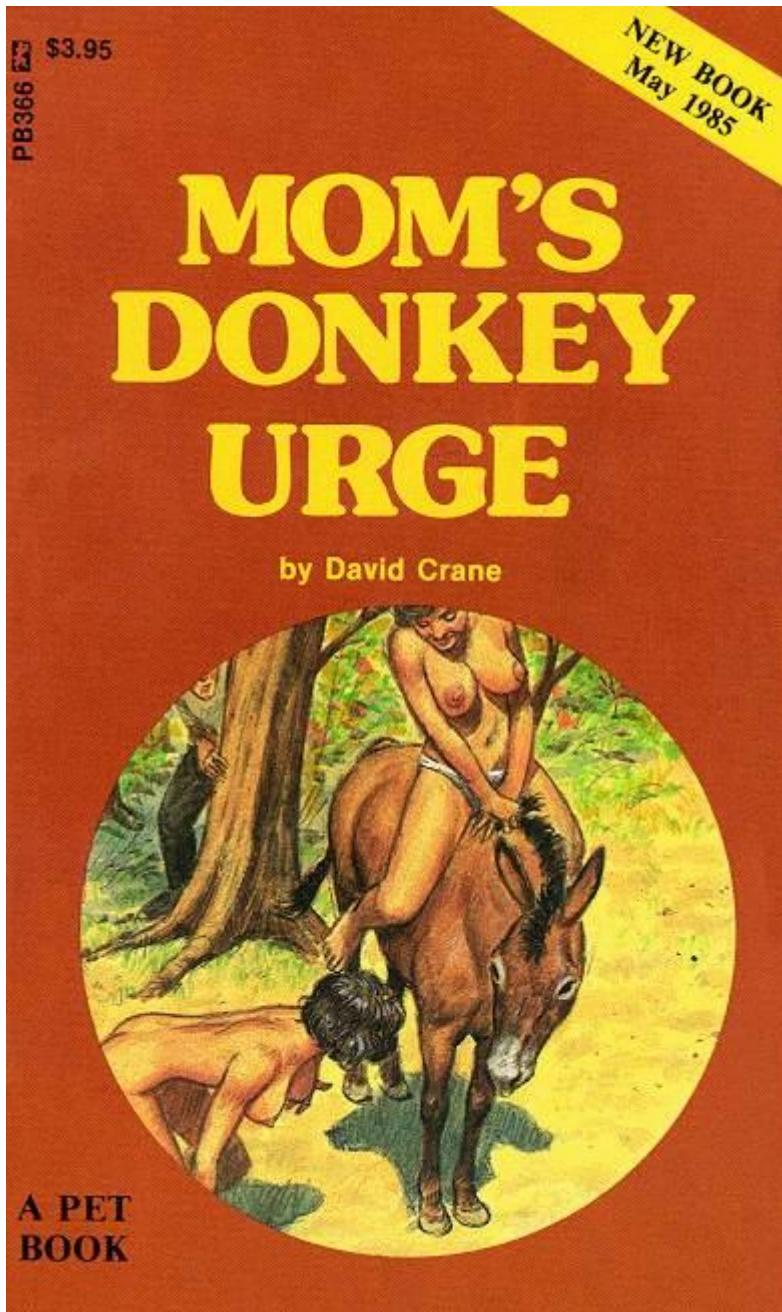


# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**





## CHAPTER ONE

Buck lay curled on the floor in the corner of the rustic cabin, panting slightly, his long, red tongue lolling out from the side of his jaw. The big black-and-tan hound looked exhausted, and it was obviously not from chasing rabbits - because his cock and balls had evidently just been drained. His balls were shrunken between his hind legs and his long prick hung along the floor in a soft coil of meat. The tip of his slick red cockhead still nudged out from the shaggy cocksheath, and the naked red prick was streaked with lashings of cum. A gossamer thread of glistening jism connected his open pisshole to a little slippery pool of slime on the floorboards.

His prick was still in the process of diminishing, the stalk rippling as it softened and the shiny knob slowly retreating back into the hairy cocksheath, spinning that slimy thread out as it withdrew. The big dog was spent, but not yet sleeping. His eyes were open and one ear was cocked and his wet black nose twitched with mild interest. Buck was finished, himself, but he was still paying attention to the continuing activity on the bunk bed across the room, where Old Blue was taking his turn fucking the woman.

The steady drumming sound of an ax came from behind the cabin, and Michelle Warden knew that as long as that sound continued it meant that her husband was still chopping firewood and that there was no danger that he might walk in and catch her doing what she so dearly loved to do - getting her ass fucked off by the hounds.

She had taken on Buck first, for no particular reason, since both black-and-tan hounds were equally energetic and enthusiastic and horny. She had gotten down on all fours on the floor and coaxed Buck into mounting her ass and throwing a dynamite fuck up her cunt hole, while Old Blue had pranced around them, yelping, his stiff cock jolting wildly under him as he impatiently waited his turn.

As soon as Buck had unloaded his balls into her, she had pulled his prick out of her pussy and moved to the bed, where she was now - for variety - fucking with Old Blue in a modified missionary position.

Michelle's voluptuous body was sprawled across the bunk, her back deeply arched and her knees raised. Her lush thighs were parted wide around the humping dog and her creamy crotch was thrust upwards, so that her cunt was at just the right angle for the horny hound to pour the prick to her. Her bright-red hair spread across the bed and a blissful smile turned up the corners of her sensual lips.

Old Blue seemed to have fallen into a fucking rhythm with the steady drumming of the ax.

Whack, whack, whack went the ax, as the keen blade shattered the logs into segments, and each time the chopping sound cracked in the chilled, brisk air, Old Blue fucked his cock into the wanton woman with such vigor that he seemed to be trying to chop her pussy apart.

But Michelle's pliable pussy took all the cock that the big dog could throw into her. The woman simply adored a cuntful of animal prick.

Whimpering like an animal herself, she met the hound's fuck-thrusts with equal vitality and gusto. As the brute pounded his prick into her, she shoved her cunt down to meet him, taking his huge cock balls-deep up her fuck-hole, and as he drew back she twisted her lush hips sideways, winding her pussy around on his retreating cock and adding torque to the in-and-out friction.

"Oh!" she gasped, as Old Blue fed her a particularly lusty cock-lunge, tilting her ass up from the bunk as his prick plunged into the depths of her pussy.

Her whole crotch was lathered with the overflow of her cunt slot. Each time the hound's cock fucked into her, he pumped more cunt juice out. The slippery, pearly pussy nectar ran down her jerking groin and seeped into the tight crack of her churning ass.

She arched deeper and clamped her smooth thighs tightly to his shaggy shanks, riding him from below. Then she threw her legs wide open again, giving the enthusiastic beast free reign as he wallowed in her cunt gash.

His red cock vanished to the root in her pussy slot. His balls slapped against her ass, swollen and solid and bloated with a big cum-load.

Then he pulled back out until only the naked slab of his smoking hot cockhead was lodged in her cuntslot. His cockstalk was drenched with cunt juice, the stuff gleaming like a string of pearls on his prickshaft.

He fucked in again and a mist of pussy cream hung over her jolting pelvis. Ribbons of the stuff ran

down the sleek flesh of her inner thighs and a creamy trickle shot up into her fiery-red cunt bush.

Her firm ass swung from side to side and her flat belly pumped up and down. Her cunt hole was dissolving on the dog's frantic fuck-tool. Michelle had already creamed when Buck poured the prick to her doggy style, and now she was ready to come again on Old Blue's massive prick.

Michelle was one of those very lucky women who could come endlessly, as long as there was a stiff cock slamming into her fuck-hole - a cock of any species.

Old Blue fucked on, stepping up the pace as the thrill built in his bestial loins. He was yelping and whimpering. His gleaming white fangs were bared in a snarl of passion, his dark lips rolled back. Dog slobber dribbled from his jowls and splashed on her belly and tits.

The blood was rushing in her ears, her heart was hammering wildly as the wave of ecstasy began to rush laterally across her belly and run like electric currents up her trembling thighs and into her crotch.

But she was still listening to the sound of the ax as her husband chopped the wood, unable to concentrate completely on the action because she knew it would be embarrassing, to say the least, if her husband were to finish his chore and walk in and find her getting her pussy stuffed full of dog cock. He might not have understood. He might even feel rather jealous. She could hardly blame him.

They were, after all, his dogs.

But what Dick Warden didn't know wouldn't hurt him, Michelle reasoned - and it did her whole lot of good!

The hound's cock hissed up her juicy fuckhole, slithering through the slippery folds like a submarine in a swamp, the fat cock-knob splashing in her cunt cream. He jerked back out, dragging her clinging cuntlips with his cock, almost turning her pussy inside out.

The ax thudded into a log.

The dog's meat log thudded into Michelle.

The hound was panting like a steam engine and Michelle was doing plenty of panting herself, her big, firm tits heaving up as her lungs expanded and the stiff, rosy tips standing out like the valves by which those tits had been inflated. Old Blue yelped. Michelle moaned. The ax fell again, the solid thud punctuating the softer, moister sounds of their frantic fucking, the bunk creaking in protest under her jolting ass as a sort of background theme in these sound effects.

Old Blue was fucking faster now, pouring the prick to Michelle furiously so that he was stuffing her cunt hole twice between each thud of the ax.

Michelle figured she had better get the dog's cum-load drained pretty soon, just in case Dick was finishing at the woodpile. She knew from experience that once a dog was stuck up her suction of a cunt hole, it was impossible to dislodge his cock before it was drained - not that she had ever wanted to, for she adored a cuntful of doggy cum.

Old Blue's hairy haunches were a dark blur as his prick fucked in and out. His long tail slashed the air behind his ass like a rudder guiding his stroke and his spine twisted into an S-shape as he plunged in.

Michelle was really enjoying the fucking and would have liked to prolong it, but she knew it would be better to end it in a creamy conclusion than to risk having it interrupted by her husband's untimely return.

She began working on the dog's cock with all her skill. The wet walls of her fuck-tunnel clamped around the contours of his cockhead and cockshaft, clinging to every precious inch. Her cunt muscles began to milk him, closing in a series of concentric rings that rippled up his cockstalk from the hairy root to the naked crown, as if she had a magic fist inside her belly, frigging the brute off.

Old Blue began to howl with glee when her talented cunt hole began to really suck on his cock. He whipped his cockmeat into her with long, underslung fuck-strokes, his balls swinging like helium-filled balloons. His prick expanded inside her pussy and Michelle knew he was going to blow his cum-load at any moment. She jerked her pelvis, changing the angle of penetration, so that every inch of his long, iron-hard cockshaft was rubbing across her fiery clit as it fucked in and pulled out. She was ready to cream but holding back, waiting to feel the dog's fuck-juice splash into her cunt before she let herself go.

Her face was twisted into a mask of pure lust, eyes narrowed, lips slack and trembling. Her eyelashes fluttered. The tip of her tongue slid across her open mouth. The dog-loving woman was in paradise.

"Come," she moaned. "Shoot up my cunt hole, you dumb son of a bitch!"

Old Blue was an obedient dog.

He howled like a wolf and his massive balls burst. The hot, thick jism came rushing up through his cockshaft and spurted from his pisshole in a creamy deluge, hosing Michelle's pussy with a steaming load of dog cum.

She wailed with the joy of it. The dog's cum felt as hot and as thick as melted lead as it poured into her steaming pussy. Her cunt began to melt on his prick like a wax candle on a flaming wick.

Old Blue fucked steadily away, pumping more cum into her with every thrust. Michelle was jerking under him, her ass and hips dancing in a wild horizontal waltz as the waves of her coming swept through her. Those sweeping waves came higher and faster together, until they were blending into one sustained crest, tearing her loins apart.

It seemed as if the hound was never going to stop pouring the fuck-juice into her.

His balls seemed bottomless, his spunk endless. The sweet cum was spraying from his pisshole in a slimy rope, an unbroken cable of creamy fuck-juice that began in his balls and uncoiled with a splash in her pussy.

Old Blue yelped and lost the beat. His heaving haunches faltered and his fuck-thrusts began to fade in erratic fashion. He missed a stroke, fed her two quick ones, then missed another. His balls were hanging down now, like empty wineskins, drained into her. Instead of thudding against her upturned ass, they were flopping.

His cock was still rampant and he kept on fucking it into her, but all of his cum-load had been spent. Panting and slobbering, he slowed down.

Michelle continued to fuck her pussy onto his prick, working off the last spasms of her coming, milking out the last pearly drops. When Old Blue ground to a full stop, she jammed her fuckhole



down to the hilt of his immobile prick and made her cunt muscles pulse around the load, milking the last nugget of cum from his cockhead and ripping a last sweet tingle from her clit.

She flopped back onto the bunk, arms and legs spread-eagled, as if crucified by her coming. Her eyes fluttered and she smiled with dreamy satisfaction.

The dog slowly pulled his spent cock out of her pussy. Her cuntlips collared his cockstalk just behind the naked knob, sucking on him and holding his cockmeat in her fuck-slot for a last lingering moment.

Then she released him. His slimy red cockhead popped out of her cunt like a cork from a bottle. The dog whined and hopped down from the bed. His prick was bobbing up and down under him, still semi-stiff although his balls had totally collapsed.

His prick hung down toward the floor like a divining rod seeking moisture. Cum and cunt juice dripped from the pointed cocktip onto the floorboards. Then his prick snapped back upright again.

Gazing wistfully at him, Michelle smiled. She knew damned well that a little sucking would bring that formidable prick right back to a booming hard-on.

Then she glanced across the room towards Buck, and saw that his cock, recently drained, was showing promising signs of renewed vigor.

She wished that she had time to fuck both of these horny hounds again.

But then the last blow of the ax sounded, followed by a silence from outside, and Michelle resigned herself to having to wait for her next doggy-fuck.

She slid from the bunk and pulled a bathrobe around her naked, shapely body to hide the creamy evidence of her naughty pleasures. Thick ribbons of canine cum, streaked with the pearly strands of her pussy juice, had lathered her crotch and soaked down the inside of her thighs. She drew the flaps of the bathrobe around herself to hide that suspicious overflow. She felt as if her body were glowing inside the flannel robe. When she moved, she thought that she could hear the dog cum sloshing around inside her belly.

Shit, she thought. Those fucking hounds must have poured it into me by the bucketful. If dog cum was lighter than air, I'd float right up to the rafters!

Then, composing her lovely face into a modest and demure expression, she waited for her husband to return from the woodpile. Michelle was feeling generous.

She might even give the man a fuck today...

Behind the cabin, Dick Warden lowered the head of the ax to the ground and leaned against it. Wood was scattered all around the chopping block. The energetic man had chopped more than they needed.

He'd heard Old Blue howl.

Sounds like my wife is at the dogs again, he'd thought, shaking his head. But then he had smiled. Dick was well aware of the fact that his wife was a dog-fucker, and it didn't trouble him at all.

But it made him awfully horny.

He stood there for a few minutes, giving Michelle and the dog plenty of time to get uncoupled.

He was a tall, lean woodsman with piercing gray eyes – and a huge prick. That prick was hammering wildly in his jeans now, as hard as the ax in his hand. He figured that he could have chopped wood with a hard-on like that.

But he had a better use for his hard-on. Dick left the ax leaning against the chopping block and headed for the cabin...

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## **CHAPTER TWO**

Dick Warden worked for the conservation department as a game warden and fire watcher, and he and his wife lived year around in the rustic cabin. It suited Dick because he was a woodsman who hated the social life of the city, and it suited Michelle since she had plenty of opportunities to fuck the hounds while Dick was working. Had they lived in the city, she would probably have fucked lots of men, being promiscuous by her nature, but she preferred dog cock. And besides, she had convinced herself that by fucking animals she wasn't actually committing adultery or cheating on her husband, whom she loved, in her own peculiar fashion – mainly because he had a whopper of a cock and balls to match.

Besides, bestiality was frowned on in urban areas and Michelle deeply appreciated the privacy of the mountain cabin, where there was no one around to hear the loud, howling fucks she so greatly cherished.

She had no idea that Dick was well aware of her naughty inclinations, knowing full well that his wife was a dog-fucker – and not minding, at all. If anything, he approved. But Michelle believed that she had always been most discreet, and that no one would ever know about it.

One thing was certain. The dogs weren't going to tell.

The Warden's cabin was isolated at the end of a rough, rutted track that only a four-wheel-drive vehicle could manage to negotiate – and only then when the weather permitted such traffic at certain times of the year.

But the place wasn't totally isolated, and for a few weeks a year they had neighbors. Just down that broken trail there was another newer and far more well appointed cabin, which the Richards', a well-to-do family, used for their summer vacations. City folk, they welcomed the chance to get back to nature for a while – although they brought frozen foods and portable TVs and such things with them while believing that they were roughing it and suffering hardships.

At the moment, however, two members of the Richards family were actually roughing it. Up that rough track came Valerie and her daughter, Linda, on foot and leading a pack animal. Valerie was a shapely, sexy blonde in her mid-thirties, tall and slim and elegant. Linda was a nubile teenager with bouncy tits and a trim little heart-shaped ass.

And the pack animal that they had hired just happened to be a jackass – with a huge prick.

Valerie was headed for the cabin, out of season, to give herself time to ponder an important decision and to get away from her husband, about whom that decision had to be made. She was hurt, angry, and determined.

Unable to rent a Jeep in the nearest town, she had been so firm in her resolve to reach the cabin that she had rented the donkey, much to her daughter's dismay. Neither of them knew a damned thing about taking care of a donkey...

The reason for this impulsive journey was that this morning Valerie had walked into the maid's room without knocking and discovered her husband eating the maid's pussy. The cute little French maid, in her frilly cap and lace trimmed dress, dark silk stockings and black garter belt, had been perched on the edge of her bed.

John had been kneeling on the floor, his handsome face busily working on her bushy cunt.

The maid had cried out in alarm.

John had raised his head in surprise, cunt juice dripping from his jaw.

Valerie had just stood there, stunned speechless by the unexpected encounter.

And then, to make matters worse, John had given her a sheepish shrug - and buried his face in the maid's soaking pussy again! It was understandable. The sexy maid had just started to cream and since he had already been caught he had figured he might as well enjoy the fruits of his misbehavior. He'd gobbled merrily away and the maid's pussy had melted in his mouth and Valerie had been a very annoyed woman. She had stormed out, leaving him to his cuntlapping, wanting time to consider how to deal with his infidelity.

She had insisted that Linda come with her, despite the girl's protests, not wanting to leave the impressionable young girl to be corrupted by her father's lack of morals. Linda didn't want to come. She had an eye for the boys and wanted to stay in the city, expecting to be bored silly at the mountain cabin. What in hell was there for a girl to do in the woods? Poor little Linda was resigned to a week of dreary solitude, figuring that the only pleasure she would have would be finger-fucking herself, while thinking wistfully of all the cocks going to waste back in town.

But her mother had been adamant and Linda had had to accompany her and now, as they walked up the trail, the girl was already starting to feel randy. Expectations of frustration had prematurely brought frustration to her loins. She was looking forward to arriving and relieving her smoldering pussy by a hand-job, for want of better attention.

Valerie, too, was feeling horny. She couldn't stop thinking about her husband's tongue flashing up the maid's soaking cunt and, although the memory infuriated her, it was also making her pussy hot and creamy.

Like her daughter, Valerie was eager to get to the end of the trail and get her hands on her cunt...

Thus it was that two pussies were steaming very fragrantly in the brisk mountain air as the mother and daughter led the donkey up the broken path. That was why their donkey began to get excited as he scented that musky aroma.

Valerie was leading the brute by a rope around his neck. She had been worried about this, having heard that donkeys were often stubborn and refused to be led. But the beast was following her willingly.

No carrot held before the donkey's snout had ever been more persuasive than the smell of hot pussy steaming between Valerie's shapely thighs.



And as he moved, his head turned, soft nostrils flaring. Linda was walking beside him and the horny animal was getting a good whiff of her pussy as well. His balls expanded, swelling up like melons between his hind legs. The hairy gray sheath pulled slowly back and his black cockhead came sliding out in a huge slab of slick meat, flaring out in a wide wedge, glossy as a lump of obsidian. His cock hung down, at first, flopping from side to side as he walked. It reeled out, dangling longer and longer, until it almost scraped the ground. Then, his massive prick began to swell, thickening and hardening, and stiffening, until finally it jerked up to the horizontal under his belly.

Linda heard the beast snort and glanced sideways at him. Her eyes widened in awe. She was staring at the biggest cock she had ever seen - or even imagined. His cock-knob was extended to his brawny chest and the thick stalk sprouted out from balls as big as balloons.

The girl blushed and looked quickly away.

But her gaze was drawn back to that colossal cock like an iron filing to a magnet. Intent on his prick, she stumbled on a gnarled root and had to place her hand on the donkey's hairy haunches to catch her balance. She felt his muscular body ripple under her hand - and saw his cock ripple too.

Glancing at her mother to make sure that the woman was not looking back, Linda started to slide her hand down under the jackass, her fingers and palm tingling for a feel of the throbbing donkey cock. But as the brute felt her hand slide toward his pounding prick, he planted his feet firmly and halted, waiting for her touch. Valerie was jerked up smartly on the rope. She turned back to see what had caused the pack animal to stop so abruptly.

Linda drew her hand away just in time, stepping away from the beast and looking as innocent and demure as she could, considering how guilty - and randy - she felt. She was flushed with excitement, but guessed that the flush could be attributed to the efforts of walking up the rough trail. Her mother didn't notice the girl's attitude, anyhow.

Valerie was staring, wide-eyed and open-mouthed at the donkey's prick.

She was standing directly in front of the animal. His feet were spread wide and firmly planted, and Valerie found herself gaping right at the swollen head of his cock. The huge slab of dark cockmeat was extended to his chest, almost protruding out from between his front legs. It was pulsing in and out, like an inhaling lung and his pisshole was parted and bubbling with traces of pre-cum. She looked down the incredible length of his cockrod, as if gazing down the barrel of a cannon, and saw that his balls were as big as melons, swollen with a massive cum-load.

For a few long moments, the woman's eyes were glued upon the animal's mighty fucker. Then, suddenly realizing that her daughter was present, she forced herself to look away. Valerie was blushing furiously and Linda was still flushed. Both felt embarrassed by the donkey's hard-on - and each felt responsible, believing it was the scented fragrance of her own hot cunt that had inspired the brute's rampant hard-on.

Turning again, Valerie yanked savagely on the rope and the donkey resisted for a moment, then gave a sort of shrug of the shoulders and moved on after her, again following the sweet scent that was streaming back from her pussy. Valerie felt so hot that she wondered if smoke might not be pouring out from under her swinging ass, hoping her daughter had not noticed her fascination with the donkey's prick. But Linda, feeling every bit as horny, herself, was thinking her own thoughts.

A few minutes later they came to the cabin.

Distracted by desire, mother and daughter began to remove the pack from the donkey's sturdy back,

both of them being very careful to pretend that they had not noticed that the beast had a hard-on. The donkey stood steady, docile above his rampaging prick, as if the rest of his body had no connection with his hard-on. But the huge cock continued to throb as the aroma of steaming cunt assailed him from both sides. He could sense the tension between the two women, as both feigned innocence and ignorance, but being only a dumb animal he didn't understand the reason for it. The donkey didn't know that bestiality was taboo and, anyhow, the tension between the females was nothing compared to the tension that was twanging his iron-hard prick.

Valerie removed a pack and took it into the cabin. Left alone with the horny animal, Linda struggled against the unholy compulsion to touch his cock. She was tempted to grab a quick feel while her mother was out of sight, but was afraid that once she got her hands on that marvelous fucking engine she might not be able to let go.

Then Valerie returned and Linda carried another pack into the cabin, leaving her mother confronted with the same dark desire, wanting to caress the brute's cock and fighting against the overwhelming urge.

Then the donkey was unloaded.

Well, his brawny back was unloaded, anyhow - his balls were still swollen full.

"What are we gonna do with this donkey?" Linda asked.

"What?" her mother snapped, startled - because she had been thinking of some very naughty things that a woman could do with the big brute.

"Where are we gonna keep him, I mean," Linda explained, blushing again as she realized that her question could easily have been misinterpreted.

"Oh - err - we better put him in the shed out back," Valerie decided.

She reached out. Her hand seemed to be pulled toward the donkey's cockhead, dragged by the magnetism of his cockmeat. At the last moment, with an effort, she jerked her arms upward and grasped the rope. She swayed, dizzy with desire, as she led the animal around the side of the cabin. He followed her obediently enough.

Linda stared after them. The donkey's big prick bobbed lewdly as he walked.

Oh, how she wanted to play with his cock!

She wondered if she might get a chance during their stay at the cabin and grinned impishly. Things might not be as boring as she'd feared.

But at the moment she was desperate to get her rocks off. She needed privacy. She had her own bedroom in the cabin, but Linda knew that she always made a lot of noise when her pussy creamed, and she didn't want to be inhibited by frigging off with her mother around.

When Valerie, flushed and trembling, returned, Linda said: "I guess I'll take a walk in the woods, Mom."

Valerie nodded. Valerie, like her daughter, was eager to finger-fuck herself to a frazzle, and it suited her to have the girl out of the way for a while. Linda turned and strolled off toward the pine forest, trying to move casually, pretending to be looking around at the scenery like any innocent hiker in

the woods – but very much aware that her creamy cunt was squishing between her thighs with every stride. She was looking forward eagerly to a furious hand-job in the brisk, wholesome mountain air. That, to Linda, was what getting back to nature was all about...

As soon as her daughter had vanished into the trees, grateful for some time alone with her cunt, Valerie went into the cabin. She didn't even bother to go up to the bedroom. Standing in the big front room with the stone fireplace and the horned stag heads mounted on the walls, she raised her skirt and cupped a hand over her pussy.

Her cunt felt so hot she thought it might raise blisters on her palm.

She tucked her fingers under the elastic of her panties and slowly tugged them down, her lush ass and flaring hips squirming. She stepped out of the panties. They were so sodden at the crotchband that they seemed to spread out like a puddle on the floor.

Dipping at the knees, Valerie bent down and tilted her belly up. She gazed at her groin, really amazed at how hot she was. She thought that she had never felt so horny in her life before. Her pink cuntlips were unfurled like the petals of a fleshy blossom, streaked with pearly dew. Her cuntslit had widened into an oval, the darker inner folds exposed, all frothy with her seepage. Her taut clit was standing out like a little rosy log in a swamp. Ribbons of pussy slime trickled down the insides of her thighs.

Valerie was impressed by the state of her own cunt. She touched the tips of her fingers against her slit and felt that taut nugget throb. She slipped her fingers up her open cuntlips, stroking gently. The folds rippled and more cunt juice oozed onto her hand. She began rubbing her pussy slot with both hands, intending to frig off right where she was, standing beside the stone fireplace. But her legs were trembling violently. She thought she might collapse.

She moved unsteadily to the nearest chair and sat down, her firm ass perched on the edge and her long legs parted, extended to the floor. A pool of pussy juice instantly spread out on the leather seat under her ass. Not touching herself for the moment, she craned her graceful neck, her blonde head tilting down. She was desperate to cream, yet she was delaying it, lingering over the preliminaries. She knew that her orgasm was going to be dynamic today and the horny woman was savoring the anticipation.

Bending lower, she blew into her groin.

Her clit flared and her fuck-slot seemed to ignite, as if she had blown her breath onto a smoldering ember, fanning it to flames. She could feel the intense heat of her cunt waft up into her face. Her nose twitched as her own tangy fragrance drifted up to her. No wonder the donkey had gotten excited, she thought, sniffing.

She leaned over her lap. Her tongue slid slowly back and forth across her lower lip. Frothy saliva bubbled in her mouth. Valerie was wishing that she was limber enough to go down on herself. Her cunt looked so delicious that her tongue felt almost as hot as her clit. How wonderful it would be to be able to eat her own cunt out, to cream on her own fluttering tongue. What a fucking thrill it would be to have her own steaming cum cream flood into her mouth, to have the simultaneous joy of coming and drinking cunt juice out of her own pussy! The thought drove her wild – and frustrated her, too, because she knew she couldn't manage it.

She had tried often enough.

Leaning back again, panting, Valerie began to run her hands up the hot, moist flesh of her inner

thighs, stopping the caress just short of her cunt. Her ass churned on the leather seat and her belly pumped. She placed one hand over her curly cunt mound, the fingers trailing down and just lightly brushing against her clit.

She bunched all four fingers of her other hand together into a phallic bundle and began to shove them slowly and steadily up her fuck-hole. Her clit rippled violently and her cunt hole foamed heavily, lathering her crotch.

Valerie shuddered and moaned. She finger-fucked her pussyhole with one hand and massaged her clit with the other, her loins jerking and undulating.

She knew she was going to have to cream more than once before she was satisfied today.

Her eyes closed. She remembered her husband's head, buried in the maid's crotch as he hungrily sucked her off. Jealousy sparked her lust. Her hands moved faster, working towards the first creamy climax. Her fevered mind was as hot as her cunt, images and fantasies dancing wildly through her thoughts. She was trying to concentrate on remembering John and the maid, but images of the donkey's huge cock kept coming into her mind. It was unwholesome to think about animal pricks while she frigged off, she knew - but it was so fucking exciting!

A rippling wave shot through her belly. Gasping, she shoved all four fingers knuckle-deep up her cunt hole, twisting them around inside the soaking tunnel as she frigged her clit furiously with her other hand.

The peak hit her abruptly.

One instant she was hovering just before the crest and then she was there, her cunt erupted like a volcano.

Wave after wave lashed through her and spasm after spasm shook her loins as she clung to the peak, her coming prolonged. She felt as if her whole body was melting, her nerves sparking in a million separate climaxes, her bloodstream filled with cunt juice, her mind exploding.

She bowed down, then arched back, frigging steadily away, milking her cunt off ecstatically as the peaks rushed through her in chain reaction. Pussy nectar foamed in her crotch and streamed down her legs. Her clit detonated again and again, and each time that it did so it set off a creamy explosion in the depths of her fuck-hole.

A last wild spasm rattled her and Valerie gasped and slid back in the chair, smiling. Her hands continued to move, making sure she had worked off every pulsing thrill. Her excitement ebbed slightly. But as she continued to rub her pussy, her clit began to tighten again. With scarcely a pause, the oversexed woman was working herself back up towards a second coming.

She hoped Linda took a long, long walk.

Valerie wanted to frig her cunt for hours.

And then the donkey brayed.

As Valerie creamed, the fragrance of her cunt got hotter and tangier and muskier. Her cunt juice turned to cum cream and the spicy aroma filled the mountain cabin and seeped from the walls and drifted out to the shed at the back, where the donkey stood, his prick still pounding. His soft, moist nostrils twitched and flared. As the scent registered, his cock pounded like a jackhammer and his

enormous balls rolled between his hind legs.

He snorted and brayed in desperation.

Valerie heard the beast's plaintive cry. Her hands shoved into her groin. She remembered how huge and hard and hot that beast's prick had been – and, no doubt, still was. The memory inspired her anew and she began rubbing her cunt furiously, spreading the wet cuntlips open and fingering her inner folds. Her clit jumped out, tingling. Frothy rivulets of cunt juice spiraled down the inner rings of her fuck tunnel and spilled from out her fiery pussyslot.

Again came that mournful wail from the beast in the shed.

And again her hand slowed.

If it was thrilling to frig herself while thinking about the donkey's cock and balls, how much more thrilling would it be to be looking at his cock while she creamed! She shook her head, her mind clouded by desire. The image tumbled, but remained. It was as if the vision of the dumb brute's prick had been branded into her brain. She frowned, ashamed of her unholy fantasies. But shame was a feeble emotion, easily melted in the heat of lust. Valerie smiled, her mind made up.

She would go out to the shed and feast her eyes on the donkey's cock and balls while she finger-fucked her pussy to another dynamic climax.

It wasn't really wicked, she assured herself. Looking at him was not much more naughty than thinking about him – and that was certainly all that she intended to do. To her credit, Valerie really believed that. And, in case there were any doubts in her mind, she actually said it aloud.

"I'll just look at his cock," she said.

Then, as if reassured, she nodded.

She was no pervert. She was not depraved. She would never actually do anything with an animal... she thought.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Michelle Warden heard her husband's footsteps on the steps and then moving across the porch, and she wondered why his gait sounded so unsteady. He seemed to be staggering. She hoped he hadn't driven himself to the point of exhaustion as he chopped the firewood.

Then he entered the cabin and she saw why his stride had been unsteady. It was anything but exhaustion.

His hard-on was so huge that the fucking thing was almost throwing him off balance. The front of his jeans jutted out with a great, throbbing lump of cockmeat that was threatening to rip right through the fabric of his pants.

He halted just inside the door.

The two well-drained dogs looked up from where they were curled in the corner and wagged their tails feebly in greeting to their master.

He glanced down at them, noticing how slimy the heads of their pricks were and how their hairy cocksheaths were matted with cunt cream. It didn't bother him at all. He turned his gaze on his wife, and Michelle smiled.

"You got the fucking ax jammed down the front of your pants, or what?" she said, with a certain indelicacy of phrase common to her.

Dick grinned and pulled his zipper down, having some difficulty tugging it over the cock-bulge. His fly gaped open in a wedge and his cock came leaping out like a heat-seeking guided missile. Michelle's eyes widened. It was a cock that she knew well but seldom had she seen it this big and hard. The sight caused the core of her fuck-hole to tremble.

He reached in and hauled his balls out, revealing all of his massive meatrack to her gleaming gaze. Jamming his hips forward, he thrust his prick towards her. It was a truly impressive sight. His cockhead was a huge, mushroom-shaped slab of swollen purple meat, and his cockshaft was long and thick and gnarled by dark, pulsing veins as fat as Michelle's finger. At the root of that fleshy tower, his balls were inflated like balloons.

"Ooooh," Michelle sighed happily.

Michelle was insatiable. Although she had just creamed very nicely on both of the hounds' cocks, she was eager for a cuntful of human cockmeat now.

He moved toward her and her eyes crossed as she turned her vision in upon his looming cockhead. His prick was so long that, as he looked at his wife, he seemed to be aiming at her over the tip of his cockhead, as if it were a gunsight. He squinted. His prick-knob pulsed. The dark veins pounded up the underside of his prick, spreading out under his cock-knob.

Buck yelped. Old Blue whimpered. The dumb brutes sensed that there was more action ahead. Like their master, they didn't object to sharing Michelle between them in a bizarre sort of threesome - and they probably didn't notice that the man's cock was even bigger than theirs.

But, although he didn't mind that his wife was fucking the dogs, Dick didn't care to have them around when he was taking his own turn up her fuck-hole. He knew how excited the hounds could get and had a fear of suddenly finding himself with an asshole full of dog prick, by mistake.

"Out!" he commanded.

The well-trained hounds got to their feet and moved reluctantly to the door of the cabin. Their semi-hard pricks swung under them as, haunches lowered, they left the room.

Michelle hoped that, if Dick had noticed the state of their pricks, he failed to make the logical connection. But his eyes were on her, ignoring the animals. Then she wondered if he might notice the dog cum on her belly and thighs and become very justifiably suspicious. She figured her husband might object to taking sloppy thirds after his own dogs. She slid her hands inside her robe and moved them around in her crotch. Then, letting the robe fall open, she rubbed one slippery hand on her trim belly and drew the other caressingly up the inside of her thigh. Cunt cream glistened on her hot flesh, camouflaging the incriminating canine cum with her own juices. She leaned back, supported on her elbows. Her legs were apart, her bushy, creamy cunt thrusting upwards.

Dick stepped up to her. Folding his fist around the hilt of his cockshaft, he tugged back, skinning the cock-knob out in a flaring wedge. It was a mouth watering sight. Michelle leaned forward. Her flaming-red hair tumbled over his belly and thighs.



Her tongue flicked against his cock-knob.

“Ummm – yummy,” she purred.

“Yeah, baby – lick my cock,” he rasped.

That was no hardship. Michelle began to lave all over that succulent slab of purple prickmeat. Her tongue was nimble, sliding and slurping around the bulging contours, flicking against the tip, probing gently into his seeping pisshole. Pre-cum seeped onto her tastebuds, whetting her appetite. Her saliva drooled down his cockstalk as she slobbered heavily on the crown, her head turning from side to side as if pivoting on the end of his fuck-pole.

Dick’s ass tightened and shoved, stabbing his prick up into her face. The cocktip bumped against her lips, then slipped into her mouth as she let her lips part around the hot wedge. With his cockhead buried in her mouth, his long, thick cockshaft stood out between his balls and her lips, like a hollow, tubular pipe linking them together, designed to let his jism flow from balls to mouth.

Her cheeks hollowed in and she sucked, then puffed out as she blew down on his cockrod. She slobbered heavily on his prick-knob and her saliva poured down, streaked with thicker lashings of creamy fuck-juice as his pisshole pumped it out. Thick drops ran onto her tongue and she savored the delicious flavor. Her husband’s jism wasn’t as musky and gamy as the dog’s cock-slime, but it was every bit as tasty, in a slightly more subtle and delicate fashion.

Her flame-colored hair curtained his cock and balls as she nursed on his dripping prick-knob, making little moist whimpering sounds as she savored the feast. Dick grated his teeth and rolled his eyes, his face set tight with lust. Michelle’s head began to bob up and down, feeding more of his cockshaft into her mouth. Her compressed lips collared his cockstalk, sucking through every inch as she slid up and down on the fat, succulent fucker. Her tongue curled against the underside in a moist, fluttering bridge over which his cockmeat rode triumphantly back into her maw. As she pulled up, she wound her mouth around, twisting her tight lips in a corkscrewing motion.

Dick grunted and humped upwards, fucking into her mouth just as if it were a cunt.

“Umpff,” she gagged as the swollen wedge of his cockhead clogged her gullet.

She had taken almost all of his long prick into her mouth now. His balls were brushing against her trembling chin and her nose nestled in his crotch hair. She was gulping for air, but held his prick-knob back in her throat for a moment, then slowly sucked back up his cockrod.

“Ummm,” she purred, her lips pulling up and turning outward around his thick prick as she slurped.

Dick switched his weight from foot to foot, one hip shooting up, then the other, fucking into her mouth steadily. He placed an open hand behind her neck, holding her face on his prick as he fucked his cock in and out. His balls swung up and slapped her under the chin.

More pre-cum oozed from his pisshole, whetting her appetite as it slid onto her tastebuds, and Michelle began to suck harder, more than willing to let him empty his balls into her mouth and swallow his hot cum-load.

The horny woman adored a mouthful of cockmeat followed by a bellyful of cum. Her cunt and her mouth were interchangeable. Her tongue was as hot as her clit. Whimpering, she bobbed up and down on his long, fat prick.

But then Dick pulled his cock out of her lips. The knob came out like a cork. Her lips slapped shut, then parted as she leaned after his meat and shot her tongue out, lapping at the retreating cock.

But as much as he loved to have his sexy wife suck him off, Dick was in the mood for cunt today, instead of a blow-job. He knew that the dogs had been fucking her creamy pussy, and in some strange way the idea of following his hounds up her cunthole really turned him on.

Michelle looked up at his face from the tops of her eyes, surprised that he had yanked his tasty cockmeat away from her mouth. She had never had a guy withdraw from her mouth without shooting his wad off before. Her lips parted in an oval and her tongue fluttered out invitingly as she made a cunt of her mouth.

Dick took her by the shoulders and gently pushed her back along the bunk. If he wanted pussy instead of head, that was fine with Michelle, who derived equal pleasure at both ends. As long as she got a load of fuck-juice pumped into her, she didn't care what hole got hosed.

She sprawled out, raising her knees and shifting her thighs wide apart. She arched her back, thrusting her juicy cunt mound upward, tilting her groin into the fucking angle. Dick knelt between her legs. Well accustomed to his wife's voluptuous body, he needed no manual guidance. Taking his weight on his hands and knees, he pushed his hips out and the head of his cock slipped into her fuck-slot.

Michelle gurgled with joy. Holding only his cock-knob in her soaking slot, he made his cock muscles pulse. The swollen slab throbbed and rippled in her cunthole.

Her mouth had been like a cunt before. Now her cunt was like a mouth. Her pussylips began to suck on his cockhead and her stiff clit rubbed against his cockmeat like a tongue. He grunted and held steady. Her pussy was pulling him deeper, working like a suction pump on his prickmeat. He wasn't humping, but her pussy was dragging his prick in by itself.

Her inner muscles rippled, closing in a series of concentric rings, pulling him deeper inch by inch. Dick groaned with the sensation. He felt as if his long prick was being jerked from his body - as if his hard-on extended right back into his guts and those guts were being uncoiled and pulled up into her tight, clutching fuck-hole.

She gasped, feeling that massive hunk of prickmeat plunge into the core of her loins, filling her pussy to the very brim with throbbing cock. Her husband couldn't fuck with the bestial vitality of a horny hound, but he made up for it by the length of his prick, filling her cunt to depths that the dogs failed to reach.

He held his fucker buried in her for a moment, savoring the thrill of having every inch buried in her steaming, soaking cunt and letting her whimper with the joy of having her hot pussy stuffed to the brim with thundering cockmeat. The certain knowledge that a pair of hard, slimy dog pricks had recently blazed the trail for him only added a new dimension to the lewd thrill her husband felt.

He pumped his cock muscles and his buried prick pulsed inside her pussy.

Michelle responded by rippling her cunt tunnel on his long cockstalk. Her cuntlips were plastered open around the root of his cockshaft, pulling as if she were trying to suck his stiff prick right out of his loins, to drag it deeper up her fuck-hole, trailing his guts behind.

His hot cockhead felt like a lump of red-hot iron buried deep inside her belly. His pulsating cockshaft felt like a heated crowbar levering and prying at her cunt tunnel.

His prickmeat was so fucking hot that Michelle thought he must be scalding the insides of her fuck-hole - and yet her cunt was every bit as hot, like a furnace around his phallic fuel, an oven cooking his meat.

She began to move first. Dick was holding steady and Michelle pulled her pussy off an inch or two of prick, then shoved back down to the hilt. As she pulled away, her cuntlips slurped from his belly and clamped around his prick like a soft, pliable wringer, working on his cock, milking him, dragging and pulling voraciously.

"Fuck me - fuck me!" she wailed, frantic for him to start pouring the prick to her.

Dick braced his knees and drew out until only his cockhead was in her cuntslot, a swollen hunk of dark purple meat throbbing in her creamy slime hole. Her clit jerked against his prickmeat. He paused, only his cockhead in her pussy, like a purple boulder half buried in a swamp.

Her cuntlips sucked furiously, trying to drag all of his prick back up her fuck-tunnel. Her lush hips worked like pistons and her firm ass churned on the bunk.

"Feed it to me, Dick!" she cried. With only her fuck-slot full, she was desperate to get her cunt hole stuffed. Her belly felt hollow - a void abhorred by her nature. "Pump all that big fucker up me!"

Dick grunted. His ass shifted. He fed her a long, slow, underslung fuck-stroke, his cockmeat rippling all the way up into her smoldering cunt. His cock was buried and his long cockshaft tilted her ass up from the bunk.

He pulled out, then slammed in again, hiking her ass higher and fucking his prick in at a downward angle, so that every burning inch ran directly across her clit as his cockhead plunged to the depths.

Michelle met him with equal intensity, slamming her raging pussy down to meet his savage fuck-lunges and rolling her hips from side to side on the backstroke. Her cunt hole was suck

ing and clinging to him so tenaciously that he had to really pull back hard to withdraw his cock.

His cock came out dripping with cunt slime, slippery and steaming in the air. Then it whacked in again, spraying more pussy juice from her slot as the tight fitting plunger filled her pussy.

His balls were sodden with her overflow. Her crotch was lathered with cunt foam. Streamers ran down into the crack of her ass and down her thighs. Thick, pearly drops splashed in her flaming-red cunt triangle, matting the curly jungle of her pussy hair.

Michelle was going wild with the bliss of it. She clamped her ripe thighs around his hips, clinging to him. Her heels hooked behind him, then parted and drummed on his grinding ass.

He fucked steadily, his balls swinging in and bumping against her jerking ass as he buried his cockmeat. More cream oozed from her cunt slot. Dick wondered how much of it was cunt juice and how much was dog jism.

"Gonna come!" she gasped. "Oh, shit - gonna cream - shoot in me, darling - come with me - fill my cunthole with your hot, thick fuckjuice..."

Then he did a remarkable thing.

He pulled his cock out of her.

Michelle cried out in dismay, reaching down to grab his cock and pull it back up her cunt hole, thinking that he had slipped out by accident. The horny woman was hovering just below the heights of sensation, afraid that her pussy would cream before she got his cockmeat back up her.

Dick smiled in a strange way, amusement twisted by lust. His lips squared back from his teeth and the smile turned into a bestial grimace.

He grasped his wife by her pneumatic hips and slowly turned her up and over. She flopped like a landed fish in his hands as he rotated her, turning her belly down on the bunk. Then he changed his grip, holding her by the thighs and drawing her back and upwards, so that her ass heaved up in front of his loins and the frantic woman rose up onto her knees before him. He was kneeling, too, just behind her. His cock towered up above the curve of her ass, the stalk all slimy with her cunt juice and his cock-knob gleaming at the top like the beacon of a lighthouse above the tower, flashing a warning of the rocky shoals that lurked below, in his balls.

Her head was down and her ass was up. She had one cheek pressed to the bunk, her long red hair flowing across the mattress like tongues of flame. And that firm, jerking ass was hiked to the highest point of her posture. This was a very familiar position to Michelle. Her fat tits flattened against the bunk as she wriggled her ass around, those shapely thighs tensing and relaxing as the muscles rippled, hiking her sweet ass up and down invitingly.

For a moment, Michelle thought that he was going to fuck her up the shit chute - not that she minded. But his hand slid onto her pussy, spreading her cuntlips and brushing against her trembling clit.

"I'm gonna doggy-fuck you, baby," Dick rasped, his voice tight with passion.

"Yeah - yeah!" Michelle wailed, yearning to feel that gigantic prick pounding up her fuckhole again.

She jerked back, expecting his fuck-thrust.

"You love to get doggy-fucked, don't you, Michelle?" he whispered, his tone silken and strange and suggestive, his hands grasping her by the hipbones again.

Michelle gulped, blinking. What did he mean? Holy shit! Was he suspicious? Did he know about the fucking hounds? For a split second her ardor dulled as she felt a surge of guilt. She had a terrible flash of divorce court, with the dogs summoned as co-respondents, their paws placed on the Bible as they took the oath.

She looked back over her shoulder, her gaze searching. But there was no anger in his face and she saw the head of his prick towering over her ass. And the sight filled her with such desire that there was no room left for such emotions as worry or guilt.

"Yes! Fuck me like a dog!" she cried.

Dick grinned, as if somehow satisfied by her response. He nudged the tip of his cock into her smoldering fuck-slot and rubbed it against her clit, and Michelle wailed with redoubled desire as she jammed back against him.

He grunted and his hips shot out, his whole hard, lean body vibrant and trembling. He slammed every throbbing inch of his enormous, throbbing cock up into her melting fuck-hole from under her ass. His cockmeat slithered in and his flat belly slapped against the curve of her ass.

His swollen balls flipped into her curly cunt jungle. Michelle reached back between her kneeling thighs and fondled those bloated balls as he held all of his cock up her, grinding it around in the core of her cunt.

Then he began to pour the prick to her with gusto. Michelle squirmed under him, jamming back to meet him, tits swinging and belly pumping. Dick was fucking his prick into her savagely, as energetic as a dog. He was panting and whimpering like a dog, as well.

He fucked in with an underslung stroke that heaved her ass up high, her knees jolting from the bunk. Then he fucked in from above, driving her haunches back down. Michelle was coiling and uncoiling like a carnal spring under him, her sinuous body jerking on his prick.

Dimly, she heard the two hounds whimpering outside the cabin as their sensitive snouts told them all the juicy details of this coupling.

Then she heard nothing but the pounding of her own blood in her ears.

“Creaming!” she screamed.

Dick was with her. His cock swelled up so huge she thought her hipbones were going to jump right out of their sockets around that cunt-stuffing load.

She looked back through the spread cleavage of her swinging tits, expecting to see the outline of his huge cock pressing a furrow up her belly.

He fucked in, filling her with cockmeat and filling her with joy. Her cunt was melting around his fucking prick, flowing so heavily that his prick was splashing as the swollen cockhead slammed into her depths.

“Here it comes, baby!” he gasped.

“Yeah - yeah - drown me in cum!” she cried.

His back arched deeply, head and shoulders flying back as he shoved his prick in to the hilt, and Michelle wailed when she felt his boiling fuck-juice hose her pussy.

His balls erupted again, spinning the cum out through his cockshaft and out of his pisshole. The thick jism poured into her pussy in a torrent.

Dick fucked in and out steadily, squirting more precious cum into her melting cunt each time he buried his cock back up that creamy gash, relentlessly draining his cum-load into her in foaming hot spurts.

Snatching his balls into her hand again, Michelle squeezed them, as if trying to pump more cum out by the pressure. She tugged his balls down as he pounded into her, fondled them as he whipped back out. His cum flooded into her cunt in a surging tide. Jets of jism splashed up her pussy, ropes of cum spun her cunt tunnel in creamy coils, great geysers of the stuff erupted in the depths.

Each time Michelle felt another spurt of cum burst in her, her insatiable pussy creamed again.

Gasping and panting, Dick slowed down.

Michelle continued to fuck her cunt up and down on his prick as she milked off her coming to the sweet dregs, feeling as if her whole belly had melted on his cockmeat. Emptied, he held his cock up

her for a moment. Cum and cunt juice oozed out around the root of his buried cockshaft, frothy and thick and milky white. Her crotch was a morass of fuck-slime.

When he slowly pulled his prick out of her, the long cockrod emerged like a torpedo fired from a submarine. Her cuntlips stretched as her pussy clung to his withdrawing cock. When his prick-knob slipped free, her open, emptied cunt gushed with a frothy flood of their combined cum juices.

Michelle, smiling contentedly, slid belly down across the bunk. She was satisfied but she kept her thighs apart, just in case he wanted more.

But Dick moved from the bunk. She heard him step back and she heard the dogs still yelping and whimpering. When she turned to look at Dick, she saw that he had stuffed his softening fucker into his pants and was, with difficulty, pulling the zipper up over the prominent cockbulge.

His lean hips jerked as he jammed his spent, but still impressive, cock and balls into his fly. Michelle slid her hand down and stroked her soaking cunt mound.

"Had enough, darling?" she purred.

Dick grinned and nodded.

"I think that I'd better take Old Blue and Buck out for a walk in the woods," he said. His eyes were fixed upon her. The dogs were barking and yelping outside. "They haven't had any exercise all day..." He paused, peering at her poignantly, knowingly. "Have they?"

Michelle blushed faintly and lowered her eyes. Again she wondered if her husband suspected that she was fucking the hounds every chance that she got. But, if he did, he didn't seem to mind. And if Dick didn't care, why in hell should she?

She looked up again, smiling back at him impishly.

"No, darling - they've been cooped up here in the cabin all day long," she replied.

Dick nodded again, as if somehow he was satisfied by her answer - as if - maybe, she had just made a tacit confession and he had accepted it. Dick turned and walked out.

Michelle got up from the bunk and moved over to the window. She watched her tall, lean husband stroll across the clearing and into the pine trees.

The two hounds were trotting obediently at his heels. They were hunting dogs and they loved these runs in the forest. Both of them had glanced back towards the cabin, before they vanished, with expressions of doggy wistfulness.

Michelle smiled. But she thought it was too bad that Dick hadn't taken just one dog on a walk - and left one for her to fuck.

She had no idea that anyone else was walking in those woods at the moment.

And the dogs were in for an adventure...

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## CHAPTER FOUR



Thrilled by the prospect of her own naughtiness, although she didn't know how really naughty she was going to end up being, Valerie left the cabin and walked around toward the shed. She paused to look at the path leading into the woods, to make sure that there was no sign of Linda. She certainly didn't want her innocent young daughter to be corrupted by her own depravity. But Linda was not in sight.

In fact, the girl, who wasn't really innocent at all, was busy with her own affairs - and very soon the girl was going to be a whole lot busier. But her mother never dreamed of that.

Despite the fact that she had just creamed her pussy very thoroughly, Valerie's insatiable cunt was as smoldering hot as ever. She hadn't bothered to put her panties back on - there seemed to be little point in doing so - and her naked cunt was steaming and squishing as she walked.

The donkey snorted as the scent of that hot cunt flowed to him, stronger as Valerie drew near. She heard a thud as the frantic brute stamped on the floor. She paused in the doorway of the shed. A cool mountain breeze ruffled her blonde hair and drew her skirt tight to her seething loins, and she felt as if that gentle breeze was fanning her to flames. The dumb brute eyed her, tossing his head. The short, bristly mane stood up stiffly on his arched neck and his moist lips folded back from his big, blunt teeth as he snorted noisily, spraying slobber from his jaw.

Valerie stepped in and closed the door. Standing back, she stared at the animal's incredible hard-on. His prick seemed to have grown bigger, if anything. What a feast for her eyes as she fondled her pussy!

The massive wedge of dark, naked cockmeat loomed out from the hairy prick sheath. Flecks of spunk glistened in milky drops on the glossy slab. His fucker looked more like a battering ram than a cock, Valerie thought.

Staring at the donkey's cock and balls, Valerie slowly raised her skirt above her hips. Holding it up with one hand, she cupped the other hand over her cunt mound, her fingers trailing down into her scalding cunt gash.

The beast's eyes bulged out as he stared at her creamy pussy. His red tongue ran along the line of his open jaw, slobbering heavily. It was a real turn-on for the over-sexed blonde to have the horny beast staring so intently at her cunt - almost as great a turn-on as staring, in turn, at his prick and balls. She dipped at the knees and tilted her belly up, showing the donkey her open fuck-slot.

The jackass snorted, a bubbling sound coming from his flapping lips. His whole sturdy body was rippling with tension. His cock was so fucking taut that Valerie thought she could hear it twang!

She rubbed her clit, shuddering at the caress. She traced her fingertips along her parted pussy folds, then slowly pushed her middle finger up into her fuck-tunnel, twisting it around inside the cunt walls.

The donkey's eyes seemed to be boring into her flesh like laser beams, caressing her visually. A trickle of cunt juice ran down the inside of her leg. Her finger pushed in to the knuckle, then slowly pulled back out as her tight pussy muscles sucked on the digit and cunt cream pooled up in her cupped palm. She pushed in again, sweeping her thumb back and forth across her clit as she friggled up her cunthole.

Her face was a mask of depravity, eyes narrowed to slits, panting lips parted. She was drooling - but not nearly as heavily as the frustrated donkey. His whole gray muzzle was lathered by saliva.

Her heart-shaped ass jerked from side to side as she fucked her cunt hole up and down on her hand. Her flow came hotter and muskier and the animal thrust his big, blunt head out toward her, his sturdy neck straining. His tongue pushed out, dripping from the edges. He was slobbering so much that the big meaty lapper was splashing in his mouth.

Lust overwhelmed Valerie. Her legs were trembling and her mind was reeling. She stepped closer to the beast, fucking her finger up her pussy again. Then she drew her hand away. Her fingers were running with pussy nectar and her palm was awash with the creamy stuff. She held her hand out to the brute's muzzle. His nostrils fluttered and his pale eyes glowed. His long wet tongue shot out and the animal began to slurp her cunt juice from her hand.

His tongue was hot and wet and nimble and eager. As he lapped moistly and enthusiastically at her hand, Valerie naturally wondered how it would feel to have the horny creature using his tongue on her pussy.

She began to switch hands, offering one to the donkey's muzzle as she finger-fucked her steaming fuck-hole with the other, then changing. Her hands went to his snout, lathered with cunt cream, and returned to her cunt soaking with the frantic creature's frothy slobber.

Oh, shit - should I? She wondered. Letting an animal lap my cunt is real naughty.

Her conscience protested - but dark desire overwhelmed her. It's only his tongue, she reasoned, her logic self-serving. He's already licking my cunt juice from my hands, and I guess it isn't a whole lot more wicked if he laps the stuff out of my cunt hole. Just his tongue - it isn't as if I were letting him fuck me or anything really bad. He's so frantic. I'd be doing him a favor, a kindness to a dumb animal. And after I've creamed on his tongue, my pussy will cool down, so there's no danger of getting carried away and doing anything really naughty.

She even managed to smile at that logic.

Valerie stepped closer to the donkey and shoved her slim belly out, her sleek thighs parted, dipping slightly at the knees and tilting her groin upwards.

The donkey twisted his head away, his thick neck arching, one wide, wild eye upon her. Then his head began to go up and down like a rocking horse. Valerie dipped both hands into her crotch and pulled her pliable pussylips wide open, turning her cunt gash into a creamy bowl.

The beast shoved his muzzle between her thighs. Valerie shuddered when she felt his moist snout ripple in her pussy. His hot breath billowed right up into her cunt hole as the donkey snorted. His soft muzzle nuzzled against her clit and that stiff bud jerked spasmodically.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Fucking hell!"

She pulled her cuntlips open even wider and dragged the elastic folds up onto the donkey's muzzle, rolling her cunt onto his snout like a rubber onto a cock.

The brute snorted up her pussy, then inhaled her fragrance, his nose flaring in her cuntslot. His tongue slid out tentatively, as if the dumb animal was uncertain, not sure what to do. He was familiar with the scent of hot cunt, of course. He was an amorous donkey and he had fucked more than his share of sexy jennies in his day. But he had never had a human cunt pressed to his muzzle before, and he was confused.

But his bestial instincts took over. He lapped at her cuntlips, slurped into her slot, then stabbed his

long tongue right up into her fuck-hole. Valerie wailed. That meaty lapper was so fucking big that it was stuffing her cunt as full and as deep as the average prick!

She swayed against his muzzle, trembling all through her voluptuous body and moaning with the pure joy of his caress. Her ass heaved and her belly pumped. She no longer needed her hands to spread her cunt open and she reached and held the animal's head, pulling him into her groin. The donkey needed no such encouragement, however. He was grazing in her groin with gusto.

The donkey was a quick learner. Had he been a Mexican donkey, he would certainly have starred in the burrow show in Tijuana, for his talent was inherent. No longer intimidated by the situation, the beast was shoving his tongue up and down her cunt hole. He was tongue-fucking her, his nimble lapper a match for any stiff prick - well, any human prick, at least.

Holding his head between her open hands, Valerie rubbed her foaming pussy against him. She rose up on her tiptoes, then dipped down again. The brute's head bobbed up and down with her. As cunt juice poured down the insides of her thighs, he ducked down and slurped the ribbons up, then slid higher and lapped cream out of her cunt bush.

She shoved against him, as if she were trying to get his whole head up her fuck-hole. His tongue flashed out, cunt juice streaking the red meat and hanging from the curled edges like strands of pearls.

She rose high on her toes again. The donkey's muzzle slid through her crotch. His tongue curled up into the crack of her ass. It dragged slowly back, slurping from her asshole back into her crotch, pulling through the open slot and flipping up into her golden triangle of cunt hair.

His gray muzzle was drenched with pussy cream and his soft, dark lips were streaked with the delicious stuff. He was slobbering into her fuck slot. His saliva bubbled out and blended with her cunt cream, turning her whole crotch to a swamp.

Valerie drew her hand down his jaw line and grasped his tongue between her fingers and thumb. She began to rub it onto her clit, using the donkey's lapper as if it were a vibrator with which she was masturbating. But no plastic vibrator had given her such a thrill. She still knew that it was wicked to get head from an animal, but that knowledge only increased the thrill of it.

She stuffed his tongue right up into her cunt hole. Her pussy plunged around the questing meat, sucking and pulling and clinging. His tongue throbbed inside her fuck hole, slithering and sliding. He shot his tongue deep, then pulled slowly back out and slurped on her clit.

Valerie started to come. It felt like her climax was starting in her heels and shooting on up her trembling legs, to explode in her pussy.

Her clit detonated and her cunt hole melted. She jerked and thrashed on the donkey's muzzle as the hot cum cream gushed from her cunt slot.

The donkey brayed, his tongue going wild as the flow from her loins flooded his taste buds, all tangy and spicy, as hot and as thick as melted pearls.

Her ass and hips shot in and out and the animal's head went up and down as his tongue delved hungrily into her hairy cunt, lapping her cum juices up as fast as they poured out of her smoldering pussy.

Valerie shook with a spasm, crying out with the joy of it. She vibrated and jolted and staggered,

dizzy with the sensation, legs turning to jelly, all her vitality melting in the heat of her dynamic coming.

She was at the peak, clinging there, suspended over the sweet chasm of bliss. The donkey's delving tongue teased another wave of joy from her and he whimpered as the creamy flow teased his tongue, in turn.

Then she cried out with the last rippling spasm. She stepped back on unsteady legs. The donkey's head thrust out after her, his tongue giving her pussy a last slurp. Valerie sank down to her knees, too drained to stand. Through misty eyes, she gazed at the donkey - a look of gratitude for the thrill his tongue had given her. She saw that his jaw and jowls were glistening with her cum juices.

He returned her gaze, his own expression expectant, hopeful. Kneeling, she sank back onto her heels, her big tits heaving as she fought to control her breath. The donkey's flanks were heaving, too. His expression changed. The lids came lower over his big eyes and he looked mournful. She wondered, vaguely, if the horny brute was sorry she had moved away, if his insatiable tongue wanted more of her cunt. She looked down her belly and saw that she was soaking with donkey slobber all over her cunt bush, crotch and thighs. A few streaks of cunt juice had trickled into the frothy saliva, eluding the beast's avid tongue.

She was wondering if she could come again before Linda returned from her walk. The idea was pleasant and she was sure that the donkey would relish another snack, but she didn't want to risk having the next session interrupted by Linda's return. It would be so frustrating to have to stop before she creamed - and worse, if the girl happened to wander out to the barn and find her mother getting tongued by the beast. Trying to judge how long another orgasm would take, Valerie looked back and forth between her cunt and the donkey's soaking muzzle, as if the compassion - the obvious connection - would help her decide if there was enough time.

But then the donkey tossed his head and sidestepped, turning sideways to her - and letting Valerie look at his prick in profile. While he'd been merrily lapping at her cunt gash, his cock had gotten even bigger! His cock was so huge that it looked like a surrealistic sculpture, some monolith hewn out of gray stone.

Oh, the poor beast, she thought. How selfish of me to let a dumb animal become so excited, to enjoy myself and leave him so frustrated.

Valerie had never in her life been cruel to an animal.

And she wasn't about to start now...

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

Linda had walked a short distance into the forest, following a narrow path that led to a swift mountain stream. She paused on the bank of the stream, looking around to make sure that she was alone. There was always the slight chance that someone might wander along and that element of danger added to the thrill.

She unbuttoned her blouse and took it off. She wore no bra and her plump tits thrust out, the smooth globes rolling together into deep cleavage and the rosy tips standing out like little pink rocket ships waiting to be launched from the aureole pads. She kneaded her tit mounds and pulled at the tingling knobs. They exploded in her fingers. She cupped her hand under the full tits and lifted them,

dropping her head at the same time. Her tongue flicked out and the naughty girl began to lick at her nipples and up through her cleavage. She sucked a stiff tit tip into her lips and nursed on it, then switched and sucked on the other.

“Ummmm,” she purred, enjoying this foreplay. She was looking forward to a nice long hand-job, intending to make it last as long as she could – although she didn’t realize that, hot as she was today, that probably wouldn’t be too long. The sight of the donkey’s massive prick had really gotten her excited.

Faintly, from the direction of the cabin, she heard the donkey bray.

She grinned. She was hoping that she would have a chance to play with the animal’s cock and balls sometime during the week. She would have to be careful, of course. It would be really embarrassing if her mother caught her jerking the beast off, she figured – not realizing that her mother, too, was intrigued by donkey cock.

She was trying to imagine what that hunk of cockmeat would feel like, throbbing in her hands. She even shocked herself a bit by wondering what it might taste like. Golly, she thought. That would really be naughty!

She unsnapped her jeans and pulled the zipper down. The fly gaped open. She began to tug them down. They fit tightly and she had to squirm her sexy ass and nubile hips as she drew them from her loins.

She wore black bikini panties, just a wisp of silk stretched across her pelvis. The crotchband was sodden with the overflow from her fuck-slot, milky streaks soaking through the black material. She pulled the panties down and kicked them from her feet. They tumbled to the ground like a black moth with damp wings. Ribbons of pussy nectar slid down the smooth flesh of her inner thighs. She didn’t think that her cunt had ever been quite so hot and juicy.

She was wondering whether she should sit down, kneel down or finger-fuck herself in a standing position, enjoying a solitary knee trembler. The position didn’t really matter much, however. As long as she was thinking about the donkey’s huge prick, she knew she was going to cream real good.

She stared down past her tits. Like her mother, Linda had tried to go down on herself. She had sat on the edge of her bed and ducked her head down, falling just short. Then she had lain down and hiked her ass up, her feet rising over her head and her pussy hovering just above her face, so tantalizingly close – and so frustratingly unreachable. She had pushed her tongue out as far as it would reach, managing to lick at her blonde cunt bush, but just failing to reach her clit. Her pussy slot had flooded with cream and a drop of the stuff had dripped onto her tongue and lips. She savored it on her tastebuds, then swallowed it down. Cunt juice was delicious! Oh, how she wished that she could get her head between her legs and clamp her mouth onto her pussy slot and suck herself until she creamed. But she wasn’t able to do it and, naturally, she had begun to wonder which of her girlfriends might be interested in getting – and giving – some head.

She thought about that now, standing beside the stream, imagining all the juicy details. Linda was no lesbian, certainly. She loved pricks too much to be a dyke. But that didn’t mean she wasn’t turned on by the thought of eating pussy. She thought about the French maid, all sweet and sexy in her little black costume. She knew that the maid enjoyed getting head from Daddy – which was why they were at the cabin, in fact – and, being French and all, she would most likely welcome the suggestion. It was surely an exciting idea. Linda imagined what a thrill it would be to have those slim, dark-stockinged thighs clamped around her head and what that tasty French cunt would taste like when it

melted in her mouth.

Linda decided that, as soon as they returned to the city, she was simply going to have to seduce the maid. It was almost as thrilling a fantasy as thinking about the donkey's cock – but not quite and, anyhow, the donkey was more available now than the maid was, and the girl's fevered thoughts turned once again to the horny animal.

She began to stroke the damp insides of her thighs, skimming lightly across her pussy at the top of each stroke, building up gradually.

Her cuntlips rippled and parted. Her clit shot out like a bullet. Her heated fragrance poured from her open fuck-slot and drifted on the gentle breeze.

And she heard the hounds howl...

Old Blue and Buck had both had semi-hard cocks when they started their walk, following along at their master's heels. But as they neared the stream, the dogs halted, raising their heads and sniffing at the delightfully scented breeze. They yelped with excitement.

Dick turned to see what was getting the brutes so enthused. He saw that their cocks were getting longer and harder and that their balls were swelling up. It puzzled him. He, too, sniffed at the breeze but, with his limited human senses, failed to detect the aroma of steaming pussy. The only thing that he could think of was that his insatiable wife must be finger-fucking herself, in his absence, and that the hounds had scented her pussy. Yet the dumb brutes were not even looking back toward the cabin.

Then, yelping, both dogs went bounding off into the woods, following the aroma. They were acting like they were on the trail of a rabbit, except that the scent of a bunny had never before given them hard cock.

Curious, Dick began to follow the brutes...

Linda looked up, one hand cupped over her pussy, when she heard the hounds baying and howling. She frowned. Were there wild dogs in these woods? The howling drew closer. Worried, she started to gather up her discarded clothing, thinking that she had better get the hell out of there. Then she heard a thrashing in the underbrush and looked up, startled. The two black-and-tan hounds came leaping from the bushes and splashed across the stream.

It was a terrifying sight. Their fangs were gleaming white and they were slobbering from the jowls. They looked ferocious. Linda hadn't noticed their stiff pricks yet, in her fright, and she thought the brutes were going to attack her. She squealed in terror and began to run. The dogs bounded in pursuit.

Her tanned thighs flashed and her pale ass gleamed as she fled. The hounds were right behind her. She cried out in horror. She could feel their hot breath billowing onto her ass and hear them panting like steam engines. One on either side of the running girl, the brutes kept pace with her for a few strides. Their long red tongues were lolling out.

"Help!" wailed Linda.

The dogs yelped and growled. Their heads thrust out and they lapped at her ass, and she squealed in horror when she felt those hot tongues and anticipated their teeth. Then Old Blue sprang on her.



The big beast jumped up, throwing his front legs around her hips. His weight threw the girl off balance. She took two more running steps, dragging the clinging beast with her, then stumbled and fell to the ground.

Old Blue gripped her firmly and Linda flinched, expecting his fangs to rend her soft flesh, thinking that she was about to be torn apart by wild animals. She threw one arm up to protect her throat, trying to drag herself away from the tenacious brute. She was on her hands and knees – in, as it happened, the dog-fucking position.

“Oh, no!” she sobbed.

As she jerked away, crawling, Old Blue retained his grip, hauling back with his front paws.

He yanked her ass up higher and the girl’s head sank to the ground. She sobbed again, in despair, thinking that she was about to be killed. She was too young to die! There were so many things she hadn’t experienced in life yet – like sucking pussy and jerking off donkeys – and now she was going to be devoured by savage dogs!

But the dog wasn’t biting her.

Her terror ebbed slightly. She frowned, bewildered. Was the brute just being friendly?

Then Old Blue humped.

Holy shit, thought Linda. These fucking dogs ain’t hungry. They’re horny!

Linda giggled with relief. Old Blue was humping away as he clung to her ass, mounted like a gargoyle on a flying buttress. In his eagerness, he was missing her cunt. The head of his hard prick rebounded from her ass and skimmed up the back of her thigh.

Linda realized that she was in no danger. They weren’t going to kill her, it seemed, the dog couldn’t even manage to rape her. His big prick was pounding away wildly but he wasn’t getting the angle right. All she had to do was wait until the brute lost interest, she reasoned.

Unless she helped him get his cock stuck up her fuck-hole!

Linda gasped at the thought. She blinked and her lips trembled. Letting a dog fuck her was a really naughty thing to do, she knew – yet the idea was wildly exciting. She could feel how big and hard his prick was, bouncing off her ass – and imagined how that long, fat hunk of cockmeat would feel if it were fucking her cunt hole!

Helping the horny animal to empty his balls seemed the logical way to escape from him.

The other dog was bounding around them, yelping frantically. She saw his enormous cock swinging under him like the boom of a sailing ship. If she let one dog fuck her, she guessed she would have to let the other fuck her, too. It wouldn’t be fair to fuck just one of them.

And getting fucked twice would be more fun, anyhow, thought the naughty girl.

She reached back between her knees and folded her fist around the dog’s slimy cockshaft. The huge hunk of cockmeat throbbed in her grip, and Linda gasped. She gave his cock a stroke and Old Blue stopped humping, realizing that help was at hand and waiting for her to position his prick.

Linda stroked his cock again. She was thinking that she might simply jerk the beast off – and then

jerk of the other dog, as well. That wouldn't be as depraved as letting them fuck her, she thought.

But it wouldn't be as much fun, either.

Holding his prick by the root, she tilted her wrist, rubbing the naked slab of his smoking hot cockhead up and down in her steaming cunt gash. She shuddered as the pulsing slab of hot cock brushed against her clit.

Old Blue was going crazy, yelping and whining and whimpering as he clung to her haunches. His whole brawny body was trembling. It thrilled Linda to know how much she was exciting the horny hound, how urgently he lusted for her. And the other dog was every bit as enthusiastic, as he leaped around them, his stiff cock swinging. Knowing how much the dogs needed some pussy made the girl hot. Whatever misgivings she might have had about bestiality all melted away in the heat of her arousal.

She turned her wrist, whipping the head of Old Blue's cock through her creamy cunt slot, using it like a ladle to stir her juicy bowl to a broth. Then she pulled the cocktip into her gash, plugging the dog's cock into her pussy but retaining her restraining grip on his cockshaft, wanting to linger over the preliminaries for a while, before she unleashed the frantic beast and let him get on with the serious fucking.

With half of his naked cock-knob up her fuck-hole, Old Blue was really going wild. He humped, but her fist prevented him from plunging any deeper. He growled and snapped his powerful jaws with a click. His amber eyes rolled and he was slobbering heavily from his jowls, onto her slender, arched back. His hind paws dug into the earth and his bushy tail slashed behind his haunches. Every sinew in his sturdy body was snapping, every muscle was bunched with tension.

Linda gurgled with anticipation, jerking her ass and hips under his weight. His cockhead flared wide in her open slot and her cuntlips collared the naked slab, pulling and sucking on the hot red cockmeat.

The hound's pisshole rippled open and Linda moaned as she felt a steaming hot trickle of pre-cum run into her creamy slot. His prick was humming and twanging in her fist, the cock-knob pounding violently. More spunk oozed out. Linda was enjoying this initial foreplay, but his cock was flowing so heavily now that she was afraid that the horny brute might get his rocks off prematurely - that he might blow his wad into her slot before his prick was up her fuck-hole.

She pulled the rest of his swollen cockhead into her cunt gash. Her wet pussy folds enveloped it, the pink cuntlips clamping tightly around his thick prick. She knew that, with his cock-knob embedded in her pussy, the dog would need no more manual guidance. She slid her hand down his prickrod and fondled his swollen balls, releasing him from restraint.

She squeezed gently, feeling the hound's fuck-juice slosh around inside his balls. Then she drew her hand away. Hiking her ass up higher, head lowered, she waited for the powerful beast to start pouring the prick to her. For a moment he held steady, only his naked cockhead up her cunt and his long cockshaft standing out between them like a bolt fixing his balls to her cunt. More pre-cum flowed up through that hollow bolt, bubbling into her pussy.

Linda's nubile body coiled like a spring, her back bowing as she drew her ass and hips upwards and pushed her belly and tits back, contracting her body. Then she jolted out again, fucking her cunt hole onto an inch or two of dog prick. Old Blue gave a howl as her pussy slid over his cockmeat. His haunches tensed and he slammed out with a savage lunge, burying every inch of his thundering prick up her cunt.

"Oh!" she cried as she felt her cunt hole fill up with her first-ever load of animal cock. Then she wailed as she realized how fucking wonderful that cuntful was. Old Blue began to fuck his prick into her with wild abandon, pounding in balls-deep, jerking back until only his cock-knob was in her slot, then plowing in again. His cock fucked up her soaking pussy, spreading the pliable cunt walls as it jolted into the depths of her seething loins.

Her cunt molded around his prickmeat, gripping and clinging to every sliding inch, and her cunt muscles began to suck greedily on his fucker.

Linda matched the horny hound's energy, shoving her ass back to meet him as he poured the prick up her fuck-hole and twisting her hips from side to side as the dog drew out. He fed the cockmeat to her furiously, his bloated balls slapping up into her cunt bush.

The dog's cock was huge, swelling more with every fuck-thrust. She felt the massive wedge of his cockhead throb deep in her belly. He was stuffing her pussy to the brim. As he yanked his hard cock back out, he dragged her cuntlips almost inside out. Every inch of his cockshaft was rubbing against her clit as he slammed it in and yanked it back out.

Linda expected the brute to shoot his steaming cum-load into her at any moment. She was yearning for that slimy dose, too, yet the naughty teenager was enjoying this fuck so much that she didn't want it to end. She wanted him to fuck her to jelly before he creamed.

Old Blue thundered on. Because his balls had already been emptied into Michelle Warden a short time ago, the brute was enduring. His cock was swelling all the while and his balls were inflating and pre-cum was dribbling from his open pisshole, but he wasn't ready to come yet. But Linda didn't realize that and, expecting the brute to shoot soon, she turned her gaze upon the other dog, happily anticipating Buck's cock and cum even before Old Blue had finished. Her face was radiant as she looked at the neglected dog and saw how truly desperate the brute had become.

Buck had hunkered down in front of Linda, his hindquarters lowered as if he were stalking a rabbit. His massive prick loomed up before his belly, sprouting in a meaty wand from out of his ballooning balls. The tip of his naked cockhead was all foamy with dog cum. The thick stuff was flowing over the red meat of his cockhead like quicksilver. Trickle ran down his prickshaft and a thread, shimmering silvery, was strung out between his pisshole and the ground.

Linda whimpered at the sight, lusting for Buck's mighty cock even while Old Blue poured his equally delightful prick steadily up her fuck-hole.

The girl was afraid that the second dog, so sadly neglected, might just shoot his wad off untouched, wasting a hot, thick cum-load. She wanted to reach out and caress his cock and balls, yet feared she might accidentally jerk him off.

But then Old Blue jolted into her with a violent jerk and she slid forwards, closer to Buck. Buck cocked his head, his tongue hanging out. The hound had been well trained by Michelle and he knew the sweet mysteries of the human female. Linda's lovely face was lowered close to the ground, level with his loins. Buck whimpered and heaved up from his haunches, throwing his front paws around Linda's shoulders - mounting the girl's blonde head in the same way that Old Blue had mounted her ass. He shoved his cock into her face.

Linda, startled, turned her head and his rock-hard prick skimmed over her cheek, spinning out a slimy track of dog jism from the cock-knob.

Holy shit - this fucking dog wants a blow-job, Linda realized, shocked by the idea.

Sucking a dog's cock seemed even more depraved than fucking with him – and as thrilling, too! The thought of having a dog prick in both ends at once was driving the oversexed nymphet wild. Her head was still turned sideways and Buck was humping desperately, eager to get his prick into her mouth. He yelped and whimpered with frustration. The dog's enthusiasm was infectious. Linda's eyelashes fluttered and her tongue slid across her trembling lips.

Buck pulled back and his dripping cockhead slid across her mouth. Cum bubbled onto her lips. Her tongue flicked across and licked the slimy stuff up and the girl gave a low moan of passion. He humped again and his fat, cum-loaded balls slapped under her chin. She hadn't opened her mouth yet, not quite sure she wanted to suck off a dog. His cockhead nudged her closed lips, tilting her head back.

She folded her fist around his cockstalk and held it to her mouth, kissing the slippery underside. She rubbed her nose against the slick cockmeat, sniffing, inhaling the brute's musky, gamy aroma. She frigged slowly up and down on his prick and his cockhead throbbed wildly, spilling more pre-cum onto her pursed lips.

Behind her, Old Blue threw a savage fuck-thrust into her and as her cunt hole filled with dog prick, Linda wailed, abandoned to lust – as frantic as an animal, herself, now. She knew that she might regret it later, when she had cooled down, but at the moment the girl was helpless in the grip of desire. Old Blue heaved an underslung fuck-stroke into her, tilting her ass up on his meaty lever and shoving her face against Buck's cock and balls. She gasped and her tongue slid out. She began to lick the damp underside of Buck's cockhead.

She wailed with joy as the tangy flavor of dog cock sparked on her taste buds. Dog cock was so fucking delicious that it made her eyes water.

Her ass and hips flew in and out as the horny girl fucked merrily away, so ecstatic and enthusiastic now that she was actually fucking faster than Old Blue was, sliding her fuck-hole up and down on his prick like a piston.

She pushed back on Buck's hairy cock sheath, skinning it back so that his naked prick-knob loomed out. Her tongue glided all over that succulent slab. Scum bubbled from his pisshole and she lapped it up and her saliva foamed on his cockmeat. The beast's preliminary flow was whetting the girl's appetite, making her ravenous for the full cum-load that was swelling his balls. Dog cum was hotter and muskier than human cum, and Linda was wild with cock-sucker's joy.

She pushed the tip of her nimble tongue right up into his gaping pisshole, tongue-fucking into that cleft as her lips kissed the slimy tip of his prick.

Then she let her lips slowly part, feeding the brute's savory cockhead into her mouth. Her lips collared his slimy prick and she began to nurse greedily on that mouthful of succulent cockmeat.

"Ummmmm," she moaned, adoring the feast.

Her cheeks hollowed inwards as she sucked and her lips turned outward around his thick cockshaft. Her tongue flashed against the underside of his prick-knob. Dog cum was flooding her taste buds in a steady flow now. The dog hadn't cum but just his preliminary seepage was as abundant as the average guy's full cum-load. Linda swallowed it with joy.

Buck began to hump, fucking into Linda's mouth just as if it were a cunt.

Her mouth felt like a cunt to the dog – and to Linda, too. Her tongue was as hot as her clit and she

was drooling as heavily as her pussy was creaming. Buck plunged in, jamming his cockhead back into her gullet and tilting her blonde head back on the fuck-thrust.

“Unghh,” she gagged as his fucker clogged her throat. Then she purred as he withdrew and she sucked through every precious inch.

Mounted on both ends of the girl, Buck and Old Blue stared at each other across her back, tongues hanging out and eyes gleaming as they shared her between them, working in harmony as two well-trained hunting dogs will do. Old Blue fucked into her cunt hole, pushing her head forwards onto Buck’s cock, then Buck fucked into her mouth and shoved her cunt back on Old Blue’s prick. She felt like a bone over which they were fighting.

Linda didn’t know which end of this double fucking she was enjoying the most. Her cunt was sucking like a mouth and her mouth was getting fucked like a cunt, and the naughty teenager was in seventh heaven.

Buck buried all of his huge prick into her mouth, his balls slapping under her chin. Then Old Blue stuffed her pussy to the brim with surging cockmeat. She felt transfixed on cock, her body spiked like a pig roasting on a spit. She felt Old Blue’s cockhead throb far up in her cunt, then she felt Buck’s bloated prick plow into her gullet. She wondered if their cockheads were bumping together somewhere in the center of her body.

Linda was creaming and slobbering, waves of wild bliss shooting through her belly and darting up her thighs, while her tongue tingled.

She gagged as Buck’s gamy cockmeat slid right down her throat, spilling ribbons of slime into her belly. Her lips plastered around the hairy root of his cock as her cuntlips spread at the hilt of Old Blue’s cock.

The hounds were baying and howling as they surged towards the joyful crest. Already creaming herself, her cunt going off like a string of firecrackers, Linda moaned and wailed, eagerly awaiting the dogs’ cum, yearning to have doggy jism spurt into her from both ends at once.

Old Blue’s haunches were a dark blur as he fed the prickmeat to her harder and faster, nearing the crest. She felt his prick swell enormously inside her pussy, spreading her cunt walls around his throbbing fucker. She sucked voraciously on Buck’s delectable cockmeat, gorging on it, gurgling and gulping in ecstasy. What a delightful position this was for a horny girl to be in!

And it was quite a sight, too...

Dick Warden, following the yelping and the howling, came out of the bushes and stopped dead in his tracks. His eyes popped out and his jaw dropped open wide. He shook his head – then he grinned. His cock bucked and jolted up into an instant hard-on as he watched Old Blue’s red prick fuck in and out of Linda’s cunt slot and Buck’s big cock fuck to the balls in her willing and voracious mouth.

Why, that’s the little Richards girl, he realized. Now, who would have thought that she liked to fuck and suck with dogs?

And as he watched her plump tits swing under her and her nubile haunches jerk and jolt, he realized that Linda wasn’t such a little girl, after all.

Dick opened his fly and hauled his cock and balls out and observed the scene with fascination – and anticipation.

The scene was coming towards the creamy conclusion now. Linda was already creaming in a wild multiple orgasm, and both dogs were nearing the peak.

Snarling and growling savagely, the two horny hounds poured the prick into Linda with gusto, quivering all through their sturdy bodies as they neared the crest. Linda felt Old Blue's mighty prick give a great surge and she gasped, the sound muffled on a mouthful of dog cock. Then Buck's cock surged as well, filling her mouth so full that both of her cheeks were pressed out at the same time.

She shoved her fuck-hole back to the root of Old Blue's cock and sucked so hard on Buck's cock that she seemed to be inhaling his cockhead right down into her lungs.

A wad of fuck-juice shot out of Old Blue's asshole like a liquid rocket, exploding in Linda's melting cunt. She gasped and, a second later, her mouth was full of foaming hot dog cum as Buck's cock and balls erupted.

The dogs were pumping jizz into her from both ends, filling her up. As Old Blue stuffed his prick in to the hilt, the hairy plunger plugged her cunt hole full and cum and pussy cream spurted from her slot. Buck was pouring his cum into her mouth and throat so abundantly that, although she was swallowing it with great gulps, a lot of the sweet stuff was overflowing her lips and running down both sides of her chin. She sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked. Cum rushed up her pussy and poured down her gullet. She was getting hosed so full that she thought her belly must be expanding like a balloon. Load after load of jism jetted into her, spurt after spurt splashed into her cunt a

s mouthful followed mouthful at the other end. The dogs began to whine, faltering, their humping becoming erratic as their balls emptied to the dregs.

Linda, that insatiable nymphet, continued to churn between them, fucking her cunt on Old Blue's prick and slamming her mouth onto Buck's cum-spewing prick. The hounds stopped moving and clung to her, panting over her ass and shoulders. Linda twitched and jerked between them as she worked off the last spasms of her coming on their spent cocks, milked off the last flow of her melting pussy.

Her cunt muscles rippled, dragging a last slimy drop out of Old Blue's cockhead as that hunk of cockmeat began to soften and shrink in her fuck-hole.

She collared Buck's cock-knob in her lips, turning her head from side to side as she nursed on it, coaxing a few more precious nuggets of dog cum out onto her tongue. She moaned happily as the last tingle sparked in her clit and her tongue gave a final ripple. Then she stopped moving and knelt, panting, between the dogs. They were still stuck up her cunt and down her mouth and the girl was wondering if those sweet cocks might get hard again, and cum again, without ever being plucked out of her. It was a lovely idea and she gave her pussy muscles a tentative pull and nibbled gently on Buck's cockmeat, hoping for signs of renewed vigor.

Then a shadow fell over her.

Linda jerked in surprise and looked up. Buck's cock was still in her lips and as she tilted her head up, she hauled that meaty mouthful with her.

My God, she thought in horror.

Linda thought that her mother had caught her with the hounds. But then she saw that it wasn't her mother who was standing over her, and she gasped with relief.

It was Dick Warden, that handsome woodsman, grinning down at her. It was obvious that he didn't mind her sucking and fucking with his dogs because of the way he was grinning - and because he had a gigantic hard-on jutting from his fly!

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## CHAPTER SIX

Although Linda was certainly relieved to find that it was not her mother who had found her stuck full of doggie cock, it was quite likely that Valerie might not have objected, either...

Valerie, at the moment, was dealing with a donkey prick as hard as stone.

The donkey had turned sideways and Valerie was admiring his gigantic prick in profile, her blonde head tilting from side to side as she slid her gaze up his cockshaft. It was no wonder that a donkey was a sturdy pack animal, she thought. Lugging a cock and balls like that around all the time must really keep the beast in shape.

Now it was time to release the brute from his burden - to empty that phallic pack. She shuffled closer, on her knees. The donkey brayed and his cock muscles twitched, jerking his long fucker up and down. The glossy black cock-knob smacked against his chest as it jolted up. That huge slab of dark prickmeat was smeared with spunk. As it whacked his chest, slime sprayed off and Valerie moaned and licked her lips.

She reached out, palms upwards, and ran her open hand up the frantic animal's cockshaft, stroking him from his balls to his flaring knob. The thick ventral vein pulsed in her hand. She fingered the underside of his cockhead. More scum oozed from the cleft and dribbled down the big wedge, trickling onto her hand.

She drew her slippery hand back, held it to her mouth and dipped her tongue into the slime. Her eyes narrowed, long lashes fluttering. She pressed her parted lips onto her hand and slurped the donkey jism into her mouth. The stuff was so thick and gooey that it was like having a raw oyster in her mouth. Then the stuff liquefied on her hot tongue, and she drank it down with a whimper.

The beast arched his head around, eyeing her. His haunches heaved and his cock loomed out, spilling more spunk from the parted pisshole as he humped at the air.

Even delivered by hand, the cum was scrumptious, and Valerie began to moan hungrily, her cock-sucker's appetite whetted.

She leaned in and began to tongue the head of his prick. Her pink lapper slid fluidly over the black slab, slurping up his quicksilver slime from the dark cockmeat. The beast trembled and quivered, not knowing what was happening - for the human inclination towards oral sex was mystery to the dumb brute - but knowing that it felt wonderful.

He began humping again, sliding his cockhead along her lips as she licked at it. Valerie began to lap back along his leathery cockstalk, her hot tongue sweeping and curling as she licked his prick with great concentration. She flattened her tongue and slid it along the pulsing ventral vein. She worked back to the root of his prick and spent a few moments tonguing at his swollen balls.

His unattended cock jumped wildly. Valerie was afraid that the beast might blow his wad too soon. The cum-hungry woman wanted her mouth in place when the slimy geyser spurted out. She licked back up his cockstalk. Her lips pursed against it and her blonde head pulled up as she played his

phallic flute. Her mouth was tingling with the gamy taste of donkey cock and the succulent flavor of his pre-cum as she dragged her lips back up towards the bulking head of his colossal cock.

She flattened her tongue and lips against the underside of the flaring prick-knob, caressing his at the sensitive spot where the vein spread out from his cockstalk into a delta under the huge, throbbing slab. Then she worked on up to the tip of his mighty cock, kissing and licking and slipping her tongue up into his soaking pisshole.

She began to open her mouth around his cockhead.

The woman was dimly aware of a baying and howling from the forest, the sounds of a pack of hunting dogs closing in on their quarry, but it never dawned on her just what that juicy quarry might be, nor that the hounds might be stabbing with their pricks instead of ripping with their jaws – as her own jaw dropped open wider and wider.

For a terrible moment, Valerie was afraid that the donkey's cock was too big to fit in her mouth. She whimpered in frustration. She thought that she might have to just hold her mouth open around his pisshole and jerk the brute off by hand, which would be nice – but not as nice as having the pounding hunk of donkey prick right in her maw when he creamed.

But then her lips spread wider around his slick cockhead and her jaw dropped down almost onto her tits and, with a slurp, the beast's cock-knob vanished into her head.

The donkey seemed to explode, his whole sturdy body leaping with excited joy as, for the first time, he discovered the delights of a woman's mouth. His cockhead ballooned, filling her maw with cockmeat.

Valerie sucked voraciously. That mouthful was so huge that she felt as if her skull must be distorted around it, her head expanding. Both of her soft cheeks were stuffed full of cockmeat and bulging out wide. Her jaw was levered down and her lips were turned almost inside out, stretched over the cock-knob and collaring him just behind the ledge. The dribbling tip of his cockhead was pressing into her throat, but it was too fat to slide down her gullet and stuck fast at the entrance, spilling spunk down into her belly. There was no room left in her mouth for her tongue. That nimble pink lapper was jammed against the underside of his prick-knob.

Her breath came hard, whistling in around his cockhead as she inhaled. She gasped and gagged – but kept on sucking his prick, adoring the musky flavor of his cockmeat and longing for his cum-load.

She tried to bob her head up and down in the classic blow-job movement, but wasn't able to slide her lips further down his thick cockshaft. His cockhead, by itself, had filled her mouth to the brim.

She slid her open hands down his cockrod, holding the fat tube cupped between them. Reaching his balls, she began to caress and fondle them, tugging them up and down gently, as if she were milking a cow – but seeking a far creamier load than had ever come out of an udder.

As she played with his bloated balls, she sucked steadily on his prick-knob, using her tongue and lips and cheeks in unison as her magic maw worked towards the conclusion – savoring the meat course and eager for the dessert.

The donkey stood with his legs spread wide, stunned into immobility by this new experience. But then the beast realized that the woman's mouth was a perfect substitute for a cunt, that a human female was a marvelous, double-ended creature.



He began to hump, fucking her mouth just as if it were a pussy. He tilted her blonde head back as he drove his prick out and she twisted her face sideways as he withdrew, winding her lips around his cockstalk.

Spunk dribbled from her stretched lips as the fat plunger of his cockhead spilled more out. Her tongue was floating in a sea of slime. She swallowed a gooey mouthful and milked more from his pisshole. She was gasping and gulping and gurgling, abandoned to pure bestial desire, adoring the succulence of his cockmeat.

The beast jolted in, his cock expanding inside her mouth and stretching her lips out like elastic bands, as he drew near the creamy crest. Valerie was still tugging on his balls, and she felt them ripple and swell. She drew her hands back up his cockshaft and, holding the long, fat rod between them, began to jack him off, so eager for his jism that she was adding manual stimulation to her cock-sucking action.

The donkey snorted, tossing his big, blunt head and rolling his wild white eyes. His dark lips drew back from his blunt teeth in a slobbering grimace.

Valerie pumped back on his cockshaft and felt it jolt as his cum came rushing up out of his balls. She cried out in expectation, the sound muffled on his prickmeat. She frigged him again, sucking ravenously.

His fuck-juice shot into her mouth with such tremendous force that the donkey almost blew her head off the end of his cum-spurting prick.

Her head slammed back as if a geyser had erupted into her mouth. She gasped, gulped and jammed her lips back down against the creamy stream. Cum poured down her gullet and washed over her tongue. The brute was feeding the cockmeat to her and squirting more cum out with every cock-thrust. Cock spume flooded her cheeks, sloshed through her teeth, rocketed against the roof of her mouth. She was gulping it down frantically, gorging on him like a glutton.

She whimpered. The sound came out bubbling - her vocal cords were drenched. A gooey wad skimmed over her tongue, another flew straight down her throat. The donkey pumped merrily on as he drained his balls and Valerie gulped and gobbled, sucking him dry and using both hands to frig out the sweet dregs. She saw his balls deflate. She moaned and sucked harder, wanting more cum.

The donkey brayed and stopped pounding his prick into her mouth. His cock-knob shrunk slightly. With her mouth no longer stuffed to full capacity, the cum-hungry woman began to bob up and down, taking a few inches of cockshaft in as her slurping lips pushed down from his buried crown. Her hands pulled up and bumped against her lips, then pushed back towards his balls, skimming his cockhead and making it flare inside her maw.

The animal snorted and pulled back, jerking his cummy cock out of her mouth. It swayed up and down, lathered with Valerie's foaming saliva. Her tongue shot out and she licked up a last thick nugget of jism from his pisshole. Then she threw her head back and let the last mouthful of his succulent cock slime seep slowly down her gullet.

"Fucking hell - what a load!" she gasped, amazed by the abundance of the beast's fuck-juice.

There seemed to have been more of the tasty stuff than even those massive balls could have contained. Now those balls had diminished somewhat, but the brute's cock was still standing - promisingly.

The long cockstalk had bowed slightly, drooping from his loins in a meaty parabola and his cockhead bobbed up and down on the end like the weight on a horizontal pendulum. It was evident that the potent beast could get another hard-on with minimal effort. Valerie gazed at his prick. It had been too big for her to swallow more than the cock-knob.

But Valerie's cunt hole was deeper than her mouth.

And now, her appetite for a mouthful of cock satiated, her pussy was yearning for a load!

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

Linda could not think of anything to say, for how did a girl explain a situation like this one? And she couldn't have spoken, anyhow, because she still had a mouthful of dog cock. She looked up at Dick Warden with an impish gaze, then let that gaze slide down to his cock and balls, making the visual suggestion obvious. Having fucked and sucked with his hounds, she certainly owed the man a crack at her. And, anyhow, that was no hardship. His big cock looked delightful.

Dick, grinning happily, knelt down beside her. Linda folded one hand around his cockshaft, holding the long fuckrod by the root, loving the way it throbbed in her palm. His fucker was so thick that she could barely span it in her grip. His prick was, if anything, even bigger than his dog's pricks.

She grasped Buck's cock by the hilt and slowly drew her lips away from the slimy cock-knob. The hound clung to her shoulders and whined. Then he hopped down. She turned her face toward the man, thinking that he might want to kiss her, as the first step in the seduction.

But her mouth was still foaming with dog cum, and Dick declined.

Linda reached back between her knees and grabbed Old Blue by the balls. She tugged. For a moment she thought that they might be stuck together, for his cock was still up her cunt. But then the dog's prick began to slip out. His cock-knob lodged in her slot for a moment, pulling her cuntlips outwards. Then it popped free.

The dog humped a few times, reluctant to dismount. She jerked her ass, and he whimpered and released her hips, jumping down from her ass. Linda guessed that if Dick didn't want to kiss her cum-drenched lips, he was not likely to want to suck her cum-soaked cunt. And that was all right - Linda needed no foreplay to arouse her.

She swung her head into the man's lap and began to suck on his prick.

Dick groaned as her mouth enveloped his cockmeat. He threw his head and shoulders back and jolted his cock up into her face. Then he slowly sank over on his back, stretched out in the grass.

His cock towered up, available for whatever use Linda chose to put it to. She knelt over him, her blonde head tossing as she mouthed his tasty cockmeat. The horny teenager couldn't decide if she should suck him off or fuck him. Being double-ended, that was always a hard choice to make. But although his cockmeat was succulent, it lacked the gamy taste and texture of a dog cock and, with her belly already full of canine cum, Linda decided to take the human cum-load up her fuck-hole.

She bobbed up and down on his rampant prick for a few moments, taking every inch of his cockshaft into her mouth and slobbering on it. She then pulled her lips from him and rose up. Throwing one knee across his hips, the girl straddled his heaving loins.

"Want me to sit on your cock?" she whispered.

They were the first words that either of them had spoken, and Linda giggled, realizing that fact, thinking how unique this whole situation was. Dick grunted a reply and reached up to grasp her pert tits in both hands, kneading the mounds and pulling at the stiff tips. A man had certain advantages over a dog, at that, Linda thought. It wouldn't be the same, getting her tits felt up by paws.

She squirmed over him, holding his prick by the base and guiding the swollen purple cock-knob into her gash. Cunt juice and dog jism poured down his prickshaft and soaked his balls as she poised over his fucker, squatting like a flagpole sitter atop his flaring cockhead.

Her cuntlips pulled on his cock-knob and her still-vacant cunt hole rippled in anticipation. The girl's slim thighs tensed and she began to slowly descend, taking his prick up into her pussy inch by inch.

Dick groaned. Her cunt hole was like a wringer, compared to his wife's well-used pussy, and the man knew he was in for a real treat. His hips heaved and he humped up from the ground, fucking more cock into her.

Linda pushed down all the way. Her cuntlips plastered around the root of his cock as she took every inch of the long prickrod up into her fuck-hole. She pressed down, holding it all in her and grinding her pussy around on the full penetration as she worked her clit against the hairy hilt.

His hands slid down from her tits and he grasped her by the hipbones. He lifted, pulling her pussy up his prick, as if he were using her cunt to jerk off with.

His cock slowly emerged, soaking with her juices, the thick vein throbbing and fluttering. He held her pussy on his cock-knob for an instant, then let her steaming cunt hole slide back down to the root. His balls jammed against her ass and his long prick pounded inside her pussy.

Linda began to fuck on his prick, her thighs tensing as she posed like an equestrienne in the saddle of his heaving loins. He heaved up and she pressed down to meet him, goring her gash on his cocklance and taking his burning cockhead deep into her cunt.

As Linda squatted on the man's rampant cock, her ass churning and her belly pumping, she was once again in a position that was very familiar to the dogs. Old Blue and Buck came slinking up, sniffing at her ass and dipping their snouts down into her well-filled pussy from behind. They were on either side of the agile, bouncing girl, lapping at her cuntlips and at Dick's balls.

Both dogs were getting hard-ons again.

But they were puzzled. The girl was placed just right for mounting, but her cunt hole was occupied, and the dumb brutes were confused. Dick raised a hand, starting to drive the hounds away. But then he saw that Linda was smiling, obviously enjoying the way they were lapping around the edges, and his hand dropped back to her hip.

Buck moved up, his tongue lapping at her swaying tits. Buck was not quite as puzzled as Old Blue, having already been mounted on the girl's head - and eager for a repetition. He hunkered down, then jumped up, throwing his front paws around her shoulders again. His haunches pranced as he shoved his prick out into her face.

Giggling, Linda glanced down at Dick and raised her eyebrows. She knew he didn't mind if she blew his dogs, but thought he might not want to share her attentions while he was fucking her, himself - and anyhow, it was his dog and it seemed only right that she should get his permission.

Dick shrugged, not minding at all. Far from it – he figured it would be a thrill to watch his dog fuck her in the mouth while he fucked her cunt.

Linda tilted her head and parted her lips. Buck humped, stabbing his slick red cockmeat into her mouth. Her lips clamped around his prick and her cheeks hollowed in and she slurped on that gamy slab happily.

“Ummmm – yummy,” she purred.

Buck’s hind paws scrambled on the ground as he fucked his cock into her mouth, his haunches heaving. His balls swung in and out over his master’s upturned face. The dog dragged Linda forwards as he fucked his cock in and out of her face. She was riding on Dick’s towering prick as she blew the hound, taking a cuntful, then a mouthful.

And Old Blue was howling in frustration, his cock surging with readiness, but neglected. He ran his wet tongue up through Linda’s crotch, lapping at Dick’s balls on the way, then slurped up the crack of her ass and dipped into her asshole. She wriggled back against his muzzle as she fucked her cunt onto Dick’s cock and sucked Buck with moist, hungry whimpers.

Then, acting on pure instinct, Old Blue sprang up onto Linda’s ass, mounting her in the dog-fucking fashion and clinging tight.

He humped, stabbing his tormented cockhead down into her crotch. But Linda’s cunt was full. The dog’s slick red cock bounced off the root of Dick’s prick. The beast yelped and humped again, frantically, confounded by her blocked pussy. Again his cock-knob rebounded. This time, as his spine twisted inwards, his long prick slid up through the tight crack between the cheeks of the girl’s grinding ass.

The smoking hot cocktip nudged her shit hole.

“Ohhhhh!” Linda gasped, her eyes opening wide. Old Blue was wedging his cockhead into her asshole, having discovered a new possibility. “Jeez – your fucking dog is trying to get his cock up my asshole,” she rasped.

“Want – me – to – stop – him?” Dick panted, fucking into her cunt as if to punctuate his words.

Linda hesitated for a moment. She felt the dog’s fat cock-knob flare in her shit chute. She smiled.

“Don’t you dare stop him!” she cried.

The very idea of having all three of her holes stuffed at the same time was driving the naughty girl crazy. She reached back and grasped Old Blue’s prick halfway up the shaft and began to tug his flaring cockhead up into the tight slot of her asshole. The dog whined and humped through her fist. His cock pushed against her ass ring. That tiny bud fluttered and rippled, parting slowly. Her shit ring was already moistened by dog slobber. And now a few drops of slippery slime spilled from his pisshole, into that slot, lubricating the passage more. The tip of his pointed cock-knob forced itself into her asshole. Linda shoved her ass back to meet the dog’s cock, as eager for an asshole full of cockmeat as the dog was to shove it up her tight ass.

But his cockhead was jammed in the tight bud, only the tip penetrating. Linda pushed her pussy down to the root of Dick’s upright fucker, holding it buried in her loins. She gulped on the other dog’s prick deep in her mouth and nursed on it. Her nubile body was trembling violently as she braced herself on those cocks and reached back behind her ass with both hands. She rubbed her

thumb against the head of Old Blue's prick, getting it sticky. Then she worked the slime into her shit hole while she grasped him with the other hand and tugged his cockhead into her moistened asshole.

With his cock-knob embedded, Old Blue began to pound away, fucking his prick a tiny bit deeper with every frantic thrust. Linda felt his cock delve into her shit track, inching up into her ass guts. She gurgled onto a mouthful of dog prick and squirmed on a cuntful of Dick's big fucker, wriggling back against Old Blue's stiff cock.

Old Blue's cockhead was the fattest part of his long, iron-hard prick. Inch by inch, it was blazing a trail up into her ass. Linda squealed as she felt the thick fuck-tool probing deeper and deeper. Her ass tunnel spread out, adjusting to the bulk of his massive cock, the tight ass walls rippling and dragging his cockmeat deeper. It felt as if she were taking a shit in reverse.

The big dog plunged hard against her and his prick vanished up her ass. She wailed as his cockhead flared in her ass guts. The dog clung tightly to her haunches, his cock buried to the hilt and his swollen balls jammed down against his master's balls.

Linda began to jerk her ass in and out and to swing it from side to side. Old Blue held all of his cock in her for a moment, yelping and growling as her shit chute sucked greedily on the load. The inner rings of her asshole fluttered around his swollen prick, pulling and dragging.

Old Blue braced and began to fuck in and out, pulling his cock back until only the flaring crown was in her asshole, then fucking in balls deep again. Linda met him, her ass and hips jolting in counterpoint. As she fucked her asshole on the brute's big prick, she was sliding her fuck-hole up and down on Dick's towering fuckrod again. Her ass filed with dog prick, then her pussy was stuffed with human prick. Separated only by the thin membrane that divided her twin tracks, those throbbing cocks passed inside her belly like trains moving through a dark tunnel.

She swallowed Buck's prick right down her gullet, feeling his slime dribble down into her belly. Buck began to fuck his cock in and out through the caressing collar of her lips, joining in the three-way plunging action with joyful yelps.

Linda felt like a pincushion. She was bristling like a hedgehog, spiked full of pricks. A massive cock fucked up her cunt tunnel, pulled out as another fucked into her ass guts, driving into her so far it seemed to be trying to meet the other cock that was sliding down into her mouth.

Her cock-hungry mouth slobbered, her shit hole convulsed, and her pussy spilled out cream with a squishing sound. The girl's mind reeled, dizzy with lust. She could hear those hot pricks hissing into her. She thought that she could even hear the rushing sound her cunt juice made as it flowed. Old Blue's cockhead was splashing as it slammed up into her ass guts, as if the dog were giving her an enema. Her guts dissolved. She gulped down her own saliva, tainted by the tangy taste of dog cock, gorging on the succulent mouthful of cum that bubbled from his cock-knob. She swallowed it down into her belly, wondering if the stuff was blending with the jism that was oozing from Old Blue's gut-stuffer.

The dogs were panting and slobbering as they clung to her ass and shoulders, and Dick's breath whistled from his mouth as he arched deeply under her, nearing the crest. She felt all three pricks swell alarmingly and wailed with horny glee, knowing that she was about to have her wildest dreams fulfilled - to have all three holes creamed at the same time.

Dick groaned. The hounds howled. Time was suspended for an eternal instant. Then all three of those huge cocks went off like an artillery barrage.

A geyser of jism erupted in her fuck-hole, jets of jism exploded in her ass guts and thick streams of dog cum cascaded down her gullet. Linda was knocked about on those three opposite tides. Her body was being pumped full from both ends and her pussy was hosed full. She felt her body cavities flood with hot, thick cum, felt it slosh around in her guts and swirl in her creaming cunt.

Coming in a series of violent spasms, the lust-crazed girl worked on all three cum-squirting cocks, milking them to the bone. She sucked the slime out of Buck's pisshole, her shit chute pulled load after load from Old Blue, and her melting cunt hole dragged the foaming cum out of Dick's cock and balls. Her whole nubile body was being flooded. She felt as if her vital organs must be floating in jism, her belly turned into a scum bucket and filled to overflowing.

Dick collapsed under her with a gasp. Buck shoved his cockmeat down her throat and spilled out a last spurt, and Old Blue pounded into her ass as his terminal spurt of cum gushed out.

The intricate fucking machine ground slowly to a halt, running out of fuel. Linda jerked and squirmed between them, working off her creamy climax to the dregs, sucking a last fat nugget from Buck, coaxing a final trickle from Old Blue, squeezing a drop out of Dick's pisshole. The dogs, flanks heaving, loins drained, clung to her for a moment, then pulled their spent cocks out of her mouth and asshole. They hopped down, staggering away, exhausted.

Linda was still squatting on Dick's cock and she squirmed around on it a bit, hoping it might be good for another fuck. But that big cock began to collapse, his balls already deflated and the long stalk starting to shrink inside her flooded cunt.

With a wistful sigh, the insatiable nymphet pulled her pussy off his prick and crawled from his loins. His eyes were closed, and his chest heaved with labored breath. His cock stood for a moment, then flopped down, bouncing from his trembling thigh.

On her hands and knees, she felt cum dribbling out of her asshole and trickling down into the stream that was gushing from her cunt, like two rivers converging at a fork. Dog cum was running down her chin, and Linda turned her head, looking at all three of her lovers in turn. But they were finished. She grinned wryly at her own insatiable appetites. How could she want more than she had already had? Full of cum, she knew that she was simply being greedy. She'd already had enough fucking to last a normal girl for a week, she figured.

Then, too - there was the donkey!

Now that Linda had been introduced to the joys of animal cocks, the naughty girl was more eager than ever to get her hands on that donkey's prick.

And she was sure that the donkey would still be horny, not for a moment imagining that her mother was already taking care of that sweet task...

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

Swallowing the donkey's cum-load had made Valerie so horny that her cunt felt as if it was going to burst into flames. The beast had creamed her very nicely with his tongue and muzzle, but her satisfaction had not lasted. And now, having gorged on his cockmeat, the oversexed woman felt that she simply had to get fucked by that massive prick.

She stared at his cock and balls and shuddered. His fucker was so huge that it was intimidating.

Still, the cock-knob had fit in her mouth and she knew damned well that her pussy was more pliable than her lips – and hungrier, as well. Her loins felt hollow and yearning to be full. Valerie was trembling like a virgin about to lose her cherry. In a way, that was sort of true, she thought. Because that giant donkey prick was going to plunge deeper up her cunt hole than any cock had gone before, into virgin territory, deflowering the parts that lesser cocks could not reach.

She was panting. Her hot breath wafted over the head of the beast's prick and that mighty shaft began to pulse and pump. His prick snapped upwards. It had softened only slightly after he'd come in her mouth, and now his cock was jolting back to a hard-on.

Her eyes glued to his prick as if she were mesmerized, Valerie slowly sank back onto her heels, then dropped back onto the floor. She bridged under the brute. Her head and shoulders were braced on the floor, her feet were planted firmly and her ass was shoved up into the air so that her foaming cunt was on a level with the donkey's cockhead.

The animal dropped his head and his tongue slurped at her stiff-tipped tits and slid up through her deep cleavage. His prick loomed out over her belly. He humped, stabbing his cock out, but approaching an inch or two above the target. The slick slab of his cockhead rustled through her blonde cunt bush and skimmed on up her arched belly, nudging the underside of her fat tits.

He drew back, spinning out a shiny trail of spunk along her belly. Valerie shoved her ass up higher and, when the excited brute humped again, the head of his prick slammed into her crotch. He shoved her back. His huge slab flared in her fuck-slot and Valerie frantically whipped her hips about, grinding her pussy gash against the slimy tip of his cock.

Cum spilled from his gaping pisshole, dribbling into her cunt slit and adding to the lubrication of her cunt cream. Her pink pussylips rippled and parted. The wet folds unrolled over the tip of his cock-knob. Snorting, the creature pushed against her pussy, wedging an inch of cockhead in through those parted cuntlips, working into her creamy bowl past the unfurled rim. Her pink cuntlips pulled on his black cockmeat. The big wedge flared, spreading her slot wider. As he shoved against her, Valerie pushed her pelvis up to meet him. His oozing prick-knob was stuck in her cunt gash. She churned against him, whimpering with need, and the beast plunged against her again. He bellowed and Valerie gasped – and his enormous cockhead squeezed into her fiery fuck-hole. His cock-knob was buried and her cuntlips collared his leathery prick just behind the swollen slab.

Valerie was suspended on the end of the donkey's looming hard-on. The beast worked his cock muscles and her ass bobbed up and down on the end of his prick. For a moment, she was afraid that her cunt could hold no more – that, like her mouth, her pussy could contain only the head of his cock. Her partially empty fuck-hole was pulsing with need. Desperate to be totally stuffed, the woman whipped her loins against him savagely. She was screwing her cunt hole down onto his prickshaft.

His cockhead inched deeper. Slowly and steadily, that huge hunk of prickmeat slithered up into her fuck-tunnel. Her elastic cunt walls spread out to accommodate his bulk, molding themselves around the contours of his prick and stretching out wider than they had ever been before. The animal humped and his prick fucked deeper. The flaring cockhead forged a passage and the cockrod followed, venturing into unknown territory.

His cockhead was already deeper than any prick had ever gone up her pussy, and still a good foot of cockshaft was sticking out between his balls and her cunt. With a lurch the donkey bottomed out. His cock-knob thumped solidly in the depths of her cunt and could fuck no deeper. Valerie felt so full of cockmeat that she thought she could taste it – thought that, when he shot his wad, his cum would

come spurting out of her mouth. His prick jerked and she swayed up and down on it. She was stuffed to the max with hard cock and almost a foot of cockshaft still remained unsheathed - but there was no room for more cock, no place for it to go. Her hungry cunt was now gloriously gorged, crammed completely full of hot beautiful cock.

The donkey held that full penetration for a moment, with his buried cock throbbing inside her pussy. She felt as if he were pumping her up, inflating her belly on his big valve. She twisted her hips, grinding her cunt hole around on his prick, eager for the brute to start fucking into her.

Then the donkey pulled back.

But his cock was wedged up her cunt so tightly that, instead of withdrawing, he merely hauled her loins back on his cockshaft. He thrust out and jerked back again, and his prick refused to slide in and out. He was stuck fast!

Valerie moaned in frustration. It was lovely to have her pussy so full of cockmeat, but she was longing to feel that gigantic cunt-stuffer sliding in and out in the fucking rhythm. She shoved against the floor with her feet and shoulders, trying her best to keep her loins in position so that the donkey's cock could draw out and slam back in - and failed. Her whole body was dragged on his cock as he heaved.

Well, at least she could cream on that cuntful, she figured. But then she had another thought: Could the donkey get his rocks off, without the customary, sliding friction?

And if he couldn't - she gulped in panic - how would they uncouple? She had a terrible idea that she might be stuck on the donkey's cock for hours! That she might still be impaled on his cock when her daughter returned!

Valerie began to thrash wildly, dismayed by the possibility. She clamped her smooth thighs around his colossal cock, holding him tightly, as she tried to jam her cunt hole up and down on the end of it. But still he did not budge. His cockhead was in the very depths of her pussy, most of his cockstalk was lodged in her fucktunnel, but she could not slide a single inch!

Valerie realized she was in serious trouble.

But help was at hand...

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Dick Warden was sprawled out, semi-conscious in the aftermath of his coming. And the two hounds were panting, curled up on the ground, their balls empty and their pricks retracting slowly back into their cock sheaths.

Linda looked them over and, finding no signs of renewed vitality, turned and ran back the way she had fled when the dogs had pursued her. Tits jiggling and bare ass flashing, she returned to the stream and gathered up her clothing. She left her sodden panties there, thinking that the doggies might want a little snack on their way home. She carried her blouse and jeans in her arms, figuring there was no point in getting dressed yet, since she intended to pay a visit to the barn. She knew that the donkey was going to be spewing cum all over the place when she jacked him off, and there was no sense in getting her clothing all soaked. She hurried back along the path, and when she came to the clearing, she hid in the bushes and looked out at the cabin to make sure that there was no sign of her mother. Supposing the woman was in the cabin, the naughty girl headed straight for the shed.



She heard the donkey snorting, and she grinned.

The poor, neglected beast must know I'm coming, she thought, very much aware that her steaming cunt was scenting the air with her excited fragrance.

Linda stepped into the barn - and stopped dead.

"Holy shit!" she gasped.

She was staring at an incredible scene. There was her sexy mother, naked and bridged under the donkey, with the beast's massive cock stuck fast up her cunt hole! Valerie was jerking and churning on his cockmeat, desperately trying to get the action started. Linda identified the problem instantly. The look of amazement faded from her lovely face and the nubile teenager smiled lasciviously.

"Fucking the donkey, huh, Mom?" she said.

Valerie's head snapped back and, her neck bridged, she looked at her daughter, seeing the girl upside down. She blushed and gasped. Her lips moved but no words came out. What could a mother say to her daughter at a time like this?

Linda moved closer, staring at her mother's crotch. The woman's rosy cuntlips were stretched wide around the donkey's throbbing cockstalk and cunt juice was streaming down her crotch and soaking into the crack of her ass - and Linda envied her mother. She wanted her own cunt stuffed full of the donkey's cock. And she saw quite obviously that the beast was going to have to come into Valerie, before he would be able to pull his prick out - and let Linda have a go at it.

"What-what a-are..." stammered Valerie, expecting the girl to be shocked and disgusted. But then she saw that Linda was smiling approvingly.

"Looks like you need some help, Mom," Valerie wailed in disbelief.

"Stuck tight, isn't he?" Linda giggled. "I guess I better give you a hand."

Naked, Linda knelt down beside her mother. Valerie bobbed up and down helplessly, transfixed on donkey cock. The donkey - not aware that bestiality was taboo, being only a dumb animal - continued to hump. Linda grasped his cockshaft between both hands, holding the thick cockrod just where it came sprouting out from her mother's crotch. She began to tug, push-pulling on his prick, trying to get the sliding action started. She leaned over her mother's belly, her blonde hair tumbling down, her fascinated gaze fixed on Valerie's cock-stuffed cunt. Her plump tits bobbed. She was still smiling, but her sensual lips were trembling now.

Linda felt no need to be inhibited. With a mother that fucked donkeys, why be shy?

"You aren't wet enough," she lied - for how could a cunt get any wetter than Valerie's overflowing gash?

Her face ducked down. Her lips parted wide and Linda began to slobber against her mother's cunt. Her saliva flowed over Valerie's taut clit and trickled around the donkey's cockshaft. Her tongue slid around, lapping at Valerie's stretched cuntlips, slurping on the animal's cockstalk, flicking against the woman's fiery clit. Her hands continued to tug on the brute's prick as she ground her head around in the coupling.

The girl raised her head, the whole lower half of her pretty face drenched with glistening slime.

"I can't get the fucker moving," she whispered. "I can't get a good grip from the side." Her eyes were taunting as she glanced up at her mother's panic-stricken face. "I guess I'll have to kneel over you, Mom."

She lifted one knee and slid it across, straddling her mother's arched torso. Her streaming cunt hovered just over Valerie's face. Juice was running down the girl's sleek thighs and her crotch was lathered. Valerie's head moved up towards that creamy cunt automatically, her neck craning and her mouth watering.

Linda squirmed, hauling on the donkey's cockshaft with both hands. As she pulled back, her ass slid lower and her cunt was poised just over her mother's upturned face. The girl's cuntlips were open wide and cream spiraled down the folds. Valerie's tongue pushed out.

Linda braced herself, her thighs rippling. She gave the donkey's prick a jerk - and her cunt slid back onto Valerie's face. Valerie's tongue shot out, flicking her daughter's clit, then sliding up her cunt slot.

"Ooooooh - that's nice, Mom," the girl purred.

She ground her ass about, working her pussy against Valerie's eager mouth. Valerie whimpered as delicious cunt juice soaked her tongue. Her hands rose up and she cupped her daughter around the cheeks of her ass, drawing the girl's pussy tighter to her face. Her head tilted back as if she were draining that hairy goblet to the dregs.

She had been using only her tongue, to begin with. Now Valerie clamped her parted lips to Linda's fuck-slot and began to suck voraciously. Her mouth filled with cum-cream. She gulped and gurgled with the joy of it. Her daughter's pussy was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted, and if it was naughty to suck off the girl, it was all the more thrilling because of it. The woman had gone suck crazy. With a cuntful of donkey cock, Valerie was wild with lust.

Her lips were clamped over Linda's cunt slot like a suction cup to a drain. As she mouthed the soaking cunt hole, she tongue-fucked in and out. Linda wriggled and squealed in ecstasy. Her own head bobbed down into Valerie's crotch again and she began to suck on her mother's clit. The donkey's cockshaft pulsed in Linda's lips - and now, as Valerie's cunt hole got even hotter and juicier, that huge meaty plunger finally began to slide in and out!

An inch of cockshaft pulled out of Valerie's pussy, dragging her cuntlips with it. Then another inch, and another. The frantic beast jerked hard and all of his cockrod came out, lathered with her cunt cream. His swollen prick-knob flared in her pussy slot. Linda gasped and tongued the succulent slab, lapping her mother's cunt juice from the donkey's black cockmeat. Then he lunged back in, fucking most of his cock into her. Linda's nimble tongue slid up into her mother's fuck-tunnel alongside the animal's thundering prick. His balls swung in and out like the dewlap of a rutting moose as he fell into the rhythm, pouring the prick into Valerie with gusto. His cockmeat slid across Linda's lips and over her flashing tongue and vanished up her mother's fuck-hole.

"Oooooh - he's fucking you, Mom!" the girl wailed, her words muffled in Valerie's crotch.

But Valerie was well aware of that. She was slamming her ass and hips down to meet the donkey's bestial fuck-lunges and sucking her daughter's pussy voraciously. She didn't know which she enjoyed more. Her tongue was as fiery as her clit now - and Linda's tongue was adding another dimension to the thrill. Valerie held Linda by the ass and tilted her groin up and drank from her flowing cunt. Linda licked up and down the donkey's cockstalk for a moment, then buried her head back into her mother's crotch. Her lips parted wide, clamped to Valerie's pussy like a limpet to a

mossy rock.

The donkey pulled his cock out slowly, then fucked back in with a jolt. His cockstalk ran through Linda's open mouth, en-route to her mother's loins. With Valerie's fuck-hole sucking on his prickmeat and the girl's tongue and lips slobbering over him, the beast was going berserk. He was shaking Valerie violently on his cock-thrusts, causing her whole body to shudder and vibrate.

Valerie began to cream.

As her juice poured out around the donkey's plunging prick and overflowed into her daughter's eager mouth, the woman wailed, crazed by desire, her mind seeming to dissolve along with her pussy. Yet some sparks of reality remained. She was aware of the situation.

I'm sixty-nining with my daughter while a donkey fucks my cunt, she thought.

It was hard to believe.

And John Richards, standing open-mouthed in the doorway, found it pretty hard to believe, as well...

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## **CHAPTER NINE**

After his wife had walked in and found him with his tongue up the French maid's cunt, John Richards had been ashamed and contrite. Since the maid was at the point of coming, it seemed pointless to interrupt such a tasty feast and he had carried on, gulping down her cum cream. But as soon as he was finished, he had gone in search of Valerie to apologize and ask her forgiveness. But Valerie and their daughter were gone.

John checked her closet and finding that only rough-country clothes were missing, he had correctly deduced that she had gone to the cabin. It was a relief, much better than if she'd gone somewhere where she might take revenge by fucking and sucking with some lucky guy, but he was still worried. The maid, tasty as her cunt was, was only a passing fancy and he didn't want his dear wife to leave him because of his indiscretion. If only Valerie had waited, he felt sure he could have reasoned with her. And the maid was only too willing to absolve her sins by sucking Valerie's pussy - or letting Valerie go down on her, as the case might be.

But now, worried, John couldn't bear to wait around so he decided to hurry out to the cabin and throw himself on Valerie's mercy. So it was that he drove to the small town nearest the cabin, discovered that Valerie and Linda had hired a pack animal, and he had set off on foot up the rough trail. He was confident that he could reason with Valerie and certainly hoped so - not least because, having eaten out the maid's sweet pussy without getting his own rocks off, he was horny as hell.

Entering the cabin, he found signs that his wife had been there, but neither she nor his daughter was around. He pondered the situation, wondering where they might be - and then he heard the braying and the snorting of the donkey out in the shed. Naturally, he went to investigate.

And John came upon a startling scene.

For some minutes, the bemused fellow just stood in the doorway, his eyes glued to the sight, feeling as if his eyeballs were being dragged right out of their sockets - and his cock was threatening to fly right off his crotch, too, like a meaty heat-seeking missile.

Was he angry? Hurt? Shocked? The man couldn't tell - because he was so horny that he could feel no other emotion. He felt dizzy and light-headed. So much blood had rushed into his hard-on that his brain was starved for oxygen. The scene was burned into his mind in all the juicy details.

There was his beloved wife, her voluptuous body bridged under a donkey - with that donkey's gigantic cock pounding in and out of her gaping fuck-hole. That, in itself, was startling.

But kneeling over his wife was his nubile teenaged daughter, firmly mounted in the position of inverted love. He saw Valerie's tongue flash up Linda's pussy and, tilting his head to one side, saw the girl's mouth working voraciously on donkey prick and pussy. Being a devout cunt-lapper, himself, John well understood the attraction involved - but was naturally amazed by the relationship. His eyes drank it in and his mind floated in the lewd image. Bestiality and incestuous lesbianism confronted in one cluster!

Then the tormented man grinned. He stepped closer. Preoccupied, neither his wife nor daughter were aware of his appearance and, although the donkey saw him, the dumb brute didn't give a damn. Closer still, he moved. There was a rushing of blood in his ears and, through that sound, he heard the donkey's cock hiss up his wife's cunt, and he heard the moist slurping sounds as they slobbered into each other's cunts. One thing was crystal clear in John's mind. No matter what he did, he was not going to corrupt them any further than they were already corrupted.

Having a wife and daughter who fucked and sucked with animals - and with each other - gave a man a lot of liberty.

John opened his fly and hauled his cock and balls out as he slowly advanced. He was quivering violently on the end of his rock-hard prick. He stood behind his daughter. His stiff cock loomed out over her jerking ass like a torch.

As John had watched his little girl grow and mature he had often harbored fantasies of sex play with the girl.

He hadn't seen her naked since she was six years old, but every time he saw Linda in a bikini or running down the hallway in a short slip, Valerie wound up getting an

especially energetic fuck. Valerie always appreciated the lusty fuck sessions but never understood what brought them on.

Now, his heart pounded with wild excitement as he knelt down, his knees on either side of his wife's upturned head. His prick brushed his daughter's ass and her smooth flesh flushed from the heat of that fiery cockmeat. John grasped her by her squirming hips.

Linda, surprised, raised her head out of her mother's crotch, her face all smeared with cunt juice.

"Daddy!" she squeaked.

Valerie opened her eyes as she discovered her husband's bloated balls swinging just above her radiant face. She started to cry out in alarm, but only a wordless sound bubbled up Linda's fuck-hole.

Then John slid his cockhead down into his daughter's cunt gash, paused for a second, wondering what he would find, and leaned into her.

To his disappointment she wasn't cherry, but she was definitely not very experienced either. It took

a substantial effort to urge his huge boner into her tight little cunny.

He began fucking her wildly. His huge cock was sliding through his wife's lips as it fucked in and out of his daughter's cunt, and Valerie began to suck them both at once, slurping the nubile girl's cunt juice off John's prick. Her own pussy was already creaming on the donkey's cock, and Valerie was in no mood to worry about the consequences.

Neither was Linda. As she felt her cunt hole fill up with her daddy's cock, she wailed and dropped her lovely face back into her mother's donkey-stuffed cunt, gobbling merrily away, crazed by pleasure at both ends.

The donkey, blissfully unaware of anything except the physical joy of it, fucked happily away. As Valerie's cunt hole filled with her cum cream, the brute's huge cock slid in and out faster, on the added lubrication. His balls swelled, swinging and slapping against Linda's chin. Her blonde head bobbed up and down as her daddy heaved her heart-shaped ass upward on his frantic cock-thrusts.

Snorting, the animal fucked into Valerie and his balls exploded. Donkey cum hosed her and she cried out and creamed again. His prick stuffed her pussy and thick cum and cunt juice gushed out, and Linda gulped the stuff up ravenously as her own juices flowed on her father's fucking prick. John felt his daughter's cunt melt. He hauled her back by the hipbones and fucked his cock in to the very hilt as his steaming jism spilled into her pussy in a torrent.

The donkey shot cum into Valerie and John poured his spunk into Linda, as frantic and as savage as the animal as he drained his balls in spurt after spurt. The donkey grunted like a man; the man brayed like a donkey. In rhythm together, they emptied their cum-loads as both women dissolved in volcanic orgasms, their cum cream flowing like molten lava.

They all finished together, the last spasms shaking them violently and the shudders running through their linked bodies like an electric current.

The animal tossed his head and stepped back. His spent prick came out of Valerie the way it had gone in, inch by inch. His cock-knob pulled out with a slurp. Her vacated cunt hole overflowed with cum cream and Linda clamped her open mouth over the slot and sucked it out hungrily, letting the donkey's jism serve a dual purpose - filling her belly after it had already filled her mother's fuck-hole.

John drew his cock out from his daughter's pussy. Linda squatted on Valerie's face and Valerie voraciously sucked the slime from her creamy bowl, feasting on her daughter's cunt as her own cunt fed the girl.

They remained locked together in the sixty-nine position for a while, panting, both ashamed to look up and confront John - like ostriches with their heads buried in a swamp. But when they finally did look up, John was smiling happily.

"You don't mind, darling?" Valerie asked.

"It serves me right - for sucking off the maid," he said.

Pleased that her husband was so reasonable, Valerie took his prick into her mouth and began to suck him back up to a new hard-on. Her mouth was magic. His cockmeat began to swell instantly.

Linda was licking the head of the donkey's cock and the beast, too, was beginning to get another hard-on. They were almost ready to fuck again.

Valerie drew her lips off John's cock.

"I've hired the donkey for the week, darling," she whispered. "We might as well all stay here, okay?"

"Sure," he said, gently pushing her head back down to his cock. "But if we're gonna be here for a whole week, we'd better send for the maid," he grinned. "After all, someone has to serve lunch."

And Valerie, sucking hungrily at his cock, heartily agreed...