

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



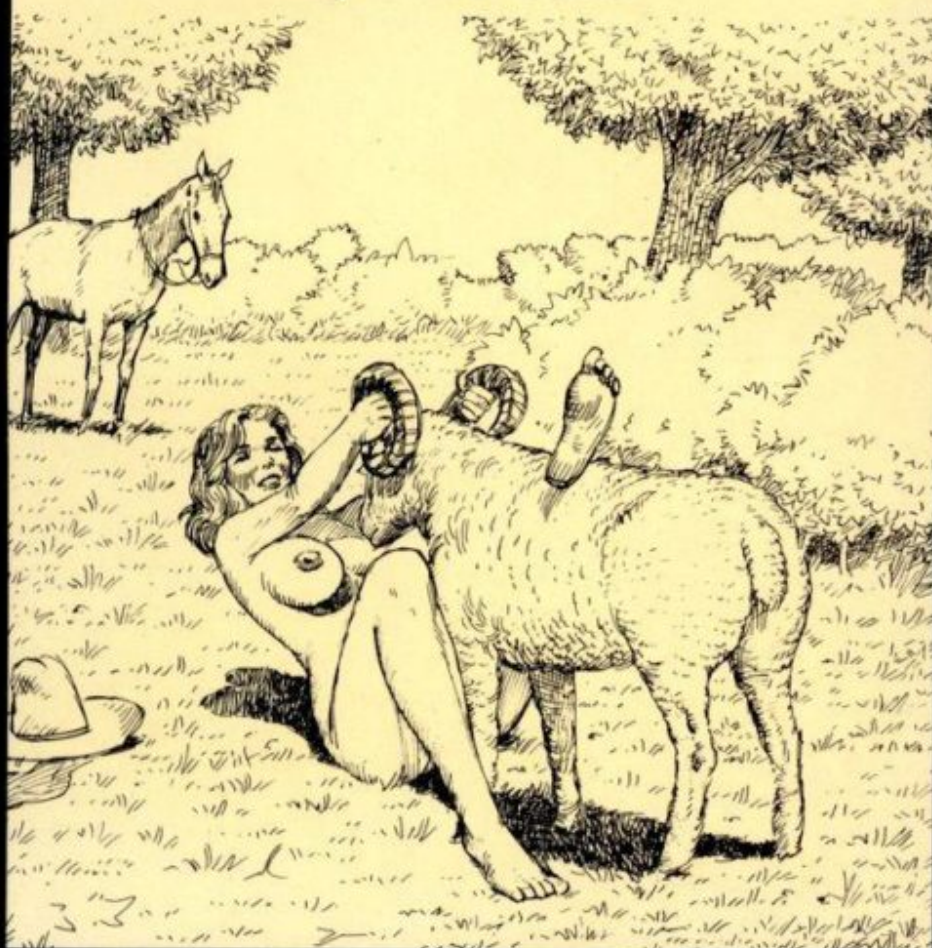


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# HORNY FOR RAMS AND HORSES

by David Crane



CENTAUR SERIES



## CHAPTER ONE

Marion Tremayne was startled when she realized that the horse she was riding was getting a hard-on.

Then she was thrilled.

She was riding bareback, and the thought that it must have been the rubbing of her hot crotch on his back which excited the horse was the sort of thing that thrilled the woman. Marion was a sexy woman who had often given men hard-ons, but this, as far as she knew, was the first time that she had ever excited an animal.

She looked ahead to where her guide was riding, leading the way. When she saw that he was looking straight ahead, she grinned and leaned sideways, staring down under the animal's loins.

His huge prick looped out in a fat prod.

The big, dark-fleshed cockhead was just starting to push out from the foreskin and his balls were big as melons.

Marion was getting turned on, herself.

She looked ahead again.

The young man who was guiding her along the forest trail was paying her no attention and had obviously not realized that her mount was sporting a stiffening prick.

Marion folded her legs in around the horse's flanks.

He was a sturdy horse, but not overly large, and she was able to touch both booted heels against the animal's cock. Her well-muscled thighs gripped the horse around the flanks, tightening and relaxing as if she were lasting at a trot. She began to rub her heels up and down the animal's huge, swollen prick.

It got bigger and bigger.

The head flared out in a great, mushroom-shaped slab of dark-gray cockmeat, throbbing. Marion could feel his prick pulsating between her heels. The woman wished that she were barefoot so that she could caress that lovely cock with her naked feet and calves.

The woman kept leaning down to gaze under the horse, then quickly looking ahead to make sure that the horse's condition and, more to the point, her own involvement and interest in that condition had not been noticed.

Marion would have been mortified if the young man had noticed what she was doing.

She felt a bit embarrassed by it, herself.

Yet that massive hunk of horsemeat was so thrilling that she wasn't worried about a silly thing like being embarrassed... as long as no one else knew about it.

The guide did not look back.

He was leading them along a narrow trail with trees on one side and a shalestone incline on the

other, carefully picking his way around and under overhanging branches, concentrating on the path.

Marion massaged the horse's cock some more.

She began to wonder if she would be able to make the horse come like that, between her feet.

The instant that the possibility occurred to her, she felt an unholy urge to jack the beast, knowing what a thrill it would be to see his cum spurt out and know she had caused it. But she was nervous. What if the young man happened to look back just at the critical moment, when the horse was spurting his wad?

She looked ahead again.

Marion was flushed with lust and blushing with embarrassment because of that lust.

The young man, although she did not know it, was blushing, too.

He was a teenager, tall and lean, dressed in jeans and a plaid workshirt, boots and a Stetson. His name was Jake. He was blushing because he thought... and hoped... that there was a chance that sexy Marion Tremayne intended to seduce him.

Such things had happened to Jake before.

He worked on the dude ranch and, quite often, the women who took their vacations there were horny, and a few of them had seduced young Jake at the end of the trail.

In his tight jeans, with his crotch-bulge evident, Jake was the sort who appealed to horny women of all ages.

But no one as gorgeous as Marion had ever stayed at the ranch before, and her very beauty made the boy nervous.

That was why he was not looking back.

In fact, it had been Marion's intention to seduce Jake.

This was her first day at the ranch. Right away, she had seen the way his cock bulged in his tight jeans and figured that she would make a play for him as soon as they stopped in some lovely and romantic spot along the trail.

Marion was a married woman and not particularly promiscuous, but she had come on this vacation without her husband and it was the sort of occasion when even a faithful wife was entitled to slip up, she figured. She had been thinking about seducing young Jake as she rode along bareback, and she had been getting hot.

She thought that maybe she would blow him first.

Marion liked lean, young men, and the thought of driving them wild with her tongue, hearing them whimper as she took their jism in her mouth, was inspirational.

Then, if he was as potent as he looked, she would let him fuck her as long and as hard as he wanted.

That had been her intention.

And perhaps it had been her sexual arousal that had inspired the horse to get an erection.

But now Marion found herself far more intrigued with the horse than with Jake.

Marion was a tall, willowy woman, with long, long legs. Those legs were wrapped firmly around the horse as she continued to stroke his prick between her heels.

She had an ass shaped like a valentine, and that ass was rubbing steadily on the animal's back as she worked her foaming crotch around on heated animal flesh.

The horse was slightly lathered.

Her cunt was lathered a lot more.

Marion's tits were large and firm and thrusting and, at the moment, her nipples stood out stiff and trembling against her shirt, swollen so much they seemed ready to explode.

She looked down again.

Her curly auburn hair cascaded over her cheek as she leaned far down over the horse's back and gazed at his cock. Her green eyes flared, hot as molten jade, thrilled by the sight. Her wide, full lips parted, panting, and the pink tip of her tongue slid across her mouth.

By this time, the horse's prick was hard as a rock and so taut that it was throbbing between her boots like a captive snake. She knew that it wouldn't take much more rubbing to bring the beast to a climax.

Did she have time?

Could she complete the job without being discovered?

Marion rationalized the situation: if the horse still had a hard-on when Jake looked back, or when they stopped, it was going to be an awfully embarrassing situation, anyhow. She would have to pretend that she hadn't noticed that erection, or feign dismay when she did, and she knew that both she and Jake would be mortified.

On the other hand, if the horse shot his load now, his prick would undoubtedly soften and diminish, and Jake would never realize what had happened behind him on the trail.

That was how Marion justified her decision.

She began to move her feet up and down with a steady rhythm that would bring the horse off quickly. She adored the way his cock pulsated between her feet. Her pussy was getting so hot that she thought she might cream herself, soaking her riding jodhpurs.

The horse began to sway and stumble, losing his footing as he began to concentrate more on his cock than his stride. His nostrils flared and his breath billowed out. His neck turned, and he gazed back at his rider in wonderment.

Marion leaned on his withers with one hand.

Bending down lithely, she reached under the animal and fingered the swollen head of his prick. It was damp. His pre-cum juices were already seeping out.

When she brought her hand back up, her fingers were dripping with horse jizz. She held her hand up before her face, staring at the creamy ribbons in fascination. Horse cum looked thicker than a man's cum, she thought. It felt hotter, too. But she was so hot that it was hard to judge anything hotter. The raging heat that had started in her crotch seemed to have seeped throughout her whole body. Even her eyes seemed to be hot as she stared at her hand and watched the slippery ribbons of horse cum slowly slide down her fingers and palm.

Then the horny woman did a naughty thing.

She brought her hand to her lips, pushed her tongue out and lapped up some horse jism.

She blushed furiously even as she did it, and knew that later, when she had cooled down, she would feel disgusted with her behavior. But at the moment, she simply had to have a taste of that thick jizz. She tried to believe that she was tasting it out of mere curiosity, to see if it had the same flavor and texture as a man's cum... but in her heart, she had to admit that she was doing it because she lusted with a sexual frenzy for that slick slime.

"Ooooooh," she moaned, as the musky taste tingled on her tongue.

She lapped up another tongueful.

Her tongue felt as hot as her clit now.

Her mouth was salivating every bit as much as her cunt was melting with juice.

Bunching her fingers together, Marion pushed them into her mouth and began to suck on them as if they were a cock.

And she sucked them clean, letting the hot cum slide around on her tingling taste buds for a moment, then swallowing every sweet drop. Hot flashes ran through her like lightning. The thrill of doing such a perverted thing was driving lust through the fabric of her mind as well as her body.

Now the horny woman was so worked up that her need to make the horse climax was every bit as powerful as the horse's need to get his swollen cock and bloated balls emptied.

Marion leaned on the beast's withers with both hands and began to rub her feet up and down along his prick faster. Her ankles arched and her instep caressed the underside of his cock while she pulled up on his vibrating prick. She could feel his fat vein pulsating right through the leather of her boots. Her own blood seemed to throb through her veins in the same way, and her heart was pounding like the horse's cock.

As her legs moved up and down on the animal's flanks, her crotch was moving, too, rubbing steadily along the horse's spine. Her pussy was flooding her panties now. Marion was so hot that she felt numb. She didn't know if she were coming or not.

Then the horse came!

She gasped as she felt his huge prick suddenly give a mighty lurch, then his massive cock recoiled between her feet, slamming back, and from his cockhead his thick slime spurted out like a fluid cannonball.

Jism shot out between the horse's front legs and flew ten feet up the trail splashing heavily on the ground.

The animal snorted and his hindquarters lowered, squatting down, so that his prick was aimed upward at a higher angle. His second mighty jet of jism blew out, lifting into the leafy branches of the overhanging trees like a silvery spaceship launched with such velocity that it could escape the suck of gravity.

Marion slid back along his angled spine.

Her hands clutched the horse's mane, and she squirmed, working her cunt around on his back as she watched that creamy stream rise high into the trees, then hang suspended for a moment before it dropped back to the earth.

For a horrible moment, Marion thought that tremendous shot was going to fly so far ahead that it would splatter all over Jake's back.

But it fell short of the guide, splashing on the trail behind his mount. It was so thick that the lumps fragmented like brittle metal, silvery drops bouncing in all directions.

Marion's feet were still massaging his spurting cock.

A third powerful jet burst from the horse's cockhead, then a fourth, looping up and spraying the tree.

Then the pressure was off. Cum continued to pour from him, but it wasn't hosing out now. It was merely trickling from the gaping cleft and running down his meaty knob, soaking her boots.

Marion kept squeezing his prick until she had milked out every last drop from the brute. She felt his cock begin to soften.

The horse snorted and shook his head as if he were mystified by what had happened. Perhaps he was. It isn't every day that a horse gets jacked off by a woman rider.

And Marion also looked stunned, amazed by what she had done... and amazed at how thrilling it had been!

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## CHAPTER TWO

Marion's crotch was awash.

Cuntjuice had flooded from her, soaking her panties and jodhpurs, and seeping through onto the horse's back.

The horse was blowing as if they had been at a full gallop. He walked forward again, his head swinging from side to side. His prick had retracted back into his loins a bit, but a lot of the massive shaft still stuck out, semi-hard. His big cock knob was half sheathed by the foreskin now and pointing at the ground like some fleshy divining rod swaying up and down as it sought a hidden underground source of water. They walked on past the glinting drops of his cum that had fallen onto the trail, and under the other thick drops that had sprayed the trees and now hung from the branches.

Marion stared at the stuff.

The flavor of horse cum still lingered on her taste buds, kept hot by her saliva.



Marion was getting some very exciting ideas.

Ahead, young Jake turned his mount around a bend in the trail and, for a moment, was out of sight. Then Marion rounded the bend. She stared at Jake. He still looked attractive, tall and slim and wiry. She knew that a fit young man like that would be able to throw a great fuck into her. She knew it would be a lot of fun for her, to seduce a teenaged cowboy.

She still intended to.

But now a dark lust and deep depravity had overwhelmed Marion. She was having the most unholy urges. Her pretty face was flushed from the fires within, her green eyes glowed as if they were the glazed windows of a blazing furnace.

Yes, soon she would seduce Jake.

But she had a more immediate desire, a desire that overwhelmed her by its intensity.

Marion wanted to be alone with the horse!

Jacking him off with her feet had been such thrill that it had corrupted her mind and melted her inhibitions. But she had needed to be cautious, to make sure that Jake did not see what she was doing. And now she wanted to do it again, in solitude, so that she could concentrate completely on what she was doing without having to worry about her guide discovering her.

If it had been wonderful to do it with her booted feet, just imagine the thrill of jacking the horse off with her naked hands! Maybe letting him shoot his thick slime all over her belly and tits!

Maybe even - oh, the thrill of such depravity - maybe even letting him shoot in her face!

Marion was thinking fast and hard.

And she came up with a plan...

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Marion Tremayne was twenty-six years old.

She had been married for five years, and it had been a happy enough marriage. She had met her husband, Jim, at college. She had not been a virgin when they met, but she had not been awfully experienced, either. Jim had been more experienced than she had, and he had fucked her on their second date. On their third date, she had given him a blowjob. He had enjoyed that so much that he asked her to go steady.

Soon enough, more by silent understanding than any spoken words, they became engaged.

When Jim graduated, they were married. They had a good sex life; Jim was an attentive lover, potent and blessed with a rather large prick, and Marion had never been known to have a headache at bedtime. She had never felt any desire to take a lover... at least, not to have an affair.

She had cheated on Jim twice, which she did not think was too much by present day standards.

Both times had been spur-of-the-moment flings, happening by chance rather than by plan, and she had gone to bed with these two men only one time each, without any emotional entanglements or any desire to see them again.

Purely physical, they were harmless, as long her husband never found out about them, she reasoned.

She had no idea if Jim had ever cheated on her. But if he had, she would have been reasonable about it, as long as it had not developed into a serious affair that might endanger their marriage.

The first time that Marion had committed adultery had been with a television repairman.

He had been young, hardly out of his teens, and he had arrived at the house to change a faulty wire at just the right time, when Marion's own system was on overload.

Marion had awakened that morning feeling very much like getting fucked. But when she reached out lazily in the direction of her husband's groin, she found the bed empty, although still warm and indented from his body. She heard the shower running. That meant that Jim was not yet dressed and she was still hopeful of getting some prick. Marion lowered the blankets so that her big, firm tits and stiff nipples were uncovered, then she waited for him to come back to the bedroom.

But when he did, he failed to take any notice of her sensual stretching and meaningful glances.

Barely glancing at her, he got dressed.

Marion was irritated.

And very horny.

But Jim left for work, giving her no more than a parting kiss and leaving her unfucked.

Marion had lingered in bed.

She was trying to make up her mind if she wanted to give herself a handjob or not. The idea of coming was pleasant, but she always felt rather silly when she did it. Finger fucking herself seemed childish, not the sort of thing that a happily married woman ought to have to do. Still, her pussy was demanding some attention and what other choice did she have but to rub herself off?

She had just started to stroke her cunt, taking her time and intending to make it a prolonged and leisurely handed, when the front doorbell sounded.

Who on earth could it be?

She pulled a frilly negligee on and, naked underneath the semi-transparent garment, went to answer the door. She had not dressed so provocatively for any devious reasons. She figured that it must be a salesman whom she could turn away, or perhaps one of the neighboring wives, with whom she would not need to be modest.

But it was the television repairman.

Marion had forgotten that he had been called. When she opened the door a crack and saw him standing there, she was embarrassed.

She had to let him in, obviously, but she wished that she had put something less revealing on. Should she ask him to wait for long enough to get sedately dressed? Well, hardly. Prompt television repairmen were rare and valuable... she could hardly leave him standing on the doorstep, where a passing stranger with a faulty television might kidnap him.

Marion opened the door.

Up until then, she had not really noticed what the man looked like, only that he was young and wore overalls.

But the moment she opened the door wide, the young man stared at her with such obvious surprise and admiration that Marion, in turn, took a closer look at him.

He was good-looking in a hard-faced fashion, with lank, sandy hair and nice gray eyes... and those nice gray eyes were popping out like hard-boiled eggs as he stared at her tits.

She flushed, aware that her nipples, still stiff from her interrupted masturbation, were standing out in prominent peaks against her negligee. And, in spite of her embarrassment, her taut tit tips were getting bigger under the man's gaze.

Then his gaze dropped to her lower belly.

Marion realized that the dark vee of her pubic mound could be seen through the sheer material.

At the same time, her own gaze dropped, and she saw that the front of the repairman's overalls had started to swell.

Flustered, she stepped aside to let him enter, trying her best to look unconcerned and unaware of his obvious sexual attention and the hard-on that accompanied it. He brushed past her, his arm lightly contacting her tit.

He looked as flustered as she felt.

Marion turned to lead him to the television. She could feel his eyes burning into her shapely ass as he followed her down the hall.

Leaving him with the faulty set, she went out of the room. The woman was in a strange mood, still horny from before and now aroused anew by the young man's undisguised desire.

Christ! Did he suppose that she was one of those lewd housewives that seduce strangers?

Marion figured that she had better get dressed.

She glanced into the television room again before going back upstairs. He was removing the back from the set, but he still sorted a big hard-on.

Marion turned away, dizzy with desire.

Oh, no! No, I mustn't, she thought.

She had never cheated on Jim before, and she was determined not to do it now, but her pussy was on fire. It was Jim's fault, she thought. If he had fucked me this morning, I wouldn't even be thinking of such a thing! I'm not going to do it, anyhow, but it's his fault that I'm thinking of it at all!

She was starting to justify her misbehavior even while she vowed not to misbehave. Marion decided to go upstairs and frig herself off before she got dressed, to remove the danger of her needs by hand, before she once again, confronted the repairman. Despite her good intentions, she did not trust herself in her horny frame of mind. The young man was awfully good-looking and, more to the point, awfully horny.

It had always turned Marion on to know that she, in turn, had turned a man on, especially a potent

young man.

The brunette was halfway up the stairs when she stopped.

The thought of finger fucking herself was depressing.

She stood there, one hand on the railing, struggling with herself, trembling all over.

Then she sighed.

Marion knew that she was going to be filled with remorse and shame and guilt, afterward, but right at the moment, the woman was in the grip of a lust that she could not conquer.

Marion went back to the television room.

The young man pretended to be busily occupied with the mysterious inner workings of the television set as he looked at her secretly and blushed deeply. Marion stood over him uncertainly. She had made up her mind to seduce him, but she was new to this game. How did a woman go about such a thing? Should she come right out with it and ask him if he wanted to fuck her? Never! She could never force herself to ask something so bold and wanton. Should she wait for him to make the first suggestion? But he was evidently young and shy. What if he did not take the hint of her presence, her silence?

Actions, she realized, would come easier to her than words.

Trembling with shame and lust. Marion slowly slid the negligee from her shoulders, then let it drop in a flurry of silk around her feet. She stood stark naked over the youth.

He gasped and looked up.

His eyes burned into her once again, making her feel warm and wanted all through her body.

His mouth worked, but no words came out.

It was as if his vocal cords were as stiff as his prick.

It suited her.

Marion did not want to talk to the man, she wanted him to fuck her. She didn't even want to know his name. When he tried to speak again, she shook her head.

"Shhhh... don't talk," she whispered.

Then she knelt down beside him.

He groaned his whole body quivering, and the bulge in the front of his overalls pounded like a jackhammer. Marion opened his fly, and she drew his cock out. It was so stiff that it was jerking in her hand. She held it in her palm for a moment, staring at it, realizing that this was the first prick that she was going to have adulterously. Then Marion bent down, and she took his sweet, young cockmeat into her mouth.

She hadn't intended to blow him.

She just wanted to suck on his prick for a moment before they fucked.

But the repairman was so horny that, the moment she took a suck on his prickhead, he squirted his juices into her throat. Marion gasped and gulped. It was too late to stop then, nor did she want to. She nursed his cock, milked it dry and swallowed his cum.

When she drew her lips away, she was afraid that her greed had betrayed her and deprived her cunt of a fucking. But he had the potency and stamina of youth and, despite his climax, his cock remained as hard as iron as it sprouted from his fly.

Marion daintily wiped a drop of cum from her lips.

She lay back on the carpet, her knees lifted, and her thighs parted. The repairman still hadn't managed to say a word. He stripped his clothes off, and Marion watched as his smooth, almost hairless body was revealed. He mounted her and cupped her ass in his hands. She made hooks of her thighs and a cup of her belly. He slid his prick up her cunt and fucked her wildly.

There beside the broken television, they thrilled to the mutual joy of a simultaneous orgasm.

Afterward, he replaced the faulty wire.

At the door, Marion, averting her gaze, said: "I hope you don't think I do that sort of thing with everyone."

But he only grinned.

That, in fact, was exactly what he thought.

When she thought about it afterward. Marion was surprised to find that she did not feel ashamed of herself. The guilt that she had feared and expected did not come. She felt a little naughty, that was all. And she reasoned that, after all, no harm had been done. Jim would never find out she had gotten her rocks off and the repairman, whose name she did not know, had obviously enjoyed his part in it.

However, although she was pleased by her attitude toward cheating, Marion did not become promiscuous.

It was over a year before she slipped up again.

And it happened more or less by accident, and with a horny young man who had admired her and, with his admiration, turned her on.

Marion had spent the day at the beach. She had gone into the water once, but she had mainly sunbathed, wearing a tiny black bikini and stretching out on a large beach towel. It was a fairly secluded beach, not empty, but not at all crowded. A group of young men were drinking beer out of cans and sitting on a blanket not far from Marion. No one else was nearby. After awhile, Marion became aware that the conversation among the young men had hushed. She realized that they were admiring her and that their comments were whispered.

Basking in that youthful admiration, feigning innocence, she shifted her body on the towel, letting them get a look at her from different angles as she assumed, as if by accident, several sexy poses. With her eyes narrowed and shielded by her sunglasses, she gazed back and was thrilled to see that every one of the young men had a big bulge in the front of his swimming trunks.

At that point, Marion was not thinking of doing anything. She was just enjoying their attention and felt pleased that she had aroused them all so much.

After awhile, all of the young men left... but one.

He lingered on, staring at her with a gaze so lustful that he looked hungry and haunted.

He also looked horny and potent, and the bulge in his swimming trunks was enticingly massive.

That was when Marion decided to fuck him.

With the experience of her first adultery behind her, Marion was not as inhibited, hesitant or shy.

The situation was ideal.

The youth was a total stranger whom she would never encounter again, and there was no way that her adultery could become known. Her pussy began to flood with the juices of her passion. But she was in no hurry. She teased the youth, rubbing suntan lotion into her body, caressing up the insides of her parted thighs with the creamy oil, working it into the thrusting globes of her tits.

Then she sat up, removed her sunglasses and looked directly at the young man.

He looked away nervously.

"Excuse me," she called, softly.

"Errr... me, Ma'am?" he croaked.

"Yes do me a favor?"

He looked embarrassed, obviously aware of how evident his erection was being displayed.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Do my back, will you? I can't quite reach."

He hesitated. Blushing, Marion realized he might not dare to approach with that big hard-on, so she turned over onto her belly and faced the other way.

The boy came to her across the sand.

He knelt on the towel beside her, then took the tube of lotion and began to work it into her slender back. She purred under his strong, young hands. He oiled down as far as the elastic of her tiny bikini. She knew that the crack of her ass showed, and she squirmed around, her hips shifting and her legs parting.

He oiled up the insides of her legs.

She rolled onto her back, smiling up at him as he knelt there, sweating far more than the sun was causing.

"Thank you," she whispered.

"Sure," he rasped.

He looked wildly about, as if seeking a means of escape, terrified by his own desires.

"Shall I do you, now?" she asked.



He croaked wordlessly.

Marion took the suntan lotion from him. She gently drew him down onto the towel, on his back. The front of his swimming trunks stood up like a tent, the elastic pulled tight by his rigid prick. Marion began to oil his smooth, hard chest. Glancing down, she could see right into the shadowy tent of his swimming trunks, she could see his prick standing like a tentacle in the darkness. She curled onto her flank and her hands massaged down over his lean belly.

She slid one hand inside his swimming trunks.

The boy gasped.

It wasn't until then that he realized that this was a seduction, that she had summoned him for purposes other than the prevention of a sunburn. He was innocent, obviously, and probably a virgin. Marion hoped so. She was thrilled by the thought of taking a boy's virginity, of having cherry jism spurt into her body.

Her hand was slippery with the lotion.

She folded it around his stiff prick, squeezing gently, then stroking up and down inside his swimming trunks, her oiled hand skimming lightly over his hot prickmeat.

She didn't stroke all the way to his cockhead.

She was oiling his fuckshaft with the suntan lotion but she didn't want to get any of it on his knob.

It wouldn't, she knew, taste good.

She cupped his balls and sighed when she felt how full of cum they were... virgin cum!

Drawing the elastic out wide, she pulled the band down and tucked his trunks under his balls, so that his sex tackle was fully exposed.

"Ummm you have a sweet prick," she whispered.

"Oh... gee... oh!" he stammered.

"Has anyone ever sucked it?"

He shook his head, wild-eyed, panting.

"Would you like me to?"

He nodded, looking desperate with need.

Marion licked her lips. She went down slowly, mouth open, her head tilted so that the boy could watch his cock slide between her lips. She tongued his knob, then sucked it into her mouth. Her hand friggged up and down on his oiled fuckshaft and her lips pulled on his sweet prickmeat. Her tongue buttered against the underside of the tasty mouthful. The youth began to flop around like a landed fish, gaffed and hooked on his own prick. Then he cried out with joy and his virgin jism whitewashed her tonsils and hosed her throat.

Marion drank his cum eagerly.

She had learned about the potency of youth. When she drew her creamy lips away, she was not surprised to find that his prick was still standing so hard and huge.

She squirmed out of her bikini bottoms.

He watched her with big eyes. His awe and amazement so evident that Marion would have been amused had she not been so horny that she could feel no other emotion.

She threw one knee across his hips, straddling him.

“Do you want my pussy now?” she asked.

The boy groaned.

“Tell me... have you ever fucked a cunt?” she asked.

He shook his head, his Adam’s apple bobbing up and down, his chest heaving as he panted like a locomotive.

Marion began to rub his cockhead around in her juicy pussy. Her cuntjuice poured down his stiff prick. Then she slipped his knob into her pussy, and her fuckhole began to suck and pull on it. She went down inch by inch, until his cock was buried balls-deep up her cunt.

She held the full penetration for a moment, savoring the thrills of having a pussy full of virgin cock, and letting the boy know the joy of having every inch of his hard prickmeat buried in hot cunt.

Then she began to fuck him.

Her sleek thighs tensed as she rose up, then relaxed as she slid back down, fucking her cunt on his rigid prick with long, slow, rippling strokes. Reaching down behind her ass, she cupped his balls in one hand, squeezing gently, as if to pump the cum out of them with the soft pressure. The youth seemed stricken by his lust. He wasn’t moving at all, simply lying back, spread-eagled, a passive toy on which she was playing. His eyes rolled as if he were having a fit. He gnashed his teeth and clenched his jaw. His back was arched, pushing his prick up as far as he could into her.

Marion rode him slowly, wanting to make it last as long as she could, yearning for his virgin cum but in no hurry to get it. The horny woman was as thrilled by the idea that it was a cherry prick stuffing her cunt as she was by the wonderful physical sensations of their coupling. As she descended, his throbbing cockhead seemed to slide right up into her belly.

Her ass churned and heaved.

She turned her pelvis from side to side, rotating as she pushed down on his cock, adding torque to the straight in and out friction. Her cunt muscles sucked on his prick as if she had a mysterious mouth inside her pussy.

Marion threw her head back, her eyes glazed, biting her full lower lip in her ecstasy.

She was fucking a virgin!

That huge, hard, hot cock that she was riding was cherry meat, and the hot, thick load he was going to squirt into her would be the first he had ever shot into a cunt. Her pussy felt parched for jism, longing for his sweet geyser. She corkscrewed down, winding her pussy onto his prick to the very roots. Her cuntlips spread open and plastered themselves to his belly at the base of his cock. Then

she rose up again, twisting, churning, wringing his prick meat in her velvet vise.

Marion started to come.

Long waves of joy coursed across her belly, and electric shivers ran up her thighs.

Cunt juice foamed from her pussy and ran down his cock, soaking his balls and lathering his groin.

Marion tried to hold back, to wait for him, wanting to come when the youth shot into her, to feel his virgin cum hose her cunt as her orgasm reached the peak.

"Come," she whimpered. "Come in me... shoot all that hot, thick jism up my cunt!"

The boy seemed as inspired by her erotic words as by the pumping of her pussy. She felt his cock swell inside her, spreading her clutching fuckhole out with it. His balls ballooned.

Suddenly, he moaned with pure bliss.

Marion cried out as she felt his jism spurt deep inside her cunt, and her loins melted with him. The potent beach boy filled her pussy with his jizz, and she dissolved in her own fluid climax, pussy nectar gushing out in a foaming whirlpool.

Marion thrilled to a multiple orgasm. The boy just kept coming, spurt after spurt, pouring out even more than the massive load that he had shot in her mouth.

At long last, he stopped spurting.

Marion continued to ride him for awhile, to make sure that she had milked out every precious drop of his virgin cum, and working off her own wonderful coming to the last spasms and the final drops.

When she finally dismounted from his prick, the boy lay exhausted, an idiotic grin on his lips. Marion smiled at him. Bending down, she used her tongue to lap up their inter-mingled juices from his cock and balls. Then she sucked his prick head into her mouth and nursed on his knob until she had polished it to a luster.

That was the first time she had been fucked by a virgin, and Marion had simply adored it.

But it left her horny.

Although she'd had a wonderful orgasm, the psychological aspects of what she had done, seducing an innocent teenager, had stimulated the woman so much that she was still horny.

As she drove home from the beach, her pussy simmered and squished against the seat of the car. After returning to her home, she left her bikini on. When Jim got home from work, she was stretched out on the couch in a sexy position.

Jim took the hint.

He sat beside her and pulled the bottoms of her bikini down.

Then he went down on her.

For a moment, as his tongue probed up her cunt. Marion was frightened. She was afraid that her husband would be able to tell that her pussy was full of another man's jism. But he gave no sign of it

as he tongued her out eagerly. After her initial fright faded, she thrilled to her secret knowledge that her husband, not realizing it, was sucking a boy's virgin load from her pussy.

She came twice while Jim sucked her.

Then she creamed again when he fucked her.

She didn't feel guilty at all.

Those were the only two times that Marion Tremayne had cheated on her husband, and she didn't regret them.

They hadn't been planned, they had just happened.

Nor had she planned to fuck anyone else on this holiday, but then fate had taken a hand. Marion and Jim had booked their vacation at the dude ranch together. At the last moment something had come up at the office, and Jim was not able to get away for another two or three days. It was his suggestion that his wife should go on ahead and he would join her as soon as he could.

And as soon as she arrived, she noticed Jake.

The young man had been sitting on the corral fence, wearing his tight jeans, and Marion had noticed right away how packed full of cock and balls his crotch was.

Jake fit the bill exactly.

He was young and horny, and whatever happened between them would be a casual, physical affair, without repercussions or involvement. Jake would be the third young man that Marion had fucked... and sucked, of course... since she was married.

She had been looking forward to it.

Riding out along the secluded trail, Marion had had every intention of seducing the young man - first in her mouth, then in her pussy - and she had been looking forward to the time that they stopped for a break. She was an accomplished equestrienne and had deliberately asked if she could ride bareback... because she knew that the rubbing of her crotch on a horse's back would make her hot.

But she hadn't realized that it would make the horse hot, too.

Now she did.

And having milked a load of cum out of the robust beast, Marion had temporarily lost interest in Jake.

Marion wanted more of that huge horse prick first.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Jake's horse, leading the way, splattered across a swift, shallow stream, its hooves clattering on the polished rocks of the bed, then scrambled up the opposite bank. The horse was a multi-colored appaloosa. Normally a docile sort of riding hack, now it was acting nervous and skittish. Jake wasn't

bothered. He was a fine horseman and wasn't troubled by his mount's nervousness, but he did wonder what on earth had livened up the old brute.

Jake's horse was a gelding.

He had been gelded at an early age to make him placid as a riding hack and to behave himself, concentrating on learning to be ridden rather than having equine desires to ride a mare.

So the appaloosa had never had sex.

Neutered before he was old enough to want sex, the horse didn't even know what it was.

But he still had keen animal senses.

The horse had been aware that something very strange was happening to the stud steed behind him, something that the gelded appaloosa could not understand, but which, he sensed, was a real treat for that unaltered horse.

He didn't know what he was missing, but he sensed damned well that he was missing something.

Jake felt skittish and nervous, himself. Although he didn't know that the gorgeous woman behind him had jacked her mount off between her boots. Jake was not gelded, and his balls were full of a load of cum that needed to be emptied every bit as much as the prancing horse between Marion's clinging thighs.

His prick was sticking up in front of him just like an extra horn on his big western saddle. His erection was so firm that he could have roped a steer to it.

Did he dare hope?

He knew that older women found him attractive, and he knew that most women who rode horses were a horny bunch, but Marion was so beautiful that the young cowboy hardly dared to get his hopes up.

Still, he would give her every opportunity.

A few hundred yards after they had crossed the stream, Jake came to a secluded glade opening out from the narrow track. It was a logical place to take a break.

Jake reined in and waited for Marion to come up.

She halted beside him. He admired the way she rode so easily, even without a saddle, although he had been surprised when she requested a bareback trek. Those lean, supple thighs, he was thinking, would be perfect wrapped around his haunches as he pounded his prick in between them. He wondered if she liked to do it on top, riding a lucky man just as she rode a horse, saddled on a prick. Or did she prefer to be ridden, her ass churning under a man's driving loins? Or - sad thought - didn't she do it at all, except with her husband?

Marion sat on her horse beside him, their knees brushing.

Her face was flushed, Jake noticed. He guessed that he was plenty flushed, too.

"Ready for a break?" he asked.

"Sure," she said, nodding.

Jake hesitated. He had a problem. Snug in the saddle, his erection was hidden by the pommel of his saddle, but as soon as he dismounted, his hard-on was going to be obvious. Still, maybe that wasn't such a bad idea. She couldn't blame him for getting a hard-on, as long as he didn't make any unwelcome advances. And maybe if she saw how big and stiff his cock was, she might get the idea, even if she had not entertained any such thought previously.

Jake slid down to the ground.

He helped Marion dismount, his fingers trembling as he touched her firm thigh.

For an awkward moment, they were face to face, and he had a terrible urge to take her into his arms.

Then she had turned away.

Marion was about to work her subtle scheme.

She raised her arm and cried: "Oh! Oh, dear!"

Jake thought a bee had stung her. He wondered if he should suck the poison out. He hoped the bee had stung her on the tit.

But then she said: "I seem to have lost my watch. It must have dropped off along the trail somewhere."

Damn, thought Jake.

He could suck poison out of a bee sting, but sucking on a wrist would do no good for a missing watch.

He hadn't remembered her wearing a watch, come to think of it, but he had no reason to doubt her. What possible reason could the woman have to lie about it?

"Jake, would you..." She gave him a level look from her beautiful jade-green eyes, and Jake knew he would do anything she wanted. "Would you be a dear boy and ride back the way we came, and see if you can find my watch? It's a... err... a Lady Hamilton."

"Errr... well, sure. But we'll both be going back that way. Wouldn't it be better to ride back together... after we take a break... so that we can both keep an eye out for it?"

Jake didn't want to leave her.

"It's a very valuable watch," Marion said.

"I'll be very worried until it's found... or at least until it's looked for. I'd really be grateful if you'd ride back now, Jake. Then I'll be able to relax and..." Her eyes gleamed meaningfully, looking right at him. "And we can enjoy a nice long break here... together."

Jake gulped.

Was she hinting... promising... oh, Jesus!



Marion said: "It's so romantic here. I'd like to stay for an hour or two. We can get to know each other, Jake."

"Right!" he squawked. "I'll hurry. Errr - I mean, I'll look carefully for the watch, but I'll hurry back if I find it."

"Thank you, Jake. I'll be so grateful to you. Even if you don't find the watch, I'll be grateful. You know what I mean?"

Jake almost fainted.

So much blood surged into his cock when he heard those suggestive words that his brain was starved for oxygen. The front of his tight jeans throbbed wildly. She must have seen his hard-on! How could she not have seen it? His prick was as big as a redwood, it was bucking like a bronco! Of course, she had seen it! And she must intend to show her gratitude by taking care of it!

Christ, he sure hoped he could find that damned watch... and find it fast, before his cock burst into flames!

Marion turned half away. She stood slightly swaybacked, so that her lovely, firm tits were thrust out and her slim hips tucked in. He gazed at her in profile, his expression one of pure worship. He saw that she was smiling slightly, that she looked amused. Was she laughing at his obvious desire?

Oh, Lord, don't let her be a cockteaser, he prayed.

Jake sprang into the saddle.

The bulk of his hard-on threw him off balance, and he almost fell right off the other side. Only his fine horseman's instincts saved him. He tottered back and forth, grasping the gelding by the mane, his cock banging up against the saddle. His balls felt like balloons under him.

"I'll be back soon," he promised.

"I'll be waiting, Jake... gratefully."

Jake, dizzy with lust, clicked and turned the appaloosa. They trotted back down the trail. Jake didn't dare look back. He wanted to think that Marion was already starting to get undressed, preparing for his return, and he didn't want to look back and see it, if she wasn't. If nothing else, he could have the pleasure of his imagination and the anticipation of his pleasure.

But the gelding looked back.

Turning its placid head, it gazed at the stallion and the woman in bewilderment. Just what the hell could the two of them have in common?

The appaloosa sure as hell sensed that it was missing more than its balls!

Marion watched Jake ride down the trail.

Marion was not, as he feared, a cockteaser. Although she was not promiscuous and seldom committed adultery, once she had given a young man a promise, she was not going to disappoint him.

She didn't intend to disappoint Jake, either.

When the boy got back after his futile search for a Lady Hamilton watch that did not exist. Marion intended to suck his prick and drink his cum, then let him fuck the ass off her.

She wanted it as much as he did.

But first, she wanted something else.

Marion wanted to make the horse come again.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

The horse eyed the woman, his head lifted, the reins trailing down. She waited until Jake had disappeared from sight, then turned and looked at the horse. She was flushed both with excitement and with a sense of depravity. Marion thought that jerking off a horse was a very perverted thing to do... and yet she found it all the more thrilling simply because it was so perverted. Sex was always more fun if it was kind of dirty, she figured. That was one of the reasons that she enjoyed seducing innocent young men, and why she always liked to suck their pricks before they fucked her, because she thought that sucking a boy off was dirtier than fucking him, somehow.

But what could be dirtier than jacking off a horse?

Well, doing other things with a horse, in fact.

But so far, Marion had not considered that. She only wanted to jerk the beast off again in privacy, letting his cum spurt all over her belly and tits.

She hadn't realized yet how truly dirty she was going to be.

Neither had the horse.

As the stallion studied the woman, he gazed at her boots. He had never had sex in any form with anything other than a mare and, innocent and inexperienced, the horse knew only what had happened so far. He knew that human females rubbed their boots up and down on a horse's prick until the beast shot his wad.

It had satisfied him.

He wanted another footjob.

Having only hooves - as did the mares he had seduced - it did not dawn on the dumb brute that a human female had hands with fingers and opposing thumbs.

Now he waited, his prick quivering, wondering if she was going to pleasure him again. Would she mount him first, as before, or would she lie down under him, lift her feet up and frig him off in a new position? It was hard for the horse, being only a horse, to imagine all the various positions that a lithe human could assume.

And he couldn't even begin to understand the dark depravity and thrill of perversion that could motivate a superior and more imaginative species; a species that could derive sexual pleasure psychologically, as well as physically; that naughtiest of all living species, the horny human female!

Marion walked over to the horse.

She stroked his arched neck. His nostrils flared and he pawed at the earth with one hoof. Standing beside him, Marion unbuttoned her shirt, and she took it off. Her bare tits thrust out, the nipples swollen and taut. She hesitated for a moment, then began to remove her riding britches, too. She knew how much cum that horse was capable of spilling, and she didn't want to get her clothing soaked.

She also wanted the jism to squirt on her hot flesh, not her garments.

Marion squirmed out of the jodhpurs, her hips wriggling and her ass swaying as she tugged them down.

She removed her panties, too.

The crotchband of her panties was soaking wet. When she tossed them aside, they fluttered to the ground like a butterfly with damp wings.

She kept her boots on.

It seemed somehow appropriate that a woman should be wearing boots when she jerked off a horse.

She wasn't worried about Jake returning too soon and finding her naked, because she knew that the boy, hopeful of a reward, would look long and hard for the non-existent watch. And if he did happen to get back before she got dressed, he would assume that she had stripped naked for him. That would be true, as far as it went, as long as he stayed away long enough for her to milk the horse's prick and balls again.

Naked now, but for the boots, she knelt down on the ground beside the animal's slightly lathered haunches. She gazed at his cock for a moment, anticipating the pleasure of having it in her hands. She was trembling all over. Her fingers felt as hot as her clit. So did her tongue, in fact.

But Marion didn't realize that yet. She had not anticipated how truly dirty she was going to be.

Reaching under him with one hand, she cupped his balls.

The hard balls jiggled inside their fleshy sec, and she sighed, thinking of all the hot jism stored there. Her other hand, palm upward, began to rub up and down the horse's prick, along the underside. His cock twitched, then pulsed and began to harden in her hand. She watched it rise in a series of jolts. The dark-gray knob foreskin, came squeezing out from the flaring. The horse stood spraddle-legged, amazed by what was happening. Her hands felt even better than her feet had! Oh, what mysteries there were to be discovered in the human anatomy.

The horse didn't know the half of it. Neither did Marion... yet.

She still thought that she was only going to give the horse a handjob, which was bad enough, but not nearly as perverted as some of the things she could do.

Kneeling beside him, she rubbed and stroked his prick until it was fully erect again, stretching out taut as a bowstring, a very fat bowstring.

Then Marion, grinning wickedly, delighted by her own degeneracy, moved around in front of the horse's cockhead.

Marion wanted him to shoot his cum onto her naked body, to feel that steaming horse jizz soak her

tits and belly. She cupped both hands around his prickshaft, just behind the crown. Staring at the cleft tip of his cockhead, she began to pump up and down, her hands moving a foot back down the thick stalk. As she dragged back, his cockhead flared out and the cleft parted, and as she pulled back up, the foreskin curled up in a ledge over the triangular knob.

Marion's lips were parted.

She was panting with lust, and her tongue was gliding back and forth across her lower lips.

She realized that the horse was going to shoot right in her face as well as on her body.

And then she realized that a faceful of hot jism would be even better than a load on her tits. She realized, too, that her lips were parted, and that some of the hot stuff would squirt into her mouth and onto her tongue. She knew it was delicious from the drops she had lapped off her hand. She wanted another taste.

In fact, she was drooling for it.

That was when the woman realized that she wanted to tongue the horse's prick. Her mouth had been watering for ages, but the idea was still startling in its depravity. She whimpered. That dark-fleshed, wide-flaring cockhead looked delicious. Since she had already tasted his cum, and since she was going to let him shoot more of the hot nectar into her face, with her mouth open, she reasoned that it wouldn't be anymore depraved to take a lick of his prickmeat. Tonguing a horse's cockhead was no more degenerate than swallowing his cum!

And even if it was... Marion was hungry.

Her cupped hands could barely span his cock. She pushed back on his prickshaft, causing the fat knob to swell. Then she leaned and pushed her tongue out.

She licked the tip.

Marion drew back as if she had touched her tongue to a fiery stove. The taste of that first lick tingled on her tastebuds. It was delicious! Marion had always loved sucking a cock, and now the thought of blowing a prick as big as this equine monster was driving lances of lust through her body and mind. Her imagination was as hot as her pussy. She took another lick.

"Ummm, yummy," she purred.

Then she began lapping his huge slab of hot cockmeat, running her tongue over it and dipping it right down inside the wide-open cleft, as if she wanted to lap the cum up even before it shot out of his knob. The hot horsemeat was as succulent as any human cock that she had ever sucked... and there was so much more of it. Her head tilted from side to side as she tongued merrily away. The horse watched her in awe.

Boots were one thing... but a tongue? He was astounded by the woman's amazing behavior.

He wondered, in his vague fashion, if she was going to swallow the stuff when it shot out, if a human mouth served as a sort of alternative cunt.

Incredible things, women! They had fuckholes at both ends.

And, thinking of fucking, the horse began to hump.

He pushed his bloated knob out into Marion's face. Her tongue whipped around the tip. Then she relaxed her jaws and, letting her lips part, took as much of the huge thing into her mouth as she could. Her jaw dropped wide open, as if it was disjointed, and her pliable lips stretched out around the flaring slab. That mighty cockhead looked too big to fit in her mouth. But she took as much of it in as she could as she began to suck joyfully. Her cheeks hollowed in as she sucked. She seemed to be inhaling his cock.

Her lips unpeeled, turning almost inside out as they strove to engulf even more of that sweet prickmeat. Her nimble tongue danced wildly against the underside of the slab, where the fat vein that seamed the underside of his prick spread out into the crown under his cockhead. She pushed forward and managed to get the whole huge wedge into her mouth. It pressed out into her cheeks on both sides at once, and the cocktip was lodged in her throat.

She gasped and gagged as the huge slab cut off her air. Jism had started to seep from his prickhead.

Hot streamers of it flowed over her tongue, soaked into her stuffed cheeks and slipped down her throat. The cum had been tasty even when she had licked it off her fingers, but it was absolutely succulent as she drank it all hot and frothy, straight out of the brute's cock! It was like an appetizer, the first taste made her ravenous for more.

Sucking on a mouthful of cockhead, she began to frig him again, stroking up and down with both hands on his prickshaft, pumping with the steady rhythm that she knew would bring him to the crest and reward her with his steaming jet of jism.

Her head bobbed up and down as if she were ducking for apples in a barrel. As her hands pulled up, her lips pushed down to meet them. And as she pumped his prick back down, her mouth sucked lavishly on the flaring hunk of cockhead. She was salivating on his knob, her spit blending into the ribbons of slimy cum that seeped from hip cleft. With his huge knob juicy and lubricated, she was able to mouth it more easily, almost swallowing it as she bobbed greedily down. Savoring the meat course, she whimpered in anticipation of the creamy dessert.

The horse's haunches began to vibrate.

His head tossed up and down, mane flowing, staring wild-eyed down at the cocksucking woman. His tail stiffened and his cock gave a great lurch in her mouth, tilting her head back. The knob was swollen so huge now that it was stuck fast in her mouth. Her jaw was open as wide as it would go and her teeth were lodged behind the ledge of his knob and Marion could not have removed her mouth from the animal's cock now even if she had wanted to. But that was the last thing she wanted.

She knew that after he had shot his wad, his prick would soften enough for her to drag her lips off it. That would have been reason enough to want the horse to come in her mouth.

But she wanted to swallow his jism, anyhow.

She sucked and tongued and stroked.

The horse's prick was so stiff that it vibrated.

Suddenly, he snorted, and Marion felt his cockshaft spread as the sap rushed up it. She whimpered and sucked, her hands pumping. His cum hosed her throat.

The hot stuff hit her with such force that, had her mouth not been stuck fast on his cockhead, h

e would have been blown right off the spurting end on the mighty stream. Her mouth was full of the shiny jism.

She sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked.

The horse kept coming, wad after wad of jizz hosing into her. There was too much to drink. Creamy ribbons of the stuff overflowed her lips and trickled down her chin, dropping off in heavy nuggets, like quicksilver, that bounced on her upthrust tits. Great waves washed through her cheeks and rivulets ran through her teeth. Her hot tongue was afloat in a slippery tide of cum. Shards of it hung, congealing, from the roof of her mouth and slimy banners slid steadily down her throat. Oh, what a mouthful!

Marion was in seventh heaven as she drank that sweet nectar, sucked for more and got a seemingly unending stream. The horse was coming steadily now, not shooting separate spurts into her mouth but spinning the stuff out in a shiny rope.

Marion gulped with joy.

She gulped and purred, swallowed and sighed. Her whole pretty face was contorted by lust, eyes glazed, cum running out from the corners of her wide-open mouth.

Then, at long last, the beast stopped spurting.

The last drops trickled out onto her flashing tongue.

His cock began to soften and diminish in her mouth. Marion continued to suck gently on his shrinking prickmeat, nursing on it as if it were a huge nipple, milking out every precious drop. When the woman was certain that she had pulled it all out, she slowly drew her lips away from his cockhead and used her tongue to gather up the drops that had escaped her lips and run down the slope of his shaft. She tongued inside his parted cleft, in case any jism remained there, coating the inner walls. She licked it up from her chin. Cupping her fat tits in her hands, she lifted them, then tongued up the cum that had splattered on her tits and nipples. She swallowed every lovely drop.

Then she mouthed his softened knob again, polishing it to a gleaming luster with her tongue and lips.

The horse whinnied softly.

And what about Marion's other end?

Sucking horse prick and drinking horse cum had been wonderful but, of course, it had made her horny. The more she quenched her thirst for jism at one end, the more her pussy cried out for a load of the lust quenching juice.

With her bellyful of jism, her cunt felt woefully neglected and empty. Marion sat back in the grass.

Cuntjuice poured from her open fuckslit.

She decided to wait, naked, for young Jake to return so that she would not have to waste any time before they fucked. She wasn't even going to blow Jake, now. Well, maybe later. At the moment, she had drunk all the cum she could hold, and she needed some big, stiff prick stuffed up her steaming cunt. And thinking of big, stiff prick...



Naturally, Marion began to wonder if her pussy could accommodate that massive horse cock.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

If Marion had only known it, she could have asked Maisy Dawson about the elasticity of a cunt.

Maisy was the woman who owned the dude ranch and Maisy knew all about animals, and about the amazing dimensions to which a horny girl's pussy could be stretched. The dude ranch had been a proper, working ranch when Maisy had inherited it from her daddy, who had died from over-exertion in a Mexican whorehouse. Maisy had been young and foolish at the time. The ranch nearest to her property was owned by shepherds, and Maisy bitterly resented them for running what she called woolly maggots on the free range. The days of the cattlemen-sheepmen wars were long since ended and even Maisy's recently departed daddy had not carried on a feud with the shepherds, but Maisy was a traditionalist. She believed in beef cattle, and she hated sheep and shepherds. If it had been a hundred years earlier in history, the young ranch owner might well have hired a few gunmen to act as regulators and had a few shepherds lynched. But she couldn't do that in our modern, enlightened times... when only governments are allowed to behave barbarically. So she was frustrated and she simmered with pent-up anger.

One day, Maisy had gone into the Silver Palace Saloon to rinse down the dust in her throat. She was wearing jeans, a vest, a Stetson and boots, none of which detracted one little bit from the fact that Maisy had a spectacular body, with big tits, wide hips and an ass like a grindstone. Her long, blonde hair trailed out from her hat and, since her shirt was mostly unbuttoned, her huge tits stuck out, too. She got an elbow on the bar, shot one hip out, planted one boot on the brass rail and called for whisky.

Maisy belted two or three shots down. Then in came a shepherdess!

The shepherdess was as womanly and sexy as Maisy, but she wasn't dressed as well, since she wore a sheepskin jacket, and her bulky boots were caked with sheep shit.

She strode to the bar and ordered a beer.

Maisy and the shepherdess glared at each other with such mutual hatred that all the male customers trembled.

Maisy recalled a line she had heard in countless cowboy films.

"Something stinks in here," she said. She wrinkled her nose.

"Smells like sheep, to me," she added.

Well, soon enough, the cowgirl and the shepherdess were rolling on the floor, pulling each other's hair and gouging each other's eyes, spitting and slapping and biting.

At that point, one thing led to another thing.

Their struggles became less violent, until they were caressing each other, more than fighting. Both horny women had discovered that another woman's body was sexy to maul and squeeze and nibble and, although they were deadly enemies by tradition, they wound up sucking each other's cunts on the barroom floor... which thrilled the locals even more than the fight did.

After that day, Maisy and Julia, the shepherdess, had a sort of love-hate relationship.

They despised each other for the stock they bred.

But they frequently got together for some mutual cuntsucking, honoring a truce long enough to get their rocks off.

After they both creamed, they would argue some more.

One day, Maisy said: "What good is a fucking sheep?"

And Julia had replied: "Now that you mention it, fucking is what a sheep's good for, I got me an old ram that throws a powerful mean fuck up my cunt, Maisy... so there!" Maisy was stunned speechless for a moment. It had never dawned on her that Julia was getting balled by a ram. But Maisy, a confirmed cowgirl was determined to uphold the honor of her stock.

"That's nothing," she sneered. "Shit, a ram ain't got a cock but so big!" And she held her hands out about three feet apart. "Now, I got me an old bull with a whang this big!" Out shot her arms, fully extended. Julia sneered, in turn.

"What good's a cock that big, you beef-breeding asshole?" she asked. "No gal can take that much prickmeat... even a sloppy cunted old cowgirl like you, though I must say you do have a pussy like a cow!"

"You calling me a liar?" snarled Maisy.

"I am! A cow-cunted liar, to boot."

Well, Maisy just had to prove Julia wrong. She stormed off to the ranch and, that very afternoon, began practicing to take a load of bull prick up her cunt. She started with chunks of firewood, prying and levering at her fuckslit to make it bigger and to get the pliable walls used to being stretched. When she figured she was ready for it, she marched out to the barn, gripped the prime bull by the ring in his nose and began to stuff his prick up her cunt.

Maisy was surprised when she managed to get about half of it in, soft. Then, with his cockmeat imbedded in hot pussy, the bull bellowed and his prick began to swell and harden inside her. Maisy gritted her teeth, hoping her hipbones would not fly out of their sockets. As the bull's cock stiffened, she was lifted right off the floor and suspended horizontally on his huge, throbbing fuckshaft. She found out that it was wonderful.

No man had ever filled her like that. The bull's prick was reaching the parts that human pricks could not satisfy. She squirmed and writhed about. Then Maisy got a hold on the rails of the bull's stall, and she began to pull herself up and down, so that her slippery cunt was sliding up and down on his cock in a fucking motion that involved her whole trembling body. She creamed once, then creamed again.

The bull shot his load into her with so much abundance that she felt as if her heart and lungs and kidneys were floating in the stuff.

The next day, she asked Julia over for a demonstration.

Julia, to say the least, was impressed.

Julia never again discredited the value of a fucking bull.

Several years later, the working ranch becoming economically unfeasible as larger breeders took over, Maisy turned her property into a dude ranch, catering to vacationers and holiday guests. She met a lot of people that way. Except with shepherds, Maisy was a friendly girl, and she fucked her male guests as part of the service... and went down on any of the female guests who desired it. She still fucked the bull about once a week.

Today, Maisy was contemplating the possibility of sucking Marion Tremayne's cunt and licking her chops at the thought. Just as Jake had been, Maisy was impressed by Marion's beauty. She knew that Marion had a husband due to join her shortly, but she also knew that a woman alone on holiday is liable to do things that she would never do in her own home town.

She wanted to try it on before Marion's husband arrived.

But although Maisy was a rough and ready cowgirl, she realized that it was wise to use a certain delicacy in these things. If you came right out with it in plain language and asked a woman if she wanted to have her cunt sucked, the woman was likely to be offended. No, subtlety was called for.

Maisy considered various ways and means of working the conversation around to cunts and the sucking thereof. It shouldn't be too hard, she thought. A married woman was used to a steady supply of sex, and if she was away from her husband, she was likely to be feeling horny. She might not be consciously looking for a substitute lover, but her body would be responsive, even if her mind wasn't, at first.

Maisy decided to offer Marion Tremayne a ride on her specially made saddle. It was a very special saddle, indeed. It had a built-in dildo.

Maisy wandered out onto the verandah and looked toward the hills. In the distance, she could see those wretched sheep of Julia's, chomping grass up by the roots. It made her think of Julia's ram. Julia had never dared fuck the bull, but she had allowed Maisy to fuck the ram once. Maisy had, in fact, enjoyed it very much, although she hadn't admitted that to Julia. She had told Julia that it was all right, but that ram prick couldn't hold candle to bull prick. But really, it was every bit as good, if not better. With the bull, there wasn't much easy action. That massive cockmeat stuffed her so full, even when it was only half in her, that it was hard to get into a steady rhythm. It was more a case of the bull holding steady while she squirmed around on his cock, more torque than stroking. But the robust ram's cock, although a lot bigger than a human one, was small enough so that the brute could really bang away, fucking it into her.

Had she not hated sheep, Maisy would have bought herself a ram.

Strangely enough, being an expert rider, Maisy had never been fucked by a horse. It had never occurred to her. Horses were for riding. She had ridden since she was a mere child, long before she had any sexual appetites, and so she had never made the connection between riding a horse and having a horse ride her.

She would have been surprised had she realized that, at that very moment, gorgeous Marion Tremayne was pondering the possibility of getting fucked by a stallion.

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Sitting naked in the grass, Marion gazed wistfully at the horse's prick. The horse no longer had an erection, because she had emptied his balls twice - and had a bellyful of spunk to prove it, but even

soft his cock was an impressive and tantalizing sight. It hung down from his loins, the pointed prickhead aimed at the ground, the dark meat well polished by Marion's mouth. It had fit into her mouth, she thought. It had been a tight fit, but she had managed to get all of that big slab's head in.

But was her cunt as big as her mouth? That was the question. Marion had never had any reason to consider such a comparison before, and certainly not to measure the dimensions of the two openings. Her mouth and her cunt had both been capable of easily accommodating any human prick that she had encountered and, before this memorable day, Marion had never even dreamed of fucking any animal. She had not even thought of getting fucked by a relatively small-pricked dog, let alone a stallion.

But now, with the flavor of horse cum still lingering sweetly on her tongue, her pussy was smoldering for a load.

It wouldn't hurt to try, she thought.

Well, it might hurt, in the physical sense, but it would be worth a little pain if she managed to get a foot or so of horse prick stuck up her. It would be almost the same as the time that she had let Jim bugger her. The idea had been exciting, and she had readily agreed. She had got down on her hands and knees, and he had knelt behind her, as if he were going to fuck her doggy fashion. But he had fitted the head of his prick into her asshole, instead. At first, it would not go into her tight, brown shitter, but he had persisted. Eventually, her asshole had relaxed and his cockhead had slipped into her. Then he had worked the rest of his prick in inch by inch until it was buried balls-deep in her ass. It had hurt a bit, but it had been well worth it. After a while, he began stroking in and out, his balls swinging in and whacking against her cunt. Then even the slight pain had ebbed away, and Marion had discovered that it was a thrill to get fucked up the asshole.

Maybe it would be like that with a horse.

She gazed at his cockhead, then she spread her legs and gazed down at her pussy. Her cuntlips were unfurled like the petals of a fleshy pink blossom, and her pussy opened out into an oval slot and that flooded with cuntjuice.

The hole looked big enough... just. She looked at the horse again.

With his cock semi-hard, she guessed that she would be able to stuff his prickhead up her pussy, at least the head and, hopefully, a foot or more of the shaft. It might be a good time to give it a try, now that the horse had already been milked off and wasn't massive with need.

But did she have time?

Even as she wondered about that, she heard Jake returning along the trail. Marion sighed.

She guessed that she would have to put off her attempt to fuck a horse for the moment. She could fuck the boy, instead.

But Marion was determined that, very soon, she was going to try to stuff the horse's cock up her cunt.

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## CHAPTER SIX

Jake had searched as carefully as he could, his eyes glazed by desire, but he had not, of course, found a watch. Now he rode back, hoping that her offer of gratitude was still valid.

His cock was still hard.

And then he rode into the leafy glade and his jaw dropped open so far that his chin nearly bounced off his breastbone when he saw lovely, leggy Marion Tremayne stark naked on the ground.

Marion gave him a welcoming smile.

Jake was staring so hard at her that he didn't notice that the head of the stallion's prick had been spit-polished, nor that those sweet, smiling lips glistened with a residue of horse cum.

Not that he would have cared.

If the woman had gotten horny by sucking off a horse, it was all right with Jake... as long as he benefited from it. He swung down from the saddle.

Being a horseman, Jake was always a bit bowlegged, but now his legs were like wide parentheses, bowed out to ease the swollen ache of his balls. The front of his jeans thrust out, thundering, his cock trying to rip his fly open.

"I... I couldn't find it," he stammered.

"Well, you'll have to give me something else then, won't you?" Marion said, with a meaningful glance at his groin. Jake was momentarily confused.

He staggered toward her, his knees weak with desire, his blood pounding through his veins as if it carried solid lumps of lust dispatched by his hammering heart.

He stood over her.

The horse turned a curious eye upon them. He had never seen humans fuck, but he could sense that there was fucking afoot. It made him feel a bit smug, actually, having had first crack at the woman and having a far bigger prick than that, to a horse, insignificant lump in Jake's trousers.

But that lump was plenty big enough for a girl Marion thought, and if she had not been preoccupied by visions of horse prick, she would have welcomed it without regret. Marion rose gracefully to her knees.

She began to open the young cowboy's big buckled belt, then unsnapped the waistband of his jeans and began to toy with the clasp of his zipper. She drew it down a few inches, then pulled it back up, teasing him.

She could feel the heat of his cock and balls coming right through his jeans. Her face was glowing in that heat. She drew the zipper all the way down. Jake wore no underwear.

His prick leaped out like a frenzied bull rushing into the corrida, looking for warm flesh to gore. Marion gave a little gasp when she saw how big and hard his cock was. It was not a horse cock, to be sure, but it was a plenty big enough human prick. A dark, thick vein pulsed and fluttered up the underside of his fuckshaft, his balls were bloated with cum and his cockhead flared out like a hooded cobra rearing up, ready to strike, non-lethal venom bubbling from his piss slit. Although she had not intended to blow him and had already drunk her fill of jism, his prick looked so tasty that she just

had to take it in her mouth for a moment!

Marion ran her tongue up his veined cockshaft and pursed her lips over the tip of the crown. She slowly fed it into her mouth. "Ummm," she purred, softly sucking.

But although it was tasty and sweet, it didn't fill her mouth the way the horse's cock had.

She hoped she hadn't ruined herself for human pricks!

Drawing her mouth off his cockhead, she tilted her head and fitted her pursed lips against the underside of his prickshaft and began to slide them up and down. She slid them down as far as his balls, then rose up to the sensitive point where his cock knob flared out from the shaft.

Cum bubbled from his piss slit.

It ran down the knob and onto his prickshaft and, sliding up, Marion slurped the stuff up with her lips.

Jake thought he was going to get a blowjob.

He knew that, for some reason or other, married women often enjoyed giving head... filing some strange need as they filled their hot mouths.

He began to hump, fucking through her lips.

But then she drew away, smiling. There was a fleck of Jake's jism on her lower lip. There also seemed to be a lot of congealed cum there, too, but Jake knew that he must be mistaken. Where on earth would she have gotten so much cum while he was gone?

Marion took him by the hand, and she pulled him down beside her on the grass. She lay back, her thighs parted and her knees raised. She arched her back, making her hips tilt into a cup, a cup that needed to be filled. Her clit was throbbing and cuntjuice filled her pussy and ran down, seeping into the crack of her taut ass. Jake thought it was the creamiest cunt that he had ever encountered. His prick matched her pussy in readiness, the knob glistening and drooling, and the thick shaft jerking.

"Fuck me, Jake," she whispered. Jake moved between her thighs. She arched to meet him.

He fitted the head of his stiff prick into her smoldering cunt and paused for a moment, anticipating the pleasure of stuffing his hot cock up her juicy fuck tunnel. Marion whimpered with need. Her cunt was sucking on the head of his cock even before he entered her, as if trying to drag him in by suction. He fed her an inch.

Her cuntlips dragged on his prickmeat.

He slipped his whole cockhead in. His fuckshaft stood out between them, like a meaty beam bridging the gap between his bloated balls and her steaming cunt.

Her pelvis began to dance a wild, horizontal jig.

"Give it to me," she whimpered.

Jake braced his knees, tightened his ass and drove the full length of his prick up her pussy. As his fat fucker filled her, stuffing her to the brim, cuntjuice sprayed out. He held the full penetration for a moment, thrilling to the pleasure of having every inch of his big cock buried in this beautiful



woman's hot cunt and letting Marion savor the joy of being stuffed full of throbbing cockmeat. She wriggled and squirmed.

Jake's cock was every bit as big as her husband's, she thought... but it sure wasn't as big as a stallion's. She bit her lip.

Damn, she thought. How in hell can I enjoy this fuck if I keep thinking things like that? How can I have fun with a nice human prick if I keep comparing it to a horse's huge fucktool?

She decided to enjoy Jake for what he was - a handsome young man with a nice big prick - and stop dreaming about getting stuffed full of horsemeat.

Jake was still holding steady, his cock buried to the roots and his swollen balls jammed up against her tilted crotch.

Marion began pumping first, sliding her slippery cunt up and down over a few inches of cock.

"Fuck," she whimpered. "Fuck me!" Then Jake began to fuck all of his prick to her.

He fed her a long, low, underslung stroke. Then he fed her a rippling thrust from a higher angle. His ass corkscrewed and he ground his cock in to the hilt.

His hands slid down her thighs and moved under her gorgeous ass, cupping her firm asscheeks and lifting her loins up to meet his plunging strokes. Her hips rolled from side to side and her belly pumped in rhythm to Jake. She pushed her cunt up to meet him as he plowed in, taking every inch of his cock up her pussy and wanting more.

Jake suddenly groaned and stiffened. Marion felt his jism squirt into her.

"Oh!" she cried, disappointed that he had come so soon, that he had shot his wad before she, too, had reached the peak.

But that was one of the greatest benefits involved in the fucking of horny teenagers. Jake's prick stayed hard.

He emptied his balls with half a dozen furious strokes and paused, panting over her. And inside her, his cock, despite his climax, remained hard as a stone and as big as ever, still throbbing.

Her cunt sucked on it.

Jake began fucking her again, pouring his prick into her pussy with as much energy as first time.

Marion surged upward.

Without removing her cunt from his throbbing cock, she rolled the boy over, then spun on top of him. He lay spread-eagled in the grass, his body arched, his cock towering up into her. Marion began to set the pace now, riding his cock, saddled on his hips. Her trim thighs tightened as she ascended until only his prickhead remained stuck up her, then they relaxed as she went back down to the base. Her cuntjuice pooled on his belly and slathered his thighs. She was riding him steadily, the pace gradually increasing. She rode at a trot, then at a canter. The peak of sensation was approaching for the horny woman. She broke into a full gallop, her pussy slamming down on his cock and sucking as she rose up again. The thrill began to race across her belly and run in an electric current up her trembling thighs. Her ass ground down and her hips worked like pistons

driving the carnal engine of her cunt. She felt his prick expand inside her. He was going to come again!

She tried to hold back, to wait for him, to feel his jism hose her pussy again before she creamed.

"Come!" she gasped. "Come in me, honey... shoot up my cunt!" Jake surged up from the ground.

His hot jizz erupted into her, foaming and steaming.

Marion whimpered with the joy of it, and her own orgasm melted her cunt around his cock. She rode him wildly through their mutual orgasm, milking his prick and working the wondrous spasms of her own climax at the same time.

At last, they were drained.

Marion slumped over the young cowboy's spent body, flushed with the pleasure of coming, and Jake sprawled out, panting heavily, under her.

The horse looked on with interest. So, too, did a ram...

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

Ovid, the ram, was disgusted, disgruntled and mortified.

He had been cast aside!

And for a fucking sheepdog, no less!

Rams are proud brutes, and Ovid was no exception. He was vain about his sexual prowess and arrogant about his potency.

The beast felt betrayed when he caught his mistress getting fucked by a sheepdog! To make it worse, the sheepdog was his mortal enemy. The damned dog took delight in nipping Ovid's ass whenever he found the ram in a helpless position... mounted on a ewe, say, and plunging away on the down-strokes. Ovid had butted the dog head over heels whenever he got the chance, too, but the dog was a nimble brute and usually managed to stay out of the way of those mighty, back-sweeping horns. It was infuriating.

Julia, the shepherdess, had actually come into the fields with the intention of getting fucked by the ram. She hadn't been fucked for a few days, nor had she and Maisy done any pussy-sucking, so she was in a horny mood. The sheepdog had come trotting along beside her, and perhaps he sensed her horniness, because his prick began to get big and hard. Julia noticed this, being a woman who had an eye for cocks. She had paused and watched with interest as the dog's shiny, red cockhead came sliding out from his hairy sheath. Julia had never fucked a dog. Now she wondered how it would be.

The dog's prick was not as big as the ram's, but it was big enough, as dog's pricks go, about the same size as a man. Julia thought that it looked very useful. It might make a nice change, she figured. And if the dog failed to satisfy her, it didn't matter, because she could always call upon the services of Ovid afterward. She knelt down and called the dog over. He came, stiff-legged and squirming, sucking up to her as dogs do... and rams are too proud to do.

Julia played with his prick for awhile, getting it nice and big and hard, pulling her fist up and down

on his hairy cockshaft and making the long prickhead flared and throb. Then she got down on her hands and knees.

The dog had never fucked a woman, but that was a very familiar position to him, and he got the idea.

He mounted the woman from behind, hooking his forelegs around her lush thighs. He began to hump.

His first strokes missed the mark, and his cockhead bounced off her ass and recoiled from the backs of her thighs. But Julia reached back between her legs, and she took his prickmeat in her hand and positioned the knob in her creamy fuckslit.

The dog slid his cock up in her pussy. Julia purred with pleasure, and the dog gave a little whimper as he realized that a human cunt was more talented than a bitch's cunt. It rippled on his prick, sucking and pulling. Julia had a pliable pussy. Although it would spread out enough to take the ram's monster cock, the muscles were flexible, and she was able to clamp her fuck hole around the lesser size of the dog's cock, molding her pussy to the contours of his canine fuck tool gripping him in a slippery vise.

The sheepdog began to pound his prick into her.

Julia's ass jerked as she fucked with him.

Her hand was still reaching back, holding his balls, squeezing gently as if to pump the cum out of him with pressure. The dog yelped and whined and plunged in and out, his spine curving into an S shape as his loins whipped his cock meat into her foaming pussy. Her hot juices sprayed out, matting his shaggy belly. His tail snapped around behind him as his haunches drove in. The dog was clinging to her hips, tongue lolling out, drooling onto her arched back, rattling her hipbones with the savage fury of his lusty strokes. She wailed and moaned.

Julia needn't have worried, she realized. He wasn't filing her cunt as full as a ram's prick did but, to make up for that, he was pounding in faster.

Her head lowered to the ground.

Her ass heaved up at the highest point of her body.

Her cunt began to melt.

The dog howled as his balls exploded, and Julia felt his canine cum rush into her, a slimy rope of jism hosing her pussy as she creamed and spasmed with ecstasy.

That was when Ovid happened upon them. Ovid just stood there, thunderstruck.

Julia didn't see the ram, because her head was down like an ostrich's buried in the sand. But the dog saw Ovid.

And if dogs could smirk, that damned dog was smirking. His ton

gue lolled out and his eyes definitely gleamed with amusement. Ovid had an urge to butt the dog, but he knew it would not be wise to butt a dog when that dog was mounted on the mistress. Ovid was no fool. He knew damned well that if he antagonized Julia, he was liable to wind up on a platter, with mint sauce. He liked to feed her his meat, but not like that. So he just stood there, balefully

eyeing them, disgusted to find that Julia was perverted enough to couple with a dog and agonized to realize that she was enjoying it and having a climax. He watched until they had finished. He hoped they got stuck together.

The dog had gone limp with his release, flopping around as if disjointed. The woman's haunches still heaved and squirmed as she creamed every drop and worked off every last spasm of the thrill. Cuntjuice and dog cum poured down the smooth flesh of her inner thighs, big frothy drops splattering on the ground between her knees. It was the most disgusting sight that Ovid had ever seen. Ovid snorted.

Julia looked up and, seeing the ram, smiled.

It was an inviting smile, and Ovid realized that the woman might well expect him to fuck her, too... that after an inadequate stuffing of dog meat, she would probably welcome some ram prick.

But Ovid had his pride.

He was damned if he would play second fiddle to a fucking sheepdog! No sloppy seconds for him.

He tossed his big-horned head arrogantly and turned away.

The dog looked smug, and Julia looked surprised to see her ram trotting away unfucked.

But she could just stew in her own juices, Ovid thought.

Then, bitterly - and in the dog's juices, too.

That dog was in for one hell of a butting as soon as Ovid could catch him on his own.

But in the meanwhile, the dog had already gotten one hell of a fucking, and the ram had not been fucked and, being a horny beast, he was feeling frustrated. As annoying as it was to see his mistress fuck a dog, the ram had to admit that it was stimulating, as well. His big cock had started to tense and ripple. He was tempted to go back.

But no, he would not give the dog that satisfaction.

He would find a ewe, instead.

But Ovid didn't enjoy fucking sheep nearly as much as he enjoyed fucking women. Something about a smooth, sleek body, devoid of wool, really turned him on. Then he remembered Maisy Dawson.

Maisy was every bit as good a fuck as Julia, he recalled. He knew that she hated sheep, but that feeling did not encompass ram cock. Furthermore, it would serve Julia right. He would repay the unfaithful shepherdess in kind, being unfaithful to her with a cowgirl! Ovid liked the irony of it.

He headed across the fields toward the dude ranch.

If Maisy wasn't around, he could always fuck a cow.

That was how and why the ram happened along as Jake and Marion fucked up a storm in that leafy glade.

Ovid stood back in the trees, his golden eyes glued upon the scene, his instincts telling him that this was a horny female. He watched her ride Jake's prick and felt a certain disdain for such an

insignificant hunk of cockmeat. He glanced at the stallion, too, and he had to admit that the horse was well-hung. But the horse did not have a hard-on.

Ovid was getting a hard-on in no uncertain terms.

He wasn't sure if all human females like to fuck rams, but he figured it was well worth a try. That long, leggy woman was really turning Ovid rampant.

But how could he approach her?

How could he seduce her with a cowboy there?

If he butted the cowboy into the trees, he was liable to wind up on a platter.

Ovid couldn't come up with a plan. His dumb animal guile and cunning did not extend to such intrigues.

But Marion, not realizing that there was a horny ram lurking about, made the arrangements for him.

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

As she panted in the aftermath of her orgasm, slumped atop Jake, with his prick still wedged up her cunt, Marion was thinking once more. Fucking the lusty young cowboy had been lovely... but she would have enjoyed it even more if she hadn't been fantasizing about the horse. Now, although she had come, she still found herself thrilled by the prospect of making it with a stallion. Ah that powerful, bestial energy and vitality - the idea was driving her wild. Her eyelids flickered. Her green eyes regarded the horse through the flickering shades of her eyelashes. And she decided that she simply had to give it a try, to find out if it was possible... to get it out of her system now, before she became more frenzied by her lust.

Too, there were advantages in trying it now.

Since she had already come, if the attempt proved to be a failure, she would not be too frustrated. If she made the stallion's prick hard, then discovered that it would not fit up her pussy, she could always have the pleasure of sucking him off again. She knew that worked! And if it did fit in her... oooh! Her cunt rippled at the thought, pulling on Jake's large, but human cock. Jake's prick rippled, too.

Marion guessed that she could easily get another fuck out of the young cowboy, she toyed with the idea. But she was too eager and curious about trying it with the horse. She slowly pulled her pussy off his prick.

Cum and cuntjuice poured from her vacated pussy as she unplugged his big fucker. She forced herself to look sad.

"What's the matter?" Jake asked, genuinely concerned, afraid that he had failed to satisfy her.

"That was the first time that I ever cheated on my husband," Marion lied. "It was lovely... but, quite naturally, I feel guilty now. I feel like... like what I am. An adulteress."

"Oh. Gee," he said. He had never known a woman to react that way before. Most wives were always smug about having cuckolded their husbands with a youth... and eager to do it again. Jake was

pleased to find that Marion was not like the others, but unhappy that she was feeling glum about it. She smiled wistfully.

"Oh, I'll get over it," she said. "It's just that I'd like to be alone for awhile, to think about my... indiscretions. If you don't mind riding back alone, I'll return in a little while."

"Sure, okay," he said.

Then she smiled a little more and said: "I'm sure that I'll come to terms with myself, Jake... and that you and I will be able to have a lot more fun together." Jake was encouraged.

The naive teenager had no idea that Marion had ulterior motives in wanting to remain there alone with her horse.

As soon as Jake had disappeared down the trail on his gelding, Marion got up, and she walked over to where the horse was nibbling at the grass. His big cock was pointed at the ground. The brunette knelt down and took it in both hands, holding it like a baseball bat, then began to jerk it up and down. Then she leaned in and started to tongue the dark-fleshed slab of his prickhead, slathering it with saliva. His fuckshaft jerked and twitched but did not rise or harden very much. She had truly emptied the animal's spermaries previously, and now she saw that it might not be too easy to get him erect again.

Marion pondered the logistics of it.

Could she stuff his cock up her cunt while it was soft? It might work okay, that way. It might even go in easier and harden inside her. That was a thrilling thought. But what if the horse couldn't come again? She knew it would be terribly frustrating to have a cuntful of big horse prick and not get a jet of jism out of it.

Even tonguing the tasty cockmeat would prove frustrating if there was no cum to drink.

She was already starting to feel frustrated as she handled and mouthed the horse's slack fuckshaft.

But the ram's prickmeat was hard as a rock.

Ovid had watched the man ride off, and his cock had hardened as he considered the possibilities of having the woman. Then, when he saw her approach the horse and commence to fondle its equine organ, his cock turned hard as an iron bar. It was evident that this was a woman who liked animal cock. But could he compete with a horse?

Ovid was disturbed. He had nothing but scorn for dog prick, but a horse cock was a different kettle of fish. That big wad of meat was bigger than his, and maybe the woman preferred it. The horse was bigger than he was, too. It didn't have horns, but it had hooves, and Ovid didn't care for a kick in the balls from the dumb brute.

Then he noticed that the horse's cock did not seem to be getting any bigger or harder. Ovid began to smirk.

What good was having a gigantic prick, if it didn't get stiff? He congratulated himself, conscious of the throbbing shaft of iron-hard prick meat that pulsed under his own fleecy belly.

With his confidence restored, the robust and horny ram came stepping light-footedly into the clearing.

Marion looked up, startled.

She thought someone, some human had come along and found her licking a horse's prick, and she flushed with mortification. But then she saw that it was only an animal.

And then she saw that it was an animal with a great big hard-on jutting out from its loins!

Ovid halted and tossed his head about, letting the stallion see that he had big horns.

But the stallion, satiated, didn't give a damn if the ram had the woman or not. Marion was staring at the ram's prick.

There was nothing sheepish about it, she saw. It was not as big as a horse's cock, but it was plenty big enough. She began to wonder if it might not be a good idea to break her cunt in on a ram's prick before she attempted to take a horse cock up it. A good idea... and a delightful idea, as well! The smooth head of the brute's fuck tool was flaring and throbbing. The shaft looked like a concrete cloud. It looked so hard that, if the right chord were struck, it might shatter into fragments. Her green eyes glowed as she gazed upon his fleecy cock. The ram's golden eyes glowed back at her, bestial lust flashing like lasers.

Marion turned away from the horse, and she sat down on the ground. The ram approached her, stiff-legged, stepping lightly, almost prancing. He half turned, and she saw the length of his prick in profile... and shuddered with the thought of having all that massive cock meat plunging in and out of her pussy. His balls were bloated, like over inflated balloons, obviously full of cum and ready to be emptied.

Marion reached out to tangle her fingers in his curly pelt.

She ran her hand up big woolly prick stalk and began to finger his smooth, dark-fleshed knob. That big slab looked absolutely delicious. The dark cockmeat, contrasted to his cloud-white body, made her mouth water, and she was sorely tempted to suck it. But Marion had no idea how potent a ram was, and she didn't want to find herself in the same situation that she had with the stallion - with a bellyful of ram jism and an empty cunt. Leaning in, she took a lick. Ram prick tasted much like horse prick, she discovered. She supposed that all cum must taste the same, too. Her slippery tongue licked around on his cockhead, and she drooled. But her cunt was drooling more than her mouth now.

Giving his prick a last loving lick, Marion drew back and positioned herself under the beast, her back arched high so that her crotch was raised and tilted into a fuckable position. It might be simpler to get on her hands and knees and let him fuck her animal-fashion, she knew, but she wanted to do it face to face, to see what was fucking her, to be able to watch the powerful brute explode up her pussy. Ovid regarded her for a moment.

He was not used to fucking human style, but he was no fool. A cunt was a cunt, whether it was on woolly haunches or between smooth fleshed human thighs. And this woman's cunt was open, wet and lifted up at just the right level to be stuffed. Her head and shoulders were braced on the ground, and her ass and hips were lifted high. She was supporting her ass on her hands, holding it up, offering her crotch to him.

Ovid stepped over her.

His prick came in just too high, the meaty cockhead skimming over her pussyhair and sliding up her belly. His prick tip nudged into her soft, deep cleavage.

She squirmed and moaned.

The ram stepped back then came in again, lower.

His big, blunt cockhead slipped onto her cuntlips.

It didn't go into her pussy at first, and Ovid saw that this woman's cunt was tighter than Julia's or Maisy's. Although she seemed to like horse cock, it appeared that her pussy had not yet been loosened and spread on one. It was almost like having a virgin, he figured. He pushed.

Marion shoved her crotch down to meet him.

Her cuntlips spread out, and the tip of his cock wedged into her creamy pussy, stuck fast for a moment, then pushed in deeper. The ram gave a shove, and his cockhead slipped into her. Her cuntlips collared his woolly rod just behind the buried knob.

Marion wailed with the joy of it.

Ovid snorted and tossed his horned head about, one cloven hoof pawing at the earth.

Pushing steadily, the ram began to inch his prick meat into her, the fleecy shaft following behind the throbbing crown. Her pussy clutched and clung to it, molding around the contours of his cock, slippery but tight, sucking and dragging. Inch by inch, he fucked into her. She writhed about in ecstasy on his fat prick.

Then the brute's cock was buried to the depths.

They held steady for a moment.

The ram was savoring the pleasure of having his hard prick buried in hot cunt, and Marion was thrilled at being stuffed with animal cock.

She moved first, rolling her hips from side to side so that she was winding her fuck hole around on his cock, squirming and wriggling, twisting in a motion that was wringing his cock.

Then Ovid began to fuck her.

His powerful haunches braced, then shot forward as he fed his cock into her lustfully. He drew back. His woolly cock came out matted and soaking with cuntjuice. He slammed in again and Marion met him with equal vigor, jamming her cunt down over his plunging prick. His fleecy white fuckshaft vanished into her dark-haired pussy. It drew out, then went in again. She began to whimper and moan with the pure carnal pleasure of being fucked by such a gigantic cock, and the pure pleasure of knowing that she was getting fucked by a beast.

His smoking-hot cockhead seemed to be pushing all the way up into her belly. He was going in so deep that she wouldn't have been surprised if his knob had slipped into her mouth from inside her. It made her eyes water.

Vibrating all over, jerking and twitching, the horny woman pumped wildly under the humping beast.

Her clit felt like a stick of dynamite.

Cuntjuice was coming out of her in rivers, a deluge that poured down her crotch and into the crack of her ass.



His cock got bigger and bigger and drove in faster and faster as his balls prepared to blow. Marion yearned for that hot geyser.

Her cunt creamed for the brute's cum, lusted to be dosed with her first cuntful of animal jism.

Her thighs tightened around his driving haunches, then parted wide again. She reached up and twisted one fist into the curly wool of his shoulder, clinging to him as they jolted together. Her pelvis was being bounced wildly about on his powerful thrusts now, tilting and twisting and slamming up and down.

The ram threw his head back and bellowed.

Marion cried out in ecstasy as she felt a steaming geyser of animal cum spurt into her cunt.

She melted with him.

The ram hosed her pussy with jet after jet of hot, thick cum and she creamed time and again, her juices gushing out to blend with his jizz, the spasms of joy rushing through her in a prolonged and multiple orgasm. At last, Ovid's balls were emptied.

Marion continued to hump for a moment, to make sure that she had milked every precious drop from him and worked off every last tingling spasm of her own climax. Ovid waited until she stopped squirming. Then he slowly drew his prick out.

It bobbed up and down under his belly. It was no longer fleecy as a cloud. Cum and cuntjuice had matted his pelt. The stuff was bubbling from her vacated cunt, soaking the ground. Marion smiled dreamily, delighted to have discovered the joys of animal fucking.

She slid in under the ram and tongued the dripping head of his cock, gathering up jizz mingled with cuntjuice.

She was surprised how delicious cuntjuice was.

Marion had never tasted pussyjuice before, and now she realized that it was tasty stuff, indeed. She just had to wonder what it would be like to suck a load of hot cuntjuice right out of a coming pussy. She had to speculate on the joy of bringing a woman off with her tongue and lips. She didn't expect to ever find out, of course. Still... she wondered.

And she polished the ram's cockhead until it gleamed.

Marion knew that she really should feel ashamed of herself, at the very least, embarrassed. But she didn't. It had been so thrilling to get fucked by an animal that she could not feel any guilt or shame whatsoever. As long as no one ever found out, she reasoned, there was no harm in it. There was only pure pleasure, for her and the ram.

Now she knew that her pussy could accommodate a ram's prick. Could she fuck a stallion?

She was no longer feeling horny, but she knew the rhythms of her body, and she knew that she would be horny again soon... the next day, say, when she rode the horse again.

Marion intended to try to fuck the stallion tomorrow.

As she thought of this, she realized that the ram was eyeing her balefully. She wondered if he could somehow, with some bestial sixth sense, read her mind. Did he know she wanted the stallion? Did he

feel slighted and betrayed? But Ovid couldn't read her mind at all.

Ovid was feeling very smug because he had cheated on his unfaithful mistress, dogfucking bitch that she was.

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## CHAPTER NINE

That evening, Marion was just getting ready for bed when there was a knock on the door. Marion wondered who it was. She thought that maybe Jake had stopped by her room, hoping to get laid again. The thought was not unpleasant. Marion was a bit tired from the day's activities. Although she was an expert rider, she was not really used to a full day of trekking... and fucking the ram had been an exhausting act. But, tired or not, Jake would be welcome. She thought it would be nice to just lie back and let him do all the work. Maybe if she was lucky, he would go down on her and she could drift off to sleep with a hot tongue working on her pussy. She was already undressed and, convinced that it must be Jake at the door, Marion didn't bother to put anything on.

She opened the door naked and smiling, but it was Maisy who stood there.

Maisy gave Marion such an intense look that the brunette was terrified. Somehow the woman must have found out that she had been sucking off one of her riding hacks.

But then the cowgirl smiled, too, as her gaze moved up and down over Marion's slim, sexy body.

Marion was wearing a Stetson and boots and a wide belt with an eagle on the brass buckle. She had a saddle slung over her shoulder. Did she intend to ask Marion to go for a late night ride? Marion raised her eyebrows questioningly. "May I come in?"

"I'm not dressed," Marion said.

"I noticed," said Maisy. Her gaze roamed up and down again.

Strangely enough, it made Marion tingle with excitement to have the other woman looking at her in that way. She wondered why. She felt just the way she did when a young man was admiring her. But why should she feel that way when it was another woman who was gazing at her body?

"Well, I guess so," Marion said.

She stood back, and the cowgirl came into the room. She slung the saddle onto a chair. Marion noticed that there was something funny about that saddle, but she paid it little attention.

She was more interested in the curious way that Maisy was looking at her and wondering why she was enjoying it so much.

"I thought you might be feeling lonely... with your husband not with you and all," Maisy said. "I know that a married woman gets used to company. Someone to sleep with. Sex."

"Errrr... well, yes. But..."

"I don't know if you ever cheat on your husband."

Good Lord! What a question from a relative stranger! Was she going to offer Marion one of the ranchhands?

"That's really none of your business," Marion said, but she smiled to show that she wasn't really annoyed.

"Oh, I don't give a damn. If I had a husband, I'd cheat on the bastard every chance I got, myself. But that's not the point. I thought you might like to borrow my special saddle." Marion looked at the strange saddle again. It seemed to have two pommels.

Then she looked closer and saw that the extra pommel was, in fact, a big rubber prick. It was realistically contoured and mounted on a flexible spring. She saw that, seated on such a saddle, a girl could get a cuntful of dildo and let the actions of the horse do the work... trotting through the foreplay, cantering through the build up, galloping at the orgasm.

"It's really best if you use it on a horse," Maisy was saying. "But you can squat on it on a chair or a bed, too. I'll let you borrow it for the night, if you like."

"I... I don't think..."

Maisy shrugged. "Suit yourself. I just thought you might be feeling horny, and I like my guests to be content."

"Well... maybe, then," Marion said, blushing.

Maisy gave her a speculative look. Marion felt her nipples stiffen as if the woman's eyes had some tactile quality, as if her gaze was physically caressing her.

Maisy saw them stiffen, too, and smiled. Her tongue flicked across her lower lip.

Marion began to wonder if there was something peculiar about her hostess.

"Want me to show you how to use it?" Maisy asked.

Marion was shocked. Then her shock faded away immediately, and she was fascinated. There was something very exciting about the thought of watching the woman fuck herself on that strange saddle.

"If you want to," she said, softly.

Maisy obviously wanted to. She kicked her boots off and squirmed out of her jeans. Her pussy was open and juicy. Marion stared at it in fascination. She was remembering how tasty her own cuntjuice had been when she licked it off the ram's prick, and how she had wondered what it would be like to eat a woman out. Now that possibility didn't seem so unlikely. She also remembered how she had wanted Jake to gently tongue her while she drifted to sleep. Maisy was a woman, but a tongue was a tongue, no matter the sex of the tonguer.

Maisy took her shirt off.

Her tits were huge and her nipples stood out like little rockets ready to be launched.

She kept her Stetson on and pulled her cowboy boots back on.

She positioned the saddle on the chair, then threw one leg across, straddling it. She lowered her crotch until the head of the rubber cock nestled into her hairy pussy. She was looking at Marion. Marion was looking at Maisy's cunt.

Maisy slowly sank down, feeding the rubber prick up her juicy pussy inch by inch. Her cuntlips sucked on the fat shaft. She grimaced with pleasure as she stuffed her cunt full. She settled into the saddle, the dildo disappearing up her fuckhole. She squirmed around a little, then rose up again. Cuntjuice poured down the rubber cock as it came sliding out.

Her legs were well muscled from years in more normal saddles. Her thighs rippled as she went up and down on the bizarre saddlehorn. Her big tits flopped up and down and her firm ass ground from side to side as her belly pumped.

She regarded Marion through narrowed eyes.

"That looks like fun," Marion said.

Marion had lost whatever shyness and embarrassment she had first felt by this time. It was impossible to feel embarrassed with such an up-front woman as Maisy. "Want to try it?" Maisy offered. Marion hesitated.

Did she want to wait until she was alone, or did she want to do it in front of Maisy? The thought of having the woman watch her fuck herself was stimulating.

"All right," she whispered.

Maisy drew her flooded cunt off the big rubber cock, and she dismounted from the saddle. Marion moved closer.

"Wait a minute... let me polish it for you," said Maisy.

Bending down, she took the dripping rubber cock into her mouth and sucked on it. She does like cuntjuice, Marion thought.

Maisy pulled her lips away, smiling. The rubber cock glistened with her saliva. She stepped back, and Marion swung gracefully into the saddle. She fitted the head of the cock into her fuckhole.

Maisy knelt down in front of the chair. "Let me help you," she said.

Reaching out, she spread Marion's cuntlips wide open with her fingertips. One finger brushed over Marion's clit, causing her to tremble all through her body. She lowered herself onto the prick.

Marion went up and down, taking it all the way up her cunt, then rising up until only the tip remained stuck up her. Maisy continued to rub and stroke her cuntlips and clit. Maisy looked hungry.

"Ummm," purred Marion, grinding her ass in the saddle with the rubber prick buried up her pussy.

She rose up again. The cock came out of her, soaking with her hot cream. Maisy leaned in and pushed her pink tongue out. She began to lick Marion's cuntjuice off the dildo. Marion stared down at her, hot flashes darting through her pussy.

The women exchanged a glance. Maisy raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"You want to suck my cunt, don't you?" Marion whimpered.

"Ummm... yes!"

"I don't mind... oh! I want you to!"

Maisy purred with delight. She gazed at Marion's cunt for awhile, savoring the anticipation. Marion's pussy looked scrumptious. It looked a lot tastier than the shepherdess' cunt - a feast compared to a plain stew, she thought. Her mouth was watering and her tongue was as hot as her clit. Maisy tipped the Stetson onto the back of her head.

She leaned in and flicked her tongue over Marion's clit.

"Ooooooh!" Marion squealed.

Marion continued to ride up and down on the rubber cock while Maisy tongued her cunt. The double thrill was spectacular. Maisy was licking her unfurled cuntlips, lapping at her tingling clit and pushing her tongue right up inside her alongside the dildo. Then she clamped her mouth onto Marion's pussy like a suction cup onto a drain, nursing steadily on her flowing fuckslit. Cuntjuice poured over her lips and flowed on her tongue. She sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked. She was purring like a cat at a bowl of cream, and Marion was moaning with the rising thrill.

"Come," Maisy whimpered. "Come for me, baby!"

She sucked hungrily, and her tongue flashed.

"Yes! Oh, yes! I'm coming!" Marion wailed.

The thrill rippled across her belly and shot wildly up her straining thighs and her cunt creamed.

Maisy gasped with joy as her mouth filled up with that flood of pussy-juice. She kept sucking avidly. Marion's clit exploded in her lips and the brunette cried out in ecstasy.

Maisy kept sucking until Marion was no longer squirming, then she tongued up the stray drops that had escaped her lips and seeped down Marion's crotch, onto the rubber cock.

She lapped up a drop from the saddle.

Sitting back on her heels, she grinned at Marion.

"I... I never had a woman do that before," Marion said.

"Your cunt is delicious," Maisy sighed, "I... I never sucked a cunt, either," Marion added.

"Oh, you don't have to..."

"I think that I want to."

Maisy squealed with pleasure. She had been content to do all the sucking, having a taste for cunt, but if it was going to be a reciprocal arrangement it was even better.

Marion slowly pulled her pussy off the prick.

Maisy leaned in and took the big rubber cock into her mouth, slurping juicily, polishing the extra saddle horn to a luster. Marion watched her lips pull up and push down, those lips had so lovingly nursed an orgasm out of her cunt.

This was some vacation, Marion thought. She had seduced a young cowboy.

That had been nice, but nothing out of the ordinary. But she had also sucked off a horse and fucked a ram, and now she had had her pussy sucked by a woman and was just about to do some cuntsucking, herself. The wild anticipation was as thrilling as the act was going to be, she knew. She thought that it was perverted to suck a cunt... and found the idea all the more thrilling simply because it was. It was the same way that she felt about fucking and sucking with animals – the charm of depravity enhanced the delights. And the best was still to come!

Tomorrow, Marion was going to get fucked by a stallion!

Even though she had just come, her pussy began to steam again at the very thought. But that was tomorrow.

At the moment, there was a hot cunt that had to be sucked, and Marion was drooling for that hairy, juicy feast.

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## CHAPTER TEN

Although Marion was eager to suck her first cunt, she was in no hurry about it. Since this was her first lesbian encounter, she thought that she should appreciate the preliminaries and the build up before she came to the creamy conclusions.

Maisy was bending over from the waist, sucking the rubber prick. Her legs were parted, and Marion could look right up her open cunt from the back. She stepped closer and placed a hand on Maisy's ass. Maisy sighed. Marion slowly slid her fingers down into the cowgirl's crotch, and she dipped them into her pussy, causing Maisy to tremble. She pulled her lips off the phallic saddle horn and stood up, turning to face Marion. She was still wearing her Stetson although it had tilted askew as she dipped her head in Marion's crotch.

They kissed, their lips brushing lightly together at first, then parting and grinding passionately. They put their arms around each other and stood belly to belly. Their big tits shifted together. Marion dipped her tongue into Maisy's mouth, and Maisy sucked on it, tangling her own hot tongue up with it. Marion could taste her own cuntjuice on the other girl's tongue and lips. The sweet nectar whetted her appetite for more of the stuff. Her hands slid up and down on Maisy's hips, then cupped her by the firm globes of her ass, pulling her body tight against Marion's. Maisy pushed one arched thigh between Marion's legs. Marion worked her cunt around on it. Their pubic hair rustled together, and their nipples pushed against each other.

Marion slid her lips from Maisy's panting mouth, then lowered her face to the cowgirl's big, heaving tits. She took a plump nipple into her lips and sucked on it, then switched to the other one. She ran her tongue up Maisy's deep, soft cleavage and circled around her tit mounds.

Maisy cradled Marion's face between her hands and shifted, grinding her tits in Marion's face and working her hot belly up and down while her thigh rubbed Marion's crotch.

They kissed again, panting right into each other's open mouths, stabbing tongues back and forth. Maisy slid down to do some tit sucking now, and Marion arched her slim back, thrusting her plump tits out eagerly, adoring the way the woman sucked on the taut tips.

"Ummm... ummm," Maisy purred, on a mouthful of nipple and tit.

"Let's get on the bed," Marion whimpered.

They moved together to the bed, arms around each other's waist, hips brushing together sensuously. They kissed again, standing beside the bed, then sat down hip to hip, both twisting from the waist as they kept their mouths together in a hot embrace. Their thighs were spread. Maisy dipped a hand into Marion's pussy and started to finger her. Marion returned the caress, running her fingertips up the woman's open cuntlips and strumming her clit.

Still kissing, Marion began to lap at the same time.

She licked at Maisy's throat and neck and ear.

She had decided that she wanted to go around the world on the sexy cowgirl, to savor every inch of her smooth flesh before she got to the juicy main course between her legs. Maisy fell back across the bed.

Marion began to work her way down the woman's sleek, arched body. She kissed and licked and sucked on her tits. She moved down her stomach and onto the gentle rise of her belly. Maisy began to moan, and her hips switched from side to side. She drew one knee up and parted her thighs, giving Marion free access to her cunt.

But Marion, although she was hungry for cunt, was still not ready to commence the feast.

Her tongue rustled through the curly coils of Maisy's pubic thicket like a little pink lizard scurrying through thick undergrowth. She licked back up, then spent a moment tonguing out the woman's deep belly button. Her saliva was leaving glistening trails all over Maisy's belly, like the track of a snail. Again, she moved down.

This time, she bypassed Maisy's smoldering cunt and began to tongue up and down her thighs. She went all the way down, kissing the woman's boots, coming back up inch by inch. Maisy was whimpering with need.

"Please... oh, please," she begged. "Go down on me, Marion... go down on my cunt!" Marion had tongued up to her crotch.

She licked up the crease where Maisy's thigh joined her torso, her tongue running parallel with the woman's flooded pussy but still avoiding direct contact.

Maisy was switching her ass and hips around, trying to get her cunt plastered onto Marion's face.

Marion avoided it.

Grasping Maisy by the hips, she turned her over.

Limp with lust, Maisy was totally pliable. She rolled over onto her belly, her ass jutting up.

Marion began licking up the backs of her legs, commencing the reverse side of her approach. She flattened her hands on Maisy's asscheeks, then spread them firmly apart.

She ran her tongue up the woman's asscrack.

Maisy wailed with the sensation.

Marion began to rim out the cowgirl's taut brown shitter, pushing her tongue as far up the girl's asshole as it would go. She was shoving three fingers up Maisy's pussy from the back now. Then she slid back down, tonguing all the way, and dipped her head into the cowgirl's crotch from behind.

Maisy stiffened, waiting.

Marion gazed adoringly at her open cunt.

Then, pushing her tongue out, she took her first ever taste of sweet cuntjuice.

Marion took one tentative lick and drew back.

She let the taste tingle on her tongue and smiled dreamily as she discovered that it was as good as she had hoped, delicious and darkly satisfying.

Maisy drew her knees under her. Her ass heaved up and her cunt flooded. Marion began to lap her pussy with long tongue-strokes, running all the way up from her clit to her asshole. Then she stabbed into the woman's creamy fuckhole. She used her fingers to spread Maisy's cuntlips wide open and plastered her mouth to her flowing cunt, sucking joyfully and tonguing in and out eagerly.

Her mouth filled with cunt cream. She swallowed it hungrily.

Maisy was grinding her ass around in Marion's face as the brunette's mouth clamped over her pussy, sucking steadily and tonguing energetically. She turned Maisy onto her back again.

Burying her face between Maisy's thighs, Marion began the steady suction that she knew would make Maisy cream soon. She yearned for the thrill of that moment, the joy of knowing that her tongue and lips had brought the woman to the peak of all sensation. She longed for the hot rush of Maisy's juices as she melted.

"Come... come... come!" wailed Marion.

"Oh, my God! Oh, yes!" Maisy cried.

Her cunt began to spasm. She felt as if her whole being was turning to cream, spilling out into Marion's eager mouth. Her pussy was so wide-open that her cuntlips seemed to be turning inside out, and Marion's mouth was glued to her flooding fuckslit.

Maisy shuddered through a prolonged orgasm.

Marion kept sucking merrily away.

And, as Marion's hunger was satisfied, she found that her own pussy was getting hot again.

So naturally, Maisy went down on Marion again.

It seemed to be a not-so-vicious circle, Marion thought, one of the aspects of cuntlapping that she hadn't considered before. When she was eating cunt, her own cunt got horny, and when her cunt was being sucked, she got hungry.

But Maisy knew how to handle that.

Twisting into the position of inverted love, the girls began to sixty-nine together, solving the problem, breaking the not-so-vicious circle by forming their own circle, satisfying their oral hunger and their cunts at the same time. When the thrill built up toward the crest, it seemed that they shared the same sensation, rippling back and forth between their tightly linked bodies, intensified on their hot tongues. They were both coming and, as Marion hungrily swallowed cuntjuice, she felt as if the wonderful nectar was passing straight through her body and spilling out again from her own



cunt, into Maisy's mouth. They came for a long time. Then they did it again. Maisy stayed the night.

The girls slept together, linked up as they were, head to groin in the sixty-nining position. Intermittently, they tongued each other's cunt. They slept, woke up, lazily did some cuntlapping, slept again. The pale light of dawn was at the window when Marion was aroused from her final period of slumber, aroused by the most delightful sensation. For a moment she had forgotten who was in bed with her and what that hairy, juicy object pressed to her lips was. Then she realized that her mouth was clamped on Maisy's pussy, and that the thrill she was enjoying meant that lusty Maisy was once again tonguing away on her cunt. Marion began gobbling, too. Maisy squealed, the soft, moist sound muffled right up the echo box of Marion's cunt. Marion sucked hot foam from the cowgirl's smoldering pussy. She began to fingerfuck in and out of the girl's cunthole with three fingers bunched together, slowly sliding them in to the knuckles, drawing them out, dripping with juice, then pushing them back in and wriggling them around inside the velvet-smooth vise of Maisy's pussy. She fingered Maisy's asshole with her other hand. Her tongue and lips concentrated on the tingling nugget of Maisy's clit.

They creamed together again.

Thrashing, tit to belly and mouth to cunt, churning and grinding away, both girls rose to the heights and hovered there, the thrills lashing through their bellies, running up their thighs and becoming a turbulent whirlpool in their cunts.

Marion didn't know which she was enjoying more, coming or sucking the cum out of Maisy.

But she didn't have to make that choice.

She sucked Maisy to the dregs, and Maisy milked Marion's cunt dry. They lay gasping and panting in each other's groin.

Marion was very happy that she had so unexpectedly been initiated into the joys of cuntsucking.

She knew that, in the future, she was liable to be doing a whole lot more of it and, even while her head was still jammed between Maisy's thighs and her lips planted on the girl's pussy, she was wondering which of her friends and acquaintances would like some head. She didn't think it was the sort of offer that many girls would refuse.

But then, Marion realized something else. Cuntsucking made her horny for prick. And she thought about the stallion.

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

Jake was sadly disappointed when Marion told him that she had decided she wanted to ride alone that morning. She explained that she still hadn't come to terms with her conscience about her adultery. But then, to brighten his day, Marion also told him that she figured she would be able to resolve her emotions during a long, solitary ride... and that he could come to her room when she returned. She refused his offer to saddle the horse. Jake went off to wait for her to get back, and he tried not to jerk off thinking about her so that he would have a nice big load of cum stored up.

Marion saddled the horse.

She used Maisy's extraordinary saddle.

Riding out from the stables, Marion looked proper enough, but as soon as she was out of sight of the ranch house and outbuildings she dismounted and took her jodhpurs and panties off. The horse watched her speculatively. He had fond memories of her mouth, and he thought that her hairy, juicy cunt looked inviting, too.

She mounted again.

This time, she slipped the rubber prick up her cunt.

The saddle was a lot more effective on the horse than it had been on the chair. As the powerful brute trotted off, the dildo ground around in her cunt. Soon, the saddle was slippery with her overflowing juices, and she had come three times.

But she was still horny.

And she knew that if her cunt was every going to be open and wet enough to take a horse's prick, now was the time.

In the same leafy glade where, the day before, she had sucked and fucked with Jake, blew the horse and fucked the ram, Marion reined in, carefully pulled her pussy off the dildo, then slid to the ground.

The horse had not been unaffected by the action on his back, and his huge prick was semi-hard. His dark-fleshed cockhead was just starting to squeeze out from its leathery foreskin. Marion knelt down beside the animal, and she began to play with his bloated balls, smiling when she found that they were inflated with cum. She ran her hands up and down his hardening prick shaft, tracing along the fat, pulsating vein from root to crown. She fingered the underside of his swollen cockhead.

The horse's cock snapped upright, throbbing.

It was bigger than the ram's prick - quite a good deal bigger - and the horny woman wasn't at all sure if she could take it. But she sure as hell was going to try.

She pulled the horse's cockshaft back with both hands, so that his dark prickhead stood out, flaring.

She leaned in and began to tongue his cock.

She lapped all over his delicious slab of horsemeat, then tilted her head and fed the tip into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing in as she sucked lovingly on the huge mouthful.

The horse reckoned he was in for another blowjob, and his haunches began to quiver.

Marion was tempted to suck him off. She had adored having the stallion empty his cock and balls into her mouth, and she would have welcomed another drink of horse jism. She nursed and tongued on his delicious wedge of prickmeat. But her cunt was really burning now. She decided that it was time to see if she could fuck the horse. If she failed, she could always finish him off in her mouth again.

She gave his cockhead a last slurp, then withdrew.

Sitting down in front of the horse, she rubbed the tip of his prick around on her tits, then on her belly. She arched and slowly bent into a long curve, bridging her body under the animal and lifting her crotch up to the level of his prick. The horse was plenty excited now, but he seemed to realize

that this mating was not going to be easy, and he forced himself to stand steady, not humping prematurely.

His cockhead wedged into her groin.

Marion began to twist her hips and work her cunt around on the tip of his prick, pushing steadily against it. Her pussy spread.

The tip of his cockhead pried in.

Marion gurgled with delight as she felt her cunt being spread out around his massive slab of hot prickmeat.

She writhed and wriggled and squirmed.

Inch by inch, the head of the horse's prick slid up her fuckslit. Suddenly, the whole thing pushed in, and she gasped. Her cuntlips clamped tight around his cockshaft, and his knob was buried in her. She wailed with the ecstasy of it.

She stared at her belly, half-expecting to see the contours of that huge slab outlined there. It felt like a red-hot ball of iron smoldering inside her.

Marion wanted it deeper!

She began to push up hard, feeding his fat prick into her, taking his cockhead into the depths of her cunt.

She took half of the huge thing in.

Then the horse bottomed out, his cockhead in as far as it would go, the shaft half buried and the rest of it standing out between them, steaming in the crisp morning air.

Now Marion held steady, thrilling to the joy of having her cunt stuffed to the brim with horse prick.

And the stallion began to hump her.

At first, the fit was too tight. When he drew his cock back, he simply pulled the woman along with it. But then her lubricated, pliable pussy began to adjust to his bulk, expanding to accommodate his massive load of prickmeat. He drew back, and his gigantic cock came sliding out of her cunt until only the head was still in her.

Then he slid it in again.

Arched and bridged, Marion rotated her hips, winding her cunt around on his cock as he shoveled it in, then dragged it out. That huge plug was filling so tightly that her cuntjuice sprayed out in a fine mist, soaking the surging brute's balls. Her clit sparked.

She creamed, and then she creamed again immediately.

Full to the guts with horse prick, Marion began a series of multiple orgasms, each wonderful wave coming so fast upon the one before that it became one infinitely prolonged thrill. In and out flashed the horse's cock. It came out slathered with her creamy nectar, throbbing like some mighty carnal engine. It slammed in again, tilting her pelvis and rattling her bones.

She felt his prick expand even more. She saw his huge balls swell. The horse snorted.

Marion wailed with joy as she felt a hot jet of jism squirt into the depths of her pussy. She was still coming. When she felt her cunt fill with horse cum, she came again, more intensely than she had ever come before. The horse kept pouring his prick into her. Each time he shoved it in, he shot another hot wad of quicksilver cum into her, and she climaxed anew, her juices swirling out in a wild whirlpool.

At long last, the horse's cock and balls were drained.

He stood, quivering, while Marion squirmed around, working off the last spasms of her joy.

Then she, too, stopped moving.

They were still stuck together, and the horse, despite his climax, still had a stiff prick.

Marion smiled dreamily.

It hadn't been easy to get that massive cock up her cunt.

Since it was already there, still there, it seemed a crying shame not to make the most of it.

Marion fucked the horse again.

Marion was so thrilled by her depravity that she felt compelled to tell someone. She couldn't tell Jake.

She gave him a blowjob, instead.

But she could tell Maisy, she knew. Maisy was such a naughty girl that Marion felt no qualms about such a confession. And Maisy was impressed.

Then Maisy told Marion about the bull.

The bull's cock was even bigger than the stallion's... as Marion soon found out, to her joy.