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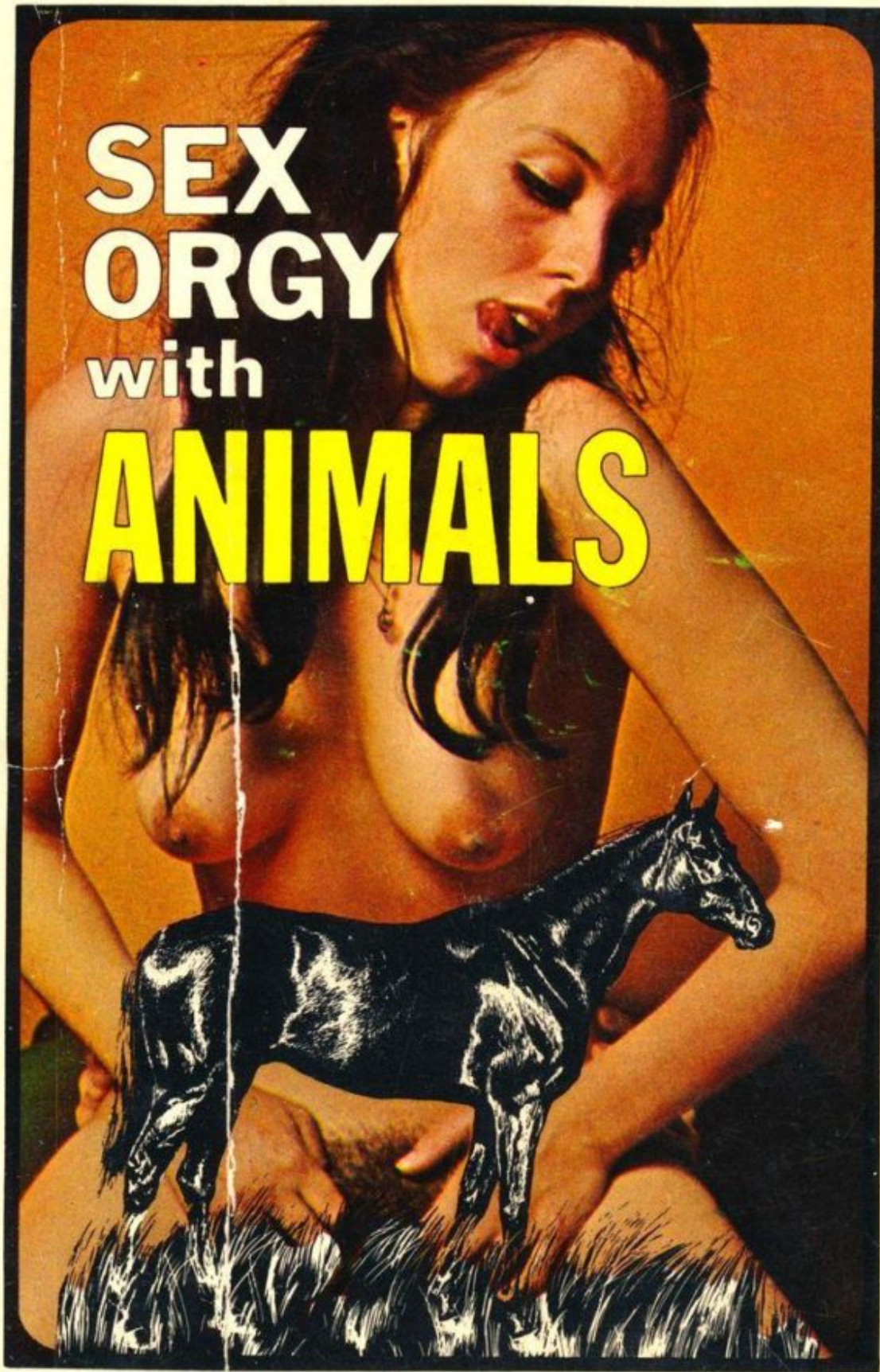
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CHAPTER ONE

It was a few weeks after they returned from their honeymoon that Niles Dawson had his first terrifying glimpse into the depths of his lovely young bride's bizarre tastes.

Niles and Betsy Dawson had taken a fine home in Westchester County, within easy commuting distance of New York City, where Niles had a lucrative real estate business. It was a pleasant neighborhood of large homes, lush lawns, and enormous, over-arching trees.

One evening, Niles and Betsy were strolling along the sidewalk, hand in hand, enjoying the pleasant May air, and the feeling of being newlyweds. Niles was exultantly aware that his youthful wife - she was only twenty - hadn't a stitch on beneath her flimsy summer dress.

He delighted, therefore, whenever they were in shadow, in running his eager hand over her ass, reveling in her buttocks' exuberant contours. From time to time he even thrust his hand up under skirt. Giggling, she would slap it away.

But he would always come back for more. His dick would strain at his pants as he roved his hand over her sleek thighs, intruding his fingers into her hot, slippery ass crack and, for short, delirious moments, between her legs and up into the crispy muff where he would fondle her fleshy cunt lips.

Betsy giggled and slapped, but it was obvious she loved it, and she would smear her body provocatively against his every time he squeezed her tits.

Niles was congratulating himself on his superb judgment in choosing such a delectable morsel as his bride when the dog appeared out of nowhere, running toward them swiftly over the wide, well manicured lawn. It was a beautiful animal - large, very lean, and sleekly streamlined. Niles wasn't familiar with dog breeds and pedigrees and that sort of thing, but he thought this might be a greyhound.

He stood by in amusement as Betsy patted the animal's head and addressed him in the fond language many people love to lavish on pets. He continued to smile as the dog licked Betsy's shoes and curiously sniffed at her legs.

But when the animal raised his snout beneath Betsy's skirt, elevating the hem to crotch level, and began to sniff avidly at her exposed, bare cunt, Niles' smile abruptly faded.

"I wouldn't let him do that, Betsy..." he began. But his wife silenced him with an imperious gesture. "Surely you're not jealous of a mere dog, Niles," Betsy exclaimed sarcastically, "Heavens! The poor creature is probably famished for the smell of pussy, that's all. His owners have had him cooped up for days I'll bet!" Then, darting a winning smile at the animal as it raked its frantically snuffling nostrils up and down her cunt crack, Betsy crooned, "Poor baby! Does doggie want to lick Mommy's twat? Go ahead - lick it! Lick it!"

"For heaven's sake, be careful!" Niles exploded. "This dog may be vicious. You don't know what kind of mood he may be in. Betsy, don't just stand there like that! Put your skirt down, and let's be on our way home!"

It was as if Betsy hadn't heard one single word Niles had said. Her lovely, oval face was transfixed in a strange, dreamy stare as she stood there on the lawn, her slim, voluptuously contoured body shadowed by the elm boughs overhead, gazing fixedly down at the animal whose pink tongue flickered flame-like between her legs.

Her legs were spread slightly as she stood, and she held her skirt at waist level, completely exposing her creamy-white belly and ass. Her magnificent thighs were also bare, except for the sheer nylon hose that halted about three inches above her knees. The meaty succulence of Betsy's thighs bulged exuberantly over the tops of her stockings and strained tantalizingly against the pink elastic of her garter belt.

Niles couldn't help sucking in his breath excitedly as he stared at her. One of the things that had most attracted him to her right from the start was the electrifying contrast between Betsy's innocently childlike face and the riotous extravagance of her sweetly up-tilted melon-like tits... the explosive rotundity of her deep-clefted, high-slung ass... and the long, spectacularly sculptured legs that seemed designed specifically to flaunt the jiggling, rippling array of fleshy treasures that

constituted her breathtakingly voluptuous body.

Now one of those splendid treasures was being casually profaned by a dumb animal! A thoroughbred, highly pedigreed animal, true, but a beast nonetheless!

Niles felt the sweat start out on his palms and his voice had an unaccustomed tinge of hoarseness as he cried, "Betsy! What in heaven's name has come over you? What possesses you to allow a mangy mutt..."

"He's not a mangy mutt," Betsy murmured fervently, her eyes clamped tightly shut as she ecstatically bucked her hips forward toward the animal's greedily slavering tongue. "He's not a mutt, he's a beautiful thoroughbred animal with a lovely slim head... a magnificent head made to order for exploring between ladies' thighs..."

Her lips flared with sudden emotion as she blurted, "Oh Niles! - if you could know how delicious it feels having his magnificent tongue scouring over my vulva! A dog's tongue is so rough - it's like having a warm, blubbery file gliding tenderly over your most sensitive parts... rasping and arousing you where you most want to be excited! Oooh, oooh... that's right, doggie! Fuck your tongue back and forth over Mommy's cunt! Mommy loves it so much..."

With an abrupt motion, the animal withdrew its tongue from Betsy's abundantly juicing cunt slit. Ducking skillfully between her stiffly planted legs, he now began to delve into her rearward treasures, his voracious pink tongue skidding impudently into her ass crack, loudly slurping the sweat that was beginning to form there in great, crystalline globules as Betsy's lascivious excitement mounted steadily, relentlessly.

"Betsy..." Niles' agonized protest died in his throat as he observed his wife's next move.

Raking her skirt nearly up to the level of her pendulously swaying breasts, Betsy bent sharply at the waist and separated her buttocks with trembling hands to afford the dog's frenzied tongue easiest possible access to the glassy-slick notch of her pinkish-brown ass crack. The dog's mouth played feverishly over the splendid mounds of Betsy's marshmallow-soft ass, licking, sucking, slavering, making the lovely hillocks ripple and shudder with the force of his imperiously rampaging tongue!

Now, even as he continued to guzzle Betsy's ass and cunt juices with animalistic fervor, the dog commenced to whine piteously. It was a low, spasmodic, whimpering cry.

"Oh, poor doggie!" Betsy exclaimed sympathetically, "what's the matter?"

In answer, the dog began to drag his genitals along the ground, actually grinding his stubby cock into the earth as his tongue stabbed at Betsy's brazenly displayed asshole.

"Oh, the poor animal is simply out of his mind with desire," Betsy declared. "Niles - why don't you help the poor thing relieve himself? Jerk his cock... help him climax!"

Niles had to pinch himself to be sure he wasn't dreaming. "You - you want me to get down on the ground and jerk this filthy animal's cock while he sucks your pussy and your ass?!!" Niles exclaimed in agonized tones. "Not on your life!"

"Oh, you're so cruel!" Betsy moaned. Her face was dripping with perspiration now, and gleaming rivulets of sweat were pouring down her thighs and draining in continuous streams from the cherry-tipped mounds that had flopped out the low-cut neckline of her dress. "I never dreamed you were the type who'd be cruel to poor, helpless dumb animals, Niles!"

She wriggled her incandescent ass globes against the dog's snout. "Oh, I'm hot!" she gasped. "Niles, this animal has got me so hot I feel I could burst into flame any second. Dear, please come over here. Stand in front of me. Unzip yourself. Take out your prick and let me suck it while this beautiful animal fucks my cunt with his strong, virile tongue... please! Please!"

Completely aghast, Niles exclaimed incredulously, "You want to blow me right out here on the sidewalk! In plain view of the whole world?"

"Oh please!" Betsy groaned, "it's dark - there's no one to see us. Oh Niles, hurry please! I would never have married you if I had know you were so cruel!"

In spite of his revulsion at the scene of loathsome bestiality that was being enacted before his horrified eyes, Niles' cock was already poker-stiff inside his pants. Since the day he had first met Betsy, only a scant three months previously, Niles had never been able to deny her anything. She

had a beguiling, childlike quality about her that made him feel protective and indulgent toward her. The fact that he was thirty-three and Betsy was only twenty reinforced his permissive attitude. This was no exception. Standing there with her ass and cunt completely exposed, her tits hanging out the front of her dress, her face contorted in an expression of overwhelming lascivious desire, Betsy was the personification of lust... stark, raving, ravenous lust incarnate!

Like a sleepwalker, Niles moved unwillingly toward his beautiful, panting wife. As the dog continued to lap his tongue between the cheeks of her ass in broad, slathering strokes, Niles unzipped his pants. Before he could extract his stiff, straining, seven-inch prong, Betsy frenziedly thrust her hand inside his fly and scooped out the livid slab of hot, dribbling meat.

Betsy allowed her eyes to feast on her husband's tool for all of one second. Then, with an expression of delirious bliss etched deeply into her mobile features, she commenced to suck Niles' dick there on the lawn, and while she sucked, she slowly rotated her ass against the dog's famished mouth.

Now she allowed her mouth to play lovingly over Niles' giant, chestnut-sized balls. "Oh Niles," she was moaning, "the dog has his nose halfway up my snatch... Oh, his nose is like a monstrous cock! I can feel it penetrating deeper... deeper...! Oh, Niles, Niles! - he's got his entire snout inside my vagina, and he's... he's opening his mouth and he's licking my guts! It feels like his tongue is lapping me inside halfway up to my tonsils! Oh shit... shit..." Her voice died away in an ecstatic moan.

Completely incredulous, Niles looked down at where the dog was crouched between his wife's long, lithe legs. It was true - the creature had actually thrust half his slim, pointed snout up Betsy's vagina and was licking and lapping her internal parts with furious abandon! His muzzle was buried in Betsy's pussy practically up to his eyes!

Before Niles could utter the anguished protest that foamed at his lips, Betsy once more gulped her husband's cock into her mouth and commenced to munch and suck it, hollowing her cheeks with the ferocity of her effort.

Niles loved the way Betsy sucked him off. Since the first night of the honeymoon, he felt that he could forgive her any transgression if he could only be sure she would continue to suck him off at least once a day. He enjoyed enormously the way she skidded his dick all the way into her throat, lashing the underside with her tongue, playing her lips over the base of his organ, knowing as if by instinct when to treat it gently, when to treat it roughly, nipping the skin with her teeth, sometimes to the extent of drawing blood.

The blow job she had performed on him the night of their marriage was, in fact, their first shared sexual experience. Many times during the courtship, Niles had felt consumed by a feverish compulsion to yank up Betsy's dress and fuck her right where she stood. But he had always resisted. He knew it would be much better to wait for the honeymoon when they could enjoy their first lay at leisure, in the ideal surroundings of a Caribbean luxury hotel.

But the wedding night had not gone exactly to plan. As they were preparing for bed, Betsy had suddenly blurted, "Oh, I can't wait another second, Niles! I've got to have you right now!" At that point, she was only half undressed. She had peeled down the top of her gown, exposing the ripe fullness of her magnificent tits, and Niles was already nibbling at one firmly erect nipple. He had unzipped his fly so Betsy could delve her hand inside and play with his eager, squirming cock.

Suddenly, however, after only the briefest foreplay, Betsy grasped her opportunity to have Niles without further preliminaries. She had fallen to her knees and plunged his tool deep into her mouth and commenced to suck it like a child sucking a popsicle on a hot, August day.

Even in the ecstasy of the moment, Niles had felt somewhat dismayed. He had firmly believed Betsy to be a virgin. She had never spoken of previous boyfriends; she seemed quite shy of men, in fact - always a little awkward in their presence.

But now his shy, awkward darling was on her knees on the floor, eagerly gobbling his cock as if it were the most natural thing in the world! How and where had she learned such a thing? How...?

But soon his doubts were drowned in the sheer bliss of the moment, the tingling rapture of having this very young, very beautiful girl excite his yearning prick in the most lascivious, the most intimate way possible, bobbing her head frenziedly over his steaming meat, twin streams of saliva drooling

from the corners of her mouth and splashing onto the rosy hillocks of her slithering, jiggling tits! Niles had not been slow in coming, that first night. It was only a couple of minutes before his volcanically simmering dick had erupted into his bride's mouth, sending huge, lava-like streams coursing over her tongue and down her throat, the hot, sticky fluid bursting spasmodically from the pulsing tip of his joy-stick while he insistently fucked it further and further between her lips and down into her warmly receptive gullet.

When it was all over, Niles would have been glad to rest awhile, but to his utter amazement, Betsy insisted on repeating the process immediately!

At that point, Niles was too weak to resist. Flopping onto the bed, he allowed Betsy to remove his pants. Then, still half-clad, Betsy had sprawled onto the bed alongside him, and calmly proceeded to suck him off once more.

This time it took much longer. For fully half an hour, Betsy bobbed and wriggled her head over Niles' feverishly excited prick. Her teeth commenced to abrade the tender skin, rasping it to the point of screaming rawness - grating it - gouging it with careless teeth.

Oh! Ohhh! Now he could feel the blood flowing, he could feel himself bleeding from half a dozen tiny nicks and nibbles in the infinitely sensitive skin of his swollen organ. It was like the pain of red-hot needles being ruthlessly thrust into his rod. He could see the smears of bright, ruby blood on his bride's lips as she continued to gnaw and suck his fully distended prick. And yet, with all the agony, he hoped she would never stop!

She did stop eventually, of course, with an explosion of hot seed and blood into her mouth, a violent concussion of crimson-tainted sperm that sent a bone-racking shudder throughout Niles' entire body and made Betsy choke and sputter as the copious outpouring drowned her mouth and mounted into her nostrils in a sticky flood that gushed over her upper lips.

This time, she had allowed Niles to rest. As he lay there, half-sunk in drowsiness and thoroughly exhausted by his first sexual encounter with his bride, Betsy had gently removed his clothes and put him between the sheets. Then she had disrobed herself and slid into bed alongside him, her mouth and cheeks still encrusted with the syrupy discharge from Niles' raw, oozing prick.

"Sleep tight, darling," she had whispered, kissing him lightly on the mouth.

"What do you mean, 'Sleep tight'?" Niles had grinned back lazily. "I don't intend sleep until I've had my fuck!"

"But - but darling..." he heard Betsy gasp, "you've already come twice! Surely that's enough for one evening!"

"Sure I've come," Niles had admitted, "but I haven't had the pleasure of satisfying you yet, dearest. You're not going to rob me of the thrill of bringing you to orgasm on our wedding night, are you, darling?"

"Oh - oh well - that's all right..." Betsy began to babble confusedly, "I don't mind waiting till tomorrow. Really, I don't, Niles dearest..."

Niles sternly intruded his hand between her legs. Damn! He was going to dip the wick into her before another minute was out or know the reason why! It didn't matter that his cock felt as if it had been mangled in a cement mixer - he didn't mind its torn and bloody state just so long as it could stiffen long enough to throw another wad of come into Betsy's juicy snatch. His fingers groped inside her pussylips.

What the hell!! What the frigging hell was going on here? Betsy's cuntlips were positively steeped in some kind of greasy, gummy substance! It wasn't a vaginal lubricant - it didn't have that kind of feel. It wasn't the natural outpouring of vaginal juice, either. It was slimy - sticky...

Niles' lips compressed to a thin, white line.

It was sperm. Betsy's cunt was absolutely drenched in sperm!

But how in the devil's name could such thing be possible? Niles certainly hadn't screwed her. And at no time since the wedding that morning had she been separated from him long enough for her to have had relations with another man. Even if she had wanted to. Even if such a revolting idea had occurred to his shy young bride!

Niles swallowed hard. As he lay there, frozen in a rigid, cataleptic posture beside the body of his wife, his mind raced like a supercharged engine, trying to figure the solution to the agonizing puzzle. A dozen times the question died in the very act of utterance: "Betsy, some other man has already had you tonight. Who was it? How...?"

He forced himself to be calm by a supreme act of will. It wasn't possible. It just simply wasn't possible.

That night, Niles had lain there alongside Betsy for a long time, staring up at the ceiling, turning the alternatives over in his mind. At last, thoroughly drained and exhausted by the events of the previous twenty-four hours, he had dropped off into a nightmare-ridden sleep.

The next day, he forced himself to dismiss the subject from his mind. And in the evening, after a champagne supper and an hour of elaborate foreplay, Betsy had urged him to thrust his imperious cock between her legs and fuck her as hard as was humanly possible. And when he did so, he found no evidence of anything remotely resembling semen. Only a clear, crystalline spring of sweetly fragrant cuntjuice.

The incident had quickly faded from his mind. But now, as he stood beneath the open sky in this quiet Westchester town, with Betsy voraciously sucking his prick while the dog whimperingly fucked his snout ever deeper up Betsy's vagina, certain facts began to emerge with stark clarity in Niles' computer-like mind.

Once again, driven by some inner, unconscious impulse, his brain was relentlessly poring over those hours immediately preceding that instant on the wedding night when Betsy had slumped to her knees and commenced to blow his dick.

And now, for the first time, he remembered the dogs.

Niles and Betsy had checked into the resort hotel early in the evening. After an early dinner in the hotel dining room, they had strolled out onto the terrace for a breath of air before retiring. On the terrace, they had fallen into conversation with a polite, refined English couple who had brought a pair of Irish setters with them. The dogs were quietly sprawled at their owners' feet when Niles and Betsy first saw them.

Betsy had immediately made a bee-line for the handsome animals. Crouching beside them, she had plied the English couple with all kinds of questions as to the dogs' names, their ages, pedigree, and so forth. And all the time, Betsy's hands had roved over the creatures' pelts, luxuriating in the softness of their superbly groomed hair, fondling their paws, and...!

And now, as Niles' memory roved back over that evening, he quite clearly recalled that, for one horrifying instant, Betsy's fingers had also been busy with the dogs' genitals - hurriedly caressing the stubby, black cocks and rubbing her palms over the tips of the animals' dicks as if about to masturbate them!

It had only been for an instant. It could have been a slip of Betsy's hand, an involuntary movement without real significance. Then, as the Englishwoman remarked that it was time to give the animals their nightly walk, Betsy had practically fallen all over herself in volunteering herself for the job.

"Oh, let me walk the dogs!" she had cried, starting to her feet and gathering the pets' leashes in her hand before the couple could demur. "I can see you folks are just dying to have another brandy before you go up to your room. Sit here and relax awhile longer while I give these lovely creatures a spot of exercise!"

And she was gone, with the setters in tow, before anyone could stop her. It was obvious at the time that the English couple regarded Betsy's behavior as a bit odd, but they were too polite to say anything. And when, approximately a half-hour later, Betsy had returned with the dogs looking brisk and happy, it was a closed incident.

Niles recalled now that the only remark offered by the Englishman at the time was: "The dogs certainly look well exercised..."

Yes! They certainly had been well exercised. But it was not until this precise moment, as Niles was having his cock sucked as the greyhound relentlessly bored his snout up Betsy's cunt that Niles realized what that exercise had consisted of - Betsy had allowed herself to be thoroughly fucked by

both dogs!

No doubt about it. On her wedding night, Betsy had given first preference to a pair of animals! Before Niles had had an opportunity to so much as wet the tip of his dick inside Betsy's juice-brimming twat, she had deliberately taken on two beasts - flopped down in the hotel gardens with a couple of dogs and allowed them to fill up her pleasure cave with their slimy, glutinous sperm!

All at once the pieces of the puzzle fell into place and Niles was sickened by the revelation.

The moment of revelation came precisely as Niles shot his seething load into Betsy's mouth. At the same moment, she bore her crotch down on the greyhound's slurping muzzle and Niles could tell by the shudders that racked her body that Betsy was having her orgasm.

Betsy's mouth quickly filled with the superabundant discharge of Niles' churning testicles and part of the rich cream outpouring over her lips. She sucked loudly and with obvious relish. It was difficult to tell exactly at which end she was experiencing her greatest joy: whether it was in gulping Niles' voluminous flood of rich, syrupy come or in having her cunt fucked to delirious orgasm by the insatiably stabbing snout of the excited animal that groveled between her legs.

When the last of Niles' sperm finally pulsed into Betsy's sucking lips, he hurriedly zipped up his fly and made as if to take his wife by the arm. He was going to lead her straight home and grill her as no woman had ever been grilled before.

But more was to come. Before he could stop her, Betsy sank to the ground. With her mouth entirely filled with Niles' hot, slushy sperm, she commenced to kiss the dog on the mouth - to let the animal thrust its greedy tongue deep inside her own mouth to lap the creamy nutriment that had just vomited from Niles' deliriously sucked cock! And, at the same time, Betsy's slim, patrician hand was fumbling between the dog's legs - groping for his dick! And before Niles' aghast stare, Betsy began to jerk the animal off with quick expertise, her hand fluttering faster than the eye could follow, while she allowed the creature to fuck its sperm-lapping tongue deep into her throat!

"Aaaarrgghh..." she gurgled. "Oh Niles, I hope you're not angry at me for sharing your delicious come with this poor, starved animal..." And then the dog's flame-like tongue was flickering inside her throat once more, and she was jerking him harder than ever and abruptly there came the spastic spurt of the creature's sperm into Betsy's madly shuttling hand, the slimy yellow fluid slopping all over her fingers and shooting onto her naked belly as she crouched beside him.

It was the actual sight of the dog's gluey scum crusting over his wife's hand that did it for Niles. It reminded him all too graphically of the night when he had thrust his fingers between his bride's legs only to find that his place had been preempted by a canine interloper. Or rather a pair of interlopers! Niles saw red at that moment, his hand went to his waist. With a quick, single motion he ripped off his belt. Then, with a lightning-like sweep of his muscular arm, Niles slammed the heavy leather across the satin rotundity of his wife's exposed ass!

Whap! Whap! And with every blow of the brutally wielded belt, a livid quarter-inch-thick welt erupted across the magnificent perfection of Betsy's sweatily gleaming buttocks.

Her hands sprang instantly to her backside. Her sperm-drenched fingers flew to protect her savagely punished can. "Ohhh!" She screamed, "Oh, Niles, what are you doing to me? Are you angry because I...? Oh! Oh, please! You're ripping my ass to shreds, Niles! Oh, Niles, please don't beat me any more - I'll suck your cock again; I'll kiss your ass, I'll do anything, only please don't - Eeeeeek! Ooowwww!"

Niles was a veritable paragon of fury as he stood over the helpless, cringing figure of his wife, slamming his heavy belt across the matchless perfection of her bare ass, her thighs, even her tits received their share of his skyrocketing wrath.

Niles did not cease until his arm was literally numb with fatigue. By that time, Betsy's entire body was a mass of welts where the savage leather had torn relentlessly at her flesh.

As he flung down the belt in disgust, his face was still grim. "Arrange your clothing!" he ordered, his throat thick with emotion. "For pete's sake, try to make yourself at least slightly presentable. We're going home!"

Betsy was sullen as they plodded silently homeward. When they finally entered their house, she

started to speak, but Niles silenced her with a slap. "Keep your mouth shut, you bitch!" he snarled, "Only a bitch would have sex with a dog. And bitches can't speak, they can only grovel and whine!" He shoved her to her knees. "Go ahead," he commanded icily, "go ahead, bitch! Down on your belly - grovel for me!"

"Niles, only listen to me for one second..." she began piteously.

"On your belly, you filthy heap of dog-shit!" he shouted, "Your punishment has only begun!" As Betsy sank to her knees, he ripped the dress from her exquisite figure with a single swoop of his powerful hand. "Who the hell ever heard of a dog wearing a dress?" he hooted scornfully. Now Betsy was completely nude except for her hose, her garter belt and her high-heeled slippers.

Niles removed something from his jacket pocket and brandished it before Betsy's astonished eyes. "Do you see this?" he asked her.

"Why - why, it's a dog collar and a leash!" she exclaimed wonderingly. "Where did you get that, Niles?"

"I took it from the dog you were just romping with," he informed her, sternly. "Right now, I think you have greater need for it than he does." Kneeling, Niles clamped it around Betsy's neck.

"You - you're putting a dog collar on me?" Betsy gulped, unbelievably. "But, Niles...?"

"And why not?" her husband stormed. "You're a bitch, aren't you? What's peculiar about a dog-collar on a bitch?" Betsy attempted to rise, but Niles shoved her to the floor with one motion of his swift arm. "On your hands and knees!" he shouted.

Then, as Betsy meekly followed on all fours, Niles led her into the kitchen at the end of the leash. He began to rummage in the refrigerator, his face a stony and inscrutable mask.

"I'm not hungry..." Betsy began.

Niles turned steely eyes on her. "Haven't I warned you?" he asked ominously. Thereafter, Betsy was silent. She crouched there, naked, on the floor, tremblingly awaiting Niles' next move.

It was not long in coming. Swiftly selecting a few messy leftovers from the refrigerator shelves, he dumped them all together into a cracked bowl which he placed on the floor. "Eat!" he commanded.

"What? You want me to eat that slop? You expect me to crouch here on all fours and eat from the floor like a...?"

"Like a dog!" Niles finished for her, grinning savagely as he spoke. "Exactly! And keep your fingers out of the dish - who ever heard of a common alley mutt using its paws to eat with?" And before Betsy could offer another word of protest, Niles pushed her face right into the gooey mess.

While Betsy strove miserably to force the food down her throat, Niles secured the leash tightly around a table leg so Betsy could not move her head more than a few inches in any direction without choking herself. Then he stood over her, arms folded, while he grimly murmured, "Eat, you bitch-cunt! Every morsel of it! Dogs that don't eat are liable to fall sick, and I'm damned if I'll spend five bucks on you for a veterinarian."

When she had nearly succeeded in gobbling down the vile jumble of half-stale leftovers, Niles said, "The whole picture is very clear to me now, Betsy. I know now what happened on our wedding night. I know you let those two dogs fuck you in the hotel gardens. That's why you were so eager to suck me off. You didn't want me sticking my fingers or my dong up your pretty twat because you knew exactly what I'd find there."

"Niles, have pity on me. Listen to me only for one second."

This time, Niles' rage almost burst the bonds of sanity. Again removing his heavy leather belt, he lashed her naked body over and over, forcing her to squirm and grovel, first on her belly, then on her back, as the barbarous lash wrote its message of fire over the pale whiteness of her satiny hide. He continued to whip her for five maniacal minutes. At the end of that time, he suddenly dropped the lash, and bursting into tears, sank to his knees beside her. "I'm sorry, dear," he blurted, as he loosened the dog collar from around her neck, "but something just seemed to come over me. When I saw you degrading yourself with that dog outside, and when it dawned on me how you'd let yourself be defiled on our wedding night..."

"It's all right, dearest," Betsy said soothingly. She was crying too, now. "But I have this compulsion

whenever I'm near a fine-looking dog to - to handle him intimately. To fondle his cock. To kiss him. To let him thrust his snout up my pussy and excite me with it. I-I've been like this for a long time, dearest. But I promise to do better in the future. I swear it! After all, I have a fine, virile husband with the biggest, most beautiful prick a girl could want to have between her legs. Or between her lips. I love having you ramrod your smoking prick up my cunt, Niles. I love to suck it too. Say you forgive me, darling, and I promise you an extra treat tonight when we go to bed."

"Of course," he forgave her. It was easy to forgive Betsy when she smeared her lush, naked softness against his muscular maleness, making his cock quiver and flip inside his pants like a hooked eel, and when she tilted her childlike face upwards for him to kiss.

And she kept her promise that night. She had promised an extra treat, and she delivered it. In spades. She made her lovely, normally resilient tongue into a wondrous imitation of a poker-stiff prick which she slowly, with infinite guile, intruded between his buttocks and lovingly protruded into his blissfully acquiescent asshole, reaming and sucking and making her mouth and tongue perform all sorts of fantastic tricks that eventually resulted in his climaxing without her even touching a finger to his cock.

As he lay there that night, slowly drifting off to sleep, Niles' body felt thoroughly satisfied. But a tiny current of uneasiness continued to course through his mind. It was like a scarlet thread staining the crystalline current of his thoughts.

He loved Betsy. She was intelligent. She was beautiful. She had a sweet nature. And she was the best screw he'd had in his entire adult life. But how much did he know about her, really?

He had married her on only three months' acquaintance. He'd never met any of her family - they lived in a remote, backwoods section of the Midwest. And he only knew a couple of her friends.

What really lay behind Betsy's strange craving for animal intimacy? She had promised to conquer her bizarre desires. Would she? Could she?

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## CHAPTER TWO

It was early one Sunday evening that Niles received the anonymous telephone call.

It was a woman's voice, there was no doubt about that. An elderly woman - sixtyish, Niles figured. Dry, rather prissy. Old-maidish, but authoritative at the same time.

"You don't have to know my name, Dr. Dawson," the woman said crisply. "My identity is not important. What is important is the ugly, vicious act of perversion that your wife..."

Niles' temper flared like an ignited powder keg. "I don't take anonymous phone calls!" he exploded. "If you won't tell me your name, then I'm not interested..."

"... the ugly, vicious act of perversion that your wife is committing this very instant," the steely-cool voice went on implacably. "I'm sure you know Reilly's stables on the edge of town. He specializes in pony rides for children. Sunday evening is the one time he's closed to the public. But not closed to your wife, Mr. Dawson. She's there now. I've just been watching her actions through my binoculars. I'm a snoopy old maid, Mr. Dawson. But I'm not a liar. Go there. See for yourself. If you hurry, I think you'll be in time for a very interesting performance!"

The line went dead.

Niles sat there, ashen-faced, the receiver clicking in his hand, for a full two minutes. Reilly's stables. Yes, he knew them. He'd passed them many times in his car. It was a small place. Reilly had a couple of ponies. He charged fifty cents to children for a short trot. Good God, was it possible that Betsy could...!

Damn all snoopy people! he cursed inwardly. Damn all prying, spying old bitches who make themselves the consciences of their neighbors!

But even as he cursed the anonymous caller, Niles was reaching for his car keys. As he strode toward the garage, he told himself: I'll check this thing out anyway. Chances are, Betsy isn't within a

mile of the place. Chances are, Betsy has never set foot on Reilly's property. Once I've assured myself of that, I'll rest easier in my mind. And if that old snoop phones again, I'll be ready for her!

It was only a short drive to Reilly's stables. As soon as he came within sight of the modest establishment, Niles parked the car on the shoulder of the road, and proceeded the rest of the way on foot. I'll be cautious about this, he told himself. It's quite possible that the old woman actually has seen something peculiar going on out here, but there's no guarantee my wife is involved. It could very well be someone else... someone who resembles Betsy...

The low stable enclosure was entirely surrounded in three directions by trees and closely clustered bushes, most of them taller than a man's head. It was well screened from the very few houses in the nearby vicinity unless someone were observing from an upper story window with a pair of extremely fine binoculars.

Niles succeeded in gashing his face in a couple of places as he pressed cautiously through the thick tangle of thorny bushes, but he felt no pain. The only pain he was capable of suffering at this point was an internal kind... a torment of the mind. But he would banish that in a hurry! As soon as he'd convinced himself that Betsy was nowhere in the vicinity.

There now... now Niles had a clear view of the stable enclosure. He could see everything that was going on inside without being observed himself. Yes, there were people there, that was instantly obvious. The enclosure was open to the sky, except around the edges where a narrow, overhanging roof provided some slight shelter...

Niles took one glance at what was taking place at one edge of the enclosure and nearly fainted. He could feel his knees buckle beneath him and it was only by grabbing onto the bushes that he managed to keep himself erect.

The woman... his anonymous phone caller... hadn't lied. And what he saw far surpassed Niles' worst fears!

The first thing that met his eyes was the small pony that had been tethered to a post at one side of the private enclosure. It was a tame, docile beast, obviously accustomed to careless, even rough treatment by vigorous, undisciplined children...

And by women like Betsy!

Yes, Betsy! Niles' mind reeled as he saw his wife sprawled between the animal's legs. She was more than half nude. She had entirely removed her skirt and her blouse was completely open at the front, allowing her splendid titties to bobble and bounce as she agitated her breathtakingly voluptuous body.

And as she crouched beneath the pony's belly, Betsy's slavering mouth was eagerly sucking the creature's dick!

Niles wanted to vomit. He wanted to throw up and then get out. He wanted to remove himself as far as possible from this place. From Betsy and from the very memory of Betsy.

But first he had to know the truth. Maybe this was just a momentary weakness on Betsy's part. Maybe... after giving up on dogs according to Niles' wishes, Betsy had decided to experiment just this once on ponies... maybe this was the first and only time she had actually put her lips to the animal's cock... maybe...

He tore his eyes away from where Betsy was crouched, her magnificent, fleshy thighs scissored wide apart, her high-mounded jugs slithering jellylike back and forth across her chest with every impassioned motion of her body. He tore his glance away from Betsy to where the spectators were observing her every move.

There were two men - one of them a florid-faced man in his early fifties - obviously Reilly himself. He stood idly leaning against a post, looking somewhat amused. A much younger fellow, apparently a stableboy, also observed the scene with keen interest. The boy's fly was open and his hand was inside. He was ardently jerking himself off as he watched Betsy's mouth gulp the pony's cock deeper and deeper into her throat!

"Aaaargghh..." Betsy was ecstatically moaning, "aaarrgghh..." and her eyes were cast heavenward as she ecstatically fondled the pony's testicles. With one hand she caressed the animal's balls while,

with the other, she masturbated her own nipples, gouging and scoring the damask whiteness of her breasts in the frenzy of her effort!

"Ever seen anything like this before?" Reilly asked the stableboy in low, barely audible tones.

The boy grinned sheepishly. "I never seen a grown woman suck a pony's dick like that," he admitted, "but I've seen the little girls fool around plenty!"

"Yeah?" Reilly asked curiously, "you mean the kids that come here for the rides? What do they do?"

"Plenty!" the boy declared. "The twelve-year-old chicks are the worst. They're right at the stage where a cock - any cock is beginning to look good to them. But some of them are timid and shy around boys. A pony, though - that's a different story. They think nothing of feeling a pony's dick. It's like an initiation for them!"

"The kids act kind of proper around the stables here, but I suppose it's a different matter when they get out in the fields and woods someplace," Reilly surmised. As he spoke, he kept his eyes keenly fixed on Betsy's crouched form. Niles could see the man had an erection that threatened to rip through his fly.

"You bet!" the boy agreed with a smirk. "I see it all, 'cause I'm the one that leads the pony. Some of those little girls... we no sooner get outta sight of the stables before they're off the pony, feeling between his legs on some excuse or another! Take little Mary Sue Belford, for example. She can't be a day past twelve, but wow! The first thing I noticed was that the kid never wore panties. Her mother brings her out here and sets her onto the pony and the kid ain't got so much as a stitch of panties on her hot little ass!"

"The kid never wants a saddle. She sits astride the pony bareback, grinding her itchy little cunt against the pony's hairy hide, masturbating her twat against the animal just as bold and brazen as you please! The little bitch has an orgasm before we've gone more than a hundred yards, nine times outta ten. I look at her from the corner of my eye and I can see the sweat and the cunt juice pouring down her thighs and I can see her gasping for air and her eyes bugging out of her head while she climaxes!"

"Then she always finds some excuse to get off the animal and handle his cock as soon as we get a little ways into the woods. I let her. I figure, what the hell, it's no skin off my nose, right? The pony don't mind, I don't mind..."

"I mind!" Reilly declared abruptly.

"What?"

"I mind," Reilly reiterated. "If these hot-pants chicks are going to take advantage of the animals this way, I figure I should be getting an extra fee. A stud fee!"

The boy laughed, a loud, braying laugh. "That's a good one, boss!" he snickered, "and the idea ain't a bad one, either. But anyway, as I was saying, little Mary Sue always jerks the ponies off every time she goes on the ride. She has the poor animal frothing at the mouth and I have to keep a tight hold on his reins or he'd run like a bat outta hell!"

"That's all she does, just jerks off the pony?" Reilly asked, eyeing the stableboy narrowly.

"That's all I ever seen her do," the boy replied, "but that other kid that comes around here every Saturday afternoon - the redhead - what's her name?"

"Janice. The little kid with no tits but a big ass."

"Yeah, that's the one. She's freakier than hell, that kid! You know what she does? She makes the pony piss on her!"

"What?"

"I swear! She gets off the pony and sort of crouches underneath him, the way Mrs. Dawson is doing right now. Then the kid makes a funny kind of warbling whistle, and as soon as the pony hears this, he start to piss. She lets him piss all over her face... she raises up her dress and lets him piss all over her cunt and her ass, and she rubs the hot, steamy liquid into her skin like it was some kind of perfume! I don't know what the fuck her mother must think when she sees the kid come home in that condition, but I never heard no complaints, so I guess the old lady must be kind of kinky herself!"

"Anyway, the kid gets a hell of a charge out of it! And after the animal had finished peeing all over her, she licks the last drops of piss off his dick like she was sucking a lollipop, and then she takes off for home..."

At that instant a woman's voice sounded from the stable doorway. "Hi!" it called, "where is everybody?" Niles had to thrust the bushes aside to see the newcomer. Another surprise! It was Mabel Gurney - Betsy's closest friend! Now what the hell was she doing out here?

Mabel emerged from the doorway. She stood there a moment, hands on hips, a pert smile enlivening her catlike features. She was catlike in every aspect of her lovely body... in her glowing, almond-shaped eyes, in her enigmatic smile, the lithe grace of her movements, and in the secure, self-possessed haughtiness with which she met every situation, no matter how difficult or unforeseen.

At this moment, Mabel was wearing a pair of apricot-colored "hot pants", a gauzily transparent white blouse that offered the skimpiest concealment for her erect, pear-shaped tits, and a pair of gold vinyl sandals.

"Oh shit!" Mabel cried, feigning exasperation, "I see Betsy has started without me again! Mr. Reilly, I really am provoked! When am I to get first suck of that delightful little pony's cock? You always let Betsy go first!"

Reilly sniffled contritely. "I got another animal inside..." he began.

"Oh no!" Mabel interjected briskly, "this is the one that turns me on! Oh, I have an idea... Mr. Reilly, do you suppose this creature would eat my cunt?"

"Why don't you try him and find out?" the man replied.

"I certainly will!" Mabel declared saucily. Niles' jaw dropped as he suddenly realized what Mabel was up to. There was a low, wooden fence just inside the bushes. Mabel resolutely proceeded to divest herself of her skin-tight hot pants. Then she boldly plumped her shapely ass onto the topmost rung of the fence and spread her legs to display her crotch in all its licentious splendor.

Mabel was a natural brunette. Her hair was jet black... sleek and glossy like a black cat's. Her abundant tresses swirled well below her shoulders. Her pussy-hair was similarly abundant - a magnificent splurge of ebony-hued loveliness that smoldered like a dark fire between her thighs, around her fleshy cuntlips, intruding in a moist, mysterious tangle well up into the crack of her rosy-cheeked ass.

It was this crisp mop of juicily aromatic cunt-hair that Mabel now proceeded to thrust fearlessly into the pony's face, spreading her thighs to welcome the animal's face against her crotch. The pony sniffed tentatively, licked a wary tongue over Mabel's belly, then began to intrude his eager tongue inside the woman's gaping cunt.

"Oh shit, that feels good!" Mabel gasped, bucking her hips ecstatically forward. "Oh Reilly, you really are a bastard for keeping this little fellow's talents such a secret! Oooh... yes darling, suck Mommy's twat, Mommy loves it so! That's right, ram that brutal tongue of yours right up inside my snatch lover! Now lick my belly and down between the crack of my ass... let me lean back and spread my buttocks so you can get your face against my ass, too... Oooh, yes, yes! Oh lover, what a heavy, mean tongue you have, little darling! Oh, it's so exciting to have this creature's rough, brutal tongue slamming and pounding my ass...!"

Meanwhile, as Niles watched dazedly, Betsy continued to suck the pony's cock. As she clutched the animal's immense, hairy organ with one hand, her other hand delved frenziedly between her legs, scooping deeper and deeper inside her snatch, masturbating herself with a fury that terrified Niles.

Now Betsy's hand was immersed inside her cunt all the way up the wrist, and her mouth was greedily sucking and sucking and sucking, saliva drooling unheeded from her lips, perspiration streaming from her face, her titties bouncing and skidding across her chest, swirling and rotating their downy-soft loveliness as Betsy's frame shuddered with the great, overwhelming spastic energy of her relentlessly masturbating hand and the immense sucking energy of her convulsively gobbling mouth!

It was obvious the pony was in seventh heaven as he thirstily guzzled the crystalline refreshment that flooded now in torrents from between Mabel's velvety thighs while, simultaneously, Betsy

played her mouth and tongue over his genitals, sucking his cock, avidly licking his balls, accepting the hairy tool into the innermost recesses of her throat!

It was just as Betsy had nearly the whole of the animal's immense organ embedded solidly in her throat that he began to climax. The muscles of the pony's thighs commenced to quiver and great, excited ripples radiated across his hide.

"Uugggh...!" Betsy gasped as she felt the hot animal seed erupting into her throat, flooding into her windpipe, threatening to strangle her! Hastily, she withdrew the squirming, twitching slab of livid meat into her mouth, cradling the knob just inside her lips so she could revel in the lascivious heat of the steaming animal sperm rioting against the roof of her mouth, spewing and flooding across her tongue, cascading in great tides into her throat and down her gullet!

"Oh shit!" Betsy gurgled thickly as the viscous, yellow slime overflowed her mouth and slopped over her lips to splash oozily over her panting titties, "fuck my mouth now, darling, with your big pony dick... really give it to Mommy... Mommy wants to drink all your lovely syrup... don't hold any back, please... yes, yes, shoot all of your sizzling load into Mommy's mouth... feel how Mommy is kissing your dick, darling? Mommy loves to kiss her darling pony's dick... and his balls... and if her darling baby fucks her mouth the way she likes her mouth fucked, Mommy will even kiss her darling pony's ass...!"

Niles could feel his body literally withering with humiliation. He felt as if his entire being were being consumed in the relentless blowtorch blast of a hideous shame. His mind was numb with horror and revulsion.

Now Betsy had taken the entire tool into her mouth again and was sucking the remainder of the pony's scum with a frenzy that indented her cheeks and made her eyeballs bulge from their sockets like two enormous, blue marbles. She was squeezing and fondling the animal's balls, compressing them in her dainty hand with an energy that betrayed her ravening lust to extract every last drop of slimy ooze from the animal's churning genitals.

At last it was over. The exhausted pony suddenly yanked his overworked cock from Betsy's slavering lips. He curled up in a corner of the enclosure and drowsily licked the sparkling globules of Mabel's cuntjuice that still hung from his lips.

Betsy scooped up a few gobs of viscous sperm that had splashed onto her breasts and licked them from her fingers. "Oh, I really love the taste of that shit!" she enthused, rolling her eyes in enthusiasm. "Mr. Reilly, do you suppose you could get hold of a really young one by next Sunday? I enjoy sucking off the young ones, the best. I mean, I've blown full-grown horses, and colts, and ponies, and even donkeys and mules, but very young ponies turn me on the most! I'd like one that's a virgin. I'd like my mouth to be the first hole of any kind he's ever stuck his dick into. Do you think you could get me a baby pony, Mr. Reilly...?"

Niles had heard enough. Stumbling, half-blind with anger and disgust, he made his way out of the tangle of bushes and lurched back to his car. After allowing a minute for his head to clear, Niles drove slowly homeward. When he arrived, he went up to the attic and commenced to rummage among some boxes that were stored in the attic.

It took over half an hour, but at last his hand fell on the object that he sought. It was an old-fashioned razor strop that had belonged to his grandfather. Somehow, it had survived among the family possessions all these years. He hefted it in his palm. It was of very heavy leather, with a brass ring at one end. It must have weighed about a pound.

Niles took the murderous-looking strap downstairs with him. He mixed himself a pitcher of stiff martini and sat down to wait. Every now and then he lifted the strop and slammed it across some convenient article of furniture. A grim smile creased his features as he watched the splinters fly. It was almost dark by the time he heard Betsy's car in the driveway. No, wait... there were two cars. There was someone with her. Well damn, whoever it was would get the shock of his life, because Niles meant to have it out with Betsy right here and now! He didn't intend to sit around and make polite conversation with Betsy's guests, no matter who they were.

Then, as his wife let herself in at the back door and the sound of feminine laughter filtered through

the house, Niles realized she had brought Mabel Gurney back with her. Good! He had never liked Mabel. There was something unwholesome about her. Even her intoxicating feline beauty couldn't cover up the poisonous aura that seemed to cling to her like a pestilence. She was a corruptive influence on Betsy, Niles was sure of that now. He would have it out with Mabel tonight too. This would be the very last time she would set foot in his home.

The two women were chattering intently as they entered the living room where Niles sat, half swallowed up in the big leather easy chair. Betsy was saying, "I really love sucking his balls..." She stopped short in mid-sentence as her startled eyes fell on Niles. "Why Niles!" she exclaimed, "what are you doing, sitting here all alone in the dark?"

He ignored the question. "Who are you talking about, Betsy?" he asked sullenly. "Whose balls do you love to suck?"

"Why - why, yours of course, darling!" she cried, her face flooding with crimson. "Whose do you think?"

"If you love it so much, how about sucking them right now?" Niles urged, a steely undertone edging his voice. His fingers slowly unzipped his fly. Scooping out his genitals he allowed them to dangle out the front of his pants. "Go ahead," he urged, "lay your tongue on my balls."

Betsy gestured helplessly. "But - but not here in front of Mabel!" she protested, "I'd be embarrassed, Niles..."

"Now," Niles said. His voice was calm but there was an iciness about it that made Betsy shiver in spite of the sultry temperature. "If you love sucking my balls enough to make it a subject for conversation with your trampy friends, you won't mind sucking them in front of a spectator. Especially in front of Mabel, right?"

"Don't you call my friends trampy..." Betsy began. Then, cowed by Niles' ominous manner, she murmured, "Oh, very well..." Falling to her knees, she planted a polite peck on Niles' testicles.

"That wasn't very affectionate," Niles observed, "but it will do for now. Now kiss me on the lips."

"Please!" Betsy protested, "not after kissing your balls, Niles! It wouldn't be sanitary..."

"Now," Niles insisted.

"Let me go to the bathroom first..."

"Now!"

Pouting unhappily, Betsy surrendered. Her lips grazed Niles' lightly. As she started to withdraw, however, Niles seized her by the hair, brutally anchoring his fingers in her blonde tresses and, forcing her lips open, darted his impetuous tongue far inside the soft, moist cavern of her mouth, sucking, and licking, and tasting!

"Hmm..." he murmured, "what makes your mouth taste so funny, Betsy? What makes your mouth so slimy and gooey? What kind of shit have you been lapping up, Betsy?"

"I..." she began. Before she had gotten two words out of her mouth, Niles struck her across the face with all the power he could pack into his strong right arm. "Liar!" he screamed, "cunt! You think I don't know about your orgies with ponies? You think I don't know you've been sucking off horses and donkeys and just about everything else that walks on four legs?"

Betsy could not meet the fury that glinted in his eyes. She was silent as she knelt where Niles' powerful blow had impelled her. But her silence only enraged Niles all the more. Leaping from his chair, he ripped Betsy's dress from her body, leaving her completely naked except for her shoes! She gasped at the unexpected assault.

Betsy's velvety-soft skin still showed the marks of Niles' previous beating. Mabel sucked in her breath sharply at the sight. "Oh Betsy!" she cried, "what fiend put those bruises and welts on your lovely body?"

Niles brandished the savage length of leather he had retrieved from the attic. "I'm the fiend that did that," he informed her evenly. "And this time I intend to do an even better job!" Then, turning his near-maniac glance on Betsy: "Bend down and grab your ankles, bitch! No - don't bend your knees. Bend at the waist and grasp your ankles. I want the skin across your ass to be stretched drum-tight when this strop lays across it! I want your pretty pink asshole to kiss the strop when it skids across



your whore's ass!"

Her face a mask of confusion and shame, Betsy did as commanded. Folding her exquisite body at the waist, she reached down and seized her slim ankles, exposing her magnificent rear end for punishment. Her tits jittered like two lovely pots of day-old jello as she shiveringly awaited the first blow.

Wham! Wham! The merciless leather raised two quarter-inch welts on the lush rotundity of Betsy's naked buttocks. "How do you like that?" Niles shouted. He could feel the alcohol steaming through the corridors of his tormented brain. He knew he would never have the heartlessness to punish his fragile young wife in this manner if it were not for the martinis with which he had just flooded his system. But it had to be done. Something had to be done to bring Betsy to her senses!

Much to his astonishment, Betsy began to moan, "Oh yes, Niles, beat me. Whip me harder! I've got a devil inside me, Niles! Whip the devil out of me... burn the devil out of me with your strap, dearest!" Whap! Whap! Whap! Seizing the brutal strap with both hands now, Niles commenced to flog Betsy with blind fury... on the back... on the pinkly blushing buttocks... on the thighs. Her muscles quivered and rippled with every stroke of the monstrous instrument of torment.

All the time, Niles kept a tiny corner of his attention focused on Mabel Gurney. How would Mabel take it? How would she respond to the punishment and degradation of her best friend? There was an enigmatic expression on her catlike face... a strange mixture of fear... and fascination... yes, and lust!

Now, Niles sensed that Mabel was approaching him from behind. He could feel her breath on his neck as she hung over him. She was very close... He could feel the tips of her melony tits graze his back. Would she try to grab the strap from his hand? He almost wished she'd try! At this point, he'd enjoy giving Mabel Gurney a little taste of what he was dishing out to his wife...!

But Mabel did nothing of the kind. Suddenly Niles could feel her arms lightly enclose him from behind. She glided her soft fingertips over his chest, titillating his nipples for an instant, then delving them gradually lower until her hands were inside his open fly. Then, nuzzling his ass with her belly and crotch, she whispered in his ear, "Oh Niles, I can't tell you how this stimulates me! I'm almost beside myself with desire!"

"What!" he gasped, his arm still rising and falling in a wholly mechanical rhythm as he continued to lash Betsy's cringing figure.

"Yes!" she gasped in his ear, "Niles, listen - I've taken off my shorts... can you feel my bare cunt smearing your ass through your pants? Niles, the sight of you tormenting Betsy's naked body like that makes me so hot I could come in my panties... if I were wearing panties!"

Now, catlike, she had slipped between his legs and was crouching in front of him. He could see that she had indeed removed her apricot-colored shorts and was completely naked from the waist down.

"Niles..." she implored him, her eyes blazing with perverted desire, "let me suck your prick while you beat the shit out of Betsy! I can watch from the corner of my eye while you do it. Oh please, Niles, grant me this one favor and I'll be your devoted friend for life. Please, let me suck your big sausage while I watch you slam that monstrous strap across Betsy's hide!"

Before Niles could utter a word, Betsy cried, "Let her do it, Niles! I deserve it. Let Mabel suck your dick while you degrade and humiliate me! Abase me, Niles... it's the only thing that will teach me a lesson. I deserve it!"

In the same instant, Mabel scooped Niles' twitching dick out of his fly and commenced to lick its sensitive underside. Keeping an intent eye cocked on Betsy's writhing, squirming body, Mabel gurgled, "Whip her harder! You're a man, Niles, a strong, vigorous, muscular male - can't you slam that strap into Betsy any harder than that? Oooh..."

Cuddling the rigid tool against her cheek, Mabel moaned, "Oh Niles, let me enjoy this moment... please, please, beat Betsy with all your might while I stuff your beautiful monstrous prick all the way into my mouth and suck every last bit of come from your balls! Please promise you won't relax your whipping for even one second while you shoot your scum down my throat... oh, this is the height of my desire, to suck a strong, virile cock while the man abuses a lovely naked woman... I may be

insane, Niles, but that's the way I am... here I go, Niles, I'm giving your balls one final lick before I plunge your prick into my mouth... Umm... here goes!"

And with that she sucked Niles' livid slab of squirming meat into her mouth and commenced to lick and suck it with enormous relish. All the time, she watched from a corner of her eye where Betsy's sweating form was shuddering under the impact of Niles' lash. Still bravely clutching her ankles as she bent double, Betsy's mouth was slavered with foam as she moaned, "Oh Niles... Niles... I never dreamed our marriage would be anything like this! I never dreamed you would have to punish me this way. I wanted to be a good wife to you, but I - Oooww... Oh! Oh!"

Betsy screeched as the rough leather skidded across her asshole, stinging the exquisitely sensitive little crater to a peak of shuddering agony. Releasing her ankles for the first time, Betsy now straightened up. Facing Niles squarely, she blurted, "Whip me up and down my front now, Niles. Lash the fronts of my thighs and abuse my tits! Slam the strap across my pussy. Don't be afraid, Niles... I have it coming to me!"

Mabel removed Niles' cock from her mouth for a moment to exclaim, "Do as she says, Niles! I want to see you leave huge masses of livid, ugly marks all up and down her front! Oh Niles, let me bind her hands behind her with my scarf so she can't protect herself. Can I do that, Niles? Please!"

And before Niles could either assent or object, Mabel had ripped the thin, silk scarf from around her neck and had securely bound Betsy's hands behind her. "Now whip her good!" Mabel urged, a look of demonic frenzy contorting her delicate features, "... and Niles, I love the feel and the taste of your prick in my mouth. But please be more aggressive! Fuck me in the mouth with your hot sausage. Pretend it's an instrument of torture. Pretend it's a red-hot bar of iron that you're slamming down my throat, and I'll pretend the same thing. Abuse my mouth with your rod, Niles!" She crammed the straining organ all the way into her mouth.

Now Niles was frenziedly fucking his thoroughly aroused cock down Mabel's throat while he continued to wield the lash across Betsy's writhing body. With her hands bound behind her, she was in no position to ward off Niles' barbaric blows. Her tits leaped about like two frightened puppies as she vainly sought to wriggle away from the whip. But the lash seemed to be everywhere at once. On her tits... on her sleekly out-curving belly... on her jiggling, jelly-soft thighs... everywhere!

Niles came with a sudden, explosive force that sent shock wave after shock wave pounding through his astonished frame. True to his promise, he did not relax his savage punishment of Betsy's sweating, straining body for even one instant while his cock vomited charge after charge of steaming, syrupy come into Mabel's lust-transfigured mouth. He could feel her tongue delightedly slithering along the underside of his cock while the tissues of her throat blissfully seized the huge knob of his ruthlessly pounding prick, pulling it further and further into her gullet, taking the full impact of his fire-hose stream into her belly, trying desperately to swallow the hot flood of Niles' come, moaning in rage as half the insistent stream welled up in her throat, overflowing her mouth, slobbering over her lips and dripping from her chin!

"Oh Niles," Betsy was groaning now, "can you ever forgive me? Can you ever forgive me for the filthy, rotten acts I've performed with animals? I've tried to resist the impulse, dearest, but the desire keeps creeping back no matter how sure I am that I've conquered it. I've been like this since I was a little girl... for as long as I can remember. Oh, I'd give anything to be a normal human being... content with my wonderful husband... content with human cock. Punish me as viciously as you wish, dearest, it's the only thing that will ever stop me from degrading myself!"

Mabel kneeled before Niles' dripping cock, his pearly-white scum dribbling unheeded from her lips. Her eyes held a strange, glazed expression. It was as if Niles' sperm were reacting on her like a powerful, narcotic drug. "Niles..." she begged in choked, husky tones, "give me the strap, please."

"What?"

"Give me the strap," she implored, "let me whip Betsy now! Please, Niles! You're exhausted now. I can see your arm is practically numb with fatigue. I can punish her better than you can now!"

"I-I don't think..." Niles began uncertainly.

"Hand her the strap," Betsy begged, "let her abuse me any way she likes. Oh Niles, savage, cruel

punishment is my only hope. I've been to psychiatrists... I've sought out professional help... nothing seems to make any difference. Punishment - horrible, vicious punishment is my last hope!"

Half-unwillingly, Niles surrendered the strap to Mabel's eager hands. She seemed possessed by an unholy passion as she forced Betsy once more to display her ass. Mabel literally shook and trembled with zeal as she plied the murderous leather back and forth across Betsy's cringing back, buttocks, and thighs.

After a moment, though, Mabel caught Niles' eye. "Come here, Niles," she whispered as she continued to slam the strap against her friend's well-ravaged back. Grudgingly, Niles obeyed. At this point, the effects of the alcohol were commencing to wear off and he was no longer sure that punishment was the cure for whatever ailed Betsy...

As soon as Niles drew near, Mabel whispered in his ear, "Let me handle your cock, Niles. Let me fondle your dick while I torment Betsy. It will give me the strength I need..." She did not wait for his response. Now, as her right arm slashed Betsy's ass and thighs with even greater fury than before, Mabel's left hand was busy caressing Niles' dick... squeezing out the final remnants of his come... mauling and squashing the blueberry rod of coarsely-veined meat in her well manicured fingers.

Now Mabel's blood-red fingernails were embedded in Niles' balls. Drawing him closer to her, she whispered, "I have an excellent idea, Niles! Betsy is our slave now. With her hands tied behind her back like that, she's practically powerless to resist us. Why don't you punish her in front while I torment her from behind?"

"How do you mean?" Niles inquired, regarding her doubtfully. He had never seen a woman so possessed with the urge to punish... to vilify by the foulest means possible. There was something terrifying about the cruel fires that blazed smokily behind Mabel's lovely, catlike eyes.

"Piss in her face!" Mabel hissed in his ear, "treat her like a common piece of shit. It's the only thing she understands!"

As it so happened, Niles' bladder was near to bursting at that point. He had not urinated since sometime that morning, and it was now evening. The tensions that had been building in him ever since the anonymous phone call came through had banished everything but Betsy from his mind. He was more than ready to go now. Yes, Mabel's suggestion was a good one. It would kill two birds with one stone...

He walked around to where Betsy was half-doubled forward, cringing under the impact of Mabel's vicious lash. Niles' cock was still dangling out of his fly. No longer erect, it was a huge, semi-flaccid rod of red, rubbery flesh. As soon as Betsy saw Niles' organ squirming lasciviously only a few inches from her face, like an obscene worm, she cried, "Oh Niles, are you going to let me suck your prick now? Oh darling, it's more than I deserve..."

Niles let fly. The thick stream of steaming, amber piss struck Betsy in the face with a force that made her gasp! Niles played the stream expertly over her features, flooding her mouth, her nose, her eyes, then bathing her titties in the noxious yellow fluid.

"Oh Niles!" Betsy gurgled, unable to breathe, unable to see as the hot liquid inundated her features, "I never thought you'd... uuuuggghh!"

Her words died in mid-sentence as her husband vengefully slammed the piss-spurting shaft between Betsy's flared lips and held it there... the foul liquid filling up her mouth, draining into her throat, regurgitating from her gullet into her nose and cascading from her nostrils down over her lips and chin!

Vengefully, Niles wormed his spewing tool even deeper into Betsy's throat. "Suck my piss, bitch!" he hissed contemptuously. "Go ahead - gulp it down! What's wrong with it? I'm sure you've done it for many a horse... many a common alley cur... for goats and pigs and hell only knows what other kind of beast...!"

"No, Niles, I never..." Betsy attempted to groan, but now the foul voiding of her husband's bladder was filling up her throat, literally drowning her in its steamy, foaming abundance! Piss was flooding from her mouth and nostrils at the same time, and still Niles prodded his cock ever more relentlessly into her gaping, agonized mouth!

And, at the same time, Mabel was frenziedly playing the lash back and forth, up and down Betsy's squirming, flinching body, raising an ugly, crisscrossing network of welts and bruises on the porcelain-like flesh from neck to ankles! Her face was like a fiend's as she slammed the leather against Betsy's hide again... and again... and again...!

At length, Betsy sank to her knees and sprawled, doll-like on the floor. Piss still bubbled from her mouth as she gasped, "Oh Niles... no more for now... I-I think I've learned my lesson... please, no more!"

Niles unbound her hands then and kissed her all over her urine-stained face and breasts. He murmured endearments in her ear. Somehow, during the ensuing few minutes, Mabel slipped out of sight. By the time Niles regained presence of mind enough to look for her, she was gone and her car had vanished too.

But - oddly enough - her apricot colored "hot pants" still remained where she had negligently flung them in a corner! Mabel had exited into the night half naked!

That was so like Mabel. It was typical of her catlike disposition to be contemptuous... uncaring... reckless in her every action! Niles licked his lips inadvertently as he thought of Mabel's lovely mouth clamping itself lasciviously onto the ardent meat of his great prick and sucking... sucking... sucking. I'll bet she'd be a great fuck, he mused, I wonder if she cares to have human cock between her legs... I wonder...

And then he sternly banished all such thoughts from his weary mind. Betsy was the woman he loved. Betsy was the only woman he cared to take into his bed.

Looking down at where she lay sprawled on the floor, he saw Betsy lick her lips. What was she thinking of! Was she taking perverse enjoyment from the taste of his piss! Or was she reveling in the remembered flavor of stronger stuff?

And he clenched his hands savagely as he remembered the thick, yellow horse come churning over Betsy's lips...!

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CHAPTER THREE

The following day, as he sat at his desk tormentedly turning over in his mind a confused jumble of thoughts, Niles at last came to a definite decision.

There was no longer any point in trying to play things by ear, he was sure. He had to find out what really lay at the root of Betsy's sickness. He couldn't go on from day to day, never knowing whether Betsy's perversity was something that would gradually wither in the normal course of married life... or whether it was more deep-seated than that.

Niles hated to think of the word "incurable". But if Betsy were truly incurable, now was the time to find out.

She had mentioned that psychiatrists had been unable to help her. She had also mentioned that her preference for animals extended deep into her childhood.

Niles was determined to learn something of that childhood. To speak with her mother and father, if possible. He had never met them. Betsy was reluctant even to speak of them. She seemed so eager to forget her origins... to start life all over, as she expressed it, a new, rewarding life with Niles that would obliterate even the memory of the past.

And yet - how strange! - the past seemed determined to haunt her. Try as she might, she could not shake off its baleful shadow.

Pressing his fingers to his temples, Niles attempted to recall the little that Betsy had imparted of her family. Her family name was... Culver... yes, that was it - Culver! They lived in a place called Morgansville, a tiny, backwoods place located in a remote corner of a neighboring state. What else did he know about them? Nothing, he had to admit. Absolutely nothing.

Niles had his secretary bring in an atlas. Searching over a map of the neighboring state, Niles saw

that Morgansville wasn't nearly as far away as he had imagined. It was small, yes, and situated in an isolated, mountainous region. It was hardly distinguishable on the map. But half a day's hard driving would bring him there!

Niles formed his decision on the spot. He would proceed to Morgansville today. Now. He cursed himself for not having thought of this sooner. He might have saved himself untold grief.

There was no formality about taking off. Thank heavens, his real estate brokerage firm was in good shape - it could easily be left in the hands of his assistant for a day or two. He owed no one an explanation but Betsy. That was easily handled too. A phone call, explaining that business had called him to New York for an overnight stay, did the trick.

Then Niles was on his way. He had smooth sailing for about three-quarters of the way. Then the smooth, four-lane highway gave way to a confusing tangle of semi-improved lanes. These grew more primitive as he went on.

It was early evening by the time Niles drew into Morgansville. It was hardly more than a place where two roads come together. A few ramshackle houses. A general store. A gasoline pump. That was about it.

Niles made some discreet inquiries at the store. He found that Rufe and Nelda Culver did not actually live in the village. They had a small, gone-to-seed farm about a mile down the road. "You'll have to look hard beyond the trees to find the farmhouse," the girl declared, "but it's there."

Niles wondered what kind of reputation the Culvers had in the neighborhood. A funny kind of smirk had spread across the face of the girl behind the counter as soon as he mentioned the name. Yes... clearly there was a mystery here!

Niles found the Culver farmhouse without too much trouble. For a moment he thought it might have been deserted - it looked so lonely and run-down. But as he left the car, a dog romped out from under the porch and began to growl at his heels. Then the door creaked open and a woman was outlined against the shadowy interior.

She could, with a bare minimum of attention, have been an extremely attractive female. She seemed to be in her early thirties. Her feet were bare and her long, ash-blond hair was tangled and unkempt. Her thin, rather sweet face bore the lines that spoke of worry and hardship. But her figure was still slim and voluptuous in its contours. Her legs had the exquisite molding of a twenty-year-old's. And her breasts were still firm and erect. She obviously wore nothing underneath - not even a bra - and one nipple protruded negligently through her torn dress.

Could this be Betsy's sister? Niles wondered. He recalled vaguely that Betsy had once mentioned a sister. But she'd said nothing about age.

The woman regarded him with clear hostility. "Come around later!" she blurted. "Eight o'clock. We're not ready for you yet!"

Ready? Ready for what? Niles decided to come to the point at once. "Are you Betsy's sister?" he inquired, "my name is Niles Dawson. I'm Betsy's husband..."

The woman retreated a step. Her manner changed in a flash. Sullen hostility was instantly replaced by relief. Relief... and confusion. "Oh for mercy's sake!" she cried, "I-I never imagined..." She swallowed hard, then said, "Come in, please!"

She let Niles brush past her. Then, before shutting the door, she cast what seemed to be an anxious look down the road. Apparently satisfied, she turned her pathetic gaze on Niles. Gesturing toward the dilapidated sofa, she said, "Sit down, please. No, I'm not Betsy's sister. I'm her mother..."

Niles' astonishment must have written all over his features because she instantly added, "We're not so different in age as you might imagine, Mr. Dawson. I was only thirteen when I had Betsy. I guess that surprises you too, doesn't it? Well, out here in the backwoods, we don't wait as long as you city folks!"

Her face colored as she said this. Noting her embarrassment, Niles quickly said, "I'm not going to beat about the bush, Mrs. Culver. You weren't invited to the wedding because Betsy was determined not to have any of her family present. I didn't understand it at the time. And now that Betsy and I have lived together for some time, I find there are other things about her that I don't understand

either..."

A look of genuine pain flitted across the woman's features. "Like what?" she inquired in tones barely above a whisper.

"Betsy... I don't quite know how to say this... Betsy has a liking for animals that's not altogether normal..."

"Heavens above..." The woman's words came as a tortured gasp. "I was afraid of this. I hoped that as soon as she got married, things would be different."

"Different?" Niles voice was urgent now. "Different from what? Mrs. Culver, I want to know everything about Betsy you can tell me..."

At that moment, a young girl ran into the room from the kitchen. One glance convinced Niles that the youngster could only be Betsy's sister. The silky-fine blond hair... the delicate features... the impish, sprightly air... all were the same. The girl was clutching a young puppy to her chest.

"Lynn!" Mrs. Culver spoke sharply, "go outside! I told you before not to come busting in like this when we got visitors!" The youngster disappeared.

Mrs. Culver waited till she heard the back door slam. Then, still speaking in faint, whispery tones, she said, "I don't want the kid to overhear anything she might repeat. Mr. Dawson..."

"Call me Niles," he interjected swiftly.

"All right," she said, with the ghost of a smile, "and you can call me Nelda. Anyhow, Niles, this isn't a good time for us to talk. I'm expecting my husband - Rufe - back any minute. He'd rip the hide off me if he knew I was talking to you without him on hand. I..."

She hesitated for a long moment. Then, biting her lips, she said, "If you want to know all about Betsy - more than any words of mine can explain - come back around eight tonight. There'll be lots of other folks around here by then and you can get lost in the crowd. Don't wear a jacket or a tie like you got on now. Rump yourself up some. Put a chew of tobacco in your mouth."

"Then, after you've seen what there is to be seen, don't hang around. Get off the property fast. You'll have some more questions, but the best time to ask them is around the early part of tomorrow afternoon. Not before then. Understand?"

"No," he admitted, standing up, "but I'll try to follow your instructions." She went to the door and opened it. As he went past her, he looked her square in the face. The fear was still there. But now he could see another emotion struggling with the fear. It looked like a timid, flickering kind of hope!

Niles drove about ten miles down the road until he found something like a primitive motel. He rested a bit. By the time he had crammed down a few bites of supper it was nearly eight. Time to return to the Culver farm.

The shadows were deep in the hills by the time he drove up and parked on the edge of the farm. His car was just one of several dozen. Quite a throng was milling about in the barnyard. Farmers... mechanics... loafers... it was quite a mixed bag. Niles did his best to blend in with the throng.

Now what happened? he wondered. He didn't have to wait long. It was only a minute before the mob began to move around the barn. Niles tagged along. There was a funny smell in the air.

The funny smell came from the pigs. Rufe Culver had a few pigsties in back of the barn. The crowd quickly assembled around a few square yards of vile-smelling mud that the hogs obviously used to wallow in when the weather was warm.

A hog was wallowing there now. A huge brute of an animal that snorted and grunted obscenely as he rolled in the filth with a smaller, younger pig.

No... wait! The other creature... it wasn't a pig at all. It was a girl! It was a young, naked girl that romped in the fetid mud with the slavering hog! And not just any girl. It was Betsy's sister. It was Lynn!

Niles' eyes bugged. Oblivious of the elbows that ruthlessly jostled him as the throng of prurient sensation-seekers fought for a closer look, Niles forged his way to the very edge of the hog-wallow. He had to be sure. He had to be absolutely certain his eyes were not deceiving him. No - this was no illusion. It was Betsy's sister who was groveling in the mud with a barnyard brute!

She was a lovely little thing. Smearred with filth as she was... her silvery blonde hair matted and

tangled with dirt and slime, a kind of pristine radiance shone through. She was completely naked. Her budding titties were two tiny cupcakes on her flat little chest. Her pussy-hair - a ridiculous frosting of blonde fuzz at the divine triangle where thighs and belly met - looked as though it would melt like sugar in the shower. She was obviously very young - no more than a few months past her first period, perhaps.

What is this, a wrestling match? Niles wondered. Then, as he heard the sly remarks being exchanged about him... as he heard the repressed giggles from the women - for women as well as men were present at the obscene spectacle - the full horror of the scene burst on Niles.

He stared closer. This was no wrestling match. The great, brutish hog was fucking Lynn! This angel-faced youngster was actually spreading her legs for this monster... inviting the beast to ream his strange, squirmy-looking penis into the pinkly gleaming pussylips that peeped shyly between her slender young thighs!

And Lynn was laughing! The innocent-looking little girl actually seemed to be enjoying herself! "Stick your little dickie where I pee-pee, won't you please, Mr. Pig?" she was cajoling the animal, "oh please, I want it so much!"

Then, as the monstrous creature seemed to hesitate, she felt between his legs, fingering the strange, curving cock with expert hands. "Oh!" she cried, smiling, "it's not even hard yet. Well, we'll fix that!" And, before Niles' unbelieving eyes, the youngster actually intruded her head between the hog's squirming legs and took his cock in her mouth! Yes... little Lynn... his own wife's sister... took the filthy, mud-dripping pig's penis between her petal-soft, petal-pink lips and commenced to suck the vile object with as much relish as if it were a peppermint stick!

It was plain that the hog was becoming aroused. Darting an eager tongue from between his fat, slavering lips, the creature began to lick avidly at Lynn's pussy, lapping up the fragrant juice that was oozing from between her legs with noisy, gurgling slurps.

Lynn raised her head from the pig's crotch. Her features were now entirely smeared with mud and her mouth was dribbling slime as she cried, "All right, Mr. Pig - you can fuck me now! I've made your prickie nice and hard!"

Now the hog was ready. As Lynn threw her pretty arms about him in a revolting embrace, the animal snuggled his hindquarters against her crotch... trying... searching... Now! Now he had succeeded in penetrating her. The enormous hog was actually reaming his avid cock into gentle Lynn's exquisite young body. Betsy's sister was allowing herself to be tossed and slammed and squashed about in the filth and mud as she was fucked within an inch of her life by a grunting, slobbering barnyard pig!

Niles stole a shamefaced glance at the crowd around him. It was evident that the onlookers were becoming aroused too. Conspicuous bulges had appeared in all the male onlookers' pants. One sixteen-year-old boy had found the spectacle too much to endure passively. He had unzipped and was openly jerking himself.

The women were not immune either. One, a bespectacled female of about thirty, who looked as if she might very well be a schoolteacher, had reached up under her skirt and was ecstatically finger-fucking herself as she enthusiastically observed the degrading spectacle. Her eyes were fixed in a trance-like stare as she crooned to herself, "Oh yes, piggie, fuck the little bitch! Fuck her till your dick shoots out her asshole! Fuck the shit out the little cunt!" Her fingers dripped with her hot juices.

The hog needed no encouragement. Thoroughly aroused by now, the huge beast was plowing Lynn with all the vigor in his massive bulk, grunting and screaming as his passion mounted, grinding Lynn's tiny body into the mud. At this point, the youngster's fragile frame was black with mud from head to toe.

"Ooooh!" she squealed, "what a good fucker you are, Mr. Pig! Aaaaagghh... I can feel you coming inside me, piggie! Fuck me hard... harder! Oh, I love the feel of your hot cream shooting out of your funny-looking pig prick...!"

The moment of climax was soon over. As soon as the animal had shot its load, it wandered off to a corner of the wallow and fell into an immediate doze. The crowd began to wander away too.

"Is that the end of the show?" Niles asked a bearded farmer nearby.

The man grinned. "Best part's still to come," he advised Niles. "Now we go into the barn. Come along." Niles followed as the throng made its way into the weather-beaten old barn.

A single light burned inside - a powerful bulb suspended from the rafters by a cable. The unshielded bulb cast a hellish glare on the crowd as it milled restlessly about. It was plain that most of the degenerates had become thoroughly stimulated by the revolting performance they had just witnessed. Men's hands were creeping brazenly up under the women's skirts. Some of the females were unabashedly unbuttoning their dresses, allowing their tits to dangle out the front in the most enticing fashion possible. A middle-aged couple near Niles were unashamedly masturbating one another; they stood in close embrace, the woman with her hand inside the man's fly, the male fondling his partner right through the fabric of her dress. A huge dark blotch had spread over the front of her garment at crotch-level as her cunt-juices spewed from her excited pussylips and soaked into the flimsy cotton.

The crowd seemed to be gathering around a rope-enclosed area in the center of the barn. Niles forced his way through the jostling mob till he had an unimpeded view of the area. There was nothing there but a female sheep that was tethered to a stake. Now what? he wondered.

An excited murmur ran through the assemblage. Something was about to happen... yes... a young boy was being guided through the dense mob by an older man. Now the boy was in the roped off area. Some of the female spectators uttered shrieks of delight. "Oh Alby!" one of them screamed, "would I love to suck yours!"

The boy blushed modestly. He seemed uncomfortable in his completely naked state and it was plain that the screaming women confused him. About fourteen years of age, he strongly resembled Betsy in the delicacy of his features. Niles wondered... Betsy had never mentioned having a brother, but there were so many things she had left unmentioned...

Niles felt his stomach become queasy as he watched the youngster kneel down behind the sheep. Now the boy was easing his dick between the sheep's legs... he was smearing his limp cock against the animal's belly... against the animal's cunt... trying to stimulate himself... trying to stiffen the pale pink lump of flesh that dangled between his thighs.

"Hey Alby!" one of the female spectators cried, "if you can't get it up, just lay your pretty little prick on my tongue, I'll stiffen it for you in a hurry!" As she spoke, she hung over the rope and flared her lips in an obscene parody of wetly sucking kiss.

"Oh no, that's all right..." the boy murmured shyly.

Now a stern masculine voice barked from a corner of the roped-off patch of floor. "Let 'er do it, Alby!" the man barked, "the people come here to see you fuck, not to jerk your cock! Let the woman stiffen it for you!"

Niles glanced keenly at the man who had spoken up. It was the same one who had led Alby through the mob... an evil-looking, rawboned man who looked as if he could snap a man's spine with a single twitch of his powerful arms.

"You tell 'em, Rufe!" a man shouted, "let's see a little action here!"

Rufe! Niles' heart skipped a beat. Could this be Rufe Culver - Betsy's father? Good heaven, was this lout the father of his bride?

Apparently, the boy knew better than to protest. Slowly, timorously, he approached the woman who had uttered the ribald invitation and thrust his pale naked hips toward her.

Instantly the woman was on her knees, gulping the youngster's slim, daintily formed dick into her mouth, kissing it, sucking it, sloshing the superbly molded tool around in the warm wetness between tongue and palate while she fondled his testicles with avidly groping fingers!

The boy's penis stiffened quickly. As soon as it was hard, he yanked it from between the woman's lips and knelt behind the anxiously bleating sheep once more. Now he was easing it into the animal's vagina... now he was eagerly fucking the compliant beast!

It was plain he had done this many times before. "Oooh," he was murmuring to himself, "of all the sheep in the pasture, I love fucking you the best, Maggie! I only wish you could speak... I only wish

you could tell me if you like it as much as I do... Maggie, Maggie, my best girlfriend..."

Some of the onlookers tittered as they heard this. Niles heard a man say, "He means it, too! That's his favorite sheep. He can pick her out of a whole pastureful. I've seen him fuck her by the hour. I've watched him suck her pussy too, when he thought nobody was looking..."

Good heavens! Niles thought, his face burning with shame... what's going on here? What have I stumbled into? Is there no limit to this family's depravity?

Alby screwed the sheep twice. It took him about five minutes to climax the first time. The second time it took about fifteen minutes. The boy was dripping with sweat and appeared on the verge of exhaustion when Rufe led him away, but he seemed to have enjoyed every moment of his experience. Now the crowd's attention was diverted to a low platform that stood, solidly braced, against one end of the barn. Niles had not noticed this before. Now, as his eyes adjusted to the rather dim illumination in this remote portion of the gloomy old structure, he saw something that made him recoil in horror.

It was a woman's form... her legs and hips draped over the edge of the wooden platform. An enormous plow-horse was being led toward her. There was no question in Niles' mind as to what was now to transpire. The plow-horse was to mount the woman... he was to place his front hooves on the platform, thrust his murderous ramrod into her pussy, and fuck the poor woman until he had fully satisfied his ravaging, brute lust on her soft, acquiescent flesh!

But the full impact of loathing did not strike Niles until he saw who it was whose trembling femininity was exposed to the brute's violation. It was Betsy's mother - Nelda Culver!

Niles could see her face quite clearly now. It was contorted in a heart-rending mixture of terror and disgust. If Niles had been physically able, he would have gone to her. But the crowd was clearly in no mood to be cheated of its degenerate spectacle. And, besides, Rufe was near at hand, a bullwhip in his hand, alert for any sign of trouble.

As soon as the great animal caught sight of Nelda he whinnied eagerly. His huge, slab-like tongue flicked out and scoured her asscrack. The throng yelled its approval. Now the beast had his front hooves on the platform... now he was inching his stupendous sashweight-like cock toward Nelda's exposed pussy.

Now... oh no! If Niles could have gotten his hands on Rufe at that instant, he would have strangled him on the spot! Rufe reached out, sent the bullwhip skidding across the horse's hindquarters like a ribbon of flame and the frightened animal slammed his foot-long, steely hard prick into Nelda's spasmodically quivering pussy with sledgehammer fury!

While Niles gasped in impotent rage, the crowd clapped cheered. He heard one of the women exclaim in awestruck tones to her companion, "Holy smoke, did you see the cock on that beast? I'd hate to have that thing ripping into my guts!"

Her male companion merely smiled. "Would you like to have my thing ripping into your guts?" he inquired.

"I'd love it," the woman replied, her eyes flashing, "Oh Tommy, I'd love to have your greasy sausage inside me while we watch that woman get fucked silly by that huge animal! Stand behind me, please, and stick your dong between my legs, and I'll guide your prick inside my twat... that's right, oh this is heaven, Tommy!"

Yes, right there in the midst of the crowd, the woman had shamelessly lifted her skirt and allowed her companion to insert his swollen penis into her from behind! Now, as he began to rock his eager dick deeper and deeper inside her, she was moaning, "Yes, this is really and truly heaven, to have your cock plowing me while that beast reams his big, hairy tool in and out of that woman's cunt... what a rotten pig she must be to allow a thing like that...! I've done some low, slimy things in my day, Tommy, you know that - but I've never had sex with an animal! Oh Tommy, fuck me harder... fuck me with all your might! I think that horse is going to climax. I want to feel your scum scalding my insides the exact same instant that woman gets a good, blistering dose of horse-come inside her guts! Oooh... there he goes...!"

Now the horse was frothing at the mouth. His eyes rolled wildly in his skull as he hunched frenziedly

over Nelda's helpless form and commenced to buck his hindquarters against the plump rotundity of her milky-white, marshmallow-soft ass with greater fury than before. The violence of his bayonet thrusts lifted Nelda from the platform with every bestial lunge, leaving her hips and torso to hover in mid-air for a second before they collapsed to the platform again with a sickening thump!

Now the animal was climaxing. Niles could actually hear the sizzling hiss of the plow-horse's lava-like sperm as it vomited into the raw, red hamburger of Nelda's poor, abused twat. Her eyes were closed, her lovely mouth was a twisted scar as she passively endured the final paroxysm of mindless, animal lust.

Now the creature was satisfied. Yanking his cock from Nelda's crotch with an obscene "Plop!" - like the drawing of a cork from a champagne bottle - he rested his fore-hooves on the earth once more and began to sniff the hay that was brought for him.

Nelda lay there, inert. Niles could see she was only semi-conscious. But she still excited the lust of the men in the crowd. A great flood of gluey, yellow horse-sperm was now gushing from her pussylips and drooling viscously down her sore, red thighs. Even in the dim light it was easy to see how the rough, stiff horse bristles had rasped and scourged the delicate flesh. Her ass and the rear portions of her thighs were as red and sore as if she had been whipped with knotted thongs.

A man fought his way free of the throng and rushed up to where Nelda lay, her legs and hips dangling over the edge of the platform. Avidly diving his face between her thighs, he commenced to lap and suck the thick, custardy horse scum that purred lazily down the insides of her legs!

Another man - a scrawny, gangling youth-attempted to join him at his loathsome repast. The first man thrust the newcomer aside with a vehemence that sent him sprawling in the dust. With a fierce look intended to discourage any others harboring similar notion, he then returned to lapping the syrupy slime that drooled from Nelda's violated pussy. As soon as he had licked her legs and thighs free of the noxious ooze, he voraciously delved his face within her crotch and, hungrily fastening his dripping, scum-encrusted lips on her pussylips, he commenced to suck the huge, steaming cargo of viscid horse sperm from Nelda's over-brimming cunt cavern!

Niles was startled to hear a feminine voice close beside him ask, "What did you think of the show?"

Looking down, he found himself being addressed by a slim, attractively garbed young woman who appeared to be in her mid-twenties. She might have been regarded as pretty if it were not for the hare-lip that disfigured her otherwise comely features.

"You're a stranger around here, aren't you?" the young woman persisted, "I don't recall ever seeing you around before."

"That's right," Niles replied, trying hard not to appear too flustered. "I-I'm staying overnight at the motel down the road away, and... well... you know, I was kind of in the mood for a little entertainment. Somebody told me about this place." He shuddered at the memory. "I thought it was the rottenest, most revolting exhibition I've ever witnessed anywhere," he added grimly.

The girl jutted out her underlip defiantly. Her gaze met his unflinchingly as she declared, "Oh, yeah, it's a crummy show, all right. It's a filthy, degrading spectacle. That's why I like it!"

Niles eyes shot skyward in surprise.

"Yes!" the girl went on brazenly. "I love to see pretty women being defiled and degraded. It makes me feel good..." Her hand stole involuntarily toward her hare-lip. "When you're handicapped and deformed like me, it gives you a good feeling of revenge to see attractive women being treated like shit!"

Her keen, blazing eyes roved his features for a moment. "You don't understand what I mean, do you?" she asked.

"I'm not sure I do..."

"Hell!" she barked bitterly, "if you had to exchange places with me for a couple of days, you'd know soon enough. These backwoods clods... these yahoos that live around here... unless a girl is pretty, they treat her like a common piece of horse shit! Do you know how hard it is to get dates when you've got a handicap like mine? The fellows just sneer at you. They imitate the twisted way I have to hold my lip... they mock the funny way I talk. I haven't had a date in over a year..."

She was becoming so excited her words commenced to trip over one another. She clenched her fists and her voice became a guttural snarl as she glared at the milling crowd about them.

Niles felt it his duty to soothe her. "Well, I'm sure it's not quite as bad as you make out..." he ventured.

She turned on him like a tigress. "A fat, fucking lot you know about it!" she spat, "a beautiful, handsome stud like you who never had to think for one second what it's like to be ugly!" She lowered her voice to an anguished moan as she said, "Some people say Rufe is too cruel to his wife. Some soft-hearted fools say you shouldn't treat a pretty woman like Nelda Culver so mean. I say he's too good to her! You should have seen the exhibition he put on about a month ago. It was super!"

"Oh well, what was it like?" Niles inquired, almost fearing to know.

"It was great! He really treated her like a turd. You know what he did? - he made her fuck a donkey! Yes, he had her down on her hands and knees getting fucked by this beat-up, mangy old donkey and at the same time he forced her to suck off a goat!"

"Oh wow! You don't really mean he made that poor woman..."

"Poor woman, shit!" the girl sneered.

"And that wasn't all. And then he made her lay under the donkey while the donkey pissed all over her and after that he forced her to suck the piss off the donkey's dick and while she was doing that, a lot of the men in the crowd were grabbing at her and some of them were yanking and jerking at her tits while others were trying to stick their fingers up her pussy and one guy even had his finger all the way up her ass and was goosing the shit out of her ass while she was licking all the piss off the donkey's hairy dick!"

As she spoke, Niles involuntarily clenched his fists till the nails drew blood from his palms. "That bastard...!" he muttered through gritted teeth, "that filthy, degenerate bastard..."

"Oh yeah!" the girl laughed, "old Rufe really makes that wife and kids of his put on a show! But they can't really compare with the show he used to stage... when his oldest daughter was still on the farm... I think her name was Betsy."

"Betsy!"

The girl's mouth hung open in surprise.

"You sound like you know her," she explored.

Niles' gaze fell away from hers. "I thought for just a second... but no, I'm sure it couldn't be the same person. You say Rufe has an older daughter?"

"Yes," the girl responded enthusiastically, "and when Betsy was still on the farm, Rufe put on exhibitions that were really something! Betsy really had the hots for animals. She wasn't faking it. The shows would last all night, sometimes. She would get down on a sheep or a dog or a goat and suck its cock hour after hour, making the poor thing shoot its load again and again until she'd squeezed it dry. And at the same time, she loved to have some other creature - a cow, say - lick her ass and her pussy. She'd hold the lips of her cunt wide open as she could get 'em with both hands so the cow could get practically its entire tongue up inside her and then she'd use the animal's tongue like a dick and try to climax at the same instant the goat or dog was erupting inside her mouth. You should have seen her after a night's performance - her face all smeared with animal sperm... her neck and tits all encrusted with goat or sheep-come... and her body just dripping with filth from where some of the animals shit and pissed all over her..."

Niles' voice was a dry croak as he inquired, "How - how long ago was it when she used to do this?"

"Oh, it was quite awhile ago," the girl replied after a moment's reflection, "I was pretty young myself when I sneaked into the shows. I'd say Betsy must have been about ten years old when I first saw her being fucked silly by a horse..."

Niles tried to force the image from his mind, but the livid image of horror would not fade. His wife... beautiful, blonde Betsy... coupling with animals before a grinning mob of degenerates... and only ten years old...!

His eyes searched the gloom. What were they doing to Nelda now? But Nelda had disappeared. Apparently Rufe had dragged her away. The show was over. But the crowd was in no mood to

disperse. Their appetites whetted to the point of delirium by the degrading spectacle, they were ready for action now.

The men who had female companions were losing no time in availing themselves of the delectable flesh that lay between the women's legs. Some of the lone, single men were unabashedly jerking their cocks in full view of their neighbors. The females were by no means stingy in doling out their favors. Inflamed to white heat by the revolting drama they had just witnessed, most of the women were more than willing to take a stranger's cock into their mouths while their boyfriend or husband screwed them in whatever position he found most convenient.

In no time at all, every woman in the place was claimed by at least two males.

Everyone - except the harelippped girl!

"You see," she murmured bitterly to Niles, "you see how it is? Nobody wants me..." Then, a desperate light flaring in her woeful eyes, she cried, "Fuck me! Please... you're the only man in this whole place who looks like he knows the meaning of the word, kindness! Be kind... look, I'll let you do anything to me you like..." Her hands fumbled frenziedly at Niles' fly. "You got a big cock, I can feel it! Stick it into any hole you like. And if you can't find one, make one!"

Now she had scooped Niles' rapidly stiffening prong out of his pants. Raking her skirt up to waist-level, she smeared it back and forth across her bare belly. Mashing her cheek against Niles', she murmured passionately, "Fuck me right where I stand. I love to fuck in front of people. I haven't had anything in almost a year. Are you ashamed to screw me, mister? Is that why you haven't had your hand down inside the front of my dress, feeling up my tits? Is that why you haven't tried to grab my ass..."

Niles felt himself melting. The woman was a weirdie, no doubt about that. She was warped and twisted in her tastes. But she was suffering too. And there was no question about it, people could be cruel to a deformed person.

He looked down. The girl had drawn her skirt up to breast-level now. Her pendulous jugs were like two magnificent honey pots. Allowing his eyes to stray lower, he fixed them on the outswelling puff of succulent flesh that was her cunt. The girl's snatch was a steaming jungle morass... a lush, pink landscape drenched in fragrant fluids and overrun with matted tendrils of chestnut-brown bush. His eyes reveled in the swampy vision... he could smell the gaping cunt... he could almost taste it... thick saliva drooled from Niles' unwilling lips.

Then, with a hoarse cry, he was on his knees and his face was buried in the spongy cleft between the girl's legs and her meaty thighs were embracing his cheeks, and his tongue and his lips and nose were deep inside her, his tongue thrusting imperiously far up under her belly while his lips greedily sucked the crystalline ambrosia that was flooding down over his face, and now his hands were groping over her buttocks and between the convulsively shuddering, steep-sloped mounds, and first one finger was up her ass and then two.

"Yes... yes..." the girl was whimpering, "make your fingers fuck my shitty ass and make your tongue fuck my hot whore's cunt... oh mister..."

And now Niles could feel the orgasmic juices boiling out of her guts and cascading down over his face and neck, and her asshole had clamped a ring of steel on his fingers... he could sense that she was coming in her cunt and her ass at the same time.

His dick, still protruding like a monstrous billy-club from his fly, was in deepest agony. His balls were churning, seething with his simmering come, ready to fling their creamy burden at the touch of a hand... the merest touch.

Holy smoke! This was incredible! With his face wedged deep inside the girl's juice-spurting snatch, Niles couldn't see what was happening down between his legs, but suddenly he felt a pair of sweetly-cool feminine lips lock themselves on his twitching, straining prick and commence to suck!

The next few minutes were a continuous paroxysm of delight as Niles thirstily gulped the aromatic syrup that gushed from the girl's orgasmically shimmying snatch... as he felt her climaxing asshole kiss his fingers again and again... and as he pumped his seething cargo of foaming sperm into the unseen female's lovingly slurping mouth.

When it was all over, and he had regained some slight control over his deranged senses, Niles looked to see who it had been that crouched between his legs and so blissfully sipped his nectar. But she was gone. He saw a vague figure that might have been her slip into the swirling mob... but she was only a momentary flash of white... would he ever know?

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## CHAPTER FOUR

Nelda Culver tried to appear composed as she asked, "Do you see now, why I wanted you to return last night and see with your own eyes the sort of things that go on out here?"

It was the following afternoon. Nelda had done her pathetic best to arrange her hair becomingly. She had donned a cheap, modest frock. She was the very image now of lower-middle-class respectability.

But Niles could not blot out the image of the naked woman who had writhed obscenely beneath the battering impact of a lust-crazed animal as he replied, "Yes, Nelda, it's clear now. If I hadn't seen that... that revolting orgy with my own eyes, I would never have believed. No words could have made me believe that a fine-looking woman like yourself... and those beautiful children..."

She nodded quickly. "Now that you've seen the worst, I feel I owe you a complete explanation," she said in a low voice. "To me, life has become a living nightmare. I never dreamed when I married him, that Rufe could descend to the level of his barnyard beasts. But Rufe was never much of a farmer. He was never good at any kind of trade. So, some years ago, when Betsy was still a child, he hit on this way of making money. He started giving these shows."

"At first, the animals weren't involved at all. It... it was just him and myself. He forced me to perform intercourse with him in front of a small paying audience. Gradually the audiences got larger. And then they wanted stronger stuff. So Rufe compelled me to have sex with dogs. Then with larger animals. The people not only wanted to see me degrade myself with beasts, they also wanted to see me abused and tormented."

"So Rufe gave them that, too. What you saw last night was just a small sample of the physical torture I've endured. But the thing that revolted me the most was Rufe's insistence on drawing the children into the act. I think I could have endured anything myself. But I could scream every time I think of what he's done to the kids."

"I guess I don't have to tell you what he did to Betsy. By the time she ran away from home, she was thoroughly corrupted. Now he's corrupting Lynn and Alby, too..." Her voice broke off in a sob. "I swear I would do anything... anything! - if I could get the kids away from Rufe's influence until they're old enough to judge for themselves the difference between right and wrong..."

Niles' lips were set in a thin, bloodless line as he watched the play of emotions across Nelda's face. At last he asked, "What prevents you?"

She shrugged. "Where could we go?" she sighed. "I've got no way of supporting two growing youngsters. And besides, Rufe watches us like a hawk..."

"Where is he now?"

She bit her lips nervously. "He's over in the next town at the lumber yard. He wants to rebuild the platform in the barn. You know the one I mean... where the horse and I... I mean..."

"I know," Niles interjected grimly. "How long will he be gone, do you know?"

"I expect him back in less than an hour," she replied. "So maybe it's best if you went right now, Niles..."

"I'm going!" he snapped. "And you're going with me!"

"What?" Her lips curled in credulous relief.

"Yes... you and the kids. I've been thinking about this ever since last night. I've already made up my mind. If you're willing, I'd like to take you to New York. I live in Westchester, but my office is in the city, and I'd be able to help you get a job and a decent place to live and all the rest. What do you

say?"

"Oh heavens! I..." Her fingers fluttered at her throat for a moment. Then she cried: "Yes! Yes!" She ran to the back door and flung it wide. "Children!" she called, "Lynn! Alby! - come inside, please! I have wonderful news...!"

Thus it was that, a scant half-hour later, Niles was speeding over the back roads of the countryside with Nelda close beside him in the front seat. The children, bewildered by the suddenness of events, sat silently in the rear. Each clutched a small bundle of personal belongings - the few pitiful possessions they could scrape together in the few minutes at their disposal.

"Oh, this is just marvelous!" Nelda enthused, "and Niles, I want you to know I'll make everything up to you someday, just as soon as I..." She broke off sharply as an animal-like whimper was heard over the persistent whir of the wheels.

"What in the world..." she began. Her face flooded crimson as she saw the source of whimper. Lynn was cradling a small puppy her lap. She had raked up her short skirt above her hips and now the puppy was eagerly lapping at the youngster's boldly displayed snatch!

Nelda was nearly beside her with revulsion and shame. "Lynn!" she cried, "didn't I clearly instruct you not to bring any animals along?"

The girl's eyes clouded with tears. "But Spot is my friend..." she sobbed, "I-I just couldn't leave him behind..."

White with anger now, Nelda cried, "Take that animal from between your legs! Don't let him lick you in that disgusting fashion! You deliberately smuggled that creature into your bundle after I asked you not to, didn't you?"

Shamefacedly, the girl murmured, "Yes. I'm sorry, Mommy, but I didn't think there was any harm." Reluctantly she pried the puppy's eager mouth away from her gaping vagina and placed on the floor. "You see?" Nelda whispered. "You see why I'm so anxious to put the children in a healthier environment? Lynn doesn't mean anything by her actions. It's just that Rufe has got them so thoroughly confused that they can't tell night from day. They can't distinguish normal sex from perversion now."

It was nearly dark by the time the weary little band of travelers emerged from the Lincoln Tunnel in midtown Manhattan. "I know a good, economical hotel," Niles said as he skillfully threaded the car through the dense traffic. "As you know, I'd like nothing better than to have you all come to live with me and Betsy. But I think we'd better defer that until Betsy and I have straightened out our own difficulties. I'm not even going to mention this to her. As far as she'll know, you're still back on the farm."

It was only a few minutes before the car glided to a stop outside a small hotel in a good neighborhood in the east thirties. Niles signed Nelda and the two children into their room and paid the first week's rent in advance.

"I've got to run now," he said, once the group was comfortably ensconced in their large, pleasant room. "I've got to get back to Westchester and find out what Betsy has been up to in my absence. I'll phone you from my office tomorrow morning."

Niles was as good as his word. He had many valuable business connections in the city and was able to suggest several places where Nelda might obtain a job as a clerk or office assistant. He had even set up several appointments for her and Nelda spent practically the entire day at interviews. She returned to the hotel that evening in a fine glow she was sure it would be only a question of a day or two before she had a decently paying job that would put her on the road to independence.

Her glow faded and sputtered out like a damp firecracker when she pushed open the door to her room and saw what the children were up to. Both of them were naked. Lynn was lying supine on the floor while an enormous police dog enthusiastically rammed its stubby cock between her creaming pussylips. Alby was clutching a sheepdog in his arms and attempting to force his poker-stiff dick up the animal's vagina!

A sharp, stinging rebuke formed to the very edge of Nelda's lips. Then, by a supreme effort, she forced it back.

The time was past for rebukes. It was also too late for punishment. For a number of months the ghost of an idea had flitted through Nelda's brain. Horrified at her boldness, she had always repressed it. Now, however, with the kids well beyond Rufe's influence, she knew the time had come to put it into action.

There is only one way, she told herself, to conquer an evil habit. And that is to substitute a better one in its place.

A better one... she repeated grimly. Not necessarily a good one. But at least a better one!

So, instead of flying into a rage, she went over to where Lynn was lying on the floor, kissed her and asked mildly, "Where did you find the nice doggie, Lynn?"

"The dogs belong to the woman next door," Lynn explained happily. "We heard them barking and so we went over and asked if we could play with them. She said it was all right to bring them in here."

"I'll have to ask you and Alby to take them back," Nelda said. "Mother has something she wants to discuss with both of you. Put on your clothes and take them back. It's very important."

The youngsters obeyed. When they had returned the dogs, Nelda asked them to sit down with her on the sofa. Placing an arm affectionately about each of the kids, she said, "Lynn... Alby... the time has come for us to have a good talk. Now that we've left the farm, both of you will have to adapt to city ways and forget your country habits. This may seem hard at times, but in the long run I think you'll find city ways much more enjoyable!"

"Now, the first thing I want to speak to you about is your habit of having sex with animals. I know that Daddy taught you that this was fine and good, but city people just don't do that. They'd laugh at you if they knew you fucked pigs and goats and things like that..."

"But I like to fuck pigs!" Lynn protested, automatically delving her dainty hand between her soft thighs, "I like lying down and wallowing in the warm, gooey mud while a big hog sticks his curvy cock up inside me!"

"Mom, you mean to say I'll never screw Maggie again?" Alby spoke up worriedly. "Geez, Mom, I'll - I'll just die if I can't stick my dong into a sheep every day. You want to know something, Mom? I even had Maggie trained so she'd suck my dick... her tongue felt so good on my cock, I can't describe it!"

Nelda smiled patiently. "Let me ask each of you a serious question," she said, "and I want an honest, straightforward reply: have either of you ever fucked a human? Lynn - have you ever had your delightful little twat bored by a boy?" And, as she spoke, Nelda affectionately intruded her hand beneath the girl's dress and suddenly tickled her daughter's tiny cunt.

Lynn giggled as she replied, "No Mom, I haven't... I just never thought about it. I like to squirm around in the mud when I fuck and most boys don't go for that!"

Now Nelda turned her smile on her son. "How about you, Alby?" she asked. And as she spoke, her hand slyly unzipped the boy's pants and she began to slide her fingers up and down the slim white shaft of his young dick.

"Gee no Mom," he replied thoughtfully, "I like balling sheep so much I never thought much about girls. Besides, Dad said he'd whip me if he ever caught me so much as looking at one of the girls in the neighborhood. So I didn't."

Nelda nodded. "I understand," she said. "But you've got to remember one thing. Daddy's a long way off now. We'll probably never see him again. Both of you are growing up. You, Lynn - you're thirteen, now. You're quite tall for your age - you could easily pass for sixteen. And you, Alby - you're fourteen. You're no longer children, either of you. You've got to start acting like adults. And adults don't have sex with animals."

"How about you, Mom?" Lynn asked, in a sudden show of defiance, "how about all those horses you fucked? Horses... and other things!"

A look of intense anguish deformed Nelda's attractive features for an instant. "I-I only did those things because your father compelled me," she announced in a low voice. "I hated every moment of it. But, I'm not going to try to convince you that balling with animals is bad. The important thing to know is that sex with humans is better. Much better. More fun... more exciting!"

Alby frowned as he stared down at the floor. "Maybe so, Mom," he muttered, "but I don't have a girlfriend now. I don't know when I'll have one. What I do know is this - I've got hot nuts this minute! Honest, Mom - I'm dying for a good, hot screw! Look, couldn't we borrow the dogs from that nice lady next door again..."

Grim lines formed about Nelda's mouth as she resolutely shook her head. "No, Alby, you cannot," she said. Then, in a lighter tone: "Tell me Alby, do you like what I'm doing to you right now?"

The boy looked down at where Nelda's hand was busy between his legs, slowly, lovingly fondling his cock, cupping his testicles in her fingers and gently squeezing them.

"Gosh, I sure do, Mom!" he cried, blushing to the roots of his hair, "it makes me feel all funny inside!"

"It makes me feel funny too," Nelda declared. If anything, her blush flared even hotter than her son's. "I-I really shouldn't be doing this, you know. Mothers aren't supposed to handle their son's genitals, especially when the boy is your age, but I'm trying to make a definite point, son. The point is this: a sheep or a dog or a goat could never fondle your handsome young cock as I'm doing now."

"That's true..." Alby admitted reluctantly, "I've got to admit your hand feels good on my dick... so cool and gentle..."

Nelda took her son's hand in her own. Yanking up her skirt, she smeared the boy's hand against the crotch of her panties. "Have you ever felt a girl's cunt?" she asked breathlessly. At the same time she continued to jerk his prick... a little more fervently, a little more rapidly now.

"Gee no, Mom..."

"Worm your fingers inside my panties," she instructed him. Her rigid gaze searched the boy's features intently. How would he react to this? Would he respond? "Sneak your fingers inside my panties and feel my twat, Alby. How does it feel? Do you like it?"

Alby was quick to obey. Delving his hand deep inside Nelda's undergarment, he commenced to roll the fleshy folds of her moist, hairy cuntlips in his curious fingers. "Gee, yeah," he admitted with a shy grin, "it feels good. It feels real good!"

"Put your face between my legs!" Nelda urged now. "Smell my crotch, Alby... get a good whiff of my cunt!"

The boy obeyed with alacrity. "M-m-m!" he vociferated in a genuine explosion of admiration, "you sure smell good there, Mom! You must put perfume on your cunt!"

"I do," she admitted, "but perfume can't disguise natural cunt-juices, and that's what you're mostly inhaling right now. Don't I smell pretty down there?"

"You sure do!" he confirmed. "I gotta admit, dogs and goats don't smell that good!"

"You see!" Nelda cried triumphantly. "Now I'm going to show you something else animals can't do. Stand up, please, Alby."

As the boy stood up, away from the sofa, his pants slid down around his ankles. Nelda slid to her knees in front of him. Smiling up impishly into his face, she began to slide his erect tool back and forth through her fingers. "Can you guess what I'm going to do now?" she inquired roguishly.

"Gee - gee Mom - are you going to suck my cock?" he gasped. "I-I didn't know Moms ever did that for their sons!"

"Most of them don't," she retorted with the same saucy grin, "but most mothers don't have little boys who insist on fucking beasts! I'm only trying to instruct you the best way I know how, Alby, that's my only objective in all of this. Yes, son, I am going to blow your prick. And at the same time I'll do something else you may find enjoyable..."

And, so saying, Nelda calmly fastened her mouth on Alby's erect, straining tool and began to munch the tip of the foreskin, nibbling the flaring nozzle while her tongue gently stimulated the tiny slit at the very tip of the swollen purple knob immediately beneath. Simultaneously, she slid her hands behind his hips and commenced to fondle his buttocks, caressing the pink, hairless hillocks, now and then naughtily pinching the firm, solid flesh.

Finally, with a deep breath, Nelda slid Alby's twitching cock all the way inside her mouth while at the same time her fingertip lovingly nuzzled his asshole, tickling it, scouring it with a gentle, rotary



motion.

"Oh Mom!" the boy cried bucking his groin into her face, "this is the greatest! I wish now, instead of kissing me goodnight on the cheek, you'd have kissed me on the cock every time you put me to bed. This is beautiful!"

Allowing her son's dick to slither lazily from between her lips, Nelda winked at him, saying, "I'll kiss your dick every night from now on, how would you like that, Alby? Tell the truth, don't I make a better cocksucker than your friends in the sheep pasture?"

"Gee, you sure do, Mom! I never realized! Mom, would it be too much to ask you to lick my balls, too? Maggie always did that for me... it was outasight!"

"Of course!" Nelda replied quickly, "I was just about to do so." She hefted the boy's testicles in her palm for a moment. "My goodness, what a juicy pair of nuts you have here!" she remarked, "they're the size and weight of a couple of ripe plums. My little boy is certainly growing up fast!"

She laid the crinkly brown bag on the flat of her outstretched tongue. Then gradually, she slid it into her mouth, sloshing the spongy balls around in her warm saliva with her tongue while his rigid cock twitched against her cheek.

At last, after allowing the balls to dribble from between her lips, Nelda took his dick in her hand once more, saying, "I want you to get used to the feel of having your wonderfully virile prick in my mouth, dear. If you really enjoy what we're doing now, we'll repeat it many times in the future. As often as you like, in fact! Now I'm going to slip your dong between my lips once more and let you fuck me in the mouth. Treat my mouth like a big, sloppy cunt, Alby. Fuck it and fuck it and fuck it! Oh, we're going to have such good times from now on! I'll blow you every night, Alby, and every morning too, if you like! After all you seem to like the feel of my mouth on your privates and I certainly love the taste of your sausage..."

Lynn's eyes literally bulged from their sockets as she stared at the little drama unfolding before her. It was plain that the slim, doll-like youngster was becoming hot. Her hand crept between her legs and she commenced to play with herself as she watched the growing intimacy between her mother and brother.

At last, unable to endure her isolation any longer, she cried indignantly, "Hey - how about me? You two act like I didn't exist! Honest, Mom - if you and Alby keep it up like this one minute longer, I'm going next door to borrow the lady's police dog again!"

Feigning surprise, Nelda smilingly drew Alby's genitals from between her lips as she said, "Oh Lynn, I had forgotten you were there!"

"I know!"

"Do you mean to say it excites you to see me blowing your brother's prick?"

A look of pain stole across Lynn's face. "Yes, it does," she murmured reluctantly. "I never really looked at Alby's dick before. I never realized how big it is. It's not as big as a horse's cock, but..."

Nelda pinched Alby's foreskin impudently as she interjected: "It soon will be, if it continues growing at its present rate! Well Lynn, I certainly must apologize for monopolizing Alby, but I thought your interest lay solely in dogs and pigs..."

Lynn went to where her brother was standing. She commenced to fondle his dick. She slid back the foreskin and squeezed the swollen purple-crimson knob beneath. A clear gob of pre-come oozed to the tip. Lynn's face was thoughtful. "It certainly is big," she decided, "but I wish it was hairier. I like the feel of a hairy cock in my mouth."

"Perhaps so," her mother acquiesced, "but you'll find you can suck a smooth, slick cock like Alby's much longer without cutting your tongue to ribbons! I remember all the times your father made me blow horses - my mouth was raw and bleeding for days afterwards. Go ahead, Lynn - get down on your knees. Glide Alby's dong across your tongue. See how marvelously easy it skids across. Take it all the way into your mouth. Let him thrust the tip all the way into your throat. Doesn't that feel scrumptious?"

"Mmmm..." Lynn gurgled, "wow - I'm beginning to see what you mean, Mom!" She sucked Alby's tool a brief moment longer. Then, standing, she shyly placed her arms around her brother. "Oh

Mom," she sighed plaintively, "I'm so horny! I need a fuck, that's what I need. It's cruel of you to let me get so excited when the only male in sight is my brother!"

"So...?" Nelda drawled slyly, "what's the matter with Alby?"

"Oh Mom, do you mean it? You'd actually let me and Alby do it together?" Her hands clutched frenziedly at the meaty slab that swung between her brother's legs. Raking her skirt up above hip level she enticingly displayed the rich array of treasures between her young thighs.

"I'll think about it," Nelda promised. Glancing at her wristwatch, she said, "It's time for dinner. I suggest we go to that restaurant on the corner. After we've filled our tummies, I may just possibly allow you and Alby to enjoy one quiet fuck before it's time to turn in for the night..."

"Oh no!" Lynn cried desperately, "I don't want to go out to any old restaurant! I can fill my tummy with what Alby's got between his legs. Let me suck his sperm, Mom. Lots of time, back on the farm, when we didn't have enough to eat, I used to suck off the dogs and the sheep until I was completely satisfied. Oh Mom..."

"Yeah!" Alby cried, "Gee Mom, I'll blow my stack if I don't get some quick satisfaction! Let me fuck Lynn now - I'll do it real fast..." He commenced to smear his naked groin against Lynn's sleekly outcurving belly.

"No..." Nelda insisted.

"Then let me fuck you!" the boy persisted agonizedly. Yanking up Nelda's skirt he clumsily attempted to fit the tip of his squirming lance between his mother's pussy-lips.

"I said, no!" Nelda exclaimed, giggling behind her hand. "Heavens, I really had no idea you youngsters had such hot nuts, or I would never have broached the subject."

Inwardly, she was thinking: It won't hurt them to wait a little longer. Let them simmer in their own juices for awhile. They'll appreciate it all the more when they finally get it!

Downstairs, in the restaurant, Nelda kept a close eye on the kids, anxiously assessing their mood. Yes, they were really avid for one another, and no mistake! During the soup and appetizer courses, they constantly caressed one another with their eyes. By the time the salad arrived, they were soul-kissing one another, right out in plain view of the other diners. Nelda smilingly had to caution them against making too great a demonstration of their affection.

By the time the entree arrived, the youngsters' passion could no longer be held within polite bounds. Nelda fixed her eyes on her plate and pretended not to notice as Lynn reached beneath the table cloth and commenced to handle something she found very interesting in her brother's lap.

Nelda smiled a secret smile. Her idea was working out so well! And she really had to admire the determination and resourcefulness with which her daughter managed to handle her fork with one hand while she expertly jerked her brother's cock with the other. There now... yes... Alby was actually climaxing, right there under the eyes of the other diners... his face was growing red... he was breathing very hard... and Lynn had such a satisfied smile on her pretty little face!

A moment later though, she had to caution her: "Lynn, please don't lick your fingers at the table..."

When they re-entered their hotel room, Lynn was on her hands and knees on the floor before Nelda had quite succeeded in closing the door. "Fuck the hell out of me, Alby!" she gasped in her soft, childlike voice, "pretend I'm one of your sheep. Fuck me right now. Now!"

Alby was on her in an instant. Ripping open his fly, he bayoneted his sister's twat with such vehemence that she sprawled crab-like on the floor, the wind knocked from her lungs by the force of her brother's charge!

Nelda watched discreetly from the bathroom while Lynn and Alby frenziedly writhed and wriggled about the floor, literally ripping the clothes from one another's backs in the intensity of their incestuous coupling.

So far, so good! Nelda congratulated herself. It's a drastic remedy, I know. Many people would censure me for what I've done. But I had to act now. I always promised myself that if I ever separated the kids from Rufe, I would not wait a single day in separating them from their animal friends as well. And I didn't.

"Now let me get on top, Alby dear," Lynn was moaning, "let me brush my titties against your nipples

while I work your dick all the way up inside me..."

That night, Nelda made a drastic change in the sleeping arrangements. In contrast to the previous evening, she insisted that Lynn sleep with her brother instead of her mother. True to her promise, she bestowed a long, loving kiss on Alby's cock instead of his cheek, once she had tucked the kids into bed. Then she retired to her own bed.

Nelda awoke many times during the night. The creaking of the bedsprings was interminable! But she did not find it the least annoying. Yes, she thought, I've made a good start in setting the kids on the right path. So what does it matter if brother dips his wick into sister now and then? It won't be for always. They'll soon find other partners. Both of them will quickly make new friends in a big city like New York. I'm going to encourage Lynn to have as many boyfriends as she likes... anything to wipe away her craving for pigs and dogs! And Alby - he's a handsome young fellow. It won't be long before he has a whole raft of girlfriends and the mere thought of screwing a sheep will sicken him!

Mmmmm, yes - things were working out well for the kids. But how about herself? She had needs too. Her hand stole between her moist, hot thighs as she pictured Alby's cock relentlessly stabbing his sister's snatch only a few feet away. Is there a man for me in this city? she wondered.

And, for a single instant, she would have welcomed the plow-horse's ramrodding cock between her legs!

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CHAPTER FIVE

"How long will Niles be in New York?" Mabel Gurney asked Betsy as the two women lounged in Betsy's living room. It was shortly after lunchtime.

"All of today and maybe part of tomorrow too," Betsy declared.

"Great," came Mabel's quick decision, "that gives us lots of time to fuck around any way we like without his snooping on us!"

"Got any ideas?" Betsy asked. The expression on her face indicated plainer than any words that she was open to any and all suggestions.

"Yes!" Mabel exclaimed, "oh, I'm so glad you phoned me, Betsy! I just had a call from the owner of that pet shop on Commerce Street - you know the one I mean - I told you he's done me lots of favors in the past. He says he has something new and exciting in the shop. Why don't we go down there together and see?"

"Swell!" Betsy cried, springing to her feet, "I'm in the mood for something new!"

A few minutes later found the women entering a small, rather dingy pet shop on the fringe of the town's commercial section. The owner, a wizened, gray-haired man in his late fifties, greeted them effusively.

"Wait'll you see what I've got in the back room," he crowed, "why don't we go back there so you can examine the merchandise in... er... private!" The women giggled. They knew what he meant!

They followed the man into a rather large, windowless room at the rear of the store. He locked the door behind them. "So we won't be disturbed," he explained with a lascivious wink. Betsy wasn't at all sure she liked the man. But he could produce the merchandise. And he understood the women's bizarre needs well. You couldn't say that of all pet shop owners!

"Well, Mr. Hall, what have you got to show us?" Mabel cried eagerly, her glance darting about the cluttered room. It was stuffed from floor to ceiling with cages. Some were occupied; most were empty.

"This!" Mr. Hall cried triumphantly as he went to unlock a large cage against the far wall.

"Oooh!" Mabel squealed ecstatically, "a chimp! A beautiful, big chimp!" Yes, that was what the man had meant by "something new". And the chimpanzee was large, no doubt about it - as big as a five-year-old boy. Mr. Hall unlocked the cage, took the animal into his arms, and brought it over to the women.

"Is he tame?" Mabel asked, as she rapidly appraised the creature with her avid, feline glance.

"You bet!" Mr. Hall replied, affectionately rubbing the chimp's head. "He's very tame. And he seems to like the ladies!"

"Oh does he, eh?" Mabel drawled, "we'll see about that!" Her hand was already between the animal's legs, gently squeezing and fondling his penis. "Oh, what a sweet little pecker," she enthused, "what a cute little cockie you have, Mr. Chimp!"

The animal looked at her blankly a moment as she handled his genitals. He stared down at where Mabel was trying to stimulate a hard-on by rapidly scouring her fingers over the tip of the stubby, brown organ. Then, very deliberately he reached out, delved inside the front of Mabel's dress and yanked out one of her magnificent tits!

"Ooooooh!" Mabel giggled, "well... a real Don Juan! I'm beginning to suspect this boy as had a bit of experience. Go ahead, feel up my tit, young fellow. Oh Betsy - his hand feels so strange and wild against my boob - I've never had a monkey feel me up before!"

"Let me feel his cock too!" Betsy demanded fervently, as she thrust her hand between the animal's legs. "Is it getting hard?"

"Oh yes! Here, feel - isn't that a cute little pecker?" She allowed Betsy to fondle the chimp's genitals.

"Oh yes!" Betsy cried, "I can feel it stiffening right in my hand!" Then, in an embarrassed whisper: "Er... Mabel... now what? Are you going to buy the animal?"

"Shit no!" Mabel laughed, cuddling the chimp to her breast, "if I bought every animal I had sex with, my home would be the biggest menagerie in the country. No... I have a certain arrangement with Mr. Hall here..."

"Arrangement?"

"Yes," Mabel went on, with a sly, sidewise glance at Mr. Hall who was listening intently, his lips twisted in a crooked smile. "Mr. Hall allows me to make whatever use I care to of his animals, in return for certain favors..."

"That's right," Mr. Hall confirmed quickly, "we've had many good times here in the shop, Miss Gurney and I." Betsy could see his dick stiffening beneath his trousers as he spoke.

"Oh, I just can't make up my mind what to do first," Mabel sighed. "I'm dying to have this little dear fuck me... but at the same time, my lips are just longing to kiss his little prick... to kiss it and take it in my mouth and suck it... and suck it... what would you advise, Mr. Hall?"

"Why don't you suck him off first?" the man suggested. "It would probably quiet his nerves. I can see he's feeling a little bit edgy in the presence of strangers. If you tried to clutch him close while you stuffed his dick inside you, he might panic."

"All right," Mabel smiled, "I was hoping you'd say something like that. Oh, I really can't wait to take his sturdy little prick in my mouth. Look at it, Betsy - it's almost human!"

Betsy agreed enthusiastically. She followed close behind as Mabel took the animal over to a wooden table, laid the chimpanzee on it, back down, separated his legs with her hands, and avidly pounced her slavering lips on the creature's nervously pulsating cock.

Mr. Hall stood close, too. He was obviously waiting for something. He did not have long to wait. After Mabel had gotten a firm grip on the chimp's penis with her lips, she reached out with one hand, groped between Mr. Hall's legs and unzipped him. Scooping out the man's erect cock, she commenced slowly to jerk him off, while her mouth voraciously gobbled the choice meat between the chimpanzee's legs.

Betsy was almost beside herself with impatience. She literally could not wait for her friend to finish with the animal so she could test his treasures for herself. Slowly hauling up her skirt, Betsy commenced to run her hands up and down over her own hips... over her ass... feeling herself up... imagining how the chimpanzee's hands would feel on her ass... how his stubby dick would feel as it stabbed against her clitoris.

But... but there was already something between her legs... there are already something long and firm and penis-like between her thighs nuzzling her pussylips.

But that was impossible!

Betsy looked down to see exactly what it was that had crept between her legs. And when she saw the thing that bobbed and swayed there, her legs turned to jelly. Her eyes popped and her lips opened to form a scream, but the scream froze in her throat. It was like one of those nightmares in which the vocal cords strain and struggle but the sound never escapes the larynx.

And when Mr. Hall saw what agitated her, he too looked for a second as if he were on the point of fainting. "D-don't move, please," he urged her, "and whatever you do, don't scream, lady. For cripes sake, don't scream!"

"Wha - what is that thing between my legs?" Betsy croaked, "oh Mr. Hall, do something!"

"It's a baby boa constrictor," he informed her in a low voice. "It must have sneaked through the wire netting on its cage somehow."

"W - will it bite me?"

"No, boas don't bite. He's not poisonous. But he can strangle you if he wraps himself around your neck or locks himself onto your chest. We mustn't frighten him. And try not to let him know you're frightened either..."

The snake was above five feet in length and about an inch and a half in diameter. Half his length was coiled on the floor, the rest had stealthily crept up Betsy's nylon-clad leg and was now leisurely exploring her crotch.

Mabel stopped mouthing the chimpanzee's cock. "What an evil-looking beast!" she murmured, "Oh Mr. Hall, how could you let a thing like this happen?"

The man's face was running with torrent of sweat as he replied, "I-I just can't imagine how it happened. I don't like to keep snakes in my shop. This one was a special import. He only arrived yesterday... direct from someplace in the Far East. He's for a rich customer of mine that's supposed to pick him up this afternoon... Geez, it gives me the creeps just to look at the bastard!"

The snake was determinedly probing Betsy's pussylips with his blunt, scaly head. Again and again he slithered it through the moist swamp of her sweat-dripping cunt-hair to nuzzle curiously at the pulpy pink portals to Betsy's hole-of-holies.

Mabel couldn't repress an irreverent giggle. "Looks like Mr. Boa has got the hots for you, Betsy!" she exclaimed, "I honestly think he'd like to fuck you with that snout of his!"

"Oh, don't say that!" Betsy gasped, turning white all over. "Heavens - just the thought of his horrible muzzle inside my pussy makes me want to throw up. Oh, Mr. Hall - I think I'm going to be sick!"

"Be calm... be calm!" the man urged, although it was obvious he was on the verge of panic himself. "I've got to think of a way to get us out of this!"

Now the snake suddenly diverted his attention from Betsy's pussy. Still firmly coiled about one shapely thigh, he intruded his head slowly, blissfully between Betsy's buttocks and allowed it to rest comfortably in the steep-sloped crack of her splendid ass.

"Wh - why's he doing that?" Betsy wondered, biting her lip, "you don't suppose he'll bite me there, do you? Oh, Mr. Hall - I'm scared!"

"No, he won't bite you," the man reassured her. "Snakes like to crawl in where it's nice and warm. He likes the warmth of your ass."

"Oooh!" Betsy squealed, "how long do you suppose he'll stay there? I can feel my flesh creeping, Mr. Hall! I-I'm going to scream if he doesn't leave me alone pretty soon. Ugh, the revolting, creepy monster..."

But the snake had no intention of resting there. Now, very slowly, very deliberately, he began to crawl up inside Betsy's dress, around her hips, up over her torso. This time he allowed his head to rest between her two magnificent jugs. Looking down, she could see the slitted yellow eyes glaring up at her, forked tongue flickering like a tiny flame between the malevolent jaws.

Mabel still clutched the chimpanzee in her arms. The animal was quite obviously terrified of the snake. He clung piteously to Mabel. To soothe him, she continued to fondle his cock. Soon, in spite of his terror, the chimp climaxed, the thick, gluey sperm gushing over Mabel's hand in spurt after spurt, flooding between her fingers and over her wrist.

The smell of the chimp's sperm was very strong in the close, stuffy confines of the windowless room. It seemed to arouse the snake. It reared its head high from the neckline of Betsy's dress for a moment, then began to slither downward again... down... down.

Now the reptilian head was nuzzling the wet folds of Betsy's twat again... it prodded the pulpy flesh a couple of times, then slowly... irresistibly, disappeared inside!

"Oh, mercy... mercy..." Betsy gagged, her knees sagging, "the - the thing is inside me. I can feel the monster crawling up my vagina..."

But the boa only intruded its head about six inches inside Betsy's cringing, quivering flesh. Now, before the incredulous eyes of the onlookers, it began to fuck its head in and out of her nervously sweating pussy.

Simultaneously, the snake's tail whipped behind her and commenced to slither back and forth across her asshole, tentatively... as if searching... and now... as a gasp of horrified amazement broke from Betsy's lips, the boa's tail began slowly to worm its way up her asshole!

Mabel's jaw hung slack for a second as she tried to comprehend the bizarre drama that was unfolding before her unbelieving eyes. Then, turning to Mr. Hall, she asked, "Where did you say you got that snake?"

"He comes from somewhere in the Far East," the man repeated, "he used to be in the private menagerie of some kind of prince in one of those little countries near India and China. It was a special consignment. All I did was to follow orders. I understand this prince had all kinds of weird animals trained in freaky ways... but I never dreamed it was anything this freaky!"

Mabel stared down at the chimp. "How about a good stiff fuck, little fellow?" she smiled, "I-I've got to admit all this action has got me so horny I could screw anything that moves!" Her fingers went to the animal's scum-dripping cock. "How about it, Mr. Chimp? Have you got another charge tucked away inside your cute little balls? Enough to blast Mabel's hot snatch wide open? Try!"

And with that, Mabel gripped the animal close against her midriff, urging the rubbery little tool against her eager cunt.

Meanwhile, a dramatic change had come over Betsy. She stood, legs spread, an unheeded thread of saliva trickling from a corner of her mouth as she moaned, "Oh Mabel, the snake is beginning to excite me! Really he is! Ooh, it's just like having an enormous cock inside you..."

Reaching behind her, Betsy gripped the cushiony plumpness of her ass cheeks with both hands, forcing them apart, dilating her asshole to allow the stiff, reptilian tail to lance deeper and deeper up her rectum, reveling in the unprecedented luxury of having both pussy and asshole fucked simultaneously by the same creature!

Now that the shadow of fear had departed the room, at least for the time being, Mr. Hall's nuts were beginning to simmer again. His eyes roved hotly from one female to another... from where Betsy was experiencing the unprecedented delights of simultaneous fucking and buggery to where Mabel was deliriously accepting the frenzied prodding of the aroused chimpanzee's stiff little sausage.

"Oh Betsy!" Mabel cried, her eyes two hotly flaring coals, "how I envy you - getting fucked up both holes at once! Oh, how sweet that must be..."

Mr. Hall swallowed hard, then fell to his knees. Seizing Mabel's hips reverently, he avidly smeared his face between her sweating buttocks, thirstily guzzling the rich, fragrant fluids that spring from unseen wells all throughout the mysterious ravine.

"Aaaarrgghh..." Mabel moaned, "oh yes, Mr. Hall - that's what I wanted so much! I wanted someone's mouth against my ass so bad! Suck my shit... suck my shitty ass, you mindless old fuck! Oh wow - I can feel junior here putting everything he's got into it. What an adorable cock you have, you delightful little monkey! Um-m-m... I can still taste your sperm on my tongue... now make my cunt taste it! My cunt wants to taste your gamy, gooey animal scum so bad. Give it what it wants! Uggghh..."

Staring down, Mabel could see the man's huge cock, straining wobbling ponderously from his open fly as he crouched between her legs, his upflung mouth rapturously sucking her ass while his amazingly vigorous old tongue rampaged deeper and deeper within.

The sight of the uselessly flopping cock excited Mabel to even greater frenzy. "Play with yourself, Mr. Hall!" she cried, "jerk your dick while you suck my ass... Ooh, I love to see men play with themselves..."

The man needed no second invitation. His gnarled hand flew to his dick and he commenced frantically to shuttle it up and down the heavily veined shaft.

"Oh shit!" Betsy blurted, "I think I'm going to come... aarrgghh... oh, I wish the snake could bite me while he fucks me... I'd love to see the blood mingle with my juices... Ooooh...! Yes, I'm coming... I'm coming in my pussy... oh this is the best screw I've had in my entire life..."

There was a loud splatter as Mr. Hall's creamy-snotty scum vomited from the tip of his dick and splashed in a series of erratic spurts against Mabel's legs and over the floor. Simultaneously, the first thick oozings of monkey sperm began to issue from around the stubby brown cylinder that so enthusiastically pounded Mabel's cunt-folds.

Betsy bent nearly double as the orgasmic hurricane ripped through her innermost vitals. Again and again the snake struck, and each time a tidal wave of crystalline juice erupted around the repulsive head, bathing half his scaly length in the sweet, sappy discharge from the girl's churning pleasure cover. The reptile glistened as if he had been bathed in oil.

At length the creature seemed to sense that his mission was complete. Trained by his cunning far-Eastern masters to perceive and respond to feminine needs, he seemed to comprehend when Betsy's passion was slaked and her climax complete. Reluctantly the reptile withdrew his head from Betsy's vagina.

He remained for a moment, half his length coiled about her leg, his head wavering uncertainly. He seemed to be sniffing the air. Then his eyes lighted on the glistening pools of pearly white scum that had freshly exploded from Mr. Hall's cock. The great, greasy drops exhaled a strong male stench.

Still half-curved about Betsy's leg, the snake darted the upper portion of its body toward the puddles of steaming slime. It rolled its head about in the sperm, thrashing, slithering, obviously delighting in the smell and feel of the warm, greasy liquid! Twice it shot its forked tongue into the syrupy scum.

"Ooooh..." Betsy moaned. Her eyes flashed as she watched the serpent thrash about in the fragrant male discharge. Then, lashed by the flames of her perverse lust, the girl reached down and seized the snake in both hands, just below the head. Swiftly she brought it up, hesitated just the briefest possible moment, then popped the sperm-drenched snake's head into her slaving mouth.

"Betsy!" Mabel screamed, terrified by the unprecedented boldness of her friend's sudden action. Her nerveless hands released the chimpanzee. The animal scurried to the topmost row of cages where it swung by one arm, curiously surveying the scene below. Mr. Hall ceased his lascivious oral exploration of Mabel's asscrack to regard the scene in wonder.

"Um-m-m..." Betsy gurgled as she licked and sucked the snake's slime-dribbling head, "oh shit, Mabel, this is outasight... I mean I can taste Mr. Hall's lovely semen, and I can taste my own cuntjuice, and I can even taste where this creature snuggled up between the cheeks of my ass... um-m-m..." And again, she popped the entire wriggly head of the scaly monster between her lips!

Once again the boa's tail whipped downward between Betsy's legs and eagerly probed at her asshole as it blissfully submitted to having the sticky cargo of sperm licked and sucked from the upper portion of its body. Betsy's lips were positively slobbering with the lush creaminess that had so recently been foaming in the crinkly brown bag between Mr. Hall's legs!

When she had sucked the snake's head and body clean, she wanted to repeat the entire performance right from the beginning.

Mr. Hall reflected a moment. Looking at his watch, he commented, "Okay, but we can't take too long about it. I'm expecting my customer pretty soon. He'll expect to see the snake in its cage, and everything right and proper."

This time Mr. Hall masturbated his prick directly into Betsy's mouth and then she had the snake slither his head between her lips and it felt as if the snake were an enormous, scaly cock that had shot its load while prowling down her throat.

CHAPTER SIX

"Well, are you satisfied?" grinned Mabel as they walked from the pet-shop to Betsy's car.

"Shit no!" Betsy cried, "I feel as if that were just the appetizer. Oh, my twat is really itching for a good, stiff fuck! You know what, Mabel, I have an idea. Let's run out to Reilly's place. I'm dying to get a pony's dick between my legs. Fooling around with monkeys and snakes is all right, but when you're as horny as I am right now, there's nothing like a good, big horse cock reaming the shit out of you!"

"Oh, that's a wonderful thought!" Mabel agreed. Then, as she slid into the front seat alongside Betsy: "Oh, but won't Reilly have a lot of customers on his hands? This is the first week of the summer vacation, so he's bound to have kids around."

"Hmmm, that's right," Betsy reflected disappointedly. She thought a moment. "I'll tell you what I've done sometimes in the past," she said. "I've sneaked onto the bridle path where it runs through that thick patch of woods. I wait till the pony comes through. If the stableboy is leading him, I slip the boy a dollar and he lets me do anything I like with the animal. He'll take the kid out of sight someplace for a couple of minutes till I've had my fun, and then go on as if nothing had happened. Of course, if the kid's parent insists on accompanying him, I'm out of luck, but that doesn't happen very often."

"Let's try," Mabel suggested. She too was still ravenous with desire. A veritable blast furnace of lust was scorching her juice-spurting twat. She tried to allay her craving somewhat by stabbing her hungry cunt-flesh with the flashlight from the glove compartment, but it provided only the feeblest kind of temporary relief.

Betsy halted the car about two hundred feet away from Reilly's stable. "Let's get out here," she advised. "We'll climb through the fence and then it's only a short walk through the woods to the bridle path. Keep your fingers crossed, Mabel! Here's wishing us luck!"

As they approached the path, they could hear the sounds of harness clinking and two voices conversing in low tones, "Hey, looks like we're just in time!" Betsy exclaimed joyfully.

A moment later, however, as the pony emerged from around a bend, the women's elation turned to rank disappointment. "Oh, fuck it!" Betsy spat, "It's a little boy, and his mother is with him. No chance of any action now. Besides, he's riding a mare!"

As Betsy turned to go, Mabel laid a restraining hand on her friend's arm. "Wait a minute," she said, "there's something funny about this. Don't go yet. I want to hear what they're saying..." Betsy halted in mid-stride. Crouched behind a clump of underbrush, she and Mabel watched curiously as the woman halted the pony.

She was a very attractive woman - perhaps thirty years of age - with dark hair, full, sensual lips, and a shapely figure, the voluptuous contours of which were accentuated, rather than hidden, by her tight, black silk dress. Even at a distance of twenty feet or so, Betsy clearly detected the scent of the woman's strongly aphrodisiacal perfume.

The boy sitting astride the pony might have been twelve years old - certainly not much more than that. He was delicate in appearance - very slim, with a fair complexion, and fine blond hair that wafted easily in the spring wind. His blue eyes held a dreamy look as they took in the lush, pastoral scenery.

"Why are we stopping here, Aunt Margo?" he wanted to know.

In reply, the woman merely asked, "Why do you call me Aunt Margo? Why don't you call me Mother?" Her smile was warm as she spoke.

"Because you're not my real mommy," he replied sadly, his glance avoiding hers. "You're my stepmother. And I feel funny about calling you by your first name as if you were a friend. So I'd rather call you Aunt Margo."

"All right," she laughed, patting his knee affectionately, "we'll just let it go at that. Maybe you have

the right idea, after all. I was afraid you might not like me, Bobby."

"Oh, I like you fine, Aunt Margo," he rejoined instantly, "you've been real good to me ever since you and Daddy got married. I..." He hesitated an instant, then said: "Why couldn't Daddy come with us today? He'd like being out here in the fresh air with the woods all around and everything."

"Your father has been working very hard at the office lately," the woman replied. "So I sent him around to the doctor for a physical checkup." Then, pouting roguishly, she asked, "What's the matter, Bobby - don't you like being alone with me?"

He colored and his manner was flustered as he replied, "It's not that at all..."

She patted him again. "I'll tell you why I stopped here," she said cheerily, "I was thinking I might find it fun to ride that adorable little pony for just a few yards. It's been so long since I squatted my ass onto any kind of horse, I'd really hate to pass up this opportunity! What do you say, Bobby? Would you mind dismounting for just a moment and letting Margo wrap her legs around that pretty creature?"

"Of course not," the boy breathed, hastily scrambling out of the saddle. "Would you like me to help you up?"

"No, that's all right," Margo answered, swinging her leg over the small animal's back, "I know I'm old and withered and decrepit, but I don't yet require assistance in mounting a child's pony!"

The boy smiled shyly up at her. "You're not old and withered..." he began. Then he stopped. His hissing intake of breath was audible even where Betsy and Mabel were concealed behind the bushes.

The boy stared dumbfounded at the lovely pair of sleek, long legs that dangled over the pony's sides. As the woman settled herself in her astride position, her dress quickly rucked up over her hips, entirely disclosing her legs and hips. Gossamer nylon clad her legs to mid-thigh level. Her upper thighs welled voluptuously over the confining nylon in a magnificent splurge of pinkish-white flesh that was indented deeply by the ruffled white garter straps. Her panties, cut in the exceedingly brief bikini style, had crept so far up into her crotch as to be hardly visible. Her magnificent, well-shaped ass flowed, lush and enticing, against the pony's rough, brown hide.

"Gee, Aunt Margo," the boy gulped, "wouldn't it be more comfortable if you sat in the saddle?"

"Perhaps," the woman acknowledged with a wink, "But it's more exciting this way..." Grinding her near-naked ass and crotch into the animal's coarse hide, she continued, "I love the feeling of a horse's warm, rough pelt against my bare thighs. I love to scour my middle against it. I love to rub and scrape and bruise myself between the legs with all kinds of things."

She wriggled her ass licentiously against the animal's hide, sliding her almost bare ass and cunt back and forth, rotating her intimate parts as she spread her splendid thighs wider and scrounged her body against the cruelly abrasive hide with a violence that clearly frightened her stepson.

Noting his dismayed expression, the woman halted her obscene motions. She dismounted and went to where the youngster was standing, wide-eyed. Taking his hand in hers, she said, "Bobby, are you so amazed to find that a woman loves to be aroused between the legs? Have you ever had your hand between the legs of one of your little girlfriends?"

"N - no..." he admitted.

"Well, but don't you ever sort of handle yourself between the thighs sometimes? Do you know what I mean, Bobby?" Then, noting the crimson flush that colored the youngster's face to the very roots of his hair: "Oh heavens, I'm afraid I've embarrassed you, haven't I?"

"I-I never touched a girl anyplace," the boy gulped, "and I don't handle myself, either. I hear the other boys in school joking about such things but I don't know what they mean. It just sounds dirty, that's all!"

Still retaining the boy's hand in her own, the woman took him to where the pony was patiently waiting. "Let me show you something, Bobby," she said. "When I was selecting a pony for your ride, I purposely insisted on a mare. Now I'm going to tell you why..."

Guiding the boy's right hand with her own, Margo made him pass his fingertips lightly over the animal's private parts. "Now," she ventured, eyeing him keenly as she spoke, "do you know what it is

you're touching? Do you know what this little hole is, right here?"

"It's - it's her asshole, isn't it?" the boy stammered.

"No dear. It's the entrance to her vagina. Touch her some more..." The pony whinnied and took a short step backward as if desiring to impale its orifice on the youngster's exploring finger. "See!" Margo cried triumphantly, "See how she likes it, dear? Go ahead, insert your finger deeper. How does it feel?"

"It feels funny," the boy declared, smiling uncertainly, "it feels warm and sloppy inside there. And I can feel her clamping the edges down on my finger."

"That shows she likes it," Margo reassured him. "And do you know why she likes it? Because she thinks it is a cock. She thinks a male pony is sliding his stiff, hard cock inside her hot, sloppy cunt." Her eyes were riveted on the boy's features and she seemed to have some difficulty in swallowing.

The boy's eyes were saucer-like. "She does? Why would he do a thing like that?"

"Because it gives him pleasure," his stepmother breathed, "it gives both of them pleasure. Tell me something, Bobby - please tell me the truth - I won't utter one word of rebuke, or pass along a single thing you say - but I want the truth. Haven't you ever played with yourself at all? Haven't you ever fondled and squeezed yourself between the legs until your penis got very, very hard, and very, very sensitive, and it began to twitch and all of a sudden this sticky, white liquid began to spurt out the end - haven't you ever done that?"

"No..." the boy replied bewildered, "I-I thought my dick was just for peeing - I - what do you mean?"

"Heavens!" Margo gasped. In initiating the boy into the details of the mare's anatomy, she had fallen into a crouch in which one knee rested on the earth. Her legs were slightly scissored apart and since her skirt had ridden up to hip level, the boy had an excellent view of his stepmother's scantily concealed crotch. "Heavens - I had no idea, Bobby - tell me, exactly how old are you?"

"I'm twelve. I'll be thirteen in August."

"I see - I just wonder if you're still a little boy, or if you're mature. Do you know what I mean by mature?"

"No - not exactly."

Margo bit her lip, as if uncertain whether to proceed. Then, more boldly, she said, "Mature - it has to do with this white, sticky liquid that comes out of your dick."

"How do I make it come out?"

Her eyes flared with strange fires for an instant. Then she said, "I have an idea, Bobby. Take out your dick. I want to show you something."

He took a step away from her. "Do I have to?" he protested, "I feel funny about taking out my thing in front of you."

"Would you be embarrassed about taking it out in front of your real mother?"

"No."

"Well then," she smiled, "why should you be bashful about taking it out in front of me? Bobby, I have a very strong hunch that you and I will someday be much, much closer than you and your mother ever were. Take it out. I just want to show you something. Remember how much the pony enjoyed it when you stuck your finger up her pussy? See how she reacts when you touch your bare cock there - go ahead - I've never seen your cock, Bobby. I'll feel hurt and insulted if you keep it hidden. Take it out and slip the end into the pony's vagina."

After a moment of fumbling, Bobby obeyed her suggestion. His penis was limp when he removed it from his fly, but after a moment of smearing the tip against the animal's gaping vagina, it rapidly began to stiffen.

"See?" his stepmother cried, encouragingly, "see how hard it gets? Now, slowly, insert it into the hole - the mare won't object, I promise you that. But, just to be sure, I'll hold the reins while you do that. Go ahead, Bobby, fuck your lovely, slim prick into this lucky animal's twat. See how she reacts."

He did so. "Ooh, it feels good," he breathed, "I never knew anything that felt this good - oh, wow!"

"Slip it in and out - in and out - in a regular rhythm, dear. And I promise you it will feel even better!"

The boy was quick to obey now. Standing erect behind the pony, his thighs closely pressed against those of the mare, his hands resting lightly on her back, the boy commenced to shuttle his cock in and out of her vagina, slowly and uncertainly at first, then faster and with greater assurance.

"Oh wow!" he moaned, his eyes closed, his face exuding pleasure from every pore, "Oh gee, Aunt Margo, this really and truly is outasight! I never dreamed anything could feel this good. Why didn't somebody tell me about this before? I could go on like this forever and ever, just sloshing my dickie around in this animal's hole. Are you sure she likes it, Aunt Margo? You don't think she's feeling pain, do you?"

Margo's face was inscrutable as she replied, "No dear, I can guarantee you the animal feels no pain whatsoever. Why don't you slam it into her harder, though? She's probably used to being fucked by other ponies, and if you don't jam it into her with all your might, she may become suspicious and nervous and try to run off. So make believe you're a big, strong, enormous stallion with muscles of steel, Bobby, and pretend your cock is a full twelve inches in length, and it's as hard and stiff and heavy as a policeman's club and you're stabbing it up the animal's snatch with all the power of your great, muscular thighs, and that you're really trying to rip out her guts with that big, murderous prick of yours, and you can feel your cock being sucked up inside her, and flooded and bathed with lots of hot, stinging juice that tingles your strong, young prick and you can feel it gushing down over your cock and balls and it's running down inside your pants and drenching your thighs!"

"I don't have to imagine it!" the boy cried. His eyes were wide open now and they threatened to burst from their sockets, "Oh Aunt Margo, I can feel that hot juice pouring all over me, and something funny is happening inside me too - I feel like I want to vomit, but not the regular way. I want to vomit through my dick. My whole insides feel like they want to pour out through my dick, and I - ohhh!"

The boy hunched low over the animal's back. His hips and thighs seemed jerked by an electric current as they slammed spastically against the mare's rear again and again! Tears of ecstatic pleasure mingled with the perspiration on his face as, entirely bewildered by the strange excitement in his groin, he shot load after load of seething sperm into the animal's churning vitals!

Margo tied the reins to a convenient fencepost. Then, striding briskly, she went to where her stepson writhed in the final paroxysms of his first climax. She waited until his convulsive lunges and ceased. Then, very coolly, she yanked his dripping dick out of the mare's vagina and examined it closely.

"Hm-m-m. Yes!" she exclaimed, a strange look of triumph stealing over her avid features, "you are mature, my friend, you really are mature!" She let the viscous, white syrup purl slowly from his cock into her cupped palm.

For a time, the boy had to gasp so hard for breath that he was speechless. At last, he managed to wheeze, "Oh wow, Aunt Margo, that was really something. I don't know how to thank you for this."

His stepmother wore the same enigmatic look as before, "Now, there's something I want you to understand, Bobby," she said, speaking very slowly, "you saw how much the mare enjoyed having your cock between her legs. All females share a craving for that same enjoyment. All females. Whether they're horses, or cattle, or dogs, or..."

She let her voice trail off. Pleading with her eyes, fixing his innocent, somewhat bewildered gaze with hers, she gradually raised her skirt until her splendid hips were revealed: the voluptuously outcurving belly that strained enticingly at the thin fabric of her bikini panties and the luxuriant puff of jet-black cunt-hair that exploded between her superb thighs.

"Yes, all females, Bobby," she finished in a thin, plaintive whisper, "cattle, or dogs, or humans..."

Her eyes widened as the boy silently moved toward the pony. Taking his limp dick in his hand once more, he attempted to fit it into the animal's drooling vagina. "What are you doing?" Margo cried incredulously, "Bobby, what in heaven's name do you think you're doing?"

"I was going to stick my dickie into the pony again," the boy explained evenly, "it felt so good the first time, I want to do it again."

"No!" Margo interposed herself between the boy and the animal. Raking down her panties with a

single, brusque movement, she ripped them off and flung them into a nearby ditch. Spreading her bent knees, Margo lifted her hips and urged them toward the boy – her crotch and belly were displayed before him like a trayful of the tastiest, most tempting viands – odorous and succulent with the richest juices!

“No!” she cried again, spreading her cuntlips with one hand. “Look, Bobby – look at this! It’s just like the hole you were fucking between the mare’s legs. Except that it’s nicer, it’s tighter, look at it, Bobby – doesn’t it suggest anything to you?”

The boy’s mouth hung open in shocked amazement. “Oh, Aunt Margo!” he exclaimed, “I-I couldn’t do that to you...!”

“Why not?” she gasped hoarsely, “why not?” She bucked her uplifted hips closer.

“Because you’re my daddy’s wife,” he protested, frowning. “And you’re – well – like my mommy. I respect you. I wouldn’t think of putting a dirty, repulsive thing like my dick inside you!”

“Look!” his stepmother cried desperately, “see this hole?” She yanked her pussylips even farther apart, disclosing the immense gash of scarlet flesh, laced now with trickles of syrupy ooze. “See this hole? It’s no different from what the mare’s got. It wants to be fucked! It was created for one purpose – to have a darling little boy like you stick his pretty cock up inside it and stab it around until that white, gooey liquid starts to spurt out the tip – and you remember how good that felt, don’t you darling?”

Now she was down on her knees before him. Gaping her mouth open to disclose the tongue that rippled and flowed so enticingly within, she cried, “See my mouth, dearest? It’s just another hole, not much different from my cunt. It was meant to be fucked too! Oh look, Bobby, look closely at my mouth. Imagine what a delight it would be to stick your dick in there! In some ways it’s even better than my pussy. Look how soft and full and flexible my lips are. Let me just glide my lips over your prick a moment so you can feel how soft they are. See what I mean?”

“Don’t you agree my mouth was made for fucking, Bobby? Can’t you just feel my tongue lapping at the underside of your prick as you slowly glide it inside? And my mouth can do something else that my cunt can’t. When you start shooting you’re load, my mouth can suck and suck and suck and suck, and you’ll be in utter heaven when you feel it drawing your hot, bubbling sperm from the very roots of your handsome dick!”

Now his stepmother was on her hands and knees before him. Thrusting the twin globes of her plump, shapely ass skyward and slowly contracting and releasing her buttock muscles, she alternately disclosed and concealed the pinkish-brown crater that nestled so coyly between the upflung mounds.

“See my asshole?” she cried, “That was meant for fucking too! Go ahead, put your fingers inside. Feel how cozy it feels? It’s not tight at all – it would be very easy to slip your dick inside, if you were so inclined. I speak from experience. I’ve had great, enormous cocks the size of your fist pounding away inside my asshole and it never felt the slightest bit awkward!”

Now she was on her knees before him once more. Caressing his flushed cheeks with tumbling hands, she gasped, “What I’m really trying to say, Bobby, is this: I have three soft, warm holes in my body that are at your disposal any time you want to stick you dick into them. Three holes dying to be fucked. Three holes just begging and imploring to be stabbed by your sweet young dick at any time you feel the urge!”

“Bobby,” she went on, nearly raving in the delirium of her unleashed desire, “I’m going to make a confession. I’m going to tell you something right now that I’ve never admitted to another living soul. One of the reasons and perhaps the most important reason why I married your father was so I could be near you! From the first time we were introduced, and I saw your firm, meaty cock straining against your tight bluejeans, and the way your hard little ass bulged against the seat of your pants, I felt I had to have you!”

“Now, Bobby,” and here her eyes became soft and pleading again, “I’m going to leave the decision to you. I won’t force you to do anything against your will. I’ve introduced you to the joys of cunt. You know what a sublime thrill a good fuck can be. Even though it was only with a pony.”

"I'm not going to urge you any further. But I just want you to remember a couple of things, Bobby. I'm not interested in your respect. I'll be a good mother to you, but I don't want you to look up to me in any way. I'm not some kind of a saint. I'm just a big hunk of hot, juicy meat with three conveniently located holes that you can ram your dickie into any time the mood hits you. Three holes that you can fill to the brim with the juice from your balls at any hour of the day or night."

Tense-faced, she waited for her words to sink in. Then she asked, "Well, Bobby, shall I help you back onto the pony so you can finish your ride?"

There was a long silence. Then, his eyes glued to the earth, the boy replied, "I don't care about the pony ride now. I don't care about anything. The only thing I'll ever want to do, now and for the rest of my life, is to have my dick inside you someplace, Aunt Margo! I'll just want to shoot my juice into you all night and all day. Oh Aunt Margo, you look so pretty! And you smell so nice - and - and..."

"And I taste nice too," his stepmother breathed softly as she straightened up. "Taste me, my dearest darling. Just for a moment..."

She clutched her skirt high, just under her tits, as she cuddled the boy's head in her palm and urged it down toward the steaming morass of her avidly gasping cunt.

The boy eagerly dived his face between the pulpy lips of his stepmother's juice-geysering twat, frenziedly inhaling the rich vapors that gusted from her raw, aroused cunt-flesh, thirstily gulping the sticky sap that welled in glorious abundance from her innermost vitals!

Driven to the limits of nervous excitement, the woman began to piss now. The boy joyously allowed the hot amber fluid to flood over his tongue as he continued voraciously to lap the sticky goodness that drizzled in never failing wealth from the darkly mysterious tunnel tucked somewhere beneath his stepmother's convulsively quivering belly.

Now, while the hot, aromatic piss and cunt juices inundated his face and chest, the boy began to claw ecstatically at the jelly-soft mounds of the woman's magnificent ass, clawing, clutching, insensately rending the parchment-white flesh with his nails until the plump mounds were chafed masses of raw, red scratches, and her stocking tops began to be drenched with the scarlet flow from her mauled and bleeding ass-cheeks.

The woman gurgled, a froth of saliva bubbling from her contorted lips, "Oh, Bobby, you certainly know how to send a woman to paradise. Oh, Bobby, I think I'm going to come. Let me come against your mouth, please! Please! Ahhh!"

Her meaty thighs cupping the boy's face, the woman climaxed twice in the next several minutes.

Afterward, as soon as she had recovered her breath, Margo said, "Well, Bobby, I think it's time for a real, old-fashioned fuck now! But before I allow you to throw me onto a heap of leaves somewhere and embed your marvelous dick inside me, I think I'd better return the pony to Mr. Reilly. Otherwise, he's liable to come looking for us. Stay here for a minute darling, and rest while I take the mare back to the stable. I'll only be gone a very short time."

After bestowing a passionate kiss on the bewildered youngster's mouth, she was gone, leading the pony by the reins. The boy slumped onto a sawed-off tree stump for a well deserved rest. His face was lit with a radiant smile as he fondled the supreme source of pleasure that sprouted from between his legs.

Betsy turned to Mabel. Grinning wickedly, she blurted, "I've got a great idea! Look, it'll take her a while to get to the stable and return, especially in her knocked out condition. I know this sounds mean, but let's fuck the boy dry before she gets back!"

The boy looked up at the woman and then back down at the heavy meat clutched in his sweaty palm. It was rock hard and ready to shoot another load.

He fell back onto the grass as he felt Betsy's cunt slip over the slippery knob of his cock.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

It was a Saturday afternoon. Nelda Culver was glad to have a little free time at her disposal. Thanks to Niles' efforts, she had managed to locate a rather well paying job as assistant to an executive of a textile firm on lower Fifth Avenue. Nelda had little formal education in the commercial sense, but she was intelligent and energetic, and had rapidly gained the respect of her superiors.

Now she was scanning the "Apartments" section of the newspaper. It was time, she decided, that they had a three - or four - room apartment instead of being cooped up in a single hotel room.

She looked up as Alby entered. "Oh Alby," she cried, "I'm so glad you've come back. I want to take you over to Thirty-Fourth Street. You need new clothes so badly... I think it's time we did some shopping for you."

"Okay, Mom," he agreed. Then: "Say Mom - as long as we're on Thirty-Fourth Street, let's go over to Madison Square Garden, too. Maybe there's a game of some kind on tonight! I wouldn't care what it was. All the kids I know talk sports all the time, and I'd like to be able to say I'd seen a real professional game at the Garden!"

Nelda smiled. "I'm glad to hear that you're making friends," she declared. "Where do you find acquaintances?"

"Oh, just around," he said. "In the street... in the parks... now that school's over, there are lots of guys around!"

Nelda lowered her lids modestly as she continued: "But how about girls, Alby? Have you made any female acquaintances? I know that you and your sister get on well together, but... well... I really do think it's time you found another outlet for your instincts. I think you've outgrown your childish taste for animals - I really hate even to mention that disgusting episode in our life - but I feel it's also time you outgrew your dependence on your sister, too. You know what I mean Alby..."

She waited for his response.

"Well yeah, I-I guess you're right, Mom," Alby stammered, nervously digging his toe into the carpet, "... but, gosh Mom, when Lynn and I get together in bed, it's like heaven! I mean, everything is so right and so perfect..."

"Nevertheless, it's time you experimented with some of the thousands of pretty girls that New York is so full of!" Nelda insisted firmly.

"Well yeah, I guess you're right," Alby grinned, looking down at where she was sitting. "To tell you the truth, Mom, Lynn is perfect in every way but one. You know what I mean?"

"I can't possibly guess!" Nelda retorted, coloring. What in the world was he driving at?

"I'll tell you," he continued, the grin broadening. "Lynn is great, but her tits aren't much more than bee stings on that flat chest of hers..."

"Oh heavens!" Nelda sniffed exasperatedly, "you boys and your breast fetish! I can't imagine for the life of me what difference a big pair of boobs makes. I mean, it's what she's got between her legs what counts! You don't screw her boobies..."

"Yes, I would!" her son corrected her quickly. His breathing deepened and his voice took on a wishful character as he said, "Mom, that's my one great ambition - to have a girl with big, soft, floppy tits... well, not floppy you understand, but big - really big! - and juicy, like a pair of watermelons, that I could ease my cock between and just fuck and fuck while she wrapped her jugs close around it and held it, and maybe let my dick skid back and forth across her nipples... Wow, Mom - that would really be groovy!"

Nelda couldn't help smiling at the boy's enthusiasm. "I hope you find such a girl, Alby," she murmured, "And I don't see a reason in the world why you shouldn't, and very soon at that. Heavens, when I think of some of the big-titted wonders I see brazenly and openly displaying their boobs on the streets of New York..."

"Yeah, but it's mostly the older girls that have the big ones!" Alby interjected ruefully. "The ones that are my age - the only girls that wouldn't look down their noses at a kid like me - well, you could mistake them for ironing boards if you just looked at them from the front! I - Mom - listen, I..." He seemed to have great trouble in proceeding.

"Well...?" Nelda smiled. Adolescence! - what an awkward, uncertain time!

"Well, what I was thinking, Mom - you have the biggest, most beautiful jugs of any woman I've ever seen. They're big, and firm, and - well, I've seen you walking around the house lots of times in just your slip and no bra on underneath, and they bounce like a couple of rubber balls without any sloppiness at all. And the nipples are like men's thumbs - gosh I keep thinking they're going to poke through your dress at any minute!"

Nelda looked up from where she was sitting and, pursing her lips in pretended exasperation, asked, "Just exactly what are you driving at, young man?" But, at the same time, a grin lurked at the corners of her mouth.

"Just this, Mom - could I - could I just this once - only once - fuck you between the tits? It wouldn't be like I was balling you the regular way. Oh Mom, I been wanting to ask you that for a long time, and I was always too bashful! I promise to start looking for a girl with real great jugs tomorrow, I promise. But it might take a long time. And, Mom - I got such a hard-on now - it's killing me!"

Alby scarcely needed to inform Nelda of the fact! With his groin a scant three inches from her face, the bulge deforming his neatly pressed denims was only too evident.

Nelda's mind was a seething turmoil as she reflected. Now that she was trying to wean Alby away from sex with his sister, it didn't seem right that she, his mother, should give in.

She bit her lip. Inwardly she was pleased by the compliments the boy had uttered regarding her tits. Nelda was extremely proud of her breasts. Most women of thirty-three find that their ornaments are beginning to sag - perhaps even to grow a little withered. But not Nelda's. They were still as firm and proudly erect as when she was eighteen.

This was the first time anyone had complimented her on her treasures in many years. Rufe had flung nothing but curses and complaints her way since the day they were married. And it was the first time since her honeymoon that anyone had expressed an interest in fucking her between the tits!

Her eyes glowed as she thought about it. She remembered her wedding night when Rufe had kissed her all over her boobs, sucking and slaving over the enormously sensitive flesh, and then slid his coarse, pimply cock between them and proceeded to come that way twice. M-m-m...

"All right!" she declared, meeting Alby's beseeching stare with her confident gaze, "since you ask me so nicely, I'll do it! But you'll have to take me as I am. I'm not going to furnish a striptease show for you, young man!"

"Oh Mom, you're the greatest!" Alby chortled, hugging her.

Perching herself on the edge of her chair, Nelda opened the two top buttons of her dress and allowed her melony jugs to droop out the front. The boy's eyes popped. He began to fumble at his pants, but somehow he couldn't quite coordinate his fingers.

"Oh Alby, you're hopeless!" Nelda laughed, taking charge of the situation. Her skillful hands had his trousers open in a twinkling. The garment dropped around his ankles. The stiff, beautifully contoured flagpole jutting from between his legs lurched into view, grazing Nelda's lush mounds as it did so.

Nelda cupped her balloons in both hands. "All right now," she said pertly, "satisfy your heart's desire, but don't take too long about it. We've lots to do this afternoon!"

Alby slid his straining tool between the succulent blobs from underneath, bending slightly at the knees as he did so. Now he began to rock his dick up and down, up and down, it made a faint hiss as it slid over the satiny tissue.

Nelda felt a pang of keen pleasure slowly kindle within her breasts and radiate gradually toward her pussy, where reeking juices were already commencing to sting the tender clefts and crevices. "Oh Alby," she cried, "I think your dick grows another inch every time I see it! Umm, I love to feel your tool slithering up and down between my tits. Why don't you play with my nipples a minute, dear? Go ahead, pinch them and twirl them between your fingers. Don't be afraid of hurting me, I won't mind!"

The boy did so. "Your cock gets handsomer and more manly by the day," she declared excitedly, staring down at the fast-shuttling rod as it lanced between the rippling jelly of her exquisite titties. "I love to see the cute little purple knob peeping out from the nozzle of your foreskin... Oh Alby, I

shouldn't say this - after all, I'm your mother - but if I were a man and had a dick like yours, I'd have my hand between my legs constantly, just jerking myself and playing with it, and loving the feel of my sausage as it glided through my fingers, and coaxing the sperm out of it as many times a day as I had strength for, and I'd want to expose myself to every girl I met - I'd want to walk up to strange girls on the street and take out my dick in front of her and let her feel in with her hand and take it between her legs and suck it - Oh yes, with a cock like yours I could never keep my hands off it, I'd want to stick it into every hole I could find and play with it, and I'd lie on my back and wrap my legs around my neck and stuff my lovely cock down my throat and suck myself off..."

The boy's face was a sweating mask of frenzied lust as he stabbed his white-hot dick between his mother's tits with redoubled fury. Abruptly the nozzle-tip of his foreskin exploded and a geyser of purest white sperm lofted itself majestically into the air and splattered against Nelda's chin.

Now others followed with machine gun rapidity, spurting and spewing from the frantically bobbing tool, ricocheting from Nelda's chin and some of it spattering over her invitingly parted lips. Nelda licked a drop from her lips, and then another drop, and then she was scooping up some that had dribbled down her chin, and suddenly she grasped the twitching, heavenly, spewing prick between her lips and she was avidly gobbling the thick custard as fast as it vomited from her son's cock, voraciously gulping the creamy goodness as it rose in glob after glob from the tit-fucking lance, cradling her bobbling, jiggling breasts with one hand while she sank her nails into his testicles with the other, to squeeze and press the rich syrup from the plum-sized balls, loudly slurping the sticky nectar as it erupted into her mouth and lapping it as it ran down his dick onto her shimmying tits...!

"Ah shit, Mom, I feel like the top of my skull's about to explode!" the boy gasped. And now, in his uncontrollable fervor, he fucked his straining prick into the very depths of his mother's throat and they both collapsed, Nelda toppling like a nine-pin from her chair, with Alby slumping atop her and fucking his dick deep into her gullet while his maniacally pounding hips slammed her head against the floor in an obscene drum-beat that rattled the windows in their frames!

"AAaagghh..." Nelda gagged, "oh Alby don't take your prick out of my mouth now - let it stay there - let it soften between my lips till all your delicious sperm has drained out - oh Alby, dear...!"

When both had fully sated their lust, Nelda slowly picked herself up from the floor. She arranged her clothing and wiped the encrustations of thick semen from her face and breasts. Then, cheerily, as if nothing remarkable had occurred, she called out, "Time to go shopping, Alby! We've got to make the most of this Saturday afternoon!"

As the boy gathered his wits together, she had a sudden thought. "Oh dear!" she exclaimed, "I wonder where Lynn is? Perhaps she'd like to go with us."

The boy grimaced. "I doubt it," he said. "Lynn doesn't want to go shopping for boys' things. And I doubt that she'd care for any events at the Garden. She never was much for athletics. Heck Mom, she'd just be bored."

Nelda nodded. "You're probably right," she decided. "But, since we don't know exactly how long we'll be gone, I'd better leave her a note. Otherwise, she might worry." Sitting at the desk, Nelda hastily scribbled a note stating that she and Alby had gone shopping - that they might attend an event at Madison Square Garden and if they hadn't returned by seven in the evening, she was to have dinner by herself. Then she taped the note to the mirror, where Lynn would be certain to notice it.

Then they went out. "Oh dear," Nelda murmured concernedly as she rang for the elevator, "I hope Lynn doesn't forget to have a good lunch with her friends wherever she is. It's so like her to be satisfied with a candy bar or a stick of ice cream!"

At that very moment, Lynn was saying to her new friend, Toddie Anstruther, "Hey, I'm hungry - how about us grabbing an ice cream cone somewhere!"

Toddie Anstruther was a pretty little thing, a sprightly, clear-eyed brunette, just a few months past her thirteenth birthday. She lived with her parents in a brownstone building directly across the street from where the Culvers were staying.

Toddie was a modest girl, not at all inclined to put on airs. But it was obvious to Lynn right from the



start that the Anstruthers had a good deal of money. For one thing, they owned the four-story brownstone they lived in. Imagine! - Lynn thought - only three people rattling around in a gorgeous, big building like that! There were beautiful gardens in back. And the rooms were magnificently decorated, from top to bottom. One day, when Lynn was having a soda in the corner drugstore, she heard the proprietor inform someone that the Anstruther mansion could easily command a price of over half-a-million dollars.

It was at the drugstore that Lynn made Toddie's acquaintance. They had eyed one another over sodas, as young girls will, and had fallen into conversation over a matter of clothes. For a rich girl, Toddie was not at all assuming. After leaving the drugstore arm in arm, she invited Lynn to her home. Toddie's parents were out - Lynn gathered that they thought nothing of leaving Toddie alone for long periods - and she was happy to show her new-found friend over the place.

Lynn enthused over everything she saw. Especially the gardens at the rear of the building, which she could see by peeking through the lace curtains of the French doors. "Oh Toddie!" she cried, "let's go outside and walk in the garden awhile - it looks so beautiful!"

Toddie shook her head. "Dad won't let me go out there," was all she said. Lynn had let it go at that. That was about two weeks ago. Now, on this Saturday afternoon, Lynn and Toddie were just returning from a walk in Central Park. Neither had had any refreshment since an early breakfast, and their small stomachs were making noises. "I'm hungry," Lynn announced, "how about us grabbing a cone somewhere?"

Toddie eyed her friend mischievously. "I know where we can get something better than that..." she announced.

"Something better? Where?" Lynn demanded to know.

"I'll show you," Toddie replied quickly, turning on her heel, "follow me!" When Lynn pressed her to know what she meant by the phrase "better than that," Toddie only giggled and said, "You'll see!"

After they had walked several blocks eastward, Lynn wrinkled her nose, saying, "What a crummy neighborhood! Are you sure you know where you're going?"

"Yes," Toddie replied, "this is the place right here." They were standing outside a tiny, open-front store. The window was bleary and soot-encrusted, and paint was peeling from the door. The store was really just a hole in the wall. Lynn wondered how they made any money there.

A villainous-looking old man slid the window open and asked if the girls wanted anything. "Yes," Toddie smiled, "we'll take two of your joy-sticks, please."

The man shambled to the rear of the store, returning a minute later with what looked like a couple of small, chocolate-covered popsicles. "That'll be two dollars," he wheezed. Toddie passed two dollars through the window. She gave one of the "joy-sticks" to Lynn.

"A dollar apiece for these crummy little hunks of ice cream on a stick!" Lynn gasped, "the old bastard - he must have seen us coming! How does he get the nerve to charge a price like that?"

"You'll see," Toddie replied, contorting her pretty features in an innocent leer, "taste it!" She took a dainty bite from hers.

Lynn followed suit. She took one tentative bite, then another. "Hey!" she cried, "this isn't ice cream!" She licked the white, inner core again, "What is it?"

Toddie giggled. A rosy tinge overspread her lively features as she replied, "It's sperm! It's frozen human sperm!"

"What!"

"It's true..." Toddie tittered, eyeing Lynn's features intently for the shocked reaction she was sure was inevitable. "It's human sperm. That's why it costs so much. They collect it from all kinds of degenerates - Bowery bums and drifters like that, I suppose - and freeze it to make these joy-sticks. You can only get them in a few places. Isn't that wild!"

Lynn eyed her friend cynically as she took another bite, allowing the confection to flow slowly over her tongue. "Human sperm, huh?" she sniffed, "like hell it is!"

"What do you mean?" Toddie cried indignantly.

"I'll tell you what this shit is," Lynn ventured, "It's mostly pig sperm, with maybe a touch of dog

come. There isn't one single, solitary smidgin of human sperm in here anywhere."

Toddie regarded her incredulously. "Oh, you're just saying that!" she fumed, "how - how would you know?"

"It's simple," Lynn replied nonchalantly, "I've sucked off dozen of pigs and dogs and lots of other animals besides. Enough to know what I'm talking about."

"You have!"

"Certainly. And I can tell you these joy-sticks don't even have the smell of a human cock. No, this came directly from some fat pig's prick, Toddie. Sorry to disillusion you!" She took another bite and allowed the creamy goo to melt on her tongue.

Toddie pursed her lips skeptically. "I don't see you throwing it away!" she observed.

"I never said I didn't like it," Lynn grinned, "I only said wasn't the McCoy. Don't you think they could have used a little ingenuity when they made these things up, Toddie? They could have molded them in the shape of a man's dick! Wouldn't that make your tongue drool, Toddie - a chocolate-coated human dick?"

"You - you mean you know what it's like?" Toddie stammered excitedly, "you've actually held a boy's cock in your mouth?"

"Plenty of times," Lynn replied serenely. She didn't think it wise even to hint at the truth - that most of the time it had been her brother's!

"And you've sucked off animals too?" Toddie cried, "wh - which do you prefer?"

"I'm not sure..." Lynn replied contemplatively, "sometimes I think one way, sometimes another." Yes she really wished she knew! She loved it when Alby came to her as she lay in bed at night. Her heart pounded madly when she sensed that he was kneeling above her in the blackness, his slim, perfect dick jutting downward toward her face, and she knew that any second now the pissy-tasting foreskin would shyly tickle her lips, and then she would reach up and gently take his cock in one hand while she peeled the foreskin back with the other, unveiling the glassy-slick knob that would soon be pumping its delicious burden of creamy nutriment between her lips!

But she often reflected with keen nostalgia on the old days back on the farm when she had so many varieties of rough, sensual animal dicks to take between her lips or between her legs. Coarse, hairy, black cocks that she could milk as often as she liked.

As they strode along the sidewalk, Lynn's hand stole between her legs - an unthinking, involuntary reaction to her remembered vision of the pig, goat, donkey, and sheep pricks she had slipped between her pussylips so often in the past - yes, the monstrous, stubby, cruel prongs that had ruthlessly raked her squashy-soft pussylips until they were raw and bleeding and still she had pleaded for more!

"Lynn!" Toddie cried in shocked amazement, "please - do you realize what you're doing? - playing with yourself right out here on the public street!"

"What? Oh, I'm sorry - I wasn't thinking - I..." Lynn's voice broke off. A fire had flared deep inside her. She could feel the blood pounding through her temples. Her throat was getting dry. She stared stupidly at the "joy-stick" in her hand.

Then, impetuously seizing Toddie by the hand, Lynn dragged her into the vacant lot just off the sidewalk. It was heavily overgrown with weeds and scraggly shrubs. Lurching behind a tall bush, Lynn unfastened the belt of her flowered bell bottoms and let them fall around her ankles.

"Oh!" Toddie gasped, scarcely able to credit her vision, "what in the world are you doing? Lynn - if you don't stop that, I'm going to walk away and leave you here all by yourself!" But - fascinated out of her wits - she remained.

Now, completely naked from her hips down to where her bell bottoms clung about her ankles, Lynn was deliriously stabbing herself between her rosy-transparent cunt-folds with the remainder of her joy-stick! As she did so, her perfect little ass jiggled like two delectable molds of pink jelly and her thighs jittered with every manic thrust of the obscene confection.

Tears welled from her unseeing eyes as Lynn furiously plunged the cold, dripping rod between her legs again and again, moaning, "Oh yes, Mr. Piggy, fuck me with your lovely, hot dick - fuck me with

all your might! Oh, it's so wonderful having your prick between my legs again - I love the feel of your dick - I love the smell of it - I love the taste of it...!" Her tongue roved over her lovely lips, lapping up the traces of pig come that still lingered there from the stick.

Now the wooden stick had torn free of the confection and Lynn was pounding and stuffing the obscene slush into her cunt with her tiny hand, groaning, "Oh shit, shit, shit - don't leave me now, Mr. Piggy! Don't leave me till you've shot your load all the way up into my guts! I want to come on your dick, piggy! Make me come - ohh, I'll suck it for you, piggy, I'll even kiss your ass, only make me come!"

Her breath was coming in short, harsh gasps now and her exquisite features were drenched in sweat as, turning her tortured gaze on her thunderstruck friend, she pleaded, "Stick your joy-stick up my cunt, Toddie! Please! You've got lots left - please, fuck it up my cunt, I need it so bad!"

Toddie blinked, swallowed hard, then - moving as if in a dream - she went to where Lynn stood, legs spread, her trembling hips bucked forward, her gasping pussylips seeming to stammer, "Fuck us! Fuck us!" She hesitated an instant, then rammed her ice-cold joy-stick all the way up Lynn's snatch!

"Oh, that feels good!" Lynn gurgled, "now slosh it around inside me! Ohhh, your dickie is so cold, Mr. Pig! But I'll warm it up for you with my hot snatch, oh yes, I'll fry your cock to a crisp before you're through, Piggy! Oh, fuck me, yes, fuuucckk me!"

Now the wooden stick had ripped loose from the crumbly ice and Toddie was frenziedly pounding the frozen pig sperm up her friend's snatch with her hand, stabbing and stabbing, and battering the gloppy mess into Lynn's hot little hole, and now Toddie's hand was immersed in Lynn's love tunnel halfway up to her wrist, and suddenly Lynn's avidly gasping mouth was on her own! Lynn's eel-like tongue was snaking down into Toddie's throat and sucking her spit, and now Lynn's hands were inside Toddie's corduroys and Toddie's plump young buttocks were bursting into view, and Lynn's finger was relentlessly assailing her asshole, burrowing upwards - upwards - the impatient finger impetuously raping her friend's asshole while one hand gripped and fondled the spongy-soft buttocks!

Now Lynn was frenziedly moaning into Toddie's ear, "Get down on your knees, please, and suck my snatch! Oh, the smell of pig-come is driving me out of my mind! Get down on your knees, Toddie, and turn your tongue into a pig's dick and ream it up inside me. Please. Please!"

Stunned and bewildered by the events that had so suddenly burst upon her, Toddie fell to her knees like one in a trance. Plastering her mouth against Lynn's crotch, she commenced to suck and lap the creamy slush that seethed against Lynn's porcelain-like belly and thighs. Then her tongue rampaged up inside the oozy cunt slit and she commenced to suck the downward-flooding pig-muck with all her strength.

She sucked and sucked and sucked, and mashed her eager features against the yielding loveliness of Lynn's thighs and belly and avidly munched the pissy crispness of Lynn's cunt-hair until she had sucked and swallowed all the thick, slimy ooze from her crotch and cunt, and then she tasted something else - the clear, crystalline cider of Lynn's pure twat juice. Slowly and luxuriously she smeared her lips back and forth, up and down, blissfully allowing the delicious broth to seep over her flared lips and down over her chin.

Lynn smiled down at Toddie. "I liked the feel of your mouth on my pussy," she declared. "It felt just like a strong animal prick."

"I enjoyed sucking you," Toddie said, smiling shyly as she regained her feet. "Let's do that lots from now on, okay?"

"Okay!"

The girls continued their homeward stroll. But it was plain that Toddie's excitement, once aroused, could not easily be allayed. She kept searching around her with restless eyes as they walked.

"What's the matter?" Lynn wanted to know.

"I-I feel so funny! You know, I think sucking all that warm, slimy pig sperm from your cunt has done something to me. I never felt that way before from eating a cold, frozen joy-stick, but the hot stuff makes me feel all itchy and peculiar! Do you - do you suppose we could find another animal

somewhere and drink his nice, fresh, warm sperm right out of his cock?"

They were still in a poor neighborhood. A neighborhood of tenements and small struggling businesses. Lynn's eye fell on a horse that was tethered outside a flower shop. The proprietor obviously used a horse-drawn cart to peddle his flowers from door to door. Lynn approached, followed by Toddie. She eyed the dappled stallion with evident approval.

"Oh Lynn," Toddie cried uneasily, "what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get us some real, hot, living horse sperm!" Lynn announced in no uncertain terms.

"Toddie, you go around in front and talk to Dobbin. Pat his nose, talk to him, do anything to keep him calm."

"And - and what will you do?" Toddie stammered.

"I'm going to jerk him off," Lynn declared. True to her word, she reached beneath the horse's belly and began to caress the enormous animal's penis gently, very gently, then with increasing fervor. The horse whinnied and stamped his hooves nervously a couple of times, but remained otherwise serene.

"Oh yes..." Lynn breathed as she saw her labor taking effect, "I can feel your big, beautiful dick getting hard as a rock, horsie! Oh, I'll bet you haven't had a good screw in a month of Sundays. I'll bet that horrible mean man that owns you never even lets you within sight of a lady horse. Eeeh - there he goes!"

Now the strong, viscous animal sperm was spurting, spurting, and Lynn held her cupped hand underneath to catch the thick, yellow custard as it was vomited forth from the eagerly pulsating black dick.

"How are we doing back there?" Toddie called anxiously, "Oh, Lynn, I'm getting frightened. This beast has such a wild look in his eye!"

At that precise moment, a squat, swarthy man appeared in the doorway of the store. His jaw dropped as he stared, unbelieving. Then, he made for the girls, shouting, "Fuckin' hippies - leave my horse alone! You crazy or something?"

The man was no match for two young girls. They quickly outran him, even though Lynn was handicapped by her attempt to retain a double handful of sperm without spilling any of it. When they had successfully eluded the peddler, they squatted down on a curbstone to share their tangy booty.

Lynn had managed to save most of the liquid treasure. Holding her tightly cupped hands toward Toddie, she urged, "Go ahead, taste!"

Toddie sniffed first. "Hmm," she murmured approvingly, "doesn't smell too bad..." She dipped a fingertip into the thick ooze and tasted it gingerly. "Shit," she said, "it tastes better than that pig sperm!"

Now Toddie bent her eager face over the puddle in Lynn's cupped hands and began to lap at it in earnest - politely at first, then with increasing abandon, sucking up the yellow slush with loud gurgles and slurps. "Mmmm..." she gasped, "I wish we could go back now and suck that horse off for real! Oh, Lynn - you know what I wish? I wish I could be fucked by a horse! The taste of this horse sperm has got me so excited, I'm ready to try practically anything!"

Giggling, the two young girls shared the viscous yellow outpouring of the horse's cock between themselves until it was all gone. By that time, their faces were smeared and encrusted with the hardened slime, but they didn't care.

As they walked along, Lynn licked the last traces of sperm from her fingers, saying, "Well, horses seem to be few and far between in New York, but - I have an idea, Toddie! Let's get hold of a nice, big dog and we can suck his cock and I'll show you how to make him fuck you! Do any of your neighbors keep dogs?"

"Well, I suppose so," murmured Toddie indecisively. There was something in her reticence that made Lynn strongly suspect her friend was concealing something. After they had strolled another half block or so, Toddie suddenly blurted, "Mommy and Daddy keep two dogs. Two big, enormous brutes, but I don't think we better have anything to do with them!"

"What! You've got dogs right in your own home! And you never told me. What's wrong with them?"

"Oh, they're terrible fierce animals," Toddie declared worriedly. "Lynn, remember the first time you came to my house, and I told you not to go out into the garden? It's because the dogs were out there. Daddy keeps them out there to guard against prowlers. They're not leashed or anything. I'm afraid of them. They could tear me apart if they took it into their heads. So I don't think we'd better..."

"I'll show you how to handle brutes!" Lynn snapped with enormous self-possession. "Just let me show you!"

By now they were outside the Anstruthers' brownstone. Toddie let herself in with her key. The house was silent, as it had been for days. Mr. and Mrs. Anstruther were spending the weekend in Bermuda. So the girls were completely alone.

Toddie led Lynn to the French doors separating the downstairs livingroom from the garden. The animals were in plain sight. They roved about the garden, sniffing suspiciously at every bush. Lynn had to agree they were a pair of real monsters. One was a ferocious looking police dog. The other was a mastiff.

"I'll handle them," Lynn announced. "Toddie, have you got some chopped meat in the refrigerator?" Toddie didn't ask any questions. She found a plate in the refrigerator containing about a pound of hamburger. She brought it in to where Lynn was waiting just inside the French doors.

"All right now," Lynn grinned, "take off you pants!" Her hands were already busy with the belt of her bell-bottoms. It was only a second before she was completely naked below the waist. By now Toddie knew better than to ask stupid questions. She stripped off her corduroys and waited to see what Lynn did next.

Lynn boldly intruded her hand between Toddie's satiny, soft thighs, brazenly fingering the youngster's pulpy cunt folds as if she were squeezing a tomato in a supermarket. "What the..." Toddie began, but Lynn quickly explained, with a roguish smile, "I want to see how juicy you are between the legs. Oh, you're hardly wet at all! How can you be so dry after sucking my twat the way you did? Let me stimulate you!"

Lynn went to the mantle and removed a candle from its socket. Gently reaming it up Toddie's snatch, she began to fuck it in and out while she ardently sucked her friend's tits. It was only a few minutes before Toddie's snatch was overbrimming with rich, fragrant juice.

Now Lynn mashed some of the hamburger around between her friend's thighs, soaking up her odorous juices with it. When the hamburger was sopping with Toddie's cunt syrups, Lynn went to the doors, opened them a scant six inches, and flung the juice-drenched hamburger to the dogs.

The animals went wild over it. They quickly wolfed it down and stood there, licking their chops, plainly expecting more.

This time Lynn soaked some of the hamburger in her own cunt drippings before she threw it to the dogs. Again it was devoured in no time flat. Now the animals pressed their noses flat to the glass, whining and begging to be admitted inside.

Lynn took just a tiny bit of the hamburger and smeared it into her cunt-folds. She did the same for Toddie. Both girls' twats were now coated with chopped meat. Lynn put the rest away in the refrigerator. "Now," she commanded, "open the doors. Let 'em inside!"

Toddie was trembling as if in the grip of a fever. "Are you sure?" she murmured worriedly.

"Open the doors!"

"Okay..." Toddie flung open the French doors. The police dog and mastiff bounded inside. They immediately went for the girls, relentlessly thrusting their brute heads between the youngsters' pudding-soft thighs and lashing their broad, ferocious tongues over their oozing cunts.

"Hey, this is wild!" Toddie cried when she had recovered from her first trepidation, "Oh, Lynn, the mastiff's tongue acts like it really wants to fuck me - oh, his tongue is so rough and coarse and brutal - I never knew anything could feel this good!"

The mastiff's tongue made sloppy clicking noises as it voraciously roved over Toddie's crotch and belly, licking up the tiny flecks of hamburger. For a brief instant it flicked between her legs, scouring her ass crack with a boldness that took the breath from Toddie's lungs. "Oh!" she cried, "He goosed me with his tongue! Oh, do it again, doggie, do it again!"

"Watch what I do..." Lynn instructed as she fell to her hands and knees. Lynn took the police dog's tail in her hands and began to kiss it, starting at the very tip, and gradually approaching the base of the furry tail. Now the tip of her tiny, flamelike tongue was slowly circling the animal's asshole - drawing nearer - nearer...!

"Lynn!" Toddie screeched, "You - you kissed that animal's asshole, I saw you!"

Lynn's tongue was brazenly prodding the police dog's anus - prodding it and kissing it! The huge, dangerous beast was purring deep in his throat - purring like a kitten. "This is how I soothe my beasts," Lynn said with a saucy grin, "there's nothing that'll soothe the savage male quicker than a loving kiss on the asshole. You'll find it works as well with human males as with animals, Toddie. I happen to know!"

Indeed she did. There had been a number of times during the last couple of weeks when Alby had been furious at her over some little thing, and she had quickly calmed him by pressing her rosepetal-soft lips to his ass crack, to tickle and kiss the puckery little crater that nestled there. Yes, a long, ardent soul-kiss on the asshole always brought Alby around in short order!

Lynn scratched the police dog's ears. "See how docile he is?" she exclaimed. Lying on the floor, face up, she guided the animal's body so that his groin was directly above her face. "Now watch, Toddie," she commanded, "while I show you how to suck a dog's cock!"

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Lynn guided the animal's rear end downward until his hairy black dick was firmly ensconced between her lips. Then she began to tumble the squirmy, twitching cylinder around in her mouth with her tongue, doing everything she could to excite it.

Meanwhile, the dog was eagerly lapping his broad, slab-like tongue up and down Lynn's cunt crack. He had long since licked away all traces of the hamburger, now he seemed famished for her fragrant cunt-oozings.

Lynn was a true expert when it came to blowing animals, and it was a matter of only a few minutes time before she was rewarded with a turbulent blast of hot, gummy dog-come that foamed over her lips for a moment, before she succeeded in wrapping her lips about the savagely pounding lump of erectile flesh and diverting the strong tasting seed directly into her gullet.

Even as she was gulping the fluid, Lynn watched from a corner of her eye to see how her friend was making out. Not too badly, as it happened. Toddie, too, was lying supine on the carpet while her pretty mouth sucked fervently, if inexpertly, at the mastiff's excited prick, and the dog hungrily mouthed the aromatic notch between her shapely thighs.

When the mastiff shot his load, Toddie lost her grip on the wildly plunging tool, and most of his come spewed all over her face. "Oh, what a waste!" she cried bitterly, as she sat up. "Oh shit! I wanted him to come directly into my mouth!"

Lynn went to her. "You've done very well for a beginner," she congratulated her. Then she kissed the scummy dog-come off Toddie's frowning features. "Besides," she said soothingly, "the best part's still to come!"

"The best part - what's that?"

"Our fuck! These animals have really got the hots for us. Look how they're sniffing at our tits and smearing their cocks between our legs! They don't know yet quite how to get at us, but we'll soon show them!"

"Ohhh," Toddie breathed, turning her flashing eyes on Lynn's smiling face, "that's what I really want: a real, actual, honest-to-goodness screw. I've never been balled by any living creature, Lynn. I've stuck lots of cucumbers and frankfurters and stuff like that up inside myself, but I've never had the real thing from either a boy or an animal."

She rested her head against Lynn's shoulder for a moment as she murmured, "You know, sometimes

I wish Daddy didn't have all that money, so I wouldn't be forced to go to college when I graduate from that private school. I-I really think sometimes I'd like to be a whore. Don't laugh, Lynn - that's really the way I feel. Sometimes I have this irresistible urge to stop men on the street. I wish I could stop them and feel up their cocks and then take them to a hotel room somewhere and strip all bare in front of them and when they'd taken off their pants, I'd suck their dicks and I'd let them feel me up and I'd let them do anything to me they pleased - fuck me or whip me, or anything. I have a collection of whips and straps that I keep hidden away in my closet upstairs. I'll show them to you sometime, Lynn - I'd like to have you whip me till my back and ass were nothing but a raw mass of welts, really I would! I've tried whipping myself, but it's not very exciting, and I'd love to have you do it. You're such a dominant creature, you really are. You could piss all over me and make me suck your ass and anything that you happened to think of."

Lynn laughed as she cuddled her cheek against Toddie's. "Now you've really got me horny!" she exclaimed. "And from the way these dogs are rubbing their big, stiff cocks against our tits, I'd say they could understand every word you said, and they've got the hots worse than before. Come on, let's give them what they want!"

Toddie was more than willing. She watched intently, not missing a move, as Lynn got down on all fours and skillfully guided the police dog in mounting her like a bitch in the street.

Toddie worried a little at first as to whether the mastiff would respond as well to her clumsy guidance as the police dog had to Lynn's but she was pleasantly surprised to find that the great, ferocious animal was burning to ream his cock between her legs as soon as she got down on her hands and knees.

It was almost as if he had mounted a human female many times in the past... and not too far in the past either...! A strange, upsetting thought struck Toddie as she felt the first probings of the imperious canine tool between her pussy lips. She knew her mother spent considerable periods of time alone with one or the other of the watchdogs every day. They had a complete, unstinting affection for her. Sometimes, it had seemed to Toddie that her mother was all too willing to allow the animals to poke their snouts up under her dress or to sniff at her ass, very much as if she were a common, sidewalk mutt who was accustomed to having her ass sniffed by every male dog who came her way!

Could it be that her mother...!? It was a provoking thought. And one that Toddie was resolved to throw up to her mother if ever in the future the older woman should rebuke her if she caught her being intimate with the animals.

Now both girls were being eagerly fucked by the two gasping, growling watchdogs. The animals hunched low over the girl's slender backs and saliva drooled from their open jaws as they stabbed their black dicks between the youngsters' pulpy, hair-fringed cunt lips.

"Oh Lynn!" Toddie cried, "I'm feeling stoned out of my mind... I don't know if it's from having the mastiff's cock inside me or all that pig-sperm that's sloshing around in my stomach! Tell me something - is it like this when a boy fucks you?" She wriggled her hips, and the dog began to plow her with greater fury than before.

"It's... it's different," Lynn gasped as the police dog's frantic lunges threatened to flatten her against the floor. "When boys screw you, they usually do it face-to-face and they like to stick their tongues deep inside your mouth and play with your tits and grab your ass when they're about to climax."

"A dog can't do that, but there's something so... so just plain dirty about being screwed by an animal that I get twice as much pleasure from the actual cock as I do from a boy. I guess, to sum it all up, I'd have to say that with an animal I enjoy the cock better, and with a boy I enjoy the screwing better! I don't know if it makes sense, but - Uuuuuuggghh... oh Toddie... I think I'm going to come... and I think Rover's coming too!"

Lynn's head was flung back. Her face was a contorted mask and spit slobbered from her lips as she felt the police dog's hot come spraying her guts. Her entire body rippled as the orgasm seized her and shook her delicate form as a terrier seizes and shakes a cornered rat!

After both girls had climaxed, they rested awhile. Toddie rested her cheek against Lynn's blissfully

soft tits while her hand roved bashfully over the triangle of delights where belly and thighs intersect. Her fingers roved ecstatically through the sticky pool of dog come that had gathered at the base of Lynn's belly and clotted her cunt hair.

"Would you like me to lap the dog come from your snatch, dear?" Toddie whispered in her friend's ear, "I'd love to do it for you. I'd do anything you wanted me to..."

"Yes," Lynn murmured. She was really becoming very fond of this new friend of hers. "Yes, do that... gather the dog sperm from my snatch. And when you've filled your mouth with come, bend over me and kiss me... I want to feel that delicious sperm mingle on our tongues..."

Lovingly, with care and ardor, Toddie slid her face the entire length of Lynn's body, kissing and bestowing little love-nips all along the way, until her mouth found its haven and she commenced to suck the warm, slimy puff of flesh between her friend's legs.

Quite a lot of the sperm had run into the narrow, hair-thronged valley between Lynn's thighs as she lay supine on the floor, and Toddie's eager tongue quickly sought out these nuggets of buried treasure. There was liquid gold around Lynn's asshole too, where some of the come had dribbled and collected, and Toddie quickly garnered these riches into her mouth too.

Then, mouth crammed with sperm, Toddie smeared her fervent lips against Lynn's and the two girls lay there, their slim, white bodies welded together while their come-dripping tongues intertwined and explored one another's throats.

Lynn and I are going to have such beautiful times together, Toddie thought. Her throat tightened as she reflected on all the marvelous, exciting capers they would share. But I do wish Lynn weren't quite so gentle with me! Toddie thought wistfully. I wish she'd learn to pinch and bite and abuse me dreadfully.

Toddie's mind went to the event of some minutes earlier, when Lynn had thrust the candle up her snatch and fucked her with it. I wish she'd ram the candle up my asshole, Toddie mused deliriously. I wish she'd ram it up my can, and then light it, and then hold me down while the candle burned shorter and shorter. I wish she'd torture me terribly until I screamed bloody murder! Oooh...!

"I have another idea," Lynn declared abruptly.

"You're going to whip and burn all over my naked body, aren't you!" Toddie cried excitedly.

"No, silly!" Lynn laughed, "I have a better idea than that! Look, it's fun being fucked by a dog's cock, but it's even wilder having his snout between your legs! I'll show you what I mean. There's still a lot of that hamburger left in the refrigerator. Get it, and I'll show you what to do with it."

While Toddie was in the kitchen, Lynn put the dogs outside again so they wouldn't rip the meat from Toddie's hands before Lynn could make proper use of it.

Toddie brought in what was left of the chopped meat. Now Lynn crammed whole handfuls of the raw, bloody meat up Toddie's cunt and asshole. Then she smeared generous wads into her own orifices. By the time she finished, her hands were trembling with excitement. She had a pretty good idea of what was about to occur and she reveled in the thought.

Then Lynn opened the French doors and allowed the dogs inside once more. The animals nearly went insane. They were on the girls in a great, furious rush, lapping at their cunts and asses with violent, slavering strokes of their slab-like tongues.

The police dog quickly had Lynn pinned in a corner. His pointy snout was halfway up her twat, snuffling, licking, munching at the rich repast of fresh, raw meat she had secreted there. His avid mouth munched and sucked the hamburger into his powerful jaws.

The mastiff had Toddie down on the floor. His great snout was half buried inside her snatch and as his jaws worked frantically, Toddie's cunt-slit was distended to enormous size. She felt as if she were being screwed by a baseball bat... the large end of a lunging, spinning, slamming baseball bat that was determined to rip its way through her innermost vitals!

Lynn was afloat in a sea of lascivious pleasure. The police dog's muzzle was like an enormous cock. As he insistently reamed it further and further up the dark tunnel under Lynn's belly, whimpering and growling deep in his throat, it was exactly like an insatiably thrusting prick... only larger... and infinitely more exciting.

Lynn drooled from both corners of her mouth as she felt the mighty jaws working inside her, chomping and gobbling at what it found there. She looked down at the relentlessly burrowing head - it was buried inside her nearly up to the eyes now - and she moaned, "Fuck me lover! Did you like the way I sucked your dick? I'll suck your dick some more if you'll only plow my pussy and make me climax! Oooh, I love having your rough, hairy snout inside me... squirm it around some more... make my pussy bleed... Oooh, I can feel your tongue lapping way inside me, lapping my belly-button... fuck me with your mean, hairy face, lover!"

As soon as the animal had devoured the goodies Lynn had secreted in her snatch, his keen nose quickly smelled out the other treasure trove of fresh, raw meat crammed far into her ass.

He went after it. For just the briefest instant, his prong-like tongue slashed the delectable notch between Lynn's thighs. Then his head dove ferociously beneath her crotch and, with a single, savage toss of his mighty head, he tossed Lynn into the air like the merest chip!

"Oof!" the girl grunted as she landed on the floor on all fours. The dog was on her like a fury, his nose pounding between the succulent moons of her buttocks, his tongue racing up and down the moist, hairy ass crack, garnering the crumbs of hamburger that had lodged there.

Then his tongue was lancing inside her, lapping at the wads of fresh meat she had stuffed up her rectum. Now his nose was restlessly prodding the cratered little hole between her buttocks... prodding, sniffing, battering!

"Oh wow...!" Lynn moaned as the lust and hunger-crazed animal thrust his nose inside her asshole, "oh, your cold nose, doggie your cold, wiggly nose on my asshole it makes me shivery all over!"

Now the dog was thrusting deeper inside Lynn's anus. The tip of his snout was completely buried in her delighted, convulsing contracting asshole and his tongue was snaking far up into her rectum rolling her astonished guts!

"Oh doggie..." Lynn was moaning as she crouched there, her cheek squashed flat against the carpet, "bugger me with your nose. Oooh... I think I'm going to come there don't stop... Ooh..."

The crazed animal was far past the point of control now. He went after the meaty repast secreted in Lynn's rectum with his tongue... with his jaws... and finally darted a cruel paw up the girl's anus as if determined to claw out every last tiny crumb of meat from the deliciously fragrant orifice in which it had been cached!

Lynn came then. Her brutally aroused asshole clamped down on the dog's monstrous paw and clutched it in a grip of steel as spasm after spasm of orgasmic rupture shuddered the entire length of Lynn's writhing guts and she was transformed into a thrashing, raging, slobbering demon oblivious to every sensation but the imperious lust that shook and snapped her body like a whip!

Toddie's experience was somewhat different. When she felt the mastiff lapping at her ass, she resignedly fell to her hands and knees, thrusting her shapely rear high in the air for the animal to do with as he pleased. Slowly... very slowly... the mastiff licked her asscrack over and over until Toddie's churning vitals gradually thrust the secreted meat into the animal's patient mouth.

It was a delightful sensation. Toddie came in her ass time after time under the stimulus of the warm, wet prick-like tongue, and she felt that, of all the sexual sensations she had experienced that day, this was the best.

Lynn was sitting cross-legged on the carpet, groggily attempting to regain some control over her senses when the mantel clock began to chime. Half-unconsciously she counted the chimes. "Six o'clock!" she blurted, "oh Geez, Toddie, I better run. Mom is probably madder'n a wet hen at me for staying out so long. I'll phone you tomorrow!"

She scrambled into her clothes, ran a comb through her tangled hair, and was gone.

Lynn nearly managed to get herself run over as she scampered across the street toward the hotel. "Wow," she muttered, "I'll sure as hell catch it from Mom for staying out on the street all day. And when she sees the condition I'm in..."

When Lynn read the note her mother had taped to the mirror, a profound sense of disappointment washed over her. "Hell!" she fumed, "if I knew Mom was off shopping with Alby someplace, I could've stayed with Toddie a lot longer and we could have fucked the dogs again, and..."

She started at the abrupt sound of the phone. That had to be Mom! She had probably been phoning, and phoning... "Hello!" Lynn exclaimed, as she picked up the phone. Gosh, she hoped she didn't sound too breathless. Mom would sense immediately she'd been up to some devilry or other!

But it was a male voice. "Hello," the caller said, "may I speak with Nelda, please?"

"My mother is out just now," Lynn replied, "could I ask who's calling?" The voice sounded familiar, but she wasn't quite sure...

It was Niles! He had been working all day at the office, catching up on his paper work, and he was wondering if Nelda and the two youngsters would care to have dinner with him at a nice restaurant someplace. He mumbled something about Betsy's spending the evening with a friend of hers - a Mabel Somebody-or-other. But it sounded very much as if Niles weren't too interested in rushing home anyway.

He sounded extremely disappointed when Lynn informed him that Nelda and Alby might be out until quite late. "I just don't know what their plans are," she said, "they might be back any minute. Or they might not return until almost midnight. Where are you calling from, Niles?"

"I'm calling from the booth down on your corner," he said with a laugh. "I can see your window from where I'm standing right now! I was on my way to Grand Central when the idea hit me to call you and ask you all to dinner."

"In that case," she suggested, "why don't you come up and keep me company for a little while? Like I say, Mom and Alby might just come back any minute, and I know Mom especially would be annoyed to think she'd missed you."

"Great idea!" Niles enthused, "I'll come up in a jiffy!"

"Heck!" Lynn hated the idea of appearing like a slob in front of any male, even if he was her brother-in-law and twenty years older than herself. She wished there was time to shower...

Well, what did it matter? The important thing was that she had someone to talk to for just a little while. She hoped devoutly that her mother and Alby would return soon. She loved the idea of being taken to a big, expensive restaurant - the type that Niles was so much at home in - where she could stare at celebrities!

Lynn hastily ripped off her clothes, flung them in the hamper, and washed her face. Now to find some clean, fresh underthings...

Shit! There was the doorbell now! Moving like lightning, Lynn found a gossamer, summery mini-dress - the first thing that came to hand in the closet - and swiftly zipped it over her naked body. Then she ran to find some civilized shoes. She knew she had a pair of two-inch spike heels in this pile of junk somewhere.

The doorbell sounded again.

"Coming!" she cried, slipping her bare feet into the sophisticated, grownup-looking footwear. Okay! She scampered to the door and flung it wide.

Niles' eyes were the approximate size and shape of saucers as his glance slowly roved over Lynn's delectable figure. Could this be Betsy's kid sister? Why the last time he'd seen her she was just a tomboy tot in blue jeans, a sweatshirt, and moccasins. And now...!

"Come in, Niles!" she cried, "let me see if I can find you a little refreshment. I know Mom's got a bottle of sherry stuck away someplace!"

Niles was more than happy to flop into a chair and take the glass of light, dry sherry that Lynn proffered him. "Wow..." he muttered, "what a day I've had! I've had my nose in leases and deeds and court writs since eight o'clock this morning. Gee, I hope Nelda and your brother come back soon. I'm really looking forward to spending the evening with my little family."

After musing a moment, he said ruefully, "I hope I can refer to you all as 'family'. I have a strong feeling it's the only family I'll ever have. Betsy doesn't exactly jump for joy every time I bring up the subject of kids."

"How is Betsy?" Lynn asked, squashing her enticing bottom against the arm of the overstuffed chair in which Niles had sprawled. "I'm hoping to renew my acquaintance with Sis one of these days."

Niles grimaced unhappily. "She's okay, I suppose," he declared noncommittally. "I-I still haven't

mentioned anything about your coming to New York. That's one can of worms I'd rather not open at this point. I mean - I guess she had pretty good reasons for leaving home in the first place..."

He allowed the sentence to trail off into silence. Betsy and her beasts - that was one subject he wasn't about to discuss in his present state!

They exchanged desultory remarks for about three-quarters of an hour. At last, glancing disconsolately at the clock, Lynn remarked, "Gosh, it doesn't look like they'll be returning after all..." Niles had been toying with his sherry. Now, gulping the last of it, he snapped, "What's so wrong with you and I having a quiet bite somewhere, Lynn? After all, it's a Saturday night, and we can't be expected to sit home alone while others are out enjoying themselves! What do you say - think you can reconcile yourself to an evening with your elderly brother-in-law?"

"I sure can!" Lynn exulted, "oh Niles, I was hoping you'd suggest something like that!" She ran to the mirror to apply some lipstick. In reclining her pretty rear against the chair arm, the skimpy mini dress fabric had wedged itself into her moist ass crack, and it clung there now, affording Niles a breathtaking glimpse of two pinkly glowing crescent moons that peeped shyly from beneath her skirt.

As he stared surreptitiously at Lynn's succulent young ass, Niles thought he detected some streaks of white, encrusted material about the thighs. It looked almost like...

No! He was imagining things! Living with Betsy was enough to unhinge any guy's mind.

Niles felt a trifle self-conscious about being seen in the smart Fifth Avenue restaurant he had chosen with a thirteen-year-old, but he quickly decided that most casual observers would simply assume she was his daughter. Still, though, in that cock-teaser of a dress, striding lithely, imperiously atop her two-inch spike heels, Lynn looked a far cry from the conventional thirteen-year-old... she could easily be mistaken for seventeen, Niles had to admit!

Both Niles and Lynn enjoyed the evening very much. After they left the restaurant, Lynn wanted to walk about for awhile and take in some of the sights of her glamorous, new city, but Niles was feeling fragged out after a backbreaking day at his real estate chores and so it was only about nine-fifteen when the cab returned them to the hotel.

"Why don't you come up for just a minute, Niles?" Lynn urged. "I think there's still a little sherry left in the bottle. Mom and Alby might be back too."

"Just for five minutes," Niles vowed.

They still had the apartment to themselves. Apparently Alby and Nelda had found something of interest at Madison Square Garden, after all. Lynn poured Niles another drink. Niles settled into the overstuffed armchair again. Lynn refused to sit at all. She seemed extremely fidgety.

At last Niles decided to speak out openly. "You seem very restless, Lynn," he declared. "I couldn't help noticing while we were eating, how you constantly squirmed about in your seat. You don't have a slipped disc, do you? If it's something requiring medical attention, I'll be only too happy to..."

"Oh, it's nothing, Niles!" she murmured, frowning, "I'd rather not talk about it!"

But it was uncomfortably apparent to Niles, as the minutes passed, that something was radically wrong with the youngster. She still refused to sit. From time to time, she reached behind herself with a furtive motion.

At last Niles could no longer endure it in silence. His face flared crimson as he exclaimed, "Excuse me, Lynn, but I'd better tell you this - every time you reach in back to scratch your can, your dress rides up and I get a truly excellent view of your... ahem!"

At this, to Niles' amazement, the youngster burst into tears! "Oh Niles..." she sobbed, "I'm in agony! I can't sit - I can't stand - my ass feels like it's on fire!"

"What's the matter?" Niles cried, aghast. "Let's get to a doctor and find out what's causing..."

"Oh no!" she interjected, "I'm too ashamed! Besides, I know what's causing my ass to itch this way!"

"You do? What?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you..."

"Listen, young lady," Niles blazed, slamming his sherry glass onto the table, "you're due for a night of agony unless you get your nerve together and take care of yourself. I can tell when a girl's on the

verge of fainting! Come on, spit it out - what's wrong?"

Lynn's modesty quickly went by the boards as her misery mounted. Clutching underneath her dress to grab both buttocks, the youngster unashamedly raked her fingernails up and down her ass crack, causing her skirt to ride up well above her crotch. Niles swallowed hard as the flawless white belly and the smoldering clump of spun-gold cunt hair flashed into view.

A delicious odor of young, teen-age cunt was slowly permeating the room. Now, more than ever, Niles was aware that the girl was completely unclad beneath the flimsy mini dress. The incandescent-red tips of her sweetly immature titties looked as if they were about to scorch their way through the diaphanous fabric.

"Oh Niles," Lynn wailed, "I feel like such a fool! This afternoon, my friend Toddie and I - she lives right across the street - were fooling around with her two watchdogs. We - we sort of got carried away with ourselves! We... encouraged the animals to sniff at our cunts and our asses and... well... they got very affectionate and started poking their noses up our pussies and our rear ends! And - well one of them had his whole nose up my ass and he even stuck his paw up there... and... oh shit, Niles! I wish I never heard of any old dogs... or pigs... or any of those other horrible animals! My can feels like somebody jammed a red-hot poker up there!"

What he saw made him gasp in horror. "Why - why - your poor little asshole looks like it had been through a meat-grinder! It looks like hamburger."

"It is hamburger," she whimpered softly.

"What!"

"It is hamburger," she reiterated.

But, as his sensitive fingers separated the firm, elastic lips of her orifice, he saw no evidence of tearing or rupture. The orifice and buttocks and entire crotch area just looked very, very sore.

Niles delved his finger into her sore, red anus up to the knuckle.

"Can't you dig it in any deeper?" Lynn gasped, "oh Niles I need something about a foot long!" Twisting on his lap, she turned a tear-stained face upward. "Niles," she begged, "I-I can feel your cock stabbing against my stomach. It feels like it's a foot long, easy! Niles... please... scratch my asshole with your big cock!"

Her hands fumbled with his zipper. Slowly, clumsily she slid it down. Niles' erect, straining cock oozed into view.

Niles rose. Planting his feet firmly, he grasped his enormous, swollen cock in both hands...

And he fucked his prick up Lynn's lovely young ass.

"Aaaaaarrgghh..." The long-drawn-out moan was a sigh of pure relief. "Oh Niles," Lynn breathed, "why didn't we think of this before? That's heavenly. Squash it around inside there. Yes, yes, keep doing that. Oh Niles, I think you should become a doctor, I really do. A monstrous big cock like yours was meant for more than plain, simple, ordinary fucking. It was meant to scratch the asses of poor stupid women who get a terrible itch in their rectums because of some foolish thing they've done!"

"Oh Niles, you're probably very uncomfortable standing there hunched over me like that. Why don't you just lower yourself into your nice easy chair... careful, don't take your dick out of my ass while you do that... and I'll sit on your lap with your cock scratching and squashing around in my rectum just as we've been doing..."

"That's nice, oh that feels so good! Let me peel the top of my dress down now so you can get at my tits easier. Umm yes, scratch them, Niles. Scratch them with your nails as hard as you can. Scratch and pinch my tits with your left hand while you scratch my belly with your right..."

They continued in this fashion for fully half an hour, grazing their lips together while they sucked the spit from one another's mouths, Niles' hands playing freely up and down the succulent landscape of Lynn's front, scratching and pinching and fondling her tits, her belly, her thighs, while she tirelessly squirmed in his lap, rasping his asshole-embedded cock to unimaginable heights of ecstasy.

At last, in spite of his best efforts, Niles' cock shuddered mightily and he felt the volcanic churning of hot, sticky lava in his great, plum-sized testicles. He sat there, his mouth smeared solidly against Lynn's as his cock pumped spurt after spurt of thick, warm custard up her raw, tortured ass.

It was shortly past midnight when Nelda and Alby re-entered the room. Lynn was sound asleep, her face wreathed in an angelic smile.

Nelda went to her and kissed her lightly on the cheek. Lynn never stirred. Nelda smiled. "The sleep of the innocent," she murmured, "the sleep of the innocent!"