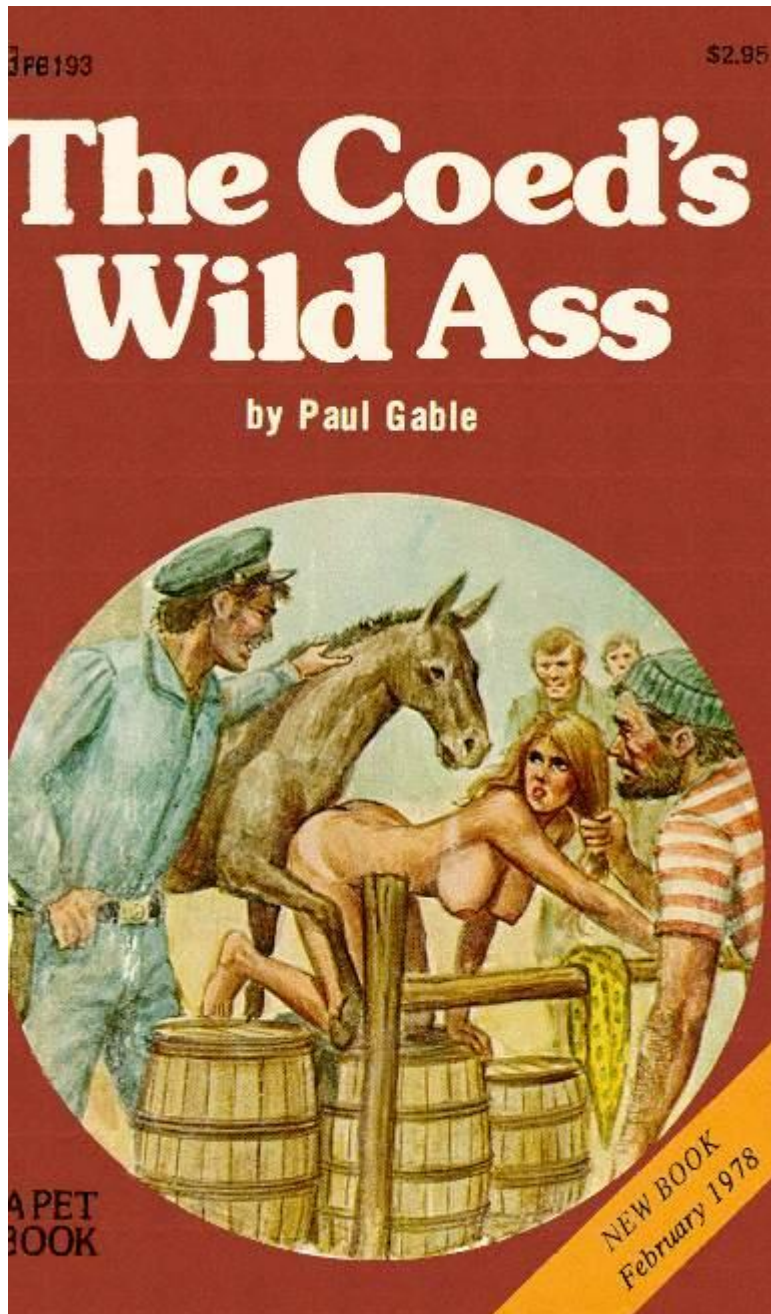


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BEASTIALITY STORIES





CHAPTER ONE

Lydia Merrick hurried along the uneven dirt path winding through the dense grove of elms. A warm breeze made the bright orange and red leaves rustle above the young blonde's head as she walked quickly toward the covered bridge. A good number of people still were wandering through Sturbridge Village even though it was only thirty minutes before closing time.

Shading her eyes with her hand, Lydia stopped some twenty feet from the bridge and scanned the moving throng of people for her friend Tina. She was so absorbed in the problem of finding her friend that Lydia was unaware of the lustful glances she was getting from many passing men.

"How'd you like to slip something hot into her?" one tall, fat dark-haired man said softly to his buddy as the two of them stood in front of the Mill Pond.

"Spread them legs apart, peel back them labes and start fuckin'," the other man said obscenely.

Lydia jerked with a start having heard the last few words. Only now was she aware of the two men

standing close by. The young blonde dropped her hand and started walking toward the bridge. She couldn't deny that her silky flaxen hair tumbling over her slender shoulders, her soft blue eyes, her full pouting and sensuous lips and unblemished pink complexion were distractions for most males. But what was she to do? Splash acid on her face and eat Twinkies until she was stretch mark queen? Most men made their advances less crudely. But occasionally Lydia found herself contending with a Neanderthal as she was this time. The best defense, she had learned, from experience, was simply to ignore the comment and pass on by.

"Mmmm, hot pussy," the first man said sucking in his fat lower lip and biting down hard in frustration. His small black eyes glittered and danced like those of a hungry rat as Lydia brushed past the men and stepped onto the wood floor of the large covered bridge. She felt her skin crawl when she heard the first man moan. The blonde knew well what was on his mind.

I shouldn't have worn this sweater, Lydia thought to herself as she moved toward the middle of the darkened bridge. For the first time she was conscious of her full figure revealingly displayed by her outfit. The blonde's full, high-riding titties jiggled teasingly back and forth with every step she took. The hard, dark red nipples poked against the soft white cotton material, inviting stares from the curious and the lustful. Unconsciously Lydia knew she was displaying her womanhood, telling other women to beware of her alluring femininity, while advertising to all men her desperate physical needs and availability. Consciously, however, the story was something different.

Having recently turned twenty, Lydia Merrick was a junior at Amherst College in north central Massachusetts. Serious about her study of French medieval art, Lydia had little time for boys - or so she thought. She rarely went on dates, and even more rarely did she ever allow a boy to score a home run in her pussy. Although a child born in the sexual revolution, Lydia had managed her sexual experiences down.

"Hey baby, lemme suck your cunt!"

Lydia felt her face flush hot with shame and indignation. Her slender fingers clenched the blonde stopped and wheeled around, her eyes flashing with outrage. But the two men had fled after shouting out the obscene insult. The few people around her either sniggered or looked the other way as Lydia continued standing in middle of the bridge.

"Lydia, Lydia," the blonde heard a voice calling out faintly from the other side of the Mill Pond.

"Tina!" Lydia shouted back, sighing with relief and breaking into a run. Finally she'd be able to leave and get back to her dorm room. It was getting late and she had several hours of studying left to do yet.

"Isn't this fascinating?" Tina asked, lifting her chin and looking around at the thick forest of elms and maples surrounding them. Already long shadows, stretched across the path, announced the end of the day.

"Let's go," Lydia said. The more she thought of those two men and the more she considered her opened books sitting on the table in her room the more Lydia wanted to leave Sturbridge quickly.

"Just think! All this shows us how people lived back in 1720 or so," Tina bubbled out, turning and running behind her friend.

"I've had a good time, Tina, but I want to go back."

Lydia and Tina had decided to visit Sturbridge Village, a recreated New England town of the early

eighteenth century. It was two days before the beginning of the fall semester and their last fling before settling down to their studies. Tina didn't notice Lydia's gloomy attitude as she strolled behind her friend and peered up at the tall, arching elms on either side of the path.

Nestled in the woods were restoration school houses, elegant town homes, taverns, copper smiths, general stores, and even a complete New England farm stretching out to a winding brook at the far end of the compound.

"Oh, let's stop here," Tina said, reaching forward and grabbing hold of Lydia's arm. They were in front of the shoemaker's shop. A young man in his early twenties squatted on an uneven wooden stool and carved a pattern on a sheet of leather.

"Tina..." Lydia was about to protest. But her dark-haired friend had already disappeared into the small shop and was chatting busily with the artisan. Lydia sighed, then turned around and found herself staring across a neatly manicured square. Across the tiny well-kept gardens and paths the blonde spotted a small home next to the church.

Checking behind her once more and seeing Tina was going to be tied up with the shoemaker for a while, Lydia brushed her hair back and quickly crossed the square to the home. Might as well do something until she's through Lydia thought, glancing down at her wristwatch and seeing Tina had only twenty more minutes before the compound closed.

"Hello?" Lydia called out as she stepped into the small building. Immediately the stale odor that always hung in the air in these buildings assaulted her nostrils. No one was in sight as she stepped cautiously into the dark interior.

The low ceiling, large wall fireplace in the living room, hard wood creaking floors, austere high-backed chairs surrounding a plain oaken table suggested this home was once owned by a middle class merchant hundreds of years ago. Lydia walked slowly through the living room, trailing her fingertips softly across the blue flower wallpaper barely visible in the growing darkness. Passing round one corner of the fireplace, the blonde reached a narrow winding stairway leading, she supposed, to the upstairs bedroom. Suddenly finding herself enjoying this excursion, Lydia mounted the stairs, holding on to a creaking railing with one hand.

She reached the top and turned to the right, poking her head into what she guessed was the master bedroom. A small fireplace seemed carved into the wall nearest her with a bed warmer leaning against one side. Two Bentwood rockers stood at either end of the room, while in the middle a canopied bed occupied most of the space. But what Lydia found startling was some shape sprawled across the puffy mattress.

"Oh!" she cried out involuntarily, realizing only now it was a man. Her little cry woke the young man from his dozing. Her jerked up, rubbed his eyes and stared blankly at the blonde.

"I'm sorry," Lydia giggled nervously. She felt she should turn around and leave the house. Yet there was something in her that told her to stand still and wait for... for what she wondered.

"No, I should be apologizing," the young man said, throwing his legs over the right side of the bed. He was dressed in the blue knickers and high white socks most of the attendants of the official exhibits wore. He had taken off his white powdered wig, revealing a full head of black curly hair. His drawstring white cotton shirt was fully opened to the waist, allowing Lydia to view his muscular hairy chest. "I thought nobody else would be coming in. It's almost closing time isn't it?"

"Yes," Lydia said, feeling her skin crawl with strange excitement as the young man started walking

over to her. She glanced down at her watch, realized she couldn't see the hands in the dim light, then moved forward a little toward a small window to the right for more light.

At the same time the guide walked in the same direction. The result was a collision that nearly knocked Lydia to the floor.

"I'm sorry," he said, reaching out quickly and grabbing Lydia tightly around the waist to prevent her from falling.

"That's all right," she panted, surprised at the sudden low tone of her voice. She was shaking all over, beads of perspiration breaking out on her forehead. Her cunny was tingling, puckering and trembling. A strange, delightful itch began centering around her stretching clitty while her nipples stiffened and poked teasingly against the soft white cotton material of her tight sweater. And all this happening because someone had just prevented her from crashing to the floor.

Lydia raised her right hand and rubbed her fingers across her forehead. She had to get a grip on herself. Tina was probably out in the square looking for her. "I'd better go," Lydia found herself whispering like a conspirator as she broke gently away from the guide's grip and backed toward the stairway. Her breathing became shallow and labored as she kept her eyes fastened on his. Lydia thanked God it was dark in the room and he couldn't fully see the effect his touch had on her.

"While you're here I can show you around the house," he said, his voice catching at the end of the sentence. Lydia felt her heart pounding so hard she thought it could rip through her rib cage. She could tell he was as excited as she. The air between them grew thick and hot. She would never forget the young man's appearance as he stood in front of her. He was the most handsome and masculine young man she had ever seen. Dressed in eighteenth century costume with a worn brown leather belt and jackboots he was severely good-looking.

"I-I have a friend," Lydia stammered. She wanted to stay, to close the door behind her and stay with this man. The confused girl couldn't avoid the strange thought of giving herself completely to him - a strange thought considering the number of men and boys she had fought off in the back seats of many cars.

"She can wait," he said, stretching his powerful arm over her left shoulder and shutting the door softly. Lydia felt her throat constrict and her mouth grow dry as cotton. She could still turn around and leave. Nothing had happened yet. He had barely touched her. There would be no hurt feelings on either side. Yet one look at his incredibly handsome face told her leaving now was impossible.

"Come here," he said in a thick voice, sliding his hand down her shoulder to her elbow. That strange, throbbing tingle came again as his calloused hands scraped over her flesh. It was insistent, that feeling. It began along the insides of her thighs like a tiny electric shock, building until her cunt-lips, asscheeks and belly felt heavy and flushed. She moved past the window as if in a trance, her legs seeming to belong to someone else.

Her cunt felt hot and very wet. As her hips moved from walking the velvet inner pussy surfaces rubbed together and hot juice seeped out to dampen the crotch panel of her panties. This was the worst she had been ever. She was suffering from an attack of horniness, something she had never experienced before.

"But what if someone..." Lydia said, snapping partly out of her red sensual fog and wondering about a stray tourist wandering into the bedroom as she did.

"I locked the door. Besides it's late. And by the way, my name's Tom McLaughlin," he said, smiling

broadly and revealing two rows of strong white teeth that flashed brilliantly even in the dark.

"Lydia Merrick," the blonde panted, feeling strange new, highly pleasurable sensations rippling across her tightening cunny. She felt his hand slide down from her elbow to her waist, turning her toward him. Tom leaned forward as she tilted her face, opened her lips slightly and received his kiss. "Ummmmmm," she murmured through the kiss as she curved her body against his chest and belly. Her pussy grew hotter as she felt Tom rub his groin back and forth across her crotch.

What he was doing was obscene, filthy. She would have never let anyone do that to her before. Lydia tried to protest, but found Tom's tongue spearing between her lips, pushing down into her throat, fighting with her own oral organ. Slowly the young girl gave in to the guide's insistence, drawing her hands up to his back and pulling him tightly against her.

She felt her nipples crushing against her sweater as his hands roamed freely around her waist, down to her fleshy rounded ass-mounds and pressing in as that bulging crotch rubbed back and forth. That groin pressure against the slick material of her slacks was making her outer labes rub back and forth against one another. They teased her clitty into full erection.

"Lydia," Tom whispered nestling his mouth in the soft hollows of her neck. The blonde tilted back her head, her mouth open and letting out tight, drowning gasps of passion as the guide kissed her throat. At the same time Tom curled his fingers around the bottom of her tight-fitting sweater, pulling it out from inside her slacks and scraping the soft material along her hot belly flesh. Lydia pulled away for an instant, raising her arms high above her head and letting Tom pull the garment over her head and toss it to the floor. As the soft cotton tickled its way over her sensitive nipples and titty flesh Lydia gasped out with delight. As the sweater was pulled over her jugs, they were lifted by the steady tug until she moaned with pleasure.

"That's better," the guide said. Lydia silently agreed, feeling the heavy weight of her full tits flow down her body. "Jesus!" Tom said, peering through the darkness at the panting blonde's hanging boobs. He pushed his fingers deep into their soft, silky flesh. "Beautiful tits, nipples as hard as my cock," he said, catching the ends between his thumb and right forefinger and starting to squeeze.

"Ohhhh," Lydia moaned, throwing her head further back and arching her body against Tom's grinding thighs. Her titties lifted up high, settling into his hands, begging to be rubbed and felt. Never before had she so lewdly given herself to anyone.

All she could think of now was the pulsing itch throbbing through her cunny, intensified by Tom's manipulations of her boobs. Even his increasingly crude language excited her. As Tom increased the pressure on her nipples, squeezing them almost cruelly, Lydia swayed drunkenly back and forth. She could feel the hard pulsating ends being crushed like nuts until the soft flow of pain started to vibrate through her flesh. Lydia sank lower onto his body as she felt his hands caressing her naked back. Her cheek came to rest on the hairy, hard muscles of his belly.

"Let's get to the bed," Tom said, pulling her toward the large canopied bed behind them. He let her go, reaching down and pulling his shirt over his head, fully revealing his broad, masculine chest. A thick coat of animal-like fur covered his rippling chest, tapering down to a thin line of hair that covered his sunken navel and continued past the beltline of his knickers to his crotch.

Tom sat down on the far edge of the bed, crossing his legs and quickly slipping off his shoes and high white socks. Standing up, he started to open his trousers, then broke into a thin smile. "You take 'em off."

Lydia gasped at this suggestion. To undress a man, and in this place! Yet that command given to her

in here, excited her to no end. Driven by some dark strange force rearing its head for the first time in her mind, Lydia reached out and obediently worked on his belt buckle. Lydia pulled his trousers down over his hairy ass. She worked quickly, pulling the knickers all the way down past his jutting hipbones until she saw a large, thick long sausage-shaped object spring free and brush her hand. Her fingers ran over the thick curly mat of hair covering his legs until they found their way to his hot balls.

Lydia was no complete stranger to sex and had one or two enjoyable times when in bed with a few men. But now she felt completely uninhibited, released from all social ties and taboos. And here in God-fearing New England of all places!

"Now for you," Tom said, raising Lydia completely up. The blonde gasped as she felt Tom's fingers reach down and unzip her slacks. As the pants fell and revealed her pink silken panties, the blonde sucked in a ragged breath and waited for what she was sure was to be the experience of her life.

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## CHAPTER TWO

Tom was touching her ass, gently kneading each plump cheek. Even through the covering of the silken panty material the touch of his hands felt incredibly good. Lydia rocked her hips, feeling his cock ram into the softness of her belly. Her slacks were still wrapped around her ankles, keeping her knees and thighs together in a tight bind. The guide moved one of his hands slowly around her hip and dragged his fingers down her flat belly until he curled them around her panty-covered cunny mound. Lydia cried out in a choked whisper, standing on her tiptoes as Tom rubbed the wet material up between her swollen cunt-lips. Lydia rocked forward, then back, then forward again, bucking her hips so he would rub against her clitty shaft.

Oh God, that pulsing itch was growing into a throbbing ache. She felt every nerve-ending in her body stand on end and sing with excitement as Tom grew hotter and bolder in his caresses.

"Unnnngh!" she gasped. He pushed her backward in the darkened bedroom until she fell against the edge of the bed. Lydia sat down slowly watching Tom like a hawk as he squatted down and removed her slacks from her ankles. She riveted her eyes on that long, horse-like prong sticking out like a spear from his flat, muscular belly while his hanging nuts tightened up against the fat dickroot with sexual tension. Finished with stripping the willing blonde, Tom moved up on the bed. He was all over her in an instant, pushing her shoulders down, licking her large stiff nipples with his broad tongue. He was a little awkward and hurried in his love-making at first. But that just seemed to add to the excitement raking her mind.

"Lydia," he moaned. His hipbones bumped hers. He was plowing the shaft of his cock up against her belly. She could feel the brush of his balls and the different way the dome of his cock was shaped as it slid into the tight groove between her legs and thigh. Pushing her hands between their grinding bodies, Lydia reached down until she was where she guessed his cock was. She wanted to touch it, to hold and caress it between her fingers. Lydia curled her fingers around his prong, listening to Tom moan and feeling his body jerk from her gentle touch.

His dick was as hard as steel, and yet the skin moved easily over that hardness. The meaty head flared out and was spongy to her pressure. When she pushed her thumbnail gently into it Tom grunted and squirmed his hips. Then there was the hot, greasy sensation of pre-cum dribbling out from the piss-slit and coating her fingers. How she wanted that cock in her.

But she hadn't taken her pill this morning. She hadn't thought much about that sort of thing, having

been sexually inactive for almost a year now. Oh God, what if she became pregnant? Abortion? Child birth? No, she couldn't let him fuck her no matter how badly she wanted to feel that cock forcing her outer labes back, crushing her clit-shaft, tunneling into her pussy.

But in spite of her silent resolve Lydia found herself fondling Tom's fat balls, feeling the shape of them through the leathery skin of his scrotum. She gently squeezed them, rolling them against one another. Tom's breathing grew shallow as he began kissing her neck, sliding his tongue down her shoulders, and still hunching his cockshaft up and down in her hip-groove. He started kissing her big titties again, laving them with coats of hot spittle. Lydia squeezed her asscheeks together, rocking her hips back and forth to create a subtle friction in her pussy against her clitty. Oh, how good Tom's lips, tongue and teeth felt against her throbbing nipples. Her body shuddered with excitement. Her boobs jiggled and rolled against one another. Lydia's breathing became more and more labored, her head rolling back and forth over the pillow under her as she raked her fingernails over Tom's humping back. Her mind was whirling around. Should she let him get under the material of her panties. She could feel his fingers sliding under the elastic leg band of her briefs. If she let him get too far, she'd be caught up in the act, swallowing his dick up her twat and risking the chance of pregnancy. No, she couldn't.

"Don't!" Lydia cried as Tom's fingers clutched at the underside of her cuntal mound. He divided the bare crack and pushed deep. Lydia dragged in a choked breath, digging her chin into Tom's shoulder. He was pressing her down, forcing her deeper and deeper into that soft bed. She could hear the rope springs groaning under their combined weight as they rolled slowly in their increasingly frenzied fucking dance. She knew he wanted to get her panties off and then slide that meaty, rounded cockdome past her peeled back outer labes and into her pussy.

"Baby, baby," Tom whispered in her ear, flicking the tip of his tongue in and out of the hearing channel while he smoothed his hands down her body. His cock had slipped lower now until it was nearly under her cuntal mound. Lydia had soaked her panty crotch with hot juice. As Tom pumped his cock against the cloth-covered crack, she could tell where the dome of his dickhead was. It was shoving the silky material up between her cunt-lips. That new sensation was amazingly delicious. Lydia closed her eyes, sucked her top lip under her teeth and rolled her ass up to increase the friction of her wet cunt-lips against Tom's cock. Her puffy membranes were soaking Tom with slickness too.

She could guess the young guide was as excited as she. Droplets of perspiration splashed from his forehead down her face and upper chest. Even in the increasing darkness Lydia could see Tom's eyes dance mischievously and excitedly in his handsome head while the veins stuck out in his powerful neck. There was a desperate kind of urgency in his movements against her body. The way he had settled quickly between her thighs, forcing them open with his knees, then pinning down her slender, sleek legs that suggested to the blonde he hadn't had sex in some time.

"Oh Godddd!" Lydia shuddered. The pulsing itch between her thighs was especially intense and good when the dickhead barely grazed her stiffened clit. It all felt so hot, wet and tight between her legs. Involuntarily she pulled her knees up slightly, gasping as she felt her fat outer labes unstick and open up under her wet panties. The velvety rub of Tom's thick cockhead was driving her crazy. She dug her fingernails deeper into his back, scraping the tough skin until she heard him cry out for her to stop it.

"S-sorry," she stammered, rocking her hips and slipping her hand down again until she touched guide's thickly veined cock-shaft and balls. She found the steamy drenched place where cunt-lips had been mashed to the side. "Oh, no!" she cried. Her panty crotch had been twisted aside, stretched into the groove between her thigh and one cunt-lip. Tom's dickhead was touching her



pussy, his slick tip gliding up and down groove of her cunt.

Lydia shuddered as she thought of her resolve. Should she take a chance and let him fuck her in the pussy? Frantically the young blonde tried to pull the narrow band of silk back over her naked twat, but the soaked material slipped from her grip. Tom's cock gouged at her. He twisted her small body up against him, trapping her wrist between their sweaty bellies.

"Lydia," he said, keeping her from making any moves. His mouth was wet and hungry at her throat. Wet, hot and cold flashes of excitement rippled through her cunny and belly. Lydia felt herself burning up inside as Tom caught her head with both hands and smothered her protests with a long, tongue-filled wet kiss. She cried into his mouth, her nostrils flaring like a mare in rut while the young guide fucked his hips against the resisting twat.

"Stop! Don't!" the blonde protested, tearing her mouth from his and twisting her head to one side. She felt the soft cotton material of the pillow nearly smothering her and she tried to push him away. But her strength had been sapped away from her by her increasing sexuality. He had her pinned to the bed helpless. A sob choked her. She should scream. But that steady sleek friction against her cunt-lips was consuming all her energy. She was terribly close to orgasm, something that against her will, had swept dangerously close to her.

"Lydia," Tom repeated. Whenever he tried to push against the soft mouth of her cunt, Lydia tilted her mound, making his dick slide up along her cuntal slit again. It slid over the pulsing clitty shaft sticking out from the top of her puffy, wet labes like a tiny finger. The room spun around her, growing blurry as her eyes glazed over and rolled back in her head. Tom bucked his hips forward with a raspy moan coming from his dry throat. She could tell he was close to cumming. He was crushing her, brutalizing her with his fingers, clutching at her sweaty flesh with anxious fingers. Their bellies and legs slid easily over one another on a thick layer of mutual sweat. Lydia tilted her hips again and the swollen lobes at the underside his cockhead slid against her clit.

Oh God, she could feel the throbbing dickhead pulse against her clitty. Tom let it lay there for a second, the two sex organs throbbing and pulsing against one another, each dangerously close to sparking off into a mind-blasting cum.

"Don't fuck me. Please." Lydia gasped out. If he wanted to he could force himself into her and she could do little about it.

"All right, baby," he said after several seconds of thought. Before she had a chance to thank him she felt his hands slide down her sides until the fingers met under her back. He rolled her over quickly, forcing her legs further apart with his knees while his fingers curled along the backside of her elastic waistband. "I'm going to get into something. Damned if I'm going to waste myself on your belly!"

"No, don't! I've never done it that way before," Lydia cried, real fear growing in her now as she felt her panties peel down over her rounded ass-globes, scrape over her legs, then finally stop around knees. She felt Tom raise his body up. He was poised over her like a triumphant lion over his downed deer. She tried to get up but was pushed down by the guide.

Sobbing helplessly the blonde pushed her hands into the pillow and buried her face in the soft, downy material. In a second he was pushing the mauve-colored crown of his swollen cock against her small bunghole. "Please, you'll hurt me!" Lydia cried, squirming with discomfort as Tom held her down securely. She felt his strong fingers tighten on her hips, pulling her up toward him. Another choked sob escaped her parted lips as Lydia felt Tom reach under her and force her into a semi-

crouched bitch-dog fucking position. Her titties hung down, pulling at her chest. Lydia felt her face flush with pain and shame as Tom pushed forward and down harder. A dull aching gave way to sharp pain as her sphincter reluctantly gave way to the guide's insistence. The pain radiated from her violated asshole up her belly to her chest. She suddenly had the urge to piss as the crown of Tom's cock disappeared into her bowls.

Crying out again, the blonde shook her head violently and clawed at the pillow until she realized she had torn the material with her fingernails. Her toes curled as an odd tingling sensation rippled over her flesh. Then when Tom plunged the first three inches of his ten inch prong into her ass Lydia shrieked, not caring who heard her. There was a second of agonizing, searing pain. Then her sphincter locked securely over the fat knob. A steady pulsing hurt radiated more strongly from her stretched shitter.

"Please, please," Lydia moaned into the pillow. She shook all over as if in a fever. Desperately her body tensed to resist the hot prong. Her ass jerked back and up involuntarily, screwing the jizz-packed cock in tightly. She felt her bowels full of that hot worm as Tom pushed another two inches into her ass. Scalding tears welled up in her eyes as she sucked in a lung full of air.

"You're tearing me apart," Lydia said in a choked voice.

"It's almost all the way in," Tom said huskily, ignoring her cries and pleas. "Now feel this." With a final lunge he plunged his swollen prong in up to his balls. Lydia stiffened breathlessly for a moment, a white fog of agony bleaching her mind of all thought and sensation. Her knees dug deep into the mattress and slipped on the sweat-stained spread. Helplessly she tried to fall away.

Then suddenly Tom slid his thick dong back to the tip of his cockhead. Lydia lunged forward, letting out her breath in a loud rush as she felt a sudden hot flash rip across her asshole. Strangely that flash tingled up to her clitty, reviving its former sexuality.

"Oh God! Oh God!" she gasped as she felt her belly being filled and emptied over and over again while Tom increased the speed of his fucking. She was sick and breathless from the relentless pain in her bowels. To her shame and surprise Lydia also realized that the desire to piss earlier had become a reality. She was urinating freely down her legs from the excitement.

And yet Tom continued ramming her ass, plowing her rectal furrow with his cunt-splitter faster and faster.

"Uh, uh, uh," she grunted through parted lips as she felt Tom's hot pipe shove relentlessly into her body. She could hear the loud slapping of his fat balls against her bare ass. "God! God! God!" she cried.

Yet in spite of the pain and agony and shame, the heat from the fucking dick started to spread throughout her body. It radiated to her cunny, making it itch and tighten up as it had before. As if he realized what was happening, Tom slid his hand around her hip until the palm pressed down on the bottom junction of her snatch-lips. Lydia moaned, rolling her head from side to side as she felt him unstick her fattening labes with his fingers, then slide them up until they bumped against her unsheathed clitty. He was stroking that tiny sex organ with his forefinger, pushing it down, brushing it to one side, rubbing it against her furry cunt-lip until the primitive lust that had threatened to take her over completely had returned.

The pain in her ass blended into a strange pleasure. Lydia started squirming, rocking and waving her full asscheeks back and forth as Tom drove his steely dick home over and over again. He was sliding his hips from side to side, driving his cock from the left, then from the right, then up, then

down, reaming out her shithole while his balls tightened and screwed up hard against his cockroot. He pushed his thumbnail into the head of her clit-shaft, making the young woman shriek with unspeakable ecstasy.

Pain blended with pleasure here. A long thin string of drool leaked from the right corner of her mouth as the blonde bucked against Tom's loving, stroking, caressing hand. Her knees stretched further apart. The warm piss against her legs cooled, providing a strange contrast to the furnace-like heat in her shitter and cunny. Lydia's body began to jerk wildly like a berserk puppet. She felt her cunt cumming. And then there was the steaming hot flood of jizz suddenly filling her rudely stretched asshole. She felt scaled and burned by that tide of cum. Frantically she urged her ass up and down the shooting pole, forcing more jizz into her.

As Tom finished dumping his spunk into her shitter and collapsed onto her back, forcing her on the bed once more, Lydia felt a slow, powerful rolling orgasm sweep over her pussy. She clenched her thighs hard together, rubbing the velvety membranes back and forth against the guide's still-stroking finger as another and then another wave of orgasm swept over her aching pussy.

Again and again the orgasmic shocks tore at her, forcing the blonde to gasp, cry out and shriek with an ecstasy she had never before experienced. The bed groaned as the two of them finished their mutual orgasm. The strength she had barely felt before had completely left her. Lydia lay motionless in bed, twisting her head further to one side for air as the final pulsing throbs of her climax died away, leaving only a delicious, all enveloping glow covering her flesh.

Tom buried his face in the folds of her hair, planting occasional kisses against her ear while he rubbed his hairy groin against her round asscheeks.

"Oh baby, for the first time you were great," he finally whispered.

"Please," Lydia said, wanting him to stop talking. Anything spoken would destroy the beautiful sexual glow she was feeling now.

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CHAPTER THREE

"What time is it?" Lydia asked sleepily, rolling over on her side and staring into Tom's eyes. He had been running his fingers lightly over her shoulder, tracing the curving outlines of her upper torso while fingering her cunny with his other hand. "Looks like around six," Tom said, reaching over her head and twisting her wrist around to glance at her watch. The information made the young blonde jerk.

"My God! Tina's out there and I've got the car!"

"Hey, where're you going?" Tom asked as Lydia pulled away from his grip and rolled off the bed. The wood floor felt cold against the soles of her feet as she shuffled silently in the darkness and groped for her clothes. The young guide sat up in bed and scratched his head, wondering what was going on.

"My friend's out there, Tom. I've got to be going," Lydia said, leaning against the edge of the bed as she found her panties and lifted one foot to slip them on. Her titties swayed back and forth as she fished for her sweater, found it, and slid it over her head. Shaking her long mane of blonde hair free of the high collar, the young woman started pulling on her slacks.

"So, you gonna come back?" the guide asked after Lydia slipped her slacks over her thighs and zipped up.

"Oh Tom, I don't know. I've never done these kind of things before. You make me feel... different," Lydia said uneasily, backing away from the bed toward the doorway. She felt she needed more time to think. The blonde felt strange new sensations rising in her mind and body and needed more time to sort them out.

"Just be careful out there. We don't really have a security force. We're so far out of town the owners think we don't need one. The local cops come by occasionally but that's it," Tom warned, pushing back the covers and swinging his legs over the edge of the bed to start getting dressed himself.

"Don't worry," Lydia reassured him, turning to go.

"Hey wait. Just in case you change your mind," Tom said, groping in the darkness for his shirt. Finding it, he reached inside and grabbed a ball-point pen. "Here's my phone number," he said, scribbling as best he could in the dark on a small piece of paper and handing it to Lydia.

"I - thank you," she stammered, touched at his directness and concern.

"That's all? Just thanks?" Tom asked, dropping the pen and moving forward quickly. Lydia gasped as she felt his strong arms around her waist once more. Through her slacks she could feel his cock begin to stir, rise up and push against her crotch. His hard, masculine nakedness rubbing against her body made the young student forget her friend for a second.

"No, I can't. Not now," Lydia said, pushing herself free, turning and carefully walking down the stairs.

"Don't forget. You've got my number," Tom called from the top of the stairs. Lydia didn't answer, threading her way carefully through the kitchen, living room, then out the front door into the dimming twilight. The town square was deserted. The few lights illuminating the broad area were just beginning to come on. There was a deserted feeling hovering in the air as Lydia stepped from the front stoop of the small house, walked past the garden and opened the yard gate.

"Tina?" she called out, stopping and turning her head from side to side. There was no answer. "Tina?" she called louder, cupping her hands around her mouth and shouting as loudly as she could. Still she could hear no answer. Damn! Lydia said to herself, wondering if the girl had given up on her friend and decided to take a bus back to the university dorm. But what if she were wandering around the compound looking for her? "Damn damn damn!" Lydia said again, slapping her hand angrily against her thigh as she took off in the direction of the farm at the end of the path. Tina had told her how much she loved the animals there - especially since she'd always lived in New York City and never even had a cat as a pet. Lydia guessed her friend might return there to watch the dogs, horses, and God-only-knows-what-else until she came to fetch her.

"Tina!" Lydia cried out again, quickening her pace as she realized the sun had almost completely set. Already the whirring sounds of thousands of crickets filled the air. The thick, humid, musky odor of the damp earth and dewy grass was drifting through the cooling atmosphere while shadows in the forest grew darker.

Lydia felt her skin crawl with a kind of primitive terror as she moved along the narrow dirt path, past the Quaker Meeting House and Presbyterian Church, the copper shop and leather shop and an area surrounded only by thick woods. At the end of this section was the covered bridge where Lydia had encountered the two lewd men earlier.

"God," she shuddered out loud, raising her hands and rubbing her upper arms as the dark mouth of the old bridge yawned before her. Her head moved from side to side as she stepped into the dark structure, the sounds of her heels clattering in the covered bridge. Sounds as if someone were following her made Lydia break into a quick run through to the other side.

"Tina!" she cried angrily, hating herself for acting so strangely. Just beyond the next hill could see the top of the farmhouse rising above a small clump of tall bushes. In a few minutes the young blonde had reached the top of the hill and found herself peering down on the farm below. It had been recreated by the founders of this compound. The main path came out from the thick woods below and wound around in a broad arc to the front of the one story brown wood farmhouse. Attached to the home was a large garden filled with cabbages, some corn, beets, carrots, onions and lettuce that sloped steeply up the hill almost to where Lydia stood now. The path she was on lead past two three-walled enclosures filled with hay and smelling as if they were stalls for horses or cows.

Above her and to the right a sloping pasture contained several of those animals who grazed lazily, occasionally raising their heads and staring curiously at her. Completing the farm was a two-acre cornfield that began across the main path opposite the house and sloped down to a small brook.

Lydia took this all in, looking carefully over everything for some sign of her friend. She called the girl's name out several times but received no answer. As Lydia picked her way along the path toward the garden she wished she had asked Tom to come with her. She began to feel uneasy walking alone in the fast-growing darkness looking for someone in this deserted area.

"Oh!" she cried out, her right foot sliding across a half-buried rock in the path. A sharp pain cut across her ankle. The blonde staggered forward, falling to her knees as she struggled for breath. "Damn! I've twisted it," she muttered, reaching back and rubbing the sore area. Silently she vowed to pinch Tina when she found her as she struggled back up and limped along the path toward large, weather-beaten barn standing at the end of this auxiliary path.

Lydia was about to walk past the structure and move down through the garden to the main house when she heard a strange sound come from inside. There was something or someone inside, thrashing in the hay and moaning. Lydia stopped and pricked up her ears, moving toward the door as best she could with the hurt ankle.

Ohhhh, she heard. For some unknown reason Lydia felt her hair stand on end as she reached out and pushed open the large wooden door. The pungent odors usually hanging around in a barn assailed her nostrils as she stepped into the dark structure and peered through the thick air. At first she saw nothing and began to wonder if the sounds were only the product of her overworked imagination.

Then they came again, this time louder than before. Lydia stepped further in, shuffling through the loose hay laying over the compact dirt floor. Several stalls lined both sides of the barn while a small loft opened up overhead. Chains and pulleys dangled from other chains, supposedly used to haul up hay and other farm products during the harvest time. It was where one pulley hung at the far end of the barn where the sounds were the loudest. Lydia picked her way carefully forward, squinting her eyes and seeing something laying bound up in the corner of one stall.

For some reason she called out her friend's name.

"Tina?"

"Oh God, Lydia."

"My..." Lydia started to say, then felt horror creep over her like a disease as she leaned forward and strained her eyes. It was Tina, but how changed! Her face was flushed and swollen and both her eyes had been blackened. Her long brown hair had been cut ragged and short, while red marks and welts spotted and slashed across her nude body. Thick rough hemp was tied crudely around her wrists and ankles while a gag that had slipped off by now hung loosely around her scarred throat.

"What they did to me. Oh God, what they did!" Tina moaned as Lydia shook off her shock and dropped to her knees. Still feeling the pain in her ankle the young blonde quickly untied her friend, rubbing the girl's wrists and ankles briskly as she looked around for something to cover her up with. Now she really wished Tom were with her. "We'll get you out of here fast," Lydia said, getting up carefully and walking to the middle of the barn. "There's got to be something to throw over you."

"Lydia. Lydia, they're still here. You've got to get out of here," Tina said weakly from the stall.

"Who's here?" the blonde asked, turning toward her friend. Before the young brunette could answer, Lydia felt the breeze that had been blowing in steadily from behind stop. Her flesh crawled as she heard footsteps shuffle quickly into the barn. "Us," someone said. Lydia heard Tina cry out as she turned around and saw three men moving into the barn. In an instant the blonde recognized all of them. The first two were the ones who had stood by the covered bridge earlier that afternoon and insulted her. The third was the shoemaker Tina had been talking to when Lydia had left her to examine the small house at the other end of the square.

"What...? Who are you?" Lydia asked angrily, feeling terror slip over her like a coverlet. If only she could keep up this bravado she might outbluff them and escape. Already the feeling of the need for escape crept over her.

"Come on, hot tits. You know who we are," the heavy-set dark-haired man said, as he stepped forward. Lydia automatically stepped back, protectively covering her boobs. Behind her she could hear Tina whimpering. "I'm Rick, my friend Doug," he nodded to the tall, muscular man standing next to him and glowering at her, "and Jack the shoemaker." He grinned sickly at Lydia, then lunged forward, striking at her like a cobra. Lydia cried out, feeling his hand grip her wrist and twist it painfully. She staggered back then fell to her knees, her face becoming red and pinched with agony. The shooting pain in her ankle; the pain her wrist; she thought she was going to faint. "Ain't so stuck up now, is she?" Doug said, putting his big hands on his thighs and sneering down at her. Rick had let go of her wrist and now stood spread-legged in front of her.

"Let's see if the high princess sucks a good cock," Rick said suddenly, his face brightening as he reached down and pulled down the tab of his zipper.

"No, no," Lydia cried. She'd never done anything like that - even with Tom that thought had never crossed her mind. That was sick, perverted.

"Come on baby," Rick said, fishing inside his trousers with one hand while he reached forward and twisted his fingers in her long blonde hair with the other. Lydia's eyes widened as she watched him pull out a six-inch whanger, stroke it several times, peel back the loose foreskin and reveal a shiny slick meaty cockhead. It pulsed inches from her quivering, sweating face. Her heart raced, thudding wildly against her rib cage as the man laughed at her terror.

"Take it shit-babe," Rick snorted, pulling up on the young student's hair until Lydia shrieked out for him to stop and that she would do anything. "Then suck it," he snarled. Fighting back her desire to cry or retch Lydia formed her lips in a large circle and pushed her face forward. Quickly she put the hard cock into her mouth. Lydia groaned and shuddered as she felt the hot prod slide deeper into

her. As she neared the fat root of his prong the blonde student could smell the sour pungent odor of an unwashed crotch wafting up from his opened trousers. Lydia groaned again and pushed forward, the sticky heat of that sickening sausage melting in her mouth. She could feel the throbbing veins rub against her wet lips as the mushroom-shaped head pushed over her tongue, past her nostrils and finally bumped against the back of her throat. Against her chin she could feel his small leathery balls rub up and down. God, what was to become of them all?

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## CHAPTER FOUR

"Oh yeah, get that tongue around it, yeah, yeah," Rick said, pumping his fat thighs back and forth, jamming his fat dickroot into Lydia's stretched mouth. The young blonde student felt her stomach turning over as spittle frothed over her lips and leaked from the corners of her mouth. The stray cockhairs peeking from around the silver teeth of Rick's zipper tickled Lydia's nostrils as she sank forward, then backed away until the groove just behind his dick-meaty cock-crown was held between her lips.

Both hands were clasped behind her head now, and his fingertips digging into her skull as the big man pushed his cock farther down Lydia's throat. Hot tears welled up in her eyes as she gagged, coughed and gasped for air. She could taste the sour, slightly bleachy flavor of his jizz that slowly leaked from his piss-slit.

"Hey, you don't wanna blow your wad in her fuckin' mouth, do you?" Doug asked, stepping forward and laying one hand on his buddy's shoulder.

"Naw. We've got special plans for this cunny of yours," the big fat man said, giving a few more quick jabs into her mouth before yanking his dick out. Lydia closed her lips and leaned forward, her arms wrapped tightly around her belly as she coughed and fought back the desire to vomit in front of them. She could hear them laughing and sniggering as she sucked in large breaths of air, fighting for mental balance as they made lewd remarks about her pussy and what they had planned for it.

"Oh!" she cried suddenly as Rick bent down, grabbed her hands and pulled them roughly from her belly. He pushed forward at the same time, sending her sprawling backward on her ass. The big man quickly straddled Lydia, sinking on his knees and trapping her down on the floor while he reached up and tore open her slacks. The young blonde screamed in protest, tearing at his face with her long fingernails.

But the big man was ready for her, pulling his face away from her in time, then swinging his right paw in a broad arc in front of him. The closed fist struck Lydia hard across the chin, knocking her semi-unconscious for several seconds. Her head snapped back from the force of the blow then crashed down hard on the dirt floor as Rick and Doug finished their job of disrobing her. The girl moaned, feeling the soft material of her slacks peel down over her slender thighs, past her knees and finally over her ankles.

A few rough fingers slid up over her thighs to her pussy, digging into her cuntal membranes before moving up to her cotton sweater. Quickly that garment was pulled up over her big titties, over her face and head until it too was laying in a crumpled heap next to her.

"Got a cigarette Doug?" Rick asked after gazing several silent minutes at Lydia's motionless body.

"Sure," the other man said, wrinkling up his forehead in confusion as he fished out a pack of cigarettes from his right shirt pocket and handed it to Rick. The big fat man kept his eyes riveted to

Lydia's peaceful face, tapping out one cigarette and putting it in his mouth. The big man inhaled the first puff of smoke deeply, blowing it out again into the girl's face.

Lydia coughed slightly, but still remained dazed and silent.

"This ought to wake her up," he said to Doug, taking the cigarette from his mouth and holding it only inches away from her belly. Lydia was aware of a not too pleasant warmth suddenly over her stomach that quickly grew to an intense heat. Her eyelids fluttered open just when the glowing tip of the cigarette touched her flesh. Lydia's body jerked heavily, futilely trying struggle away from the fierce, sharp agony. Her slender young body arched and heaved against dirt floor. She could feel particles of loose dirt working into her tight asscrack as she struggled against the biting agony of that burning cigarette against her flesh. Her nose was filled with the sharp, acrid odor of burning flesh as the ash grew across the reddening belly flesh. Her head arched back, digging into the floor as the cords stuck out in her throat. A strange gurgling, gagging shriek was ripped from her throat as she pleaded with them to stop this insane torture.

From the corner of her tear-blurred eyes she could see Rick laughing, then turning around to see the reactions of Doug and Jack. The other men were just as intrigued and amused with Lydia's predicament as he was.

"AIYEEEEEE!" she cried. She felt the muscles in her limbs stretch and contract painfully as her belly cramped and twisted. Lydia prayed for unconsciousness. And then as if in answer to her prayers Rick took the half-burned cigarette away from her belly, taking another drag on it before tossing it carelessly away.

"That's just a sample," he said, pushing his fat body up off Lydia's slender one and tucking his rigid prong back into his trousers. The blonde raised her hand and rubbed it across her lips. Her heart beat wildly as she moved her eyes from man to man, watching them stare at her like a piece of meat. Then she thought of Tina; of the way she'd found her, beaten, bruised, tied and tossed away in that foul way. Instinctively she moved her hand down to the burned place on her belly and rubbed it over the sore area.

"Let's give her a taste of what her friend got," Rick said, turning around and winking at Doug. Then turning back he reached down and slid both hands under Lydia's arms, jerking her up.

"Ohhh!" she cried, the pain in her ankle almost making her faint as the big man gripped her arm and pulled her roughly behind him toward the opened door.

"And tie that other one up. We can have fun with her later," Rick called back to Jack. Lydia heard Tina cry out, followed by the sounds several slaps and moans of submission as she was dragged stumbling and whimpering out into the open. The sky was a dull purple now. A low, fading light illuminated the area, barely outlining the various buildings and animals. The stars and moon were becoming more visible and bright as Lydia was hauled out, dragged to the garden, and finally let go. Reaching out, the young blonde gripped the top wooden bar of the fence.

She heard Doug call out from somewhere below. Turning her head she saw him walking from the main house back up to where she and Rick were standing. Next to him trotted a full-grown male Irish Setter, its long, hairy tail wagging slowly back and forth high in the air while its tongue hung limply out the side of its mouth. Rick said nothing but turned toward Lydia and smiled knowingly. His yellowed teeth made her want to vomit. But then another thought assailed her mind, making her forget about the physical repulsiveness of the big man next to her.

That dog! The suggestions made to her by them all! No, they weren't doing that to her! Impossible!

That idea was just the product of her terrified imagination. Rape, maybe. Even torture, but this?

"She's so damned high and mighty about who she passes her pussy out to. Let's see what she thinks of dog dick."

Lydia cried out, her body stiffening as the last words came out. She turned and backed against the fence, the splinters digging into her naked flesh. The big dog trotted on ahead of Doug, sprinting up to Rick, then curling around his fat legs while wagging his tail ferociously and jumping up while barking excitedly.

"Your girlfriend didn't mind his cock after a while. You broads are all alike; pretending to be the reluctant virgin, then suckin' up all the cock that you can get," Rick said, spittle flecking his lips as he grew angrier.

"No, I'm not that kind, honest. Please let us go," Lydia pleaded, her eyes bugging out as she watched the big Setter prance around Rick's feet.

"Too bad. Then you won't enjoy him," Rick said sarcastically, bending down and stroking the sides of the handsome dog. Lydia felt her flesh crawl with horror and revulsion as she stared wide-eyed at the big-dicked animal.

"Okay, babe, turn around," Rick said after stroking the Setter's hindquarters sensuously with his hand.

"N-no," Lydia pleaded more than protested, raising her hands to her mouth and biting her fingertips. She pleaded again, her voice getting high and whining like that of a child's.

"I said down!" Rick said threateningly. At the same time Doug moved around behind her, put his hands on her shoulders and shoved down. Lydia was defeated and sinking helplessly to her knees while the big Setter barked at her excitedly. Even in the dim light she could see something long round and hard poking out from between his hind legs. She thought of the beautiful experience she had just had with Tom, and now of the horror she was going to be forced to submit to. The contrast made her cry out in anguish and shudder.

"Come on," Doug cried impatiently, pushing her back hard against the fence. Lydia sprawled out on the ground, her head striking the bottom wooden brace of the fence. Her ass rested squarely on the dirt while her back rose at an angle from the ground. Her legs were spread widely apart in front of her, exposing her snatch completely. The big Setter whined, his body shaking as he spotted the fat crack partially hidden by Lydia's thick forest of cuntal curls.

"Go get her, you cunt-licker," Rick whispered in the Irish Setter's ear. The dog seemed to understand what the fat man was talking about and took off for the semiconscious girl's snatch. Lydia felt and knew nothing up to this point. Her mind was a black blank until she felt something slide between her thighs and bump the underside of her cuntal mound. Fluttering her eyes open she moved her head down and realized the muscular dog was settling down between her widely splayed legs, his cold nose pushed against the bottom of her twat.

"No..." she cried, jerking awake and slapping her hand down. The big dog ducked, twisting his head around, then pushing it forward again until he was nudging her pussy-lips once more with his cold snout. Lydia felt a shudder of revulsion crawl up her spine. She was helpless. The men were standing over her, waiting for her to bolt so they could hit her, throw her to the ground and let the dog have her anyway. "Ohhh," Lydia cried as she felt his hot wet breath on the tender inner surfaces of her thighs. Strangely enough she felt giddy and a little weakened. What was it in her that made

her react in that unspeakable way to the animal's touch? She had heard of women who had done things with animals. But people spoke about that in hushed voices. She'd often wondered how women could do such things.

And now here she was, sprawled naked in front of two savage men and a frenzied Irish Setter bent on doing God-knows-what to her cunny. And yet in spite of the terror and shrinking revulsion racing through her veins there was also a black excitement making her heart beat crazily.

The dog's nose pushed hotly against her cuntal mound again. She felt the soft cool surface of nostrils press the outer labes, forcing them apart. For an instant she felt the dog's furry snout rub against the sensitive membrane between her inner and outer labes before the Setter pulled back and turned his face up to hers for approval.

"He likes you," Rick said, laughing dirtily while Doug joined him.

"Oh," Lydia answered, closing her eyes and letting the tears flow freely from under her lids now. A soft warm wind blew lightly across her face, making several strands of her golden hair flutter against her cheeks and forehead. "No, don't," she said as the animal began lapping at her crotch.

She felt the warm, damp sensation of his tongue slathering down her fine cuntal hairs, matting them together with doggie spittle as his right paw moved up and rested heavily on her inner thigh. She could feel the short ticklish fu

r around his black rubbery paws against her flesh while his claws left small red marks on the skin. His tongue moved up from the bottom cleft of her pussy-lips, forcing the hairs to mat together in a slicked-down upward pattern while rivulets of his thick animal saliva seeped into the tight crack between her pussy-lips. Lydia rolled the back of her head from side to side against the rough wooden fence, a low throaty moan of despair and horror escaping from her tightly compressed lips.

He was only a dog; a filthy, primal lusty animal. She hated him. She couldn't help herself from hating him. And yet what was he doing to her? What feelings was he dredging from the dark corners of her mind that sickened as well as fascinated her? Gasping from the unbelievable tickle as the animal's hot wet tongue grazed her thickening clit-shaft, Lydia thrust her hands down to cover the exposed membranes. The dog licked her fingers, nuzzled at them with hot eagerness as he tried to gently push them away to get back to her twat.

"Oh God, God, nooooo!" Lydia cried, raising her hands and weakly trying to push the animal away. But he stayed, pushing forward harder until he managed to get back to the object of his battle. The sudden, scalding pressure of his powerful tongue as it peeled her cunt-lips apart and wormed a few inches into the velvety depths of her pussy made Lydia jerk her knees up involuntarily. That subtle move pulled her snatch-lips further apart, exposing more of the soft folds of her inner twat to the growling animal.

One wet lick rubbed over her clit again. Lydia sucked in her bottom lip and drew blood. What was happening to her mind? A dog... a Goddamned dog was doing this to her? She could feel her nipples stiffening, tweaking with excitement as the dog's growls grew louder and more fierce. As his bushy tail swished back and forth, brushing against her knees, Lydia rocked her ass slightly from side to side, rubbing the inner surfaces of her twat together. It was friction against friction that made her go wild. The rub of one velvet surface over another. She couldn't be expect to stay unmoved while a mouth was pushed against her cunt. Even if it was a dog's mouth.

"No, no!" she protested again. The dog growled again, then moved back. "Oh please don't... ohhhhh." The dog's tongue was back again, exploring higher until it was caressing the nub of her

rising clitty shaft.

Oh, it felt so good to have that wonderful wet surface sloshing over her throbbing sex spindle. She opened her legs again, the pressure curling back her fat furry outer labes and exposing the full surface of her pulsing cunt to the Irish Setter. The animal whimpered and moved the long tip of his nose from side to side. Lydia sucked in a ragged breath as the dog opened his mouth wide and pressed his front white fangs into the flesh of her right inner thigh just above the jutting tendon. The hot flush of her skin, and her nerves being raked at so sensitive a spot on her body made Lydia's head pound crazily.

"Just like her friend," Rick commented wryly as he and Doug watched the young blonde student's ultimate degradation.

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CHAPTER FIVE

Lydia sobbed, rolled to her right side and kicked out one leg as she felt a powerful spasm through the length of her pulsing clit-shaft.

That dog; that damned, wonderful dog was doing this to her. He seemed maddened and aroused more than ever as he gouged his claws against her thighs and stuck his long nose up and down the flooded slick inner folds of her twat. Lydia pulled herself up against the wooden fence and opened her eyes. Looking down at the Setter she could see that his furry mouth was wet with her own hot juice. His black, flared nostrils glistened with it. His pink tongue lolled sloppily over her twat, parted the fleshy fat lips, then slithered up the widened crack up to her clitoris and bathed it again and again.

Lydia squeezed her asscheeks together, feeling her asshole pucker up as she lifted her throbbing crotch up to the licking animal. Digging her trembling fingertips into the loose dirt under her, the young blonde shifted her thighs from side to side, raising and lowering her right leg, rubbing the slick inner bumps and hollows of her pussy against one another as that wonderful, rough pink tongue snaked its way up her love cave.

It felt wonderful, hot and wet. And yet Lydia wished she could have something more inside her. She felt highly aroused, and yet empty. Her cunny needed cockmeat, prickmeat, inches and inches of throbbing dong to stretch her taut pussy lining, to force it into a wide, high tunnel. For an instant Lydia wondered what it would feel like to have the Setter's pointed knobby prong peeling back her outer labes and drilling into her snatch. She drove the thought out of her mind in an instant, wondering how she could think of something so sick and unnatural.

"Uhhhh," the blonde grunted, snapping her knees together and trapping the big animal between her thighs. He growled in frustration, twisting his red, hairy handsome head to the left while opening his mouth. A light nip on the tendon protruding from Lydia's left thigh warned the girl to be more careful in her sexual acrobatics.

Lydia started rocking her body more furiously now. The killing tickle was becoming worse between her legs. She was building steadily toward a climax. Her mind whirled madly like an out-of-control merry-go-round while the dog's mouth worked over her pussy. She put a shaky hand down to her cuntal mound, felt how soaked with animal spittle she was, then felt the Setter's tongue lap her fingers and the sensitive places between them.

Groaning again, Lydia dragged her fingers up her heaving belly and felt the wet streaks they were

making against her hot flesh. She closed her eyes and rolled her head back and forth against the wooden railing, her breathing becoming shallow and raspy. It was lovely. She could feel her body running out of control now. There was nothing she had to do except lean back and let her nerves take over. The pulsing grew harder and more throbbing in her cunny. The big Setter growled, his tongue lapping and slathering more furiously as he sensed Lydia's growing urgency. The blonde could smell her own cunt juice as more and more seeped from her slicked down cunny. Her groaning turned to short, rapid grunts, then to a kind of gurgling hysterical sob as the veins stood out in her neck. She shook her head violently back and forth, the strands of long blonde hair whipping across her cheeks while sweat trickled down from her forehead and burned into her eyes and nostrils. She could feel loose particles of dirt digging in between her nails and fingers as she scraped the ground with her hands. The entire world blurred into a white fog of unspeakable delight. Her pussy-lips were red and hot, and her clit-shaft seemed to burn like a tiny red hot poker. "Cumming, cumming," she said out loud, not realizing the dog wouldn't understand the significance of her announcement. But it wasn't lost on the men who stood around her and jeered at her orgasm.

"Cumming!" Doug mimicked Lydia, throwing back his head and howling like a wolf at the moon. The others laughed, then followed suit, soon filling the still night air with baying and barking sounds.

But neither the Setter nor Lydia seemed to pay much attention to them. The big animal squatting on its haunches, occasionally readjusting its position and revealing a long, bony-hard cock leaking a steady stream of bleachy doggie jizz. His big body trembled with excitement, his sides sinking in, then billowing out faster and faster as his lapping concentrated on Lydia's exploding clitty.

"Ohhh, it's soooo good," the blonde groaned, reaching out and locking her hands around animal's handsome head. She pushed it down and forward, burying the Setter's snout into her cumming pussy. She could feel his razor sharp teeth scraping against her slick walls, threatening to tear the tender pussy lining in an instant. Yet the thought of that possibility excited Lydia even more.

She wanted to be completely possessed by this animal, annihilated by him. Her cries matched those of the dog as she jerked her knees up completely, raising them almost to her swollen, jiggling titties then pulling them into her to keep the Setter in place. She felt her pussy open up completely to the animal. She dragged him forward, grunting and moaning when she felt what she guessed was the dog's cock against her right buttock.

"Cum, cum, cum," she moaned again and again. She wriggled her ass back and forth, the weight of her buttocks adding to the sensations driven to a wild plain of excitement by the Setter's continued licking. She felt a hot dampness under each nipple and over the tops of her feet. The slick clicking of the folds of her squishy, dark pigmented pussy-flesh rubbing against one another and against the Setter's tongue filled her ears like thunder. Then the throes of orgasm cut through her like a bolt of lightning.

"Fuck! Oh noooo!" she gasped, digging her fingernails into the Setter's skull. Thrilling spasms of lust rocked her body. She rolled on her side, taking the barking, growling dog with her as she gripped him like a human lover. The fire stormed through her pussy, up her thighs and into her belly as she bucked and thrashed her way through her climax.

Finally her knees gave way and she sank slowly onto the dirt, her chest heaving up and down as she gasped in lungfuls of air. Her hands slipped off the dog's head and fell limply onto the dirt beside her. She felt drained, humiliated, degraded. To think she had allowed herself to be carried away in this humiliating way before these men - and with what?

A dog, a Goddamned dog, something she would never have even thought of in her most perverted of

fantasies. Stripped naked and forced to perform this way in front of these bestial perverts! Where would it end?

"Miss High Class didn't seem to mind a little pussy lickin' from the dog here, did she?" Rick jeered, compressing his lips tightly together in a nasty smile of contempt as he looked down at her. The others laughed softly. Doug and Jack were at his side, making the comment that the Setter still had a hard-on.

"She'll take care of that later. Looks like she needs a little more stimulation," Rick said, reaching down and gripping a handful of Lydia's golden hair. The young history student was still floating in a world of her own, feeling the comforting glow of sexual satisfaction settle over every square inch of her lithe body. She drove the thought from her mind that an animal had been responsible for her sexual satisfaction. She thought as she did before - it was a mouth, a lovely, wonderful, experienced mouth that had brought her off so powerfully and so completely. She felt her pussy slackening, relaxing from the tensions that had screwed it up so tightly. And yet there was something missing in her satisfaction. There was still a kind of emptiness Lydia felt in her snatch. If only she had a cock. And then the idea that she was actually thinking those thoughts shocked her. Why was she concentrating on pricks, cocks, balls? At that moment Rick yanked her head up, driving her quickly from the world of contemplation back to reality.

"Ohhhh!" Lydia cried, jerking her hands up and flailing at the rude hands pulling her hair from its roots. She tucked her feet rapidly under her thighs and stood up, remembering her injured ankle only at the last minute. She cried out more loudly than before, startling the dog into scampering some ten feet away and barking angrily at her.

Rick let her hair go, taking her by the wrist and leading her down the steep descending path to the main farmhouse. The sharp loose stones in the path cut into the tender naked soles of her flesh as they moved quickly along. Behind the two of them strolled Jack and Doug with the Setter scampering behind.

Lydia felt a strange kind of terror mixed with exhilaration as they moved down the walk toward the large, one-story wooden house. Her titties jiggled teasingly together, the nipples growing alternately soft and hard depending on what the blonde was thinking of at the moment. There was an odd feeling of dangerous adventure exciting her as well as making her heart pound with terror.

"Inside," Rick said, pulling Lydia up the two steps to the small porch. He shoved her into the darkened interior. The blonde stumbled forward then caught her balance as Doug and Jack followed. Someone had turned on a small electric light that hung from the ceiling.

She was a little surprised at this modern convenience in an otherwise authentic old building. The furniture was simple - low-backed wooden chairs surrounding a rough-hewn table in the middle of the room, a few cabinets, and a large stone fireplace in the far corner. They were in what she guessed was a combination dining room and kitchen.

Not saying a word Lydia moved behind the table and watched Rick and the others like a hunted cat. She could tell the big fat man was like a predatory animal with the scent of blood in its nostrils, seeking out the kill. While she was at his mercy, Lydia realized she would never know how far he would go for his particular kind of satisfaction.

"On the table," Rick said, nodding at the rough surface in front of her. Knowing by now not disobey him, the blonde obediently draped her body across the table.

"Hold her down," Rick said to Doug and Jack. Lydia couldn't understand what was going happen.

Was he going to fuck her in the ass? Force her to give him a blow job? As Jack gripped her ankles tightly and painfully and Doug her wrists, Lydia felt her big jugs press hard against the splintered surface of the tabletop.

The scratchy sensation was exciting her, as well as her obvious helpless condition. She could feel a small draft blowing lightly over her rounded, upturned buttocks. The breeze was tickling her exposed crack, blowing softly against a few stray blonde cunt-hairs growing backward from her pussy. Imagining how she must look gave an additional thrill to her.

Lydia heard the sound of something rubbing across cloth. It almost sounded as if someone were undressing behind her. Then there came a rushing, whistling sound.

In a second something cracked sharply across her buttocks. A flash of white-hot heat seared her ass-flesh, making her body jerk like a speared fish. At the same time Lydia felt her pussy stir in response. It wasn't unlike the ass-fucking she had received earlier from Tom. The painful heat was actually a stimulus to her frazzled pussy, revitalizing it to throbbing action.

Again and again Rick's open-holed leather belt cut across Lydia's firm, rounded asscheeks. She cried out again and again, her face once more becoming pinched and red, her mouth pulled tightly across her face like a scar. Her shoulders worked against the table, tensing for the next series of blows as Rick stopped for a moment then resumed his senseless beating.

"Uhh, uhh, uhhh, arrrrrhh!" the blonde shrieked, her legs pulling hard against Jack's hands. She couldn't even feel the pain raking her injured ankle as she tried to jerk free of the tight hold and escape the blinding pain in her ass. Her body convulsed as the punishing blows rained down on her reddening ass.

"Stop, please, p-p-please!" she stammered.

Tears blurred Lydia's vision as her shrieks finally died down to anguished moans in her dry throat. The belt continued streaking and welting her buttocks. Lydia felt the agonizing heat glowing over her buttocks, spreading across her belly, flushing down to her pussy. She slid across the table top, feeling her stiffened nipples digging into the uneven, rough wood while her fleshy, swollen outer cunt-lips peeled open from the friction and pressure against the tabletop, exposing the sensitive inner folds and hollows of her pussy.

The blonde lost count of the number of blows. She felt she was on the brink of losing her mind. The agony was driving her mad; the sense of helplessness frustrating her; and the killing, pulsing sensation in her pussy confusing her. Lydia felt the heat of this savage beating penetrating the walls of her cunt. She didn't think this torture could affect her this way. This beating had awakened a new kind of desire in her. Her cunny began to sweat. Lydia could feel her clitty once more rising from the fleshy folds of her snatch. How could she so easily be aroused so soon after her last cumming? It was the blows, the sharp pain in her buttocks that was stirring forbidden fires in her pussy. She felt like she was ready to be fucked. She wanted to cry out for a fuck. She wanted to beg for a cock suddenly. Visions of stiff, long, meaty dicks danced in front of her glazed eyes as Rick wound into his final round of beating with the belt.

The long, holed leather instrument sliced over and over into her ass, turning the bouncing red mounds into two glowing cherries. Lydia's groans took on a deep, husky tone that announced to the men what she was actually feeling. They all smiled at one another knowingly, satisfied that they had accomplished what they'd set out to do. "She's primed again," Rick said, sweating heavily as he pulled the belt off the girl's ass and pushed it through the loops of his trousers once more.

"The bitch wants to get fucked?" Doug asked, looking up from the floor where he was kneeling, holding her wrists. Lydia wanted to spit in his face but could only turn her head away and moan. He knew what she wanted, and she was shamed and humiliated thinking there was no way she could hide it.

"Pull her off the table," Rick ordered gruffly. Doug and Jack released the groaning young blonde, pushing her to her feet. Lydia said nothing, gritting her teeth together and waiting for the next horror.

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## CHAPTER SIX

They had finally left her alone for a few minutes. Lydia lay against a wooden wall in a small shed attached to the main house. After beating her ass with the belt, Rick had had her taken from the house and stuffed in the shed.

It was during this time she learned he was one of the local police sergeants of the small town attached to the compound, and one who was assigned the duty of occasionally patrolling the area as Tom told her they did. The shoemaker, it seems, had often scouted out young prey for them before, while the third man also belonged to the Sturbridge Village police.

This she learned from the casual conversation held behind her back. Rick and his buddy had to call in to the main station and report, while the shoemaker was left behind to mind the store – that is she and Tina.

As she lay on her back in the cold, damp darkness, Lydia wondered why the other victims – if there were other victims – didn't report what had happened to them to the legitimate authorities. Surely most would be too ashamed to say anything for fear of public ridicule and shame. But surely there must have been one or two who were outraged enough to have risked exposure to bring justice down on these men's heads. These and similar thoughts drifted through the young blonde's head as she leaned on an elbow and looked at a tiny beam of moonlight streaming in from the outside. Her belly felt warm as she passed her hand down her right side to her belly and kneaded the soft flesh between her fingers. Her ass still burned and stung from the beating Rick had given it. She thought of how she'd been draped over that table, her long legs spread widely apart and held down firmly while her ankles were restrained in the same way. She'd been pinned down to the top of the table like a biological specimen, her high-riding asscheeks completely exposed to Rick's brutal attack. And yet how exciting it had been. She couldn't deny the heat that had burned in her pussy with each killing blow of the belt against her jiggling buttocks. Even now she could feel her pussy thrilling to that strange heat radiating up from her ass. Lydia smiled to herself, cupping a hand under her large and firm titties.

The touch gave her a chill. At first she thought about removing her hand. Why should she drive herself on sexually while these men were providing all the ammunition for perversion. And yet no one could see her. What harm did it do. She moved her hand up, thumbing her nipple until it grew stiff and pushed up out of the soft dark red aureole. The effect was hot and electric. She sensed the tension in her body building once again. The tickle of her nipple had started those slick juices flowing between her cunt-lips. She thought of that belt, of the sensations she'd felt when that Setter licked her off earlier that evening, of Tom and his fat cock ramming up her asshole while his finger strummed her clitty mercilessly.

All the images blurred together in Lydia's confused, tortured mind. When she started rocking her

hips, the buttery heat spread and leaked out to dot her blonde cuntal curls with dew. Even after the assault she'd received, the blonde was theirs for more sex. Her breathing had grown shallow. She licked her dry lips, tossed her head against wooden wall behind her and spread her legs further apart as she let her right forefinger droop over her cuntal mound and brush against her stiffening clit.

"Ahhhh," Lydia sighed, closing her eyes and slackening her jaw. She moved her finger back and forth, spreading the outer lips apart gently, milking the fleshy lobes together with the palms of her hands while stroking the clit-shaft more purposefully.

Lydia felt her knees trembling. She was fingering herself to cum. Oh, to be left alone where she could fantasize all she wanted.

But then the sounds of footsteps approaching the shed made the blonde pull her hands away from her crack. The door squeaked open, and in the bright moonlight Lydia could distinguish the all too familiar faces of Rick, Doug and Jack.

"Mmmmm, I smell pussy juice in here," Rick taunted.

"Good fresh and hot," Doug took up, raising his face and taking in a deep breath.

"I think the lady's ready for another round," Jack joined the other two, all three of them peering down at Lydia. The blonde shrank against the wall, pulling up her knees protectively against her chest and pushing her back hard to the wood behind her.

"She likes to fuck outside. Let's take her to the garden," Rick said to the other two men.

They all moved quickly, dragging the protesting blonde from the shed, down the path and back to the garden where the Setter had so rudely licked her pussy to climax.

When they got down to the garden Lydia saw the big Setter was down there waiting for them. His bushy tail wagged back and forth while his thick head was tilted and facing her.

"This can't be happening," Lydia said out loud as Jack and Rick held her on either side, guiding her down to the approximate spot where she'd lain before. And yet the sight of the dog excited her as it sickened her.

Lydia felt her stomach turn over as she realized what was happening inside her. Tossing her head from side to side she let out a scream, tearing at the two men as best she could in a last attempt to free herself.

"Damn it!" Doug said, nearly falling on his face because of the blonde's violent struggling. Both men looked at one another while Rick moved down to the dog, squatting and stroking its head. On a mutual signal Doug and Rick let Lydia go, throwing her forward and thus pitching her down on the ground.

"Ohhhhhfffff!" Lydia cried, throwing her hands protectively out in front of her. The woman jerked forward, hitting her chin against the hard dirt while her injured ankle twisted more and ripped an anguished cry from her throat.

"Get her!" Rick said to the dog. The same command was used before, and the big Setter recognized it. Barking twice, the dog jerked from his resting position and lunged for the prostrate Lydia.

The blonde saw the big animal prancing toward her and groaned, covering her face protectively with her hands while rolling over on her belly. Rick and Doug weren't to be disappointed. Reaching down they rolled Lydia on her back just when the Setter reached her shoulders. The confused woman kicked her legs free of their hands and the animal settled down between her legs and prodded her hungrily between her thighs.

"Oh no, don't!" Lydia cried, shuddering as she felt that familiar tongue slosh back up her slick, fat crack. It was terrible, that same forbidden feeling of earlier tearing at her snatch. The big dog was growling excitedly. Lydia struggled backward on the ground, propping her torso up on her elbows and scooting her violated asscheeks over the ground. But where could she go? The fence was behind her, and the men all around her.

As she moved backward she could feel the velvet wetness of her pussy exposed. She sensed the inner surfaces of her pussy rubbing together as she wormed further away from the creeping, growling animal.

"No!" she begged.

"No!" all three men shouted back, breaking into mocking laughter as they all watched the dog jump, his front big hairy paws hitting her thighs. His nose plunged immediately under her hot cuntal mound, his tongue wetting her. The animal wasn't fooled by Lydia's reluctance on the surface. He was whining, wiggling his strong body back and forth as he towered above her. Lydia felt petrified.

The first touch of the tongue had made her belly muscles contract with fear. And yet she wasn't hitting him or screaming out.

"Ohhh, my God!" Unbelievably she was opening her cunt to him, letting him touch her in the most secret places. She had fallen back on the ground, pressing her right cheek against the dirt and slowly letting her knees fall apart. The dog was going wild. His tongue slopped over the tender inner skin of her thigh. Each lick brought floods of juice from her cunt. It was the lovely, wonderful friction she had felt earlier. Her knees fell further apart. There was familiar clicking sound and pulling, itching sensation as her cunt-lips unstuck. The big dog lapped at them. He had been licking her asscheeks, his tongue getting dangerously close to her bunghole. Lydia had scooted up further to protect her shitter. But the animal had returned to her cunt. He was nuzzling his black nose between her blooming pussy-lips.

Lydia realized the dog was tasting her. Smell and taste, the most developed of an animal's senses, were being fully stimulated by her juicing snatch. Gently he let his long pink tongue caress and pet her clitty. Lydia shuddered with the consuming sexual fever she had felt earlier when the big animal licked her. Oh to feel that rolling, throbbing climax in her cunny again!

It was so uninhibited to be like this with the dog. He was resting on his belly now between her parted thighs. She could feel his hot breath tickle her pussy hairs as he drenched her twat over and over again with his thick animal spittle.

"Oh, oh, ohhhh," Lydia moaned over and over while her head rolled on the ground. The hunger in her body seemed to force out every last ounce of decency and shame from her mind and body. All she could think about was the growing tense ball of sexual tension growing deep in her belly, pushing down on her cunny and demanding quick satisfaction.

Her hands reached down her belly, finding the animal's pointed nose and his black, hot, wet rubbery lips. She felt at the steamy mess between her thighs as she had done before and felt a thrill of lustful, shameless excitement ripple over her crawling flesh.

"Jesus!" Lydia gasped. She moved her ass up, ignoring the growing cramp in her ass-muscle. The dog sensed her growing excitement and whimpered through his nose. Now he was bathing the very bottom of her ass once more with hot spit, lapping back into the slit of her asscheeks and threatening her bunghole again. Lydia felt so wet down there. The insides of her thighs, her ass, her cunt were all slicked down with the Setter's spittle. When Lydia managed to push herself back up to a sitting position again, the shock of what was happening to her hit her full force.

"Oh noooo!" the blonde cried, fighting up through the lust settling over her mind. She tried to push the dog away, but her arms trembled, then failed her. Her fingers instead curled behind his furry ears. She humped her back, pressing her swollen, pulsing cunt up against his pointed muzzle. The pink tongue drove up and down her crack.

Her clit burned from the steady lapping friction and the places between her toes tickled strangely. She fanned her fingers out along the animal's neck, the long hairs tickling the undersides of her hands. Slowly Lydia inched her knees back until they were against her tits. Then parted them further, letting every hollow of her pussy peel back. The animal whined, nuzzling and licking and pressing his nose against her soaked cunt.

Lydia gasped and babbled to him as he lapped her to a mindless state of sexual ecstasy. The stiff tickle of his coat against her knees and upper legs made her throw her head to the side and cry out. She moved her ass up, let it fall back again, then moved it up one more time.

Up and back, up and back, faster and faster, twisting to one side and then the other so the animal's teeth brushed one cunt-lip at a time. Lydia remembered the thrilling sensation the dog's fangs gave her as they raked the silky, slick linings of her pussy before.

She wanted that feeling again. She wanted to be taunted with the possibility of being torn to pieces by this sheer brute.

"Uhhh, ohhhh!" the blonde didn't care about anything anymore. She could die doing this and it wouldn't matter. Those men could do to her what they wanted. All she wanted to do was cum, then die. Her nostrils flared, burning with the air she sucked in to feed her writhing, bucking body. The dog's licking seemed to be everywhere in her pussy at once. If only she could have that sensation of being filled.

That was the only thing she missed. If only she could have a cock shoved up in her cunny. Anything up there would do.

Then something happened Lydia did not expect. The big dog moved higher, squatting down at the same time when Lydia had moved her pussy down. Before she knew it, his paws were down on her shoulders, pinning her upper torso down against the ground while his hind legs were brushing up against her ass. Real fear now brought her back to reality in a flash.

Yes, she wanted a cock up her twat - but a human one. To think a dog's bony knobber would be shoved into her pussy, slicing open her fat labes, knifing into her belly. Licking was one thing - but fucking?

"Off! No! Bad dog!" Lydia cried, beating the animal's back with the balls of her feet as she weakly tried to push the furry belly off her flattened titties. But the animal was too determined and she too weak by her intense sexuality to do anything. She felt a hot string of drool splatter across her face, having fallen from the animal's slackened mouth. The claws scratched her shoulders painfully as the big Setter settled down between her widely splayed knees.



She felt something hot and wet and pointed bounce across her upturned asscheeks. Her cuntal walls spasmed. To her horror Lydia realized her hot, juicy pussy was trying to clasp the dog's prong.

"No, no!" Lydia screeched, dropping her legs and thus preventing the animal's cock from making its entry into her pussy.

"No you don't baby," Rick said, lurching forward and grabbing her injured ankle. Lydia felt a pang of agony and screamed out, the last ounce of strength draining from her body. She let him and Doug push her legs back up, spreading her thighs apart and letting the anxious Setter settle in her cuntal saddle.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Lydia cried as she felt the long, knobby cock drag across her buttocks toward her cuntal cleft. She pitched on the ground, bucking her ass against the dirt. The blonde raked the dog's long red hairs with her fingers, pulling him harder against her.

All right, if she was going to get fucked by a dog, then let it be a good hard fuck. These and other crazy thoughts bolted through her mind as Lydia tilted her throbbing cuntal mound up and readied herself for the Irish Setter's spear-shaped dong.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Her sex-knob glowed and throbbed like a festering wound as the forepaws of the big Setter dug painfully into her shoulders. Lydia felt the cooling air blow softly against her lifted buttocks. In contrast to that sensation was the hot wet breath of the big animal touching her flushed cheeks. How her snatch ached, pulsed, winked shut from the sexual heat, then slowly relaxed and opened once more, waiting for the first sign of cock entry.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Lydia cried, closing her eyes tightly and sucking in another ragged breath. Her skin was covered with a fine film of sweat that glowed silver in the soft moonlight. Her belly was one tight knot, growing larger and larger as she waited for the dog's big, red slippery prong to slice through her snatch.

Oh God, the teasing sensation of that thick cock jerking up regularly now, banging against her furry labes, then pulling away as he nervously moved his hindquarters around her ass for a better position. Clear drops of pre-cum oozed from the tiny pointed tip of the Setter's big dork.

Lydia pulled her head up and saw them hanging one by one like diamonds from that jerking dick before falling in a translucent string to the dirt below. To be fucked by that dog! The realization of what was about to take place drove her mad with desire. She wet her cracked dry lips, then opened her mouth and let out a choked cry of lust. Her belly jerked and tightened as she was racked with a series of dry heaves of excitement.

"Please, please," she begged the dog, her breathing becoming more rapid and shallow as she felt that pointed, slick weapon brush against her puffy cunt-lip, then move slightly to the left to the slick, leaking crack zigzagging between her labes. Tears of excitement welled then fell down her cheeks as Lydia felt that wonderful hot cock push into the crack, spreading the thick fleshy labes apart, then pushing them inward from the force of the fucking prick.

"Ahhh, ahhh, ahhhh," Lydia sighed, her head rolling from side to side as her lower jaw dropped. The veins stood out in her neck. Her shoulders shook from the lustful excitement tearing through her writhing body. Her toes fanned out. A killing tingle assailed the areas between them. Her knees

snapped together, then fell apart as she ground her buttocks back and forth, thus rubbing the wet velvety, inner cuntal surfaces together and against the invading doggie prong. She could feel the dribbling warm streams of cum oozing out of the dog's cock, flooding into her cunny, mixing with her own juices. Then it was dribbling out of her upturned snatch and oozing down the tight crack separating her buttocks.

Only the first slick inch was buried inside her. But Lydia was already shrieking as if the dog had been fucking her for minutes. She felt those slippery bumps and knobs on his cock slip past her pussy-lips, stretching them apart, as they forced her fuckhole into a large, round tunnel.

The big animal was growling with increased lust. His head tilted slightly to one side while his long pink cunt-lapping tongue hung limply from the side of his snout. Long, stringy rivulets of drool fell from the tip of his tongue and down Lydia's titties. But the blonde didn't care. She ignored everything except that wonderful tight sensation in her snatch. The young student wriggled her ass excitedly, bouncing her fleshy ass-globes over the hard packed dirt surrounding the garden. Her fingers raked through the Setter's long, red silky hair while her knees and inner thighs moved up and down, caressing the panting sides of the fucking dog. Sweat ran down Lydia's thrashing body. Dirt clung to the back of her neck, shoulders and arms as she thrashed in the dirt like a screwing pig.

"Oh God! God!" Lydia cried over and over again, her mind whirling about in a wild, obscene dance of sexual confusion and desire. Both Lydia and the big Setter started growling with lust and desire.

Then the big dog hunched back his hindquarters, his powerful back arching up like that of a cat about to attack and rolled forward as he slid more of his prick into the grunting woman. Lydia's eyelids fluttered open. Her eyes rolled up into her head and glazed over as more of his thick cockroot rammed into the slick folds of her snatch. Gritting her teeth, Lydia grunted as she felt the big knob just in front of the dog's thick dickroot bang against her outer labes. He hunched back, his back curving again, then slid forward, pushing that blue veined cock-bump against her cunthole. Lydia cried out, twisting her body like a snake, working her asscheeks desperately against the dirt, trying to take in his cock. The animal growled and whimpered. His forepaws scratching up and down her shoulders, moving to her throat, clawing her titties as he struggled to work his knob into her twat.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Lydia sighed, as his prick kept sliding into her clitty. Oh God, how wonderful it felt to sense his hot body, that long, tickling thick Irish Setter hair rubbing against her belly, against her legs, against her titties! Oh! Her titties! How good they felt rolling, bouncing, and slapping together under the animal's attack. More saliva rolled out of the Setter's mouth, oozing past his sharp teeth, seeping over his quivering black rubbery lips and then falling down on her jiggling titties. Lydia moved her hand down from the screwing dog to her boobs. She squeezed the nipples of her jugs hard with her fingers and felt her cunt contract with every tight pinch.

"Hey, I think he's gonna make that knobber of his squeeze into her snatch," Rick said, watching the animal carefully. The other two men raised their eyebrows and watched in a strange kind of admiration as the big dog grunted, shook and trembled with the effort. Lydia's grunts became more hysterical and high-pitched. Her toes stretched out like sticks from her feet while her head rolled wildly from side to side. Long strands of blonde hair clung to her wet forehead as she waited for the big knob to slide in.

"Uhhhhhhghhhh!" the blonde shrieked. Her body stiffened and trembled. The Setter drove that big knot into her snatch with a loud, squishing sound. Both dog and woman stopped their writhing and screwing for several seconds, each drinking in the sensation of the moment. The dog had finally

pushed in his last knob, stretching her cunt the ultimate.

Lydia felt completely filled. She was stuffed with as much cockmeat as she could ever take in her pussy. She felt the tip of his cock screwing down into the deepest depths of her pussy, almost touching her womb. It was a dog and not a man who had explored the secret passages of her snatch!

Lydia groaned and sobbed, but not from fear or shame. She was pushed to the ultimate. Digging her head into the soil as the dog's big, hairy balls slapped against her ass, Lydia felt her belly turning over faster and faster with the growing excitement of her pussy.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Lydia moaned softly, turning her head to the side and choking out her pleas for satisfaction. Between her upturned legs she could feel the dog trembling. It was a sign that he was as close to cumming as she was. To have her quim filled with doggie cum. To feel the flood of sticky jizz filling her snatch to the full, flooding over her clit, soothing down the exploding sex spindle like some salve for a burning wound. Oh God! To feel it now!

"Rock it, baby. He's gonna shoot. He's gonna dump that spunk into you," Rick taunted. But Lydia didn't care what anyone said or saw. She cried and shrieked and begged for the big animal to cum. Her breath grew shorter. Her skin burned with lust. How much longer could she take this? Her ass was moving of its own free will - bouncing, jiggling, grinding back and forth, making her rubbery, fat pussy-lips chew along the full length of the Irish Setter's pumping prick. The long, red, bumpy surface of that screwing prick was slick with the mixture of Lydia's flowing cunt juice and leaking pre-cum.

"Cum! CUM!" Lydia cried squeezing him desperately. She wanted to stuff him inside her, to destroy him with her own omnipotent sexuality as she felt the first powerful spasm of orgasm make her pussy wink shut with heat. She threw back her head, hitting it hard against the hard ground behind her. Her neck strained. The veins in her forehead stood out and throbbed while her legs kicked up and out from the power of her cuntal explosion.

The screaming woman's reaction was enough to drive the big Setter off the edge. While Lydia broke out into a series of hoarse, choked cries, the big dog's body trembled. Then he became strangely still. His tail stood up and shook slightly as his cock began trembling and shooting in a long, powerful stream of bleachy doggie spunk. The blonde whimpered, turning her head away as the animal's big ass shook from the power of his climax. He squatted down again and again. Long choking gasps escaped from his own mouth as he screwed and drilled his prong into her waiting cunt.

"Ohhhh! Oh!" Lydia cried, her mind shattering as she felt the animal's thick cum oozing down her tight little asscrack and seeping into her bunghole. The big Setter kept hammering his dick in and out until the final spasm rolled along the full length of his dick. Satisfied, he pulled his cock from Lydia's trembling pussy with a loud, wet sucking sound, trotted shakily over to the far corner of the garden and sat down. Lydia's legs fell limply to the ground, her pussy still glowing red hot after the savage pounding it had received. She covered her face with her hands, feeling the shame and degradation she had just been subjected to. To have performed disgracefully like this, with a dog, and in front of these savage men! Would there ever be a time when she would be able to look at herself in the mirror? Now the woman realized why no one would testify before a court as to what had happened to them in the compound. Who would be willing to stand in front of a group of straight-faced jurors and confess this sort of humiliation? Who would believe them?

And if they did believe the incident, who would believe they were unwilling participants? No, she could never turn in these monsters, no matter how she felt about them.

"Feel good, baby?" Doug asked with a sneer. He was standing with his thumbs hooked around his front belt loops.

"That doggie jizz packed down there good?" Rick asked leeringly.

"Hey, is that other girl tied up good in the barn?" Doug asked, turning to Jack who seemed be drifting in a world of his own.

"I'll check. I tied her like a pig," the shoemaker said, laughing with the others as he turned to go. Lydia meanwhile was shaking herself free of the spell that had gripped her so long. She felt a throbbing, pulsing ache in her cunny. It had been kept at such a high state of tension and excitement for so long it ached now that it was slackening and relaxing. Now she realized once more the awful situation.

She and Tina were prisoners in this compound at least until morning. It was still only early evening. God only knows what these men could do to them before then.

Keeping an eye on the two men as they were discussing Tina's fate, Lydia sat up. So far so good. No one noticed her. Slowly she moved her legs inward, trying to ignore the wet feeling between them. With every movement she made, more doggie jizz leaked out of her snatch and wet her inner thighs.

Carefully Lydia tucked her feet under her naked dirt-smeared thighs, leaning forward and putting her arms forward for balance. She looked around her. The men were still talking with their backs to her. The dog was curled up in the corner, licking his soft cock with his long pink tongue lazily. If she could make it to the main path, it was a short hop into the cornfield across the road.

Once in the cornfield Lydia knew she would have a chance of escaping, to get help or maybe get Tom. Get someone to get them out of this terrible nightmare. Looking around her for the last time Lydia sucked in a deep breath. Then she sprang up, ignoring the sharp pain in her injured ankle as she bolted around the garden and started running down the sloping path, past the house toward the main road. She had nearly reached the road when the men realized what had happened.

They stared blankly at the fleeing figure for several seconds, disbelieving what had happened in front of their eyes. The blonde's long hair streamed out behind her, glowing in the silver moonlight. Her thunderous titties bounced, jiggled and slapped against one another while Lydia ran for her life.

"Oh!" Lydia cried out as the injured ankle threatened to fail under her. It couldn't. She knew she had the advantage now. Peering briefly over her shoulder she could see the three men standing in a little group near the far edge of the steeply sloping garden next to the main house. She was almost to the path now, and the cornfield lay only a few feet in front of her. The tall, thick stalks promised a respite from her terrors.

"Get her!" she heard Rick shout from behind her. Lydia jerked her head around and ran with a burst of speed, ignoring the sharp stones cutting into the bare soles of her feet. Her fleshy buttocks trembled and bounced. Her nostrils flared like a hunted animal's as she reached the far end of the cornfield and plunged blindly into the thick growth. The sharp leaves of the corn plants cut into her flesh she brushed them aside. If only she could lose herself in this field!

"Ohhhfff!" Lydia cried, her right foot hooking around the thick base of a corn plant and sending her pitching forward into the dirt. She scrambled quickly to her feet, running deeper into the field. The wet, warm smell of damp earth assailed her nose as the night sounds drummed into her ears. There was a stream at the other end of the field. Then a clear area leading to the woods separating the compound from the highway. If only she reach it! Behind her the shouts of the men let the blonde

know they had reached the far edge of field.

"Oh God!" Lydia cried as she plunged deeper into the corn.

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

"Try over that way and Doug, you take the left flank and I'll go in through the center," Rick ordered, knocking the plants roughly to the side as they plunged helter-skelter into the cornfield.

At the other end Lydia was reaching the stream. She could hear the peaceful babbling of the small brook that ringed the Sturbridge Village compound. The brook ran through the make-shift sawmill near the parking lot and finally into the surrounding rolling hills. The air grew damp and pungent-smelling. If only...

"There she is!" Rick shouted.

"Oh God!" Lydia cried, shrinking back toward the stream. They'd spotted her. Her heart skipped a beat as she turned and ran toward the stream. Behind her she could hear the sounds of corn plants being ripped aside and trampled.

"Don't let her get near the stream!" someone shouted loudly.

Lydia managed to reach the end of the cornfield. To the right was a small, wooden, plank bridge leading across the tiny brook in front of her. At that point Lydia saw Doug crossing the bridge stopping in the middle of it and looking around. Lydia backed quickly into the darkness of the field, dropping to her knees and biting her fingers to keep from screaming in excitement and terror.

"Too bad, baby," she heard from behind. Before she could stand the blonde woman felt a rough hand on her shoulders. Another hand slipped under her arms and jerked her up. "That was a dumb move. You and your friend aren't going to get away from here 'til we let you," Rick said, turning her around and gripping her tightly by the shoulders. He shook her back and forth violently.

Her head snapped so hard she thought he was going to break her neck.

"S-stop!" Lydia begged, tears of frustration and defeat welling up in her eyes.

"Fuckin' bitch," Rick mumbled, stopping his brutal thrashing and grabbing her tightly by the wrist. "More trouble than you're probably worth," he mumbled, dragging her back to the main house.

"I've got her! Let's get back and teach this one a lesson!" he said loudly.

Lydia followed meekly behind, her head bent down between her sagging shoulders. Her long dirty blonde hair hung around her face. What they planned for her, Lydia could only imagine.

When they reached the main path once more they all joined and moved silently back to house. But instead of going into the structure the men dragged Lydia up the path to the barn. Shoving her through the doorway they followed, telling her to join her friend.

When she reached the far stall Lydia peered around the high wooden divider and saw the tiny brunette still bound and gagged, laying motionless in the corner of the stall. She had been sleeping but woke up when the small group walked in.

"Take off the gag," Rick said, turning to Doug. Now the brunette could talk after spitting out several threads of cotton that had worked their way into her mouth.

"Lydia, did they...?" Tina asked, not finishing her question when she looked down at her friend's snatch and saw the telltale scratch marks along her inner thighs and on her shoulders. "Oh God, what've they done to us?" the small girl asked.

"Just wait," Rick said, bending down and untying the remainder of the brunette's bonds. Tina pulled her hands from behind her and rubbed her wrists, trying to get rid of the pain caused by the rope burns.

"I get turned on by watching lesbos go at," Rick said as Lydia reached over and stroked Tina's tangled brown hair.

"You think them two are lesbos?"

"Naw, but you never know anymore," he said, his hands on his powerful haunches while his fingers rested on his bulging fly. He had been watching Lydia's ass. It was white, fleshy, yet not too broad and flabby. He'd been wanting to stick his cock up her shitter ever since he'd seen her earlier in the afternoon.

"Hey, you two start in on each other for a while," Rick said, raising his right foot and kicking Lydia lightly on the left shoulder. The blonde jerked her stiff body, turning around and peering upward at him with hatred flashing in her eyes.

"What?" Lydia asked.

"You heard me. Suck her cunt!"

Lydia's eyes opened wide. She had never had even an inkling of desire to do something so perverted. To touch another woman in that way... and yet what choice did either of them have. Tina looked at her in bewilderment.

"God," Lydia muttered under her breath as she felt Rick's boot kick her shoulder again. Moving around and kneeling between Tina's small, girlish legs, Lydia opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, sanding it over the brunette's right nipple. Tina cried out in surprise that her friend would do such a thing. But Lydia said nothing, feeling her face burning with shame and humiliation.

Reaching forward she pulled Tina up slightly, then forced her torso down on the loose hay. Gradually both women began to warm to the task. Tina rolled her head to the right as she felt her friend's tongue dig into her ear and probe her canal. Tina arched her back, pushing her warming pussy against Lydia's as she felt her friend toying with her swelling labes.

The blonde felt a tightening sensation growing deep in her cunny. It wasn't the same urgent, hot wetness felt earlier with Tom or even the dog. But Lydia realized she was becoming aroused by this act of perversion. She slid her body up and down, back and forth against her friend's cunt. Groaning, she felt Tina's cunt-lips working over hers, peeling them open and rubbing against the sensitive membranes between the inner and outer labes. Lydia felt the heavy weight of her jugs pulling at her chest as she towered over the brunette and continued lapping like a thirsty animal over her friend's throat and shoulders.

"Yes, yes," Tina hissed between her tightly clenched teeth while Lydia milked her cunt-lips together. With her slender fingers she rubbed their slippery edges together as her forefinger inched slowly up



toward Tina's unsheathed clitty shaft. "Ohhhhh!" the brunette gasped again as Lydia grabbed her stiff clit between her thumb and forefinger and squeezed it gently. Lydia licked her dry lower lip as she pinched again and watched her friend's ass squirm excitedly over the loose hay on the floor. Tina's belly trembled and swelled out as if she were pregnant. Then her stomach caved in as her body twisted and writhed on the floor. Stroking the clit up and down, then changing strokes from side to side produced the same uninhibited affect. When Lydia slid her tongue down Tina's throat, past the jiggling small titties toward her navel, Tina dragged her ass across the floor. Tina ignored the sharp, pinching sensation of the loose straw and hay working into the tight crack between her tiny buttocks.

Lydia grunted like a sow as she moved her tongue around Tina's navel, then went back up to her friend's titties. She drew in one nipple between her teeth, running her tongue quickly over the hard rubbery red flesh as she dug her fingers into Tina's inner thighs. Then she let it go as she went over to the other nipple and did the same thing. The result was electrifying. Tina cried out, snapping her knees together and rolling on one side, her ass jerking up and down as she milked her cunny against Lydia's stroking fingers. She was cumming, reaching an orgasm with her friend's finger! Lydia's mind spun around as she thought of what had just happened.

"Fuck this!" Jack said. The handsome dark-haired shoemaker had watched too long not to do anything. Gripping the tab of his zipper, he pulled open his fly, pulling out a thick eight-inch cunt-splitter and stroking it to full hardness and thickness. Moving quickly, unbuttoning his Levi's and pushing them down to his knees, Jack walked around to the rear of both women, his fat sausage throbbing and pulsing with blood and jizz. His egg-shaped leathery nuts spilled out from the bottom of his opened fly.

He stood between Lydia's widely spread legs, his eyes fastened on the narrow crack spread open now because of the blonde's crouching position. Her tight shitchute tilted slightly upward, puckering shut like a pair of pursed lips. Jack gave his thick prong a few tugs, sliding his fingers over the rounded tip of his jerking dong and lubing up the full length of his dick.

"Ahhhh!" Tina cried as Lydia ran the pointed tip of her tongue along the twitching inner ridge of her friend's furry outer labes. She reached up, placing her fingers just on either side of the big labes and pulled away, peeling back those thick pussy-lips and concentrating on the girl's juicy cuntal walls. Tina grunted, pulling her knees up to give her friend more pussy.

Not seeing Jack standing behind her Lydia pulled her head from Tina's crotch and slid off her friend's body. Soon the two women's cunts were pressed tightly together. Their swollen labes slid against one another, the subtle friction peeling back each other's outer labes as their wet membranes touched.

"Uhhhhh!" Lydia cried as she lowered herself completely on her friend. She could feel her titties mashing down against Tina's, crushing in those tight little nipples with hers. The smoothness of the body under hers; that great feeling of cunt-lip against cunt-lip, clitty crossing against clitty, tit against tit was driving her mad with lust. Just as Lydia began to trace the tip of her tongue along Tina's lips, Jack bent down and stuck his forefinger directly into the blonde's tight little asshole. Lydia jerked, a sharp groan tearing from her throat. Jack slammed his finger up to the second digit, wriggling it around and around in the woman's tiny asshole like a reaming worm.

The young blonde student knew now what was happening.

But what she was feeling grow hot between her legs prevented her from protesting. She squeezed her big ass muscles together, trapping Jack's finger in the musky depths of her shitter while she

shifted her cunt back and forth against Tina's juicy pussy. To have that friction rubbing over her snatch and to have the sharp pain and heat radiating out from her shitter was driving her mad.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Lydia moaned in her friend's hair, digging her fingertips into Tina's fleshy boobs as she humped down and slid her furry labes along the brunette's tight little pussycrack. Jack backed away, pushing his Levi's down to his ankles, then moving forward again, still keeping his finger buried in the young woman's bowels. He shoved it in to his knuckle, slowly feeling Lydia's sphincter relax and accept the invader.

Better prime her first, Jack muttered to himself, spitting in the palm of his hand. Then he slicked down his cock with the thick saliva. Moving forward while still kneeling, Jack wrapped his arms around Lydia's shaking shoulders, slowly lowering himself down on the woman's concave back until he was sandwiching her between Tina and himself. The brunette cried out. She was being crushed. But neither Jack nor Lydia seemed to notice.

The blonde felt her clitty sparking with pre-orgasmic spasms. Stretching and pulling taut as it rubbed against the short brown cuntal curls surrounding Tina's snatch. At the same time she could feel Jack's fat balls dragging across the rounded fleshy bottoms of her full buttocks. Chills of excited expectation raced through her mind as the tip of the big man's fully extended cock pressed against the brown wrinkled skin surrounding her shitter.

"UHHHHH! AAAHHH!" Lydia gasped out, feeling the air leave her lungs as Jack rolled forward, hiking his muscular hips up. Then lowered them back to Lydia's ass while driving his prick into the blonde's waiting asshole.

"Jesus! Almost like fucking a watermelon!" Jack panted, much to the amusement of the other two men.

Lydia wanted to tell them she'd been ass-fucked by Tom, a man whose cock was almost twice the size of the one being shoved in her now. But she didn't want to give them any ammunition. She was better off if they knew nothing about Tom now. Maybe later their ignorance would come in handy.

"Ohhhh!" the blonde cried as she felt her ass being drilled deeper and deeper by Jack's sinking, reaming cock. She could feel his egg-like fuck sacs resting on her buttocks, then flatten out as his groin rested fully on her thighs. His fat dickroot was pressing against the stretched wrinkled lips of her shitchute. She could feel his hot cock twitching and jerking inside her bowels.

It was like having a hot enema spurting in her body, reaming and digging at her sensitive gut. Beneath her Tina cried out, gasping for air, trying vainly to push Lydia and her companion off.

But it was useless. The young blonde student was frantically rubbing her pussy back and forth. Sliding her clit-stalk over and over the top furry junction of Tina's fleshy outer labes she strained her neck and cried she was cumming. At the same time she raised her thighs and squeezed her asscheeks together, rotating them in tiny circles and milking at Jack's helpless cock.

The young shoemaker closed his eyelids tightly and sucked in a ragged breath. For a second Lydia felt a flash of power. Her tormentor was now in her power if only for a few seconds. She now realized what they were experiencing when they had her pinned helpless to some floor or wall, torturing her and laughing. She was torturing Jack in a way, bringing him up to climax, then relaxing, soothing him down only to fire him up faster than before.

He cried out, hanging his head limply between his muscular shoulders while sweat streaked his forehead and cheeks. He held her firm thighs tightly, riding her like a bronc-buster, jerking his

powerful hips forward and down and driving his cock in and out of the screaming woman.

In an instant his head was tossed back and a grunting yelp came from his mouth. While Lydia was cumming on Tina, Jack was firing his jizz into the writhing blonde's dancing ass.

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CHAPTER NINE

Jack has just finished dumping his spunk to Lydia's aching shitter. Rotating his thighs around a few times he milked out the last few drops of hot cum before squeezing his hairy asscheeks and cock out of the woman's bung.

"Ohhhh!" Lydia shuddered, her shoulders and chest shaking violently from the hot flashes radiating from her rectum. Tina lay quietly underneath her. Occasional sobs of shame and frustration escaped her shallow breathing.

"The blonde's all primed up for that fuckin' dog, where is he?" Rick asked, putting his hands on his thighs and looking around the barn disgustedly. Jack stepped back and slipped his limp prick back into his Levi's and zipped up.

"He's your dog," Doug said, moving to the door to go look for the animal. "Some guard dog," Rick mumbled. "All he does is fuck women."

"And whose fault's that?" Doug said. All three men burst out laughing. They made a few insulting remarks to Lydia before walking from the barn.

As the three of them shouted for the animal, Lydia talked quickly and softly to Tina. "I almost made it to the river. Once you get there it's just a short run to the forest and the highway. Can you run?" she asked breathlessly.

"I-I think so," Tina said, moving a little painfully as Lydia pushed herself off the small brunette's body. "They didn't beat me too badly."

"They're coming back in! We'll have to wait for another chance. But that's the only way we'll get out of here in one piece," Lydia whispered. She rolled off her friend completely and rested on her ass as the three men and the Irish Setter walked into the barn. The big animal recognized both women immediately. His bushy tail started to wag furiously as he dropped his jaw and panted.

"He wants one of you again. But this time we'll make it a little different," Rick said. His friends stared hotly at the two naked, cringing women.

"Get on your hands and knees," Jack said to Lydia and Tina. Both women had no choice. They reluctantly obeyed, trying to ignore the obscene remarks from the men as they pushed their bodies into a crouching position with their fleshy asses facing the men.

Lydia's skin crawled with fear. Goosebumps appeared on her belly, ass and arms as she waited for some new humiliation and sexual brutality. She heard the men talking softly behind them.

Turning to Tina she saw her friend's face reflecting the same horrified thoughts going through her own mind. The straw bit into her knees and palms while her big titties nearly touched the dirty floor beneath her. Tina's small boobs hung like tiny pendants from her chest while her rich brown hair covered her agonized face.

"Wonder if his boner would fit in here?" Rick blurted out, reaching forward and jamming his right index finger into Tina's asshole up to the second digit. The brunette's eyes bulged out in painful surprise. Her lower jaw dropped while her nostrils flared like a startled horse's. A gurgling groan ripped from her throat as her body shuddered. With a wail she staggered forward, catching herself with a sob when Rick warned her to stay still.

"Go on, boy," Doug urged the prancing Setter.

"No! Not again!" Tina cried, jerking her head to one side and flashing a look of helpless despair at Lydia. The blonde wished she could do something to help her friend. But her position was just as rough as that of the brunette.

The big dog ran across the barn, stopping only for a second to sniff at Tina's trembling ass. Then he leapt up and wrapped his hairy forepaws tightly around the groaning woman's belly.

Lydia watched in horror as the dog flattened his head against Tina's hunching back while his bushy tail wagged back and forth, brushing the girl's trembling asscheeks. Lydia moved slightly around to get a better look. The dog's familiar prong was quickly slipping out of its tight-fitting sheath. Soon its small jouncing balls and that huge knot at the far end of the boner were visible. All the tiny and large knobs, all the thick blue veins standing out from the dark red slick surface of the funnel-shaped prong burned themselves into Lydia's spinning mind as she watched her friend.

"I can't! I can't!" Tina sobbed out in a tight, choked voice.

"You've got to," Lydia whispered encouragingly, feeling a strange feeling of mixed horror and desire. To actually wish to see her friend fuck this way was something the woman couldn't admit openly even to herself. Yet nonetheless she could feel her quim getting warm and wet all over once more. She watched Tina's face grow red and tight with painful expectation. She watched the Irish Setter's body tremble with excitement while his prong jabbed and slid against the smaller woman's buttocks in search of that velvety snatch. Lydia felt her twat heat up like a stoked blast furnace.

"Lydia! Oh my God! He's aiming for my ass!" Tina cried, jerking her head toward her friend once more as she felt the animal's stiff knotty dork slip up her asscrack past her cunny toward her shitter.

"Stop it!" Lydia cried. But the men had no intention. While Jack and Doug watched Tina cringe and cry under the animal's brutal assault Rick walked up behind Lydia, unzipping his trousers and pulling out his cock.

"You're so worried about her, maybe you ought to think about yourself," he said, moving around to the side while wrapping his fingers in her tangled blonde hair. "You started to blow me a couple hours ago. Let's finish the job."

"Oh God!" Tina cried, her teeth chattering from the pain as the animal poised his pointed knob at the opening of her tight little shitter. The claws of his forepaws scratched her little titties while he moved his head up, opening his powerful jaws, nipping her playfully just behind the right ear. Tina, however, didn't enjoy his little love play and cried out in fear and pain. The big dog wagged his tail, thinking he had properly excited her as he'd done so many other times with bitch dogs. Moving his trembling hindquarters rapidly behind her ass, the Setter hunched back his powerful thighs, then rammed forward.

Whether or not he realized he was fucking the wrong hole Tina and the others couldn't figure out. He speared her bunghole mightily with his powerful dork, forcing the sphincter to give way under his vicious assault. Tina's belly sagged, then contracted as tears welled up in her eyes and spilled

onto her cheeks. Short, raspy breaths tore from her mouth as her arms shuddered from the pain behind her.

Lydia was faring little better. Rick had his cock fully out, his Levi's wrapped tightly around his spread legs while his balls hung freely just under his thick dong. The blonde was still on all fours, her head turned up to watch what Rick was going to do next. Rick looked down menacingly, stroking his cock while fingering his balls lightly with the other hand.

Without saying a word he stepped forward, holding his red-tipped dong in front of Lydia's parted lips. The blonde knew what he wanted. For a second she thought of closing her full lips over the head, then biting down as hard as she could with her sharp front teeth. That would fix him! It would also provide a distraction long enough for the two of them... maybe... to get free of these animals.

But Tina, she was trapped by that big animal, that huge Irish Setter covering her like a thick hairy blanket. He was driving his prong into her shitter. Tina couldn't move quickly enough to take care of a split-second advantage. No, Lydia thought, she would have to wait for another opportunity.

Reluctantly she opened her mouth fully, leaning forward while squatting more on her hindquarters. She could see the salty, bleachy jizz starting to leak out of the long slit at the end of the dome-shaped dickhead. Lydia stuck out her tongue, letting some of it drop on her tongue. She thought if she could just get used to the idea of sucking this filthy man's cock it would make the disgusting act more easy for her. "Hey, whatcha waitin' for?"

Lydia sighed, then started sucking up the cum as Rick rocked back and forth, closing his eyes and moaning deep guttural sounds in his throat. That dick jabbed against the back of her throat as it kept on swelling with every lip-motion Lydia made. Rick started to hunch faster, fucking his cock faster and harder in and out of the blonde's mouth. The force of his cock blows made her titties jiggle back and forth while her cheeks puffed out, then sank in when the dick was withdrawn. From Rick's heavy breathing Lydia could see he was close to cumming. She sighed almost with relief, thanking God he was about to pop off. That would be one less horror she would have to put up with.

"Ohhh, you're good, baby," Rick said, leaning forward while stopping his mouth-fucking for a few seconds. He was gasping for breath, squeezing his eyelids shut and fighting for control. Lydia kept her tongue flicking around the base of his thick cock, trying desperately to bring him off. She even raised both hands, cupping his balls in her palms and rolling the hot, hairy nuts gently back and forth. Yet he didn't cum. He was restraining himself from the temptation.

While Rick's cock rested inside Lydia's hot, wet mouth the Irish Setter's cock was making progress into Tina's reluctant ass. The girl sucked in a breath of air, held it, then blew it out in a choking gasp only to draw in another gulp of air while sobbing and choking with pain and despair. Tears flowed freely from her bulging eyes. Sweat trickled from her forehead and down from her shaking arms. Her pinched, red face showed the agony and horror the young woman felt as the big animal drove more doggie inches into her shitter. Her cunny throbbed violently - not so much from pleasure as from genuine pain in her buttcheeks.

The claws of the dog's large forepaws were raking her titties and upper chest with long, red scratch marks. Knob after knob slid into her ass while the animal's powerful, furry body rose a fell against Tina's arched back. She cried out for God to help her. Gradually her sphincter relaxed, accommodating more and more of that animal cock.

"Oh no, no, no," Tina groaned over and over, shaking her head back and forth slowly between her sagging shoulders. Her legs trembled and threatened to give way more than once as another big

cock-lump plopped past her shithole lips and drove down deep into her bowels.

The brunette managed to keep control until she felt the big knob brush up against her shitter. When the Setter was trying to work that knot into her ass the young woman cried out with pain. The burning, tearing sensation in her bowels was too much. She thrashed as much as she could, lurching forward and falling on her face.

The Setter growled viciously, holding onto her chest tightly with his paws while he moved quickly with the stumbling, staggering woman. He gave up trying to drive his big knot into her ass. The hole was too tight and small for entry. Instead he began his regular fucking motions, pulling his spear-shaped prong in and out of her little shitchute.

Tina turned her head to one side, closing her eyes tightly and letting out short, raspy gasps. She felt a fire building up quickly in her ass. She squeezed and relaxed her buttocks. Alternately rocking them back and forth as the dog's screwing began to change her horror into a mild kind of delight. Her right cheek scraped back and forth across the dirty ground as the dog's fucking rocked her body backward and forward. Vainly Tina tried to push her body up, but her strength had been sapped by the struggle with the animal. She simply let the dog fuck her ass faster and harder.

Lydia meanwhile was having trouble bringing Rick off. She wanted that man out of her mouth and realized the only way she could do it was to make him cum.

But the guard refused to be brought off so easily. Stopping several times when he was close to the brink, he would tear at the roots of her hair whenever she sucked hard and tried to stroke his cock into shooting with her flicking tongue. While Tina was being ravaged brutally by the big Irish Setter next to her, Lydia could do nothing. Except wait for the next signal from Rick when she could start sucking him and hopefully end this horrible sex-play as soon as possible.

"Now, baby, now. Oh yeah, that mouth of yours is unreal," Rick said in a choked whisper as he started running his spit-slicked cock in and out her mouth.

Lydia groaned, gagging and choking as rivulets of spittle bubbled from around the corners of her stretched lips and trickled down her chin and throat. She swirled her tongue around the underside of the dickhead until the shaft started bouncing against the insides of her puffed-out cheeks. The blonde moved her head back and forth more furiously, flicking her tongue faster and faster. She could taste more jizz spilling out of his jerking rod.

Lydia milked Rick's balls more rhythmically now, squeezing the fat, leathery nuts gently between her fingers and feeling them tighten against his fat dickroot. She prayed to God they would cut loose with their load so she could get her mouth off that sickening prong.

"Uhhhhhhh!" Rick suddenly cried out, feeling his jizz shooting down the full length of his prick and packing down in his cockhead before jetting out in the first long spurt of his cum. He gripped the blonde's head tightly with both hands, holding her face hard against his smelly, sweaty, hairy groin as he began firing his cum into her mouth.

Lydia coughed and gagged, spitting out a mixture of her spittle and his bleachy jizz from around the corners of her mouth as she felt the sticky cum spurt against the back of her throat.

It was revolting. She wanted to reach up and scratch his face off. She wanted to clamp down her teeth onto that prick and bite it off, spitting it in his startled and pained face. Yet all she did was kneel there, smell his horrible crotch, and spit out his shooting jizz. At least this blow-job was over.

CHAPTER TEN

For Lydia the ordeal was over for a while. She rocked back on her heels, sitting on her legs and turning her face away from the triumphant Rick. She held her belly tightly and spat out the remainder of his jizz on to the floor. She felt her face flushing, while the big man flicked his cock free of the last drop of jizz, then slipped it back into his tight-fitting trousers.

“Not bad head, but I’ve had better,” he commented as he turned to watch Tina’s final throes of agony. The brunette was humping back against the big dog now. He was pile-driving his cock into her asshole. His rubbery red prong was slick with its own juices as it pulled the shitter out then moved it back in. In and out, in and out, faster and faster the Setter’s prong fucked the brunette’s ass. Lydia turned around and watched in growing fascination as Tina’s fingers clawed the loose dirt and hay of the barn floor. A thin film of perspiration coated her belly, legs and arms. Her head shook violently as she felt her clitty shaft stiffening under the animal’s brutal attack. She wasn’t about to cum. But just to feel her cunny heating up again was a pleasure.

“Ohhh!” Tina cried, smiling a weak smile at Lydia. Then one look at the blonde’s startled face brought her back to reality. Fucked in the ass and by a dog! She dragged her hands to her face, covering her eyes in shame as the Setter howled, reached forward and nipped the back of her neck.

Shrieking with pain and fear Tina lurched forward once more to try to escape the prong. But it was too late. She felt the animal’s dick jerk violently several times, then balloon out. In an instant she felt his long, wet spurts shooting into her ass. It was like getting an enema of hot, thick syrup. She cried out. Her shrieks becoming low throaty moans of horror as the Setter growled and fired over and over again the hot load in his big hot nuts.

“God! God! God!” Tina cried as she felt the shots of cum die down. The big Setter pulled out of her ass quickly. Moving alongside Lydia and curling up next to her thigh he began licking his shrinking cock.

“Okay blondie, you’re next,” Rick said to Lydia as Tina fell onto her belly, then rolled on her side. She curled up in a fetal position, hugging her knees against her small child-like titties and sobbed softly to herself.

“What? What now? What in God’s name can you do to me?” Lydia asked defiantly. She had been so violated, humiliated and degraded the blond felt there was little else they could do to humiliate her more.

“Come on. Jack, you stay with the little brunette. You like her anyway,” Rick said, jerking his head up in a gesture for Lydia to follow him.

She had been so conditioned by his domination of her spirit that she followed him obediently from the barn with Doug.

“We’ll let you go after this. It’s the last thing,” Rick said. Lydia felt her heart leap up with joy. She and Tina didn’t have to worry about escaping. They’d let them go. She wanted to get away. To hide her face in shame from the rest of the world forever. They could go on doing what they were doing in this compound for as long as they liked. All she wanted was to get away in one piece with her friend.

“Right there,” Rick said, stopping in front of a far stall. They had walked some time in silence out

into the cold night air. Lydia was still naked and felt her flesh puckering from contact with the brisk temperature. She had been hugging her titties and rubbing her upper arms to generate heat. Her ankle still bothered her and the stones cut into her feet. They had walked past the garden, along the path she had come up earlier from the town square. Several stalls stood on the left side of the path. Most were empty. A few had chickens, a rooster and an occasional goat or two sitting peacefully on the hay.

Lydia couldn't understand what Rick was talking about until they reached the last stall. A small hurricane lamp hung from a wooden peg high on the rear wall. Enough light was thrown in the stall for the blonde to see a large jackass standing peacefully in the middle. In an instant Lydia could see it was a male. His large rounded cock was covered with pieces of straw and stubble while his long tail swished contentedly back and forth.

"What...?" she began, then turned and looked at Rick and Doug smirking at her.

"Jack doesn't have the stomach for this. But there ain't nothing like seeing a woman strap on old Tim here," Rick said, reaching down and grabbing Lydia by the wrists at the same time. In a flash the blonde realized what they were going to do to her.

"Oh God! No!" she cried, staggering back as far as she could. She pulled away wildly. She thrashed her body back and forth, her hanging titties swaying back and forth from the violence of her struggle. Lydia cried out, sobbing and choking as she tried to twist her way free of Rick's hard grip. But he held on to her too tightly. Quickly he and Doug pushed her into the stall, stroking the big jackass' neck slowly while telling Lydia not make so much noise.

"It'll be easier if you don't fight. Tim here's a might scared of women who shake around. A couple have been hurt," Rick warned.

"You've done this before to others?" Lydia cried out in disbelieving horror, her eyes going from man to man, then finally resting on the soft, big brown eyes of the staring jackass.

His thick upper lip was peeled back, a revealing row of strong, yellowed teeth. It looked like an insane grin. She felt her skin crawl as she looked down and saw the animal's funnel-shaped cock begin to twitch. They had done nothing. But her naked appearance in the stall was enough to excite the beast.

"Tina...?" she started to ask, looking searchingly at the men.

"Too small. But you're just right," Rick said pinning her arms tightly behind her and holding them against her back as he moved her to the animal's head. Lydia cringed back, turning her head as she felt the jackass' warm, moist breath blow against her titties. She felt her pussy wink shut with horror as the donkey brayed loudly twice, then stepped hesitatingly forward and opened his powerful mouth.

Was he going to take a bite out of her jugs? She would put nothing past him or these men behind her. Instead she watched as his bright pink tongue fell from his rubbery lips, then moved upward as it lapped her titties.

"Ugghhh!" Lydia cried, her spine crawling with sickening revulsion as she felt his hot spittle dribble across her belly and titties. The force of that sandy lick pushed her boobs almost up to her throat, then let them jiggle down to their original position.

The cool night breeze made the wet spittle coating her titties feel as if it were freezing to her

goosefleshed skin. The mule backed away and stared at her, braying once more as he saw her eyes rolling wildly.

"Oh God! Don't make me do that with him! Please, don't!" Lydia pleaded. But her pleas met only with laughter.

The jackass moved forward again, sticking his tongue out once more and lapping at the woman's belly. Lydia shuddered as that incredibly thick, rough-feeling tongue slid across her navel, bathing her lower stomach in a thick layer of saliva. He lapped and lapped again, occasionally rubbing his thick rubbery lips against her flesh. The blonde could feel his thick, stone-like teeth against her skin.

"Okay honey, around to the back. Doug, you hold him until he gets used to her," Rick said as he pushed Lydia roughly to the mule's rounded asscheeks.

"You bastard!" she mumbled through her clenched teeth as she stumbled around, then fell on to her knees. Rick told her to stroke him hard. When she refused, he boxed her ears, then shoved her down roughly. Breathing heavily, feeling as if the sky were about to fall in on her, the blonde pushed herself back up from the ground. She brushed back her hair, then scooted closer to the animal's stomping hindquarters and reached up toward the mule's hanging cock and balls.

She almost retched at the stench of stale shit and piss wafting from under the moving jackass' big, black, ball-shaped sacs. His belly heaved and his sides drew in and out with excitement. Rick said nothing, occasionally looking at Doug up front and winking as Lydia moved the back of her fingers up and down over the leathery foreskin of the mule's prick.

While Rick told her to hurry up, Lydia moved her hands up and slid them under the mule's twitching balls. She felt the stiff hairs sticking from the undersides of his balls as she reached for the animal's semi-rigid cock. As soon as her fingertips brushed against the monstrous stalk, the mule brayed again and shook with excitement.

Doug said something soothing in the jackass' pricked ears and stroked his powerful neck while Lydia kept moving her hands up and down the mule's prick.

"You're getting him going," Rick said mockingly. Lydia looked up. The animal's belly was heaving up and down more rhythmically while she could feel his prick start to grow hot and stiff under her manipulation. His previous stomping stopped. He stood quietly, his brown eyes glistening with excitement while he enjoyed the blonde's jacking off.

"Go on and lick on that stick," Rick said reaching down and pushing her head toward the stiff prong.

Lydia felt her belly turn over. But what could she do? Holding the big dark-brown rounded head with both hands and lowering her head down to its level, the gasping, gulping woman twisted around until her lips were opposite the foul-smelling dickhead.

It was almost the same size as a human male's although the stalk directly above it was much longer and certainly much rougher to the touch. Sucking in a deep breath Lydia opened her mouth, fighting down the desire to gag as she took the big, brown bulbous cockhead into her mouth.

"Yeah," Rick said in a long, low sigh as he reached between his legs and started massaging his stiffening prong.

To see a woman humiliated this way, to actually see a woman getting it on with an animal of this size was his biggest turn-on. He'd kill to see something like this. And God only knows how many times he

had forced women to perform this degrading, insulting, horrifying act for him and his friends.

Lydia said nothing as she took just the first few hot inches of mule-meat into her mouth. It was hot and tough-tasting, not at all like the feel and taste of Rick's prong. She let her front teeth scrape gently along on the jackass' dick as her hand rubbed across the hot hairy bottoms of Tim's sacs.

This time the mule balked, braying loudly once more while his body quivered with excitement. The mule seemed to be enjoying this new experience. His brown, thick dickstalk was fully extended, the foreskin fitting tightly around the steel-hard inner core. Almost every wrinkle had been pulled smooth by the stretching of his prick. "Let's go," Rick said, peering around the jackass' shoulders at Jack.

"Come on, babe," Doug said, laughing as he moved quickly around the mule's hanging head and grabbed at her right leg.

"Oh God," Lydia cried, resigned to her fate as she let the dickhead slip out from between her lips. She twisted her head around, rotating her ass as she threw out her hands and tried to scratch her assailants. No, she couldn't let herself be willingly fucked by that horrible animal.

"Come on," Rick repeated, raising his hand and holding it threateningly above her head. "You haven't fought off the rest of the shit we did to you. This is just a piece of cake for a bitch like you."

Lydia felt the blow of that remark. It was true. She'd come into Sturbridge Village as just another college coed, in fact more innocent than most. And in a few hours she had been changed into unchained nympho.

The shock of that realization made her relax, and that was all Rick and Doug needed. Twisting her around they knocked her once more to her knees, dazing the blonde while they rolled her to her hands and feet. While Rick held her down Doug walked to one corner of the stall and pulled out an overturned orange crate. Sliding it under the animal he forced Lydia's legs up on the splintered top surface. Both men had trouble keeping her steady until she regained full consciousness.

"You stay up there, baby," Rick said, keeping his head down under the mule's underbelly. Lydia felt the animal's stomach pressing down hard against her back. Her ass was tilted high up in the air and pressing against the inner thighs of the braying animal. She could feel his thick cock brushing against her right leg.

A thrill of horror rippled through her body. It was almost done. The final, ultimate, horrible fuck.

Lydia sobbed in horror as she felt the hot, tough skin of the mule's dick bounce against her pussy-lips.

"No, no, no!" she cried, wishing time would fly by so she could get through this incident quickly. Sucking in a deep breath, Lydia waited for the beginning of her ordeal.

"I was gonna tell you to relax, baby, but you've taken so much in your cunt you won't have any trouble," Rick jeered. Lydia shuddered again when she felt that slick, thick meaty dickhead press up against her pussy-lips. The men were pulling her closer toward the cock.

The big mule meanwhile was swaying back and forth, stomping his hindquarters as he was trying to get his cock into what he knew was a hot slit for him. Unlike a dog, the jackass couldn't maneuver so well. Lydia was crouching on the crate but the cock of that animal was longer than the Setter's and thus was harder to be pulled back into the blonde's snatch.

Yet somehow old Tim was making it. Lydia let out a low groan of despair as she felt that big knob press harder against her cunt-lips. She could feel those outer labes being pushed in, puckering down with the pressure from the jackass' dick.

Her belly heaved. Her lungs expanded until she thought they would blow apart. Every muscle in her body stretched painfully and tensed as the animal continued to push its dick against her reluctant twat.

"OHHHHHH!" Lydia cried, her body shaking mightily as she felt the bulbous tip slide easily into her box after the muscles ringing her pussy collapsed and surrendered to the pressure.

"Just like taking a regular cock," Rick sarcastically as he watched that near-black dickmeat slide slowly but steadily past her rosy cunt-lips into her box. Lydia's legs trembled but remained on the crate as the mule's prick disappeared into the depths of her welcoming body.

Rick was excited as hell now. He pulled down his zipper once more and pulled out his prick. Even though he had just cum minutes ago he was jacking off once more. His eyes riveted onto the fucking scene inches in front of him. Doug too was fascinated, massaging his cock through his thick Levi's material while the blonde continued to swallow more mule-meat in her snatch.

The dick was sinking into her with audible squishy sounds. She felt as if some giant rod were being stuck into her, stuffing her while splitting her apart. She felt the breath go out of her as sweat slicked down every inch of her body.

"Uhhhh!" Lydia cried as half the jackass' dick was finally buried in her. She held her breath, then let it out with a gasp as she fought to keep from screaming. Her ass hurt. Her titties throbbed as if she were being fucked by a man. The mule's cock slid further up her snatch.

"Stop it! Oh God! Please stop it!" Lydia cried. How much more dickmeat was there to go? Every inch driven into her made her brain burn with more and more terror. What would happen to her? Were they going to make him cum inside her? Wouldn't an animal's cockjuice infect her somehow? Wouldn't all that hot, milky cum spattering inside her violated twat do something to her as a woman? She tried to blot out the horrors that might await her in the future as the mule buried the final inches of his leathery dork in her snatch.

"Look at her. She can't get enough," Rick taunted.

Lydia indeed looked as if she were turning on to the beast. Her eyes were glazed over, rolling around in her head. Sweat streamed freely from her forehead and under her arms. She slid her tightly clenching pussy up and down the animal's stiff, throbbing rod.

"Uhhhhh!" Lydia cried again as her belly tightened with revulsion.

The mule started backing up, then moving forward. In and out, in and out, faster and faster the mule's jerking dork reamed out Lydia's tight-clenching snatch, stretching it to an unbelievable width as her shrieks turned to sobs of horror.

"Yeah, babe, yeah," Rick moaned, jerking his stiff cock to orgasm. He was turning on to her sick humiliation, to the bestiality he was forcing on her.

She tried to turn her head away from the man but found a sick fascination in his red, sweaty, excited face. They were all taking part in an unholy act of perversion, and there was a kind of ugly brotherhood in it.

"Ohhhh!" Lydia groaned, her head hanging down now until her chin was touching her upper chest. She could feel the mule swaying drunkenly against her back and legs. She could feel his jerking prong, vibrating, swelling and throbbing inside her. It felt as if he were about to shoot his load in her. Then it came. A fat, sticky cannonball of mule-cum spurting out of his buried dickhead and spattering against her stretched, slick cuntal walls. Then another came and another until Lydia could feel her snatch being stuffed up with the animal cock-liquid.

"Ahhh!" she cried in horror as the mule brayed in triumph. His sleek body shook with passion. His sides heaved in and out faster and faster as the veins surrounding his dickroot expanded fully with lust. The cumming lasted several seconds. The animal's balls dumped their load into Lydia's pussy.

When he had finished, Rick and Doug quickly moved under the animal, dragging Lydia roughly away. Tim moved to the far end of the stall and leaned heavily against the side wall.

Rick's cock was still standing out stiff from the opening in his fly. With donkey jizz still leaking from between her flabby cunt-lips Rick threw the woman down on her knees, twisted her flush face up and shoved his dork into her mouth again. Without fully realizing it Lydia was swallowing the cum again.

Retching and spitting out Rick's cum, Lydia then found herself in Doug's tight grip. His hands roughly held her head while he unzipped his trousers. He yanked out his thin but very long prick and shoved in between her compressed lips. He only had to jab his cock in and out of her mouth twice before his jizz spurted down into her belly.

Both men zipped up, looking at one another and then at Lydia.

"Okay babes, you can get out of here," Rick said, bending down and picking her up. Lydia said nothing, still spitting out the pungent-tasting jizz from her mouth. Cum still trickled down from her sore snatch-lips, down her inner thighs to her ankles.

"What makes you think we won't go to the authorities?" Lydia blurted out. She realized planting ideas like that wasn't the wisest thing to do. Yet after her disgusting humiliation she felt she had to get some kind of revenge over these men.

"You won't. Just what would you tell them? You think you could sit through a rape trial? Especially this kind of rape trial? Baby, we'd give every detail of what happened. You might get us convicted, but what'd they think about you and your friend getting it on with dogs and mules? You wouldn't be able to go nowhere with that hanging over your heads," Rick reasoned as they marched the blonde back to the barn.

Lydia thought over what he had said as she walked into the warm building and hurried over to her semi-conscious friend. Yes, the same thought had occurred to her earlier. But if no one said anything these men would continue trapping young women, doing whatever they wanted to them without worry of being exposed. Someone would have to testify. But who? Would she have the courage to sacrifice her life for justice?

Fortunately that question was almost answered for her in the next few seconds. While she was pulling Tina up from the straw and the three men stood by the half opened door there was the sound of running footsteps outside. Doug, Jack and Rick wheeled around just in time to see Tom and four other men from the compound run in. There was a brief scuffle ending in the subduing of all three tormentors.

"Tom, oh God, I..." Lydia said, rising slowly to her feet and staring at the big man. Tina covered her

face in shame, falling into a crumpled, defeated heap while her friend stared blankly at the men.

"Don't say anything," Tom cautioned her.

"How did you know? Why did you take so long?" Lydia said almost angrily. If they known about what was going on, which they obviously did now, why did they wait until now to break in? Every degrading thing possible had been done to her and her friend. She and Tina might as well go home without saying anything more. There was little they could do now.

"Sorry. I didn't know what was happening until the police department stopped by the main entrance a little while ago. Seems I fell asleep after we..." Tom hesitated a bit, lowering his head and blushing.

Lydia giggled nervously. After what she and Tina had been through in the past few hours, that kind of bashfulness seemed out of place.

"After that, I fell asleep. Then when I got up, and started for the main entrance for my car I saw the cops coming in. Seems that one didn't radio in proper and the police were curious. They needed some help getting around the grounds and I offered to guide. We got up to the farm and saw you coming out of the stall with those guys. We figured something was up. Say, what were they doing with you in there?" Tom asked, tilting his head to one side and wrinkling up his forehead.

Lydia felt her head spin and her face flush as Rick, Doug and Jack laughed furiously. In the next few minutes the blonde and her friend were treated to the ultimate humiliation as the three men in tandem related what had happened and how the women had reacted.

Lydia watched the looks of horror creep over the men's faces as they turned their eyes from the men to the women, then back to the men again.

"Whew!" Tom said, shaking his head back and forth after they'd finished. "I don't know."

"We're willing to testify," Lydia suddenly blurted out.

"What?" everyone cried.

"It's no use, Tina. I'm not going to let these animals go on with this. I'll go to court."

"It'll be hell for you," Tom warned as the police led Rick, Doug and Jack out of the barn.

"I just can't let them go on like this," Lydia said, feeling shame at her nakedness now.

"Here," Tom said, looking around and finding several woolen blankets stacked up in a corner of the barn. He opened them and covered both Lydia and her friend.

"You think there'll be any kind of normal life for me after it's all over?" Lydia asked as Tom led her and Tina from the barn.

"I'll do what I can to make sure there will be one," Tom said consolingly, putting his arm around the trembling young blonde. As Lydia leaned her head against the big man's shoulder and followed him back to the main gate she was sure his words would come true.