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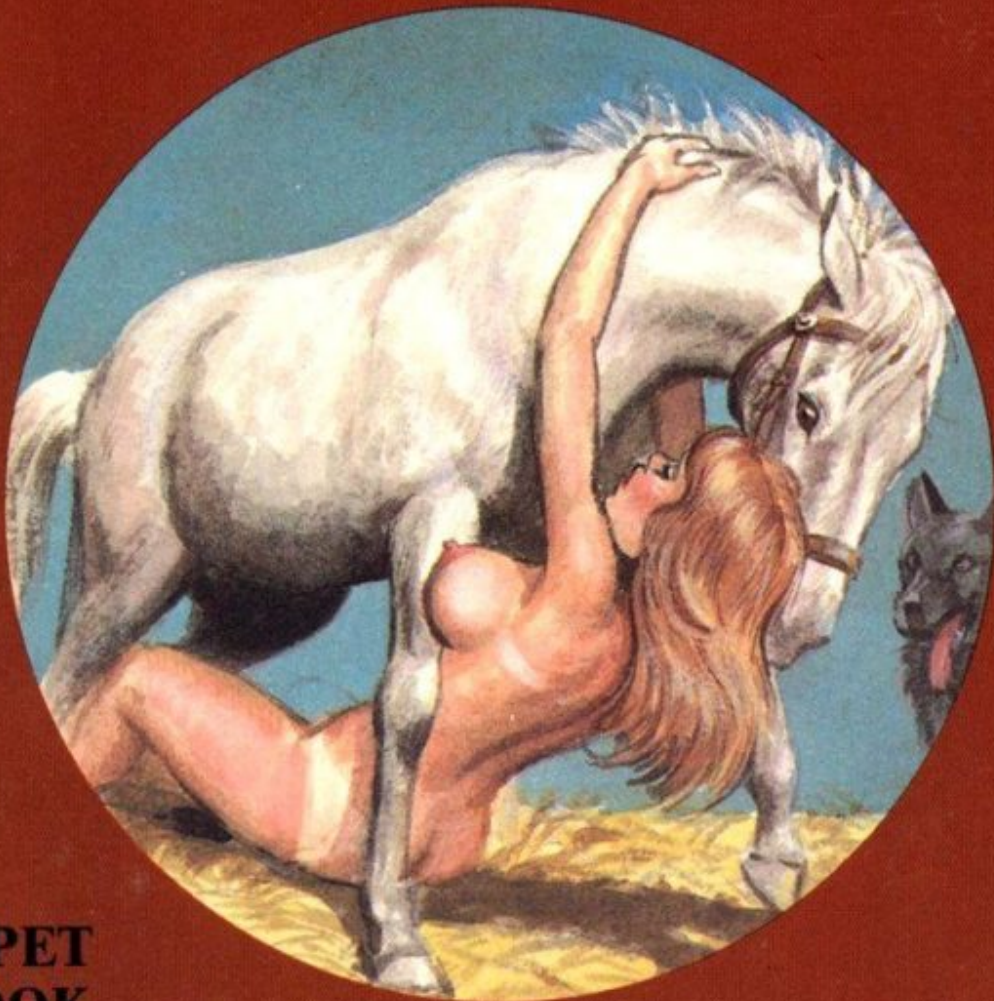


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COUSIN'S FARMYARD FUN

by Paul Gable



**A PET
BOOK**

CHAPTER ONE

Barbara's cunt tightened, that delicious hot, itchy feeling making her clit tingle and stiffen while juice began to ooze from the seepy lining. It was awful! The attractive twenty-four-year-old blonde pressed her fingertips to her lips and closed her eyes, inhaling a shuddering breath and trying to bring her mind and body under control. How her nipples itched as well, rubbing deliciously against the stiff material of her bra! Her tits seemed to be swelling in her halter while her flesh crawled with sexual excitement!

How many times had she told herself this feeling was wrong? She had slipped only once in her life, vowing never again to let a man touch her until she married him. But a rising tide of sensuality was shattering her mind as she leaned against the tall porch pillar of her cousin's ranch home just east of San Bernardino.

There were all those men - ranch hands sauntering around the barn, smoking their cigarettes and stealing glances at her as she felt herself getting hotter and hotter. Oh, if they only knew just how much heat was concentrated in that furry bundle between her legs! They'd probably be out to mount her, to fuck her like the animals in the barnyard.

Again Barbara closed her eyes, curling her fingers around the wood and digging her nails into the soft surface. Another spasm, this one more powerful than the last! Her knees pressed against each other, knocking and shivering while that seeping electric charge made her pussy pucker up.

"Howdy, Miss Barbara!"

Barbara started, her eyes widening as the baritone voice rolled over her like an ocean wave. Turning, she saw a tall, dark-haired man with his straw cowboy hat tilted back on his head. Brad Edmunds. Christina, her cousin, had told her about him - wild, a reputation with women that was far from clean. But a good ranch hand and especially needed ever since her uncle had taken ill.

"Hello," Barbara said coolly, feeling her voice shivering along with her body.

"Mighty nice evenin' it's gonna be," Brad said, narrowing his eyes and smiling at her.

Did he know? Did everyone know? If so, would he make a pass? Christina had told her some unsavory stories about Brad and his friends. They were rumors, really no one would ever really confront Brad and his buddies with those stories to his face. But it had been said that they enjoyed "strange" sexual practices. Their women more often than not wound up completely ruined if not half-insane after a few nights. More than one family around had had to send their daughter to an institution to recuperate from an evening with Brad.

Of course, nothing could be proven. The families were too shocked to dig up any evidence, and Brad was far too careful in covering his tracks. Christina realized Brad's value as a hand on the ranch and reluctantly let him stay on. All these stories rushed through Barbara's head as she stared back at the darkly handsome man standing in front of her. Instinctively she put one hand to the base of her throat and breathed with some difficulty.

"Somethin' the matter, ma'am?"

"Uh, no, just... just feeling a little faint. It probably was the heat today," Barbara said, tearing her eyes away from his handsome face.

Oh, oh, in spite of the stories she still felt so attracted to this man standing here. Perhaps it was

because of the stories that she felt this wild pull.

“Yeah, pretty hot... real hot,” Brad said, leaning against the same porch support.

Barbara was taking deep breaths now, feeling her tits tingling more than ever. She felt a sudden glow washing over her flesh as she glanced at him once more, then looked away. In a moment the confused blonde felt her pussy starting to swell.

“Might be nice to take a walk.”

The words sent a jolt of fear mixed with hope racing through her. Yes, she thought of fucking, fucking with a man! This was supposed to be a vacation, a trip away from all the temptations of Los Angeles that were making her break her resolve not to fuck men until she was married. But it was turning out to be an ordeal.

“No, I don’t think so.”

Goosebumps broke out around her stiffening nipples and all up and down her tensing thighs. Her furry cunt was generating more and more heat as the swollen lips began to rub together. Brad made another move, his hand brushing hers. It was as if she’d been touched by a hot stove. A wild sensation made her cuntal walls buckle as she drew her hand away. Barbara was about to say something when her cousin, Christina walked out the front door. Brad muttered something under his breath and drew away.

“See you’ve met our good ranch hand,” Christina said ironically, watching Brad with hands on her hips as he shuffled away to join some of his buddies near a dusty old pickup nearby.

“He... seemed nice,” Barbara said, feeling a wave of relief rush through her mind. Her body seemed to melt, deflate. Her tits lost their tingle and her cunt closed up tight under its thicket of blonde bushy curls.

“Don’t let the surface charm confuse you,” the brunette said, brushing back her long hair.

“Now come on, Cuz, I want you to see what I bought today. I had him delivered while you were in town. Come on, Pardner, come on,” Christina said, patting her thighs.

A big gray and white German shepherd bolted out the open front door, circling around the two women with his pink tongue hanging out, barking excitedly. Barbara smiled, bending down and reaching out to pet him. Something strange happened at that point, something that she was glad Christina hadn’t noticed. The big friendly dog suddenly moved around her, sticking his nose up her thighs and lapping his long hot wet tongue over her flesh.

It was mind tingling! Dogs nosed around a lot. Everyone knew that and took it as something dogs simply just did. But this was different. Pardner had touched her with his tongue, licked her ass right there on the porch! Barbara jerked forward, jerking her hands back and pulling down her skirt while wheeling around from the animal. Pardner backed away, looking up at her with his laughing eyes! Could he smell her? Was she that hot?

“Come on... in the barn,” Christina said.

Barbara followed, making sure the dog was well ahead of her. It probably was simply a coincidence, an accident. She would put it out of her mind at once as she stepped in the small red wood barn and shuffled through the coating of stubble and wood-shavings on the floor. There was the immediate

aroma of stale piss and shit as Barbara picked her way carefully down the narrow aisle, looking from one empty stall to another. Her uncle had raised so many horses out here, horses he had sold to pay for his rising medical bills. Christina had come out here from Los Angeles several years ago to bring back the business.

“Right here.”

Barbara squinted, seeing her cousin stopping in front of a stall to the left. Drawing closer, she saw a huge white stallion, the most beautiful creature she had ever seen!

“Oh, Christina, he must have cost the earth!” Barbara gasped, stretching out one hand and petting the big stallion on the nose.

“Enough,” Christina said, wrinkling her forehead up and nodding. “But starting out with him to stud others is a good idea, I think.”

Stud? The word sent shivers up and down her spine, the more so when the big stallion turned his head around and drew his tongue over her arm. Barbara drew back, hugging her tits with both hands. Her cheeks were burning a bright red as her cunt fired up again.

Christina was dragging her into the large stall, making her pet the big horse’s sides. The touch of that soft hair against her fingertips, the feel of his muscular strength, of his animal-warmth was doing things to her!

The woman felt her cunt zapped with thrill after thrill, that tingling sensation starting up once more between her legs. It was like having a single drop of perspiration trickle its way through the mossy covering of her tight little cunt. Oh yes, yes, the plump lips of her cunt were aching to be touched now, to be licked, fucked, anything! And a horse had done this? My God, what could she be thinking of?

“I’m a little tired,” Barbara said, backing away from the stall after flicking a last longing look at the handsome white horse.

“Sure. Get back in the house and rest. I’ve got to go into town and finalize his papers. I’ll be back around eight,” Christina said with a smile.

Barbara smiled weakly back, picking her way to the outside and then heading to the house. Her cousin went quickly to her small red car and drove off.

Alone now, Barbara noticed some of the hands were still hanging around the corral, talking softly and looking curiously in her direction. Men! They were probably talking about her, talking about how easy it might be to slip up between her legs. They only want one thing. That’s what Joe Franklin had wanted in high school and she had given it to him again and again. Only after she realized he’d been bragging to his friends about her did Barbara know what a fool she’d been! No more. Not until she was married.

But now, standing in that living room, she wasn’t so certain. Brad had stared at her with those mocking eyes, his strong arms about to wrap around her! Or had she been imagining things.

What was wrong? Perhaps a drink would settle her nerves. It was still a little early, only six, but desperate times called for desperate measures. Crossing the large room, Barbara sauntered up to the bar and grabbed a bottle of gin. Gin and tonic, the old cure for the world’s problems. The ice tinkled merrily in the glass as she mixed the powerful drink, then began sipping it quickly.

“Ohhhh...”

How the liquor burned down her belly, making her feel so soft, so warm all over. She walked slowly to the sofa, settling her ass down in the soft cushions and closing her eyes.

Maybe that was the way she would have to stay - drunk as a Lord to keep men from touching her as Joe had done.

Another sip, another feeling of relief washing over her. Already the tensions of the afternoon were leaving her. There was some noise in the kitchen. Had Christina come home early? No, of course not. It was Pardner, pushing his dinner dish around. Where was that food?

About to put down her drink, Barbara turned her head and saw the playful two-year-old German shepherd come trotting into the living room. She again stretched out her hand to pet him, forgetting momentarily about the incident on the porch. The dog hadn't forgotten, however, and immediately thrust his snout between her knees.

“Oh!”

Barbara jerked back, her drink spilling all over her dress and the couch.

“No! Bad dog!”

She slapped down at the animal, her fingertips brushing the dog's big snout. Pardner backed away, his powerful body arching down while his bushy tail stood straight up in the air.

Those black eyes were glistening, glittering with excitement while his jaws opened.

“Ohhhh...”

Barbara scooted back on the couch, curling her fingers and digging her nails into the soft material. She stared at the double row of pointed teeth, the way they glistened with his spittle while his pink tongue lolled out from one corner of his mouth. He was growling, that soft, smothered growl of a coming attack.

“No, Pardner, no... come on, boy, leave me alone,” Barbara said in a shaky voice, her thighs tingling more than before while her scalp itched and crawled with terror.

She had never felt particularly secure with animals before, although these past three days with her cousin on the ranch had partially cured that. Pardner had seemed more human than animal, always friendly and playful. This was the first time, the very first time he had acted like this.

“No, boy, get away...”

He was half on her lap now, his jaws opened. She felt his panting breath against her throat while his paws dug into her upper thighs. What did he want? Then the girl realized that once again he had picked up the scent of her hot pussy!

Barbara reached forward, pressing her fingers against the German shepherd's throat and shoving him off her lap. Pardner barked, circling around and around, his tail still high in the air. She rose from the couch, staring around the room in blind panic. Upstairs!

That was one place where she could run to get away from the pursuing beast. Stumbling around the sofa, she moved toward the winding staircase, the big shepherd nosing her thighs. Oh, she could feel

that cold snout brushing up against the backs of her legs, hear him sniffing at her pussy as she tried wildly to get away from him!

“Horrible... beastly animal!” she cried, wheeling around once more and slapping down at the large barking dog.

But Pardner had become used to her tactics now. He backed away, his forepaws stretched in front of him, his handsome, furry head tilted to one side, his tongue hanging out from one corner of his mouth. He was barking savagely now, his body shaking.

“No, get away from me.”

She turned to face him, backing slowly toward the stairs with her right hand stretched behind her, searching for the banister. Her cunt was hot, oh so hot and tender and tight from all those wild thoughts that had been running through her head the past few hours.

The dog smelled her now, smelled her and was aroused as if she were his favorite gutter bitch.

“Bad dog, bad Pardner. You don’t want me telling Christina on you, do you?”

Her voice was shivery, unsure. The dog caught the note of excitement rustling through it and pricked his ears forward. Instinctively Barbara knew what that meant and felt her heart pounding wildly. She had to get upstairs!

“No, bad!”

The stairs! Twisting around she gripped the banister and rushed up the steps, realizing the animal was still pursuing her. She felt the slippery, rubbery rub of her cuntlips against one another. She stumbled, felt the dog’s snout push up against her silken panties, cried out and scrambled back up, breathing so hard she thought her lungs would burst from the effort.

It was a horrible dream! Reaching the top, Barbara ran down the darkened hall, her eyes swimming. Sputtering sparks showered from her clit into her cunt as her mind raced wildly. Images of Brad, of the horse, of Pardner, whirled about in her brain as she finally reached her bedroom door.

“No, get out!”

Barbara hadn’t been quick enough. Just as she slammed the door shut, Pardner rushed in, wheeled about, then jumped on her.

“No!”

She stumbled sideways, her right elbow knocking hard against the dresser. The dog was on top of her in a moment, barking, then panting against her throat while his tail wagged merrily back and forth in triumph. Glancing down, Barbara saw something that made her scalp crawl again with fear. His cock - that long, knobby thing, was slithering out of its furry sheath!

“Oh please, God, not this!” she whispered.

Barbara clung to the front edge of the mattress, drawing herself upon the bed. Below she could hear the sounds of cars starting up and crunching over the graveled drive toward the main highway. The men were going home. If only they knew what kind of show they were missing upstairs!

She slapped down once more, having hauled her body flatly on the bed. Bending one knee, she

kicked hard at the big animal. But Pardner wasn't to be put off. He nuzzled her calves, slobbering over her crawling flesh. Barbara closed her eyes, half-twisting around, reaching out and drawing her fingernails over the sheets. Wrong. Wrong! This was a sickness, a terrible sickness! And yet... yet her cunt was heating up so, heating and tightening as it had heated and tightened for Joe so many years ago.

Release! Relief! That's what her body had been craving for these years. And now the dog was going to give it to her! This animal was going to draw his tongue over her cunt, maybe even fuck her and...

"Ohhhhh... noooooo!"

Again Barbara kicked at the big animal, her mind revolting at the thought of a dog touching her. The big king-sized bed groaned and squeaked under her thrashing body and the weight of the animal.

But there was that crawling hot wetness tensing her pussy, a hot chilly series of flashes making her flesh tighten around her cunt.

Barbara scooted back a little more, dragging her heels over the mattress while she reached back and curled her fingers tightly around the headboard. No, no, she couldn't fight him, couldn't fight the hot tingling between her legs! Slowly the woman felt her resistance melting under her super-heated cunt. Drawing her knees up, feeling her cuntlips stickily peel back as she opened herself to the big dog, Barbara breathed through her flared nostrils.

"Ohhhhh... no, you... you just can't do this... uhhhhh."

Her cunt muscles shivered, trembled then cramped down, telling Barbara her battle was lost. For better or worse she was going to let the animal have his way. Moaning, she reached down and raised up her skirt, skinning down her panties. God help her. She was going to let the big German shepherd lick her off!

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## **CHAPTER TWO**

"Uhhhhh... God, God, it's so... good, so good," Barbara moaned, pushing her fingers into the pillow behind her head.

It was the same lush, swampy feeling she had experienced years ago when Joe had first touched her with his fingers, rubbing them over her cuntal mound while undressing her.

Now it was a dog. Barbara had only managed to scoot her panties down halfway. The dog was nosing up hotly between her white shivering thighs now, rubbing his snout against the juice-soaked crotch panel.

"Uhhhhh, oh Pardner... what are you making me do?"

Barbara rocked her body from side to side, drawing her fingers up along her thighs, then reaching back again and holding tightly onto the clattering headboard. The dog was nuzzling her cunt, pressing his warm snout against the thin pink silk of her panties, pushing the material up into her hot cunt. The feeling was wild, something she had never felt before!

The warm, silky rub of her juice-soaked panties against the folds of her convulsing pussy walls drove her even higher sexually than before! And then he began licking, dragging his tongue sloppily along

her ass, then moving down to the soft spots behind her knees.

Barbara rolled her head over the crushed pillow, prancing her ass high in the air while curling her spine in excitement. Strands of her silky blonde hair clung to her cheeks and the corners of her mouth while she drew her knees up from the mattress, then let them sag slowly back down again. Peering up over her thunderous high-riding tits, she saw the dog there, saw him crouched between her long, slender legs. How odd it looked, seeing something that furry settled down in that oh too private spot, his tongue stretched out and touching her all over!

“Mmmmmmm...”

And then the image of that big white horse flitted across her mind. His power, his... his sexuality. Barbara remembered the warm, furry feeling of his coat and trembled, her cunt puckering up once more, the muscles trying to grip the big German shepherd's snout while Barbara began breathing wheezily through her flared nostrils again.

She was a bitch, a panting, yowling bitch under Pardner's trained tongue. She writhed her body against the bed, her fists pounding the mattress, the backs of her naked legs flailing wildly against the sheets. Again and again she breathed the dog's name, stretching out her hands, curling her fingers in his warm, fuzzy coat while hunching up into his snout.

“Ohhh...”

All the way. She was going to go all the way! To hell with morality. Moving one hand down, Barbara was about to shove her panties off when she heard a change in Pardner's growling. He suddenly became more savage. And then there was the sound of ripping fabric and the feel of her panties being tugged down off her thighs. More ripping. And finally the panties came off, torn from her body by the large animal!

Barbara cried out in fear as she peered down heavy-lidded and watched Pardner backing away with the shredded pink briefs in his teeth. He tossed his head around, the panties whipping against his furry flesh. Then they flew off the bed, floating down to the floor.

“Oh God!”

He was licking her steadily now, tenderly with that wonderful hot tongue of his. The warm spittle oozed down her splayed thighs while his furry sides tickled her flesh deliciously. It was that tenderness, that gentle, wet brush of his maw that made her close her eyes tight again and squeeze her fingernails hard against her damp palms.

“Ohhhhhh... oh my God, yesss, yes, it's so wonderful!”

The dog's tongue licked higher and higher, stretching up along the insides of her thighs. It was so devastating, so evilly exciting. Barbara felt her world whirling around her madly as she tensed her thigh muscles and began hunching into the dog's mouth. The animal whimpered appreciatively, moving the long tip of his snout from side to side. Barbara caught her breath, feeling her heart almost stop at the touch of the animal's tongue against her clit.

The frantic blonde wallowed her shoulder blades against the mattress, arching her spine once more and rubbing the backs of her legs against the silken sheets. Now every square inch of her body had come alive under the dog's affectionate tonguing! Moving both hands to the center of her body, Barbara found herself catching the dog's head in her hands. She stopped twisting on the squeaking bed for a moment, staring at him. He started that low growl in his throat again, his eyes slitting his

ears pinned back.

“Oh God, God, this is... is awful... It's so... Uhhhhhh...”

Barbara dropped her hands to her sides, feeling another rush of spasms race through her pussy. Pardner had dropped back and opened his jaw, sinking the forward fangs into her white quivering flesh. The effect was maddening! Barbara whimpered through her flared nostrils, beating her fists against the mattress while snapping her head from side to side. Brilliant lights of oranges and reds popped in front of her eyes. Pardner let go for the flash of a second, then bit higher on her thigh. The burning explosion of her nerves being stimulated made her heart pound heavily in her chest. Pardner was pushing his big shoulders farther between her splayed thighs. She felt her legs being pushed apart and let it happen. Yes, she wanted that tongue all over her, in her!

Sobbing, rolling to one side on the bed, Barbara curled her legs up, pressing her knees against her tits and feeling the German shepherd's tongue sliding up and down, wetting down her ass, then curling around and touching her cuntlips. She cried out, clawing at the sheets, pushing her ass backward for the dog to lick.

It was unbelievable how good the feeling was. She heard Pardner whimpering, felt him moving the long tip of his snout from side to side. The dog was growling louder. She could feel his paws scratching against her back and asscheeks, feel his breath against her back. Barbara let out another groan and rolled back on her ass, letting her knees fall apart for the animal.

“Ohhhh...”

She was rolling her head from side to side, gasping for air while the dog moved around and stuck his maw back onto her cunt. It was wild! His tongue slopped over the sensitive inner flesh of her thigh. How she loved it, loved the hot, wet licking sensation of his tongue moving up and down her body! Barbara writhed like a snake, her nipples getting hard, itchy. If she had the time she would have taken her dress off completely and let the animal go crazy over her body. But there was no time. She felt her cunt burning, sizzling under the animal's ferocious sexual attack. She was going to cum! Barbara knew it, could feel it.

“Uhhhhhhhh...”

She drew her legs together, rubbing the spit-slicked flesh against Pardner's warm, fuzzy sides! Oh, oh, how lovely it was hearing the dog licking her, hearing his tongue smacking against her juice-soaked pussylips! Groaning, Barbara raised her ass again off the bed, letting it hang there trembling, feeling the dog's tongue curling around her pussy once more, bringing more and more sensation from her clit!

“Ohhhhhh God, God!”

How expertly his long pink tongue slipped around her small inner cuntlips. It petted her cut, making the tiny pink nub sputter with wild excitement. Raising her head, Barbara peered through her eyelashes and saw the dog resting there on his belly, his maw buried in the blonde cuntal thicket between her legs. How odd! How excitingly odd to see an animal resting like that between her shivering thighs! Barbara let out a sharp cry of ecstasy and fell back onto the mattress, undulating her naked legs.

“Ummmm... oh Pardner, do it, do it! Oh God, suck my cunt! Uhhhhh...”

Moving her hands down her belly Barbara felt the fire rising in her pussy. Sliding her fingers down a

little further, she felt Pardner's tongue loving her cunt. Oh yes, yes, he was wonderful! She rubbed her fingertips along the rubbery swollen sides of her outer cuntlips, edging up to her clit. When she touched the tiny nub, Barbara thought someone had touched her body with a live electric wire. Pardner's tongue was wriggling there too and the double touch nearly drove her over the brink! She arched her back, wallowing her shoulders against the groaning mattress while she drew her legs up and spread her thighs even more for the cunt-hungry animal.

"Oh God, Pardner... Uhhhhh... Fuck me with that tongue!"

Barbara snapped her ass up once more, giving the dog more of her cunt to lick. He saw the rising excitement and whimpered through his nostrils. Now he was licking the rounded curves of her asscheeks, going back into the hot split between them. Barbara's eyes flickered open. She stared at the ceiling, concentrating on the hot licking toward her asshole. Her muscles cramped. The room seemed to be growing dark when she felt his tongue touching the gray/pink wrinkled flesh of her asshole. Barbara chewed on her lips, tossing her body from side to side like a ship in a storm.

"Noooooo!"

Her body fell back down to the bed, trapping Pardner under her for a second. He wriggled free, pushing his scratchy paws against her asscheeks, then twisting his head around and drawing his tongue over her cunt. That slow, wet, warm lick made Barbara shiver with unspeakable lust. Soon. Very, very soon. She was panting heavily now, feeling her cunt ache and throb as if it were a festering wound! More. She wanted more!

"Uhhh... more, Pardner... oh God, more," the woman gasped.

His long pink tongue was driving up and down her hot cunt crack more frenziedly now, lapping up the flowing juices. Barbara snapped her head wildly from side to side, sweat dampening her cheeks and forehead. The headboard clattered aloud against the wall as Barbara rounded the final curve for her climax. Yes, she could feel her cunt tightening, every nerve ending in her body tensed, wound, ready to spring.

"God!"

Her clit burned from the steady friction, burned like a tiny jewel as Pardner concentrated his lapping on that wet pink spindle. Snapping her legs together, rubbing her thighs against the big animal, Barbara let the outsides of her knees nearly touch the mattress. She bounced and pranced her ass wildly on the bed, feeling the sweat-stained sheets gathering up under her ass. She could hear her labored breathing, hear the animal's pants over her own. Tears of delight streamed from her wide eyes as the frantic blonde neared the border of her climax.

"Uhhh... ohhhhh... yessss, yesss, Pardner," she hissed. "Oh give it to me! God in heaven, give it to me!"

Barbara fanned her fingers out along the animal's neck now, curling them, digging the nails into his warm flesh while holding him down, steady against her burning cunt. She bent her knees a little more, raising her feet off the mattress and putting herself in a better fucking position. Yes, he was fucking her, driving that wonderful tongue in and down into her cunt! It was the first thing that had been in her pussy for such a long, long time, and it felt oh so good!

Reality exploded into an unreal myriad of oranges, reds and blacks as Barbara tossed her body around the groaning bed. Pardner nuzzled and licked and pressed his snout against her soaking cunt while the woman gasped and babbled meaningless phrases. She brought her feet together at the

sides of his head, rubbing her itchy soles and toes against his furry flesh.

“Damn... oh damn!”

Drool oozed from the corners of her mouth, sucking her cheeks as Barbara felt herself inch even closer to orgasm. She jerked her ass up, moved it slightly from side to side, feeling the trembling of her ass while the animal licked more wildly. Up and down, up and down, back and forth she wiggled. She twisted so the dog’s teeth brushed her cuntlips. Then, slowly lowering her ass back to the bed, Barbara gave the animal her clit to touch once more.

“Ohhhhhh!”

That was it! She could hold back her climax no longer. The woman worked her ass around in wild, frantic circles, crying excitedly through her flared nostrils. The air itself seemed to burn her nose, her lungs, as she pitched and yowled like a cat in heat. The more she moved the more licking pleasure the animal brought her. The blonde woman was going mad, insane with the wet, hot licking of the German shepherd. At times she could feel the bushy brush of his tail against the tops of her feet. Yes, yes, it was good, so very good. It was something that had been a long time coming.

The woman hiked her cunt up, feeling the dog’s tongue rim the pulsing, rubbery circle of tense muscles. Then he stuck it inside, touching those sacred places, all those secret wet lumps and squiggles that made her gasp even louder and pitch crazily on the bed.

“Huhhhrrrr! Huhhhrrrr! Huhhhrrrr!” the woman screamed.

Oh fucking! Fucking! As she lay on the bed, writhing insanely under Pardner’s licking, Barbara thought about fucking, about how good it would be to have a hard, stiff, thick cock pile-driving through her pussy. Yes, she wanted something big and hard and hot, something that would squeeze deliciously, slowly through her cunt, stretching her to the ripping point. She thought of Joe, her first and only fuck, and of the way his prick felt trenching through her cunt. Then she thought of Pardner. Would she dare something like that? Would she dare turning around, getting up on her hands and knees and letting the dog fuck her?

Barbara kicked one leg out, fanning her toes until they cramped. The big muscles in her ass and thighs cramped too. She was quivering on the feverish edge of her climax.

“God, hurry... ughhhhhhhh... oh, Pardner, hurrrryyyyyy?”

The dog let out a small bark, then nuzzled once between her cuntlips. She felt her tender membranes fill with more blood. Fucking. Fucking. The thought of having a cock - any kind of cock - in her sent her along into the firestorm of her climax. Barbara wailed, pitching crazily on the bed, bucking her ass against Pardner’s licking maw. She heard him growling, heard him yipping, felt him nibbling at her bouncing asscheeks. Barbara didn’t care. She didn’t care about anything except her climax.

“Cummmmmiiiiinnngggggg!”

Barbara tossed her head, her hair falling over her face while her thighs were filled with that itching, teasing fire. She throbbed and quivered, bucking her body around so wildly she thought the dog might jump away. But he stayed, licking and nuzzling and panting against her soaked flesh.

“God!”

The thought sent slivers of razor-like spasms through her cunt. Barbara could almost hear her cuntal walls slapping together as she jerked and pitched and yowled on the squeaking bed. Brilliant lights flashed in front of her eyes as she came and came and came!

When she'd opened her eyes again Pardner was off the bed, curled up in one corner, licking himself. No, he hadn't done anything. She had been careful about that. Nothing had happened. Swirls of thoughts whirled around her. How could this have happened? She had been so careful about men, making sure her dates went no further than some kissing. And now... now she had been with a dog, had let him touch her with his tongue. That was something she hadn't let a man do since Joey fucked her.

Barbara rose from the bed, looked down at her spit-slicked cunt hairs and shivered. She pushed her dress back over her knees and stood up, feeling a little weak, a little drained. Brushing the hair from her eyes, she looked at Pardner, sucking in her upper lip and biting down hard.

"What've I done? Oh dear God, what've I done with that..."

She couldn't finish the sentence. Tears made her eyes swim. Inhaling a deep breath, Barbara pursed her lips and walked from the bedroom. A long, hot shower, that's what she needed. She had to wash away the animal's spit. And perhaps with that she would wash away the rising confusion and guilt she felt about what had happened.

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CHAPTER THREE

"You certainly seem quiet today," Christina observed, closing the ledger book and turning around.

Barbara was sitting in the same sofa Pardner had "attacked" her in. Leafing through a magazine, she felt her mind wandering, wandering back to the day two days ago when the animal had jumped on her and brushed her cunt with his tongue.

"Hm? Oh, just thinking about how relaxing it's been since I've come here," Barbara mused out loud, feeling a little ill at ease under her cousin's questioning.

She was really thinking about the dog, about how good his body had felt against hers, about how that tongue had touched her clit, her pussylips. How she would have loved to have had that feeling now! Her fingers trembled, the magazine shaking in her hand. Barbara put the paper down and turned back toward Christina.

"It's been wonderful getting away from the city and visiting you."

"Oh, that's nothing. Glad to do it. Say, you might enjoy going out to the barn and taking another look at that new horse I bought," Christina said, smiling openly at her cousin.

"Oh?"

"Finally finished the purchase," Christina sighed, giving her a pleased look. "I've even had some offers already about studing."

Barbara felt a shiver race up and down her spine while a strange kind of heat began to radiate through her pussy. She frowned at her reaction to this simple news, wondering what on earth could be going through her mind.

"I've named him Lightning," Christina announced, obviously pleased with herself. "What do you think?"

"Sounds good," Barbara muttered, rubbing her fingertips along her upper arms. "I think I will take a stroll into the barn. That would be good." She put the magazine to one side.

"See you in a bit."

Christina went back to her bookkeeping while Barbara walked through the kitchen and out the back door. It was nearly four in the afternoon. The heat of the day was at its peak, seeming to paralyze everything in the area. A few of the hands were walking lazily down the slope to the east toward their quarters. In the distance she could hear some larks calling to one another. Wiping her damp palms on her Levi's, Barbara strolled easily toward the barn. Lightning. That was a good name, a powerful name, and an appropriate name for such a powerful white stallion.

Stopping at the half-opened barn door Barbara examined herself for a moment. What was she feeling? Her heart was beating. She was sweating, the perspiration soaking her light-pink cotton shirt. The blonde shook her head, confused at her reaction. She was only going to see a horse, not her... lover.

Feeling a little silly Barbara stepped into the large warm building. Earlier that day Lightning had been out in the fields exercising. Now he was eating. In the dark distance she could hear him munching his oats. Again the woman stopped, putting one hand to her throat and breathing in with difficulty. Her flesh was tingly, crawling with... with excitement.

Yes, that's what it was. She couldn't deny it. Excitement! But why? Why was she feeling this way about him? Out of her mind. She had to be out of her mind to have this kind of sensation racing through her brain and body.

Barbara knew she should have raced from the barn, run out the door and never returned. But something drew her on, pushed her through the thick darkness toward the big animal.

She walked as if possessed, her feet shuffling through the hay stubble on the floor. Stall after stall slowly went by. And then Barbara reached it, reached Lightning's stall. What a beautiful animal! Stopping there in front of him, pressing her palms against her thighs, she stood in awe of the stallion.

"Lightning..."

She whispered his name, felt her heart contract when he raised his head from the feedbag and looked at her. A shock of white hair hung over his forehead while his big brown eyes rolled up and stared at her. He snorted, his nostrils quivering, his hind legs stomping nervously on the ground.

"Don't worry, boy. I'm not going to hurt you," she said in a reassuring voice.

What was wrong with her? Why was she feeling so aroused from being so close to this beast? Raising one hand, Barbara put her fingers to her cheeks. She was burning up! Dear God, she was on fire!

"Easy, Lightning, easy..."

Barbara walked up to the stall, one hand stretched in front of her. She crooned to the big horse, her body trembling with an excitement foreign to her up to this moment. He was snorting again, shaking his head, his long, beautiful mane fluttering over his neck. Again he pawed the ground nervously.

Barbara drew her hand back a second, then stretched it forward tentatively. In a moment she found herself petting the beast, feeling his warm body against her hand.

She had to have more, had to feel more!

Trembling, Barbara reached down and opened the stall. Lightning paused, his big eyes rolling toward her as she stepped in, one hand constantly on his body. She felt her flesh crawling with a new kind of electricity! She was breathing hard now, breathing as hard as she had when Pardner had jumped her and licked her pussy into climax.

“Easy, Lightning, it’s all right,” she whispered.

Barbara stood along the stallion’s side now, pressing her body against his. He whinnied, twisting his head around and staring at the trembling young woman. Why was that awful tingle in her cunt getting worse? What kind of person was she turning into?

“God... oh my God, what’s... What’s happening to me?” she whispered to herself.

Feeling her strength draining from her, Barbara leaned heavily against the big animal. Lightning whinnied and snorted again, swishing his full tail up against her. Closing her eyes the woman concentrated, trying to push away that burning, throbbing itch. How wet her pussy felt! When she moved her hips slightly, rubbing her thighs against Lightning’s muscled sides she felt more hot juice seep out.

It was bad, really bad! Christina was there inside the house, thinking her cousin was just having an innocent visit with the big beast. And there she was, nearly embracing him! With another shuddering sigh Barbara stretched out one hand, rubbing her fingers along Lightning’s flesh. What a strong, handsome, powerful animal he was! She could feel his muscles rippling under her light touch, heard the animal’s breathing become strong, even labored.

Turning her head, Barbara rested one cheek against the stallion’s side, closing her eyes and feeling his head radiate against her flesh. Her hand was stretching back, back to the rounded curves of his rump. Again Barbara moved her hips, feeling the subtle rub of her cuntlips as they slipped across her clit. She paused for a moment, feeling the excruciating tickle get worse.

A horse! She was having these feelings with a horse! Biting down on her lip, the woman stretched her hand out a little further, a little more until she was touching his balls. Lightning whinnied loudly, turning around, bumping his body against the rear of the wooden stall.

“Oh God!”

Barbara drew back, both hands pressed to her lips as she gazed at the animal in horror.

What had she nearly done? What was becoming of her? Closing her eyes and shaking her head, she rushed from the stall, suddenly finding herself crashing into Brad Edmunds.

“It’s not right leaving the stall open,” he said dryly, catching her in both hands and holding her by the shoulders.

“Oh! You... you startled me,” Barbara said in confusion.

Had he seen her? Had he been watching her with Lightning, seen her caress, guessed what had been going through her mind? Jolts of embarrassed shame rushed through her mind as Brad reached

around and shut the stall gate. Lightning whinnied once more, then draped his head over the front of his box and began munching on his oats again.

"You shouldn't be in here alone," Brad said, grabbing hold of her once more.

"I... I just came in to see Lightning. Christina told me about finally buying him and..."

"Fine horse," Brad commented, looking over her shoulder for a moment at the eating stallion. "Little skittish, though. You could've been hurt real bad if he got wild."

"I... I think I'd better go now," she stammered, trying to shake free.

"I don't think so."

"What?"

Brad was smiling, that same sexy, knowing smile he had flashed her earlier on the porch.

"What was goin' on between you and that fuckin' horse in there?"

Barbara felt her cheeks redden. If she could have she would have died on the spot. He knew! Dear God in heaven, he knew!

"Nothing. I don't know what you're talking about," she snapped with as much confidence as she could muster.

"Sure. What you were doin' in there just wasn't really... normal, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, you... you can't say something like that to me! You don't know what you're talking about," Barbara blurted, shaking her shoulders, trying to push away from the big ranch hand.

"A normal woman don't hang onto a horse like that. She don't reach out for his balls," he continued, his voice even, level even though his black eyes sparkled with excitement.

"You can't prove a thing!" she whispered hoarsely, wondering how she could face Christina if the word got out.

"Don't want to," Brad said, his eyes slitting.

God in heaven, when he looked at her like that he reminded her of Pardner as the animal lapped her cunt up to climax. Brad was an animal, the kind of animal that took what it wanted, no matter what the consequences. Barbara twisted in his grip, feeling his fingers bruising her flesh. The rush of excitement she had felt with Lightning was still there, still making her heart pound.

"What?"

"I don't like my women normal. Too fuckin' boring. I like somebody like you, somebody with some kinks to 'em," Brad said, snorting out a laugh.

"I don't know what you mean," Barbara said breathlessly.

She had her fingers pressed up against his chest, pushing him away. He was crazy, insane to think she was going to do anything with him.

"Sure you do. Man, you're hot, you know that?" he whispered, bending down toward her.

Barbara squealed, jumping back, twisting her face from his.

"Don't play hard to get with me, baby," he said gruffly. "I don't know exactly what you were plannin' to get away with in there with Lightning, but I sure as hell know it wasn't normal. Now, you don't cooperate with me and I'm gonna set this whole country buzzin' with stories about you."

"They'll never believe you," she gasped, stopping in her struggle.

"I'll take the chance," Brad said, his grin coming back.

"Horrible! Horrible!"

Again Barbara tried twisting away. This time Brad meant business, shaking her by the shoulders so hard she thought her head would snap off.

"Help! Help me, somebody, help me... uhhhhghhhhhhh!"

A sharp, backhanded blow turned her cry into a smothered moan. Barbara staggered back, the stinging pain from his slap bringing hot tears to her eyes.

"Oh, you... I could tell Christina and you'd be out of a job," she threatened, regretting the words the moment she saw his face darkening.

"You try somethin' like that and you're gonna be the sorriest woman in the valley!" he said, staring at her menacingly.

"I'm... sorry. Just lemme go and I promise I won't say a thing," Barbara said, immediately quieter after her mistake.

"You'll go, alright. But not till I've finished fuckin' you."

"No!"

Her back was pressed against the wall, her head still spinning and buzzing from the blow. She looked at him, watching his forehead wrinkle and the skin around his dark eyes tightening. Two tiny fires flared at the center of his irises. He hadn't shaved for a day or so, the sweat making the stubble stand out.

"You ain't got no choice. You relax and it's gonna be good for you," Brad said, unbuckling his belt.

"No!"

Barbara screamed again, her eyes darting toward the door. He had closed it. But she was certain it wasn't locked. Rushing from the wall, she sidestepped Brad for the moment, stumbling over the slick stubble, hearing Lightning snorting and whinnying in his stall.

"Stupid bitch!"

Brad was on her in a second, his strong hands gripping her by the wrists and spinning her around.

"You ain't gonna be runnin' out, 'specially before I've fucked you, baby."

“Stop it!” she cried, her eyes rounding while her heart contracted once more.

“Too late.”

He held her by the shoulders once more, then shoved her back with such force her head struck the floor. Light slivers sparkled in front of her eyes as she sucked in a deep breath, afraid of the man towering over her. No, she wasn't going to shout for help again. He'd just step on her, kick her to death with those heavy black boots of his.

“You shut up and I ain't gonna hurt you - much.” Brad unbuckled his belt fully, opening the top snap of his Levi's. “Sit up!”

Barbara hesitated, not knowing that with Brad that was the worst thing she could have done. Growling, he reached down and grabbed a fistful of her blonde hair, jerking her head hard against his legs. She tasted his dirty Levi's, her lips pressing against the material. He was saying something to her, calling her some kind of slut and whore. Words didn't mean that much to her now. Sheer terror was knifing through her, making her gasp.

“We're gonna have us a good time here. Ain't my idea of the best place. But you're kinda partial to barns, ain'tcha?” he sneered.

“You...”

Barbara was about to defend herself when she saw him raise one hand over his head, pause, and then bring it down in a broad arc. As she trembled, he smiled. Once again that hand slapped her, knocking the wind from her as her body rolled over to one side. The sound of the slap and her quivering scream were muffled by the close-set thickness of the barn around them. Again Lightning whinnied in his stall, moving around frantically, his body bumping against the rotting wood.

“Now we start, baby.”

He dragged her away from the door, away from Lightning to another stall. He was going to fuck her there, take her like some animal. Well, that's what she was, a rutting, bitching animal. She had let a dog lick her off, and God only knows what she was planning to do in there with the stallion. She had moved her hands down to his balls, had actually touched those leathery sacks, gathered them up in her fingers and moved them around and around. And now this man who had watched her was going to rape her right here in the barn!

“No, don't...”

He stood above her, unzipping his fly. Pulling the sweaty, dirty red flannel shirt from his trousers, Brad shrugged it off his shoulders. She stared at the rounded, developed pecs, the aroused nipples, the muscled, washboard stomach covered with a thick coat of body fur. Then his dirty faded Levi's halved completely, his cock springing out.

“Oh!”

Big, fat, long! It was what she had been thinking about, almost dreaming about. Something to take care of that horrible hot itch between her legs!

“Like it, huh? Almost as big as that fuckin' stallion's,” Brad said, jerking his head in the direction of Lightning. “You want a horse cock? Baby, you're gonna get one shoved up your cunt - and this one belongs to Brad Edmunds!”

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## CHAPTER FOUR

“Stop... oh please!”

But there was no conviction in her voice. It was just like the night Joey had first fucked her. Barbara had begged him not to touch her when every fiber of her body ached for him. She knew Brad would be the same way. She watched with growing excitement as his cock grew harder and stiffer. It was so big - at least nine, maybe ten inches long and possibly two inches across. The sides were roped with pulsing blue veins while the spongy head was growing purple.

“Ohhhh, nice hot cunt! Yeah, it’s gonna feel real nice against my prick.”

Barbara sobbed, turning her head away and closing her eyes. How she hated herself! She should be crying out even now, even under the threat of another beating. But instead she lay there, panting like a bitch in rut, her crotch filled with a wild throbbing. She wanted to touch that cock, to feel it, to smell it!

“No!” She sobbed, scooting back, her spine pressed against the stall wall. Clenching her fists, she pressed them to her sides, shaking her head from left to right. Christina was only a short distance away, working on her books.

Everything was quite normal outside, while here in the barn the world was turning upside down. Dizzy with fright, Barbara once more begged him not to hurt her.

Brad only laughed, pushing his Levi’s down to the tops of his boots. The hot, sour smell of his crotch washed over her. It was exciting, the most potent perfume possible for her. A draft tightened her damp scalp as Brad moved closer to her, his fat cock waving, striking his jutting hipbone. Oh, how muscular his thighs were, almost as muscular and strong as Lightning’s!

Barbara’s tits swelled, the nipples taut, straining against her bra. A spasm shot through her body, making her pussy pucker, her clit tingle with electricity. It was then she realized her body was alive again, quivering with anticipation.

“No!”

He was on top of her in an instant, his hands pawing her shirt, tearing it from her Levi’s and opening the buttons.

“No, stop!”

She closed her eyes, her mouth a tight scar as she struggle futilely under the big man. His knees were pressing into her thighs painfully while his fingers ripped open her shirt. Next she felt her bra strap being undone, the cups sliding from her big tits.

“Ohhhhh yeahhhhh...”

Brad stopped for a moment, his eyes wide with delight as he stared at the resilient mounds resting on her chest. She felt his breath against her nipples, then soon felt his lips cupping one, sucking hard while his teeth nibbled the rubbery flesh.

Arching her back, Barbara sobbed, her tits jiggling like pudding from her violent moves. He sucked

hard, first one tit then the other, his hands kneading the soft flesh painfully while his tongue scraped over the tips of her nipples.

"No, don't... ohhhh, you beast... You animal!" she sobbed.

He slapped her again, this time more softly than before while his knees spread her legs farther apart.

"Gonna get me some cuntmeat now. And man, I'm real hungry for it," he muttered.

Barbara felt him draw back, felt his fingers fumbling with her Levi's. She beat at him with her clenched fists, shoved her ass down hard against the floor. But it was useless. Brad only laughed at her attempts of escape. Opening her jeans, tugging them off her flailing legs, then hooking his fingers around the elastic waist-band of her panties and pulling them down, he finally stripped the thrashing woman naked.

"No!"

Brad was on her once more, pinning her down with his body, dry fucking her by rubbing his prick back and forth over her simmering pussy slit.

"No, no!"

Barbara thought someone had set fire to her cunt! It ran with juice, the hot fluid seeping down into the hot crack between her asscheeks. She felt his prick rubbing new life into her clit while his balls dragged over her crotch.

Her cries of help soon turned to cries of greed. Instead of pushing him away Barbara found herself holding onto him, feeling the itchy stubble around her working its way into her sweaty asscrack.

"Yeah, knew you'd be wantin' it. Shit, you was wantin' it before when I talked to you. Now you can't keep still, can you? Want that hot cock?"

"Oh, oh, oh!"

The dog, the horse, everything had conspired against her. Now she was held captive under his body, feeling his cock bumping up against her pussy. And then he was completely on top of her, his cock gouging slickly down her cuntal cleft, the domed head pressing against the fuzzy crack.

She felt her cuntlips peeling back, stretching to make room for his prick. Oh, it was going in, going in, rubbing against the quivering, pulsing folds of her cunt! Barbara snapped her head from side to side, her fingers tightening around Brad's neck while her ass pranced for more cock meat. He was fucking her, fucking her hard and deep.

"Oh no, don't... don't..."

"Jesus Christ, you fuckin' bitch! Don't lie to me," Brad grunted, working his hips from side to side.

Barbara stiffened, arching her back as she felt his cock slipping and stirring around in her pussy. "You're... you're going to kill meeeee with that thing!" she gasped.

Brad only laughed, tightened his ass muscles and shoved forward again. Looking up, Barbara saw his face slacken, then tighten up once more as inch after cock-throbbing inch slurped into her furry cunt.

“Uhhhhh...”

The woman shuddered with the sexy sensation of her cunt being filled with a cock. It was really being stuffed, stretched. She moved her hips, changing the angle her cunt made contact with Brad’s fat prick. He was now halfway inside when she felt a mini spasm pass through her pussy. Both of them gasped, their bodies grinding against one another while her cuntlips sucked and gummed on the big ranch hand’s cock.

“Fuck! Jesus, ain’t never had a woman who could do somethin’ like that!” he groaned.

“Can’t... can’t help it,” Barbara cried, closing her eyes in shame.

“Fuck, man, you can do that all the time. I don’t give a damn!”

Barbara breathed deeply, her lungs burning and hurting as the oxygen flowed through her flaring nostrils. Slowly, gradually, she felt her cuntal muscles relaxing, letting more of Brad’s cock slip into her pussy. She felt the juices seeping out around his entrenching dick, bubbling out and frothing around her cuntal hairs while her ass moved sexily back and forth over the hay stubble in the stall. Again she heard the horse whinnying in the back stall, her cries obviously upsetting him. Just thinking about that beautiful white stallion brought another shiver of delight racing through her tight pussy.

“Uhhhhh... fuck it out, baby!”

Barbara twisted around, feeling her insides stretching out around the huge cock shaft. Again the woman tensed, waiting for the bulging cockhead to reach down farther in her pussy. She thought there would be a moment when she would have to scream for him to stop. And would he?

“Ohhhhhh baby, baby, you’re too fuckin’ much! Bet I could fuck you all night and you’d still be ready for more cock!”

“No, no, not true,” she panted, unable to form sentences any more.

“Yeah, right,” he gasped, throwing two more inches of his prick into her.

“No more... can’t take much more,” the woman panted.

“You’re real tight, baby, but you’re stretchin’ out just fine,” Brad moaned, bending over and sucking on her throat.

“No, no, it’s so... oh God! Please, please, don’t...”

Barbara felt Brad tucking his ass under. She gasped as his hot, low-hanging balls swung up and slapped against her asscheeks. She hadn’t ever thought she would have something this big in her body. Even Joey wasn’t this hung!

“Uhhhhh... Oooohhhhhh!”

Crazy! Insane! Brad was pulling back, drawing his cock out! It felt as if her insides were being tugged out with it.

“Like that? Somethin’ different for your fuckin’ pussy to feel?”

“Ohhhhhhhh God!”

Barbara snapped her head back, rolling it over the stubble while snapping her legs up and rubbing the insides against his body. She felt one heavy ball nestle against one cheek of her ass. It was then she realized he was all the way inside her. He had to be!

“Man, you’re hot and tight... and real fine, baby. And you wanted to waste it all on the fuckin’ horse. Man, that’s real warped.”

Barbara wasn’t listening. She moved her hips frantically from left to right now, wanting to feel as much of his cock inside her as possible. Her ass bounced over the stall floor, her fingers tightening around his neck. Brad let out another groan, then dropped his face to hers. She felt his lips pressing her mouth in a moment, felt his tongue searching for hers between her lips. In a second they were fencing, their tongues flicking against one another, spittle frothing from the corners of her mouth and dribbling down her chin while all the time Brad’s cock was slowly working in and out, in and out of her stretched cunthole. Barbara could hear it working, could hear it making sounds like a pile driver slipping in and out of a mudhole. It sent shivers through her.

“Uhhhhh...” the woman moaned into Brad’s mouth.

“Man, you’re bitchin’, baby, real bitchin’,” he moaned back.

“Oh fuck, fuck me, please...”

“Yeah, knew you’d be gettin’ around to goin’ nuts with my cock. Most cunts do. Here, try somethin’ different.”

“Wh... what?”

Barbara felt his hands moving around her thighs, felt his legs moving under her. She let out a cry of confusion as the room began to move around her. In a second, she felt the relief of being able to breathe again as she rolled on top of the big man.

“Ain’t no rape now, baby. You’re likin’ it, likin’ it the way I thought you would,” Brad said, smirking up at the big-titted blonde. “You dig it, dig gettin’ a man’s cock in you.”

His words burned her pride. But his cock was burning her cunt, setting it on fire with flames she never thought existed.

“Come on, baby, fuck your cunt on my prick. Come on, it’s real easy.”

It was so different being on top. But Brad was helping her along, his hands holding her tightly, guiding her thighs back and forth, up and down. After a moment or two she could see how to rock her body forward so his cock would pull from her cuntal tube. The noise, the slick, sucking noise of it made her shudder again with hot delight. She could feel the foamy froth of her juices as Brad’s cockhead pulled streams of it back. It was running down her asscheeks. Oh, how wet she was!

“You... you’re making me feel so... so strange!”

Brad laughed at her, his hands slapping her asscheeks again, his legs moving under her ass while Barbara began bouncing up and down. Her tits jiggled, slapping together while she let her head fall back. Oh, oh, it was so deliciously wicked, so evilly abandoned to be like this, her legs splayed so widely apart.

Brad was very still, his mouth set hard. Oh God, God, things had changed so. She had to feel his

cock, had to feel his prick scraping along the itchy, tingling insides of her pussy. It was so good. And the thought that soon his white, hot spunk would be splattering out of that bulbous cockhead drove her mad. No more was she the reluctant woman, the woman fighting for her honor, her reputation. Barbara was rutting high now, bouncing her body up and down like a puppet, feeling his prick gouging her cunt with its maddening stiffness and length.

She looked down. There was sweat on his forehead. His black hair was plastered against his forehead as she kept bouncing up and down on his prick.

“Man, move that ass, baby. Come on, move that ass!” Brad said, slapping her asscheeks when she started to slow down.

“I don’t know... I think I’m close to... to cumming.”

The admission made her blush with shame. But it was true. She felt herself rocketing higher and higher, the odd hot/cold rush of chills taking over her pussy. Her clit was constantly rubbing against Brad’s hot prick now, sputtering and sparking like a newly lit bomb while that odd tightness in her body was growing.

“Uhhhh, baby, go for it, go for it!” he said in a tight voice.

“Ohhhhh...”

It was as if firecrackers were being set off in her cunt! Barbara closed her eyes, her hips grinding crazily. She raised her body, rocking forward until just the prickhead was inside the powerful ring of muscles. Careful not to bear down too hard Barbara felt her muscles tightening. She was milking his cockrod again, letting her muscles gum along the length of his prick. Brad was moaning loudly, arching his back up from the ground. Barbara gasped, feeling her chest tighten, her mouth growing even drier. She was thrilled watching this reaction, watching this thick-muscled male body writhing and thrashing under her while her cunt was doing all the work.

Then her pussy exploded once more, sending stars of incredible brilliance exploding through her confused head. She couldn’t hold back, couldn’t stop now if the barn had caught fire! She plunged her teasing ass down, down over the hard prick jutting from his crotch. Barbara cried out again, her head lolling from side to side as she felt him rape through the muscled opening, penetrating deep into her cunt. She felt the hot firmness of his balls as her pussy pressed against them. Oh, she was being torn in half, split, divided, fucked!

“Nooooo!”

“Come on, baby, come on and work it on out. You’re gonna make it, make it with a real stud. Come on, Barbara, fuck it out!”

“No, no, no!”

She was moving around, jerking her ass around as if it were a wild animal. She felt his fat, throbbing prick jerking hard against the slick lining of her pussy. The circle of her cuntal muscles was convulsing now, rhythmically milking Brad’s prick. Her body needed that cock, needed to have that fat thing rushing through her pussy. And then... And then it was happening. She heard Brad cry out something and the next thing she knew Barbara was feeling gushes of hot cum splattering against her cuntal walls!

“Ohhhhhh!”



The woman was dazed with lust and passion. Brad was twisting around and swearing and bucking, his hands hurting her, pinching her thighs while all the time he fucked hard and deep into her body. In a moment they rolled around, halfway down to where they were on their sides. He fucked her again and again, his prick seeming to reach all the way into her belly.

“Uuhghhhhh... ohhhhhhh God, I’m... I’m... cummmmmiinnggg!”

It was as if the world had blown apart. Nothing existed for the moment except her pussy and that wonderful, hot, thick prick splitting her wide open. More and more of his jizz firehosed into her pussy. Now she could feel it mixing with her juices, seeping out, wetting down her thighs and asscheeks as she pranced her ass hungrily in the air begging for more.

After having thrashed and grunted and danced her shivering asscheeks around, the woman collapsed, exhausted, breathing hard through her opened mouth.

“Oh God, God, what have I done?” she whispered out loud.

Brad chuckled, reaching up and stroking her stiff nipples.

“Nice fuck, baby. We’re gonna have ourselves a nice time around the old farm. Ain’t gonna be nobody around to bother us. Nobody.”

Barbara closed her eyes, thinking about Pardner, thinking about Lightning and wondering.

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CHAPTER FIVE

Two days had gone by since Brad had fucked Barbara. She and Christina had been busy going over the books, trying to make some sense of her uncle’s bookkeeping. And this was a perfect excuse for the blonde to stay away from the handsome, muscled ranch hand. Barbara was unsure about what had happened. At times she could think of nothing but the stud, still feeling his hands roaming around her tits and ass, his body pressing against hers while his prick trenched out her tight, juicy, convulsing cunt.

There were times at night when she couldn’t sleep, when she tossed and turned, the sheets wrinkling up under her. Then she lay on her ass, breathing hard, her eyes wide and glazed while her fingers drifted down to the swollen hot, rubbery lips of her pussy. How she trembled, how she bucked and thrashed, her knees jerking up while her fingers slipped and clicked over her sputtering clit. Brad should have been doing that, should have been teasing her with his fingers before finally driving that prick deep into her waiting, wet cunt.

“Oh God!”

Again and again the woman thought about throwing a robe over her shoulders and tiptoeing down the hall to look for Brad. Surely he had to be around the ranch somewhere, probably in the bunkhouse. Christina had said something about him living here most of the time. That’s why she had liked keeping him on. He was there for any kind of emergency. Well, wasn’t her hot cunt, her desire to have a man on top of her, touching her, fucking her, an emergency?

Still, there was something keeping her back, something that kept her in her bed where she fingered herself into ecstasy. Oh yes, yes, it was good when her fingers dipped in her convulsing, clutching pussy. For a few wild seconds she could even imagine it was Brad’s cock fucking her.

But then there was the awful realization soon after that she was alone. Brad wasn't there. It had been her fingers that had touched off her explosion, not a man's prick. Feeling empty, frustrated, Barbara drifted off to troubled sleep, wondering if and when she would ever let Brad touch her again.

It was the evening of the third day when the hot tightness of her cunt was driving her mad. Barbara sat at the desk, tapping one end of the pencil lightly against the padded desktop. Christina had gone in the kitchen to brew more coffee. Above her the large clock ticked maddeningly, making her want to scream. But no, she had to keep her composure. What would Christina think if she knew what her cousin was thinking? Oh God! What would Christina think if she were to know what had already happened? That awful session with the dog, her embrace of the stallion, and then that wild barn fuck with Brad!

Barbara closed her eyes, rubbing her fingertips against her burning forehead. And what was worse was that she wanted more. Yes, she was still unsatisfied. Sitting there, breaking the leaded tip of the pencil against the desktop, Barbara wanted more sex! Yes! She wanted to be fucked again. Just thinking about it sent shivers of unspeakable delight rushing up and down her thighs.

"More coffee here."

"Oh, thanks," Barbara said as Christina refilled her cup. She didn't need more caffeine, but how could she tell her cousin that?

"Now, I've got to adjust the May figures and I think I'll be through," Christina said, filling her own cup then shoving the tray to one side as she sat down beside Barbara.

"Oh, Christina. I'm a little tired. Do you mind if I take a walk outside for a bit?" Barbara said, rubbing her burning eyes.

"Oh, of course. I forgot. You're not really into this. I don't blame you. I've been tiring you with all these figures," Christina said apologetically, her face lit with a bright smile.

Barbara almost felt guilty for her sexual feelings. The woman had no idea what was going on behind her back!

"I... I'll be back in a while," Barbara said, not quite able to look her cousin in the eye.

She left the living room quickly, reaching the kitchen and finally the outdoor patio. The door closed quietly behind her. Shutting her eyes Barbara felt that burning, pulsing itch that had been driving her half-crazy all day. It was getting worse again. And there was no one around to take care of it!

"God!"

Barbara laughed ironically at her thoughts. To take care of her! How far she had come since she walked through that door a week ago! In the background she could hear the steady clicking of the adding machine. The smell of freshly brewed coffee wafted from the kitchen outdoors to her nose. It was all so normal, so predictable. But the feelings she had rushing through her cunt now were far from normal!

Again the woman shivered, crossing her arms over her tits and walking slowly through the small garden out back. It was growing cooler now, the stars overhead winking brilliantly at the moon-silvered earth below.

Hardly a breath of air stirred as Barbara picked her way carefully through the garden.

“How lovely it is,” she whispered to herself, stopping near a pile of rocks and looking around.

There was an intense quiet, one she had rarely experienced before. It was as if everything in the earth had perished and only she had survived. It was at this point Barbara felt her peace shattered. There was a rustling sound in the near-by rose bushes to the right.

Turning, she felt a jolt of fear. Could it be a coyote? Christina had said something about the wild animals coming near the ranch at times. Backing away, she was about to call out for her cousin when Pardner nosed his way through the heavy underbrush.

“Oh, you silly dog! You frightened me,” Barbara said uneasily.

The dog stood there, his tail high, wagging slightly from left to right while his nose sniffed at the air. Barbara stiffened, knowing he was smelling her. Yes, he was smelling her the way he had smelled her that fateful night when he attacked her.

“No you don’t, Pardner. I’m not going to let this happen again.”

Barbara backed away, her feet stumbling over the uneven flagstones of the back patio. She couldn’t let the dog touch her, not like he had done several nights ago. How would she be able to face herself? All this time she had been telling herself that that session had been some sort of a quirk, an accident that would never, ever happen to her again. But here she was in nearly the same position, and with Christina only a few feet away!

“Your mistress...” The word mistress sent chills up and down her spine. Was she the dog’s mistress, he her lover? No, no, those kind of thoughts were sick, dangerous. Barbara put both hands to her ears as if they could keep out the rushing series of images tormenting her.

“No!”

But her desires were stronger than her pride. She still stood there in the garden, her body lightly swaying back and forth while her pussy continued to grow hot and tight. Pardner moved a little farther toward the confused blonde, sniffing the ground, then sitting down and scratching a spot between his ears, growling slightly. For a moment Barbara thought he might have forgotten her, his interest apparently diverted by an annoying flea. But he moved once more, on all fours this time, sniffing around her leg.

Barbara felt paralyzed, unsure of what to do. Of course she could have called out for her cousin. Christina would be out there in a flash and the incident would be over before anything further happened.

But instead Barbara simply stood there, her hands crossed over her tits, her eyes closed. And all the while she heard Pardner sniffing, sniffing up her legs, sniffing at her hot cunt. Her pussy needed some kind of satisfaction. Would it come from the dog?

“Oh Pardner... don’t...”

He was licking her now. Yes, she could feel his tongue rubbing up and down over her ankles, that light, sexy rub sending shivers of delight up and down her spine. Barbara groaned, digging her fingernails into her upper arms while feeling her knees knock together. She wanted to run but felt herself riveted to the spot. The world and all the reality attached to it was melting from her mind.

There was only her cunt, her pussy and that mad licking sensation drawing up her leg now, touching the soft areas behind her knees. It was happening all over again and there was nothing she could do to stop the hungry animal.

Barbara roused herself somewhat, moving away from the light of the kitchen window. She didn't want anyone to see her shame, to see what she was going to do with the growling animal.

"Here, Pardner..."

They moved together, woman and dog through the moonlight past the rose bushes he had crouched in earlier. Looking back over one shoulder to make sure no one was following them, Barbara led the animal to a small clearing some fifty yards from the house.

Something glinted in the light from the moon in front of her. Stopping and bending down, she peered closely at the object. It was a rock, just a rock. Pardner came padding behind her, breathing heavily. And then there was the sensation of a hot wash of his tongue between her asscheeks.

"Oooooooooohhhhh!"

Barbara's eyes widened, her jaws parting and letting out a rush of air. It was a surprise, a delightful surprise! Having grown impatient with her, Pardner took matters in his own hands. He was butting his head against her now, trying to knock her over onto the grass.

Barbara put one hand to her throat, fighting for her breath while struggling to keep her balance. Why? Why was she trying to keep in an upright position when all the while she was thinking about letting the dog have his way with her? Was it some last bit of her shredded pride?

She toppled forward, her dress hiking up high over her hips, exposing her asscheeks.

This evening Barbara hadn't worn her panties and again there was that hot lick of his spitty tongue over her ass. Barbara moaned and trembled, pressing her knees into the soft grassy ground while wiggling her ass slowly from side to side. The dog was on her in an instant, his strong forelegs bumping the insides of her thighs.

"Oh God, ohhhhhh Pardner."

Stretching out one hand, Barbara pulled herself forward, clawing at the grass, pulling some out by the roots.

"I can't... can't..."

But Pardner had been aroused and there would be no pushing him away. He kept at her, his hot, sexy tongue wetting down the backs of her legs, his scratchy paws tickling her flesh so deliciously. Barbara let out a stifled groan, twisting her head around and biting down hard on her right upper arm. A dog. It was happening again with a damned dog!

"Uhhhhhh..."

Turning around Barbara crawfished backward slowly, one hand behind the other.

Pardner followed, his ears pinned back, his rubbery black lips pulled back. Even in the dark she could see his fangs, those white, pointed things that could tear apart most animals in a flash! Somehow that knowledge made her shiver with a strange mixture of fear and ecstasy.

Gasping from the friction as he moved his tongue in her swollen cuntal slit, Barbara crawled back a little further. A dog was eating her cunt. Yes, a dog was sticking his tongue down in there, touching her all over with his maw! The thought of having an animal seducing her both horrified and delighted Barbara.

"Pardner... ohhh, you beautiful, beautiful dog," she whispered, feeling the original fear melting away under his steady lapping.

That wonderful dog was increasing that beautiful sexy feeling she had had earlier that evening. Oh, it was almost as good as when Brad had raped her in the barn! Yes, she could feel those slivers of delight beginning to prick her clit. Letting her head fall back, moving her naked ass on the ground and feeling the grass prick her sensitive flesh, Barbara felt that delight once more, this time with the dog.

"Ummmm..."

He was so hot, so silky smooth against her cuntlips. Turning on her side, she still tried crawling away, dragging her body along the grass. She felt so heavy! Pardner followed, growling all the way, pressing his maw against her pussy. Then she felt his paws brushing up against her, his forelegs trying to get a grip on her chest while his hind legs were prancing madly behind. What on earth was he doing? And then the woman felt something very hot and slick brushing up against her ass. Then she knew what he was trying to do, and the delight she had felt earlier turned quickly into horror.

"No, no!"

Licking was one thing, but actually letting a dog fuck her? A dog sticking his knobby cock in her cunt? No, that was out of the question!

"Stop it! No, you can't... you just can't do this to me!"

She was back on her feet, staggering forward through the garden, moving away from the house. Somewhere in the distance she could hear the coyotes yowling, howling at the moon. Or were they in heat? Another rush of chills swept over her flesh, making the woman groan.

Barbara was frantic, stumbling, regaining her balance, then stumbling over the uneven ground once more. The dog was trying to fuck her, actually fuck her. Oh, it was wrong to have thought she could have controlled this situation. He was in charge, playing her as if she were some horrible musical instrument. No, she wasn't going to let him touch her in that way.

"Get away..."

The dog swarmed excitedly between her running legs, tripping her with his body. Barbara saw a near-by trellis and rushed for it, holding onto it as the dog bumped up against her and growled.

"No!"

She tried kicking at him, missed, then found herself falling to the ground, taking the trellis with her.

"Ohnooooo!"

Barbara choked, trying to get the air back in her lungs. The dog was back on her, making funny grunting noises through his nostrils as he plowed her cuntlips open and slurped up the hot juices flowing from her cunt. It was so crazy, so damned good, having this happen to her! The woman lay

flat on the ground for a while, not daring to make a move while Pardner licked her hot fuzzy pussy.

“God. It’s so good, it’s so good it’s going to kill me!”

She was closing her thighs to him once more, rubbing the insides of her legs against the big dog and feeling his furry flesh tickling her skin. He tossed his head more wildly, plowing deeper, pressing his forepaws hard against her upper thighs while his bushy tail wagged from side to side. Barbara was getting dizzy. She was helpless, trapped under the dog, being forced to do what he wanted.

“No... ooohhhhhh!”

She felt her body moving along the grass, then realized she was wriggling under his oral ministrations. The grass tickled her ass while she felt his nose tickling her clit. Oh, oh, that sloppy rape of his tongue in her cunt, that touch of his tongue against her clit was almost too much for her to bear! She lay out, her arms stretched to either side of her body, her knees raised and nearly touching her tits as Barbara gave herself once more completely to the dog.

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## CHAPTER SIX

“Ohhh, lick me doggy. Oh yes, yes, lick my cunt.”

It was incredible that she was crooning to the dog now. But Barbara didn’t care. Her pride, her reputation were gone now. All that mattered was that lovely animal wedged tightly between her thighs, his tongue touching her clit again and again. Oh, how she thought she’d piss from excitement when he touched the rounded red little clit, pressing it down into the surrounding damp juice-puddled flesh.

“Mmmmmmmmm...”

There could be nothing else like this! Barbara tossed her ass in the air like a crazy woman, her toes curling, digging into the damp grass while Pardner dragged his tongue up and down her cunt sloppily.

Bizarre images rushed through her mind, pictures of Brad fucking her, of Lightning standing there in the stall, his head twisted around, those brown eyes staring at her as she stroked his sides. And over it all, cutting through her thoughts, was the feel of that hungry animal between her spit-flecked thighs. She raised her knees a little more, feeling almost like a dog herself. She couldn’t speak any more. Growling almost like Pardner, Barbara wriggled down toward the bushes, frantically caressing the big German shepherd with her thighs.

“Oh God, God, oh you’re soooo good, Pardner, sooooo very, very good...”

The sounds of Pardner’s mouth sucking on her steamy cunt were too much. She was clenching the grass, pulling it out of the lawn.

The dog was growling, growing wilder with each passing second. Then, without any warning, he started licking her belly as well, moving up to her tits and armpits. What made her stay on her back and let him? Yes, it was her own sexuality, her own perversion, her need for this dog.

“Fuck... oh God, fuck...”

She was holding onto the animal harder now, her hands braced around his thick neck, her thighs rubbing up against his sides. Raising her eyes, she found herself staring at the large German shepherd. How beautiful he looked! Beautiful and powerful, powerful enough to tear her to pieces. But instead he was licking her to death, licking that wonderful tongue all over her body, concentrating on her pussy.

Her hips were moving crazily down, up and down in a fucking motion. She felt the grass tickling the sweaty hot crack between her asscheeks, touching her asshole. The dog was down at her feet now, mouthing her toes and ankles. It had to be that musky aroma of her pussy turning him on. Raising one leg higher than the other, Barbara bent it at the knee and began petting his strong back with the bare soles of her foot. That touch, that wonderful touch of his hot fur against the sensitive spots between her toes drove her wild. Pounding her fists against the ground, Barbara growled, arching her back, wallowing her shoulder blades against the grass.

“Nuhhhhhrrrrr! Huhhhhhrrrrr! Huhhhhhrrrrr!”

Barbara had surrendered completely, giving him her cunt, every hidden fold and hollow. There was nothing to be held back from him.

“Cummmmm! Oh God, I’m... uhhh. I’m gonna cummmmm!”

It was like a rusty blade severing all her nerve-endings at once. Barbara whipped her thighs up and down so fast she thought she could hear them humming in the wind! A loud clash of thunder exploded in her ears while brilliant lights popped before her eyes.

Pardner’s licking was too rough, too concentrated for her to climax. The sharp edge of that joy cut through her again and again. Barbara cried out, spasmed, then convulsed inward around her licked cunt. Rolling around on the ground as if she were possessed, the woman kept jerking and spasming, at times kicking the dog hard in the muzzle.

But Pardner wouldn’t be shoved away from her pussy. Keeping close to her, he stretched out his tongue and kept licking at the wet, red-hot flesh. He gouged and lapped until she finally lay more quietly on her back, letting him drive his hot snout into her cuntal mouth. Barbara jerked into the fetal position, the big German shepherd wedging strongly between her thighs. Barbara cried out again, jerking her head back while clawing at the dog’s furry sides. Oh God, God, she could both feel and hear him growling in her cunt, scratching her sensitive flesh, burrowing his nose in there as if there was something more to find.

“Nooooo!”

Her climax seemed to go on and on forever! Pardner wriggled his narrow ass, his forepaws wide set on the lawn as he kept trying to keep her cuntlips open to him.

Barbara bucked backward, away from the animal, squirming on the grass. She was being tortured with spasms too intense to stand. This was worse, far more powerful than the climax she had had with Pardner the first time. It had reached the intensity of her orgasm with Brad. But there the big stud had been around to hold her down, pin her to the straw with his hard, muscled body. Now there was nothing to hold her back, nothing but the whimpering dog still trying to get into her pussy.

“Pardner... uhhhhh...”

There were hot flecks striking her thighs, making stringy lines up and down one side of her body. It was then that Barbara realized that Pardner was rubbing his furry cock against her calf and knee.

He was humping forward with wild movements and each time he did the red cock spear sprayed doggie jizz all over her!

“God!”

She felt sick. Babbling, staggering to her feet, the confused blonde stumbled through the rear garden toward the house. No, Christina couldn't see her like this! This was another thing she would have to hide from her cousin. Feeling her dress clinging to the wet doggie cum oozing down her legs Barbara clapped one hand over her opened mouth, gagging with horror and revulsion at herself. What had she done? Dear God in heaven, was there no limit to her depravity?

Reaching the back door, the young woman quietly opened it, stepping into the darkened kitchen while holding her breath. No, she couldn't confront her cousin now. Barbara knew she would be sobbing out the truth, crying and choking while Christina stood there wide-eyed and horrified. She couldn't take that. Not now, not while her mind was whirling around so crazily. She had to think, had to have time to sort things out.

Thank God Christina was still working at her desk, involved in all those figures. Barbara locked the back door, then quietly moved through the living room to the stairs. She felt a wave of incredible weariness sweep over her as she rushed up to the second floor.

“Oh, thank God!” she whispered, reaching her room and closing the door behind her.

For several moments Barbara stood there, head in her hands, breathing heavily while pressing her fingertips to her forehead. If Christina ever found out, if anyone ever found out the depths of her degradation, she would simply die! No one could ever know. Not even Christina, her cousin and closest, dearest friend.

Christina would be looking for her soon. Barbara knew she would have to pull herself together, to forget about that dog and what he'd done to her. Barbara tried to smile, tried to see something in what had happened besides the terrible guilty gloom threatening to sweep over her. He was just a horny dog. And she had been horny too. Things just... happened. That was all. There was nothing to be dramatic about. It had just happened.

But did this happen to every woman? Wasn't she the abnormal one? Wasn't she unusual going out and actually looking for things like this?

She might be able to excuse Pardner's attack. But it was harder to excuse herself. Oh God, she was so tired. Barbara felt as if she had to sleep, to rest. In the morning things would be different.

“Barbara?”

Christina was calling her from downstairs! Straightening up and squaring her shoulders, Barbara brushed back her long blonde hair, glancing at herself in the mirror. Her mouth still had a swollen, slightly depraved look to it while her cheeks were flushed. Would Christina notice? Would she be too involved in all her figures to see that her cousin was still panting, panting like an animal, like a dog, like the bitch she was?

Barbara shivered, still feeling Pardner's hot, sexy tongue slipping up and down her inner thighs. How she had thrashed under his light touch, pranced her ass high in the air while his furry muzzle tunneled into her convulsing pussy! Oh, would she do it again? Would she let the animal touch her cunt with his tongue - perhaps do something even more?



“Oh no, no, no!”

“Barbara?”

“I’m up here,” she said in as steady a voice as possible. “I’ll be right down.”

She would have to go home soon. There were far too many temptations around here. Shaking several loose strands of hair from her face, Barbara opened the door and stepped into the hall. It would be difficult, but she would have to pretend as if nothing had happened. Dear God, when would this dark, sexual force guiding her life finally ebb and leave her alone?

The next day was one Barbara would never forget no matter how hard she tried. It began uneventfully enough. Blinking her eyes open, the young woman found herself staring out the small window. Christina had nearly talked her ears off the previous evening, speaking about the various problems she was encountering in running the ranch. Barbara tried desperately to keep her mind on the subject, sipping the coffee and nodding in agreement every now and then as Christina droned on. But all along she was thinking about what she had done.

Looking at her very serious cousin, Barbara wondered just what she would say if suddenly she were to interrupt: “Oh, Christina, sorry to tell you this, but I’ve been letting your dog Pardner lick my cunt. I hope you don’t mind. Now, what were you saying about the rising price of oats?”

Barbara smiled, pulling the covers up to her chin and barely suppressing a giggle. In spite of the feelings she had about the animal and what she’d done, something devilish in her, something evil, was making her feel innocent, even light-hearted about taking the dog to bed with her.

Stretching her arms over her head, the attractive young woman slipped out of bed and dressed hurriedly. She glanced at her small white alarm clock and noticed it was nearly nine. She had overslept! Well, it was no surprise, considering the workout Pardner had given her the night before!

Downstairs she found Christina speaking with Brad. The two of them appeared deep in conversation and didn’t notice her at first.

Hesitating, thinking of retreating up the stairs, Barbara felt her cheeks flushing when both turned around and smiled up at her.

“I... I don’t want to interrupt,” she said haltingly.

Brad was staring at her with those mocking eyes, smiling that ironic smile of his while rubbing his hands along the fronts of his thighs. Christina didn’t notice. Christina didn’t notice anything, it seemed. But Barbara realized what he was doing, knew what he was thinking. She had been avoiding him all this time. And now he had come here, had hunted her down to - to fuck her again!

Just the thought of having him squirming on top of her, drilling his cock into her cunt sent shivers up and down her flesh. Reaching out, she grabbed hold of the handrail, steadying herself as Brad continued to smile up at her.

Why did he have to come now? Why now, of all times? Now when she was at her weakest, when she was about to make up her mind to leave this awful place and go home?

“Don’t be silly,” Christina said airily, waving one hand down in front of her. “I’ve got several things to take care of in town.” She sighed, shaking her head from side to side.

"Banks, damn them! They're supposed to be competent, but then they make the worst mistakes. A three-year-old could have figured this one out." Christina waved one paper in front of her.

"I'll go with you," Barbara said hurriedly, moving down the steps.

"Don't be silly. This is your vacation and I'm afraid I haven't given you much of one. Don't worry, though. Once this is taken care of you won't have to be on your own so much. Brad here's going to be doing some chores around the yard so he'll keep you company, I'm sure," Christina said innocently, gathering up the papers in her brown leather portfolio and zipping it shut.

Barbara wanted to call out, to tell her cousin not to go. But something kept her quiet.

Instead she stood there at the foot of the stairs while Brad and Christina walked slowly out the back. There was the slam of the back door, then the sound of the pickup starting, trundling over the graveled courtyard to the winding road leading to the highway.

Then there was nothing but silence. For several moments Barbara stood there, riveted to the spot, waiting for Brad to come in. After several moments passed she guessed he was going to do his work - first. First? Was something going to happen between them today?

Wasn't she counting on something that might never happen?

"I'm a whore, a whore," she moaned, stumbling into the kitchen.

Barbara made herself a small breakfast, cleaning the dishes, peering out the small kitchen window, wondering if and when Brad would come after her. She was growing more and more nervous now, her fingers becoming icy, her hands trembling while that terrible hot itchy ache was throbbing madly between her legs. Yes, nothing could stop it now! It was as if she had some kind of sickness, an incurable lust for sexual gratification at any cost, at any price! She would take on the dog if she had to today to end that pulsing ache between her legs!

She clenched the cool porcelain edge of the sink, dropping her head while pressing her knees against the lower oak cabinets. Another spasm, then another, and a third, more powerful than the first two put together! She shook her head, her shoulders shivering while her head spun around. Was this the result of having suppressed her sexual drive for so long?

Had it finally come bursting over the top, knocking away any sexual boundaries and making her susceptible to any kind of depravity?

Footsteps! The realization that someone was coming drove these thoughts from her mind. She knew it was Brad. She could tell from the sure, heavy tread. Shaking as if she were having a fit, Barbara reached for a glass and poured more juice into it, putting it to her lips.

She had to appear nonchalant, as if she didn't care that he was around. It was the least she could do to save what little was left of her pride.

"Whew! Hot day out there," Brad said, wiping his forehead with the back of one hand.

Large, dark oval stains showed on his shirt under his arms.

"Is it?" she said coolly, arching her eyebrows while finishing her drink.

"Could be hotter."

Barbara felt an electric spark pop at the head of her half-erect clit. She put the glass down and turned away from him, feeling his eyes on her. He was going to make his pass. He was going to fuck her! She knew it, he was going to fuck her and there was nothing she was going to do about it. She needed it! Oh God, she needed his cock, his ramming prick to drive out all those terrible images of the dog and horse!

"I wasn't thinking so much about the heat outside," Barbara said, her cool shattering under his steady, level gaze.

"Neither was I, baby."

That growl! That low, animal growl sent shivers racing through her body. She knew what he was after. He was going to fuck her now. Oh yes, yes, God in heaven yes!

"Christina..."

"She won't be back for a long time. Come on, let's go and have us some fun. You sure liked it the last time."

Barbara felt dirty, cheap, wanted. Brad was smiling. It was more than just a smile. It was the quirk at the corners of his mouth. The sensation of watching him was pleasant, so wildly pleasant! Barbara moved back, pressing her taut ass against the sink counter. Her heart was pounding hard again. It would be the third time in her life a man had touched her. How she wanted, needed that touch. All the fine resolves of her leaving the ranch fled from her mind as Brad began coming toward her.

"Oh please... I don't know if I should," she panted.

Brad was touching her hair, slipping one hand around her shoulders. And then he was kissing her neck. His lips were hot and wet as they trailed down the side of her neck, over to her lips, pressing down.

Barbara almost giggled right there. She knew she was crazy - that or a nymphomaniac.

"Come on. Let's see if you've learned anything since the last time."

"Brad, I..."

But she couldn't finish. He glued his lips to hers and wriggled his tongue against her tongue. Oh God, it was starting all over again!

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CHAPTER SEVEN

"Ohhh... what are you doing to me?"

He had taken off her clothes, putting them on the nearby chair in her bedroom. The blinds had been drawn to block out the blazing late-morning sun. He was crouching there behind her on the bed, that long, fat veined cock bobbing up and down between his thick-muscled legs. Barbara was panting and gasping, turning around, peering over one shoulder at the big stud.

"Just like that," he breathed, his voice raspy, shallow.

It was as if someone had set her thighs on fire! She was on her belly, her head turned to one side,

one cheek pressed against the crushed pillow. Brad was working his fingers along the insides of her thighs, smoothing them against her flesh, making her bob her ass back and forth hungrily for more sensation. Yes, his hand, his fingers, his cock! She wanted it all. Crouched there like a bitch, wagging her ass for Brad, pushing her fingers into the pillow, Barbara wanted it all.

How her cunt flooded with juice! She was burning down there while her tits ached for his touch. Brad moved around, smoothing his hands over her ass then letting them trail over her hipbones. She groaned again, feeling him tug her up.

“Like that, eh baby? I knew you liked getting fucked! Man, you practically snapped my fuckin’ cock off last time,” Brad said, hooking one hand under her belly. He was stroking her navel, her ribcage, then finally rubbing his knuckles over her tits.

“God, oh God!”

She wagged her ass around more, spreading her knees further apart. He was touching her nipple now, pinching it, rolling it between his thumb and forefinger while brushing his cock up against her ass. Barbara growled, bobbing her ass back and forth, whistling through her flared nostrils. How good, how deliciously good it was having that man behind her, rubbing up against her while she knelt down on the mattress with her ass high in the air! She felt the cooler air blow up against her hot cunt-lips, felt the juice frothing out of her fuzzy pussy and trickling down the backs of her thighs.

“Uhhhh...”

What did he look like? Turning around, peering heavy-lidded through her eyelashes, Barbara found herself staring at Brad. He was hunkered low behind her, knees spread apart for power. He was like a dog, dogs hunkered down for power, she thought. She remembered hearing the bitches yowling in delight and pain. And then she remembered she had crouched down, letting Pardner have his way with her with his tongue!

Images of the man and dog blurred in her mind as Barbara tossed her ass around.

“Oh God, God, this is too much,” the woman groaned.

“Wait till I give you my cock, baby. Then you can say it.”

“Ohhhhhh...”

Oh, she felt his cock, felt it rubbing up against her ass once more. She pranced her ass for it. She wanted to be caught like this then raped by that hard thing. Sucking in her lower lip and biting down hard Barbara pushed a hand under her belly, moving it back, back between her spread thighs. She could feel that thing settling down against her cuntal mound. Her juices were coating down the fat cock-head.

And then there was the sensation of Brad’s callused fingers. He was spreading her thighs farther apart with those big strong hands. She felt her knees moving apart. In a moment he had peeled her wide open, split her in two.

Then there was the sensation of his knees pressing up against the backs of her legs. He was fucking her doggie style, ready to stick his prick into her the same way Pardner would have fucked her if she’d let him.

Again the terrible image of a dog fucking her flashed through her mind. But Barbara didn’t have

time to dwell on it. In a moment she felt him driving his cock into her pussy, tucking under and up, shoving forward so hard he took her knees off the mattress.

“Aaaahhhhhhh.”

Barbara shook her head from left to right, gasping and panting as the big head lodged itself in her cunt.

“Deeeeeeeep! It’s going so deeeeeeeep!”

She had forgotten what a stud this man was! Her eyes opened wide, her lungs feeling as if they were going to burst. A cock in her cunt.

Oh God, it was so good, so deliciously good!

Again Barbara gasped with delight, tossing her head back and forth. Her hair tangled luxuriously around her neck as she tried filling her lungs with more oxygen to feed her body.

“Love it... oh I love it,” she confessed shamelessly.

“Knew you would, baby. You’re the... Uhhh... the kinda woman who needs this kinda shit. You need a cock every day. And as long as you’re around here you’re gonna get mine.”

She felt him kissing her between the shoulder blades, then bending forward a little and biting the nape of her neck. It was wonderful. His hands were braced on the outer curves of her ass, bracing his body while he drove yet another throbbing inch of his cock-meat into her pussy. Ohhh, the greasy, slippery slide of it as it squeezed into her cunt drove Barbara mad!

“No, no, no!”

She bit her arm, then dropped her head once more and tore at the pillow. It was good, madly good! Long strings of drool oozed from her mouth, wetting down the sheets. Her arms trembled, elbows bowing out, then finally giving way completely. Her ass was still high, however, prancing madly as Brad dug his fingers into her hips and fucked deep again.

Sometimes, as mad as it was, the only thing that touched her was his prick and his fingers. He had them hooked around her hipbones, gripping her firmly. She wiggled in his grip. It was wonderful feeling his legs up against hers, his hands smoothing over her body, pinching the silky flesh, then reaching down and massaging her hanging, swinging tits. Yes, the way he pinched her nipples, rolling those rubbery beads between his fingers made her want to shout the walls down.

“Fuck! Fuck!”

Barbara was gasping in lungfuls of air, still feeling as if she were strangling. He was moving his hips around and around, stirring his cock inside her as he had before. This time he was behind her, mounting her like a rider mounting his stallion. She felt his balls flattening up against her ass while his fingers dug into the soft, resilient flesh of her cheeks. And all the while his prick was inside, moving around and around, the wiry hairs stimulating the nerve-rich center of her erect clit!

He was kissing the nape of her neck again. She could feel his strong, washboard belly pressing against her ass and back. He was climbing her, actually climbing her while fucking powerfully into her cunt. The fat cock made squishy, sexy noises as it probed deep into her steaming cunt. It was a piece of heaven! Barbara couldn’t stand much more of this. She clutched the sheets in her hands and

whimpered, throwing her head back as yet more of his thick hunk of cock meat impaled her cunt.

“Uhhhhh... oh no more, no more... can't take any more!”

Her mind was splintering, shattering into millions of bright, exploding pieces. Fucking. Fucking. Oh, there could be nothing in the world like it.

“Nice, real nice,” Brad groaned, stopping for a moment.

The two of them crouched there for several minutes, each feeling the body of the other pressing against their own. Barbara felt Brad's prick jerking around inside her, rubbing against the seepy, sensitive lining of her pussy, sending out those delightful sparks through her body.

“Fuck!”

He moved a little, slipping his cock in and out with fast, jerky little hunches while grunting like some kind of wild, rutting animal. She could feel his sweat dripping down on her back, splattering on her curved spine. Barbara arched her back like a cat, digging her nails into the wrinkled top sheet while spreading her knees yet farther apart. Her ass dipped down.

“Hey, get it up there or I'm gonna slip out,” Brad warned.

No! That couldn't happen! She did as she was told, drawing her legs together. Slowly, gradually Brad was easing his cock from her cunt. She felt hot streaks of her juice dribbling down, oozing down her thighs. She knew she was soaked, frothing with her juices. She had never been so wet in her life, not even with Brad the first time. The dog, everything had conspired against her, making her this hot! She wanted to stay all day with Brad, to become his slavish mistress here at the ranch.

“Fuck me. Oh please, do it, do it, do it!” she cried frantically.

Barbara was whimpering with lust, feeling herself dangerously close to orgasm. Brad realized this and slowed down. How good again it was to feel his long cock throbbing in her cunt, beating out a crazy, delicious rhythm. She felt those tiny muscles cramping again, squeezing tightly around it, holding it in a well-oiled trap.

“Uhhhhh... ohhhh fuck it out, ohhhh baby, come on, fuck it out with me!”

More hands on her, turning her around. Barbara felt herself rolling onto the bed, felt her spine touching the mattress. In a moment Brad was on top of her, his cock never having left her cunt for an instant! She cried out, drawing her nails over his chest as she placed her naked soles against the bed and raised her ass several inches off the sheets.

“Man, you're a wild woman, baby, a real wild woman!”

An animal! That's what she was, a woman who acted like an animal, who loved to be fucked by animals. And Brad was nothing more than that himself.

“Do it! Do it! Fuck me, fuck me!” she babbled mindlessly.

“Man, beg me for it. Come on, beg for it. I wanna hear you beg me for my prick!”

Barbara groaned, twisting her body around, curling her fingers and digging her nails into the back of his neck. Brad groaned, shaking his body when the pain began to become too great.

“Beg for it!”

“Oh please, please fuck me!”

“Okay, bitch, take it!”

The words echoed in her ears. He hunched forward again hard, juice spraying out from her cunt as his cock torpedoed into her pussy. Barbara screamed, arching her head back, the cords on her neck sticking out. Strangled cries of unspeakable delight ripped from her throat as her cunt boiled with hot juice. He was stroking regularly now, pile-driving his cock in and out, in and out, his balls swinging up and slapping against her asscheeks.

“Take it, take it, take it,” he grunted with each forward fucking thrust.

“Ohhhhhh...”

He was going to make it. She knew he was going to cum in a moment. She could feel his prick jerking and bumping around inside her pussy.

“Please, don’t... don’t cum yet. Oh, I’m not ready,” the young blonde pleaded.

“Don’t move then, or I’m gonna pop,” Brad warned.

Barbara bit on her lower lip until she drew blood, trying desperately not to move her ass. Oh, it was so hard, so very hard to keep still when something that big and exciting was inside her! But somehow she managed, keeping her ass flat against the mattress while holding onto the big stud pinning her down.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!”

Barbara felt herself coming unglued. She tried just to lay there, to remain still while that fat cunt-splitter jerked inside her. But it was impossible. Brad’s body, his hands, his cock working around inside her clutching pussy were too much for the frantic blonde to stand. She lay spread out like a speared fish on the mattress, twitching and jerking, her ass bucking against the bed as she began her climax.

“Uhhhhh...”

It was like having a volcano inside her belly. Snapping her head back and arching her spine, Barbara felt the room slipping out of focus. Her eyes glazed and rolled up while her knees jerked hard against Brad’s sides. She was prancing her ass up and down for more sensation, for more cockmeat. She clawed at the ranch hand’s back, raking his flesh with her fingernails while the balls of her feet beat steadily against his lower back. Behind her Barbara could hear the headboard clattering against the wall. The bed groaned and squeaked with her movements while her wailing cries bounced off the ceiling.

The woman could only think she was being fucked by the fattest, longest, hottest and hardest prick in the world!

“Work it out, baby, come on, work it out. Make me... uhhh... make me shoot my wad in you nice and hard,” Brad groaned.

“Nooo... Nghhhhhhh...”

Barbara screamed again and again, humping her thighs upward, working her hips from side to side in order to feel that plum-like cockhead stirring her insides around. That delicious hot/chilliness began all over again, rushing through her belly, then spreading like a fog into her cunt. Her pussy muscles contracted again and again, the lips mouthing Brad's sinking prick while her ass moved from left to right.

"Cum! Cum! Cummmmmmm!"

Barbara was going wild, screaming for Brad to unload his jizz.

"Baby, gonna... Aaaahhhhhh, fuck! Fuck it out, fuck!"

He was doing it! Lord, he was doing it, fucking out his cum! Barbara felt his body jerking hard and fast on top of hers. His fingers bruised her shoulders while his knees twitched against hers. Then there was that steady throbbing of his dick, that regular jerking that told her he was spilling his load in her cunt. Yes, oh God yes, he was spraying her with his jizz!

"Yagggggghhhhhhh!"

Her soul exploded with a white lightning-like fury. Barbara could feel Brad sending stream after thick stream of his jizz deep into her tight cunt. He jerked all over her, pushing her deep into the mattress while still holding her down firmly with his big fingers.

"Uhhhh... baby, oh baby, you're... uhhh... ahhhhh fuck!"

Barbara felt his load jetting out, splattering against the convulsing slick sides of her pussy, feeling that spunk burning into her cuntal walls like acid. His prickhead squeezed tight again and again, throwing out wads of cum in thick, fast jerks. Again and again the hot white stuff sprayed out, sucking down her cuntal walls until Barbara thought she would be spitting out the cum from her mouth!

Quickly she moved her hands up, fastening them around Brad's neck as she felt the final throbbing of his cock spit out another load into her juicy cunt. She exploded again and again, finally collapsing exhausted from the workout and her violent climax. It was hard, so hard to breathe now! Twisting her head around, Barbara opened her mouth and gasped for oxygen.

"God... my God... Ohhhhhh, that was soooooooo... so very good," she crooned.

"Good fuck, baby. Real good. Don't understand why you don't do it more," Brad said, resting on top of her.

"Don't... don't say things like that," the woman replied, keeping her head turned from him.

In spite of everything she had experienced and thought Barbara was still having a hard time dealing with her sexuality, with the things it was making her do and think.

"Bet you could do something really... well, you know, wild... kinky," Brad murmured, moving his head around and licking the sides of her neck.

Barbara stiffened, feeling her heart start to pound faster. Did he suspect something about her... something more than that little innocent incident in the barn? Surely she could talk her way out of that one if she had to. But if he had seen her with the dog out there that night there could be no explanation! She turned her head around and tried to look up as coolly as possible.

"I don't know what you mean."

Brad smiled, moving his hips slightly so she could still feel his prick slipping in and out of her squishy, cum-filled cunt. Barbara shivered, closing her eyes until the delightful aftershock passed.

"Sure you don't, tell you what," he said, beginning to work his softening cock from her cunt. "You meet me tomorrow night and we'll talk about it... down there by the bunkhouses."

"I... I won't come," Barbara said, feeling a rush of excitement make her skin glow.

Brad only laughed, still holding her down while pulling the bloated cock from her pussy with a wet, squishing sound.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

"You... you what?"

Christina was standing in the living room, one hand to her stomach while the other was clasped over her mouth. There was a startled, almost horrified look on her face as she stared open-mouthed at her confessing cousin.

"I... I had to tell you, Christina. I just couldn't let this sort of thing go on without you knowing."

Barbara felt the blood rushing to her face as she sat there on the sofa, her fingers pulling at the loose-fitting coverlet material.

She had done it! She had actually done it! All during the day Barbara had thought about Brad, about what they had done, about the way she had felt. And then there was Pardner. All day long he had been nosing her legs, sniffing up her skirt, even pawing her right there in front of Christina in the kitchen. She had had to slap him hard on the snout, kicking him to get him away from her. No, there could be no other route. Christina had to know about her depravity. She couldn't hide it any more.

"But... but why?"

Barbara lowered her eyes for the moment, pulling at the sofa material, wondering why herself. She didn't know. Forces beyond her control seemed to have taken her over, making her do things she never would have thought of doing before. Maybe it was something to do with this ranch, something to do with all the animals here, with the freedom. Barbara didn't know. All she knew was that she had to leave, get away from this place or it would ruin her. But before she left she had to make a clean breast of everything.

"I don't know," she said dully, shaking her head from side to side. "It just sort of... happened."

There was a moment's pause.

"Then, you liked it. I mean," Christina said almost breathlessly, "Pardner didn't attack you... at least, not in the regular sense. You let things happen once they got started."

Barbara nodded her head up and down, feeling herself whirling around in a pool of shame and embarrassment. God, how she wished this interview were over!

"I couldn't help it, Christina. I just couldn't help it. Now all I want to do is go home and try to put my

life back together," she said softly, tilting her head back and inhaling sharply. "It's funny. I came here to escape, and found more trouble. Life just doesn't work out the way you want it to sometimes."

"Barbara, you don't have to go," Christina said, her voice deepening a little.

Barbara noticed the change and flicked up her eyes, turning her head and staring at her cousin. There was a different look on her face. She had expected shouts, cries of anger, looks of horror. But instead she saw something, something she couldn't quite understand.

"What's wrong?"

"I said, you don't have to go."

"But I thought... once you heard about what's been happening around her, what I've been doing, you couldn't wait to throw me out."

Christina smiled, rubbing her fingertips over her forehead. Her cheeks were flushed while her breathing seemed irregular.

"I've... I've been wanting to do things like you... things you've done," Christina confessed, her lips curling into a weak smile.

"What?"

The confession was unexpected, nearly overwhelming. Barbara's eyes widened, one hand to her throat as she gaped at her cousin.

"I mean... not only with Brad, but with Pardner," Christina said haltingly, lowering her eyes only for the moment. She rubbed her damp palms on her red cotton dress, apparently searching for the right words. "It gets lonely out here. Maybe lots of women do it, I don't know. But Pardner's been sniffing up my leg a lot lately. And... well, there've been times when I thought I was going out of my mind when I thought about him and me and... well, going to bed. How was it?"

Again Barbara reddened, finding herself clawing at the armrest. "Christina, you don't know what you're saying," she whispered, standing up.

"Yes I do! Oh yes, I do! I've been tied down here buying horses, trying to manage the farm and the ranch and it's driving me crazy," the woman blurted out, shaking the long brown hair from her eyes. "I need something, something that'll make me feel better. Oh Barbara, you've found it - with the dog, with Brad."

"Then you're not... not ashamed of me?"

Christina shook her head back and forth quickly, swallowing hard.

"Maybe a few years ago you would have shocked me," she confessed, smiling more broadly. Christina walked up to her, laying one hand gently on her cousin's shoulder. "But now, I know what you were going through."

The two women stood there in the living room for a moment, staring at one another. Barbara felt her cousin's fingers working on her shoulder, felt the hand caressing her neck. Feelings, feelings she had never experienced before in her life were making them selves present now. She wrinkled up her

forehead, looking curiously at Christina.

“Come on upstairs,” the brunette whispered, her smile fading a little. There was a look of excitement, of expectancy in her face.

“Come upstairs. Maybe Pardner will follow. I have to have some relief, Barbara. I have to...”

Her voice, her command made the blonde tremble. Again those dark forces were at work, those forces making her nipples hard, making them rub teasingly, deliciously against the light cotton of her white clinging blouse. Every square inch of her body seemed alive with sensation all over again, itching and glowing while her cuntlips again swelled with blood. Now Christina? Was she capable of going to bed with her cousin? Was her life going mad? Was she going into some never-never land of sexuality?

“Please, come with me, Barbara. It’s unfair if you don’t,” Christina said, giving her a rueful, pleading look.

It was impossible not to follow. Barbara moved as if in a dream, following her cousin up the creaking stairs, one hand trailing carelessly along the handrail. This was madness, sheer insanity! She had begun this conversation only to confess, not to explore yet another frontier of sexual perversion. And yet look how things were turning out!

Glancing back down over one shoulder, she saw Pardner standing at the foot of the stairs, his bushy tail wagging slowly from side to side while his head was cocked to one side. He looked at the ascending women curiously, wondering if he should follow. She was about to call out to him then checked herself. No, he would come up when he was ready. He would come up and then what would happen with two women and a dog? As she shuffled down the darkened hall toward Christina’s room, Barbara wondered about that. And as she entered the large bedroom with yellow walls she found herself smiling at the possibilities.

“Should we close the door?” Christina wondered aloud, stopping by the bed and turning to her cousin.

“No,” Barbara whispered softly, thinking once more about the German shepherd downstairs.

Barbara inhaled sharply, then began undressing. It seemed so weird, almost child-like to be taking off her clothes in front of her best friend and cousin. Time and time again they had done this before, dressing together in the same room, giggling while they talked about boys and all other things that made up a teenager’s life. But never, never at that time had either woman thought about making sexual demands upon the other. Life had wrought curious changes in them both.

“This seems so... so awkward,” Christina confessed, slipping off her skirt after having shrugged off her bra.

“I know. I don’t know what to do,” Barbara said, finding herself laughing nervously.

They stayed there for a moment. Then Barbara let out a hissing breath, hooking her fingers around the elastic waistband of her panties and pushing them down. Christina blushed, doing the same, raising one foot, then the other, stepping from her briefs.

“Come here, Barbara. Come here and touch me... touch me with your tongue,” Christina said, backing down until she sat at the edge of the king-sized bed.

She was spreading her knees, leaning back a little with her hands behind her. It was so strange for Barbara, standing there in front of her cousin, looking at the dark patch of cunt-hairs appearing like a thicket of black metallic wires. Barbara stared at it, mesmerized by what was happening to them both.

"I... I..."

Something was moving her forward, something compelling her to slide one foot after the other on the wooden floor until she found herself kneeling in front of her cousin. Barbara felt a hand sliding around the back of her head, guiding her face forward and down.

"Ohhhhh Christina, I don't think I can do this. It's just not... not right!"

"Please, Barbara, please. You've had all the fun lately. Please, please, I don't think I can stand it without some kind of relief," Christina begged, tightening her grip on the back of her cousin's head.

Barbara sighed. She knew what her cousin was going through. Swallowing hard, wishing Partner would get up here soon, she bent forward. The black-haired pussy glistened with excitement. Under the thick tangled growth of hair Barbara could see Christina's cuntlips. They were hot and swollen open.

"What's wrong?"

Barbara stopped, unable to go any further. She felt the fingers tightening once more around the back of her head, the hand pushing her forward. She froze, holding her breath, then letting herself be pushed forward. In a moment her face was fitted tightly between Christina's white, fleshy thighs. It was such a different experience, so different from having sex with a man. She inhaled sharply, smelling the potent aroma of Christina's aroused cunt. It triggered something in her, something that made her cuntal walls twitch and tighten.

"Ummmmm," Christina moaned.

Barbara flicked out her tongue tentatively, licking up and down the furry slit, feeling Christina moving back and forth in excitement. Yes, she was turning on her cousin, actually making the brunette growl and groan with arousal while her tongue fluttered up and down that gasping pussy.

"Ohhhhh... yes, Barbara... ohhhh yes, darling, touching me with that tongue's wonderful... ohhh God, it's so good!"

Barbara tasted the oil that bubbled out freely from between Christina's labes. Slowly she found herself sliding her hands around the woman's ass, holding her firmly while stretching her tongue out farther and scouring the insides of Christina's cunt. Now she knew what it was like to be on the giving end, to stick her tongue into a hot cunt. Partner must have felt this way, must have felt this power, this overwhelming excitement as he licked the inside of her pussy.

"Oh yes, God yes... uhhhhh... it's so good, so good..."

They were on the bed now, both of them tumbling around the large square mattress. Barbara felt her cunt being massaged by careful fingers again. Looking up she realized they had somehow rolled into a sixty-nine position. She saw Barbara's black-haired pussy above her, her cousin's lithe, strong legs spread wide apart.

"Ohhhh, Christina."

She had never done this before, had never even thought of doing it. But then again Barbara hadn't thought about taking on a dog either. Peering up at the curly, wiry hairs, she saw the cunt coming down slowly, ever so slowly while the legs spread farther apart. She could feel Christina's body heat radiating against hers, feel the hot sexuality of her cousin.

Just at the time that red cunt above her spread apart for her to lick, Barbara felt a tongue licking her own cunt! Oh God, it was as if someone had touched her with an electric wire! She groaned, jerking her knees up, shifting her ass from left to right on the groaning mattress. And all the while she had her hands braced against Christina's sides, holding her level, holding her steady. She could still feel that tongue washing along her cunt slit, slipping up to her clit!

"Uhhhhh."

Barbara felt the cunt hairs brushing over her nose, over her cheeks. Opening her mouth, she stuck out her tongue once more, lightly trailing the tip along the rubbery, puffed edges of her fur-lined cuntlips. Immediately she felt Christina react, heard her cousin groan into her own trembling pussy.

"Do it! Oh do it!" she cried excitedly above her.

Barbara felt her friend's tongue stiffen, felt it slip deeper into her cunt. At the same time the brunette softly fitted her cunt onto Barbara's mouth, rubbing it back and forth, from nose to chin.

"Uhhh... ohhhh! It feels so soooooothing, so good," Christina cried.

Yes, it did. And Christina was learning her part fast, too. For someone who didn't know the score the brunette was moving along quickly. Barbara felt her cuntlips being pried apart gently. Inside that red, hot cunt Christina was running her tongue, flicking it quickly in and out as she teased the delicate, velvety flesh. At the same time she tongued Barbara's cunt, Christina was lowering her body again and again, making movements of fucking while leaving damp blotches of cuntjuice against the woman's cheeks.

Christina's tonguing was starting to work and Barbara felt her pussy heating up. She could feel the brunette panting into her cunt, fingering her pussylips. At that point her clit popped out throbbing and hard. She could feel the girl above her tonguing that throbbing little nub, sucking on it, driving her out of her mind!

It was amazing. Christina found herself with her hands wrapped around her cousin's plump ass, felt her fingers digging into the soft flesh much the same way Brad had touched her earlier. She was holding the girl firmly in place while sticking her tongue in and out, in and out of that pounding black-haired pussy.

"Uh! Uh! Uh!"

Her head arched up her tongue flicking out again and again as she slicked the pulsing slick membranes of Christina's delicate clit. The woman above her cried out again, her body trembling and shaking. Then in an instant that juicy cunt was pushed down, down until it was pressed hard against Barbara's sucking, licking mouth. The blonde stuck her tongue between those bloated labes as hard as she could. When she had it inside she started licking around and around, scouring those convulsing cuntal walls until Christina sounded as if she were coming apart.

"Ohhhhhh... oh God, lick me, yaggghhhh, oh God, Barbara. You... You... you're driving me crazy!"

Her wails sounded off the walls, echoing through the room while the bed creaked and groaned with

her wild movements. The two women thrashed around, their bodies rolling around and around. At times Barbara found herself kicking at the headboard. At others she found herself dangerously close to the edge. She thought she would tumble off. Then there would be another move, another spasm and Barbara would find herself in the middle of the bed again, her cunt being licked and sucked deliciously by her cousin.

It was some time before she realized there was another person or thing in the room. Pushing her head back from Christina's fucking cunt, the woman turned around. Peering behind the brunette's left thigh Barbara saw Pardner, that wonderful, curious, sexy German shepherd standing there in the bedroom doorway with his tail held high and stiff. He was staring at the two women fucking one another with their tongues, his eyes wide with curiosity and excitement.

For a while Barbara said nothing, touching her cousin's cunt with her fingers, toying with that fleshy nerve-rich sex center with her hand. Then Christina noticed a change in the action and stopped.

"What's wrong?" she asked in a heavy, broken voice.

"The dog... the dog," was all Barbara could say.

"The dog," Christina repeated, stiffening.

"You wanted to find out about it... About Pardner. This is your chance," Barbara said, crawling out from under her cousin.

Pardner, seeing his chance, leaped onto the bed, his tail high and proud. This would be an experience, Barbara assured herself, that she would never forget.

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CHAPTER NINE

"Oh, Barbara, what do I... do?"

Pardner was standing there in front of the two women. Barbara lay next to her cousin, her hands at her sides, her head resting against the headboard. She was panting, heavy and hard. She stared at the big dog, feeling her cunt swollen open. Christina's tonguing had done the trick! She was in high heat now, her cuntmeat slick, swollen, throbbing, aching for something to touch it, to lick it, to fuck it!

"Just lay there," she whispered, feeling her cunt aching, throbbing for the dog's touch.

Pardner spread out his forelegs, looking from one woman to the other, his eyes rolling in his head. Then he dropped down, his tail tucked between his legs as he headed first for Barbara's pussy. The blonde shivered, sucking in a wheezing breath through her flared nostrils. She felt his touch, his furry sides brushing up against her legs once more. Closing her eyes Barbara shuddered at the first touch of his tongue along her fleshy thighs. Christina was touching her too, reaching over and pinching her nipples with one thumb and forefinger.

"Oh, he's going to touch you... He's going to fuck you with his tongue," the brunette whispered, her lips nearly touching her cousin's ear.

Barbara tensed, squeezing her ass muscles tightly together as her friend pinched her tit harder. Pardner was panting into her spit-soaked cuntal thicket. She could hear his breathing, feel it against

her wet pussymeat. And then... and then.

“Uhhhhh... ooohhhhhh!”

Her knees jerked up once more, gently settling back to the mattress. She rolled the back of her head against the headboard, letting Christina do what she pleased with her nipples.

Her friend was rubbing one hand over her belly, having dropped her head to her tits. And now she was mouthing them, sucking at the nipples. And all the while Pardner was there, driving his tongue around and around her cunt, licking up the juices oozing from her pussy.

“Oh God, God...!”

“Good doggy, good Pardner,” Christina gasped, turning around and watching as the animal wedged himself more tightly between her cousin’s thighs.

“Uhhhh yes, yesssssssss,” Barbara hissed, rubbing the backs of her naked legs against the mattress.

Squeezing her ass muscles together again hard, Barbara tilted her cunt up toward him. The dog nosed her thigh, then dragged his tongue up along the throbbing cuntal mound. Her outer cuntlips peeled back stickily from that pressure.

“God!”

And Christina was back to her tits once more, drawing one tit nub in between her lips and chewing teasingly at it while flailing her tongue against the surrounding itchy flesh. It was mind-boggling for Barbara to be stimulated by two separate things at the same time - Christina at her nipples, Pardner at her cunt. Barbara cried out as her cuntal muscles spasmed hard against the dog’s furry snout. It was lovely, wonderful, having both of them playing with her at the same time!

“Ohhhh, Barbara, does he do this for a long time?” Christina panted, her eyes wide with excited lust.

“Till I cum... ohhhhh, God, I think I’m going to die it’s soooooo goood!”

“Oh yes, good,” Christina echoed, moving to the other tit.

At the same time she was smoothing her fingers along Barbara’s silken white thighs, letting them stray more than once over to her cousin’s pussy. Pardner moved his head around and licked her hand, encouraging her to finger the blonde while he tongued her.

The combination of a finger and tongue was almost too much! She arched her spine, banging the back of her head against the headboard frantically. Christina was trailing the edge of one nail along the slick, sensitive flesh between her inner and outer cuntlips. When she neared the sparking clit, Pardner took over, tonguing her fingers, then moving his muzzle down into the center of her pussy and driving his tongue in deep.

“Yaggggghhh!”

“Oh you like it, you like it!” the brunette panted hotly.

“Yes, oh God yes!” Christina kept fingering her cousin, slipping yet another finger into the hot, clasping pussy.

Pardner licked harder and harder, whining, digging once more against her thighs. Barbara was

going mad with sensation, babbling, rolling her head from side to side as her cousin's finger fucked her. And all along Pardner was licking her, driving his tongue into her fuzzy cunt as he had done before.

And then it was gone! Barbara opened her eyes, having felt the big German shepherd pulling his tongue from her cunt. He was staring at Christina, his eyes riveted to her swollen pussy. The brunette drew back, eyeing her cousin uneasily.

"Go ahead," Barbara said, smiling weakly. "He's your dog."

Pardner moved to the other woman, stepping carefully over Barbara's lithe legs and settling down between Christina's. The young woman shivered, drawing one hand to her mouth to stifle a cry as she felt his tongue press up against her cunt. It was a tentative lick. The big animal rolled his brown eyes up, his tail swishing slowly from side to side as he studied his mistress.

"Let him, let him," Barbara whispered, chewing her lower lip.

"But..."

Christina said little more. The dog moved in, wedging his powerful body between her legs and starting to drive his tongue up and down her cunt.

"Oooooohhh! Ahhhhhhh!"

Christina drew her hands up and down her belly, tracing the soft curves of her developed body with her fingertips while the animal centered his licking attention on her clit. The tiny pink bump was so sensitive!

"You like it, Christina? You see what happened to me? Oh God, you see?" Barbara whispered, holding her friend tightly.

"Yes, yes, oh, it's so... so good, so very good," the woman babbled.

Barbara watched wide-eyed as her friend writhed under Pardner's affection. The brunette shifted her ass from side to side as she had, bending her knees, spreading her thighs for the animal while rubbing the soles of her bare feet against Pardner's sides. She was whimpering, gasping through her opened mouth. Barbara couldn't take it much longer. She rolled over to one side, opened her mouth and began sucking on one of Christina's tits.

How she loved feeling that sensitive nipple between her teeth! She knew what Christina was feeling as she nibbled the rubbery tip, sanding the top with her tongue. She heard her cousin crying out, felt the woman shuddering against her body while she and Pardner worked on her.

And then Pardner was back to her. The animal was going wild, jumping from woman to woman. Barbara jerked her head back at the first touch of his hot, wet tongue, her knees banging against Christina's. In a moment she felt the dog lurching forward. He started eating at her cunt with a wild appetite.

The effect of so much hot, musky pussy was turning the animal into a wild beast. His nose moved up and down her cunt, the maw forcing her cuntlips apart. She went insane, feeling him stretching the mouth of her slick cuntal mouth.

Moaning loudly, Barbara writhed her shoulders against the headboard. Christina was fondling her

tits again, sucking them, rubbing her legs against her cousin's while Pardner took care of her cunt. It was so good, so very, very good having her cousin and this pet at the same time.

"Uhhhhh."

Pardner was growling louder now. He nipped his teeth along the swollen outer labes of her cunt. The feeling was wild! It hurt her, hurt in a way that made her feel so deliciously good. Barbara humped her back wildly, pressing her cuntal mound up harder against his maw. She wanted him to eat her without inhibition.

"Ohhhhh, Barbara," Christina sighed, looking at her writhing friend.

"It's... it's so good! Oh God, I don't think I can stand much more of it!"

Barbara clawed at the dog's big, furry back, knocking Christina away from her for a second. She wanted the dog, wanted all of him! She didn't want to share the animal with someone else. She needed that tongue, needed it so bad!

"Pardner," she cried, closing her eyes, feeling cunt-ripping spasms slam through her pussy.

How her clit burned and itched! How her thighs shivered and tensed under the dog's constant licking. And still there was more, more sensation, more to be felt before her climax. Barbara knew this instinctively and held onto the big licking German shepherd.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she whimpered, clawing at the animal once more, beating the heels of her feet against Pardner's sides.

And then he was gone once more, leaping from between her sliding, spread legs to Christina.

"Uhhhhhh..."

The move was sudden and a surprise to both women. Barbara cried out with frustration, her face a pinched mask of dissatisfaction as she felt herself slipping down a little from the high point of near climax. Pardner was wriggling between Christina's thighs now, his growling smothered by her white, shivering flesh.

Barbara caught her breath, cocking her head to one side and listening carefully to the clicking, licking sounds of the animal's maw against her cousin's cunt. It was so sexy, so terribly sexy listening to that! He was lapping at a woman's pussy, burying his furry muzzle in her cunt and licking at the slick, sensitive folds and hollows inside. And all the time his tail was wagging slowly, slowly, touching the woman's curled toes.

"Uhhh... it's so... so devastating!" Christina moaned, shrugging her shoulders while goosebumps broke out on her flesh. "He's... oh God, I know why you want him. Uhhhh... oooooohhhh God, he's better than most men!"

Barbara smiled weakly. She had thought something like that before. And now as Pardner licked and lapped frenziedly at her cousin's cunt the thought came back once more. Reaching over, Barbara petted the big animal's back, whining and whimpering as loudly as the dog, wanting him to come back to her.

As if he could read her mind Pardner pulled away from Christina just as she seemed about to climax. He was playing both women, teasing them, driving them closer and closer to orgasm, then backing

them down.

“Oh no, no!”

Christina grabbed for the retreating animal. But it was too late. In a moment he was tonguing Barbara, lapping at her, making her feel those itchy flames of incredible goodness licking up her thighs. This time she wasn't going to let him go. Oh no, Christina wasn't going to take him from her! She held onto the dog's powerful shoulders, hunkering down on the bed, raising her legs farther, farther, edging them back, back until her knees were nearly touching her tits.

Yes, she was in a fucking position, her legs up and out, her toes curled until they cramped, while her juicy cunt was completely exposed. Barbara rolled her ass back a little more, feeling the hot, sweaty split between her asscheeks growing cool under that exposure. She was so open, so vulnerable. And next to her was her cousin, panting in heat, watching with disbelieving eyes as she opened herself completely to the dog.

Pardner saw Barbara's determination and went straight for her hot cunt. Peering over her thunderous jiggling tits, Barbara saw his neck hairs bristling with the wildness all three of them felt. Again he growled, tossing his proud head. Those eyes! How they burned into her soul! Barbara groaned, letting her head fall back against the crushed pillow.

“Oh my God, God, God!”

She couldn't stop now. No, the climax had been set in motion. All she could do was ride along with the tide. Barbara pitched and howled, her body responding quickly to the rushed, sloppy friction against her frothing cuntal slit. She felt the juice and his doggie spit oozing into her asscrack, gathering around the gray/pink puckered flesh of her asshole. Whimpering through her flared nostrils, clawing at the licking beast, Barbara gasped out endearments to her cousin, to the dog.

“Oh lick me good, doggie. Ohhh, Christina, bite my tits like... ughhhh... oh yes, like that! Oh, God, God, I'm going to blow apart! Ohhh do it, do it, do it to me!”

“Oh Barbara, it's so wrong. And yet... oh God, it's so goood!” Christina confessed.

“Yes, goooooood!”

He was biting her again, playfully sinking his fangs in her thighs, letting go, then biting higher. It was his game, his way of firing her up even more without touching her cunt. But Barbara wanted his touch there, wanted him touching her clit, the inner folds of her pussy. She wriggled her ass a little more frantically.

Pardner got the message. Moving down, he opened his powerful jaws and closed them around her fuzzy cuntal mound. Oh, he was holding her there, holding her cunt between his teeth!

It was too much for the young blonde. She was gasping and choking on her own spit, long blonde strands of hair clinging to her cheeks and forehead as she pitched crazily on the groaning bed. Banging against Christina helplessly, nearly knocking the animal from between her legs, Barbara rocketed closer and closer to her mind-shattering climax.

“Nhghhhhh... ooooohhhhh, noooooo!” the woman screamed.

No, she didn't care if the whole world heard her as she started to cum. And yes, yes, she was cumming, climaxing once more in the big animal's mouth. As she tossed under the dog's mouth, she

felt Pardner pawing at her thighs as if he wanted more of her juices. He moved up for a moment, leaving her cunt to lick her tits and belly. The disappearance of his tongue from her pussy during the start of her climax was terrible. She pumped her ass up and down faster and faster, the plump cheeks jiggling while chilly flashes of sexual heat seared her clit.

“Huhhhrrrr! Huhhhrrrr! Huhhhrrrr!”

“Oh, Barbara!”

Pardner whined through his nose and shoved his head between her soft white thighs once more.

“God, God!”

Pardner’s tongue had entered her pussy once more, forcing the swollen cuntmeat wide enough for him to suck out more juices. The animal was rolling and licking his tongue around the sensitive ring of her cuntal muscles.

Barbara lost control of her body! She felt the muscles contracting, spasming against the probing tongue, trying to grasp it as if it were a prick. Oh, it was so close to the feeling of having a man’s cock sticking in and out of her cunthole. Again she thought of Brad, of the way he had pinned her down and fucked her brains out. Brad, the dog, everything was becoming confused as she pitched and writhed and jerked under the animal’s spearing, fucking tongue.

“Uhhhhhhh...”

Barbara pranced her ass around in circles, increasing the touch, the friction of his tongue against her inflamed cuntal folds. When he raked up against her clit, Barbara felt the room sinking away from her, saw the lights dimming. For a moment she thought she was going to pass out from so much excitement, so much pleasure! She tilted her ass one way, then the other, raising her legs back as far as she could until the knees were up to her chin. Ohhh, how hard she was cumming, cumming fast and furious! Pushing her head into the pillow, gasping and whining, Barbara lost herself in the paradise of her climax.

Even when it was over and she felt her cousin climaxing next to her, hearing those familiar choked, strangled cries of a woman in the throes of sexual climax, Barbara still wanted more of the animal. She wanted to feel that tongue slicking down her cuntal hairs, touching all those secret, sensitive spots in her pussy! Pardner knew them all now.

She sighed, drawing her fingertips along her belly, then touching her nipples. Pardner was yelping now, circling around and around the floor trying to touch his jerking cock with his tongue. Christina was still twitching against her, crying out as her legs snapped up, then fell slowly down to the mattress. It had been one wild scene!

“Ohhhhh, Barbara I never knew... oh, it was so good. And to think it had to be someone from the city to show me,” she said, smiling at her.

“Just goes to show you.”

“You know, I’ll bet we can do something even more... kinky, if you know what I mean.”

Barbara rolled her head around, staring at her cousin. What on earth had come over her?

Barbara had never guessed Christina was thinking along the same lines as she!

"I... I don't know what you mean."

Christina smiled, stretching her long arms over her head and yawning. She looked so sexy there, her legs still slicked down with Pardner's spit, glistening in the shaded light.

"I've been warning you about Brad all this time. Maybe it was because I wanted him. I don't know. But let's show him what two women can do... can want."

Barbara put her fingers to her mouth to try and hide her smile. But she couldn't. All those dark forces were out now, and they weren't all that bad. No, they were just fine. And Barbara had a feeling they were going to get better now that the cat was out of the bag.

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## CHAPTER TEN

"Now, what is this?"

Brad stood in the barn, hands on his hips. It had been Christina who had gone to the bunkhouse and roused the big hand from his sleep.

Barbara was standing there just inside the front doorway, trembling with excitement, disbelief, lust. She still couldn't imagine this was happening. In her most wild dreams she had never thought she would be in this position.

"Brad, I know all about you and Barbara," Christina said evenly, a tremor of excitement noticeable in her voice. The big stud had picked it up and looked curiously at her.

"So? What are you gonna do, fire me?" he said defiantly, rocking back and forth on his heels.

"No," Christina said, her eyes narrowing.

"There's something you should know about... about us." The brunette looked first at Barbara, then shifted her eyes back to Brad. At that point she went on quietly about what had happened between her and her cousin, ending with a sketchy description of the part Pardner played in the sex scene.

"Whew!" Brad wiped his forehead with the back of one hand, grinning at the women.

"And I thought you was the prim and proper one - always with your head in the books." He laughed, shaking his head from side to side.

"Well, you don't have to worry about that any more," Christina said, her smile fading somewhat. "We want you... you and your help."

Brad grinned even more broadly, reaching back and pushing the barn door shut. In the background he heard the horse whinnying and nodded his head up and down.

"This is gonna be real nice. Real good, but first let's get warmed up, eh?"

It was a dream. It was a horrible, wonderful dream, it just had to be. People just didn't do this kind of thing, disappear into a barn and - and act out their fantasies no matter how warped they were. Barbara moved behind her cousin, still somewhat in a fog. Behind her was Brad, his heavy footsteps sending shivers up and down her spine. She remembered his touch, the brutal, overwhelmingly exciting touch of his fingers as he fucked his cock in and out of her sucking cunthole. It was going to

happen again!

They were near Lightning's stall. Then Barbara remembered what they had decided.

The horse! Dogs weren't enough for them any more. They had to have the stallion, had at least to try it with him. But they needed someone like Brad, someone strong who wouldn't be repulsed by the idea of a woman and a... a horse doing something other than riding.

"Well, let's get goin'," he said, sliding his fingers down his pants.

Barbara and Christina had dressed carelessly after their fucking scene in the house, guessing correctly that Brad would be more than happy to help with their request for aid. As Barbara let the gown slip from her shoulders she turned and saw Lightning staring wide-eyed at her. She felt that same rush of feelings that had been so unnerving the last time take her over again. Other people would say it was wrong, but she knew better. She knew they were blind to the facts, blind to the facts of her own needs, of Christina's needs.

"Gotta loosen up that cunt a little," Brad said, moving up to Barbara while Christina was still slipping out of her clothes. "Come on, lay down, lay down so I can make it easy for you."

In a moment they were back on the hay, the sharp stubble scratching her flesh while her legs kicked and flailed against the wooden stall. Behind her Lightning was whinnying, stomping around nervously as Barbara wailed under Brad's touch.

"Easy, boy, easy, we'll be with you in a while," Christina soothed, reaching up and stroking the nervous stallion's head.

Tonguing, oh, why did it feel so good to her, almost better than a cock? Brad was between her thighs now, his fingers pressing back the muscles and tendons in her legs while he panted. She had showered before, washing off the spit from her pussy. And now there was more - human spit - Brad's spit oozing into her crack.

How she loved the smooth, silky rub of a tongue, of a set of lips like Brad's as they forced her cuntlips apart. Oh, it was wild, absolutely wild. Brad's tongue, Christina's tongue, the dog's tongue, all of them toying with her pussy, teasing her, driving her up the wall. She wallowed her shoulders and back against the straw, not caring where she was, what was going to happen to her. All she knew, all she wanted, was this tongue, this wonderful tongue doing all those wild things to her.

"Good Lightning, good boy," Christina crooned, hugging the horse's head to her naked body.

Barbara opened her eyes. Her cousin was standing there holding the stallion's head, letting him lick her throat while her cunt burned. Oh yes, she could see the juices starting to gather around her cousin's dark-brown cunt hairs, trickling down her thighs. God, it was unreal, a dream!

"Uhhhhhhh..."

Then the touch of Brad's tongue told her no, it was all too real. Her chest heaved and tightened as he moved his mouth from side to side. He was burrowing deeper, digging harder just as Partner had done earlier. Both seemed to be looking for something with their mouths.

"God!"

Barbara felt her body burning, felt the flooding juices of her cunt seeping out. The tickling of his

licking was so crazy, so wild, and so hurried. Oh, how he licked deep into her fuzzy pussy, searching for hotter and hotter places. And then she felt him draw back, rimming the rubbery lips of her pussy. Barbara stiffened, feeling a rush of sexual, electric feeling hit her cunt.

“Ohhhhh God, what... what are you doing to me?” she cried.

His fingers tightened against her thighs in answer. “You’re hot, baby, and you’re gonna take on a horse, huh? Well, you’re gonna have to be nice and loose for that one. And you’re tight, tight as a fuckin’ drum,” Brad said, smoothing his fingers up and down her spit-slicked thighs. “Ol’ Brad’s gonna loosen you up with his mouth, maybe with his cock. Then takin’ on old Lightning’s gonna be nice and easy.”

The horse. Yes, that’s right. She and Christina had discussed that, had discussed their feelings about Lightning and confessed them to Brad. He would go along with them, of course he would.

Barbara began moving her hips as she had done earlier for Pardner. She tightened her ass and thigh muscles, slowly moving up and down, up and down in a fucking motion. Yes, she was fucking her cunt against Brad’s mouth, letting him drive his tongue in as she jerked her thighs up and down.

Barbara felt her hairs tangling around her neck and ears. Floods of her juice ran out, wetting down her pussy as Brad ran his fingers gingerly along her cunt. She closed her legs - or tried to - but Brad was keeping her wide open, licking her faster, harder, growling almost like a wild dog as he tongued her.

“Uhhhhh!”

He touched her clit, taking it between his thumb and forefinger and rolling the little nub until he had the girl whimpering and begging him to stop.

And then he was back on her with his mouth. His teeth pressed along the edges of her sensitive inner cuntlips. She threw back her head and groaned, wallowing in the dirt and hay. His tongue was searching back, back along the seepy, velvety lining of her pussy. Barbara felt it spearing again and again into her cunt. Oh, she was being raped by a tongue, stabbed by it! Then he pulled back, curling and licking her pussy lining. He was tasting her, tasting her as Pardner had.

Hot and slick, that was the good part of it. Hot and slick against the swampy mess of her cunt. Then Brad pulled away, kissing her belly, her thighs, her knees.

“Ohhhh, please, fuck me... oh God, I need something, something.”

Brad grunted, throwing himself on top of her and pinning her to the floor of the barn. Again she heard the horse whinny, heard Christina calm him down. In a moment she felt the wide, flaring head of his cock pressing up against her pussylips. Barbara moved her hips from side to side, feeling the itchy stubble working between her asscheeks and pricking her asshole.

“Yeah.”

With that exclamation Brad shoved forward and up, pressing his knees against her ass-cheeks. Barbara felt a greasy sliding sensation, felt his prickhead pop past the tense muscles of her pussy.

“God!”

Brilliant lights exploded in her head - yes, she was melting, blowing to pieces under his prick!

Curling into a ball, holding tightly onto Brad, she babbled and yelped, feeling his cock knob slide past the most sensitive part of her cunt.

“Ohhhh yeahhh, yeahhhh, you’re loosenin’ up. That’s the way, baby, loosen up under my cock,” Brad gasped.

“Oh, oh, oh!”

The heat in her pussy was becoming worse and worse. She gasped, clawing her fingernails against Brad’s back while he kept pile-driving his prick into her. For a moment Barbara forgot about the horse, about her pact with Christina. She was dissolving under the steady, mind-blowing pressure of Brad’s prick.

“Ummmmmm.”

“Can’t make you cum, baby, not now. We got better plans for you,” he whispered, flicking his tongue in one of her ears.

What was he talking about? Oh yes, the horse, the stallion next to her. But she was getting fucked by a stallion. One hard charger! And then... and then she felt his prick sliding out, felt the juices gurgling out from her stretched, overheated cunt and wetting down her asscheeks, felt her itchy cuntal walls coming back together behind the retreating prickhead.

“This is gonna be great! Only saw this a couple of times down in Tijuana. First time I’m gettin’ to be a part of it,” Brad muttered, pulling his prick completely from Barbara’s cunthole, wiping the tip against her ass, then drawing back.

Barbara raised her head and looked at his jerking cunt-splitter. How she wanted it back inside her body! But there was something else to be done, something that she had secretly wanted for so long. And nothing, nothing could turn her back from it now. She would fuck Lightning!

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Barbara stood by Lightning’s right side, her cunt on fire. Juice trickled teasingly, maddeningly through the wild thicket of her blonde cuntal hairs while her swollen. Pussymeat throbbed with unspeakable lust. She swayed slightly from side to side, her tits swinging together. The nipples were turgid, tingling with excitement as she curled her toes into the soft, itchy hay stubble at her feet.

Christina had nearly draped herself over the horse, embracing him by the neck and cooing softly to the beast while rubbing her naked body back and forth against his heaving sides.

Barbara dropped her eyes as she stood there by his hindquarters. A slight shiver made the stallion’s flesh quiver excitingly.

The blonde gasped, putting one hand to her throat. How her heart was beating, pounding so hard she thought it would tear right through her chest! For a moment she hesitated, wondering if she could go through with something like this. It was so... so depraved. And with Christina and Brad nearby it was so public! And yet she needed them. It was a stroke of luck she had found they were as interested in her quirk as she was.

“Think you can take ‘im on?” Brad asked, reaching down and scratching his hairy balls.

"I... I don't know," Barbara answered honestly, her eyes moving toward that cock.

Lightning was excited, there was no doubt about that, judging from the way his prick was slowly slipping from its sheath. Already she could see the rounded, glistening head!

Christina was doing her job well, rubbing her body against the animal, touching him, embracing him almost like a human lover.

Tentatively, Barbara stretched out one hand, touching her fingertips against the stallion's white flesh. How warm he was, as warm as she remembered him!

Barbara closed her eyes, feeling that itchy tingle become a hot, throbbing ache between her legs! Her knees buckled and she shivered with lust as her flesh crawled. And still her excitement climbed! Barbara drew the fingers of her right hand back, back along the high curve of his right thigh, along the line of his leg muscles until she reached the back swell of his ass. There she stopped, closing her eyes once more, inhaling a deep, shuddering breath through her mouth. She took one step forward, then another until she found herself up against the panting beast!

"Oh Lightning!" she breathed, shrugging her shoulders and feeling a light ripple of lust shiver over her flesh.

It was better than with Pardner, almost better than with Brad! She touched the animal now with her body, rubbing her swelling cunt-lips over the stallion's warm, smooth sides. Yes, she knew how her cousin was feeling now as she moaned up front. How deliciously good it was, feeling that animal's furry sides touching her cuntlips, tickling the sensitive flesh just beyond her inner labes as they peeled back from the light force of that rubbing. Back and forth, back and forth she rubbed her body against Lightning's sides until a strange hot/cold rush of sensations slammed into her cunt.

"Uhhhhh..."

Barbara fought with herself not to cum, pushing herself away from the big horse while biting down on her lower lip for control.

"You're ready, baby, as ready as you'll ever be."

"Yes, ready," Barbara said in a dreamlike voice.

"Come on, let's help her," Brad said to Christina.

Reluctantly the brunette let go of her new stallion, turning and moving toward Brad.

Again Barbara glanced down at the horse's cock. God! It was at full-length, a huge funnel-shaped thing dangling from between his hind legs, the coconut-sized balls up tight against his groin!

Barbara swallowed down a lump of excitement, feeling her chest tighten while her mouth went dry. The air she sucked in burned the insides of her nostrils. Fucking a horse! Yes, she was going to be fucking a horse! The thought of it made her heart spin, made her heart skip several beats as she kept her fingers on the animal's big ass.

"Come on."

She felt Brad's fingers grip her arm, then Christina's more gentle touch on the other side. They were forcing her down, turning her around until she was crouched underneath Lightning's hindquarters.

At first the animal began pawing the hay-covered barn floor nervously, his hoofs dangerously close to her head. But Barbara reached up and touched his cock with her right hand, shuddering at the warm touch, smiling to herself as the beast whinnied then calmed.

“Oh, good Lightning, yes, good boy. You’re going to have some fun with me. Yes,” she breathed, hardly able to speak. “Yes, you’re going to have lots of fun.”

Brad and Christina slipped their hands under the backs of her legs as she rested on the floor. Looking up she saw the powerful, flat underside of Lightning’s belly. How her cunt ached and burned for his touch! He was the epitome of strength, of beauty and sleekness!

Her thighs trembled and itched with lust as her friends dragged her down and up. In a moment she felt the weight of her body come to rest on her shoulder blades as Christina and Brad angled up her ass and legs, dragging her toward the horse’s hard prick.

“Huhhhhhrrrrr!”

Touching it! Oh God, she felt her cunt touching it!

“Uh, she’s so - so heavy!” Christina panted, her eyes wide with excitement as she watched her cousin’s cunt rubbing up against Lightning’s fat, thick cockhead. Bending her knees the woman shifted position, still holding onto Barbara’s legs.

“Just shift the weight a little over to me,” Brad suggested. “She’s about ready to go.”

“Uhhhhh... ohhhhhh nooooo!” Barbara rolled her head from side to side, stubble clinging to her hair and her dampened cheeks as she felt the fat cockhead working its way into her pussy. Tensing her muscles, trying to straighten her legs, the frantic woman tried tucking her ass back. It was a last bit of fear, the last moment of reluctance. But Brad and Christina kept the pressure up, forcing her forward. Lightning began playing his part too, standing still, even dipping his back a little while snorting loudly through his flaring nostrils. Barbara tried relaxing, then tensed again as she felt the baseball-sized cockhead slipping past the slippery, yet tense, cuntal muscles guarding the entrance to her pussy.

“Yagggghhhh!”

In! It was in! Barbara arched her back, clawing her fingers along the dirty floor as she felt her cunt stretched to the ripping point. Oh, oh, the fat knob was just past the mouth of her cunt!

“Man, she’s doin’ it! Fuck, she’s gobblin’ it all up, boy,” Brad said, shaking several black hairs from his face and looking up at the panting horse.

Inch by thick, throbbing inch Lightning’s cock began slipping into her pussy. Barbara moved, shifting her thighs from side to side as the rising heat drove her wild. She curled her spine once more, swallowing up more prick. A horse’s cock, a horse’s prick inside her! How her pussywalls tingled, itched with delight as they stretched to accommodate that fat, long thing.

“Uhhhh... in, in, in me, in me,” she babbled again and again, jerking her legs against Brad’s and Christina’s tight grip.

The stubble tickled her back, looking up now through lust-glazed eyes the young blonde woman saw the horse’s belly panting with excitement. Yes, yes, Lightning wanted her as she had wanted him. He was rutting, rutting as badly as she was. Swiveling her ass, crying out for more sensation, the

woman laughed and sobbed with unspeakable delight as more and more of Lightning's prick slipped into her hot cunt.

"Yeah, baby, move it, work it in and out," Brad whispered.

Barbara moaned loudly now, hearing herself sobbing and crying. Continually the horse's cock ground against her clit. Oh, how she loved that, loved the sensation of stretching in her cunt. Surely if she went down all the way on that thing it would reach her belly, split her in two!

"Uh! Uh! Uh!"

In and out, in and out now, Brad and Christina helped her rock her body against the big stallion. Barbara felt herself coming apart once again, felt the world blowing up in front of her eyes. She dripped sweat, her body slick with it as the mass of sexual tension in her belly swelled. The insides of her thighs chilled and burned while cuntjuice squeezed out, dripping down her ass and into her asscrack. Oh God, God, she was going to cum!

"Yagggghhhhhhh!"

Barbara exploded, her mind shattering into millions of brightly colored pieces. The horse was cumming! Yes, he was actually shooting his wad in her cunt. The hard, heavy jolt of his spunk blasting against her cuntal walls made her weep and struggle, her fists pounding the ground. Catastrophic waves ripped from her cunt, making every muscle in her body cramp. And all the while there were those massive thrusts of cum drowning her, oozing now from around that fat cock and firehosing down her jiggling asscheeks. Lightning was snorting and panting, shaking his big head while swaying from side to side. Barbara felt his tail sweeping over her bare soles.

She was all cunt - wet and hot and clenching in every body cell. She milked at that fat prick still twitching inside her. She lost the sounds of her friends, the sounds of the animal panting above her. Her head snapped back and her tits jiggled like pudding with the furious blasts of her orgasm. Oh, oh, this had to be the biggest, strongest, hottest cock in the whole world!

And then it was over! Slowly Brad and Christina let her down, pulling her by the arms from under the exhausted, spent stallion.

"Man, he looks whipped! You sure gave him one hell of a workout," Brad said, dropping her arm and moving to the back of the stall. He was jerking off, leaning heavily against the wood and jerking off while watching the horse's cum ooze from Barbara's stretched cunt.

"Ohhhhh... oh Christina, it was like... like nothing in the world," she moaned, half-conscious from her ordeal.

"I... I want to try it next. Oh Barbara, this is awful, but I want it too. You've got to teach me! I want it too... I want to feel his cock in my cunt!"

Barbara smiled, shaking strands of her tangled blonde hair from her eyes. Looking over to the right she saw Brad jerking off, his fists flying over his cock. And then white globs of cum arched from his piss-slit while his face tightened, nearly turning white.

It was odd, so unreal. It had happened. The ultimate had happened. There had been no lightning, no wrath of God. Her cunt had been violated by a beast - no by two beasts! A dog, and then this lovely, wonderful stallion. What would society say? Damn them, damn them all! She had her life to lead. Damn society!

"Of course. Later, when I've had some rest, we'll talk," Barbara said, smoothing her fingers over her body.

Yes, she was tired - tired and finally satiated. Oh, that wonderful horse! And Christina wanted a part of him. Well, why not? It was so odd taking her cousin by the hand and leading her in this direction. If anything she would have initially thought the roles would have been reversed. How strange!

"Oh, I'm so glad you came here, so glad," Christina babbled, throwing her arms around her cousin's neck as Barbara rose from the hay.

"So am I, Christina, so am I," Barbara whispered, staggering past Brad then turning and glancing back at Lightning. Yes, it was wonderful out here in the country.