunt-juice poured down her thighs. She hummed as his cum hissed into her greedy mouth and puffed as it bubbled down into her belly in load after load.

His flow lessened, still coming but with less vitality. Instead of hosing her throat now, Mike was dribbling his jism onto her arched tongue and pursed lips.

Then she had milked the last drops from him and, although the cum-loving woman continued to nurse on his knob, she could not drag another solitary nugget of jizz out of him. She slowly drew her lips from his cockhead, smiling happily, contented by the vast load of cum she had been fed... contented as far as her mouth was concerned, at least. Her pussy was a different matter, for with her cum-hunger sated, the woman's cunt was smoldering for its own share of Mike's cum.

She bent down and, starting with his balls, used her nimble, cum-soaked tongue to lap up all the hot, thick jism that had overflowed her lips and poured down his meat-rack. Claire did not want to waste a single drop. If cum was fattening, Claire would have been a fat girl.

She sat back on her heels, looking at Mike.

His cock was swaying back and forth, like a tree in a hurricane, still standing upright but no longer iron hard. It was as if his prick could not decide if it should collapse or if it should get stiff again. Her eyes gleamed as she gazed at his big fuck-tool. Then she gave a little shrug. Claire couldn't help it.

She just had to get fucked.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Mike's eyes were closed, his head tilted back, panting and wheezing from his open mouth. He had come so hard that he was semiconscious, his vitality squirted from his prick.

His prick continued to sway indecisively.

It looked like a cobra rising from a basket and swaying to the movement of the fakir's flute, Claire thought. And Claire had a hairy basket into which that cobra could go. It was the same way that it had happened with her friend Molly, that spiraling descent into naughtiness. Molly, who had intended at the start simply to let the mastiff tongue her cunt, had wound up sucking and fucking with the dog. Now Claire, who had only given Mike a blowjob in order to keep him from fucking her cunt and to keep herself from committing adultery, found herself longing to have Mike's long, thick cock plunging into her pussy.

With her cunt smoldering, Claire had lost her last qualms about fucking the man. She was able to rationalize it. Since she had already sucked his cock and swallowed his jism, it wouldn't be any naughtier if she fucked the man, as well.

Smiling in anticipation, she got to her feet and began to take her clothing off. Mike heard the rustling of her garments through the haze of his semi-conscious condition.

He opened one eye and looked at her... and found Claire standing over him, stark naked and smiling lewdly.

His cock snapped and stiffened again.

The man slowly smiled as he realized that he was in for a further treat from the gorgeous blonde's hot body.

"Changed your mind, huh?" he rasped.

"I'm gonna fuck your ass off, you bastard," she said.

Mike reached out for her, but Claire stepped back. Now it was her turn to control the situation, to humiliate Mike as he had tried to humiliate her. Having made up her mind to get fucked, Claire was now in control of the situation.

"No," she said. "I want you to fuck me doggy fashion - so I don't have to look at your ugly face!"

Mike winced.

"I'm gonna pretend you're someone else," she hissed.

"Cocksucking bitch!" he snapped, infuriated.

Claire shrugged, grinning wickedly. She said, "Of course, if you don't want to fuck my cunt, that's up to you."

But it wasn't. Mike's prick was the master of his actions and that dominant prick was not about to turn down a chance to bury itself up Claire's juicy pussy.

That was evident to Claire. She gave the man a challenging look and turned away, then got down on the floor on all fours. Her ass was turned toward Mike. He stared at her juicy, heart-shaped ass-globes and at the flowing swamp between her thighs. The bitch, he thought, it would serve her right if I was to stick it up her asshole, instead of her cunt. But he lusted for her cunt. And, anyhow, he figured, the damned bitch would probably love it up the shit chute, anyhow.

Mike groaned and slid from the couch, coming to his knees behind Claire's ass. His cock stuck out like a spike, as hard now as if she had not sucked him off at all. His prickhead throbbed and the shaft rippled and his potent balls were rapidly refilling themselves as, inspired by the prospect of fucking her, his sperm factory went into overtime and spun the jism out.

Claire wagged her ass invitingly. She had lowered her head to the floor, one cheek on the carpet, her slender back deeply arched so that her taut ass was thrusting up at the highest point of her body and crotch was elevated to the coupling position. Although she had claimed that she did not want to look at Mike while he fucked her, she was looking back now, still smiling. Her tits brushed against the carpet, the nipples stiff as nails.

Mike placed his fanned fingers on the cheeks of her ass, and spread those tight cheeks apart. Leaning down, he began to run his tongue up the crack of her ass. When he came to her asshole, he tongued away at the tight brown bud, then slipped his tongue right up that crack, causing Claire to whimper.

Dipping lower, he slurped up her open cunt, lapping the horny blonde from her clit right back up to her asshole. Cunt-juice sprayed out, coating his tongue.

She squirmed, grinding her ass and crotch back against the man's face, soaking him with cunt-juice

from chin to forehead. Mike tongued and sucked on her creamy fuckhole. He liked to eat pussy and he would have gladly sucked her off but he was afraid that the dirty cock-teaser might change her mind, once she had come. She might decide not to let him fuck her, after all, once she was no longer smoldering. A guy couldn't give a cock-teaser that advantage.

He took a last lingering suck on her pussy and rose up. Her ass swayed before him as he shuffled in on his knees. His cockhead slid up the inside of her thigh and Claire reached back between her legs. She took his prick by the roots, guiding the tip into her cunt crack. She moved his cock knob up and down through her juicy fuckslot, shuddering at the contact. Mike gripped her by the hipbones, ready to plug her, bracing his ass for the thrust. She moved his cockhead up and down, then fitted his pricktup into her fuckslot and released him.

"Shove it to me, Mike," she whispered. "Feed that big prick to my hot pussy!"

Mike gritted his teeth. His hands clamped over her hipbones as if they were handles. As he thrust his loins out, he hauled her ass back to meet him, feeding her the full length of his long, thick cock with the very first stroke.

He groaned with the joy of having every inch of his hot prickmeat buried in soaking, smoldering cunt flesh, and Claire whimpered with the pleasure of finding her pussy stuffed brimful of hard cock. His balls were jammed into her crotch and his fat belly was tight against her ass. Holding the full penetration, he twisted her hips, lowering them one at a time, winding her cunt around on his cock.

He groaned as he felt her talented cunt muscles grip his prick, clinging to the contours of his cock, rippling up his prickshaft from the roots to the swollen head.

"Christ, what a sweet pussy," he croaked, having lost all desire to humiliate her now that his prick was buried up her cunt.

"Lovely big prick," she murmured, her own anger gone. "Feed that sweet cockmeat to me, Mike, fuck my cunt!"

Mike drew out until only his knob was in her and his long fuckrod stuck out between them, dripping with pussy-juice. He hauled back on her hips and slammed in again, going balls-deep.

He grunted and his belly slapped on her ass as his balls swung in to whack against her crotch. She gasped as his fat prickmeat slithered up into the depths of her cunt.

He thrust again, moving slowly, wanting to make this wonder-fuck last as long as he could. Claire jammed her crotch back to meet him, taking every precious inch up her cunt tunnel.

They were just getting into their stride when the phone rang.

Mike slowed down, feeding his cock into her at a snail's pace. Claire was frowning.

"It might be my husband," she said. "Maybe I'd better not answer it... panting like I am."

Mike's eyes gleamed with lust. He said, "Naw, answer it - talk to your old man while I pour the prick to you, baby! That'll be a real kick, a real turn on, right?"

Claire whimpered. She knew that it would be, that talking naturally to Harry while another man was plowing up her cunt would be the thrill of a lifetime. It was a really naughty thing to do, she knew, but it was all the more exciting because it was so wicked. She would tell her husband that she loved

him and missed him and wished that he were at home. And all the while, Mike would be slamming his prick into her cunt, fucking her to jelly, making her climax.

She giggled with the thrill of it.

"Fuck me over to the telephone stand," she said.

Mike grinned, loving it. He began to shuffle forward on his knees, driving his cock into her and tilting her ass up as they advanced, linked together, to the telephone.

Claire lifted the receiver, holding it angled to her ear so that Mike, too, could listen in on the conversation.

"Harry, darling?" she panted.

But, of course, it wasn't Harry. It was Molly.

"Claire, honey, it's me," Molly said.

Claire frowned. She didn't want to have to talk to Molly at the moment, and she was afraid that the woman might make some reference to the cuntsucking session they had enjoyed together. She was about to say that she was busy - which was certainly true - and tell the woman that she would phone her back in half an hour.

But before Claire could speak, Molly began to talk, blurting it out in a frenzy.

"You'll never guess what I just did!" said excited Molly.

You'll never guess what I'm doing, Claire thought. Again, she started to speak, but Molly rushed on.

"Claire - I just fucked a dog!"

Claire gasped and Mike, leaning over her shoulder, went stiff with amazement. His prick began to really pound up her cunt. Claire and Mike looked at each other, she looking back over her shoulder, both of them stunned by Molly's admission.

"A... a dog?" Claire stammered.

"A big bull mastiff," said Molly. "I just have to tell you about it, Claire. See, this dog was in the back yard and he had a hard-on. At first I only wanted him to lap my cunt, and maybe to jerk him off as a reward. But I got carried away and - oooh, Claire. I sucked the dog's cock and let him come in my mouth! I drank his jism. Christ, it was delicious! And then I let the fucker have my cunt. I did, Claire! I sucked a dog off and then I fucked him!" Molly's voice was husky with her lust, the tone rising and falling as she panted.

"My God!" Claire whispered.

"You aren't disgusted, are you?" Molly asked.

"Christ, no! It's exciting. But..."

"And, Claire... the dog is still here. He's got a soft cock at the moment, but that can be changed."

Claire was so thrilled by what Molly was saying that she forgot all about the fact that Mike was

listening in... although she sure hadn't forgotten that his big prick was jolting up her cunt. She was panting, both from Mike's cock and from Molly's words.

Mike slammed his cock in to the roots, clinging to Claire's upthrust ass and leaning over her shoulder. His mouth hung open in amazement and lust glazed his eyes.

"Why don't you come over, Claire," Molly was saying. "You can suck the dog's cum out of my cunt. We can fool around with the dog, and then we can eat each other out, like we did this morning..."

Mike gasped as he heard that. Claire moaned, horrified that her lesbian activities had been revealed to Mike, but far too fascinated to put the phone down.

"How about it?" Molly asked eagerly.

"I... I'll come over in... in half an hour," Claire said.

"Okay... I'll keep my pussy hot for you, honey," said Molly. "And I'll see if I can get the dog's cock stiff again, while I wait."

Claire, not knowing what on earth to say, simply said, "Good bye," and hung up the phone. She looked back over her shoulder and found Mike leering at her like a fiend.

"So you suck cunt, too, eh?" he rasped.

Claire blushed. "Only once," she said feebly.

"And you're gonna fuck a Goddamn dog!"

"I... I don't know."

Claire was mortified at having her naughtiness exposed. But then she felt Mike's prick expand and realized that the man was thrilled by what he had overheard. It felt so wonderful to have his cock swelling up inside her that way that she said, "I might, Mike." She was rewarded by having his prick swell even more.

"God, fuck the ass off me!" Claire wailed.

Mike grunted and his ass corkscrewed as he ground his cockmeat up into her cunt with a savage thrust.

Claire slammed back to meet him, jamming her smoldering cunt tunnel onto his huge prick.

"Fuck!" she wailed. "Fuck... fuck... fuck!" She repeated the word each time Mike plowed into her, both urging him to do what he was doing and describing it.

Mike was growling, "Cuntsucker! Cocksucker! Cum-drinker! Dog-fucker!" But he was not insulting her with the words, he was fascinated by the woman's depravity, voicing the terms as if to make them believable, to verify the lustful truth of her behavior.

They were fucking with vim and vigor, both of them hornier than they had ever been before, inspired by the revelations of that fateful phone-call. Her hips pumped like pistons and her juicy ass ground around wildly under his belly. His cock went in and out furiously, pumping pussy-juice out of her stuffed cunt. His belly and balls were soaking with her juices and her groin was awash with the lather of her lust. He hauled back on her hips, then shoved her away as he withdrew. Claire reached

down between her thighs and she got a handful of bloated balls. His haunches were a mere blur as he fed his cockmeat to her with gusto, going in and out so fast that Claire could not tell if his cock was coming or going. Her cunt muscles sucked and pulled on that speeding thunderbolt. Although her pussy was sodden with cunt-juice, it felt parched as well, parched for a load of lust-quenching jism.

“Shoot up me, Mike!” she wailed. “Come in my cunt!”

Mike snarled like a dog, as he doggy-fucked Claire. He fed her a long, rippling, underslung stroke, so that the full length of his long prick ran across her throbbing clit. Then he hiked up and drove in from a higher angle. He shot his hips out from side to side, plowing into her from a new direction with every stroke, as if to make sure that his cock slid through every part of her pussyhole.

He moaned as the peak approached and his balls prepared to explode, while Claire waited in joyful anticipation of his coming, her own peak rapidly rising.

“Coming,” she panted. “Gonna cream - oooh! Mike, fill my cunt with jism, pour it to me!”

“Take it!” he gasped.

His hot jism shot into her pussy in a foaming geyser and Claire cried out in ecstasy as the waves of joy rippled through her loins. Her clit exploded and her cunt-juice poured out in a creamy deluge, flooding her fuckhole within as Mike filled it with cum. He pumped the hot stuff into her time and again, and she creamed each time she felt another dose of jizz spurt up her.

Drained, Claire collapsed under Mike. His cock was still stuck up her cunt and he was dragged down on top of her. They lay that way, breathing heavily, in the dreamy state of release.

After awhile, Mike drew his cock from her cunt.

Frothy juices bubbled out.

“Christ, what a fuck!” he rasped. “What a super fuck! You gonna let me fuck you again, baby?”

“Sure, Mike,” she said, all her good intentions of being a faithful wife melted in the heat of passion. “You can come over whenever Harry isn’t home. We can suck and fuck.”

“And bugger, maybe?” he asked.

“Why not?” replied lusty Claire.

The idea of having an assful of Mike’s massive prick was not at all uninviting. She smiled at him.

“Why don’t you suck me up nice and hard again and let me have your asshole now?” he suggested. His cock was still semi-hard. He had been so turned on by that phone call and by Claire’s sucking cunt that Mike was not yet satisfied.

But Claire lowered her eyes, blushing faintly.

“Not now, Mike,” she said.

He stared suspiciously at her.

“You ain’t really going over to fuck a dog, are you?” he asked, giving her a strange look.

Claire refused to meet his gaze.

"I... I'm not sure, Mike," she said. Then she did look up. "I'm going over to Molly's house, sure. I told her that I would and... and I want to listen to all the juicy details about what she did with the dog. But I don't know if I want to do anything like that, myself." Claire was being honest about it.

"Hell," he snorted. "I want some more pussy... or some asshole." He looked glum. But then his face brightened.

"Can I come over with you?" he asked. Mike was thinking that it would really be a thrill to fuck one of the women while the other one fucked or sucked with a dog.

"Sorry," Claire said. "Molly might not like it if I were to bring you over. I mean, gosh - it is sort of embarrassing. She might not want to fuck a dog in front of a guy, right?"

Mike sighed, resigned to the fact that he was not going to get anymore pussy today and not wanting to be difficult about it, in case Claire got angry and cut off his further supply.

Claire was getting dressed.

"You'll have to go now, Mike. Sorry," she said.

She seemed distracted. No doubt, he thought, because she was thinking about what was in store for her. The bitch had already had his prick. Now she was thinking about a dog's prick.

That was true, she was.

Claire didn't know about the horse yet.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Mike slammed his pick-up truck into gear with a savage jolt. He felt frustrated and furious. Imagine playing second fiddle to a fucking dog! But he hadn't dared to show his fury to Claire, because he wanted to keep on her good side so that he could get a lot more of her sweet mouth and juicy cunt, and his rage was all the more violent for having been kept pent up.

His prick was still fairly stiff and his balls were already starting to recharge themselves.

He turned down the lane, driving fast and scattering dust. He was wondering how to avenge himself on Claire without getting his pussy cut off. He felt horny and vengeful and surly. He whipped the truck around a bend... and almost ran into Brenda Tucker as she rode her stallion down the lane again.

She reined the horse to one side and Mike slammed on the brakes, skidding to a halt in a cloud of dust.

"Gee, you oughtta be more careful," the girl said.

Mike noticed how trim her crotch was, molded in those shorts and mounted bareback on the horse.

He grinned and said, "Sorry."



He was wondering if he could fuck the girl.

Looking down from the stallion, Brenda was wondering something else. She said, "Where have you been, Mike?"

"None of your business," he said.

"You been calling on one of those city women?" she asked him, with a knowing leer.

Mike was about to deny it. But then he figured, what the hell. The bitch wants to fuck a dog, she don't deserve a good reputation. He said, "Yeah, I been fucking and sucking with that Claire Dupont. She loves my big prick."

He made the reference to the size of his prick quite deliberately, and looked carefully to see how Brenda reacted. Normally, Brenda would have been interested in finding out just how big Mike's prick was. But today she was preoccupied.

She said, "Has Mrs. Dupont got a big cunt, too?"

"Yeah," Mike said out of spite, wanting to insult Claire. "Big and sloppy." He thought for a moment, his desire for vengeance growing stronger all the while... in relation to the hardening of his cock, which Claire had neglected in favor of a fucking dog.

He said, "You know what the bitch does?"

Brenda looked interested.

"She fucks dogs!" he growled.

"Oh, wow!" Brenda gasped.

Mike figured that the teenager was shocked by the news, but in fact, it was just the sort of information that the horse-cum-drinking girl wanted to have. She had been wondering just whom she could get to fuck her stallion as a trial run, and if a woman would fuck a dog, it seemed likely that she would fuck a horse, too!

"She eats pussy, too," Mike added, wanting to punish Claire in every way that he could.

"She does?" Brenda's eyes went wide.

"She sure does, the bitch. Why, right at this moment she's on her way to Molly Turner's house," Mike informed the girl. "The two of them have got a mastiff dog there and they're gonna fuck and suck him and then suck each other. How about that!"

Brenda looked positively intrigued.

Mike gave her his most charming smile, figuring that he had gotten the little nymph horny.

"Say, honey... how about you and me make a little love?" he suggested. "You feel like sucking and fucking?"

Brenda sure did... but not, at the moment, with Mike.

Now that Brenda knew what sort of women Claire and Molly were, the girl was eager to get

acquainted with them. She didn't think it would be difficult and she didn't think she would have to act bashful with women who sucked pussy and fucked dogs.

She was so excited that a trickle of cunt-juice seeped out of the leghole of her denim shorts and ran down her thigh, onto the stallion's back. Mike noticed this. The little nymph was creaming her jeans! Mike figured that he had it made.

His prick bucked like a bronco as he leered out the window of the pick-up truck, staring overtly at Brenda's crotch.

But Brenda said, "Sorry, Mike - some other time. I mean, I wouldn't mind letting you fuck me, but I got things to do now..."

Mike groaned in disappointment.

Brenda dug her heels into the stallion's flanks and walked him on down the lane. Mike gazed after her, his jaw hanging open. Was the little bitch going to go down to the Turner house and get her sweet little cunt sucked? he wondered. He shook his head, sad and forlorn. Then he put the truck in gear and drove away to jerk off, with all sorts of new fantasies to inspire him.

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Molly, still stark naked, opened the door as Claire came up the steps. Claire saw dog cum on Molly's thigh. Molly led her into the front room and showed her the dog. Claire gave a little gasp. It was true, then! It hadn't just been some scheme of Molly's to get her back over for some more pussy sucking!

The dog was curled up in the corner, looking happy. His cock was not really hard, but it was jutting out in a loop and the tip of the red knob was pushing out from the shaggy sheath.

It was, Claire saw, a very big cock, bigger than Mike Rowley's. Her pussy began to simmer.

"Do you like him?" Molly asked.

Claire had never even dreamed of making it with a dog before that day, but the knowledge that her cunt sucking friend, Molly, had been fucking the big brute thrilled her. "He... he looks nice," she stammered, eyeing that long curve of semi-hard dog cock.

Samson raised his head, as if he understood her words, and sniffed. The delightful aroma of another hot pussy had been added to the atmosphere of the house.

"My cunt is full of his jism," Molly said, meaningfully.

Claire hadn't quite made up her mind if she wanted to fuck the dog, but she knew damned well how delicious Molly's cunt was and the idea of sucking dog cum out of her hairy pussy was thrilling. Smiling, she said, "I don't believe you, Molly."

Molly raised her eyebrows in surprise, then grinned as she understood what Claire meant. "My mouth, too," Molly said, and she kissed Claire on the lips and slipped her tongue into the blonde's mouth. The last statement was not quite true, because Molly's mouth was not full of dog cum, since she had drunk it all. But as Claire sucked on Molly's tongue, she could taste the lingering residue of that hot jism.

"Believe me, now?" Molly asked, grinning.

"Well, I guess you blew him... but I'm still not sure if he came in your pussy," Claire said. Her face was twisted by desire now. "There's only one way to find out if you're lying, Molly," she said, and she sank down onto her knees and tilted her head back, lips parted and tongue pushing out.

Molly parted her thighs and shoved her wet, bushy cunt into Claire's eager face. Claire clamped her lips over Molly's fuckslot and sucked. "Ooooh!" she purred, as her mouth filled up with a succulent blend of dog cum and pussy-juice. Her tongue delved deeply up the brunette's soaking cunthole. "Christ! It's delicious!"

Claire was perfectly willing to suck Molly off on the spot, kneeling there with Molly using her cunt to mop her face. But after a moment, Molly stepped back. Claire's tongue continued to flash for a second, before she realized that the tasty mouthful had been removed from her face. She gazed inquisitively at Molly.

"Let's get the doggy's cock hard, first, okay?" Molly suggested. "We can eat each other out later. Let's fuck around with the dog first. You're gonna really love it, honey!"

Claire didn't doubt it. If the sexy blonde had had any misgivings or inhibitions before, they had been melted away in the heat of Molly's cunt and the wildly thrilling taste of dog cum and pussy-juice pouring into her mouth from the brunette's hairy cunt. She grinned at Molly. She didn't even bother to get to her feet. Instead, she began to crawl across the room on all fours, toward the dog.

Molly, blissfully happy to find that her blonde friend was willing to participate in this new thrill, walked over beside her. Both women knelt over the huge mastiff, who gazed up at them in wonderment. His prick expanded and the knob pushed out of its sheath a bit farther, a deep, shiny, slippery slab of red cockmeat.

"Go ahead... touch him," Molly urged.

Claire needed no coaxing. Reaching out, she ran her fingertips up the dog's prickshaft, then fingered his swelling cockhead. Her hands tingled at the touch and she glanced at Molly, letting Molly see the raging excitement on her flushed face.

"Lick it," Molly said. "Lick the head of his prick!"

Claire leaned down, her breath billowing out hot. She touched the tip of her tongue against the dog's cockhead lightly, and drew back as if it had burned her. Molly looked on with approval and encouragement. Claire gave a little moan and leaned down again, beginning to swipe her tongue all over the edge of red prickmeat. Her saliva flowed over it, glistening white on the darker flesh. The mastiff's cock, having had time to recover now, began to stiffen and swell.

"Take it in your mouth," Molly whimpered.

Claire did so, sucking the hot cockmeat between her lips and starting to nurse on it. Molly slid her hand up under Claire's skirt to give her cunt a squeeze. Then she began to undress the blonde, while Claire continued to mouth the mastiff's meaty cockhead with true joy, purring and sighing with the joy of sucking dog prick. She was scarcely aware that Molly was stripping her naked, concentrating on what her hot mouth was doing.

"Let me have a taste now, okay?" Molly asked.

Claire hated to yield that sweet mouthful but she was not selfish and, after all, it was Molly who had found the dog. She pulled her lips away with a slurping sound. Molly leaned down and tongued the bloated knob. She sucked on it. The mastiff was rumbling deep in his throat and his well-sucked prick was fully hard once more. His hindquarters twitched as he humped gently along the carpet.

Claire bent down again, wild with cock-hunger. The two women took the head of the dog's prick between their lips, kissing each other with that mighty slab in both of their mouths, as if it were a succulent bone over which they were fighting.

They bathed him with their tongues. Heat rose up as their saliva dribbled from his blazing hot meat. They passed his cockhead back and forth from mouth to mouth.

The dog was slobbering, and the two cock-hungry women were slobbering on the dog's prick, like animals themselves, in their passion.

"Shall we suck him off?" Claire asked. "Shall we milk him dry and share his jism?"

"Ummm, yesss," Molly sighed.

And from the doorway, Brenda Tucker said, "Can I have some, too?"

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CHAPTER NINE

Having found out that Claire and Molly were cunt-suckers and dog fuckers, Brenda had not hesitated at all. She rode the stallion right up to the back of the converted farmhouse, slid down from its back and hitched it to the porch railing. She went up the steps and entered the house without bothering to knock or announce her presence. She went down the hall and looked into the living room... and smiled delightedly at what she saw. Claire and Molly were both kneeling over a huge mastiff, sharing his big prick between their hungry mouths. Their lips were meeting around the dog's prickhead, kissing each other with his swollen hunk of red cockmeat between their mouths. It was a sight that appealed greatly to Brenda, who had been known to suck animal prick herself. The girl had no qualms about joining in, nor did she for a moment think that she would not be welcomed by the two horny women... nor the dog.

Brenda quickly tugged her shorts down, then pulled her tee shirt off. Naked, she moved closer, stepping silently on the soft carpet, and asking if she could have some, too.

Claire and Molly looked up, startled and shocked. Both girls were new to animal fucking and it was no wonder that they were uncomfortable at having been found sucking a dog's cock. They blushed furiously. But then they realized that Brenda was naked and that she was smiling and the meaning of her words registered.

"Why, it's the little girl that lives down the lane," Molly said, recognizing the farm girl who often rode by on her stallion.

"Not so little," said Claire, gazing at Brenda's plump tits and her big, stiff nipples, a mouth-watering sight.

Brenda walked over, swinging her nubile hips lavishly and stopping with her legs parted, so that the kneeling women could look right up into her open, soaking cunt. She stood over them for a moment,

hands on hips, giving them a chance to look her over. Then she said, "Okay?"

Without waiting for an answer, she knelt down between them. Brenda realized that the women might feel a little bit uncomfortable because of what she had found them doing and she figured it would be a good idea to put them at ease.

She bent over and slurped the dog's prick into her mouth.

As she sucked on the meaty mouthful, her eyes rolled back and forth, looking at Claire and Molly in turn. She saw, to her delight, that both women were fascinated at the sight of a teenager sucking a dog's prick.

"Shall we suck her cunt?" Molly asked.

"I think she'd like that," Claire said.

Brenda couldn't say anything, since she had a mouthful of dog cock, but she made a purring sound that showed she was agreeable. Claire and Molly moved behind her. Claire pushed her face in between the teenager's thighs from behind, and started to lap at her juicy pussy. Molly watched for a moment, seeing the blonde woman's nimble tongue slide up the girl's soaking fuckslot. Then Molly spread Brenda's asscheeks apart and dipped her head down, tonguing up the girl's asscrack, and then went to work on her tight little asshole. She jabbed her tongue right up that narrow crack, rimming away with great gusto, enjoying her first snack of shit chute.

Brenda began to jerk her ass about, thrilled at having both of her fuckholes tongued while, at the same time, she savored a mouthful of dog prick. This was a happy situation, indeed. Brenda was mighty glad that Mike Rowley had informed her about Molly and Claire.

Claire was concentrating on Brenda's hot pussy, her head buried in the girl's crotch, oblivious to all else.

Molly, tonguing the girl's shitter, was able to look over the slope of her ass and watch her sucking the mastiff's mighty cock. Molly slid a hand up and cupped Brenda's bobbling tit, squeezing her plump tit-mound and pulling at the taut tip.

Samson, lying on his side, humped wildly, his haunches dragging across the carpet as he fucked into Brenda's eager mouth. He was whining and yelping and pawing at the air. Then he howled. Brenda gasped and gulped as his jism sprayed her throat.

Molly saw that the dog was coming. She gave Brenda's asshole a last slurp, then moved up to get her share of dog cum. Brenda swallowed a load and slipped her lips away in time for Molly to mouth the mastiff's cockhead and get a nice jolt of jism in her throat. The women and the girl passed the dog's prick back and forth, sharing it between them, as if it were a thick straw from which they were sharing a drink... which, in effect, it was. The dog blew wad after wad of cum into their mouths, humping and howling as he spurting out the fuck juice.

They drained his cock and balls to the dregs.

Brenda's cunt spasmed and her hot pussy-juice ran over Claire's tongue and lips and into her mouth. Claire greedily drank the teenager's juices and hungrily sucked for more. Brenda's trim little ass rolled about and her hips jolted as she creamed. When the final spasm shook her, Brenda moaned and sank to the floor. Claire went down with her, still sucking to make sure that she had gobbled every drop. Then she used her tongue to lap up the overflow and, smiling happily, lifted her head.

Then she scowled. She had been quite happy while she was sucking pussy but when she looked up and saw that the girl and Molly had already milked the mastiff's prick she was annoyed. Both Brenda and Molly had dreamy looks on their faces and cum on their lips.

"You greedy pigs!" Claire cried. "I've been looking forward to a drink of doggy cum, and you've already emptied his balls!"

Claire moaned in frustration. She pushed up between the other two and slurped the dog's cock into her mouth, but there was not a single drop of jism left in his cockhead. Although Claire was sucking for all she was worth, his cock was softening and shrinking. Claire knew that she was not going to get a drink out of that dog's balls for some time. She spat his shrinking prickmeat out and turned to Brenda, clamping her mouth on the girl's mouth and shoving her tongue out. She got a few drops of dog cum out of Brenda's mouth, then turned and kissed Molly in the same way, sucking a few nuggets of cum from Molly's mouth into hers. It was better than nothing, but it certainly wasn't the same as drinking a hot load right out of the dog's big, stiff prick.

"Oh! I want animal cock!" Claire moaned, in despair.

And Brenda smiled.

"Funny you should say that," said Brenda.

Claire looked warily at the stallion's cock.

As Brenda was frigging the beast with both hands, his cock was getting bigger and bigger, and Claire wasn't sure that her cunt would hold such a massive hunk of horse meat. But she sure as shit wanted to try it! She was sitting on the back steps, playing with her pussy, getting it as wet and as wide open as she could. Molly was almost as excited about the prospect as Claire was. Since Molly had already had the dog, they had all agreed that Claire deserved first crack at the stallion, but Molly was looking forward to getting fucked by the horse, in her turn.

Molly knelt down and began to lap the head of the horse's prick as his dark slab of cockmeat came squeezing out from its leathery sheath. Her tongue ran all over his knob, pink on dusky horsemeat, lathering him with her foaming saliva. Brenda was pulling his cock up and down with both hands, and his fuckrod stiffened in her grip. Molly pushed her tongue right up inside his piss-slit. Molly was tempted to keep right on licking and get herself a mouthful of horse cum, but she knew that would infuriate her good friend, Claire, and so she stopped, reluctantly. She moved over and knelt at the foot of the steps. Claire drew her moist hands away from her cunt and Molly dipped in, tongue first, and slurped merrily away on the blonde's pussy, preparing her for the horse's cock.

"He's ready," Brenda announced, when the stallion's prick was fairly humming in her hands.

His massive fuckrod extended right up to his chest, long and thick and hard as a stone.

"Are you sure?" Claire murmured, lusting for that mighty cock but afraid of it, too.

"Sure," Brenda lied. "I fuck him all the time."

Claire figured that if the horse's cock could fit up the little teenager's tight cunt, it could fit up her own well-used fuckhole. She smiled and leaned back against the top step, her crotch tilted up, her ass resting on the bottom step. Molly gave her cunt a last tongue swipe and moved out of the way as

Brenda led the stallion over.

Zeus had never fucked a woman's cunt before, but he had often fucked Brenda's mouth in a similar position and he knew just what to do. He stepped up lightly onto the stairs, his powerful body arched. His cock loomed out over Claire's belly and the knob dripped pre-cum onto her upthrust tits.

She leaned down and tongued up a mouthful of the musky fuck juice, swallowing the stuff with pleasure. But her cunt was on fire and she needed to get fucked more than she needed to drink the animal's jism load. She leaned back again, on her elbows. "I'm ready... I guess," she said uncertainly, still nervous, but still determined.

Brenda gripped the stallion's cock just behind the huge, throbbing knob and guided the tip into Claire's soaking cunt. The horse pushed his cock forward and Claire, jammed against the steps, shoved her crotch down to meet him.

At first she didn't think his prick was going to fit. It seemed as if his cockhead was wider than her whole pelvis. But then her pliable pussy-lips spread wide around his prickmeat and, inch by inch, his massive hunk of horse cock began to slide into her cunt.

"Oh!" she gasped, as her cunt was stretched wide. It hurt a little, but the pain was nothing compared to the thrill of having that wonderful prick sliding into her pussy. "Oh!" She was worried again. "Ooooooh!" The sound was drawn out and quavering.

The head of the stallion's cock slipped in, vanishing up Claire's smoldering cunt. She wailed with the joy of it. His whole prick was massive but his knob was the widest part and it was forging a passage for his cockshaft.

Little by little, Zeus edged his prick deeper into the blonde woman's cunt. She rolled her hips and pumped her ass, helping the dumb brute, grinding her pussy onto his cock like a tight-fitting boot onto a foot. Molly and Brenda were holding the horse's cock between them, like a battering ram, breaking the portals of Claire's carnal castle. Her cunt-juice ran down the horse's cockshaft, oiling his taut fuckrod and easing his penetration.

Inch by inch, his huge fuck-tool went up her. Claire could hardly believe how wonderful it felt to have her hot cunt stuffed so full of pounding, throbbing prick, fuller than she had ever been before... and deeper, too, as his cockhead slowly slid into the depths of her fuck tunnel.

Claire was jolted as the horse's cock drove in to the limits of her cunt... into that area where no human prick was ever going to reach. She whimpered and squirmed in bliss. About half of the horse's cock was up her pussy and she was speared on his prickshaft, her ass lifted right up off the bottom step so that she was parallel with the ground. The horse snorted and his prick twitched, bobbing Claire up and down on it. Molly and Brenda played with his swollen balls and caressed the half of his cock that was still available to their hands and tongues.

The stallion braced his ass and humped. At first, to her horror, Claire thought that it wasn't going to work. He was in her and bottomed out. But when he started to stroke, his cock did not slide in and out. His huge fuck-tool was stuck up her cunt so tightly that, instead of sliding, he dragged her whole body back with him. He shook her up and down, her ass churning, and his prick surged. Claire got a grip on the edge of the steps and pulled back as the horse tried to withdraw again. Then her pussy adjusted itself to its unaccustomed load, the elastic walls spreading out to accommodate the massive breadth of the stallion's cock. Slowly, inch by inch as it had gone in, the horse's prick slid back out of her cunt. It came out until only the huge knob was stuck up her... then it slid back in again.

Claire gasped and wailed as she felt that mighty prick begin to actually fuck in and out of her cunt.

The stallion began to fuck her with gusto now that his prick was gliding easily up her cunthole.

Claire pushed her crotch down to meet his plunging assault and, as he drew back, she rolled her hips around, winding her cunt on his retreating cockmeat, clutching him with the pliable walls of her pussy as her cunt muscles clamped like a velvet vise around his sliding prick. The stallion fed half of his cock into her, bottoming out deep within her grinding belly. His cock came out lathered with cunt-juice and steaming in the air, then rammed in again, jolting her from head to toe. Her whole body began to shake. Her bones were rattling. Claire was in ecstasy. She climaxed, shuddering with the joy of it... and then she came again, with hardly a pause.

Claire came five times as the horse shoveled his cock into her, each time climaxing with greater intensity. She was sobbing and wailing, unable to believe the heights of her ecstasy.

Then the horse shot his hot load into her.

His jism spurting into her pussy like a tidal wave and Claire came again, the best coming that she had ever known, as Zeus' jism filled her.

Claire, the daring girl, had proved that it was possible.

Both Molly and Brenda were very grateful to Claire, as they fucked the horse in their turns.

After that day, neither Molly nor Claire complained when their hard-working husbands stayed in the city overnight. The city girls were quite happy in the country.

The End