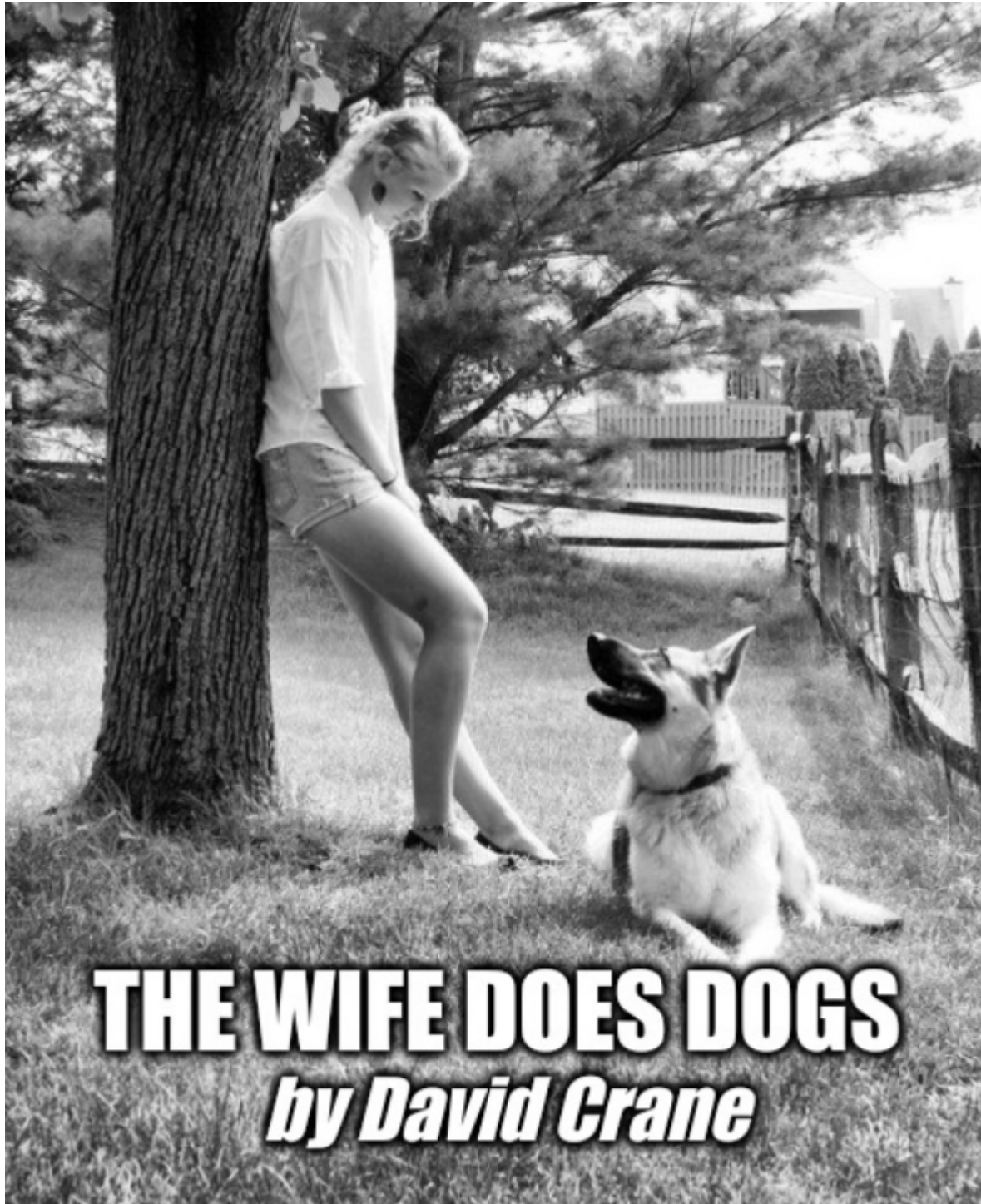


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CHAPTER ONE

“You’ll have to keep Rex here in the cabin, darling,” Carson Smith said to his wife. “If the white stag gets the scent of a dog, I’ll never get close enough to photograph him.”

Catherine turned from the primitive iron stove, where she was making coffee. It was early in the day and she was still wearing only a frilly dressing gown. The slinky garment clung to her body, caressing her smooth flesh. Through the semi-transparent silken material, the dark circles of her tit tips could be seen and, farther down, the triangular outline of her cunt mound was tantalizingly hinted at. But Carson was paying no attention to his seductive wife at the moment. The man was an enthusiastic amateur wildlife photographer and he was anxious to start stalking the elusive white

stag that was rumored to roam the forest near the cabin.

This was the first day that they had been there. Carson had rented the rustic cabin for two weeks, hoping to get some pictures of the noble stag and combining a family vacation with his quest, had brought his wife and their son, Tommy, along with their family pet, Rex, the big black Alsatian, to the forest with him. Now Carson was already dressed, wearing a flannel shirt and corduroy trousers and sturdy walking shoes, his camera slung around his neck. Catherine gave him a look of annoyance. They had arrived late and weary, the night before, and had not had their usual bedtime fuck. Carson had already been up by the time that Catherine awoke so she hadn't had a morning fuck, either, and the oversexed blonde woman was feeling horny.

Tommy had already gone out to explore the woods and, with the cabin to themselves, Catherine had been hoping for some prick. She arched her back, thrusting her big tits out temptingly toward Carson and giving her lush hips a suggestive twist. But Carson was so eager to seek the stag that he failed to notice his wife.

"Must you go out so soon?" she asked.

"Early morning is the best time to look for him," Carson said, still not realizing what Catherine was implying. "He'll probably lie up during the heat of the day, but I might be lucky enough to find him at the salt lick now."

What about my salty lick? thought Catherine, feeling that juicy object simmering between her sleek thighs. But she sighed, knowing how eager Carson was to look for the stag, resigning herself to another fuckless morning of frustration.

Carson moved toward the door. Rex followed after him, giving a little yelp of excitement, thinking that he was going to have a chance to chase juicy bunnies in the woodlands. In the city, the dog liked to chase cats and he knew that it would be even more fun to chase wild rabbits. No one would hit him with sticks, the way angry cat lovers did and, besides, cats had claws.

But Carson said, "Stay, boy," and went out, closing the door behind him.

Rex whimpered, looking puzzled.

"I know how you feel, Rex," Catherine sighed, seeing that the big doggy was as frustrated, though for different reasons, as she was at being left in the cabin and sympathizing with the dumb brute. She moved to the window and looked out, watching her tall, lean husband stride across the clearing and vanish into the trees.

Dammit, she thought. He could have at least thrown a quickie into me. Her pussy was smoldering and she could feel a trickle of hot cuntjuice run down the inside of her thigh, while her stiff nipples stood out in twin peaks against her gown. The sexy woman was wondering how long her husband would be gone and whether she should wait for him to return, suffering her frustration, or give herself a handjob. A fingerfucking was nowhere near as satisfying as a prick, but it was a lot better than nothing, she knew. Then, too, Tommy might be back at the cabin by the time that Carson returned and, with the teenage boy there, what with the paper-thick wooden walls, they wouldn't be able to have a fuck, anyhow. Catherine was a noisy fuck, panting and moaning and whimpering loudly, and it was too embarrassing to let herself go when the boy might hear. She figured that Tommy would know damned well what those sounds meant. She knew that Tommy was no longer innocent, having found the sticky evidence on his bedsheets several times, although she supposed that he was still cherry and had never fucked more than his fist.

Thinking about her young son jacking off was making Catherine hotter than ever. She remembered the first time she had discovered congealed cum on his sheet. She had been shocked, at first, to realize that her little boy could shoot cum, but it had excited her, as well. Feeling very naughty and depraved, the over-sexed woman had held the slimy sheet up to her face and licked at her son's jism. The cherry fuckjuice had been delicious and, naturally, Catherine had wondered what it would taste like to suck a load straight out of his sturdy young prick. She would never do such a wicked thing, of course - or so she had assured herself - but the speculation had made her so randy that she had frigged her pussy to jelly, sitting on the boy's bed.

Now she simply had to frig herself again.

She moved from the window and sat down on the couch. The doggy was still standing by the closed door, one ear cocked up, hoping to be let out. He whimpered with frustration. Catherine glanced at the brute, feeling a little embarrassed at the thought of fingerfucking herself with the dog in the room. But she couldn't let him out, or he would chase after Carson. Anyhow, he was only a dumb doggy. He probably wouldn't even notice what she was doing, she reasoned.

Although they owned one, Catherine obviously didn't know a lot about dogs.

Sliding down so that her firm ass was resting on the very edge of the couch, Catherine drew her gown open. She gazed down the plane of her belly at her crotch. Her cunt mound was a bushy triangle of golden curls spreading out on the flat surface of her loins. She spread her thighs and arched her neck, looking right at her cunt. Her pink pussy lips were unfurled like the petals of a fleshy flower, streaked with morning dew, and her open slot was flooded with cunt cream. Her fuck button stood out, stiff and tingling, from her juicy pussy.

Catherine didn't begin frigging her cunt right away. She was in the mood for a lingering handjob, enjoying the preliminaries before the creamy climax. She began to fondle her big, heavy tits, kneading the tit mounds and the taut tits. Waves of pleasure shot through her body. Her nipples exploded in her fingers and, as if by sympathetic vibration, her clit began to pulse.

She cupped her tits in both hands, lifting the globes and deepening her smooth cleavage. Ducking her blonde head down, she stuck her tongue out and began to lick at her nipples and to run her tongue up through her cleavage. Saliva dribbled onto her tits as she mouthed herself enthusiastically. Her face turned from side to side as she switched from tit to tit, licking and sucking. Her nipples expanded in her lips, and her pussy began to flow heavily. Cunt juice poured down her hairy crotch and seeped into the crack of her ass. She gazed down at her steaming cunt, whimpering. Catherine wished that she were nimble enough to go down on herself! What a treat that would be! But she had tried it, and failed. Her questing tongue had fallen just short of the mark, frustratingly close. She had been able to lick her pubic mound but unable to get her nimble tongue onto her clit. The fragrance of her smoldering cunt had wafted up to her flushed face, driving her wild with the double desire to suck cunt and be sucked. Her failure had been so damned frustrating that she hadn't attempted it again, although the thought of giving herself head never ceased to thrill her.

Now she slid one fingertip up through her slimy cuntslot, then brought her hand up to her lips and licked at her own pussy nectar. The creamy stuff was delicious. She pushed her sticky finger into her mouth and sucked on it as if it were a prick.

"Ummm," she sighed, adoring the taste and the texture of that succulent cunt nectar. She scooped up another fingerful out of her pussy and lapped it from her hand. Catherine moaned and squirmed, really turning on to her self-stimulation.

She had forgotten all about the doggy.

But Rex had become very much aware of his mistress. As the sweet aroma of steaming cunt drifted across the room, the big black brute raised his blunt snout, sniffed and whimpered. His ebony nostrils flared. The doggy forgot all about his previous desire to chase juicy bunnies, inspired by the scent of even juicier pussy.

He turned his head, eyeing Catherine with wide, amber eyes. A quiver ran through his body. Rex growled softly. He had fucked a few bitches in his time, and the beast knew damned well what that fragrant aroma signified – a female in heat!

His massive prick began to harden and his big scumbags swelled under his loins. It was a perfectly natural response to that fragrant stimulation. After all, the Alsatian was only a dumb animal – how could he know that bestiality was wrong?

Still unaware of the dog's interest, Catherine began to run her hands up the insides of her wide spread thighs, teasing herself by not yet touching her pussy. Her ass twisted on the edge of the couch and her hips jerked in a fucking motion. She gazed down past her tits, staring at her steaming crotch. Even her human nostrils, so much more limited than the dog's, were aware of the musky, smoldering aroma of her aroused cunt. She tapped her fingertip against her clit and shuddered at the thrill of the contact. She was panting like a steam engine by this time and her cuntlips had spread out wide, so that her pussyslit had become an oval slot and that slot was full of fuckjuice. Her clit stood out from that creamy glen like a log in a swamp.

Catherine began to stroke her cuntlips, running her fingertips up the pink folds. She flicked at her clit and moaned as spasms of lust rippled through her loins. Ribbons of pussy slime trickled down the insides of her thighs and seeped into the crack of her grinding ass. Her cunt was so hot she thought the heat might blister her hands as she cupped the steaming pussy. She tilted her wrist and slowly slid her middle finger up her fuckhole, pushing in knuckle deep and twisting it around inside her pussy tunnel. Her cuntwalls tightened, pulling and sucking on her finger. She began to fuck three fingers in and out of her cunthole, while she rubbed her clit with her other hand.

Catherine's pretty face had become a mask of pure passion, blue eyes narrowed and sensual lips parted and panting. She switched her face from side to side, moaning, her blonde hair cascading across her cheeks. She arched her back deeply, thrusting her tits upward, as her ass churned on the edge of the couch. Her pink tongue slid across her parted lips, the succulent flavor of her own pussy juice still tingling deliciously on her tastebuds.

Waves of rising sensation began to whip and lash through the horny woman's hot loins and to run like electric currents up her sleek, trembling thighs. Her heels drummed on the floor, long legs extended. Then she raised those legs into the air.

She was nearing the crest. As her stiff fingers, bunched together into a cock-like shape, slid up her cunthole, that smoldering crater squished and slurped. Her cuntlips sucked on her fingers as she probed deeply into her fuckhole. A rushing wave caused her to gasp as she hung just below the peak.

But although Catherine loved to come, she was enjoying this frigging so much that she wanted to make it last as long as possible, to enjoy a lingering build up before the creamy climax. She drew her hands out of her frothy crotch for a moment, giving her cunt and clit a chance to subside from the crest. Wisps of steam drifted up out of her temporarily abandoned groin. Her open pussy slot was like the crater of a volcano in the moments before an eruption, and her foaming hot cuntjuice poured

out like lava from that center.

Her damp thighs opened and dosed, drew up and then extended again. She gazed down past the thrusting slopes of her tits, fascinated by the sight of her seething crotch. Both of her hands were creamy, and she brought them to her lips, one at a time, licking and sucking the tasty cuntjuice from them. As the hot cream tingled on her tastebuds, the woman's tongue began to get as hot as her clit. Her mouth was watering almost as heavily as her pussy was flowing.

She dipped a hand back into her crotch. It went in glistening with her saliva, then came back out frothy with pussy cream. She lapped the stuff from her fingers and palm while her other hand scooped more of the tangy hot slime out from her open fuckslot. She was writhing around in a frenzy now, her whole lush, ripe body sparking.

Catherine could delay her orgasm no longer. The rippling waves of bliss were at the crest. She jammed both hands back into her groin and began to frig her cunt furiously, fingerfucking the slippery fuckhole and strumming her love nugget at the same time. Her firm ass and pneumatic hips jerked in a spasmodic fucking movement, and she threw her head back, gasping and wailing.

The waves came higher and faster, each crest rushing upon the other until the peaks had blended into one prolonged, sustained height. The oversexed blonde cried out.

As Catherine creamed, the rich scent of her overflowing cuntjuice became hotter and even more thrilling as it wafted across the cabin and filled the Alsatian's nostrils. Rex sniffed, and his whole muscular body quivered. His amber eyes gleamed with desire. His lips curled back from his white fangs. The dog thrust his big, blunt head out toward the woman on the couch, his nostrils flaring. He took one tentative step toward her. It was a new situation for the beast, and he was confused and uncertain - but lust shot through his hairy loins demandingly. He took another step. His haunches were lowered as if he were slinking up on an unsuspecting cat, or pussy, as the case might be. His bushy tail lashed behind him. The brute's balls were swollen so huge now that his hindlegs were bowed around the bloated bags and his enormous cock stood out parallel with the floor. His prick was long and thick and vibrant, and the slick red tip of his naked cockhead came sliding out from the hairy sheath.

The dog whined and yelped.

But Catherine was moaning and panting so loud that her blood was rushing through her ears. She failed to hear the warning sounds that rumbled from the dog's throat as he advanced.

She was at the very peak now, and clinging there, her coming sustained and repeated spasms shaking her lush body. Cuntjuice gushed out in a creamy tide. Her whole crotch was lathered with slime. The stuff flowed down her thighs and onto her ass and dripped from the edge of the couch. Her clit was detonating, setting off explosions deep within her fuckhole. The woman was going off like a machine gun, peak after peak ripping through her violently. Cuntjuice sprayed out in creamy spurts. The final spasm hit her and the woman cried out in pure carnal ecstasy. She slumped back along the couch, her eyes fluttering.

Her hands continued to move in her crotch as she made sure she had worked off every spasm and milked off every drop. A dreamy smile turned up her lips. She settled back comfortably, her legs spread apart and her cunt awash with the fluids of her climax. Wisps of vapor drifted from her creamy cunt.

Catherine had almost fainted in the aftermath of her dynamic coming. She sighed happily, eyes closed. She drew her hands away from her satisfied pussy. And, with those hands removed, and her

legs spread apart, the woman's cunt was fully exposed – and available! How could Rex resist?

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## CHAPTER TWO

The black Alsatian moved closer, standing stiff-legged around his jutting prick. The naked red slab of his cockhead was flaring out from the hairy stalk, fiery hot and throbbing. His asshole gaped open and a frothy drop of preliminary fuckjuice bubbled from the cleft, running like quicksilver down his dark meat. The dog pushed his head out, his nostrils flaring. His long, wet tongue slid out and he lapped at the inside of his mistress' cum-drenched thigh. As the tangy fuckjuice ran onto his tastebuds, the dog whined.

Catherine was only semi-conscious, her mind hazy following her violent coming. She felt the dog's tongue against her leg but had no idea what it was. She thought that slippery stroke was caused by her own cuntjuice sliding down her thigh.

Rex lapped at her leg again, then shoved his snout up into her soaking crotch. His nimble tongue slurped at her creamy pussy slot, running up through her open cuntlips and flicking across her clit.

Catherine's eyelids fluttered. She frowned slightly, not with displeasure but in bewilderment. Was she dreaming? What was that lovely sensation in her crotch? It felt just as if a hot, wet tongue was licking her pussy, she thought. But that couldn't be, since she was alone in the cabin. It was confusing.

The woman was curious and knew that she should open her eyes and investigate, yet she didn't want to cause that delightful sensation to stop. She stirred and sighed, shifting her pelvis slightly.

Rex raised his head, eyeing the woman doubtfully. Then, seeing that she was not objecting, the dog lowered his black muzzle again and began to lap at her creamy pussy with gusto. His tongue delved into her soaking slot and slurped at her slot. Cuntjuice sprayed up into her blonde pubic thatch as his tongue flipped up across her love bud. Streaks of pussy juice ran over the red meat of his long lapper, the taste and the fragrance driving the doggy wild.

He slurped doggedly. His tongue curled up. Cuntjuice pooled in the center and dripped from the edges. He pushed his cold black nose right into Catherine's cunthole.

Catherine gave a little gasp. If this was a dream, it was sure as hell a realistic one! And a delightful one, as well, with all the pleasant promise of being a wet dream, too.

Despite her recent coming, Catherine's insatiable cunt began to heat up again. She shuddered. What the fuck was going on down there in her crotch? Still reluctant to break the magic spell, Catherine ground her ass and hips slowly about. Her lithe legs rippled and closed, and she frowned again when she discovered that those sleek legs had clamped around something hard and hairy. She opened them and closed them again. Now she was wide awake and, knowing it wasn't a dream, heard a moist slurping sound combined with the juicy squishing sounds that her cunt seemed to be making. Little darts of sensation shot through her loins.

Catherine opened her eyes and stared down the incline of her body and gave a gasp when she saw that the dog was standing between her legs, lapping merrily away at her cunt.

The woman was shocked. She had never even dreamed of letting an animal tongue her pussy, and she cried out in dismay. Rex raised his head, his wet tongue lolling out. Catherine could see the

cuntjuice dripping from the red tongue, mixed with his doggy slobber.

"You naughty doggy!" she cried.

Rex looked puzzled, tilting his head to one side and flinching away. He could tell from the tone of her voice that he had misbehaved, but he had no idea what he had done wrong. His bestial senses told him that the woman's hot cunt was welcoming his attention.

Catherine sat up and clamped her thighs firmly together. She reached down and pushed the Alsatian's head away.

"Stop that, you bad dog!" she snapped.

Rex yelped in confusion. Catherine stared at him in amazement. But she was more amazed by her own reactions than by the dog's actions. His tongue had felt so good! Why, if she hadn't stopped him in time, she might well have creamed on that doggy tongue! The very idea of such depravity caused her to flush with shame.

She looked down at her crotch, seeing that her hairy pussy was frothy with doggy slobber. Then she looked at his lolling tongue again, seeing the silvery streaks of cuntjuice that trickled down the wet red tongue. Rex whimpered, his nostrils flaring. Her gaze moved lower and Catherine whimpered, like a dog herself, when she saw the dumb brute's massive hard-on. The sight fascinated her. Catherine adored prick and gazing at that doggy whopper cock thrilled her to the core, filling her with unholy desire.

The Alsatian's prickshaft was long and thick sprouting out of his swollen scumbags like a bludgeon, and the head of his cock was a throbbing wedge of fiery-red meat. A glob of doggy jism glistened on the tip, squeezing from his parted piss hole.

"Holy shit," Catherine whispered, huskily.

Rex barked with hopeful enthusiasm, his head bobbing up and down and his dark flanks trembling.

Catherine's pussy was heating up again, her lust inspired by the caress of the beast's tongue and magnified by the very fact that it had been a bestial caress that had inspired her emotions. It was wicked to let a dog lap her pussy, she knew. It was depraved and degenerate. And yet despite that - or because of it - the idea was so thrilling that the horny woman began to shudder.

Should she let the dog lick her off?

Oh, no! I mustn't! she told herself. And yet the hot, wet sensation caused by his nimble cuntlapper still lingered in her steaming cunt and her conscience was struggling with her desire. Maybe it wasn't so really wicked, she thought. Maybe it was just kind of naughty. It was just his tongue, after all. She had often let the friendly dog lap her hands and face. Was it so much different if she let him lap between her legs? It wasn't as if she would be getting fucked by a dog, she reasoned. Getting a little hot tongue wasn't so terribly depraved, after all.

As the woman considered these things, amazing herself by the fact that she was considering them seriously, her cunt rippled and the pink pussy lips parted wide. A gush of creamy fuck juice flooded into her open pussy slot, and her clit began to vibrate.

Slowly, Catherine smiled.



Her inhibitions melted away in the intense heat of her desire, and her mind reeled with lashings of lust. She let her thighs move apart again, lifting one knee slightly and exposing her groin. Rex eyed her uncertainly, sensing that her mood had shifted but not sure what was being demanded of him.

The blonde woman reached down and spread her cuntlips open even wider with her fingertips, revealing the dark inner folds, streaked with ribbons of frothy fuckjuice.

"You want some pussy, you naughty doggy?" she whispered, her voice quavering and husky. "Hummm? Does the hungry doggy want to lap up some hot cuntjuice?"

Rex gave a yelp. He moved a step closer and hesitated, nervous and uncertain because of her previous recriminations. But the woman's voice was no longer harsh, and her delicious cunt was even hotter and more fragrant than before!

"C'mon, boy - hot pussy! Lap it up!" she urged.

Rex moved closer, turning his head from side to side. His stiff prick was hammering wildly under his belly. His cock was so long that the naked slab of his cockmeat almost reached to his burly chest.

Catherine slid down so that her ass was perched on the very edge of the couch. Her thighs were parted wide and she was holding her cuntlips spread open for the animal. The dog's tongue lashed out, and Catherine wailed as the moist red meat hit her clit. Rex looked up at her face inquisitively. Then, realizing that he was being a good doggy, now, he began to lap her cunt with relish.

"Yeah - yeah - yeah..." Catherine moaned, trembling violently, thrilled to the core by the beast's big, wet tongue. His cold nose slid against her smoldering clit and she gasped. His tongue traced along the folds of her cuntlips, then slammed right up inside her fuckhole, probing far deeper than any man's tongue had ever gone. Catherine wailed with the pure joy of it. The Alsatian's tongue felt as big and long as a prick. She was getting fucked by his tongue. He fucked his tongue in and out, and her cunt clung to the slippery lapper, pulling and dragging and sucking. She grasped his big head between her open hands, holding his muzzle against her pussy as she jerked against him.

His tongue slurped and her cunt flooded. Each time her open pussy slot filled up with fuck cream, the hungry doggy lapped it up. His slobber ran into her pussy hole. Then more cuntjuice poured out, blending with the doggy saliva. Her whole crotch was flooded.

"Lick my cunt, Rex - lap it up!" she wailed. "Ahhhhh - I'm gonna cream your fucking tongue, you wonderful doggy!"

Whining and whimpering, Rex slapped his hot tongue into her pussy slit and up her cunt tunnel. Her cuntjuice was driving him wild. He gulped the sweet slime down by the mouthful.

Catherine lifted her trim ass higher. Rex's tongue long-stroked, rippling into the crack of her ass and gliding on up through her soaking slot, then flipping into her cunt bush. His muzzle was streaked with her fuck cream and the stuff dripped from his jowls. His cock was thundering and his balls were ballooning, but the obedient doggy ignored his own needs as he savored his mistress' succulent pussy. His head went up and down like a rocking horse as he ran his tongue through her loins from asshole to pussy mound.

Catherine clamped her thighs around his shoulders, hooking her knees over his powerful body. Her leg muscles tightened and relaxed. Then she threw her legs wide open again, giving his busy head free rein as the dog slurped happily away.

Cuntjuice poured down her crotch. Rex's head ducked down, and he lapped the sweet stuff up out of the crack of her ass, then dipped into her fuckhole again. She jammed her loins down, fucking herself silly on his tongue. He was licking the inside walls and folds of her fuck slot, lapping the cuntjuice out of her from within. She could feel his tongue flare and expand inside her cunthole, then slide back out and run full length over her flaming clit.

The waves of ecstasy began to rush through her. As she neared the crest, the overflow from her pussy became hotter and thicker and even more delicious and aromatic, driving the hungry doggy mad. His tongue whipped into her slot, and Catherine jerked and squirmed under that steaming caress.

Her cunt began to melt. Catherine cried out joyfully as her orgasm peaked.

"I'm creaming!" she wailed. "My fucking cunt is creaming your tongue, Rex! Oh my God! I-I'm coming on a dog's tongue!" Spasms hit her, shaking her bones, turning her whole body into a quivering mass of orgasmic flesh.

The cum cream poured out of her in thick streams, and the cunt-hungry Alsatian slurped it up, yelping and whining at the feast. Catherine moaned and sank back along the couch, stunned. The dog continued to slap his tongue into her pussy, gathering up the last delicious drops and filling her fuckhole with his slobber.

"That's enough, boy," she panted.

For now, she thought - because Catherine knew damned well that now that she had discovered the joy of a dog's hot tongue, this wouldn't be the last time she fed Rex out of her creamy pussy.

She was already looking forward to getting lapped off again, as soon as she felt horny once more.

But Rex was hornier than ever now.

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CHAPTER THREE

Rex had turned halfway to the side now, his neck arched as he gazed at Catherine. In that position, his prick was in profile. The well-satisfied blonde was smiling with happy contentment but, when she got a look at the Alsatian's meatrack, her smile faded away into an expression of trembling awe.

The dog's long, fat prick was taut and humming like a tuning fork and hard. The bloated slab of his naked red cockhead was pulsing in and out like an inhaling lung, and frothy drops of preliminary jism slathered the tip and dripped off. A trickle had run down onto his hairy prick, matting the shaggy sheath. The cum glistened a milky white on the jet black stalk. His scumbags were like over-inflated balloons, bulging between his hindlegs. His was an impressive hunk of cockmeat - and Catherine was certainly impressed!

Rex whined and his haunches rippled in a humping motion as he stabbed his prick out under him. There was a hopeful and expectant look in his amber eyes. His tongue, still hanging out from the side of his white-fanged jowl and dripping with cuntjuice, was evidence of the fact that he had done his m

istress a great service - and that he deserved a reward for being such a good doggy.

Catherine's eyes were glued on the dog's cock and balls, fascinated. It was her fault that the dog had

such a lovely big hard-on, she knew, and she felt that she was obliged to relieve the faithful dog. She knew that it must be agony for a doggy to have such a stiff prick and such swollen scumbags, with no place to empty them. Not having hands, a doggy couldn't jerk himself off, of course – but Catherine had hands, and those hands were tingling for a touch of dog meat. She was rationalizing again, as she had when she had decided to let the dog lap her pussy, reasoning that she owed him a come and, also, that it would be a good idea to get his cock emptied and soft before her husband or her son came home. She would never do anything really naughty, like fucking or sucking with a dog, she told herself, but just giving the poor dumb brute a handjob was only a little naughty, more a fact of being kind to animals than being depraved. And, she couldn't deny it, Catherine was getting turned on by the sight of that massive cock and those bloated balls. She knew it would be tremendously exciting to have that thick stalk throbbing in her stroking fist and to see all the thick, white jism spurt out from his pisshole when he shot his wad. She got up from the couch and moved to the window.

Rex whimpered with frustration as she moved away from him. But Catherine was looking out to make sure that neither Carson nor Tommy was approaching the cabin. Seeing no sign of either of them, she smiled. She had made up her mind to pump the dog's prick until he creamed and fiery waves of depraved lust ran through her at the prospect.

Catherine moved back from the window and knelt down beside the whimpering Alsatian. He stood sideways to her, stiff-legged, his head turned toward her and his enormous cock thundering like a jack-hammer under his brawny body. Catherine gazed at his prick for a few moments, savoring the anticipation of caressing his hard, hot cockmeat. She slipped her dressing gown from her shoulders, feeling the frilly garment flutter to the floor. She knew, from the huge expansion of Rex's scumbags, that he was going to squirt an awful lot of fuckjuice when he came, and she didn't want to get doggy spunk all over her dressing gown. Besides, the wanton woman liked the idea of being naked while she beat the brute's meat.

Rex yelped and his haunches rippled.

Catherine reached under him with one hand, palm upward. She cupped his swollen balls, lifting them slightly, as if judging the weight of the load they contained. The dog went still as he felt her hand on his scumbags. Catherine squeezed them gently, feeling his hard balls jiggle inside the hairy sacs. He was so full of spunk that she thought she could hear the hot stuff sloshing around inside his balls as she fondled them.

Her hand slid up and stroked against the underside of his hairy cockshaft, rubbing her palm along the length of that rock-hard, pulsating prick. She touched the naked meat of his cock-knob and drew her hand back, as if she had touched a hot poker. That slick red slab was glowing almost like an incandescent lightbulb.

Rex was whimpering and whining, rumbling in his throat, yelping with joy. She ran her open hand up and down his cock again, from head to balls, feeling the thick vein throbbing. Rex humped, driving his cock through her hand. Catherine fingered the sensitive spot where his swollen crown loomed out from the shaggy sheath. That huge wedge of hot meat pulsed, ballooning. More spunk oozed from his cleft and circled sluggishly down the slope of his cockhead, all frothy and white against the dark-red meat. A glob of slime ran onto her hand, in the web between her thumb and forefinger. The stuff was blistering hot. What a fucking thrill it would be when that horny beast blew his balls, the woman thought, trembling with expectation. She folded her hand around the root of his cockshaft and skimmed up and down, lightly at first, merely brushing against him, then tightening her grip and starting to frig him energetically. His prick hammered in her grip and Rex began to hump, fucking his prick through her stroking fist. As her hand pushed back toward his balls, the doggy slid his

prick out with a jerking movement. His hairy sheath was drawn back, skinning his crown and causing that meaty hunk of cockhead to flare and throb.

More creamy cum seeped from his pisshole, and Catherine ran her fingers over his slippery cock-knob, rubbing the dog's fuckjuice into his heated meat. She cupped his balls with her free hand, caressing them, as she pumped away steadily on his prick.

His cock seemed to be getting bigger with every stroke, and his balls were heavy in her hand. The cock-crazed blonde leaned closer, gazing in fascination at the Alsatian's cockhead, loving the way his quicksilver slime foamed on the angry red slab. She curled onto her side, moving partially under the humping brute. As he fucked his prick through her hand, the bloated cock-knob loomed up in front of Catherine's radiant face. Her eyes crossed as she turned her bifocal vision upon that throbbing cockhead.

Rex's bushy tail switched behind his ass like a rudder as he humped jerkily through Catherine's fist. His flanks heaved as the doggy panted heavily. Catherine knew that it wouldn't be long before he shot his bolt - and she knew too, that if she didn't get her head out from under him, he was going to spurt that creamy load of fuckjuice right into her fucking face!

The thought thrilled her. Her tongue slid across her sensual lower lip and her mouth parted slightly. Catherine was abandoned to unholy passion now, all of her inhibitions gone. She wanted the doggy to shoot in her face and on her tits, longed to feel his steaming hot slime hose her all over.

"Come, Rex - squirt your jism out," she rasped, jerking back hard on his hairy cock and making his naked prick-knob flare out like the head of a hooded cobra about to strike. His thick, non-lethal venom, oozed steadily from his open pisshole, slathering his cock-knob and causing Catherine to tremble in anticipation of his load. She leaned even closer, her long blonde hair cascading and her blue eyes glowing like smoldering cobalt.

Despite the lovely climax she had just had on the Alsatian's nimble tongue, Catherine's cunt was beginning to steam all over again, inspired by that throbbing handful of cockmeat she was steadily pumping toward a creamy conclusion.

Her mouth was watering, too. The sight of the dog's pounding prick was causing Catherine to drool. Her tongue felt as hot as her clit and her saliva flowed like cuntjuice. Catherine had always loved to suck cocks and swallow cum. Although she had never sucked a dog's cock, Rex's meat looked so fucking delicious that the horny woman was slobbering.

Should I take his prick into my mouth? She wondered, a dark and depraved thrill rushing through her at the thought. Jerking a doggy off was one thing, she knew. She was just being kind to a dumb animal by giving him relief. But blowing a dog was quite a different matter. She was hungry for his succulent-looking cockmeat and tasty-looking fuckjuice, but she hesitated, fearing that later, after she had cooled off, she would suffer terrible self-recriminations for having done such a wicked thing. Yet even as she hesitated, her lips parted wider and her tongue slid sensually back and forth. A trickle of saliva drooled down her chin.

Oh, fuck - should I suck his cock? She wondered.

But then it was too late. Rex howled like a wolf and his haunches heaved violently, driving his cock through her pumping fist like a torpedo. She felt his balls explode in her left hand and felt his cockshaft expand in her fist. She saw his pisshole open wide, staring right down his cock as if looking into the barrel of a gun. The dog's fuckjuice rushed up his stalk and came spurting out of his cockhead in a creamy white cloud.

"Oh!" Catherine gasped.

The brute's first thick spurt splattered directly onto the blonde woman's parted lips. She pumped him again, pushing her tongue out, and his second slimy dose skimmed over her tastebuds. Catherine wailed with joy as the musky flavor of that steaming dog cum registered on her tongue. He shot a third time, the foaming spunk hosing past her lips and hitting the back of her throat. Catherine's mouth was wide open now and her tongue was thrust out as far as it would reach as she frigged away on the dog's prick, milking him off into her mouth and her cheeks and it shot into her golden hair and dripped from her chin. A squirt fell onto her thrusting tits, hot as melted lead. Cum seeped into her cleavage and coated her stiff nipples with milky residue. She held his cock levered down for a moment, pumping more cum onto her tits, then angled his prick up toward her face again and took a thick wad onto her tongue.

Rex, growling and howling, humped away vigorously as he drained his scumbags and emptied his cock.

His last spurt shot into her face, followed by a slimy trickle that slid down his cock-knob. The doggy stopped humping and stood rigid, his flanks heaving. Catherine continued to jerk his prick up and down to make sure that she had milked out every sweet drop of his doggy fuckjuice. A look of awe came over her cumsmeared face. She had jacked off a lot of men in her lifetime, but no man had ever shot out such a great amount of spunk. Catherine was amazed at how much jism the Alsatian's big balls had held. She leaned back slightly, still holding his prick in her hand. That fat cock rippled. His prick was softening slightly and starting to droop.

Rex seemed to be smiling, his tongue lolling out and his black lips curled away from his fangs. Catherine smiled, too. She had dog cum on her tongue and lips! She had swallowed some of the steaming hot delicious stuff! The woman had expected to be filled with self disgust after she had done such a naughty thing, but now she felt no shame, no remorse, no regrets. Naughty, it might be - but what a fucking thrill it had been!

She leaned back, licking her lips. She tilted her head back and let a trickle of doggy cream run slowly down her gullet. The stuff was hotter and thicker and more musky than human cum, she thought - and it was yummy! She swallowed what was left in her mouth. The flavor still tingled on her tongue. Catherine was seething with lust, inspired by the naughty thing she had done, the dark knowledge as exciting as the act itself had been.

She cupped her fat tits in both hands and lifted them, dropping her face and sticking her tongue out. She lapped the doggy slime off her tits and sucked it from her taut titty tips, letting the spunk run around on her tastebuds for a moment, then swallowing it down. It warmed her belly.

Rex had taken a step back. His prick was still semi-hard, the fat cock-knob bobbing up and down. That red meat was slathered with cum. The spunk looked so delicious that Catherine whimpered hungrily at the sight.

She had already swallowed dog cum, she reasoned. It wouldn't be any naughtier to drink a little bit more - right off that slab of savory-looking cockmeat! It wasn't as if she was going to suck the doggy off, she told herself. Cum drinking had already been done and drinking a little more wouldn't compound her sins, right? Catherine was very good at that rationalization stuff.

She squirmed closer to Rex and pushed her tongue out. She took a tentative lick at the tip of his soaking cock-knob. His cockmeat was as delicious as his cum! She began to lave his cockhead all over, slurping the jism from that slab. Her throat pulsed delicately as she swallowed. Driven half

crazy by her lust, Catherine kissed the tip of the Alsatian's big prick, then let her lips part and slowly fed his cockhead into her mouth. She nursed and sucked adoringly on that rubbery mouthful, sucking the slime from his meat and swallowing the stuff with pure relish.

She drew back and gazed at his cock. She had polished his prick-knob to a glistening luster. Her frothy saliva had replaced the jism she had sucked from his prick.

The dog's cock twitched, jolting up.

Catherine decided to enjoy one more taste. She slipped the collar of her lips over his cock-knob and nursed on the succulent slab. As she did so, that mighty hunk of cockmeat began to well up and get rock-hard inside her mouth.

Rex was obviously a potent doggy.

Making him come had been such a thrill that Catherine was eager to do it again. Since she had already swallowed dog cum and had dog cock in her mouth, the randy woman saw no reason why she shouldn't combine the two and suck him off.

It wasn't really bad, like fucking him, she told herself.

Yes, Catherine was real good at rationalizing.

"Wait a minute, boy," she whispered. She jumped up and moved to the window again, to make sure that no one was in sight. It would be embarrassing, to say the least, to have her husband or her son walk in and catch her blowing the dog. She looked out and saw no one. She smiled and licked her lips. She moved back toward the dog. Rex cocked his head and waited, not sure what was going to happen to him next but knowing it was going to be fun.

Catherine knelt down beside the big black brute again, her face a mask of desire. Her cunt was like a flaming ember between her legs and her mouth was drooling for another taste of dog prick. She sure hoped that no one came home and interrupted her before she got that delicious cock and balls milked off and that succulent jism swallowed. She hoped that she had time for a long, leisurely feast of meat, followed by the creamy dessert served out of his scumbags.

She was going to have time.

Her husband was stealthily stalking the elusive white stag, miles away in the forest and her teenaged son was busily occupied in beating his meat down by the stream.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

Tommy had gotten turned on by, of all things, a catfish. The boy had been walking along beside the slow running stream behind the cabin, bored and restless and wishing he was back in town so he could call his girlfriend and, if he was lucky, get her to give him a handjob. He and Vicky had been doing a lot of necking and petting in the last few months and, although she wouldn't suck or fuck, the girl was usually willing to jerk him off while he played with her tits. She seemed to enjoy pumping the spunk out of his potent balls and often creamed her panties, without touching her cunt, when she saw the jism spurt out of his cockhead. She always leaned right over his lap while she frigged his meat, staring with great concentration at his cock and balls. When he shot his fuckjuice, she didn't even mind if the steaming hot slime splashed right in her face, either. But, unfortunately,



she wouldn't take his cock into her mouth. She wouldn't even give it a lick. And after she'd emptied his balls and some of his jism was on her lips, instead of licking it up she always delicately mopped the stuff away with her handkerchief.

It was nice to get jacked off, of course, but it was frustrating, too, to have his stiff cock so close to the girl's sweet mouth and not have it tongued or sucked. Tommy had often put a hand behind her head and pushed her face down onto his prick, but she always kept her lips closed and turned her head so that instead of nudging her mouth his cock slid along her cheek. Naturally, being unsucked, the horny teenager thought a great deal about blowjobs and that was why the catfish turned him on.

The fish had been drifting just below the surface of the stream and its big oval mouth had been open and pulsing the way catfish mouths tend to do. Watching that O-shaped slot pumping away, Tommy had found that his cock was getting stiff and his balls were filling up very nicely. He wondered what it would be like to get sucked off by a fish. It wasn't a very erotic fantasy but still that pulsing mouth looked kind of inviting.

Tommy opened his fly and reached in to haul his cock and balls out. He had a big prick sprouting out above a set of hairy, swollen scumbags. His cockhead was a dark purple slab, shaped like a mushroom, and dark veins seamed the underside of his cockstalk, pulsing and throbbing. Tommy gazed at his cock and tried to pretend that the prickhead was clamped in his girlfriend's lips. His cock-knob flared and his pisshole parted. A few drops of slime bubbled out, frothy and milky on the purple meat. Tommy felt his balls, squeezing gently, then folded his hand around the root of his cock. He began to frig himself up and down, slowly, his fist skimming over the thick shaft. When he pumped back toward his balls, his cockhead flared out wide, throbbing. Jerking his own prick didn't feel nearly as good as having Vicky jerk it for him, certainly, but it was better than nothing. He tightened his grip, pumping faster.

He pumped down and gasped as he felt his scumbags explode. The thick sap shot up his stalk and came spurting out of his cockhead in a creamy wad. The first burst arched out over the stream, glinting like a silvery spaceship in the sunlight. The slimy nuggets hit the water and the catfish greedily gobbled the stuff up. Tommy hoped it was a female catfish. He shot a load straight up in the air, the cum rising higher than his head and hanging suspended for a moment, then falling back to splatter at his feet as he stroked another dose out of his cock and balls, frigging with vigor and gusto. He beat his meat furiously, draining his balls to the dregs.

Panting, legs trembling and shaking, the boy slowed his strokes, then stopped. His big prick curled out of his fist in a heavy loop, bowed but not gone limp. Tommy regarded it, wondering whether he should whack off again. But the immediate pressure was off now, his balls were depleted, and he knew that it would take longer to come a second time.

The boy decided to return to the cabin where, in the privacy of his own room, he could stretch out on the bed and enjoy a long, leisurely hand-job in comfort. He tucked his semi-hard prick back into his pants and zippered up his fly over the prominent bulge. He headed back towards the cabin, thinking of blowjobs as he went.

That was a coincidence, because a blowjob was in process at that very moment, in the cabin.

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Catherine curled onto her flank, one knee raised up and her thighs parted. Her pussy was flowing like a swampy river through her crotch, her clit standing out and throbbing. She squirmed under the Alsatian. Rex stood with his long prick, his flanks quivering, sensing that he was in for a treat as his

mistress prepared to give her hungry mouth a tasty doggy yummy.

She folded her fist around the hairy root of his prick, pulling back so that his angry red cockhead came flaring out from the sheath, hot and slick and wet with her saliva. Catherine purred in happy expectation. She pushed her tongue out and began to lap gently at the naked dogmeat. The musky flavor tingled on her tastebuds, whetting her appetite. The doggy stared down at her in canine wonderment. Being a dog, he didn't understand what a blowjob was. Even French poodles didn't give head. But, although blowjobs were a mystery to him, the Alsatian whimpered with the joy of having his cockhead licked.

His scumbags began to fill up with a renewed charge of cum. Catherine slid down, letting his hairy prickstalk brush along her cheek, and began to lick and kiss the dog's balls. Then she tongued back up his cock, lapping at the hairy sheath, loving the way the thick vein pulsed on her tongue. She flutter-kissed the underside of his swollen red cockhead, sliding her tongue around, savoring the taste of his prick and getting hungrier by the second for his jism. Her saliva glistened on his cock-knob and matted his hairy stalk. She tilted her head and pushed her nimble tongue right up into the dog's open asshole.

Rex yelped and humped, heaving his cock into her face. Catherine kissed the tip and flashed her tongue all over the swollen slab. A single droplet of slime oozed from the cleft. The horny cum drinker moaned at the sight and gathered the nugget of fuckjuice onto her tongue, savoring the taste and the texture before swallowing. Her lips parted wider and she took the tip of his prick into her mouth. Rex humped, fucking his cock deeper into her hot, wet maw. Catherine's lips clamped around him, collaring his thick, hairy prick behind the knob and nursing hungrily on that meaty mouthful.

She held his cock by the root but didn't frig up and down. She didn't want to jerk him off while she sucked him, knowing he would come faster under the double caress and wanting to make this, her first dog suck, last as long as possible.

Rex humped again, fucking into her mouth just as if her mouth were a cunt.

Her blonde head tilted back as his doggy prick slid in, his cock filling her willing mouth. His naked cockhead nudged into the entrance to her throat and his hard, fat prickstalk wedged through her pursed lips. She knew she was liable to wind up with hair stuck between her teeth, but that was a small price to pay for this delicious feast. As Rex humped, his balls swung in and out like the clappers of a fleshy bell. The swollen bags slapped against Catherine's chin as the brute fucked deep into her mouth.

"Unghhhhh," she gagged, as the smoking hot wedge of his cockhead clogged her gullet. She held him there for a moment, then slowly drew her lips back up his prick, sucking ravenously through every precious inch. With only his cockhead in her mouth, at the top of the stroke, she nursed, her lips unpeeling behind the slab and her tongue sliding around against the underside.

"Ummmm," she purred, mouthing his cock with relish.

Rex humped again. Catherine tilted her head, taking his prick-knob into her cheek this time. She twisted her lips around his cock winding her mouth onto his prick like a nut onto a bolt. She ducked down, swallowing him balls deep, adoring this mouthful of doggy meat. She knew it was naughty to suck a dog's cock, but that knowledge only made the act more thrilling. She gurgled and purred, moaned and sighed, having gone suck-crazy on that succulent gash.

Rex fucked his cock into her mouth, heaving and panting, fucking her in the head with urgent

strokes. Her face was radiant with joy. His cock pulled out, soaking with her slobber, then fucked back in, tilting her head back and filling her mouth to the brim. She pulled her hand away from his cockroot and let him plunge even deeper, taking all of his long cock back into her throat. He pulled back out, and she mouthed his cockhead ravenously. Her lips pumped just like the catfish that had inspired her son, although Catherine knew nothing about that, nor did she know that Tommy was very shortly going to be a hell of a lot more inspired than any fish could make him.

Drawing her lips up to the tip of his slippery knob, Catherine whispered, "Come, Rex – squirt your yummy fuckjuice into my mouth, you big, horny doggy. Ooooooh – I want to drink your sweet slime."

She was speaking for her own benefit, inspiring her desire by her wanton words. The dog needed no such stimulation. Her magic mouth was doing the job on him.

As the dog fucked in, Catherine bobbed her head down to meet him and engulf him. As he pulled back out, her lips were dragged almost inside out as she sucked with enthusiasm. Her tongue flashed against his prickshaft and cock-knob. She gurgled and gulped, licked, nibbled and sucked, gorging herself on that sweet cockmeat. She was sucking so hard that she seemed to be trying to inhale the dog's prick right down into her lungs.

Rex humped away frantically, stepping the pace up as thrills built in his loins. His tail swirled behind him like a propeller and his spine twisted into an S-shape as he jerked his cock deeply into the woman's voracious mouth.

His pisshole was weeping steadily now as the preliminary scum began to flow freely. Hot slime seeped onto Catherine's flashing tongue and slid into her cheeks and moistened her tonsils. She gulped a few tasty drops down her gullet, and more oozed from his slick cock-knob. The dog's cum was more delicious now, sucked right out of his prick head, than when she'd jerked him off into her mouth. The scum-drinking blonde was going wild with the delight of swallowing. She gurgled on his fuckstick, slobbering and whimpering. Her cheeks hollowed in as she sucked enthusiastically, then expanded like a chipmunk with a pouch full of nuts as she blew her hot breath down his stiff stalk. Rex yelped and whined as he poured the prick to her head with bestial energy. His hairy cockshaft hissed into her wet mouth like a white-hot poker into a blacksmith's tub.

"Come," she rasped, begging for his joy-juice, as his massive cock jerked out of her mouth.

Then she gulped as the big prick plunged into her throat again. Her head bobbed up and down as she gorged herself on dogmeat. Her blue eyes were glazed by passion, her face radiant with pleasure. Cum kept dribbling onto her tongue, and Catherine kept milking merrily away, wanting more of the succulent slime, yearning to swallow the full load out of the Alsatian's huge balls. Those cum-laden bags were swinging in and out, bumping under her chin as the dog fed the full length of his prick into her head. His cock was swelling up more with every stroke. The naked crown was massive now, filling her mouth, expanded so wide that it was pushing into both of her cheeks at the same time, as he fucked back to her gullet. Her lips were wide open in an oval. When the dog pulled out, his flaring cockhead lodged fast behind her teeth. Catherine didn't think that she would be able to spit that mouthful out now, even if she wanted to – although that was the last thing she wanted. She knew that she was going to have to empty the dog's cock and balls before she would be able to disengage.

Her lips dragged and pulled and her tongue slid around on the Alsatian's smoking hot cockhead and shaggy prickshaft as the horny blonde gave skillful head to the dumb brute. Lashings of jism ran around in her mouth. The dog's initial seepage, even before he unloaded his wad, was as abundant as the average man's ejaculation.

Rex fucked the prick to her faster and harder, howling and yelping with the rising thrills. Catherine slammed her head down to meet his desperate lunges, letting him grind balls deep into her maw. She felt his prick give a tremendous jolt.

Suddenly her mouth was full of doggy cum.

The beast's first spurt came so hot and heavy that she didn't feel it squirt out of his prickknob. It was just suddenly there, a great swamp tide of jism filling her mouth. Slime swirled in her cheeks. Her tongue was floating in the thick stuff.

Catherine swallowed, gulping that precious mouthful down, making room for more – and Rex fed her more. A creamy river skimmed over her flashing tongue. A juicy jolt hit her tonsils and another splashing against the arched roof of her mouth. Catherine wailed and gurgled in exquisite delight, lost to the ecstasy of drinking fuckjuice out of a horny dog's cock and balls.

She sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked.

Rex pumped the hot, thick stuff into her slime bucket of a mouth with savage jerks and bestial jolts. Catherine was gulping as fast as she could, but the brute's massive load was too much for her to swallow it all. Cum overflowed her lips and ran down from both corners of her mouth.

His humping became erratic as his scumbags drained. A last solid spurt burst straight down her gullet. Her belly was full of his sweet slime and still she sucked for more. She nursed on his cockhead, milking a few last trickles out. The dog's prick was beginning to soften slightly, but was still a lovely mouthful and Catherine slurped happily away on the fat, rubbery knob.

Rex humped again, feeding semi-hard cock into her head. Another hot trickle oozed from his pisshole. Catherine gulped it down hungrily. Then the doggy stood still, his flanks heaving as he panted. The woman continued to mouth his meat, nursing out every last drop of nourishing goodness. His cock rippled and tensed, fucking in and out, as if unable to decide whether to soften and shrink or to get rock-hard all over again. Catherine kept licking and sucking up and down the hairy cock from his prickknob to his balls. Those balls were collapsed and drained now, but she lapped at them and felt them stir and start to expand again.

The cum-loving woman was wondering if the doggy could come again and if she had time to suck him off again? She drew her lips off his meat and gazed fondly at that mighty slab and stalk that had provided her with such a feast. She kissed the tip, then sucked lovingly on the bloated cock-knob some more. His prick hardened and surged in her lips.

She guessed that Rex could come again.

But, by this time, Catherine was desperate to come again, herself. Her cunt was open and wet and steaming. She cupped her hand over her pussy, rubbing and squeezing. It seemed a shame to waste a cum on her own hand, when she had the dog's tongue available to satisfy her carnal needs.

She wondered if it would be physically possible to sixty-nine with the dog. Her mouth and her cunt were both hot. She took his prick into her lips again. Naturally with her cunt so hot, the horny woman wondered what that massive hunk of dog cock would feel like plunging up her fuckhole.

Ooooh – do I dare let him fuck me? She wondered. Well, I already sucked him off – I guess that getting fucked ain't no more naughty than taking it in the mouth, huh?

She told herself there was no real harm in it, as long as no one ever found out what she had done. That was a big advantage in having a love affair with a dumb animal, she thought – Rex was not about to kiss and tell!

Catherine smiled as she made up her mind to let the Alsatian throw a doggy fuck up her cunt. His prick was still in her mouth and her sensual lips curled up around the slimy cock-knob. She sucked some more, gently nursing his prick back to a full, iron-hard erection. She swallowed the last drops of jism lingering on her tongue. Then she pulled her mouth away and watched the dog's potent prick buck and hammer invitingly.

Her cunthole steamed and flowed in anticipation of being stuffed full of that load of meat. Rex gazed at Catherine's smiling, cum-drenched lips in doggy awe, perhaps marveling, in his dim canine fashion, to have discovered that a human mouth was interchangeable with a cunt.

And vice versa, as he was soon to learn.

Catherine was all set for a nice, long, energetic fuck.

But time was running out on them now – young Tommy was bringing his hard-on home!

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CHAPTER FIVE

Catherine eyed Rex speculatively, wondering about the logistics of fucking a dog. She figured that they could fuck doggy style easily enough, but she was wondering if they could make it face to face, as well? It would be fun to find out, she figured. And she was going to have plenty of time and lots of occasions to experiment, as well, because now that the horny blonde had made up her mind to do some dog fucking, she knew damned well that once would not be enough. She intended to fuck and suck with the big Alsatian with regularity. If her husband chose to leave her unfucked while he went running around looking for a fucking stag, it would damned well serve him right if his wife cheated on him with a dog! The naughtiness excited her. When Carson got back to the cabin, she would give him a juicy French kiss – with the doggy cum on her tongue! Maybe she would ask him to eat her out – with her cunt full of dog slime!

But first she had to get that cuntful.

Catherine decided that for her first-ever dog fuck, it was only right that they do it doggy style. She gave Rex's cockhead a last lick, then twisted away and positioned herself on all fours, her trim, heart-shaped ass towards the dog. She looked back over her shoulder, smiling invitingly.

Rex whined, finding his mistress in a position that was very familiar to him, a position dear to his doggy heart. He shuffled toward her ass, his prick swaying under him. Pushing his head out, he ran his tongue up the flowing slot of her groin, moistly lapping from her clit to asshole.

Catherine purred and ground her ass back against his muzzle as Rex lapped merrily away. She placed her open hands on the cheeks of her ass, spreading those firm ass globes apart, and the dog tongued her asshole. Doggy slobber trickled into her shit cute and streamed down into her crotch. His long, nimble tongue stabbed right up inside her shit tunnel, then slurped back down to work juicily on her lovebox. His licking felt so good that Catherine was tempted to let him carry on, to cream on his tongue again. But she wanted his prick even more. Her fuckhole felt hollow, needing to be stuffed to the brim with hard, hot cockmeat.

The woman slapped herself on the ass.

"C'mon, boy," she urged him. "Jump up here, Rex. It's time to go fuckies!"

Rex whined, whipping his tongue into her crotch. His hairy haunches sank down and tensed as the powerful brute prepared to spring. His whole big body quivered and trembled. The aromatic scent of her pussy shot from his nose down to his loins and his huge cock began to vibrate and thunder. The slick red knob flared out, glistening with Catherine's saliva, red hot and rock-hard.

The dog yelped and bounded up, mounting the woman's ass. His forepaws clamped tightly around the handles of her hipbones and he clung to her, his haunches churning and his bushy tail lashing, mounted on her ass like a gargoyle on a flying buttress. His weight pushed her ass down under him. Rex humped, but missed the target in his impatience. His fat red cockhead rebounded from the back of her thigh. He heaved in again, and his prick slid up the crack of her ass. Catherine grinned, thinking that it might be fun to let the Alsatian bugger her up the shit hole sometime - but not right now. Her pussy was steaming for prick, and her asshole would just have to wait its turn.

She reached back between her thighs and folded her fist around the hilt of the dog's hard cock. Rex whimpered and held steady, realizing that assistance was at hand. Catherine guided the tip of his cock into her crotch. She tilted her wrist up and down, running his cockhead up through her open cunt slot, using his prick like a meaty ladle to stir her creamy bowl.

His stalk throbbed in her hand and his cockhead flared mightily in her pussy slot, sliding between her open cuntlips. She brushed his prick-knob against her clit and moaned at the sensation. Rex was panting over her back, slobbering onto her ass, his whole body quivering in readiness. Catherine slowly fit his naked cock-knob into her pussy slot, then slid her hand down and cupped his scumbags.

With the tip of his prick embedded, Rex knew exactly what to do. He tensed, then humped, fucking every inch of his long, thick cock up Catherine's fuckhole.

"Oh!" she squealed, as she felt her cunt fill up with doggy cock for the first time ever - and found that it was even more thrilling than she had expected.

The dog held the full penetration for a moment, thrilling at the pleasure of having his stiff prick buried in hot human cunt and letting Catherine enjoy the sensation of having her fuckhole stuffed to the brim with dog meat. His prick was massive and thundering inside her. She whimpered and gasped. His swollen cockhead felt like a lump of white hot iron, deep inside her belly, while his long stalk was levering at her cunthole like a crowbar. She twisted her ass and hips, winding her pussy hole around on his buried prick. She jerked back, fucking herself on an inch or two of prick. Then Rex howled and began to fuck her furiously.

He pulled out until only his cockhead was lodged in her slot, paused for a second, then fucked in balls-deep again. His scumbags swung in and out, and his hindlegs scrambled on the floorboards. Catherine met his strokes in counterpoint, jamming her ass back as the Alsatian thundered in and twisting from side to side as he withdrew. Her cuntwalls rippled and clamped onto him, molding her fuckhole around the huge contours of his massive prick. Her pussy muscles began to work, sucking on his cock as if the woman had a secret mouth deep inside her loins. She jerked and jolted under the brute as he fucked into her. Cuntjuice sprayed from her pussy slot as his fat, hairy-cock stuffed her to the gunwales. His balls slapped in, splattering pussy cream from her crotch. His huge prick was filling her, dragging her cunt almost inside out as he pulled back, then stuffing her cuntlips up inside her fuck tunnel as he fucked his prick to the root again.

Catherine felt as if she was being speared on his long cock. She had never been fucked so deep before. She half expected to feel his cockhead come sliding into her mouth from within, passing all the way through her body, spiking her like a pig roasting on a spit. Her ass pumped back as she gorged her cunthole on that thundering dog cock, wanting all and taking all.

She gurgled and gasped, abandoned to her lust and desire. Rex fucked in, running the full length of his cock across her fuck button as his cock slid through her pussy slot and plunged into the depths of her creamy fuckhole. Her ass churned under his weight and her hips shot out from side to side as she met the beast with equal energy, fucking herself to jelly on his cock.

He dipped down and fed her a long, rippling, underslung stroke that tilted her ass up into the air, then plunged in at a downward angle that forced her towards the floor. Rex was going wild with joy. He had plenty of bitches in his time, but no bitch had ever had a cunt that sucked and dragged on his meat the way this human fuckhole was doing.

Her cunthole filled with cuntjuice, and his hairy prick slammed in through the juicy folds, throbbing and thundering, heaving and hammering. His backbone twisted and contorted as he shot his prick up her pussy tunnel. He was pouring the prick to her with lightning strokes, his haunches a dark blur, his prick like a black ramrod. As he pulled out, the red meat of his naked cockhead appeared in her creamy cunt for a split second. Then he fucked in to her again, going in to the balls, rattling her bones with his savage thrust.

Her thighs tensed, rippling as she pushed back against his prick. The cheeks of her ass spread open. His doggy slobber fell into her puckered brown bud as he drooled over her ass. His cock fucked in and out of her flooded cunthole like a piston, filling her with his meat, stuffing her pussy to the depths and spreading the clinging tunnel out on his expanding stalk.

Catherine began to melt, her cunthole creaming on his cock. A spasm shook her, then another. Waves of joy shot through her belly and raced up her thighs. She cried out as her cunt melted like a wax candle around his flaming wick. The thrill ebbed for an instant, then the randy blonde began to rise right back towards another coming. The dog fucked resolutely on. Catherine was thankful that she had jerked him off and sucked him off, knowing that it would take him longer to come this third time, wanting it to last as long as possible. Her steaming cunthole yearned for his doggy jism, but she wanted to linger over a prolonged fucking and multiple orgasms before he shot her full of his fuckjuice.

His savage thrusts were driving Catherine forward, bucking into her and shoving her towards the wall. She slammed back, cock and cunt jamming together, cuntjuice squirting out. He shoveled the meat to her from below and her ass heaved up. Her lust-crazed face sank down to the floor. Her whole smooth body trembled as that massive, shaggy brute continued to fuck into her, stuffing her cunt full. She grunted as a violent thrust shook her to the core. She thought that his long cock must be shoving her vital organs out of the way as he fucked so far up into her body, as if her hipbones might jump out of their sockets as that thick stalk spread her out in its passage.

"Fuck - fuck - fuck!" she wailed, saying the word each time the Alsatian fucked into her, totally abandoned to bestial lust. Her cunt was creaming again and again, her clit going off in one climax after the other. She felt as if her blood and bones and brain were all dissolving and flowing out of her cunt, reality fading away, aware only of that massive cunt-stuffing dog cock that was pushing her through wave after wave of creamy joy.

The brute's loins fucked in, and her ass and hips ground back to meet him, to engulf him, to take every sweet inch of his cock in her melting lovebox. She felt him swell and throb and expand as he

drew near the crest.

"Pour it to me, you son of a bitch!" Catherine wailed, as she felt the dog's prick flare inside her. Her lithe, smooth-fleshed body was jerking spasmodically. She coiled and uncoiled under the fucking doggy like a spring, undulated like a serpent, jacked her body out, then pumped in. Her fat tits swayed under her grinding form, hanging like ripe fruit ready to be plucked. Her ass heaved, her thighs rippled. Streams of cuntjuice poured down the insides of her kneeling legs. "Fill me with hot fuckjuice!"

Rex snarled. He threw his head back, amber eyes glazed, long red tongue curled out. He hauled Catherine toward him by her hipbones and fucked his hard cock into her as he pulled her pussy over that driving prickstalk. He fucked in, his balls jamming into the woman's crotch and every inch of his shaggy prick vanishing up her soaking pussy tunnel.

His jism shot into Catherine's scum bucket with such tremendous force that he almost blew her right off the end of his prick. She gasped as she felt that steaming stream hose into her. Her cunt creamed again as she came with the dog and the dog fucked on, squirting his slime into her time and again.

His cum was hot as he flooded her fuckhole, and Catherine's pussy melted around that stream. Rex fucked his cock in again, shooting out another dose. As his hairy cock stuffed her pussy to the brim, a blend of cum and cuntjuice gushed out, soaking his balls and lathering her crotch.

She shoved her ass back to meet him again and gurgled with bliss as more doggy cock spume gushed into her. The dog was slowing down slightly as his balls drained to the dregs. His angry red cockhead slipped out of her fuckslot, nudging her clit. Catherine grasped his prick and shoved the hot cockmeat back up her cunthole, wanting more cock and more cum, wanting this ecstasy to last for hours.

Rex yelped and hosed her with a final spurt. Her clit detonated and more pussy juice seeped out as she peaked again. Then the big dog stopped moving and stood over her, clinging to her ass, mounted to her ass like a trophy on a wall. He was panting and whining. Catherine shifted under him, push-pulling her slippery cunthole through a few inches of hairy doggy cock, giving herself a few last strokes to make sure that she had emptied every sweet drop out of the Alsatian's balls and had worked off every last wave of her own joy.

Then she, too, stopped moving. They were rigid, locked together. The dog's prick felt even bigger than ever now, spreading her cunthole out around the huge contours. For a moment, Catherine wondered if they might have to wait there, coupled helplessly, until someone came to throw a bucket of cold water over them.

Worried, she gave a tentative jerk. For a moment the Alsatian's fat cock remained stuck up her cunt hole, not yielding an inch. But then her cunt began to slowly slide off his cockmeat. Relieved, Catherine gave herself the pleasure of a few more strokes, pushing her pussy up and down on his cock for a few moments. Then, with a contented sigh, she drew her cum-filled pussy off his prick.

When he felt his drained cock slide free, Rex released his grip and hopped down from her ass. His cock swayed up and down, the naked, slick, slippery prick-knob bobbing like the weight on a pendulum. Cum and cuntjuice dripped from the red tip. Catherine twisted around to look at the doggy. Her cunt, vacated, was flowing as if a dam had burst inside her loins. A frothy mixture of pussy cream and doggy spunk came gushing from her open slot, soaking her hairy crotch, trickling into the crack of her ass and running down her thighs.

She knelt in front of the dog, her gaze fed on his cock. As his prick swayed up and down, her face

bobbed up and down before him, like a cobra following the movements of a flute. The head of the Alsatian's cock was slathered with fuck cream and it occurred to Catherine that it might be a good idea to clean the brute up before Carson or Tommy got home. They might wonder why the doggy's prick was soaking with such inviting fluids. And, Catherine, smiling, knew the best way to clean that soiled cock too - because, soaking with cum and cuntjuice, the red meat looked absolutely delicious.

She crawled closer and pushed her face under the dog. He whimpered, quivering. His cock was starting to retract now and his balls had collapsed as if they'd had a blowout, but the doggy was still interested in his mistress' fascinating behavior. Catherine lifted his softening prick in her hand and began to carefully lap all the slime from his rubbery knob. She purred with delight when she found that dog cock was even more savory, after it had been soaking in a creamy cunthole. She slid her lips over the crown and sucked, her tastebuds tingling as they registered the delectable flavors. The musky cockmeat, spread with a tangy sauce of cum and cuntjuice, was a gourmet's delight. She slid her mouth lower, sucking some of the gravy of their groins from his hairy stalk. She had slurped all the cream off of the dog's cock by this time, but the greedy woman decided to suck just a few moments longer.

That was why her mouth was stuffed full of dog prick when her teenaged son walked in.

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## CHAPTER SIX

Tommy stood in the open doorway, his eyes bulging out like two hard-boiled eggs and his jaw dropping open.

"Holy shit, Mom," the amazed youth gasped. "You're sucking the dog's cock!"

Catherine, naturally enough, was dismayed. She started to yank her mouth off the Alsatian's prick. But his cockhead had flared out again and the ledge behind that fat slab got lodged behind her teeth. She had to open her mouth as wide as she could before she could pull her lips off the dog's meat. She blushed furiously, turning to look at her son, pleading for his understanding.

Rex, being only a dumb animal, and having no idea that bestiality was taboo and that human mouths had no business sucking on canine cocks, gave Tommy a proud glance, wagging his tail.

"I-I don't know what to say," Catherine stammered, absolutely mortified and shamed at having been caught in the act. If only she hadn't been so greedy, if only she had stopped mouthing the dog's delicious prick a few moments earlier, she thought. But it was too late now and there was no sense crying over spilt cock milk.

Tommy moved closer. His expression was one of shock, but not, Catherine noticed, of disgust. He looked, in fact, intrigued. And, she also noticed, the front of his jeans was bulging out in the bas relief of a tremendous erection!

"I just got carried away, I'm afraid," she tried to explain. "Rex had a hard-on and I was just going to jerk him off out of kindness to animals, and... and..."

"And you fucked him, too!" Tommy gasped.

Catherine saw that her son was staring between her legs, where doggy jism was still pouring from her pussy. Catherine wailed in helpless dismay, flaming with embarrassment.

"I hope you won't tell your father about this," she pleaded, knowing that the average husband would hate to have his wife cuckold him with an Alsatian.

Tommy slowly smiled, looking sly and triumphant.

"I might now," he said.

"Oh, please, please, Tommy," she begged.

"I-I'll give you anything you want, darling," Catherine stammered. "You want a new bicycle? A motorbike, even?" She figured that bribery was her only hope.

"Well... I want something," the boy said.

He was grinning wickedly. Catherine tilted her head, suspicious, staring at the smug looking lad.

"What?" she asked, frowning.

"I want a blowjob," said Tommy, making no bones about it, while the big boner in his jeans gave a jolt.

There came a moment of shocked silence.

Catherine could hardly believe her ears and she was horrified by her son's request. Tommy continued to grin that fiendish, blackmailer's smile. Rex, seeing that he was not going to get his prick sucked anymore, for the moment, turned and walked away. His balls, already emptied three times, were shriveled up and his prick was slowly retracting back inside his shaggy sheath.

"Tommy! You naughty boy!" Catherine cried.

He shrugged. "Ain't as naughty as blowing dogs," he said.

"But - but I'm your mother!" she protested.

"Yeah - but you're a cocksucker, too," he stated.

"It would be incest!" Catherine wailed.

"Yeah!" the boy said, with enthusiasm. "It's real naughty, ain't it? But it's all the more exciting because of that!"

"I won't!" she cried, but there was less than total conviction in her tone, and her eyes had drifted back down to the huge, writhing bulge in the teenager's jeans.

"Aw, c'mon, Mom," Tommy coaxed her. "I ain't never had a blowjob and I really want one. And it's your fault that I got this hard-on, on account of I saw you sucking the dog's prick." His eyes gleamed threateningly. "And, anyhow, if you won't suck me off, I'll just have to tell daddy about Rex!"

Catherine stared at him, trembling, horrified and yet fascinated by his suggestion and his threat. She hated to give in to blackmail, but she couldn't let her husband find out that she was a doggy-sucker and then, too, the fact that her son had never had a blowjob intrigued the horny woman. Cocksuckers invariably got turned on by the prospect of sucking virgin meat and drinking cherry cum. The fact that the virgin cock happened to be attached to her own teenaged son only made the idea more thrilling.

Doubt flickered over her face, along with uncertainty and confusion. Tommy waited patiently, staring at his mother's cum-smeared lips. Catherine realized that she was running her tongue slowly across those creamy lips, as if in anticipation. The boy and his mother stared at each other through another moment of silence.

Then Catherine, her voice husky, whispered, "Well, maybe a blowjob isn't really incest, like fucking would be."

Tommy beamed with happy expectations, realizing that his mother's resolve was weakening.

He moved closer to the kneeling blonde woman, his hips shoved forward. The lump in his tight jeans was truly impressive, level with her face. Catherine gulped. Tommy stroked one hand through her tawny hair.

"That's a good Mom," he said.

"You swear that you'll never, ever, tell anyone about what I did if I do it?" she asked.

"Shit, no, Mom. How could I tell anyone? I mean, no guy wants anyone to know that his mom is a cocksucker, right?"

Catherine blinked and then, despite herself, could not help but giggle at the boy's logic. This whole incredible situation seemed unreal and dreamlike. What a day it was turning out to be! She had sucked off a dog and then got fucked by the dumb brute, and now she was going to give head to her horny, virgin son! Maybe she was dreaming, at that, she thought. And, if so, it held every promise of being a wonderfully wet dream!

Catherine had made up her mind.

Tommy was shoving his loins out toward her radiant face, and Catherine could feel the intense heat of his cock wafting through the denim of his jeans, into her face. She saw the hard bulge ripple and swell. She softly blew her warm breath onto his groin and that lump bucked. Tommy groaned, rolling his eyes and grating his teeth, his whole body trembling with anticipation.

Catherine placed her hands on the boy's slim hips, blowing onto his swollen crotch. Her eyes were glazed by desire, her lips parted and panting. Her eyelashes fluttered up and down and her pink tongue slid across her parted mouth. A few drops of doggy jism still lingered on her lips and she licked the stuff up - and thought about the cherry fuckjuice that awaited her. Dark, depraved fantasies danced in her mind - fantasies that were soon to become reality.

She longed to open her son's fly and look at his naked cock and balls. Her fingers itched for that contact, and her horny mouth was watering for his cherry prickmeat. But some last shred of inhibition caused the woman to hesitate. It seemed so utterly degenerate to take her son's cock out, as if this were her own idea, as if she was doing this from lust rather than blackmail.

Tommy took the matter into his own hands. He reached down and unbuckled his belt, then slowly drew the zipper of his fly down, right in front of his mother's face, only inches from her trembling lips and tingling tongue and drooling mouth. As his fly opened, the boy's massive prick came rushing out like a lust-crazed bull seeking soft, wet flesh for its solitary horn.

Catherine gasped when she saw how huge the boy's cock was, and how shapely. She loved the way the big, purple, mushroom-shaped prickhead flared out from the thick, dark-veined stalk and how the whole long cock was throbbing. His asshole gaped open as the bi-valved prick-knob pulsed. She

blew her breath onto his prick and he shuddered. He dipped his hand into his crotch and hauled his scumbags out. Those hairy bags were bloated with a tremendous dose of fuckjuice, swollen like balloons – balloons that could be inflated even more by blowing on the long valve of his cockshaft and then deflated via that same valve.

For a few moments Catherine merely gazed in wonderment at the boy's formidable prick, blowing onto him and whimpering as she saw his cockmeat pulsate and throb. His cock looked as hard as a hammer. His stalk was so taut that it could have been used to launch an arrow or to play a violin. She shook her head in awe. His was a prick that could have levered boulders out of the earth, plowed furrows in a field, drilled holes through solid stone. And the massive thing looked as delicious as it was stiff, as succulent as it was bloated, as savory as it was hot. Catherine's mouth was watering heavily and her hot tongue steamed in her own saliva.

"Lick it, Mom," Tommy rasped.

The horny, frustrated virgin boy was no longer demanding and threatening. Now he was pleading. With his naked cock so close to his mother's sweet lips, he trembled with yearning, his nerves jumping violently, his bloodstream coursing with lumps of fiery lust. He pushed his hips forward, closer. Her blonde head moved back slightly. She sniffed the musky aroma of his overheated cockmeat and gave a hungry moan.

"Yes, Tommy, I'll lick your cock," she whispered.

Tommy groaned in torment. So much blood had rushed into his hard-on that the boy was light-headed.

"I'll suck your sweet cherry cock, Tommy," his mother said. "I'll suck you off and I'll swallow every drop of your hot, thick fuckjuice. Ooooooh... I'm starving for your cum..."

Tommy tried to encourage her. His lips moved, but no sound came out. The frantic teenager's vocal cords seemed to be in rebellion, as stiff and unyielding as his prick. His lips moved again, but only a whimper came out. Across the room, the Alsatian echoed the sound with a whimper of his own. Not selfish or jealous, the faithful doggy did not begrudge the boy the same treat that he had so recently had from Catherine's magic mouth.

Catherine slid her tongue out and bobbed her head forward. She tapped the tip of her saliva drenched tongue against the underside of Tommy's flaring crown. Then she drew back, savoring that first taste for a moment. His virgin cockmeat was scrumptious. Her tongue felt charged, as if by an electric current. But, eager as she was to take his prick into her mouth and milk his sweet cherry fuck cream out, she was not going to rush things. This was her son's first blowjob, and the dutiful mother felt obliged to give him a good one, to use all the techniques that went into giving good head. Her hands still held him by the hips. She didn't intend to use those hands at all, but to do the whole job with her mouth.

She leaned in, dipping lower and ran her flattened tongue over Tommy's swollen scumbags. She moaned softly, adoring the taste of his ballmeat, subtly differed from cockmeat but almost as delicious. She lapped all over those jism-filled sacs, feeling his cum load shift inside the hairy slime bags. Those balls were so heavy and full that the horny blonde cocksucker moaned in anticipation of swallowing such a load. She hadn't drunk cherry jism since she was a schoolgirl, and it was a taste treat she had often longed for in recent years – yet never once had she ever imagined that she would be gulping the stuff out of her son's cock and balls! She was starving for that incestuous virginal fuckjuice!



Catherine began to run her flattened tongue up the boy's thick stalk, tracing along the seam of the dark, pounding ventral vein. Her slobber trickled down his stalk as her tongue slid up to his cock-knob. She licked up and down with long, moist slurps, then went up and down again, her nimble tongue crisscrossing on the underside of his cock. She fluttered the tip of her tongue at the spot where his big prick-knob loomed out from his cock, causing his prick to thunder.

A thick drop of cum bubbled from his pisshole.

Catherine leaned back and tilted her head, watching that slimy nugget slide slowly down his cock-knob. Then her tongue flicked out, and she gathered it up. She let the glob run over her tastebuds for a moment, then swallowed. His cherry joyjuice was yummy, hot and thick and tangy, and there was a whole lot more of the sweet stuff where that first drop had come from.

"Ummmm," she purred.

"You swallowed it, Mom," Tommy gasped, gazing down at her smiling lips. "You swallowed my cum." The boy seemed amazed by the fact, even though he had arranged the situation, as if he'd expected his mother to back out at the last moment.

"Ummmm... and it's fucking lovely," Catherine sighed.

Her head ducked in again and her nimble, soaking, steaming tongue ran all over his cockhead and stalk with fluid slurps. Her saliva was evaporating from his overheated prickmeat, steam seeming to drift up into her face. Another drop of slime oozed out and Catherine let it slide onto her uncurled lower lip then tongued the stuff into her mouth. Her delicate throat pulsed as she gulped.

Tilting her head, Catherine pressed her pursed lips against the underside of Tommy's cockshaft and began to run them up and down, playing his prick like a flute. She hummed against his throbbing cockmeat, and his cock vibrated in her lips.

Tommy placed a hand behind her head, as if to hold her there and urge her on, but Catherine needed no urging. Now that she had started working on her son's virgin cock, the hungry, horny cocksucker was not about to stop before they were both rewarded by the creamy culmination of her efforts.

Her lips slid up and down. More thick drops squeezed out of the boy's pisshole. The slime trickled down his prick and into her parted lips as Catherine slid upward. His whole cock was slathered by her spit now as she mouthed from the root of his prick to the knob. His cum was streaked by that frothy saliva. Then her tongue and lips slurped the stuff back in.

She rose to the head of his thundering prick and turned her face down over his cock. Her lips moved softly against the slippery head of his purple crown, nibbling gently. She blew her breath down his cock and flicked her tongue into his pisshole. Tommy groaned, his legs quaking. He gave a thrust, nudging his cockhead against her lips.

"I'm gonna take it in my mouth now, darling," his mother whispered, knowing that her dirty words would thrill the frantic lad almost as much as the touch of her lips. "I'm gonna suck your sweet cock until you cream, Tommy. I'm gonna milk your fuckjuice out and drink it."

"Yeah... yeah..." he croaked.

Her lips parted a bit more, taking the very tip of his swollen cockhead in and running her tongue

against the underside. She lapped into his open pisshole and curled around the fat slab. She took a little more cockhead into her mouth. Tommy gasped, and his ass and hips jolted as he fucked into his mother's face. She purred with pleasure as the lusty lad fucked his cockmeat deeper into her mouth. He humped again, fucking into her mouth as if it were a cunt.

Catherine let him mouth-fuck her for a few moments, sucking hungrily on his prick as he stabbed in and pulled out. Then she drew her lips away and squirmed against him, tapping his cockhead against her nipples and letting his prick slide up through her cleavage. Tommy heaved, fucking his mom between her fat tits. She gazed down, her chin on her breastbone, avidly watching his huge purple cockhead come squeezing out from between her smooth tit mounds. She would let the boy fuck her cleavage until he came, someday, she knew, for now that they had started this incestuous behavior, Catherine knew damned well that she was going to be making love to Tommy a lot, in the future. But for this, his first time, she wanted his cock to shoot in her mouth.

Her face dropped down and she took his cockhead back between her lips, collaring his prick behind his cock-knob. Her lips turned outward and her cheeks hollowed in as she sucked avidly and voraciously, mouthing his prick meat with relish and gusto. Tommy jerked his prick back so that only the tip was lodged between her lips.

She gurgled, "Fuck my mouth, darling - shove your delicious cock into my fucking mouth as deep as you can."

He slammed in, tilting her head back as his cockhead fucked into her throat. Catherine gasped as that bloated wedge of meat clogged her gullet, but her tongue and lips worked voraciously on his stalk. He drew out, then fucked in again. Her blonde hair cascaded as he tilted her face on his lunge. Her cheeks expanded as she blew down his cock, then hollowed as she sucked. Her lips were dragged outward as his stalk pulled from her mouth. She folded her hot tongue into a wet bridge, letting his cockshaft slide over as he pushed back toward her throat. She tongued the underside of his prick, along the vein, then lapped at his cock-knob as he drew out again.

His preliminary seepage was soaking her tongue and lips and cheeks as the potent boy's slime began to flow freely. Catherine gulped the sweet scum down hungrily and sucked for more. Staring down his cock, she saw that his balls were getting ever more massive as he drew towards the crest, ready to blow his wad.

"Come, darling," she whispered, speaking down his prick. "Feed me your cum juice - pour your slime into my mouth and let me drink every fucking drop, Tommy." Then her words were cut off into a gurgle as the boy fucked into her gullet again.

His cock pulled out, slathered with her slobber, jism streaking the frothy spit. Then he fucked into her head, and Catherine sucked the slime from his meat and gulped it down. The horny blonde cocksucker was half crazed by this feast, wild with the joy of that delicious mouthful and the prospect of the steaming hot load that he would soon be pumping into her belly.

Her head ducked down as if she were bobbing for apples in a barrel, gorging herself on his cockmeat, taking every precious inch into her mouth. Her chin brushed his balls, and her nose nestled into his wiry pubic patch. She held it all in for a moment, tonguing and sucking, then drew slowly back up to his cockhead. His prick stood out from her mouth, like a bolt clamping his balls to her lips.

"Come - come - come..." she panted, mouthing his cock-knob.

"Yeah! Oh, Jesus! Here it comes, Mom!" the boy howled, his whole body vibrating as his balls

swelled to their limits.

Catherine greedily slurped on his cock-knob, ready to inhale his jism. Tommy fucked into her mouth and wailed as his scumbags erupted and the lava of his volcanic lust came pouring up his throbbing cockshaft and then burst in a creamy river onto his mother's flashing tongue.

"Oh! Ooooh!" Catherine wailed, as she felt her son's hot fuckjuice filling her mouth. She swallowed it down, and the potent teenager poured another load into her. Cum overflowed her lips and splattered onto her thrusting tits. She swallowed hungrily, gulping scum down as fast as she could and Tommy kept pumping more of that sweet nectar out of his cock and balls. spurts hit her cheeks and skimmed over the roof of her mouth. Her tongue was flattened under his cockhead sliding about in the swampy flood that filled her maw.

Tommy was jerking spasmodically in the throes of his joy. He yanked out too far and his cockhead pulled from his mother's lips. A geyser of cock spume shot out and hit her under the chin. Catherine opened her mouth wide, whimpering, and Tommy fucked his prick back in as yet another dose shot from his pisshole.

Catherine ravenously milked the boy to the bone, her lips sliding up and down as she sucked through every inch. Tommy gasped and staggered. He felt as if his very life force had been sucked out through his cock. His legs were trembling violently. The scum-drained youth slowly sank down onto his knees. Catherine's head went down with him, never for a moment disengaging from his cock. As he knelt before her, and as his long prick loomed up into her averted face, she kept on sucking, coaxing out a few last drops, making sure that she had it all.

When she rose up, his cock popped from her oval mouth like a cork from a bottle. Despite his titanic coming, that young prick continued to stand rampant. Catherine gazed admiringly, then raised her face. Her mouth was open and her tongue pushed out. She let Tommy see his thick, frothy fuckjuice coating her tongue. Then, smiling, she swallowed the last of that delicious mouthful.

"Gee, Mom, you're a great cocksucker," he gasped.

"Well, you've got such a lovely cock, darling, and was just fucking scrumptious," she said. She licked her lips. She eyed his prick, still standing, almost as huge and hard as before she had sucked him dry. A speculative look came into her eyes. Having given her son one blowjob, the woman reasoned that it wouldn't be any more naughty if she gave him another one. His cum had been so yummy that Catherine yearned for another hot feast.

Tommy looked down at his groin.

His coming had been so dynamic that his loins were numb. But now he saw that he still had a hard-on and, even as he stared, his scumbags began to fill up again.

Mother and son exchanged a questioning look.

The knob of his long, thick cock was pulsating. The fat vein pulsed up the underside of his cock and his prickhead flared out. Catherine's saliva steamed from his meat.

"Shall I suck you off again, darling?" she asked. "Will you feed me another slimy load?"

Tommy grinned impishly. He had been staring at his mother's cum-soaked lips and tongue but now his gaze dropped down to her open, foaming fuckhole. He raised his eyebrows.

"Since you sucked me off, I won't tell dad about how you blew the doggy," he said.

Catherine frowned, puzzled by that remark.

The boy paused meaningfully. "But you let the dog fuck your cunt, too, right? And I just might have to tell dad about that, Mom." He winked at her. "Unless..."

Catherine, beginning to understand, slowly smiled. "Unless what, you naughty blackmailer?" she asked.

"Well, I had my first blowjob, now," Tommy said. "But I still ain't never had a piece of ass..."

"But that would really be incest," she said.

"Yeah, but fun, though," said Tommy.

With her mouth satiated, Catherine's cunt was smoldering with need and, being a woman who was good at rationalizing and who was being blackmailed into it, she grinned and shrugged.

"How about it, Mom? Can I fuck you?" Tommy asked.

"It seems I have no choice," said Catherine.

Nor did she want one.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Catherine moved closer. Kneeling there belly to belly and thigh to thigh, the woman and her son embraced passionately. Tommy's rock-hard cock pressed into her stomach, indenting her smooth flesh. Catherine glanced down, seeing his cock framed by her tits. His balls were rubbing her curly cunt triangle, and his cock jutted up, the prick-knob nudging into the lower curve of her cleavage. It thrilled the woman to see how huge her son's prick was, how far his cock extended up her belly, on the outside - and to know that his prick would soon be fucking in the same length inside her loins.

She cupped his balls and massaged them, rubbing them against her plump pubic thicket. She rolled her hips, grinding her belly against his rampant cock. Sliding lower, she let the head of his prick slip into her cleavage. Her fat tits rolled against his lean torso and clamped his cock in the warm space between the globes.

Tilting her head, she kissed Tommy on the lips, lightly at first, then more urgently. Their lips ground together. Her tongue probed into his mouth, and Tommy who, although still a virgin, knew all about French kissing, sucked on it. But this was different than sucking his girlfriend's tongue, because Vicky did not blow him and his cock had just been in his mother's mouth, spurting cum out.

"You cocksucker," he whispered.

Catherine took it, as intended, as a term of endearment. Licking at his lips, she said, "You motherfucker."

They panted into each other's open mouth, swapping tongues and saliva. Tommy's tongue twisted against Catherine's, inside his mouth, the two wet tongues entwining like serpents mating in a moist cavern. When she drew her tongue out of his mouth, his tongue followed, probing into her mouth in

turn.

He ran his hands up her flanks, reached around to cup her firm, heart-shaped ass and pulled her closer to his loins, jamming his cock against her belly. He fondled her fat tits, kneading the firm flesh and pulling at the stiff tips. Like French kissing, the boy knew about feeling titty, but his mother's tits were a hell of a lot bigger than his girlfriend's and the tips were stiffer. Those rosy nuggets stood out like little spaceships ready to be launched from the dark pads of her areolas.

Catherine moaned and whimpered as her taut nipples exploded in her son's fingers and shot out into his palms. She slid her mouth away from his and gently urged his head down. Tommy lowered his face and began to lick at his mother's tits, then to suck her nipples into his mouth, nursing on each in turn. His saliva flowed down the fat slopes of her tit globes and trickled into her deep cleavage, while the head of his looming prick edged into that cleavage from below.

Catherine jerked against him, pressing her belly to his cock and balls, her ass churning. She dragged his scumbags between her legs and rubbed the bloated sacs right into her open fuckslot and against her tingling fuck bud.

Tommy rose up from mouthing her tits, and Catherine leaned down to lap at the head of his prick for a moment. Her magic tongue swooped and glided on the fiery cockmeat, waving the contours and pushing into his pisshole.

Tommy groaned with the joy of being caressed by that skillful tongue, thrilling to the dark knowledge that his mom was a cocksucker and a cum drinker, that her appetite was voracious and unlimited by the taboos of incest and bestiality.

She slurped his cockhead into her mouth and sucked for a moment. She drew away, then mouthed him again, sucking her own saliva off his hot cockmeat. It was hard to stop. Catherine adored that tasty mouthful and knew that if she kept on sucking she would soon be rewarded with another load of delicious fuckjuice. But she forced herself to draw away again. Her cunt was steaming and, wonderful as it was to milk the horny boy off in her mouth, Catherine was yearning to get her pussy stuffed full of his fat virgin prick.

Tommy dropped his head onto her tits again, his tongue lashing and his lips pulling at the tips. Catherine held his face between her hands, arching her back and pushing her tits upward. Then she slowly slid back, onto her ass and then sinking down onto her back in front of him. Her knees were raised, her thighs parted. Tommy knelt over her, his massive cock looming out above her loins like a bludgeon. He gazed at her cunt. The lips were unfurled, the dark inner folds revealed, streaked with cuntjuice. Her stiff clit stuck out like a little man in a boat. It was a wondrous sight and the horny boy began to tremble.

He leaned down over her, his face above her belly. He looked at Catherine, and she smiled and nodded. Tommy buried his face in her groin and began to lick and suck at her pussy. His tongue slid up her cunthole, and his lips pulled hungrily on her fuck button. Tommy had never mouthed a cunt before and he moaned as he realized how delicious pussy was. His hands slid under her ass, lifting her loins against his face, as if her cunt was a goblet he was draining to the dregs.

Catherine whimpered, gazing down the plane of her body, seeing her handsome son's face framed between her thighs. He looked up, his face slathered with cuntjuice from chin to brow, his eyebrows lifted in question. Catherine knew that he was silently asking her if he should tongue fuck her until she creamed. It was a tempting thought, but the woman lusted for his huge prick more than she did his tongue, at the moment. She jerked her hips suggestively.

"Fuck me now, darling," she whispered.

Tommy's eyes glowed with enthusiasm. He had longed to lose his virginity for ages and now he was going to. He was going to lose his virginity in his own mother's cunt! That sweet pussy slot had already been pumped full of doggy spunk and now it was ready for Tommy's cherry fuckjuice. He trembled violently. Catherine hiked her ass up from the floor, spreading her legs wider. Her cunt rippled, the pink lips spreading out into a wide oval. Creamy pussy nectar flooded down her crotch and her clit throbbed. Her loins felt hollow.

"Put your prick in me, Tommy," she rasped.

The boy mounted her, grasping his huge cock by the roots and guiding the flaring knob into his mother's cunt. Her wet cuntlips began to suck on the tip of his prick immediately. Tommy shoved only half of the bloated crown into her slot and paused, savoring the final moments of his virginity, joyfully anticipating the prospect of burying all of his frantic cockmeat up the smoldering lovebox.

Catherine was bridged under him, her ass hiked up, her head and shoulders pressed to the floor. Her hips shifted slightly as she worked her cunt around on his cock-knob. Tommy gasped. He began to feed his cockmeat into her very slowly, sliding into her pussy inch by inch. Nothing, not even her mouth, had ever clutched his cherry cock the way that her steaming cunthole did! Fucking was going to be even more wonderful than the boy had anticipated.

His thick prick slipped into her and, with a jolt, he fed her the last inches. His cock was buried to the hilt, and his bloated scumbags were jammed tight to her upthrust ass. The walls of her fuckhole closed, outlining the contours of his cock, massaging and caressing him inside her pussyhole. Her cunt muscles gripped him, sucking and rippling. It felt as if those concentric rings, rippling up his cockshaft, from root to knob, were jerking him off. He held all of his prick in her for a second, groaning with the joy of having his cock buried to the hilt in hot cunt for the first time. Catherine moved her ass and hips, grinding her fuckhole on his cock with every inch of the hot prick inside her.

Then Tommy began to fuck her furiously.

He pulled out until only his hot prick-knob was in her cuntslot, paused for an instant, then shoved all of his cock back up her soaking cunt. Catherine met him, jamming her cunt down as his cock fucked in and twisting her hips as he withdrew. Braced on his knees, Tommy slid a long, rippling, underslung stroke into her cunt. Then he hiked higher and slammed into her from above, running the length of his prick across her fuck nugget.

Catherine cried out with joy. His smoking cockhead was driving deep into her loins, and his thick, rock-hard prickstalk was filling her fuck tunnel to the brim. He was pumping cunt-juice out of her pussyslot each time he stuffed her full. His balls swung in and slapped against her ass as his prick vanished.

"Shove it to me, darling," Catherine gurgled. Her eyelashes fluttered. She gazed down at Tommy, hardly able to believe her own son was fucking into her cunthole, filling her with cock and with joy. "Fuck my ass off!"

Tommy fucked his cock into her fiery pussy frantically. He was pouring the prick to her violently, gasping and grunting and panting. The lust-crazed lad was fucking her like an animal, she thought - but that was fine with Catherine, who now loved to get fucked by animals as well as men.

He mauled her tits, then slid his hands under her ass, holding her groin up as he fucked his cock into

her. Catherine clamped her sleek thighs around his haunches, the muscles rippling as she tightened, then relaxed, drawing him into her. Her heels drummed on his ass, then locked behind him. She arched and bowed, riding him from below. Then she threw her legs wide apart again as the boy churned between them, his massive prick filling her.

She reached down and grasped his balls, squeezing the bloated bags, feeling his fuckjuice slosh inside them. She spread her hand into her crotch, fingers splayed so that she could feel his prick throb as he fucked in and out of her pussy. She remembered how the jets of jism had spurted into her mouth when she sucked him off and longed to feel the slime shoot up her cunthole now. Catherine was coming steadily, her clit exploding and her fuckhole melting.

Wanting the boy to come with her, she wailed, "Shoot in me, Tommy! Slime my cunt! Pour your hot jism into me, darling!"

Tommy was trying to hold back, to prolong this wonderful experience, but his potent loins were running out of control now. His balls were ready to explode and his prick was thundering. He fucked into her, jolting her ass, rattling her pelvis. She undulated, carried toward the heights, clawing at his back and clamping him between her thighs.

"Cream in my cunt!" she cried, desperate for his fuckjuice, yearning for the thrill of feeling that cherry jism spurt into her womb.

Tommy felt her fuckhole melt around his prick as his throbbing cock hissed up her fuck tunnel. The boy gasped. His coming seemed to start so far back, so deep, that it seemed as if his jism load was pouring out of his asshole, shooting through his loins from behind. He slammed his prick in.

His jism hit her violently, creamy geysers erupting deep inside her pussy, frothy rivers rushing from his flaring cockhead in spurt after spurt. Her ass switched from side to side and her slender belly pumped. Her cunt was sucking on his cock, dragging the joyjuice out of his balls. Tommy fucked into her, shooting more slime out as he buried his prick.

His balls seemed bottomless, his coming endless. Each time he poured the prick into her, another spurt of hot fuckjuice gushed out. Catherine was wild with the bliss of it, her pussy melting again and again, creaming each time he flooded her pussy with another load.

His jism was so hot that she thought it must be blistering the insides of her fuckhole. Cum poured into her like molten lead, steaming and smoking, while her own smoldering fuckjuices flooded out to blend with his cum cream.

Drained, at last, Tommy slumped over her.

Catherine continued to pump under him, working off the last of her coming on his prick and making sure that she had milked every precious drop out of his cock and balls.

"Ummm, I love fucking you, darling," she purred, a dreamy smile on her lips. "I love it when you shoot your hot, thick cum into my fuckhole. I can't get enough of it."

Tommy grinned sheepishly. His cock was starting to shrink and soften inside his mother's cunt. He knew that she wanted more because her fuckhole was rippling and sucking on his diminishing meat, trying to get him hard again but Tommy was finished for the moment. He had come in her mouth and in her cunt and - a fact that he bitterly regretted now - he had previously jerked himself off down by the stream. Potent as he was, the three dynamic comings had drained him.

When he drew out of her, his limp prick flopped down and bounced on the floorboards. Catherine slid around and slipped her lips over his prick-knob, nursing skillfully, trying to get him stiff again. Despite her efforts, his cock continued to shrink. She sighed, knowing that she was being greedy, yet unable to help herself. The oversexed woman needed more cock and cum.

Embarrassed by his lack of stamina, Tommy rolled away.

"We'll fuck and suck again soon, darling," his mother told him, looking forward to it. Soon – but not soon enough for her. Catherine had never been so horny in her life before. The more cock she got, the more she wanted. She had already, on this memorable day, sucked and fucked with her dog and her son but, instead of satiating her lust, her wanton and depraved actions had only made her want more. Her mind was aroused as much as her mouth and cunt.

She got up and moved over to the corner, where the Alsatian was curled up, his big head resting on his front paws. She knelt beside him and began to fondle his cock. Rex opened one eye and gazed at her, his tongue lolling out. But his cock stayed soft and his balls were in a state of collapse.

He arched his neck around and took a lazy lick at Catherine's frothy cunthole, but showed little enthusiasm. The doggy, like her son, had spent all the vitality in his loins. Insatiable Catherine had drained them both. She leaned down and slurped the dog's soft prick into her mouth, nursing hopefully, but to no avail. There was not an inch of stiff prick left in the cabin, nor a drop of jism. The woman sighed with frustration. She supposed that she could coax the dog – or the boy – into giving her some head and get her rocks off that way, but she wanted more than tongue now. What she wanted and needed was more hard prick.

She wondered how soon her husband would be back.

Getting fucked by her husband was not nearly as exciting as getting fucked by her dog or her son, of course, but Carson had a nice big prick and she would have welcomed his cock. She got up and moved to the window.

There was no sign of the enthusiastic photographer. She looked back into the room. Rex was asleep again and Tommy was sprawled out, panting, his cock shrunk to a mere nubbin. Catherine stood there, sighing, cum and cunt-juice running down her legs.

She couldn't wait.

She decided that she would simply have to follow her husband down to the salt lick and insist that he throw a fuck into her on the spot. It seemed a viable plan.

The only thing was, unknown to Catherine, Carson had never reached the salt lick.

His search for the elusive white stag had been interrupted in a very pleasant way.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Leaving the cabin, Carson had cut through the woods and angled down to the stream, further along and down current from where his son was jerking off on the bank. Intent on seeking the stag, Carson failed to notice the thick globs of jism that flowed along, bobbling on the surface of the water, nor the open-mouthed catfish that nibbled at the stuff. He followed along a narrow trail, his camera ready, hoping to get a picture that might be published in "Field and Stream". Although he had not

had his customary fuck the night before, nor this morning, Carson, unlike his over-sexed wife, was not feeling at all horny.

But that was a situation that was very soon going to be changed in a most dramatic fashion.

He rounded a bend in the trail and halted. The trees ahead bent over the path on both sides, forming a leafy archway and through that archway a pony was trotting towards him. A young blonde girl was astride the pony, riding bareback. For an instant, Carson was puzzled, under the illusion that the girl had two heads. Then he realized that the pony was being ridden double and that the rider behind looked exactly like the one in front.

Seeing the man blocking the trail, the lead rider drew back on the reins and the sturdy pony clattered to a halt a few yards from Carson. The pony snorted, twisting its neck from side to side and, from its back, the two girls smiled.

The twin in back had her head forward so that she was cheek to cheek with her sister. The girls had short, curly, sunstreaked hair, wide set eyes, full, sensual mouths, and freckles scattered across their cheeks. Their eyes were green as the forest. Filtered sunlight dappled them. Carson noticed that the rider behind was clinging to the one in front and that her hands had shifted up so that she was cupping her identical sister's plump tits. His prick gave a little ripple at that sight. But Carson, who believed incest and lesbianism to be rare, supposed that the tit grip was accidental.

Both girls wore very short cut-off jeans, the denim dragged up into the vee of their crotches. White cotton tee shirts molded their firm, thrusting tits. It was an erotic sight! Carson thought, those two sexy, perfectly identical young girls seated bareback astride the pony. But horseback riding was a good, clean, healthy sport, and the innocent fellow was ashamed of himself for seeing the girls as sex symbols.

He stepped closer. The pony shied and nickered softly, tossing its head, its thick mane flowing. The beast's sturdy flanks and broad chest were frothy and lathered.

"Hi," the first twin said in a friendly fashion. "Sorry we almost rode you down, Mister. I didn't expect anyone to be walking out here this early in the day. We..." she turned to give her sister a meaningful wink, "... we like our privacy."

Both girls giggled, surprising Carson. What was so funny about wanting privacy? He wondered.

"You a photographer?" the second twin asked, noticing Carson's expensive camera. "We like to have our pictures taken."

"Oh, well... I photograph animals in the wild," he replied.

"We're kind of wild," said the first girl.

"Errr... I was looking for the white stag that roams this forest," Carson explained, not wanting to get hooked into wasting film on human subjects or domestic ponies, although he had to admit that the sexy little sisters would make remarkable subjects. "I don't suppose you might have seen the beast?"

"Naw," the first twin said. Then she added, "I'm Molly and this is my twin sister, Wanda."

"Errr... Carson Smith."

Carson was disturbed by the presence of these nubile, giggling girls. His cock was starting to pulse

and swell alarmingly and he was terrified that the girls might notice the mobile lump in his trousers. How embarrassing for a middle-aged gentleman to become sexually excited by teenage girls! They were both giving him impish looks, as if maybe they were aware of his discomfort. He noticed that, although the pony was standing steady, the girls were sliding and squirming on the beast's broad back.

"Well, nice to have met you," he said, anxious to be off, thinking that maybe when he fucked his wife later that day, he would fantasize about these twin nymphettes.

He stepped forward, turning sideways so that he could slip by them on the narrow trail. As he drew abreast of the mounted pony, Carson noticed a very interesting thing. The girl behind was still holding her sister's plump titties and her hands were moving, fondling those thrusting mounds. At the same time she was arching her back and rubbing her own tits against her sister. His eyes flickered lower. The girl in back had her belly thrust out, her crotch tight against her sister's shapely little ass. And, most exciting of all, the narrow crotch bands of both the girl's shorts were dark and damp!

Carson gulped. He told himself that their crotches must have become wet from the lathered pony's sweat. And yet it looked remarkably like cuntjuice that had seeped into the denim. Even as he stared at them, a frothy trickle of juice slid out from the cut off leg hole of Molly's shorts and ran down her slim thigh, leaving a glistening trail like the track of a snail.

Despite himself, Carson could not help but stop and stare. He heard the girls giggle again. Embarrassed, the nervous man averted his gaze. But when he lowered his eyes, he was startled to notice an even more remarkable sight.

The pony had a hard-on!

That huge erection was getting bigger and harder by the instant. The pony's balls were swollen, as big as melons under his haunches and its thick long stalk sprouted out so far that his cockhead almost jutted out between his front legs. That cockhead was slick and black, the naked meat flaring out from the leathery sheath. A few drops of creamy spunk bubbled on the dark meat, oozing from the brute's open piss-hole and sliding down his prick-knob.

Carson gasped in shock.

"What's wrong?" Wanda asked.

Molly hooked one foot around and rubbed her ankle against the pony's prick experimentally.

"Oh, this damned pony has got another hard-on," she said.

"Yeah? He's a horny horse, ain't he? Hell, we just took care of him back at the stable before we came out for a ride..."

"Well, riding him bareback, with our cunts getting all hot and juicy, turns him on," Molly explained. Then she grinned. "Not that I mind it!"

"I guess we better empty his balls again, huh?" Wanda suggested.

Carson stared in dumbfounded amazement. Were they serious? Were they just teasing him? They seemed to have forgotten his presence, for the moment.

Molly drew her leg across and slid gracefully down to the ground. Wanda followed suit. As she raised her far leg, Carson saw a wisp of cunt-hair curling from the leg hole of her shorts and saw that her crotch was as swampy as her sister's.

The two nubile twins, smiling and giggling, knelt down beside the pony, inspecting his hard-on. Carson was sure they must have forgotten he was there. But then Wanda turned and grinned at him.

"You can take pictures, if you want to," she said.

Carson gulped. Well, they'd be wildlife pictures, of a sort, he thought, although they'd never be printed in "Field and Stream". The man was totally fascinated. He knew that he should hasten away from this bizarre depravity but he was rooted to the spot, his eyes glued on the naughty twins and their horny pony. His cock was so hard by this time that he thought it must be damned near as huge as the pony's prick, while his balls, which had not been emptied in two days now, were swollen so much that he was standing bowlegged around them.

Molly reached out, palm upwards, and ran her hand along the length of the underside of the pony's stalk. "Ummm... nice and stiff," she whispered, tickling him under his swollen crown.

Wanda cupped his massive scumbags in her hand, lifting and fondling the leathery cum skins and nodding, as if satisfied that they contained plenty of joyjuice.

The pony snorted, pawing at the earth with one hind hoof and tossing his silky-maned head about. Sinew and muscle rippled in his powerful withers and haunches. He made a little humping movement, shoving his cock out over Molly's hand. It seemed obvious that the pony was well aware of what was going to happen to him and that it had certainly happened in the past. Carson felt that he should be disgusted by the scene but he was fascinated.

"We better get naked first, huh?" Wanda suggested.

"Yeah," Molly agreed. She turned to look at Carson. "You better take your clothes off, too, or else move farther away. This damned pony squirts cum all over the place and there ain't no sense in getting your clothes all slimy, right?"

The twins drew their tee shirts off then squirmed out of their shorts. Neither wore bra or panties. Their nubile bodies were as identical as their faces, thrusting tits capped by stiff pink tips and tawny triangles spreading on their flat bellies. They had slim, shapely legs and pert, teardrop-shaped asses. Ribbons of pussyjuice slid down the insides of their smooth thighs.

Carson was amazed by their nonchalance. Naked before a total stranger and about to fondle a pony's prick, the naughty twins were perfectly at ease. Carson was anything but at ease. He was flushed, panting, light-headed as his blood rushed into his prick and deprived his brain of oxygen. He was too embarrassed to strip naked, but his cock was hammering at his fly like a battering ram. He drew the zipper down and his hard-on burst out like a torpedo.

"Ooooh - nice cock!" Wanda exclaimed, gazing at Carson's rampaging, purple-crowned prick.

Molly, too, looked at the man. She grinned wickedly. "Yeah, he's got a big one - for a man," she said.

Then she turned back to the pony's gigantic cock. She stroked up the beast's thick prickrod and fingered his flaring cock-knob. The naked black cockmeat pulsed and more frothy dribbles oozed from his gaping cleft. Molly rubbed the slimy spunk into his prickmeat with both hands. As she fondled his cockhead, her twin sister played with his balls.

"We don't fuck him," Molly said, speaking to Carson over her shoulder. "We'd like to, but his cock's too big," she added.

"Yeah," Wanda sighed, wistfully. "It's so fucking big it don't even fit in our mouths. We tried."

Carson staggered, lances of fiery lust transforming him, his mind spinning dizzily and his cock thundering. He envied the pony as he watched the girls caress that massive cock. How could a human prick compete?

"It's my turn in front," Molly said.

Wanda nodded and Molly turned lithely onto her flank and slid under the stiff-legged pony. She sat on her ass, her slim back arched, head and shoulders thrown back. The pony's prick loomed out over her belly and tits, the black knob aimed right at her pretty face.

She took his cockhead in both hands, holding the huge slab cupped between them. She began to frig up and down on the end of his cock, working her thumbs against the underside. The mighty black cockhead pumped and throbbed in her grip.

Wanda gave the pony's scumbags another caress, then slid up and grasped his cockshaft in her hands. Holding his cock rod by the roots, she began to frig him up and down at the base of his cockstalk, while Molly pumped on his cockhead. They worked in opposite directions, with Wanda stroking up from the pony's balls as Molly pumped down from his cockhead. Their hands met halfway along his cockstalk. Then Wanda pulled back, skinning the brute's prick-knob as she dragged the leathery sheath away. The naked slab loomed out toward Molly's radiant face.

The pony snorted, humping through their hands. His powerful haunches heaved as he slammed his cockmeat out, shoving his cock-head through Molly's hands and nudging his balls against Wanda's caressing grip. Those cum stuffed bags swung in and out and his cockshaft throbbed and vibrated. His prick-knob loomed out toward Molly's face, the tip flecked by slimy streaks of preliminary jism. She dragged his prick down, grasping the swollen crown so that when the beast humped again his cockhead skimmed up her belly from groin to tits.

A milky seepage creamed in her tawny pubic triangle. Rivulets of cum streaked her slim belly and dribbled in between her tits. She moved his cockhead in her hands, touching the slippery tip against her stiff nipples. Cum oozed onto the rosy buds. She squirmed, pushing one taut titty tip right into the pony's open pisshole. The brute humped again and the black meat of his naked cock crown slid into the girl's cleavage. She wriggled against his cock, purring and panting. Arching deeply under him, she let his cockhead and half of his huge, thick cockshaft skim up her belly again.

Wanda was pumping hard and fast on the root of the pony's prick as he fucked through her hands, driving up her sister's belly. Molly fell back and dosed her thighs around his prick-rod. His massive cockhead nudged into her crotch but, as she'd said, it was far too huge to slide into her waking, steaming cunthole. Her ass and hips tilted up as his cock-knob pushed against her pussyslot. Then the flaring prick slid out of her crotch and ran up her belly again.

Now the dark meat of his cockhead was soaking with her cuntjuice, as well as his cum seepage. It lathered her belly and tits. Molly tilted her face down, gazing at that cream-slathered cockmeat. Her pink tongue slid across her parted lips and her jade-green eyes glowed. She glanced sideways, as if to make sure that Carson was paying attention, and then the naughty girl pushed her tongue out and lapped at the spunky tip of the pony's dripping cock-head.

Cum and cuntjuice ran onto her tongue and the girl whimpered with delight. Carson watched her

pink tongue lave all over the ebony meat of the animal's naked prick-knob, then push into his asshole. Her lips parted and she kissed the slimy tip of his crown as she tongued up into his cleft. Jism ran down her chin. She gave a sigh and leaned back again as his prick slid down her titties and the knob came to rest on her curly cuntmound.

Her mouth was open. Carson saw pony cum and cuntjuice glistening on her tongue and lips. Then he saw her swallow.

"Ummm," she purred, a dreamy smile on her face as she swallowed the tangy cockjuice.

The pony thrust again, his cock-knob running through her cleavage and nuzzling into the hollow of her throat. She took the fat slab against her cheek, then turned her head and let it run through her pursed lips as he withdrew. More cum dribbled into her mouth and her tongue flashed across to gather it up.

Wanda jerked back to his balls and, feeling the big bags swell, she rasped, "Oh, shit! He's gonna cream, Molly! His fucking scumbags are all set to blow!"

"Ohhh - yeah! Frig the fucker off, Sis! Pump his fuck juice into my face!"

Molly's mouth opened wide, her eyes narrowed, and she held her face right in front of the animal's cockhead, gurgling with anticipation. The pony plunged through Wanda's stroking hands, his cock-knob flaring and his prickstalk throbbing violently.

"Here it comes!" Wanda squealed.

She felt the brute's balls explode and the thick jism rush up his cockrod. She frigged back with both hands, turning to gaze at the pony's cock-head as it loomed up in her sister's face, eagerly waiting for his slime to spurt out.

The pony's cum burst out like the foam from a heavy-duty fire extinguisher. Thick spurts of cock spume hosed Molly's face and throat and tits. Her mouth was open wide and jism jets splattered on her parted lips and poured over her flashing tongue. She wailed with joy and gulped the pony slime down greedily. A dose hit her between the eyes, another splashed on her chin. The cum drinking twin leaned forward, mouth open in a wide oval. As another thick stream shot out of the pony's cockhead, she took it in her mouth and squirmed down against the creamy spurt, like a salmon swimming upstream to spawn. The pony was hosing her tonsils and she jammed her lips against his cockhead, sucking hungrily, letting his scum erupt into her maw in a slimy rope.

Between them, Wanda pumping furiously at the hilt of his cockshaft and Molly mouthing the spurting tip, they emptied the horny beast's balls to the sweet dregs.

When she was sure that she had gotten every precious drop of pony spunk, Molly moaned and sank back in the grass. She was soaking with cum from the top of her head to her hairy cunt triangle. The stuff dripped from her stiff titty tips, trickled through her cleavage, matted her pubic thicket. Slimy ribbons ran into her steaming crotch and seeped in between her parted pussylips. Her tongue slid across her lips as she slurped the spillage up and drank it.

Carson had almost fainted with the thrill of it.

It dawned on him, vaguely, that he had even forgotten to take any pictures of the memorable scene.

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CHAPTER NINE

The pony, with his balls emptied, had lost interest in the proceedings. He was a horny horse, but not romantic, and he turned away. His fat prick was starting to soften. As the pony turned, the thick cock swung around like a firehose, slapping Wanda in the face. The girl lapped at his prick-knobs whimpering as she tasted his slime. But her twin sister was slathered with most of the stuff and only a few thick drops remained for Wanda. She licked them up, slobbering onto his shrinking cockhead, her saliva glistening on the black cockmeat. Wanda envied Molly the cum she had swallowed and Wanda knew where to get some for her own hungry mouth. Molly was stretched out on the grass, her nubile body drenched with pony cum.

Wanda crawled up beside her sister.

The pony began to nibble at the grass, his interest having waned as soon as his balls were emptied. But Carson continued to look on with total fascination. The man's prick had become so long by this time that he seemed to be staring at the girls over the swollen knob. He started to fold his fist around his prick, intending to stroke it, but the rock-hard cockrod bucked like a broncho, throwing his hand off. Steam rose up from his cockmeat. Carson gave up the idea of frigging himself, despite his desperation, hoping that something more interesting than a hand job might deal with his hard-on soon.

Wanda was kneeling over her sister, gazing down at the girl's cum drenched belly and tits and licking her lips. The twins smiled at each other, like reflections in a looking glass. Then Wanda leaned down and those identical, smiling mouths came together. The twins kissed in a way that was far from sisterly, lips grinding together and tongues flashing from mouth to mouth. Wanda drooled into Molly's mouth and lapped pony cum up from her tongue and lips.

"Yummy," she moaned, tasting the tangy scum along with her sister's saliva.

Kneeling, her ass hiked up and her thighs apart, Wanda turned her crotch toward Carson. Her cuntslot flowed like a waterfall, cuntjuice streaming down her thighs. He watched the girls kiss passionately and incestuously swapping spit and sharing horse cum.

Then Wanda slid down lower and her tongue began to gather pony slime up out of the hollow of Molly's throat. She moved lower still and licked at her sister's plump tits. Carson, who believed that incest was rare, supposed that Wanda was lapping up cum and that it was just a coincidence that the cum happened to be on her sister's tits.

Wanda licked at Molly's nipples, then sucked them into her lips, her radiant face switching from tit to tit and nursing on both in turn. Molly squirmed under her sister's face, moaning and purring, cradling her sister's blonde head to her titties.

Wanda tongued up her twin's cleavage and lapped at the globes. She gathered up every drop of equine joyjuice with her tongue, then slid lower and began to lick at Molly's slim belly. As Wanda slurped the pony slime up, her frothy spit replaced it. Her sister's belly glistened with saliva. Molly shifted and squirmed. Her thighs parted and she raised her knees slightly. Steam was pouring out of her open cunthole and her clit stuck out like a bullet.

Wanda, hungry for pony spunk, as well as other tasty fluids, lowered her face and ran her tongue through her sister's tangled pubic mound. She drooled into Molly's smoldering crotch as her lips worked, kissing and sucking, on that triangle of cunt hair. She slid lower and began to lap up and down the insides of Molly's shapely thighs. Her nimble tongue slid up the crease where Molly's legs joined her torso, running parallel to Molly's pussyslot but not quite making contact. It began to dawn

on Carson that if incest and lesbianism were rare, then he had stumbled onto one of those rare occasions.

Such things were not so very rare, of course, and the man would have been amazed had he known that his own wife and son were discovering the delights of bestiality and incest. But what the man didn't know wouldn't hurt him - while what he was learning was thrilling him to the very core of his being.

He watched Wanda's wet, slippery tongue flick up the inside of her twin sister's thigh. Molly's cunt was open in a wide oval and that oval was soaked with cuntjuice. A few slimy ropes of pony cum had slid down into her pussyslot, streaking her cuncream with a thicker fluid. Wanda's flushed face turned and she looked right up her sister's gaping fuckhole. Her hot breath wafted into that slot.

"My pussy is full of pony jism," Molly whispered, her voice husky, her face a mask of desire.

Molly's thighs rippled, parting even farther. Wanda's face was only inches from Molly's crotch. Her tongue slid out and, with a low moan, Wanda licked up her sister's creamy cunt gash. Molly jerked at the contact, then began to squirm. Wanda's tongue slid up her pussy-slot, lapping the pony cum out, then she tongued deeper, slurping cuntjuice up with relish.

"Ooooh! Fuck me with your tongue, Sis! Suck my hot cunt until I fucking cream!"

Wanda needed no coaxing. The cunt-hungry twin was already lapping with gusto on her sister's cunt, licking up the unfolded lips and slipping into her slippery pussy and flicking against her trembling clit. Her hands cupped under Molly's ass, lifting her higher as she buried her face in Molly's smoldering groin, sucking and licking with total abandon, with voracious slurps. Her lips pulled on Molly's stiff clit and her tongue slithered as far up the steaming cunthole as it could reach. Molly writhed and whimpered, her hips jerking in a fucking motion against her sister's face. Cuntjuice bubbled past Wanda's parted lips and onto her tongue, coating the pink meat with milky streaks.

"Feed me, Sis," she wailed, the words muffled in the echo chamber of Molly's cunt-hole.

"Yeah - suck it out of me! I want to cream your tongue!" Molly rasped, jerking violently under her twin's oral caress.

But Wanda needed no instructions. The cunt-crazed twin was already sucking for all she was worth, gone wild with the joy of it. Her face was bobbing about between Molly's widespread legs, her mouth clamped to Molly's cuntlips like a suction cup to a drain. Rivers of pussyslime poured over her tongue. Her ass heaved about at the highest point of her kneeling body as her blonde head dipped into Molly's groin.

The teenaged cunt-sucker was wallowing like a porpoise in her sister's crotch. She slid down lower, her chin resting on the ground. Molly hiked her ass up and, varying the feast for a moment, Wanda began to lick out her sister's asshole and crack. The spicy flavor of asshole whetted her voracious appetite even more. She slid back into Molly's groin and sucked on her flooded pussy with gusto. She began to use long, rippling strokes that ran out of the crack of Molly's ass, through her open cuntslot, over her clit and into her cuntbush.

"Come - come - come..." Wanda pleaded, adoring her sister's cuntjuice and yearning for her cum cream.

Pussyjuice slid into Wanda's lips and Wanda's slobber poured into Molly's pussyslot. Both of the twins were going crazy with fuck-lust. Wanda's tongue was as hot as Molly's clit as it flashed out and

brought them together. Her face, strained by desire, turned slowly from side to side as Wanda paid attention to all the juicy details of her sweet task. Teenaged tongue slurped into young fuckhole, stabbing in and out and curling around to lap at the inner folds and dripping walls of that steaming cunt tunnel.

Wanda was purring like a cat at a cream bowl as she licked and sucked and kissed at cuntlips, clit and slot, concentrating on the feast hungrily and devotedly. Her skillful tongue and lips were bringing her sister surging toward the crest. Waves of joy ripped across Molly's flat belly and shot up her smooth, slim thighs. Somewhere deep inside her loins, a whirlpool of sensations began to spin. She arched her back and heaved her ass up. Her slender pelvis was wracked by lashings of lust. Her hips twisted and undulated and her belly pumped frantically as she mopped her twin sister's face with her sopping pussy.

Thick was hot wax, cuntjuice seeped from her smoldering cunthole and poured past Wanda's eager lips.

"Oh! Oh, shit! I'm coming, Sis!" Molly gasped.

"Ummm - ahhh - ooooh..." whimpered the busy cunt-lapper as the flow out of her sister's pussy got hotter and thicker and tastier, cum juice gushing out instead of the preliminary lubrication.

Wanda's tongue shot up into Molly's cunt-hole like a pliable torpedo in a submarine chasm, floated on the floodtide like a soft, pink raft. Her lips parted wide and her mouth filled up with steaming hot cum cream.

Molly's nubile ass and hips flashed in the air, her pelvis twisting as she ground her cunt into her sister's eager face and spilled her nectar into the girl's hungry mouth. Her thighs opened and closed around the other girl's head. She gasped, moaned, sighed and whimpered. Spasm followed spasm as her coming sparked again and again. Each time she thought she was starting to ebb, Wanda's questing tongue and skillful lips brought the girl up to a new peak.

Wanda's own cunt, unattended and abandoned for the moment, was smoking, juice pouring out. As well as having identical faces and bodies, these twin teenaged nymphets were possessed of identical cunts. Having a perfectly similar pussy, Wanda knew just how to make the sucking and licking as good as possible for her sister - and vice versa.

Molly threw her head back, crying out in ecstasy. Her lips woe parted and moving and her tongue was darting in and out, just as if it were she who was sucking a cunt, automatically emulating the action of her sister's mouth - perhaps getting her appetite whetted with the prospect of returning the oral favor.

As Molly's clit exploded and her pussy flowed into Wanda's mouth, Wanda's clit and cunt were reacting the same way. Sucking her identical twin's cunt, she felt just as if she were sucking her own cunt.

"Don't stop," Molly groaned as Wanda ebbed for a split second.

"Keep coming, Sis! Give it all to me!" wailed her cunt-hungry sister, opening her mouth so wide that her spread lips were clamped over all of Molly's creamy crotch, working like a suction cup, glued there by a paste of cuntjuice and saliva.

Molly's ass slammed up and down, hitting the ground hard, spraying earth out from under her haunches as this final, greatest spasm ripped her hot loins apart.

Wanda slid her hand in and began to fingerfuck up Molly's slippery cunthole with three fingers bunched together, sucking voraciously on the girl's flaring clit as she did so. She pushed her fingers in knuckle deep and twisted them around inside the tight, wet cunt tunnel and her lips slurped ravenously on the overflow.

Molly gasped, shuddered, then fell back, drained. She smiled up at the leafy overhanging bows. Her knees were raised, her thighs parted, her sister still mouthing her pussy with relish. Wanda kept on sucking merrily away as she made sure that she had worked off every wave and gulped out every sweet drop. Drawing back slightly, she used her nimble, drenched tongue to softly lap up the cuntjuice that had escaped her lips and flowed down Molly's crotch. She tongued a few succulent globs out of Molly's taut ass crack and licked the streaks from the intricate folds of her pussylips.

Satisfied that she had drained that hairy goblet to the dregs, Wanda raised her face and smiled at Molly. Molly smiled back. Again, it was as if those smiling faces were one, the same girl regarding herself in a looking glass - except this time one of those sweet faces was soaking with cuntjuice.

"Shall I suck you now, Sis?" Molly whispered, huskily, letting her tongue slide across her moist lips.

With her pussy satisfied, Molly's tongue was horny.

Wanda started to reply, her creamy lips parting, and then Carson Smith groaned. Wanda looked back over her shoulder. Lost in the raptures of cunt-sucking, the twins had forgotten all about their fascinated audience. Now, his presence drawn to their attention by his frantic groan, the girls gazed at him and, seeing the magnitude of his hard-on, which looked damned near as huge as the pony's prick, they both smiled in happy anticipation. How could they let a cock like that go unfucked?

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## CHAPTER TEN

Carson's cock looked as long as the trees under which the frustrated photographer stood. It towered up so high that it seemed he could have sucked it himself, were he to lower his face only a few inches. His stalk was gnarled by thick, dark veins, as hard as a crowbar, looming up from a set of scumbags that looked as if they must contain a gallon of fuckjuice, while atop that massive rod his purple cockhead flared out like a war club. Under the scrutiny of two sets of fascinated green eyes, his prick vibrated and hummed, snapped and surged, pulsated and throbbed.

Wanda, still on her hands and knees, her jaws dripping over her sister's groin, whispered, and nodded.

"Yeah - fuck her!" Molly cried, with enthusiasm.

Molly rather fancied some of that gigantic cock and the scum out of those massive balls, herself, but she had already creamed on Wanda's tongue and the girl wasn't selfish. Then, too, being identical in all ways, the twins enjoyed watching each other get fucked just as much as they enjoyed it themselves. It was, with them, as if they had only one cunt, but a cunt reflected.

Wanda shifted her upthrust ass suggestively and invitingly. Her pussy was streaming down her crotch, her thighs parted. Carson waited for a moment, thinking that the girl might wish to turn around into the missionary position. But then he realized that Wanda was waiting for him to throw a doggy fuck into her. Considering the previous affair with the pony, fucking like animals seemed appropriate.

He took a shuffling step forward, moving awkwardly, thrown off balance by the weight of his enormous hard-on. The rock-hard prick rod stood up before his belly and the man had to hold his head and shoulders tilted back to counterbalance the bulk of it. Gazing at the teenager's tight little pussy, past his cockhead, Carson wondered if his thick cock would not be too big for her cunthole, a possibility that distressed him greatly. But Wanda wasn't at all intimidated by his size. She seemed eager for his cock and Carson fled that the girl must know full well how much her cunt could hold.

The dark veins writhed up the underside of his cockstalk as he stepped up behind the teenager and slowly sank to his knees.

His prick thrust out above her uptilted ass like a weapon with which he was about to batter her ass. Wanda whimpered in expectation, lowering her head to the ground and shoving her ass up higher. As her bottom roses Carson's thick cock nestled into the crack of her ass. He groaned and took a stroke up that tight crack, his smoking hot cockshaft spreading her ass cheeks apart and the huge slab of his cockhead nudging at her trim little brown asshole.

"Not there," she giggled.

Carson pulled back. His prick slid down through the crack of her ass again and the swollen crown eased into her crotch. Wanda's pink cuntlips fluttered open around the tip. He still wasn't sure his cock was going to fit into the slender girl and he stared down doubtfully. He saw a glob of cuntjuice squeeze out from his open pisshole and slide, frothy and sticky, into her cuntslot.

Molly had twisted around and crawled down beside them. She lay belly down in the grass, her chin supported on her hands, her green eyes smoldering as she enjoyed the sight.

"Shove it up her cunt," Molly urged.

"Yeah - stuff my pussy with that big fucker!" her sister moaned, giving her ass a wiggle.

Carson grasped the kneeling girl by the hip-bones, holding her pelvis steady. He began to inch his prick into her pussy. The fit was snug, but her cunthole was soaking wet and well-lubricated. Half of his cockhead slipped into her and he paused. Wanda whimpered and jerked, eager for more, wanting it all.

Molly, supporting her chin on one hand now, reached out with the other to cup Carson's scumbags, fondling them, her eyebrows lifting as she felt his impressive load slosh in the hairy sacs.

Carson hauled Wanda back by the hips and wedged his cockhead into her open pussyslot. The fat slab vanished and her slick, pink cuntlips snapped tight, collaring his thick stalk, rippling and pulling on his cockmeat. He paused again, his prickknob buried and his long, fat cockrod standing out between his loins and her groin.

Molly, perhaps figuring that some further lubrication was required, or perhaps just because her tongue was hot, pushed her face in and began to slobber into her sister's pussy and onto Carson's cock and balls. She ran her tongue up the crack of Wanda's ass and dipped it into the girl's puckered brown asshole. Her saliva flowed down the crack and streamed into Wanda's crotch. With this added lubrication, Carson began to inch the rest of his prick into the girl.

Her tight cunttunnel slowly spread to accommodate the bulk of his iron hard prick. Wanda squirmed and wriggled, jammed her ass back, yearning to be impaled on his cockmeat.

He watched his stalk vanish up that tight but pliable cuntslot. Her cuntmuscles were sucking on his prick, drawing him ever deeper. Carson was amazed at the elasticity of that young pussy. His cockshaft looked wider than her slim hips and yet the fucking thing was steadily disappearing into her pussyhole!

With a heave, he buried the last inches. His balls slapped against her cuntmound and her pink pussylips spread out, plastered around the thick root of his cock.

He held it all up inside her for a moment while the thrilled girl jerked and twisted on his prick like a fish on a gaff. Then he started to draw back out. At first the fit was so tight that, instead of pulling his prick out of her cunt, he simply dragged her ass and hips back with him. But then he tightened his grip on her hips and began to push-pull her, hauling her back onto his cock as he thrust in, then shoving her away as he drew the huge prick out.

He pulled out until only his cockhead was stuck in her slot, then whipped it all back into her. Her trim little ass was jammed upward as his prick filled her. Wanda wailed with joy. It was the biggest prick that the teenager had ever had up her cunt – since the pony's prick wouldn't fit in her – and she adored the sensation of having her hot little cunthole stuffed to the brim with hot, hard prickmeat.

Carson began a slow, steady fucking that drove the wanton little minx wild. She churned and thrashed on his cocks gurgling and gasping. Ramming in to the hilt, Carson heard the girl gulp. He wondered if his huge prick was running right into her throat, choking her from inside her gullet. He pulled out and slammed in again, feeding her a long, rippling stroke that caused her to vibrate.

Molly watched that thick cockrod vanish, then reappear, licking her lips appreciatively. The twin slid in and began to lick around the edges. She knelt behind Carson and stuck her tongue up into his asshole, rimming his brown eye moistly. Then she slipped between them and tongued out her sister's ass for a moment, purring happily as she savored the tangy taste of her twin's dark asshole. Her frothy saliva poured down and blended with Wanda's cuntjuice.

Molly was going mad as she lapped and licked around the coupling. She turned onto her back and slid her head up under the doggy-fucking couple. Fitting her parted lips around the underside of Carson's prick, she let his prickrod slide through her mouth enroute to her sister's cunthole.

Carson's stalk pulled out, drenched with pussynectar, then plunged back in soaking with saliva.

Molly tilted her head higher and began to suck on cock and cunt at the same time, her parted lips clamped around her sister's clit, Carson's cock sliding through as she slurped hungrily. Cuntjuice ran down her cheeks and coated her tongue, dripping from his prickrod and gushing from Wanda's creamy cuntslot.

Carson jerked back, almost turning Wanda's cunthole inside out as her tunnel dragged on his retreating cockmeat. Molly lapped at those pink cuntlips. Then he plowed in again, stuffing her to the brim, and Molly tongued his balls.

He felt Wanda's cunt ripple and pulse as her loins began to melt on his giant cunt stuffer. More pussyjuice gushed out and his prick began to slide in and out faster as her trim cunthole oiled itself on that creamy lubrication. He wanted to come with the girl as she creamed. He began pounding the prick to her violently, shaking her slender, kneeling body and rattling her bones. His belly whacked against the curve of her ass and his balls slapped into her crotch.

"Gonna shoot!" he gasped.

"Yeah! Come in her cunt!" Molly wailed.

Wanda slammed back, her pussy creaming steadily. Carson slammed his cock into her, pounding her to jelly. His scumbags lurched and ballooned, held for a moment, then blew. His jism shot out with such force that his ass was slammed back on the recoil. The steaming hot slime hosed into Wanda's cunt like a liquid cannonball and the girl screamed with lust as she felt his fuckjuice flood her.

Wanda whipped her ass around, her cunt sucking the scum out of his cock and balls as her own cum cream flowed into the stuffed hole in slimy rivers. Their mingled juices pumped out of her cuntslot and her sister eagerly tongued up the overflow. Carson, shaking and groaning, poured the prick to the girl violently, emptying his cock and balls in spurt after steaming spurt.

The last of his fuckjuice squirted up her hole. Carson swayed, dazed by his mind-blowing orgasm. He slowly toppled over onto his ass and, his huge prick, turned semi-hard, pulled out of her clutching pussy and flopped up to slap him on the belly.

Wanda slid belly down in the grass, her legs apart, steam and smoke drifting out of her pussy and cum and cuntjuice pouring down from her open cuntslot.

Molly leaned over Carson, taking his slimy prick into her mouth and sucking the sweet juices from his cockmeat. She lapped his balls, gathering up the overflow. Then the naughty twin turned to her well-fucked sister and, clamping her hot mouth over Wanda's creamy cunt gash, began to swallow the hot, thick blend of jism and pussyjuice out of her fuckhole.

Watching this, Carson felt his prick ripple, then snap back toward a brand new hard-on. He grinned happily. Molly sucked merrily away on Wanda's cunt and Carson's prick loomed up, higher and higher and harder and harder, ready for the next happy episode.

It dawned on him, vaguely, that he had not yet found the elusive white stag.

Fuck the stag, he thought.

And it was ironic that he should have thought in just those terms because that was exactly what his wife was doing...

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

There were two different paths down to the salt lick and Catherine, leaving her dog and her son both in a state of exhaustion from her insatiable sexual appetites, had by chance chosen the second one so that she did not happen upon her husband and the randy teenaged twins and the stout pony. If she had, it might well have been a different story, and every bit as interesting, but with a different cast playing the randy roles and linking up in the depraved combinations.

As it was, Catherine followed the other trail, branching away from the stream as she hurried to the salt lick. She expected to find her husband lurking there and intended to demand some cock from the negligent fellow. As she moved through the forest, the woman was glowing with desire, radiant with passion. The things she had done with the Alsatian and then with her teenaged son had, she knew, been wicked and depraved - yet they were all the more exciting because they were so very naughty. She knew, too, that she would be sucking and fucking with both the doggy and the boy again, in the near future, and that prospect was turning her on tremendously.

Catherine had creamed time and again as she cavorted with the beast and frolicked with her son and yet, despite her multiple orgasms, the over-sexed woman was hornier than ever, her lust inspired as much by the memory of her sins as by any physical need. Her cunt was steaming and flaring between her thighs at every stride and she felt as if her hot flesh must be luminous in the dark shadows of the woodlands.

Soon she broke out of the undergrowth and stood by the salt lick. It was a natural lick, a streak of mineral running down a flat slab of grey rock that thrust up from the earth. Catherine stood in the clearing, looking this way and that, surprised that her husband was not there. Thinking he might be hiding so as not to frighten off the stag, she called out his name but got no response.

Damn, she thought. He must have spotted that fucking stag and chased off after it, and here I am with a hot pussy and not a single fucking cock in sight!

She decided to wait, hoping that Carson would soon return. Adjacent to the vertical salt lick, there was a cleft in the rock, with a horizontal table or shelf running along it. Catherine sat on this stone ledge, her trim ass perched on the edge and her long, shapely legs trailing down to the ground. Her thighs were parted and she was very, very aware of her pussy, smoldering between her legs.

She waited for ten minutes, frustrated and horny and annoyed with Carson for not being there. She thought about returning to the cabin, in hopes that Rex or Tommy might have recovered enough to throw some more stiff prick into her. But they had both been drained and, besides, it was possible that Carson might have gone back to the cabin by this time, along the other trail, and she could hardly enjoy bestiality or incest with her husband there, nor could she very well get fucked by Carson with the cabin occupied by her other unholy lovers.

Catherine decided to give herself a finger-fucking.

She pulled her skirt up above her waist. She hadn't bothered to put any panties on, figuring she'd just have to take them off again, and her naked cunt steamed in the cool mountain air. Reaching down with both hands, she began to fondle her cuntlips and clit and to slip two fingers up inside her slippery cuntgash.

Her ass and hips jerked on the stony perch and she moaned softly at her own caress and from out of her horny groins and the fragrance of her hot pussy which drifted across the clearing and into the trees...

And to the sensitive nostrils of the white stag!

The stag had been coming warily to the salt lick and, when he got a whiff of that steaming hot aroma, the beast halted, his nostrils flaring. He was a magnificent creature, pure white but for his black nose and the black head of his prick, which came slowly sliding out from its sheath as that sweet cunt scent registered on his mind and body.

The wild beast tossed his noble head, the huge rack of his antlers jerking upwards. His black nose quivered, the black head of his cock flared out and the rest of his brawny white body rippled and trembled with sinew and muscle and arousal.

The scent was human, the stag knew, but it carried none of the usual danger signs. The saline sweat was not that of a male hunter, nor was there any of the sharp tang of metal that meant a gun. Curious as well as aroused, the beast slowly advanced to the clearing and gazing at the salt lick and at the woman who was busily frigging her cunt on the ledge beside that lick.

The stag was both timid, as a wild creature, and bold and brave, by his noble nature. He hesitated for a few moments, detected no signs of danger, none of the carnivore scent of the male human, and then, with a toss of his horned head, moved into the clearing.

Catherine gasped when she saw the huge brute approaching her. His horns looked lethal and his hooves intimidating. His massive body was taut and powerful. Her first inclination was to flee and her legs tensed, ready to run. But then she realized that there was no way she could outrun a stag and thought that flight might well inspire pursuit. Maybe it would be best to stay right where she was, motionless and – and – then she saw the stag's prick!

Catherine blinked and then, slowly, she smiled. She understood immediately what that massive hard on signified. The magnificent beast must have gotten the scent of her pussy as she frigged it and, like the Alsatian had, earlier, had responded according to his bestial instincts to the aroma of her sex.

There was no danger from the stag, she knew.

But there might well be a lot of pleasure.

Her husband had been stalking the stag and now Catherine trembled at the thought of letting the stag stalk her as she gazed in fascination at the stalk in question. His prick was long and thick, the rod hairy and white and the knob slick and black. His scumbags were bloated at the roots, his asshole parted at the tip. It was a sight that brought joy to the insatiable animal lover's heart, pleasure to her eyes, and a hot ripple of lust to her cunt.

Catherine spread her legs wide apart, settled back on the rock shelf, and waited, holding her breath. The stag approached nervously, shying and prancing. He turned sideways on dancing hooves and she saw the length of his glorious cock in profile. It caused her to whimper. The brute moved closer and, ignoring her for a moment, perhaps in some ritual of stag seduction – he thrust his muzzle out and ran his tongue up the saline streak of the salt lick. But although the beast generally lusted for salt, that mineral lick held no thrill for him today, nor could it distract him from the far more fascinating and lickable object that was smoldering between those human thighs.

Moving slowly so as not to startle him, Catherine spread her pussylips open with her fingers. She tilted her crotch upwards, holding her cuntslot spread in a creamy oval. The fragrance of her loins wafted out more heavily and the beast snorted and sniffed. His long tongue ran up the salt streak once again, then the huge brute sidestepped and stood directly in front of the woman, scenting the compelling drift of her pussy. He lowered his head, his heavy rack spiking the air then pushed his head in. Catherine grasped the stag's antlers with both hands, clinging to his rack, both so that those pointed prongs would not gore her – and also so that she could drag his head into her groin.

The stag bellowed, his haunches lurched and his flanks heaved. His tongue shot out and lapped upwards, just as it had lapped at the salt lick. The horny beast tasted Catherine's own salty lick with a long, fluttering stroke.

His hot breath steamed into her open cunthole and Catherine gasped and moaned. The beast pressed his dark nose against her, shooting his tongue up inside her pussy to lap hungrily at the wet inner folds. She clung to his antlers and ground her cunt against his snout, her ass churning on the rock ledge. She could feel the enormous power in his thick neck as he arched his head. She felt as if she were mounted on his like a trophy in reverse, hung on his proud rack, stuffed by his tongue.

Catherine slid one foot under him and stroked her instep along his jutting cockshaft, feeling the hard meat throb against her ankle. The stag was licking happily away, relishing that hairy salt lick. His

tongue felt so lovely that the horny blonde was tempted to let him carry on until she creamed. But the way his prick was throbbing and hammering against her stroking foot was sending waves of lust through her and, good as his tongue was, she knew that his cock would feel even better as the mighty beast pumped it to her pussy. His antlers were iron hard and tossing in her hands but his cock was every bit as hard as it tossed under his loins, stroking up her ankle and calf.

She heaved her ass up from the rock, letting the cunt-hungry beast slap his wet tongue deep up her pussyhole one more time. Her pussylips slurped on his moist lapper. Then she settled down and dragged the brute's head out of her crotch. His wet muzzle was stuck in her cuntslot and she had to haul him up with all her strength, yanking at his horns. His head came up slowly, a dribble of pussy juice hanging from his jaw. He eyed her with a big, gentle eye, maybe wondering why she had dragged him away from that creamy feeding grounds. But then Catherine rubbed her foot along the length of his prick again, caressing his hard cockmeat from the black crown to his swollen balls, and the stag realized that a greater delight than feeding awaited him in her steaming groin.

The brute lowered his powerful haunches, paused, then sprang up onto the rock ledge with his front legs. His hooves clattered on the hard stone. His stubby white tail flashed behind his ass and his hind feet pawed at the earth. His massive cock was jutting out, angled up along the woman's arched torso. The dark meat of his naked, glistening cockhead was flaring right in front of her face and Catherine gasped and ducked down to lick at the stag's sweet cockmeat. Her tongue slid over his prick and she purred with pleasure as the taste of venison tingled on her excited tastebuds.

Stag prick was richer and muskier than human prick or doggy prick. It had a spicy flavor that thrilled her to the core. She sucked his fat black cock knob into her lips and nursed hungrily on it. Just as she had been tempted to cream on the stag's tongue when he was lapping her pussy, now Catherine, savoring that succulent mouthful, was tempted to let the horny beast shoot in her mouth. But, once again, she resisted the oral urge, yearning to feel that stag stalk in her cunthole.

A glob of stag spunk oozed onto her flashing tongue. Catherine swallowed the slime, gasped, then drew her wet lips off the smoking head of his prick. Again the stag eyed her, perplexed by the behavior of a human. No doe had ever sucked his cock.

Catherine grasped his stout prick in both hands, forcing the cock knob down into her crotch as she hiked up from the ledge. The big black slab of dripping cockhead wedged into her pussyslot. The stag bellowed and snorted, standing steady, poised at the entrance to her loins, his flanks heaving in and out as violently as if he had been fleeing from a pack of ravished wolves.

Catherine held his cock against her pussy with one hand and spread her cuntlips open around the tip with the other. When he felt the tip of his vibrating prick slip into her hot, slippery cunthole, the stag jolted and shuddered. The dumb brute had never had a fuck face-to-face before, but that pussy was sucking on his cockhead and he knew instinctively what to do. His hairy haunches dipped down, he hesitated, trembling, then humped savagely. His massive cockhead went slamming into the woman's cunthole, lifting her ass off the ledge. The huge slab plowed as deep up her cunt tunnel as any object had even been and the thick stalk plunged in its wake, filling her cunthole.

The stag held his prick buried on her for a long moment as her cunt walls molded around the hard outline, sucking and pulling. Catherine clung to his antlers, her lush body shaking, her loins so full of stag meat that her eyes were watering. She felt stuffed and mounted. Then the beast drew out and Catherine twisted her hips around on his retreating prick. As he slammed in again, she jerked her crotch down to meet him, supporting herself by her grip on his horny rack, letting his prick tilt her ass up from the rock.

His first stroke was tentative. Her cunt fit so tightly around his prick that he had to wedge into her. Then her elastic pussyhole rippled and fluttered and loosened and the horny beast began to pour the cock to her with savage, unbridled violence. Catherine was being shaken apart on his huge prick, jolted up and down and tossed this way and that. Her cunt slid up and down on his relentless cockshaft, her ass banging on the ledge and on the stone slab at her back. The stag was fucking her right up the rock face, lifting her insignificant weight easily on his mighty meaty prick.

Catherine cried out, half in alarm and half in ecstasy. She was afraid that the gigantic beast was going to shatter her bones and dislodge her vital organs, and yet it felt so wonderful to have that tremendous cock stuffing her so wide and so deep that any amount of physical trauma was a small price to pay for the bliss of it. It hurt a bit, as he spread her cuntwalls out, but the pain was nothing, just a tingle that added a new dimension to the thrill of it.

Abandoned to desire, the horny woman threw her legs up, hooking her knees around the beast's powerful shoulders and clamping her smooth thighs around his muscular neck. Clinging to his horns with both hands and holding his thick neck in a scissors grip between her thighs, Catherine was lifted right off the rock ledge. She was suspended on the beast's neck - and on his prick.

The stag began to prance around the clearing, tossing his head, his haunches humping steadily, fucking Catherine in and out with every thrust and every stride. She shot up in the air as his cock filled her, then dipped down, her ass swinging from side to side, as the stag withdrew his prick.

She pumped in counterpoint, tightening her thigh muscles and pulling her cunthole onto his stag stalk as he plunged into her, then relaxing and letting him draw out, while her hips twisted and she wound her pussy tunnel around on his sliding cockshaft.

Catherine cried out aloud as her pussy began to melt. As her cum juices flowed, the stag drove into her with renewed violence, scenting her coming as his own coming neared the crest. He slammed his head up and jammed his loins out and, with a mighty bellow, his balls blew and his smoking hot stag slime poured into her cunt.

The beast pumped the fuckjuice up her scum hole in spurt after spurt and each time he hosed her with jism, Catherine wailed and her clit exploded and her pussyhole melted again. She lost all track of time as the potent stag humped steadily away, swinging her lithe body in and out on his neck and on the spike of his prick.

At long last the beast snorted and slowed. Catherine hung suspended on his cock for a few minutes. Then the mighty cockrod began to sink a lower angle.

His prick was still rock-hard and still jammed up Catherine's cunthole, but it was slowly drooping down towards the ground, no longer standing at the horizontal. Catherine began to slide down his descending cockshaft. Her cunthole clutched and gripped and sucked through every precious inch and her ass swung from side to side. Then she slipped off the big black prickknob and bounced on her ass in the grass.

The stag stood over her, regarding her and shaking his horned head in wonderment, marveling at how well a human's cunt could accommodate a stag's prick and drain his balls.

His cock, looping out from his loins in a fat parabola, was drenched with cum and slathered with cuntjuice, dripping and glistening. Catherine gazed at his soaking cockmeat. She was thinking that her husband might come upon the stag, later, and that the man would not want his photographic art defiled by the residue of carnal lust. "Field and Stream" would never publish pictures of a stag with a slippery prick.

Catherine felt that, because of her infidelity, incest and bestiality, the least she could do would be to clean the stag's cock up as a favor to her husband.

She took the head of his prick into her mouth and sucked off all that non-photogenic slime, polishing the dark cockmeat to a luster - and getting the taste for it - continued to suck until, in due course, she found that she had another mouthful of stag cum to be swallowed. This she gulped straight out of his loins.

Catherine was very satisfied, contented and smug when she returned to her husband, son and doggy, all three of which were useful but could not compare with the stag.

"Did you find the noble beast?" she asked Carson, who looked exhausted and sort of sheepish, because of his futile quest, she assumed.

"Naw," he muttered. "I waited at the salt lick all day but the stag never came."

Catherine looked at her husband, wondering why he was telling her such a lie. And a double lie, at that. Because Carson had not been at the salt lick - and the noble stag had come... twice!

The End