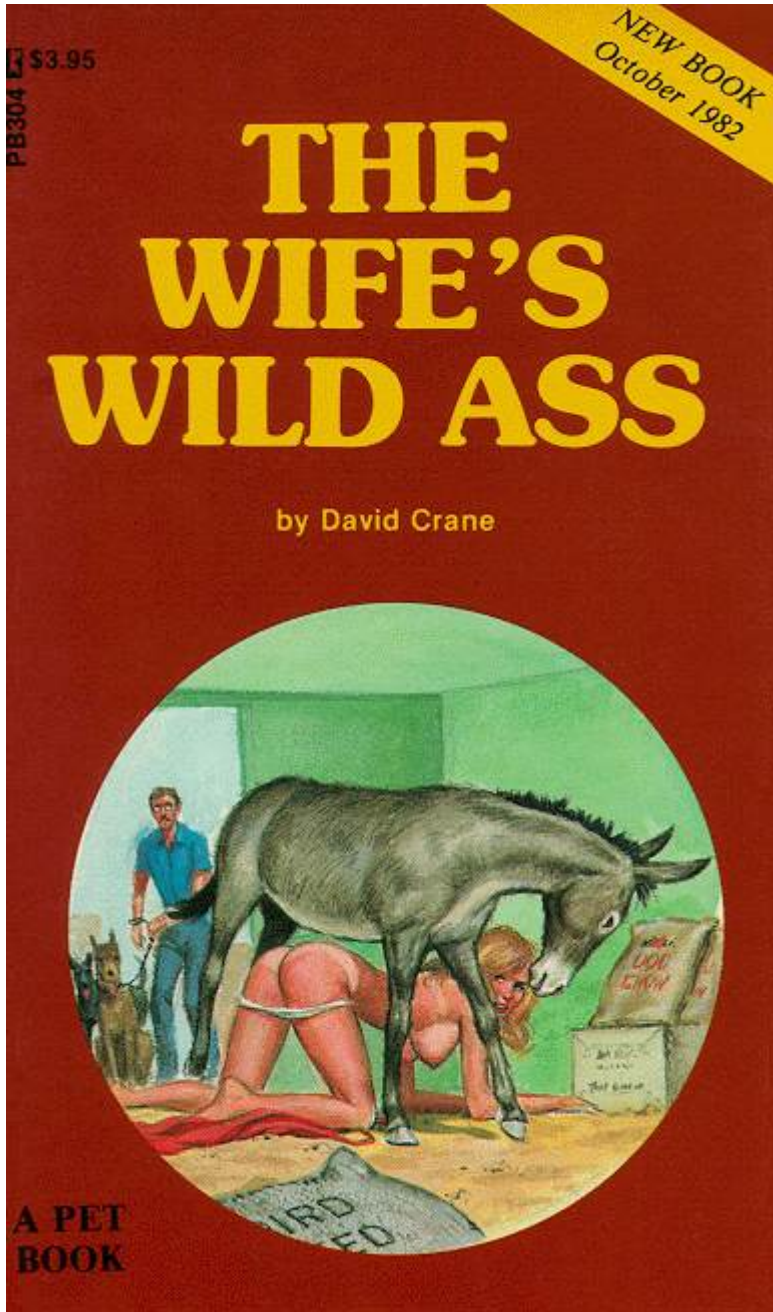


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CHAPTER ONE

Caroline Stephens wondered if she were dreaming.

She was afraid to open her eyes, in case it was a dream and, by waking up, she would end the lovely feeling. There was certainly a dream-like quality to the sensations she was enjoying, yet there was something of reality in them, as well.

It felt like someone was sucking on her tits.

Caroline stirred, her eyes still closed. She arched and stretched languidly. She had certainly been sound asleep when the feeling began, but she had a pretty good idea that she was awake now - and that it was really happening. Still, she did not open her eyes, nor give any sign that she was no longer slumbering. She didn't want to do anything that might interrupt the pleasure of this early morning caress.

Caroline loved to get fucked in the morning. Her husband, Jonathon, had a big prick and he used his

cock well enough, but he was a night time fucker. He seldom had the energy or the time to give Caroline any cock in the morning. For one thing, he was one of those men who were useless before they had a couple of cups of coffee, and, for another, he liked to sleep as late as possible, and therefore usually had to rush off to work, so that there was no time to return to bed after the coffee had got him stirring.

Today, hopefully, was different.

Still feigning slumber, Caroline shifted so that her hand drifted across his lean, hairy belly.

This was real enough, certainly no dream.

This was no dream, no demon come in the night to pour devil cum into her welcoming cunt. It was her husband sucking with loving attention on her stiff tits. Caroline wondered, vaguely, what had inspired him to feel sexy this morning, and why he had awakened early enough to do something about it. But she didn't question it too deeply - she was no woman to look a gift horse in the mouth.

And still, even now that she was convinced this was no dream, Caroline was reluctant to show that she was awake and aware. Maybe Jonathon had got turned on by the idea of making love to her while she was asleep, of fucking her without her knowledge and, perhaps, inspiring her to have a lovely erotic dream as he did so.

She turned her head to the side.

She fluttered her eyelids and looked out through the narrowed slits, gazing at the window. She could judge the time by the angle of the morning sunlight that streamed into the bedroom. She was pleased to see that it was almost an hour earlier than they usually awoke.

An hour's fucking was just what she needed!

Had they fucked the night before? For a moment, she could not remember. They had been married for several years and had fallen into a routine, so that one night blended in with the next, pleasantly but without anything memorable happening.

Then she remembered that they had fucked and that Jonathon had seemed hornier than usual.

Again she wondered, fleetingly, at this change in the man - and again she did not question it too deeply.

She began to moan softly and to shift and squirm deliciously. Jonathon was on his side, his head bending down as he mouthed her nipples, switching back and forth between those explosive nuggets of sensation. His hand rested on her lower belly, flat and open, the fingers splayed out in the curly mound of her cunt hair. He gave a little moan as he slurped a fat nipple between his lips. His breath was hot on her tits. Caroline moved her hand down to his groin and was overjoyed to find that his cock was swollen enormously, rock hard and throbbing. His balls were bloated. She cupped the cum-sac, squeezing lightly, then folded her fist around the shaft of his prick and began to massage and caress his cock. She skimmed very slowly up his prick, from root to crown, and rubbed her thumb against the sensitive point where the thick prick-shaft flared out into the cockhead.

She stroked again, then stopped moving and merely held his prick. She didn't want to take a chance by caressing him too firmly, because his cock felt so excited that she was afraid that he might come if she jacked him off steadily and the last thing that the girl wanted was to end this morning's fun with her hand.

She was still pretending to be asleep.

Caroline adored her husband's prick - or any prick, come to that - and it did not seem unlikely that she would automatically caress a big hard-on in her slumber.

Now Jonathon slid his own hand lower and dipped his fingers into his wife's crotch. She gave a little gasp. Her cunt was parted and creamy, and her clit exploded like a stick of dynamite as he fingered it. She could feel her cunt-lips slowly unfurl, like the petals of a fleshy, pink blossom opening to the morning sun.

He stroked her cunt-lips and rubbed her cut, then gently pushed his middle finger up her cunt, turning it about inside her hot, wet pussy tunnel, while his thumb worked on her love button. He was still mouthing her tits and now Caroline thought that maybe she was going to cream on this hand-job, but the thought did not disturb her as did the idea of jacking Jonathon off - because she was a woman who could come time and again, and, if she got off on his hand, she would still be ready and eager to cream again on his prick.

Then his lips pulled away.

Caroline parted her thighs wider and waited, expecting Jonathon to fuck her now.

But his lips moved on her again, kissing her stomach, then sliding down to her hot belly.

Caroline blinked and risked a glance.

Jonathon was moving down on her!

Oh, what a lovely morning this is going to be! thought the horny housewife. Most mornings left her frustrated, but it seemed that today she was in for a special treat. She adored getting her pussy sucked almost as much as she did getting fucked, and she enjoyed having both done in sequence. Jonathon was a talented cuntlapper, but he didn't go down on her as much as Caroline would have liked. This was a rare day, indeed! She parted her legs a bit wider and tilted her pelvis, so that her groin rose up, easily accessible to his tongue.

He was kissing her on her pussy mound now, his lips rustling in her curly cunt thicket.

He had twisted around so that he could move his head down and still leave his cock up where she could fondle it. Caroline slowly pulled up the fat, pounding prickshaft. As her hand came up, his foreskin curled up behind the cock-knob and, as she pushed back down, his swollen purple cockhead expanding like a hooded cobra, the cleft parted. A few drops of preliminary jism glistened on the tip. The sight made her mouth water.

She wondered if he would expect a blowjob in return for his cuntsucking? It was all right with Caroline - she loved a mouthful of hard prick and a load of delicious jism.

His tingling tongue stirred through the golden jungle of her cunt triangle. His finger churned her cunt. He slid lower and began to lick the smooth flesh of her inner thighs, bypassing her crotch, extending the joy of the pre-fuck sex. He ran his tongue up the crease where her leg joined her crotch, not yet making contact with her pussy but licking parallel to that smoldering crack.

Caroline could pretend no longer. She felt so hot now that it would not have surprised her if her cunt had suddenly ignited. If the room had been dark, she thought that her loins would have glowed with the luminosity of her lust. Her crotch was steaming in his face and ribbons of cuntjuice were pouring

down her crotch and soaking into the crack of her ass.

She reached down with her free hand - still holding his cock in the other - and pulled his head into her groin.

Jonathon began to tongue her pussy with long slurping strokes, his head turning from side to side. He lapped up the open cunt slot and across the throbbing clit. Caroline whimpered, grinding her crotch down into his face. He clamped his lips on her clit and sucked, then stabbed his tongue up her hole as far as it would extend.

She could hear the moist sounds his mouth made and she could hear her pussy squish. He lifted his head for a moment, looking down into her open cunt, and she saw that he was coated with slippery pussy juice from brow to chin. Then he buried his head and sucked some more.

"Oh!" Caroline wailed, as the first spasm hit her.

The waves began to ripple across her belly and to run like an electric current up her thighs.

They came faster, and higher.

Each wave was being compressed into the one before, and the one to follow, until they had blended into one sustained peak of pleasure, and Caroline was melting with the ecstasy of a prolonged orgasm. She churned her ass and rolled her belly. Her hips worked like pistons and her legs trembled violently. Jonathon gave a little moan of satisfaction as he realized his wife was coming.

His lips parted and clamped over her hairy cunt, and he sucked the cuntjuice out of her pussy hungrily.

He kept working on her cunt until she stopped thrashing about and, tugging gently at his head, urged him upwards. He gave her pussy a last loving slurp, then twisted up and mounted her. She smiled up at him, happily, contentedly - yet, despite having come, her expression showed that she was still eager for his cock. He grinned down at her, a gleam in his eyes, his lips creamy with her fuck fluids. He braced his weight on hands and knees and his big cock loomed out over her belly. She saw the elongated shadow of his cock fall over her loins. Then he dipped his ass and pushed in, and his prick slipped into her cunt without needing any guidance, running true as a torpedo.

He pushed the tip in, then paused, enjoying the expectation.

Her cuntlips began to pull on his cockhead, keen to drag that welcome meat up her hot fuck hole. Her clit brushed his hard cock-knob. That knob flared and pulsed in the entrance to her cunt. His ass tightened and he fed her pussy another inch, pausing again. His whole cockhead was bedded in her cunt now, but the long, thick cockshaft was still between them, like a big bolt fixing his balls to her crotch.

She squirmed and humped.

"Put it in," she gasped.

He fed her another teasing inch.

"Put it all in!" she wailed.

She felt his cockhead spread and expand, gripped snugly by her cuntlips, pulsating and pounding.

His hands moved down and cupped her under the ass. He lifted her pelvis higher.

Then he slowly fucked the full length of his rampant cockmeat into her cunt, going in balls-deep with that long, rippling stroke.

“Ahhhh,” she sighed.

Jonathon held the full penetration, savoring the thrill of having every inch of his cock buried in her hot pussy and letting Caroline enjoy the pleasure of being stuffed to the brim with cockmeat. His balls were jammed into her crotch, hanging down against the slope of her upthrust ass, and his belly was plastered against her. Her pussy began to work on him even before they began to fuck. She had a talented, pliable cunt. The inner muscles closed in a series of concentric rings, working up his prick from root to knob, as if she were jacking him off inside herself.

He lowered his head and sucked on a tit-tip.

Caroline clamped her thighs around his haunches and locked her heels behind his ass. She had molded her body into a fucking machine. Her thighs were hooks, her groin a cup. She began to pump, sliding an inch or two along his rigid prick.

Jonathon groaned as he felt her slippery cunt moving up and down on his cock. He took a slow stroke, fucking his cock into her as she slid her pussy down. Caroline wound herself sinuously around on his fat cock, her ass describing a spiral and her belly grinding through an S-shaped curve as it pushed down.

He began to really fuck her furiously then as they fell into the rhythm together, fucking in counterpoint. As Jonathon fucked in, Caroline jammed her cunt down to meet him and as he withdrew she twisted her hips from side to side, wringing his retracting cockmeat while her crotch churned around, levering her clit against his prick.

Her whole crotch was awash with foaming cuntjuice. The stuff sprayed out as he fucked into her pussy, pumped out by the fat plunger of his prick, soaking his belly and balls and pouring down into the crack of her ass.

Caroline was clinging to him, riding him from below. Her arms were clasped around his neck and her legs scissored his haunches. Her slender back was arched deeply, belly up and shoulders down. They were both grunting as they fucked their groins together. Jonathon was alternating his strokes, coming in low and underslung with one, then hiking his trembling ass up and fucking in at a descending angle that rubbed every inch of his cock across her tingling cut as it went into her fuck hole. Her firm, gently rounded belly whipped against him in that erotic spiral, and his cum-filled balls swung in to whack against her ass, like the clapper of a hairy bell peeling out the chimes of carnal desire.

As he fucked faster, his cock grew fatter, expanding inside her and spreading her pliable pussy out around it. Her cunt was molded to the outline of his prickshaft and cock-knob, so that there was fluid friction through every inch. There seemed to be a mysterious mouth somewhere in the depths of her belly, sucking on the head of his cock, a magical hand stroking up and down his prickshaft as her pussy muscles contracted.

She relaxed the grip of her thighs as he withdrew, then tightened them, drawing him back into her hairy bowl. Her heels were locked behind his haunches, rubbing against his asshole.

“Fuck,” she whimpered.

Then the horny housewife began to repeat the word, saying it once each time he plunged in, as if she were describing the act, putting dialogue to the erotic ballet. He was fucking in frantically now as his peak built higher, fucking so fast that she could not pause between the repetition as she whimpered the word over and over again.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!”

And she met his strokes with equal vitality. Her whole smooth body had started to vibrate. She was ready to come again, waiting for him, wanting to cream at the same instant that he poured his hot jism into her.

She said, “Fuck! Come!”

“Yeah, yeah,” he panted, almost there.

“Shoot it in me, darling – fill my cunt with all that hot, thick juice! Let me feel you squirt it up me!”

Jonathon gasped.

His balls burst and the sap rushed up his cock. Caroline could feel the prickshaft ripple as the cum poured up it – and then she felt the steaming fuck lava hose her pussy.

She cried out with animal passion.

Her pussy melted around his prick like a wax candle around a hard, fiery wick. Each time he fucked in to the root, he shot another thick wad of scum up her, and she responded with an equal flow of pussy juice that gushed into her fuck hole and blended with his spunk. His meaty cock was pumping the stuff out of her as it filled her cunt tunnel. Foaming and frothy, the lather of love creamed from her slot, and they both kept replacing it with more. He shot seven or eight doses up her, the stuff jetting out as if his balls were bottomless, and Caroline felt as if her whole body and being were dissolving, magically changing into cunt-juice and pouring out of her groin. The bed was soaking under her ass. She was slipping and sliding on a film of fuck juice as she worked out the last spasms of her climax.

At last, Jonathon slowed.

He halted – and then he grimaced and fucked into her a few more times, pumping out yet another geyser of jism.

Caroline kept moving until, finally, he was drained. His head sank down onto her cushioning tits. She held him to her tenderly. Her cunt rippled and she moved her loins gently as she made sure that she had milked out every drop of her own orgasm.

Then they snuggled together contentedly.

Caroline stroked his head and whispered loving words into his ear. He knew how much she enjoyed these morning fucks and now, satisfied so well, she felt grateful to Jonathon. With her lust melted away, she was filled with deep affection.

She hoped that this heralded a change in the pattern of their sex life, a switch in the routine.

How wonderful to get fucked like this every morning! But still – she simply had to wonder what had made Jonathon so extra horny this morning, and the night before.

CHAPTER TWO

Jonathon stirred and shifted away, slowly plucking his prick out of Caroline's cunt. His cock came out semi-hard, bobbing up and down as if unable to decide whether to collapse or rise up again. The cockhead was dripping and the prickshaft was slathered with cum and cuntjuice. A thick flood gushed out of her vacated pussy slot. She smiled tenderly at him.

"That," she whispered, "was a treat."

He grinned back at her.

His cock was still quite firm. Caroline gazed at his prick, wondering if he might want to fuck her again. She wasn't horny now that she had come twice, but she knew herself well enough to know that she would soon get horny again, once that fat meat was fucking into her cunt hole and running over her button of lust.

Or maybe he would like a blowjob.

She owed him some head after that lovely cunt gobbling he had given her, and it was the sort of debt that Caroline loved to pay. With her pussy satisfied, her mouth got horny.

She was just about to twist down and take that slime-soaked cock between her lips when Jonathon sighed and looked at his wristwatch. They had been fucking for a long time. He got up and padded to the bathroom, his cock bobbing up and down in front of him.

Caroline heard the shower running.

She lay back in bed, feeling warm and contented.

Caroline usually returned to bed in the morning after Jonathon had left for the office.

But she wasn't a lazy girl.

She didn't go back to sleep.

She went back to bed and played with her pussy.

It had become something of a morning routine with her, loving morning orgasms as she did and seldom getting screwed by her husband at that time of the day. Sometimes Caroline felt a bit sheepish about masturbating, a little embarrassed. It didn't seem proper for a happily married woman to finger fuck herself so often. And she did get plenty of prick from Jonathon, too - she couldn't complain that she was frustrated and had to do without. It was just the timing, her particular devotion to getting her rocks off first thing in the morning.

She enjoyed fingerfucking her cunt.

She had to admit it, sheepish as it made her feel. She had always relished a long, leisurely handjob, and she liked fingerfucking as much now as when she had been a young girl, virginal and chaste and playing with her pussy day and night.

Caroline had discovered the pleasure of rubbing her clit when she was a kid, more by accident than by design. She had been stroking her crotch because it felt sort of pleasant, and all of a sudden it

had started to get a lot better than simply pleasant, and her first hand-induced climax had left her stunned. She had lain, panting and gasping on the bed, wondering what on earth she had just done to herself.

And then she had done it again.

After that day of discovery, she had become a constant fingerfucker, always fingering herself off when she woke up and usually frigging off just before she went to sleep for the night. She experimented with various techniques and altered them. She modestly sought advice from other young girls and got excited by the giggling conversations. Sometimes she used only her fingertips, rubbing her clit until it sparked. Sometimes she gave herself a classic finger-fucking, slowly fucking three stiffened digits in and out of her hole. And sometimes she used both hands at the same time, clit rubbing and fingerfucking together. By the time that she was a young lady, her tits were big and to her delight, she discovered that she could duck her head down and tongue her nipples. That added to her solitary pleasures.

She had tried to go down on herself, too.

Intrigued by the idea of having a tongue slurping on her pussy, Caroline had tried her best to eat herself out. She had stretched out on her back and had thrown her legs up over her head, and she had sat on the edge of the bed and bent her head down as far as she could - but she had fallen just short, frustratingly short. Her tongue was able to reach her curly cunt hair but it would not extend into her crotch nor quite reach her clit. It had been terribly disappointing for her, her hot breath billowing on her steaming cunt but to no avail. After she had made the attempt a few times, she gave it up because it left her in such an agony of desire that her hands and fingers could not cool her off until she had frigged off three or four times.

She had also experimented with cock-shaped objects.

She had fucked herself with bananas, hot dogs and hairbrush handles. She had fucked a vacuum cleaner hose and the nozzle of a hair dryer. One day she had got a particularly kinky thrill after she had given her cunt a thorough fucking with a fat Italian salami - and then was treated to the sight of her father eating that salami. There had been dark tones of illicit lust in that, incestuous desires that she knew were terribly wicked, which were all the more thrilling because of the fact that they were so very naughty.

When she was old enough, she summoned up her courage and went to a shop in town and bought herself a cock-shaped vibrator and, later, a big rubber dildo of realistic contours and texture.

So Caroline's virgin cunt did not go without.

But despite the fact that she was a very horny young lady, Caroline had not been promiscuous.

She started dating but she was a year older before she allowed a young man to feel her tits, and she did not let anyone fingerfuck her until she was eighteen. Only a few fellows got that far with Caroline, and none got any further. If she had dated a man several times, she would let him give her a handjob and she would return the favor. She loved to feel a cock throb in her hand and to see the jism spurt out as she pulled, and she wondered how wonderful it would be if she were to feel a cock squirt up her pussy or in her mouth.

But, until she met Jonathon, she never found out.

She had been a virgin when they got married.

It had been her own ultra-randy nature, in fact, that had preserved the girl's virginity, ironically enough. Because she was so hot and came so often and so easily, Caroline always got her rocks off as soon as a man started playing with her cunt and, once she had had a climax, she was able to resist his advances if he tried to go beyond a handjob, jacking him off, in turn, kept him from suffering too greatly.

Then she had met Jonathon and they had dated and, in due course, had gone steady and become engaged. Their sexual activities had proceeded apace with the relationship and, in a cheap motel room, Caroline had finally spread her legs for him. She found out that getting fucked was even better than she had hoped for. After the first time they began fucking with regularity and presently, when he suggested that she take his cock in her mouth, Caroline offered no objections. She had, in fact, been longing to do just that and wishing that Jonathon would ask.

As it had been with fucking, she discovered from the very first mouthful that sucking off a fat prick was a joy.

In time, they got married.

So Caroline was not a virgin bride, but she was the next best thing to it, having never fucked or sucked with any man but her husband. And that still held true. They had been married for several years now, and Caroline had never been unfaithful to Jonathon, and she assumed that he was true to her as well.

She had considered fucking around a few times.

She had these improper thoughts in the mornings, usually - those days when Jonathon had left for the office and left her with a smoldering cunt which she had to take care of by hand. As she friggid herself, she would fantasize about taking a lover, or about going out to some singles bar and getting picked up by a total stranger for a casual fuck. It was an exciting thought, since she thought it while her pussy was on fire - just a physical fuck with no emotional entanglements, maybe not even telling the man her name.

But it was all just fuck-fantasy.

Caroline would never really do a thing like that and was firmly resolved never to commit adultery.

If only Jonathon would give her a bit more cock in the mornings, though, it would sure be lovely.

Like this morning...

Caroline stretched luxuriously on the bed.

Jonathon was on his way to work and she had returned to bed as usual.

But she was feeling strangely restless.

She felt as if there was something that she had forgotten to do, some important thing that was being neglected.

She thought about it.

Suddenly, Caroline began to giggle, then began to laugh out loud.

“Oh, what a creature of habit I am,” she thought.

Caroline had realized why she was restless and what she had neglected to do - she had not fingerfucked herself this morning!

But, this morning, she had no need to, thanks to Jonathon.

That had been a rare fucking.

But why had he been so horny?

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

In fact - and it was a fact that would have shocked Caroline - Jonathon Stephens was always horny in the morning. It was a rare day when the man did not wake up with a hard-on and a load of spunk bloating his big, hairy balls. But he usually managed to hide his hard-on from his wife, mostly by getting up before she was fully awake. He did not want to empty his cock and balls into Caroline in the morning.

Jonathon had a good reason for this.

Jonathon was fucking his sexy young secretary.

Since he could fuck his wife whenever he wanted to, and did most nights, it seemed a shame to him to waste his morning load of cum on her when all he had to do was restrain himself for an hour or so, until he got to the office, and he could slip his prick into Brenda.

Brenda was not much of a typist and she couldn't file for shit or even begin to take dictation, but she could fuck like a weasel and she wasn't a half bad cocksucker, to boot.

Jonathon didn't really feel guilty about his adultery.

It was purely a physical affair, for their mutual pleasure and totally without any lasting ties. As long as Caroline never found out about it, he didn't suppose it could hurt her - and it made the prospect of going to work a lot more attractive for him. Brenda was a tall, willowy girl with short, dark, curly hair - in contrast to his curvaceous, blonde wife - long, lean legs, a tight little ass and small, thrusting tits and a cunt like a meat grinder.

She was always game for sex and willing to take his cock in the cunt or the mouth, which ever he fancied that day, and she had even hinted at the possibility that she might take his prick up the asshole as well. She was like a filing cabinet designed for pricks or a switchboard into which cocks could be plugged in whatever connection was required. Jonathon had fallen into the habit of fucking Brenda first thing every morning, and it was with that prospect ahead of him that he refrained from fucking Caroline most mornings, lugging his loaded prick, like a business-man's umbrella, to the office. This morning had been an exception.

It had started out as usual.

Waking up before Caroline, Jonathon had padded into the bathroom to take a piss and soften his cock enough so that he could manage to jam it into his trousers.

He had glanced out the window and froze.

The bathroom window looked out over the dividing fence, into the back yard of the house next door.

And in that adjacent yard, the gorgeous redhead who had recently moved in was doing her morning exercises.

And she was stark naked!

The Stephenses lived in a house tract, the houses built fairly close together but privacy maintained by the fences. There was no reason to believe that the redhead realized she was exhibiting herself, for she was perfectly isolated in her own back yard. But it was sure an inspirational sight.

Jonathon stared at her, and his cock, some what diminished now, snapped back to a vibrant rampancy.

He did not know the woman, except to nod to.

She had moved into the house not long before and lived alone - a divorcee, Jonathon figured, because she was much too desirable to be a spinster, and he had noticed that she was an attractive woman, but only with passing and casual interest.

That was because he had not seen her without any clothing on before, and had not realized how truly gorgeous she was.

As he did now.

What was her name?

Helen something. Helen Ramsey, that was it.

She was something to drool over, no doubt of it. Her hair was the color of flame, long and silken, her green eyes were tilted and her mouth was full and sensual and provocative. But it was her body that held his fascinated interest at the moment. Her waist was so narrow he could have spanned it in his hands, but her hips flared out, wide and firm, and her ass was shaped like a valentine as it swept out from her slender torso, then cut back to her shapely thighs. Her legs were exquisitely molded and her tits were large and capped by big nipples, but, despite their weight, they remained firm as she exercised, not drooping or jiggling at all. At the junction of her thighs, her cunt jungle flamed like a forest fire.

She was touching her toes.

Her back was to him as she bent down, easily and lithely, and Jonathon could see her cunt quite clearly. Her pussy crack ran like a sluggish river through that flaming jungle, open and wet.

Then she lay down and began to do some sit-ups.

Her big tits seemed to be dragging her slender torso up, her stomach muscles rippled as she brought her elbows down to her knees. She was obviously very fit, he saw, the sort of woman who could tear a man apart between the sheets.

She lay back and hiked her ass up and scissored her legs in a bicycling motion, limber and sinuous, again displaying her crotch.

He wondered if she kept herself so fit for any particular reason - for fucking with stamina, for instance?

Then she got up and wrapped a towel around her neck and, to his regret, disappeared back into her house.

Jonathon realized that his fist was wrapped around the hilt of his cock, frigging up and down.

He grinned sheepishly.

Unlike his wife, Jonathon did not masturbate very often.

That was because, also unlike Caroline, he had other things to do with his desire.

But the sight of that redhead had been so thrilling that Jonathon had started to pull his cock automatically. Now he dragged his hand off the long, stiff prick. His cock stood out, the knob starting to smoke. He eyed his prick thoughtfully.

He was wondering if he could bear his cock in that condition long enough to get to the office, where he could fuck Brenda straight-off. But it didn't seem likely. His need was urgent now, pounding and drumming and throbbing. If he tried to sneak to work in that condition, someone would be sure to notice the bulge in his fly - or he might just come in his pants, which would be embarrassingly juvenile and a waste of spunk to boot.

He almost reached for his cock again, then paused.

This was a good opportunity to give Caroline one of those morning fucks that she was always going on about! He could take care of her and, as horny as he was this morning, he felt pretty certain that he would have enough left to give Brenda her usual morning dose as well. He tiptoed back into the bedroom and slipped into bed beside Caroline. She was still asleep. Snuggling up to her flank and rubbing his swollen cock against her side, he began sucking on her tits.

That was when Caroline woke up and wondered if she were still dreaming. Jonathon ate her out and then threw a good fucking into her, and now he was on his way to the office. To his delight, he found that his cock was showing every sign of getting hard again. Brenda had come to look upon a share of that cock as her given right - a perk of the job, just like a coffee break.

She wouldn't be disappointed today.

And as Jonathon proceeded to the office, Caroline lay alone in bed, not knowing what to do with herself this morning, since she felt no need to fingerfuck her frustrated cunt.

It was kind of boring not to feel horny.

She giggled at such a silly thought.

But she was hoping that her good friend Darleen might come to visit.

Those visits were always fun.

It was true that Caroline had never committed adultery - but there were other things that horny housewives could do...

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CHAPTER FOUR

The new neighbor, Helen Ramsey, lived on one side of the Stephenses and the house on the other side was occupied by Tom and Darleen Jarvis. They had been there longer and were about the same age as Caroline and Jonathon, and it was natural that the two young couples should become friends. Tom and Jonathon played golf and tennis together. Caroline and Darleen went shopping together. They visited one another's home frequently and once a week or so went out together to a show or a movie or a nightclub. The Jarvis couple seemed to have a happy marriage and an upwardly mobile lifestyle.

One morning, however, Darleen had admitted to Caroline that she was frustrated a great deal of the time.

Their husbands had gone to work and Caroline had phoned and invited Darleen over for coffee and a chat. They sat on the terrace. The two couples had been out together the night before and both were suffering from mild hangovers, comforting each other and making jokes about how inefficient the men were likely to be at work that day.

They were both very pretty young ladies.

Caroline had long blonde hair and big blue eyes. Her body seemed to have no angles but to have been constructed of soft ovals and curves. Her tits were as round as inflated balls, topped by big nipples which might have been the valves by which those spheres had been inflated. Her belly was gently rounded, her thighs lush and her ass, as if to counterweight her tits, was also round.

Darleen was smaller and wore her dark hair cut short, with a fringe across her brow. She had brown eyes and an upturned nose with a scattering of freckles across her cheeks. Her body was not at all like Caroline's. Her tummy was flat and lean, her legs slender and her tits were small, thrusting mounds. She liked to wear cotton tee-shirts around the house, and they clung to the outline of her tits and displayed the fact that her nipples were large and usually stiff.

They were both in their mid-twenties, had been married roughly the same length of time, had a great deal in common - more than they knew, in fact - and got along well.

Neither of them were heavy drinkers, but on this memorable, hungover morning, it seemed a good idea to see if a little hairs of the dog might do the trick so, when their coffee was finished, Caroline fetched a bottle of gin and some tonic.

They each had a couple drinks.

Not accustomed to drinking much, and certainly not in the morning, the gin soon had them giggling. They weren't exactly drunk, but their hangovers had vanished and they were in high spirits. They felt that they were being risqué and naughty.

"We'll be into the cooking sherry, next," Caroline joked.

"The trouble with booze is - with me - it makes me randy," Darleen said as she sipped her drink.

"Me, too."

"Boy, was I ever horny last night," Darleen stated.

Caroline grinned with lascivious interest.

"Me, too," she said again. "But so was Jonathon, so it was great, really great. I..." She paused, seeing

that her friend looked unhappy or annoyed.

“What’s wrong, honey?” she asked.

“Umm? Oh, nothing. I was just remembering last night. That damned husband of mine is useless when he’s had a few drinks. I was so damned hot I was incandescent – and he rolled over and went to sleep. I tried everything I could to get him interested, too. I wore my sexiest nighty, but he didn’t even notice. Then I started playing with his prick, but it wouldn’t get hard. Usually it’s pretty big, but last night it was about the size of a thimble.” She paused, looking impish. “I even tried giving it a suck, to see if that would make it hard. No way! There wasn’t enough there to fill a tooth, let alone my mouth, and the drunken swine just kept snoring away.”

“Gee – that’s too bad,” Caroline agreed.

The two girls had never shared confidences of this nature before and Caroline was a bit taken aback when Darleen talked so openly about sucking her husband’s cock. But she knew that it was because the alcohol had relaxed her friend.

She was feeling pretty relaxed herself.

Darleen, looking sheepish now, said, “In the end, I had to give myself a handjob! Isn’t that awful? Lying there in bed beside my husband, and all I could get was my own hand!”

She blushed suddenly.

“Gee, I don’t know why I told you that,” she said.

Caroline wanted to put Darleen at her ease. Anyway, she was finding this erotic conversation sort of exciting. She said, “Oh, that’s nothing to be ashamed of, Darleen – I frig myself off a whole lot.”

“You do? I always thought that Jonathon took good care of you in that way, Caroline.”

“Oh, he does. At night. But he’s useless in the morning – and that’s when I’m at my horniest.”

“I am, too, sometimes. I fingerfuck myself after Tom goes to work. Oh, two or three times a week, I guess.”

“I do it almost every day,” Caroline countered.

The two young wives gazed at each other, neither knowing how to proceed from that point and both wondering if they should have admitted such things to each other. They weren’t exactly embarrassed, since both had confessed to the same thing, but still it was a delicate situation. They didn’t know how to end it or change the conversation.

Caroline covered up her confusion by pouring them both another drink.

Darleen said, “I don’t need this.”

But she took it and grinned and took a sip. The ice clinked against her white teeth.

“Naw, this ain’t what I need,” she added. “What I need is some stiff cock – but gin helps.”

Caroline laughed.

"I thought it made you randier!"

"Yeah, that, too," Darleen sighed. "It's kind of hard, isn't it? Being a faithful wife and all, I mean. Sitting home alone all day, doing the fucking housework, washing the dishes and getting hotter and hotter until you have to frig off."

"Think we should get jobs?" Caroline asked.

"Naw. Oh, I don't know. I mean, I don't want a career or anything, I don't hold with that women's lib crap. Still, a job wouldn't be as boring as housework." She paused, her eyebrows tilting. "Or would it?" she added. "It might be worse. What if I was working - in an office, say - and I still got horny during the day? I'd just have to suffer. At least when I'm at home I can fingerfuck myself whenever I want."

Falling in with the mood of this talk, Caroline said, "Well, you might meet some handsome guy at work and..."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't cheat on Tom!"

"Gee, it was only a joke, Darleen," Caroline hastily said. "I've never cheated on Jonathon, either. And I don't intend to."

"Yeah, we just got to suffer, I guess," Darleen sighed.

Both girls seemed to be getting the taste for the gin and tonics. They were rapidly lowering the level in their glasses.

Down went the gin.

It took their inhibitions down with it.

"What I'd like to meet is an impotent guy," Darleen said.

Caroline frowned, puzzled.

"What good would that be?" she asked.

Darleen gave a little giggle and fluttered her eyelashes. She said, "Well, if the guy couldn't get a hard on, then I wouldn't be able to cheat on my husband, right? No matter how hot and horny I got, this guy couldn't screw me."

"Yeah, but what's the point in that?"

"Why, I'd make him eat me out!" Darleen said, sounding heartily enthusiastic about the idea.

"Darleen! How naughty of you!"

"Well, it's a pretty good idea, at that," Darleen persisted. "I mean, getting some head off a guy ain't like fucking him. It ain't committing adultery or anything, it's just fooling around. Like at a party, when everybody's a little tipsy and you let some guy cop a feel of tit, or give him a juicy kiss, you know? It's harmless enough, as long as they don't go sticking a prick in you."

"I never thought of that," Caroline said.

"It seems like a damned good idea!"

"The trouble is how can you tell, beforehand, if a guy is impotent? You can't put an ad in the fucking newspaper for a eunuch. And if you leveled with some man, told him what you wanted - well, he might lie. He might pretend he was impotent and then when he got your pussy tongued up nice and hot and creamy - wham! He slams his hard cock up it!"

"Yeah, that's true," Caroline agreed. "As long as a guy's got a prick, he's dangerous."

She reached for the gin bottle once more.

As she leaned forward, one fat tit slipped out of her halter and flopped free. She giggled and started to tuck it back. Then she saw that Darleen was staring at her, staring at her bare tit. Caroline had her hand cupped under the tit globe but, for some reason, she did not push it back out of sight. It was strangely exciting to feel her friend staring at her tit. It was as if Darleen's gaze was caressing her physically. It made her feel warm and wanted. Instead of tucking her tit away, she held it out.

Her nipple had stiffened, standing out like a little rocketship ready to be launched.

"Gee - you have great tits," Darleen whispered.

"I - why, thank you," stammered Caroline.

Darleen raised one eyebrow, lifting her gaze from Caroline's tit to her face, speculatively.

"I used to look at the girls in gym class," Darleen said. "In the locker room and the showers. I never had very big titties, myself, and I used to envy them so much. And sometimes I used to wonder what it would be like to touch them or to kiss them."

Caroline was holding her breath.

What was Darleen getting at?

For some reason, Caroline had a sudden remembrance of the time that she had tried to go down on herself. How she had wanted to eat her own cunt - and not just because it would make her cunt feel so good, either, but because she was curious to see what it would be like to tongue a cunt. Not just her own cunt but any cunt. What would a pussy feel like and taste like? Best of all would be the thrill she would have when a cunt creamed and she knew she had brought it to the peak of sensation and the foaming pussy nectar came bubbling onto her tongue and over her lips.

Caroline shuddered and forced that thought from her fevered mind.

Surely she had misunderstood her friend's interest, her intentions, the hint in her voice and the glow in her eyes. Caroline told herself to be careful. She must not do or say anything that she might regret, anything that might prove embarrassing.

Caroline and Darleen were gazing into each other's eyes across the table now. Caroline's tit was still cupped in her hand. She suddenly realized that she was moving the edge of her thumb back and forth over the nipple, causing it to expand and tighten and tingle. She forced herself to stop the self-caress.

Darleen's voice was quavering when she spoke.

"You know what we were just talking about - about how you couldn't trust a man to eat your pussy

out without fucking you, too?" she whispered, her tone uncertain but hopeful, her gaze challenging.

My God! thought Caroline.

She nodded.

She was concentrating on Darleen now. Her thumb had begun to rub her nipple again, although she wasn't aware of it. It was an automatic action when she had a handful of tit.

"But you could trust a woman," said Darleen.

"What - what are you thinking of?" gasped Caroline, although by this time she knew damned well what Darleen was getting at. Darleen didn't reply for a moment.

They gazed across the gin bottle. Without the uninhibiting nature of that gin, neither of them would have ever gotten around to this nor even have realized they wanted to get around to such a thing.

"We could suck each other off, if you want to," said Darleen.

Caroline was not totally surprised to realize that that was, indeed, just what she wanted to do.

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

After she made the suggestion, Darleen dropped her gaze demurely and blushed a rosy pink. After a moment she gazed up through her lowered lashes to see how Caroline had taken the suggestion. Caroline looked a bit bemused, but not at all shocked or disgusted or angry. And she was smiling slightly.

"Have you - ever - with a girl?" Caroline asked.

Darleen shook her head. "No. Never," she whispered. "But I've thought about it a lot - like when I told you, in school and - and later, Caroline. I've thought about doing things with you."

The girl blushed more deeply at that confession.

Suspense seemed to surround them like a cloud - like a genie that had risen out of that gin bottle.

"If-if you don't..." Darleen stammered, discomfited by Caroline's failure to respond, wondering if she had made a terrible mistake by making such a suggestion, a mistake that would destroy their friendship and leave them uncomfortable together in the future.

It was true enough that Darleen had often wondered what it would be like to go to bed with her sexy blonde friend, and that she had frequently imagined it when she was giving herself a handjob, but she had never for a moment expected it to really take place. She never thought she would get up the nerve to admit that she wanted such a perverted affair. It was the gin, of course, compounding the fact that her husband was not giving her enough. But if Caroline were to turn her down now, Darleen thought she would just die.

But then Caroline put her out of her misery.

"I never have, either," she said. "But I wouldn't mind."

“Ooooh!” squealed Darleen.

She leaned across the table. Caroline was still holding her plump tit cupped in her hands and the tit drew Darleen like a magnet. She kissed the stiffened tip, then slurped it into her lips and began to suck greedily on the taut tip.

Caroline began to tremble.

She stroked Darleen’s head as Darleen sucked on her nipple.

Darleen was purring and whimpering as she savored her first mouthful of tit – a thing she had long desired but never figured that she would ever get to enjoy. She nursed hungrily on the fat nugget. Caroline smiled with the pleasure of it. She was slightly amazed that this was happening. It had never dawned on her that Darleen might want to do these things. After all, they were both married women, both obviously heterosexual. It was hard to imagine why they should desire deviate pleasures, yet that desire was most definite.

“Let’s go inside,” Caroline whispered. “Let’s go to bed.”

“Yes! Oh, yes!”

They rose. They were both uncertain and shy, yet determined. Darleen slipped her hand into Caroline’s timidly and Caroline squeezed it affectionately, encouragingly, conspiratorially. Then, hand in hand, they went into the house. Caroline led Darleen to the bedroom.

They stood apart as they undressed.

They looked at each other hungrily.

Their bodies were so perfectly contrasted that they complemented each other like two carnal components meant to fit together to form a whole. Caroline was all soft curves and Darleen was all angles and both were smooth and unblemished, shimmering with sexual heat. They moved together and kissed, standing beside the bed. Their lips brushed lovingly, then parted and they began to swap tongues in a passionate French kiss. Their arms were around each other and their tits were pressed together, the taut nipples rubbing against each other. Their bellies – one rounded, one flat – churned together. Darleen’s lean thigh wedged in between Caroline’s shapely legs. Caroline’s hot, sodden pussy pulsed against that intruding thigh, the lips parting, plastering her cunt to Darleen’s leg. They held the kiss and their hands ran up and down, stroking one another’s flanks and haunches.

They moved to the bed.

Both horny housewives were wondering the same thing – which of them would do it first? But it was not a thought that worried either of them, for they were both equally eager. They sat on the edge of the bed and kissed again, cuddling flank to flank and feeling each other’s tits.

Darleen slowly slid her hand down and cupped Caroline’s crotch, rubbing and squeezing.

Caroline gave a little gasp of pleasure and her clit seemed to explode in the other girl’s hand.

Caroline began to fingerfuck Darleen’s pussy, and, locked together, they dropped back onto the bed. Belly to belly, kissing and fingerfucking each other, they churned and squirmed in ecstasy. They were panting into each other’s open mouth, and their tongues flashed back and forth. Caroline felt Darleen’s hot, nimble tongue slide into her mouth, and, as she sucked on it, she trembled with the

knowledge that soon that slick tongue would be slurping on her smoldering cunt.

Although they had started making love for the first time, they were both still shy about it. Both were eager to move on to further pleasures, but neither felt ready to take the initiative. Caroline was getting so hot now that she was afraid she might come on Darleen's hand and that was not at all what she wanted.

Caroline said, "Darling, don't you want to suck my cunt now? Will you suck me off first?"

Darleen actually jerked, as if the words had struck her.

"Ummm - yes," she purred.

She began to slide down, still pressed to Caroline's body. She kissed Caroline's tits and ran her tongue up the cleavage between them, then moved on down to her stomach. Caroline arched her back, thrusting her belly out. Darleen kissed it and tongued her belly button. Then she was lower still, her face level with Caroline's groin. Caroline parted her thighs. Darleen gazed hungrily at the juicy pussy between those smooth legs, licking her lips in anticipation. She had never eaten out a pussy before, but she knew that it was going to be lovely. Anything that looked as tasty as Caroline's cunt just had to be delicious.

Reaching out, she gently spread Caroline's cuntlips apart with her fingers. Caroline moaned softly and her loins began to slowly pump in expectation. Darleen's tongue came out, fluttering. The girl's face was a mask of passion now, contorted by her lust. Her mouth was watering and her tongue was as hot as her clit.

"Ooooh, do it!" Caroline urged.

She was looking down, watching her friend's tongue slide back and forth across her lips, no more than an inch or two from contact. She pushed her cunt out closer.

Darleen began to tongue her cunt.

Her first slurp was tentative and she paused afterwards, as if to judge the flavor, as if she had just sampled some exotic and rare delicacy and wasn't sure that she liked it. Then she sighed with pleasure and, leaning in, buried her face between Caroline's thighs.

Using her tongue and her lips and her hands, all at the same time, Darleen began to eat out her first cunt with utter relish. Caroline was heaving and thrashing about with the joy of it, and Darleen seemed to be having every bit as much fun tongue-fucking as Caroline was having by being tongue-fucked.

Darleen was an enthusiastic cuntsucker.

Although she had never done it before and had no practice or experience, she had often thought about cuntsucking in all the juicy details, thought about just how she would do it if she ever got the chance, if a juicy pussy were ever presented to her tongue. She was truly enjoying herself as she wallowed in that creamy pussy, and what she lacked by having no previous training she more than made up for by her enthusiasm and attention to details.

She cupped Caroline's firm ass in her hands and worked her whole pretty face around in Caroline's groin, purring with pleasure and panting with passion. Her tongue wedged up the hole and levered at the clit. It licked lightly along the unfolded cuntlips, then stabbed in as far as possible. She parted

her lips, fitting them to Caroline's cunt slot, and began a steady sucking. Cuntjuice poured over her fucking tongue and bubbled on her lips. Her mouth began to fill up with the precious stuff.

Caroline was starting to burn with the thrill.

She was amazed at how well Darleen sucked cunt. Did all women do it that well? Did they, having cunts of their own, know how to suck better than a man? Or was that dark thrill so great because this act was perverted and deviant and naughty? But the reasons didn't matter - only the feeling mattered, and that feeling was one of ecstasy.

Darleen was wallowing in her crotch like a playful porpoise in a heated pool. "Come," Darleen whimpered, the word muffled on Caroline's pussy, echoing up her cunt. "I want to make you come. Oh, cream for me, Caroline. I need your cuntjuice!"

Those words were as inspirational as the tongue that formed them, the lips that uttered them. To know that another woman wanted to suck her off was as thrilling as the sucking. Caroline began to wail, her body jerking like a broken puppet.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she cried.

Her cunt melted.

Gurgling with joy, Darleen sucked her to the heights and past the heights and kept on greedily sucking until Caroline stopped squirming and lay back, a contented smile on her face.

Darleen raised her head.

Her whole face was smeared with pussy nectar and there was a questioning expression in her eyes.

"Nice?" she asked.

"Darling, it was wonderful!"

"I'm glad. I've wanted to for so long. And it was even better than I thought it would be. Your pussy is so yummy, Caroline. I want to eat you out all the time!"

"What a lovely idea," said Caroline. "But now it's time for me to have a snack, myself."

"Oh! If you're sure you want to. I mean, you don't have to do it just because I did you."

"I want to," said Caroline. "I wanted to, anyhow but now that I saw how much you enjoyed eating cunt, I'm hungrier than ever!"

It was true. Caroline was drooling for a snack of cunt, her mouth as hot now as her cunt had been before. She moved down, and Darleen, trembling with wild anticipation, slid up so that their sleek, naked bodies were gliding together, belly and tit, as they changed positions.

Darleen's cunt was like a furnace.

As Caroline lowered her face towards her hot pussy, she could feel the fiery heat rush out to meet her. She opened her mouth and her tongue curled out, dripping with saliva and eager to be dripping with the juice from that delectable-looking pussy.

Caroline was not disappointed.

She sucked Darleen off with gusto and discovered, to her delight, that cuntlapping was as good as being lapped, the sort of favor that a girl just loves to repay. Darleen, fired to the crest by her own feasting, creamed almost at once far too soon for Caroline, who was enjoying the delicious meal and wanted to prolong it. The girl's hot cunt juices gushed out and Caroline swallowed the flow and sucked Darleen to the dregs.

Now Caroline, in turn, looked up with a questioning expression, hoping she had done it right.

"Beautiful," murmured Darleen.

An impish look came into her dark eyes.

"But now I'm hungry again," she admitted.

But not for long. The tasty meal of Caroline's cunt was there to be eaten again.

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After that first wild day, Caroline and Darleen got together, at one house or the other, two or three times a week for a session of pussy sucking. Sometimes they took turns doing each other and sometimes they chose to do it together, in a sixty-nine position.

One day, Caroline got her big rubber dildo out and they fucked each other with the fat cock and sucked each other's cuntjuice off afterwards. They had a fine time of it. But they only used the dildo one time. They both loved cuntsucking too much to want to waste time with a rubber prick. They both got plenty of prick from their husbands and such a substitute was not required.

They assured each other that they were not lesbians.

They were merely normal, happily married, heterosexual girls - who just happened to enjoy sucking each other off.

And neither of them was troubled by morning frustrations now.

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But this morning, although she was not frustrated because Jonathon had sucked her and fucked her, Caroline found herself thinking about Darleen. She was in the mood to do nice juicy things to the girl. She had been feeling restless, all at loose ends because her normal routine had been disrupted. Most mornings, unless she had arranged to meet Darleen, Caroline spent an hour or so friggling herself off and, feeling no need to do that today, she didn't know what to do with herself.

But she knew what she would like to do to Darleen.

She didn't feel like letting Darleen eat her out today, since her pussy had been very nicely licked, but she was in the mood to spend a long time giving Darleen some leisurely head. She thought that she might even keep her clothing on - well, her panties, at least - so that Darleen was not too tempted to respond in kind. Yes, she would give the girl a real treat! Maybe she would go around the world on her! The idea was tremendously appealing. She wanted to strip Darleen naked and spread her out on the bed and lick her all over!

She would start at Darleen's feet and work up her lovely legs - but she would bypass her crotch and move on up to her belly and tits. Then she would turn her over and repeat the tonguing process up

and down the backs of her legs, her spine, across her graceful neck. Darleen would be really squirming now, pleading with her to eat her cunt. Caroline might tease her a bit longer, although she knew that she would be wild with hunger for that delectable snatch and unable to resist much longer.

Maybe she would slip her head in from the back and suck her off like that – the first time.

Naughty and exciting. Maybe she would tongue up the crack of her firm little ass and rim out her asshole, too! Caroline had never rimmed an asshole. But she liked the idea. It would make a lovely appetizer before she moved down to the main course.

Caroline, getting really worked up by her thoughts, jumped out of bed and hurried to the telephone.

It occurred to her that she and Darleen had not gotten together for over a week. They had never gone that long without sucking each other off since they started, and, now that she thought about it, she realized she had not even seen Darleen that week.

She hoped that Darleen had not tired of their lovemaking.

Frowning slightly at that disturbing idea, Caroline dialed Darleen's number and waited, but there was no answer.

That was strange. Where on earth could Darleen be at this early hour? Was she out of town for a few days? Why, surely she would have told Caroline that she was going away.

Caroline was very disappointed.

Having gotten herself worked up into the mood to suck cunt and tongue asshole as well, Caroline felt frustrated. Her pussy had been taken care of but her mouth felt empty.

She didn't know what to do with herself.

She even considered giving herself a finger-fucking after all. But it did seem kind of silly to frig herself off just to kill time, just out of boredom, when she didn't really feel like it.

She decided to wait a few minutes and then try to telephone Darleen again, in case the juicy-cunted neighbor had just stepped out of the house for a few minutes. She put the water on to make a cup of coffee. She grinned with the wry thought that a cup of coffee was a damned poor substitute for a pussy full of cuntjuice. Then she giggled when she thought that she might have a cream bun with it.

Thinking of cream, she remembered that she had not yet fetched the milk from the doorstep. She went on through to the front door. Because she was still naked, not having bothered to dress or don a robe, she opened the door only a crack and glanced out, to make sure that there was no one who might see her. No one saw her.

But Caroline saw Darleen.

Darleen had just gone past the front of the house. She must have left her own house only a moment before the telephone rang, Caroline figured. Caroline was about to call out to the girl and invite her in for coffee and all the other creamy elements of their usual breakfast.

But then Darleen turned in to the house next door.

Caroline scowled.

Her good friend Darleen was visiting the new neighbor - a sexy, red-headed divorcee.

Why?

Caroline didn't at all like what she was imagining. She gazed out and saw that there was a smile on Darleen's pretty face - that face belonged buried between Caroline's thighs, and no others! She saw the door open and Helen Ramsey stood there, looking as sexy as always, smiling back at Darleen in an intimate fashion.

It took a moment for Caroline to realize what the strange emotion was that was swelling up in her.

Then she recognized it.

Caroline was jealous!

She watched as Helen Ramsey drew the door open wider, so that Darleen could enter the house. As Darleen went in, moving past Helen, her head turned so that they continued to look at each other. Helen's sensual lips moved. Caroline could not hear what she was saying, but whatever it was it caused Darleen to giggle. The two, lusty redhead and lithe brunette, were still gazing at each other as the door closed behind them. They looked at each other - how? As if they were sharing a secret? Conspiratorially? Was there tenderness and affection there, or merely naughtiness? Caroline couldn't really tell. Then the door was closed and there was nothing more to see.

Caroline felt depressed about it.

She went back to the kitchen and poured herself a cup of coffee and sat at the table. She no longer felt like a cream bun and she drank her coffee black. She was trying her best to think logically but her emotions kept getting in the way. Each time she had a nice, reasonable concept, out jumped a green-eyed mountain lion of an emotion to pounce on it and savage it out of shape.

She recalled that she had seen a lot less of Darleen ever since the redhead had moved in. She hadn't really thought of it before. Their affair had never been constant or demanding, they just got together when they felt like it - but now that lessening frequency had taken on sinister overtones. Caroline felt sure that Darleen must be having an affair with the redhead. She wondered how it had started and when. She wondered which one had seduced the other to begin with. Had Darleen told the redhead about them, about she and Caroline? Caroline hoped not. Cuntsucking was fun, but she certainly didn't want to be known as a cuntsucker.

Still, if Helen Ramsey were a cuntsucker, too, it wouldn't really matter. She would understand these things and know that a girl did not have to be a lesbian to lap a pussy. It wasn't as if the president of the P.T.A. had heard the news, or the preacher, or her husband.

Caroline was calming down now.

It was ridiculous to be jealous, she told herself. Worse than ridiculous - it was down-right perverted! Caroline and Darleen had both enjoyed fooling around together on a strictly physical basis. There had never been any sort of emotional involvement, no tender words of love. There couldn't be, for that would have changed the nature of their affair from a harmless mutual pleasure-giving to one with true lesbian characteristics. And if there was no emotional love, how could there be jealousy?

A little envy, maybe.

The two were akin but not the same and Caroline reasoned it out. She did not care what Darleen did



with another woman. It was just that, while Darleen was with someone else, Caroline was not getting her share. She decided that she wasn't jealous in the slightest. She was just greedy and selfish.

And her pride was hurt as well.

Caroline hated to think that Helen Ramsey's cunt might be tastier than her own.

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CHAPTER SIX

Perhaps Caroline was not really jealous of Helen Ramsey as far as Darleen was concerned, but she would sure as hell have been jealous if she had known what had inspired her husband's rare morning hard-on, and more jealous yet if she had realized that such a morning hard-on was not, in fact, rare at all, but that he usually saved it for his secretary. The sight of naked Helen Ramsey, doing her morning exercises, had been responsible for a lusting in his heart - but the lust that he had for Brenda had nothing whatsoever to do with his heart, except that his heart beat a bit faster when he was fucking the girl.

His prick was already hard when he arrived at the office.

He had had to smuggle his cock past the receptionist like a piece of industrial espionage.

In the elevator, he had to face the wall to conceal the jutting rod from the elevator operator, pretending that he was having a coughing fit and had politely turned away, as the elevator smoothly rose and his prick stayed risen.

Marching down the corridor, he encountered the janitor bent over his broom, and Jonathon had to bend over his rampant prick, hands thrust into his pockets, to hide the prominent outline by his slumping posture. The janitor figured that Mr. Stephens must be working too hard, for he seemed bowed under the burden of his job.

But entering his own office, Jonathon made no attempt at all to hide his potent tower.

Brenda was already there, making coffee at the sideboard, the only real duty that she was able to perform very well, as far as the office tasks were concerned.

She looked up.

Jonathon gave her a big smile. The willowy girl's gaze moved down to the tented front of his trousers. Her eyebrows went up and her lips turned into a grin. Usually, by the time that Jonathon reached the office, his prick had diminished somewhat from his waking-up hard-on - although his balls remained bloated - and Brenda was delighted to see that he had arrived today already prepared. Brenda was not a girl who required foreplay. She was always ready to fuck. She had a ready cunt and an insatiable mouth, and the few moments necessary to get his prick to harden and rise seemed like a waste of time to such a secretary.

"I can see it's gonna be a hard day at the office," she said happily as she eyed the only piece of office equipment that she was properly equipped to handle.

Jonathon moved past her to the inner office.

She followed him in and closed the door.

"You have an appointment at eleven," she said.

Jonathon had remembered that and knew he had to get his cock and balls well drained by that time. He was meeting a buyer from Chicago, an aging spinster with blue hair and a prudish bearing, and it would not do to greet her in a state of urgency.

But with such an efficient secretary, the emptying of Jonathon's cock and balls presented no problem.

He moved to his desk.

Brenda was already removing her clothing.

She always took all her clothes off, even when she was giving head instead of pussy. She didn't have a lot of dresses and didn't want to risk getting them stained by cum. She swallowed the stuff, to be sure, but Jonathon poured it out in abundance and sometimes she could not gulp it all down fast enough. Cum might overflow her lips and run down her chin and splash on the front of her dress if she were clothed. Then, too, she was an enthusiastic cocksucker and when she was going full tilt she sometimes bobbed up a bit too high and her lips slipped off his cockhead. If he happened to shoot at that instant, she was liable to get the whole dose soaking her garments. Brenda was randy and eager about sex, but she was smart enough to take such precautions.

Jonathon watched her disrobe.

He was wishing that she were Helen Ramsey, for he was still excited by the thought of that ultra-sexy redhead, naked as she stretched and jerked at her exercises.

Still, in a different way, Brenda was almost as attractive.

Her body was slender and her bushy cunt looked delicious. Her dark, curly cunt hair spread out in a wide triangle at the base of her torso, the wedge extending almost out to her hipbones at the sides and silken hair running up as far as her belly button. Her tits were small but her nipples were huge bullets of pink flesh pushing out from areolas as big as half dollars. As she stripped, her whole lithe, nubile body swayed - not like a stripteaser so much as like a palm tree in a warm tropical breeze.

Jonathon was watching her and she was looking back, watching him watch and taking a pleasure out of the way desire glowed in his eyes. Brenda knew that she was a very lucky girl. She had this excellent job, for which she was not really qualified at all. Her boss was kind and generous and understanding when she misspelled a word or lost a document somewhere in the maze of the filing cabinets or got cuntjuice on his appointment book. He even allowed her to keep her spare dildo in the office, for such times as he was not available - although she really couldn't master the filing system and could never remember if the damned thing was kept in the D drawer, for dildo, the V, for vibrator, or if she had filed it under R, for rubber prick. Despite the obvious drawbacks in having her as a secretary - Jonathon had to do his own typing, for instance - he seldom complained, and he had even given her a raise.

And he had a great big prick to boot.

Brenda had never gone without plenty of prick, being a promiscuous and fuckable sort of girl who had started fucking when she was a kid, and she had sucked her first prick the same night she had had her first fuck, although the prick she sucked was not the same prick that fucked her. Brenda had started out with a bang and had never looked back. At the moment, she was living with three men, two of them brothers, and she usually got fucked at least once, by each of them, during the course of

the night. So it wasn't as if Brenda needed Jonathon's big cock.

This made her an undemanding lover.

She never wheedled him to lap her cunt, nor insisted that he make her come before he did - although she usually did - and she was always game for whatever Jonathon wanted. It was a part of her job and a perk of her job and, since he was her employer, Brenda did not even think that she was cheating on her three boyfriends.

Naked, now, she advanced on Jonathon, her slim belly rolling and her hips pivoting. He noticed that a creamy ribbon of cuntjuice was already curling down the inside of her lean, shapely thigh.

Jonathon usually only came once a day with Brenda.

He was a thoughtful fellow and sometimes felt selfish when he asked for a blowjob instead of a fuck, but today he was not troubled by such considerations.

He was in the mood for plenty.

Brenda stood before him, reaching down. She was almost as tall as he, and they looked into each other's eyes as her deft hands began to open his fly. She drew the zipper down with tantalizing slowness, pulling it back up an inch, lowering it two inches, until finally she had it all the way down. His prick was stuck inside his white cotton shorts. His cock dragged those shorts out as the prickshaft poked through, so that it looked like the ghost of a cock wearing a sheet.

She unbuttoned the top of his fly and unbuckled his belt.

His pants fell open in a wide vee.

His prick thrust out, throbbing, dragging the elastic band of his shorts out from his belly so that, looking down, she could see his naked prick in the shadowy confines. His cock looked, she thought, even larger than usual. She cupped his balls with one hand, palm upwards, through his shorts. They felt pleasingly solid and deliciously full of cum. With her other hand, she pulled his shorts out away from his cock, then dragged them down so that the elastic was under his balls and all of his fuck equipment was bared.

She leaned in and kissed him on the mouth.

The head of his prick pushed into her belly.

Her tongue glided across his lips and, speaking into his panting mouth, she said, "Heads or tails, boss?"

Jonathon grinned.

"I think both, today," he told her.

"Ooooh! Overtime!"

She began frigging his prick slowly up and down, her hand loose and just skimming. Then her grip tightened and she skinned his loose sheath up and down the rigid cockshaft.

He leaned back against the edge of the desk, taking his weight on his hands and pushing his loins out.

Brenda gracefully sank to her knees in front of him.

She was licking her lips, her hot pink tongue slowly gliding back and forth across her mouth, but she didn't go down on him immediately. Brenda was a girl who appreciated sex in all its aspects and one of them was the visual. Sometimes she could get her rocks off by just looking at a shapely and sizable prick and imagining what it would be like stuck up her. The sight made her cunt smolder and made her mouth water. That attention was affecting Jonathon as well. It was as if she were caressing him with her eyes, he could almost feel her gaze burn into his throbbing cockmeat. He stared down at her as she leaned in close, going cross-eyed as she turned her vision inwards. He made his cock muscles pulse. Brenda gasped as she saw the fat, dark vein throb up the underside of his prickshaft and the fat cockhead expand and darken.

She blew her warm breath on his prick.

Jonathon shuddered and moaned.

He pushed his cock out closer to her face and Brenda met it with her tongue, the first lick a long, slurping one that ran up his prick from balls to crown in one smooth, fluid stroke.

"Ummmmm, your meat is delicious," she purred.

She said it because she knew it would excite him to hear such erotic words - but it was true, anyhow. The succulence of his cock tingled on her taste buds. She took a second long slurp up the prickshaft and fluttered her tongue against the sensitive point where his cockhead flared out from the stalk and the fat vein blended into the delta on the underside of his hot purple prick-knob.

He shifted his feet and braced his ass against the edge of the desk, jamming his pelvis out. But she wasn't ready to take his cock into her mouth yet, since she liked to tongue a prick for awhile before sucking upon it. Sometimes she even liked to do it all with her tongue, licking a man off instead of sucking him off. That way she had the pleasure of seeing the cum squirt out of his prick and then lapping it up afterwards. She tilted her head from side to side as she tongue up the cockshaft. She dipped down lower and licked his balls for awhile. Ball meat was subtly different from cockmeat in both taste and texture. It was musky and spicy, and she adored his balls because they held such a delicious load. She could feel his swollen balls shift under the hairy bag as her moist tongue curled and coiled over him. She lifted his balls and licked underneath. Jonathon was groaning at this stimulation. He was grating his teeth and his face had contorted with such desire and passion that he looked demented and depraved as he swayed before the kneeling cocklapper.

A thick blob of pre-cum oozed from the parted cleft in the tip of his cock and began to run sluggishly down the prick-knob. Brenda drew back, watching that quicksilver nugget descend, glistening with a milky and pearly hue against his dark cockmeat. She waited until it had slipped down onto his prickshaft and was trickling down along the fat vein, then she pushed her tongue out and gathered it up.

She let it slip around on her taste buds for a moment, whetting her appetite and causing her tongue to tingle.

Then, with that cum nugget still there, she pushed her tongue out so that Jonathon could see his spunk glistening on the hot, pink flesh. He whimpered at the sight.

Then Brenda swallowed it down.

"Yummy," she purred.

Another thick blob oozed out.

Brenda tongued it up. Then she began licking the head of his prick, very thoroughly. Her tongue laved and lapped all over the smoking slab of purple cockmeat. More spunk bubbled out, streaked with her saliva, foaming down the prick, and she swooped down after it and lapped it up. By this time Jonathon was whimpering in a torment of desire, his whole body trembling. He kept pushing his hips out, thrusting his cock at her face but she kept turning away so that his prick slid along her cheek, then tonguing his long cock as he drew back again. But now she decided that it was time to get down to cocksucking in earnest. Those few drops of cum she had drunk had really given her a hearty appetite and she was ravenous for the rest of that sweet load of ball juice.

She craned her neck and kissed the tip of his cock. Then very slowly she let her lips part and fed his prick into her mouth.

Jonathon moaned with pleasure as her lips collared his cockshaft, behind the prickhead, and her cheeks hollowed in as she began to suck lovingly on that hot mouthful. She only had the cock-knob in her mouth at first, sucking and slipping her tongue around against the underside while she played with his balls with one hand and friggged the root of his prickshaft up and down with the other. But then she stroked slower, then stopped. Brenda didn't want to jack him off in her mouth, she wanted to suck him off without any assistance from her hands. She just held the hilt of his prick steady as her mouth worked on the cock crown. Her head began to bob up and down, as if she were ducking for apples in a barrel, going down a little bit lower with every descent as she fed more and more of his prick into her face. Her lips were compressed, really working on his cockmeat. Saliva poured down his prick.

She twisted her head from side to side so that her mouth rotated on his cock, fairly screwing his prick into her face. She was taking almost all of the big hunk into her mouth by this time. His cockhead lodged in her throat, then wedged down her gullet and her lips sank all the way down to the root of his prick, her nose nestling in his wiry pubic hair and her chin brushing against his bloated balls. Her tongue was still working on him, too, flashing and flaring against his cockhead and stalk as she took his prick in, then slurping as she pulled back up the big cock. Her lips were almost turning inside out as she pulled up, sucking hard. Her cheeks went in and out. She was blowing as well as sucking as her head went up and down in the steady rhythm that she knew was going to bring him to the crest soon, desperate for his hot, thick load now, hungry for his cum.

She pulled up until only the tip of his prick was still stuck in her pliable mouth.

"Come," she purred into that meaty microphone.

The word coursed down his cock and hammered his balls so that he felt it, rather than heard it.

"Come," she pleaded, again. "I want you to shoot in my mouth. I want to drink your hot jism!"

Jonathon groaned.

His hands slid down onto her shoulders, holding her steady as he humped, fucking into her mouth. As he pushed forwards, her head went down to meet him, engulfing all of his cock, so that he was buried to the balls in her sweet sucking mouth.

His balls expanded mightily.

Then they exploded.

She gave a little gasp when she felt his cock pulse as the hot, thick fuck juice rushed up his tube. His cockhead flared wildly. Then he was coming, and Brenda wailed with ecstasy as she felt him hose her throat and whitewash her tonsils. Her head flew up and down. His jism kept jutting out. The thick stuff was filling her mouth so fast that she couldn't manage to swallow all of it. It overflowed her pursed lips. She gulped down mouthfuls of the delicious spunk and kept greedily sucking on his spurting cockhead, pulling more of the precious nectar out of his cock and balls. Cum was running around in her cheeks, coating the roof of her mouth, soaking her teeth and gums. Her tongue was floating in a river of the stuff. Ribbons of slippery slime poured down her gullet and creamy strands escaped her lips and flowed down onto his balls.

At last he stopped coming.

A few last drops oozed out.

Brenda kept sucking, milking him dry. His prick began to soften in her mouth. She drew her lips from his cock and used her nimble tongue to gather up the errant drops that had run down onto his balls. Semi-hard, his cock swayed up and down in her face and she mouthed his prick again, snapping up his cockhead like a frog catching a meaty insect. She had drunk a huge load of spunk but she wanted more. His cockhead flared, going up and down, swelling and diminishing and then, as she kept licking and sucking on the tasty slab, his prick started to swell and harden all over again. Brenda knew how to keep a prick stiff. She sucked him back to full hardness, then drew her mouth away and glanced up at his face from under her fluttering eyelashes. She was giving him his choice, quite willing to suck him off again, but equally willing to have him fuck her cunt if he chose.

Jonathon drew her to her feet.

He stepped aside and Brenda leaned over the desk, her tits bobbing under her, her ass hiked up, her feet widespread on the floor. He moved in behind her. Her cunt was soaking and steaming. She tossed her head, a happy smile on her cum-stained lips, her eyes narrowed with lust. Jonathon wrapped his hand around the root of his prick and guided the bloated cock-knob into her wet pussy. He began to move his prick around in her cunt slot, stirring her creamy pussy with his meaty cock. Her pussy was sucking, trying to draw him up the hot channel. She squirmed and her ass churned. Jonathon grasped her by the hip bones, the handles of her loins, and braced his feet. His ass tensed. Then he fucked the full length of his prick up her pussy.

Brenda wailed with joy.

She squirmed around that cuntful of swollen cockmeat, grinding her ass back against his belly.

He drew out.

His cock was soaking with cuntjuice, and his prick steamed as the hot fuck fluids evaporated in the air.

He fucked in again.

His cockmeat hissed up her hole like a heated crowbar dipped into a cooling tub. His prick expanded, spreading her pussy out. Her cunt muscles dragged and pulled on him. He began fucking faster and harder, fucking his big prick into her, pulling out against the suction of her cunt, then fucking back into the depths of her pussy. His ass and hips jolted as he pumped the prick into her. She was trembling wildly, her whole body beginning to tremble as he fucked in and out of her cunt. His balls swung in and out, slapping against her crotch. A mist of cuntjuice drifted out as his big cock filled her cunthole to the brim. He dragged her back by the hips as he fucked in, pulling her

pussy onto his prick like a tight fitting boot onto a club foot.

Her cunt started to melt around his cock.

Jonathon dipped from the knees and fucked his prick in with underslung strokes, so that the full length of his cockshaft was running across the girl's frenzied clit. The thrill darted up her long, smooth, trembling thighs, meeting the sensation that was already crashing across her belly. A great tide of feeling surged through her hot loins, each successive wave coming higher and faster.

Brenda had begun a constant wailing now. Each time he slid his cock up her, she gave a short, sharp exclamation as if she just could not believe she was getting such a welcome load, as if he was surprising her again and again each time he fucked into her pussy.

Then, as he withdrew, his prick coming back out of that steaming gash, dripping and smoking like a poker from a fire, she repeated the sound, but longer and softer and more drawn out, quavering.

Slamming home to the hilt, Jonathon grunted.

His jism squirted into her, hosing her pussy with a hot stream, under such pressure that her limber pelvis was tilted and her ass jumped. He poured dose after dose of thick fuck juice into her, and her pussy responded with a great deluge of cunt nectar as they glided wildly together, working off their simultaneous orgasms.

Brenda slid across the desk, arms and legs spread out, a huge smile on her face.

Jonathon drew his prick out of her foaming pussy.

He was mildly surprised and not at all displeased to find that, despite his two recent climaxes, his cock remained rigid. When she twisted around and looked back and noticed this, Brenda was even more pleased than Jonathon. She didn't wonder why her boss was so particularly horny today. Brenda was not a girl who looked for motivation and, if she got plenty of prick, she didn't wonder why such potency had been inspired.

If she had realized, she wouldn't have cared anyhow.

Brenda was not the jealous type.

But Caroline was suffering a sort of jealousy and wondering what she should do about it.

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

It's really silly of me to feel this way, Caroline told herself. After all, it's not as if I was in love with Darleen. What we do together is just physical, just, fooling around. Why should I care if she's fooling around with some other woman? It isn't as if my husband were having an affair with that redheaded bitch. Well, maybe my pride is hurt, a little. I thought that Darleen loved doing it with me - not loved me, just loved doing it, there's a difference there. But maybe she likes to do it with Helen Ramsey more than with me. I wonder what Helen does to her that I don't? I don't see how she could be a better cuntsucker, certainly no more enthusiastic than I am - and I don't think her cunt would be any creamier than mine, for the other half of it. Does she use a dildo, maybe? Well, Darleen and I tried that, Darleen could have all the rubber prick she wanted, but we both decided we liked sucking more, so it can't be that. Maybe it's just the variety. That's probably it. I wonder if I'd like some

variety, myself?

Caroline had not considered it before. She did not think of herself as a lesbian, nor even bisexual, and she had not thought of going to bed with women in general. She had been quite content to fuck around with Darleen. But now, thinking of Darleen making it with other women, it was natural for Caroline to start considering it.

She wondered which of the women she knew had ever fooled around like that, and which would be willing to. She could think of several girls that she wouldn't at all mind sucking off, but she had no idea how to approach them on such a delicate subject. It was the sort of thing that could be awfully embarrassing. If she suggested it and the other girl was scandalized or disgusted, Caroline would never be able to live it down. She would have to be very careful, working the conversation around to it subtly so that the woman got the idea without any definite suggestion from Caroline. Maybe with the help of that magic genie in the gin bottle, the way it had happened the first time with Darleen. Maybe just a little mild sex to begin with, just some feeling up or tit sucking until the girl got so hot that she would be receptive to more serious, and more enjoyable, amusements.

Or - what about Helen Ramsey?

If she's making it with Darleen, maybe she would like to make it with me, too. I'm certainly as sexy as Darleen - and it would serve her right, too.

She thought about Helen.

Caroline didn't know the spectacular redhead very well. She had met her a few times, as neighbors. She had seen her walking her dog, a big and robust elk hound, and wheeling a shopping cart around the supermarket. She knew nothing about her. She thought Helen was probably a divorcee, but she had no proof of it. Helen never seemed to have any visitors nor any boyfriends. What sort of girl was she? Could she be a proper lesbian, perhaps? Did she know some lezzie secrets that pleased Darleen better than Caroline, in her innocence, could?

Thinking about it, Caroline was getting randy.

She imagined Helen and Darleen in bed together and her pussy began to spark and foam.

Maybe I'll have to fingerfuck myself, after all, Caroline thought with a wry smile.

She finished her third cup of coffee, still stark naked, her emotions somewhat confused. She figured that she would be able to think more clearly once she'd milked her pussy. A girl couldn't really be levelheaded when her cunt was simmering. She got up, intending to go into the bedroom and frig herself off in comfort.

But, glancing out the window, she saw Darleen coming out of Helen Ramsey's house.

Darleen looked happy and satisfied.

She turned back, obviously saying goodbye to her hostess, then she moved down the walk. She had to pass Caroline's house on her way home and, on a sudden impulse, Caroline decided to call the girl over and get things settled.

Caroline hurried through to the front door and opened it quickly, before she lost her nerve. The idea of a confrontation distressed her, but she felt that she had to know the truth.



"Darleen," she called.

Darleen paused.

She glanced towards Caroline, then glanced away again. She looked flustered and embarrassed. She shot a look at her own house, as if she was considering ignoring Caroline's summons and rushing on past, as if wanting to make an escape. Her attitude was suspicious and furtive and Caroline felt more sure than ever that the girl was having an affair with the sexy redhead. Another wave of jealousy surged through her. But then Darleen smiled, in a friendly enough fashion.

She came up the front walk to the door.

Caroline opened the door wider, stepping back, and, when Darleen saw that Caroline was naked, she looked surprised.

But then she grinned.

Caroline hadn't realized how provocative it would be to invite Darleen in when she was naked. Now she did. She said, "I wanted to talk to you, honey. I was just going to get dressed - it isn't a hint."

Darleen laughed.

"Oh, I've seen you naked before," she said suggestively.

"But not recently," Caroline said.

"I-I guess not," Darleen muttered.

They went through to the lounge and sat down.

Caroline was wondering if this might be easier if she were to bring the gin bottle out.

She suddenly felt self-conscious about being naked. She kept her legs together.

"I haven't seen much of you lately," she began.

"Well, not as much as usual."

"You aren't angry about anything?"

"What? Oh, gee, no - of course not."

Darleen frowned slightly, looking less than comfortable.

Caroline was determined to get the truth, no matter how embarrassing the situation was.

She said, "I saw you going into Helen's house."

"Did you?"

"Tell me, Darleen, are you having an affair with her?"

"Of course not," Darleen said.

"Honestly?"

Darleen was looking this way and that, almost squirming.

She said, "I swear it. Caroline, it's the truth. But, well, it's the truth, anyhow."

"But what?"

"Oh, nothing," Darleen said and shrugged.

Caroline said, "I have no right to tell you what to do, or what not to do, but we did have so much fun together and now you don't seem interested in me, anymore, so I thought..."

"To tell you the truth, Caroline, Helen is so desirable that I thought about making it with her. Just the way you and I do, just physical, you know. That's what I had in mind when I called on her the first time. I'm sorry if that makes you jealous or angry or hurt, but it's the truth. I - well, I offered to suck her cunt. I told her that you and I sucked each other off and I asked her if she would like me to do it for her - but she turned me down. She told me she didn't make it with women. So that's the truth and we aren't making it. But I got to admit I wouldn't mind."

Caroline was taken aback by Darleen's admission.

She didn't know how she should feel about it - relieved that Darleen and Helen weren't sucking each other's cunt, or annoyed because Darleen wanted to but had been rejected.

Uncertainly, Caroline said, "Don't you want to do it with me anymore, then, Darleen?"

"Oh, sure," Darleen said. "Gee, sure I do!"

Caroline was feeling hornier than ever as she thought about her friend trying to seduce the redhead. Even though she had been turned down, it was an exciting thought.

"Would you like to now?" Caroline whispered.

Darleen seemed to hesitate for a second.

Then, smiling, she said, "Okay."

Caroline got up, then sat down again, beside Darleen on the couch. They kissed. Darleen began to feel Caroline's plump tits.

"I want to do you this morning," Caroline whispered, speaking the words into Darleen's parted lips. "I was really in the mood to make love to you, Darleen - with my tongue - all over..."

"Ummmmm, what a lovely idea!" Darleen purred.

Caroline's hand was moving up the slick, smooth inside of Darleen's thigh, under her skirt.

She touched her cunt.

Darleen was not wearing any panties!

If she isn't making it with Helen, why did she go over there without wearing panties?

Caroline wondered. Was she still hoping to seduce the redhead? Had she tried to get her interested by crossing her legs and displaying her sweet pussy?

But Caroline was too hot to worry about it now.

She was dying to mouth that creamy cunt.

She fingered it, feeling the pussylips part and the clit tense. She thrust her tongue into the girl's mouth and Darleen sucked lovingly on it.

Then Caroline slid down to the floor. Darleen arched her back, her head resting on the back of the couch and her ass perched on the edge of the cushions and her legs extended and parted. Caroline lifted her skirt and gazed at her juicy cunt, licking her lips. She had intended to go around the world on Darleen today, to tongue her all over for a long time before she got around to gobbling her cunt, but now she was too hungry for that creamy pussy to prolong the pleasure. Her tongue was in a frenzy that could only be soothed by dipping it into that creamy cunt.

Caroline spread Darleen's cuntlips wide open with her fingertips and pushed her tongue up her hole.

"Ooooooh," wailed Darleen.

Caroline tongue fucked her, then began to suck.

And suddenly Caroline's mouth was full of cum!

She frowned, puzzled. She sucked again and another thick dose of jism filled her mouth.

Caroline knew full well what spunk tasted like.

She had sucked her husband off countless times and could tell the difference between cum and cuntjuice. She even knew what cum tasted like when it was gulped out of a cunt instead of from a cock because once she had sucked Darleen off right after Darleen's husband had fucked her.

There was no doubt about it.

Darleen had been fucked and shot into very recently.

Caroline raised her head.

"Oh, don't stop," Darleen pleaded.

"Darling, you've just been fucked," Caroline said, puzzled.

"Never mind that - suck me off!"

"Oh, I'll suck you off, all right, but who fucked you?"

"Don't ask! Please don't ask!" whimpered Darleen.

Caroline was intrigued. Who could have fucked Darleen? She had the wildest thoughts - that Helen had a man hidden in her home, maybe even held captive, even Helen was really a man in drag. Caroline was hungry for cunt and eager to finish eating Darleen's hairy, juicy pussy, but she just had to know the truth.

"Tell me or I won't eat you out," she said.

"I can't tell."

"Tell me!"

"It's-it's too embarrassing!" Darleen wailed.

Caroline sat back on her heels and shrugged.

"I'm not going to suck cum out of you unless I know where the cum came from," she stated with determination.

Darleen gazed pitifully down at Caroline.

Caroline was licking her lips to show Darleen what she was going to miss if she refused to confess. That first tonguing had really gotten Darleen worked up, and she began to whimper with terrible need and frustration.

Darleen reached down and placed her hands behind Caroline's head, trying to drag her face back into her crotch. But Caroline turned away, avoiding the contact, determined, even though she was drooling for more of that tasty pussy.

"Who was the guy?" she demanded.

Darleen blushed furiously and lowered her eyes.

"It wasn't a guy," she said.

"What?" Caroline asked, surprised.

"Oh, damn it! I-I've been fucking Helen's dog!" Darleen wailed.

Caroline gasped.

Darleen looked up from under her lowered eyelashes, still blushing a pink color, looking defensive and guilty.

"Are you shocked, Caroline?" she asked.

Caroline was indeed shocked.

She had never dreamed of such a thing.

But now, as she thought about it, she found that the idea was making her more horny than ever. Darleen fucked dogs! The very depravity of it was inspirational! It was ever so wicked, and all the more thrilling because of the wickedness. The two cuntsuckers stared at each other. Then Caroline began to smile.

"Why, you naughty girl," she said.

Seeing that Caroline was taking it so well, Darleen began to relax. But there was nothing relaxed about her crotch, and her cunt was steaming. Ribbons of foamy cuntjuice poured down her hairy crotch. Caroline gazed at that tasty pussy. It was full of dog cum! And Caroline wanted to suck cunt more than ever!

"Please," Darleen pleaded.

"Yes," said Caroline. "Oh, yes!"

Caroline buried her face between those smooth thighs, clamped her open mouth on that flooded cunt slot and began to suck with relish. Cuntjuice and dog cum poured over her lips and tongue.

She sucked the girl dry.

Then Darleen told her all about the dog...

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Darleen had been embarrassed about fucking a dog at first, and had admitted it only reluctantly, and only then because Caroline was denying her a suck until she confessed.

But once Darleen had revealed the truth, she seemed to want to talk about it. And it had made Caroline horny as well, she realized. Far from thinking that Darleen had behaved shamefully or disgustingly, Caroline had been inspired to give her some great tongue and had gobbled up plenty of second-hand dog cum, too.

After she got her rocks off on Caroline's nimble tongue, Darleen stretched out along the couch, one foot on the floor, the other on the cushions, her knee raised and her thighs parted.

Her cunt had gone off like a volcano.

Now it was simmering gently, satiated and yet tingling, ready to get hot again.

Caroline was still kneeling on the floor in front of the couch. She rested her cheek on Darleen's slim belly, gazing up at the girl's face. Darleen stroked Caroline's head lovingly. Caroline's lips were slightly parted. Her breath billowed up Darleen's tummy and a slender thread of cuntjuice ran out of the corner of her mouth and into Darleen's belly button, connecting them on the sticky strand. Darleen needed no urging now.

She began to speak of her own accord.

"I guess I would have told you about it, sometime, anyhow, Caroline," she began. "I wanted to. I figured it would make you horny, but I was kind of embarrassed about it. I wasn't too sure how you'd take it and I didn't want to make you angry or jealous."

"Jealous? Of a dog?" Caroline said, smiling. "I was jealous when I thought that you were making it with Helen, I'll admit. I was imagining the two of you sucking each other off and it was driving me wild - jealous and randy at the same time."

As she spoke, that strand of cuntjuice glistened at the corner of her mouth, as if her jaw were hinged like a ventriloquist's dummy, worked by that slippery thread.

Darleen went on, "Well, like I told you, I wanted to. I would have. When I went to visit her the first time - well, that was what I had in mind, I have to admit. I was hoping that she might give me some hint that she was interested. I would have been happy to just suck her cunt, she wouldn't have had to do me, unless she wanted to. Well, I worked the conversation around to sexy things. Helen seemed to realize, right from the start, what I was getting at. Her eyes sort of gleamed and she looked amused. I thought she wanted me, then. So I told her that you and I had been giving each

other head. It didn't surprise her or shock her, don't worry. She just smiled some more. And then I asked her if she would like to have me go down on her."

Caroline gave a little whimper at the thought.

"But she said no," Darleen said with a little sigh of regret. "She told me that she didn't make it with girls."

Caroline, her jealousy dissolved now, thought that it was a shame, too. It would have been nice to have another girl to make love with, another hot pussy to eat for a change. Or maybe the three of them could have gotten together for a sort of cluster-suck.

Caroline loved the idea of sharing Helen's cunt with Darleen, both of them kneeling between the redhead's lush thighs, cheek to cheek, both tongues flashing together and sharing the load of cuntjuice that bubbled out. The thought was so exciting that her tongue began to tingle again. It was still coated with a slippery layer of Darleen's cuntjuice, the succulent flavor setting her taste buds off.

Darleen stirred, her velvet belly moving under Caroline's cheek, her slender back arching slightly.

She said, "Well, I asked her what she did for sex, since she didn't have a husband or a boyfriend - I was still hoping to change her mind, that she might at least give it a try. I was pretty sure that she'd love it, once I got my tongue up her gash, you know. But then she laughed - and she came right out with it. 'Why do you think I have a nice big elk hound?' is what she said. I didn't understand, at first. It was just too far out. I had some sort of idea that she meant she kept the dog to guard her, to keep men from annoying her. Then - I guess she noticed how confused I was, she must have figured I was awful naive - then she said, 'He has such a lovely, big prick - why would I need a man?' I was really shocked. I asked her if she was joking, making fun of me? She said that she was absolutely serious. She asked me if I had never thought about getting fucked by an animal. Well, I had thought about it, but only as a wild fantasy when I was fingerfucking myself - never as a real possibility."

Caroline turned her face down and kissed Darleen's belly, low down, her lips stirring in her curly cunt mound. She was ready to suck some more cunt, but she waited. She wanted to hear more about Helen and Darleen and the dog - and it was hard to hear when her ears were clamped between a girl's trembling thighs, her face buried in a creamy crotch.

Darleen stroked Caroline's head and continued.

"Helen told me all about it, that first day I was there. She started with a dog when she was just a kid. She had a pet and one day when she was playing with him, he got a hard-on. It fascinated her. She had never seen a stiff prick before, but she knew what they were for. She jacked the dog off the first time. She loved doing it, loved to feel his prick pounding in her hand and then to see the jism squirt out. The dog loved it, too, of course. After that, Helen used to jack the dog off quite a lot. She liked to aim his prick at her tits or at her crotch and pull the spunk out, letting it splash on her body. She kept thinking about letting the dog fuck her, wanting it. But she was a virgin, then, and she wasn't sure that she ought to let a dog take her cherry. Then one day - this is really naughty - she jacked the dog off in her face. Her mouth was open. She pushed her tongue out when she felt his prick swell up and she pumped his cum out - and drank it! That seems even more depraved than fucking a dog, I think. It sure made me hot to hear about it, to imagine it!"

"It's making me hot, too," murmured Caroline, her lips pressed to Darleen's curly pussy mound.

"So after that she began blowing the dog, instead of jacking him off. She liked to take the head of his

cock in her lips and suck on it while she pumped him with her hand, so that she was jerking him off right into her mouth and sucking him at the same time. And sometimes she would lie down and let the dog mount her, as if he was fucking her except higher up - letting him fuck her in the mouth, you know? His balls would drag against her tits and he'd go frantic, humping away and driving his prick right back into her throat. Well, after that, Helen decided that since she was already blowing him, it wouldn't be any more wicked to fuck him, so she let the brute have her cherry. She adored it. She couldn't get enough of it. She even began seducing other dogs in the neighborhood. She'd ask the neighbors if she could walk their dogs and then she'd fuck them. She told me that she screwed a dozen different dogs before she ever had a man."

Caroline slid down and slipped her tongue into Darleen's creamy cunt gash, moving it around slowly and gently as she listened to the strange and fascinating tale of bestiality.

"Well, after awhile Helen started going out with men and she was sort of promiscuous for awhile. She got fucked by lots of guys and she sucked plenty of pricks and she even took it up the ass a few times, just to see what it was like. But she never found a man who could satisfy her as well as a dog. It wasn't physical as much as psychological. With a man she was always self-conscious, wondering if he was enjoying it as much as she was, thinking about emotional aspects, all the niceties of normal lovemaking. But a dog just wants to get his balls emptied. You don't have to worry about anything else, it's all just frantic fucking. She loves the way a dog whines and whimpers when he starts to come. It's more like seducing a young man who never had it before, she said, than making it with an experienced Romeo. Just a question of coming, not making love - and that's exactly what Helen wants."

Caroline was gently tonguing Darleen's cunt slot, and Darleen's pelvis had begun to move slowly and rhythmically under her.

"So she stopped going out with men, except once in a while she likes to give a young boy his first piece of ass - mainly to hear him whimper like a dog when he shoots. She bought herself a dog. Well, in fact, she bought a couple dogs. She even took a job in a pet shop for a short time, so that she could try fucking different breeds before she decided which was the best for her purposes. She had a Great Dane and a wolfhound, before, but she says the elk hound has the best prick."

Darleen paused and her hips moved a bit faster. She had talked long enough and now she was ready to get her rocks off again. But Caroline wanted to hear the other part of the story. She licked ever so lovingly on Darleen's stiffened clit and said, "Tell me the rest, darling - tell me what you did with the dog."

"Well, after Helen told me all about it, she could see how hot it had made me - and she asked me if I wanted the dog to screw me. I said no, at first. I mean, I did want it, I was dying to find out what it was like to get fucked by an animal, but I was too timid. But she called the dog in and began to play with its cock. Oh, it was huge! As she stroked it, it got bigger and bigger. I watched, totally fascinated, as that big, shiny cockhead came squeezing out from the hairy stalk. I could just imagine how wonderful it would feel to have my cunt stuffed full of that hot meat, to have the elk hound pounding it up me. After he was really hard and starting to whimper, Helen brought him over and pushed his muzzle between my legs. Well, it didn't seem so awfully naughty just to let a dog lick me - and, anyhow, I wanted to so badly. So I took my panties off and spread my legs and let him lap my cunt. Helen kept playing with his prick while he was tonguing me. She even ducked down under him and fluttered her tongue against the swollen knob! Then she said that it was time for the dog to get his cock emptied. She was going to screw him, herself. And I just couldn't bear the thought! I just had to have a cuntful of dog meat! I guess Helen knew how I felt, because she just gave me a wink and moved away. I got down on my hands and knees. The dog knew just what to do, of course. He

mounted me, clinging to my haunches. He was humping and his prick was bouncing off my ass and sliding through my crotch, so I reached back between my legs and took it in my hand and guided the head into my cunt. Then he plowed it up me, all of it on the first stroke. Oh, I've never felt anything like it, Caroline! His prick was so big and hard and hot and he was pouring it into me so fast. He was really frantic, pumping in and out a lot faster than a man ever does, filling my twat to the brim. I came right away. Then I came again. Then the dog shot in me! I could feel all that hot, thick dog slime squirt up me. I came a third time and the dog just kept coming! I didn't think he was ever going to stop. That hot juice just kept pouring out as if his balls were bottomless. I was full of the stuff. Oh, I just adored it - and I've been back for more, darling. I fucked him face to face, this morning. Darleen's lips were trembling, her eyes were glazed, her face was a mask of pure lust. And I took his prick in my mouth, too, Caroline, I wanted to! I sucked his meat and let him squirt his scum in my mouth. Ooooooh!"

Darleen began to thrash about, her ass churning wildly and her hips pumping like pistons.

Caroline, driven wild by the tale of bestiality, had gone suck crazy on Darleen's clit. The lower part of her face was buried in Darleen's groin. She looked up from the tops of her eyes and saw that Darleen's tongue was flashing back and forth across her lips. Darleen, too, was hungry now. Caroline slowly turned around. She didn't remove her mouth from Darleen's cunt but she shifted her body around the pivot of her head, coming up and over and into the sixty-nine position. She lowered her foaming snatch onto Darleen's eager face and the two naughty housewives began to suck each other off together.

They creamed together.

And then, not even pausing to catch their breath, they did it all over again, giving as good as they got and drinking as much cunt juice as they spilled from their frenzied loins.

They had a long and lovely session and Caroline was very happy that her affair with Darleen was continuing.

But the tale of the dog had intrigued her.

After Darleen left, Caroline thought about it.

She couldn't seem to stop thinking about it.

Even though she had come several times in Darleen's mouth, she still felt horny. She fingerfucked herself, thinking about the elk hound and imagining that it was a dog's prick that was churning her cunt to a lather. She came in her hand, and still she felt horny.

Caroline wanted to get fucked by the dog. She thought it was totally depraved.

And wanted it all the more because of that.

Caroline was still randy when Jonathon got home from work.

Jonathon was not in the mood for sex because he had spent most of the day with his prick stuck up his secretary, but he was a dutiful husband and felt a bit guilty about his affair with Brenda. When Caroline told him that she needed a good fucking, he was determined to do his best. He was ready to go to the bedroom, but Caroline, for some strange reason, wanted to fuck on the living room floor.

She knelt down in front of him, opened his fly, and hauled his cock and balls out.

His cock was limp.

Even soft, Jonathon was lucky enough to have an impressive hunk of cockmeat looping out in a fat coil from his groin. Caroline slurped his prick into her mouth and began to suck. Jonathon was worried that his wife might detect the flavor of cuntjuice on his prick because he had not had a chance to bathe after fucking his secretary. But he wasn't too worried because he had fucked Caroline that morning and she would probably figure that it was her own cuntjuice she was tasting.

Then, too, Jonathon had no idea that his wife knew what cuntjuice tasted like - and that she adored the tasty stuff.

She sucked slowly and steadily.

His cockmeat began to rise and swell.

Her head bobbed up and down and his prick came up in a series of jerks and jolts, responding to the efforts of her talented mouth and rising up before his belly. His cock got fatter and longer and harder. His prickhead began to get smoking hot. Caroline was really working on that succulent mouthful. She was sucking him so skillfully that he would have shot in her mouth normally. But his balls had been depleted into Brenda, so his orgasm was delayed.

After a long time, Caroline drew her slurping lips off his cockhead and studied it for a moment to make sure that she had sucked his prick up as erect as it was going to get.

Then she turned away and got down on her hands and knees.

It was obvious that she wanted to get fucked from behind. Jonathon was not surprised by this, for they frequently enjoyed the variety of a back-fuck. He got down on his knees behind her. His prick was throbbing now, the tip steaming and the fat vein pulsating. His cock was like a heated crowbar, levered up behind her thrusting ass.

He fitted the tip of his prick into her cunt.

Caroline looked back over her shoulder, a dreamy smile on her lips and a gleam in her eyes.

"Fuck me like a dog!" she whimpered.

Jonathon fucked his fat cock up her pussy.

She began to hump frantically, her pussy pulling, her ass churning. He steadily fucked his prick into her, holding her by the hipbones as he fucked his cock into the hilt.

He enjoyed that doggy fuck.

But he did wonder why his wife was whimpering and whining with such realism. He would have been scandalized had he known that Caroline was pretending that her husband was an elk hound.

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## **CHAPTER NINE**

Things were back to normal in the morning.

By the time Caroline woke up, Jonathon was already dressing to go to the office - and to the charms of his secretary - and Caroline did not get a morning fuck or suck. As always, she was randy and feeling frustrated. She stayed in bed after Jonathon left, but although she rubbed her cunt for awhile, she couldn't really concentrate on the job. She kept thinking about the elk hound.

After awhile she got up and dressed.

Screwing up her nerve, she went to call on Helen Ramsey.

The redhead did not seem particularly surprised by the unexpected visit and she asked Caroline in. They sat in the front room. Caroline was nervous, not sure how to begin.

Helen seemed to realize this because she looked amused and she waited for Caroline to broach the subject.

At last, clearing her throat, Caroline said, "I understand that Darleen has told you that she and I - well..."

"She had told me that you suck each other off," Helen said, getting right to the crux of the matter.

Caroline blushed.

She loved cuntsucking but she still felt embarrassed.

She stammered, "Well, yes - but..."

"She wanted to suck me off, too," Helen said. "I don't fool around with girls, but I don't see anything wrong with it, either. So if you're afraid that I might gossip or something..."

"No, I wanted to explain, to make sure that you didn't have the wrong idea. That is, well, Darleen and I are happily married women. We aren't lesbians. We do eat each other out, but it's all just harmless fun, just making each other feel good."

Helen nodded.

Then she said, "And I suppose that Darleen has told you about my particular amusements?"

"She told me about your dog."

Helen tilted an eyebrow.

"Does it shock you?" she asked.

"It fascinates me," admitted Caroline.

"It certainly fascinated Darleen," said Helen. "That little nymph has been balling my elk hound more than I have, now that she's started. It's almost enough to make me jealous."

She laughed to show she wasn't really serious.

Caroline laughed too and said, "Well, it made me jealous as well. First I supposed that you and Darleen were giving each other head, until she explained - but I still haven't been getting enough tongue from her, now that she's into fucking dogs."

Helen gave Caroline a speculative look.

“What to try it?” she asked.

Caroline blushed. She sure as hell did want to try it, but she was reluctant to admit it.

“I-I’m not sure if...”

Helen knew full well that the other woman was eager to try a dog’s prick, but ashamed to openly admit it. Helen said, “Why I asked - I have to go out this morning and my elk hound hasn’t had his cock and balls emptied. So if you were interested.”

Oh! thought Caroline.

This was better than she had hoped for. She wanted to fuck the dog, no doubt of that, but she wasn’t sure that she wanted to do it while another woman was watching her. If she could fuck the big brute in private, that would be much better. She would be able to do whatever she wanted without feeling self-conscious about it. The dog, after all, could never tell on her.

“I-I might.”

“Sure, honey. Why don’t you stay here with Old Blue? Then you can do it, or not, and no one will ever know unless you tell them. Well, I’ll know, I suppose, if he’s still horny when I get back. But I won’t know for sure what you did. I mean, you might just jack him off or something. And I’ll be grateful to you, too, because I don’t expect to be feeling like fucking when I get home.”

She smiled impishly.

“I have a date with a Doberman,” she added.

Caroline felt bemused by the situation. It seemed incredible to her that she had actually come over here with the intention of committing an act of bestiality, that she could possibly fuck an animal. And yet her pussy was smoldering for a hunk of a hound’s meat. She sat there rather primly as Helen left the room. Helen returned with the elk hound.

It was a big, handsome brute with a blunt muzzle and intelligent yellow eyes. Its coat was gunmetal grey. And, swaying under its belly, was the gigantic prick that Darleen had so highly praised. His cock wasn’t erect at the moment, but even soft his prick was a massive hunk of cock, and it was evident that Helen had told the truth when she had said that his balls had not been drained yet that day, for they were swollen up like over inflated balloons.

The handsome dog gazed speculatively back and forth between his mistress and this new human bitch.

“This is Old Blue,” said Helen as if introducing them. Caroline wondered if she was supposed to shake his paw.

“I’m sure you two will get on famously together,” said the redhead, grinning. “And enjoy yourself, Caroline.”

“I know I will,” Caroline whispered, no longer attempting to conceal her desires as she gazed at the powerful canine.

Helen went to the front door. She looked back once, smiling. Then she went out. Caroline wondered

if she really did have a date with a Doberman. Did she actually arrange such things in advance? That seemed more wicked than if they just happened on impulse. A girl with a hot cunt was liable to do things that she would never do if her cunt wasn't hot, and arranging to fuck a dog seemed a cold-blooded sort of depravity. Still, Caroline had to admit that she had come over with that in mind, hoping that it would work out that way.

Helen's departure was perfect for Caroline's purposes. Alone with the big dog, she could misbehave as much as she wished without being hampered by inhibitions. She wondered if maybe that was the real reason why Helen had gone out. Perhaps the redhead realized that Caroline would be more comfortable about having her first dog fuck if it were done in privacy, and had gone out of kindness. Well, if that were so, Caroline was certainly grateful.

Now, left alone with the elk hound, Caroline figured that there was no sense in hesitating. She fully intended to screw the brute and there was no point in fooling herself that it was otherwise, deceiving herself that it just happened on impulse instead of by design.

She stood up and took her clothing off.

The hound watched with interest.

His long, pink tongue lolled out over his gleaming fangs and his powerful chest began to expand as his breathing became vigorous. The fat slab of his prick began to swell.

Naked, Caroline sat down again, her legs extended, her thighs apart. She figured that the dog knew more about these things than she did and waited for him to take the initiative.

Old Blue walked over nonchalantly, like some canine Lothario on casual conquest, confident of his powers of seduction and playing it cool. Caroline began to tremble as the brute approached.

Old Blue was well trained. Helen had taught him these tricks from the time he was little more than a puppy, and he had often thanked his lucky stars that he had been bought by such a wonderful mistress. Old Blue was no fool. He knew that, had fate not been so kind to him, he might have been bought by a hunter and have to spend his life chasing fucking elk around the woods.

His long, hot tongue came out.

He slurped up Caroline's crotch.

"Ooooooh!" she cried when she felt that wet, slippery tongue slowly glide up her open pussy slot and across her throbbing clit. She squirmed down, her ass on the very edge of the seat, grinding her groin against the dog's surging tongue. He continued to lap merrily away, scooping tonguefuls of cuntjuice out of her flooded cunt hole. Caroline reached down and used her fingers to spread her pussylips wide open, so that the cunt hungry hound could slurp far up her cunt tunnel. She threw her head back, her face switching from side to side, her expression a mask of passion. She looked down, seeing the dog framed by her rising tits and the gentle slope of her thrusting belly. She watched his hot tongue flash as it caressed her cunt. A mist of pussy juice sprayed out. Caroline threw her legs around the dog's sturdy shoulders, clamping him to her cunt. Then she opened her legs wide again, not sure which position suited her best. But Caroline didn't give a damn how she was placed - she would have swung from a chandelier as long as that hot tongue was playing over her pussy.

She hooked her legs around him again.

This time her heels slid down and she began to rub the elk hound's cock between her feet. He lifted his head.

Caroline whimpered. She didn't want him to stop tonguing her cunt, and yet she was eager to get at his prick, too. She wondered vaguely if it would be possible to sixty-nine with a dog.

Then Old Blue gave a little lunge and sprang up, his forepaws on the chair, on either side of Caroline's writhing pelvis. His hindquarters were taut and trembling, his hindlegs braced on the floor, and his mighty cock, fully erect now, loomed out in a meaty tower over Caroline's belly. His tongue was hanging out. Cuntjuice dripped from the tip.

Caroline stared at the head of his prick. His cock had come squeezing out from the fat, hairy sheath, his foreskin drawn tightly back so that the prick-knob flared. That big slab of cock was bright red, almost glowing like a lightbulb. The tip was gaping open and she could see a few milky drops of pre-spunk glistening on the tip. The sight was causing the horny blonde to drool. She didn't know what she wanted most - a cuntful or a mouthful.

She remembered that Darleen had blown the dog and had let him come in her mouth, and the thought was a potent appetizer. His cock looked absolutely delicious. She still figured that sucking a dog's prick was awfully depraved, even naughtier than getting fucked up the cunt, but that only added to the wild thrill of the idea.

Old Blue humped, his cock plowing the air impatiently.

He loved getting his cock sucked.

He loved fucking women, too, but fucking a woman was not awfully different from fucking a female dog. Their cunts felt pretty much the same. But Old Blue had never yet met a bitch that knew how to suck a cock the way a human woman could. He knew a French poodle who liked to lick his cock but even she didn't take his prick into her mouth and give his cock a thorough milking. Human girls were lucky to have hands with opposing thumbs and lips that could pull on the head of a prick - and Old Blue was lucky to know a few of them.

Caroline folded her fist around the root of his cock.

She arched her back and bent his iron-hard prick down slightly and began to rub his cockhead against her tits. She brushed her nipples with the glowing cock, then slipped his prick into her cleavage. Old Blue humped, fucking her between the tits. His cockhead was flowing with scum now, laying a creamy trail up her breastbone, glistening like the track of a snail. When she released the prick stalk, his cockhead snapped up again, and a ribbon of jism spun out like a suspension bridge made of silk, fastening his swollen cockhead to her nipple. The whole tip of his prick-knob was slathered with spunk by this time. Thick drops oozed from the cleft and ran sluggishly down the glistening cockshaft.

When Caroline saw that, she knew that she simply had to take his prick in her mouth. The sight of that canine cum was driving her mad.

She knew how tasty dog cum was because she had drunk a lot out of Darleen's cunt, and she figured that the stuff would be even more delicious when she was drinking straight out of a pounding prick.

She squirmed down lower.

The dog's swollen balls dragged over her thrusting tits and the head of his cock pushed into her

face.

Caroline kissed the tip.

She fluttered her tongue over cockhead, gathering up some of that slippery slime onto her taste buds.

She drew back for a moment, savoring the first taste while Old Blue humped impatiently, plowing his cock at her head. The elk hound was not interested in foreplay, he wanted to get his rocks off with dispatch, to fuck his prick between those sweet lips and fill that hot mouth with his smoking cockmeat.

Caroline lowered her face again.

Her lips were pursed but not parted, and the head of the hound's cock pumped against them, trying to lever them apart, to fuck into her mouth. She licked the glistening tip again, kissed his prick lovingly, then slowly let her lips part around his cock. Old Blue whined as he felt the hot head of his cock slide into her mouth. Caroline was whining as she savored her first mouthful of dog prick. She took the whole smoking cock-knob in and her lips clamped tightly closed behind the tasty nugget of hot, slippery prickmeat.

She began to suck. Her cheeks hollowed in and her lips pulled. The dog's cockhead swelled more, growing so large that her cheeks were pressed against his prickhead on both sides. She sucked deeply, as if she were trying to inhale his prick right down into her lungs. Her tongue was sliding around against the underside of the swollen cock and cum was running steadily into her mouth. The dog humped, fucking into her face. Caroline was half crazed by the joy of feeling a dog's cock slide in and out between her lips and over her flashing tongue. Her mouth was wide open now and his prick-knob was so swollen that she thought they might be stuck together, that she could not open her jaw wide enough to disgorge that mouthful even if she wanted to. But that was the last thing that the cock-hungry girl wanted. She knew that she would have to empty the elk hound's cock and balls before she removed his prick from her mouth, and what a delightful prospect that was!

A jet of jism hit the back of her throat.

For a moment, she thought that the dog had come, and she was disappointed. She wanted to swallow his joy juice, certainly, but she wanted to enjoy a prolonged mouthing on that cockmeat first. But his cockhead remained swollen and vibrant, and she realized that it had only been a little preliminary geyser that had hosed her gullet, that there was a lot more of the lovely stuff to come.

She twisted her mouth around on his cockhead, screwing his prick into her face. Her tongue folded into a soft bridge under him, a red carpet over which his cockhead could slide. She reached down and cupped his bloated balls in one hand, squeezing gently, as if trying to force the spunk out. Her other hand wrapped around the root of his cockshaft, holding him steady, dragging the sheath back so that the prick-knob flared between her lips. Then, eager to drink his hot, thick load, she began to frig his prick up and down steadily. Her fist rose up and bumped against her sucking lips, then pushed back down to his balls.

Old Blue was fucking frantically now, fucking through her fist and past her lips and over her tongue and into her throat.

Her mouth was awash with jism, heralding the huge dose to come.

"Ummmmm," she purred, sucking. "Unghhh." His cockhead wedged into her gullet.

She could tell that the powerful elk hound was almost ready to shoot his load. His cockhead was pulsating wildly and his prickshaft was hammering as he fucked in and out. His balls felt ready to explode in her hand. She squeezed his balls and friggged his prick stalk and sucked on his cockhead and waited hungrily for his juice.

Old Blue howled.

His balls spread out, then collapsed and the thick sap rushed up his prick stalk and burst from his cock-knob. Caroline gurgled as that steaming hot geyser spurted into her mouth.

She gulped the slimy stuff down voraciously, making room for more. And the elk hound obliged by pouring another abundant spurt into her throat. There was too much of the stuff to swallow. She was gulping it down but her mouth was full. It overflowed her lips and trickled down her chin. She kept sucking, milking the dog's cock to the bone. Her hand friggged up and down, pumping the fuck juice from his prick, and her tongue laved the spurt mg cock-knob while her lips continued to pull and drag on his big slab of prickmeat.

At last the brute was drained.

He slowed, fucking erratically into her mouth for awhile, then stopped the movement and stood rigid, trembling with the after effects of his mighty climax.

Caroline continued to tongue and suck to make sure that she had pulled every precious drop of cum out of him.

His cock was starting to shrink in her mouth. But that was not at all what Caroline wanted. She had had her mouthful, and had relished it, but now she was more determined than ever to enjoy a cuntful of canine cock and cum.

Her hand stroked and she sucked devotedly. In a moment, his big prick began to expand again. Caroline sucked him up into a brand new hard-on, as swollen and as urgent as his cock had been before he'd come.

Caroline was thankful that the elk hound was potent.

Now it was time for her to experience her first doggy fuck. She pulled her creamy lips and cum-soaked mouth away from the head of his prick and prepared to get fucked by the dog.

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CHAPTER TEN

Because she loved to fuck dogs, Helen Ramsey had made a point of meeting the owner of the local pet shop. His name was Harold Turner and he was quite a good-looking man - as handsome as a greyhound, was the way that Helen thought of it.

Helen was in no way a shy or timid woman, but her boldness did have its limits. When she first met Harold, she couldn't bring herself to simply come right out with it and admit that she wanted his dogs to fuck her. She thought it over and laid her plans. One day she arranged it so that Harold seduced her in the back room of his pet shop, a room in which several suitable canines were caged. After Harold had screwed her quite satisfactorily on the top of some South American parrot shipping crates, Helen mentioned that she enjoyed a suck on a prick as well as screwing. Harold, being a normal red-blooded pet shop owner, thought that was a splendid idea and offered her his cock.

Helen commenced to suck his prick.

But then, looking regretful, she drew her lips away.

"Oh, dear," she said. "Your prick really is delicious - I wish I could suck it for hours and let you shoot in my mouth."

"Be my guest," said Harold, all for that idea.

"I'm sorry. I can't," she sighed.

Harold was horny as could be by this time because Helen had really been doing a marvelous job on his cock, and he desperately wanted to have her finish the blowjob and drink his cum.

"But, why not?" he asked. "I thought that you enjoyed sucking and drinking jism, Helen."

"Oh, I do. But it's just too frustrating for me, Harold," she explained. "I do love to have a mouthful of prick - but my poor cunt feels so neglected and abandoned when I'm blowing. I simply can't give head for very long while my pussy is empty."

"Damn!" Harold snorted. "I don't see what I can do about that. I only got one prick."

"If only there were another prick available," said Helen wistfully. "Then I could suck you as long as you wanted me to."

"You mean - another man? A threesome?" he asked doubtfully, not wanting to share the gorgeous redhead with some other guy.

Helen looked indignant.

"Certainly not!" she snapped. "What kind of girl do you think I am? I'd never make love to two men at once."

Harold was relieved to hear it.

But he was puzzled and confused.

And he was frustrated as hell, with his poor prick only half sucked and thundering wildly for more.

"But where can we find a spare prick without a man?" he asked.

Helen had flashed him a glorious smile.

She pointed to the Great Dane.

"How about him?" she said.

Harold went into a state of shock. It lasted for thirty seconds. Then he fetched the huge dog from its cage and the problem was solved.

Helen got down on her hands and knees and the dog was persuaded to mount her. Then Harold knelt in front of her and stuck his cock in her mouth. The Great Dane threw a lovely fuck into her cunt and, in due course, she drank Harold's hot jism.

In the days to come, Harold was to become suspicious of Helen's motives and inclinations. Sometimes he got the impression that she liked the dogs more than she liked him. But as long as he got a blowjob out of it, he wasn't complaining.

Helen visited the pet shop twice a week - more often when Harold phoned to inform her that a new consignment of fuckable dogs had arrived. He had dogs of all breeds and Helen was enthusiastically fucking her way through the whole canine species. She adored greyhounds because they screwed so hard and fast and she cherished wolfhounds because their pricks were huge. She liked German shepherds, black and tan hounds and Airedales. She had even been dropping hints to the effect that any respectable pet shop should have at least one pony or donkey in stock.

This morning Harold had telephoned to tell her that a new Doberman had arrived - which was why Helen had been so pleased when Caroline showed up to take care of the elk hound.

Now she had arrived at the pet shop and was greeted at the door by a smiling Harold Turner.

"Shall I blow you first, or do you want to fuck me in the mouth while the Doberman has my cunt?" she asked.

"Helen, I have a special treat for you, today. But I think that you'd better blow me first, okay?"

It was no hardship for Helen.

Although she much preferred dogs, she never objected to a nice mouthful of human cock. Harold drew the blinds and locked the door and produced his prick. Helen knelt down on the floor, took his cock into her mouth and commenced to suck. Harold seemed particularly horny today and, in minutes, hosed her gullet with a stream of spunk. She polished his spent cock-knob and daintily wiped the errant drops from her lips.

Going down on a man always made her more horny than ever for a dog, and she eagerly followed Harold to the back room.

Then she saw the special treat for Harold had for her.

There was a new Doberman, true.

But there was also a huge-pricked donkey!

Helen stared at the beast, her eyes glowing.

She had never fucked any animal bigger than a dog, but one of her fondest fantasies was fucking a horse or donkey.

"Oh, Harold! How thoughtful of you!" she cried.

Harold smiled proudly.

"I thought you'd like him," he said. "I ordered him specially for you, Helen. He comes from Mexico - where the burros know all about fucking women."

Helen was walking around the donkey, peering under his belly at his cock and balls. The massive prick hung down, not erect yet but still a dynamic hunk of cockmeat. His prick coiled down in a mighty gray loop, like an elephant's trunk.

"It's awfully big," said Helen doubtfully. "I hope it will fit up my cunt."

Harold figured that there would be no trouble on that score. Helen's cunt was so big and juicy and pliable that he reckoned a railroad train could run up that tunnel. But he didn't think it would be a good idea to tell her that.

And, anyhow, hers was a talented cunt, able to tighten around a prick in a delightfully snug fit.

Helen had knelt beside the donkey's flank.

She reached under the beast's belly and began to massage his cockmeat with both hands. His prick began to get hard immediately. The donkey, being from Mexico, did not seem surprised to have a human girl playing with his cock. He turned his head and regarded the redhead with interest.

Helen was staring at his cock, which rose and hardened in her hands. The prick-knob was a huge mushroom-shaped slab of dark-gray meat, flaring out as the foreskin receded. The prick stalk was so thick that she could barely span it in both hands, and his bails were swelling up, nearly as big as melons. She fondled the big cock until his prick was fully rampant and standing out along the animal's belly, the tip almost reaching its chest.

Helen sat down on the floor and slid under the donkey.

She cupped his prick in both hands, holding the tip out towards her face and began licking that slab of dark cockmeat. She squirmed and purred with the pleasure. This was truly a treat, a fantasy realized, for the horny redhead had often wondered what a donkey prick would taste like. Her head twisted from side to side as she gave the bloated cock-knob a thorough tonguing, lapping and licking and laving all over the rubbery wedge and pushing her tongue up the parted cleft. A trickle of slime oozed out. Helen gave a little moan and lapped it up, getting her first ever taste of donkey spunk and finding it delicious.

She opened her mouth as wide as she could and tried to take the beast's cockhead in. His prick-knob was too big to fit. She unpeeled her lips and mouthed as much of his cock as she could. She was pleased to find that she could almost swallow his prick-knob because her cunt was bigger than her mouth - if his cock almost fit in her mouth, his prick would fit in her cunt gash. But she figured that it might be just as well to get her pussy nice and juicy and lubricated before she tried.

"Bring the Doberman over, Harold," she requested.

Harold moved to the dog's cage. The dog had been an interested observer. Not being from Mexico, he was amazed to see a human bitch licking a burro's cock and, lusty by nature, he wondered - and hoped - if the woman licked dog dicks, as well. When Harold opened the cage, the big dog bounced out with enthusiasm and padded over to the woman.

His prick was starting to swell and harden.

His cock wasn't nearly as big as the donkey's mighty prick, but his cock was plenty large for a dog, long and fat and shapely. The cock-knob was bright red and already starting to drip.

Helen pulled the dog's prick up to her face and gave his cock a suck. She began switching back and forth, sucking the dog and licking the donkey. She was lapping up pre-spunk from both lathered cockheads, and the stuff was making her ravenous for more. She slid around onto her hands and knees, her head under the donkey and her ass presented to the Doberman. The big dog sniffed her cunt and whined.

Since the redhead was in the doggy position, the Doberman had no difficulty in figuring out what to do. He mounted her, his forelegs wrapped tightly around her hips and his back arched as he fucked his cock into her crotch.

Helen reached back between her legs and guided his prick into her cunt. The knob slid in and the dog stiffened, then started to fuck, driving the huge cock in and out with gusto. Helen rolled her hips and pushed her ass back to meet the dog's strokes, corkscrewing her cunt onto his cock.

Now that she had a cuntful of fucking prick, Helen was able to really concentrate on sucking the donkey off. She fitted her parted lips to the tip of his cock again and cupped his prick stalk in both hands. Tonguing and sucking on the swollen cock-knob, she began to frig him up and down with a steady pumping action.

The donkey, realizing that this girl was going to bring him to a climax in her mouth, and relishing the idea, began to fuck. He had not had a blowjob to a climax since a dark-eyed beauty named Juanita had given him head in Tijuana and now he was finding that gringo girls sucked pricks with every bit as much skill as did the gals south of the border. Out of one wild eye, he watched the Doberman fucking her and the Doberman was looking over Helen's shoulder, watching her suck on the donkey's cock.

Vaguely, in his canine fashion, the dog wondered if it was perverted to be sharing a human bitch with a burro.

Helen was going wild with pleasure now, panting onto the donkey's knob, her ass churning under the Doberman's assault. Her hands skimmed up and down faster and faster, blurring as she friggled the brute's prick, wanting to make him come into her hungry mouth. Sighting down his prick stalk, she watched his balls expand.

The donkey brayed, quivering all over.

Suddenly he lurched and his cock rippled.

Helen had a mouthful of hot, thick donkey cum. The geyser hit the back of her throat with such force that it blew her head off his cock, but she gulped the tasty stuff down and pushed her lips back onto him in time to get his second creamy load into her mouth. Sucking and friggling, she milked him dry. She tongued the fuck cream from his cockmeat, polishing the dark slab to a luster. Then she began to concentrate on the other end of the linkage, eager to have the Doberman shoot in her cunt now that she had swallowed that delicious mouthful. Her cunt muscles contracted, pulling on his prick in a series of tightening rings, sucking and dragging and wringing.

The dog howled.

His hot jism hosed her cunt.

Helen wailed with joy when she felt that steaming slime burst into her, and her clit went off like a stick of dynamite as her cuntjuice flooded out to blend with the Doberman's cum.

The dog humped happily away, emptying his cock and balls to the dregs, and the redhead pumped her pussy on him as she worked her own orgasm off to the last wonderful sparks, the final rippling spasms.

The dog was panting.

He plucked his prick out and hopped down to the floor.

Cum and cuntjuice poured from her abandoned cunt.

She knelt there, a dreamy smile on her cum-soaked lips, enjoying the warm glow that followed her orgasms. It had been a lovely come. Taking it in both ends at once really increased the thrill of the climax, she thought.

But one coming, nice as it had been, was not clearly enough to satisfy horny Helen - not when there was a donkey to be fucked.

And now it was time to fuck the brute.

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

Helen began licking the donkey's cockhead again, skillfully tonguing his massive prick back into a new hard-on. The prick stalk came up, vibrant and throbbing. She leaned back and gazed lustfully at his cock, imagining how well his prick would fill her cunt. The thought drove her wild. She was desperate to get fucked by her first burro.

But she wasn't quite sure how.

Harold, however, had already given that some thought.

He had measured the height of the donkey's loins and had hammered together a low platform, which he now produced. As soon as Helen saw it, she thought it was just the thing. She got on the surface and Harold led the donkey into position. This was just like old times for the donkey, who had been a star performer across the Rio Grande. He stood, stiff-legged, over the spread-eagled lady. His cock loomed over her, stretching from her creamy crotch up to her chin. She ducked her head down and licked some more, clamping her knees around the cockshaft, frigging him with her sleek thighs. Then she squirmed up and the head of the donkey's prick slipped into her groin. The donkey began to push and Helen squirmed as she tried to slide her cunt down over his huge cock.

His prick wouldn't go in at first.

Helen had a terrible thought that maybe they would not be able to fuck, that she would have to content herself with sucking the donkey off and fucking the dogs. It seemed an awful shame to have such a wonderful cock and not be able to fill her cunt with it.

But her pussy was truly pliable and made more elastic than ever by her smoldering desire. Her cuntlips were spread wide, almost turning inside out as they pushed down against the tip of that fat cock. Inch by inch, she was taking the donkey's cock into her pussy. The donkey made no attempt to hump her yet, knowing from experience that it was necessary for the woman to get the fucking started and that he would merely shove her away if he tried to fuck in. He stood stiff and rigid and waited impatiently while Helen slowly fed his cock-head into her pussy.

The smoking tip was in.

Her cuntlips were pulling and her pussy hole was sucking like a vacuum cleaner as she struggled to fill her cunt with cockmeat. Harold knelt down at the head of the platform and placed his hands on her shoulders, pushing her down against the resistance. Supported that way, Helen was able to

really shove her cunt down with force.

The head of the donkey's cock slipped in!

"Oh!" she cried, "Ooooooh!"

Her cuntlips clamped around his cockshaft, behind the buried knob, clinging and clutching in a taut collar. Slowly she fed more of the massive cock up her cunt tunnel. The prick-head was like a huge lump of molten iron.

Helen began to gurgle and wail as she experienced the delight of being stuffed to the limit, of being chock-a-block full of rampant prick. Inch by inch, she squirmed down. The donkey still stood rigid.

Helen arched her back and her ass churned, and she slipped down the last inch. Her cunt was as full as a pussy could get. She only had about half of the donkey's cock in her, but the prick-knob was buried to the depths and she could take no more.

She clamped her thighs around the length of donkey prick that bridged the gap between her crotch and the beast's balls.

Twisting her lithe hips, she began to screw her cunt hole around on his giant cock, loving the sensation of the rotating friction, fairly spinning on his cock.

Then the donkey began to fuck.

At first the fit was too snug. When the beast drew back, instead of his cock sliding out, he dragged the girl along with him. But Harold came to the rescue again, holding Helen by the shoulders, so that she was not being pulled along on the cuntful. Slowly, the huge cock slid out of her, until only the prickhead was still stuck up her cunt. Then the animal fucked in again, burying half of his prick. Helen's cunt fluttered and the lubricating fuck-juices poured into the pliable cunt hole. The donkey took another stroke and his prick fucked in and out more easily.

They began to fuck furiously.

Helen was being tilted and lifted on his prick. As the burro fucked her cunt, her ass lifted from the platform. Her legs hooked around his cock stalk, ankles locked, like an acrobat performing some gymnastic feat on a horizontal bar. Crazy by lust, she cried out and whimpered as she ground her cunt around on his cockmeat and pumped her loins wildly on that sliding bar of rock-hard prick.

Helen's pussy started to cream.

She came once, then again, immediately.

She was going to have a multiple orgasm, she realized, to come time and again, going off like a machine gun. She was glad that she had sucked the donkey off first, knowing that he would be able to last longer because his balls had been emptied once already, and she wanted this wonderful fuck to last forever.

She lost track of time. She could not count her orgasms as they rippled through her, one following so fast upon the one before that she could not tell them apart. She was so full of cock that she thought her hips were going to jump out of their sockets, that her vital organs were being shoved out of place by his cock-head. How could she ever go back to dogs after this donkey dick?

The donkey was fucking faster now, as his balls expanded and his creamy climax drew near.

His powerful flanks thrust in and his haunches bucked, fucking the cock in to the halfway mark, pulling his prick out, slathered with cuntjuice and steaming as that hot fuck fluid evaporated, then burying the cockhead again.

His cock went off like a cannon.

Helen felt a cascade of cum rush into her belly, a swirling pool of hot fuck lava washing her loins. She had been coming steadily and repeatedly, herself. Now that she felt the donkey shoot in her, her own climax reached the highest peak. She was melting with the thrill. She ground her hips and pelvis around, and her ass pumped wildly as she worked her soaking cunt up and down and twisted around on the huge spurting prick. That massive cock seemed to be aflame inside her cunt, glowing with the raging fires of the animal's bursting lust.

As his balls began to drain, the donkey's cock began to bob up and down, lifting Helen right off the platform, then dipping down again. She was riding that prick as if it were a seesaw.

It dipped lower, bending now.

Helen slid off the softening cock and bounced on the platform, tits flopping, cunt foaming with overflowing donkey jism. Freed of her weight, the beast's prick snapped up again, spraying a few last drops of spunk into her face and onto her tits. Helen sat there, grinning happily, lathered with frothy cum and with a cunt full of the lovely stuff warming her well contented loins.

She watched the donkey's prick continue to bob up and down, as if his cock were undecided whether to collapse now or rise once again to a stiff hard-on.

Helen was satisfied.

But she was also greedy.

She thought that it might be nice if the donkey were to give her another fucking - and the Doberman, too - and if that wanton redhead knew anything at all, she knew how to harden animals' pricks.

And as she began to tongue the head of the donkey's cock back into a new hard-on, she knew she was being greedy and she had a fleeting thought for her faithful elk hound.

She hoped that Caroline was satisfying the dog.

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Caroline was satisfying the elk hound, all right, and getting plenty of satisfaction herself.

After she had sucked him off and then sucked him up hard again, she proceeded with her first dog fucking. She didn't have to change her position, nor did the dog. She was perched on the edge of the chair, with his forepaws on either side of her hips and his prick in her mouth, and all she had to do was squirm back and push his big cock down into her crotch. The cock-knob slipped in. Caroline shifted up and down, stirring her cunt gash with the smoking slab of cockmeat, then released him and let the elk hound get on with the job. The dog began to hump with furious vigor, fucking every inch of his stout prick into her cunt, pulling back to the tip and then immediately fucking in again.

Caroline loved it.

There was nothing delicate about the way a dog fucked, nothing at all subtle or fancy - it was just a straight-forward, steady, no-nonsense fucking of hot, hard cockmeat up her soaking pussy, and she adored it. She could well understand why Helen preferred dogs to men or girls, and the oversized blonde responded to that bestial fucking with every bit as much vitality as the elk hound was putting into it.

Soon enough, the dog was squirting a load of foaming jism into her, and Caroline's cunt was melting like a wax candle around his flaming wick. The dog kept driving in as he emptied his cock and balls and Caroline kept grinding her crotch against him as she finished her own coming. They slowed, then paused.

She had a horrible thought then - what if they were stuck together like a dog and a bitch? What if they could not uncouple and had to stay there until Helen returned and threw a bucket of cold water over them? Then she grinned. Maybe it wasn't such a terrible idea at that. The thought of having a swollen prick stuck up her was not without its attractions.

She moved slowly, sliding her pussy up and down through a few inches of dog dick.

No, they weren't stuck.

The dog simply had retained his hard-on.

So they fucked again, like that, and then Caroline, eager to try some variation, got down on the floor and the elk hound threw yet another fuck into her, grinding the meat in from behind, doggy fashion.

Caroline was still fucking the hound when Helen got home.

Helen, well satisfied by donkey prick, didn't interrupt the lovers - and then Darleen stopped by, hoping for another session of fucking the elk hound. But, by this time the elk hound, potent as he was, had not a drop of cum left in his balls and his prick was flagging.

The girls realized that, if they were going to carry on with these activities, they were going to need more than one dog between them.

Then Helen told them about the pet shop.

And a whole new world opened up for the frustrated housewives - a whole new animal kingdom.

The pets, too, were pleased.

After being introduced to the carnal pleasures of the pet store, Caroline discovered that she loved to fuck and suck the ever-popular donkey's cock. She was so taken by the beast's prick, that she even managed to get a part-time job at the pet store.

Harold was well satisfied by the arrangement because he was able to get some much-needed help and many more blowjobs.

Jonathon, also, was pleased that his wife was getting a part-time job. He had been feeling guilty about saving his morning fucks for his secretary, so he was happy to do something for his wife by giving her permission to get a part-time job at a pet store, a place, he thought, where she would not be tempted by strange cocks.

Caroline did not get very much work done at the pet store because she was always busy fucking the donkey or sucking Harold's cock.

Jonathon had his fucking secretary.

She had her wild ass.