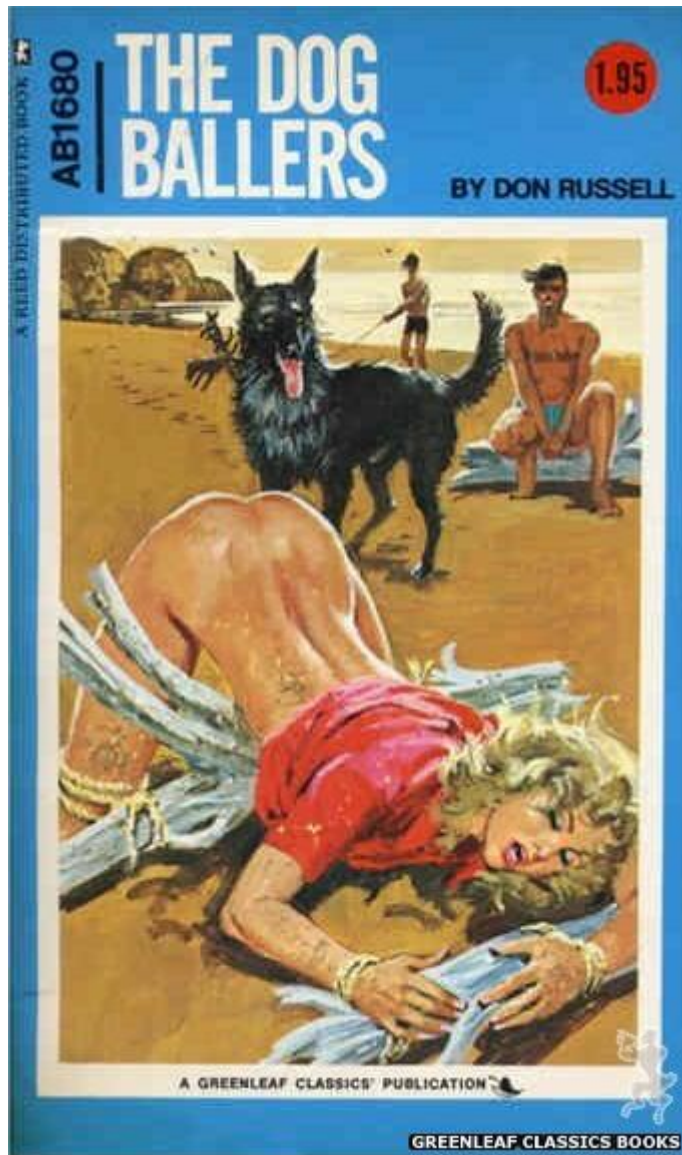


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BEASTIALITY STORIES





CHAPTER ONE

Myra, her mysterious urge to fuck becoming almost uncontrollable, needed a time to be alone. She needed these quiet moments for thinking and hanging on and making her spinning universe settle into something she could recognize. This wild point of land seemed not only to defy the shape of reality, but to twist feelings and behavior among whatever humans dared invade it.

Surf curled onto the beach before her, its gray-green wall toppling in slow motion so that she caught herself holding her breath while she waited for the thud that seemed to shake the balcony floor beneath her feet. The dying hiss of each breaker drew itself out like the prolonged sigh that follows orgasm, amplified a thousand-thousand times.

And that was the whole problem, she thought. The whole scene throbbed with sex. The harder she tried to escape its erotic message, the more tightly it seemed to enclose her. The pulse of the surf felt like a majestic beat of the climactic waves of contraction. A lone seagull, soaring with motionless wings, reminded her of the full-curved silhouette of her own proud-standing breasts. The spray-laden breeze played over her body with the intimate caresses of a lover.

Where else, she asked herself, would she ever have considered such a weird notion as this: to come out onto the observation deck naked and stare at the scenery? More than anything else about Pulsegate, this behavior of hers was a symbol of the way the place was warping her impulses.

She loved the other two couples; she and Rocky had spent happy hours wondering lazily how many people were lucky enough to enjoy the kind of friendship they had with Leanne and Jim Stokes and Bonnie and Ward Ramos. She had concluded long before that the feeling was love – that mere “liking” could never be as deep and satisfying as the feeling they shared with their friends. But loving could be a nonphysical thing. At least, its physical components could consist of pleasant warmth in the harmless embraces they shared upon meeting or leaving each other and the occasional quick hugs that came spontaneously when delight bubbled over.

What was happening here was not like that innocent fairy tale she and Rocky had been living. Something – maybe it was the isolation from civilization, or the primitive savagery of the landscape, or the chemistry of pure, human nature – was reaching through the social fabric to awaken instincts and desires that must have belonged to prehistoric ancestors of man.

A flicker of movement in the undergrowth beyond the corner of the house to her right snapped the spell. She tensed in momentary panic, cringing inwardly and ready to scramble back into hers and Rocky’s bedroom. But she relaxed when she made out the head and shoulders of wolflike Soldier, the strange, surly brute who had survived his master’s death and continued to course the wild point in search of intruders.

Bonnie and Ward Ramos had been as surprised as anyone else to find themselves heirs to Pulsegate. Bonnie had known nothing about any recluse uncle, and she had clearly been stunned to learn about the lonely way he had spent the last twenty years of his life.

“A retreat!” Bonnie had exclaimed to the others when the facts had begun to sink in. “We can all use it for a retreat!”

And that idea had sprouted and taken hold until all six felt as if there had been no other alternative. So they were all here, airing the two-story lodge and turning it into a livable place to spend long weekends or vacations.

Bonnie’s mother had confessed the family’s conspiracy against Uncle Walt. They had excluded him when he had married the wild, sensuous Carlita; as if he had never existed, they had shut him out of their memories and away from mention. Until his death, thirty-six years later, they had known nothing of his whereabouts. They had been unaware of Carlita’s death in the sixteenth year of the marriage, unaware of the decay of the Pulsegate land – not knowing Pulsegate existed and never hinting to the younger members of the clan that the haunting, abandoned works of the mysterious poet, Walt Mason were those of a relative.

“Cruel!” exclaimed Myra softly. “How could Bonnie be part of a family like that? Ugh!”

Soldier was the only moving creature in her field of vision, except for the solitary gull, and she found her attention drawn to the ghostly, gray beast as he wove his way among the huge boulders. His nose was close to the ground, and his tail was tucked close to his hind legs while he worked whatever old trail he had uncovered.

She shivered and ran her hands slowly over her naked hips and thighs. The silken warmth of her skin sent thrills of pleasure through her fingertips and a brief giddiness to her head.

“Good God, Myra!” she scolded herself. “What the hell’s wrong? Pretty bad when you’re so horny even the sight of a dog makes you think about screwing!”

They had arranged their vacations together all three couples – the way they had been doing for the past six or seven years. Only this time they had come here to Pulsegate with a purpose. The strange

thing was that now, by the middle of the third day, the spell of the place had them all on edge. She knew the others were feeling it as acutely as she; they gave themselves away by the way they kept glancing furtively at each other out of the corners of their eyes and the way they had begun avoiding the normal little physical contacts that were so likely to occur among close friends.

"Everybody's afraid one of those accidental touches is going to explode into an orgy," she murmured to the seagull. "It's like threads connecting all of us, carrying currents between us all the time!"

Bonnie and Ward had mumbled something about inspecting the spring, and had left the house right after lunch. Leanne and Jim had used the excuse of exploring the surf cave on the north side of the point. Rocky had said something about the fence and asked her to go, but she had recognized her need for thinking time.

"Just to let the pressure off," she remarked now in a musing tone. "All of us know we've got to find a way to bleed it off. Christ! What did we have for lunch? I can't even remember; I had to concentrate too hard on not saying anything sexy! What kind of Goddamn black magic did Bonnie's uncle weave around this place?"

But she knew it had nothing to do with magic or the supernatural. It had to do merely with the fact that they were three females and three males, all healthy and vigorous and damned attractive, who loved each other well enough that the isolation and forced intimacy were breaking down conventional barriers. She had difficulty believing that the network of civilized rules could be that superficial. Surely, she kept insisting to herself, morality went deeper than this! But there was no way to deny the thrills that raced over her now, and the vivid immediacy of her recurrent fantasies about Ward and Jim.

Soldier paused beside a rotted post, sniffed, and cocked a hind leg at it.

"Marking his territory," she noted. A finger of the wind probed at her and she flinched at the sudden, hot flush that swept her skin. "Jesus! Territory!"

The notion of territorial privileges had slipped into her consciousness. Dogs in the wild - the wolves, for example - were like so many other animals in their territorial habits. Each male powerful enough to defend his territory established exclusive breeding rights with whatever females chose to live with him within his range. For an instant, Myra had allowed herself to imagine the feelings of such a female in Soldier's domain. She had deliberately, she decided, pretended for a moment to be that female and to thrill to the knowledge that Soldier's cocked leg had been a symbolic demonstration of his exclusive sex rights to the bitch who watched unseen.

She backed silently away from the railing and tiptoed to the open door of her room. "Damn fool," she muttered to herself. "Daydreams about Jim and Ward aren't enough! You would have to come up with a dumb idea like that! Now I'll be having daydreams about being a Goddamn bitch-wolf!"

She fingered her clothes with distaste. Being alone had done nothing toward quieting the hunger that was eating at her. It had merely served to focus her attention and make her more sharply aware of the dangerous state they had all gotten into. She was vibrant with desire right now, she realized; she would get through the rest of the day only partly aware of what was being said, waiting to be alone with Rocky, legs clasping him and cunt beating against him. And in the morning, after all the fucking Rocky could survive, she would still be quivering with need.

This morning had been that way. Yesterday morning had been that way. "God!" she whispered. "It's going to be like that all the time we're here! Maybe we'd better bug out while we can!"

She studied her panties and bra with growing irritation, thinking of the deadening restriction they would subject her skin to. Finally she grabbed them and stuffed them into the hamper, hung her tight dress in the closet, and got out a soft, loose smock. Shrugging into it, she squirmed before the mirror and watched the soft folds slide against her tits. The friction delivered the kind of sensations she wanted. She conceded to herself that she was inviting trouble; pampering her appetite was the least likely way to gain control over herself. She would be feeding the flames, in a manner of speaking. But she was beyond caution.

The afternoon had gotten away from her. She heard voices from outside and hurried downstairs to the big room that made up the entire ground floor. Her hair was loose around her shoulders, the color of ripe wheat and gleaming from the hundreds of thousands of brush strokes she had given it over the years. It seemed half to float, half to bounce, as she deliberately exaggerated the movement of dropping to each succeeding step. Her breasts, firm and ripe and taut-nippled, bounced also; that was what she was trying to make happen. She liked the abrupt surge of pressure at the bottom of each bounce and the dry, rustling stroke of her nipples over the inside of the smock.

Now engrossed in her body, she emphasized the sensuous sway of her hips and tuned her awareness to the complicated grind of her buttocks. Slim-waisted, long-legged and big-chested, she knew how well she made out in the “sexy” department. She liked that always had and knew no temporary tension was going to enable her to hide her sexiness on a moment’s notice. She was five feet two of appetizing female – a hundred and five pounds of it – and she was stuck with the fact.

To her surprise, Rocky was already in the house. He was pacing with the light-footed springiness that was so characteristic of him, his expression as troubled as she had felt.

“Rocky! I didn’t know you were back! How long?”

“Oh... half-hour, maybe.”

“Damn it! Why didn’t you holler? Or come on up?”

“Huh?” He eyed her ruefully. “For a quickie, you mean?”

“Honey, I don’t know what’s come over me! Yes, a quickie! Anyhow, a half-hour would have been time enough to make it pretty good.”

Rocky laughed uncomfortably. “Guess so. Figured you’d gone for a walk. Didn’t hear a sound.”

Bonnie came in, kicking her feet against the doorstep to knock the dust off, and Ward followed her.

“How’s the spring?” asked Rocky.

Ward snorted. “Plugged. Take a whole day to get it cleaned out, I’ll bet.”

“That bad?”

“Yeah. Seeping some, but that’s about all. Hey, Jim and Leanne still out?”

Myra nodded.

“Hope to hell they know what they’re doing.” Ward looked worried. “I hate a Goddamn cave with a passion. Never know when it’s going to cave in or something.”

“But that bluff’s solid rock!” Rocky protested.

"It's got cracks. And it's not real hard rock – more like sandstone or something."

Myra heard Leanne's voice outside, bubbling with laughter. The moment Leanne and Jim came in, she noticed their satisfied expressions and semi-exhaustion. They didn't waste the afternoon, she reflected. They knew what ought to come first!

Bonnie seemed to have caught the same symptoms. "You guys find the cave interesting?" she asked, a note of skepticism evident in her voice.

Leanne looked embarrassed, but Jim chuckled comfortably.

"Sure!" replied the lanky man. "Interesting as hell! Big pile of seaweed like grass at the back. Been there so long there weren't even any bugs around it. Like a haystack, if you like tumbling in hay."

Ward began to laugh. "You two never could get near a haystack without trying to make out!"

"WARD!" Leanne blushed furiously. "For God's sake!"

Jim grabbed his wife's hand. "Come on, babe. Maybe we've got time for a shower before supper." He grinned broadly. "Itchy as hell, after wallowing in that seaweed."

Myra helped Bonnie prepare supper. She heard only half of what the other chattered about, her imagination trapped in fantasies about stacks of seaweed in the backs of caves, and of Jim's long, slender body pressing her own into the salt-scented masses.

Supper was somewhat confused; all six showed the strain that Myra had been concerned about. Again and again, someone would start to say something, then choke it off self-consciously. Myra herself bit her tongue barely in time to stifle a remark that would have been inexcusably suggestive. When that happened a second time, she trembled and felt perspiration dampening her smock. She bolted the remainder of her food and excused herself from the table.

It seemed to her to be a tense, nervous group that gathered at the bar after the dishes had been washed and put away. Ward played host, pouring drinks to order, then took his own to the corner where his guitar was stored. He plucked quietly at the strings, listening and twisting tuning keys, then began to strum a weirdly discordant rhythm. He hummed, the melody a strange one to Myra, but one that made her flesh prickle.

"What was that?" she asked when he fell silent.

"Damned if I know," he said musingly. He turned toward Bonnie. "Didn't we hear something like that down in Mexico last year?"

She frowned briefly. "It was in that temple, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. That's it. Some kind of fertility thing."

Before she quite realized what she was saying, Myra blurted her protest. "Hell of a thing to play when we're all so damn horny!" She gasped and jerked her hand to her mouth. "Omigod! What am I saying?"

Bonnie broke the uncomfortable silence, her hostess instinct apparently working. "Look, Myra's right. What's wrong with us? We're good enough friends to get it into the open."

"I don't know if I want to run around with mine out in the open or not!" Jim snickered.

Leanne shot her husband a poisonous glance. "Leave it to you to make it as bad as you can!"

But Bonnie interceded. "Don't let's fight," she pleaded. "Not now." She stepped onto a small, circular hooked rug. "Come on... magic circle! Everybody on!"

They converged on her, hesitantly but with grins. Myra felt a surge of apprehension. The magic-circle routine had been fun when things had been normal. It had furnished moments of delicious groping and anonymous appreciation. But nothing was quite normal this time. She joined Bonnie on the rug. The six of them crowded together, bodies pressed into a tight, warm mass, knees working and hands slipping around waists and over hips.

For a time, the only sounds were those of increasingly heavy breathing. Myra thrilled to the sensations of body contact and writhed as one hand and then another found sensitive spots. Her smock was so loose that it seemed the same as having nothing on at all. The hands she couldn't see molded themselves to her contours and sought out the privacy of her cunt. If Bonnie's intention had been to use the magic circle as a safety valve, she had seriously miscalculated. Nobody was going to come out of this bout with the tension lowered, Myra decided. But it was a kind of relief to express her growing affection in a way that offered at least some concealment.

A person didn't know who was doing the feeling, she thought wryly, but it wasn't hard to tell who one's own hands had found. She managed to rub Ward's stiffened cock through the front of his trousers, almost giggling at his muttered exclamation. But her left hand, groping for Jim's crotch, encountered another female hand and had to battle past it to reach the bulging cylinder.

She squirmed happily as someone kneaded her ass and held her breath when fingers pressed deeply into the heat of her cunt. The smock detracted little from the sensation the touch produced.

One of the magic circle rules was that everyone had to keep moving. It was like being in an electric mixer, Bonnie had explained the first time. Keep churning so the group couldn't become static. That brought friction far more potent than the groping hands did. Myra panted as she scrubbed hard against first one, then another, of her companions.

The pressure in the group suddenly began to decrease. Myra found herself pressed tightly against Jim, her belly rubbing on the hardness of his cock, without anyone pushing her from behind. Her arms seemed no longer to be hemmed in, and she slipped them around his neck hungrily, feeling his hands at the small of her back. For the moment, she ignored the rest of the group and turned her face up to meet his. The warmth of his mouth settled on her lips. She ground into his kiss, belly crushing his hard-on and breasts flattened on his chest. Unconsciously, she worked her hips from side to side and tightened her buttocks to force her cunt against the swell of his thigh.

She heard heavy panting around her and closed her eyes to shut out the sight of the other couple's grappling. Jim rubbed her back, and his hands worked their way downward onto her ass, squeezing and mauling her cheeks.

"Mmmmmmm!" she moaned throatily into the kiss. Her tongue pressed between parted lips to touch the firm male flesh beyond them.

Jim responded, driving his own tongue into her mouth where she sucked greedily at its wetness.

She heard Bonnie's strangled voice.

"Oh, dear God!" exclaimed Bonnie in little more than a whisper.

Dragged forcibly back to reality, Myra eased the desperate clutching of her fingers at the back of Jim's head and let him break the kiss.

"Dear God!" repeated Bonnie. "Do we want to?"

Myra knew what Bonnie was asking; she knew everyone else did, too. She lay back in Jim's arms and gazed thoughtfully at her own husband, who held Bonnie tightly, then at Leanne and Ward, crushed tightly together. As if they were awakening from a trance, the three couples slowly released each other. They separated and stared at each other, expressions sober.

Myra tingled fiercely. I'm scared! she thought with surprise. I think I know what I want to do, and it scares me! She thought the others looked a little scared, as well.

Rocky mumbled, "We've shared just about every other way. Maybe..." his voice trailed off.

"That's what it is!" remarked Ward abruptly. He sounded relieved, as if Rocky had found the key to a puzzling situation. "Sharing! Why the hell not!"

The color had left Leanne's face. Her eyes were round, their blue darker and startled-looking, and her delicately outlined mouth was drawn into a doubtful circle. "I... I don't know..." she said in a whisper. "Do you think..."

"Gain more than we'd lose," suggested Jim.

We could lose a lot, thought Myra. If somebody got jealous, we could lose the whole thing. She said nothing. Imagining Rocky fucking either Bonnie or Leanne made her belly tighten, but it brought no painful wave of jealousy. What seemed more to the point, it jolted her with a new charge of excitement. She squirmed at the hot writhing in her cunt.

Bonnie still acted as if she felt the obligation of a hostess. "Maybe we ought to let the idea sink in," she suggested. "I mean, do something sort of halfway while we decide if we really want to do some swapping."

"Halfway?" Ward studied his wife with a puzzled expression, then grinned. "I never was much good at that halfway shit."

Bonnie giggled. "I'll say not! But what you called halfway was all but the..."

"Hold it! Hold it, for Christ's sake!" Ward interrupted her. "You gotta tell everybody?"

His wife shrugged good-naturedly. "Why not?"

"Awww, come on!"

"Oh, all right. Anyhow, maybe we could just dance for a while - or play some kind of strip game - or something..." she finished lamely.

The notion of taking off her smock in front of the others sent a knife of hot excitement stabbing upward from Myra's cunt. If she got that far, she realized, there would be no stopping.

Jim objected thoughtfully. "Hell, we've seen each other in the raw. Wouldn't be the first time. And what's dancing going to prove?"

No one commented. It was obvious that Jim was going to propose an alternative.

He did. "Halfway? Let's take turns letting everybody work on us. I mean, no screwing, but work off some of the pressure by group-grope."

"On one person at a time?" asked Bonnie doubtfully. "Everybody on one person at a time?"

"Right! Why not? Each one take a turn at being tied down while the rest of us make that one come by feeling him or her up!"

Myra's gasp was lost in a flurry of grunts and groans. Jim's scheme had obviously hit all of them hard.

"Oh, no!" she murmured in a panicky tone. "Good God, no!"

But Rocky appeared to have recovered from his initial shock. "Jesus! Why not? Come on, think about it!"

She was startled at the eagerness in her husband's expression. She realized abruptly that he had stopped considering the other two women. He was thinking only of how his wife would look and how she would react. He wanted her to agree!

She drew a long, tremulous breath. "All right," she whispered. "If you think it would be fun, honey."

Leanne made a faint whimpering sound.

Bonnie cringed. "You'd really do it, Myra?"

Myra nodded slowly. She felt giddy. There seemed to be an enormous pressure in her head and chest, and a ringing in her ears. She was terrified, but she would submit, because Rocky wanted her to.

"Well, okay," Bonnie swallowed hard. "If you can, I guess I can too."

Leanne struggled to speak. No sound got past her lips. At last she nodded silently.

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## CHAPTER TWO

Myra struggled to fill her lungs. The hunger that had kept her mouth dry and her body tingling had overpowered her common sense, she reflected. Now, when it was too late, she thought she knew what had produced that air of tension among them. Pulsegate perched at the tip of a headland that projected into the Pacific on a wild, lonely section of the coast. Bonnie's uncle had bought his land at a time when railroads and highways into the area had been nonexistent; without transportation, and with the heavy forests and deep brush choking the valleys, people had probably felt there were easier places to farm and build towns.

This stretch of the coast had remained unchanged. There were hardly more than a handful of inhabitants within a forty-mile radius of the secluded retreat, and Walter had apparently done nothing to encourage the interest of his distant neighbors. Now, the three couples were reacting to their insulated privacy. But they must have been ready, she thought; they must have been awfully close to breaking the restraints, if they could throw them off so easily.

Just as she'd been ready to jump at Jim's unthinkable suggestion. Her throat ached with fear and anticipation. She was going to take part in something totally foreign to her whole concept of right

and wrong. Somehow, that merely added intensity to the excitement. She had learned as a child that nothing is as thrilling when it is accepted as when it is a violation of the rules. And some of the most deeply ingrained rules were to be broken tonight.

There was a brief flurry of preparation. Bonnie sent Ward upstairs to get some of her nylons. She even laughed a little, her voice taut.

"Wondered when I packed them why I should," she admitted. "Nothing to wear them for out here." She took a deck of cards from one of the drawers in the kitchen cabinet. "Rocky, how about shuffling? We can cut for who goes first."

Rocky riffled the deck. Ward returned with the nylons and dumped them in a heap on the table. His eyes gleamed and he glanced wolfishly from one of the women to another. Myra shivered at the way he ran the tip of his tongue over his lips. She approached the table, where Rocky was spreading the cards face down.

"Low card's it," muttered Rocky.

The four of spades gave Myra a sharp sense of relief. She wouldn't be the first one, anyhow; somebody was sure to get a lower card than that.

Leanne squealed with delight. "An ace! Look, everybody, I drew an ace!" She waved the ace of hearts excitedly in the air.

Rocky simply tipped one card face up on the table – the ten of diamonds. Jim exposed the ten of spades.

"Go ahead, babe," Ward said to Bonnie.

Bonnie shook her head in a tight, jerky motion. "You first," she insisted to her husband.

Ward shrugged. He seemed tense as he flipped over a card. It was a six, and Myra became aware of beads of perspiration that glistened on his forehead.

Ward looked steadily at Bonnie. "All yours, baby."

As if she were in a trance, Bonnie extended her hand. She kept the face of her card concealed, shielding it with both hands while she peaked. Then she glanced at Myra.

"You... we..." Bonnie gulped. "Everybody else's cards are out," she whispered. "What's yours, Myra?"

Poor thing, thought Myra. So scared. It's a cinch yours is lower than my four. "Four of spades," she murmured, showing Bonnie the card.

Bonnie gasped, then shrieked. She began to gyrate wildly around the room, waving her own card above her head. "A five!" she shrieked. "I got a five!"

"Oh, noooo..." Myra felt chilled. The safe four had proved itself a traitor. "My God, that means I'm it!" She darted panic-stricken glances at the others.

Rocky sidled closer. "It's okay, puss!" he whispered. "It'll be like that first dive into the surf. The minute you're in, the water feels great."

"Oh, Rocky! I'm so scared!"

"Nawww! You're going to have fun!"

"Rocky... you really want me to? Is it going to be fun for you? I mean, with me being... being..." The words seemed to stick in her throat.

He nodded, enthusiasm obvious in his expression. "You bet! Christ, puss!" He winced, and she realized he was squirming. "Christ, yes! Already got an ache in my balls!"

"Oh, Rocky! Shhh!"

"Let's start out with clothes on!" said Jim eagerly. "Hey, Myra, can you get your arms out of the sleeves without taking that thing off?"

"No! I mean, I don't know!" she heard herself wailing. Things were happening too fast.

"Sure you can," Rocky insisted. "Come on; I'll help."

She turned numbly away from the others and unbuttoned the top three buttons of the smock. With Rocky's help, she twisted to free her arms from the sleeves, then fastened the buttons again. The smock cut tightly under her arms, and there was no way to fasten the top button.

"Oh, dear! Is it all right this way, Rocky?" she asked.

He grinned hungrily. "Great! Just great! You're okay, puss!"

Jim and Ward had taken advantage of the pause to place sofa cushions down the middle of the table. They stood back, now, and gazed expectantly at Rocky and Myra.

"You ready, baby?" asked Ward.

Myra felt a flush of dry heat spreading over her skin. She licked her lips, trying vainly to moisten them.

"All ready!" exclaimed Rocky. "Right, puss?"

"Oh, Rocky! Rocky!" she hated herself for the way her voice croaked.

Rocky swept her into his arms and crossed to the table. She trembled violently when he laid her on the cushions. Her lower legs were unsupported, letting her feet dangle. She clutched desperately at the edges of the cushions and felt her nails bite into the coarse fabric.

"Oh, no!" she whispered, shutting her eyes. "Oh, God, no!"

Horror seeped through her at the sensation of nylon being looped around her ankles and wrists. She moaned softly and turned her head from side to side. Like her wilder fantasies and dreams, this would end with her recovering awareness, but it seemed so terribly real at the moment. But the writhing of her guts and the pressure in her lungs served as unceasing reminders that she was experiencing something real.

"Oh!" she gasped explosively as firm hands parted her legs. "Eee! Mph!" She refused to open her eyes.

Someone seized her waist and pulled her closer to the end of the table while others continued to spread her legs. Her heels were pressed against the table legs and she felt the nylon bite into her ankles as quick fingers tied each stocking. Even while she tried to squirm into a less strained position, hands caught at her arms and extended them sideways and back past her head. In moments, the loops tugged at her wrists and she knew they had finished tying her.

Spread-eagled, she was thrust upward by the cushions while the backs of her knees pressed the edge of the table and the backs of her hands rested on the smooth table top. Tension seemed to arch her body upward, making her breasts protrude and forcing her lower abdomen indecently out.

"Omigod!" she whispered. "Not like this! Oh, not this way!" She jerked hopelessly at her bonds, realizing instantly that they were secure and unyielding. "Oh, please!" She imagined momentarily she was the sacrificial victim at the peak of one of the Mayan pyramids, then forcibly rejected the fantasy as too terrifying.

Hands began to stroke her upper arms and thighs. She finally opened her eyes, unable to resist curiosity. All three men bent over the table as they caressed her, and she saw Bonnie and Leanne join them. The two women appeared to be struggling with themselves; they were clearly excited, but both seemed uneasy, as if wondering what it was going to be like when their turns came.

Fear and embarrassment welled in Myra, but the sensations produced by gentle hands were firing her suppressed excitement. Tendrils of pleasure were wriggling through her like barbed threads of fire. Delicious pulses of excitement made her belly jerk and snapped her thighs taut. Her breath hissed between her parted lips in soft sighs that expressed enjoyment of the bizarre situation.

She noted in vague awareness that no one was feeling under the smock. Their hands reached the material and rubbed her through it, instead. The textured cotton whispered against her flesh, arousing hungry response from her tightly stretched muscles.

Rocky rubbed in small circles on her lower belly. Jim used both hands, stroking unhurriedly over the fronts of her upper thighs. Ward leaned in from the side, one arm across her, and kneaded her hips, his fingers driving under her to squeeze her asscheeks. Leanne lovingly caressed Myra's upper arms, again and again letting her fingers trail over the sensitive contours of her armpits and onto her ribs. And Bonnie used her fingertips to trace the lines of Myra's jaw and throat.

Myra found that she could separate the competing sensations only part of the time. For the most part, they seemed to blend into a throbbing, irresistible pleasure that raced unchecked over her entire body.

Her embarrassment was fading and the fear was gone. The gentleness of the caresses reminded her constantly that everyone at the table loved her and wanted to make her feel good. Reassurance relaxed her and pushed her into deeper awareness of her reactions.

"Ooo! Ahhhh!" The exclamations seemed to be wrenched from her as Bonnie's hands slipped onto Myra's breasts. "Good God, Bonnie!"

The slender brunette worked her long, slim fingers over the rounded slopes and across Myra's compressed nipples. Then she unfastened one button, then another.

Myra squirmed at the sudden release of pressure. She felt her breasts expand and glanced down at the smooth fullness of their inner curves. She looked at Bonnie and noted the other's continued dissatisfaction.

"Not enough," Bonnie commented. "Honey, you've got really good boobs!" She reached for the next button.

"Don't!" whispered Myra. "Not yet. Please?"

Bonnie grinned. She seemed to have worked off her own apprehension and uncertainty. She was obviously enjoying the game thoroughly. "You're just too damn good to keep covered up like this, honey." She ignored Myra's weakening protests and loosened two more buttons.

The upper part of the smock separated at the front and settled to the sides. It fell free of Myra's breasts and ribs to leave the soft mounds naked. Peach-tinted nipples projected above pale flesh. Her position made the mounds flatten and spread under their own weight, and they bulged at the other sides. Their awkward form heightened Myra's consciousness of her position and the gleaming highlights focused her attention on the lighting. The brilliance of the overhead chandelier, centered over the table, forced itself into prominence. She felt suddenly as brightly illuminated as if she were in surgery.

"God, Bonnie! Can't you turn off the chandelier? It's so damn bright!"

Bonnie laughed softly. "On you, that looks good, honey. You got nothing to hide!"

"Oh, dear," Myra subsided. Pleading would do nothing for her, and she was determined not to draw attention to her renewed embarrassment.

Bonnie leaned forward to clutch Myra's left breast with both hands. "You take the other one."

Leanne giggled self-consciously and glanced into Myra's eyes as if to reassure herself Myra would not be angry. With an apologetic, embarrassed expression, she touched Myra's right breast. "Ooh, you're warm!" she exclaimed. Her fingers probed experimentally at the soft, yielding flesh.

Myra rolled her eyes back and gasped. The sensation of two pairs of hands manipulating her boobs was a novel one. The intensity of the resulting surge of pleasure caught her unprepared and made her arch her back sharply.

"Mmmmm... oooo, that feels good!" she moaned softly, then bit her lip.

"Ooo, it feels so funny!" Leanne kneaded carefully, as if afraid she was going to hurt Myra. But even in her uncertainty, her fingers seemed to possess an instinctive skill at finding the most sensitive, pleasurable locations and pressures.

Bonnie appeared to be as uncertain as Leanne but less fearful of hurting their captive. She massaged firmly and confidently, pressing inward on the bulges and letting her thumbs imprison the hardening nipple.

Myra jerked first at one wrist, then the other, her shoulders twisting and her head swinging from side to side. The delicious heat that was building in her boobs seemed to race through her and collect in her cunt, and the inner tendons in her thighs worked with convulsive, irregular spasms.

The men's hands grew more insistent. Blunt fingertips probed and squeezed at her belly and sides, and somebody seemed to be kneading her thighs vigorously. She became dimly aware that someone was unfastening the button over her navel, and she squirmed helplessly while one button after another came undone. Her smock slid gradually further open; she felt its treacherous friction at her sides, then at her hips, and suddenly the hem, which had cut deeply into the outer sides of her

thighs, let go and fell away. In a mixture of terror and fierce lust, she struggled to raise her head. She stared open-mouthed past the hands that caressed her boobs. Her belly gleamed palely, drum taut from the stretched position of her arms and thighs. Her lower abdomen formed a gently rounded dome, and the wheat tones of her pubic hair glimmered. She was horrified at the way her thighs sloped outward and down away from her hips; she realized her cunt was distended and jutting - an open invitation to the searching fingers of the men.

The picture her naked body presented overpowered her with its suggestion of lewd eagerness, and she let her head sink back. "Omigod!" she whispered. A groan bubbled on her lips.

She had gazed long enough to know Jim had positioned himself between her knees, and she was certain it was he who was now working his thumbs upward along the inner depression along her thighs toward her cunt. Her husband had been on her left and Ward on her right, but she found it impossible to distinguish between their hands as they fondled her belly and worked their fingers into the tangled mass of her pubic hair.

She cried out with pleasure when she felt Jim's thumbs press at her labia. "Eeyaghhh! Mmmm, yes! Gooood!" Her asscheeks winked, and her hips jerked upward. She pushed the backs of her thighs hard against the edge of the table and elevated her pelvis.

Jim stroked the outer surfaces of her cunt, his rough skin catching on fine hair and sliding back and forth in a regular rhythm that drew moans of happiness from her.

"Don't look, Jim. Please don't look!" she whispered. Somehow it seemed all right for him to play with her cunt if he refrained from looking at it. But another quick peek destroyed her hopeful optimism; he was obviously intent on the appearance of the flesh he was caressing. She dropped back with a shudder. "Oh, Jim! Ohhh, Jim!"

His caresses worked gradually inward. She felt a growing tension in her labia and knew they were swelling and opening under her increasing excitement. A sensation of heat, deep inside her cunt and spreading to her cunt-mouth, warned her that she had begun to ooze wetness in response to the delight she felt. She twisted, hot and eager.

Bonnie bent to put her mouth to Myra's breast. She lipped the rigid nipple, her lips feeling soft and moist to Myra as they closed on the puckering sides of the stiff little lump. Myra inhaled sharply and felt a rush of giddiness. Too many things were happening at once for her to brace herself. Bonnie licked at the top of the nipple and chewed gently, her teeth hard and smooth on the quivering tit.

Leanne's fingers stopped massaging, and Myra saw the black-haired beauty eyeing Bonnie's actions.

"Feels good, doesn't it, dear?" Leanne gazed thoughtfully into Myra's contorted face.

"Yes!" whispered Myra. "Oh, God, yes!"

"Doesn't it make you feel funny to have women playing with you?"

"Unhhh! Ooh, yes! But you're both awful good! As if you knew exactly what would feel best!" Myra was startled to realize how deeply she had resented having the women taking part. There was something right and natural in having the men paw at her. In a way, it had seemed inevitable. Give a gang of men a helpless female, and they were bound to start grabbing. But to be fondled by other women had seemed humiliating. The fact she was no longer irritated by the feminine attention puzzled her. Still, she was too inflamed now to make any effort to sort out her confused emotions. "It feels strange, but I can't help the way it makes my body feel."

Leanne smiled tenderly and imitated Bonnie. She caught Myra's other nipple in her mouth and sucked, her tongue playing over the tingling button while Myra tilted her head back and moaned with delight.

Jim's thumbs parted the swelling labia and began to glide through the thick wetness that coated their inner slopes. Myra jerked her hips eagerly. She was no longer able to sort her feelings; if she was embarrassed, her embarrassment merely intensified her excitement. If she was conscious of the violation of convention, the consciousness added a delicious sense of wickedness. If her modesty was being shredded, her lewd position and movements spiced the welter of pleasurable sensations. She abandoned herself to her excitement and writhed furiously.

Ward's face appeared abruptly above hers. He bent over her and gazed hungrily. "Jesus, what a woman!" he exclaimed softly. "Why the hell didn't we ever try this before?"

"You're saying that to make me feel good," she mumbled through clenched teeth. "Ward? Aren't you disgusted with me, the way I'm acting?"

"Disgusted! For Christ's sake! Why should I be?"

"But I'm just like a whore! I mean..."

"Bullshit! Wouldn't find a whore squirming around like you are!"

"Really, Ward? You don't..."

"Most exciting kind of sex I ever got tangled up in."

He pressed his mouth to hers. With a gulp, she caught at his lips. They were wet and thick, and their warmth sent a glow racing over her. She sucked greedily at them while her body leaped and twisted. His tongue came out; she drew it deep into her mouth and opened her jaws widely. Ward probed at the inside of her mouth and the tip of his tongue thrust into the arch of her throat. It was the next thing to getting fucked, she reflected. It was mouth-fucking, and it ought to be called that instead of all the other things they called it. His tongue was an oral cock poking deep into her oral cunt. The mixing of their saliva was the copious eruption of jism, and when she swallowed it, desperately, it was inconceivable that she wasn't swallowing gobs of semen.

The erratic, fluttering stabs of pleasure that had made her squirm changed to hard, driving jolts. Her excitement had suddenly become an all-consuming passion, and she felt her muscles jerking powerfully. At the small of her back, convulsive twisting pulled fiercely at her frame and raised her. Her asscheeks hardened and relaxed spasmodically, bouncing on the cushion. Her widespread thighs swung vigorously inward and outward while Jim's thumbs worked their way continuously deeper into her slit.

She stared fixedly at the strong, male jaw that blocked her vision and gulped feverishly at the thrusting male tongue. In her passion, she regretted suddenly that she was sucking at Ward's tongue instead of mouthing his cock. Powerful waves of affection overwhelmed her with desire to make everybody feel as good as she felt.

A persistent throbbing above her pussy captured her attention. Distractedly, she tried to identify the feeling. At last, she realized Rocky was rubbing the soft layers of flesh that surrounded her clitoris. Even as she isolated the delicious rush of sensation, she felt Jim's fingers groping at the rim of her cuntmouth.



She wondered fleetingly if a woman could be overstimulated – if the separate waves of pleasure could reinforce each other so intently as to overload her nervous system and destroy her. The thought died almost as soon as it arose; she felt too terribly good to waste effort on doubts. She had lost the power to respond to distractions, but could only react to the surging flood of excitement.

Jim's thumb drove suddenly and brutally into her cunt, his knuckle stretching her cuntmouth and the webbing between thumb and forefinger pressing hard on her anus as his fingers clutched at her ass.

"YEEEAAGHHHHH!" she shrieked, the sound bubbling around Ward's deeply thrust tongue.

With new ferocity, she sucked at the thick tongue and tensed her thighs to drive her cunt harder onto the harsh intruder. Rocky stripped back the hood of her clitoris with the fingers of one hand and stroked the side of the throbbing organ with those of the other. The waves of pleasure that had washed her turned to violent, hot walls of sensation so intense she could no longer tell whether she felt excitement or agony. Her body was completely out of control; she thrashed mindlessly on the cushions, wrenching at the nylons as she rocked from side to side...

A great tension gathered abruptly in her belly, its heat a buzzing vibrancy that erupted into tremors she couldn't quiet. She felt as if she were vainly trying to engulf teasing organs at both ends; she was trying to swallow Ward's tongue, her own tongue dragging wildly at it, and to pull Jim's whole hand into her aching cuntmouth.

Hard, fierce contractions seized her vagina and she rocked to the savage rhythm of orgasm. After a bare moment's reluctance to the idea of reaching a climax, she flung herself into it in a paroxysm of delight.

"Mmm-mm-mmmm!" she grunted heavily into Ward's mouth with each contraction. Her body caught the tempo and jerked in a great spasm each time a new contraction caught at her cuntmouth. She was vaguely conscious that Bonnie and Leanne were timing their greedy sucking to her spasms. And the terrible intensity of the clitoral massage continued to drive the force of her orgasm higher.

After what seemed an eternity of tossing in the grip of her pleasure, her responses collapsed. The rubbing at her clitoris became sheer torture, and Ward's tongue seemed to choke her. She struggled frantically to free herself from the intolerable sensations, panic gathering as her helplessness overshadowed everything else.

As if sensing her growing terror, Ward drew back and Rocky took his hand away from her clitoris. She sagged, thankful and spent.

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CHAPTER THREE

"Omigod!" she whispered. "Omigod, I came so hard!"

Bonnie released her nipple and straightened. Leanne sucked for a moment longer, then she, too, backed away. Jim's thumb stayed in Myra's cunt, and she startled herself by squirming gently on the embedded digit.

"Unh! I didn't mean to do that!" she exclaimed with a sense of wonder. "What the hell's wrong with me?"

Rocky came around where she could see him. "Puss, you're grade A!" he told her feelingly. "Christ!

We've never done anything as exciting as this!"

"Brrr!" she shivered. "I'm scared as hell, honey! You guys are making a savage out of me!"

"Huh?" He looked pleasantly curious. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, honey! I feel awful!"

"Hurt? Mad?"

"No! All sex! Oh, God, I must be a nymphomaniac! I'm almost as excited as I was before I came!"

"Want to go again!" Rocky beamed, obviously understanding what it was that was troubling her.

"Yes! Oh, honey, I'm awful!"

He laughed. His voice shook, and she stared wonderingly at him as realization dawned that he was having difficulty controlling himself.

"Honey!" she exclaimed. "You're..."

He nodded and grinned self-consciously. "I'm damn near ready to explode!" he admitted. "Look, let's not be a bunch of chickens! We've got a good thing going!"

Myra tensed. She knew what her husband was getting at, and she had a sinking certainty she would jump at his suggestion. "Honey?" she whispered.

"Why not all the way?" he asked, words tumbling eagerly. "How much more intimate can it get?"

"Oh, please, honey!" she protested weakly, fighting the urge to scream out in support of Rocky's proposal.

"Why not, puss?" Rocky stared into her eyes.

She was certain he could see her longing behind them. With a low moan of desire, she let her lips tremble and returned his stare with sick hope. He seemed to shake off what little doubt he'd had.

"Come on!" he said sharply. "What the hell are we doing standing around with our clothes on!"

In a sudden flurry of motion, the three men and both women jerked their clothes off. Myra stared, wild excitement tearing at her. To her surprise, Rocky's cock looked shorter than either of the other two. It was thick and powerful-looking, and she trembled at the memory of the way it filled her, but Ward's was longer, even though not quite so fat. Jim's frightened her. He was slender to the point of boniness, he should have had a skinny hard-on. Instead, he reminded her of a horse. His cock was easily an inch longer than Ward's, and she was positive it must be as thick as her wrist. Perversely, she had a sudden hunger to be impaled on the grotesque instrument.

She gulped. Such a desire must be a kind of disloyalty to her husband, she thought. With a deep groan, she turned her head and shut her eyes. The need for Jim's cock was a horrifying kind of sickness. But she heard Rocky's voice, tight and hoarse.

"Myra? Puss? Come on, puss, let's really share! How about it?"

She opened her eyes and studied him. "You really do want to, don't you?"

He nodded. His jaw bulged.

"Oh, honey! All right, honey," she whispered, then writhed with shame.

"Jim? You game?" asked Rocky of their friend.

"Okay with you, babe?" Jim asked Leanne.

Leanne's eyes were wide and her expression seemed scared to Myra.

"Would that mean... I mean, would I be..." Leanne swallowed and cringed. "Who..."

Bonnie stirred. "Oh, God!" she said in a low tone. "An orgy! You got the guts, Leanne?"

Leanne nodded wordlessly.

Bonnie laughed, a shrill, nervous explosion of sound. "Ward, you'd like that, wouldn't you!"

Ward growled deep in his throat and stared at Leanne, his eyes narrow and greedy. "Christ, yes!"

Bonnie glanced at Rocky. Myra felt a twinge of jealousy at the way their gazes locked. But consciousness of what she was to get from Jim swept the momentary resentment away.

Without further discussion, everyone seemed to focus on her. Jim loosened and retied the stockings that held her wrists, giving her considerable slack in her arms. She had thought he was releasing her, and when she realized her mistake she objected.

"How come?" she demanded. "How come, Jim?"

He flushed. "Hate to admit it, but there's something about having you helpless that really turns me on! You don't mind that much do you?"

"I... I guess not," she whispered. She knew he would be gentle with her. It would be a little bit like her fantasies of being raped. Maybe she'd like it better than simply making love. "No!" she said, correcting herself. "No! I don't mind!"

Jim returned to her legs. Leaning over her and seizing her waist, he pulled her toward him. By the time her arms were taut again, her butt was at the end of the table. She could feel the hard edge through the compressed cushion. He disappeared from her field of vision and untied her ankles. The weight of her legs arched her back deeply, and she cried out.

But Jim lifted her legs and laid her ankles on his shoulders. She winced as she stared at the huge cockhead that protruded above her pubic hair.

"Dear God, Jim! Will it go in?"

He grinned broadly. "Shall we find out?"

"Yes! Omigod, yes! Please!"

He seized the bulky shaft in his hand and pushed down to force his cockhead to the level of her cunt. She felt the bulging dome settle into the depression around her cuntmouth, the thick wetness of her cunt making the contact slippery and fiercely exciting.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Jim! Push gently!"

He leaned against the rigid cock. Pressure mounted at her cuntmouth and she felt her rim stretching as it slid outward before the wedging action of his cockhead.

"Oh! Ah! Push, honey, push!" she pleaded.

The pressure continued to increase. The rounder cockhead settled deeper and deeper into the gulping embrace of her cuntmouth. She opened her mouth wide, as if that would somehow help her cunt to stretch. As the huge cockhead continued to open her, she began to be afraid she couldn't hold its full diameter. But there was an abrupt relaxing of the taut rim and she knew she had taken him.

"Jim! OH, JIM, DRIVE IT HOME!"

He swung his hips forward smoothly. His shaft plunged into her. The massive cockhead plowed the length of the spongy barrel of her vagina. She felt gloriously full. Her throat seemed to swell sympathetically, and she thrust onto the plunging shaft as if to engulf it even faster.

"AGHHH!" she cried out in ecstasy. "UMMMMM! OOOOO!"

His pelvic pad slammed against her distended cunt to flatten soft tissues and impale her on wiry strands of his pubic hair. He bent forward, forcing her legs back over her, and grabbed her tits in strong hands.

"OH! EEEEE! FUCK, YOU SKINNY BASTARD! FUCKME!"

Jim laughed. He dug his fingertips into her boobs and crushed the base of his cock into the elastic pad of her cuntmouth. "Right on, babe!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "Let's fuck!"

But Myra held her hips motionless. The initial shock of fullness had faded, leaving a delicious, stuffed feeling, and she allowed herself to wallow in pleasure. The pressure at her cuntmouth seemed to spread in ripples across her pussy and along her thighs. She was conscious of the prickly contact between her asscheeks and the fronts of his bristling thighs, and of the sweaty pressure of his shoulders against the backs of her ankles. Her boobs throbbed, and her gut churned around the deeply buried cockhead.

Giddy with pleasure, she twisted to see what her husband was doing to Bonnie. To her horror, she discovered that the tall blonde had sunk to her knees and clasped her arms around Rocky's thighs. Her mouth was over the end of his cock; there was nothing to be seen of the enormous cockhead, but Bonnie's lips encircled the shaft behind the awesome rim and her cheeks caved in rhythmically as she sucked.

A great tremor shook Myra; only in her wildest fantasies had she let herself imagine doing such a thing. But excitement hardened her belly and puckered the inside of her mouth. When she had sucked Ward's tongue, she had wished it were a cock. Perhaps she had reached a point where she could thrill someone that way. She was struck at her husband's expression of bliss.

She noticed that Ward had dropped onto one of the straight chairs, sprawled with his legs extended and one ankle crossed over the other. Leanne straddled him, her boobs jouncing and her hair a shimmering, blue-black cloud around her head as she pumped herself up and down on his long cock.

Her own cunt tightened involuntarily, and Myra gasped. "Jim! Oh, Jim! Don't wait any longer! Let's

fuck, honey!"

His hips began to stroke back and forth. She felt the brutal cockhead pumping the length of her vagina, her organs jostling around it, and the heavy, slick shaft washboarding her cuntmouth. Great shivers of pleasure caught at her, and she jerked fiercely at the loops that held her wrists. Gulping and sobbing with excitement, she used the leverage of her legs to add a pumping motion of her own. Her pussy battered against the root of Jim's cock and huge waves of pleasure washed over her.

"Jim... Jim, darling... harder! FASTER, JIM! HARDER!"

"UNH! UNH!" Jim grunted as he smashed against her. He released her boobs and gripped her thighs.

She surged back and forth on the cushions before his blows. Her boobs swayed drunkenly, and she caught her lower lip between her teeth. Fiery sensations flooded her pussy, and the core of her gut seemed to be melting around the continuously stroking cockhead.

"HONEY!" she cried out. "Honey, I'm going to come! I'M GOING TO COME!"

The first contraction clamped her cuntmouth fiercely on his shaft before she had finished warning him. Staring wide-eyed into his sweat-covered face, she saw a fleeting expression of surprise, then a swift, savage flare of intense joy.

"Oh, shit!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Oh, shit! What a squeeze!" He jerked her to him, flattening the swollen membranes of her cunt on the steely bristles of his pubic hair. His cock pulsed with jerky twitchings. Suddenly, she felt a sharp blow against the inner end of her vaginal passage and a hot pool began to grow inside her. She felt pressure waves as her vaginal walls milked the jerking cock. Her orgasm shook her like a rag doll, and she mumbled incoherently. The room seemed to spin around her, growing brighter and dimmer with her spasms.

The intensity of her orgasm increased with a rush, until she was ready to panic. Then, without warning, the tension began to subside and her faintness passed. She ground her hips, rubbing her pussy on his straining groin. The distinct boundaries of his orgasm faded; maybe the early heat had dropped to her own internal temperature. She became aware of the inevitable softening of the giant prick, and sighed regretfully.

"Happens every time," he murmured wearily, as if he could read her mind.

"Why not?" she asked. "After a workout like that, why not?"

"Glad we fucked?" he asked gently.

"Mmm-hmmm!" She felt herself glow. "Oh, my, yes! Jim, Rocky was right! How come it took us so long to get around to it?"

"Damned if I know. All I can say is, we're lucky as hell we ever did break the block!"

She nodded slowly and gazed at him. "That's right! We might have gone on forever without knowing how dumb we were!"

She heard Bonnie's voice in wildly excited, strangled exclamations. The tall blonde hung upside down against Rocky's belly. Her butt was against him, and he had her thighs locked under his arms so she straddled him, her feet thrust behind him and up. He was bent, his mouth pressed to the

writhing woman's pussy. Myra peered closely; his cock looked limp and slack.

"Jim!" Myra whispered. "She sucked him until he came!"

"Sure did," Jim replied. "But she's getting her turn now!"

Bonnie clutched at Rocky's ankles. Her hair tumbled past her arms and dragged on the floor. Rocky's head bobbed as he chewed at the glistening, pink pussy. Bonnie's hips jerked erratically, and she groaned and gasped continuously.

Myra watched with fascination as the other's belly tightened and began to leap.

"Ahhh-Ahhh-Aghhhhh!" Bonnie yelled, a low, undulating cry of satiated desire. "ROCKY-ROCKY-ROCKY!"

Rocky drove his face deeper into the churning, steaming mounds of flesh and savaged her with his mouth. Her legs sawed frantically and her toes splayed. She quivered in the grip of a vicious tremor. Her mouth was distended and her eyes bulged. Then she quieted.

"Oh, Rocky!" she said in a muffled voice. "Oh, Rocky, we really showed each other, didn't we!" Rocky grunted and eased her to the floor. She extended one arm to him and he raised her to her feet. Sagging against him, she stared thoughtfully toward Ward. Rocky glanced at Ward and Leanne and grinned.

"Looks like they made it before we finished," he remarked.

Leanne lay against Ward, his arms tightly clasped around her. As if she were asleep, she had her cheek pressed to his chest and her eyes closed. Her legs dangled limply on either side of the chair, and it appeared that she was still impaled on his cock.

Jim pushed Myra further onto the table. His cock slipped out of the enveloping heat of her cunt as he did so, and she grunted in disappointment. She was dismayed at the realization that she had secretly hoped he would remain as he was until he recovered his hard on. While he fumbled at the knotted stockings, she puzzled over the implications of her continuing lust. She had known for a long time that she had a greater capacity for sex than Rocky; one or two orgasms in a night seemed to do him in, while she could absorb all the stimulation he could give her and still long for more. But she had believed the weird game they had played this time would drain her.

Instead, she was already a bundle of raw nerves begging for further satisfaction. She let Jim help her off the table and stood quietly while he massaged feeling back into her arms. The skilled touch inflamed her, and an occasional brushing contact with his body drove daggers of need through her. The intensity of her reactions alarmed her; when Jim released her tingling arm, she bolted through the door into the night.

The breeze of the afternoon had died. The air was still and mild, and the landscape had a ghostly appearance under the slanting rays of the nearly full moon. The brush was black, except on the side facing the moon, where it was a soft, silvery hue. The shadows had no halftones, and the moonlight washed out the texture of the ground, hiding depressions unless they were deep enough to fill with shadow.

She heard Jim's startled shout and Rocky's gentle urging.

Without pausing, she called over her shoulder. "I'll be back in a little bit. I'm all right."

She fled along the path to the beach, slowing when the footing grew rough, then sighing contentedly when she felt the coarse sand against the soles of her feet. She crossed the sparkling beach to a low, flat table of rock. As she had expected, the sandstone still held the heat of the day, and she flung herself onto it and turned over to lie staring at the moon.

"What is it with me?" she asked uneasily, as if expecting a reply from the silent moon. "Is it something about you? Does a full moon really make people get primitive?" She knew that was ridiculous. "Hell, you're full once every month! I don't get this way every time. So why now? How come I don't feel like I had enough?"

She gazed along the soft contours of her body. Her pubic hair created a jumble of fine shadows; instead of looking nearly blonde, it looked like a lacework of silver filigree over a pool of black. She caressed the sides of her clitoris tenderly and moaned.

"What difference does a reason make?" she asked herself. "I'm still hot, and that's all there is to it."

She heard a scuffling sound and sat halfway up. Soldier padded across the sand toward her, sniffing as he came. She laughed throatily.

"Oh, it's you! Why the hell didn't you knock?"

The great dog stopped and raised his head. He appeared to study her, and she tensed as she recalled how little desire he had shown to accept their friendship. As if secure in his prior interest in Pulsegate, he had seemed barely to tolerate them.

Her momentary concern faded, however, when Soldier simply continued to observe her. She decided he was unlikely to attack, since he had neither growled nor barked.

"Besides," she remarked, "why should you get mad at me?" She sat up and stretched deliberately, twisting herself as if performing for Rocky. "After all, now that you're here, I can pretend, can't I?"

Half in fantasy, half in defiant mockery, she dropped back to the warm, gritty surface and posed. The dog was only a dog, she reflected. Posturing meant nothing to him. But he was a male animal, and she could pretend. Safe in the knowledge he wouldn't respond, she could fantasize to her heart's content. Maybe she could work off some of the excess erotic drive by imagining.

She rested her ass on the edge of the rock and sprawled on her back, arms outflung. The sandy surface had a pleasingly harsh feel to her back. She squirmed sensuously and pampered herself by permitting low moans of enjoyment to slip past her throat.

She felt the fur at the side of Soldier's head brush the inner side of her knee.

"Well!" she exclaimed, glancing along her belly at him. "Curious about the pussy smell? Go ahead! Sniff!" She giggled. "It isn't exactly the same, but if a male wants to nuzzle my pussy, it's fine with me."

He sniffed. Her butt flinched at the first contact of the wet nose with her labia, but she chortled and steadied herself, straining her knees apart. It wasn't the sort of thing she'd ordinarily submit to, she assured herself. A woman just didn't let dogs go around sniffing like that. But tonight was different. Let him sniff.

To her startled delight, he licked tentatively.

“Oooh! You going to give it a bath?”

The tongue stroked along the rounded surfaces of her labia in slow, measured caresses. She could feel the barbed surface straightening and cleaning the hairs of her cunt and stripping dried residue from the underlying skin. The sensations were amazingly pleasant; thrills of excitement pierced her with each stroke.

“Hey, all right!” she exclaimed softly. “Mmmm! That’s pretty good!”

He seemed to be intent on collecting the remnants of her earlier sexual encounter. Having apparently removed the traces from one location, he tongued another and another. The outer surfaces of her vulva were soon exhausted of whatever he was interested in, and his tongue wedged its way along her slit, gently stroking the tender inner membranes.

“Good God, Soldier! You don’t know it, but you’re giving me a bonus! You don’t need to think you’re going to get another chance to do this, though.”

She let her hands rest at the edges of her pubic hair, her fingers aimlessly picking at the fur on Soldier’s face. The dog seemed composed and sure of himself. He lapped with unhurried thoroughness, his tongue gentle, rather than rough or brutal. But he displayed a degree of insistence that gave Myra the idea he would persist until he had found the last, hidden trace of moisture.

She knew what was happening to her. She recognized the surging waves of pleasure and understood that they were building on each other that the intimate scouring was raising the level of her excitement and arousing desire. Knowing, she hoped that her own pace would carry her through an orgasm before Soldier lost interest in licking. If he continued with the same deliberation he was now showing, he would make her come with time to spare. And the novelty – wickedness, she decided – of the situation would produce a degree of enjoyment in the climax that fantasy and inducing her own orgasm wouldn’t have been able to match.

She tried to hold still; if she began moving in response to his touch she might drive him off. But the higher her excitement rose, the more difficult it was to keep control. She knew from experience that her body had involuntary reactions to strong stimuli. It was no surprise to her when she realized her hips had begun a slow, rhythmic undulation. And when Soldier ignored the gentle rise and fall of the playground before his muzzle, she grew less apprehensive about losing his attention.

He worked his tongue continually deeper into her slit. The tension and heat of her labia were clear signs of their swelling; she was well aware that they were spreading apart opening the inner recesses of her vulva and inviting even more intimate penetration of the seeking tongue. She felt as if her entire body had begun to pulse. Waves of heat surged through her, and thrills of pleasure raced over her flesh from toes to scalp. Her nipples stood erect and hard, dark pillars above the silvery, flattened mounds that were her breasts. By raising her head, she could see the flutter of her belly and the nervous jouncing of her widespread knees.

Following the trail of residue, Soldier’s tongue lapped upward along her slit to the folds of delicate tissues around her clitoris. When he began to probe those tight crevices, the resulting jangle of sensation jerked Myra’s ass into the air. Quivering and writhing inwardly, she bridged, her weight supported by shoulders and feet. Her hips swung from side to side, and she thrust her hands beneath the small of her back and interlocked them to prevent herself from spoiling the incident by inadvertently shoving the dog’s head away.

The undulation of her hips had involved pivoting her torso about the small of her back, her waist acting like a hinge. In her agitation, now, she forced her arms further under herself, pressing her

forearms tightly together and clasping each elbow with the other hand. The urgent jolts of excitement the lapping of her clitoris produced grew too powerful for her self control; she began to jerk her hips up and down vigorously. Her butt slammed the rock, bounced high, then slammed the rock again in erratic, desperate jumps. But Soldier maintained tongue contact as if she had been tied down, and even the violent sideward lunges failed to dislodge him.

When he abandoned the inflamed little organ, Myra sank back, shaken and panting heavily.

"Soldier, you son of a bitch!" she exclaimed in a whisper. "You really did get me close, that time! A few more seconds and I'd have come for sure!"

She rested thankfully on her forearms, vaguely conscious of a feeling of rawness on her back. She hovered close to the brink of orgasm, enjoying a deeper, steadier stimulation from the caresses that now centered on the floor of her slit near her cuntmouth. Impulsively, to open herself wider for the tongue, she raised her knees and braced her heels on the rock as far to each side as she could.

"Oooh, goooood!" she whispered.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

Soldier was especially gentle as he stripped the thick wetness from the fluted lining of her cuntmouth. The sensations were exquisite, and Myra moaned softly and continuously. Her entire pussy quivered and ached with delight, and she found that her hips were still, as if in a paralytic trance. But her shoulders twisted, first one rising, then the other. Her belly knotted and relaxed repeatedly; she was on the verge of orgasm, and she knew that her excitement and position were combining to make her cuntmouth gape.

The skilled tongue, impossibly flexible, narrowed and probed through the thick rim to scoop at the copious fluids in the neck of her vagina.

"Omigod!" she said with a deep groan. "Omigod, Soldier! You're fucking me with your tongue! I can't stand it!" But she ground her butt against the gritty rock and strained her thighs apart while new, gut-deep waves of pleasure churned within her. The tongue extended, exploring the deeper folds of her passage while its sides rasped in her cuntmouth. No previous experience had prepared her for the weird, fierce excitement the internal scouring produced. She rolled her head restlessly from side to side and chewed her lip. Her nostrils flared as she fought for breath, and her breasts surged to the heaving of her chest. She sensed a creeping numbness in her fingertips and clutched more tightly at her elbows. The characteristic knot in her gut hardened and throbbed, and she knew she was on a springboard that was going to launch her into orgasm.

Soldier thrust deeper with his tongue, rooting at her with his muzzle to reach even more remote folds of her vagina. The hard external pressure triggered her climax. Her soft moans turned to a loud, surging, continuous cry.

"Unnhhhh-Unhhh-Unnhhhh!"

She thrust her cunt onto Soldier's nose and swayed while ferocious contractions convulsed her. Waves of delicious excitement washed over her, and vibrant jolts of pleasure wrung her guts. She felt a fine layer of perspiration breaking out on her body. A tremor seized her taut thighs and spread to the rest of her body, shaking her savagely. And when Soldier reluctantly accepted the fact he had scooped the last of her cunt-juice out and withdrew his tongue, she continued to writhe happily. Her

spasms subsided slowly.

She lay in a state of warm, misty semi-awareness, the luxury of orgasm lingering in euphoric afterglow. The tumult of sensations quieted, but her twat still throbbed, and she let her knees weave gently back and forth while she extracted the utmost from her satisfaction.

Soldier heaved himself up to plant his forepaws at either side of her waist, against her tightly-held upper arms, and she laughed at the way he loomed over her.

"I'm all right," she reassured him contentedly. "Did I worry you with all the noise and wiggling around? You're a lot smarter than we thought!" She was touched by what she took to be his concern.

He appeared not to be totally convinced. As if trying to arouse her from her lassitude, he hugged her with his forepaws and shuffled closer. She chuckled lazily at his efforts to gain greater leverage so he could help her sit up. But his restless concern was causing careless contacts; she felt something touch her cunt and thought he had accidentally come too close in his attempt to get her up.

"Okay, okay," she murmured. "You go ahead and try to make me get up. Know what? While you do that, I'm just going to pretend for a minute that you're trying to fuck me!"

The notion amused her. A perverse impulse to tease him seized her. She rubbed herself against the smooth point that prodded the floor of her slit. The sensation was delightful, even though she did feel she was being unfair to him. She realized how effective the teasing was when she felt his pumping motions. The hard point danced and poked at her, and she laughed softly.

"Good thing I'm not fooling around on my hands and knees," she remarked. "You might get that thing in, if I were. God! Wouldn't that be gruesome!" It did seem unkind to carry the teasing too far, she reflected, but she couldn't resist the temptation to see how he would react when he finally had to admit to himself that he couldn't make the connection with her.

He was really trying, she conceded. "There!" she exclaimed. "Pretty good! You've got the tip right in the mouth! If you were built right, you could get it all the way in!"

The light jabs changed character without warning. He lunged with his hindquarters and drove the sharp-tipped cockhead through the tight mouth of her cunt.

She gasped and jerked. "Jesus Christ! I didn't think you could even get it that far in! You're really trying, aren't you!"

His haunches pumped vigorously. To her slowly dawning horror, his cock sank into her, inch by inch. She was startled and enraged. She jerked her knees together to kick him off, but the best she could do was to clasp his flanks between her thighs. With growing anger, she struggled to free her arms. His belly pressed heavily on her lower abdomen and his forepaws clutched her arms just above the elbows, hugging her upper arms close to her ribs. His weight and hers bore on her forearm and held them securely against the rock.

"You sneaky son of a bitch!" she yelled at him. "You knew it all the time! You think you're really going to fuck me! Like Hell you do!" At the moment, though, she had to admit that her prospects of preventing him depended on prompt, drastic action. She hooked her insteps against the fronts of his hind legs and tried to lever him off. But he felt as solid as if he had been rooted to the ground. Her failure brought a surge of unmixed terror.

"Goddamn! Get off, you bastard!"

His rump continued to lunge, and his cock drove rapidly inward. Even in her rage, she was conscious of the overwhelming pleasure the stiff organ was giving her and found herself jerking her hips in unison with his thrusts. That awareness struck her violently. In desperation, certain that her only hope lay in freeing her arms, she flung her legs around him to lift her ass. Locking her ankles, she squeezed.

The effort betrayed her. The hug crushed him into the saddle of her crotch and slammed his straining cock to nearly its full depth in her cunt. She sank into the irresistible delight of the sensation and jerked fiercely again and again, temporarily unable to combat the involuntary responses that endowed her legs with such savage power.

She felt a hard, thick bulge jam against her cuntmouth, its pressure shooting wild streaks of desire through her. Angry but helpless to stop herself, she jerked harder with her legs. As if at a critical point in the penetration, Soldier's forepaws tightened and tugged at her with vicious force. His rump snapped forward, relaxed and repositioned itself, then smashed forward again. She felt her cunt stretching gradually, wedged further and further open by the incredible bulge. Still unable to override the involuntary impulses of her body, she squeezed frantically, her calves bearing on the brute's back like bars.

There was a sudden sensation of relief as the bulge popped through her cuntmouth and lodged in the neck of her vagina. It produced a noticeable pressure on the inner wall, and as she sagged in the aftermath of her effort, she sensed the fact that the pressure was increasing.

Soldier's cockhead had made the inner end of her passage stretch far beyond its normal position. The pointed instrument had intruded among organs that had never before been jostled by a cock. She sobbed aloud in frustration and shame, hating herself for having displayed such bad judgment and hating Soldier worse for having taken advantage of her.

"Soldier!" she cried. "Stop it! You dirty son of a bitch, get off! GET OFF!"

He seemed not to understand her frantic commands. His haunches jerked rhythmically and his cock stroked like a piston in her cunt. She was intensely sensitive to the movement of the strange bulge. She was certain it must be the size of a softball; she had no hope that it would ever go through her cuntmouth until it had shrunk. She knew she had felt it continuing to swell after it had popped in. With each of Soldier's thrusts, the knot drove inward away from her cuntmouth. With each backstroke, it banged against the ring of her opening, jarring her and coming to a hard stop. There seemed to be an inch or two of cock between the back of the knot and the bristly sheath, and that rough segment of cock rubbed in and out through her cuntmouth with a devastating effect on her.

Even through her tears, she had no way to fight the powerful wash of sensations Soldier's plunging cock produced in her. She found every protest punctuated by involuntary ones of excitement and unwilling pleasure. She was sick with shame and revulsion, but her body was vibrant with lust and writhing in its respond. She resigned herself to her helplessness, finally, and submitted to the utter degradation of returning the dog's lunges unreservedly. Her thighs clamped against the coarse hair of his flanks and, her shoulders aflame with the sanding of the rock's grit, she smashed her cunt to the base of the great cock every time Soldier thrust inward.

Her voice broken with sobs, and tears wetting her face, she stormed at her assailant. "Goddamn you, Soldier! UNH-UNNHHH! I hate you! UNNHHHH! You win this time; you're the master. You're going to fuck me until you've had all you want. I can't stop you. I can't even keep myself from fucking right back! EEEEE! UNNNNHHH! Oh, Jesus, Soldier! But when I get back to the house, you're dead! Rocky'll kill you, you bastard! UNNNNHHH! AGHHHHH!"

She hardly recognized the significance of the fact her counterthrusts had allowed her to straighten her elbows. Instead of being pinned under her, her hands were now at her sides, and she was pressing them to her taut asscheeks. Before she was conscious of her movements, she raised her arms and clutched the thick hair on Soldier's chest. His forepaws no longer clasped her upper arms, but clamped tightly at her waist.

Having surrendered to the inevitable fucking, Myra permitted herself the perverse excitement of studying the grotesque contrasts of the scene. She had a beautifully proportioned body, and she knew it better than almost anybody else. Her breasts were youthful and firm, with a hint of matronly fullness. Her waist was slender, and her belly was flat when she stood, but caved in when she lay on her back. Her hips swelled gracefully, and her thighs tapered in long, soft lines. Now, she saw the pale smoothness of her gently rounded flesh shimmering where the moonlight bathed it, and black where Soldier's bulk shaded it. Her thighs gleamed where they lay against the darker, shaggy coat on Soldier's heaving sides. And her hands looked childlike with her fingers half buried in the huge beast's coat.

Soldier let his head sway above her breasts. His tongue lolled and he panted hoarsely. A thick strand of saliva dangled from his tongue to her chest, and as his head swung, he traced and retraced a wet streak from one boob to the other.

Myra was desperate with lust. The fantastic depth of penetration combined with the amazing knot and the brutal sawing at her cuntmouth to make her giddy with passion. Her humiliation and fury seemed merely to intensify her excitement, until she seemed to drift in and out of reality. She had to fight for air. Every gasp was a sobbing, catching inhalation, and every expulsion seemed to drag across her vocal cords to produce a deep, tremulous groan. Except for a fierce nugget of hate that burned unceasingly in the back of her mind, her entire consciousness responded with primitive joy to the savage fucking. The responses of her body were totally unrestrained; she lashed and flung herself about on the plunging cock without regard for dignity or modesty.

Her belly ached with the hard tautness of its muscles and a ball of burning pleasure grew around the buried cockhead. She felt a rising storm of pulsations at the core of her belly and abandoned herself to her approaching orgasm. When it came, it seemed as if it had exploded inside her. Her cuntmouth bit furiously on the base of the dog's cock, and the contraction raced inward along the tortured vaginal walls to milk the stroking cock. Again and again, tumbling after each other, her contractions swept inward. She could feel their progress distinctly as one section after another clamped momentarily on the unyielding cylinder. And each contraction initiated a fierce, convulsive spasm of her skeletal muscles, so that her body jerked in ferocious contortions, her legs snapping her cunt viciously up against the base of Soldier's cock and her arms heaving her upper torso off the rock to slam into the cushion of Soldier's coat.

"OHHHHHH! AGHHHHH! NNNHHHH! I'M... COMINNNNG... NOWWWW! YOU... SON... OF A... BITCH... YOU! I'M... I'M COMMMIINNNG! FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!"

When the violence of her climax subsided, she found Soldier pumping with the same powerful strokes. Driven by his motion, her excitement refused to decay, and she hung at a level barely below that of orgasm and knew that her capacity would recover in moments and rocket her into another, equally violent climax.

Moments before that happened, after she had already sensed the initial symptoms of another climax, Soldier stopped thrusting. He ground his sheath into the soft membranes of her cunt and pulled her fiercely to him with his forepaws. A weird, hard tremor seized him, feeling like the action of a giant vibrator to her. His cock pulsed sharply and heat began to pool around his cockhead.

"You dirty bastard!" The words grated between her clenched teeth, even as the full force of her own repeat orgasm burst over her. "You son of a bitch! Sure, you're coming! Emptying your cum into me as if I were a Goddamn bitch! And me coming as hard as I ever have in my life! EEEYAAGHHHH! UNNNHHHHH!"

Soldier raised his head. He tilted his muzzle toward the moon and uttered a low, chilling howl that quavered against the bluffs behind them and lost itself in the mutter of the surf. Myra felt goosebumps on her flesh, and a prickling along her spine betrayed a primitive streak in her that responded to the howl as quickly as it would have in any bitch.

She tightened the grip of her legs and slid her arms over the beast's shoulders to pull herself more firmly against him. Her boobs flattened on his chest, blanketed by his heavy coat, and she thrust her face into his ruff.

She was dimly aware of the rank scent of her own cunt and of the heavy flow of wetness his plunging had caused. Behind the pungent smell of sex was the background of rotting seaweed and salt spray and dust. She shuddered violently at the realization of the infinite gap between her present primitive behavior and the veneer of civilization and culture she had so confidently taken for granted.

She exhausted herself in the ferocity of her climax. Her legs felt rubbery when the contractions subsided; her ankles slid free of each other and her feet dropped to the sand. Her fingers lost their grip and her arms straightened and let her back to the rock. But the painful clasp of Soldier's forepaws failed to ease. He kept her jammed onto the base of his cock and continued his insane vibration.

"Oh, Christ! What's happening?" she demanded weakly. "What the hell's going on?"

It dawned on her gradually that a male dog's orgasm must be enormously different from that of a man. The vibration was astoundingly different, to begin with. Even now, the vibrator-like buzz generated nearly intolerable sensations of pleasure and excitement in her. But where a man's climax came in an eruptive spurt of semen, great gobs that jetted into a woman and emptied him in mere seconds, a dog's orgasm must instead be a slow oozing of the thick jism. She had no idea how long it might take to exhaust his reservoir, but the mere question terrified her.

The strain of her sexual response and bitter anger had depleted whatever reserve of strength she might have possessed. Yet her cunt was still sensitive to stimulation, and it was clear that the continued vibration was going to force her into yet another orgasm.

Somehow, her renewed excitement seemed to impart a spurt of energy to her wilted body. She was able to raise her knees and clamp her thighs on Soldier's haunches, her insteps pressed to his lower legs. And she clutched at his forelegs with groping fingers while a fresh burst of contractions milked the throbbing cock.

Again, she flopped helplessly, her body convulsed with the spasms triggered by the contractions of her cunt. But when the peak passed and the agonizing tension ebbed, she knew that the brute that mounted her was nearing the finish of his orgasm. The vibrations diminished and his brutal grip on her waist began to loosen. The great head lowered to hang from his massive shoulders. His tongue lay on her chest, broad and hot between her breasts.

She panted nearly as hard as the spent dog, but as he sagged, his weight on her belly made it surprisingly difficult for her to fill her lungs. She pressed against his chest with her hands.

"All right, you bastard! You got your free ride; now get the hell off me!" But she added grudgingly,

"Got to admit you fuck awfully good!"

Soldier braced his forepaws on the rock and drew backward. A cold knot of horror gathered in Myra's belly; the strange knot on Soldier's cock seemed not to have lost a bit of its hardness or diameter, and it locked firmly against the inner rim of her cuntmouth. There appeared to be no way that Soldier was going to pull free.

"Omigod!" she whispered in fright. "You're locked into me! We're hung up!"

The great brute sagged again with a low whine. Myra tried to relax, hoping for some kind of brilliant inspiration. She slowly became aware that the long cock shared the knot's failure to collapse. It still stretched the length of her belly, poker hard and totally rigid. She was impaled by an organ as stiff and unbending as a length of steel pipe.

"Myra... Myra..."

She cringed and tensed. Someone - one of the two women - was calling to her. The perspiration that bathed her turned cold and she shivered uncontrollably.

"Omigod! They can't find me like this!" she whispered in an agony of fear. "Not this way!"

"Myra? You down there, Myra?"

It was Leanne, Myra was certain. Surely the sensitive brunette wouldn't be by herself. They were probably all out looking, and there had to be at least one more of them with Leanne.

Soldier stirred at the sound of the call. He heaved backward again with no more success than the first time. Unable to move by herself - to scramble away from the dog - Myra now began to wonder if she could encourage him to get her out of sight until they could get unlocked. His heave had pulled her halfway off the rock, and she had already wrapped her legs around him again to avoid having to hang by her cunt on his cock. Quickly, she locked her arms around the thick neck and pulled herself up against his belly and chest. She clung to him with legs and arms while he backed away from the rock. But his obvious irritation scared her into letting go with her arms.

Head and shoulders resting on the sand, she kept her ankles securely locked and her legs tightly clasped and let him drag her through the sand. Soldier backed at a stumbling run, an irritated rumble in his throat. But the coarse sand provided poor footing. His paws sank into it and slowed him until he came to a halt. He stood over her and lifted one foot, then another. She felt that his expression was one of pained reproach as he stared down at her upturned face.

"Myra? MYRA!"

Myra could hear the rustle of dislodged dirt. Leanne must be nearing the lower end of the path.

"Run, Soldier! Run!" Myra whispered frantically and jerked her legs to goad the dog into flight.

But Soldier merely looked distressed and stood his ground.

"You son of a bitch!" she hissed at him. "Get me the hell out of here!"

"Soldier!" Leanne cried out in surprise. "Is Myra - Soldier, What's... OH!" Leanne crossed the sand and stared down at the humiliating scene. "My God, Myra!" she exclaimed in a low tone. "I didn't know!"



Myra fumed. Her throat ached. She moved her lips, but no sound came.

Leanne knelt and studied the situation. "Oh, God! He's really in, isn't he! And locked, I'll bet! Myra!"

Myra overcame the worst of her embarrassment. "It isn't like it looks!" she wailed.

Leanne snorted. "Sure looks like he's got his peter buried all the way to his balls in you! If it isn't that, what is it?"

"I mean, I didn't want him to! I didn't get this way on purpose!"

"Huh?"

Myra groaned with frustration. "I... I didn't know what was happening!"

"Oh, come on!" Leanne rocked back on her heels. "Really!"

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CHAPTER FIVE

Myra felt as if her head would explode. An enormous pressure blinded her for a moment. She gritted her teeth. "Leanne! Goddamn it, listen!"

Soldier seemed upset by Myra's fury. He whined and jerked backward again, dragging her beneath him. But he stopped when she failed to fall off his cock. Leanne followed, then squatted near Myra's head.

"I'm listening," she remarked. She sounded thoroughly skeptical.

"I... I didn't know!" Myra wailed again. "I really didn't know!" She hated Leanne almost as much as she did Soldier.

The girl sighed. "That's hard to believe." Her voice held a faint note of malicious enjoyment. "Y'know? I've seen a lot of dogs hung up in bitches. Happened all the time on the farm. But I never did see a woman hung up under one." Then, before Myra could retort, she asked with a honeyed tone, "Is he pretty good? Good as Jim?"

Myra gasped furiously. Her cunt throbbed and excitement tore at her, but the snide concern was producing a white heat of resentment. "Oh, shit! Are you going to let me tell you how it happened?"

"Oh, sure! Love to hear!"

Myra could think of no way to describe what had happened without admitting her earlier condition. "After that business on the table with Jim - and all of you - I was so knotted up inside that I just couldn't stand it! I had to get away and get my nerves settled!"

"Like this?"

"Leanne! no, damn it, not like this! But I came down here and tried to let the sound of the surf calm me some. And this damn dog found me! Well, I didn't think... I mean... well, when he started nosing around, it kind of felt good."

"Ugh!"

"Anyhow, it did. And I was just about out of my mind with being sexed up all week. So I let him sniff and even lick. I don't know what came over me. Anyhow, I sort of lay on that rock while he was licking... and... well, when he climbed over me I thought he was just playing. I didn't think a dog could get into a woman if she was lying on her back."

"And you just lay there and let him try."

"Well..."

"And fought like hell after he was all the way in, I suppose."

"Brrr! I tell you, Leanne, it was too late to do anything by the time I realized he could really... could really get all the way in!"

"Anything but enjoy it. I'll bet you ready did like it! UGH!"

Soldier began to drag Myra again. Leanne followed. She watched wide-eyed, revulsion clearly evident in her expression. Myra concentrated on keeping the grip of her legs tight, but she seethed at Leanne's attitude. Leanne was younger, of course, and she had led a somewhat sheltered childhood as one of the daughters of a farm-belt preacher, but Myra detested a holier-than-thou attitude in anyone.

As Soldier's efforts became more vigorous, she had to put Leanne out of her mind. Protecting her own welfare took all her attention. She was so busy clinging to him that she had no time to keep track of the internal pressure. Nor was she able to predict his moves.

Suddenly, Soldier seemed to give up in disgust. He flopped heavily on his side and, when Myra tried tentatively to pull herself off him, he rolled onto his back. She was startled to find herself astride him, still speared by his stubborn cock. She knelt, maintaining slight tension on his cock, and tried to guess what she could do next. But she began to sense an almost imperceptible feeling of friction in her cunt. Soon, she knew she was right; his knot was beginning to shrink, and she was gradually sliding off it.

She cried out involuntarily as the long cock released her. With one foot on the sand and the other knee, she levered herself up and off the dripping organ. Without glancing at Leanne, she started toward the water.

"Where you going?" asked Leanne. "Down to cool off?"

Myra repressed the angry retort that quivered on her lips. "No. To wash off," she finally replied. As she sank into the cold foam, she muttered to herself. "Goddamn bitch! She's got the nature to go with Soldier!" Then, as if a light had come on, she whispered, "I will! I'll fix her wagon! Before we get away from Pulsegate, I'll fix it so Soldier gets a piece of her ass!"

The dog appeared to be in no mood for another fucking when she finished in the surf. He lay in a dispirited heap, gingerly licking his cock while it slowly continued to shrink. Myra's teeth were chattering and she was shivering violently, chilled by the water. She strode toward the back of the beach.

"L-l-let's g-g-go!" she said to Leanne.

Leanne joined her and they returned to the house without further conversation. As they approached it, Myra broke the silence.

"Honey, you won't say anything about... about..."

"About you and Soldier? Listen."

Myra stopped and listened. In the distance, she could hear her name being called. One after another, she identified the voices of each of her friends and Rocky's. She attempted to answer them, but her voice seemed hoarse and weak.

"We're supposed to ring the dinner bell when we get to the house," remarked Leanne. "We figured that would be easier than trying to make everybody hear us."

"Oh."

Pausing at the door, Leanne tugged at the bell rope. The deep tones pealed loudly in the night, and Myra heard faint cheers.

"You won't, will you?" she asked Leanne.

"I've got to! How else can I make them understand why..."

"For God's sake! All you have to tell them is I was down there watching the surf!"

"Well..."

"Please! What kind of a friend are you?" But she suspected the friendship with Leanne was finished. The prim brunette clearly lacked the compassion to believe or understand.

"Well, I don't know..."

When the others straggled in, Leanne did tell them she had found Myra watching the surf and daydreaming. But within minutes, she had edged close to Bonnie, who was preparing hot chocolate, and started whispering. Myra saw an expression of startled incredulity appear on Bonnie's face, followed immediately by one of distaste.

Miserable bitch! thought Myra. Self-righteous cunt! And that's the only word bad enough for her! I'll get that dog onto her if it's the last thing I do! But she mentally corrected herself. No! The next-to-last thing! I'm going to see him dead after that!

She accepted a mug of chocolate from Bonnie. At the other's puzzled stare, Myra glared fiercely in return. Bonnie appeared little more understanding than Leanne. And Myra felt a chill of dismay when Bonnie settled beside Ward and began to whisper. Leanne had already started whispering to Jim, who glanced up at Myra with a sudden gleam of interest. Ward duplicated the expression a moment later. Myra pulled the blanket more tightly around herself and shrank from the speculative stares.

Rocky had been prowling restlessly. Now, he dropped to the couch next to Myra and put his arm around her. "You played hell with the game," he commented with a low chuckle.

"Huh?"

"Sure! We sort of lay around getting our second wind and waiting for you to get back. But when we were ready to cut the cards again, you weren't anywhere to be found."

"Cut the cards! Were you going to put somebody else through that?"

"Why not?" Rocky grinned lewdly. "Man, I like that game!"

Myra gasped as the significance of his words struck her. "I'm back. Are we going to start over?"

"Naw. Too late, probably. Tomorrow, I guess."

Myra wondered dismally if anybody would even be speaking to her by the next day. She huddled in the blanket, her chill refusing to dissipate, and moodily sipped her chocolate. Rocky rose and began to prowl again. Ward had risen, also, and stood in the doorway gazing out at the moon. Rocky joined him, and they moved outside onto the porch.

Myra got up to rinse the mug, then mumbled an excuse, found her smock, and went upstairs. Rocky came to the bedroom shortly.

"Hey, puss!"

"Hmm?"

He hesitated, then blurted, "Uh... what the hell happened with Soldier?"

She flung herself onto the bed and drove her face into the crumpled bedspread. She felt Rocky's weight depress the mattress, and he laid his arm across her shoulders.

"Come on, puss. There's nothing to get upset about. You okay, or did the son of a bitch hurt you?"

"You... you're not mad at me?"

"Hell no!" He laughed gently and hugged her. "Why don't you tell me about it?"

She did. There were things a woman preferred to censor before she told her husband, but this time Myra abandoned diplomacy. Brutally, she told him every detail about the incident, beginning with her feelings after Jim had untied her.

"I'm sorry," she muttered when she reached the end. She refused to face Rocky. "You must think I'm an awful slut."

"Horseshit! You'd probably take the prize for being naive, but..." He chuckled and squeezed her. "Fact is, I wish I'd been there."

"Wouldn't have happened. Honey, it would have been you and me not some damn dog!"

"No! I mean, I wish I could have sneaked up and seen what happened!"

"Oh, Rocky! No!" She twisted to look at him. "You're strange! You got an awful charge out of that stupid game, too, didn't you."

"Aw, come on! It wasn't that stupid!"

She smiled and felt herself flush. "Well... I didn't think so when it happened. I mean, it was terribly, terribly exciting! But things were happening to me! And you got all the fun out of it without anybody doing anything to you!"

"Yeah, that's the way it works."

"And you really meant it about Soldier! You really do wish you'd been there to watch!"

Rocky hesitated, then nodded. "Yeah. I wish I had."

"Rocky?"

"Yeah?"

"Rocky, that's the way Jim and Ward feel, too, isn't it! The way they looked at me when Bonnie and Leanne whispered it to them, that's what they were thinking!"

Rocky laughed softly. "Face it, puss. A guy gets excited over a lot of things. Screwing is one thing. Seeing naked broads is another. And watching women do weird things."

"Not all guys," she argued uncertainly.

"Maybe not. I don't know. I guess some guys are so full of hang-ups they'd turn off. But Ward and Jim well, they're a whole lot like me, I guess."

"They'd even get turned on if it was one of their own wives, wouldn't they!"

"Yeah. Sounds sick, maybe, but they'd both give a right arm just to see Soldier mount Leanne or Bonnie."

She snorted. "Not likely to happen. Not the way those two feel about it."

"They're that bad?"

"Leanne was terrible! And the way Bonnie looked at me when Leanne told her! Brrr!"

"Too bad. Uh... look, puss... uh... think you might put on a private demonstration for me sometime?"

"Oh, God, Rocky! Oh, Rocky, you really want me to?"

"Well, I mean... well... uh... how about it? Sometime?"

She shuddered. "I hate that Goddamn dog! I want to see somebody kill him! But..." She shivered. "Well... well, maybe, if you really want me to."

"Yeahhhhh, puss! Yeahhhhh!"

"All right." It irritated her to hear her voice come out sounding so small.

He mauled her for a time. In the midst of their laughter, he remarked, "Bet neither of the other guys have a promise from their wives!"

"Honey, how eager do you think they'd be about it? The men, I mean."

He chuckled. "Y'know? Something in your voice says there's an idea percolating."

"We going to play that game some more tomorrow?"

"Huh? How come you changed the subject?" he asked.

"Are we?"

"Everybody wants to."

She nodded thoughtfully. "Might be fun to play it outside once. We're going to play until everybody's had a turn, aren't we?"

He grinned. "We're going to be damn sure each of the women gets a turn, anyhow."

"Chauvinist!"

"Oh, I think I get the point! You weren't changing the subject at all, were you!"

"No."

"Say Leanne's it tomorrow. Right? And say - just for instance - that we take her outside and stake her out so she makes a good target. And... and..." He stared at her, his eyes wild. "Jesus Christ! And suppose Soldier..." A faint frown clouded his eager expression. "Shit. She'd probably never speak to any of us again."

Myra didn't care. Above all else, she wanted Leanne to find herself helpless under Soldier. Ideally, she wanted her to know others were witnessing her humiliation. Rocky would never buy outright vengeance; he was too soft-hearted. But the idea was already tugging at him. He needed only a little plausible rationalization to ease his conscience. She could supply that without even lying. At least, she could make it sound plausible, and maybe she'd be telling the truth.

"I don't think it would be that bad," she told Rocky slowly. "She'd be mad as hell, at first. She'd hate Soldier and all the rest of us. But..." She fluttered her eyelashes and held her breath to make herself blush. "Well, when you said you'd like me to put on a demonstration for you, I didn't go all to pieces, did I."

"No, but..."

"Well, I never would have agreed to a thing like that before tonight. I mean, it's just not all that bad. In fact, it's kind of good! Once he'd fucked her, she wouldn't be quite so horrified."

"Hmmm." Rocky acted as if he had to digest that notion. "Think she'd see it different after having him on top of her. That it?"

"That's it."

His enthusiasm returned. He assumed a conspiratorial air. "Hey! All right! Look, let's plan this thing out. Like just how she's got to be tied, and where, and how we make sure Soldier gets to her... all of that stuff!"

"Okay. Both Ward and Jim are going to have to be in on it. And I don't see what we're going to do about Bonnie."

Rocky scowled. "Me, neither. Hell, we can't have her figure out what's happening; she's going to get the same thing!"

"Too bad we don't have two dogs, instead of one."

"Christ! What a show that would make!" Rocky swallowed hard.

"Bonnie wouldn't get suspicious if it could somehow look like an accident. I mean, she'd understand

Soldier had acquired an appetite for women, and then if he managed to get to Leanne, Bonnie still wouldn't start worrying it was going to happen to her."

"Goddamn, puss! You've got it! Of course! So all we've got to do is rig it to look that way!"

She snuggled closer to him. "Honey, now that we've got that settled..."

"Got more problems to work out?"

"Well, maybe." He hadn't tried yet to make love to her, she reflected. Maybe the thing with Soldier bothered him without his knowing it. That could be more than a problem.

He slipped his arms around her and held her tightly. "Tell you what, puss. Is it a great big emergency problem?"

"I... I don't think so. I don't know."

"Then it can wait. Right now..." He rolled her neatly onto her back and started grabbing.

She gasped, then squealed as he caught one tit in his mouth. She placed her hands on his head and held it tenderly, drawing one knee up as a warmth and pleasure seeped through her.

He released her nipple for a moment. "First things first, puss. You got any sex left for me?"

"Oh, honey!" she whispered. "Oh, do I!"

She thought afterward that their fucking had never been so wild, nor torn up a bed so thoroughly.

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## CHAPTER SIX

In the morning, Myra silently watched while the men held furtive, agitated conferences. From the moment when Rocky first drew the other two apart, interest and enthusiasm seemed evident. Although both Ward and Jim had studied her with keen glances when she had come downstairs, they were now clearly thinking about the other two women; with amateurish clumsiness, they appeared to be trying to remain nonchalant and calm but gave themselves away by their hungry expressions and restlessness.

Leanne pointedly ignored Myra, and Bonnie's attitude was painfully cool. Myra's belly churned with anger at the self-righteous snubs. She chewed her lip and inwardly gloated over the education that was being planned for her one-time friends. She was well aware that their pious condemnation of her experience with Soldier was doing nothing to blunt their anticipation of the sex games to come. They both behaved erratically while they did the most urgent household chores, and they shared repeated meaningful glances. From time to time, they flushed momentarily, or shivered or giggled over nothing, and Myra more than once overheard whispered comments about "helplessness" or mass "feel-up".

At last, Bonnie turned away from the gleaming kitchen cabinets and looked from one of the men to another. Her eyes were bright and she rubbed her hands nervously on her apron. "I guess that's it," she remarked. Her voice was unsteady, and she frowned impatiently. "I mean, that's the housework for this morning."

All three men paused in their aimless prowling and turned expectantly toward her. Ward grinned



and ran the tip of his tongue over his lips.

"Hell of a fine day outside," he commented.

Bonnie stared at her husband. "Come on, now, Ward! You know damn well what's on your mind, and it isn't going for a walk!"

He chuckled. "It sure isn't! But you can't deny it's a great day."

"Warm," added Jim.

"Calm," Rocky pronounced. "Not a breath of wind."

An expression of slowly dawning comprehension transformed Bonnie's features. "Ohhh!" she exclaimed softly. "I think I'm beginning to get it!" She glanced quickly at Leanne, who nodded and started to smile.

"Uh-huh," said Leanne. "You guys trying to say it might be more fun outside?"

"Why not?" asked Jim.

His wife tossed her head. Her gleaming black hair rose in a loose, shimmering cloud from her shoulders, and her generous breasts jiggled. "Well..." She shivered. "Maybe it would."

"I don't know..." Bonnie sounded doubtful. "It's private enough and all that, but..."

Rocky interrupted with an amused tone. "Why don't you two cut straws to see who's going to be it?"

"Huh? What do you mean, us two?" Bonnie glared indignantly. "You men got special privileges or something?"

"Well, not that, but it sorta figures all three women ought to get a turn in the barrel first. Give 'em some incentive when it's our turn."

Bonnie and Leanne exchanged stares and appeared to consider the argument. Myra remained silent, excluded from the women's side and afraid to align herself openly with the men; her urging would more than likely arouse automatic resistance in the women's minds at that stage, she suspected.

Leanne laughed, a thrill of excitement showing in her eyes. "They're probably right, sweetie," she said to Bonnie. "I mean, we're not likely to hang back once we've got something to repay."

Bonnie still looked uncomfortable. "I don't know whether that's going to make so much change or not. But..." She hesitated, then untied her apron. "What the hell? What difference does it make who's it? Just so we all get what we're waiting for!" She blushed, but grinned defiantly.

Myra shuddered. She didn't really know this new Bonnie; her friend had been a fun-loving good sport, but she had never expressed such shameless hunger before. Still, that was a thing Myra had gnawed her way through again and again in the past few hours; it was a breaking away from convention that seemed to have infected all of them.

Ward produced a pair of straws. "Okay, why don't you two get the suspense over?"

Bonnie drew first. Leanne approached hesitantly, and Myra saw Ward's fingers twitch. When Leanne took the remaining straw and held it up, it was a half-inch shorter than the one Bonnie held.

"Looks like you're it, baby," Ward leered at Leanne.

"Oh, dear!" Leanne gulped.

Myra put her hand to her mouth to stifle a giggle when she saw a broken piece of straw drop from Ward's hand. Neither of the other two women noticed, being absorbed in the implications of the draw.

"Damn!" exclaimed Bonnie. "I was hoping..."

Leanne laughed. "Just have to wait your turn," she murmured. "Looks like I get to be the center of attention for a while!"

Myra surveyed Leanne's costume. The other was wearing a gaudy halter that tied, her boobs filling it admirably. And she wore a denim skirt that buttoned down the side to a point a few inches below her hip, then gaped pleasantly to reveal the tanned, firm thigh. She had obviously had the game in mind when selecting her clothes for the day.

Leanne extended her hands and allowed the men to tie lengths of soft rope to her wrists. "But we'll play in here," she remarked. "Not outside in front of God and everybody."

"Hm!" Ward grunted.

Jim leered at his wife before kneeling to attach another length of rope to her ankle. "You're the boss, huh?"

Leanne merely stared into her husband's eyes. Myra had more than once witnessed such a confrontation; she knew how easily Leanne managed to get her way with Jim. But Rocky had taken one of the wrist bonds in his hand and Ward held the other. When Jim arose after fastening a loop to each of Leanne's ankles, the other two men tugged gently at her.

"You're it now," commented Ward. "That means you don't have much to say about it."

"The hell I don't!"

But Leanne was powerless to enforce her will. Rocky and Ward dragged her toward the door, ignoring her protests and seemingly undisturbed by her resistance. She jerked and struggled, then let her legs collapse. The two men looked down at her with pleased grins, and dragged her along by the hands.

"No fair!" she protested. "Goddamn it, I won't let you! Jim! Make them stop!"

"Hey, sugar! You're pretty good!" her husband exclaimed. "Good actress!"

"Oh, you!"

Some distance from the house and hidden from it by a low knoll, was the one patch of ground Bonnie's uncle had cultivated. There, he had grown beds of hardy flowers and shrubs that thrived with a minimum of care, and in a clear area in the center, he had installed a picnic table and benches. The men dragged the furiously resisting Leanne to that spot and laid her on her back on one of the benches that was well apart from the rest of the furniture. Extending her arms beyond her head, they secured them to the bench. Then they drove stakes into the hard ground, settled Leanne's butt on the end of the bench, and spread her legs widely. Tying each ankle rope to one of the stakes,

they completed the project.

Leanne twisted futilely. She was sobbing with frustrated anger, and her breasts heaved and swayed. "Oh, you're terrible!" she screamed at them. "You're just awful! All of you!"

Bonnie knelt beside her and caressed the storming girl's belly. "Come on, honey!" she exclaimed. "It's all a game! You're going to like it!"

"Like hell I am!" But Leanne glanced speculatively at each of the men and appeared to become conscious of the movements of her body. Her writhings abruptly became more sensuous and less frantic.

Bonnie caressed the helpless girl's breasts through the halter with both hands, and Myra moved to the bench and ran one hand up Leanne's exposed thigh. Leanne tensed and gasped.

"Wouldn't you know it!" the victim exclaimed through set teeth. "Get me tied up, and it's the women who start feeling me up first!"

The men closed in on them to fondle Leanne. Bonnie untied the halter immediately, then lifted it off to bare the quivering, globular boobs. Leanne's nipples, such a dark pink as to be almost brown, began to swell and harden immediately. Myra smiled as she noted their generous length and imagined the thrills an active tongue would arouse in them.

Rocky had begun to fumble with the buttons on the girl's skirt. He soon had them unfastened. With the air of a master of ceremonies, he flipped the skirt across the twisting hips and let the loose edge fall to the dirt. Fine, black pubic hair glistened in the sunlight. Leanne made one vain attempt to pull her knees together, then gave up to the inevitable exposure of her moist cunt. Hair extended inward like a furry band over her crotch, split in the middle with gleaming pink tissues showing through.

Bonnie began kissing one of the heavy boobs and Jim knelt to caress the other. Ward and Rocky worked the skirt out from under plump asscheeks and squeezed the squirming flesh affectionately. Laying the skirt aside, they both started kneading the girl's thighs and startling her repeatedly by quick, unexpected strokes over her pulsing labia. Leanne quickly succumbed to the fondling. She began to pant and moan, and her body jerked erratically.

Myra paused in her own caresses to gaze at the girl's wild eyed expression, then moved to Leanne's head. She bent over her and thrust her face into Leanne's. With savage force, she kissed her directly on the mouth. When the bound girl turned her face aside, Myra seized a handful of hair on each side of Leanne's head and held her forcibly while she continued to maul the protesting lips.

In a moment, Leanne stopped fighting the kiss. She glared at Myra, but responded as if against her will. To Myra's surprise, her vengeful hatred left room for a nugget of growing excitement, and she probed with her tongue while she let herself contemplate the pleasure she expected when Soldier arrived.

She was confident the big dog would soon join them. As she had anticipated, Bonnie had been too preoccupied with the day's games to remember to set out his breakfast. Accustomed to one meal a day, and that in the morning, Soldier was certain to put in his appearance without any great delay. The thought troubled her; unless they put their plan into effect within the next few minutes, the dog would interrupt them and it would be too late.

Jim played his role perfectly. He released his wife's puckered nipple from his mouth and let his gaze run over the naked, writhing body. "Hey! You're going to be getting more suntan, sugar!" he

remarked to Leanne.

She jerked her head, and Myra drew back.

"And me without any suntan lotion!" Leanne wailed.

Bonnie straightened. "We ought to fix that." The notion seemed to catch her imagination. "Yeah! We ought to give you a good coat of oil!"

"Come on!" exclaimed Ward. "Let's go get some!" He grabbed Bonnie's hand and pulled her to her feet.

Before they could leave, a fly buzzed at the neglected, wet cunt and a second joined it. Leanne cried out with horror.

"For Christ's sake! Somebody do something about those flies! EEE!" She jerked violently to frighten off the fly that had landed on her sensitive flesh. "Omigod! How awful!"

"Hell, I'll get some spray or something," commented Jim. He turned to Rocky. "Didn't I see some in the work shed?"

"I think so. I'll help you look."

"And I'll get something to keep the sun out of your eyes," Myra volunteered.

"No! You can't just leave me all alone! Not stretched out naked like this!" Leanne stormed at them, her voice full of panic.

Myra was aware of a sudden surge of excitement. A quick glance at the others showed that they had felt it, too. The idea of the helpless, naked woman lying unguarded and alone in the garden had a powerfully erotic feel to it, even without the expectation of Soldier's arrival. Everybody scattered, while Leanne shrieked and threatened.

Before Ward and Bonnie were out of sight, Myra saw Soldier coming from the direction of the beach. She moved quickly out of Leanne's field of view and toward the dog. He swerved toward Myra, head coming up and tail wagging as if he recalled the previous night's interlude. Myra waited for him. She was conscious of Leanne's continued ranting and laughed to herself with malicious pleasure when she heard the girl's angry denunciations interrupted by angrier curses at the flies that had evidently begun to hover around her.

Soldier paused beside Myra and let her rumple his fur, but he was restless and kept peering in the direction the noises came from. In a moment, he whined and edged away from Myra to investigate. She crouched and followed him. When he entered the cleared space, she stayed in the cover of the shrubs to watch.

Leanne failed to see Soldier until he reached her; she was shrieking that the flies were collecting on her cunt and threatening everyone with dire revenge if they didn't rescue her. But she interrupted her tirade to gasp with horror when she saw Soldier.

"No, you don't!" she yelled at him. "Just because you fucked Myra last night doesn't mean I'm going to let you!" She flinched abruptly. "Goddamn it, flies! Get away!"

Myra felt sorry for Leanne, in spite of the satisfaction of revenge. She knew perfectly how modest

her friend was by nature and how she must be suffering from humiliation with flies probing at the thickening wetness on her crotch. But sympathy was not going to lead Myra to give up this opportunity to see Leanne's self-righteousness cracked.

Soldier touched Leanne's cheek with his tongue, backed away from her shrill protest, and tentatively nuzzled one brown nipple. Leanne jerked furiously at her bonds, but she was too tightly stretched to evade the exploring tongue.

"Ooo! Soldier, stop it! I don't care how good it makes me feel, I don't like a dog licking me!"

The big dog abandoned her breast and sniffed at her, his nose moving aimlessly over her belly while she continued to scold him. When he buried his muzzle in her pubic hair, she flung her hips from side to side and screamed at the top of her voice. Myra was able to see Soldier's tongue dip toward the gleaming inner surfaces of Leanne's labia and hugged herself at the sudden, wild squirming of the girl's hips.

The dog stepped over Leanne's outstretched leg and stood between her knees. He lowered his massive head to sniff her pussy. Flies buzzed away from the thrusting nose and buzzed around Soldier. He snapped at the most persistent one. An expression of relief appeared on Leanne's features.

"Jesus!" she exclaimed. "You chased off the flies! Okay, keep sniffing, if you must. Somebody will be here in a few minutes, and you can keep the flies away while I wait."

Soldier touched the girl's labia with his tongue, then began the contented cleaning process that had so inflamed Myra. Now, watching the unhurried action, Myra could almost feel the delicious sensations his lapping had produced in her. She thrust her fists against her own crotch and stared open-mouthed.

"Oh! Umm! Ooooooh, donnnn't!" Leanne's cries had stopped. She crooned distractedly, her hips rising and falling as the methodical strokes continued. "Oh, God, Soldier! That's not fair!"

Myra crept cautiously forward, confident that Leanne's attention was too thoroughly engaged by the licking to be attracted by a quiet spectator. She paused when she saw Jim and Rocky returning stealthily, and she exchanged a silent grin with them. They settled to their haunches where Leanne could not see them.

Leanne was thrashing vigorously by the time Ward and Bonnie appeared on the knoll. Bonnie took in the scene at a glance. Her eyes widened and she opened her mouth as if to yell, then checked herself to gaze from one to another of the silent watchers. Ward caught her arm and she let him restrain her. She stared at Leanne as if hypnotized, and tiptoed closer. Leanne's writhings grew more violent and her moans louder. Her labia had swelled and opened to reveal the depths of her oozing slit. Soldier lapped deliberately with an expression of bliss while the gaping cunt leaped before his nose.

"Oh... my... God!" exclaimed Leanne jerkily. "No wonder... she... let you!" She tilted her head back. "Ohhhhh, please! Pleeease! Somebody help me! I'm getting too... too... UNHHHH!" She turned her head. "Bonnie! Damn it, Bonnie! Do something!"

Bonnie flushed, but her eyes burned with eager anticipation. "I am!" she replied. "I'm watching! Looks like he knows how to keep you from cooling off."

"Jesus, Bonnie! Get him out of here! Ugh!"

"I don't know. Feels good, doesn't it?"

Leanne twisted fiercely. "Ohhh, dear God!" she cried. "Y-yes! But you can't let him... keep... EEEEE! Bonnie, please! He'll make me come!"

Bonnie laughed and licked her lips. "That's what you're out here for, isn't it? To come?"

"Bonnie! UNHHHH! EEYAGHHHH!" Leanne tossed violently while the skillful tongue scooped at the floor of her slit. As if she had suddenly resigned herself to the fact Bonnie was not going to rescue her, Leanne abandoned herself to the immediate pleasure. But after a time, she interrupted her puffing. "At least, you won't let him fuck me."

Bonnie shrugged. "Doesn't look to me like he's trying to."

No one made any further effort to hide the fact Leanne's involuntary submission to Soldier was a private affair. They gathered closely around the helpless girl and stared eagerly while Soldier continued to lap at her. She alternated between tears of rage and embarrassment and moans of pleasure. Her thighs trembled and her hips jerked uncontrollably. Moments of panting relaxation occurred when the stroking tongue caressed less sensitive zones, but gave way to strenuous thrashing when it found inflamed nerves.

Leanne's boobs surged wildly with her movements. When she arched her back and thrust her belly upward, they swayed drunkenly toward her face, and when she ground her butt against the end of the bench and lifted one shoulder, they swung heavily to the side. The muscles in her belly rippled and bunched with her contortions.

"OH, NO! LOVE OF JESUS, NO! I... I'M... OOOOH, AHHHH! COMING, COMING! EEEEEEE!"  
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Leanne's body stiffened convulsively. Only her belly continued to move, and its hard, evenly spaced jerks showed the rhythm of her inner contractions. For a few moments, she bit savagely at her lower lip and stared at the sky with a terrible gaze. Then she sagged and heaved a great sigh.

"Good God!" she said in a whisper. "Did I ever come! Now, get him away! OOF! MMM! Quick, GET HIM AWAY!" Her hips jerked again as Soldier's tongue slipped into her cunt. "NO-NO-NO! EEYAGHHHH!"

Revived by the startling thrust, she erupted into a second orgasm. She swung her cunt in circles on the intruding tongue, heavy tremors shaking her when the dog extracted scoops of her cunt-juice and reinserted the organ. Only when he drew his head back and licked his chops was she able to fall back to the bench. She collapsed. Her chest heaved and she trembled weakly.

"Oh, dear!" she moaned. "What a slut I am! What a horrible show I put on!"

Myra was watching Soldier. His back humped and his haunches jerked backward and forward as if he were mounted. His cock had emerged from its sheath and hung below his belly, long and red and bobbing with his twitchings. With a shuffling, hesitant step, he lurched forward between Leanne's thighs and heaved his forequarters over her belly. His forepaws clasped her waist and he jabbed the tip of his cock against her reddened cunt.

"NO, NO!" Leanne shrieked. "GET HIM OFF! GET HIM OFF!"

Jim spoke soothingly. "Easy, baby, easy. Don't fight it. Just let it feel good!"

Leanne stared at her husband. "Jim! You want him to... Jim! You really want him to fuck me?"

Jim unzipped his fly. His hard-on leaped into view, swollen and purple. Leanne looked from it to his contorted face.

"You do!" she whispered in awe. "My God! You want to see a dog fuck me!"

Myra dropped to her knees near Leanne's leg and watched the dancing cockhead jab at the girl's cunt. Each contact created a white spot that rapidly grew flushed again, and each made the sharp tip slip inward along the funneled labia slopes. She heard Leanne's low cry when the tip seated itself in the quivering cuntmouth. Her own crotch ached terribly with longing and her breath caught in her throat as Soldier's twitching hips began to drive the wedged head into Leanne's yielding body.

She could hardly believe he had buried his whole cock in her the night before. It seemed far too long, even though its thickness was pitiful by comparison with that of the men's hard-ons. But inch after inch of the shaft vanished into Leanne's cunt while the girl's hips jerked and the groans of reluctant delight bubbled from her lips.

"Oh, Jim! Jimmm!" Leanne wailed. "He is! He's sticking it into me! Way in! AHHHHH!"

Soldier clutched Leanne's waist firmly. He tugged at it as if he were trying to slide her onto the penetrating organ. His hindquarters continued their lunges and his cock sank quickly inward. Myra gasped when a bulging knot emerged from the prickly sheath. She realized there must be an inch or two of shaft between it and the base of his cock, and she peered intently while the plunging shaft carried the knot closer and closer to Leanne's unsuspecting cunt.

At the first contact of the knot with the stretching cunt, Leanne shouted at Jim. "Hold him! Goddam it, Jim! Don't let him get his knot in! JIMMMMM!"

Soldier hammered the knot against Leanne's jerking cuntmouth. Abruptly, it popped through. Leanne cried out with rage, then began to pump her hips fiercely.

"To hell with all of you!" the flailing girl exclaimed through her panting. "You just don't care!"

Securely mounted and coupled, Soldier settled into a fast, rhythmic fucking. The short stub of cock behind the buried knot slid rapidly in and out of the gleaming cunt. At the outer end of each stroke, Leanne's taut cuntmouth stretched and bulged outward as if about to blow out the knot. At the forward end of the blow, the stiff bristles of Soldier's sheath stabbed into raw membranes like needles. But it seemed to Myra that the dog's angle was bad and that his movements were hampered by Leanne's position.

She caught at Jim. "Let's move her legs," she whispered to him.

"Like how?"

"Let's put them around Soldier."

"Hey! Why not!" Jim's voice rose with excitement.

They quickly untied the ropes from the stakes and raised Leanne's feet. Placing the girl's legs around the dog, they crossed her ankles and lashed them together.

Leanne groaned and clamped her thighs against the heaving flanks. With her butt turned up, the

dog's lunges appeared to gain vigor and his belly rode hard on Leanne's mound and clitoris.

"EEEEEE! AHHHHH! EEEEE!" Leanne used the leverage of her legs to jack her ass into a rhythm that matched Soldier's.

Myra wriggled happily when Jim stepped behind her and reached around her to feel her boobs. She needed attention while she watched the dog scene she admitted to herself. She started unbuttoning her clothes without removing her gaze from the surging bodies before her.

Leanne interrupted the moans of pleasure. "All the years I spent on a farm," she commented jerkily, "and I never did get it from an animal. So now you've got me doing it in front of an audience! God, can this brute fuck!"

The helpless girl's smooth, tanned flesh, plump and firm, jerked eagerly under the shaggy gray of Soldier's coat. Locked securely on his cock, she looked almost slight next to his hunching bulk. The bulging, powerful mass of his hindquarters made her thighs appear delicate and his huge chest made her ripe tits seem fragile. But her ass leaped to meet every one of his thrusts, and the reversals of her cuntmouth - caving inward with his plunges and distending with his backstrokes - gave the impression that her cunt was sucking at the deeply driven cock.

Rocky had knelt beside Leanne and was massaging her breasts. Ward left Bonnie to come to Myra and Jim.

"You got a pretty good piece from Myra last night," he remarked. "How about making room for me?" He leered at Myra.

Jim chuckled. "Okay with me, if you don't mind my taking advantage of Bonnie's itch!"

"Itch, hell! She's got a lot more than an itch! Be my guest."

Myra leaned against Ward, snuggling into the circle he made with his arms and resting her back against his belly. Her clothes fell to the ground. Ward slid one hand over her belly and let it rest on her cunt. She squirmed happily and watched the great dog fuck Leanne.

"Good... thing... I already... came... twice!" Leanne gasped.

"Why?" asked Rocky.

"So I can... wait!" She flung herself against the base of Soldier's cock with a great shudder. "You ever... see... how long a... dog... keeps coming?"

"Huh?"

"Long, long time!"

Myra shuddered. She squeezed Ward's hand with her thighs. "She's right about that!" she exclaimed in a whisper. "Jesus, is she right!" She wondered privately if Leanne really would be able to hold off her climax until the dog entered his.

The panting woman showed clearly that she was on the verge of erupting with the violence of her pleasure. Spastic contractions seemed to catch one limb or another at unpredictable moments and her voice shook when she spoke. Each time she met one of Soldier's strokes, she ground her cunt on the harsh bristles of his sheath. Her toes were widely spayed, and she continually rubbed her ankles



together in their bonds.

Soldier hunched his shoulders higher and hugged Leanne's body tighter to him. His haunches drove forward to pin his sheath firmly against the cringing, red membranes of her cunt, and he began to shake instead of thrusting. Leanne gave a low, undulating yell and clamped her legs fiercely on the dog's body.

"FUCK, SOLDIER! FUCK! AAAGHHHHH!" Her orgasm looked impossibly intense. Powerful waves of contraction washed over her. Her thighs tightened on Soldier with brutal force. And she rolled her head slowly from side to side while flecks of foam appeared at the corners of her mouth.

The climax peaked quickly for Leanne, but instead of resolving into dwindling spasms and a slow, definite return to quiet relaxation, it merely dropped back after a series of body convulsions to a lower but continuing level of spasmodic writhings. Leanne's ecstatic expression showed clearly that she hoped to sustain the pleasure until Soldier's slowly oozing cum was spent. The black-haired beauty's eyes rolled back into her head and her mouth stretched with a silent scream of joy. Her flush deepened. A continuous tremor enveloped her body. Infrequent gasps of air made her chest jerk, and between the ragged inhalations, the air escaped with an inhuman whistling sound.

Myra ground her own cunt on Ward's firm hand, enjoying a mild, delightful orgasm of her own while she watched Leanne's performance. And she sagged weakly against Bonnie's husband when Soldier's vibrations subsided and Leanne collapsed beneath him.

Leanne's face contorted when she tried to get her eyes to focus. "My God!" she whispered. "I had no idea! I thought I was going to die! But don't let him drag me. Leave my hands tied."

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Jim released Bonnie briefly to study his wife's situation. "You'll be in trouble," he warned. "Suppose he drags you off the side of the bench. Break an arm for sure!"

"Okay," she whispered. "But couldn't you put a rope around me to keep that from happening?"

"Well... maybe."

Rocky ran his fingertips lightly over Leanne's boobs. "Let's try."

They used two lengths of rope, removing both from Leanne's ankles. One, they passed around her waist and the bench, while they looped the other over her lower abdomen near the end of the bench. For a time, they watched Soldier. When he showed signs of restlessness, they quieted him. But there was no way to stem his growing desire to be uncoupled. He finally began to tug at his imprisoned cock, and when his efforts failed to loosen the lock, his jerking grew increasingly violent.

Leanne cried out in alarm. "Untie me! For God's sake, he's going to pull me inside out!"

"She's probably right!" Bonnie leaned forward breathlessly, eyes bright and tongue dabbing at dry lips. "She'll be a lot safer getting dragged."

Myra withheld comment. But while the two men were fumbling at knots, she reflected upon Bonnie's unexpected lack of sympathy for Leanne. Strangely, she herself no longer felt any animosity toward Jim's wife; she had suffered enough indignity to erase the sting of her reaction to Myra's adventure.

But Bonnie appeared to be gloating over Leanne's predicament.

Myra whispered over her shoulder to Ward, "Think Bonnie's going to like Soldier?"

Ward's hand tightened convulsively, his finger biting into the softness of her cunt. "We'll find out pretty soon!" he exclaimed. His breath was hot on Myra's neck. "Just as soon as the son of a bitch gets rested up!"

Myra squirmed. At her movement, Ward began fingering her with active interest. Excitement made her tingle, and she found it difficult to concentrate on what was happening to Leanne. But she did see Jim and Rocky ease the girl off the bench and lower her shoulders to the ground. Leanne hung under Soldier, her legs clamped desperately around him the way Myra's had been the night before. Soldier dragged his burden erratically, backing rapidly, then pausing to rest until panic rose again. Light spurts of dust arose behind the trailing black hair, then settled on it to dull its gloss. Leanne clutched at the dog's forelegs as if to protect herself from being stepped on, and Myra recalled her own concern on the beach.

But Ward's fondling had become increasingly demanding and her pleasure blotted out interest in Leanne's problem. She allowed Ward to turn her so she had her side to his belly, then submitted to his urging and leaned backward over his arm. His free hand caressed her belly and dipped at irregular intervals to her cunt.

"Ward, oh, Ward!" she whispered. "I'm getting sloppy wet! You know that, don't you!"

He chuckled, then lowered his mouth to hers. She gulped at his lips and teased them with her tongue. In a moment, he drove his tongue into her mouth. She sucked eagerly at it, twisting with pleasure and reaching around his shoulders to clasp her hands behind his head.

When his fingers dug between her labia, she thrust her feet apart and stiffened her knees. Her hips twisted from side to side in response to the surge of pleasure that fired her cunt. She wrenched free of his kiss.

"For God's sake, Ward, honey!" she gasped. "Get me out of here and fuck me!"

"Right now?" he asked in a startled tone. "Now?"

"Yes! Quick! I'm burning up!" She fumbled at his cock through his trousers. "Quick, honey!"

He led her away from the picnic area. She was thankful she had failed to remove her sneakers; decomposed granite bit at the soles with a reminder of how cruel it could be to bare feet. Ward paused briefly at the edge of a wash, then helped her down the bank to the sandy bed.

"How about here?" he asked. His voice seemed to shake with anticipation.

"Great!" she exclaimed. "Oh, fuck me, honey!"

"Ever try the swan?"

"No! Let's, whatever that is!"

He turned her so he stood behind her. Catching her wrists and twisting, he forced her to bend from the hips. As she bent, he forced her arms back and up. To her amazement, she found she could protect her shoulders only by keeping her legs straight and lowering her upper torso until her boobs

brushed her knees.

"Omigod!" she exclaimed. "This is the swan?"

"Right!" He pressed her wrists together and held them with one hand.

She panted and listened to the sound of his zipper being unfastened. In a moment, she felt the bulging dome of his cockhead nuzzling at her cuntmouth. His knees pressed forward outside her thighs and his cockhead pressed hard against the slippery rim of her cunt. With a jerk of her body she thrust herself onto the rigid cock.

"Unnnhbhhh!" She shuddered at the delicious sensation of fullness. "Mmmmm! Honey, you can let go! I'll stay down!"

He released her wrists and grasped her hips. She rested her palms on the sand to brace herself. His knees bent while he plunged his cock to its full length in her cunt, and she felt his weight settling onto his hands and the base of his cock.

"I'm going to ride you," he said in warning.

"Okay!" Her hair tumbled, its tips hanging on the sand. Her boobs dangled in conical shapes and her thighs shook.

The weight on Ward's hands and the base of his cock increased enormously. She watched his feet leave the ground and rise to the backs of her knees.

"My God!" she exclaimed with a grunt. "Oh, Ward! Fuck deep!"

Using his hands for leverage, he began jerking his hips. Top-heavy, Myra recognized the danger of letting her rider increase the force of his jabs.

"Hold... still!" she cried out with panic.

Ward settled and she began to flex her knees rhythmically. To her delight and fierce excitement, she was able to bounce him up and down, his cock a bulging piston in her cunt. Her enthusiasm grew and she strengthened her thrusts. Suddenly, pleasure burning wildly in her belly, she misjudged her force and lost her balance. As she toppled, head tucked under, Ward swung his feet free and caught himself. His cock jerked loose with a tug she thought had torn out her cunt, but as she sprawled in the sand staring into the sky she felt the momentary agony fade and knew she was all right.

Ward gazed down at her, his expression deeply concerned. "You okay, puss?"

She squirmed, the sand dry and hot under her back and the sunlight feeling like a heated coating on her skin. She tingled fiercely. Her cunt seemed to pulse with desire for the cock that had so abruptly torn free, and the inner slopes of her thighs ached for the feel of hard, male flesh. She stretched languorously and returned his gaze from beneath lashes suddenly gone heavy.

"I'm okay," she replied. Her voice sounded husky to her. "C'mere."

A slow smile replaced Ward's worried frown. For a moment longer, he continued to stand spraddle-legged, hands on hips, while he studied the sensuously sprawled figure. Myra felt a surge of primitive exultation at the excitement and anticipation that lighted his face. On impulse, she scrambled to her knees and placed her hands on Ward's. His cock projected toward her face, the

shaft darkly veined and the head purple. Wetness from the recent immersion was already drying in the still heat.

"Oh, Ward!" she whispered. "Ward, honey!" She released his hands and struggled with the waist fastener of his trousers.

Loosened, his trousers settled to the ground. Ward stepped out of them, but Myra laid her hands on his hips in a wordless plea to keep him where he was. He grinned and squeezed her shoulders with his fingertips.

"Your shirt, honey?" She fingered the lower edge of the garment.

Ward shrugged out of the shirt to stand naked before her. His body was hardly a novelty to her. There had been more than one instance of nude swimming, and she had seen him in action with Leanne the previous night. But she felt a considerable difference this time. He had already had his cock fully planted in her, and from her present kneeling position, the great hard-on was not only the nearest object in her view, but dominant in her desire.

She recalled the fantasies that had come to her while she had gulped at his tongue. Hesitantly, she leaned closer and kissed the blunt nose of his cockhead. His gasp was clearly audible. She pressed a firmer kiss against his cockhead and slid one hand from his hip to the rigid shaft. Her fingers closed on it, the heat of the meaty organ warming her palm startlingly.

At her touch, his hips jerked in reflex and an abrupt, short pulse momentarily swelled his cock. His hands twitched forward to rest on her head, his fingertips working their way through her hair. Holding his cock in position so the bulging head rested on her lips, she gently dabbed at the crusted surface with the tip of her tongue. The nearly dry residue had a flavor that was uniquely sexual; it caused her cheeks to pucker and triggered a copious flow of saliva. She had a brief flare of wild excitement over the wickedness of her action. Under the circumstances, she could think of no taste that could have appealed more to her. With increasing boldness, she began to wet the velvety dome with her own saliva and to strip the softening residue with the flat surface of her tongue.

Ward's fingers clutched convulsively at her hair and he emitted a whispered groan. With seemingly involuntary reaction, his knees bent to push into her armpits. As he moved, his hips rotated to thrust his cock more firmly to her mouth. She tightened her grip on the thick shaft and licked at the rounded slopes of the head. Her other hand slipped back around his hip to his ass.

She fingered the hard, quivering buttocks and felt them flinch when her lips pursed at the tip of his cock and began to suck at the pulpy flesh. She heard a fly buzzing around her head. In her excitement, the droning sound acted as a stimulant rather than an annoyance. She became aware of a film of sweat that was forming on her body, and her hand encountered sweaty wetness on Ward's back.

Ward groaned aloud. His hips surged backward momentarily, then forward again. She tilted his cock upward and licked at the underside of his cockhead. She felt the strange slickness of the edges of its slit and was startled when her tongue scooped up a large drop of thin fluid from it. The taste was subtle, in sharp contrast to the slightly salty flavor of the thickened scale she had been getting. With an involuntary gulp, she pressed her lips to the slit and sucked vigorously. She was delighted at the sudden flow of juice she produced in the trembling cock and disappointed at how quickly she drained the slit.

Instinctively, she stopped kneading Ward's butt and slid her arm around his thighs. She hugged them tightly and concentrated on his cock. Experimenting, she alternated between tonguing, kissing,

and nibbling. From time to time, she let a kiss turn into a fierce little sucking gesture. Each time she did that, Ward's fingers tightened their grip on her hair and his body stiffened. He was grunting at intervals and mumbling to her between grunts. His knees rested against the outer fullness of her boob moving continuously.

Where her body contacted his, she felt the heat build up and the wetness of perspiration increase and grow sticky. What had been a film of moisture was rapidly becoming a thick coating. Drops of sweat coursed downward in rivulets that felt to her as if flies were crawling over her. But when the fly that had been buzzing around her head landed on her arm, the sensation was distinctly different and made her shudder.

She could see the sweat collecting on Ward's belly and running into his pubic hair. Pulling her head back, she gave him a moment's respite while she wallowed in the erotic luxury of studying the picture before her. He was hairier than her Rocky; a glossy pelt covered his chest and belly, and above the base of his cock it formed a thick, curly pad of black forest. It looked wiry to her and felt like stiff bristles where the knuckles of her clenched hand pressed into it. His cock was discolored as if she were strangling it, and the head glistened where her tongue had stripped away the caked remnants of her cunt-juice.

She noticed that his perspiration was trickling onto his balls, collecting there and dripping from the lowest hairs. She bent her neck impulsively and lapped at the sweat to dry the heavily burdened sac. Then, excitement welling within her, she returned to her tender mouthing of the throbbing cock. She finished cleaning it, thrilling at the newly washed appearance of the shaft and head. Making her mouth into an "O", she worked her lips over the slopes of Ward's cockhead and began to engulf the fat knob with her mouth. She had to distend her jaws more widely than she had anticipated, and getting the entire cockhead inside required more forceful effort than she would have imagined. It filled the cavity, pressing her tongue backward toward her throat and molding itself to the ridges in her palate. She guarded carefully against biting, but closed her lips behind the flaring shoulders and sucked vigorously.

Ward groaned more loudly as she worked the upper surface of her tongue over the underside of his cockhead. She held his cock at a horizontal angle and bobbed her head to force her lips back and forth over a short length of his shaft. With shaky muttering, he bent over her so his upper belly was resting on his hands and against the top of her head. Heat radiated from his twitching flesh. She smelled the pungent odor of his after-shower lotion and, cutting through that, his natural aroma of fresh sweat.

Quite suddenly, he clutched fistfuls of her hair and thrust her head back while pulling his cock free of her mouth.

"Jesus!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "You ever suck Rocky off like this?"

She let him tilt her face up. "No," she replied in a low tone. "I didn't think I could. I mean, that I could stand to do it." She felt a rush of shame. "That's awful, to find out something's fun with you that I wouldn't do with Rocky."

"Plenty of time to make it up to him," muttered Ward. "I was just wondering. It felt like you were trying to figure out what you were doing."

"I'm not any good?" She heard the hurt in her tone.

"Hell, I didn't say that! Feels great!"

"But you made me stop."

"Just for a minute. Thought I was going to shoot the whole load right then! Come on, let's go again."

But he lowered her to the sand. She clutched at him in an effort to pull him down with her, and he settled to his knees. He turned himself, straddling her head and lowering himself to bury his face in her pubic hair. With a gasp, she drew her knees up and thrust them apart.

Ward sighed. "Mmm! You smell great!" He nuzzled her cunt.

She clasped her hands together over his ass and tugged at him. He let his hips down until his cock pushed at her lips. Clinging to his back with one hand, she regained her grip on his shaft with the other and gobbled at his cockhead. She quickly got the fat knob into her mouth again and resumed her eager sucking. The physical sensation was as weird as any she had experienced, she decided. His cockhead filled her mouth completely, as it had before. The pulpy bulk had a consistency nothing else in her memory had, it felt as if it were almost spongy, so that she could squeeze great quantities of liquid from it if she tried. The flesh bulged on both sides of the slit and felt strange to her crowded tongue. And the feeling she got when she sucked at the hot mass was like nothing she had ever known.

The nerves in her mouth were sensitive, she reflected, but the sensations were nothing like those produced by friction or pressure around her cunt. Still, they did have a highly sexual content and combined with her mental pleasure in her actions to drive her excitement upward in a steepening spiral.

She believed she was beginning to understand the wild excitement Bonnie had displayed with Rocky the night before. And when Ward thrust his head between her thighs and started kissing her labia, she knew she was. The pressure of his mouth was totally different from the insistent strokes of Soldier's tongue. Rocky had kissed her cunt once in a while. It had shocked and embarrassed her, but she had been honest enough with herself to admit that the pleasure was intense. Now, with Ward's cock filling her mouth and pushing at the archway to her throat, the touch of his lips on her cunt felt like a tongue of flame.

She felt his fingers at her labia, spreading them to expose her cuntmouth. Ward must be peering deep into her vagina, she thought distractedly; he must be gazing at all the weird folds and crevices of her flesh. But he began to lick the moisture-coated membranes of her inner slopes, and her hips jerked violently. Her butt lifted from the sand and fell back, then lifted again. Waves of pleasure washed fiercely over her. Jerking her hips from side to side, she redoubled the vigor of her sucking, and jacked her hand back and forth on Ward's cock. His balls appeared to have been drawn to the neck of his scrotum; they lay heavily at the base of his cock, just above her eyes, and swayed with his restless movement.

Although his body shielded most of hers from the sun, lack of air circulation created stifling conditions that made her think fleetingly of a steam bath. Her own body was now drenched with perspiration, and she watched streaks of sweat widen in the dust that had already settled on Ward's thighs. But everything about the situation conspired to heighten her sensitivity to stimuli and convert their signals into erotic messages. It seemed fitting that what background she glimpsed past the overwhelming foreground of Ward's crouching form and his heavy cock and balls, should be a sunlit, sheer bank looming over a dry, sand-filled gully.

She sucked with abandoned eagerness. She was determined to drive Ward to orgasm with her mouth. The masterful timing and rhythm she imagined, she found impossible to achieve; his

onslaught on her cunt repeatedly distracted her and caused her torso to leap insanely. Pinned by his hands and arms, she could make no movement to wrest her cunt from the persistent probing of his tongue or the maddening suction of his mouth, but she could twist and buck when the pleasure threatened to grow too intense. And she could clamp her fingers more fiercely around his cock and claw at his back.

Her jaws ached from the continued effort of sucking. The roots of her tongue felt numb as the result of the way the organ scrubbed his cockhead. She longed to be able to open her throat wide enough for his cock to slide all the way in, but knew she could not.

A great sense of tenderness washed over her. She felt as if she were giving Ward something tremendously precious and receiving something equally precious in return. Her hand glided across his butt, pausing to caress the muscled asscheeks, then slipped onto the hairy ridge at the root of his cock. With delicate touch, she stroked his balls with her fingertips and dragged one fingernail back and forth along the pulsing ridge. Muscular twitchings made the base of his cock jerk and pulled his balls tighter against his shaft. She was certain that she was reaching the point of blowing him into his climax.

He seized her clitoris between his lips. She felt agonizing waves of excitement as the tip of his tongue mauled the tip of the swollen little organ. Her heels flailed at the sand and she writhed furiously, but his hands clutched at the sides of her cunt and provided a steadying base for his jaw to rest against. With frantic energy, she intensified her sucking. She sheathed her teeth with her lips and bit down on the firmness of his cock. Swallowing and fighting to get air through her nose, she pressed upward with her face to force his cockhead into the entrance of her throat.

His hips worked rhythmically, undulating as if he were fucking her eager mouth. The movement was wildly erotic to her in her present state of mind, and she sucked as hard as she could. Her gaze was focused on the base of his cock, and she saw a sudden, hard new swelling at the same instant as he stopped pumping at her. Almost simultaneously, warm, thick fluid gushed into her throat. She held her breath and swallowed convulsively as the pressure built. She felt a stinging sensation in the back of her nose; her swallowing was at the moment not sufficient to prevent the spurting substance from backing into her nasal cavities.

Panicked, she gulped harder and managed to equalize the flow. But in the midst of her discomfort, she continued to suck fiercely. She meant to drain him to the core.

His mouthing of her clitoris slowed and stopped, as if he were suspended in time during the eruption of his semen. When the initial force of his orgasm subsided, he released her clitoris. She felt his tongue plunge into her cunt. His mouth closed over the surrounding membranes and sucked them in, one pulpy mouthful that he chewed and sucked at the same time.

The cumulative sensations acted on her like an electric prod. She flung herself against his face and felt her limbs contort under the sudden stress of her vaginal contractions. The burning lust surged over her and she stiffened. She raised her legs and churned her feet in the air. Her belly hardened and leaped and her boobs swayed wildly. Great tremors shook her, one after another, and she clawed at Ward's hips with both hands. Her nails bit deeply into his flesh and held tenaciously. When the force of her spasms began to decline, she loosened her rigidly clutched fingers and let her hands fall limply to the sand at either side. But she continued to suck the softening cock until the diminishing flow of jism turned to a thin, watery dribble.

With a gentle sigh, she raised her leaden arms and imprisoned the base of his cock with her fingertips. She sucked steadily while easing the flaccid prick out of her mouth, then licked it with

slow, loving strokes to dry it.

Ward sagged against her. Their sweaty bodies were sticky and raw where they touched, and the salt stung her through her open pores. She showered light kisses onto Ward's cockhead and made a low, continuous sound of crooning in her throat. Ward squeezed her thighs and rubbed his face against their inner surfaces.

"Son of a bitch!" he exclaimed quietly. "Sweaty work in this damn wash! Wouldn't get any breeze down here if it was blowing a gale on the level."

"That's how it ought to be," she murmured past his cock. "Sex ought to be hot and wet."

He laughed softly. "Okay. I'll buy that. Hey! Suppose Soldier might be ready to go again?"

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

Myra grabbed him; she wrapped her arms around his hips and hugged fiercely. "Not yet!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure he's got to have more rest than this. Don't get off yet."

She wondered how long it actually did take a dog to recover his vitality. She wanted time to digest the significance of the act she had just completed with Ward; she was not yet ready to have to exchange stares with him knowing he would be visualizing their mutual oral play. The queasiness in her stomach needed a few minutes to quiet, too, she decided. The aftertaste of Ward's cum was combining with a few tough strands of the residue to cause her an unexpected period of inner revolt. The trouble was, she reflected, that those few strands seemed reluctant either to go down her throat or come back out.

But determined swallowing disposed of them and the inclination to gag diminished. At last, she recognized her body's oxygen starvation and began to stir.

"Be fun to see Soldier mount Bonnie down here, wouldn't it?" she remarked.

He flinched and she wondered if her malice toward his wife had sounded in her voice. She held her breath, waiting for his response. He squeezed her thighs and gently bit the smooth flesh.

"Sure would! Christ, would she make the sand fly!"

An explosive sigh expressed her relief. "Maybe we could work it," she commented. "Getting her down here, I mean."

"No sweat! Gotta have it ready for her, though."

"How?"

"Come on. I'll show you."

She clambered off him. He scrambled to his feet and caught her hand to pull her up beside him. He led her to a pile of debris that had collected at a bend in the wash. Rooting through it, he appeared to have a clear notion of what he needed. One by one, he extracted two stout chunks of limb, forked, evidently from the scrub oaks that grew further inland on the slopes of the rising ground, a reasonably straight, forkless staff, and four shorter chunks. He trimmed the forks and the staff, breaking off excess growth with a rock slab, then grinned at Myra and started back to the sandy



area.

He drove the forked branches deeply into the sand, forks up. Grunting and sweating to work them the last few inches, he left the forks standing above the surface at the level of Myra's knees and laid the straight staff across them as a crossbar.

"Let's see if that's about right," he muttered to her. "Get down on your hands and knees and see where that comes on you."

She stared at him for a moment, feeling her eyes widen. Then, eagerly, she dropped to her knees and rested her thighs against the crossbar. It lay against them just at her crotch. Excitement rising, she bent forward over it and posed on hands and knees.

"Ahhh!" Ward sounded pleased. "Perfect! Hold it there, puss. How about pushing your knees apart about a foot?"

"Okay!" She parted her knees. Her belly pressed against the smooth grain of the crossbar.

Ward quickly thrust one of the short stakes into the sand beside each of her knees.

"Can you rest your weight on your elbows?" he asked.

Myra did so. She felt almost as if she were suspended on the crossbar, her ass upthrust toward the sun. Ward drove the remaining stakes into the sand, one next to each of her elbows, then caressed her asscheeks and smacked his lips.

"By God, that's going to be exactly right!" he exclaimed.

"Dog fashion!" whispered Myra. Neither she nor Leanne had experienced Soldier this way. If Bonnie did, there would be a degree of degradation that would erase all the tight-lipped superiority she had shown at the dog's previous triumphs.

"I'll bet Bonnie's squirming right now," remarked Ward. "She's not stupid; she knows we're going to get her under that dog sooner or later. And her belly is churning at the thought, because she figures she's going to fight it and knows it isn't going to do her a damn bit of good."

Myra sighed. His caress made her glow with renewed desire, and when his fingers brushed her cunt she groaned softly and thrust her ass backward in silent invitation. Pleasure and excitement shook her; she wished Ward would take time to capitalize on her present position. But she realized that Soldier would be recovering from his bout with Leanne and thinking restlessly about taking advantage of the naked flesh around him. If they waited too long, Bonnie would already be on the defensive.

She let Ward help her to her feet, and they left their clothes in a neat pile at the foot of the bank and returned toward the picnic clearing. They found the other four lounging on benches, wet with perspiration and showing the satisfaction of their recent activities.

Rocky glanced up with a grin. "You guys make it unanimous," he observed. "We're turning into a nudist camp."

Myra wriggled, a delicious shiver coursing up and down her spine. "Being a nudist doesn't do a damn thing for me," she replied. "But I like it when there's something else in it for me."

Bonnie and Leanne both giggled hysterically. "Christ, Myra!" exclaimed Leanne. "You have to be so honest about it? We've been trying to keep that a secret!"

"Can't say either one of you was fooling us much," said Jim. "Hell, you got neon signs flashing in your eyes!"

Leanne lowered her head and studied her husband through her lashes. She stretched languorously. "Okay, sweetie. Let's stop wasting time. Now that you bastards have had your show, let's get down to some serious fun and games!"

But Myra caught the quick flick of Leanne's glance from the reclining Soldier to Bonnie. She can't wait to get Bonnie in the same position! she thought. God, is she ready to turn the tables!

"Where the hell did you two disappear to, anyhow?" asked Bonnie. "Got some kind of special rutting ground staked out?"

Myra caught her breath sharply. Ward's lips quirked as he shot a meaningful glance at her.

But his voice was light and casual when he replied to his wife, "Oh, a pretty good place. It's got all the makings."

"I suppose you figure you're going to hold out on us. If you think you're going to keep it as a private retreat, Ward Ramos..."

"Okay, okay! Shit, it's not that big a deal! Come on, if you want to see."

No one hesitated. Myra waited for Rocky, squeezing his hand when he reached her.

"You having fun, honey?" she asked in a whisper.

"You bet! How about you?"

"I'm almost ashamed to admit it. But I really am! After all, why shouldn't we share with them? We couldn't ask for nicer people to share with."

Rocky nodded; he looked entirely happy. "Look," he said in a low voice. "We're going to have company."

Soldier was stirring in the clearing they had just left. He rose stiffly to his feet and followed them at a distance.

"Looks like he could use a little more rest," Myra observed anxiously.

"Huh?" Rocky studied her with a sideways glance. "Ohhh!" he whispered. "You and Ward got some ideas about Bonnie and the dog!"

She smiled sweetly up at him. "Why not? Why be stingy?"

"Oh, shit! This ought to be good!"

When they picked their way down the bank, Soldier seemed content to wait. He peered after them, then flopped loosely to the ground and continued to watch from the top.

"Jesus! What a great spot!" exclaimed Rocky softly.

Myra leaned fondly against him and surveyed the wash with him. She felt as if she were seeing it through fresh eyes. The stream course changed direction at the spot. It had eaten into the outer bank, widening the wash to form a broad, even area with a floor of deep, rippled sand. There was ample evidence of the game she and Ward had played there, with confused foot and body prints churning up the sand around the middle of the space. The stakes and crossbar were chillingly obvious, and Myra saw that they dominated Bonnie's attention.

"Looks like you got it ready for me," Bonnie remarked tightly. "Seeing as how I'm it."

Myra tensed; she heard the antagonism in her hostess' voice and wondered if Bonnie were working herself up to calling a halt to the whole experiment. But Ward appeared capable of soothing his wife. He put his arm around her and squeezed, planting a light kiss on the top of her head.

"Got butterflies in your stomach, puss?"

Bonnie grabbed him and clung fiercely. "Oh Christ, yes! Ward, you've got no idea what a woman feels like when she knows she... knows she's going to be totally helpless that way with five people trying to make her come!"

"Scary, I'll bet. We're really going to make you squirm, too! Just wait!"

Ward passed his hand over her side and fingered her lower abdomen. Bonnie shuddered violently; excitement replaced the apprehension that had clouded her features.

"Just hurry!" she whispered. "Hurry, before I get too scared!"

Ward grinned. "You brought the rope, didn't you," he said to Jim.

"Right!"

Quickly, Ward led his wife to the crossbar and pushed her down. She looked puzzled as he positioned her against it. While she was still studying the sticks doubtfully, Ward and Jim knelt on either side of her and pulled her knees apart. In a moment, each had fastened a loop around one of her knees and secured it to one of the stakes below the crossbar.

"Good God!" exclaimed Bonnie. "Now I see! The hell you do!"

But Ward gently forced her forward over the bar. "Elbows," he commented tersely to Jim. "Rocky, give her some encouragement." He winked at Rocky and glanced significantly at Bonnie's back.

Rocky squatted beside the struggling woman. He placed one hand on her back and began caressing her buttocks and thighs with the other.

"Damn it, Rocky!" she shouted. "Cut it out! You're taking my mind off what's happening!"

"Aw, come on," he replied. He stroked her exposed cunt, letting his fingers linger on the silky strands of pubic hair.

She twisted and groaned. "You bastard! How can I defend myself when you're doing that?"

Ward and Jim took advantage of her agitation and soon had each elbow immobilized next to a stake. Knotting the ropes, they reached under her to fondle her breasts. Bonnie sagged and rested the side of her head on the sand. Her face was contorted with excitement and eagerness.

But she complained, her voice strained. "No fair! How come I... UNNNNNHHHHH! How come I gotta be so damn undignified?"

Rocky continued to play with her asscheeks, again and again slipping his fingertips onto her cunt. "You have to admit you make a pretty good target this way."

"Mmmmm! Oooo!" She jerked her hips from side to side, rubbing herself on the bar. "Oh, Jesus, Rocky! Yesss!"

Rocky slipped one finger into her cunt and rotated it back and forth while her ass quivered. Myra joined Rocky. She caressed the inner sides of Bonnie's taut thighs, her touch as light as if she were tickling her. Bonnie's knees were firmly snugged against the stakes, but she kicked her feet up and down and sprayed sand with her toes. At a movement on the bank, Myra looked up sharply. Soldier was staring at the scene with obviously quickening interest and had surged to his feet. He slipped over the edge and made his way down the broken path they all had used. In the bed of the wash, he advanced through the sand to nudge at Myra.

She laughed and edged out of his way. He was eyeing the pulsing cunt hungrily, and his tongue lolled. He looked to Myra as if he were grinning hugely. With slow steps, he moved closer until he could sniff at the wet pubic hair.

Bonnie jerked. "No! Good God, no! Get him away from here!"

Everybody laughed softly. Ward's eyes glistened brightly and he fondled her tit as if milking it. "Can't see you getting short-changed," he told his helpless wife. "Way Leanne acted, there's got to be something special in the way he uses that tongue!"

"Please, darling!" Bonnie twisted furiously. "Not me, Ward! Not me!"

Soldier seemed unaware of Bonnie's objections. He continued to sniff, then dabbed at the jerking flesh experimentally. Seeming encouraged by the scent and flavor, he set about the same deliberate lapping that had so thoroughly destroyed Myra's self-control the night before. Bonnie gasped and emitted a long, tremulous moan. Her torso swung spasmodically. She permitted her back to sag, rotating her pussy back and up and dropping her nipples onto the sand.

"Brr! Omigod!" she wailed. "Oh, God! That shoots tingles all the way to my fingertips!" She clawed at the sand.

The bar supported her at the angle between her thighs and belly. Her flesh bulged around it, and the weaving of the forked branches showed the force of her contortions. Soldier's tongue lapped methodically over her labia, stripping moisture from her pubic hair and reddening the puffy folds of flesh. The gradual swelling of her tissues thrust them apart to expose glistening membranes in her slit, and even as Myra watched, her own pussy beginning to smart sympathetically, Bonnie's fragile-looking inner labia became visible. The appearance was that of a tropical flower blossoming, its outer petals spreading to reveal the delicate surfaces and flutings inside.

The big dog whined happily and worked his tongue onto the naked membranes. Bonnie cried out fiercely, her tone heavy with growing desire. She rubbed the side of her face against the sand, and the shimmering blonde hair spread out in a wide halo.

"Ahhh-ahhh-ahhh!" she gasped shakily. "Hope you... guys... like it! He... he's... driving me... wild!"

For Myra, the performance was the third. She had experienced the fantastic sensations the skilled

tongue aroused, and had wondered if she were somehow different from others in the ease with which the steady lapping reached sensitive areas. In Leanne's reactions, she had felt a measure of reassurance; Leanne had clearly experienced the same overwhelming flood of pleasure and excitement. Now Bonnie gave every evidence of responding the same way; she had surrendered to the inevitable and appeared to be in the grip of an irresistible lust. The convulsive wrenchings of her slender, tapered thighs seemed unmistakable signs of violent passion. Her savage twistings left no doubt as to the heights to which her passion was rising.

The busy tongue probed deeper and deeper into the opening slit. Bonnie's asscheeks winked rhythmically, creating the illusion that her cunt was gaping like a hungry fish's mouth. As if aware of the effect he was going to cause, Soldier shifted his attention downward to the frantic woman's clitoris. Bonnie shrieked. Her torso heaved as abruptly as if she had been jabbed by a heated poker. With every appearance of understanding his victim's agitation, Soldier prolonged his meticulous search of the tiny crevices surrounding the tiny organ. To Myra's horror, he thrust his muzzle against the reddened flesh and appeared to nibble at it as if to tantalize Bonnie. The distraught girl's cries rose and fell without interruption. Her body writhed violently and the expression of the thrashing face indicated the welling of intolerable sensations of pleasure.

Bonnie stiffened suddenly, her fingers digging into the sand and her toes splaying as a powerful tremor set her entire body dancing.

"Oh, God! OH, GOD! I'M... COMMMIING! WARD, WARD, HE'S MAKING ME COME! AGHHHHH! AGHHHHH!"

Soldier raised his nose an inch and worked his tongue into the jerking cuntmouth. Bonnie's thrashing eased, but the tremor continued. Her voice swelled and dwindled to the rhythm of her orgasmic contractions. The great tongue slipped repeatedly in and out of her cunt, and with each renewed insertion the backs of her thighs bulged and her ass thrust upward.

"Ohh, ohhhh! Eeeyaghhh!" Bonnie stopped moaning and panted heavily, "He... won't... let me... quit! UMMMM!"

But Soldier did withdraw his head from the golden-haired cunt. He shuffled briefly, then heaved himself to his hind legs and mounted Bonnie.

The gulping woman arched her back and tilted her head so she could peer backward beneath herself. "Christ!" she exclaimed in a hollow tone. "You're not going to stop him, are you?"

Ward again reached under her to finger her tit. "Hell, no!" he replied cheerfully. "Not when everything's going as well as it is now!"

"God! What a hard-on! Skinny, but so Goddamn long!" There was awe in Bonnie's remark. "Oh, dear! Dear Jesus!"

The shiny tip nudged Bonnie's quivering membranes. Soldier clutched her waist with his forepaws and jerked his haunches in small, jabbing movements. His cockhead danced on her labia, each jump bringing it closer to her cuntmouth. In a moment, the sharp point vanished into the narrow opening and Soldier's humping strengthened. He drove the long cock into her with overbearing assurance; his first two experiences had obviously taught him that women provided excellent housing for a throbbing dick.

Bonnie made no protest as the great dog's cock plunged deeper. She pressed the top of her head against the sand and continued to stare backward at the rapidly vanishing hard-on as if hypnotized.

Her body trembled, but her movements only forced her cunt further onto the advancing shaft. The fat knot reached her cunt, and she flung her hips backward to wedge her flesh outward around the bulging swelling. Soldier lunged against her and buried his knot, then pumped vigorously over her ass. He fucked her with a heavy, purposeful stroke, and she raised her head and let her hair bounce in a wild tangle.

Myra whimpered with frustrated excitement. The scene had a primitive quality that Leanne's adventure had lacked. There was something vitally different between the two situations. Leanne, lying on her back, had somehow seemed to convert the fucking to human terms; face-to-face intercourse had a civilized nature that had made Myra see it in terms of Soldier as a mere substitute for a man. Bonnie's position, ass in the air, body huddled submissively beneath the great, shaggy brute, imparted a flavor of uncivilized ferocity to the act. Soldier clearly dominated; his actions and the angle of the enormous head seemed to shout that it was Bonnie who was the substitute. Soldier was not a brutish man; Bonnie was a smooth-skinned, tethered, substitute bitch.

Bonnie's response had become so enthusiastic that the bar clattered against the forked supports. She had clenched her fists and was pounding them on the sand. And her shoulders twisted with the pounding effort until her boobs bounced beneath her like full udders.

"Oh, God, Soldier!" cried the harassed woman. "Hit me hard! Fuck me harder... faster! FUCK HARD, SOLDIER! EEEEEEE!"

The dog had stripped Bonnie's defenseless cunt of its moisture with his tongue. His cock had slid into a dry, clinging cuntmouth. But the continued stroking had aroused her tissues and stimulated the flow of additional fluid. Thickening wetness rimmed her cum mouth and lubricated the pistoning base of his cock. It clung in milky-colored streaks to the fiery redness of the slick shaft and spread slowly outward over Bonnie's membranes.

Bonnie's desperate struggles suggested that she might be nearing another orgasm. The pitch of her voice rose and she chattered in broken sentences to the dog, punctuating her remarks with gasps and involuntary groans.

Myra leaned forward, her unblinking gaze fixed on the zone of connection. She suspected that the psychological effect of the action was even more devastating to the men - men were supposed to get more of their stimulation from the stirring of the imagination. But the smooth pumping of the gleaming shaft and the tightly-stretched collar of Bonnie's cunt aroused more of Myra's responsive nature than she would have admitted to anyone. She was fascinated by the way the great balls swung repeatedly against Bonnie's clitoris, despite the tension that had drawn them so tightly against his bristling sheath.

Jim came to Myra and dropped to one knee. At his urging, and without permitting her attention to wander from the rhythmic fucking, she arose far enough to straddle his other thigh. She let her knees hang vertically to place her weight on the contact between her throbbing pussy and his firm thigh muscles. Her hips jerked backward and forward and great waves of pleasure raced over her. Jim cupped his hands on her tits and pulled her back until she felt the sweat of his chest between her shoulder blades.

Bonnie swung her head from side to side. "FUCK, SOLDIER, FUCK!" she yelled. "GOD! I'M GOING TO COME AGAIN! NOW!"

Soldier appeared to have reached the point of orgasm as well. His haunches pressed forward to grind the mouth of his sheath against her cunt and he stopped pumping, his body vibrating

intensely. Bonnie trembled violently and her muscles tensed in great, biting contraction s. She uttered gulping cries of joy and winked her asscheeks fiercely.

“Yaghhh-yaghhh-yaghhh! BORE IT IN! PUSH, PUSH!”

Soldier lifted his muzzle in an undulating, sobbing wail. For a long time neither figure moved, except for the fierce tremors that shook both at intervals. Bonnie’s shouts died away, replaced by grunted whimpers. Her sides looked raw where Soldier had raked them; now, in the frenzy of his climax, he merely tugged her to him, and her skin was drawn under the strain. The dog’s coat hid Bonnie’s asscheeks, its shaggy tufts dusty and rough on her pale skin.

At last, the awesome orgasm subsided. Ward and Rocky tugged the forked supports sideways sufficiently to disengage the crossbar and pulled it from under Bonnie. A moment’s struggle sufficed to remove the loops from the spent woman’s elbows and knees.

“Thanks,” whispered Bonnie. “Now for the tough part.” She braced herself and panted, as if conserving her strength for her coming ordeal.

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CHAPTER NINE

Myra scrubbed her pussy on Jim’s thigh, beside herself with desire. “Jim!” she whispered urgently. “Jim, fuck me, honey! Now!”

He lowered his knee and sat on his heels. Clasp ing her waist with his hands, he guided her downward until her cuntmouth rested on the dome of his cockhead. She knelt astride his lap, her back against his belly, and savagely drove herself onto the waiting cock. The head plunged inward, impaling her and ripping a cry of delight from her throat.

“Eeeyaghhh! Yes, honey, yes! Mmmmmm!” She plunged her ass onto his thighs and squirmed fiercely.

Jim tilted her forward, rising as her ass rose. She caught herself with her hands, bracing them in the sand and letting Jim mount her the way Soldier had mounted Bonnie. Jim gripped her tightly and began to slam against her butt. She groaned happily.

“Y’know,” she muttered between blows, “I wouldn’t let Rocky do it like this before. It was too undignified.”

“Dirty, you mean.” Jim’s voice held a note that sounded as if he were leering at her. “Just plain dirty. Right?”

“Yes! Christ, yes! Dirty!” Today that was precisely what she wanted. The thrill of flaunting convention flamed in her with unquenchable heat. “Only dirty isn’t the right word any more. Unh! Unh! Whewww! It’s... not like... I always... thought! Oof, Jim, honey! Mmmmm! It’s just doing whatever... whatever is fun! UNHHHH! POKE HARD, HONEY!”

She burned with eagerness. Her flanks ached and her cunt seemed aflame with the delicious plunging of Jim’s cock. She surged against his blows, hungry for the brutal impact against her ass. Her nipples swung in jerky arcs she could watch by letting her head hang. Belatedly, she imitated Bonnie by dropping onto her forearms and letting the hard sand grains scrape her tits.

Jim's cockhead churned her guts as it plunged inward and then drew back. Every stroke drove her breath from her in an explosive grunt. She heard Bonnie's guttural cry when Soldier began dragging the slim blonde backward across the arena, but the sound served merely to heighten her own excitement. Only dimly did she realize that she had begged for this without bothering to retreat to more private surroundings. Her behavior was being displayed for Rocky and the others to study and remember, and she would never again seem prim or innocent to them.

But she was convinced that she would never again want that image. She loved the sweaty violence of this fucking and knew the blandness of their former relationship would not be satisfying again. With a silent thanks, she squirmed backward into Jim's vigorous thrusts and abandoned herself to the sightless whirlpool of sensation.

Angry objections burst from her when Jim jerked his cock out and released her. Like a bitch in heat, she continued for a time to weave her butt in the air and plead for his hard-on. But he seized her and pulled her to her feet.

"You're really turned on, baby!" he panted.

Her vision cleared slowly. She saw sweat running from him in broad rivulets, washing channels through the dust that had accumulated. Glancing down at herself, she saw the same kind of wet streaks on her own body and thrilled anew at the utter earthiness of their sex.

"God! Turned on? I'm all but turned inside out! For God's sake, get that cock into me again! Please, honey!"

"Come on, baby. Climb me!"

She swayed toward him and threw her arms around his neck. His hands clasped her asscheeks as she swung her legs up and clamped them around his waist. He pushed her hips back to let his cockhead lodge in her steaming cunt, then jerked her onto it. With a sigh of fulfillment, she felt herself slide down the shaft to its base.

"I do like it better this way," she murmured, her face pressed to his chest.

She wriggled at the sensation of pubic hair tangling with pubic hair. Shudders of pleasure racked her as she rubbed her boobs on his body.

"Let me have it!" she panted heavily. "Pump, honey! FUCK ME!"

Jim swung her butt outward, then jerked her to him again. Catching his rhythm after the first few swings, she tensed her thighs to straighten her legs, then tugged savagely, stroking herself back and forth on the buried cock. Her excitement soared. Her legs worked at a frenzied pace. The friction between her thighs and Jim's hips seemed to scrape her raw, and their combined sweat stung her sharply. Above their whistling breath, she could hear the squeaking of their skin and the wet smacking of her pussy on his hard pubic arch.

The small of her back ached with the effort of her fucking and her arms trembled with the strain of clinging to the slippery neck and shoulders.

"God, hon!" she groaned breathlessly. "This is strenuous as hell!"

"Yeah!" Jim gasped. "A guy's got to brace himself good if he wants to keep you from knocking him on his ass!"

She slammed into him with extra force. "If I... knock you on... your ass..." she grunted. "If I do... it's going to... drive your... cock... right through the... top of my head!"

"Or break the son of a bitch off!" he retorted.

"Oh! Oh!" Her increased force had sent new waves of excitement over her and she felt herself blasting into orgasm. Her vaginal spasms seized her in distinct pulses, wave following wave with a deliberate, majestic rhythm. With each fierce clenching of her cunt on the hard cock, her belly muscles jerked taut and her legs clamped viselike on Jim's hips. Her arms tightened simultaneously, and she ground her cheek on his hairy chest.

Jim gasped audibly at her first convulsion. His fingers clawed at her buttocks and crushed them. His legs began to tremble. The base of his cock swelled abruptly and warmth pooled at the core of her belly. At the height of her orgasm, she rubbed her cunt in slow circles on him and felt him stagger. He groaned softly past her head, then dug his chin into the thick softness of her hair.

"Good God!" he muttered. "Feels like I'm sucking my balls into my cock and shooting them into you!"

"I... want... them!" she managed in gasps. "All of you! Every... damn... bit!"

"Greedy broad!" he hissed, then snorted heavily and yanked at her as if experiencing a climax.

As the intensity passed, she felt him sway. He took one step backward, as if to steady his balance, two quicker steps forward and to the side, and then crumpled toward the sand. Myra sensed his fall and rode with it. He landed sitting, but she had leaned away from his upper torso and stretched her legs along his body, her knees damped on his rib cage. His abrupt stop allowed her pussy to slam with unbroken force onto the arch of his pelvis. His cock was already beginning to soften, but she felt the savage jerk as it levered forward in her gut. Instinctively, fighting time, she twisted one leg to the side and then the other, extending them along Jim's legs and settling cozily on his fallen body.

"I've still got him!" she whispered triumphantly. "I've still got him in me, honey!"

"For all the good he's going to do you," retorted Jim. "Might as well have an empty sock stuffed up there!"

"Oh, nooo!" She snuggled. "He still feels alive, even if he did get soft. Mmmm! I'm greedy, honey; you said so yourself. And I don't want to give you up yet." She glanced across the sand. "See? Bonnie isn't loose yet, either. Soldier can't get rid of her."

Jim grunted with interest. Bonnie's head and shoulders rested on the sand, but her butt was still locked tightly to the uneasy dog's belly, and only an inch of his cock showed, the remainder buried deeply in the exhausted woman. Rocky was soothing Soldier, petting him and speaking gently to him to reduce the amount of dragging, but it seemed clear that no influence other than nature's would affect the situation.

Ward and Leanne had retreated to the lower bend of the wash, but they were in plain view. Leanne lay on her side, one leg extended in a continuation of the line of her torso, the other drawn tightly against her chest. She hugged her knee while Ward straddled the extended leg and pressed his belly against the black-haired woman's tightly curved asscheek. He pumped at her with measured strokes as if to prolong the pleasure. Leanne moaned softly, and foam flecked the corner of her mouth.

"Please, Ward?" she pleaded. "Please? I do want to come now. Fuck me hard, sweetie, please!"

Ward smiled fondly down at her. "You really want to wrap it up, puss?"

"Oh, God, sweetie! I'm going to melt if I don't!"

"Okay. Hang on!" Ward's hips withdrew, then flashed forward.

Myra saw most of his cock emerge from Leanne's cunt during the withdrawal, then watched it plunge from sight with the wicked thrust. Myra winced involuntarily, as if she had received the violent blow instead of Leanne. But Leanne's body surged abruptly, and the girl cried out in a hoarse voice.

"Jesus! JESUS, WARD! That's what I wanted! FUCK! FUCK WITH ALL YOU'VE GOT!"

Ward placed his hands on the upthrust hip of the woman beneath him and leaned his weight on them. His hips jerked ferociously back and forth. His cock plunged like a piston, and each blow jarred the curvaceous body sharply. Leanne's cries rang with delight. She bent her neck and caught at her knee with her teeth, yelling around it as the brutal fucking continued.

"Now! NOWWW! WARD, FUCK-FUCK-FUCK!"

Ward's eyes appeared to glaze. His fingers bit into the tender flesh. He ground against the squirming cunt and leaned forward. The twitching of his buttocks betrayed the eruption of semen. Leanne shuddered in closely-spaced bursts that could have been triggered by nothing other than her orgasm. She let go of her knee and pressed her leg fiercely against Ward's torso. He grunted and seized her ankle with one hand, raising and straightening the leg while straining even harder against her cunt. Leanne groaned more violently, her arms swinging along the surface of the sand and her fingers clawing at it.

"EEEEEE! EEEYAIGHHH! WARRRD, HAAARRRD! Ummmm, yessss!" Slowly her contortions subsided and her arms went limp.

Ward released her leg. He fell forward over her and held her in his arms. Both panted for air, and Leanne turned her face.

"Kiss me, sweetie," she murmured. "Kiss me good."

Ward pressed his mouth to hers.

"She's affectionate after an orgasm," remarked Jim quietly. "Wants to cuddle like a kitten."

"That's what she reminds me of," replied Myra. "Or a real young bitch."

"Hey! Looks like Bonnie's coming unlocked."

Myra looked quickly. Bonnie appeared to hang a little lower, and even as Myra stared, the bulge on Soldier's cock came slowly into view. The next instant, Bonnie slid off the long cock and collapsed on the sand. Soldier backed away, dropped to his side, and began the lengthy process of cleaning and relaxing his turgid cock. Rocky gathered Bonnie into his arms and cradled her. Myra felt a momentary twinge of jealousy, but the sweaty warmth of Jim's body beneath her own reminded her that she had three men taking care of her instead of one, and she sighed contentedly.

"Hmm? That sigh supposed to mean something?" asked Jim.

"Sure is. Means three men seem a lot better than one."

"I'll buy that. Three women, too. Likely to keep a guy on his toes."

"Or something!" Myra giggled. "I know there's going to be times when I won't believe all this really happened at all. You know?"

"When that happens, let me know. I'll be glad to pinch you."

"I'll bet! Lecherous old man, you!"

"That was my childhood ambition." Jim pinched her ass playfully.

She squirmed. The limp cock slipped from her cunt and she groaned.

"Oh, damn! Lost it!"

Jim chuckled. "It's going to be around for a while. I'll give you another chance at it."

"Mmmm! It's getting to be a kind of habit. Pretty soon I'm going to feel like he's an old friend."

"It sure took us long enough to make the introductions," Jim grumbled. "Why the hell couldn't we see how much more fun we could have by trading around a little."

"Trading around a little! God, Jim! Tearing off all the restraints, you mean!"

"And using a few at the right time." He sounded deeply satisfied with their pleasant games. "Right now I feel like I've been neglecting my stomach. By the time we get back to the house and decide what to eat, I'm going to be in the last stages of starvation!"

Myra disengaged herself from his embrace. She felt that she would be able to approach lunch with enthusiasm, but her hunger was hardly so overpowering as to make her break up their snug companionship. "Men never think of anything but sex or food," she remarked. "And when they say they'd rather screw than eat, I know it isn't anywhere near mealtime."

Jim swatted at her, but she danced aside. Running to escape his pursuit, she gathered up her clothes and began dodging. But Jim abandoned the chase.

"I'll catch you sooner or later, baby. I can wait."

The others separated. Ward grabbed his clothing and followed Leanne toward the picnic clearing. Together, the six returned to the house, where Myra and Leanne helped Bonnie prepare lunch. Myra refrained from commenting on the change in attitudes since breakfast. One of the others would probably make some comment later, and in the meantime she had an idea what kind of thoughts and memories were filling their minds.

There was considerable awkwardness at the table. Myra watched the others, glancing covertly from one to another as one conversational effort aborted and then the next. As if they were afraid of the subject, everyone avoided explicit reference to their new and exciting sexuality. Their behavior, both during the morning and during the evening before, had raced far ahead of their ability to adapt emotionally. She felt that none of them would seriously consider a return to the strict prohibition on sexual familiarity that had preceded this experience, but it was obvious that there were strong undercurrents of unresolved guilt and shame.

Those feelings would pass, she was certain. They were part of a way of life they had left behind. Refusing to return to that way of life, they would find the old attitudes withering quickly. To her

surprise, she was conscious of a surge of gratification at the thought. She was suffering from both guilt and shame herself; she felt guilty over her brazen behavior with Ward and Jim and ashamed of her easy surrender to the sheer physical enticement of Soldier's assault of the previous night. Neither negative feeling managed to make her wish the events had not happened. She was glad they had, and her only concern was over finding the most effective way to eliminate outmoded negative feelings.

The meal ended without anyone's having broken through the involuntary taboo of conversation about sex. No one seemed capable of overcoming the barrier and launching the subject of an afternoon continuation of the games. Myra recognized that she was attributing her own feelings to the others, but believed she knew them well enough to do so. As for herself, she felt as if she were in a state of shock. She had shared with the others an unbelievable build-up of sensuality here at Pulsegate; she was now convinced that had been a combination of isolation, overdue concession to the extremely close nature of the long-time friendship, and primitive setting. When they had finally broken the bounds of convention the previous night, they had done so in what she considered a startling way.

Under ordinary circumstances, they would probably have used one of the milder introductions to swapping. She knew the practice was growing quite popular in their social class, and that such affairs normally started with some rigged strap game or by pairing off of couples for quiet, discreet retreat to separate bedrooms or homes. Bondage-type situations might come later for kicks, but she was certain they seldom served to break in a new group.

Her own experience on the table had provided an extremely potent charge of stimulation to everybody. The fact Rocky and Bonnie had conducted themselves as they had, and the way Ward and Leanne had behaved seemed to show an almost hysterical rejection of social boundaries. Her own adventure with Soldier on the beach had come as a carry-over of that over-reaction to a lifetime of propriety.

The shock of being caught in the act by Leanne had caused further disruption of her emotional balance. Clearly, Leanne had been shaken by finding Myra as she had. She would have been shocked to find her in the act of intercourse with the big dog, but Myra was certain that there had been an extra jolt. Seeing a woman hung up - unable to uncouple from the beast after the intercourse was complete - had to add a sense of savage excitement to the situation.

When Leanne had whispered the story to Bonnie and Bonnie had self-righteously passed the information on, the entire group had experienced a significant increase in excitement level. Naturally, the men had been fiercely inflamed. And although the two women had surely not been conscious of an intensification of their own erotic sensibility, the effect of that incredible action must have made them more receptive to the idea of resuming the games in the morning.

Now, with everybody wallowing in the relief of several intense orgasms, the other five were no doubt struggling with the same reactions as Myra. She, herself, had no regrets. The guilt and shame seemed out of place; both feelings were largely buried in a pulsing, welling joy at the new freedom that dominated her consciousness. No matter what it cost her in terms of psychological upheaval, she was determined to make over her lifestyle. She would refuse to let the pleasure of sex be linked again in her mind with the traditional restrictions of love and marriage. She might not participate in sex with men for whom she felt no love, but she meant to make that a matter of attraction. If she felt strongly attracted on a sexual basis to a man for whom she felt no other emotion, she would indulge herself in the pleasure of satisfying that sexual desire.

As for the male members of couples she and Rocky had a deep affection for, she knew she was going

to find out how they performed sexually. She and Rocky were going to become established members of the swap culture, and whatever superstitious remnants of her upbringing conflicted with that objective, she was going to isolate and defuse.

She knew what she meant to do in the future. She knew there was going to be a great deal more sexual activity during the rest of their stay at Pulsegate. But in her awe at the enormity of the events of the past few hours, she felt an instinctive need to let things soak in. At the moment, she wanted desperately to begin new sexual adventures, but needed time to digest what had already happened. And old habits seemed terribly difficult to destroy. The act of eating lunch was so routine – so much like life had been before the change – that it was impossible to introduce open discussion of the fantastic new style.

She escaped from the kitchen as quickly as possible. Everyone advanced some excuse for getting away from all the others; there was not even any apparent desire for husbands and wives to be together. Myra was hardly surprised to see that Soldier was prowling outside the door, but his behavior disturbed her. He bristled at each of the men, sniffed at Bonnie and Leanne with a haughty manner, and greeted Myra with what looked like delighted relief that she was still there. He pressed his muzzle into her hand and wiggled like a puppy. When the others scattered on their separate ways, and she entered the trail toward the bluffs and the beach, he accompanied her, head close to her thigh and pace sedate.

The morning had been totally calm; there had been no trace of a breeze. Myra had managed time for a quick shower before lunch, thankful for the opportunity to flush away the thick layers of dust and sweat, but the air seemed hotter now, and the breeze stirred only enough to tease. It appeared that this would be one of those rare days without wind.

She and Soldier reached the bluffs and picked their way down the long, winding trail to the beach. The surf rolled onto the lonely coast in long, smooth crests that curled and toppled from one end to the other simultaneously. Each breaker collapsed with a resounding crash and threw great gouts of spray high in the air. The foam hissed loudly as it plunged up the beach. As if blocked by the bluffs, what little breeze there had been above was stilled at beach level. The heat hung about her like a heavy veil, and for the first time, she became aware of the bank of clouds that lay to the west. Even Soldier fidgeted as if affected by the oppressive air.

“Storm coming, boy?” she asked.

He peered into her face and whined. But the glance seemed to reassure him, and he dashed toward the water to rout a preening seagull. Myra laughed and followed. Her clothes were soaked with perspiration, and she itched, but the scent of rotting seaweed and salt spray gave her spirits a boost that made minor physical discomfort unimportant. She and Soldier played, chasing each other along the foam line and investigating interesting pieces of flotsam while the clouds rolled rapidly across the surface of the sea toward land. From time to time, Myra paused to study the cloud bank. The lower portion was a horizontal, unbroken roll that seemed to boil forward. Above, great white masses piled skyward. As the bank grew closer, she heard a mutter of thunder and saw lightning flickering among the lower sections.

“Soldier, you’re right. That thing’s going to dump rain! I’ll bet we’ll have plenty of wind when it gets here, too.”

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## CHAPTER TEN

In the space of an hour, the character of the surf underwent a complete change. The long, even swells continued, but short, choppy waves built up, riding the backs of the smoother swells. Instead of beach-length crests, the newly forming pattern presented peaking seas that produced a chaotic jumble of individual breakers. The height of the waves increased with incredible speed, until some looked the size of a large building to Myra.

She and the dog had worked their way almost to the south end of the beach, at least a mile from the path, and she discovered belatedly that the tide had been coming in. A low, sheer ledge of rock extended outward toward the surf between her and the path, and she saw that the water had risen enough for the foam to be heaping itself on the outer tip of the ledge.

"Hey, Soldier! We'd better head back! The waves will be breaking on that ledge pretty quick." She felt no alarm; she was on a wide part of the beach and could easily wait out the tide, but she felt no enthusiasm over a wait of three or four hours. Still, she felt no need to hurry, and she stopped several times to examine some stranded bit of sea life she had previously overlooked. She was amused at Soldier's growing restiveness and got down on her knees twice to hug and reassure him.

She was still some distance from the ledge when the first breaker rode up its tip. The sudden heaping of the water and the height of the spume awed her.

"Good God, Soldier! We'd better not get caught by one of those!" She ran then, suddenly realizing that there was no remaining period of grace.

But they had waited too long. In the few minutes it took to reach the ledge, a train of higher waves reached the beach. Every one of them crashed on the ledge, piling up and roaring inward along the sheer sides with tremendous walls of spray shooting into the air. At the ledge, Myra realized at once that she had no chance of climbing up the face; there was an overhang she had not noticed before. Irritated at herself, she turned away and prepared to wait out the tide.

She was puzzled by its behavior, however. She had visited the beach frequently while at Pulsegate, and she had had some opportunity to see how the tides came and went. Not once had she seen the water line advance as rapidly as it was doing this day. The looming clouds boiled and rolled so fast that she could hardly help suspecting a connection between the oncoming storm and the extra vigor of the tide. When that thought occurred to her, she grew alarmed. If the storm could make the tide come in that much faster, it might also make it pile higher; she might not be safe as she had assumed.

Soldier's behavior furnished additional fuel for alarm. He was distinctly uneasy. He prowled from water's edge to bluffs and back repeatedly, and he growled frequently at the ominous front of the storm. The thunder was rumbling almost continuously, now, and an occasional sharp clap seemed to jar the dog's nerves severely.

The rising tide drove Myra and Soldier back toward the bluff. With only a few yards of dry beach left, the edge of the storm reached them. Rain began explosively; huge drops pelted her, then were replaced by torrents of hard-driven downpour. In an instant, she was drenched. To her horror, the onslaught appeared to give new impetus to the tide, and as she pressed against the foot of the bluff, foam lapped at her ankles.

Soldier took matters into his own jaws. He caught at the hem of her skirt and tugged at her. With evident agitation, he coaxed her to follow him. Hopefully, she raced after him. The big dog showed considerable unhappiness, but he slogged along the base of the cliff with an air of knowing where he was going. Within moments, he was scrambling over broken rock toward a low ledge.

The wind, having come with the rain, shrieked along the face of the bluff and whipped at Myra as she clambered onto the tumbled rocks. Her skirt rose to stand out from her waist like a flag; and horizontally driving raindrops stung her naked thighs like shotgun pellets. She bit her lip and doggedly struggled toward the ledge.

Soldier gained level footing and stopped, waiting anxiously for her. When she joined him, he whirled and slunk along the ledge. They rounded a projection, and Soldier ducked into a deep crevice. Myra steeled her nerves and plunged into the gloomy passage behind him. If the tide rose much further, she told herself grimly, it would flood the recess and trap them like rats. But they obviously had no chance of survival on the beach.

A few yards in from the entrance, the passage widened abruptly; a dimly lighted cavern lay before them. Although the passage itself had been free of sand or debris – she wondered if it had been scoured clean by earlier storm waves – great heaps of dried seaweed lay along the walls of the cave. The floor of the cavern was covered by sand, but light filtering from above revealed that it consisted of a series of broad, steplike ledges leading upward. She raced toward the back, hoping to find a tunnel or crack leading toward the upper plateau. No such escape appeared; overhead, a broad shaft opened to daylight. Rainwater was cascading down one side of the chimney to collect in a stream at the foot of one wall of the cave. Except for that trough at the wall, the floor of the chamber was dry.

Soldier pressed against Myra's leg. He wagged his tail and looked up at her, then backed away and shook himself. The spray that flew from his coat reminded her of her own soggy condition. Immediately, she began to feel uncomfortable and clammy; her clothes clung to her with the disagreeable chill of wet synthetics.

The air was still unseasonably warm, and none of the wind penetrated the cave. She could strip and let her clothes dry while she waited out the storm. But she suspected that Soldier would interpret nakedness as an invitation to a resumption of his recent sexual exploits.

The thought sent a sharp thrill over her and made her crotch feel suddenly tight. Her excitement level was still high, and she remembered the sensations from her encounter with the dog pleurably. Although the pleasure came back clearly to her, she found that she could recall none of the specific feelings that made Soldier different from a human, and the realization annoyed her.

"I wonder," she mused. "How about it, Soldier? Was it all that good?" She could reinforce her decision to scrap old taboos no more forcefully than by deliberately permitting him to mount her again. They would have absolute privacy for some time, and a boring wait would be aggravated by the discomfort of her wet garments. Even while she pondered the matter, her desire for sex rose. The dog looked more powerful to her than she had realized; his haunches bulged with reserve strength and drive, and his forequarters seemed to have been designed broad and deep for the purpose of hugging a mate to his belly.

As if sensing something unusual in her study, he faced her with forepaws widely planted, head cocked, and an inquisitive expression in his eyes.

"Oh, what the hell!" she exclaimed loudly. "Why not? Come on, Soldier! Let's fuck!" She raised her voice in defiance of the frightened inner voice that shrieked at her to reconsider.

The dog whimpered eagerly and shifted his weight from foot to foot when she unzipped her skirt. She kicked off her sandals while she was working the clammy material over her hips. Pushing the skirt off her legs, she stepped out of it and dropped it to the floor. Soldier showed visible signs of inability to contain his interest; he surged two quick steps closer and whined deep in his throat.

For a moment, Myra hesitated as to which item should come off next. If she wanted to complete her undressing before the dog lost control of himself, she probably ought to leave her panties on until last. On the other hand...

She decided abruptly. With a fluttery sensation in the pit of her stomach, she thrust her panties off her hips and struggled to get them off her thighs. Soldier was upon her. As her pubic hair appeared, he jammed his nose to the space between her thighs and butted with a peremptory jerk of his head. She laughed and pushed his muzzle aside. Handicapped, she fought to remove the panties with one hand, but when they reached her knees another demanding thrust of Soldier's head drove his nose against her pussy. She gasped and flinched violently. Her knees jerked apart, ripping the flimsy garment into two ragged pieces. The remnants of the panties slipped to her feet, and she planted herself with feet widely apart while she fumbled at the fasteners on her blouse.

Soldier ignored her efforts. He nosed at the exposed flesh of her twat and began exploring it with his tongue.

Myra's teeth chattered. "G-g-good God, Soldier! I didn't think I'd ever forget how good that tongue could make me feel! But, oh, it's better than I'd dreamed!"

Her hips worked spasmodically, jerking backward when the brute touched a spot that was too sensitive, and swaying toward him when his lapping failed to produce sufficient pleasure. Her fingers shook, but she finally managed to get the blouse loose. She dropped it and worked at her bra, which came free with surprisingly little trouble. Naked, she clasped her hands at the small of her back, bent her knees, and gave herself up to the excruciating delight of Soldier's tonguing.

Hot waves of excitement poured through her. Goosebumps spread over her body. Her nipples swelled and hardened, and thrills of pleasure chased up and down her spine. Her pussy felt as if it were writhing under the delicious urging of the broad tongue, and a gnawing desire welled in her belly.

Knees forward and out, she bent backward deeply. Her belly protruded, muscles quivering, and her boobs tilted toward the ceiling. She let her head hang backward while her shoulders twisted from side to side. Her breathing was labored, and involuntary groans of happiness bubbled from her lips. Her hips had grown more agitated; they jerked back and forth in a strong, rapid rhythm, jerking her pussy into Soldier's muzzle, then withdrawing it.

Soldier seemed somehow to approach the activity in a different spirit from that he had displayed before. She told herself she was imagining things - that her perception was different this time. But the feeling persisted that the dog was taking a more personal attitude. He sounded and acted as if he were sharing a highly enjoyable adventure with her, rather than treating her like a convenient and helpless toy. He seemed to respond to her reactions; when she uttered an especially strong moan of pleasure, he repeated whatever act had triggered it, and when she seemed to quiet, he shifted his line of attack.

At length, her rising excitement and the strain of the position overwhelmed her. She sank to the ground, lying on her back with her knees parted and elevated. Soldier gave no evidence of disapproval; he lowered his head and continued his licking without interruption. She had felt her labia swelling and opening. She had felt a succession of warm surges inside her cuntmouth and knew that she was oozing pussy-juice. The delicate membranes of her vulva throbbed fiercely, and each stroke of the patient tongue made her feel as if a jagged file were being lightly drawn across raw tissues. She pressed the heels of her hands to the sides of her head and shook herself slowly from side to side, keeping pace with the surges of excitement that coursed inward from her cunt.



"Ohhh, ohhh! Soldier, baby! What you're doing to me!"

She felt she was nearing a point where she would have to have his cock. She could lie on the edge of one of the shelves where her cunt would be at the right height above the next lower. But the image failed to satisfy her. That had been the format the night before, when she had only halfway appreciated what was happening. Today, she was proclaiming a new self. She had knowingly started this game with the dog - had quite literally offered herself to him. It seemed to be significantly symbolic that she yield to his natural mode of mounting. When she could no longer restrain herself, she decided, she would roll over and push herself onto her knees; she would find out how it felt to be a bitch under her dog.

But that was going to bring on a finale too rapidly. She wanted somehow to prolong the enjoyment. She felt such a tremendous amount of affection for the dog that passive compliance seemed inadequate. Not only had he chosen her as a companion instead of any of the others, but he had almost certainly saved her life on the beach. She was rewarding him, in a sense, but her role seemed too cold and inactive to her.

As she let her affection flow forward in her mind, an irresistible impulse seized her. She squirmed into a huddled ball and grabbed Soldier's ruff in both hands. Hugging his head to her breasts, she rubbed her face on the soft fur between his ears. Soldier jerked backward and twisted, apparently intent on continuing his feast. She wrestled with him, joyously attempting to maul him while he tried to shrug free. But he seemed suddenly to get the idea.

He gave a mighty shake and dislodged her. He bounded away, then hurled himself at her. Catching her with his shoulder, he bowled her over and landed astride her sprawling body. Butt in the air, he lowered his forequarters to press her to the floor with the weight of his chest. She pushed and wriggled, but she was helpless until he voluntarily released her. Like a cat, she rolled to the side and scrambled to her feet. Instantly, she threw herself on him. Her arms encircled his neck and she thrust against the sand with her feet in an effort to throw him off balance. Like a bulldogged steer, he lowered his shoulders and flung his head from side to side. She felt her grip slipping and was suddenly hurled clear.

She tried again to gain her feet, but Soldier pounced on her as if she were a mouse. He knocked her down and stood back to study her. She laughed, convinced that his expression was one of amusement. Recovering her breath, she attempted to rise. But Soldier rolled her once more. For a time, she persisted; eventually, she realized that she was making no progress. The next time Soldier approached, she contented herself by merely hugging him. He whined happily and submitted to her caresses.

Her knee brushed the hardness of his cock. Like an electric shock, a deeper sense of devotion seized her. She let go of his ruff with one hand and closed her fingers over the bulge in his sheath. Soldier's playful contortions ceased. He stood stiff-legged, back arched, and quivered while she gently stroked the sheathed base of his cock. He had sported a partial hard on, perhaps six inches of red dick protruding in a relatively stiff condition. As she tenderly worked her hand on the bulge, his shaft grew and emerged into view. It hardened and straightened until the edge of the coupling knot appeared at the front of the sheath.

A violent tremor of excitement paralyzed Myra. "Oh, dear God!" she exclaimed in a whisper. "Oh, God, honey! I want the feel of that cock in me! I want it so badly!"

She placed her other hand on the ground without releasing her grip on the dog's hot cock. Raising herself to her knees and supporting herself with the one hand, she sidled next to Soldier, her

shoulder against his and her hip touching his side. Cautiously, she edged her ass under his belly and lowered her shoulders. He merely continued to tremble for a moment, his body rigid and motionless.

Then, hesitantly, he lifted his forepaw and rested it on her back. She immediately squirmed beneath his chest and allowed his foot to slip off so his forelegs straddled her. The big dog hesitated no longer. The change in his behavior was so abrupt it created the impression he had been consciously giving her the option of initiating action. As she let go of his cock and elevated her butt, he raised both forepaws from the floor and clasped them on her waist. His belly rode her ass and the point of his cock touched her cunt.

She shuddered with anticipation. Her mouth was unbearably dry and her belly churned. She swallowed and let her head hang, her hair tumbling over the floor.

"Ohhh, honey!" she whispered. "Oh, Soldier, honey! Stick it in! Go ahead and fuck me!"

Now that he clutched her to him, she recalled the way his paws had raked her sides. She held her breath and let him jerk at her. Knowing that he planted his rear feet well apart when mounted, so that there would have been plenty of space between them for her legs to be together, she nonetheless placed her knees far apart and let her calves rest against the outer sides of his paws. She felt the vigorous working of his legs as his haunches surged back and forth. The point of his cockhead jabbed repeatedly at her distended twat, poking at the sensitized membranes and coming continually nearer the center. She had felt that dancing approach the night before and watched it applied to Leanne and Bonnie during the morning. But it felt entirely new, and fascinated her now.

Her slowly oozing fluids lubricated the surfaces of her inner labia, and when his cock struck them, it slipped toward her cuntmouth as if on skids. The sudden filling of her open rim brought a gasp of pleasure to her lips. Involuntarily, she thrust backward to secure the preliminary alignment. Soldier seemed to have the same desire as she for maximum enjoyment, for he paused briefly with the tip inserted into her cunt and its sloping sides plugging her rim. They were both so quiet that her rim sensed the pulsing of his cock and transmitted heartbeat thrills through her.

"Omigod!" she exclaimed hoarsely. "Omigod, that's good!"

Soldier whined and twitched. The tiny movement made his cockhead sink a fraction of an inch deeper, wedging her open a little wider.

"Oh, now, Soldier! Now! Ram it home!" She felt as if her throat were parched and her cunt a vacuum. The ache of desire throbbed in every fiber.

Soldier reacted to her harsh demand. His haunches drove forward and his cockhead plunged into her, rudely stretching her cuntmouth and pushing apart the spongy walls of her vagina.

"Ahhhh!" she sighed with vast pleasure. "Fuck, honey, fuck!"

Again and again, his haunches drove forward. With each thrust, his cock seated itself more deeply in her passage. She felt the weird sensation of stiffness bottoming against elastic membrane and the weirder one of inner stretching. And a moment later she felt the hard pressure of his knot at her cuntmouth. Wild with excitement and eagerness and afraid his knot might swell too fast to get inside her, she flung herself back on his cock and drove her cunt over the swelling. As if it had gulped the knot, her cunt tightened behind it to squeeze the base of the magnificent cock.

Soldier pumped. His haunches established a smooth fucking rhythm, and his forepaws swept her back and forth in the same beat. She thought incoherently that it was a little like masturbation as if

he were merely sliding her up and down his shaft the way a man might use his hand. But the notion died as quickly as it had been born. The whole nature of the action was too intensely personal for such an idea to survive. The great dog's belly scraped her ass and the bristles of his sheath stabbed cruelly into the quivering membranes that lined her inner labia. His cock churned her guts delightfully. Her boobs bounced and her hair writhed on the sand. She felt her arms weakening; with a happy sigh, she sagged to her forearms and let him jerk her lower torso back and forth as she rubbed her ass against his belly.

"Soldier, honey," she murmured as she pressed her lips against one arm. "Soldier, honey, it's better than I remembered. It's better than it could possibly ever be!"

The powerful blows rained on her upturned twat. Pleasure washed outward from her cunt until her butt and the inner surfaces of her thighs pulsated with it. Her slender body flopped in his brutal grip, tossed unmercifully but jerking with joyful response to every vicious surge. His cock plunged within her, and the entrapped knot battered at the inside of her cuntmouth with every backward lunge of the forceful haunches.

Myra choked back sobs of sheer pleasure. She bit her lips to quiet the ones that swelled her throat. And as her excitement rose, her instinct toward quiet dwindled. At last, she was uttering a lusty scream at every blow and babbling nonsense in between. She no longer cared that the cave echoed and magnified her shrieks; the wordless bellows that the walls flung back at her merely heightened her sensitivity and multiplied her enjoyment.

She made no effort to hold back her orgasm. When her passion seemed suddenly to race ahead of her reason, she swung her hips from side to side and precipitated the onslaught. Her shrieks gave way to a long, undulating yell.

Soldier's only response to her new rigidity and the milking contractions in the walls enclosing his cock was an increase in the force of his fucking. He swept her harder against himself and slammed her cunt onto the base of his cock more savagely. His forepaws clamped more tightly on her waist and his coarse hair scraped her ass more fiercely. But the deeply plunging strokes of his cock continued without break and his haunches continued to snap in and out.

Myra's orgasmic spasms subsided. She hung at the threshold of climax, every fiber a sensual nerve that his fucking aroused. She felt her eyes bulge and knew her mouth hung open. Her tits rubbed on the sand and her forearms were raw. She prayed silently for the strength to remain at her present level of excitement - to avoid becoming numbed by the incessant, driving thrusts. And she welcomed the abrupt eruption of her second orgasm.

When Soldier finally began his climax, hugging her tightly on the base of his cock and letting his cum ooze into her, his vibrating tremors generated her third orgasm. She accepted the new frenzy of lust with regenerated enthusiasm. She dug her toes into the sand and levered her knees into the air and drove her ass higher. She scrubbed her inflamed cunt on the wire-stiff bristles and felt the taut edge of his sheath enter her cunt. The ridge along the center line of his belly gouged her ass crack and threatened to scrape her bloody. But every sensation heightened the intensity of her climax. Convulsive spasms twisted her beneath the tightly clinging brute and staggered him. But the warm gush of semen continued, and his fierce vibrations robbed her of the power to move, so that she became rigid and helpless - a mass of pulsing flesh anchored on his buried cock.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Myra felt a strange sensation of detachment. She could not identify the texture of the floor of the cave nor distinctly see the walls. The focus of her awareness was the pulsing cock, and its presence seemed to expand and blot out the rest of her universe. The illusion grew upon her that she was suspended by her cunt from a great rod with a huge ball inside her. The gloom of the cavern seemed to have turned to darkness, and the rod was spinning her in ever faster revolutions. Her arms and legs must be flying straight out from her torso, she felt confusedly. If the rod should let go, she would spin like the blades of a helicopter. She would probably fly out over the ocean and disappear forever. But even the spinning was being absorbed in the whirlpool of her pleasure, and the physical sensations in her cunt were becoming fuzzy and indistinct. She wondered vaguely if she were going to pass out.

When she opened her eyes, she was at a loss to understand her situation. Her face was pressed against sand. Her arms were outflung and her legs sprawled at awkward angles. Her crotch burned and throbbed, and she felt as if something were turning her inside out.

Her head began to clear. She became aware of Soldier's stiff legs and slowly realized that he was standing over her. For a fleeting instant, she wondered if he had attacked and mauled her - if she were already dying as the result of his savage teeth - and then memory burst upon her.

She groaned. "Ohhhhh! You damn fool, Myra! You did! You passed out! Right in the middle of a fantastic orgasm, you had to do a blackout! Jesus!"

Tentatively, she pulled her legs under her to trace some of her weight off her tortured cuntmouth. Encouraged by her success, she then got her forearms firmly under her and crouched quietly under the panting Soldier. The pressure inside her vagina established the fact that he was still hung up in her. She was locked to his prick and no amount of squirming would free her. But with her returning consciousness came a pleasant glow of excitement; her sexual desire had not abandoned her.

"Know what, Soldier?" she asked softly. "I don't give a damn how long it takes you to get loose! Feels good!"

To her dismay, her voice was lost in an incredible roaring that shook the very ground. She felt spray and smelled the ocean. The roar stilled and a silken rushing sound became audible. She twisted to look. Thick, dirty foam boiled toward her on one of the lower levels.

"Omigod, Soldier! The tide! It's filling the cave!"

Panic-stricken, she tried to crawl away from the water. Soldier acted as if he thought she was trying to help him get them disconnected. He tugged backward and stopped her in her tracks.

"No, Goddamn it! We've got to move!" She sobbed with fear and frustration. The fact that their tugging aroused familiar excitement only seemed to aggravate the situation.

But Soldier stubbornly refused to comprehend the need to retreat higher in the cave. And Myra's terror gradually calmed. She began to believe that there must be less immediate hazard than she had at first assumed. Furthermore, if the lapping foam should reach the dog's feet, she was certain he would beat a retreat. For the time being, she could put the danger out of her mind and make the most of her position.

She was aware of the fact that Soldier had satisfied his sexual appetite for the moment. His only interest was in freeing his cock from the grip of her clinging cunt. But her own appetite was more durable. Without deliberate intent to agitate the brute that had her locked onto his cock, she began to move her hips. Her cunt stroked the inch or two of cock between his knot and sheath, and the

delicious sensations of fucking welled through her.

Soldier whined piteously. He made no attempt to chastise his tormentor, but his stance conveyed the fact that he wanted no part of her renewed desire. Her experimental movements had aroused an unquenchable fire in her, however, and suddenly she was committed to gratification of the rapidly mounting hunger. Her hips started pumping in earnest. Friction in her cunt sent thrills racing into her thighs and accelerated their action. Her breathing became labored; fierce, wheezing pants tore at her throat and her sides heaved.

With a disgusted whimper, Soldier indicated his perplexity. To Myra's amazement, he sighed and lowered his butt. Sitting on his haunches, he disrupted her concentration for a time. She saw the nervous movements of his forepaws and realized that she was interfering with their natural placement. With a whimper of her own, she interrupted her pumping to thrust her knees wider apart. Soldier took advantage of her offer and settled his paws on the sand inside her thighs. He sat almost normally, his forelegs snug against her sides and wedged between her widespread thighs, while she knelt, her butt tucked against his belly and her asscheeks bumping his rear thighs. Her elbows hugged his forelegs against her sides and she leaned on her hands.

Despite the crowded condition of her position, she found she could resume her fucking, her thighs providing plenty of spring to bounce her up and down the inch or so of his cock between the mouth of his sheath and the bulge of his knot. But there were significant new zones of friction that soon made her feel as if her whole body were a part of the action. The entire length of her back rubbed up and down beneath the slope of his belly. Her sides scraped continuously on the hard inner tendons of his forelegs and the outer bulges of her boobs slipped back and forth against her upper arms.

Myra had to keep her head down to avoid bumping Soldier's muzzle. There was no way to escape the image she made, unless she closed her eyes. For a time, she did so; one of the inhibitions Rocky had sometimes objected to had been against betraying visual curiosity over the more intimate details of sex. Feelings had always seemed sufficient; she had found it difficult to understand the enormous stimulation men derived from seeing things happen. But she had discovered, here at Pulsegate, that she did get a certain very powerful kind of thrill out of what she saw. And she now admitted that each of her former inhibitions in sexuality ought to be challenged.

She fleetingly thought of the scene as lewd and grotesque, and her belly knotted at the feeling. But the knotting was itself exciting, and she finally understood that excitement from any source fused with sexual stimuli to develop the full range of pleasure.

Although Soldier still showed no inclination to join her in active fucking, he did seem to be adapting. Their position prevented discomfort to him and enabled him to regard her frenzy with considerable tolerance. From time to time he licked the back of her neck; when he did, the warm affection made her shiver with delight.

But her exertions and the incessant flood of sensations from her cunt was producing a crescendo of lust that engulfed her. She clenched her teeth and let her breath whistle between them.

"Omigod, honey!" she cried spontaneously. "Oh, God! OH, GOD!"

She felt as if a great knot were forming low in her belly – being drawn tight and hard and generating waves of pure delight. Impulsively, she clutched at her cunt, then began stroking the side of her clitoris with her fingers. She was able to regulate the pressure and speed for the best possible sensation; delicious fountains of pleasure welled over her and she thrust herself down onto the sharp bristles of Soldier's sheath.

"Mmmmm! MMM... Ahhhhh! SOLDIER, Soldier! EEEEEEE!" Orgasmic spasms seized her. Her thighs hardened and clamped against the dog's taut forelegs. Her belly felt as if it were buzzing and her boobs quivered. She opened her mouth wide and deliberately thrust out her tongue, letting it rest on her chin and panting as if she were a bitch.

The simple gesture seemed to transform the entire act into a primitive, earthy rite. Her climax intensified abruptly. The fierce contractions doubled her over until her forehead pressed against the sand at her knees, but her fingers continued gently stroking the inflamed tissues around her clitoris.

"Oh, Jesus! Eeeyaghhhhh! YAAAGHHHH!" She shuddered violently and continuously. Her only other movement was the slow rotary squirming of her hips, grinding her cunt on the base of Soldier's cock. Wave after wave of searing pleasure washed over her. Each wave was accompanied by a convulsive spasm of her entire body, focused on savage contractions in her vagina that rippled inward from her cuntmouth to the end of the barrel. Between spasms, she was gripped by violent tremors that blocked her attempts to gulp air into her tortured lungs.

In the end, the wild chaos of sensation subsided and her twisted body began to go limp. Quiet sobs of exhaustion were punctuated by gasps that shook her, but her muscles seemed to turn watery and she huddled in helpless, inert satiation. Soldier seemed to have resigned himself to being locked to her.

He bent from time to time to lick her back but showed no inclination to rise to his feet again. At length, he heaved a deep sigh and flopped onto his side. The change in his position jerked her with him, and she lay curled in the hollow at his belly, her butt still pulled tightly against his shaggy underside. She continued to lie motionless. She felt as if she were in the middle of a weird dream and admitted drowsily to herself that she would be content to remain as she was for hours.

The water level advanced to the ledge below them but came no further. Breakers crashed at the very mouth of the crevice, and an occasional swell sent a mountain of foam surging inward to convince the huddled girl that the end had arrived. But upon reaching the cavern, the white wall invariably collapsed to hiss harmlessly over the floor, and she received hardly more than the spray from shattered bubbles. The big dog's body heat on her back and the continued internal heat around his buried cock kept her feeling cozy.

At last, she felt the shrinking of his knot and knew it was slipping through her clinging cuntmouth. Reluctant as she was to lose the pleasant sensation of fullness, she recognized Soldier's remarkable patience and tugged experimentally. Her rim stretched deliciously and she pulled herself away from the dog's belly. Still a respectable size, the knot popped free with an audible sound similar to that of a cork coming out of a bottle. She had to squirm along the sand to peel herself off the rest of his extended cock.

The intense feeling of tenderness she had developed toward Soldier had not only persisted, but had grown deeper during the time that had elapsed since his orgasm. She had no idea what had produced his gentle tolerance; her first coupling with him on the beach had resulted in her being dragged until only Leanne's arrival had prevented panic. She knew he had similarly dragged Leanne, and she had watched his efforts to rid himself of Bonnie. She could now only imagine that he had developed genuine affection for her - it seemed reasonable to believe he was responding to the spirit she had displayed by initiating this round of sex in the cave. Whatever the source of his attitude, it aroused a rapidly growing warmth in her.

She saw that his cock was lying on the sand while he tried to clean it. He appeared to be distressed and puzzled and quick sympathy stirred her. She stretched to reach one of the remnants of her

ruined panties. The material was still damp, and she laid it momentarily against her flesh to take the chill off. Then, propping herself on one elbow, she slipped that hand under Soldier's cock and cradled it while gently beginning to remove the sand.

Soldier watched closely; he reminded her of a small boy distrustfully allowing someone to clean a cut. The doubtful air soon vanished and Soldier stretched on his side. Then, to her distinct concern he shifted his position until he could lay one forepaw on her hip and tug at it. Curious, she submitted to his urging by pushing her legs and hips closer to him. With a gentle series of butts, he thrust her top knee into the air and nudged it when she started to clamp her thighs together. She sighed and held her knee up to expose her cunt. The big dog began to clean the residue from her labia while she continued removing sand and caked semen from his cock.

Myra laughed. She wondered if she sounded as near hysteria as she felt. There was a degree of intimacy in the situation that seemed to her far greater than that of being mounted by the dog. Somehow this act of mutual cleansing had a passionless deliberateness about it that demanded far more commitment than the lustful hunger for fucking.

She shivered and tried to ignore the fresh onslaught of sexual excitement his tongue aroused in her. By concentrating on the exacting task of cleaning and drying his cock, she could almost bring herself to imagine those tinglings were mere aftermath.

When the last of the sand grains were gone from the slowly shrinking cock, she was annoyed at its reddened, uncomfortable appearance. Tender as she had been, and stoic as Soldier had been, the wet panties had furnished a poor substitute for the dog's tongue. Horrified at herself, she thrust her head next to the shaggy belly and began to lick the distressed-looking cylinder. Despite her efforts with the panties, she found a faint residue of flavor that reminded her of the scent of sex. His attention to her pussy had generated enough renewed lust in her to make the taste welcome. She soon established a rhythm to her lapping and with her hands to regulate the position and angle of the slowly softening dick, she polished it quickly.

Soldier's licking, in the meantime, had produced the symptoms she had feared. Her labia had swelled and parted again, and the skilled tongue was probing at the more shielded portions of her pussy. As if nothing had happened to dull the edge of her sexual appetite, her belly was raging with the turmoil of desire and pleasure. The last of her efforts with Soldier's cock involved tongue-drying the knot at the base, and in the process she was astounded to see sudden, twitching jerks in the cylinder. She licked the same spot and saw the twitching increase. Turning her head she placed her lips on either side of the curved shaft and combined tonguing with sucking.

The dog's response eliminated her last doubt; his cock was recovering its vigor under the attentive mouthing. Her own thighs now ached with the strain she was applying to them in her eagerness to open herself to Soldier's licking, and her body tingled delightfully. In a rush of daring, she seized upon another way of severing her ties with past inhibition. She drew her mouth the length of the stiffening cock and took the pointed head between her lips.

She was unprepared for the great difference between Soldier's cockhead and those of the three men. Where each of them had a bulbous, dome-shaped glans, the dog's was an elongated cone. She thrust her mouth over it greedily and began to suck. Although it was not thick enough to crowd her mouth, the pointed tip intruded into the archway of her throat by the time her lips closed behind the flare at the back. Even while she sucked, she felt the head continue to swell. She experienced a perverse pride that she could induce that kind of response in a dog.

She sucked harder and Soldier betrayed clear signs of increasing agitation. He scooped harder at

her cunt with his tongue and drew his hind paws close to his belly. Her sense of experimental wickedness gave way to savage aggressiveness, and she worked one hand under his hip and heaved him onto his back. She was surprised when he submitted to such treatment, but her raging excitement drove her while she clambered to a position astride his chest. His forelegs were keyed in the angles behind her knees and her butt extended over his neck. He brought his muzzle close to her crotch and resumed his licking.

She wolfed his cock. A mental image of a sword-swallower crossed her mind; she wondered if his cock might be slender enough to pass into her throat without strangling her. Pressing her chest against his so her boobs bracketed him, she tilted her head back to straighten her throat. Cautiously, she began gulping and inching herself toward his balls. It was a frightening experience, but his cock reached its full length and stiffness and she found she could continue to breathe while she swallowed the hard rod a fraction of an inch at a time.

The sensations were not the heady, exhilarating ones she had learned to interpret as sexual stimulation. The nerves in and around her mouth and throat were not what she would have called sexual nerves. But the feeling of fullness and being penetrated had distinctly sexual implications. She could easily transform them in her mind to sensations of sexuality and her mental condition was such that she deliberately made that connection. The wild pulsing in her cunt was produced as much by those mental acts as by Soldier's frenzied licking.

Long before she could swallow the whole shaft, Soldier lost control of himself. His instincts had to rule in the sex act, and they were not geared to letting him lie quietly on his back. He twisted and rolled, dumping Myra onto the sand and tearing his cock from her mouth. Trembling with frustrated determination, she enticed him to the edge of the low ledge and persuaded him to step down to the next level. With great care and coaxing, she got him to place his forepaws on her level, then she quickly twisted onto her back and thrust her head and shoulders between his forelegs.

Her head hung over the edge, tilted sharply backward. The tip of his cock hung against her face. With shaking hands, she aligned his cock and placed his cockhead again in her mouth. She had hardly resumed sucking when Soldier succumbed to the urging. He clutched her under the armpits with his forepaws and began pumping his haunches.

He's fucking me in the mouth! she thought wildly. Joy surged in her and she gulped fiercely. Fucked in the mouth!

Her swallowing and his thrusts combined to drive the long prick down the eager passage. Her breathing became more difficult, but she found she could still obtain enough air to satisfy her lungs. Her mouth and throat gave her a far more accurate knowledge of the cock's progress than her cunt. She could pinpoint the position of Soldier's cockhead every instant. She felt an enormous thrill when it passed the notch between her collarbones, although a muted horror arose when she saw how much length was still exposed.

She decided she could handle that length and continued to swallow greedily. Clasp ing her hands behind Soldier's rump, she pulled savagely, and each thrust of his haunches powered his cock a significant distance further. Occasional moments of gagging impulse occurred, which she overcame by concentrating on tonguing that portion of the shaft that was still in her mouth and on twisting her hips from side to side and focusing on the wild tingling in her cunt.

Moments later, she managed to get the enormous knot into her mouth and Soldier's pumping changed to his fucking rhythm. She realized abruptly that Soldier's sensations could hardly be much different from those he experienced when mounted normally. His cock was totally engulfed and the

warmth and the continued swallowing merely gave him a dimension of stimulus on a higher level than usual. But his basic reaction had to be the same; he fucked vigorously.

His forepaws jerked at her armpits and raked her ribs. His chest rested between her boobs and he lowered his head over her lower abdomen and lapped at her gaping cunt. She drew her knees up to her sides, then raised her feet and extended her legs so she could clamp the powerful neck between her thighs. The deeply planted cock stroked back and forth in her throat to produce a sensation unlike any she had ever experienced.

Her excitement mounted furiously and she clutched the thick hair on the backs of his haunches with a desperate grip. Time seemed to enter some weird universe without bounds; she felt as if he would fuck her forever. She was briefly conscious of wondering if the force of his thrusts would rupture her throat, or if her need for oxygen would grow too great to be satisfied, so that she would die of strangulation after all. But neither possibility moved her to real fear. Her excitement had passed such a point. And further excitement was added by her admission to herself that she was now as helpless as she had been when spread-eagled on the table. His forelegs gripped her in such a way that there was no escape; there was no way she could have gotten her arms into position to fight her imprisonment. She doubted that she would have had the strength anyway. Nor was there any way of gaining purchase with her feet. Nothing she could do could possibly pull her out from under the brute or enable her to disgorge the pistoning hard-on.

The depth of Soldier's increasingly powerful thrusts became obvious when the bristling spikes of stiff hairs at the mouth of his sheath began jabbing her lips. His balls swung, rapping her forehead at the end of particularly sharp lunges. Her head was driven against the face of the ledge when she permitted her neck to relax, and she avoided that discomfort by stiffening her muscles and enduring the stabbing sheath fringe.

Her mental transformation of sensations into sexual equivalents was so successful that she approached orgasm feeling no different from the way she had while he had been mounted over her ass. His tongue probed her cunt and his thrusts yielded abruptly to the quivering forward press that signaled his own climax. She felt the slowly-pooling heat of his cum in her throat and squirmed wildly in response to her body's climactic contractions.

When the long process of his ejaculation finally ended, she breathed a silent prayer of thanks that his knot could be withdrawn from her mouth. She had already collapsed. Her legs were sprawled limply, widely parted. Her arms dangled beyond her head and the back of her head rested firmly against the rocky face of the ledge. Soldier backed tentatively, seemed to discover the remarkable fact that his knot had been released, and slowly extricated his cock from her throat. She weakly refused to submit to the reflex urge to vomit, and the feeling passed immediately.

Great, sobbing gulps renewed the air in her lungs, but she had no reserve of strength with which to squirm back from the edge. She sprawled, head and arms still unsupported, and let her thoughts swirl in a gray mist of incredible recollections. Under earlier circumstances, she reflected, she would have seethed with murderous intent. She had accepted an act that probably didn't even have a name.

The difference between today and the day before was that she had deliberately resolved to eliminate old concepts and replace them with new. She might never again undertake the fantastic mode of sexual expression she had just completed, but she could imagine no kind of act that could rival it for sheer violation of convention. She had succeeded in performing what to her would always seem the ultimate form of defiance.

What seemed vastly more important was that she had thoroughly enjoyed every shade of sensation while doing so. She was gloriously happy now, and utterly pleased with herself for what she had done. Somehow, Pulsegate had come to symbolize the beginning of a new life.

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

The water eventually receded from the cavern entrance. Soldier had recovered from the second fucking and was already showing new interest in Myra, but he was doing so in a half-hearted manner that suggested he could be dissuaded. Myra touched her clothes and withdrew with distaste. The oppressive heat had dissipated and the material was clammy and cold. She decided at once that she would not subject herself to the torture of wearing them.

She buried the remnants of her panties in a pile of seaweed and spread her shirt and blouse and bra on a boulder near the rear of the cave. Then she turned to Soldier.

"Come on, honey," she remarked. "Time to go!"

He pressed his muzzle tentatively against her crotch, but when she pushed his head away he made no protest. They returned to the ledge outside the entrance and surveyed the beach. The sun was low in the west, its rays illuminating jumbled masses of debris the storm waves had cast ashore. The tide had not gone all the way out, but the finger of rock that had trapped them was once again out of water and a narrow strip of sand showed beyond the end each the surf receded. Myra and Soldier set out without delay. She felt a little self-conscious about the fact that she was wearing no clothes, but amusement won out over embarrassment as she considered her sexual exploits of the past twenty-four hours. When she reached the house the sun was disappearing and the clouds which had brought the storm were dwindling in the east.

She let herself in at the kitchen door in the hope that the others would be clustered around the fireplace at the other end of the huge room and would not notice her until she could slip upstairs and dress. She had no such luck.

"Jesus Christ, hon! Where..." Rocky's exclamation died in his throat. "What the hell! Your clothes!"

"I got caught by the storm. You can get trapped on that damn beach!" She omitted mention of Soldier.

Ward gave her a curious look. "Fact is, you get a real tide and that beach is a Goddamn death cell! How the hell did you get away?"

"Death cell?" She felt that was over-dramatic.

He shrugged. "A good high tide covers the whole damn thing. Surf pounds right up against the bluff. And nobody could survive that." He still studied her with a perplexed expression creasing his features. "Good thing you got trapped near the path."

"I didn't. You know that arm of rock that stretches out from the bluff?"

Ward nodded. "Yeah."

"Well, I was wandering way down the beach beyond that when the storm came in. By the time I realized how fast the tide was rising, it was too late to get around the end."

Bonnie gasped and exchanged glances with Ward, "But there's no other way out! Come on, Myra!"

"You didn't know about the cave. There's one down there. And it runs uphill inside, so the water doesn't fill it."

"Good God! Where!" Everybody clamored for details. Someone even asked how she had chanced to discover the opening.

She ignored that question and described the cavern itself. "So I was soaked, and it was real warm in there. I undressed so my clothes would dry, but they were still clammy when the water level went down. And here I am, naked as a jaybird with all of you asking questions."

Rocky came to her and put his arm around her shoulder. "You're pretty damn lucky you found that cave," he observed. "I've walked the whole length of that beach both directions, and I didn't have any idea there was a cave. Hon, you could be a corpse down there right now!"

His voice conveyed the depth of his emotions. She leaned against him with a thrill at his display of concern. Sometime she would tell him how Soldier had led her to the safety of the crevice, but not this night. She suspected such a revelation would lead to too much accurate guessing.

"I feel awfully conspicuous," she said. "Give me a few minutes to get dressed."

Before Rocky released her, he whispered to her. "Just a skirt and blouse. You're it, as soon as we've eaten."

"Me! No fair! What about you guys?"

"How about tomorrow morning? We all took a vote while we were waiting for you."

"Oh, you bastards!" But the prospect gave her a fierce tingle of pleasure, and she ran to the stairs. "Hurry up and get supper on the table!"

She showered quickly. Afterward, she dabbed perfume in strategic spots and put on a halter and a short skirt. Fair or not, she was delighted to know that they intended to make her it in the evening's game.

They had taken her at her word and had the food on the table when she got back downstairs. The atmosphere seemed charged with excitement; everyone ate rapidly and silently. Leanne and Bonnie refused Myra's help with the dishes.

"You spend a few minutes relaxing, sweetie," advised Leanne. "By the time you get through tonight, you're going to be grateful you had a few minutes of quiet."

Myra shivered in spite of herself. Leanne's tone made it obvious they had not only selected their victim but planned the game. When she retired to the fireplace and sprawled in one of the chairs to soak up heat from the cheery blaze, the men's glances reinforced her impression that she was in for a strenuous experience.

When the dishes were done, the other two women joined the group at the fireplace. Bonnie was wiping her hands on her apron. Neither woman bothered to sit.

"Come on, guys," urged Bonnie. "We spent so much time talking about it that I can't wait!"

Rocky tied Myra's hands together and pulled her to her feet. "You ready?" he asked softly.

"Christ! Does it matter?"

He chuckled. "Not unless you feel really beat. And I figure you'd have said so by now."

Without waiting for a response, he stepped onto the arm of the massive chair and passed the end of the rope over one of the ceiling beams. He hauled in the slack and drew her arms over her head. When they were taut, he secured the feet end of the rope and backed off to survey her.

"Jesus! Wonder how come it never occurred to me how Goddamn sexy you would look this way?"

"I'll bet it did," she retorted, her voice strained by her position. "You just never had the guts to do it to me."

"Can you imagine letting me?"

"I... honey, I think I might have. Even before I realized how stupid all those ideas about modesty and the rest of it were."

"Not without a lot of objections, I'll bet." He returned and passed his hands over her breasts in gentle caresses.

She gasped. The effect of his touch seemed entirely different than it had when they had spread-eagled her on the table. She wondered at the tremendous influence position had on sensitivity. But they gave her little time for reflection. All four of the others converged on her. They seemed in no rush to reach extreme levels of excitement. Or, she thought, maybe we're all so excited they figure they don't have to do everything at once.

They concentrated on her limbs at the beginning, except for Rocky, who continued his gentle, unhurried caresses on her breasts. Each of the other men knelt to stroke her legs, while their wives fondled her upper arms. Although neither Ward nor Jim quite touched her cunt, neither one pretended to be restrained by her skirt. Their caresses started at her ankles and continued over her calves onto her thighs, feather-light and tantalizingly slow. Ward, at her left leg, used both hands. With one on the inner side and the other on the outer, he felt his way up the leg almost to the top before stopping the progress of the hand on the inside. The other hand slid onto her bare hip and over it to the waistband of her skirt, then around onto her asscheek. Meanwhile, the motionless hand simply rested on quivering flesh, his thumb a fraction of an inch below her cunt.

She enjoyed the caresses and stood with feet well separated to give both men free access. She felt again the sense of primitive joyousness in this amoral attention to pleasure. Her body thrilled to her position and to the multiple stimuli her husband and friends applied. And she fervently hoped they would be as inventive in their game as she and Soldier had been in the cave.

She made a special point of keeping her feet motionless. There were moments when a gliding hand passed over some unexpectedly sensitive spot and caused her to rise on the balls of her feet. And at other times the hand resting just below her pussy created so much warmth and desire in her that she let her knees sag and hung by her wrists in an effort to lower her steaming labia onto the enticing thumb. But she kept each foot on the spot where she had originally placed it.

Her body was more difficult to control, nor did she try very hard. She twisted her hips and, from time to time, her shoulders. In those intervals of peak enjoyment, she found herself either thrusting forward or jerking backward. As had been the case in the cavern, she was willing for the situation to continue indefinitely.

She knew it would not. Sooner or later one of those hands would press into the wet heat of her cunt. Or Rocky would slip his hand inside her halter. In fact, Bonnie and Leanne acted simultaneously to unfasten her halter at back and neck. It fell to reveal her boobs, and Rocky backed away.

She looked down to discover that her extended arms tugged at fibers that elevated and tilted the full, smooth globes. Her nipples were taut and hard; she wondered briefly if there had been an hour at Pulsegate when they had not been. She tapered gracefully to the slender waist, even more noticeably concave in her present position. Her skin gleamed softly, highlighted by the glow from the fireplace.

The women laid their hands on her rib cage and pressed close.

"Mind if we play, love?" asked Bonnie mischievously.

"No," Myra whispered.

Her hostess placed a light kiss on Myra's nipple. Leanne, strangely, lifted her hands and drew her fingertips over Myra's cheeks. To Myra's amazement, the black-haired girl leaned in and pressed her lips to Myra's mouth. When Myra attempted to jerk her face away, Leanne held it firmly between her hands and worked her lips savagely. Helpless to resist, Myra endured the kiss. The other woman's lips looked full; to Myra, they felt ripe and soft and moist, and the girl's breath had a sweet, fresh scent. Slowly, Myra's resentment began to melt and she permitted herself to enjoy the erotic sensation without worrying about prohibitions concerning female relationships.

She doubted that she had a trace of lesbian tendency. She doubted that Leanne did. But in a time when ancient commandments were being systematically shattered and reshaped, she recognized that sexual response of one woman to another belonged with all the other taboos she was breaking. With growing interest in the remarkable pleasure Leanne's kiss was giving her, she parted her lips enough to allow the tip of her tongue to explore the squirming lips against hers. At the touch, Leanne seemed to start. But she refused to interrupt the caress. Instead, she drove her own tongue eagerly into Myra's mouth.

Myra had so completely concentrated on the deep kiss that she had ignored everything else. But when she had begun to accustom herself to Leanne and the kiss, she gradually became aware of the charges of pleasure shooting through her from Bonnie's enthusiastic mouthing of the tingling nipple. Men, Myra knew from experience, were inclined to capture a mouthful of tit along with the nipple. They sucked forcefully on pulpy, tender flesh, and their tongues incidentally scoured the entrapped nipple. Bonnie's technique was different.

She held only the nipple between her lips. They depressed the aureole and were closed tightly enough so she could exert suction, but she had inhaled none of the surrounding flesh. Her tongue played delicately around the rim of the hardened lump. She touched - explored - lingered at a puckered irregularity and sucked and sucked. Shivers raced along Myra's spine. Bonnie's hands kneaded the flesh of the quivering breast.

The intoxicating kiss and breast stimulation by no means exhausted the sensations that assailed Myra. Her husband had gotten behind her; he was manipulating her waist, fingers pressing deeply into her unprotected sides, probing far into the soft flesh between ribs and hips. His thumbs were digging even more deeply into layers of muscle that flanked her spine. Somewhere near her spine, the gouging thumbs encountered nerve centers that activated involuntary commands to her body. Suddenly and convulsively, she found herself flailing at the end of the rope that secured her wrists. Her supple frame performed bewildering contortions and screams welled against the tongue that

hugged her palate. When Rocky relaxed the pressure, Myra hung limply from the rope, momentarily deprived of the command of her muscles.

While she was thus immobilized, she realized that Jim and Ward had abandoned their avoidance of her pussy. Each massaged one of her buttocks, and each fumbled at her cunt. The resulting flood of excitement brought a belated surge of savage physical response. Her momentary paralysis vanished and she flung herself into wildly appreciative motion. No longer could she remember to keep her feet still. She jerked one knee up and attempted to cross that thigh over the other. Weight suspended from the rope and balanced on the ball of one foot, she began to revolve. Her hips leaped from side to side and her boobs bounced frantically. Leanne finally broke the kiss, and incoherent babblings fell from Myra's bruised lips.

She felt herself mentally coming apart. She was in a frenzy of excitement and every touch felt like the flick of a high-voltage wand. She wondered if a woman could go mad with sexual pleasure. She heard herself uttering the coarsest, most inflammatory words she knew and pleading to be fucked. And at last it seemed that Ward had been tilted into positive action.

He seized her knees and lifted them to the level of her chest. Her skirt settled into the angle at her hips and she knew a strange exultation at the thought of how obscenely her cunt must be gaping. She felt the dome of his cockhead at her cuntmouth as she tilted backward. Her upper torso hung from her shoulders and she jerked with her legs to impale herself on the heavy cock. Ward had obviously taken a moment at some point of the activity to unzip his fly and get his hard-on into the open, she reflected. She was glad he hadn't waited.

He dropped her onto his cock. She felt herself stretch to receive the majestic bulb, then thrilled to the swift plunge down the shaft and the hard impact when she reached the base. Ward bounced her on his rigid hard-on while her passion rocketed. Her gut churned and seethed. She cried out with hoarse demands for greater violence. And she thrashed fiercely as she felt her orgasm coming nearer.

But Ward withdrew his cock. She protested bitterly, then subsided when Jim took Ward's place and pressed his cockhead into her aching cunt.

"IN! CHRIST, JIM, SLAM IT IN! FUCK ME, QUICK!"

She remembered Jim's oversized cock with respect. It felt even more huge when she mentally compared it with Soldier's. Jim drove it into her with a powerful lunge of his hips. She rocked like a pendulum from the blow, but the yell that burst from her lips was one of delight and triumph, not pain.

She felt Ward pressing against her back and knew that he was pulling up her dangling skirt to expose her ass. In a moment, he lifted her shoulders and took the strain off her wrists. Pressing her boobs against Jim's chest, Ward pushed against her and held her firmly against Jim. She was conscious of a growing pressure at her asshole and gasped in alarm. But in the excess of her excitement, she made no real effort to delay what seemed to be occurring. It did not surprise her when an agonizing pain seared her ass and the bulk of Ward's cock wedged itself into her rectum.

The pain flashed and was gone. An irrational sense of accomplishment burst upon her and she shrieked for joy.

"Two of you! I've got two! OH, Jesus, Rocky, look at me!"

Incredible jolts of pleasure flooded her. Sandwiched between the two men she loved best in the

world after her own Rocky, she felt overwhelmed by bliss. She had a wild vision of giving herself simultaneously to all three.

"Please! PLEASE WAIT! I want Rocky's cock in my mouth! OH, please!"

She felt the rope go entirely slack. Jim backed and Ward followed; they kept her compressed between them. Maneuvering with shouts of laughter and grunts of confusion, they reached the bench that someone pulled away from the long table. She doubted that they could position themselves without one or the other having to pull his cock out of her, but they did. Jim lay on the bench with her above him. Her legs hung on either side of his hips and Ward straddled the bench, his cock buried to the hilt in her ass.

Rocky came to her side. She turned her head and captured his cockhead, sucking it inward to the arch of her throat. She would never be able to achieve with a man what her mouth and throat had done for Soldier, she conceded to herself, but a man had his imagination going for him.

She sucked eagerly while Ward's powerful surges produced movement both for his own hard-on, and for Jim's.

Jim puffed. "Glad you don't have to lie down on her," he remarked. "By God, man! You sure you went up her ass? Feels like there's nothing between your pecker and mine!"

"She's just good merchandise," replied Ward, panting. "Like silk, y'know. Thinner it is, the better. She's got thin walls inside there."

Rocky growled. "Shut up and fuck! She's not likely to invite you again if you gotta shoot off your mouths the whole time."

Ward's pace increased abruptly. Jim's hips began to jerk. Myra groaned happily around her husband's dick. Bonnie and Leanne each grabbed one of Myra's ankles and pulled her legs widely apart. There seemed no good reason for their action, but it increased Myra's pleasure and drove her more rapidly to the foot of the orgasmic peak.

"Honey!" exclaimed Rocky. "Better stop sucking! You're going to make me come in your mouth!"

By way of answer, she bobbed her head back and forth and sucked more fiercely. She felt her husband's hands on her head and his cock twitched spasmodically. Even while the first spurt of cum was blasting the back of her throat, her own contractions jarred her.

Ward stopped pumping when her anus bit down on his shaft, and Jim thrust his hips upward and began to tremble violently.

She swallowed frantically to keep ahead of the seminal eruption in her throat. The warmth of the dual orgasm in her gut, with jism spurting from two loaded cocks, heightened the pleasure of her own climax. Whatever lack of distinction her physical senses were guilty of in identifying the locations of the pooling cum, she made up in her imagination. At last she passed the crest of her orgasm and let herself sag. Three cocks wilted and slowly got squeezed out of her.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed weakly. "Omigod, what a fabulous way to get fucked! All three at the same time!"

She felt a trace of awe in the attitudes of the others and a welling of personal pride in herself. But her companions refused to grant her time to bask in her glory. In short order, she lay alone on the

bench, hands lashed under it and legs raised vertically and spread to the sides to their widest angle. Knowing it would be the better part of an hour before any of the men would be likely to recover enough to fuck her again, she was puzzled.

"What's going on?" she asked of no one in particular.

Bonnie and Leanne appeared to be contending for the chance to tell her. Both started to speak, paused, then started again. But Leanne finally yielded to the hostess.

"We all agreed you hadn't really done your share, dear," she informed Myra.

Myra stiffened. "My share! What the hell!"

Leanne appeared unable to contain herself any longer. She bent toward the helpless victim. "With Soldier, sweetie. Bonnie and I each put on a show. You got yours sneaky - all by yourself. We think you ought to get to know him better."

Myra struggled to conceal her sudden mirth. She watched Bonnie go to the door and open it. Bonnie called to the dog, and his speedy entrance convinced Myra he had been waiting in the hope of just such an opportunity.

He padded toward her. At the bench, he paused to caress her cheek affectionately with his tongue before going under one outstretched leg and dipping his muzzle toward her oozing cunt. She tensed in delicious anticipation.

"Maybe," she murmured softly. "Maybe I do need to get better acquainted with him. You think so, Soldier, honey?"

He raised his head briefly and gave a contented whine. His tail wagged vigorously while he plunged his muzzle into the waiting flesh.