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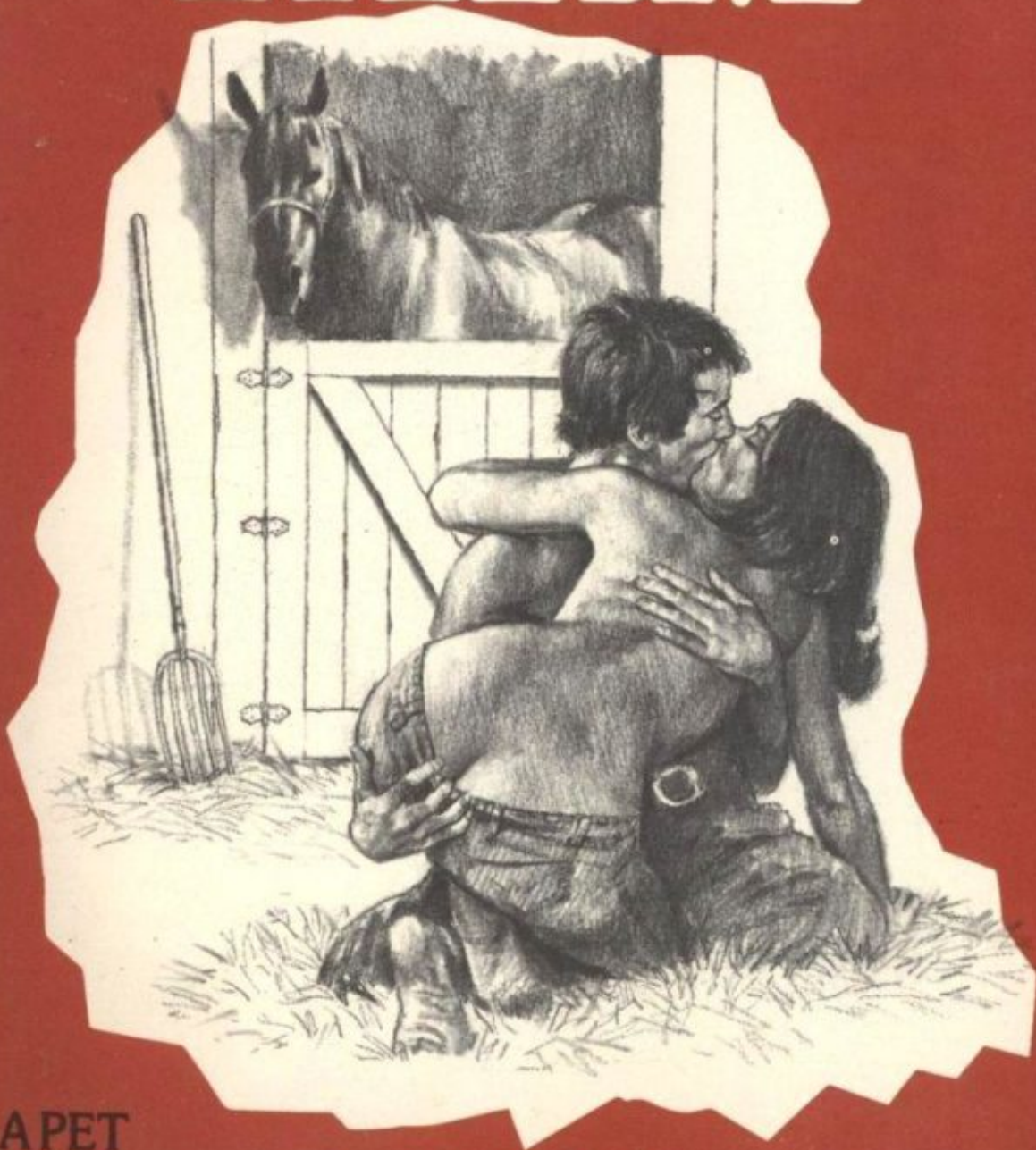
BEASTIALITY STORIES



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ANIMAL FARM



A PET
BOOK

by Frank Harper

CHAPTER ONE

"It won't be long now, Stacy. Soon you'll be seeing that adults, and people in general, tend to behave pretty much the same with their clothes off. I get my rocks off just trying to guess what kind of action I'm going to see. Maybe a couple of women will come into the bedroom and go at each other like crazy. I like to watch the wives engaged in lesbianism, but I like to watch a hot fucking and sucking session most of all. Maybe we'll be lucky and two couples will be on that bed in just a matter of minutes!"

Stacy Morgan didn't answer, and she didn't look at Betty Evans too closely. She felt nervous and even a little guilty about peeking through the bedroom window.

She must've been out of her mind to agree to accompany Betty, she thought. They had no right to spy on people engaged in sexual activities. Or in any kind of activities, for that matter.

"We're in luck," Betty whispered. "I've seen this couple in action before. With others as well as each other. They'll probably go down on each other before they fuck. They always have before, anyhow, and I know you'll get a big bang out of watching that. They might even do a sixty-nine before he puts the blocks to her. He has a big cock, too. I guess I'd better shut up and just watch, huh!"

Again Stacy didn't answer. But she was glad that Betty had apparently decided to stop talking. Not that she thought the couple that'd entered the bedroom could hear. It was warm, but the window was down because of air-conditioning, and Stacy felt a little pang of regret because she and Betty wouldn't be able to hear, also.

The man and woman both looked to be in their late thirties. He was tan, had good-looking features, and there was a big bulge in the front of his pants. She was quite short, had a pretty face, and her breasts were poking her blouse way out.

Stacy continued to stare as they began to get undressed, not helping each other with that task, but standing close and keeping their eyes on each other as more and more flesh was revealed.

The woman's breasts - or titties, as Stacy knew Betty would call the big twin mounds - were poking straight out even without the bra. Soon she saw the man's cock, and it was also poking straight out.

In a matter of seconds the man and woman were both completely naked. Stacy failed to suppress a little gasp as the woman dropped before the man and grabbed his thrusting cock with both hands. Then the woman's tongue darted out and licked all around the big knob.

"She'll suck his dick," Betty whispered. "Then he'll probably lap her pussy before they fuck. She won't blow him off all the way, of course. That'd mean that she'd have to wait for him to get another hard-on before they fucked. Look at that!"

Stacy was looking. She fleetingly thought that she'd put up one hell of a fight if somebody tried to pull her away from the window. The woman had gone down lower and was licking the man's heavy hanging testicles. The man tapped the woman's head lightly and she pulled her face back, her parted lips glistening wetly in the light.

The couple climbed onto the bed and Betty whispered that they were getting where they'd be more comfortable. Stacy had figured that out by herself. She was already getting sexy-hot from what she'd already seen and she hoped that she didn't cream her panties. That'd be embarrassing! Especially if she was unable to keep Betty from knowing it.

The man got on his back. The woman got on her hands and knees and suspended her face over his jutting cock. She licked the big knob again, then balanced on one hand and arm while she used her other hand to hold the hard flesh steady by grasping the thick base of the shaft.

She opened her mouth wide and engulfed the swollen glans. Stacy could see her cheeks bulging out. But she only kept the knob in her mouth for a few seconds. Stacy glanced at the man's face and saw his lips moving. She assumed correctly that the woman had been told, or asked, to stop sucking.

The woman backed off and the man parted his legs and raised his knees. She went down and began kissing and licking his sac. She took a ball into her mouth and sucked. Then she pushed that testicle out and sucked the other one into her mouth. The man stroked her head, her dark hair, and squirmed his buttocks against the mattress.

"I'd forgotten about this swapping wife liking to tongue assholes," Betty whispered. "She'll be giving him a good reaming soon!"

Betty had hardly finished giving the information before the woman was performing analingus upon the man. Stacy had seen pictures of the intimate oral act being performed, as she had seen pictures depicting just about every sex act imaginable, but she'd never even seen a hard cock in the flesh before. She felt that she should be disgusted with the woman, and with herself for getting a strange kind of thrill from watching, but she wasn't. She'd read that anything a man and woman did sexually to give each other pleasure was perfectly acceptable and she certainly wasn't qualified to argue with the so-called authorities.

The man had pulled his legs up until his thighs were touching his chest. The woman licked all over the anal region in ever smaller circles, getting closer and closer to the puckered asshole. Stacy had a perfect view, as did Betty, and Stacy heard Betty give a little gasp as the woman jabbed her tongue against the knot.

"She has her tongue buried at least two inches in his asshole, Stacy! You can bet your beautiful butt that he's enjoying it! I've had my asshole reamed like that I'm telling you it's a wonderful sensation!"

Stacy wasn't surprised or shocked by Betty's words. Or confession. She knew that her comparatively new friend had been around plenty. That was one reason she'd been so helpful in cultivating the friendship. She'd been, and still was, tired of just reading about sex and looking at erotic pictures and masturbating.

She hadn't yet made up her mind - or gotten the nerve - to actually do anything herself, but she had been getting vicarious thrills from listening to Betty's sexy talk. Now she was glad that the pretty and beautifully stacked girl had told her about the local swap club and had brought her along to peek. Maybe she would go on a double date as Betty had suggested. She could find out if Betty was really as free-wheeling where sex was concerned as she claimed to be.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Stacy? You haven't said one word since we started peeking!"

The shade was up about six inches and there was enough light for Stacy to see Betty's flashing dark eyes when she turned her head. "You know damn well I'm enjoying myself," she whispered. "Have you ever used your tongue like that, Betty?"

Laughing low in her throat, Betty said, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies!"

"That's answer enough," Stacy said, forcing a smile.

“You aren’t disgusted with me, are you?”

“No,” Stacy said, looking back into the bedroom. “What you do is your own business, Betty, but I still want you to know that just because we’re friends doesn’t mean that I’m going to change my way of life. Look. I guess the man’s going to return the favor. I guess it’d be called a favor, anyhow.”

“That’s what it’d be call all right,” Betty said, letting out a little laugh again. “That horny swapper’s going to take time for some tit-sucking, though!”

The man had straddled the woman after she’d gotten on her back. One of his hands was kneading one big poking breast and he was tonguing the other mound. Watching the male tongue jabbing around and against the nipple, which it was easy to see had gotten hard, made Stacy vividly aware of the way her own nipples had become stiffly erect. They were poking against the restraining bra and she almost wished that she was alone. She could probably just touch her spiked breasts with her fingers and start coming like crazy. As soon as she got home she’d finger-fuck the hell out of herself. Stacy felt her face flush and was glad that Betty couldn’t read her feverish mind.

The man sucked the nipple and soon engulfed a goodly portion of the firm-looking breast with his greedily sucking mouth. The woman squirmed her ass on the mattress and used her own hands to cram more flesh into the man’s mouth. Soon he moved over and lavished the same attentions upon the other thrusting mound of taut-tipped flesh. Stacy wondered, as she had so many times before, just how it’d feel to have her own titties tongued and sucked.

“That feels damned good, Stacy! Only it feels twice as good when both titties are being sucked at the same time by two different fellows!” Stacy knew that Betty couldn’t really read her mind, even if it did seem that way. She suddenly wished that she was as experienced as Betty. The worrying about taking so many important steps would at least be over, even if it turned out that she only had more worries of a different kind and they were much more serious. Which was the trouble, of course. Once a girl went all the way she could never retreat, and she’d had the romantic dreams about saving herself for a future husband for a long, long time.

The man left the breasts and trailed his mouth down along the woman’s squirming body. He darted his tongue around and then into the deep belly button. Then he kissed and licked his way lower, skirting around the short, dark pubic hairs, going out near one of her rounded hips, and on down to her inner thighs when she parted her legs. He tongued both thighs and then ran the flat of his tongue up through her gaping gash. She lurched upward, but he pulled away and slipped his hands under her legs, behind her knees, and folded her legs back until her thighs were mashed against her titties. Stacy wasn’t sure that she’d want to be placed in such a position she’d feel so exposed - but she found it to be a very exciting sight. She’d never had such a good look at the intimate parts of a female body, except her own in a mirror and in the pictures she had hidden at home so she fleetingly thought that everything she was witnessing could be considered a form of sex education. All students should be so lucky as to get such first-hand information!

The man used his mouth and tongue on the woman’s buttocks as she’d used her mouth and tongue on his ass. He also went around in ever smaller circles, finally licking the tiny anal opening and then penetrating it with his stiffened tongue. His buttocks were high in the air, his prick poking, and Stacy’s attention was focused upon that hard organ part of the time. It looked to be at least eight inches long and she was eager to see it slip into the woman’s pussy. Or into the woman’s asshole, for that matter. From reading and from pictures, Stacy knew that the big cock would go in and up the rectum, but she didn’t see either hole get plugged right away.

Because shortly after the man pulled his tongue from the squirming woman’s asshole and began

performing cunnilingus, with her legs draped over his shoulders and her ass wriggling against the mattress, another couple entered the bedroom. They were already naked and looked to be about the same age as the couple moving together so heatedly on the bed.

The second man already had a thrusting erection, but his cock looked to be only about six inches long. About average, Stacy had read, but she'd seen very few that small in the many pictures she had in a bureau drawer in her bedroom. She almost wished that she was in her bedroom right then. Where she could strip out of her clothes and shove a finger or two into her own steaming snatch!

The second woman also had big breasts, but they were hanging slightly, not unattractively, and her legs were long and shapely. Her pubic hairs were also dark and short, parted back from her cuntal lips. She went over to the bed and tapped the first man's bobbing head.

"I'm sure that we're going to see some gay stuff now," Betty whispered. "Female gay stuff, that is. Because I've never seen any of the husbands going at each other."

Betty was right. The man lifted his head and grinned at the second woman and man. The woman he'd been lapping opened her eyes and smiled. The man moved from between her legs, and while the second woman was taking his place, went up and started sucking on one of the first woman's thrusting titties. The second man climbed onto the bed and began sucking on the other jutting breast.

"That's enough to make a girl cream her panties!" Betty whispered excitedly.

Stacy didn't say anything, but she agreed one hundred percent. She wondered if Betty was going to have an orgasm. She didn't think she would, not without touching herself, but the crotch of her panties already felt damp. God, what a sight! The woman's head was bobbing and her hair was swirling as she performed the intimate oral act. The two men were sucking on the two breasts furiously, and the woman receiving all the lavish attention was bucking like crazy.

"She's coming, Stacy! Jesus, would I ever like to be in her place! It's really great to have a tongue and lips working away down there while two mouths are going to town above! A lapping tongue and a sucking mouth feels just about as great as a pistoning prick. And, to settle any curiosity you may have, yes, I've had my cunt and clit sucked and lapped by females as well as by males!"

"That's terrible," Stacy said, not sure that she meant it, unable to take her eyes from the erotic tableau.

"It's terribly nice, baby! Someday you'll know just how nice it really is! Maybe not from a female, but any male with an ounce of brains and a real desire to make a girl happy will eat pussy before pronging it!"

Stacy remained silent as both women stopped all motion and the men pulled away. The woman that'd been doing the cuntlapping lifted her head, licked her lips, and moved until she was kissing the other woman on the mouth. It was obvious to Stacy that the kiss was being returned in a very passionate manner.

One of the men said something and patted the uplifted ass of the woman on top. She immediately lowered her body until the two female crotches were making contact and the two pair of breasts were mashed together. Both females began squirming together, going through the motions of intercourse - fucking, as Betty would've bluntly stated it, Stacy thought and the woman on the bottom reached down and grabbed a stiff cock in each hand.

"It's fun to give one guy a handjob," Betty said. "Jacking two off at the same time is really great! Not that I think she'll be allowed to keep on until those two stiff dicks shoot off!"

"I still find it difficult to believe that those four people are married, but not to each other," Stacy said. "Did I say that right? Anyhow, you know what I mean."

"You'd really be surprised to know just who and how many married couples do swap around here," Betty said. "Personally, I see no harm in it. I'm sure that most married people get bored with each other sooner or later and what harm is there if they both agree to swap? They at least stay together and there isn't much difference in that and getting divorces and marrying three, four, five, or six times like some so-called high class bitches in this country do."

"Maybe you're right about that, but that doesn't explain the reason for the way those two women are going at each other."

"That's just a little extra added pleasure, Stacy! Hell, life's short and all that stuff and I admire the hedonists and the way they think. Because I'm one myself, I guess!"

"Maybe I'm just envious because I'm unable to let myself go the way you can," Stacy said, finding that the talk was somehow helping her keep herself under control. A few times she'd had the wild urge to rush off into the darkness where she could be alone to relieve the tension that was just as much mental as it was physical.

"You're doing just fine, Stacy. A few more days with me and my blunt way of speaking and you'll be surprising yourself with your new way of looking upon sex and life in general. I could sense that you weren't really a prude, you know, or I wouldn't have bothered to try and help you come out of your shell. Well, it looks as if they're finally going to start fucking!"

The two women had pulled away from each other and were getting on their backs. It didn't seem to Stacy that they'd climaxed while grinding their cunts together. She wondered if Betty had ever done that, or used her mouth and tongue on another female, but she was afraid to ask. Betty might think that she was hinting that she'd like to assume what she'd read was, called the passive role in lesbianism, and she didn't want to fool around with the gay stuff. She might get hooked, as some females did, and she didn't want to take any chances on anything like that happening. Not until she'd at least had sex with a male, anyhow!

It turned out that Betty was wrong. They didn't start fucking right away. The men went down on the women, switching back and forth a couple of times, as the women fondled each other's titties. Stacy could tell that the women weren't climaxing and it looked as if the men were just kind of teasing them, getting them hot and ready for the cocks that looked bigger all the time.

Finally, the men did mount the women, the second man taking the first woman, the first man Stacy and Betty had seen getting between the other woman's parted legs. The women put their hands down and did the guiding. Both men pushed in balls deep, held there for a few seconds, then pulled their stiff shafts out until only the knobs were embedded. Both women lurched upward to capture all of the rigid rods and the men shoved all the way in again, slamming the women's asses back down upon the mattress.

Stacy had daydreamed many times about being fucked, and about others fucking, and she thought a little wildly that at least one of her fantasies was coming true. It was just as exciting as she'd thought it'd be. It was beautiful, really, the rhythmical way each couple moved together. She had all kinds of still pictures, but they paled greatly when compared to actually witnessing sexual intercourse-fucking.

Again the men switched back and forth from woman to woman, fucking for only a minute or two each time before they shifted, and Stacy didn't really pay enough attention to that part of the erotic scene to know how many times a shift was made. It was enough just to see the glistening cocks from time to time, imagining how it'd feel to have one shoved into her steaming snatch each time there was a change of partners - and then wondering how it'd feel to have a prick pistoning in her palpitating pussy.

Because a few times she seemed to be right on the brink of a blissful orgasm. But she'd close her eyes and grip the window sill until her knuckles ached and somehow keep from spasming. She was afraid that she'd moan or cry out and she didn't want Betty to know that she was so passionate. That pretty girl seemed surprisingly calm and cool and Stacy knew that it'd be very embarrassing to lose control of herself.

Besides, she thought a few times, it wasn't the first time she'd been as hot as a firecracker and couldn't or didn't do anything about it. Sometimes she could get almost as sexy-hot while sitting in a classroom and having erotic daydreams and the wildest fantasies possible.

"They're long-lasting studs," Betty said after about ten minutes had passed. "That's nothing unusual, though. The swapping husbands are a sophisticated bunch, of course, and I guess it takes something really extra to make them shoot off fast like a teen-ager. Come to think of it, I know quite a few boys able to last and last! They're going to try something else now."

Stacy hadn't taken her eyes from the fucking couples. The men pulled their cocks out and walked on their hands and knees until each glistening prick was poking directly at a waiting female mouth. The two women licked their own cunt juices from the cocks and then the men lowered enough to be sucked. The sucking didn't go on very long. The men got out of the way and the women got into what Stacy had heard called the sixty-nine position.

While the women were going down on each other, the men got down behind them, each tonguing an asshole. That went on for a few minutes, then the men pulled away, turned around, and each began to rub the end of his hard cock through the crack of a female ass.

"You just might see some ass-fucking, Stacy!"

Glancing at Betty, Stacy wondered if the wanton young girl had ever taken a cock up her rectum. Why certainly! There wasn't even any need to ask. There probably wasn't much of anything that Betty hadn't done where sex was concerned. Did she really want to become as free-wheeling as Betty? Betty seemed to be happy enough, that was for sure, but losing one's virginity didn't mean that one had to become as wantonly promiscuous as Betty so obviously was. Not, Stacy quickly told herself, that she'd definitely made up her mind to go on a double date with Betty. Besides, if she didn't really like the date a lot she wouldn't even consider letting him be first to - to fuck her.

Stacy felt a shudder ripple throughout her entire body and it didn't have much to do with the exciting erotic scene she was observing with staring eyes. It had to do with her basic reluctance, and fear, of having sexual intercourse. She'd have to stop being so wishy-washy. One moment she had her mind made up to go all-out and let some boy fuck her, the next moment she was frightened and making excuses...

"They just did that to make their cocks slippery, Stacy. With their tools coated with cunt juice they don't have to take time to go get Vaseline or some other lubricant. Saliva works okay, too, of course!"

The women had stopped eating each other and the men had shoved their pricks into the pussies

from the rear. They'd only made a few thrusts before withdrawing, however, and their cocks were wetly glistening. Each man placed the blunt end of his thrusting cock against a puckered anal opening and the bed was situated in such a way that Stacy could see each big knob pop past a tight elastic ring.

Stacy mentally flinched in sympathy with the two women. She could see the expressions of pain on their faces, and she'd experimented enough with herself to know that the swollen glans lodged in the assholes just about had to hurt. In her excitement while masturbating she'd often gotten carried away with passion and shoved a finger up her own ass. She'd read that the entire anal region was considered to be an erogenous zone and it was certainly true with her.

But a finger wasn't like a big hard cock! She'd gotten used to her finger, or her asshole had, and it felt good when she occasionally finger-fucked herself there while stimulating her cunt and clit, but she didn't think she'd want to try anything bigger than her finger. Many women liked to be sodomized, though - as did some men - and the pained expressions on each woman's face was turning into one of bliss.

Both cocks had slowly disappeared and the men had started slow and steady in and almost out thrusts. They were pumping in the same tempo, seemingly on purpose, and the women were hunching along with the pistoning pricks. Then the women resumed the intimate oral act that'd been interrupted, really burrowing their faces into each other's crotches, and the four moved in unison for two or three minutes.

Suddenly one man began to pump erratically, his firm-looking buttocks moving in short jerks instead of in the smooth rhythm that Stacy had found so fascinating. The jerky motions made her even more excited. Because she knew that his sperm was shooting out of his cock into the woman's asshole. Or into her bowels.

The other man began pounding his prick into the other woman's rectum in the same jerky manner. Both women lurched spasmodically, seemingly trying to eat each other alive, and after a few seconds the four collapsed and were still.

"I'm ready to go if you are, Stacy. I'm so fucking sexy-hot I can't take it any longer without flipping right out of my skull!"

"I'm ready," Stacy said, backing away from the window. "I'm not exactly cool, you know!"

"If I show you how I relieve my sexual tension at times, will you promise not to tell anybody, Stacy? You won't have to do anything - and you won't be touched. I just want to show you a wonderful way that I get my jollies!"

"I don't suppose I'd have anything to lose," Stacy said, thinking that Betty was also an exhibitionist and wanted to be watched while masturbating in some fashion.

Betty had also backed away from the window. She peered through the darkness into Stacy's face. "You promise not to blab?"

"Yes," Stacy said. "Sure, I promise."

"Then let's haul ass!"

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## CHAPTER TWO

Stacy and Betty were both sixteen. They both lived within a mile of the house where they'd been peeking. All the people living in that general area were in the "horsy set" to one degree or another. Stacy's parents were well-to-do and had enough money to raise thoroughbred jumpers and she and her father competed with them. Her mother wasn't so athletically inclined and spent a great deal of her time sulking, occasionally drinking far too much.

Betty's parents weren't as wealthy and were actually from what people considered to be the lower rungs of the "horsy set". They, and similar families, kept horses for the pleasure of just riding. There was a little friction in the high school between the two groups, and Stacy actually represented the one set and Betty the other.

Stacy was far from being stuck up, but her parents' wealth tended to make some of the kids think that she was, and her basic shyness didn't help matters. She'd managed to make the one friend from outside her own set, and that friendship had been instigated mainly by Betty.

All the houses were large and were set well back from the sidewalk and the street. They were estates, actually, and most were fenced and the front lawns could be measured in acres instead of foot frontage. Most had stables or small barns and there were alleyways for riding the horses into the foothills not so far away.

Stacy and Betty were using the sidewalk and nothing was said for a couple of blocks after they'd successfully gotten away from the swapping party without being seen.

"I'm sorry you weren't able to see more action," Betty said. "Sometimes I've been able to see into living rooms and watch regular orgies. You'd really get a bang out of that. I've seen as many as ten to fifteen couples all going to town at the same time. That's usually later at night, though, when they forget the silly games they play to pair off and just go at it with any available partner. You aren't sorry you came with me, are you, Stacy?"

"No, but I think I saw enough for the first time. Maybe too much!"

Betty laughed. "I noticed that you got all hot and bothered. So did I, of course! If you hadn't been there I would've probably dropped my jeans and panties and fingered myself off like crazy!"

Betty's words made Stacy curious, but she decided not to ask any questions. It seemed strange that Betty hadn't gotten her to promise not to blab earlier, though, and then gone ahead and masturbated while watching the fucking and sucking. Maybe she hadn't meant that she relieved her tension with her fingers. Maybe she pronged herself with some other object.

Well, that sure wouldn't be anything new, Stacy thought. She'd used just about everything from a broomstick to a banana during the past three years or so herself. She'd never found anything that'd felt better than her own finger or fingers, but she'd made that discovery just a little too late.

Experimenting one night with the handle of a hair brush, while ogling some fuck pictures, she'd gotten so passionate that she'd destroyed the piece of skin that was supposed to be so precious. There hadn't been much pain, just a sharp tingling sensation, and very little blood. There'd been nothing to it physically, really, but mentally she'd suffered a great deal. She could just imagine explaining to a husband some day that a hair brush handle had gotten her maidenhead. Cherry, as Betty had called it when she'd asked if it was still intact.

Stacy had been evasive by saying that she'd never had sexual intercourse. Betty had been surprised,

stating that she'd lost her cherry when only twelve. For some reason Stacy had felt a little stupid for still being a virgin at sixteen. As far as a cock was concerned she was a virgin, anyway, and Betty had told her that she was a rare breed, indeed.

Betty said that if they were health nuts they could jog. Then she added that she liked to do her exercises

in a far more pleasurable way. Stacy knew what Betty meant, but she stated that she got plenty of exercise on horseback. "Jumping over obstacles will give just about every muscle in your body a good workout."

"Not my body," Betty said, laughing, then saying that she'd take most of her exercise in a horizontal position. She told Stacy that she would like to go riding with her and suggested that she get a bunch of her friends together and that they ride up into the foothills to a lake they'd both visited at different times.

"You could get to know some of my crowd that way, Stacy."

Stacy said that she was willing and Betty said that they'd have a lot of fun, and then wanted to know if Stacy was interested in hearing how she'd lost her cherry.

When Stacy gave an affirmative answer, wondering if she should tell that a hair brush handle had gotten her cherry, thinking that that would be good for a laugh, Betty began telling about her first sexual experience with a partner.

It'd been with a first cousin. Betty didn't think that it could really be looked upon as incest, though. Maybe in some quarters, but she'd even heard of first cousins getting married. Not that she'd want to marry the cousin, George. He was already married, anyhow, but she wouldn't want to live with him or anything like that even if he were single. She didn't really like him all that much.

At that point Stacy interrupted to ask if Betty had been raped. Betty said that it was more like her raping him. George was eighteen at the time. He'd been visiting the Evans with his parents when Betty got her first crack at him. She was just a kid, but she'd already started fingering herself. Her boobies had already started to sprout, but George hadn't paid any attention to her.

Betty thought that might've been the reason she'd gone after him. Along with the fact that she'd happened to walk in on him in the bathroom. George had just taken a shower and was drying himself. She didn't think he'd left the door unlocked on purpose, because their parents were home. He'd had a hard-on. His prick looked to be a foot long, but she'd found out later that it was only a fraction over six inches.

Betty had known right then that she'd wanted to sample the stiff cock. She'd been daydreaming about being fucked and had decided that that was her chance. He'd yelled at her to get out, but she'd stood there staring until he'd covered his poking cock with a towel. She'd then gone to her room and masturbated while making believe her finger was George's cock.

Later that afternoon, when the two of them had happened to be left in the house, she'd talked to him in the living room. She'd been a bold little bitch, coming right out and telling him that she wanted to be fucked.

He'd not only told her that she was just a kid, but that she was also nuts. She'd told him that she was just nutty enough to tell her parents that he'd fucked her even if he didn't. She'd apparently convinced him that she was telling the truth. She'd also made him hot by stripping her clothes off

right there. He'd stared, and his prick had started poking his pants out, but he hadn't made a move toward her.

Betty had picked up her clothes, told George that he'd better come to her room if he didn't want to get into serious trouble, then took off. He'd soon appeared in her room, where she'd been stretched out on the bed. While looking at her crotch she already had plenty of pubic hair - he'd told her that he'd probably be in serious trouble if he did touch her.

Betty had told George that she'd never tell anybody, meaning it at the time, and she didn't know if she convinced him of that or if he was just so horny he couldn't help himself. He'd shucked out of his clothes and joined her on the bed, his stiff cock swaying from side to side.

George had surprised her. She'd thought that he'd start putting the meat to her right away. Instead he'd made a dive for her cunt with his mouth and tongue. God, but had that ever felt great! He'd licked her gash a few times and then jabbed his tongue deep into her snatch. He'd tongue-fucked her until she was humping like crazy. Then his tongue and lips had gone to her clit. He'd grabbed her wriggling ass with his strong fingers and lapped and sucked her passion-button until she'd had a wonderful climax.

He'd turned out to be a totally uninhibited swinger. He'd given Betty a tongue bath. She didn't think that he'd missed a single square inch of her entire body. He'd gotten his tongue stiff enough to get it up her asshole. That sensation was truly fantastic. He'd gone ape over her little boobies. He'd gotten them all in her mouth, one at a time, and sucked until she'd almost gone off her rocker.

Finally, he'd gotten between her eagerly parted legs and she'd been more than ready for the penetration. He'd placed the blunt end of his cock against the slight opening between her cuntal lips and told her that it might hurt a little. She'd told him to stop stalling around and to start fucking.

She'd heard before that it was supposed to hurt, so when he pushed his stiff prick down, and in, she'd lurched upward, figuring that it'd be better to get it over quickly.

Betty had suffered very little pain. She guessed that she'd had a very thin piece of worthless skin. Or else she'd already punctured it with her fingers. That first fucking session had been a wondrous experience. When he'd blasted off and she'd felt his jism spurting and flooding her hot cunt, she'd had a series of blissful orgasms and the delightful pleasure had gone on and on.

A few seconds after Betty had stopped talking she laughed and said, "So that's the way I lost my cherry!"

Stacy didn't say anything and Betty went on to tell about how George had taught her other exciting things during the next few days. He hadn't forced her to do anything. She'd wanted to suck his cock and had. She'd really dug that. She'd liked the taste of his pecker and his sperm. He'd talked her into letting him corn-hole her. She hadn't been all that anxious to give that a try, and it had hurt like hell at first, but it'd turned out to be a very blissful sensation.

After having so much fun and pleasure with George it didn't take Betty long to branch out and start having sex with boys closer to her own age. Their smaller peckers had satisfied her until she'd started getting old enough to get older fellows without making a pest of herself.

"I still see George from time to time, Stacy. When I said that I didn't like him I meant that I don't like his personality. He has a hot-ass wife who keeps him pretty well pooped, though, and I haven't been able to talk him into seeing if she'd like to make the threesome scene. Hey, I'm talking a hell of a lot, huh? I guess I've mostly been trying to get up enough nerve to tell you something that might shock

you.”

They’d been walking along at a fairly fast clip, side by side, and they were nearing Betty’s home. It was a two-story structure, but not as big or imposing as Stacy’s home. There was almost as much land, though – about three acres – and the barn at the back of the property was very small, little more than a stable. There wasn’t a swimming pool, either.

“Maybe you’ve already shocked me enough,” Stacy said, seeing that there weren’t any lights on in the house. It was only about ten o’clock, so she figured that Betty’s parents weren’t at home.

Betty led the way around the house, toward the back. “I don’t think you’re all that shocked, Stacy. Or even surprised. I’d already practically told the same things in a nicer way, anyhow. You already knew about me being a swinger, I mean.”

Betty stopped and Stacy halted just in time to keep from bumping into her. “There are really two things I don’t want you to blab about, Stacy. About how I sometimes relieve my sexual tensions when there isn’t a boy around and…”

“I won’t do it,” Stacy cut in. “I won’t have any kind of sex with you if that’s what you’ve been leading up to. I caught that bit about the threesome scene you seem to want with your cousin and his wife, I mean, and I haven’t been around, but that doesn’t mean that I’m totally ignorant about such things.”

“I didn’t bring you here to try and make you,” Betty said. “Don’t worry about that for one moment. I’ve gone the gay route a few times for the extra thrills, but I’m not butchy enough to go around trying to seduce anybody.”

“That’s good news,” Stacy said, not sure that she really meant it. She had pictures of females going down on each other and she’d often wondered how it’d feel to be the recipient of such a tongue-fucking even before she’d seen the two swapping wives going at each other.

“I value our friendship too much to take a chance on destroying it, Stacy. That’s the reason I’ve been stalling about telling what I feel that I must tell you before you find out from some other source. My parents are swappers. They aren’t home so they were probably at that sex party we just left. I was almost wishing that they’d been in that bedroom so that I could see your reaction. I must say you’re taking the news quite calmly.”

After a few more seconds of just staring, and there was enough light for her to see Betty’s face, Stacy said, “I’ll admit that I’m surprised, shocked, and all that, Betty. I’d hate to find out that my parents were swappers! How long have you known about your folks?”

“About two years. From things I’d heard them say I suspected that they were swapping. One night when I knew where they were going I followed later. I’ll admit that I was shocked when I actually saw my father fucking one of the wives and my mother being fucked by one of the husbands. I’ll also admit that I got very excited. I fingered myself through at least three climaxes that evening. Twice while watching my father pistoning his big cock in and out of one of the hot-ass wives. He must have at least eight inches.”

“Do they know that you know, Betty?”

“I don’t think so. We’ve never talked about it, anyhow. They might suspect that I know, of course, but they’re so far out when it comes to sex that I don’t think they’d even be embarrassed if I told them that I know. But that’s enough talk for now. Come along and see just how far out I am where sex is concerned!”

Stacy followed Betty back to the small barn. Betty didn't turn the light on until they were inside and the door was closed behind them. Then she laughed and said that it'd be a big joke if somebody peeked in a window at them.

"I'm not going to do anything," Stacy said.

"I just want you to watch, honey! I've kept this secret bottled up just as long as I can! I guess I'm just an exhibitionist at heart, too. Because I'd like to go to the swapping parties and join right in. Maybe with my own father!"

Betty had been stripping out of her clothes. They were both wearing jeans, sweaters, and shoes. Stacy had already seen Betty in the shower room at school. For her age, or any age, for that matter, Stacy thought, Betty was beautifully stacked. She wasn't all that tall, but she had long and shapely legs. Her titties were big and remained high and firm and jutting when freed of the restraining bra. Her pubic hairs were just as dark as the hair on her head - and her ass jiggled when she walked or even made a quick movement.

Stacy had been in the barn before. There were two riding horses and a small pony. She'd told Stacy that her parents had wanted to sell the pony, but that she'd protested so much she'd been able to keep him. Stacy soon found out why Betty had wanted to keep the well-groomed pony.

Betty had been given the pony when he was very young and she'd called him Pee-wee. The name had stuck even after he'd gotten fun grown and it was still appropriate when he was compared to the other two horses.

Not looking at Stacy after she'd gotten herself naked, Betty went over to Pee-wee's stall. She put a halter on him and backed him out into the passageway. She tied him to a stanchion, then got a pitchfork and began putting fresh hay underneath him. Still not saying anything to Stacy, or looking her way, Betty put a horse blanket on the hay that she'd stacked about two feet high. Then she straightened and began playing with Pee-wee's big testicles.

Stacy watched, dumbfounded, as the pony's cock began to slide out of its sheath, and she realized that Betty was going to engage in some kind of sexual act with the animal. Betty had already admitted to fucking and sucking boys, including taking it up the ass, and even having sex with other females and now she was going to prove her admitted tendencies to be an exhibitionist by engaging in bestiality!

The walk from the window where they'd peeked, despite the sexy talk by Betty, had caused Stacy's passion to simmer down a great deal. But now, as she watched the pony's cock getting hard and extending out and down at least eighteen inches, she felt the heat in her loins building and spreading again.

Betty looked at Stacy, her dark eyes flashing, her fingers still busy on the big balls. "Isn't that an exciting sight! I washed his cock late this afternoon. That's the reason it's so clean."

Stacy agreed that it was an exciting sight, but she didn't say anything. She even felt that she should turn tail and run like hell. But she couldn't seem to move her feet, and wasn't even sure that she wanted to flee. It wasn't as if she was going to do anything - and she was curious as to just how Betty was going to go about relieving her sexual tension with the pony's long cock.

She could tell that the long shaft had been recently washed. She'd seen horse cocks extend out many times while pissing and also when a stallion was around a mare in heat. She'd even seen a stallion fucking a mare a few times and that'd been exciting, but also quite frightening.

Betty got on her knees on the bed she'd constructed out of the hay and blanket and began caressing the long shaft. There wasn't any slime like Stacy had seen so often, which she knew was a lubricant provided by nature, and she successfully resisted an impulse to go over and touch the big organ. It looked so hard and sleek and it wasn't repulsive at all.

Betty looked at Stacy, smiled, and quickly positioned herself on the makeshift bed. She placed her crotch almost directly under the end of the stiff shaft and wriggled her ass until the big cockhead was resting against her cuntal lips. She was grasping the cock with both hands. She wriggled a little more, hunched upward, and four or five inches of the pony's prick slipped into her pussy. She began making fucking motions, lurching upward ever higher, soon taking seven or eight inches on each upward thrust.

Stacy could understand why the pony had been tied so that he couldn't lift his head. He couldn't lift up to make thrusts of his own, and she thought a little wildly that if he could really do any fucking he'd ruin Betty forever. As it was, Betty was using her hands as well as her own body movements to control the depths of the penetration.

Betty's face was contorted with passion. But she had her eyes open and she looked at Stacy and spoke without faltering in the steady pace she'd set.

"Pee-wee can usually last a long time. But I haven't used him and his lovely cock for a couple of days and I can tell that he'll be blasting off soon. He recovers quickly, though, and might not even lose his hard-on after shooting off his first load."

"Very interesting," Stacy said, feeling that she should say some damn thing, her eyes going to Betty's thrusting titties and then back to her cunt moving and clinging on inches and inches of the pony's long cock.

"Oh, sweet Jesus, I'm coming! Oh, Stacy, you can't imagine how good this feels! Oh, awwwww..."

Betty's lovely buttocks bounced and wriggled wildly, and a quick glance told Stacy that the passionate girl's eyes were tightly closed, her white upper teeth clamped down over her full lower lip.

Stacy was steaming herself. It took all of her will power to keep from clutching at her own crotch, her own quivering cunt. She didn't actually have an orgasm, but she could feel the secretions adding to the wetness of her already damp panty crotch.

In a few seconds Betty was still, her eyes open, a bright smile on her pretty face, her hands still holding at least eight inches of the pony's stiff cock embedded in her twat.

"Pee-wee didn't come, Stacy. As you can see! Would you like to give it a try?"

"No! Never!"

Betty laughed. "I think you protest too much, honey! But if you don't want to have some far-out pleasure that beats masturbation all to hell, then I'll take another trip and make Pee-wee shoot his stuff!"

While speaking Betty had started hunching again. Stacy stared at the prick and the pussy, her mouth and throat dry, her legs weak. But she didn't want to give her virginity to a pony!

Within two minutes the pony ejaculated. Stacy could tell that Betty had another orgasm as she



swiftly fucked herself up and down on the spurting cock. The white sperm overflowed Betty's clinging cunt and Betty moaned loudly and cried out with pleasure.

Stacy turned, hurried to the door, opened it, and then took off running.

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CHAPTER THREE

Out on the sidewalk, heading for home, Stacy slowed down to a jog. But after jogging for a couple of blocks she started walking, no longer in all that much of a hurry, even wondering if she should go back. She should've at least said goodbye to Betty. The uninhibited girl would understand why she'd taken off, though and she could always explain or apologize or some damn thing the next day at school.

It was a little over a half a mile to her home. It wasn't all that late, but it wouldn't've made any difference if it'd been in the early morning hours. Except for the lack of sleep, of course. She had her own key and could come and go just about as she pleased. She could handle her mother, drunk, drinking, or sober, and her father was always telling her to have all of the fun she could while she was young enough to enjoy things to the fullest.

She didn't think he would approve of the offbeat fun she'd enjoyed that evening, though! The peeking at the swappers had been great fun, too. That Betty! Fucking herself with a pony's cock! Pee-wee's cock was just about as big as a large horse's, though. But she wouldn't think about that! Hell, she might get nutty enough - or hot enough - to breeze out to the barn and do some experimenting with the five beautiful horses out there!

The big house was dark. Deciding that her parents were out someplace, as they never went to bed that early, Stacy thought about Betty's parents. They were a very attractive couple and the father was always smiling at her, flirting, really, and she wasn't surprised that they swapped. Betty's mother was something like Betty, a sexy-looking chick, and Betty was very broadminded to accept the truth about her parents without even telling them that she knew. She'd at least tell them how terrible she thought they were, Stacy thought. Not that her mother and father would do such a thing!

There was a combination cook and housekeeper, but she didn't sleep in. Stacy locked the front door behind her, then checked in the living room to make sure that her mother hadn't passed out on a couch - or on the carpet. Sometimes her father went out in the evening alone, but Stacy didn't bother to check the bedroom her parents used to see if they or her mother had gone to bed early.

She hurried upstairs to her room, closed and locked the door, and turned the light on. She couldn't remember the last time her mother or her father had been up to her room, as she had her own alarm clock, but she didn't want to take any chances on being caught doing what she just had to do.

Stacy pulled the shades down over the two windows. There weren't any dwellings close by, but there was always the chance that somebody could be spying with a pair of binoculars. She didn't like the idea that she might be watched, even if she had just engaged in and enjoyed voyeurism for the first time.

While stripping out of her clothes, Stacy decided that she wouldn't bother to get her collection of pictures. They were hidden under some clothes in a bureau drawer, and she'd spent many enjoyable hours looking at the vivid sex acts depicted in the brochures put out by various mail-order houses.

Her father was on many mailing lists, apparently, because he received many envelopes through the mail with "sexually oriented ad" printed on them. She'd seen him open such envelopes, then, after glancing at the contents, tear them into small pieces and toss them into the waste paper basket. She'd spent hours putting the brochures back together like a jigsaw puzzle until she'd decided that he wouldn't miss the majority of such erotic advertisements if she simply beat him to them. She let him receive enough so that he wouldn't get wise to what she was doing and she still got a kick out of going through the waste paper basket in his study.

Stacy had read where so-called authorities stated that females weren't supposed to get turned on by observing pictures and reading about sexual activities, and had decided that she was the exception that proved the rule. Because she enjoyed looking at and reading such erotic material even when she didn't follow through with a blissful masturbating session.

Going into the adjoining bathroom to answer a different call of nature as soon as she was naked, Stacy soon came out and paused before a full-length mirror. She didn't think that it was a true case of narcissism just because she kept checking on the development of her body. She'd been doing it since she'd been a small girl.

She certainly didn't hate her body, but she didn't really love it, either although, she did sometimes feel that certain parts of it were somehow detached from her real self, her mind, her brain. She was always getting what she was sure some people might think were crazy ideas, but she figured that basically she was just as rational as the average person.

She was a natural blonde. She had blue eyes and she'd heard many remarks about them and her features being beautiful. Her handsome father, for one, had told her that many times. She was tall and slender, her ass was full and firm, and her legs were long and shapely. Her tits were about medium-sized, round and firm, and riding high on her chest. All in all she was pleased with her appearance, naked or dressed, and she knew that it was her own fault that she was seldom asked for a date. She was cool and aloof around boys, outwardly, anyway, and that was because she was afraid she'd really go all-out if she allowed more than a few mild kisses.

Turning from the mirror, leaving the overhead light on, Stacy went over and stretched out on the bed on her back. She closed her eyes and began fondling her thrusting breasts. The nipples were small and pointed, much smaller than Betty's, and they were very sensitive because of the many times they'd been stimulated.

They became erect immediately and she rolled each hard, stiff spike between a thumb and forefinger. Delightful little sensations of pleasure rippled back and forth between them and her cunt, and she let the erotic scenes she'd witnessed that evening flash through her mind.

She started with Betty fucking the pony's long cock and worked backward. She remembered most of what Betty had said about the cousin, what they'd done, and again thought about Betty's father. Betty had actually seen her father's cock! About eight inches, she'd said. And Betty had seen it going in and out of a woman's cunt. Betty had seen her mother being fucked, too!

Stacy trailed her hands down along her slowly squirming body, parted her legs, and caressed her sleek inner thighs. The foursome action had really been wildly exciting. The men tonguing the women's cunts, the women sucking the men's cocks, the women going down on each other, the men fucking the women in their pussies and in their assholes - all had made the many pictures she'd seen pale in comparison. The fact that the four had been married swappers had made it all the more exciting - and still did. And to think that Betty's mother and father were in another part of that house sexing it up, swapping, sucking, fucking, maybe even involved in group sex!

Stacy moved the fingers of both hands higher, running the very ends of her fingers through the silky pubic hairs, squirming her ass against the mattress as she anticipated the thrilling pleasure soon to be hers. She gradually increased the contact of her fingers on the outer cuntal lips, parting the curly blonde hairs, then gently rubbing the inner lips, and just as gently playing with the entrance of her vagina itself.

She slowly massaged the inner lips and the entire area around her clitoris. That sensitive organ was erect, long since having left the hood that hid it in its quiescent state, and the stimulation by her fingers produced a friction between the hood and the clitoris that was totally arousing.

Again thinking of the way Betty had bounced and bucked on the end of the pony's stiff cock, Stacy slowly shoved the middle finger on her right hand deep into her palpitating pussy. She began finger-fucking herself, all of the scenes she'd observed seeming to blur together in her feverish mind, and the sexual stimulation produced a series of changes in almost every part of her body.

Her heart beat faster, her pulse quickened, her blood pressure rose, there was an increased flow of blood to her cunt. At the same time there was a heightening of nervous tension that affected her entire body. She moaned and tossed on the bed, flailing her legs, gasping, moving with the pronging finger, clamping down on the digit with her inner cunt muscles.

Stacy let out a little cry as an orgasm gripped her body. She tingled all over as wave after wave of blissful pleasure spread throughout her entire being. And she thought of the pony's sperm overflowing Betty's clinging cunt as she suddenly went limp and left her finger buried in her own twitching and juicy cunt.

Recovering within a couple of minutes, Stacy still wasn't satisfied. But she removed her finger from her succulent twat, swung from the bed, and went into the bathroom. She took a shower, gave herself a brisk rubdown, and brushed her teeth. Back in the bedroom, she sat at the dressing table and gave her long blonde hair the usual one hundred strokes with the hair brush.

She set the alarm clock, turned the light out, remained naked, and crawled under the top sheet on the bed. She turned over on her side and tried to make her mind go blank, the way she usually managed to go to sleep right away.

But the mental pictures of the many erotic sights she'd so recently observed wouldn't go away. She finally turned over on her back and began fondling her breasts. The nipples got stiff just as soon as she touched them. Knowing that she should get to sleep as soon as possible, she only stimulated the hard tips for a few seconds before sliding her hands on down to her quivering cunt.

She slipped a finger into the hot hole and slowly moved it in and out of the moist and clinging flesh. Again she thought of cocks and cunts and the jism that'd spurting out of the long hose cock. Soon she was moving wantonly, drifting out and away from herself - caring for nothing except what was about to happen, thrilling as it did happen again and again and again...

Stacy's father usually dropped her off at school on the way to his office. He was a stock broker, but he also owned a great deal of rental property. He was well liked by just about everybody, Stacy knew, and she had guilty feelings at times because she liked him so much.

She'd read where it wasn't unusual for a girl to have a kind of crush on her father, especially when very young, but she felt that at sixteen it was time that she got foolish - and wicked - thoughts out of her mind. Not that her handsome father had ever given her any real reason for her to be attracted to

him in a physical way.

They'd been buddies ever since she could remember, and she knew that he'd always wanted a son, but he didn't actually treat her like a boy. He was proud of her as a girl, and showed it in many ways, but he never put his hands on her or anything like that. He did compliment her on her figure quite often when they were swimming in the pool, but he'd never made any wise cracks during the years she'd been filling out and losing her baby fat.

He was forty, and her mother was the same age, but they both looked much younger. He was tall and had broad shoulders and a slim waist. He looked great in swim trunks and what she'd heard called a "basket" was quite big. There wasn't any doubt about him being very well-endowed between his muscular legs - his body wasn't very hairy. He had blond hair and blue eyes.

Her mother hadn't been cheated in the looks department, either. She was also tall and had a very nice shape. Her hair and eyes were brown. Stacy liked her mother, but not as much as she did her father. Her mother had always been a little cool toward her, but she didn't think it was because she and her father were so close. Her mother was a little strange, really, and she'd stopped giving much thought to that fact.

Stacy didn't see Betty until the lunch hour. They usually ate lunch together in the school cafeteria. She worried all morning, not sure what she should say or how she should act after seeing Betty having sex with the pony, but she needn't have worried. Betty just laughed when she saw her and asked how she'd relieved her tension.

"With my finger, as usual," Stacy said, smiling, glad that what'd happened hadn't made it difficult for them to talk to each other. "I'm sorry that I hauled tail like that, Betty, but after watching the swappers and then you with the pony - well, I just couldn't take any more."

"That's okay," Betty said. "I understand and I'm just glad that you don't seem to be disgusted with me. You aren't, are you?"

"No," Stacy said. "As I said before, what you do is your own business, Betty, and I just wish that I had the nerve to let myself go like you can. In some ways, anyhow! I'm not sure that I could ever do anything like that with any kind of an animal."

"I know how you can really prove that you still like me no matter what I did or do, Stacy. How about double dating with me tonight? I'll get a couple of guys and we'll go to a drive-in movie."

Stacy hesitated, then said, "All right. Who will you get for me? I don't want some rough boy who'll paw me instead of watching the movie."

"Let me surprise you," Betty said. "I'll get an older guy. One around eighteen. Somebody with enough sense to treat a girl only as she wants to be treated. Is that all right?"

"I guess so," Stacy said. "Yes."

Stacy couldn't keep her mind on her schoolwork that afternoon. She'd seen many boys hanging around Betty, and knew that the sexy girl dated many different guys, but she kept trying to guess which one might be her date that evening. She'd had very few dates in her life; she could almost count the times she'd even gone to a school dance with a fellow, and she was nervous and excited at the same time at the thought of double dating with Betty.

She figured that Betty would at least do some hot necking and she didn't want to freeze up and sit

there like a bump on a log or some damn thing. Maybe she'd let her date at least cop some feels and maybe she'd even go further than that. If she liked him, of course.

Stacy also had trouble keeping her mind on her studies because of thinking about the exciting events of the night before. She'd masturbated herself to sleep, actually, and now she was just as sexy-hot as ever. It was a good thing that she wasn't like a boy, she thought. At least she didn't have to worry about her excitement showing in the classroom. She'd seen boys get erections and ask to be excused to go to the rest room. She'd always figured that they'd gone to masturbate. Or jack-off, as she knew it was usually called.

While thinking along those lines, Stacy decided that she'd do something that she'd never done before. She'd often gotten as hot as hell during school hours, but she'd always managed to wait until she got home. She wondered if she was becoming some kind of a sex nut, but that didn't keep her from raising her hand and getting excused.

There wasn't anybody else in the rest room. Stacy went all the way to the back and entered a stall. She slipped the lock bar into place and sat down on the toilet with the cover down. She was wearing a short, tight skirt, but she didn't think she dared take it off.

By spreading her legs she did manage to get her hand to her panty crotch. The panties were very tight and she decided to take them off when she had difficulty getting her finger between the brief garment and her inner thigh. She placed them on a handy hook and sat back down. She wasn't wearing stockings. She wished that she had time to play with her breasts, her already erect nipples, but she knew that she couldn't be gone from the classroom longer than a few minutes without taking a chance on being questioned.

She made sure that the hairs were parted back from her moist cuntal lips. A few times in the past she'd gotten careless in her haste to give herself satisfaction and a hair had entered with her finger. The hair had scratched the tender tissues and it'd been quite painful afterward.

Shoving a finger into her wet cunt, Stacy probed deep, clamping her inner muscles around the invader, hunching forward until her ass was on the very edge of the seat. Slowly finger-fucking herself, thrilling to the delightful sensations, she thought about how wonderful it'd just have to feel to have a hard prick sliding in and out of her tingling twat. Maybe she'd finally find the nerve to give it a try that very night!

She moved her slippery finger higher and flipped her erect clit. Maybe her date would use his tongue on her if she allowed him to. That'd undoubtedly feel great, super, and the fellows Betty dated probably performed cunnilingus without any qualms at all. A date would just about insist upon fucking her if he went that far, though, and by diddy damn she just might let him!

Betty had admitted to letting females as well as males go down on her. It was almost a sure thing that she sucked cocks, but did she also assume the aggressive role in lesbian sex? Maybe Betty would go down on her!

Stacy gritted her teeth to keep from moaning. She didn't think anybody had entered the rest room, but there wasn't any way that she could be positive of that without getting up and looking. It'd be embarrassing as hell to get caught frigging herself. Nobody could see her in the stall, though - except her feet and legs - and it'd just look as if she were taking a crap.

She'd stopped the movement of her finger while balanced right on the brink of an orgasm. She resumed her finger-fucking, probing deep, at the same time making contact with her stiffened clitoris. That passion-button seemed to be vibrating like crazy - and she closed her eyes and

hunched wildly as the blissful spasms began.

It took her a couple of minutes to recover. She started to wipe her finger on some toilet tissue. Looking at the wet digit, she wondered how her juices would taste. It wasn't the first time she'd been curious, but something about the fact that she'd seen both males and females lapping a cunt caused her to impulsively lift her glistening finger to her mouth.

The faint odor renewed her excitement. Feeling very daring, she jabbed the tip of her tongue against her rapidly drying finger. Unable to really taste anything that way, she licked some of the juice off. The vaginal fluids tasted both sweet and salty. Not bad at all, she thought, surprised that she didn't feel deprived for tasting her juices. She didn't think the experience was unique with her, though, and it wasn't like getting the fluids from another girl in her mouth.

Wiping her finger and her cuntal lips with tissue, Stacy flushed the toilet and put her panties on. She wasn't really satisfied, and after seeing all the action the night before she didn't think she'd ever really be satisfied from masturbating again.

Leaving the stall, and seeing that nobody had entered, or if they had that they'd left, she quickly washed her hands at one of the wash basins. She made it back to the classroom and her desk without comment from the young female teacher, so she knew that she hadn't been gone too long.

The rest of the day dragged, but she managed to do her usual excellent work, and was even complimented by her history teacher for an essay she'd written on the Civil War.

Stacy usually rode a schoolbus home. Betty was waiting for her with two boys. Or young men. Because they were both eighteen, Stacy knew, from seeing their names in the paper having to do with their exploits on the football field.

Betty introduced them as Phil and Al, but Stacy knew that their full names were Phil Townsend and Al Stewart. They were both good-looking, both muscular, and Phil had light-brown hair and eyes, while Al had dark hair and eyes.

It turned out that Al was to be Stacy's date that evening. Phil had a car, a late-model Chevy, and Betty said that the guys were going to take them home. Stacy sat in the back with Al and managed to keep up her share of the conversation with him, which was limited, and he didn't sit all that close or try to get fresh with word or deed.

Betty sat close to Phil as he drove, and they carried on an animated conversation in whispers. Stacy sensed that they were talking about her part of the time, just as she sensed that Betty had told Al that she hadn't been around much and to take it easy.

Stacy was dropped off at her house first and she promised to be ready at seven-thirty. She went for a swim in the pool before dinner and ended up eating alone. Her father called and said that he'd be late because of business and her mother had been drinking too much to even go to the table.

The cook-housekeeper served the usual good meal and Stacy didn't bother to apologize for her mother. She did a little homework, told her mother that she was going to visit Betty when it was time to go, and went out and stood on the sidewalk to wait.

Her father drove up before Betty and the two boys arrived. He stopped and she told him where she was going.

"That's great, Stacy. You should go out and have fun while you're young. I'm glad you've finally

decided to date. Your mother and I have worried a great deal about you not seeming to like boys, you know.”

“No, I didn’t know,” Stacy said. “And I wouldn’t say that I’ve ever disliked boys. It’s just that I’ve been more interested in things other than dating, I guess. Like horseback riding, jumping, and swimming, for instance.”

“Maybe I’ve monopolized too much of your time, Stacy. Is that the right word? Anyway, have a good time this evening and I’d better get on to the house and tell your mother to get ready for what I have planned for the night.”

“Mom’s drunk,” Stacy said.

“Your mother has her problems, honey. Or she thinks she has, anyhow. Maybe someday you and I can talk about it and I’ll be able to make you understand why she drinks so much. Have a good time, baby.”

Stacy’s father smiled, waved, and drove the car on toward the house. Puzzled, Stacy wished that she’d had time to ask some questions, but Phil and Al and Betty arrived - and her thoughts were turned inward as she wondered what her father would think if he knew just what kind of a good time she hoped to get the nerve to have that evening...

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

Almost from the moment Phil parked the car at the drive-in Stacy knew that seeing a movie was the last thing Phil and Betty were interested in. And the same was true of Al, she was sure. Because the speaker wasn’t even turned up loud enough to be heard.

She didn’t really care about that, though. It was a Western and she figured that to see one such epic was to see them all. Besides, by the way Betty and Phil had started necking it looked as if they might put on a much better show.

Betty was wearing a dress, as Stacy was, and Phil’s hand was already caressing Betty’s thighs where the hem had hiked high. Stacy leaned back and didn’t move away when Al moved close and put his arm over her shoulder. She turned her face toward him and he mashed his mouth against hers.

Al’s tongue darted out and licked back and forth across Stacy’s teeth and one of his hands grabbed a breast and squeezed. She pulled her mouth away and pushed his hand from the mound that’d instantly gotten taut-tipped and tingly.

“Take it easy, Al! I don’t even know you yet!”

“I’m sorry! I forgot about you being such an innocent kid! That’s the label Betty put on you, anyhow.”

Betty pulled her mouth from Phil’s and looked into the back. “Don’t come on so damned fast, Al. Give Stacy a chance to get in the mood, for Christ’s sake!”

“It’s more for Al’s sake,” Phil said, chuckling. “Come on, Betty. Give me the works. That should be enough to at least get Stacy in the mood for some harmless necking.”

Al had pulled away from Stacy, seemingly pouting, and Stacy was sorry that she'd reacted the way she had. It was mostly from habit. She'd liked Al's kissing, his mouth tasted of peppermint, but she'd always backed away from French-kissing with the few boys she had kissed.

There was a short silence, uncomfortable for Stacy, as she'd told herself that she wasn't going to be like she'd always been, and it was a little shocking to hear Betty say that she was really hungry for some cock.

Phil said, "There it is, baby. All primed and ready!"

Betty leaned her head over into Phil's lap and Stacy didn't resist the urge to move forward to the edge of the seat for a better look. There was enough light for her to see quite plainly. Betty was licking up and down on just about the entire length of Phil's thrusting cock.

There weren't any other cars parked close by - not on each side, at least - and Stacy felt that it was a good thing. She'd hate to be arrested on a morals charge. But she'd heard drive-in movies described as passion-pits so she guessed it was safe enough. If she could just stop being so afraid and force herself to become directly involved...

"God, but that feels great, Betty! You're a cocksucker from the word go, baby, and the best, but you'd better take it easy if you don't want me flooding your greedy mouth! Let me do you before I come!"

Betty had taken just about all of Phil's hard cock in her mouth and then had started sucking up and down on almost the entire length of the stiff shaft. Staring, fascinated, her own passion soaring, Stacy had felt Al move over beside her. He was also watching Betty suck Phil's cock, but he didn't touch Stacy with his hands.

Lifting her head, Betty settled back on the seat, her ass at the very edge. Phil slipped from under the steering wheel and got on his knees on the floorboard between Betty's legs. Betty pulled the hem of her dress up even higher on her thighs, lifted her ass, and quickly got the dress up around her waist. That left her lush lower body completely exposed, as she wasn't wearing panties. Talk about being prepared! Stacy thought.

Phil lowered his face and jabbed the tip of his tongue around her cuntal lips. Then he used his fingers to spread those puffy lips. Betty moaned as he licked up through her gaping gash. Stacy felt Al's hand on her lower thigh, the one nearest him, and she didn't pull away.

Phil mashed his mouth against Betty's cunt and she let out a little gasp. Stacy knew that Phil had shoved his tongue into Betty's pussy and she was sure that he was lapping and maybe sucking on Betty's clitoris.

Betty grabbed Phil's hair, his bobbing head, and dug her fingers into his scalp. Stacy could hear the slurpy sounds being made by Phil's mouth and tongue. She felt Al's hand sliding higher on her thigh, under her dress, and she didn't protest.

"I'm coming!" Betty suddenly blurted, lurching upward. "Oh, Stacy, you don't know how wonderful this feels or you couldn't keep from trying it!"

Stacy's inner cunt muscles were quivering. But she put a hand on Al's hand and kept him from moving it over to her crotch. She didn't want him to finger-fuck her. Not through her damp panties, anyhow!



Betty let out a series of little cries. She'd settled her ass back down upon the seat and was squirming while clutching at Phil's head. He was gripping her hips with his fingers. Betty sagged limply and when Phil lifted his head there was enough light for Stacy to see that his lips were glistening with Betty's cunt juices. He licked his lips and Stacy remembered that her own juices hadn't tasted bad at all.

"Can you fuck me without coming, Phil? If you can, put it in and give me a few fast strokes. Then I'll blow you and I won't be messy."

"That'll give me a chance to practice my self-control," Phil said, chuckling. "But I can't give you many strokes fast or slow without blasting off!"

While speaking Phil had been moving into position, aiming his poking prick at Betty's pussy. She used one hand to place the blunt end where she wanted it and then moved her hand out of the way. Phil shoved his hard cock all the way in with one quick motion. Betty gasped and Stacy allowed Al to move his hand over and cup her crotch. One finger scratched at her panties and she thought she was going to climax because of that comparatively simple contact.

Phil pumped for maybe thirty seconds and then withdrew. He moved quickly, flopping his ass down on the seat next to Betty, his cock thrusting stiffly and glistening with Betty's juices. Stacy fleetingly thought that there was more room in the back of the car, then wondered if she really wanted to use it. She guessed she'd let Al tongue her steaming snatch if he'd be satisfied to just do that.

Betty leaned over and took the wet cockhead into her mouth. She sucked furiously, slipping one hand inside Phil's pants and grabbing his balls. He grabbed her head within a few seconds, blurted out that he was coming, and lurched upward, jamming his cock deep into Betty's throat.

Stacy couldn't see much then, as Betty's head was blocking her view, but she knew that Phil's cock was spurting - and it was easy to tell that Betty was swallowing the sperm. Betty kept sucking until Phil pushed her away and Stacy could see that his cock was getting soft.

"I can't take much more of this, Stacy! You could at least let me get my hand on your twat and you could be a good sport and jack me off!"

Al's mouth was close to Stacy's ear and his breath was warm. He'd shoved his finger hard enough so that part of it and her thin panties were jammed between her pussy lips. She was actually nearing an orgasm. Before she could tell him that she was willing to remove her panties and let him tongue her, Betty turned around and spoke: "Stacy, you might hate me now for what I'm going to say, but I really believe that it'll help you and that you'll thank me later. I think that a degree of force should sometimes be used to break down a girl's puritanical morals and inhibitions so that she can learn to appreciate the delights of sex. Phil, get back there and help Al! And, Stacy, if you raise too much hell we'll kick your ass out and let you get home the best way you can!"

"I never did go for using force!" Phil protested. "I'm not about to rape anybody, Betty!"

Al pulled away from Stacy and removed his hand from her crotch. "I don't go for rape, either!"

"I don't want you guys to actually rape her," Betty said. "Hell, just work on her until she gets so hot she'll be willing and eager to do just about anything. If you give her a good going over I'll bet that she'll practically be begging for at least some tongue!"

Stacy didn't say anything. She didn't want to walk home. She hadn't brought any money with her and she didn't want to hitchhike. She was glad that Betty had taken charge of the situation, really,

because it made it much easier to accept what she wanted to happen. She sensed that Betty was using a little psychology just as she was sure that if she really raised enough hell nothing would happen to her and she'd be taken home.

Phil zipped his pants, got out of the car, and then got in the back. Stacy was in the middle. She leaned back and said that she wasn't going to fight but that she wasn't going to help, either. Betty told the boys to strip Stacy naked, adding that she'd keep a look-out.

Stacy was secretly glad that she was going to be naked. She wanted to have both of her throbbing titties sucked on at the same time. She was so sexy-hot she was ready for just about anything! She already felt as if she could start coming and never stop.

Al and Phil were very excited and therefore a little awkward, but they managed to get her dress off without doing it any harm. She moved helpfully to prevent just that, and was sure that if she didn't want to have sex she wouldn't have done that much.

As soon as they had her bra off, and she'd again moved her arms helpfully, Al went for one thrusting, hard-tipped breast and Phil went for the other poking mound. The sensation was just as wonderful as she'd thought so many times that it would be. Within thirty seconds after a sucking mouth and a lapping tongue made contact with each of her throbbing titties she was gripped in the throes of a blissful orgasm.

She moaned and squirmed her ass on the seat and dimly wished that they'd removed her panties and at least shoved a finger into her palpitating pussy. But they'd be doing other exciting things when they stopped sucking on her tingling tits - and in case they didn't, she'd tell them to!

Al moved his mouth to Stacy's mouth just before she stopped spasming. She returned his passionate kiss and even admitted his hot tongue. Then she sucked on the slippery oral instrument until he pulled it from her mouth.

Their hands had been roaming all over and her entire body seemed to be one great erogenous zone. Because each place that was touched caused her to react with blissful feelings of sexual pleasure.

As soon as Al pulled his mouth and tongue from hers Phil was right there to take his place. She returned Phil's tongue-probing kiss just as passionately, even though she'd sagged limply. She was still hot, even though she'd climaxed.

Phil returned to her throbbing breasts, kneading one spiked mound while he sucked on the other, and Al got on his knees on the floor and began tugging her panties off. She lifted her ass and then moved her legs so that he could peel the thin garment down and off.

Al got between her legs and began kissing and licking her inner thighs. She saw that Betty was watching, obviously with great excitement, and it dawned on her that she'd just kissed Phil and lashed her tongue with his and he'd recently had his tongue in Betty's twat. But she guessed that too much time had passed for the taste of Betty's juices to remain.

Stacy's thoughts were broken off as Al slithered his tongue between her moist cuntal lips and probed deep. She moaned and lurched upward as she thrilled to the truly delightful sensation. Al took the opportunity to slip his hands under and grab an asscheek with each one.

She dropped her buttocks back down on his hands and he kneaded her ass with his fingers as he tongue-fucked her. He swabbed the walls of her quivering cunt with the flat of his tongue and she started the mad dash toward another climax.

"It does feel great, doesn't it, Stacy! Al's damned good with his tongue, I know-and so is Phil, for that matter!"

Stacy didn't answer. She knew that the way she was hunching along with Al's mouth and tongue was answer enough. Besides, she didn't think that mere words could ever describe or do justice to the tremendously wonderful pleasure she was experiencing. She hazily wondered why the hell she'd waited so long to give in to her desires. And there was more yet to come! She wanted to be fucked by Al - and by Phil, if he could get another hard-on.

Betty had turned sideways on the front seat, her head turned, her eyes on Al's bobbing head. She reached out and rubbed the back of Al's neck with one hand. Her other hand was out of sight, seemingly in her lap, and Stacy decided that Betty might be finger-fucking herself.

Phil pulled his needy mouth from the hard-nippled breast he was sucking at the moment and asked Stacy if she was about to come. Almost at that same instant Al's tongue went to Stacy's stiffened clitoris. The lapping, and then the sucking as the lips clamped down and around on her elongated passion-button, caused Stacy to start lurching and bucking and wriggling through a thrilling orgasm.

That was answer enough for Phil. Keeping right on squeezing one of her throbbing titties, he lifted and mashed his open mouth to hers. He darted his tongue and she met it with her own. She probed his hot mouth with her tongue, then Phil's tongue was darting in and out of her mouth in practically the same rhythm Al's tongue was darting in and out of her twitching pussy. Again she sagged limply, and again she was still hot, even though she'd experienced just about the best climax ever.

Both tongues were pulled from the two places at about the same time. Al got out from between Stacy's legs and Phil went down on his knees. While Phil was getting between Stacy's legs Al was moving up onto the seat beside Stacy. She accepted Al's wet lips and then his tongue, getting a special thrill out of the taste and the fact that she was sucking on a tongue that'd just probed her cunt.

Phil licked her wet gash and sucked around on the outer cuntal lips. He even nibbled with his teeth before snaking his hot tongue into her equally hot twat. Al broke the passionate, tongue-probing kiss and moved his mouth down to one of her spiked breasts. Since she'd already had two delightful orgasms Stacy was able to coast along, enjoying the lavish oral attentions to the utmost, but no longer so deliriously passionate that she was half out of her mind.

"I hope you aren't angry with me, Stacy!"

There wasn't enough light for Stacy to see Betty's eyes, but she could see that Betty's expression was serious.

"No, Betty, I might be sorry later, but I'm not angry with you or with anybody else."

"That takes a load off my mind," Betty said. "Even if I was sure that if I told the guys to apply a little pressure on you it'd turn out this way. I guess you're ready to be fucked now."

Al pulled his mouth from Stacy's throbbing breast and said that it might be a little messy in the car. "Besides," he added, "I've never had the desire to pop a girl's cherry. I'm not even sure that I want to take the responsibility."

Phil pulled his mouth and tongue from Stacy's clit and cunt, lifted his head, and licked his wet lips. "I'm not going to force you to take me on, Stacy, but I'll give you your first fuck if you'll just tell me in front of these witnesses that you want me to."

Stacy was glad that Phil had stopped lapping her cunt. She'd been getting close to starting the blissful dash toward another orgasm and she didn't want to make such an important decision while she had a tongue in her pussy. Why shouldn't she go all the way? She wanted to feel a cock inside her cunt and she was no longer all that innocent, anyhow.

"I have a confession to make," Stacy said, suddenly wanting to be fucked more than anything she'd ever wanted in her life. "I really don't have a cherry. Oh, I've never had a cock jammed in there, but I've been masturbating for a long time and once I used a handle of a hair brush and got a little rough."

Phil chuckled and said that was what he called honesty. Then he said that since he was already in position he'd do the honors if it was all right with Stacy.

Al protested, saying that he was Stacy's date and that Phil had already fucked and been sucked off by Betty and that his nuts were starting to ache.

Betty said that it was only fair that Al got first crack at his date and that maybe Stacy would give them both a piece of ass.

Saying that he didn't mind taking seconds, and that it wouldn't be the first time he'd banged a wet pussy, Phil moved from between Stacy's legs. As Al quickly got down and took Phil's place, Betty told Stacy that maybe she'd better give a verbal okay so that there wouldn't be any yelling about rape later.

"Just so I don't have to take a cock into my mouth," Stacy said. "I don't think I'm ready to try that and I may never be!"

Al had been hurriedly lowering his pants and shorts. Stacy couldn't see his cock, because of the darkness and the position he was in, but Phil had lifted and was sitting beside her, his cock out in the open and stiffly thrusting. She decided that he must've taken it out while he was going down on her. She resisted the impulse to reach out and touch the poking organ, wondering if it'd feel as hard as it looked, then telling herself that once she'd actually been fucked she might lose the last of her inhibitions.

Stacy wasn't all that nervous once she made up her mind that she definitely wanted to be fucked. That was partly because she'd already had two different tongues in her cunt, she thought - and partly because when she made up her mind to do something she usually did it.

Al snuggled in close and told Stacy to shove her ass out a little closer to the edge of the seat cushion. She obeyed and that caused most of her weight to be on her back and shoulders. She thought about putting her hand down to do the guiding, but she hesitated too long.

"I'll take it easy," Al said, placing the blunt end of his stiff cock against the crack between her cuntal lips. "Not that I think I'm going to last very long!"

Stacy felt that she'd be melting and creaming almost as soon as her steaming snatch was penetrated. Al pushed and the crown slipped in. He left the swollen glans buried right there and she knew right away that she was going to enjoy the hard, hot cock a hell of a lot more than she had her finger or the various other objects.

Al shoved his prick on in, slowly and carefully, and Stacy couldn't keep from pushing forward to get more of it deeper more quickly. The sensation was truly wonderful. She felt his pubic hairs meeting and mingling with hers as his stiff shaft probed the very depths of her clinging cunt.

She didn't know how long his cock was, but he was hit

ting bottom. She clamped down on the hard flesh and muscle as she'd so often done on her finger. He groaned, pulled almost out, then pushed all the way in again.

Al had his hands on her hips and his upper body was upright. As he began making in and out thrusts, the slow movements causing little rippling waves of ecstasy to spread throughout Stacy's body, she began to hunch along with him.

"How is it?" Betty asked excitedly.

"Oh, it's great! Wonderful! Beautiful!"

Al quickened the tempo of his thrusts. Phil leaned on Stacy's nearest breast. Without missing a stroke, Al leaned over and began sucking on her other spiked mound. She saw that Betty had reached over and was stroking Al's humping ass. Stacy put one hand on Al's head and her other hand on Phil's head. She felt as if she might've suddenly gone to heaven.

She'd met Al's faster pace. He slipped his hands under, grasped her wriggling ass, lifted his mouth from her throbbing tit, and really began pouring it to her. She moved just as fast, wriggling her ass wildly, sure that he was about to come, just as sure that she was going to climax with him.

"Oh, God!" she exclaimed. "Oh, sweet Jesus!"

Phil lifted his mouth and tongue from her other throbbing tit, seemingly to watch. Betty was still stroking Al's pumping ass. Stacy felt Al falter, then go tense, his cock buried deep and jerking spasmodically. She felt the hot sperm spurt and she melted into a glorious climax. She clamped down on the spewing shaft and Al mashed his mouth to hers. But the passionate kiss didn't last long after they both became still except for Stacy's inner muscles twitching around the cock that hadn't lost its hardness.

Al started pumping again and Phil said, "Oh, no you don't, buddy-boy! It's my turn now! With your permission, Stacy!"

"Go ahead," Stacy said. "I think I've wasted enough time with my finger!"

Al had stopped his thrusts and pulled his stiff shaft out. He'd gotten a handkerchief from his pocket at some point. He wiped his cock and dabbed at Stacy's dribbling cunt before moving out of the way.

Phil had been getting to his knees on the floor and dropping his pants and shorts. One hand grasping the thick base of his poking prick, he placed the big head against Stacy's gaping gash. He shoved and his cock slipped in much easier than Al's had because of Al's deposited sperm. He went all the way in with one motion, balls deep, and his rigid rod seemed to be about the same length as Al's.

Stacy moved along with Phil when he started his thrusts, thrilling to the wondrous sensation, telling herself that she'd been stupid for waiting so long to start fucking - or getting fucked. It was the greatest, really, and now she could even understand why Betty had used the pony's big cock!

Phil didn't last all that much longer than Al had, despite the fact that he'd shot off in Betty's mouth. But when he tensed and his cock jerked spasmodically, spraying Stacy's clasping and clinging cunt with gobs of hot semen, she soared to another shuddering orgasm.

Betty had also stroked Phil's humping ass. Al, his cock still poking, had just watched. When Stacy

and Phil stopped their movements, both breathless, Betty said that she was as hot as hell and needed some fucking. Al said that he was ready, able, and more than willing.

Phil lifted his face from where he'd buried it between Stacy's breasts. "My folks aren't home, and I know they'll be away until at least midnight, so I suggest that we go where we can be more comfortable and continue this fun session."

Betty and Al both said that Phil had a great idea, then Betty asked Stacy if it was all right with her.

"I do need a bath or shower," Stacy said.

"Then let's haul ass," Betty said. "Hell, we might even turn this into a minor orgy!"

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CHAPTER FIVE

Fishing a handkerchief out of his pocket, Phil withdrew his limp cock from Stacy's overflowing cunt, wiped, then pressed the handkerchief between her legs. He pulled his pants and shorts up, and then climbed over into the front behind the wheel.

Clamping her legs together, Stacy quickly slipped her dress over her head and had it on, with a little help from Al, by the time Phil had gotten rid of the speaker and started the car. On the big screen, the good guy and the bad guy seemed to be having a showdown. Stacy wondered why they'd bothered to come to the drive-in in the first place until she thought about the fact that she probably wouldn't've gone to Phil's home not so many minutes before.

Well, she'd lost her virginity for sure now and she'd been fucked by two boys. Or by two young men. Their cocks seemed to be bigger than what was considered to be average so Al and Phil were both past the boy stage. At eighteen, she guessed, they were men, anyhow. They sure fucked like men. Whatever the hell that meant!

"I hope you aren't sorry I had the fellows put a little pressure on you, Stacy."

They were out on the highway. Betty had turned and was sitting sideways on the front seat. Al had tucked his cock away and hadn't made a move to touch Stacy after helping with her dress. She was holding her bra and panties in her lap, keeping her thighs clamped together to hold the handkerchief in place. She wanted to clean herself, but already she was looking forward to more exciting sex.

"I'm not sorry at the moment, Betty. Maybe tomorrow I will be, but I won't try to shove the responsibility for what I did off onto somebody else."

Phil said he never worried about the tomorrows, and always tried to live as if the next day might never come for him.

Saying he was a fatalist, and he was happy because fate had caused Betty to pick him to be Stacy's date, Al moved over close to Stacy and told her he wanted to be with her again.

Stacy didn't comment. She liked Al okay, and Phil, but she was mostly interested in the sexual pleasures she could share with them. She didn't want to start confusing sex with love - she was far too young to get serious about anybody - and the way she felt right then she wanted to sample many cocks. She wanted to become as carefree as Betty. She just might try out Pee-wee's big cock. If she

was going to try and be like Betty she might as well go all the way.

She turned her face toward Al and his parted lips were right there. She returned his passionate kiss, lashing her tongue with his, and enjoyed the way he fondled her taut-tipped breasts through the thin dress. If her cunt hadn't been filled with sperm, she would've asked him to either fuck her or suck her again right there in the car.

She knew some females liked to lap a semen-filled cunt, and she suspected Betty might even go that route, but she was sure Al would get angry if she suggested he go down on her – and she sensed he wasn't like Phil.

It wasn't very far to where Phil lived, and Stacy and Al necked most of the way. A few times she started to feel of his hard cock through his clothes, but she decided she could wait. She'd been waiting all of her life and she didn't want to be too bold. They'd all think she'd been lying about her lack of experience. After all, there hadn't been a maidenhead or any blood.

Phil lived in a large apartment building, but Stacy found out later there were stables at the back of the property. When Phil parked, Stacy told the rest to go on and get out of the car. They got out without asking any questions and Stacy wiped and blotted her wet pussy the best she could. She made a little ball out of her panties and bra, tucked them under one arm, and when she got out of the car, told Phil she had a present for him. He laughed, put the handkerchief in his pocket, and said he'd treasure the gift forever more.

The apartment was in the front, on the first floor, and was richly furnished. As soon as they were inside Phil told Betty to show Stacy the nearest bathroom. That told Stacy that Betty had been there before.

In the long hallway, Betty squeezed Stacy's upper arm and told her she was doing just fine. At the bathroom door, she then said, "You go ahead and freshen yourself, honey, and I'll go keep the fellows company. You can leave all of your clothes in the bathroom if you want to. We'll all soon be naked, anyhow."

Before Stacy had a chance to say she wouldn't show herself in the nude again before everybody else was in the same state, Betty took off back down the hall. Inside the bathroom, the door closed, Stacy decided not to take a bath or shower right then. If things worked out as she expected she'd just have to wash again.

Tucking her dress up around her waist, she found a wash cloth and washed her entire crotch at the basin. She paid particular attention to her cunt, both outer and inner lips, and probed the folds of tender flesh with her fingers. Satisfied that she was as clean as she could get, she wiped up the water she'd splashed on the tile floor with the cloth, then got a towel and dried herself.

She dropped her dress back down, kicked out of her sandals, left her bra and panties, and returned to the living room in her bare feet. The other three were naked and all were sipping beer. They were sitting on a couch, Betty in the middle, but they weren't touching – and both cocks were limber.

"We decided to wait for you," Betty said. "We thought since this is all new to you we'd let you tell us what you'd like to do."

There was an extra can of beer on an end table. Stacy didn't like to drink, but she decided she'd have one beer just to be sociable. Maybe it'd help her get over the sudden nervousness. Before walking over to get the beer, she whipped her dress off over her head and tossed it aside without looking toward the three.

When she turned, she was pleased as well as excited by the fact the two cocks had started to lift into erections. The beer had already been opened. She sipped, enjoying the way the three pairs of gleaming eyes flicked over her nakedness.

Deciding Betty wasn't going to mention peeping at the swappers, Stacy said since she was so new to everything, and hadn't gotten a good look at Betty sucking Phil's cock in the car, she'd just watch at first.

Telling Stacy to come over and take a close look, Betty slipped to her knees on the carpet and got between Phil's legs. She handed the can of beer to Al and told him to hold it and she'd blow him after she sucked Phil off.

"Not all the way," Phil said as Betty wrapped the fingers of one hand around his poking prick and moved her fist up and down. "The evening's young and I don't want to shoot off more than two more times."

Betty said she'd just put on a brief exhibition of the art of fellatio as she steadied Phil's stiff shaft by holding the thick base with a thumb and forefinger.

"Betty's fantastic when it comes to sucking a cock," Phil said. "Isn't she, Al?"

"She's the best," Al said as Betty squeezed Phil's balls and licked up along the underside of his rigid rod.

Stacy had moved close for a better view. Betty opened her mouth wide and engulfed the swollen glans. Stacy was already excited, just from seeing the two hard cocks and being naked herself. Knowing she could have just about any kind of sex she might want, her passion started building higher and higher as Betty demonstrated the technique of giving a blowjob.

Phil told Stacy if she decided to give it a try to remember it was possible to do harm with her teeth. He said Betty was twirling her tongue around and around while just sucking the head. When Betty began taking more of his cock, he reported that her tongue was still very active.

Stacy knew the glans was pushing against the back of Betty's mouth on each downward movement. Phil told her Betty was taking the crown right down into her throat, but he wouldn't advise a beginner to try it.

"Phil means you might choke and gag if you take too much the first time," Al said. "I've known some girls unable to take the hard meat deep without gagging each time they do it."

"Betty really has educated throat muscles," Phil said. He groaned and tapped Betty's bobbing head. "Right now she'd better stop proving it if she doesn't want me to shove her aid my throbbing disk! I don't want to come now, Betty!"

Betty lifted her mouth from Phil's thrusting cock, looked up at Stacy, winked, and got over between Al's legs. She went through the same performance on Al's rigid prick, and Stacy spent just about as much time looking at Phil's stiff and glistening cock as she did watching Betty going to town on Al's jutting shaft.

Phil said, "I guess you think we're doing a hell of a lot of talking, Stacy, but we're just trying to help you accept all sexual acts as a perfectly natural way of giving and receiving pleasure. Betty's enjoying herself, as you can see, and you know Al and I enjoy giving pleasure with our mouths and tongues. Why don't you go ahead and do what you want to do, baby?"

Stacy dropped to her knees before Phil. She got between his legs, her gaze focused upon his big hard cock. She liked the male smell. She felt a strange choking sensation in her throat. "I've never even touched a cock with my fingers," she said. "How long is it?"

"Just a fraction over seven inches," Phil said. "Al's is just a little under seven inches. I'm not bragging about fractions! Just stating a fact Betty discovered when she measured our cocks."

Stacy put her hand out and touched the thrusting organ. It was hard, warm, and smooth. It seemed she could feel it throbbing. She made a fist of her fingers and stroked up and down on the hard flesh and muscle. She saw Betty stop sucking Al's cock. They were both looking at her. She glanced up at Phil's face and he smiled.

"I'll warn you in plenty of time, Stacy. It might be better for you to stop sucking before I shoot off. If you find you don't like giving a blow job feel free to stop at any time."

Stacy realized she was still holding the can of beer in her other hand. She put it on the end table without stopping the up and down movement of her fist. She liked the feel of the hard organ in her hand and wondered if Phil would be content to let her jerk him off. She'd like to see the sperm spurt. But that wouldn't settle her curiosity about how the cock would feel and taste in her mouth.

Trying not to think, Stacy held onto the base of the rigid rod, leaned over, and kissed and then licked the big head. The flesh felt nice and velvety on her tongue and there really wasn't much taste. She enjoyed the smell drifting up from his crotch. She moved the hand that'd been holding the cold beer can to his heavy testicles. He let out a little gasp and she squeezed and fondled the sac gently, liking the way the balls slid around in the bag.

Stacy made her decision at that very moment. She opened her mouth wide and slipped her lips over the big knob. She began to suck very gently, remembering to keep her teeth from scraping, and kept lowering her head until over half of the stiff prick was in her mouth. She liked the sensation of sucking the cock. It seemed such a natural thing for her to be doing.

She liked the feel of the cock in her mouth. It was so hard and firm, but at the same time the swollen glans was so velvety-soft, and she even enjoyed the little moans or groans drifting down from above. She worked her sucking mouth up and down, up and down, taking more and more, even liking the feel of the stiff pubic hairs that began tickling her nose.

The knob hitting the back of her mouth and penetrating into her throat didn't cause her to gag. She suddenly wanted to feel the sperm spurting into her mouth, confident she'd be able to take the experience in her stride. She was very sexy-hot, her cunt was actually twitching, and she felt she'd have an orgasm if the semen did spray her mouth. What she'd do then, she didn't know, but she was so passionate she might even swallow the stuff - as Betty had done.

"I'm going to come, Stacy! You'd better stop!"

Stacy had felt the throbbing, the slight expansion, but Phil's loud words caused her to experience near-panic. What if she choked on the sperm? What if it tasted terrible? What if it made her ill?

She pulled her mouth from the hard flesh and looked over at Betty, still kneeling before Al and his thrusting tool. "I guess I'm a natural-born cocksucker," she said, managing a weak smile.

"There's only one way to find out if that's really true," Betty said seriously. "Why don't you go ahead and finish Phil off? He'll be able to get another hard-on for some fucking. And for some more sucking."

Stacy only hesitated for a few seconds. She could see Phil's poking cock making little jerking movements, and she wanted to see the sperm spurt, but she also wanted to suck the organ all the way off. She decided she might as well go all the way.

Stacy took a goodly portion of the big organ into her mouth once again, sucked greedily, and Phil put his hands on her head for the first time. She didn't mind - the fingers digging into her scalp even added to her pleasure.

After a very short time the cock jerked spasmodically. Phil lurched upward, driving the knob into her throat, and as the hot sperm shot out, she involuntarily swallowed. The sticky jism slipped right on down her throat very easily and as Phil let up on the pressure on her head, she lifted, and tasted the semen still oozing out. As she pulled her mouth and tongue from the rapidly softening cock, still swallowing, she decided the experience had been very enjoyable. She made a statement to that effect to the three interested listeners.

"In fact, I'm ready for some more of the same," she added with a little laugh.

"Finish Al off," Betty said, moving from between Al's legs. "After all, he's supposed to be your date, honey. There'll be more for me later. And for you!"

Stacy didn't hesitate about accepting Betty's generous offer. She quickly moved over and got into position to suck Al's thrusting cock. She caressed the smooth, hard, damp flesh, then held the shaft steady by grasping the base with a thumb and forefinger. She also gently squeezed Al's balls, finding them to be just a little bigger than Phil's nuts. She was sure there'd be more sperm, since Al had climaxed one less time during the evening.

Stacy licked up along the underside of Al's stiff cock, enjoying the act and the soft little moans that came from between his parted lips. As she twirled her tongue around and around the swollen glans she heard Betty speak to Phil.

"Get down there and give Stacy an extra thrill! Lapping her cunt should make your prick get up again in a hurry!"

Stacy waited until Phil was in position before she started sucking Al's cock. Phil got on his back and slipped his head between Stacy's legs. She spread her knees a little further apart and he reached up and around and grasped her buttocks. As he lifted and mashed his mouth against her palpitating cunt she lowered her mouth and engulfed more than half of Al's rigid shaft. Then, as Phil's tongue snaked into her steaming twat, and went directly to her stiffened clitoris, she began sucking greedily.

Al entangled his fingers in her hair and began making little hunching movements. She managed to take almost all of Al's throbbing tool while she hunched along with Phil's lapping. Then Phil got his lips on her passion-button and she knew that she'd be spinning off into a glorious orgasm in just a matter of seconds.

She sucked even more greedily, wanting to feel and taste Al's jism spurting into her mouth and throat while she was melting into a climax due to Phil's lavish oral attentions. And it happened just as she'd hoped it would. When her bubble burst, and she felt one of Phil's fingers caressing the crack of her ass during the moments of ecstasy, Al's throbbing cock jerked and jolted and spewed forth gobs and gobs of hot jism.

Al's cock did spurt out more hot jism than Phil's had. Stacy couldn't swallow it all. She pushed up against Al's tugging fingers until only the big knob was in her mouth. She took all she could and had

to let the rest run out and down Al's shaft.

When Stacy lifted her head to get her breath, Betty was right there to take over. Betty had gotten on her hands and knees on the couch. Stacy straightened her upper body and watched as Betty licked the sticky sperm from the cock that hadn't lost its stiffness. She felt Phil leaving her quivering cunt and getting out from between her legs. She wondered how it'd feel to have a cock shooting off in her mouth and another spurting into her pussy at the same time.

She glanced over and saw Phil's cock getting hard again, then was a little disappointed to see Al's prick dwindling even as Betty finished licking and lifted her head.

"I guess you are a natural-born cocksucker," Betty said, smiling. "Just like me!"

"As of the moment I'll wear the label with pride," Stacy said, hoping she'd never be sorry she was becoming just about as uninhibited as Betty.

Saying that she wanted to be fucked, Betty swung from the couch and got down on the carpet on her back. "Come on, Phil. Put the blocks to me and if you can hold your load long enough you can prong Stacy again. In fact, if Al can get a hard-on right away you can both start right out switching around while practicing your self-control. You do want to be fucked some more, don't you, Stacy?"

For her answer, Stacy got down on the carpet beside Betty and watched as Phil got between Betty's widespread legs. Betty put one hand down and guided Phil's stiff prick. Braced on his hands and arms, he slowly lowered and shoved his cock into Betty's cunt. Stacy was fascinated by the way Betty's cuntal lips clung to the shaft as it slowly disappeared.

Phil lowered his chest to Betty's big titties and began his thrusts. She wriggled her ass against the thick carpet and began hunching along with his masterful strokes. He slipped his hands under and grabbed her ass. She wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled his mouth to hers.

"Seeing a couple fucking really turns me on," Al said.

Stacy saw that Al had gotten to his feet and was standing near her feet, his eyes flicking back and forth between her crotch and Phil's humping ass. His cock was almost totally erect again.

Stacy had the feeling she was going to stay turned on just about all the time from then on. She flopped completely over on her back, parted her legs, and said she hoped it was eating time again.

"It is," Al said chuckling and dropping to his knees. He blew his breath on Stacy's gaping gash. "First I'll suck and then I'll fuck."

Al didn't go directly to Stacy's cunt with his mouth and tongue. He lifted her legs up by putting his hands behind her knees, spread her out wide, causing her asshole to be exposed to his greedy gaze. Even before Al made his move, Stacy knew what he was going to do and her passion surged in anticipation.

He jabbed his tongue against her puckered anus and she gasped. He pushed against the tight ring, and over an inch of his hot tongue snaked in. The pleasure was intense. She moaned and squirmed heatedly as he tongue-fucked her tight asshole, driving his stiffened tongue deeper and deeper.

She wasn't too disappointed when he soon ceased the intimate oral act, because he licked the flat of his tongue up through her twitching cunt and began lapping her stiffened clitoris. He didn't perform that exciting oral act for very long before moving his thrusting prick into position for the

penetration.

Al let Stacy guide his hard rod into her palpitating pussy. He shoved in deep and she felt his balls slap against her saliva-wet asshole. When he started slow in and out thrusts, she wrapped her legs around his waist and matched his steady pace with fucking motions of her own. And she returned his passionate, tongue-probing kiss when he glued his mouth to hers. She enjoyed the slight taste of her own cunt juices.

Soon they broke the torrid kiss and Al braced on his hands and arms while pounding away. Stacy saw that Phil had also lifted his chest from Betty's big boobies and was pumping away in just about the same tempo Al was pistoning his prick in her tingling twat.

Betty looked at Stacy, her dark eyes blazing. "I've already had one wonderful climax and I'm getting close to another one. How about you, honey?"

"I'm almost there," Stacy said, sure her own eyes and face were registering the wondrous pleasure she was experiencing. "I've been holding back because I was afraid I'd make Al come."

"Go ahead and make it," Al said, beginning to pump faster. "I can hold back without much trouble. Besides, I'm so fucking horny I think I might even be able to blast off two or three more times tonight!"

Already balanced right on the brink, Stacy began bucking and wriggling wildly. She was dimly aware of the slap-slap sounds being made as she and Al fucked furiously. She was caught up in the throes of a blissful orgasm and she didn't try to hold back the moans and little cries of pleasure.

When they stopped moving, Al's cock was still rock hard, even though Stacy had practiced using her inner cunt muscles. Phil suggested that he and Al switch around while Stacy rested. Stacy said that was all right with her, then added she didn't want any rest.

Phil didn't give her time to rest. As soon as she'd guided his stiff shaft into her succulent snatch, he grinned and said he aimed to please, then started pronging her fast and furiously. She answered him thrust for thrust.

Stacy didn't try to keep track of the many climaxes she enjoyed to the utmost; nor did she keep a count on how many times Al and Phil shifted back and forth between her and Betty.

Finally, when Al and Phil both announced they were getting dangerously close to an ejaculation, Betty said that she was in a generous mood and was willing to let Stacy have both loads. Stacy was glad to hear Betty's words, as she'd been hoping for such a break, and she thanked Betty for her generosity. Betty smiled and said maybe she'd ask Stacy to grant her a special favor at some future time.

Al was fucking Stacy at the moment, and Phil was pronging Betty. Phil withdrew from Betty, got on his back and said he'd take a blowjob, since he'd climaxed one time less than Al and would probably be able to last longer while being sucked.

Pulling his stiff cock from Stacy's cunt, Al got out of the way so she could suspend her face over Phil's poking, glistening rod. When Al positioned himself behind Stacy's uplifted buttocks, Betty asked if she wanted to try corn-holing.

"No," Stacy said, remembering how good the tongue had felt probing her tender asshole, but afraid there'd be too much pain to have a cock shoved into the tiny opening.

Stacy waited until Al had his cock in her cunt before she leaned over and took more than half of Phil's cock into her mouth. Only then did she realize she was tasting the juices from Betty's cunt. The taste was about the same as her own juices, and the idea wasn't at all repulsive, so she sucked just as greedily and with as much pleasure as she would've had the throbbing prick been recently washed.

The next couple of minutes went by much too quickly for Stacy. Sucking one cock while being fucked by another was really the greatest, she thought many times, and she had an entire series of shattering orgasms when both cocks spurted hot jism at the same time. She swallowed all of the sperm gushing into her mouth, and clamped down on the cock jerking and flooding her spawning cunt.

And as both cocks became limp, she wished the delightful pleasure was just starting, then wondered why she'd been so stupid as to waste so much time before experiencing the joys of sex with a partner - and partners.

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## **CHAPTER SIX**

More time had passed than Stacy had realized. Since there was school the next day, and Phil was afraid that his parents might come home a little early, they decided to call it quits after they'd all taken a turn in the bathroom.

Stacy would've gladly had more sex, but she didn't mention that fact - realizing that Al and Phil were both pooped, anyway - and when she got home she went right to bed. Her parents weren't home, for which she was thankful, as she was afraid that they'd be able to take one look at her and be able to tell that she'd been sexing it up like crazy. She thought about the thrilling sexual experiences for a few minutes, discovered that she was sexually satisfied for the first time since she'd first started masturbating, and soon drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

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Stacy didn't feel guilty until the next day when she saw Betty during the lunch hour. She hadn't seen Al or Phil, and didn't happen to see them all during the day. Something about seeing Betty caused Stacy to feel guilty as hell. She impulsively confessed her feelings to Betty and Betty said it was probably natural to be a little upset.

Betty told Stacy she'd been high on sex, there'd been many firsts for her, and she was having second thoughts because of some of the stupid things she'd been taught.

"I think I know how to make you feel better about the whole deal, honey."

"How?" Stacy asked, hoping that Betty could make her feel better.

Betty said she'd heard her parents talking that morning. There was going to be a swap party that night where they could have a perfect view. She'd peeked there many times and had observed orgies.

"Maybe seeing how a bunch of married adults sex it up like crazy will make you realize you're far from being unique where your sexual desires are concerned, Stacy. Don't tell me you didn't have a great time last night."

Stacy said she guessed she'd just have to get used to what she'd become, and Betty told her she'd just changed from an innocent girl into an experienced woman.

"All females must change eventually, Stacy, so why don't you just consider yourself lucky for having the guts to do what you wanted to do? You will go with me to peek at the swappers tonight, won't you?"

Feeling better just from talking to Betty, Stacy said she was already looking forward to peeking that evening.

Stacy didn't have many guilty feelings during the rest of the day. She knew that she was gradually accepting what had happened, and what she'd enjoyed so very much, and she also knew that she wouldn't really change anything if she could.

Her mother and father went out that evening shortly after eight o'clock. A few minutes later she took off for Betty's house. Betty's parents weren't home. She invited Stacy in for a beer or a Coke, but Stacy declined, saying that she wasn't thirsty.

Actually, the little gleam she could see in Betty's dark eyes made Stacy a little nervous. She'd sensed before that Betty wanted to have sex with her, but she didn't think she was ready to try the gay stuff. She didn't think she'd ever want to try the aggressive role and she didn't want to chance losing Betty's friendship by getting into a situation where she'd have to refuse. She'd also decided that she'd better not have anything to do with Betty's pony. That was a little too far out, in her opinion, and she didn't even want to watch Betty making it with Pee-wee again.

Stacy and Betty were again dressed in sweaters and jeans. Betty had also told Stacy to wear tennis shoes and to be ready to do some climbing. The big home where the sex party was being tossed was about a mile from Betty's home. They made it there without incident and without much talking. Stacy felt that Betty was being unusually quiet, but she figured that was because she'd turned down the invitation to enter and have a drink. She decided that if Betty came right out and asked for some sex action she'd at least let the pretty girl go down on her. She'd read that just about everybody had some kind of homosexual experiences at some time or other.

There were quite a few cars in the parking area near the house. Betty took Stacy's hand as they cautiously approached and said that she would qualify as a cat burglar or some damn thing because of the fact that she'd done so much prowling while spying on the swappers.

There were quite a few cars in the parking area near the house. There was a double carport attached to one side of the house. Betty led Stacy to a tree in back of the carport. Stacy watched Betty easily climb the tree, using the branches that were growing fairly close together, and then didn't have much trouble joining Betty on the almost flat roof.

Betty got down and crawled to a window from which light was shining. Stacy got down on her hands and knees and followed, soon finding that by getting flat on her stomach she had a perfect view, looking down into a big room.

"Isn't this great, Stacy? We don't even have to be all that quiet. The people down there can't hear us with the window closed, and I don't think we could be seen even if somebody happened to look up here. I think this is just a pane of glass to let light in, really, and I've finger-fucked myself many times while watching the action down there!"

There looked to be at least ten couples, all naked, some fucking or sucking, and they were just a bunch of naked bodies at first. Then Stacy failed to suppress a little gasp as she recognized her own

mother and father. They were sitting on one of several couches, side by side, both naked. They weren't doing anything, just watching some of the sexually active couples, obviously with great interest and excitement, and her father's cock was thrusting stiffly. It had to be all of nine inches long!

"My parents are also down there," Betty said. "My mother's over there on the far side of the room, down on the carpet, being fucked by the guy with red hair. There's my father on the couch to the right fucking that blonde. You know my folks, but I just thought I'd remind you they're also swappers."

When Stacy remained silent, Betty went on to tell that she'd been sure Stacy's parents would be at the party. She said she'd seen them at many swinging parties and she'd thought it might help Stacy to accept her desires if she saw her own parents in action.

"Remember when I told you the other night while we were peeking that adults, and people in general, tend to behave pretty much the same with their clothes off? I wanted to tell you then about your parents being swappers, but I was afraid you might not believe me. Maybe I shouldn't've let you find out like this, but since I did I hope you aren't angry with me."

"Why should I be angry?" Stacy asked, her eyes going back to her father's big poking prick after glancing at Betty's mother being fucked, then at Betty's father fucking the beautiful blonde.

She'd been shocked and surprised, and just a little sick to her stomach, when she'd first seen her own parents, but she was already adjusting to the unexpected situation. After all, she told herself, her parents had a right to live as they wished to live. They sure as hell couldn't say much about her if they found out about her sexing it up. And, by God, she was really going to have herself a sexy good time from then on!

Two naked women were standing at a portable bar. Stacy noticed them when they finished their drinks and swayed over to her father and mother. They were attractive, very well-stacked, looked to be in their late twenties, and their breasts jiggled as they moved the short distance. Stacy was surprised because her mother didn't have a glass in her hand.

One of the females dropped to her knees between Stacy's father's muscular legs and began caressing his erect cock; the other one got down between Stacy's mother's lovely legs and began caressing the furry mound. Stacy felt the heat building and spreading from her own loins.

Betty told Stacy her father really had a beautiful cock. Stacy silently agreed. She also agreed when Betty said her father was very handsome, and her mother was very lovely.

"Not that I don't feel the same way about my parents, Stacy. They're both very well-preserved, and my dad has about eight inches of lovely cock. I'll bet your father's is at least nine inches right now. I've seen him use it many times and he's really a long-lasting stud. Just as my dad is."

Stacy had always been proud of the way her parents looked. At forty a person wasn't exactly over the hill, but her mother and father could both pass for being much younger. She was suddenly glad they were swappers. She wanted them to enjoy life, it was nice to discover they were seemingly happy in a sexual way, and there was also the fact she felt more free to indulge in her own desires and lustful wishes now that she knew their secret.

The woman kept the fingers of one hand clasped around Stacy's father's long shaft, leaned over, and began licking the big knob. The other woman buried her face between Stacy's mother's thighs and Stacy could see the passion registering on her mother's pretty face. Her mother had also put both

hands on the bobbing head.

There wasn't really much to see when cunnilingus was being performed, Stacy thought. But since she'd experienced the joy of having her cunt and clit lapped and sucked - by two males - she could easily imagine just how much pleasure her mother was receiving from the intimate oral act. She remembered reading somewhere that a female could actually give another female greater pleasure in that fashion. Which made sense, as a female would naturally understand to a greater degree exactly what felt the best.

Stacy found herself spending most of the time watching her father and what was being done to his lovely poking prick. The pleasure he was experiencing was also registering on his handsome face. She felt that her wild thoughts were terribly wicked, but she couldn't keep from thinking that she'd like to be kneeling between her father's legs and paying homage to his giant cock!

"My father's about to get his gun!" Betty exclaimed. "Look at him hump that chick!"

Stacy pulled her eyes from her own father's thrusting cock and the tongue that was twirling around the swollen glans. Betty's father was furiously pounding his cock in and out of the bucking woman's cunt and their mouths were glued together. He suddenly tensed and Stacy knew that the sperm was spraying the innermost recesses of the cunt that was undoubtedly melting and giving out with secretions of its own.

A young woman was sitting on a straight-back chair nearby. She was playing with her own titties. As soon as Betty's father pulled his limp cock from the woman he'd just fucked, and flopped over on his back, the "watcher" quickly dropped her hands from her own jutting breasts and slipped down and began licking the cunt juices from his soft prick.

As soon as she'd finished that seemingly pleasant task she moved over and began going down on the woman with the sperm-filled pussy. Stacy was fascinated by that act, thinking that the greedy female was really a sperm-happy wanton.

"My mother's making it now!" Betty exclaimed. "God, but I wish I had a hard cock pounding away in my hot snatch right now!"

Stacy saw that Betty's mother was indeed bucking and lurching through a climax under the furiously pumping husband of another woman, then returned her attention to her own parents and their lustful partners. She also wished that she had a stiff prick fucking away in her steaming pussy - and she didn't feel all that much shame as she went a little further and thought about how wonderful it'd probably feel to have her father's long cock pronging her twitching twat. Or slipping in and out of her mouth and deep into her throat!

The woman had started sucking and was taking a surprisingly great amount of the hard flesh and muscle on each downward movement of her head. She was also fondling the heavy balls with one hand, and it seemed as if she were running a finger under now and then and probing at the anal opening. Stacy remembered how thrillingly sensational it'd been to have a tongue probing and penetrating her tiny asshole.

Stacy saw that her mother was having an orgasm, clutching at the bobbing head and hair, lurching and wriggling, then suddenly going limp. The woman lifted her face, licked her wet lips, and quickly got down on the carpet on her back. Stacy's mother quickly recovered and followed, suspending herself over the naked woman's lush body, mashing her mouth against the wet lips.

The passionate kiss only lasted for a few seconds, however, and then Stacy's mother was feasting



upon the woman's poking titties. That lavish worship didn't last long, either. Soon Stacy was watching her mother kissing and licking the woman's inner thighs, then licking and snaking her tongue between the puffy cuntal lips.

Really shocked to see her mother engaged in aggressive lesbianism, Stacy glanced at her father's handsome face. She could tell that he'd observed her mother performing cunnilingus many times. She remembered his words about someday telling her why her mother had problems and drank too much. Could that be the problem? Or one of them? But why should that be a problem when he obviously didn't mind that she was a cuntlapper? It couldn't be that her mother was an all-out lesbian. After all, there'd been some fucking to bring Stacy into the world. Not that that really meant anything. Maybe her mother just tolerated men.

A few minutes later Stacy saw proof that her mother also enjoyed being fucked. A naked man, his stiff cock swaying, walked over, got down behind her mother's uplifted buttocks, and shoved his hard cock into her pussy. Hunching along with the pistoning prick, Stacy's mother's head bobbed faster as she lapped and sucked the wriggling woman at a faster and more furious pace.

"Your father's really a long-lasting stud," Betty said as the woman lifted her mouth from Stacy's father's huge tool. "That horny woman's having to rest her jaws and I'll bet that she's asking him to plug her pussy. I'd sure like to try and make his big prong blast off!"

Stacy, seeing the woman's lips moving in speech, thought a little wildly that she'd also sure like to take her father's beautiful cock - in her mouth or in her twitching twat!

"Will you do me a favor by letting me do you a favor, Stacy? I want to do to you what your mother's doing to that woman. You don't have to stop watching the action. I'll get on my back and do you like Phil did you last night."

Stacy didn't hesitate for one moment. If her mother could go down on a female it shouldn't be all that bad for her to let a female eat her pussy. Besides, she was so sexy-hot right then she felt that there wasn't much she wouldn't do - or much she wouldn't allow to be done to her.

She had to stop watching during the short period of time it took to help Betty get the tight-ass jeans down and off. They had to take the tennis shoes off to accomplish that, and then it was a simple task for Betty to peel the brief panties off and away. The roof was a little rough on her ass and she put her knees on her jeans when she got on her hands and knees to resume peeking.

The woman was down on her back on the carpet and Stacy's father was fucking her when Stacy looked again. Betty caressed and kissed Stacy's buttocks and said something about how firm and smooth the flesh was.

Betty slipped one hand under and gently stroked Stacy's cuntal lips with the tips of her fingers. She said she guessed Stacy had suspected she liked to go the entire gay route, but she'd already shown she wasn't an all-out lesbian. She guessed she was bisexual, with her main sex drive directed toward males.

"It's just something extra to enjoy, Stacy. I hope you aren't disgusted with your mother. She's like I am - and the way my mother is. My hot-ass mom likes to eat pussy, as well as have hers eaten, and I like to see her enjoying herself in all the ways."

Stacy had been watching her father's humping ass, and hunching along with Betty's caressing fingers. "You'd better hurry before I melt without any help from your mouth and tongue, Betty!"

Moving quickly, Betty pulled her hand from Stacy's quivering pussy lips, got on her back with her head between Stacy's knees, and grasped a cheek of Stacy's ass with each hand. Stacy gasped as she felt the hot breath and the equally hot mouth on her cunt. The slippery tongue darted in, swabbed the ways of her palpitating twat, then went to her stiffened clit.

"Oh, it feels so marvelous," Stacy said softly as the lips encompassed her passion-button and added greedy sucking to the lapping of the tongue.

Stacy was caught up in the throes of an orgasm within seconds. She quaked violently as racking spasms seized control of her body. She pressed her cunt down against Betty's face, mouth and tongue, moaning with pleasure, her vision blurring as the exquisite waves of ecstasy went on and on.

When the shuddering spasms finally ceased, and Stacy could once again see plainly, Betty lowered her head, but she remained between Stacy's knees and kept a firm grip on Stacy's buttocks.

"I don't mind telling you I creamed my panties, Stacy. I'll stay right here and do you again when you're ready. I know one quick climax didn't satisfy you, honey, and I also don't mind saying you taste good."

"Thank you," Stacy said, thinking she should say something. She didn't feel any shame or guilt, and she hoped such feelings would stay away forever. "And thanks for the favor."

"Any time, honey, any time. Tell me when you're ready to be lapped again."

Stacy felt she was ready right then, and that she'd always be ready for such lavish oral treatment - from males or females - but she didn't say anything. She didn't want to appear too greedy, too much like the sex-nut she was apparently rapidly becoming, and her attention was also focused upon the uninhibited, unrestrained erotic activities in the big room below.

Her father had pulled his big poking cock from the woman he'd been fucking and was on his back, his glistening tool still thrusting proudly. Another attractive naked woman was getting into position to mount him, and Stacy figured he'd fucked the first woman through at least one climax. Watching as the second female guided the stiff cock and slowly engulfed it with her pussy as she lowered her lush body, Stacy admitted to herself she'd like to be encompassing her father's beautiful hunk of hard meat with her own hot cunt.

Stacy's mother had gotten on her back and a woman was going down on her, apparently feasting upon the sperm the man had deposited. Stacy realized that she'd had her eyes closed, or that her vision had been blurred, longer than she'd thought. The scene had changed from mostly couples engaged in various sex acts to a regular group-sex orgy.

A man straddled Stacy's mother's head and shoved his stiff cock at her mouth. She accepted it and began sucking as he made fucking motions, driving the rigid rod deep into her throat on each downward plunge. A woman straddled Stacy's father's head and lowered her cunt down over his face. He grabbed her ass and began eating her. The woman bouncing up and down on his cock jabbed her tongue into the crack of the other woman's ass.

Soon Stacy could see that the man's cock was shooting off in her mother's greedily sucking mouth. She could tell that the man had one hell of a big load, because the sperm dribbled out of the corners of her mother's mouth. When the cock was removed, soft and limp, another woman was right there, licking the jism from Stacy's mother's lips and chin. Then they were kissing and Stacy's mother was lurching and bucking under the other woman's mouth and tongue.

Both women left Stacy's father at the same time. His cock was still poking toward the ceiling, glistening with cunt juices, and he licked his wet lips. A woman sitting on a nearby couch, being tongued by a kneeling woman, pushed the bobbing head from between her legs and went over and mounted Stacy's father. The rejected female went over and settled her cunt down over Stacy's father's mouth.

Stacy let her eyes wander around the huge room. Three women were locked in a tight little circle, going down on each other, and three men were corn-holing them. A man was fucking a woman dog-fashion while she sucked another man's cock. Another woman was down behind the man, licking his ass and his balls, now and then taking a swipe with her tongue at his wet cock during the short period of time it was being lifted out of the clinging cunt.

Betty began lapping Stacy's cunt without being asked. Stacy hunched along with the oral greediness and decided she might give cunnilingus a try some time. Her mother, Betty, and most of the swapping wives seemed to enjoy the intimate erotic act very much, and there was an old saying about not knocking anything until it'd been tried.

After a couple of minutes of bliss produced by Betty's lapping tongue and sucking lips, Stacy had a shuddering spasmodic orgasm so intense she almost passed out. She lowered and ground her spasming snatch against Betty's face until the greedy girl had to pinch and slap her ass to make her stop.

As soon as Betty had pulled her head from between Stacy's legs, she said, "I think I'm going to have to haul ass right now, honey! I guess you know I'm really steaming, and I don't want to finger-fuck myself when in just a few minutes I can be bouncing on the end of Pee-wee's stiff cock!"

"Maybe I'll do some bouncing on your pony's cock," Stacy said. "Even though I think I'd rather bounce on my father's big beauty!"

"You're coming along fine," Betty said, laughing low in her throat. "Yes, honey, you're really coming along fine."

Stacy wondered what Betty would say if she knew she'd just about made up her mind to try eating pussy...

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CHAPTER SEVEN

While Stacy was getting dressed she noticed that Betty spent more time looking at her than through the window. As soon as Stacy had her panties and jeans and tennis shoes on, Betty started for the edge of the roof and the tree. Stacy followed without peeking at the swappers again.

Vicarious thrills were fine, and they gave a lot of pleasure, but the real thing was far better. Besides, she told herself, if she looked at her horny stud of a father and his big cock much longer she might become nutty enough to go down and try to join the swapping party.

She didn't really think that she'd do such a rash thing, and she didn't intend to let her parents know that she knew about their secret life - supposedly secret where she was concerned, anyway - but she did have some more exciting thoughts about how she'd like to get a crack at her father's cock.

Stacy and Betty jogged without speaking until they got to Betty's house Betty then jokingly said she was so thirsty she and Pee-wee would both just have to wait while she had a beer. Stacy said she'd

take a beer, then went to a downstairs bathroom while Betty went to the kitchen.

Pushing her jeans and panties down around her knees, Stacy cleaned her crotch at the wash basin. Feeling refreshed but still horny when they were in the living room drinking beer, Stacy told Betty seeing her mother and father in action had helped her get over her feelings of shame and guilt.

Saying she was glad her plan had worked out, Betty then wanted to know if Stacy was upset because of the sex they'd had. Stacy said she wasn't, and was glad she'd learned to enjoy still another sex act.

They were still standing, each sipping from a can of beer. Betty said she'd like to go down on Stacy again, right there, with all their clothes off, before she went out to make it with the pony. Stacy said she liked the idea very much.

"Great! Take your clothes off and I'll be right back. I did cream my panties, you know, and I feel sticky down there."

Stacy was naked and trembling with anticipation when Betty returned. Betty was also naked. Stacy had finished her beer, and Betty had gotten rid of her can. They stared at each other for a moment, then Stacy silently dropped to the thick, soft carpet.

Betty just as silently followed, her mouth and tongue going to one of Stacy's breasts, one of her hands cupping Stacy's furry mound. Stacy's nipple jumped to attention under Betty's jabbing tongue and sucking mouth. Little electric-like shocks of pleasure darted down to her cunt even before Betty's finger invaded that quivering hot box.

Going over to Stacy's other spiked tit, Betty feasted just as greedily on that throbbing mound as she slowly finger-fucked Stacy's clasping and clinging cunt. Stacy squirmed heatedly, rotating her ass on the carpet as her passion soared.

Soon Betty began kissing and tonguing her way down across Stacy's trembling belly, tracing intricate little designs with her moistly parted lips and darting tongue. Her hands roamed all over Stacy's feverish flesh, finally moving around and under and clasping Stacy's wriggling buttocks.

Betty licked right on down through Stacy's curly blonde pubic hairs. Stacy spread her legs wider and lurched upward as Betty's hot tongue slithered between her equally hot cuntal lips. As Betty's tongue darted deep and twirled around and around in Stacy's quivering gash, Stacy hazily thought that she'd just about have to tongue Betty's twat. It was only right that she should return the favor. It wasn't fair to take and not give.

Stacy gasped as Betty's tongue made contact with her erect clitoris. As the gentle lapping began, which felt like butterfly wings fluttering against her unhooded organ, the soft lips got in on the delightful act. Stacy gave herself over completely to the joy of having her passion-button lapped and sucked.

Her hips raced with the glory of it; her fingers entangled in the silky-soft hair; her fingernails dug into the bobbing scalp. And she felt it happening, let it happen, soaring higher and higher, hanging there at the top, shuddering violently, exploding blindingly, all the while hearing her own soft cries of all-consuming pleasure echoing about the room.

When Stacy sagged limply, Betty lifted her face, her lips glistening with saliva and cunt juices. "Are you ready?" Betty asked softly.

Stacy understood. "Yes," she said, meaning it as much as she'd ever meant anything in her life.

Betty got on her back, her big breasts jutting majestically, her eyes closed, her lovely legs parted invitingly. Stacy decided that she'd start at the thrusting titties. She had an almost overpowering urge to return all the wonderful favors Betty had given her.

Getting on her hands and knees, Stacy straddled Betty's lovely nakedness, her face suspended inches above the big mounds of firm flesh. She leaned over and licked an already stiffened nipple. She balanced on one hand and arm and took the erect nipple between her lips. She began sucking, taking some of the surrounding sleek flesh into her mouth, enjoying the sensation, but mostly thrilling to the fact she was giving Betty great pleasure.

Soon Stacy moved her mouth and tongue over to Betty's other big, taut-tipped breast. She tongued and sucked that magnificent mound just as greedily, not minding it at all when she felt Betty's fingers entangling in her hair. Betty was squirming by then. Stacy was suddenly anxious to find out if she'd enjoy lapping a cunt as much as she enjoyed sucking a cock. She trailed on down to find out.

Stacy was surprised when Betty removed her fingers from her hair and her head. She sensed that Betty didn't want to put any pressure on her in case she decided she couldn't go through with it. Stacy did hesitate when she got to Betty's dark crotch, her mouth only inches above the moist cuntal lips. The delectable fragrance really turned her on, and a mental picture of her mother eating pussy flicked through her feverish mind as she lowered her mouth to the soft, warm slit.

Kissing, as she'd had her own pussy kissed, Stacy licked the flat of her tongue up between the hot lips, remembering how she'd been done by Betty - and the two young men. She shoved her tongue into the hot, wet hole. Her first thought was that the taste wasn't bad at all. The vaginal fluids tasted both sweet and salty.

Betty had spread her legs wide. Stacy used her thumbs to pull the cuntal lips far apart so she could lick deep inside the succulent twat. She swabbed the folds of flesh in the manner she liked to have her own swabbed. Betty's ass was squirming against the carpet, and soft little moans were drifting down to Stacy's ears.

Stacy moved her tongue until she made contact with Betty's clitoris. That bud-shaped organ was stiffly erect. Stacy began lapping the elongated passion-button, again doing as she'd been done, thinking dimly it was like lapping at a mini-pecker. She burrowed deep enough to get her lips around the slippery clit and began sucking. She also moved her hands around and under and grasped Betty's wriggling ass. The flesh was firm and sleek.

Feeling Betty's fingers return to her hair, her head, Stacy sensed Betty would be melting into an orgasm very soon. She quickened the tempo of her lapping and sucking, experiencing almost the same sense of power she'd felt while blowing Al and Phil. The fact she was giving such great pleasure gave her most of her pleasure, even though something about performing cunnilingus had her balanced right on the brink of a climax.

She was glad when she heard Betty tell her to twist herself around. She did so, walking around on her knees without breaking contact with Betty's clit, and soon she was thrilling to a sensational sixty-nine. She lurched and wriggled through a spasmodic orgasm at the same time Betty spasmed. And when they pulled apart, and Betty turned around and mashed her wet mouth to hers, she returned the passionate, tongue-probing kiss without the slightest bit of shame, guilt, or embarrassment.

"That wasn't so bad, was it, Stacy?"

"It was great," Stacy said, meeting Betty's dark, smoldering eyes. "I'm happy to report I'd prefer a cock, though."

"Me, too," Betty said. "And there's one waiting out in the barn!"

"I was thinking of a human cock," Stacy said. She smiled. "However, since I've tried just about everything else, I might as well go sample Pee-wee's big prick!"

They decided they wouldn't get dressed. Betty went upstairs and got two bathrobes for them to slip on while making the short trip to the small barn. Stacy left her clothes in the house, sure she'd be ready to go home before Betty's parents returned from the swapping party.

They took the robes off as soon as they were inside the barn with the light on and the door closed. Betty said she'd washed Pee-wee's cock late that afternoon. She then went on to say she would've ripped off a piece then if she hadn't been afraid of getting caught by her mother or father.

"I'm glad you're taking it so well about seeing your folks with the swappers, Stacy. I know it was a shock seeing them fucking and sucking."

"It really isn't any of my business how they live," Stacy said. "I'm not sure I liked the crazy thoughts that popped into my mind when I saw my father's big cock, though."

Betty climbed into the loft and began pitching hay down. She leaned on the pitchfork handle now and then, though, and talked while resting. She told Stacy she didn't think incest would be all that bad. She felt it was just another rule many people broke without any harmful effects. There was an old saying about how the thought was the same as the deed and if it were true she'd already tasted the forbidden fruit.

"Meaning, you aren't alone in having incestuous thoughts, Stacy. I know I'd like to make it with my father and I imagine if the truth were known he'd like to have sex with me."

Watching as Betty came down the ladder, Stacy said she thought she'd draw the line when it came to incest. She wasn't sure she was telling the truth, though.

"I'd like to make it with your father," Betty said. "And with your mother."

"Maybe it could be arranged, Betty. I don't think either one of them would turn you down if you just came right out and told them what you wanted."

"You can never be sure how people are going to react to anything," Betty said. "It's especially true where parents and their children are concerned. I'm afraid if I tried to put the make on either your father or your mother they might try and keep you from seeing me."

"Maybe so," Stacy said, deciding she wasn't ready to let her parents know she knew about the swapping. Or the gay stuff where her mother was concerned. They might be embarrassed enough to want to send her away to a private boarding school.

Betty left Pee-wee in his stall and started using the fresh hay to construct a makeshift bed under him. Stacy helped, still not sure she was really going to have anything to do with the pony's prick.

After the hay was stacked high enough, and the blanket was spread over it to prevent scratching, Betty began playing with the pony's big balls. The cock slowly slipped out of its sheath. Stacy was standing nearby. Betty told her to touch the prick. Stacy did. The hard flesh and muscle felt hot and

silky-smooth.

“Do you want to try it, Stacy?”

“No. Not now, anyhow. You go ahead.”

Betty got into position on her back, her knees lifted and spread wide. She grasped the long cock with both hands, about ten inches from the blunt end. She wriggled her ass, seemingly to get more comfortable, and guided the knob between her cuntal lips. She hunched upward, taking three or four more inches, then settled her buttocks down until only the head was embedded. She repeated the thrusting motion a few times, then stopped, leaving only the head buried again.

“I know you’re as hot as a furnace from just watching, Stacy, so why don’t you get where I can eat you while I’m getting my jollies?”

Stacy was willing and eager to be tongued, but she didn’t know just how to go about getting into position for Betty to perform cunnilingus. She told Betty and Betty laughed and told her to use her imagination. Stacy hesitated, then ducked down under the pony and got on the makeshift bed by straddling Betty.

Facing the long cock, and Betty’s penetrated pussy, Stacy lowered her own cunt down over Betty’s face. Betty took her hands from the cock, moved them around until she was clasping Stacy’s buttocks, then told Stacy to hold the pony’s prick steady with her hands.

Betty’s words were muffled, her breath warm against Stacy’s gaping gash. Stacy followed the instructions as Betty tugged with her hands and probed with her slippery tongue. Holding onto the hard, hot, smooth shaft with both hands, thrilling to the hot tongue jabbing into her pulsing pussy, Stacy’s passion soared.

The pony’s cock wasn’t all that much bigger in diameter than some human cocks, Stacy thought. Her father’s had looked to be almost as big around. Betty’s cunt was taking the thickness easily enough, and Stacy was sure her cunt could too.

Realizing she’d made up her mind to take on the animal’s cock, or a goodly portion of it, Stacy was suddenly eager to get on with the fucking. The tongue darting around in her cunt felt great, and it was exciting to watch Betty fucking herself on at least eight inches of the pony’s thick shaft, but she remembered how wonderful it’d felt when she’d been fucked by Al and by Phil. If the pleasure increased in accordance with the size, then Betty was really having herself a wonderful time!

Stacy could tell when Betty got close to a climax. The pretty girl hunched and wriggled faster, took a little more of the big cock, and lapped Stacy’s cunt in a faster tempo. Stacy knew she could come right away, but she held back. She wanted to be fiery-hot when she took on the pony’s prick.

As soon as Betty stopped fucking, and Stacy saw that Pee-wee hadn’t ejaculated, Stacy let go of the hard organ and lifted her own steaming cunt from Betty’s greedy mouth. “I’m ready to give it a try, Betty.”

“You’ll really love it, honey!”

Stacy swung from Betty and the blanket-covered stack of hay. As soon as Betty moved, Stacy took her place. Betty grabbed the big cock and held it steady while Stacy actually did the guiding. When the hard head of the long cock touched her slippery slit, she pushed upward and the big knob slipped right in. She gasped and just let the hard, hot flesh soak in her quivering gash.

“Put your hands under and hold onto your ass, Stacy. I’ll hold the cock steady and it’ll be easier for you to fuck and control the depth of the penetration.”

Stacy followed Betty’s instructions and found the method worked great. By pushing upward with her hands while braced on her elbows, she was soon fucking up and down on five or six inches of the stiff rod. The pleasure was mind bending. Within seconds she was gripped in the throes of a shattering, shuddering orgasm. This was due partly to Betty’s very recent tongue-fucking, and partly to the fact the pony’s big cock stuffed her cunt so full, and when she was finally still she was happy to hear Betty’s words: “Go ahead and take another trip, Stacy. I want you to feel the jism spurting.”

Stacy began hunching and wriggling again, still using her hands on her buttocks to do most of the lifting. It’d been so fast the first time she hadn’t had time to think. As she fucked up and down on the pony’s prick, enjoying the blissful sensation to the utmost, she decided even though she was enjoying herself very much she’d rather be bouncing on a man’s stiff cock.

She missed the kissing and the feel of human flesh on hers. Fucking the pony was more like a form of masturbation. And, in a way, so was having sex with Betty. She’d felt a kind of detachment with Betty, as she did with the pony, but with Al and with Phil there’d been a oneness she’d truly enjoyed.

“I think Pee-wee’s getting ready to shoot off, Stacy!”

Stacy had already sensed the imminent explosion. She hunched faster, and thrust higher, taking eight, maybe nine inches of the throbbing tool, swiftly approaching a climax of her own. When the hot sperm spurted and sprayed her snapping snatch she spasmed through a shattering orgasm, not trying to stop the soft little cries that spilled from between her parted lips.

The jism overflowed and squirted out around her clinging cunt lips. When she was still, and the pony’s cock was becoming soft and pulling back up into its sheath, Betty wanted to know how Stacy had enjoyed it.

“Compared to a human cock,” Betty added with a little laugh. “I could tell you popped your cookies.”

“I liked Al’s and Phil’s fucking better,” Stacy said. “This was great, and I came like crazy, but I like a little kissing with my fucking. Besides, Pee-wee just stands there like a statue. Not that I expected him to say ‘thank you’ or some damn thing.”

“You can bet your lovely ass he enjoyed himself,” Betty said, giving out with a little laugh again. “It looks as if he’s had it for now, though. Let’s go to the house and take a shower.”

Stacy cupped her crotch with one hand and swung to her feet. There was a water faucet nearby, and by the time she’d cleaned herself the best she could, Betty had destroyed the bed made out of hay. They put the robes on and hurried to the house and an upstairs bathroom.

They squeezed into the shower stall, after Betty had found an extra bathing cap to keep Stacy’s hair from getting wet. They soaped each other, paying particular attention to each other’s breasts at first, then ended up fingering each other’s cunts. They were both soon sexy-hot again and Stacy was more than willing when Betty suggested they go to bed and have some fun. Stacy would’ve suggested it if Betty hadn’t – and wished it wasn’t too late to contact Al and Phil so she could have the kind of sex she liked best of all.

They rinsed off, dried themselves, and hurried to Betty’s room. Betty turned the light on and while she was pulling the shades over the windows Stacy stretched out on the bed. Betty opened a bureau drawer and took out a gadget Stacy had seen advertised in magazines. It was a cordless electric

massager in the shape of a cock. The ads stated it'd stimulate circulation and give fast relief from tension to all parts of the body, but Stacy was sure they were mostly used to penetrate and ease the tension in cunts.

Smiling brightly, her big titties swaying slightly, Betty walked over to the bed. "Did you ever see one of these, Stacy?"

"Only in pictures," Stacy said.

"I find this much more fun than diddling myself with a finger," Betty said, stretching out beside Stacy.

Hearing the faint buzz as the battery-operated vibrator was turned on, Stacy rolled over on her side and propped up on an elbow for a better view. Betty started running the cock-shaped massager over her own thrusting breasts. The nipples jumped to attention immediately, and Stacy felt her own nipples become erect just from watching.

"This feels just about as good as a tongue darting here and there," Betty said, spreading her legs wide. She began running the tip of the massager over her inner thighs and up and down her glistening cuntal lips. "You can use creams or oils on this lovely artificial pecked of course, but my juices flow so easily I can start right out with it dry. Personally, I like to turn the thing off until I get it in and then I turn on with it!"

The buzzing sound stopped and Betty slowly shoved the massager into her pussy. It was about seven inches long and just about all of it had been engulfed when she stopped pushing.

"Here goes!" she exclaimed.

The massager began vibrating and Betty's ass did a wild little dance on the mattress. She moaned and soon cried out she was coming. She lurched and bucked, jerked and jolted, then yanked the artificial cock from her cunt.

"Enough of that's really enough," she said breathlessly. "Are you ready to try it, Stacy?"

"Yes," Stacy said, feeling she was passionate enough to try just about anything.

Betty said she'd like to do the penetrating. Stacy said it was all right with her, and flopped over on her back. Betty got between Stacy's widespread legs and slowly inserted the massager with the motor turned off. The cock-like object made contact with Stacy's clitoris, and when the vibrations started, she thought she was going to pass out the pleasure was so intense.

She pushed against Betty's hands after she'd been vibrated through a series of orgasms. Betty pulled the artificial cock out and mashed her mouth against Stacy's quivering cunt. She lapped and sucked Stacy through another blissful orgasm, then Stacy went down on Betty. Later they did a sixty-nine.

Stacy told Betty afterward she'd enjoyed herself very much, but she'd prefer to have a human cock. She didn't mention that she was mostly thinking about her own father's big beautiful prick.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

The next day was Saturday. Stacy was glad for several reasons. Her father went to his office on Saturdays, so she didn't have to face him, and her mother had gone shopping by the time Stacy got up. Also, aside from the fact she enjoyed the days off from school, she and Betty had decided, after becoming temporarily sexually satiated the evening before, to get a group together and go for a horseback ride into the foothills.

They also decided to take picnic lunches and go to a lake for some swimming. Betty had said they'd undoubtedly go swimming in the nude, and the result would probably mean sex. Stacy, not sure that she wanted the kids in her set to know about her sexual activities, had mentioned it to Betty and Betty had said she understood and would pick a few boys and girls in her own set she could trust not to blab.

Betty called on the phone shortly before ten o'clock and said she'd made arrangements for everybody to meet at her house in about an hour. Stacy said she'd be there, but as soon as the connection was broken, she was sorry she hadn't asked how many were going.

Deciding she'd find out soon enough, she went to the kitchen and made some sandwiches. She'd just finished eating breakfast, which she'd prepared herself, as the cook-housekeeper had the weekend off. She wondered about beer or soft drinks, but thought she'd let Betty or somebody else take care of that.

While Stacy was in the barn saddling her favorite riding horse, after putting the sandwiches in a saddle bag, Evelyn McCready entered. Evelyn lived nearby. She and Stacy had gone riding together often. Her father was a banker and had a nice string of spirited thoroughbred horses.

After returning Evelyn's cheery greeting, and wondering what kind of an excuse she should make if Evelyn wanted to go with her, Stacy said, "I'm going riding with Betty Evans and some of her friends, Evelyn. We're going up into the foothills to the lake on a picnic."

"That sounds like fun! I don't have anything planned for the day, Stacy. I walked over to see if you wanted to go for a ride before I saddled up. It isn't much fun to go riding alone. Hint, hint!"

Stacy wasn't sure what she should say. She'd never talked to Evelyn about boys, or anything having to do with sex, and she didn't want to take a possible killjoy with her.

Evelyn was a tall redhead with green eyes, long legs, and a very nice figure. Stacy had seen Evelyn in a brief swimsuit many times. After her delightful experience with Betty, she couldn't keep from contemplating how it might be to have sex with the pretty girl.

"Maybe you wouldn't like what might go on at the lake, Evelyn. There'll be nude swimming, for sure, and since Betty's a swinger from the word go, her friends will - well, there'll probably be some sex action."

The lovely redhead had been staring. She smiled broadly and said she was really surprised because Stacy was going riding with Betty's friends with the knowledge there'd be sex.

"I've had the idea you were something of a prude, Stacy, and it's nice to find you aren't. Meaning, of course, if there's a chance to get in on some sex activities I'd sure like to go!"

Stacy said it was her turn to be surprised, then said she'd had a similar idea about Evelyn. She went on and told about being a virgin until just recently and was sorry she'd wasted so much time.

Evelyn said she'd lost her cherry about two years before, willingly, and wanted to know if she should

change out of her riding clothes and make some sandwiches.

Stacy hadn't invited the redhead, but she didn't think Betty would mind having another girl along. She told Evelyn she'd made plenty of sandwiches, but it might be a good idea to change clothes. It was a hot day and Stacy had put on shorts and a halter, wanting the sun on her exposed flesh, but also not wanting many clothes to remove to go swimming - and to do more exciting things.

Stacy finished saddling her horse and led him over to Evelyn's barn. She said she'd saddle Evelyn's horse while Evelyn was changing clothes. She didn't argue when the redhead said it wouldn't take long to saddle up, and that she had a secret to tell she'd kept bottled up inside so long she just had to let it out.

Curious, and feeling a surge of excitement at the thought of seeing the pretty girl's naked body, Stacy soon found that Evelyn's parents weren't home, either. Evelyn started talking on the way upstairs to her bedroom. Stacy listened with great interest.

Two years before, when she'd been fourteen, Evelyn had already been playing with herself for a couple of years, and climaxing for over a year. She'd started baby-sitting for a couple on the other side of town. They were friends of her parents, and she'd been asked to sit so the two couples could go out together.

There was just one child, a girl, four years old at the time. One evening Evelyn took care of the baby while the couple went out without her parents going along. Her body had already filled out, and she was always having fantasies about fucking and various other sexual acts. She'd gotten a crush on the husband, and had probably flirted more than she'd realized. He was very handsome. He was thirty-five at the time, but didn't look his age. His wife was a little younger and was very beautiful all over.

The husband drove Evelyn home and she sat very close to him, letting her skirt hike very high so as to reveal plenty of flesh. She'd soon observed his cock poking his pants out. She'd really become steaming hot then, and had squirmed her ass on the seat in an attempt to let him know it. When he didn't say anything, she boldly put a hand over on his hard cock. Through his clothes, she'd felt his straining prick jerk against her fingers.

He pushed her hand away without saying a word, but he parked the car a block away from her house. She still hadn't said anything, and had left the skirt pulled high on her thighs. He told her that she was a crazy kid and was playing with fire. She laughed and told him she'd like to play with his hard cock.

He wanted to know if she'd ever had sex with anyone. She told him she hadn't, but was more than ready. She unzipped his pants, took his stiff prick out, and he just groaned while she played with the thrusting organ. She started jacking him off, seeming to instinctively know just how to do it, and he finally pushed her hand away and said her father would want to kill him.

Evelyn told him nobody would ever know, including her father. He said he was just about to come and if she wanted to finish him off he'd catch the stuff in his handkerchief. She knew about ejaculation from reading and hearing talk, and she wanted to see the jism spurt. Just a few more strokes with her fist and his big cock shot out gobs and gobs of sperm onto the handkerchief.

She found out later his cock was seven inches long. It remained erect even after the explosion, and he said it hadn't done that since he was a very young man. She was nearing a climax by then, and was fingering her cunt lips through her panties.

He told her he wouldn't fuck her, as he didn't want to take the responsibility of breaking her in, but

he would take care of her with his mouth and tongue if she wanted him to. She excitedly told him to go to it. He got down between her legs, with his knees on the floorboard, and she helped the best she could in getting her panties off.

Evelyn thought it was the most wonderful thing that could possibly happen to her when he started going down on her. He lapped and sucked her through at least four glorious orgasms before taking her on home. She promised not to tell anybody and the very next night he had her baby-sit again.

Only he and his lovely wife didn't leave the house. They put the baby to bed and remained right there with her. He'd told his sexy wife about the cuntlapping and the masturbating, she'd approved, and wanted him to fuck Evelyn while she watched.

After Evelyn agreed, and again promised to keep everything a secret, the husband got her cherry while the wife excitedly looked on. They took her to a bedroom and the wife even helped the husband get her naked. The wife also got a towel to put under Evelyn's ass when she got on the bed.

There wasn't much pain for Evelyn when the husband fucked her. He took it easy while slipping the meat to her, and when he hesitated after making contact with the thin barrier, she lurched upward and did the puncturing herself. She found out a little later there wasn't even much blood, and she thought she was in heaven when he began fucking her and she fucked right back.

The wife didn't do anything except masturbate with her fingers that night. The husband fucked Evelyn again after she went to the bathroom and cleaned herself. Her orgasm was just as wonderful the second time as it'd been the first time. She wasn't even sore, and when he took her home she fingered herself to another climax while thinking about his big prick pounding away in her pussy.

Two nights later Evelyn was at their house again, supposedly to baby-sit, but the three of them had a wonderful time. They got naked and tumbled onto the bed together. The wife sucked the husband's hard cock while he went down on Evelyn. They both sucked on Evelyn's titties before he fucked her. While the husband was fucking Evelyn the wife kissed and licked around on his humping ass.

After he shot his first wad, the wife got down and ate his stuff out of Evelyn's cunt. It was a wild thrill for Evelyn, even though she was kind of shocked by the action. The husband got another hard-on and when he offered it to Evelyn to suck she didn't hesitate. She didn't suck him all the way off then, but she did many times afterward.

"I enjoy performing fellatio very much, Stacy, and I might as well go ahead and admit I get a big bang out of performing cunnilingus. Did you ever have it done to you?"

While Evelyn had been talking a mile a minute, she and Stacy had entered her bedroom. She'd gotten shorts and a halter out of a bureau drawer, then slowly stripped herself naked. Stacy had plunked her butt down on the side of the bed, getting more and more excited, wondering just how far she should go with the lovely redhead.

"Yes," Stacy said, deciding she wouldn't tell about her thrilling experiences with Betty and Betty's pony. "The two guys I've let fuck me also lapped my cunt. I went down on them, too. Are you still having sex with the married couple?"

"Oh, yes," Evelyn said, going on to say she was with the couple two or three times a week. The man and his wife were still afraid Evelyn's parents would find out, even though she kept telling them not to worry. They were always giving her expensive presents, too. She had an idea they meant the gifts as a kind of blackmail payment, and that was the only thing she didn't like about the relationship.

"I'd really miss being with them on a regular basis, Stacy, but I've been thinking more and more about having sex with other people. That's the reason I was so pushy about going with you today. I've never had sex with anybody except them, and I think it's time I circulated around a bit. I hope I haven't bored you with my long-winded confession!"

"I'm far from being bored, Evelyn. I guess the three of you do all kinds of wild things together, huh?"

"Name it and we've done it. She goes down on me while he fucks her, I go down on her while he puts the blocks to me. I do a sixty-nine with each of them, and I've even learned to like getting corn-holed. Have you had that done to you, Stacy?"

"No, and I'm not sure I ever want to go that route. It must hurt like hell."

"It isn't all that painful after you get used to it, Stacy. The initial penetration still hurts a little, but I find the pleasure that follows worth the slight suffering. Will you let me make love to you?"

"I thought you were never going to ask!"

The naked redhead had been standing a few feet in front of Stacy, her shorts and halter in one hand. She dropped the garments and moved forward as Stacy spoke, then stood up. As Evelyn dropped to her knees on the thick carpet and tugged the zipper down on Stacy's tight shorts, Stacy quickly freed her own breasts and tossed the halter aside, telling herself she wouldn't go down on the beautifully stacked girl.

Not then, anyhow. They should hurry and meet Betty and the other kids - and she wasn't even sure she wanted to let Evelyn know about the fact she'd gone the complete lesbian route.

Stacy wasn't wearing a bra or panties, having decided they'd just be in the way out at the lake. She lifted her feet, each in turn, as Evelyn peeled the shorts off. Then, before Evelyn had a chance to straighten, Stacy got on the bed and stretched out on her back.

Evelyn followed, going right to one of Stacy's breasts with her mouth and tongue, her hands roaming all over Stacy's naked body. She soon moved over to Stacy's other spiked mound, but she didn't spend much time tonguing and sucking the second tingling tit, either. She trailed her moistly parted lips and darting tongue down along Stacy's squirming body until she came to the curly pubic hairs.

Stacy lifted and parted her knees. Evelyn skirted around Stacy's blonde crotch and began kissing and licking Stacy's inner thighs. Stacy lifted her ass from the mattress and Evelyn took the hint. She licked up through Stacy's gash and then, propped on her elbows, used her thumbs to pull the cuntal lips apart.

Lowering her mouth, Evelyn blew her warm breath directly into Stacy's cunt. Stacy gasped and put her hands on Evelyn's head. The red hair was thick and satiny-soft. Evelyn mashed her mouth against the tender folds of cunt flesh and Stacy wriggled her ass and lurched upward again.

Evelyn's tongue lapped a few times and then probed deep. With her lips also buried deep, Evelyn then moved her hands around and under and grasped Stacy's buttocks. Evelyn's tongue went to Stacy's stiffened clitoris. Stacy dug her fingers into Evelyn's scalp and Evelyn added sucking to her lapping.

Within a few seconds Stacy was shuddering through an orgasm. She lurched, bucked, and bounced her ass on the mattress while tugging at Evelyn's bobbing head. She clamped her thighs against the sides of Evelyn's face and didn't try to stop the little cries of pleasure escaping from between her

parted lips. After she'd sagged limply, and Evelyn had lifted her head, she saw that Evelyn had put a hand down and was finger-fucking herself.

Deciding she was being selfish by not returning the favor, and also curious as to how it'd be with a female other than Betty, Stacy said, "You don't have to frig yourself if you don't really want to, Evelyn. I'll go down on you if you want me to."

Evelyn pulled her finger from her cunt. "You've done it before!"

"Enough to know how to go about it, anyhow."

Quickly stretching out beside Stacy, Evelyn excitedly said she liked to have her breasts sucked. Stacy suspended herself over the redhead's lovely nakedness, and got a big bang out of feasting upon the thrusting, hard-tipped titties.

Remembering the date with Betty, and the fact there'd undoubtedly be plenty of sex action out by the lake, Stacy began to work her way down along Evelyn's squirming body. She tried to give as much pleasure as she'd just received, and kissed and licked her way down to the short, curly red pubic hairs.

Evelyn smelled good, something like Betty had, and Stacy soon found the taste was practically the same. Evelyn's pussy was just as hot and juicy as Betty's twat, too, and Stacy was pleased to find she would still take a cock before she would a cunt if she had to make a choice.

After swabbing the wet walls of the cunt as she enjoyed having her own swabbed, Stacy went to the erect clitoris. That bud-shaped organ was longer than Betty's and Stacy found it much easier to encompass with her lips. She kept right on lapping with her tongue as she sucked, grabbing Evelyn's wriggling buttocks with her fingers as Evelyn's fingers dug into her bobbing scalp.

Evelyn soon climaxed, shuddering violently and moaning loudly, while tugging at Stacy's head and clamping her sleek thighs against Stacy's cheeks. Stacy kept lapping and sucking for a time after Evelyn became still, swallowing the tasty secretions while making sure the redhead was totally satisfied for the moment.

"That was super, Stacy! Have you ever been fucked while going down on a girl?"

"I've never had the pleasure," Stacy said, wiping the back of her hand across her wet lips. "I have an idea it won't be long, though. I do want you to know this gay stuff is secondary where I'm concerned. I go for cocks a hell of a lot more than I do for cunts."

"Me, too," Evelyn said soberly. She smiled brightly. "This lez stuff sure is a lot of fun and a great substitute for fucking, though. And it has masturbating beat all to hell!"

Stacy silently agreed.

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CHAPTER NINE

When Stacy and Evelyn got to Betty's house they found the group ready to go. There were two couples besides Betty, Phil and Al. Stacy had seen the four young people around, but she didn't really know them.

Betty, showing surprise at seeing Evelyn, called out the names as they were mounting up. Max Barnes, Virginia Tate, Ted York, and Jane Gulliver. Stacy found out later Max and Ted were both seventeen. They were both good-looking and Virginia and Jane were both pretty and well-stacked. She also found out a little later Jane was also seventeen, but Virginia was only fifteen. They were also wearing shorts and halters, as was Betty, and the boys were wearing jeans and T-shirts.

Evelyn said maybe she shouldn't go, since she didn't have a date, and Betty told her not to be silly. Phil overheard, chuckled, and said an extra girl just might come in handy. Betty told Phil to be careful with his talk or he might insult Evelyn. Stacy knew Evelyn made a hit with everybody when she said she couldn't think of one single thing anybody could say that would make her feel insulted.

They started out walking the horses. It was a hot day and the lake was about five miles away. Stacy knew Al was supposed to be her date, but she rode alongside Evelyn. She liked Phil just as well as she did Al and she knew it didn't make any difference to Betty which one she went with. She didn't think it made any difference to Al and Phil, either. She hoped Virginia and Jane weren't possessive with their dates. She'd been looking forward to a possible group-sex orgy. If her parents could engage in such sexual acrobatics she saw no reason why she shouldn't.

Betty dropped back and rode between Stacy and Evelyn. Stacy told Betty about her experience with Evelyn, then told Evelyn to tell about the married couple she'd been sexing it up with. Evelyn did, almost word for word, still without mentioning names, and Betty listened with great interest. When Evelyn finished, Betty told the redhead she was her kind of person.

"All my close friends swing without stupid feelings of shame and guilt," Betty added. "I should've known Stacy wouldn't bring a killjoy along."

Stacy would've gotten sexy-hot even without the talk and her thoughts about the pleasures she knew were in store for her. The friction from riding horseback always made her passionate, as she was sure it did most females, and she had actually experienced an orgasm at times while riding. It was a form of masturbation, she figured, and she'd often thought doctors should prescribe horseback riding for frigid females.

After they were out of sight of the houses, Stacy discovered the boys had put cold cans of beer in their saddle bags. And then later she found they'd also brought along two bottles of whiskey.

They passed the beer around, Al dropping back to give Stacy, Betty and Evelyn a can, saying the beer would soon get hot. Stacy sipped from the can, but she didn't want to drink enough of anything to take a chance on deadening her senses.

When they got into the foothills they pushed the horses into a trot. When they were within sight of the lake they urged the horses into a gallop. At the lake they let the animals drink, careful they didn't take on too much water, and then rode around the edge of the lake until they found a secluded area with a small sandy beach.

They removed the saddles and secured the horses by their halters under a thick stand of tall pine trees near the beach. Everybody just stood around for a few minutes, opening cans of warm beer, and then Betty said she was going for a swim.

As Betty freed her big breasts, Virginia and Jane did the same, Jane saying skinny dipping was great fun. Evelyn then whipped her halter off and Stacy quickly revealed her poking titties, glad the beer had helped to overcome most of her nervousness. She enjoyed the way Max and Ted looked at her - and when the other girls removed their shorts she hurriedly peeled out of hers.

There were a few whistles from the boys, but there wasn't any touching. Stacy followed the other girls across the sand and down to the water, wanting to clean her sweaty body, but at the same time eager to see what Max and Ted had to offer.

The water was cool and clear. Stacy waded out about waist deep, along with the other girls, and ducked down to her chin to rinse off. She then stood straight, as the rest were doing, and watched as the young men approached the water, naked, and seemingly not all that sexually excited.

She didn't see a stiffly thrusting cock, anyway. Having seen Al's and Phil's before, as well as having enjoyed them while they were erect, she only glanced at their swaying cocks long enough to see that they weren't much past the limp stage.

Ted's prick seemed to be almost half hard, and she didn't think it'd turn out to be as big as the ones she'd already had, but Marc had a big hunk of meat even when it was in a state of almost total softness. It was swaying from side to side as he ran and she was sure that it'd expand until it was just about as big as her father's beauty.

The boys came storming into the lake, splashing water on the girls and each other. Stacy didn't care for that kind of playing around, but she felt she managed to go along with the silly kid stuff without showing her true feelings.

Soon the fellows began diving under and copping feels, though. Stacy had her ass lightly pinched, fingers probing her cunt, and felt lips nibbling at her ass, crotch, and thighs. She laughed and jumped around, as the other girls were doing, not sure who was doing what to the various erogenous zones of her body.

Finally, everybody seemed to get tired of the playing and splashing around at the same time. They went in close to the beach and flopped down where the water was only a few inches deep. Stacy felt that soon more interesting things would begin to happen - and was soon happy to find her feelings had been right.

Al began kissing and sucking on Stacy's breasts. While enjoying his lavish attentions, she saw Max start doing the same to Virginia's big boobies, and then Ted began working on Jane's smaller titties with his mouth and tongue. Betty and Phil were each sucking on one of Evelyn's lovely mounds. Stacy was glad Evelyn wasn't being left out. Not that she'd really thought the lovely hot-ass redhead would be.

Stacy watched Ted lift up and get into position to fuck Jane. His erect cock looked to be about six inches long. It was big in diameter, though, and the head was much larger than Al's and Phil's knob. She looked the other way and saw that Max was getting between Virginia's widespread legs. His cock wasn't all that big around in its erect state, but it had to be at least eight inches long.

Stacy's view was blocked when Al left her throbbing titties and mashed his mouth to hers. She returned his passionate kiss, lashing her tongue with his hot and slippery oral instrument, wishing he'd tongue her tingling twat before fucking her. There'd be plenty of time for cuntlapping, though - as well as for cocksucking - and she guided his stiff prick into her palpitating cunt.

Al broke the feverish kiss soon after he'd started fucking Stacy. She met the slow and steady thrusts and saw Max pronging Virginia and Jane hunching along with Ted's pounding prick. Betty and Phil were still sucking on Evelyn's breasts, and the redhead was stroking Phil's poking prick with one hand and fondling Betty's titties with the other.

Stacy's head was on the sand, out of the water, and she didn't care if her hair was wet and getting

filled with sand. She didn't care about anything except the delightful pleasure she was experiencing. The few inches of water was warm against her back, shoulders, and wriggling ass. She could feel the water lapping at her asshole and could hear Al's balls making a slap-slap sound as he made each forward thrust.

Her clinging cunt was out of the water, as was his pistoning prick, and quick glances told her the same was true of the other two fucking couples. She hoped to find out later how it'd feel to fuck with her cunt completely submerged. She was sure the coupling would have to be made before the submersion, though.

Al said he was just about to come and began pounding faster. Stacy had felt the telltale expansion of his swollen glans. She matched the new pace and thrilled to a shuddering orgasm as Al's cock jerked and jolted and flooded her claspng cunt with hot jism. She used her inner muscles to milk his rapidly softening prick when he collapsed.

He quickly lifted his chest from her hard-tipped mounds, however, and just as quickly withdrew his limp cock from her quivering cunt. She saw Ted pulling his limber cock from Jane's pussy. Max and Virginia were already splashing out into deep water.

Phil was just pushing his stiff shaft into Evelyn's eagerly lifted cunt, and Stacy knew that he'd just finished fucking Betty. Because Betty was getting up off her back and had a well-fucked look on her pretty face.

Betty saw Stacy looking, smiled, winked, and called, "Maybe it's a good thing I gave Phil a quick blowjob earlier! Otherwise, Evelyn would've had to wait for a cock to get hard!"

Stacy got to her feet and watched as Betty plastered herself to Phil's back, pressing her lower body to his humping ass. Stacy then waded out into waist-deep water and washed herself, probing with her fingers to rid her cunt of Al's semen.

Ted, a broad smile on his face, waded over and asked Stacy if he could take a turn with her. She wanted to know what Jane would think. He told her Jane didn't have any strings on him. Jane heard them talking and called out she was going to take on Al just as soon as he was ready.

Stacy took Ted's offered hand and they started toward the beach. When they got into shallow water, she saw his cock was limp. He noticed her looking, and told her he'd be ready just as soon as the sun took the chill off. The water wasn't cold, but she knew what he meant.

Phil had left Evelyn and Betty, and was going out into the water. He winked at Stacy. She smiled and glanced down at his cock, limp and glistening with cunt juices and sperm. Betty was on her back, her eyes closed, her ass wriggling, her fingers entangled in Evelyn's red hair as Evelyn lapped her cunt.

Ted told Stacy seeing females going down on each other really turned him on, then suggested they go under the trees where they could be out of the hot sun. Stacy liked the suggestion, told him so, then said she'd had sex with Betty and with Evelyn.

"Jane and Virginia go that route," Ted said. "I heard them talking about how eager they were to get a crack at you. Max is probably a little jealous because I'm going with you first."

Stacy said there'd be plenty of time and energy for everybody, and Ted chuckled and said he liked her a hell of a lot already.

Ted got a few of the saddle blankets and spread them out on the grass in the shade. Stacy sat down,

pleased to see his cock lifting into an erection. She was also pleased when he told her she had a beautiful body.

He sat down beside her. They were both dry by then. He put an arm around her waist, and she turned her face toward him. He kissed her, tenderly at first, and she liked the feel of his smooth, moist lips on hers. A hand went to one of her breasts. The nipple became erect and poked against his palm. She let his hot, slippery tongue push past her teeth.

She began sucking on his tongue. They fell backward, twisting so they were facing each other. She felt his stiff cock poking against her thigh. He slipped a hand down between their bodies and cupped her crotch. He pulled his tongue from her mouth, and she gave him hers to suck. One of his fingers slipped into her quivering cunt, probed deep, then went to her stiffened clitoris. She pushed a hand down and grasped his hard cock. He groaned and pulled his mouth and tongue from hers.

He rolled her over on her back and pulled his pulsing prick from her fist. He pulled his finger from her clit and out of her cunt. He fastened his hot, wet mouth onto her right breast and began sucking the sensitive, spiked mound. Rippling waves of pleasure darted back and forth between her throbbing tit and her tingling twat. He moved his mouth over to her left taut-tipped breast, and she ran her fingers through his thick hair.

Stacy didn't have to apply any pressure to get Ted to trail his parted lips down along her slowly squirming body. He jabbed his tongue into her shallow navel. She removed her hands from his head, cupped her poking breasts, and worked her thumbs back and forth over her hard, springy nipples.

Ted nuzzled right on down through Stacy's curly blonde pubic hairs. She lurched upward, but he only licked her split once and lifted his head. She already had her legs widely parted. He put his hands behind her knees, lifted, and folded her legs back until they were touching the backs of her hands.

Knowing what he meant to do, Stacy let go of her throbbing breasts and used her own hands to press her thighs tightly against the hard-nippled mounds. Ted began licking her buttocks, going around and around in ever smaller circles. She gasped when his wet tongue touched her tiny puckered anus. He used his fingers to spread the cheeks of her ass even further apart. He licked up through the crack, making a slurpy sound, then jabbed the tip of his stiffened tongue against the knot.

Stacy gasped again when the hot tongue poked through the tight ring of her anal opening. Ted began tongue-fucking Stacy's asshole. The sensation was electrifying. It was next to impossible for her to hold herself still. She had a wild urge to pump her ass along with the jabbing tongue, but she fought it back, and succeeded in only rolling her hips a little.

When Ted left her anus, and licked up through her snatch, Stacy was right on the brink of a climax. She knew just a few more jabs of his tongue in what she'd always considered the wrong hole would've had her spawning like crazy. As he slithered his tongue between her twitching pussy lips, and began lapping her stiffened clit, he thrust a finger into her tingling asshole.

Having the finger probing her tight rectum delayed Stacy's orgasm. There wasn't any pain, as Ted wasn't at all rough, and she'd had her own finger up the hot hole, but the shock of being treated in such a manner momentarily tempered her passion.

Then, as Ted began finger-fucking her sensitive asshole, while lapping and sucking her elongated clitoris, Stacy again started the headlong rush toward a climax. When she started coming it was as if she were having an orgasm in her quivering cunt and in her twitching asshole. She moaned loudly,

hunched along with the double-action the best she could, and clamped her upper teeth down over her lower lip to keep from screaming.

She did emit whimpering sounds while rolling her head from side to side, and digging her fingernails into Ted's bobbing scalp. She came steadily, with ever-increasing force, until she felt she couldn't bear for one second longer such utter ecstasy.

It was almost with relief that she became aware that the mind-bending force of the shattering orgasm had at last begun to lessen. She suddenly collapsed, still shuddering as her passion simmered down, removing her hands from Ted's head when he pushed upward. Her ass muscles kept on quivering even after he removed his finger.

While Ted was moving his poking prick into position for the penetration, Stacy thought about telling him she wanted to be fucked in the ass. She quickly rejected the idea, however, thinking about how much bigger his cock was than his finger. She also wanted to feel his stiff shaft in her cunt, which was still trembling deep inside from the expert tonguing it'd received.

Her pussy was so juicy from her come, the ramrod stiff cock slipped in easily before she could get her hand down to do the guiding. Ted lowered slowly, pushing his prick gently into her tight, succulent cunt while dropping his chest down against her poking titties. She locked her legs around his waist, thrilling to the way his hot, throbbing cock forced its way into her clinging twat until the head pressed against her womb.

Stacy put her arms around Ted's neck and pulled his mouth to hers when he began fucking her. She rotated her ass and hunched along with his powerful thrusts, as they kissed passionately. He jabbed his slippery tongue in and out of her mouth in the same tempo his prick was pistoning in her clinging cunt.

She was soon well on her way to another climax. He pulled his mouth from hers and buried his face beside her head. He slipped his hands under and grabbed her wriggling ass. She clutched at his smooth back and shoulders with her fingers, and whispered that she was about to come.

Stacy wanted to feel Ted's cock jerking and spurting hot cream in her clasping pussy, but she wasn't disappointed when he said he could shoot off but would rather not. She also wanted to feel and taste his hot jism flooding her mouth, and she meant to blow him when he stopped fucking her.

Ted lifted his upper body and braced on his hands and arms without faltering in his masterful strokes. His brown eyes were filmed with passion, his good-looking features contorted. Stacy knew her own passion was registering in her eyes and on her face.

"It looks as if it's going to be a long, action-filled day, Stacy. If you don't mind, I'd rather hold back and conserve my strength."

"I don't mind," Stacy said, quickening the tempo of her thrusts. "I'm coming now, though! Fuck me! Fuck me faster!"

Ted began fucking fast and furiously. He really poured the meat to her, and she loved every inch of it. She slipped her hands down to his surprisingly smooth buttocks, gripped, tugged, and hunched like crazy. Her climax was blindingly intense.

As soon as Ted pulled his hard cock out, and got on his back, Stacy got on her hands and knees and began licking her fluids from his jutting shaft. When she opened her mouth wide to start sucking, however, he told her he had very sensitive nipples. She took the hint, figuring he partly wanted

some time to get himself under control, and began kissing and licking around on his broad, almost hairless chest.

She darted her tongue against one of his nipples. The nub immediately became erect. She nibbled at the stiff spike with her lips, then moved over and used her tongue to make the other nipple get hard. She tongued and sucked the hard tip and toyed with the other one with her fingers. Ted said he could feel electric-like shocks darting right down to his cock and balls.

Stacy enjoyed giving Ted pleasure in that manner, but she was eager to get on back down to his thrusting cock. She soon trailed down along his firm, tanned body, planting little kisses and darting her tongue over his smooth flesh. When she came to his curly pubic hairs, he told her he liked to have his balls licked and sucked.

The heady scent of his maleness had made her lightheaded with lust. He raised his knees and parted them, giving her easy access to his wrinkled scrotum. There weren't even many hairs on his sac. She began to lick lasciviously, coating the bag containing his sperm-laden nuts with saliva. She then sucked a testicle into her mouth, enjoying the sensation and the soft little groans drifting down from above.

The thick base of his cock flattened her nose; the hard, hot shaft pressed against her forehead. She pushed the ball out of her mouth with her tongue, then sucked the other one in. She soon tired of the ball-sucking, though, and licked up along the underside of the thrusting, throbbing prick.

Just as Stacy opened her mouth wide and engulfed the big knob, she heard Betty say, "We thought you might like some company folks!"

Leaving the cockhead in her mouth, Stacy rolled her eyes up and saw Max standing beside Betty. His big cock was thrusting stiffly. Ted hunched upward, driving his prick deeper into Stacy's mouth, and she began sucking up and down on almost the entire length of the rigid rod.

Betty straddled Ted's head, facing Stacy, and lowered her cunt down over Ted's face. She balanced on one hand and arm, told Ted to bite her if she tried to smother him, and began fondling one of Stacy's hanging breasts with her other hand.

Stacy heard Max say he was in the mood to do some fucking, then he told her if she didn't want to be pronged to say so or forever hold her peace. She wasn't about to tell him she didn't want to be fucked, and she didn't want to stop sucking Ted's delightful dick long enough to speak.

She felt Max get down behind her uplifted buttocks. He caressed her ass with his fingers, then began kissing and licking the firm flesh. She wanted him to tongue her asshole, but she soon forgot her slight disappointment when he put his hands on her hips and slipped his stiff shaft into her gaping gash.

Stacy sucked faster, and took Ted's cock deep into her throat on each downward movement when Max started fucking her. His cock wasn't as big around as Ted's tool, but it was longer, and as soon as she'd adjusted to the extra couple of inches she hunched along with his steady thrusts. She soon sensed Ted was about to come, sucked more greedily, and braced herself for the deluge, hoping Max's pistoning cock would explode in her snapping pussy at the same time.

It didn't work out as Stacy had hoped. Ted didn't even shoot off in her mouth. Betty stopped fondling Stacy's titties, and lifted her cunt from Ted's face. She then told Stacy to stop sucking before Ted popped his nuts.

"I think it's time you enjoyed a double-fuck, honey! I'm sure Max and Ted are willing to give you that kind of thrilling pleasure!"

Stacy stopped sucking and lifted her mouth from Ted's throbbing prick when Max stopped fucking and pulled his hard cock from her palpitating cunt. She said she wasn't sure she wanted to try a double-fuck.

"I've never even been corn-holed, Betty! As you already knew, and..."

Stacy let her words trail off as she felt Max place the blunt end of his wet cock against her anal opening. She had thought about giving ass-fucking a try, she was curious as to how it'd feel, and she could take anything anybody else could take.

Betty had swung up and away. Ted scooted out from under Stacy and told her to lean over and rest most of her weight on her forearms. Stacy followed the instructions, hot and excited, but feeling very vulnerable with her ass hiked so high in the air.

Max gripped her hips more tightly. He told her to try and flax. She thought that was an impossibility. She felt his slippery cockhead pushing, pushing, and her resisting asshole stretching. She concentrated on relaxing her anal muscles, gritting her teeth, telling herself she wouldn't cry out, no matter what. And she didn't. She just groaned when the big knob popped past the tight ring.

Leaving the crown lodged just inside Stacy's asshole, Max again told her to try and relax. She almost told him to stop, to take his torturing tool out of her aching ass. Since she'd gone so far as to let him get his swollen glans in, though, she hated to chicken out.

Max began pushing, slowly plowing his big cock into Stacy's tight tunnel inch by inch by inch. There was a great deal of pain at first, but not really as much as she'd expected. She felt uncomfortably stuffed, too, but by the time his prick was balls deep there was nothing except a truly delightful feeling of pleasure.

Leaving his long cock buried to the hilt, Max told Stacy her worries were over. "You're home free now, baby, and from here on out there'll be nothing except pleasure for both of us."

Max slowly pulled his cock out of Stacy's clinging asshole until only the crown remained embedded, then just as slowly pushed all the way in again. He repeated the slow process again and again, told Stacy she was doing just fine, and leaned over her back and shoulders and nipped at the back of her neck with his lips.

By then Stacy was really enjoying the ass-fucking. All the pain and discomfort had disappeared, as if by magic. She began to move with him, urging him on to a faster pace with her hunching, clamping down on the hard shaft as the glans penetrated her churning bowels.

All too soon Max stopped his thrusts, left his pulsing prick buried balls deep, and said they'd better get on with the double-fuck before it was too late for him. He then told Stacy to move with him, and she did when he twisted them over on their sides. He surprised Stacy by rolling on over on his back, taking her with him, his big cock still jammed deep into her quivering rectum when she was on top.

Ted was right there, dropping to his knees, snuggling in with his thrusting cock aimed at her cunt. He did the guiding himself, pushing his prick into her pussy with one quick movement. Good God, she thought. She actually had a throbbing cock in each hole! And it felt gloriously wonderful!

Max and Ted rolled over on their sides with Stacy sandwiched between them, their cocks buried

deep. Ted pulled his prick out until only about half of it remained embedded in Stacy's clinging cunt, then told her to do the moving. She obeyed, lurching forward to take all of his stiff rod, then thrusting backward and driving Max's cock deep into her bowels again.

Stacy fucked herself on the two cocks in that manner for a couple of minutes. It was incredible to her how wildly pleasurable having a cock in her cunt and another in her asshole proved to be. In her delirium of lust, she wanted the wondrous sensations to go on forever.

Ma suddenly began pumping his cock deep into her churning bowels with rapid jabs. Ted started thrusting his cock in and out of her cunt, and Stacy started her mad dash toward a climax. She had the thought that in a way Max and Ted were actually fucking each other. Because the two plunging pricks were stroking each other through the thin membrane separating her vaginal and anal canals.

Just as Stacy melted into an orgasm so intense she couldn't keep from crying out, Max and Ted ejaculated. Her entire body convulsed ecstatically as the jets of hot jism spurted simultaneously into the heated depths of her snapping cunt and clasping asshole.

As Max and Ted withdrew from her and got up Stacy remained on the blanket, little tremors still rippling throughout her body. The sex she'd had earlier, along with the hot sun, the water, and the totally satisfying double-fuck, combined to make her drowsy. She closed her eyes, glad when she was left alone.

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## CHAPTER TEN

"Hey, sleepy-head! Are you going to sleep all day!"

Stacy opened her eyes. She'd rolled over on her back, and Betty was looking down at her, smiling brightly. She sat up, rubbing her eyes, remembering the fantastic double-fuck, wondering how long she'd been asleep. She put the question to Betty.

"Maybe a half an hour, honey. I woke you up because I didn't think you'd want to miss all the fun. Virginia and Jane admitted to fucking their horses, and they're getting ready to put on an exhibition now. I didn't tell about us fucking Pee-wee. I think I'd like to keep our secret. For the time being, anyhow."

Betty had hurried away, tossing the last few words back over her shoulder. Stacy watched the lovely, jiggling ass while getting to her feet. She felt semen oozing out of her cunt and out of her asshole. She was glad her tail didn't feel sore. Maybe she was a natural for sodomizing, too, she thought, hurrying across the hot sand to the cool water.

They'd led one of the hones - Jane's stallion, Stacy saw - out into the lake. Max was holding the bridle reins. The horse's cock was hard, with the end of the long shaft poking down into the water. Jane and Virginia were washing it, dipping their hands into the water again and again, rubbing along the entire length of the big prick. The rest were standing around in the knee-deep water, watching.

Stacy waded out until the water was up to her titties, keeping well away from the action, wondering how the fucking was going to be done. She washed her face, then put her hands under the water and washed down below. She probed both holes with a finger, wanting to get clean, feeling renewed passion in the process.

She was glad Betty wanted to keep it a secret about Pee-wee. She was far from being proud of her

action with the animal. She didn't want to take a turn with Jane's horse, either. There were four human cocks right there handy, and it'd be bad enough if word got around at school about what she'd already done - and intended to do.

Feeling clean and refreshed, as well as sexy-hot, Stacy moved into more shallow water, then waded over and stood near the onlookers. Jane and Virginia had finished washing the big horse cock. It wasn't all that much bigger than Pee-wee's tool. Virginia, with Jane putting in a word now and then, was telling how they fucked themselves with the horse cocks at home.

They used a bench at times, when they were in a hurry, and often constructed a bed out of hay, covering the stack with something to keep their bodies from being scratched. At this point, Betty caught Stacy's eye and winked. Stacy was glad nobody seemed to notice the blush she felt spreading over her face.

There was a brief debate about how they were going to do it then. Virginia had volunteered to be first, and Evelyn had said she wanted to try it after she'd seen it could really be done. Max said he could get on his hands and knees and let Virginia, and any other volunteers, use his back as a bed.

Betty suggested they try staying right there in the water, with a couple of the fellows holding Virginia while she floated on her back. Jane had been playing with the horse's big balls to keep his cock erect. She said Betty had a great idea, and Phil agreed.

They experimented by Max leading the horse into various depths of water. They stopped when the end of the long cock was about an inch above the surface of the calm water. Virginia got on her back and floated until her cunt was in the right position. Al and Phil held her steady by each grabbing an asscheek and putting a hand under her back.

Saying the lake water might make the penetration difficult, Betty ducked down under the horse and got between Virginia's legs. She pushed the big cock aside and licked Virginia's puffy cuntal lips. Virginia laughed and said she wanted to be fucked not sucked. Betty jabbed her tongue into her snatch a few times, then got back out of the way.

Virginia grasped the giant cock with both hands, about twelve inches from the blunt end, and placed the knob at the entrance to her pussy. She lurched upward and all of eight inches of the shaft disappeared into her cunt. She began hunching, with help from the two boys, and the water splashed each time her rotating ass slapped back down.

Stacy saw that all of the cocks were erect. Within thirty seconds Virginia announced she was coming and started moving wildly. Her wriggling ass really churned the water, causing rippling waves to spread out and Stacy felt the water lapping at her lower thighs. When Virginia stopped climaxing, Al and Phil released her. She turned over on her side and paddled from underneath the horse and his cock.

Jane said there was time for at least one more good fuck before the horse shot off. Evelyn excitedly said she wanted to take a turn. While Al and Phil were helping the redhead get into position, Max asked Ted to hold the horse's head down, adding he'd hate to see one of the girls get pronged if the horse was allowed to lift his front feet up and really fuck.

"That giant tool would tickle an Adam's apple all the way from the pussy," Ted said, chuckling and taking the reins.

Betty got under and licked the drops of water from Evelyn's cuntal lips, then probed for a short time with her tongue. Max, his big cock thrusting, and swaying slightly, waded over to Stacy. He said it

was past time for him to really sample her pussy. He dropped to his knees, reached around and grabbed an asscheek in each hand, licked, then snaked his tongue into her cunt. She lurched forward.

Evelyn had taken inches of the horse cock into her cunt, holding onto the hard shaft as Virginia had done. Al and Phil helped her thrust, as they had Virginia, and Betty dropped down and began sucking Ted's stiff prick. Max gave Stacy's erect clit a few laps with his tongue, pulled away, and stood up.

"I'll get around to some more of that a little later, baby. Right now I want to fuck that sweet cunt."

Max mashed his mouth to Stacy's, and she returned the passionate, tongue-probing kiss. She felt his rigid prick poking into her belly. She slipped one hand down and began caressing the hard, smooth flesh and muscle. He broke the feverish kiss and told her he'd fuck her while standing up.

She wanted to suck his cock, but she was sure she'd have a chance to perform that intimate oral act later. He was already grasping her buttocks. He told her to give a little leap when he lifted. She understood, even though she'd never fucked in that fashion before. She had pictures of couples making it while the man was standing upright.

She made herself as little as possible, and did give a little leap when Max lifted. He swung her out and over his jutting cock, and she scissored her legs high on his narrow waist. She locked her ankles behind his back and clasped her hands behind his neck. He used one hand to place his prick right on target. When she felt the cockhead centered on her cunt, she loosened the grip she'd taken with her legs, and lowered until his prick was deep in her pussy.

Max waded out into deeper water, stopped when her ass could float. He moved one hand up between their bodies and cupped a hard-tipped breast. She removed her fingers from behind his neck and leaned her upper body back into the water. He hadn't moved his cock in her cunt. She clamped down with her inner muscles. He stopped squeezing her tit and slipped his hand back down to her asscheek. Holding onto her buttocks, he began making short jabs with his prick. She moved with him, thrilling to the fucking and to the way the water slapped at her asshole.

Max began pulling his long cock out until only the crown remained in Stacy's clasping cunt, then slamming all the way in again. The sensation was wonderful for Stacy. There was such a tight fit, the water couldn't get inside. The inner heat, contrasting with the cool water on the outside, gave her a special thrill.

She'd meant to take it easy and just coast along, letting her passion build until she was on the very verge of orgasm and holding it there. Balanced right on the brink was an exquisite state to be in. In its way, it was almost as much fun as climaxing. She'd discovered that anticipation was nine-tenths of sexual pleasure, anyhow, and being on the very edge of a come without actually coming was wonderful beyond belief.

Stacy looked over and saw Betty taking a turn with the big horse cock. Max also looked, and quickened his short thrusts when Betty began to hunch faster. The horse's prick exploded, sending sperm squirting out around Betty's clinging cunt lips. Something about the sight, along with her memory of Pee-wee shooting into her own cunt, and the fact Max was pronging her faster, sent Stacy shuddering into an orgasm.

She lifted her upper body and clung to Max's neck, mashing her tingling titties against his chest, then hunched wildly as he glued his mouth to hers. He jabbed his slippery tongue into her mouth in the same tempo he was pronging her spasming pussy. She snapped with her inner cunt muscles,



eager to feel the jism spurt and flood her twat.

Max moved one hand over, cupped the crack of her humping ass, and shoved a finger into her asshole. She felt some cool water go in with the diddling digit. The finger fucking her asshole, added to the pumping prick and the darting tongue, caused Stacy to have an entire series of shattering orgasms.

When Stacy finally sagged limply, pulling her mouth from Max's and resting her chin on his shoulder, she could feel the water still churning from her wild movements. She could also feel his cock, still buried deep, and still rock hard. He withdrew his finger from her twitching asshole, and she pulled her face back and met his passion-filmed eyes.

"I held back," he said, grinning. "With a great deal of effort! I thought you might like to suck me off."

Stacy was hungrier for food than she was for cock at the moment, but she didn't hesitate. When Max lifted her from his jutting cock, and stepped back a few feet, she followed and dropped to her knees. His big prick was just above the surface of the water. Her chin already submerged, along with the rest of her body, Stacy took the big knob, which was glistening with her cunt fluids, into her mouth and ducked down until only her nose cleared the water.

She kept a tight grip with her lips to prevent the water from entering, as she sucked and twirled her tongue around and around the swollen glans. She grasped the base of the thrusting tool with one hand, and fondled his heavy testicles with her other.

Lifting her mouth and the cockhead clear of the water, she began taking more of the wet, rigid rod into her mouth. She moved her hand out of the way and soon she was letting the crown hit the back of her mouth and penetrate her throat. She sucked along just about the entire length of the delightful cock, careful not to scrape with her teeth, his wet pubic hairs tickling her nose.

She impulsively pushed the hand squeezing his big balls between his legs and ran a finger up through the crack of his ass. He put a hand on her head and ran his fingers through her wet hair. She poked around, found the puckered opening, and inserted her middle finger.

Stacy heard Max gasp, and he shoved his cock so far into her throat she had to back off. He told her he was sorry and hoped he hadn't hurt her being so rough. He hadn't done any harm, but she didn't bother to stop sucking his cock to tell him so.

He didn't protest about her having her finger in his asshole, so she began finger-fucking him in the manner she'd enjoyed so much. His cock jerked and jolted within just a few seconds, spraying streams of hot semen. She kept right on sucking, keeping his throbbing cock buried deep, letting the jism shoot directly down her throat.

When it stopped spurting and started to go soft, she sucked the head until she'd drained the last drop. Only when Max removed his fingers from her hair, and she let his limber organ slip from her mouth, did she realize that in her mind, in her imagination, she'd been sucking on her father's big beautiful cock.

The horse, his cock withdrawing into its sheath, was being led back toward the beach. The kids were following, and Stacy heard one of the boys say he was hunger as hell. She washed her hands before standing, smiled when Max chuckled and said he was starving for some solid food, then took his offered hand and waded with him to the beach.

They all stood around in the sun until their bodies were dry. Stacy saw all the cocks were soft, so she

assumed they'd ejaculated while being stimulated in one way or another. She also saw Jane and Virginia glancing at her body with gleaming eyes. She knew there'd be sex with both lovely girls before the day was over, and she started looking forward to it.

The sun was so hot, it didn't take long for them to dry. There was some talk, having to do with using Virginia's horse after they'd eaten, and Al asked Stacy if she was having a good time. She assured him she was, and he told her she was the only girl who hadn't given the horse cock a try. She said she just might make it unanimous after she'd eaten and rested. Betty overheard, smiled and said she was sure Stacy would enjoy bouncing on the end of a stiff horse cock. Stacy managed a smile when she became the center of attention, and said she was positive she'd enjoy just about anything any other female did.

They spread out more blankets in the shade and passed the sandwiches around. There were a few cans of beer left, very warm, but Stacy shared a can with Phil to help wash down the food. The fellows got the whiskey out and passed the bottles around. Stacy took a few drinks, mostly to be a good sport, but she liked the warm glow it caused in her stomach. It also made her feel a little lightheaded and very carefree.

About fifteen minutes after they'd finished eating, Betty announced that since they weren't really going swimming it'd be all right to go back into the water. Ted said he'd get Virginia's horse, and within seconds everybody had left except Jane and Virginia - and Stacy.

Stacy had gotten to her feet. She sat back down when the two girls smiled at her and she realized the three of them had been left together purposely. She'd had sex with all the rest, and words didn't have to be spoken for her to know there'd been some simple planning. She was glad. She'd been eager to prove she was just as uninhibited as the other girls by fucking herself with a big horse cock, but there'd be plenty of time for that later.

Jane and Virginia walked on their hands and knees to Stacy, one on each side, and she lowered her back and head to the blanket. The two girls swarmed all over Stacy. Each one started sucking on a thrusting tit, each nipple jumped to attention immediately, and as the hands roamed all over her body, Stacy also did some grabbing and caressing with her fingers.

Stacy fondled Jane's big titties, and Virginia's smaller mounds. She didn't know which girl probed her cunt with a finger first, but Virginia was the first to kiss her on the mouth. She returned the tongue-probing kiss just as passionately as it was given. She was hunching along with a second probing finger when Virginia made way for Jane to do some mouth-kissing. She enjoyed Jane's tongue-lashing kiss just as much, and thrilled to the touch of Virginia's tongue when it replaced the finger that'd been flicking her stiffened clit.

Shortly after Virginia started going down on Stacy, Jane returned to Stacy's throbbing breasts. Until Stacy tugged insistently and managed to get a goodly portion of one of Jane's big, hard-tipped mounds into her sticking mouth. Virginia didn't lap and suck Stacy's elongated clitoris long enough to make her come. She pulled her mouth and tongue from Stacy's steaming twat and licked her way back up along Stacy's squirming body. Jane pulled her tit from Stacy's greedy mouth and met Virginia near Stacy's belly button.

They kissed, then took turns jabbing their tongues into the shallow navel. Stacy arched her back demandingly. Virginia crawled up and gave Stacy a stiffly spiked breast to suck; Jane went on down and began kissing and licking Stacy's inner thighs.

When Jane began licking Stacy's cuntal lips, Virginia pulled her tit from Stacy's mouth and moved

until she was straddling Stacy's head. Stacy grabbed Virginia's buttocks and pulled the dark, fur-lined cunt to her mouth. Just as Jane slithered her tongue into Stacy's cunt, Stacy snaked her tongue into Virginia's hot, wet, fluttering vagina.

Jane's lapping tongue went to Stacy's passion-button, then her lips clamped around the sensitive organ. Stacy stopped swabbing the walls of Virginia's cunt and went to the erect clit. She tongued the hard nub, then got her lips in on the action. Stacy soon spawned under Jane's lavish oral attentions, and seconds later Virginia climaxed. Stacy swallowed Virginia's salty-sweet secretions just as greedily as she could feel Jane swallowing hers.

Virginia and Jane quickly switched around. Stacy went at Jane's succulent snatch just as hungrily as she'd gone at Virginia's, and as hungrily as Virginia was going at hers. Jane spawned seconds after Stacy made contact with her blood-engorged clitoris. Stacy swallowed the salty-sweet fluids with gusto.

It took longer for Stacy to come. While Virginia labored furiously, Jane lifted her wet pussy from Stacy's mouth and got in a position where she and Stacy could kiss and lash their tongues together. After Stacy did have an intense orgasm under Virginia's expert lapping and sucking, the three of them rested for a few minutes. They each took a drink of whiskey to help with the recovery, then went out into the lake.

Max and Ted were holding the horse's head down, and Al and Phil were helping Betty and Evelyn take turns bouncing on the end of the long, thick cock. Betty was fucking when Stacy, Jane and Virginia got there. Betty stopped her rhythmic thrusts when she heard Evelyn ask Stacy if she was ready to give horse-fucking a try.

"We have him well-primed for you," Betty said. "We'll let you have his load, won't we, Evelyn?"

"Sure! There are seven more horses the fellows can help us break in for fucking!"

There was general laughter and Stacy joined in. Al and Phil removed their hands from Betty's body, she slipped off the glistening cock, then got out of the way. Stacy got on her back and floated while Al and Phil helped her get into position for the penetration. She knew if she hadn't already fucked Pee-wee she would've been very apprehensive about taking the big cock. Not that it was much bigger around than the smaller pony's prick.

She grabbed the hot, hard cock and guided it to her wet pussy lips. When Stacy had the blunt end centered on target, Al and Phil lifted her ass. It was a tight fit, but her cunt stretched easily enough to admit the hard, slippery cockhead and about six inches of the thick shaft.

The sensation was great, as Stacy had known it would be, and the novelty of the situation added to her pleasure. When she lowered, leaving just the hard crown embedded in her quivering cunt, the fingers clasp her buttocks helped her thrust upward again. Her ass slapped the water and submerged on each downward movement.

Stacy fucked rhythmically, with the help of the two boys, and soon sensed the big horse cock was about to ejaculate. She began to thrust faster, really making the water splash, driving the cock deep and also making contact with her clit in an attempt to have a simultaneous climax.

She didn't make it when the big cock exploded, however. She'd already had so many orgasms she simply wasn't capable of having another at the moment. There was still great pleasure in just feeling the big load of hot sperm shooting, flooding, and overflowing her clinging cunt.

Stacy wasn't exactly left hanging, as she'd already had enough sex to prevent that, but she was glad the way things worked out as they did after she'd dipped into the water and cleaned herself. Max said he'd go exchange horses, and Phil said somebody else would have to help the girl being fucked, as he and Al had other plans.

"We thought you might give us a turn," Al told Stacy.

Understanding Al and Phil wanted to give her a double-fuck, and excited by the fact, Stacy started wading toward the beach. They followed close behind, then caught up with her in ankle-deep water. Both cocks were thrusting stiffly.

They went directly to the shade and the blankets without waiting for the sun to dry their bodies. Al was the first to drop to a blanket, on his back, with his hard cock jutting, so Stacy got down and mounted him. Phil dropped down behind her and said he'd use saliva for a lubricant.

Stacy soon found saliva worked about as good as cunt juice. There was some pain as Phil inserted his cock in her asshole, but she willingly suffered a little for the pleasure she knew would soon follow.

When the three of them rolled over onto their sides, the young men began fucking her, both at once, and Stacy found it difficult to believe how marvelous it felt to have two throbbing cocks moving inside her at the same time.

It'd already been a day to remember, she thought happily - and the sun was still high in the sky!

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

The next day, Sunday, Stacy slept until almost noon. Her parents didn't appear until she'd been up for half an hour. She had brunch with them, trying with some success to put out of her mind thoughts and mental pictures of them naked and sexing it up with the various partners. She felt she'd seen and had enough sex to last a while.

She'd really been pooped riding back from the lake just before dark the day before. She'd had a bite to eat and gone right to bed, immediately dropping off to sleep and sleeping like the proverbial log.

She'd fucked three more of the horses, including her own, during the late afternoon. They'd been a little wild at first, but they'd soon settled down, and if the amount of sperm was any indication, all three had enjoyed themselves. She still felt a little queasy about having sex with an animal, and didn't intend to let it become a habit.

She wasn't the slightest bit upset by the other sexual activities. There'd been a wild group-sex orgy not long before they'd started home. The whiskey had finally helped drive everybody a little mad with lust. She couldn't use drinking for an excuse, though, and didn't want to. Still, she intended to take it easy on the drinking from then on. She didn't want to become like her mother where swilling liquor was concerned.

Stacy put on a swimsuit and lounged around in the shade at the pool, listening to rock music on a radio. Her father came out and read the paper on the patio. Soon her mother came out and joined her father, and Stacy was pleased to see that her mother wasn't drinking.

After they'd read the paper, Stacy's parents went into the house, then soon returned, wearing

swimsuits. Stacy joined them in the pool, and she and her father practiced diving from the board.

The afternoon passed pleasantly. It was almost as if nothing had happened to change Stacy's life so drastically. Her father said they'd enter their jumping horses in competition at a meet the following weekend. Stacy was happy to hear it, and they talked excitedly about past meets they'd won and those they'd lost.

Stacy's mother went in early and prepared an excellent dinner. While with her father, and again when eating with both her parents, Stacy seriously considered informing them she knew their secret. She didn't like the idea of them thinking they were putting something over on her, and she also had the wild thought such talk might possibly lead to her having sex with her handsome, heavy-hung father, and maybe even with her beautiful, sexy mother.

She even indulged herself in some crazy thoughts about how it might be if they made the threesome scene. Those exciting mental pictures made her realize her sexual satisfaction had only been a temporary thing. Because she became sexy-hot right there with a mouthful of roast beef and mashed potatoes.

Stacy wasn't surprised when her father announced he and her mother were going out that evening. When they wanted to know if she had anything planned, she said she was going to stay home and do some homework. Her father told her he thought she'd decided to start dating and having fun. She almost blurted out that she'd dated four boys the day before. Her mother told her father not to be so pushy, and Stacy's urge to speak out passed.

Alone in the big house, Stacy turned the TV set on. She didn't have any homework to do. She wasn't sure why she'd lied. Because she hadn't wanted to admit she didn't have anything at all planned, she guessed. She was too restless to watch television. She snapped the set off without even seeing what programs were on. She'd wandered out into the kitchen and was having a Coke when she heard the telephone ringing.

She ran to answer the phone. It had entered her mind to call Al, or one of the other boys, and she thought it might be one of them. It was Betty, telling she'd heard her parents talking about a party. She knew where it was going to be, and she wanted to know if Stacy would like to do some peeking. Stacy said she'd be there in a few minutes. She was wearing a skirt and blouse. It didn't take long to change into jeans and a thin sweater.

Betty was waiting out on the sidewalk, dressed in a similar outfit. She told Stacy the party was at an estate about a mile away, but she'd never been there. They walked swiftly, and mostly in silence. Stacy hoped her parents had gone to the same swapping party. She wanted to see her father and his big cock in action again.

There was a gate at the driveway entrance, but it was open. The drive was made out of packed shells and they got over and walked on the grass, under tall and thickly growing pine trees. There was a large parking space near the house, almost in front, and there were about a dozen cars. Stacy spotted her father's car.

They heard music, laughing and tanking. They kind of flitted from tree to tree, and Betty wished aloud that she knew the layout of the place. They soon found that the noise was coming from the swimming pool and surrounding area.

As they got closer, it became obvious it was a different type of sex party. There seemed to be fifteen to twenty people, men and women, and all were wearing swimsuits. There were plenty of lights, and Betty said she imagined most of the real action took place inside the big house.

"The people tossing the party probably insist upon playing silly games to pick partners," Betty added.

"They couldn't very well fuck out in the open where people could easily wander in and watch," Stacy said, noticing one young, well-stacked woman wearing a white bikini. The material was wet and she might as well have been naked.

Stacy and Betty managed to get very close to the pool without being seen. Stacy didn't see her parents, or Betty's, and Betty whispered that the four of them were probably already inside the house. Stacy silently agreed, then whispered it wasn't going to be much fun just watching people around the pool.

They retreated without saying another word.

When they were well away from the pool, Betty said they'd just have to scout around until they found something exciting to watch. She said since she had more experience peeking, she'd lead the way. Stacy was willing to follow, and said so.

They'd circled around and were near a door and a window when they almost bumped into a man in the near-darkness. He was zipping his pants, obviously after taking a leak. They didn't attempt to run, but he grabbed them both by an arm and mumbled something, Stacy understanding only the word, "trespassers".

The fully clothed, middle-aged man had hustled them to the door, and inside a room, before Stacy had time to much more than think that she and Betty had sure played hell.

There were two men and two women standing near an inside doorway, all naked. They stared, as the man gave Stacy and Betty a shove forward and said he'd caught some kids sneaking around outside.

"You mean two young, pretty girls!" one of the naked men exclaimed.

One of the naked women glared. "You fool! Why did you bring them in here! You know damned well I can't afford the publicity this could cause!"

She didn't make an attempt to cover her nakedness, nor did the other three. Stacy recognized her face from the society pages. She also recognized one of the men. She'd seen him at her house. She wondered if his wife was there. She realized by the sudden startled look in his eyes that he knew who she was.

"That's Jim Morgan's daughter!" he said loudly.

"And the other one's Betty Evans," the other man said. "Bob's daughter!"

"Don't get your asses in an uproar," Betty said calmly; "We know you're swappers. Just as we know our parents are here somewhere. We've seen them fucking, sucking, and all the rest while peeking at other parties. They don't know about us knowing, so if you'll just forget about seeing us we'll breeze on out of here and that'll be the end of it."

The clothed man stood with his back against the door, as if to prevent escape, and the four naked people put their heads together and whispered excitedly. Stacy decided they were all well-preserved, considering they were getting along in years. Neither pair of breasts sagged very much, and the men's bodies looked firm and strong. Their limp cocks looked as if they might be as long as eight inches in an erect state.

Finally, the whispering stopped and the four looked at Stacy and Betty. The second woman, speaking for the first time, wanted to know if they were virgins. Betty laughed and said she was willing to prove she'd been around by having any kind of sex they wanted right then.

"Stacy and I both took on four young studs just yesterday!"

"We need some protection against the possibility of the two of you blabbing," the first woman said, meeting Stacy's eyes. "We're also worried by the thought of your parents becoming angry because you were brought into the house. We think we have a possible solution to our dilemma."

"Get on with it," one of the men said. "You aren't supposed to be making a speech on this awkward occasion!"

"Shut up, Oscar. Your father's in one of the bedrooms, Stacy. He's naked and blindfolded. We were getting ready to play a typical swappers' game, whereby he tries to guess the identity of his partner. In this case, it'd be two partners, of course. If you and Betty will perform with him, we won't call the police and have you prosecuted for trespassing."

Betty said, "You're bluffing with that last line of bullshit, but we'll go along with the idea, won't we, Stacy!"

Stacy, her heart pounding wildly, could only nod her head. Without further ado, one of the naked men, Oscar, escorted Stacy and Betty down a hallway. By the time they'd stopped at a closed door, the man's cock was thrusting stiffly. He grinned, pushed the door open, and motioned for them to enter.

As Betty and Stacy went into the large bedroom, Betty flicked the head of the man's hard cock with her forefinger. He gasped and took a step backward. Betty laughed low in her throat and closed the door in his face.

Stacy's father was near the middle of a huge bed. He was on his back. His big cock was limp and flopped back over on his flat stomach. There was a narrow strip of black cloth over his eyes and around his head.

Stacy walked over close to the bed and stood there looking at his cock and balls, her mouth dry, her legs trembling. Betty went around on the other side of the bed, and a quick glance told Stacy that Betty was also admiring the big cock and the sizable balls. There was a mirror in the ceiling, almost as big as the bed.

"I sense there's two women in here," Stacy's father said, breaking a long silence. "When I agreed to go along with this somewhat silly game I wasn't told there'd be more than one partner."

Stacy looked at Betty and Betty put her fingers to her lips. Stacy didn't want to talk any more than Betty did. She wanted to do all kinds of things with her handsome father, and with his big beautiful cock, and she'd worry about the possible consequences later.

Betty began getting out of her clothes, and Stacy started doing the same. Her father would soon find out for sure there were two females in the room with him, and she hoped she wouldn't have to fight Betty to get her share of the thrilling action. She almost wished she'd been sent into the bedroom alone. Even if Betty would be there to share her father's possible anger afterward.

"I still think our hostess is a little nutty for coming up with these silly games, but I'll have to admit I find this one strangely exciting."

Stacy and Betty had finished getting undressed. Betty winked at Stacy and got on the bed near Stacy's father's head. He reached up, felt around, and began fondling her big titties. She leaned her face over and kissed him on the mouth. Stacy knew Betty wanted to give her first crack at the big cock, but she wished she had all of her father all to herself. His mouth, his kisses, everything. She watched them kissing heatedly, obviously using their tongues, and felt a pang of jealousy. She felt even more jealous when she saw his lovely cock lifting into an erection before she'd even touched it.

Telling herself she was being silly, and had no right to be jealous, Stacy got on the bed between her father's parted legs. She caressed his muscular thighs. They were smooth and warm to the touch. She was glad he didn't have much hair on his body. The blond bush didn't even extend very far on his belly. She grasped his big prick with one hand and felt it grow hard in her fist. God, but it was exciting to be touching her father so intimately! She could feel her cunt lips already becoming damp.

Stacy glanced up at the mirror. There were lights on an around the room. It was a little weird to see everything reflected. She watched her fingers, and the big stiff shaft as she slowly moved her fist up and down on the hard, throbbing flesh. She looked back down, directly at the swollen knob. The glans was an attractive pink. The smell drifting up to her nostrils made her feel a little giddy. The big cock had to be all of nine inches long. Maybe even ten.

On a downward stroke, Stacy left her fingers wrapped around the thick base of the long, rigid rod. She leaned over and began licking the big knob. The taste seemed to be even better than the cocks she'd licked before. Not that there was really much of a taste, she thought, twirling her tongue around and around the sleek flesh. The basic blandness still surprised her.

She opened her mouth wide and engulfed the glans. She felt her father's ass lift from the mattress, driving a few inches of the shaft into her sucking mouth. His buttocks settled back down, but she followed, taking more of the truly wonderful cock, grabbing his heavy balls with her other hand.

She was actually sucking her father's big beautiful cock! The fact it was supposed to be forbidden to perform any kind of sex act with one's father seemed to give her even more thrilling pleasure. How could anything that felt so good, and seemed so right, be so bad? God, but she was glad things had worked out as they had! No matter what happened afterward, she'd treasure her memories forever and ever!

Stacy had started holding the thick base of the jutting prick with a thumb and forefinger, so as to get more into her greedily sucking mouth. The knob began striking the back of her mouth on each downward movement. She didn't think she could possibly take it all, but she just had to try.

She relaxed her throat muscles, as she'd learned to do with the four other cocks she'd sucked, and managed to take enough to make the soft pubic hairs tickle her nose. She wanted to feel and taste the sperm shooting into her mouth and down her throat, but she also wanted her father's big cock buried in her steaming cunt. There was Betty to think about, too. Betty would want, and maybe demand, a lot of the action.

While thinking about Betty, and taking her father's swollen cockhead deep into her throat, Stacy had her eyes closed. She began sucking only the crown, and looked to see what her father and Betty were doing. They were still kissing passionately, and her father was still fondling Betty's lovely titties. Deciding that even if her father was capable of lasting a long time, as she'd observed while peeking, he might need a little rest, Stacy removed her mouth and tongue from his saliva-coated tool.

Besides, she wanted to give him pleasure by licking his balls. She might even tongue his asshole.

She didn't want to get her jaws aching, either. As had happened late Saturday afternoon out at the lake. She was glad she'd had practice sucking and fucking. She had a better chance to make her father happy.

Before Stacy could move her mouth down to her father's heavy sac, he and Betty stopped kissing. He said he was in the mood for some pussy lapping, then added, "I won't even attempt to guess who owns the mouth and tongue down there, but I will say she's an expert!"

Stacy caught herself just in time to keep from saying thanks. She lifted and watched as Betty straddled his head and lowered her crotch down over his face. Stacy saw her father's tongue lick Betty's cunt, then his fingers grasp Betty's firm asscheeks. She also heard little moans spilling from Betty's lips. She suddenly wondered at what point her father was supposed to remove the blindfold. When he failed to guess the identity of his partners? Again she found herself wishing Betty wasn't there.

Stacy's father moved his legs helpfully when she moved down to get at his nuts with her mouth and tongue. She kissed and tongued his inner thighs first, remembering how much she enjoyed such oral attentions. She licked the bag and sucked a testicle into her mouth. Just as she pushed the ball out with her tongue, intending to give the other one the same lavish treatment, she felt the bed shaking and saw Betty bouncing and wriggling through an orgasm.

She licked up along the underside of the poking cock, engulfed the head and sucked, sensing she'd soon be asked to change places with Betty. She was ready, too. She was getting very close to starting on the blissful journey toward a climax. She was even tempted to impale herself on the big beauty. It was only fair that she gave Betty a chance to do some sucking, though. Hell, if it weren't for Betty the glorious happening wouldn't even be taking place!

As soon as Betty lifted and rolled away from Stacy's father's face, he licked his wet lips, and said, "Why don't you hot-ass gals switch around? I'd like to return the favor to the one doing such a damned good job of sucking my cock!"

Stacy and Betty were moving before he finished speaking. Stacy didn't give him her pussy to lap right away, though. She waited until Betty was sucking his cock. She was afraid she might be jealous and she wanted to find out one way or the other. She was pleased to discover she only felt a strange kind of happiness for her father. She wanted him to have all the pleasure possible and she could tell he liked the way Betty gave a blowjob. She just hoped he didn't shoot off in Betty's greedily sucking mouth.

"The one sucking my cock now is damned good, too," Stacy's father said. He chuckled. "I don't want to slight anyone!"

He'd reached out and found Stacy with a hand. He was caressing her poking, hard-tipped titties. She impulsively leaned over and kissed him on the mouth. There was a faint taste of Betty's cuntal secretions. He jabbed his hot tongue into Stacy's mouth and she tingled right down to her toes. God, but it was great to be French-kissing her handsome father!

He broke the feverish, tongue-lashing kiss, then told her to give him her snatch. She did, hurriedly, and excitedly ground her moist cunt lips down on his open mouth. His slippery tongue snaked into her quivering twat and she lifted enough to allow him to breathe. He swabbed the wet walls, his fingers gripping her ass, and she moved in such a way as to make it easier for him to get at her stiffened clitoris.

He lapped the sensitive organ, then got his lips around the hard bump of flesh and sucked greedily.

He was damned good at the intimate oral act, it felt wonderful, but the fact it was her father going down on her added greatly to her pleasure. Her horny father actually had his tongue in her twat!

Stacy spasmed within thirty seconds. She bounced and squirmed, jerked and jolted, and didn't try to keep the little whimpering cries of ecstasy from spilling from between her parted lips. He kept sucking, gulping, and swallowing long after she'd become still and silent. She was reluctant to remove her twitching pussy from his mouth until she thought about the glorious fact she still had his lovely cock to sample with her palpitating cunt.

As soon as Stacy lifted and swung away from her father's head, Betty stopped sucking his cock, got out of the way, and motioned for Stacy to mount him. Smiling her thanks, Stacy quickly straddled her father and guided his jutting rod into her hot, juicy snatch, keeping her weight on her knees and bracing on her hands and arms.

She lowered slowly, thrilling to every inch of the magnificent cock as it pushed past the clinging folds of sensitive cunt flesh. When she'd captured it all, she gave a little sigh of pure, unadulterated bliss. Oh, God! She actually had her dear father's truly wonderful cock buried balls deep in her quivering cunt! Sweet Jesus! She was finally actually fucking her darling father! She was doing something she'd dreamed about for a long, long time. Maybe for years!

Stacy had started moving up and down, up and down, slowly and deliberately, all of her senses focused upon the huge, slippery pole sliding in deep, then almost out of her clinging, clasping cunt. It was almost as if she'd died and gone to heaven. She was coming already! She'd just started and she was already about to climax!

She saw the pleasure registering on her father's face. She had to fight the wild urge to rip the blindfold from his eyes and let him see the glorious pleasure registering on her own features. What would he say if he saw he was being fucked by his own daughter? Would it detract from his enjoyment? Or add to it?

Stacy had been bouncing faster and faster, hoping to feel the hot jism spurting into her hot cunt when she spasmed, at the same time not wanting her father's cock to lose its hardness. She got one of her wishes. When she'd settled down after an orgasm that'd been heavenly and left her breathless, her father hadn't climaxed, and his cock was still rock hard.

Betty tapped Stacy on her ass demandingly. Stacy didn't want to relinquish her father's poking prick without feeling it spurt, and she was already eager to take another delightful trip, but she knew she had to be fair with Betty. She dismounted, and watched as Betty quickly took her place.

Again she was happy for her father. She knew Betty was a good fuck, as well as being an expert at sucking either a cock or a cunt, and she could tell he was enjoying himself tremendously. She only wished she could tell him to save his load for her.

As it turned out, there was no need for Stacy to be so concerned. After Betty had bounced through an orgasm, and it only took a couple of minutes, the cock was still thrusting proudly when she dismounted.

Stacy quickly impaled herself once again. The climaxes she'd already enjoyed had calmed her down a great deal. She began fucking slowly, clamping down on the hard shaft while moving, trying to milk the jism out with her inner muscles.

She felt Betty getting behind her, kissing her humping ass. She leaned forward, mashed her taut-tipped breasts against her father's chest, and glued her mouth to his parted lips. He returned her

feverish kiss, and soon they were taking turns nibbling at each other's inner lips.

Betty went lower and nuzzled her face down to where she could get her tongue on their joined genitals. Stacy began leaving her ass lifted longer on the upstroke, giving Betty a chance to get more licks in at the exposed cock. She knew the juices from her heated cunt were being lapped up and swallowed, and she suddenly wanted to change places with Betty. She had the crazy thought things might work out so she and her father and her mother could make the threesome scene. After all, she and her mother both liked to eat pussy.

Stacy pulled her mouth from her father's and swung from his thrusting tool. She made Betty understand what she wanted to do by making motions. Betty seemed very happy to go along with the new arrangement.

Getting a big bang out of tonguing the tangy-tasting sex organs, Stacy again thought about how it might turn out so she could also have sex with her lovely mother. The idea didn't seem all that crazy or preposterous while she was down licking her father's slippery cock, his balls, wet with cunt juice, and Betty's clinging pussy lips.

"I know damned well I won't be able to guess who you hot-ass gals are, and I doubt that I was even expected to, but since I'm supposed to get my gun twice before removing the blindfold, I have a suggestion to make. I'm getting close to a climax and it might be a good idea for one of you to suck me off the first time. It wouldn't be so messy and I'm not the kind of a guy who likes to delve his tongue into a sperm-filled cunt."

Stacy had started moving as soon as her father started speaking. Betty had just started to bounce through an orgasm. Stacy didn't try to stop Betty from finishing, but she mentally crossed her fingers, hoping her father wouldn't lose control and shoot his sperm into Betty's snatch.

The cock was still jutting stiffly when Betty swung off and away. Stacy grabbed the base of the slippery rod, opened her mouth wide, and engulfed the glistening knob and about three inches of the wet shaft with one swift motion. She sucked up and down greedily, taking the swollen glans deep into her throat on each downward movement, laving the hard, sleek knob with her tongue when she lifted her mouth.

She heard her father groan. The sound seemed to mingle with the slurping sounds she was making. She squeezed his balls and milked up with her tightly drawn lips when the big cock jerked and spurted jets of lava-like jism. She swallowed the thick cream as fast as she could, but the semen kept squirting and overflowed her mouth. She felt Betty's cheek next to hers. She pulled her mouth away, still swallowing sperm, and let Betty suck and drain the last few gobs and drops.

"God, but I really had a load, didn't I! And that hasn't happened to me in one hell of a long time!"

Stacy knew her father was referring to the fact his cock hadn't lost any of its hardness after his ejaculation. She thought about what he'd said about not removing the blindfold until he'd climaxed twice. While working on his second come he should last even longer!

"Stretch out here beside me. Both of you. I need a little rest. I'm sure you're both very young. Your bodies feel young, I mean. You both have such firm, smooth flesh. You must be new to the swapping game. In this group, anyhow. I'm sure I haven't been with either one of you before. This is all rather stupid, really, but I'll try and play it out to the end."

Stacy and Betty had stretched out beside him, one on each side, and he was running his hands over their bodies. Stacy lifted and began tonguing his nearest nipple. It jumped to attention and she

began sucking the hard tip. Betty began treating the other nipple in the same lavish manner. Stacy put one hand down and clasped his thrusting cock. Betty put a hand down and there was plenty of room for both their fists to move up and down on the hard flesh and muscle.

Stacy's father soon said he was ready to do some fucking. Again Betty motioned for Stacy to go first. Stacy wondered if it was only her imagination that made her think he'd rolled over to take her even before she tugged at him. Maybe instinct had made him know she wanted to be fucked by him even more than Betty did.

When he was between her eagerly parted legs, he let her do the guiding. As soon as her hand was out of the way, he plunged all the way in. She gave a little gasp and wrapped her legs around his slender waist. Ankles locked behind his back, she began rotating her ass and hunching along with his masterful thrusts. He remained braced on his hands and arms. Again she had to fight the urge to rip the blindfold from his eyes.

He lowered, flattened her hard-nippled mounds against his chest, buried his face beside hers, and slipped his hands down to her hips. Matching him thrust for thrust, rapidly building toward still another orgasm, she thought, surely her father couldn't be angry after they'd shared such ecstatic happiness. She was going to have him again and again and again, though, no matter what! She just had to!

Stacy's father pumped her through a spasmodic climax, then withdrew his stiff prick, and got over between Betty's eagerly parted legs. Stacy lifted and watched Betty do the guiding. Again Stacy was glad she didn't feel any jealousy. She'd even share her handsome stud of a father with her beautiful, hot-ass mother without being jealous!

Looking in the mirror in the ceiling over the bed, watching her father's humping ass, Stacy quite calmly decided such an arrangement should work out just fine. They could have their pleasure at home, she could go with them to the swapping parties, and they could even have sex with her friends. They should really go for all the young stuff!

After pronging Betty through an orgasm, Stacy's father moved over and fucked Stacy again. It took much longer for her to come, and when she did, she tried desperately to make him shoot off in her clapping cunt. She wanted to feel the sperm spurting, but she also suddenly wanted to find out what his reaction was going to be when he discovered who he was fucking. She couldn't find the nerve to pull the blindfold off, though, and she failed to make him ejaculate.

"I'll have to admit that I'm getting a little tired," Stacy's father said, leaving his stiff cock buried deep after Stacy's spasms had subsided. "I think I'll just let my dick soak in this luscious cunt for a minute or two."

"Maybe you could come if you fucked one of us in the..."

Betty clamped a hand over her mouth. She was sitting up, and Stacy had thought she was getting ready to go down and do some ass, cock, and cunt tonguing.

Stacy's father had lifted his upper body. He turned his blindfolded eyes toward Betty. "Your voice sounds very familiar. Have you ever been in my home? Are you one of my daughter's friends?"

Betty looked at Stacy, smiled weakly, and shrugged her shapely shoulders. "I know Stacy, Mister Morgan. She's a very nice, normal, healthy girl, and I like her very much."

There was a long silence. It looked and felt to Stacy as if her father's entire body had become just as

tense as his big cock buried in her cunt. She looked at his mouth, and could tell he was getting ready to ask another question. She was sure she knew what the question was going to be, just as she was sure he'd already sensed what the answer would be. Surprised at her own sudden calmness, she decided she might as well answer the question without words. She reached up and pushed the blindfold up around his forehead.

Stacy's father blinked his eyes, stared, turned pale, and blurted, "Good God!"

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

Seconds after Stacy's father blurted out the loud wordy his handsome face flushed, turning from pale to a reddish hue, and he quickly swung from Stacy and the bed.

"What are you doing here! How the hell did you get in here!"

Stacy, amazed at her own calmness, pleased with the way her father's eyes were flicking over her nakedness, sat up and scooted her ass to the side of the bed. He wasn't shocked enough to lose his hard-on, she thought happily. She slipped her feet to the soft, thick carpet and stood straight and proud.

"Why don't you tell him how we got in here, Betty?" she said, smiling.

Betty swung from the bed, on the other side, and began explaining, the words fairly tumbling out. Stacy dropped to her knees and took a goodly portion of her father's wet, thrusting cock into her mouth. She began sucking, taking the crown deep into her throat, squeezing his big balls with one hand, and caressing his firm buttocks with the other.

Soon Stacy's father put his hands on her forehead and pushed her greedy mouth from his pulsing prick. She looked up and met his blazing eyes. Betty had stopped peeking, having told only how they'd peeked before, had been caught, and had been hustled into the house and the bedroom.

"That bitch of a hostess played a dirty trick on me, Stacy. As well as on you and your mother. That's a two-way mirror over the bed. Your mother's in the room above watching. We've been putting on an exhibition for no telling how many swappers. I thought I was just in on the initiation of two new wives!"

Stacy had settled back on her haunches and looked up at the two-way mirror. She met her father's passion-filmed eyes again. "You said something about having to guess who we were."

"That was the original plan. I've played the silly game before. I thought talking in such a manner would throw the new wives off, make them less suspicious about being watched. Hell! What am I talking about! I've been having sex with my own daughter and her friend!"

Betty had walked around from the other side of the bed. "You enjoyed yourself, Mister Morgan. You'll admit that, won't you?"

Before Stacy's father could answer, the door swung inward and Stacy's mother walked in. She was fully dressed. She stopped near the foot of the bed. She was frowning, her eyes glaring. Stacy could tell her mother had seen everything through the two-way mirror.

"I must say, that was quite an exhibition my husband and my daughter put on! Not to mention you,

Betty!”

Betty had been scampering around gathering up her clothes. She told Stacy she'd see her around and headed for the door, still completely naked, carrying her clothes in both hands. Stacy asked where she was going.

“I'm going to find my horny father,” Betty called back over her shoulder. “And my sexy mother! You don't think I'm going to miss out on this opportunity, do you!”

“Lord have mercy on us all,” Stacy's mother said.

Stacy got to her feet. “Don't come on with the pious stuff, Mom! What kind of sex were you enjoying while you watched? I've seen you at the swapping parties. I've seen you fucking and sucking and...”

“That's enough,” Stacy's father cut in. “Get dressed, honey, and we'll settle this when we get home.”

Saying she'd wait in the ear, Stacy's mother turned and hurried from the room. Stacy looked at her father's stiffly thrusting cock. He grinned weakly and hurried to a chair in a corner where his clothes were neatly folded. She thought about asking for another chance to take the stiffness out of his big cock, then remembered the two-way minor. They were probably still being watched, and she'd get a crack at him when they got home or know the reason why!

She gathered her clothes and dressed quickly. They were ready to go at the same time. She felt like asking her father if he were really sorry, and she wanted to tell him how much she'd enjoyed herself, but decided it might be best not to say anything. He already knew how much pleasure she'd had, she knew he'd enjoyed himself, and she sensed he had his mind on her mother more than anything else.

He'd apparently gotten over the great shock he'd had, and she just hoped he'd be reasonable about the whole deal. Maybe the two of them could work on her mother and get her to accept what had happened - and what she hoped would happen again and again, both in the near and in the far future.

His cock wasn't poking his pants out all that much by the time they were near the door. He turned and thumbed his nose at the two-way mirror. Stacy laughed and did the same. She had the feeling everything was going to work out just fine. Where she and her father were concerned, anyway.

They didn't meet anybody in the hallway, nor in the room Stacy had first entered. She wondered where Betty was, sure that if the wanton, fun-loving girl hadn't found her father and mother she'd found somebody else to sex it up with.

They went around the big house on the side away from the swimming pool. Stacy didn't hear any noise, and she figured everybody was inside doing the exciting things the married couples went to a swapping party to do.

Her father got behind the wheel and she got in back. Her mother didn't turn around or speak. As soon as the car was rolling, Stacy started talking. It wasn't very far home and she tanked fast. She wanted to get everything said while she had the captive audience of two. She wasn't interrupted one time, and she started by telling about the first lime she peeked with Betty.

She went into some detail about the scenes in which her mother and father had participated. She told about the gay sex with Betty, and admitted fucking Betty's pony. She told about Al and Phil, the thrilling sex acts she'd enjoyed with them and Betty, then told about the orgy at the lake, including the horse fucking. The only part she left out was her experience with Evelyn. She didn't think she

had the right to reveal the redhead's secret concerning the baby-sitting job. She finished by giving her mother a quick rundown on how she and Betty had happened to end up on the bed under the two-way mirror.

Just as Stacy stopped talking, her father parked the car. Her mother got out and rushed into the house. Her father remained behind the wheel, so Stacy didn't get out, either.

"When I told you to date and have fun I didn't mean for you to go wild, Stacy."

"I used what I saw you and Mom doing as an excuse, but I would've probably done the same things, anyhow. I guess I'm just as sexy-hot and wild as my parents."

Her father chuckled and said she'd made a good point. He turned and looked at her. "I hope your mother will be able to adjust to what has happened, Stacy. Her drinking problem's caused mostly by the fact she has never been able to accept her bisexuality. Mentally, I mean. Now she'll undoubtedly worry about you."

"She shouldn't," Stacy said. "I like the way I am, the various ways I enjoy sex, and I wouldn't want to be any other way."

"She has had another problem, Stacy. A few times, while drinking, she confessed her true feelings about you. She loves you because you're her daughter, of course, but she's also attracted to you in a physical way."

"I can easily help her solve that problem if she'll let me, Dad. You don't seem to feel so badly about having sex with roe. Maybe the same will be true of Mom once she gives it a try."

They got out of the car without exchanging another word. Stacy walked around and took her father's hand. He squeezed her fingers and said he guessed he'd been secretly attracted to her for the past couple of years, too. Stacy remained silent, happy in the knowledge she at last had an understanding with her handsome, horny father, and they walked to the house, hand in hand.

Stacy's mother had turned a light on and was sitting on a couch. She didn't look up. Stacy was glad her mother hadn't headed for a bottle. That seemed to be a good sign.

"We can't change what has happened, Marge. Nor can we ever go back to things as they were. I, for one, intend to try and take everything in stride, as our lovely young daughter seems to be doing, and enjoy the good fortune fate has tossed my way. I suggest you do the same, honey."

Stacy's mother remained silent and didn't look up. Stacy was still holding hands with her father. He led her across the room, down the hallway, and into the master bedroom. He dropped her hand, left the door open, and turned a couple of table lamps on.

He faced Stacy, smiled, and began taking his clothes off. Her pulse quickening, Stacy began stripping her feverish body naked. They turned it into a race. It was a tie, both climbing onto the bed, from opposite sides, at the same time.

They went into each other's arms and locked together in a tight embrace. On their knees, mouths glued together, tongues lashing, they slowly toppled over until they were on their sides. Stacy grabbed his big, stiff cock while they were straightening out their legs. He pulled his mouth and tongue from hers and whispered that they had plenty of time.

He rolled her over on her back, pulling his hard prick from her caressing fingers. Again he

whispered, telling her he wanted to take his time and give her a tongue bath. She liked the idea very much. It was just one more of her dreams coming true, and she hoped her mother would soon come in and join them.

He straddled her, keeping his ass lifted in the air. He began sucking her poking, hard-tipped tits, one and then the other, and she used her own hands to shove even more of the firm flesh into his hot mouth. His tongue jabbed at each erect, tingling nipple while he sucked, and at times he nipped at the elongated tips with his teeth. She didn't try to hold back her soft little moans of pleasure.

She didn't put her hands on his head, and kept them well away when he left her throbbing mounds and trailed his moistly parted lips and darting tongue lower. She didn't squirm her body very much, either. She wanted to show she could exercise some control over her desires, and the sex she'd had with him earlier helped her do just that.

He licked her rib cage, one hand remaining to palm and massage a spiked breast. The fingers of his other hand trailed down and gently plucked at her cunt hairs. Kissing and tonguing, he made his way to her navel. He jabbed his tongue around and in the shallow indentation, his fingers running lightly over her moist pussy lips.

Leaving her belly button, the flat of his tongue licked every square inch of her flat, trembling stomach. Her entire body was beginning to feel like one big erogenous zone. It was amazing as to just how much of the smooth surface of her body reacted to the touch of his lips and tongue with feelings of sexual pleasure. She soon began squirming heatedly, despite her efforts to remain comparatively cool and calm while her darling father lovingly bestowed lavish oral attentions upon her feverish flesh.

By the time Stacy's father had tongued his way down to her inner thighs, skirting around her pubic hairs and twitching cunt, she was more than ready for him to go down on her. He went lower, though. He worked his way down along one leg and began nibbling at her toes. She liked that sensation very much.

He went over to her other foot, nipped at her toes with his lips, then worked his way up that long leg to her crotch. He then surprised her by flipping her over on her stomach. He licked her legs, all the way down one and up the other, while his fingers caressed her buttocks.

Planting a wet kiss on each asscheek, he then straddled her again. He kissed and licked the back of her neck and her shoulders. She was really squirming passionately by then, thinking when he'd said tongue bath he'd really meant tongue bath. While he was licking down along her spine, and walking backward on his knees, his caressing hands molded the sides of her body.

He tugged at her hips until her ass was hiked high in the air. She gasped as he licked up through the crack of her ass. He spread the cheeks of her ass wide with his fingers and jabbed the tip of his tongue against her puckered anus. She managed to relax enough for him to get all of two inches of his hot, slippery tongue into her asshole. He tongue-fucked the tight, twitching tunnel until she thought she was going to melt and cream before he even got around to tonguing her tingling cunt.

Finally, he pulled his tongue all the way out of her clasp rectum and licked down and up through her gaping gash. He lifted, his hands still on her hips, and she thought he was going to fuck her. She didn't really care which hole he buried his big cock in.

Stacy's father flipped her over on her back, however, and buried his face in her blonde crotch. She lurched upward, lifting her buttocks inches from the mattress as he snaked his tongue into her hot, juicy cunt. His hot tongue probing deep, then swabbing the tender folds of hot, wet cunt flesh, he



shoved his hands under and grasped her ass.

She settled back down on his hands, lifting her knees high, spreading them wider, making it easier for him to burrow his face in deeper. She began rotating her hips and making little hunching movements as his tongue went to her clitoris and started lapping.

She'd been balanced on the brink of an orgasm for so long, it took less than a minute for her to climax. Seconds after his lips joined his lapping tongue, encompassed her passion button, and began sucking, she soared into a shuddering, shattering, spasmodic release. She didn't try to stop the little cries of pleasure escaping from between her parted lips. She hoped her mother would hear and become excited enough to come and turn it into an incestuous threesome.

Stacy had grabbed her father's bobbing head, and dug her fingers into his scalp. As soon as she went limp, and removed her hands, he lifted his head.

"Sweet pussy," he said softly. "Sweet, sweet pussy!"

"Fuck me, Daddy," she said. "Put your big beautiful cock in my cunt and fuck me!"

"Later," he said, quickly stretching out on his back beside her, his huge cock jutting toward the ceiling. "We have lots of time, baby, and I'm still hoping Marge will find the guts to come and get what she wants so damned much."

Saying she hoped the same thing, Stacy lifted and kissed her father's wet lips, liking the taste of her own fluids. They kissed for a short time, then she began kissing and licking around on his broad, almost hairless chest. She tongued and sucked his nipples until the surprisingly big nubs were hard and stiff. She then proceeded to give him a tongue bath.

She failed to get past his thrusting prick, though. She just had to suck the big beauty. There was a little bead of clear liquid in the slit. She scooped up the tasty morsel with her tongue, swallowed, then slipped her lips over the hard, hot glans. She enjoyed having his eyes focused upon her every move. Before she'd sucked him hard and fast. Now, wanting to prove she didn't really have to be all that greedy, she sucked up and down on the rigid shaft slowly and gently, actually using almost no suction at all.

God, but it was pure pleasure just to suck without trying to make his lovely cock shoot off, she thought. She kept her lips lightly closed on the shaft, holding her tongue away, raising and lowering her head very slowly, savoring the taste and feel of the hard meat, relishing every wonderful moment.

She took more and more, relaxing her throat muscles, letting the crown sink deep on each downward motion. Soon she was taking just about all of her father's delightful dick, surprised as well as pleased with her success.

"Honey-baby, you sure learned fast! It's really incredible! You suck cock as if you'd been doing it for years and years, you can snap your sweet cunt muscles just as well as your dear mother, and I'll bet you eat pussy just as expertly!"

Her father's words were like music to Stacy's ears. She'd always liked to be the best at anything she did. The words were proof that she'd succeeded where sex was concerned. She hoped she'd get a chance to prove to her lovely mother she was something of an expert at the art of cunnilingus. So Betty and the other girls had told her, anyhow. She hoped things had worked out as wonderfully for Betty as they had for her!

"We have company, Stacy! I thought you'd see things our way, Marge!"

Stacy lifted her mouth from her father's throbbing cock. Her mother was standing beside the bed, gloriously naked. Stacy quickly stretched out on her back beside her father. Cocksucking and fucking would have to wait. Her lovely mother's brown eyes had the familiar gleam in them. The gleam that meant it was cuntlapping time!

Stacy's mother climbed onto the bed without saying a word. She seemed to be in a trance. She got between Stacy's eagerly parted legs, making little whimpering sounds deep in her throat. She stared at Stacy's blonde crotch, darted her tongue out and around her full lips, quickly leaned over, and mashed her open mouth against Stacy's cunt.

Just as Stacy gasped and lurched upward, as her mother's tongue slithered into her quivering cunt, her father glued his mouth to her parted lips and jabbed his tongue past her teeth. Her mother began sucking the inner lips below, and her father sucked the inner lips above. It was as if she were being eaten alive, with greedy mouths going at her from both ends. She was glad when her father pulled his mouth from hers and began sucking on one of her throbbing tits. It made it easier for her to concentrate on the wildly wonderful pleasure being produced by her mother's expert cuntlapping.

All the other times she'd had her cunt lapped were as nothing compared to the lavish worship her steaming snatch was receiving from her cunt-happy mother. It was incredible the way just about the entire inside of her cunt seemed to be drawn into her mother's hot, sucking mouth.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "Oh, sweet Jesus! You're sucking me inside out! Don't stop! Oh, I'm already coming! I'm cominnnnng..."

While Stacy was still spasming, and bucking and wriggling wildly, her ass being held by her mother's gripping fingers, her mother's mouth and tongue went to her clitoris. The blissful ecstasy went on and on. When her mother finally stopped lapping and sucking, Stacy just knew the mind-bending orgasm had lasted all of three glorious minutes.

"Wow!" she exclaimed when she'd recovered her breath. "I'm really going to have to do some more practicing, and even so, I don't think I'll ever be able to do it that well!"

Stacy's father had pulled his mouth from her tingling tit. "Why don't you start practicing now?" he asked, chuckling.

"Oh, Jim, this is terribly wrong!" Marge said.

"It seems terribly right to me," Stacy said, meeting her mother's passion-filmed eyes. "The three of us are going to have a wonderful life together. I won't interfere with the swapping. Maybe I could even start going to the parties with you. I'll bet Betty's with her parents just like I am with mine by now. Unless the three of them are still sexing it up at the party. We can get the girls and guys I told you about to join us, too. And you'll have to try the big horse cocks, Mom. You'd go for that, I'll bet. You wouldn't mind, would you, Dad? Is it all right if I call you Marge and dim?"

Stacy didn't get a verbal answer, but she felt her sexy parents' actions were answer enough. Her mother had stretched out beside her and was sucking a spiked breast, and her father had resumed sucking her other throbbing tit. She began fondling her mother's lovely titties, and pushed a hand down and began stroking her father's lovely cock. She wanted to watch her father fuck her mother at close range, and she wanted to be fucked by him again and again, but first she wanted to taste her mother's twat.

There weren't any protests when Stacy pushed the greedy mouths from her taut-tipped breasts and rolled over on her side, facing Marge. Stacy pushed Marge over on her back and began feasting upon her big boobies. She suckled one, then the other, and kissed Marge's wet mouth before trailing lower. Marge returned the tongue-lashing kiss, and Stacy saw Jim watching excitedly when she did start the thrilling trip down to Marge's crotch.

The delectable fragrance emanating from Marge's cunt was so exquisite Stacy only stared at the moist slit for a few seconds, breathing in the aroma in long, slow breaths. Marge lifted slightly, and Stacy pushed the soft lips apart with her fingertips, then lowered and extended her tongue.

Stacy licked the hot lips, first one, then the other, still keeping them spread wide with her fingers. She delved her tongue into the hot, juicy pussy, thrilling to the taste, then began drawing the folds of flesh into her mouth. She sucked as she'd so recently been sucked, trying to do as good a job, feeling she'd had some success when little moans began drifting down from the lips above.

Feeling fingers on her head, digging into her scalp, Stacy moved her mouth to the top of the twitching cunt and found the clitoris stiffly erect. The passion button had to be over an inch long, she thought, fluttering her tongue against the slippery organ. She twirled her tongue, then lapped, bringing soft little cries of joy from above.

Slipping her lips around the stiffened clit, she added sucking to her lapping, and pushed her hands around and under Marge's squirming buttocks. She grasped the firm, smooth asscheeks, and began bobbing her head. Marge began hunching and wriggling, then soon began jerking and jolting wildly.

Stacy kept sucking and swallowing the tasty secretions until Marge went limp and the clutching fingers had been removed from her head. She lifted her face and licked her wet lips.

"Fuck her, Dad! I want to watch you fuck Mom until she climaxes again!"

While speaking the loud words, Stacy had been moving out of the way, confident Jim would go along with her wishes. She watched closely as Jim did get between Marge's legs and bury his cock balls deep in her surging cunt.

When Jim started his thrusts, Stacy got around behind him and got her mouth and tongue in on the action. He moved slowly, leaving his ass high in the air long enough for her to lick his wet, slippery, pistoning prick, and she even got in a lick at the clinging cunt lips now and then. It wasn't long before Stacy had to get out of the way, though, because he began pounding Marge through a spasmodic climax.

As soon as Marge sagged, she cried, "Fuck Stacy, Jim! You know what I want to do!"

Stacy quickly got on her back, into position to be fucked by her father, and she was sure she also knew what her mother wanted to do. She decided that before the night was over, she'd try eating Jim's sperm out of Marge's cunt. She also wanted to be corn-holed by his big cock before they called it quits.

Jim pronged Stacy's clasping cunt for all of five minutes - while Marge tongued their genitals before he spurted his hot sperm into Stacy's snapping snatch. She spawned simultaneously, giving out with loud words about how wonderful it felt.

As soon as Jim withdrew his rapidly softening cock, Marge sucked it clean of jism and cuntal fluids, then mashed her mouth against Stacy's sopping cunt. Stacy spasmed again, and again loudly proclaimed how wonderful it felt.

The three of them stretched out side by side again while resting, with Stacy in the middle, and Marge finally broke a long silence.

“Stacy, I know this is wicked, and Jim and I have failed as parents, but right now I’m as happy as I’ve ever been in my life.”

“The same goes for me,” Jim said.

“That makes three happy people,” Stacy said. “And what’s wrong with happiness? Nothing! I think I have the best mother and father in the whole wide world, and I want us to have the same kind of happiness again and again and again!”

They did. On and on into the night.