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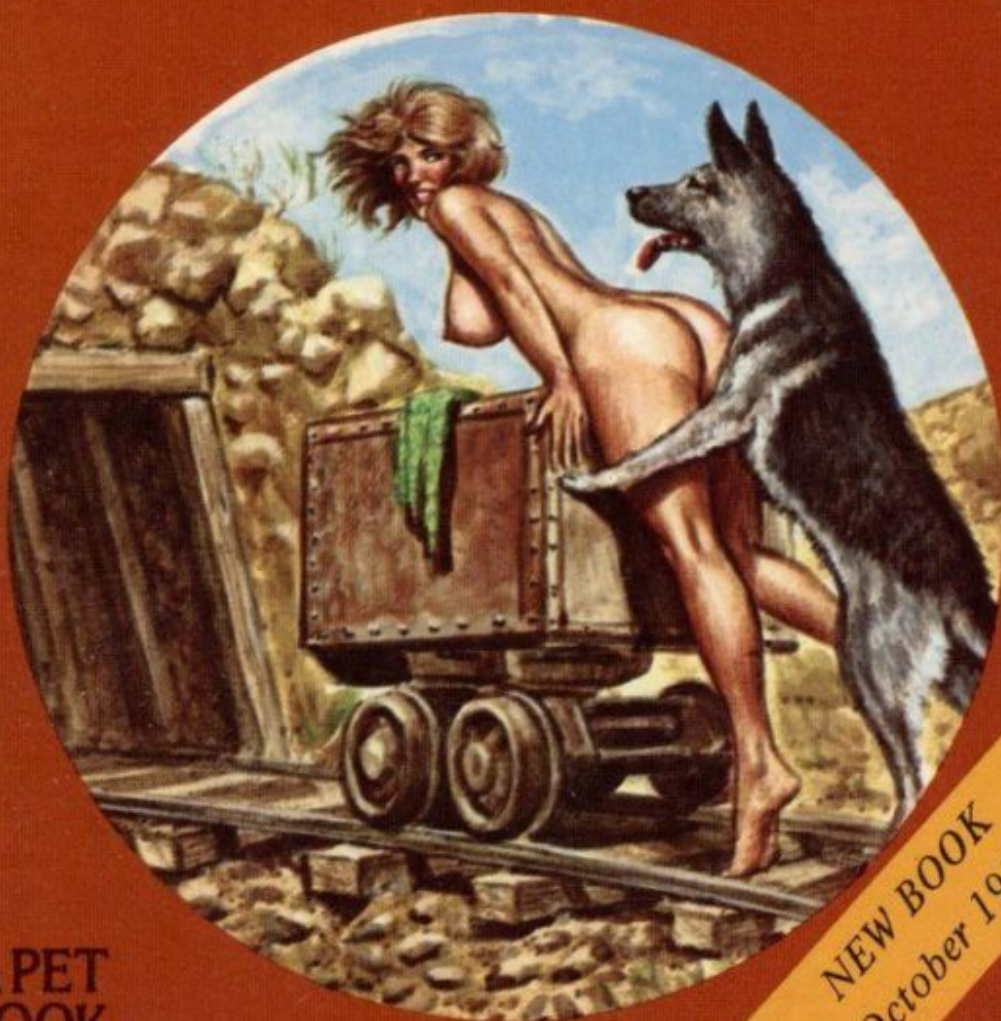


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THE WIFE'S NEW PET

by Janet McCoy



A PET
BOOK

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CHAPTER ONE

Six months ago to the day, Ellie Jones had lost her virginity. On her wedding night. To her husband, Hank.

Ever since that fateful occasion, the teen-aged blonde had been riding a peaking wave of self-discovery. She wanted to fuck every chance she got. Hank was obliging. She got lots of chances.

When he came home from his job as floor manager in the hardware department of a discount store, Ellie was waiting for him... in something skimpy and provocative. On the night of their six-month anniversary, she wore the see-through top of a pair of pink baby-dolls... and nothing else. She pirouetted before him, holding out the hem of her top as she twirled. Her movements gave Hank a fine view of the round swelling cheeks of her ass and the blonde thatch of her young fiery pussy.

She giggled as she stole a peek at the lusty look on her husband's face. "How do I look, Hank? I got them just today... specially for you."

"They better be specially for me!" he growled as he grabbed for the firm globes of her ass and pulled her to him. He planted his mouth hotly down on hers. His tongue darted deep into her mouth, challenging her tongue, taunting her libido. It always pleased him, the way she shuddered each time she surrendered her lush young body to him. Her tongue snaked out and began to duel wantonly with his.

"Mmmmmmm!" With a natural sexuality that had displayed itself the very first time Hank had sunk his prick into her cunt, she began to squirm against him. She ground her asscheeks salaciously back into his hands, urging him to explore the crevice between the resilient fleshy moons. Then she undulated her pussy forward, rotating it against his pants-shrouded groin. The bulge there was growing perceptibly. She groaned with anticipation. "Oh, Hank... you feel so good, darling! I need you so bad!"

"Jeez, you're a sweet, hungry little bitch, Ellie! You know it's only been ten hours since we screwed the last time!" Hank liked to tease his wife. But he still hadn't gotten over the thrill he had experienced on his wedding night when he discovered just what a find he had made. Ellie's exuberant sensuality had been more than he had hoped for... even considering the enthusiasm she had always displayed during their necking sessions on dates. The young man had long before given up trying to find a woman who could match his own active sex pace. Ellie had turned out to be a gift straight from the Gods. Sometimes she even wore him out.

Her full pink lips pouted appealingly as she looked up at him. Her wide blue eyes and her thick long blonde hair made her look half-angel, half-temptress. The longing in her face made Hank's cock throb to urgent hardness. Reveling in the effect she was having on her handsome husband, Ellie ran her tongue lewdly over her lips. "But you know I can never get enough of you, lover. Why do you torture me like this? You are going to give it to me... aren't you?"

Only a man of stone could resist a look like that, Hank thought as his lips bore down once again on hers. While one hand continued to explore her ass, to prod a finger against the tiny pucker of her asshole, the other headed for her pussy. "Mmm... wet already, you greedy little piggie, you! What am I supposed to do with a wet little thing like this?" His teeth clenched as he shoved a finger deep into the tight hot hole of her cunt. He buried his head against her neck, nipping the tender flesh, while he finger-fucked her pussy mercilessly.

"Ooooooohhhh... aaaaiiieee! Oh Hank, baby! It feels wonderful!" Parting her thighs, she ground her cunt lewdly up and down over her husband's bold finger. She stood on tiptoes, straining with her

urgent need to absorb every ounce of pleasure he could give her. Already she could feel herself trembling out of control it was an effort for her to remain upright. The overwhelming passion was consuming her like a sponge absorbs water.

Hank sensed that his wife's arousal was making it hard for her to stay on her feet. Picking her up as easily as if she were a doll, he lay her down on the rug and crawled in between her thighs. His hands reached for the pink swollen lips of her pussy and parted them obscenely wide. Her hot hole peaked out at him, surrounded by a fine mist of blonde pubic hair, dotted with glistening drops of moisture. "Ooohh, baby... what a sweet hungry little pussy you've got!"

His obscene praise made her writhe impatiently on the rug. She pulled her flimsy top high up over the heaving mounds of her breasts. She pinched her nipples wantonly while she ground her cunt upward, beckoning to the man. Urging him to slake the thirst that was torturing her. "Uuuuhh, Hank, darling... I'm hungry... yes... so hungry! Make me feel all filled up, baby!" She was speaking in a little-girl voice, the one she knew turned Hank on. The more voracious and vulnerable she seemed as she squirmed under him, the better he liked it.

Too excited himself to tease his wife any longer, Hank bent his head to her appealing pink snatch. He extended his tongue and licked all the way up one pussy-lip. He nibbled for a moment on the blood-engorged peak of her clitoris. Then his tongue ran down her other pussy-lip. He savored the salty-sweet flavor of her ample juices that trickled from her cunt, down over the slit between her thighs. "Mmmmm... yummy!" He licked his lips lewdly as he looked up at her passion-distorted face.

Ellie's eyes were closed tight. Her lips were parted slightly. Her neck strained backward, so every tendon stood out. He saw her frown as she realized his tongue was gone. "Oh golly, Hank... Give me more! Ooohh, please! It feels so good!"

Before she could miss him any more, he returned his mouth to her moist genitals. He puckered his lips and pulled gently on her fleshy labia, then on her hard sensitized clitoris. Her groans grew louder and more abandoned as he worked. They goaded the man on to greater efforts. Hank loved this woman as he had loved no other female in all his 25 years. She was precious to him. Her every groan and moan and wriggle made him love her all the more. She enjoyed him so much, everything he did to her. How could a man not love a woman who appreciated him so totally? Ellie thought he was Romeo, Adonis and Robert Redford all rolled into one. And her adoration made him feel he could match any one of those guys, any day of the week.

"Christ, you taste delicious, Ellie! You've got the sweetest little pussy in the whole wide world!" He began to stab his tongue deep into her hot tight cunt-hole. At once, she began to squirm more urgently than ever beneath him. She drove her pussy up into his face, urging him to tongue-fuck her deeper.

"Oooooooooohhh! Hank-k-k! I love you-u-u!" Hot flashes of pleasure darted through the shapely blonde's lust-possessed body. Her fingertips clutched feverishly at her round bouncing tits, exciting the nipples to hard peaks of arousal. She opened her thighs as wide as she could get them. She wanted her husband's tongue deep, deep, deeper in her pussy. All consciousness vanished, she was nothing but a writhing moaning heap of sensation. Programed for pleasure. And the pleasure was ready to bust loose... to catapult her into the dynamic dream world of orgasm.

So attuned was he to his wife's every pant and wiggle, Hank could tell that she was riding close to the point of no return. There came an added tension to her wanton undulations, as she strove to grasp hold of the elusive powder-keg of release. Just a little farther now, he knew, as she humped her pussy harder against his face.

Summoning up every reserve of energy he possessed, Hank worked like a demon to bring his wife the satisfaction she craved. His tongue darted machine-like in and out of her wet clenching pussy. His lips nibbled her cunt-lips wantonly. He worked down, down over the hot fluttering flesh... all the way to the puckered recess of her anus. His tongue prodded her asshole obscenely.

"Aaajiiiiiii! Oooohhh, Hank-k-k!" The unexpected titillation of her husband's lewd probings drove Ellie right over the top. Never before had Hank teased her asshole with his tongue. The tantalizing pressure... the very thought of the bold act he was performing... opened her trembling body up to the tumultuous avalanche of release. "God, darling, I'm cumming-g-g-g! Oooooohhhh!"

Hank kept on working until he was sure Ellie was safely over the hump into the pleasure zone. He licked greedily at the hot juices that flowed freely from her spasming twat. Then, when she lay moaning beneath him like a mindless heap of flesh, he scrambled quickly to his feet and pulled off his shoes and pants.

Within moments, he was poised over her, naked but for shirt and socks, his throbbing erection poised menacingly over her blonde-thatched cunt. Holding his breath against the insistent pull of his own excitement, Hank slipped his cock in along the slit of her pussy-lips, relishing the wet hot feel of her. His prick was aching for cunt... aching to surge deep on up inside... but Hank wanted to tease himself, and her, just a moment longer. The longing was so sweet. The sure promise of reward so gratifying.

Though she had been drifting off in her own little world of pleasure, Ellie was not too far gone to recognize that firm pressure against her labia. She began to moan softly, then to wriggle her pussy gently up against her husband's prick. Her eyes still closed, her face still wearing its dreamy smile of climax, she reached for Hank's buttocks and began to try to pull him into her. "Mmmmmpphh!" Her lips pouted in frustration when she was not successful.

Hank loved her child-like self-absorption. Her rule for pleasure was: she wanted what she wanted when she wanted it. Nothing was to stand in the way. Normally, Hank was happy to oblige. But every now and then he liked to tease her... to make her beg for it a little. "What's the matter, baby? Something you want, maybe?"

"Mmmm-mmm! Come on, Hank! Do it for me! Your cock feels so good against me! I want it, Hank!"

"Aren't you being awfully greedy, Ellie baby? After all, you just came! You mean you want to do it again?" The feel of her twitching pussy under his turgid organ made the blood pound through Hank's veins. He wasn't going to be able to hold off much longer. The thought made him push her a little harder. His voice grew more stern. "Tell me, Ellie. Tell me what you want!"

The young blonde wife could feel the juices surging from her pussy. She knew what her husband wanted, and she knew her part in the game. She liked to play hard with Hank. It made the reward all the sweeter when he finally sank it home. "I want your cock, darling! Please! Give it to me!"

Still Hank hesitated. He looked down at her, his eyes glowing with lust. "Name it, Ellie! Tell me you want me to fuck you!"

His cock twitched against her passion-swollen pussylips. It was more than she could take.

"Oh God, Hank! Fuck me! Fuck me, darling!"

In less time than it took for the echo of her voice to die out, his hard cock was driving deep into her hot hole.

"Aaaaiiieee! Ohhh! It's SOOOO good! I can't tell you how good it is to feel you fucking me!" Six months ago, no four-letter word had ever escaped the 18-year-old's lips. They still came hard, but Hank was teaching her... everything he liked to do and hear. For his pleasure, she spat them out. And she learned to respond to them too. When she said "fuck me", her pussy flared with greedy primitive desire.

Hank was too excited now for anything but a hard, no-holds-barred fuck. He drew his swollen prick all the way out of her tight snatch, until just the tip grazed cunt-flesh. Then, without pause, he drove all the way up inside once again. And again. And again. Until his cock was hard as a steel bar. And her cries reverberated all around the living room.

Ellie squirmed wantonly beneath her husband's remorseless cock-blows. She could feel her buttocks stinging from rug-burn, but the sensation managed to blend itself with the ricocheting pleasure let loose in her lush, aroused body. It all felt good. Pleasure washed over her in wave after powerful wave, making her lose her breath, making her struggle to the surface for a gasp of air before immersing herself once again... in the feel of her husband's shoulder bearing into her face... in the touch of his hand fondling her breasts... in the sound of his harsh breathing, telling her how much he was enjoying her. And most of all, in the long filling strokes of his hard prick.

"Oh, do it to me, darling! Fuck me! Aaaahhh! It's so fine!"

Like a rutting bull, Ellie's powerful husband drove his cock time after time deep into her wet receptive cunt. He relished the way her rubbery, slick flesh grabbed onto his organ, struggled valiantly to keep him from escaping. He loved her hot moist welcome each time he lunged his cock deep back up into her smoldering hole. His cock was growing bigger and harder with each pleasurable stroke. He was lost in the devastating world of sensation. Nothing mattered now but getting off... and getting her off. He worked like a bulldozer toward his goal.

Time stood still for Hank and his eighteen-year-old bride. Every time they had ever made love - and there had been hundreds in the last six months - blended together and became one. It was like the first time, and the last time, and the only time. They were blended, made one, in the primitive urgency of primal union.

So much in touch were they that they even came together. It seemed a natural outcome of their close, intense mating.

"Oooohhh, Hank, I'm cumming! I'm cumming, darling!"

"Me too, baby! Ah, Jee-zuz! I love you, babe!"

"I love you too, Hank!"

They lay quietly embracing for some time, until at last harsh reality interrupted. "Oh Hank, I've got to get up. My ass hurts like crazy!"

He grinned at the blazing red welts on her round ripe ass-cheeks. He pulled her to him and kissed her tenderly on her tender buttocks. "There. That'll make it go away."

She smiled down at him. "I'm not so sure I want it to go away. Already it's turning me on again. It makes me think of what you were just doing to me."

She warmed up two turkey pies for dinner. They ate naked on cushions around the coffee table. They had never been more close. When Ellie brought in the dessert, Hank brought out his own surprise.

"Champagne! Tonight we're celebrating, baby!"

Her blue eyes beamed with excitement. She liked to see Hank so animated. Often, after a long day at work, he was tired and discouraged. She knew he wasn't satisfied with his job. "What are we celebrating, Hank?" She held up her glass to toast. "To the start of a new life!"

She stared at him dumbfounded as he drained his glass and poured himself another glassful of bubbly. Her own champagne remained untouched. "What is it, Hank? That sounds pretty heavy!"

"It is, baby! Wait'll you hear! You remember Greg Bantam? I told you him and me were best buddies in college?"

"Oh yeah. You wanted him to be our best man, but he couldn't because he was out hunting seals in Alaska or some place." Ellie was still wary. She was normally an optimistic, cheerful person. But, like any animal, she couldn't help getting uneasy when she was told her whole life was about to change. She had kind of liked things the way they were.

"That's the guy! Old Greg and me used to have some great times! Anyway, I got a letter from him today, and guess what?"

"What?" Ellie felt a cold chill run down her spine. She took a long swallow of her champagne.

"He's just staked a mining claim up in Northern California. He needs someone to help him dredge for gold! Can you imagine that, honey? Gold! He wants me to go work with him. And you know what? I'm going to do it!"

"You mean you're going to quit your job at J-Stores?"

"Yep. And I'm going to tell them just where they can stuff it. I've been wanting to do that for a long time."

"But, Hank... what will we live on?" Ellie was scared. What her husband was suggesting was that they suddenly become pioneers. She had never once thought of doing such a thing. They had never discussed anything so... weird. She wasn't at all sure she wanted to leave the big city and all its advantages.

"We've got some money tucked away. And by the time we use it up, the gold should be pouring in. Greg says it's a good rich claim. He's already dredged something like a thousand bucks' worth, and he's only been there six weeks."

"But... you make more than that at work. And you don't have to split it with a partner."

"But, don't you see, honey? At J-Stores, I'll never be anything more than an uptight ulcer-candidate bogged down in shit, in trivia, all the time. This is my big chance to break out. If Greg's claim is this rich this early, we could make a fortune. At least there's a chance, baby. I'm tired of living with a ring through my nose."

"But... I thought you were happy with me."

"I am, baby. I'm happier than I've ever been in my life. None of this would mean anything without you. I want you right there beside me. I want us to strike it rich together. I love you, baby." He pulled her to him and began to kiss her hungrily. He could feel her lush tits pressing against his chest. His cock began to pulse with renewed desire for her.

All Ellie's doubts evaporated with the urgent prod of her husband's big cock against her belly. She could never deny him what he wanted. Her place was beside Hank. Under him. On top of him. This was her man, and whatever he wanted to do, she would do.

But it sure would be hard not to have the supermarket just down the street... and the drugstore, and the movies, and the department stores. Ellie was a city girl, born and bred. She knew nothing about roughing it. She didn't even know one end of a sleeping bag from another.

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## CHAPTER TWO

Greg Bantam was a man's man. A throwback to a bygone era. Ever since he left college, he had been traveling from one place to another, pursuing adventure, setting up challenges for himself. As soon as he had mastered a place and its offerings, he was ready to move on. He had been a seal-hunter in Alaska. A bronc-buster in Alberta. An alligator-trapper in the Florida everglades. He had even herded llamas in Peru.

Now he had been drawn to the inland regions of Northern California, in pursuit of the yellow temptress that had lured men since time immemorial: gold! Greg decided he wanted to be a rich man, so he could try out some of the challenges available only to the wealthy. He wanted to see more of the world. Maybe have his own private jet. The gold was going to get him everything he craved. And what better man to hunt for gold with than his old buddy, Hank Jones? Hank was the only man Greg had ever met whom he really trusted. Hank had proved himself in their youthful days by keeping his hands off Greg's women and by sharing his fights and keeping his secrets. Theirs was a friendship pledged in blood.

All during the week, Greg worked like a serf on his claim, from dawn to dusk. But every Saturday night, for the six weeks he had been on the claim, he went into the local town. It was not much of a town. It boasted a general store, a garage, a hotel with restaurant and four bars.

Already Greg had a favorite bar. It was the Lady Luck. He favored it because the women there were to his liking. One in particular, Wanda Wilde, who resided in the hotel and made her living off her men friends, kept Greg coming back for more. She was a raunchy redhead, with a mind of her own and a good sense of humor. Coupled with a bottomless appetite for sex, her qualities were exactly what Greg required in a woman.

Almost as soon as Greg had sat down at his favorite table at the Lady Luck, Wanda had emerged from nowhere to sit down beside him. The waiter brought Greg's order of a double bourbon, along with one of the same for Wanda. Greg looked at his red-headed companion and smiled.

"I thought I may as well save the man a trip." She tossed her thick red hair back over her shoulder in a sensual gesture that made the blood rush to Greg's cock.

Greg gave the waiter enough money to include a generous tip and waved him away. "You're a good woman, Wanda. You never waste time. I like that."

"That's because you can appreciate the way I am. We're a lot alike, you and I. We both know what we want out of life, and we go out and get it." She smiled saucily as her hand crept under the table and squeezed his prick. Her brown eyes widened. "Hmm. Ready already?" she teased. "You've got to give me time for at least one more drink."

"We'll have plenty more drinks. Then we'll get us a bottle and take it over to the hotel with us."

"That's what I like best about you, Greg. You know how to have a good time."

"Mm-hmm. I know who to have it with, too." He groped under the table and found the hem of her skirt. His fingers crept up underneath, over her bare thigh. Suddenly they were lost in a thick wiry nest of hair and soft flesh. Wanda never wore panties. That turned Greg on.

They were both staggering some when they left the Lady Luck and headed over to Wanda's hotel room. They were scarcely inside her room when Greg grabbed her roughly by the shoulders and pulled her to him. His fingers wound cruelly in her hair while his tongue probed the hot receptive depths of her mouth.

"God, Greg," she breathed when at last they came up for air. "You gave me such a hard-on over at that bar, it was all I could do to stay decent. I wanted to crawl under the table and give you head, right then and there."

His eyes glinted with excitement. "It's never too late, baby," he said as he pushed her down onto her knees on the rug in front of him. He watched through a hazy glow of booze and lust as she began to work at the zipper of his fly.

Wanda's hands trembled as she struggled with the stubborn zipper. At last she had discovered its secret. She pulled it down with one urgent tug. She groped inside his pants and pulled out a hard swollen length of cock. Her tongue flitted lewdly over her lips as she contemplated its awesome size. Then, with a sudden, snake-like movement, she stabbed his cock-tip with her tongue. Her tongue began to run round and round the firm mushroom-shaped surface with building abandon, leaving a sheen of saliva on his pink-fleshed cock.

Greg gritted his teeth and grunted at the unexpected assault on his sensitized organ. "Jee-zus, woman! You sure know how to give head! Fuck! Feels great!" The teasing manipulations of her tongue-tip were more than he could stand. He grabbed her by her thick red hair and forced her face down onto his prick. The whole turgid shaft drove deep into her throat. She coughed, then quickly recovered. With experienced ardor, she began to bob her head up and down over Greg's lurching cock. Her mouth bathed his prick in a repeated wash of hot wet pleasure. While his knees quaked with excitement, Greg took a stronger hold on her hair. His hands guided her pace over his tingling cock. He threw back his head and moaned in ecstasy. It had been a long lonely week since his cock had felt anything this good.

"Shit, woman! Do it! Suck my prick, baby!"

Quivering with her own depraved arousal, Wanda worked her mouth back and forth over Greg's resilient hardened cock. She could feel her love-juices trickling from her naked pussy down over her thighs, underneath her skirt. Wiggling her ass to convey her own arousal, she tongued Greg's cock with abandoned frenzy until he was moaning in non-stop, drunken ecstasy.

"Oh yeah. Suck it! Suck it!" Greg could feel his cock swollen to rock-hard proportions, sending stirring jolts of pleasure throughout his body. When he was able to recover his presence of mind to do so, he liked to watch her head moving back and forth. He liked to see her cheeks puff out each time they opened to accommodate his big prick. Little trickles of drool dribbled down her cheeks on either side of his swollen organ. She manipulated her mouth hungrily, as though she had never performed a task she loved so much... as though his cock were the best-tasting thing that had ever invaded her mouth. "That's the stuff, Wanda! Show me how it should be done, baby! Move that mouth!"

Greg had always enjoyed making out with women who were professionals rather than fooling around

with dates and seductions and all the rest of the shit. He appreciated a woman who knew what she wanted and how to get it. And if she needed the money to keep her going, Greg was glad to oblige. Not all the women he called professionals actually asked for money. Some liked to give it away, wherever they could. They were all “whores” to Greg’s mind. But, to Greg, a “whore” was the best thing a woman could be.

“Suck it, whore! Oh yeah, baby! You’re good! Real good!”

Reveling in the praise, and in the depraved abandon of sucking slavishly on the big man’s cock, Wanda gave her task everything she had. She stabbed her tongue tauntingly along the length of Greg’s organ. She nibbled the firm flesh with titillating little manipulations of her lips, until his hands gripped her hair tighter and his groans grew louder and more excited. While she held his cock at the base with one hand, to guide it surely into her mouth, she groped under her skirt with the other. Her cunt was throbbing hotly, crying for attention. No longer could she resist the temptation to stroke the engorged bud of her clitoris.

The young prospector felt a new surge in his cock as he realized the redhead had begun to play with herself under her skirt. He saw the look on her face change from one of vicarious passion to a lusty glow of delirious excitement. The thought that sucking his cock had driven her to such wanton heights made Greg grab her hair more harshly. He forced her mouth back and forth, back and forth along his cock until at last his prick had reached a fine pitch of arousal.

Roughly he pushed her mouth away from his throbbing member. He pulled her to her feet and led her to the couch. He leaned her over the back of it, so her ass was squirming high in the air. With trembling hands, he pushed her skirt up to her waist and admired the fine firm swells of her naked white buttocks. Then he guided his hard cock in between her flaring ass-cheeks. Like a homing device, his prick found the yielding hole to her pussy. He shoved deep inside, feeling himself shudder as his cock was suddenly immersed in hot clinging cunt-flesh.

“Shit! That’s good!”

The redhead’s entire body convulsed with passion as Greg’s big cock invaded the hungry confines of her pussy. At once, she began to hunch her ass back at him, urging him to screw her. He lost little time in obliging. His cock began to saw rhythmically in and out, spreading her cunt-walls wide on each ruthless instroke. It gleamed with a tantalizing sheen of pussy-juice on the outstroke. The sight made Greg’s balls hang a little lower.

“You’ve got a sweet twat, Wanda honey! Shit, it sure is greedy! It’s grabbing at my prick like it ain’t been fed in a month!”

“Oooooohh, baby! It hasn’t... nothing this good, anyway. Your cock makes everything else seem like corned beef hash!”

“Wanda, baby... you sure know how to make a guy feel good! Mmmpphh! Uuuhh man!” His lust soared as he watched her ass being buffeted harshly forward by his long unyielding strokes. He loved the way she squirmed avidly back at him, as soon as she had recovered her equilibrium. Up inside her wet pussy, her cunt-muscles clutched his filling presence with glee. This was the way Greg liked it. Hot and heavy. Hungry. No holds barred.

The perverted thrill of her subservient position made Wanda climb one step higher toward orgasm. She loved being bent over and ruthlessly fucked this way. She loved the unstoppable power of the swollen cock splitting her pussy-walls wide, forcing its way up inside. With tireless energy, she wriggled back against the big man’s loins, reveling in the tantalizing collision of bodies as his cock

was sunk to the hilt in her craving hole. Each thrust made her feel a little bit better than the one before. Each thrust robbed her of a little more of what was left of her self-control. Soon she was nothing more than a mewling, wailing hysteric, just a cock-stroke away from an overwhelming crisis.

One more hard powerful lunge and Greg watched the woman before him dissolve into a shuddering being no longer capable of conscious thought or movement. He realized she was cumming, more powerfully than he had ever seen a woman cum before. Ump as a rag doll, she collapsed into a heap over the back of the couch, whimpering out the last of her orgasm.

Only a few more urgent strokes lay between Greg and his own release. The thought of the pleasure he had brought the woman opened him up. He felt the tide of his cum-juices build to a crescendo, then spill over into her hot hole. "Uh baby! It feels good to cum in you!"

Now that they had enjoyed their orgasms, the large amount of alcohol they had drunk began to take its toll. Somehow, they managed to scramble over to the bed, where they slept soundly until the first light of dawn. Wanda was awakened by the insistent prod of Greg's cock against her buttocks. She squealed with delight and squirmed her cunt down onto his filling prick. They fucked until the sun was out.

"Oh baby, that was good!" It was an effort for Wanda to struggle out of bed and retrieve her cigarettes from her purse. "Want one?"

"Sure do."

They smoked lazily, gathering strength to deal with the bright new day. "How's that claim of yours coming, Greg?"

"Fair. I've got an old buddy of mine coming out to work with me on it."

Her brown eyes flashed with interest. "He my type?"

"If you mean does he like screwing the answer is yes. But there's a complication. He's got a brand-new wife, scarcely dry behind the ears. Eighteen years old."

"You sound bitter."

"Hate to see a good man fall is all."

"Well, who knows, maybe he'll be in need of some alternative company from time to time. What do you think?"

"If he is, I'll give him your name, Wanda. Hell, you'll probably meet him. We'll be in here drinking on Saturday nights, like always. Hank's the only guy I ever knew could keep up with me."

"Maybe being married has changed him."

"Well, if it has, I think it won't take any time at all to unchange him. No woman could come between what me and Hank have together."

"You guys are beginning to sound like a couple of fags."

"You looking for a good clout in the jaw, Wanda?" he asked lazily, putting out his cigarette.

"Not exactly. But I'm not above a little hard stuff, if that's what turns you on." Within moments they

were wrestling furiously on the bed. Greg had one last thought for his buddy. He sure hoped that that wife of Hank's wasn't going to turn out to be some kind of prude, trying to interfere with good men's work and fun. Cause there was no way Greg was going to put up with that. He wasn't going to let any woman make life miserable for his good friend, Hank.

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CHAPTER THREE

Greg didn't leave until well past noon. Wanda still lay naked on her bed, smoking, when there came a knock on the door. She slipped on a bright-red kimono and opened the door to a bearded older man in faded, baggy jeans, a German Shepherd at his side.

"Jim! How you doing? I haven't seen you in a couple of weeks. I thought I'd lost you!" The redhead stepped aside to let the strange pair enter her room. She locked the door carefully after them.

The man leered at her ripe tits that were popping right out of her carelessly tied robe. "Would you have missed me, baby, if I had never come back?" He had a rasping voice that made him sound older than he looked. He looked sixty. He sounded seventy-five.

"Sure would have... you and that handsome big beast of yours!"

Jim giggled suggestively. "Not to mention those nice big gold nuggets I pan out for you. Don't think I don't know you get more from them than you do from any of your other customers!"

Wanda went over to the bedside table and impatiently lit a cigarette. "You're more than generous, Jim. Don't think I don't appreciate it. It's hard for a girl to get by out here in the boonies."

"Ah, come on, Wanda. You're a prospectors' groupie, that's what you are. You love it here. As for me, I can't think of a better way to spend my hard-won gold than on a pretty girl."

The German Shepherd had followed Wanda over to the bed. She petted the big animal fondly as she smoked. Ignoring the man, she devoted her attention to the dog. "How are you today, big boy? Eh?"

"How can a guy expect to get any attention with a lover like Nugget around? I bet you missed him, didn't you, Wanda?"

"I already told you I did!" Wanda snapped at him. There were times when the old prospector really got on her nerves. If it weren't for his big dog, Wanda figured she wouldn't give him the time of day... even if he was the biggest tipper she had.

Rather than being offended, Jim was excited by the redhead's brusque reply. He liked a woman with spirit. That was why he kept coming back to Wanda, when there were at least twenty other women in town for hire. "Then, why don't you let me see how much you missed him, Wanda? Take off that robe you're wearing. It's not doing your modesty much good, anyway."

Her tits were already bobbling free of the material. Her large pink nipples stood out proudly from her pale aureolas. Wanda stubbed out her cigarette and pulled off her robe. She stood in front of the gawking prospector, allowing him to survey her heavy breasts, her trim waist, her lush womanly hips. She saw him staring at her thick red bush. Lewdly she ran her fingers down into her pussy-slit. "You like?"

Without taking his eyes off the beautiful woman, Jim groped his way to a rattan armchair. He sat

down and waited for the show to begin. Wanda knew what he expected of her. They had done business many times before.

The woman forgot her animosity toward the older man. Excitement took the place of irritation as she realized Jim was waiting for her to entertain him. She enjoyed the titillation of being slave to men's sexual quirks, and Jim was one of the quirkiest she had ever come across. Not that she minded. Everything she did to turn him on, turned her on too.

Lowering herself to the floor, Wanda sat with her knees pulled up to her tits, her snatch wide open to the view of the watching man... and the dog. She felt a surge of lust as she watched their eyes assessing her shamelessly splayed slit with its generous fringe of red cunt-hair.

It was only moments before the dog responded to the tantalizing sight and smell of Wanda's pussy. He prodded his nose in between her thighs until the cold bulb made sharp contact with the sensitive tip of her clitoris.

"Oooooohhh," she crooned as she lay back down onto the rug. Her knees were still pulled up, but the excited woman wanted to just relax and enjoy. She closed her eyes and tilted her pussy up into the dog's face. "Thatta boy, Nugget! Fuck my pussy, baby! Make me feel good!"

The sight of the woman's aroused wantonness was already bringing the blood pounding to Jim's cock. He could feel it pulsing and growing inside his faded jeans. "Jeez! You sure like it, don't you, Wanda! You love that dog nose up your twat!"

He saw her reach down to hold her pussy-lips open, giving the dog easier access to her tremulous flesh. The animal did not have to be coaxed to make a meal of the luscious pink furrow in front of him. He licked greedily up over her tender lips. His attentions brought Wanda's clitoris to swollen perfection. It throbbed hotly, sending a taunting glow of pleasure throughout her naked loins. "Oooooohh! Yeah! Christ, my cunt feels good!"

With lewd little inciting motions, she ground her pussy up into the dog's face. She adjusted the position of her cunt to get maximum exposure to the rough-textured prodding of the dog's satisfying love-probe. Each time his tongue invaded a little ways up into her cunt-hole she groaned out a primitive shriek of pleasure. She ground her pussy up at him harder than ever. The longer he worked, the more the dog was bringing out the animal in the woman.

That was the thing the old man loved to see.

"That's the stuff, Nugget old buddy! Make her beg for it! Make her little twat burn for you!" As he spoke, Jim's hand massaged the growing bulge in his pants. In recent years, Jim had had trouble getting a hard-on. But watching the redhead abase herself in front of his dog got his prick up every time. Wanda's wantonness was like an elixir to Jim's fading libido.

For long minutes, the woman writhed on the rug under the dog's tireless tongue assault. His wet tongue snaked all the way up from her puckered asshole over her seeping cunt-opening all the way to the swollen tip of her clitoris. No matter where he struck, the redhead cried and moaned out her appreciation. Her pussy was getting wetter and wetter. There was more and more juice for Nugget to lick up. Wanda was completely immersed in her own depravity. Nothing mattered to her right now but that tongue on her craving slit.

Fluttering tendrils of lust teased at every square inch of Wanda's squirming body. She was trembling all over, poised on the very brink of climax. With demented energy, she began to screw her pussy more wantonly down to explore the dog's tongue. She wanted that orgasm! She wanted it bad!

The man could see that the woman was on the verge of exploding into a volcano of erupting pleasure. But that wasn't what he wanted. Not yet. He wanted her to have to work a little harder for her thrills. "Come on over here, baby! Suck my prick! Then maybe Nugget can get his prick stuffed up into your greedy twat! Look at that dog-cock! It's hard as a branding iron!" Jim's hands shook as he fumbled inside his fly for his painfully throbbing prick.

It was all Wanda could do to respond to the man's orders. She was so far gone in her own pleasure world that she didn't want to leave. But the prospect of feeling the dog's prick up inside her cunt snapped her out of it. That, and the fact that she knew Jim was not above refusing to pay her if she didn't obey him.

Quivering with the intensity of her lust, Wanda made her way shakily on hands and knees over to the man's chair. Through excitement-dimmed eyes, she saw the swollen purplish shaft of Jim's cock. He held it firmly, pointing it at her. It stared at her shameless nakedness like a one-eyed monster. She stole one look over her shoulder at the dog. Nugget was watching her intently, his tongue hanging from his mouth, his long red cock-shaft hanging heavy from its furry sheath. That sight was all the encouragement she needed. The prize was all hard and ready for her.

Wanda had never fucked a dog before she met Jim, with his strange demands. She had been badly in need of the money at the time. On the theory that nothing done once could hurt her all that bad, she had let the animal plunge his big prick into her cunt. From that moment on, Wanda had been in love... in love with the hard relentless fucking of that steel-shafted dog-prick. She panted in wanton anticipation now as she called the dog over to mount her upturned buttocks. Then, with ardent determination, she turned back to the man's cock.

Squealing excitedly as she felt the furry paws grip her hips, Wanda opened her mouth wide and closed it over Jim's thick hard cock. She began to bob her mouth wide and closed it over Jim's thick hard cock. She began to bob her head up and down, administering moist slick pressure to his cock with her mouth. She could feel the dog's heavy prick banging against her thighs as he lunged forward again and again, looking for the alluring hole of her cunt. For a few moments, she forgot to breathe, so agonizing was the wait for the delicious filling moment of impalement.

The blood pulsed hotly through Jim's veins as he watched the excited dog struggling up behind the woman, trying to sink his red prick deep in her twat. Most titillating of all to the man was the butter-soft texture of her mouth as it worked back and forth along his cock, transmitting Wanda's arousal directly to Jim's prick. His prick lurched each time her lips gripped him more firmly... each time the dog came within millimeters of impaling the soft fleshy hole.

"Oh Jeez, Nugget! Sink it in there, boy! Screw her, Nugget!" He could hardly wait for the moment when he would know that his dog was fucking his favorite whore!

The man's lewd encouragement seemed to be just the charm the animal needed. Suddenly his prick-tip caught at the opening to the yielding hole. With an extra push, it soared all the way up into her clenching cunt, colliding deep inside with her sensitive cervix.

Wanda had achieved the ecstasy she longed for. "Aaaaaiieeeee! Oh God-d-d! I'm cummmmmmmmm-ing-g-g!" All the excitement pent up from Nugget's tonguing was let loose now by the forceful entry of his ramrod-hard prick. His achievement made little impression on Nugget. He began to screw rhythmically in and out of Wanda's tight pussy, concentrating all his efforts on servicing her little hole to swollen perfection... to orgasm for Nugget.

"Jeez, woman! You sure can get off!" Jim grunted. The lusty capacities of the young redhead never

ceased to amaze him. Jim had been married once, to a woman who never had an orgasm. He had begun to wonder if real flesh-and-blood women really existed, until he met Wanda. He gripped her hair tightly and guided her movements over his prick while her body shuddered out its orgasm. He didn't want to take any chances on Wanda slowing down on him so early in the game.

But there seemed little danger of that. The redhead was soon undulating her hips back at the dog's jerking loins with abandon. She moaned throatily around the man's cock while her cunt-muscles clenched greedily at Nugget's tirelessly skewering cock. Each time the dog dealt her a stroke that was particularly intoxicating, she passed it on to the man by stabbing his prick with hot little probes of her tongue. Saliva flowed freely around Jim's embedded cock-shaft. The man could imagine her cunt just as dripping wet... making the dog's cock-shaft gleam obscenely in the afternoon light. He pulled cruelly on her thick mop of red hair as his excitement mounted.

"Come on, Wanda! Suck it! Suck it as good as Nugget fucks your pussy! Thatta girl!"

The utter depravity of the situation made the redhead shiver with debased arousal. She worked feverishly over Jim's cock, bobbing her head up and down with abandoned haste. Her tongue darted out and licked his sensitive member unexpectedly, making him grunt appreciatively. Her lips nibbled at his fleshy staff with the quick nervous energy of a butterfly's wings. When she sucked hard on the whole stiff length of his cock, Jim thought he would pass out from pleasure.

While he struggled with the mounting pleasure in his groin, the old prospector watched the woman's asscheeks lunge back at his dog's hairy loins. The contrast of white skin and dark animal fur titillated him. The woman's abandoned movements thrilled him more. Little by little, Jim knew, he was crossing the point of no return. His hands began to guide her head more fervently up and down over his cock-shaft. Just a little bit more was all he needed.

Relishing her own debasement, Wanda squirmed between her two lovers. Her cunt flared hungrily to receive the tireless pummeling of the dog's swollen organ. Her mouth worked with lusty inspiration to suck the man's puck to orgasmic ecstasy. She wriggled her ass-cheeks fiendishly, striving harder and harder, until at last there came the hot pungent flow into her mouth.

"Uuuuuuhh, Christ! I'm cumming, Wanda!" A crazy little grin pasted itself on Jim's features as he held the woman's face fast against his loins. He reveled in the thought that she was being forced to swallow every last drop of his semen. Her head bobbing furiously to lap up his juices gave him his last lusty input before he relaxed back in his chair, exhausted.

She had just swallowed the last of the man's sperm when she felt a second geyser erupting in her pussy. Nugget was filling her cunt with hot animal cum. The very idea of being stuffed from both ends with her lovers' orgasmic juices made Wanda let go a second time.

"Uuuuuuhh! Shit! He's cumming in me! Aaaaaiieeeee! Me too! Me too!"

She collapsed onto the floor as the dog pulled his flaccid cock from her pussy and went over to sit next to his master. She accepted a drink gratefully when Jim brought it to her. "You've outdone yourself again, Wanda honey!" He held up his glass in a toast.

Wanda smiled weakly. She threw back her head and downed her bourbon in one refreshing swallow. "Never let it be said that Wanda Wilde gives anything less than her best!"

The unlikely companions settled down to finish off the bottle.

Wanda gazed out the hotel window, thinking about the gold the old prospector would give her for

her fine performance.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

Ellie was filled with misgivings as they drove up to the site that was to be home for her and Hank while he worked Greg's gold claim. The vegetation all around was something between field and forest... low dense bushes and long shaggy grass that made walking difficult. Ellie's first impression was of being led into a natural prison. Nothing... for miles around. What was she going to do with herself?

She did her best to hide her feelings from her husband. She had never seen Hank this excited, and she didn't want to spoil his enthusiasm.

"Boy, isn't it great to be away from all the noise and bustle, honey?"

"Mmm, yes, it sure is."

"You're awfully quiet, Ellie. Anything the matter?"

"No. Everything's fine. I'm just tired. It's been a long drive."

"Yeah, it has. But what's a long drive when you've got paradise waiting for you on the other end?"

It was a long way from Ellie's idea of paradise, but she nodded enthusiastically. They stopped in the middle of the dirt road while Hank read a regional map. "The stream should be just a short ways ahead. So should Greg. I can hardly wait for you to meet him, honey."

That was something that Ellie was curious about. What would this Greg Bantam be like? Hank worshipped him, it seemed, and Hank didn't look up to many men.

They came upon two trailers nestled under some small trees. A pick-up truck was parked next to the smaller of the two. A tall, powerful-looking man with reddish-brown hair emerged from the small trailer and waved.

"Hey, honey! It's him! It's Greg!" Hank pulled his station wagon up next to the pick-up and rushed out to embrace his friend. Feeling somewhat neglected, Ellie followed. She stood awkwardly behind the men while they exchanged hearty greetings. At length, Hank grabbed her arm and pulled her up next to him. "Greg, I want you to meet my wife. Ellie, this is Greg!"

They were standing close together, the three of them uncomfortably close for Ellie. The big man's face smiled but his clear blue eyes never changed expression. They assessed her coldly, seeming to try to penetrate to her very soul.

"Hi, Greg," she said in what seemed to her a false voice. She was strained, and she knew it showed. For one thing, she had never expected Greg Bantam to be so incredibly good-looking. His face was strong, with evenly cut, forceful features. His red-brown hair was thick and curly. It fell over his forehead, trying to give him a boyish look which only the cold eyes contradicted. He was a good four or five inches taller than her husband. In his lumberjack shirt and tight jeans, he looked lean and powerful like something right out of a cigarette commercial.

"Hi, Ellie. I've heard a lot about you. You're every bit as pretty as your old man said you were."

Does he really think I'm pretty, Ellie thought. She felt tingles running up and down her spine. Ashamed of her disloyal excitement, she forced herself to ignore Greg and look at her husband. Hank, too, was a good-looking man. The difference, Ellie realized now, was in the eyes. Greg looked like a man who knew exactly what he wanted, and how to get it. There was a touch of ruthlessness in his bearing. Hank, on the other hand, looked like a nice easygoing guy who wouldn't hurt a fly. She felt a surge of affection for her husband. He looked so happy.

The men were already engrossed in talk about the claim. "Why don't I take you down for a look at the dredge and our diving equipment? You'll get a better idea of what I'm talking about." Greg's manner was eager, but businesslike. He was already taking charge. He turned to Ellie. "I already stocked your trailer there with some supplies. How would you like to rustle us up some grub while we're gone?"

Ellie did not like being relegated to the kitchen the moment she arrived. What bothered her more was that it didn't even occur to her own husband that she might like to go along. She watched the two retreating figures. Her whole body trembled with hurt and anger. With furious relish, she contemplated serving them arsenic pie on their return.

When she had cooled down, the blonde decided it was too early to jeopardize their new situation by complaining to the men. So she went into the trailer and dutifully prepared beans and hash browns and pork chops and rolls. The trailer was not quite as cramped inside as it looked from the outside. She had always dreaded the idea of living in a tin box. But, for her husband's sake, she vowed to learn to like it.

The men mollified her hurt feelings by amply praising her cooking. They talked around the small dining table until late into the night, remembering from time to time to direct a comment or two at Ellie. She amused herself by studying her husband's good-looking friend. As the boring hours dragged by, she began to fantasize what he would be like as a lover. Strong. Ruthless, maybe. She began to experience a familiar tingling down in her pussy. She wished Greg would go away so she and Hank could make love. Her cunt craved his thick filling cock.

She tried to tell herself, at any rate, that it was her husband's cock she craved. Still, she had never met a man as magnetic as Greg Bantam. Even after he had left, his aura lingered behind him. She and Hank discussed him for some time. Ellie claimed to think he was "very nice". Hank repeated some of his favorite stories about Greg's achievements at school - which included seducing both countless female students and several lady instructors. Ellie's wide blue eyes grew wider in wonder at the sheer endurance of the man.

The young blonde could feel her pussy growing wet inside her pants. Unwilling to admit what unwifely speculations were bringing her to such a peak of arousal, she began to stroke her husband's groin suggestively.

"Hey, baby!" He smiled delightedly at her. "You ready for some action for that sweet little pussy of yours?"

She fell to her knees on the rug and pouted suggestively up at him. "Not yet, Hank! First I want to play with you! I want to suck your nice big prick."

Her little-girl voice and her angelic, blonde-framed face made her husband's cock throb with lust. Ellie was still new enough at the game of sex that she didn't often take the initiative to be the aggressor. It thrilled him when she did. She looked so young and innocent. Her obvious eager sexuality was like the icing on the cake to the rest of her lush charms.



"Okay, baby... you can do it if you take your clothes off. I want to look at you while you're playing with me!" His cock throbbed hungrily in his pants as she slowly stripped off her clothes. First her chest was bared. Her large upthrusting tits bobbed enticingly as she bent down to pull off her slacks and panties. A rush of desire for her welled through him when he caught the first glimpse of her wispy blonde pubic hair and the tantalizing triangle of her twat. "That's my girl! You're sexy, baby! Now you can play with me!"

Once again, Hank marveled at his good fortune as his wife knelt beside him and pulled his rigid prick from his pants. He watched spellbound as her sensual lips closed over his cock-head and began to nibble its rounded surface with maddening little nips. Her tongue darted from between her lips and stabbed the slit in his cock-tip. Hank's whole body trembled. "Uuuhh! Good girl!"

Ellie began to work furiously over her husband's hardened prick, trying to drive out the treacherous thoughts that were haunting her. It was hard to forget about Greg Bantam and all the women he had bedded - he must really have something! But, the more avidly she sucked and laved Hank's cock, the less she thought... about anything. She could feel the juices flowing in her pussy, trickling down onto her naked thighs. The delicious sensation drove her on to more abandoned efforts.

Opening her mouth wide, she took the whole rock-hard shaft of her husband's cock deep into her throat. Her body quaked with excitement at the thought of that potent member she had captured within her mouth. With hungry relish, she began to work her head up and down. It delighted her the way his prick grew steadily with her devoted ministrations. "Mmmmmpphhh," she grunted around the filling shaft in her mouth. She didn't even want to take the time to raise her head from her task. But, still, she was trying to tell him she loved him.

"Oooohh! That's it! Christ! You're a greedy little bitch!" Hank slipped his hips forward on the chair until his ass was poised right on the edge. He stared spellbound up at the ceiling while his wife's mouth brought his cock to a fiery state of tingling, bubbling ecstasy. She was making him feel so damned good, he was afraid he would blow. And he didn't want to. Not yet.

What he needed was a change of pace. Probably her hot little cunt could use one too.

"Sit on me, baby! Sit on my prick! I want to feel your pussy around me!"

Ellie's pussy was so aroused by this time, that the young housewife didn't stop to ask any questions. She scrambled up onto her feet and straddled her husband's lap. Holding her breath and the pulsing shaft of Hank's ready cock, she lowered herself slowly down until just his cock-head was immersed in wet welcoming pussy-flesh. "Oooooohhh! Oh Hank, it feels good! It sure feels... uuuuuhh! Oooooohhhh!"

Hank had gripped her firmly by the hips and forced her down hard onto his throbbing organ. The sudden descent of her hot engulfing cunt-walls made him sigh with relief. That was what he wanted! Her pussy clutched his cock with eager enthusiasm. Steadily and masterfully, his strong arms began to work her ass up and down over his cock. It was as if she were a puppet, and he the master who knew exactly how to handle all her strings. Her looked into her beautiful young face that was slack with mounting pleasure. The very sight of her lewd arousal brought his cock another notch toward steel-hard rigidity. "Oh, baby! Your pussy feels great!"

"Hank, darling! Oh, fuck me! Fuck meee!" She didn't have to be goaded into saying the obscene words this time. Her husband's solid fucking was once again turning her into his willing whore. She felt so ashamed for the naughty thoughts she had been having about Hank's partner. How could she possibly think of another man when her own husband could bring her this kind of intense pleasure?

The rebellious thought flashed through her mind that Hank was the only man she had ever fucked. Maybe other men could do it even better. Maybe there were realms of sensuality she hadn't even dreamed of yet.

She forced the idea from her mind, concentrating instead on the thick expanding presence that was forcing her cunt-walls wide apart. With renewed enthusiasm, she began to ride her man's cock as if he were a horse and she a lady in a hurry. Again and again she drove her cunt down onto his cock. Again and again, until she had lost all concept of time and place. Until she was the panting, near-hysterical slave of the swelling cock up inside her voracious pussy. "Oh Hank! Darling! Fuck meee!"

Her husband was somewhat astonished by Ellie's lusty responses. She was always an exciting lay, but tonight she seemed to be going right out of her head. He wondered if his buddy could hear her screams in the next trailer. Smiling a secret proud smile, he hoped that he could. He wanted Greg to know just what kind of a special woman he had landed. Though he realized his friend hadn't quite made up his mind about Ellie yet, Hank thought the older man could have no objections if he knew what an intensely sensual woman he had married. After all, that was what Greg looked for in a woman. It seemed to Hank it was all he looked for. Though he had seen Greg with dozens of women, he had never seen him get involved with even one. To Hank, who craved the solidity of a relationship, Greg's attitude was downright incomprehensible.

Egged on by the blonde's wails and squirms, Hank determined to give her a fucking she would never forget. Rising out of his chair, with his wife still attached to his cock, he carried her over to the kitchen table and drop her down on it. In this position, her cunt was even with Hank's groin as he stood over her. He pinned her firmly down to the table and lunged his cock deep into her cunt, again and again. He watched her eyes grow big and unbelieving as she rode to higher and higher peaks of excitement.

"Uuuuuuuhhh! Oh God! Oooooohhh! Oooooooooohhh!" The young wife had never been screwed this hard or this deep before. She would never have believed she could take this kind of brutal treatment. But in her present aroused state, she was taking all of it and begging for more. She was a wild woman, wriggling like a captured fish on the end of a hook. She was the squealing victim of Hank's hard relentless prick.

The atmosphere in the trailer grew close as the two lovers writhed together in mounting ecstasy. Neither of them knew how long they continued to fuck, savoring the tantalizing union of cock and cunt. Only when their excitement reached crisis proportions did they rise to the surface of awareness once again.

"Oh my God! Hank darling - I'm-cummmm ing-g-g!"

"Oh shit! Me too, honey! I'm filling your sweet pussy!" When he had pumped the last of his gushing sperm into her hole, he bent over her and cradled her in his arms. For some time, both were too overwhelmed to move from the uncomfortable position. When at last Hank carried his wife in to their bed, he saw a light flick off in the neighboring trailer. Perhaps they hadn't been alone in their ecstasy after all. Tomorrow, he expected Greg to demonstrate a new respect for him - and for his wife.

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CHAPTER FIVE

The boredom set in quickly for Ellie. She found, much to her surprise, that Greg's attitude toward her had changed substantially by the second day. There was no longer that guarded coldness in his

eyes. He seemed to have accepted her, and her relationship to Hank. His new amiability made him even more attractive to the eighteen-year-old bride. To ward off her attacks of infatuation, she spent as much time away from the men as possible.

Finding things to do was not easy. She went on a long walk every day, but she could only walk so much. There was little work involved in caring for the trailer, once she had gotten it organized. She could cook and sew and crochet some of the time. It disturbed her that often, Greg Bantam's image would leap before her eyes. The only solution seemed to be to take yet another walk.

Her idleness made Ellie even hornier than usual. To her disappointment, she found Hank's interest in sex waning. The men worked from dawn to dusk on the dredge. Her husband often fell asleep as soon as he had eaten, leaving Ellie to seek solitary solace from her fingers. On such nights, she often ended up crying herself to sleep.

She was frightened – for herself, and for the future of her and Hank's marriage. This flight back to nature had introduced too many unknown quantities into their life all at once. She missed the happy home life she had enjoyed in the city. What prevented her from making a plea for their return was the sure knowledge that Hank would much rather stay right where he was. Her love for her husband made her keep quiet about her own building distress. She could only hope that soon they would be rich enough to return to the city on Hank's terms.

So far, however, the claim was yielding only a moderate income for the two partners.

One day on one of her endless walks, Ellie came across another person, the first she had met by chance in the lonely woods. He was an unkempt-looking old man in faded baggy jeans. At his heels walked a large German Shepherd. Though the dog seemed friendly enough, the man terrified Ellie. The lusty gleam in his eye as he surveyed her lush young figure made Ellie turn tail and run from him. She felt foolish afterward when Greg told her the man was only a harmless old prospector named Jim who had been in the area for close to thirty years. Still, in her dreams, his lecherous face came back to haunt her.

After two weeks on the claim, Greg suggested they all go into town on Saturday night and have a few drinks. Ellie had never been so excited about a date. The idea of going into a town thrilled her. Already, she felt that she had been isolated for a year. When Greg told her they were going to meet a lady friend of his, Ellie hoped she would be someone that she could be friends with. In this outpost, Ellie strongly felt the need for female companionship.

Both Hank and Ellie were impressed by Wanda's forceful personality and robust sense of humor. They were somewhat intimidated by her too. The redhead was the kind of woman who gave the impression that she knew far more about the world than she was letting on. Ellie couldn't imagine the older woman wanting to be her friend. Beside Wanda, Ellie felt like a dumb kid wet behind the ears.

Not that Wanda was unkind or belittling. In fact she went out of her way to be friendly to the young blonde. As she grew more tipsy under the effects of the constant flow of booze, Ellie grew more comfortable with the redhead. She even decided Wanda might be able to help her learn how to be more sophisticated. After all, she was nearly nineteen years old. It was time she learned to modify her girlish ways. She couldn't help wondering what a woman like Wanda was doing out here in the boondocks. Surely Wanda could fit in with any society she chose. And she was so beautiful.

Ellie was groggy from booze and fatigue by the time Greg suggested they turn in for the night. Wanda had reserved the hotel room next to hers for the young couple. She and Greg bid them good-

night at the door and went on to her room. A large German Shepherd was waiting for them. He was stretched out comfortably on Wanda's bed.

"What the hell is Jim's mutt doing here?" Greg wanted to know.

"Jim had to go to Frisco for a few days. I told him I'd keep Nugget company. Nugget and I get along real well, don't we, boy?" She snuggled against the big animal's neck.

Greg did not seem entirely pleased. "Well, I'm glad you're such good buddies. But one thing I want to make clear... he sleeps on the floor."

"Of course, honey." Wanda smiled to herself. She had never let Greg in on her forbidden passion for the German Shepherd. She wasn't sure how he would take it. "Say, Greg," she purred, changing the subject. "I sure like your friend. And his wife's a real stunner, too. I'm surprised you haven't made a play for her."

"Look, Wanda, I respect the institution of marriage, especially my best buddy's. I wouldn't lay a finger on that woman." His eyes twinkled. "Not, that is, unless she suggested it first."

"I saw her looking at you, Greg. She's interested."

"You think so?" His face lit up with interest. "Hell, it's hard to tell. She's really stuck on her old man. She follows him around like a faithful old hound."

"Hell, Greg, she's so young, she's probably never fucked anyone but him. She still thinks he's the only guy who's got one. But she's a smart girl. She'll figure it out soon enough."

"You know me, Wanda. I'm not into chasing dames around. If she wants what I've got, she'll have to make it real plain. In the meantime, I've got plenty to keep me busy." He made a lunge for the shapely redhead and rolled around with her on the bed. Within moments, he had her blouse off. Her round heavy tits heaved enticingly as he pinned her down.

"Hey, you're great, baby." She was out of breath. Her brown eyes shone with lust. "How would you like a special treat?"

"You know me, Wanda." He dug his hand into the waistband of her skirt and found the thick furry thatch of her cunt-hair. Her hard little clitoris seemed to leap out at him. He grazed it lewdly with his fingertip.

"You know why I got them the room next door? There's a nice little peephole through the closet door. Gives a great view of the goings-on on the bed."

"You dirty old woman!" Staggering woozily, he got up onto his feet and tried to look properly disapproving. The next minute, his face was that of a dirty old man. "Lead me to it, girlie," he joked, rubbing his hands together.

She led him to the closet and pushed her clothes aside. "Look through here," she told him, after she had taken a quick look.

"Whoo-ee!" Greg licked his lips lustily. His best friend and his shapely young wife were naked on the bed. The voluptuous blonde was kneeling on all fours, her lush tits swaying provocatively with each lunge of her husband's hard cock. Hank was screwing her doggie fashion. By the look on her face, she was really digging it. Her eyes were closed, her head thrown back. Her tongue darted nervously

over her full sensual lips. Low animal-like cries emerged non-stop from her throat.

Greg had heard it all before, through the thin walls of the trailers. But he had never seen it. If Ellie looked great in clothes, she was absolutely sensational naked. Her firm, full-blown young body was cover-girl perfect. The big man could feel his cock thumping inside his pants. Wanda had already gotten him excited. Now he was panting with urgent need.

He grabbed hold of Wanda and pushed her back in front of the peep-hole. "You watch and tell me what's going on," he instructed her. With fumbling hands, he pushed her skirt up over her hips. Then he pulled his cock from his fly. It was already rock hard and ready. He worked it between the firm swells of her ass-cheeks. With one long stroke, he rammed his turgid cock home.

"Uuuuuhh!" Wanda sighed. Though it was an effort, she tried to keep her voice down. If she could hear them on the other side, there was no reason why they wouldn't be able to hear her high-pitched squeals. She didn't want anything to interrupt their heated coupling. Nothing this exciting had happened on the other side of the peep-hole in a long time. She had never seen two more attractive young bodies, so tantalizing to watch in action.

"Uh, Christ, Greg!" she murmured. "Your friend is really hung. Looks like a good eight, nine inches he's shoving into her! Ooohh! His prick is all coated with her juices! She must really be wet!"

"Christ, so are you, honey! Old Hank's big cock must really be turning you on!" Delighted at the redhead's raunchy response to their voyeurism, Greg drove his cock hard up into her wet welcoming pussy. He established a fierce regular rhythm that brought his prick to a peak of tingling ecstasy. "Shit, it's good, baby! What are they doing now!"

"Now he's pulling her down to the end of the bed! And he's standing up! That swollen prick of his must really be getting her deep! She's screaming like she's going to bring the house down!"

Greg didn't need to be told that. He could hear her familiar screams from where he stood, reaming Wanda's pussy wide. Those were the same screams that had kept him up at night jacking off more than once since the Joneses had come to stay. He imagined her smooth shapely ass-cheeks flaring before the angry purple head of his friend's cock. As a new arrow of lust shot through his groin, he gripped Wanda's lush hips and pulled her back onto his own cock. "Mmmm, good pussy, Wanda!"

"Oh, Greg! Do it to me, baby! It really turns me on, watching that big hunk ramming his prick into her cunt!"

"What about her, Wanda?" Greg teased her lewdly. "You like to eat pussy too, don't you, baby?"

"Oh yeah, she's mighty sweet, Greg! Mighty sweet! I wouldn't mind a taste of that tight little blonde twat of hers, not at all!"

The redhead's obscene commentary was driving Greg wild. He could feel the pleasure-darts soaring unchecked through his passion-tensed body. They egged him on, trying to get him to blow his load deep into her steaming pussy. It was all he could do to resist their alluring call. Not yet. He wasn't going to be the first one to let go. Drunk as he was, he was determined to win a contest of stamina against his unsuspecting buddy in the next room.

While Wanda watched wide-eyed, Hank drove his cock again and again far into the clasp of his wife's twat. For some reason, the evening had gotten him intensely excited. He had fallen on Ellie the minute they were alone. She had been surprised and delighted with his impressive hard-on. Hank felt a little uneasy with the knowledge that it wasn't entirely his beautiful young wife who had

brought him to such a state of excitation. All evening he had been keeping a subtle eye on Greg's friend, the big-chested redhead. Greg had already let him know that she was for sale, which to Hank meant she was accessible.

Wanda had more class than any hooker he had ever known. She was also one of the most attractive women he had ever laid eyes on. Part of her attraction was her poise and self-confidence. She was the kind of woman who made men ache to touch her.

All this, Hank knew, his innocent wife was blissfully unaware of. She had been impressed by Wanda, but had interpreted the woman's mystique in quite another way, as the sophistication of someone she wanted to emulate. She knew nothing of Wanda's questionable occupation.

As Hank drove his cock forcefully again and again deep into Ellie's receptive pussy, he continued to imagine himself screwing the redhead. The ripe swaying ass-cheeks poised in front of him became those of another woman. Never in the six months of their marriage had Hank entertained such unfaithful fantasies. He was a little ashamed. But the naughty thoughts wouldn't let him alone.

"Oh God, Hank darling! Your cock feels so good in meee!" With lusty abandon, Ellie wriggled her buttocks back against her husband's loins. The alcohol coursing through her veins had made her lose hold of any vestige of inhibition remaining in her sensual young body. She seemed to be suffering from a bottomless hunger, that only good solid cock could appease.

For once, she was drunk enough that she did not bother to force thoughts of Greg Bantam out of her mind when they assailed her. The evening spent with the two older people, each so cool, so confident, had excited Ellie more than she realized. Greg had been particularly charming. Several times her pussy had flared with desire when he spoke to her. It was flaring now, opening to take her husband's turgid cock all the way to the hilt. But, in her mind's eye, she still saw Greg Bantam.

"Oooooohhh, Hank! Fuck me! Fuck meeeeee!"

Taking a firm hold on the untidy bedspread, she thrust her buttocks back against Hank's belly in long insistent lunges. Her husband was forced to dig his fingers more firmly into her smooth flesh, to hold her steady while he screwed her deep. "You're really a hungry little bitch tonight, aren't you, baby!"

The more aroused he became, the less important seemed the fantasies Hank had been entertaining of the voluptuous redhead. What mattered now was that his cock was buried deep in wet hot pussy, that searing jolts of pleasure were making him feel weak in the knees. He looked down at the writhing woman before him and saw his sexy blonde-headed wife. That was all he needed right now. His palpitating prick certainly couldn't ask for anything more. "Jee-zuz, Ellie! You're sensational!"

At last the flood was growing too powerful for the wanton blonde to resist. Hank's thick filling cock had expanded to become her whole reality. The tantalizing sensations that burst from her cunt were all the pleasure-pangs she had ever known rolled into one fiery blast. "Oooooohh, Hank! I'm cumming! I'm cummmmm-ing-g-g!"

The young husband could hold on for just a few more strokes, until the waves of ecstasy assaulted him like a hurricane striking a lonely atoll. He went under. "Christ, baby! Here I cummmmm!"

On the other side of the wall, Wanda watched the young couple's tumultuous orgasm with greedy joy. "Oh God, Greg! They're cumming! It must really be good! They both look like they're dying and going to heaven!"

Greg could imagine the voluptuous young blonde writhing out the pain-pleasure of release as her victorious cries reached him. Feeling a new urgency seize hold of him, he fucked Wanda's hot twat in longer, deeper, harder strokes. Fucked the living daylights out of her until she too was trembling and moaning in orgasm.

"Uuuuuuhhhh... Christ, Greg!"

Then and only then, when he remained the only survivor, did Greg permit himself to let go. His climax was so intense it was almost painful. It felt like he was shooting the whole Pacific Ocean deep into Wanda's spasming belly. Then, slowly, contentment crept over him. He felt an over-whelming need for sleep. "Come on, baby. Let's hit the hay!" He didn't even bother to take off his clothes. He collapsed onto the bed with his sticky prick still hanging out of his fly. Like a well-fed baby, he slept.

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## CHAPTER SIX

Greg woke up in the middle of the night. He wasn't sure what had disturbed him, but when he realized a dim light was still burning in the room he rolled carefully over onto his back. Wanda wasn't in bed with him. Frowning groggily, he was about to call the woman's name when an inhuman wail split the silence. The prospector sat bolt upright in bed.

For a moment Greg doubted whether he was really awake. What he saw was more depraved than anything he had ever encountered in real life. "Holy shit, Wanda! What's going on!"

The redhead, kneeling naked on the rug, struggled to deal with two simultaneous shocks. First, the intense pleasure of the dog's thick filling cock that had just now found the opening to her greedy twat. Second, the terrifying realization that her unintended scream had awakened Greg. She had no idea what the big man's reaction would be, but at one extreme of possibility, it could be very unpleasant for her.

Halfheartedly, she tried to wriggle free of the dog's lewd embrace. The gesture only encouraged the beast to establish a deep urgent screwing rhythm into her wide-open cunt. She groaned and looked up at the astonished man. She wanted this fucking so badly. If only Greg would let her fuck the big animal in peace.

"I got so horny, Greg, and you were sound asleep! Nugget seemed to know what I wanted, so..."

Greg's head was growing clearer. "Are you trying to tell me this is your first time? I don't buy it, baby. Before, it didn't make any sense to me that you'd keep a dog in your hotel room, just to be a good neighbor. But now I understand it all. You're hooked on old Nugget's screwing!" Even as he spoke the words, they made sense - and they didn't make sense. Greg had always known Wanda was a hot and hungry cunt. But he had never imagined she would go this far. It was unreal!

But there was nothing unreal about that long, red dog-cock stroking rhythmically in and out of Wanda's pussy. When she saw that Greg wasn't going to make any immediate move, the redhead timidly undulated her ass back against Nugget's loins. She was entertaining a vague hope that Greg might enjoy watching her with the dog as much as Jim did. Then maybe he would screw her too - something Jim never did.

Her cunt tingling with forbidden excitement, the redhead gyrated her shapely buttocks more and more wantonly. She could feel the stiff unyielding scepter of the dog's cock penetrating deep into her aroused cunt. Ever since she and Greg had fucked while they watched Ellie and Hank, Wanda

had lain awake, craving more filling prick. When it became obvious that Greg wasn't about to wake up, she decided to risk screwing the dog with him in the room.

The big man, now fully awake, watched dumbstruck as the woman became more and more aroused by the dog's ardent fucking. Greg still wasn't sure how to react. For a moment, he had felt overwhelming anger – that the cunt he so loved to fuck was now brimful of dog-prick. But the anger hadn't stayed with him. After all, what was Wanda to him but a weekly roll in the sack, a good one at that? What did it matter to him what she did in her spare time?

Slowly but surely, Greg's prick registered his reaction for him. Like the mercury in a thermometer, it rose steadily with the man's mounting heat. Soon he had a hard-swollen cock protruding from his loins. He stroked his prick lightly as he let himself turn on to the depraved scene before him. He had never had a chance to see a woman screw a dog before. May as well sit back and enjoy it.

Wanda was delighted with the man's response. Exactly as she had hoped, Greg had become aroused by the lurid vision of her naked body kneeling helplessly, taking the ruthless pummeling of a swollen dog-cock. Reassured now that he wasn't going to attack her or interfere with her fun, she began to strive to put on a good show for him. The exhibitionist in Wanda loved to perform. "Oooooohhh... God, it's good!"

Greg watched the naked lust in the woman's face as she grunted out her lewd words. Her tongue protruded from her mouth, lolling ecstatically, like that of a bitch in heat. To fully enjoy the obscene fantasy of being fucked by a dog, Wanda had unearthed her baser nature. She was like an animal herself, squatting on all fours, howling for more of the savage, relentless pummeling.

He looked at the dog's pointed red cock-shaft. It looked hard and unyielding as iron as it reamed her vulnerable pink pussy-lips. Greg felt somewhat in awe of the lusty woman who could take that kind of battering with no apparent anxiety about her own safety. He imagined by this time Wanda's pleasure had totally taken over her pain anyway. Even if the dog did hurt her sensitive pussy, she wouldn't feel anything but pleasure.

"You like getting screwed by a dog, do you, bitch!" He spat out his words. His excitement told, he knew, in his voice. The idea of further debasing her with lewd commentary made his balls flinch with arousal. He thought of getting her to suck his cock while she screwed the dog, but he held off. There was something else he had in store for Wanda.

"Oh, Greg!" She tried to find his face through eyes hazed over with excitement and drink. "I don't know what it is. His cock is so hard, and it never quits, never slows down! It really does something to me! Uuuuhhhh! My pussy's burning up, Greg!"

"I know what it is, baby! You're a pervert! And a bitch too! A real one! The kind that likes to feel dog-cock in her pussy!"

He could see she flinched a little under that one. But she was too aroused to worry about it for long. Her ass continued to slam back against the dog's hairy loins as enthusiastically as ever. Her heavy tits bounced with every resounding collision. Her eyes roamed unseeing around the room, obviously aware of nothing but the tormenting pleasure that boiled inside.

While he watched the frenzied coupling between woman and beast, Greg slowly removed his clothes. He wanted to be all ready when his turn came. He worked better with no clothes to get in the way. To his surprise, he realized Wanda was looking at him and licking her lips – inviting him to stick his hard cock in her mouth. "Greedy cunt, aren't you, Wanda? One isn't enough for you. Don't worry, baby – you'll get everything you want soon enough! Right now, you just enjoy old Nugget's prick.

He's doing you good, whore!"

Even the debasing words Greg was hurling at her added to Wanda's uninhibited arousal. She didn't care what she was, whore, bitch, cunt. She had what she wanted, and that was all that mattered. She was getting a delicious bellyful of hard filling cock! And if Greg's promise was good, she'd be getting even more when Nugget was done.

Anticipating yet a third screwing, Wanda writhed like a woman possessed before the hard-working animal. Again, again, again, her shapely buttocks challenged Nugget's turgid prick. At last it was too much for the aroused beast.

"Oh God, Greg! He's cumming in me! Nugget's filling me up! Oh shit, it's making me cummmmm!" Thrilled by the thought of the erotic spectacle she was presenting for the man, Wanda rode out her orgasm with feverish abandon. Her body twisted and gyrated as though it were made of Silly Putty. Then she shuddered and collapsed onto her face.

She lay still, relishing the aftermath of spent passion.

Greg lost no time in moving into action. As soon as the dog had retreated from the sprawled woman, he knelt in between her thighs and fondled the lush curves of her ass and hips. His cock was pounding with excitement inspired by her orgasm.

"That was really something, Wanda. Your pussy must feel good, eh, baby?" As he spoke he ran his fingers over the cum-soaked slit of her snatch. He drove two up into the clenching hole and smiled to feel her shudder with pleasure. Withdrawing the fingers from her cunt, he prodded one against the tiny pucker of her anus. With the help of the ample lubrication in her pussy, the finger slipped easily up into her rectum.

"Uuuuuuhhh!" Unconsciously, she screwed her ass back to welcome the lewd impalement. When Greg began to stroke the finger in and out of her ass, she moaned out her delight in one long low wail.

"Like that, do you, baby?" With methodical concentration, he moistened his cock with her cunt-juices and Nugget's cum while his finger continued to tantalize her anus. Then, abruptly, he pulled his finger from her asshole and replaced it with the rigid shaft of his cock. She was so relaxed, so unsuspecting, that his prick drove deep into her anus before she could muster any resistance.

"Oooooohhh! God-d-d! What... allieeee!" Wanda felt a sharp stab of fear. Her asshole was no virgin, but she was used to being carefully prepared for anal intercourse. He had driven into her so violently, she feared he had hurt her. But as his cock began to work its way back out along her tight-clenched channel, she realized there was no pain there - only the familiar depraved pleasure that comes from taking a cock into one's most secret hole. And after the lewd encounter she had just had with the dog, Greg was giving her exactly what she needed. "Uuuuuuhhh! Yeah! Screw my ass, baby!"

The big man hadn't been sure what to expect from the wanton woman. But he figured that, under the circumstances, it was his choice. She couldn't very well argue with him in her debauched condition. Watching the redhead screwing the big dog, Greg had felt an overwhelming desire to ream her asshole, something he had never done with Wanda. Some gut feeling inside him demanded that he get one up on the brute beast. He wasn't going to take sloppy seconds. He'd blaze his own trail in her tight little asshole.

It amazed him somewhat the way Wanda began to wriggle back at him as soon as he established a smooth fucking rhythm into her ass. He had never seen a woman respond so wholeheartedly to taking a prick in her ass. Usually it took a while to warm them up. Wanda, though, was obviously a

woman in a million. She could take anything and everything that was thrown at her, and love it all.

Greg was in no position to argue with the throbbing pleasure that was surging from his cock throughout his kneeling body. Her ass-walls wrapped themselves around his prick like a second skin, caressing him in a hot spasming clutch of excitement. He worked his cock in and out of her hole, sometimes going fast, sometimes a little slower, tantalizing himself with the varying sensations that assailed him. After watching the woman with the dog, Greg was vulnerable to excitement. It wasn't long before he was as much an animal as she was, devoid of thought, caring only for the moment's wanton pleasure.

"Christ, I like fucking your ass, Wanda! Why didn't I think of this sooner! Shit, it's so fucking tight!"

"Oh yeah, baby! Your prick's good in my ass! I love it! Fuck me, lover! Fuck me!"

While the dog dozed in a corner, the man and woman writhed together, climbing to the peaks of orgiastic abandon. She braced herself on her arms to get leverage to shove her ass forcefully back against him. Each wanton lunge drove his cock deep into her tight-clasping anus, driving them both to new heights of ecstasy.

Greg had known the voluptuous redhead was something special right from the first time he took her to bed. But even he had underestimated Wanda's seemingly limitless capacity for pleasure. For sheer worldly know-how and enthusiasm, no one could beat her.

For a moment, a picture of the teen-aged blonde next door flashed before his eyes. He saw her kneeling naked in front of her husband's pummeling cock and he wondered how she would like a dose of his own prick - right up her delicious little ass. He licked his lips and leered excitedly as he slammed his loins hard against Wanda's upturned buttocks.

Though he didn't like to let women prey on his mind, Greg realized he wasn't going to be able to shake loose the image of his best friend's wife without a good deal of effort, maybe even more than he wanted to invest in the project. He didn't like to interfere in a good buddy's love life, but he sure was intrigued by that big-titted young sexpot. In his most aroused moments, she kept coming back to him. She had something that Wanda didn't have any more - innocence. She made a man want to be a teacher.

Wanda's urgent moans, that became more and more shrill by the moment, wrenched Greg back to reality. He could tell by the uncontrolled way she was wriggling back at him that she was close. He fucked her ass hard and deep, pushing her up over the top. He grinned as he heard her first lusty cries of victory.

"Oh God! I'm cumming, Greg! I'm cumming again!"

He didn't expect his own climax to follow so soon, but her words seemed to push a button somewhere inside the hard-driving man. "Uh, shit! Look out, baby! I'm gonna give you an assful! Aaaieeee!"

Once again, Greg staggered to bed and fell into a deep doze. This time, Wanda, too, slept.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

After the excitement of the Saturday night in town, it was hard for Ellie to settle back into her

agonizing routine of boredom. She had enjoyed drinking and talking with Greg and Wanda. They were vital, exciting people. Even Hank had been more animated than usual in their company. He had fucked her longer and more exuberantly that night in the hotel than he had ever since they came to Northern California.

Back in isolation with the two men, Ellie found herself faced once again with her policy of spending as little time as possible around Greg. Now, more than ever, she felt susceptible to temptation. She even thought she detected a new, cozier attitude on Greg's part, as if he were flirting with her.

"What's the matter, Ellie?" he kidded her one morning when they were sitting alone over coffee. Hank was in the shower. "Don't you like me?"

"Of course, I like you. You're Hank's best friend, and for that reason alone I would like you."

He raised his eyebrows and smiled. "That the only reason you can come up with? Seriously, you've really got me wondering why you're always just on your way out or in or something when I come around. I get the feeling you're trying to avoid me."

The eighteen-year-old was totally flustered. "You're being silly, Greg. Here, have some more coffee. I have to go find Hank some clean underwear." She could hear him laughing softly to himself as she left the room. She could feel her cheeks flushing red. What was she to do? She certainly couldn't confide her problem to Hank.

That day, she took the station wagon into town and looked up Wanda. The redhead was having breakfast in the hotel dining room. Sensing the blonde's distress, she finished her meal quickly and led the way up to her room, where they could talk in private. She listened quietly while Ellie poured out her tale of self-doubts and recriminations.

"I know you may not be the best person to tell this to, Wanda. After all, I hardly know you and you're a friend of Greg's. But I had to talk to someone. And you were so nice that night we spent here in town."

Wanda moved closer to the young blonde on the bed and patted her hand. The younger woman had been stroking Nugget anxiously, trying to avoid the redhead's eyes.

"This sure is a nice dog. You're lucky to have him for company."

"He's not mine. I'm looking after him for a friend."

For just a moment, Ellie had a disquieting thought. This looked an awful lot like the dog she had seen with the grizzled old prospector that day in the woods. Involuntarily, she shuddered and dismissed the idea. How could he be a friend of Wanda's? Impossible!

"You know, Ellie? I wouldn't worry about this infatuation thing if I were you. Greg's a good-looking man. Any woman would turn on to him. You're perfectly normal, if that's what you're worrying about."

Ellie's big blue eyes looked trustingly into Wanda's. "It's not just that, Wanda. I can't stand to be alone with him, not for a minute. I just don't think I can trust myself. Especially since Hank..." She surveyed the redhead closely to be sure it was all right to go ahead.

Wanda felt a passing surge of excitement at the mention of Hank's name. The young husband had been much in her thoughts and fantasies lately. "Since Hank what, honey?"

"Well, Hank's been working so hard here. He just doesn't have as much time for sex as he used to. That's one of the reasons why I feel so - anxious - I think."

Ah, the innocence of the young marrieds, Wanda thought as she went over to her dresser and poured out two plastic cupfuls of Scotch. "Here, honey, it'll make you feel better. You're shaking all over." This time, she sat close enough to the voluptuous blonde that she could smell her perfume. Her pretext was that she wanted to stroke the dog. Several times their hands touched. Each time, Ellie smiled shyly and pulled hers away. "You know, Ellie, marriage is like a roller coaster. There's ups and downs. You may as well face the fact right now. Your old man won't be fucking like a rabbit forever."

An image of Hank's strong ass-cheeks clenching to drive his cock deep into his wife's twat made Wanda quiver. She took a long swallow of her drink.

"Oh, I know. My mother told me about how things cool off with time and all that. But gee, Wanda, I'm not ready to cool off!" Frustration oozed from the lovely blonde's every pore. She drank deeply of the Scotch, relishing the immediate calming effect it had on her over-wrought nervous system.

"That's another fact of life, honey. Women, sometimes want it more than men do." Wanda laid a hand on Ellie's knee. She made sure her touch was firm enough that Ellie could not dislodge it without an obvious effort. The hand stayed where it was. "Some women, you know, can go on and on. It's a biological fact that men have to lay off and store up more of the juices." Her eyes twinkled. She held her glass up in toast and drained it.

Ellie imitated the older woman. Already she was feeling so much more capable. Her problems seemed to have faded to harmless vapor. "So what are women supposed to do?"

The hand on her knee was very much in Ellie's mind. There was something more there than a friendly gesture. She knew that intuitively. To her own surprise, the thought did not frighten her. She accepted Wanda's offer of a second drink and drained it quickly. Her head reeled with the intoxicating, liberating effects of the Scotch. She could feel the hand on her knee moving slightly, massaging her thigh. Though she giggled self-consciously, she did not protest Wanda's overtures.

The redhead sensed her young friend's waning self-control. Provoked herself by the alcohol she had consumed, Wanda decided to make her play. Boldly she took the blonde in her arms and forced her down flat on the bed. She covered Ellie's mouth in a long, deep, penetrating kiss.

"Mmmppphhh! Mmmmm!" Startled at first by the older woman's forceful maneuver, Ellie started to protest. But her distress quickly turned to inebriated passion as the redhead's tongue drove deep into her mouth and tangled with her own. Wanda's body was half straddling hers. The feel of Wanda's lush tits pressing down against her own breasts gave Ellie a perverse heady thrill such as she had never known before.

The blonde's momentary surrender was all the leeway Wanda needed to take full advantage of the situation. While the dog Nugget watched from bedside, Wanda overwhelmed her young friend with hot urgent kisses. She could feel Ellie's tits heaving in passion beneath her. With bold enthusiasm, she delved a hand into Ellie's blouse and caressed the full firm globe of a breast.

The blonde's nipple sprang up hard and insistent against Wanda's palm. At once, the redhead switched her attention to the other tit, eliciting the same raunchy response from the other susceptible nipple. To her seducer's delight, Ellie began to groan hungrily beneath her, to thrust her chest wantonly up in search of more of the stimulating caresses.

Wanda lost no time in giving the sensual young blonde exactly what she wanted: more of the same and a little something extra. With a dexterity born of experience, Wanda unfastened the fly of Ellie's jeans. Quickly, before the other woman could protest, she insinuated a hand into the waistband of Ellie's panties. To her surprise, instead of coarse crinkly hair, she discovered a downy triangle soft as angel-hair.

"Oooohh, Ellie, darling! You feel so wonderful! I've admired you so much, right from the first moment I saw you!"

The older woman's praise impressed the intoxicated blonde. She wriggled her pussy up against the probing hand, helping Wanda dig deeper into her pants. She could feel her pussy pulsing hotly, eager for direct erotic stimulation. Wanda was obviously eager to give it to her, and Ellie was in no position - or mood - to say no.

Never in her young life had Ellie ever considered making love to another woman. But, now that something was happening between her and Wanda, she realized where her admiration for the older woman had been leading. Not that Ellie would have initiated anything. She didn't even realize what was happening. But that hand on her knee. It had told Ellie something about herself she had never realized. Women could be exciting too!

To her drink-distorted brain, the redhead's tantalizing lovemaking seemed the perfect solution to Ellie's horny dilemma. Making love with Wanda was not infidelity the way it would be if she let Greg sink his cock into her pussy. Surely the amorous gropings between women were harmless enough. Nothing she would have to tell her husband about.

"Mmmmm, Wanda, that feels good!" Unconsciously Ellie was using the same little-girl voice that Hank liked to hear during lovemaking. She rotated her pussy wantonly in the air as Wanda pushed her jeans and panties down to her thighs. She moaned with the delicious stimulation of the cool air of the room wafting over her bare pussy.

The lazy sensuality of Wanda's tender caresses suddenly took on a new raw urgency. The redhead stabbed a finger deep up into the clenching hole of Ellie's twat. With reckless enthusiasm, she began to stroke the finger in and out, at the same time grazing the sensitized nub of Ellie's clitoris. Wanda's mouth bore down heavily on the blonde's, so the younger woman was experiencing the intense stimulation from both ends. She began to writhe furiously, jerking her pussy-mound up against Wanda's hand. Her brain seemed to reel with the sudden overwhelming erotic input. She was held in thrall to Wanda's expert, feverish lovemaking.

Satisfied that her quarry would not escape her now, Wanda dared to move more freely next to the sensuously squirming blonde. She no longer felt the need to hold Ellie down. Her young friend was not going anywhere, except maybe to paradise. She pulled open Ellie's blouse and covered the smooth round contours of Ellie's tits with quick inciting kisses. She began to pull on first one swollen nipple and then the other, gripping each nubbin with her lips, leaving them with a slick sheen of her saliva. As she sucked, her finger continued to work in and out of the blonde's tight pussy. Movement was easier now, as her passage flared with desire and her juices flowed.

"Ellie, darling, you're so beautiful! Your cunt's so soft and wet! Your nipples taste so wonderful!" Inspired with the power of her own building stimulation, Wanda worked more hungrily down over the shapely planes of Ellie's body. Her tongue stabbed into the downy patch of her blonde pubic hair and found the slick peak of Ellie's clitoris.

With an involuntary jerk, the teenager thrust her cunt-mound up into Wanda's face. The soft contact

of moist tongue on her clitoris – coupled with those fingers in her twat – turned her body into a smoldering bundle of live wires. “Oooooooooohhhh! Oh, Wanda! God, you’re making me feel so good! I just don’t believe how good I feel!” She tossed her thick blonde hair from side to side on the bedspread. Her fingers clutched at the material, seeking support against the assault of Wanda’s lovemaking.

Hungry now to take her campaign to its natural conclusion, Wanda hurriedly pulled off Ellie’s jeans and panties. Now the blonde was naked but for the blouse that barely covered parts of her chest and arms. Wanda stole just a moment to admire the shapely beauty at close range. From the edge of the bed, she caught a quick movement. It was Nugget. Just the dog’s head was visible over the mattress. He was watching the two women with rapt interest. Wanda grinned at the animal, and wondered wickedly if Nugget was contemplating a threesome. Wanda had her own ideas on that score.

Her brown eyes lit on Ellie’s bright-blue ones, that pleaded with the older woman to relieve her of the anxiety of waiting. The lust in the blonde’s face was contagious. At once, Wanda bowed her head between Ellie’s thighs and tongued her moist pussy-slit, from the tip of her upright clitoris, down over her quivering slit, all the way to the secret brown pucker of her asshole. Ellie whimpered excitedly and ground her cunt up into Wanda’s face.

That was all the encouragement Wanda needed. The first sweet taste of the younger woman’s piquant juices made her greedy for more. She stabbed her tongue abandonedly against the yielding opening to Ellie’s snatch and vibrated her tongue just inside the hole. She thought her young prey would go out of her head with excitement. Ellie was squirming deliriously on the bed, clutching at the bedspread, then at Wanda’s thick red hair. She moaned non-stop.

Wanda’s lips fluttered over the sensitive flanges of Ellie’s pussy, dealing the moist flesh a kind of raw pleasure the inexperienced blonde had never known. Each time Wanda’s tongue rose to circle her clitoris, which was ripe and throbbing with blood-engorged desire, Ellie would mewl like a crazed beast. When the tongue descended to her little asshole, the sheer depravity of the caresses seemed to inspire Ellie to wilder abandon.

In all her experience, Wanda couldn’t remember ever having encountered a woman with more erotic sensitivity than young Ellie. Just watching her would be enough to make the juices flow from Wanda’s pussy. As it was, the smell and touch and sounds of her were driving the redhead mad with urgent need – and with a secret lurid excitement.

She decided that the setting was at last just right. Now she could spring her surprise.

Trembling with lust, Wanda urged Ellie to roll over onto her belly. The blonde was too far gone now to make any protest. She couldn’t think any farther than the pleasure that she knew would be forthcoming as long as she cooperated with Wanda. Like a puppet, she let herself be propped up onto hands and knees while Wanda stroked her cunt-hole with two filling fingers.

The teenager didn’t even notice when Wanda motioned the big German Shepherd up onto the bed. The first thing she did notice was a spongy moist assault up along the crack between her ass-cheeks. “Oooooooooohhhh! Aahhhh! Yessss!” Like a robot programmed for pleasure, she thrust her buttocks back to receive more of the lusty titillation. It didn’t even occur to her drink-fogged brain to wonder how Wanda was achieving this new tantalizing effect.

Wanda felt her own pussy flare hotly as she watched the dog tongue the unsuspecting blonde’s upturned ass-crevice. With prurient interest, she leaned close to watch the long pink tongue snake over the furry pussy, from swollen clitoris to asshole. The erotic undulations of the teenager’s

asscheeks stimulated Wanda's excitement. As soon as she saw the dog had achieved an erection, she gave him his command. "Come on, Nugget! Up, boy, up!"

The rough paws clasp her hips and the brief command joined forces to blaze a trail through to Ellie's consciousness. Her eyes wide with dawning realization, she looked back over her shoulder to discover the leering dog poised over her back, the dog's forepaws clutching her hips.

"Oh my God!" she wailed, struggling to wiggle free. She looked to Wanda for help. "What's he doing, Wanda? Stop him! Please get him off me!" No matter which way her hips moved, the dog followed her on agile rear legs. She was his victim, his prisoner. One more look at Wanda's lust-distorted eyes told Ellie she could expect no rescue from her woman lover. Obviously, Wanda had every intention of watching her get screwed by a dog!

Panic seemed to give the woman demonic energy, but still she could not shake free from the determined animal. Nugget continued to rut forward, trying to sink his cock in the hot protesting pussy that he sensed was so close to being his. Ellie's endeavors to break free didn't disturb Nugget in the least. They seemed no more, no less, than he expected from a female he was about to hump. His only problem was to lodge his long hard prick in her hidden cunt-hole.

With panting excitement, Wanda kneeled next to the obscenely struggling pair. Her eyes were fastened on the red shaft of Nugget's hard cock. Her pussy throbbed at the thought of seeing that turgid instrument driving up into Ellie's taut belly. She had never seen a woman get screwed by a dog before, but she had done it often enough herself that the idea filled her with fiery pangs of lust. In her mind, Wanda saw herself as doing the blonde a favor by introducing her to the unyielding charms of the German Shepherd's tireless cock. Besides, she was guilty of the alluring thought that the corruption of the wife might somehow pave the way for the downfall of the husband. She hoped Hank Jones and his big cock would fall right into her receptive arms.

"Oh Ellie honey! Nugget's so hot for you! His prick's all hard and ready!" Despite her lecherous plans, Wanda could feel empathy for the young beauty quivering before the dog's ruthless assault. She, too had once been frightened by the idea of fucking a dog. She felt every confidence that a lusty woman like Ellie would learn to love Nugget's amorous capabilities as much as she herself did. After all, hadn't Ellie been looking for a solution to her endless horniness?

Trembling with arousal, Wanda reached for Nugget's stiff cock and guided it to the spongy hole of Ellie's twat. As soon as he sensed his goal before him, Nugget rammed his prick deep into the helpless girl's tight-clenched pussy.

"Oooooohhh, God-d-d! Aaaagghh! It hurts, Wanda! Please stop him!" Again the terrified girl tried to struggle free of the dog's embrace. Now, more than ever, her efforts were useless. Now that the animal knew the clasping warmth of her resilient twat, he wasn't about to give it up.

Torn between sympathy and mounting lust, Wanda watched the dog establish a ruthless fucking rhythm in and out of the frightened girl's cunt. She didn't want Ellie to suffer. She wanted her to enjoy Nugget. But, at the same time, she was not going to give up the titillation of watching the dog's red cudgel sawing in and out of Ellie's clinging pink hole.

"Relax, honey! You're all tight... that's why it hurts! Nugget will make you feel good if you let him! Believe me! I know!"

Through tear-streaked eyes, Ellie looked back over her shoulder at the excited redhead. She had felt hurt and betrayed that Wanda had brought her to such a peak of arousal, and then had abandoned her to the dog. She thought Wanda was trying to humiliate her. But maybe that wasn't it at all.

Maybe she was trying to share something with her, something that Ellie was still too naive to understand and appreciate.

The teenaged housewife almost forgot the pain as her mind struggled with this new assessment of the situation. "You know? How do you know?"

"Because I make love to Nugget all the time, honey. His cock has the kind of staying power I love. And he's so hard, isn't he, Ellie?"

It was difficult for Wanda to give attention to reassuring the girl. Her mind was enraptured by the lurid sight of red dog-cock assaulting pink pussy. Her own cunt cried out for attention. As she knelt close to her woman lover, Wanda reached in under her skirt and found the rough thatch of her cunt-hair. Two fingers penetrated the tangly bush and drove right on up into her seeping twat. With demonic energy, she began to fingerfuck herself to the tempo of Nugget's energetic penetrations of Ellie's unwilling cunt.

There was enough Scotch still flowing through her bloodstream to make it hard for Ellie to fathom everything that was happening to her. She had come to town this afternoon for conversation, and had acquired in the bargain two new lovers. Two unnatural lovers, that were testing her to the limits of her sexuality. Accepting now that the dog was not going to pull out of her, she tried to do the only thing she could. Just like Wanda had told her, she strove to relax her panic-tightened cunt-muscles.

Scarcely aware of the groans of her friend, Ellie concentrated on the long hard cock surging in rhythmic bursts deep into her vulnerable pussy. It was a strange sensation at first, the unrelenting forcefulness of the prick battering her cunt combined with the obscene knowledge that that prick belonged not to a man but to an animal. She felt humiliated, depraved.

And, little by little, she felt something else.

It was pleasure... a steady mounting pleasure. As soon as her cunt-walls quit trying to fight off the filling strokes of the dog's cock, they left the blonde's nerve-endings wide open to the relentless pleasure that accompanied Nugget's furious pace. With timid little movements at first, then more exuberantly, Ellie thrust her ass back at the big dog's loins. Like a bitch in heat, she was encouraging the animal to have his way with her. She was begging for that unnatural cock to ream her harder, deeper, faster.

"Oooooohhh! Oh God-d-d! It's good-d-d!" The girl scarcely recognized her own voice, hoarse with emotion. It was as if this strange afternoon had brought out a whole new person in Ellie Jones.

Wanda, too, recognized the change in Ellie. She would have had to be deaf and blind not to. Suddenly the blonde was churning back against the big animal's cock like she had been doing it forever - like it was the most wonderful thing she could ever do. Her shapely round buttocks slammed against the dog's dark-furred loins with rhythmic intensity. Watching the devil emerge from her friend made Wanda fingerfuck herself with greater abandon, until her belly was a broiling pit of lust.

For long minutes the women writhed in harmony, the one taking a dog-cock deep into her cunt, the other relying on her own fingers. Their mewls and moans mingled in erotic cacophony. The excitement was pushing them both to the outer limits of their endurance. It was Ellie who gave out first. She had been struggling under the intense sensual input for much longer now than she had ever imagined possible. Things just kept getting better and better, until she was coming.

Wanda was not far behind her. Just knowing her friend was cumming from the stimulating blows of

the dog's cock drove her over the brink. "Oh Ellie baby! My pussy's on fire!"

When their crisis had passed, Wanda took off her clothes and cradled the younger woman in her arms. She stroked and soothed the confused blonde, offering her sips of Scotch to calm her jangled nerves. It had been an incredible experience for Ellie, one she was not yet ready to deal with. She accepted the conscience-killing booze gratefully. At last, she slept, her head nestled against her friend's lush tits.

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

Ellie was awakened by a nightmare. A nightmare that she had had before. This time, though, there was a difference. This time, the bad dream was a reality.

Ever since the day when she had run across the old man and his dog in the woods, his leering face had come back from time to time to haunt her dreams. She would awaken, terrified, sure that he was after her ripe young body.

Now she opened her eyes and saw that same leering face hovering over her. Wide-eyed, she looked frantically around her. There was only the dog sitting quietly by the bathroom door. Now Ellie knew for sure that Nugget was the prospector's dog. The thought that she had just screwed the old lecher's animal sickened her. It must be a nightmare! It couldn't be happening! But the closeness of the old man's garlic breath told her it was!

When at last her eyes came back to the man, she saw more than his ugly leering face. She saw his swollen cock, pulled from the fly of his baggy trousers, poised over her vulnerable blonde pussy. She tried frantically to push him off her, to sit up. It was no use. Old he might be, but weak he was not.

At last the frightened, confused girl found her voice. "Where's Wanda? What are you doing here!" When he continued to smile at her, she ceased trying to be rational. She began to cry and beat her fists against his chest. "Get off of me! Get off! Please!"

She didn't dare yell too loudly. Her dilemma was that she could not risk being discovered naked, her pussy coated with cum, by any of the townspeople. How would she ever explain to Hank? Her only hope was Wanda. Without her help, she was this man's virtual prisoner.

"Don't worry, baby! I'm not going to hurt you! You should like what I've got here for you." He fondled the turgid shaft of his prick, grazed the tip against her wet cunt-lips. He grinned as she tried to recoil from him. The weight of his body held her firmly.

"Please... please leave me alone!"

"Hell, baby... I know you've been screwing old Nugget there. The evidence is smeared all over you! You've just got to give me a turn. My feelings will be hurt if you don't!" He felt his cock throbbing urgently against the yielding flesh of her cunt-opening. It had been years since Jim had been this aroused. Even though Wanda had cured him of his hard-on problem, he hadn't ever felt up to screwing her. Head jobs were as far as he let her go.

But as soon as he let himself into the redhead's room and saw the lush blonde lying naked on the bed, his cock had throbbed to erection. And with his hard-on had come the certain instinct that he would have no problem screwing this cunt. Ever since he saw her that day in the woods, the new prospector's wife had had a starring role in all his dreams and fantasies. Now was his big chance to

make his dreams come true. If only Wanda would stay away long enough to give him his chance. He wasn't sure what the redhead's relationship with the blonde was, but he knew Wanda was woman enough to drive him away if she had her heart set on it.

As the older man's cock-head pressed more and more insistently against her cunt-slit, Ellie's mind struggled feverishly for a way out of her horrifying predicament. Where was Wanda! Had she let this man stay alone with her? Her wide blue eyes stared fearfully into the man's. Though she hated to admit it, her instincts told her she was lost!

"Where's Wanda?" she sobbed meekly. She had lost heart for the struggle. Alone and afraid of gossip, there was nothing she could do to save herself.

"Who knows?" he replied carelessly. "I just came to get my dog. Wanda gave me a pass key before I left for Frisco. I'll tell you, sweetie... I didn't expect a hot surprise like you to be waiting for me in here. I was feeling plumb disappointed when Wanda didn't answer my knock."

Her defeated spirit grabbed hold of one faint consolation. Wanda hadn't been here when he arrived! At least, now she knew her friend hadn't handed her over to the prospector like a consolation prize at a raffle.

All this talk and no action was putting one hell of a strain on Jim's swollen cock. Without further hesitation, he gripped her firmly by the shoulders. At the same time his rock-hard prick drove deep into her cum-slickened pussy. Though her little hole was tight-clenched, the plentiful fluids from her last fuck made it easy for Jim to work his cock in and out of her cunt. "Uh, Christ! It's been a long time since I've had anything like this! Jee-zuz, it's good! Hot tight pussy! Wowee!"

As the old prospector labored over her helpless body, tears of shame flowed from Ellie's eyes down over her flushed cheeks. Though she still had not come to terms with her afternoon's abandon, at least she could have appeased her conscience with the thought that she had fallen to a woman and a dog - not another man. Not anyone who could compete with Hank on his own ground.

Now though, there was this man, this repulsive old man, who was having his way with her vulnerable young cunt. She could never forgive herself for this - for getting herself into a situation where she was powerless to save herself. She couldn't even yell, for fear of discovery. Instead, she continued to plead softly for mercy. "Please - let me alone. Don't do this to me! Pleeze-ze!" Desperately, she gritted her teeth and closed her eyes, trying to make the bad dream go away.

"Not on your life, baby! If Nugget is good enough for this tight little twat, then so am I!" Swallowing hard, Jim summoned all his energy to keep from giving in to the powerful call to orgasm. He wasn't ready yet to put an end to this landmark fuck. He wanted something he could think about for the next ten years. He wanted to make the pleasure last.

While the cruelly pinioned girl continued to plead and cry beneath him, Jim drove his swollen throbbing cock deep into her pussy again and again and again. He relished the way her taut cunt-walls clenched his turgid organ, molding themselves around his thickness on each instroke. As he pulled out of her hot depths, he enjoyed the salacious impression that her pussy was clinging to him, trying to keep him from escaping.

Jim knew he would suffer no repercussions from taking advantage of the squirming blonde. The very fact that she wasn't screaming at the top of her lungs told him she had a stake in keeping the situation a secret. And, after all, how many women would want their neighbors to know they liked to get it on with dogs?



Leering lustily, he shoved his prick deep into her twat. The pained grimace on her face made the pleasure all the more intense for him. It was just like screwing his wife all over again. She never looked happy to see him rutting over her either. But on the other hand, her pussy never felt like this sweet honeypot.

As she lay hopeless beneath the grunting man, Ellie felt a strange recklessness creep over her. There was no one to save her. Maybe there was nothing to be saved from. After all, hadn't she already made love to a woman and a dog today? What more did she have to lose? What did she have to hold on to? Certainly not self-respect. Yesterday she had been a faithful young wife. Faithful, at least, in deed, if not in thought. Today where was she? Lost, confused, alone. Alone but for this foul-breathed older man who was relentlessly fucking her pussy.

Without waring, something inside Ellie snapped. Part of her wanted to get this degradation over with as soon as possible. Part of her was beginning to enjoy the perverse thrill of being fucked against her will - by a dirty old man, who was probably harmless enough when his cock wasn't ruling his head. It was all so crazy. She didn't want to think about it!

To keep herself from thinking about it, she began to grind her hips tentatively up against the man's loins. Though it wasn't premeditated, a low groan of pleasure escaped her lips. His cock was big and filling. He had a hard, unyielding rhythm that made her respond in spite of herself. "Uuuuhh! Oooooohhh, yeah!"

A broad grin spread over the old prospector's features. She was learning to like it. She was squirming abandonedly beneath him, working with him instead of against him. Her cries of despair had turned into sensual moans of lusty appreciation.

"Oh, yeah, baby! I knew you'd go for me if you gave yourself a chance! I may be getting old, but I still think I can outdo a dog-prick when I set my mind to it!" With furious abandon, he drove his prick far into her wet hole, grazing the tip against her cervix deep inside. Jim felt like a new man. And he owed it all to the lush little cunt squirming beneath him!

Though she shivered with revulsion at his lewd remarks, the shiver quickly turned into a tremor of masochistic excitement. He may be old and kind of repulsive, but he could fuck. He had a cock that was splitting her cunt-lips wide. Her whole body was aquiver with his hard-probing titillation. Ellie scarcely recognized her new jaded self. What had become of her in just a few short hours? How could she be settling for this kind of degrading treatment - and liking it? She was actually liking it!

As though to drive out the whispers of her own conscience, Ellie drove her pussy more wantonly up against the man's loins. She undulated her cunt from side to side, so sometimes the pressure was more intense on one side, sometimes on another. Soon the tantalizing strokes of his big cock acted upon the blonde's brain like a hypnotizing pendulum. Her reality dwelled up inside her pussy. She was getting fucked, soundly fucked - and it felt good!

"Ooooooh yeah! Do it to me! Fuck me!" She had never said those words to anyone but her husband. Again tears sprang to her eyes. But for a different reason this time. For the mourning of lost innocence.

At last, the intense input was more than the young wife could bear. Her whole body seemed to convulse inward on itself, then to explode outward in a lusty burst of energy. "Oh my God! I'm cumming! Jee-zuz - it's so strong!"

Delighted with the effect he was having on his now-willing victim, Jim was able to make only a few more strokes before he too came. "Shit, baby! Here it cums! Make way for my load, beautiful!"

The sounds of his ecstasy were repulsive to her, even as she still shuddered in excitement.

Before they had a chance to catch their breath, the door opened. It was Wanda, with a tray of food. She set her burden on her dresser and rushed over to the bed. "Jim, what the hell are you doing here? Is he bothering you, Ellie?"

Ellie's eyes looked dully up at the other woman. "Just don't tell Hank, Wanda. That's all! Please!" She turned over onto her belly and buried her face in a pillow. Her body heaved with sobs.

Wanda had come too late! And Ellie would never be the same!

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CHAPTER NINE

When Ellie got home from town, it was well past dinnertime. Hank met her at the door to the trailer. He pulled her roughly inside and sat her down at the dining table.

"Where the hell have you been? I've been worried sick!"

His blonde wife was exhausted, physically and emotionally. She was not prepared for a third degree. Her lower lip began to tremble as she struggled against tears and an absurd desire to tell Hank everything - to get the whole gruesome load off her chest. "I was in town - visiting Wanda."

"Then why the hell didn't you tell me before you left, so I wouldn't have worried? I was just about to get Greg to drive me to the Highway Patrol station."

Ellie shuddered at the thought of having the police discover her in bed with a woman or a dog or a grimy old prospector. She would never have been able to look anyone in the eye again. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be late."

She realized there must be something in her eyes, a look that was making Hank regard her with such close suspicion. "What were you two doing all that time?" Hank hadn't forgotten that Wanda was a hooker. What could she and his innocent young wife find in common that would keep them occupied for so many hours?

Hank didn't really want to be angry with his beautiful wife. But the worry he had been experiencing for the last few hours was turning to nervous fury as Ellie persisted in looking away from him every time he tried to scrutinize her face. What had she been doing? The man had never worried about his wife's fidelity before, but she had never worried him like this either. She had never come home with such a guilty look. She had never been this quiet, this subdued.

As her husband grew more frantic in his questions and accusations, Ellie became more withdrawn. She was too exhausted even to cry, though the tears hovered only a millimeter from the surface, making her eyes and her heart ache.

The young husband had never been so angry. He was afraid that, if he didn't take measures against it, he might even strike the woman he had worshipped for the last year. "Ellie, I can't handle this any more. I'm just too mad to be rational. I'm going out for the night. I'll see you."

"Hank?"

He ignored her feeble cry. She heard the door bang behind him, the roar of the engine as he

slammed the station wagon into gear and peeled away. For several minutes she sat with her head buried in her arms. Then she went to the top cupboard over the sink and found a bottle of Scotch. She drank herself to sleep.

When she awoke, the sun was up. There was still no sign of Hank. Rather than try to deal with the incredible sequence of events of the previous day, Ellie fixed herself a liquid breakfast. The alcohol made it seem not quite so bad that her husband wasn't there to kiss her good morning.

When Greg came in search of his partner, Ellie told him he had had to go to town to send a telegram. He would have to work alone today. She realized Greg probably knew Hank had left the night before, but she had no desire to explain things to him. After all, she considered him indirectly responsible for all that had happened yesterday. If it hadn't been for Greg, she would never have met Wanda. She would never have gone to the redhead's hotel to seek advice on her forbidden crush. She closed the trailer door on the surprised man. Through a window, she watched him walk off into the bushes, in the direction of the dredge site. She sighed with relief and poured herself another drink.

Ellie wasn't sure how long she had sat alone, sipping Scotch and listening to the radio, when she heard a bark outside. She went out into the little clearing between the trailers. To her surprise, Nugget came bounding over to her. The blonde hugged the dog and stroked his glossy coat. In her lonely despair, the dog's affection was like manna from heaven.

It took a moment for the frightening possibility to enter her head: where there was the dog, could the master be far behind? She scanned the surrounding brush and woods for close to half an hour. There was no sign of old Jim the prospector.

"What are you doing here, Nugget? Did you run away from home?"

Though still uneasy about the dog's presence, Ellie took Nugget into the trailer and fed him some meat scraps. She talked non-stop to the big animal, who looked up at her with wide intelligent eyes that seemed to comprehend what she was saying. "I bet you think I talk a lot, big boy. But I'm kind of lonely, and I really need to talk to somebody."

Suddenly the tears she had been suppressing since her husband left gushed to the surface. She collapsed on the couch in a sobbing heap, her face buried against the pillows. The rumpled skirt she had been wearing since last night was pulled up around her buttocks. She wore no panties. She had been unable to find them in Wanda's room before she left.

Engrossed as she was in her despair, the sudden cold prod against her asscheeks made her catch her breath. A shiver of excitement soared up her spine. Unconsciously, she wiggled her buttocks backward, searching for another taste of that tantalizing sensation. Again the cold prods struck, this time ramming in between her ass-cheeks, assaulting her tiny virginal asshole. "Oooooohhh!"

The blonde was not drunk enough that she did not realize what was causing the delicious excitement - pangs to rush up and down her spine. She knew the dog was nosing her buttocks. Right now, Ellie was depressed and hopeless enough that she could not give up this innocent titillation. She felt lost and unloved. The cold prods of Nugget's nose on her ass were taking her mind off her misery. Nugget, at least, could accept her and love her as she was - with all her imperfections.

The next moment, it was more than Nugget's nose that was investigating the blonde's intriguing ass-crevice. He snaked out his tongue and licked her hidden slit.

"Aaaaiieeee! Oh Nugget baby!" As alcohol-enhanced arousal coursed through her system, Ellie

wantonly ground her ass back in the dog's face. With her own face safely buried in the pillows, she felt protected from the brute reality of what she was doing. She couldn't see Nugget sampling the flavor of her naked flesh. It was almost like a dream – a delightful, compelling dream.

With the blonde's cooperation, the dog was able to delve his tongue deeper up along the slit between her thighs. He found the hair-fringed furrow of her pussy. It was ripe with the residue of yesterday's arousal. The dog lapped hungrily at the little hole, cleaning up every last drop of the intoxicating flavor.

As she strove to give the dog more leeway in her throbbing pussy-slit, Ellie fell down to her knees on the rug and pulled up her skirt. Her upper torso still rested on the couch. Her face was still buried in the pillows. But now her ass waved freely before the dog's face. He could tongue her moist treasures to his heart's delight.

She moaned wantonly, writhing her shapely white hips under the tantalizing assault of the dog's tongue. As her excitement grew more and more intense, the woman grew more abandoned. She ceased to worry about the morality of what she was doing. In her mind's eye, she conjured up titillating pictures of the dog's prick, swollen with blood and desire for her fleshy hot cunt.

The lewd thought made fresh juices surge from her pussy. At last, she could no longer resist the urge to look back over her shoulder. From the dog's loins hung a pointed red erection. It was just as she had imagined! Nugget was hot for her!

"Oooooohhh!" The knowledge fired her lurid, alcohol-freed imagination. She wanted that cock!

Not letting herself pause to consider the possible dangers of her course – who knew when she might be interrupted by Hank's return, by Greg, even by the old prospector in search of his runaway dog – she undulated her ass-cheeks feverishly against the urgent tongue assault. Then, without her seeming to will them, the words sprang from her lips.

"Come on, Nugget! Up, boy, up!" In the midst of her drunken ecstasy, Ellie realized once again how much she had changed since she came to their lonely new home. Her raunchy libido seemed to have soared in this desolate spot, with nothing to think about but her own feelings and wants. Until now, she had become a woman who could shamelessly squirm in front of a dog's tongue and beg to be fucked by the slaving beast!

Even thoughts of her own depravity excited Ellie. Her arousal was heightened by the feel of the furry paws encircling her hips, by the hefty weight of the dog's cock slamming against her thighs as he searched for her wet hole.

Eager to get that big dog-prick up inside her cunt, she tilted her pussy this way and that, trying to find just the right angle for him. At last, Nugget found purchase in her fleshy slit. His rigid cock drove deep into her hot spasming cunt.

"Aaaailieeee! Oh God! It's good! Soooo good!" Already any fear of the relentless urgency of that stroking animal-cock was gone. Far from shrinking from his impalements, Ellie screwed her ass back to welcome them. While Nugget established his hard-driving pace into her welcoming depths, Ellie slammed her ass joyously against his furry loins. She no longer needed to hide her face in the pillows to ward off her conscience. Now she tossed her long blonde hair back over her shoulders and shrieked out her pleasure to the ceiling. "Fuck me! Fuck me, baby! Your cock's so good in meee!"

The abandoned woman imagined how she must look, bent over the couch, surrendering her ass and her hungry pussy to the big dog. She could see in her imagination the dark paws digging into her

smooth white flesh. The image made her weak with passion. She felt she had become utterly depraved. And, rather than regretting her lost innocence, with the courage of the alcohol, she could revel in her new wanton sensuality.

Goaded by her abandoned squirming, Nugget struggled mindlessly up behind her, trying to keep up his hard-skewering pace into her hot clinging pussy-depths. His tongue lolled from his mouth as he slaved over the woman. From time to time, a drop of saliva would fall onto her back. It gleamed on her fair skin in lewd testimony to their combined depravity. A pearly dewdrop of lust.

As the noon sun beat down on the trailer in its lonely outpost, woman and dog gyrated together, panting with the fury of their exertion. The woman moaned non-stop as the dog's filling cock drove her to unexplored peaks of arousal. Ellie had become totally a creature of the senses. She was operating on the same level as the dog himself. She was striving for the elusive promise that hovered just over the horizon.

"Screw me! Screw me, Nugget!" she demanded savagely. "Make me cum! I want to cum!"

So engrossed were the two in their urgent writhings, they didn't hear the sound of approaching footsteps.

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## CHAPTER TEN

Greg made no attempt to conceal his approach until he heard the first wails of pleasure emanating from the Jones' trailer. He crept forward until he reached the door. Falling to his knees, he looked through the gap in the bright-yellow curtain at the lust-inspiring scene inside.

"Make me cum! I want to cum! Oooooohhh, Nugget!" Despite his wide range of experience, Greg had never seen a woman who looked more utterly abandoned than the disheveled blonde kneeling against the couch, fucking the German Shepherd. Her clothes were disarrayed, her skirt was pushing up over her hips to give the dog room. Her jaw hung slackly open. Her whole face was tense with lewd expectancy. It wouldn't be long, Greg knew, before her features would dissolve in the relaxing spell of orgasm.

Almost the moment Greg laid eyes on the woman, his cock sprang up against the restraining material of his pants. Ever since he had seen Ellie naked and squirming in front of her husband's cock, he had had the hots for the delicious blonde. Only his loyalty to Hank, and the woman's refusal to respond to his mild overtures, had kept him off her. It was even possible sometimes to forget the way his cock had pounded while he fucked Wanda and imagined her pussy belonged to the lovely young wife.

But now he would never be able to forget how much he wanted her. Now that he knew what a depraved sensualist she really was. Somehow she had gotten her hands on the same dog Wanda liked to fuck. His eyes twinkled. Had Wanda herself introduced the woman to her bestial passion? Good old Wanda, he thought. She's done us both a favor.

It was all he could do to remain in his hiding place, watching the long dog-cock skewer that clinging pink hole. His instinct was to rush in there, to drive off the dog and sink his own cock deep into her cunt. But he wanted to watch just a little longer - and to surprise her at the moment when she was most vulnerable.

Both the dog and the woman were writhing against one another with mounting frenzy. Greg was

fascinated by the lurid sight of the soft pink flesh swallowing up that long hard animal-cock. It had been one thing to watch Wanda screw a dog. But the young blonde, with her pouting lips, looked so innocent, even in her depravity. It was particularly titillating to watch her surrendering eagerly to the animal's lusty assault.

Suddenly her face went slack, her eyes grew wide with astonishment. "Oooooohhh! God, I'm-cummmmm-ng-g-g!" She squirmed her shapely ass ferociously back at the dog's hairy loins. The animal thrust forward just as fiercely. Greg realized that he too was cumming.

He gave them only time enough for the dog to dismount the trembling blonde. Then he opened the trailer door and walked in. The dog took one look at the man, and he made a quick run for freedom. Greg closed the door after him.

"Hi, Ellie. I thought I'd drop by and see how you were making out. I didn't know you'd be making out with a dog." He laughed softly at the confused, distressed look on the woman's face. "Don't sweat it, Ellie. I'm liberal."

Through the haze of her drink-and-lust-fuddled brain, Ellie tried to cope with this new input. She had just been discovered in her depravity by her neighbor, her husband's best friend, the man she had had a crush on for the last month. She felt too frightened to plea for understanding... too hopeless to experience shame. She was naked, exposed before this handsome man. Whichever way the scene went from here, it didn't bode well for her troubled marriage.

"Go away," she told him in a flat voice. "Hank's not here. I need some time alone, to think." She crawled up onto the couch and stretched out. She didn't even bother to cover her cum-stained cunt.

"You may be able to think at a time like this, baby, but I can't." He rubbed his swollen groin meaningfully. With methodical precision, he removed his clothes. Naked, he walked slowly toward the couch. She hadn't said a word all during his strip. But her eyes had conveyed first fear, then resignation and now a vivid fascination. She was staring at his swaying erection that led Greg toward her like a divining rod. No man had ever been hungrier for pussy than Greg Bantam was right now.

He straddled her body on the couch. His cock-tip delved between her thighs looking for the soft wet hole.

A new wanton excitement was building inside Ellie as she watched the man prepare to enter her. It was almost as if she were an observer in a crazy, non-stop dream - a dream that was tracing the progress of an innocent young wife through one raunchy initiation after another. After all she had been through, the fact that she was about to screw the man she had been coveting - against her will - for weeks seemed no more than a fitting culmination to an unbelievable dream.

Like a sleepwalker, she held up her arms to embrace the man as his cock drove deep into her hot wet pussy.

The hard filling presence of his turgid cock wrenched Ellie's mind decisively away from the illusion of dreaming. There was nothing dreamlike about the way his prick thrust deep into her cunt, battering her cervix. Or the way her cunt-walls rippled around its receding girth as he pulled out of her, then clasped him again as he returned home. This was no dream. This was hard, compelling reality. Joyous reality. Pure pleasure.

"Oooooohhhh God-d-d!" Once again, Ellie abandoned the clouds of gloom and disaster that had assailed her conscience. Once again, she was open to the captivating excitement of the reality that

surrounded her. "Oh yessss! Do it to me! Do it to meeee!"

That was exactly what Greg intended to do. To fuck her until she was pleading for mercy. Until she had learned the superior talents of a human cock, well handled. He hated to see a voluptuous beauty like this one wasting her many charms on a brute beast. With lusty enthusiasm, he drove his aching cock deep into her claspig cunt-channel. He groaned as he felt her soft tissues spasm around his cock, caressing him with a hot buttery glove of pleasure.

"Christ, this is some pussy you've got, baby!"

"Oooooohh! Uuuuuuhhh! Your cock feels good in me!" After the more slender girth of a dog-cock, the man's thick prick felt intensely satisfying in her greedy, dilated hole. She felt wide open now as she surrendered at last to the brute reality of her new broadened sexuality. Nevermore would one man, one cock, be enough for Ellie Jones. She had learned what it was like to be filled again and again and again with all variety of cocks, human and animal. Each with its own particular technique, its own particular turn-on. There wasn't one she could imagine giving up now. Not even old Jim's. After all, when it came right down to it, Jim had known how to screw her as well as any. He had gotten her off. That was what was important now: to get off!

Recklessly, she begged the big handsome man to fuck her. The time was past when she would regret making such lewd entreaties to a man other than her husband. Who knew where her husband was right now? Maybe off with another woman? Leaving her to her own devices!

Well, she was taking her lead. She was exploring the length and breadth of her own libido. And she was liking what she found. She would not feel guilty! No more! She had to accept herself for what she was!

"Mmmmmmm! Oooooohhhh, I love it! I love what you're doing to me!"

Greg too loved what he was doing to her. The blood pounded insistently through his veins as he relished the hot glow of his cock, steeped in warm pussy-flesh. His powerful asscheeks clenched mightily as he thrust into her, knocking her forward on the couch until her head was pressed against the arm.

Paying no heed to her comfort, she wrapped her legs around his back and pounded her little heels against his asscheeks, goading him on, riding him like a stubborn steed. Her encouragement had exactly the effect she had intended. He began to fuck her in longer, deeper strokes, slamming his cock home with the same brutal unconcern for her welfare that she herself was showing. The harder he banged her, the better she liked it.

Excitement gushed through Greg's every pore, but still he was not ready to cum. He was not about to do a quickie on her after she had just been fucked to distraction by the dog. As usual, Greg was looking upon the other male as a rival. And as usual, Greg intended to outdo his rival in no uncertain terms.

Pulling his cock from her wet greedy snatch, he quickly maneuvered the blonde over onto hands and knees. He shoved her ruined skirt out of the way, so he had an unobstructed view of her white asscheeks. Then, panting lustily, he guided his cock-head back to the yielding hot hole of her pussy. He was going to screw her just like the dog had, only harder and deeper and longer. His great strength shoved her roughly forward on each instroke, then pulled her back against him to prepare her for the next assault!

"God, I love fucking you!" he grunted. "You're the sexiest broad I've ever met!"

Her new lover's praise acted like an extra prod to goad Ellie on in her superhuman efforts. With all the energy she had been expending, she knew she should be tired. But until she had felt his delicious cock explode into her belly, fatigue wouldn't exist for the girl. She was ready to screw him as long as he kept penetrating her with his hard prick.

They strained and writhed and grunted and wailed until both were hoarse and bathed in sweat. Only then did they let themselves go.

"Aaaaijiiieeee! It's so good-d-d-d! You're making me cummmmm!"

The inciting sounds of her climax drove him over the top. In jet after long steaming jet, he shot his heavy load deep into her gyrating belly. He felt her cunt-walls spasming to swallow him up. The sensation made him smile a tired, sated smile of contentment.

"That was really something, Ellie! Really something!"

"Mmmm-hmmm!" She lay dreamily under the dead weight of his collapsed body. Her conscience was laid to rest by the heady glow of passion satisfied. She was gathering up strength for her next project. She wanted to suck his cock - to feel that delicious cock hard and fleshy between her lips. She didn't want to stop making love. She was only just warming up to real self-indulgence after a lifetime of innocence.

And what if Hank showed up? She had gone so far now, one more risk hardly seemed to matter.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

When he ran out on Ellie, Hank had no clear plan of where he intended to go. He just got in the station wagon and drove. Before he knew it, he was pulling up in front of Wanda's hotel. He hadn't wanted to admit it to himself, but Ellie's guilty behavior had given him just the excuse he had been looking for since he met the redhead. Now he had a reason to pay Wanda a visit.

It was after eleven when he walked up to the hotel desk and rang the little bell. Though it hadn't occurred to him before, he now worried that Wanda might have a "visitor". That would really shoot a hole in his plans.

The old man who emerged from the back room looked like he had been sleeping. His clothes were rumpled and his mood was irritable. "What do you want?" he demanded grumpily.

"Uh, Miss Wilde? Is she in?"

"How the heck do I know? Do you think I've got nothing better to do than keep tabs on everybody in this joint?"

Normally Hank would have met rudeness with rudeness. But his guilty intentions made him feel humble. "Her room number then? Could you tell me that?"

"Sure. It's one-o-six."

"Thank you."

The old man mumbled something under his breath as he shuffled back to the little office.

Hank listened anxiously at the door to Wanda's room before knocking. He could hear nothing but the subdued sounds of a radio or television set. Clearing his throat and smoothing his hair, he knocked softly on the door.

"Who is it?" The female voice on the other side didn't sound much friendlier than that of the desk clerk downstairs. Hank was losing heart.

"Hank... Hank Jones."

So quickly it startled him, the door opened to reveal a smiling Wanda. She motioned him inside and offered him the choice of her rattan chair or a seat on the bed. Nervously Hank sat on the edge of the disheveled bedspread.

"This is quite a surprise, Hank. A nice surprise. How would you like a drink?"

"Sounds good. I'll have what you're having." Now that he was here, Hank felt nervous as a schoolboy. He had dealt with a few hookers in his time. It wasn't that that scared him. It was Wanda herself. The red-headed beauty was one of the most powerful women he had ever met, along with being one of the best-looking. She seemed so incredibly confident, it made him a little unsure of his ground. Though he could tell she liked him, he felt a need to prove himself to her - to make himself stand out above the normal run-of-the-mill john.

He exchanged a couple of minutes of harmless chit-chat while she prepared their drinks. Then he decided to be firm, businesslike, to let her know he was a man who knew his own mind. "I've come here, Wanda, to ask about Ellie. I know she was here. I don't know what happened, but I do know my wife is acting very strange. I have to know what went on here."

The calm smile never left the redhead's face. But her brain was working fast. She had been delighted to see the handsome young husband at her door. Somehow she had known that loosening up the wife would bring the husband to her. But she didn't want to betray Ellie. After all, the young blonde was now her lover, too. By Wanda's own code, she never told tales on anyone she shared a bed with.

Her only other consideration was her strong guts attraction to Ellie's husband. Now that the prey was in the lair, she didn't want to lose him. She searched the broad handsome face as Hank surveyed the lush cleavage emerging from her dressing-gown. She decided her best bet was to get his mind off the subject. From the look in his eye, that wouldn't be hard.

"Ellie's a wonderful woman, Hank. I'm really glad she came to visit me today. We had a good long talk." All true. All unincriminating. "Have you seen this movie on television? It's a real crack-up! I just love old movies, don't you?"

For a moment, Hank let his attention be diverted to the small TV screen. He took a fortifying swig of his Scotch as Wanda sat down next to him. Her perfume was doing strange things to his balls.

"You know what was going on before you came in?" In the excitement of her story-telling, Wanda let a hand fall to Hank's knee. Testing the big man, she stroked the hand lightly back and forth. She stole a quick look at the crotch of his trousers and smiled to herself. An unmistakable bulge!

She thought back to the eight or nine inches of rigid cock she had once watched Hank driving into his wife. A hot flash of desire swelled from her pussy and made her whole body quiver. "Oh Hank... I'm just so glad you came to see me. To tell you the truth, this movie was boring the shit out of me!" She went over and switched off the set. Before turning to face the man, she gave the tie of her

dressing-gown just the slightest tug. She felt the top fall open to give a full view of her ripe tits. Boldly she looked into Hank's eyes. "I'm awfully glad you came, Hank!"

The hoarseness in her voice brought a new surge to Hank's loins. He had no reason to doubt it now. She wanted him as much as he wanted her. The look in her eyes told him it was him she admired, not just a man, available, here at the right time. Pure admiration shone from those big brown orbs.

His attention dropped from her eyes to her full ripe tits that swayed as she walked toward him. The nipples were already taut. Her aureolas were swollen with arousal. The sight made him swallow hard.

Too speechless to react, he sat dumbly while she knelt before him and started to tug at his fly. With deft hands, she pulled the already engorged shaft of his cock out into the open. Groaning with delight, she bent forward and swiped her tongue over the smooth tip. Then her lips closed over the head of his cock and nibbled it lightly.

"Jee-zuz!" Automatically, Hank's hands reached for Wanda's hair. They wound in her thick strands and urged her to experiment farther down along his prick. Mewling submissively, she opened her mouth wide and closed it around his whole throbbing cock. Without hesitation, she established a maddening, nipping up-and-down rhythm that made Hank see lusty stars. "What a mouth! What a mouth!"

The big man felt like he had been struck dumb. He no longer had even a passing thought for the situation that had brought him here, or for his beautiful wife left at home. Reality for Hank at the moment started and ended with the supple mouth working hungrily up and down his cock-shaft. He could feel tremors of excitement brewing in his balls, then darting like little Cupid's arrows all over his desire-sensed body. How he wanted this woman! He had never wanted anyone this much in his whole life - not with this same raw, gut-level hunger.

For just a moment, Wanda paused in her salacious task. "I've been wanting to do this since the first moment I saw you, Hank! You have such a beautiful cock! It's so big, it almost chokes me, but I love the feel of it in my throat!"

He watched her head bow back down over his teeming prick, as a hot glow of pride surged through him. She was impressed by the size of his organ. Ellie had never known the difference. His was the only cock she knew. Of course it wasn't his wife's fault that she was naive, but it sure felt good to be appreciated by a beautiful woman of the world who could compare him with other men, and still pick him over the rest.

Wanda's mouth worked with abandoned haste over the young husband's palpitating cock. Hank had to grit his teeth and think of cool quiet streams from time to time to keep from shooting his wad deep into her throat. He wasn't ready to cum on her just yet. Like a kid in a candy shop for the first time, Hank wanted to try everything on his first visit. You never knew if the candy store would be there the next time around.

When his cock was rock hard and throbbing dangerously close to the brink for perhaps the tenth time, Hank stole the initiative from the lusty redhead.

"Take off those clothes, baby! I want you to get up on top of me and get yourself off!" Feeling pleased as a sultan in his harem, Hank stripped off his clothes and lay back on the bed. He held his breath as Wanda, who had been waiting for his full attention, slowly pulled off her robe. Her ripe heavy tits heaved with her desire as she let the garment fall to her wasp-like waist. She teased him for a moment before letting him see the thick furry thatch of her cunt-hair.

"Christ, what a beautiful pussy! I've got to get me some of that!" He thought he could see gleaming streaks of moisture on her thighs. Already she was so excited that the juices were running out of her ready hole.

Aware of the effect her big dangling tits were having on the man, Wanda crawled over his prone body and poised her pussy over his cock-head. She let the mushroom-shaped tip part her fleshy lips. Then she squirmed round and round in tiny little circles, taunting herself and him.

At last, unable to stand any more of the agonizing expectation, she sat down on him - hard! His long stiff cock drove deep, deep into her wet welcoming pussy, until it grazed the tip of her cervix far inside. "Uuuuuuhhh!" Her jaw dropped open. Her eyes glazed over as she relished the sheer primitive joy of being truly filled with hot pulsating cock. "Uh, Jeez, that's a good cock, Hank baby!"

Realizing that the woman was too overcome for the moment to take command of their lovemaking, he grabbed hold of her hips and began to maneuver her roughly up and down over his throbbing cock. He was impressed with how tight and hot and virginal her pussy felt. Suddenly she recovered her senses enough to clasp her cunt-walls firmly around his cock.

"Uuuhh! Christ almighty!" the man wailed. He had never known a woman with that kind of control of her pussy-muscles. She continued to massage his prick with her cunt while he stroked in and out of her. Her lush hips squirmed this way and that. Her full breasts bounced tantalizingly on her chest. Hank felt he had never been so turned on, so completely immersed in the contagious sexuality of another human being.

Now that Wanda was taking charge of her own wanton undulations, Hank felt free to let his hands roam over her ripe nakedness. He caressed her tits, pulled on her nipples until they were longer and harder than before. He ached to take the rubbery nubbins in his mouth and suck them. But it felt so good just to lie there and let the experienced older woman fuck him with her fine tight pussy. For the moment, it was enough just to admire and touch the rest. As they grew more and more involved in their lovemaking, Hank lost his anxiety about sampling everything at once. He knew they had the whole night before them. It couldn't be any other way. There was too much to touch and suck and lick and kiss. It took time to do a job right.

As Wanda abandoned herself to the thrill of riding the young husband's big prick, she moved more voluptuously over him. She threw her chest outward, taunting him with the ripe hardness of her nipples. She raised her hands to her head and tousled her hair. She knew she looked wanton. She could tell by the look in his eyes.

Lusty moans escaped her lips, telling him of the virtues of his long hard cock. She ran her tongue greedily over her lips, challenging him, begging him to take her over and fuck her hard, fast, deep.

At last Hank could be content no longer to lie back and let the woman move over him. Grasping her by the waist, he threw her brutally over onto the bed next to him. Her cries of surprise goaded him on. He raised her up onto hands and knees and parted the shapely cheeks of her ass. He was going to screw her doggie fashion! He knew, that way, he'd get her good and deep. He'd give her all the thrills she craved - and more!

Wanda moaned expectantly as she felt the big man's cock-head prod her pussy-hole from behind. She loved it like this, when a man got a little rough with her. She liked to get screwed from behind, whether by man or beast. It let all her base passions come out, to be totally subjugated like this to a cock. His cock was so incredibly fitting this way. His giant prick seemed to fill every nook and cranny of her hungry cunt. "Fuck me! Fuck me, baby!"

Hank fucked her like he hadn't had pussy in a month of Sundays. Fast and furious, his cock drove deep into her claspings twat again and again and again. "Shit, you're a little piggie, aren't you, baby! You really eat it up, don't you?" It had been more than six months since Hank had fucked anyone but his wife. That made the whole act seem new. It was like doing it for the first time - and feeling that incredible intense anticipation that could never be duplicated. He watched his cock gleaming with her juices as it flashed out of her convulsing hole. Each time he drove it in, he wondered half-seriously if she'd ever let him out again.

"Oooohhh! I love it! I love the way you screw me, Hank! Uuuuhh, Jee-zuz! I'm cummmm-ing-g-g!"

"Shit, hot cunt! Christ, I'm cumming, too!"

That was the first installment of the evening. They slept and woke and fucked, until late the next morning, when there came a knock at the door. They lay very still, waiting for whoever it was to go away. Instead, a key turned in the lock, and the old prospector walked in.

"Jim, what the fuck are you doing here? Get out! And leave that key on the dresser! You don't need it now that Nugget's not here any more!"

The old man seemed completely unimpressed either by Wanda's anger or by Hank's presence. "Yeah, I don't know where that boy got to! He ran out on me last night! But he'll be back. I know that devil!"

Wanda reached for a pillow and threw it at him. "Get out!"

"Sure! I was just hoping that little blonde girlie would be here again!"

"What blonde girlie?!" Hank demanded. Suddenly his suspicions of Ellie came rushing back to him. He still didn't know what had gone on here yesterday, and the prospector's leering remark had brought an immediate sickening conviction to his heart. He was talking about Ellie! He knew it!

Only when Hank had sat up did Jim recognize the young husband of the woman he had attacked yesterday afternoon on Wanda's bed. His casual manner quickly evaporated. He almost ran out of the room and closed the door behind him.

Hank leapt out of bed and scrambled into his clothes.

"Don't hurt him, Hank. Jim's a pain in the ass sometimes but, basically, he's harmless."

"I don't give a damn about him. I'm going home - to talk to my wife!"

Wanda was frightened for the young wife. She tried to divert Hank's attention by pressing her tits against his arm.

"Leave me alone, Wanda," he told her curtly. "Right now, I don't know who's on my side." He left.

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

Hank's return trip was as frantic as his previous night's drive into town. Without even discussing the facts with anyone, he knew with a dreadful certainty that Ellie had been up to some real shenanigans during her trip into town. It had been written on her face last night. Now he had no doubt his eyes had told him the truth.

The old prospector! Jeez! He had recognized some subtle changes in Ellie lately, but he was too busy to pay much attention. Could she really have stooped that low?

Acting on some sixth sense, Hank parked the car a couple of hundred yards from the trailers and walked the rest of the way. As he approached, sounds drifted to his ears, made his heart sink. He had been hoping she would be pining away for his return. But it sounded like Ellie had found something to keep her busy.

He peeked through the yellow door curtain and saw his voluptuous young wife kneeling naked on the floor, sucking his best friend's cock! His reaction surprised Hank. Rather than boiling with anger, he became intently calm and lucid. The situation in his trailer home was something he had to deal with. That was all. He opened the door and walked in. It pleased him to see the shocked looks on the faces of the illicit lovers.

"Hank! Jeez, boy, I'm sorry you had to see this." Greg had been taking a calculated risk, fooling around with his friend's wife, not knowing when the husband would return. Now that the worst had happened, Greg felt genuinely sorry. He didn't want to lose the younger man's friendship.

Hank dismissed Greg's comment with a wave of his hand. "Don't sweat it, Greg. The way I've got it figured, she probably made it so hot for you, you had to give in. It's Ellie who's got to answer for what's been going on here - and in town." He was enjoying the abject terror on his wife's face. After all he had given this woman, he wanted to see her suffer a little. He had never expected Ellie to let him down. She had always convinced him there was no one but him. He wondered recklessly how long this sort of thing had been going on. One month? Two? Six? Maybe she hadn't been a virgin after all. She hadn't bled, but she said it was because as a kid she had had an accident on a bicycle.

"Hank!" Ellie's voice was a feeble croak. All the bravado she had been enjoying during her lusty session with her husband's friend faded away. The prospect of Hank's returning and discovering them hadn't seemed so terrible. It hadn't seemed real. But this was real. This was terribly, frighteningly real. Hank had never looked at her this way before.

"Don't talk to me, Ellie. I don't want to hear your voice." He began to remove his clothes, calmly, laying each garment carefully on a chair. He saw Greg starting to edge toward the door. The eyes of the two men met. "Don't go, Greg. It might be a good idea if you hung around. I'd like you to know how I deal with my wife when she fucks off." He felt a perverse tingle in his balls. To his surprise, his cock hung hard and heavy from his loins. The very depravity of the situation seemed to have struck some chord in him. There was a part of Hank that was enjoying his anger.

He walked naked over to his wife who was cringing on the rug, her back against the couch. Hank knew Greg was watching him from a kitchen chair. He walked tall and straight, letting the world know he didn't consider himself anybody's fool. Hank Jones was proud.

Lust took hold of him as he knelt next to his frightened wife. Angrily he grabbed her by the hips and turned her over onto hands and knees. She cringed beneath his touch, but she had no choice but to accept the position he had chosen for her.

"Oh Hank, darling, I'm so sorry. I do love you..."

A brisk slap left an angry welt on her quivering buttock.

"Shut up, baby! I don't want to hear any crap right now that's going to make me mad! I don't want to lose my temper, you see." He laughed mirthlessly at his own grim joke. His fingers began to probe the slit of her pussy. They emerged wet and shining. "Christ, old Greg really turned you on, didn't

he, baby?" He began to prod the puckered hole of her anus with a slick finger, rotating it up inside.

Confused by the contradictory signals she was getting from her husband, Ellie tried to fight against the pangs of pleasure that were darting from her virgin asshole throughout her timid kneeling body. Gradually she thought she began to comprehend Hank's intention. He wanted to make love to her now, to prove he was Number One. He wanted to show Greg how much she liked it with him.

Eager to appease the angry man, she began to wriggle her ass back onto his finger. Her circular motions made her anus throb with forbidden arousal – a kind of raw excitement that stirred up the beast that had momentarily gone into hiding somewhere deep in Ellie's libido. "Oooohhh – it's good, Hank! You turn me on more than anybody, baby!"

Hank grinned at what he considered her clumsy attempts at making amends. Nothing, he knew, could ever remedy the damage that had been done to their marriage. But there was something that could quiet the anger that seethed inside, that made his throat ache.

While one hand played with her asshole, the other coated his hard cock with juices from her well-used slit. His cock grew longer and harder as he anticipated the punishment he had in store for his wife. He could hardly wait to see his prick sink deep into the tiny brown sphincter that dilated with pleasure at the touch of his finger. He would be branding her with the memory of his anger, of her betrayal, with the hot iron of his cock. It was time to defile her last virgin hole.

While she moaned submissively before him, he guided his throbbing organ toward the unsuspecting puckered target before him. With one deft maneuver, he pulled his finger from her asshole and replaced it with his thick rigid cock-shaft. He had caught her by surprise, and it was easy to drive his prick deep inside the hot clinging passage.

A wave of sadistic pleasure inundated him as he watched her ass squirm frantically, as he listened to her cries of pain.

"Oooooohh! God-d! What are you doing to me? Stop! You've got to stop!" Despite the pain, Ellie found it difficult to believe that her own husband was abusing her so cruelly. She had thought he wanted to make up by making love to her. Not for a moment had she suspected he intended to debase her so unmercifully, in front of the man who had only this morning become her lover. Timidly, she looked back over her shoulder, daring to hope against hope that Greg would come to her rescue.

Her heart sank. The bigger man was sitting forward in his chair, watching her humiliation with rapt interest. He was stroking his cock, which was thick – swollen, engorged with lust. He was getting a charge out of her cruel punishment!

"No! No! You can't do this to me!"

Hank proved the futility of her words by pulling his prick out until just the head was still buried in her tightest hole. Once again, he shoved deep inside, relishing the incredible hot clasp of her anal tissue.

"Uuuuhh! Christ, it's tight!" he muttered excitedly.

At once the betrayed husband established a lusty screwing rhythm in and out of his wife's stretched asshole. His cock had never experienced anything this unbelievably exhilarating. It was as if he had just been fitted for a second skin. Her inner tissues molded themselves around his turgid prick and caressed him with unforgettable heated urgency. From time to time, he was forced to grunt out his pleasure. It wasn't pleasure he had had on his mind when he drove his cock into her taut hole. But it

was pleasure that he was getting now – an intense lurid pleasure that stemmed from the depths of his sadistic soul. Hank had never wanted to hurt anyone before. He found it strangely satisfying to be able to hurt and receive titillation at the same time.

Greg was impressed with the way his friend was handling his wanton wife. With vicarious eagerness, he watched the long shaft of Hank's cock stuff her hot asshole again and again. The older man could almost imagine how good it must feel in there – in the depths of her tight, clutching asshole that he was sure must have been virgin. He could have kicked himself for not having thought of it first.

The man had been interrupted at a moment when the young blonde's lips were rousing his cock to tingling ecstasy. His prick was pounding once again, demanding more attention. His hand was not the kind of stimulation he was after. It seemed a poor consolation prize to the clasp hole Hank was enjoying.

Aware that she was alone in her misery – that the two men were enjoying her debasement – Ellie cringed in humiliation under the tireless assault of her husband's cock. The pain seemed endless. It was not so much a pain as a severe discomfort, but it agonized her, made her feel ravaged in body and soul. She wanted it to end. More than anything, she wanted it to end.

"Please don't do it to meeee!"

Even as she spoke them, she knew her words were useless, like hopes tossed to the four winds. The only relief she could expect would have to come from her own ingenuity. She would have to find a way to ease her misery.

For a moment, she wondered if it was worth it. Why should she stop the pain? After all, didn't she deserve it? Hadn't she betrayed everything that was sacred about her relationship with her husband? She had abandoned her lush young body to another woman, a dog, an old man, her husband's best friend. And each time, she had responded like a wanton bitch to their tantalizing lovemaking. She had forgotten the allegiance she owed to Hank in the rash heat of passion. For the last while, she had even dared not to feel guilty, to revel in the new abandon that had possessed her spirit! Yes, she deserved to be punished. Hank was right. He was giving her exactly what she deserved.

To her surprise, Ellie derived a strange satisfaction from her mental surrender to her husband's punishment. Automatically, she began to wriggle her ass back a little against his hard-slamming loins. It eased the pain, yes. But it did something else. It sent salacious arrows of masochistic pleasure radiating out through her kneeling body. She was enjoying what he was doing to her! She was enjoying the idea of punishment!

And, slowly but surely, she was learning to enjoy the physical reality of what was happening. That cock in her ass felt good – incredibly good!

"Uuuuuuhhh!" she moaned.

Both Greg and Hank heard the subtle difference in the pinioned woman's latest moan. The distress was gone. There was an eagerness, an excitement. They watched her ass-cheeks move back to collide with Hank's loins, slowly at first, then more forcefully. Soon she was writhing in front of her husband's sodomizing cock with frantic glee.

"Jee-zuz!" Hank exclaimed. "You are a Goddamned little bitch, aren't you? You like it! You like getting screwed in the ass!" He felt a minor pang of irritation that his carefully planned reprisals had succeeded only in bringing his wife a new kind of pleasure. But the irritation evaporated with

the next lurch of his urgently throbbing cock. He, too, was feeling too much pleasure to allow him to stay angry. How could he argue with a situation that was bringing him the most erotic satisfaction he had ever known?

With new vehemence, he took hold of Ellie's quivering buttocks and rammed her spasming asshole in long deep, filling strokes. He relished her subservient cries of appreciation. It excited him that his errant wife had learned to enjoy taking his prick up her ass. "Just like I always said, Ellie! You're a little piggie! You're the greediest woman I've ever known!"

Despite her abandon, Ellie caught the new excitement in her husband's voice. His words were getting a little closer to the way he used to talk to her, before the incredible happenings of the last couple of days.

Things could never again be the same for them. But she was beginning to hope that they could create a new kind of paradise out of the shambles of the old. After all, it wasn't a total tragedy, was it, that she had experimented a little? Maybe it would make her a better lover for her husband. Two days ago, she didn't imagine she would ever have been able to respond to getting ass-fucked. Only her broadened experience had taught her that pleasure could stem from the most unexpected sources. She was more open now, to everything. Events had shown there could even be something new between her and Hank.

"Oh yes, darling! Screw me! Screw my ass!" It felt good to be shouting lewd encouragement to her own husband, after the sequence of lewd new encounters. There was something intensely satisfying about the comforting knowledge that it was Hank, good old Hank, who was manning the tiller back there.

"Oh, Christ, baby! Yeah! I'm doing it to you!" Too preoccupied now to deal with anger, Hank threw himself into wholehearted enjoyment of the task at hand. Gritting his teeth to ward off the lusty allure of her hot tugs, he drove his cock time after time far into her nether hole. While she moaned out her excitement, he grunted with animal passion. Once again husband and wife had found each other, on terms radically different from those that had united them a short while ago.

For an instant, Hank was reminded of his old buddy, watching from his post on the kitchen chair. He looked back at the big man, whose eyes were bright with arousal, whose cock lay heavy and swollen in his hand. A sudden depraved idea struck Hank. Ellie had decided to open up their marriage. Why not give her a taste of double-cock?!

"Hey, Greg, get overhere!" He nodded toward his wife, then smiled knowingly at the other man.

It took Greg no time at all to grasp Hank's meaning. Delighted that he had been given a role in the obscene show, he hurried over to Ellie and kneeled in front of her. With trembling hands, he raised her head and presented his rock-hard cock to the pouting portals of her lips. "Come on, Ellie! Suck me, baby!"

The blond hesitated for only a moment before opening her mouth wide to take in the whole rigid shaft of the older man's cock. The new fleshy intrusion reminded her suddenly of the titillation she had been experiencing when Hank walked in. She had felt so intensely depraved, so aroused, to be sucking the cock of a man other than her husband. Now that her husband was at the same time reaming her defenseless asshole, the excitement was increased tenfold! She felt thoroughly used, thoroughly defiled. And the feeling was pure pleasure!

"Mmmmmpphh!" With wanton greed, Ellie worked her tongue-tip round and round the bulbous tip of Greg's cock. She opened wide to take the whole swollen member deep into her throat. Bobbing her



head up and down, she squirmed her ass back at Hank's loins. Almost simultaneously, the two men grunted with excitement. Ellie had never felt more appreciated.

In a sense it was almost as if the interlude of fear and anger had never taken place. Greg's cock was throbbing right back at the aroused place it was enjoying before Hank came in. But at the same time, there was the increased stimulation of watching the other man ream the woman's ass while he fucked her face. It was the most titillating thing he had ever experienced - his best friend and his best friend's wife. He was pleased that his passion for the wife had not destroyed his friendship with the husband. It felt good to share a woman with Hank - a woman they both actually cared about.

The small trailer reverberated with cries of passion. The humidity rose steadily as the three orgiasts struggled on the brink of a resounding climax.

"Oooooooooohhh! Oooohh!" Ellie allowed herself only a moment to proclaim her victory. "I'm cumming!" She went back to sucking the stiff cock in front of her.

The spasms of her hot, tight-fitting ass made Hank lose control. "Oh baby! I'm cumming in you! I'm giving you an assful of cum, lover!"

True to form, Greg waited until the others had cum before he would let himself go. But when he came, it was a tidal wave. "Shit! Look out, baby!" He held her face over his cock, forcing her to swallow his thick tide of semen. It made him smile, to watch her hunched eagerly over his wilting cock, lapping it clean of the last tangy drops of sperm.

For several moments, there was an awesome stillness in the room. Each of the three was searching his or her soul, trying to figure out how they really felt about all that had happened. Hank decided it was up to him to put the others at ease. "Well, that sure cleared the air, didn't it!"

They all laughed hilariously. So far, so good.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

There was still a surprise in store for Hank. Just as he was becoming reconciled to the new reality of his marriage - that he and Ellie now shared an "open" relationship - his wife and her redheaded girl friend astonished him with an unexpected spectacle.

One evening, he and Greg were idling in the bar of Wanda's hotel, waiting for the women upstairs to get dressed for dinner. When they had been waiting for over an hour, Hank decided to go and fetch them.

"You sure you should walk in on them?" Greg asked, a wry grin on his face. "You never know what they'll be up to."

"You mean they might be eating each other's pussies? Hell, I can handle that. One at a time, of course." Hank still couldn't get over some of the raunchier aspects of their new life - like sharing his wife with another woman. But there was no denying that it titillated him to think that Ellie might be upstairs writhing in ecstasy, her face buried in Wanda's red-thatched pussy.

"All the same, I better come with you," Greg said.

Hank couldn't figure out why Greg was being so cautious. He put it down to boredom. But, when he

opened the door to Wanda's room he understood.

How was he going to react to this one?

His blonde wife was kneeling naked on the floor, screwing a big German Shepherd! The young husband had never seen anything like the lewd sight of that pointed red dog-prick sliding slickly in and out of his wife's twat. She wriggled her ass-cheeks back at his hairy loins with bouncy enthusiasm. The vigor of her efforts sent her tits swaying from side to side.

At first, Hank didn't think the women had noticed their entry. Wanda was kneeling naked next to Ellie, her attention totally absorbed by the progress of the animal's jerking cock. She was waving her own ass salaciously in the air, obviously living vicariously the pleasure Ellie was enjoying at first hand.

At last, though, Ellie cast a shy naughty glance in her husband's direction. It was a long way from the look of terror she had demonstrated the day Hank caught her with another man for the first time. It was a "So what do you think of this?" look. It dared him to respond to her brazen wantonness.

"Oooooohhh, I feel so good," she whimpered. "Nugget's cock is so big and filling in my pussy."

It took the young husband a few minutes to decide exactly what he did think of the idea of sharing his wife with a dog. It was clear that this was not the first time Ellie had screwed the animal. And if he knew Ellie and her ever-growing sense of adventure, it would not be the last.

His eyes followed the cum-streaked cock in and out, in and out. Before he knew it, he was hypnotized into a lusty state of arousal. It was a far-out fantasy, to watch a woman, his own wife at that, screwing a German Shepherd. But it was a fantasy. It made him horny for her.

For a moment Hank considered how far he and Ellie had come as a couple. There was a time when he would have been furious with her for what she was doing. Now his only response was to find a way to join the fun.

He watched Greg strip and sink his cock deep into Wanda's pussy from behind. The redhead mewled frenziedly as she continued to watch her girl friend service the animal. Hank lost no more time in joining the orgy. He didn't want to be odd man out when it came time for the big bangs!

Pulling his cock from his fly, he knelt before his squirming wife. He watched her lips begin to nibble hungrily on his bulbous-shaped cockhead. She was such a sexy woman, his wife! She really knew how to take it! And most of all, he knew she still like him best.

"Mmmmm!" she groaned as she took his whole impressive length into her mouth.

"Ellie, I love you!" he told her. "But do me a favor." He looked into the dazed eyes of the big animal humping opposite him. "No more surprises - for a while, at least."