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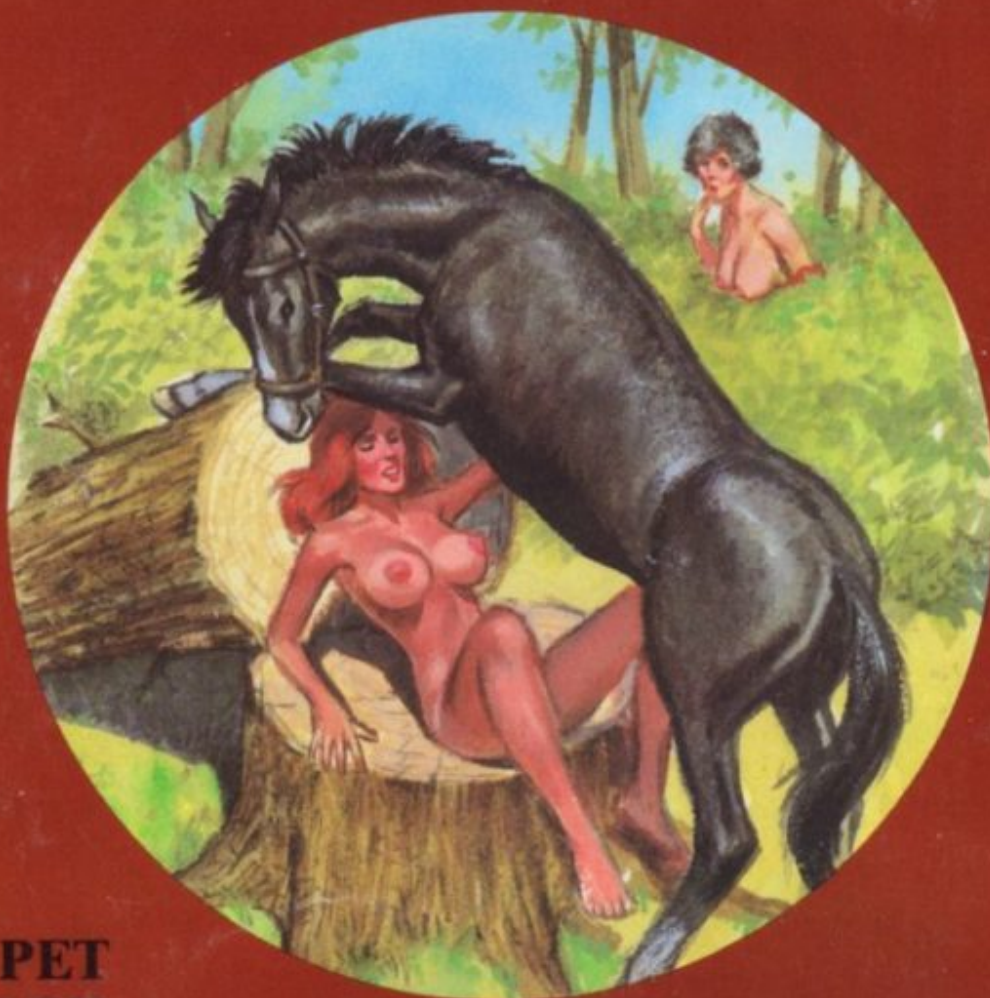


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HOT FOR HORSES

by David Crane



A PET
BOOK

CHAPTER ONE

As soon as she got the dog back to her apartment, Melanie Reingold began to play with his prick.

Melanie had never fucked a Dalmatian before and she was eager to make it with the big black-and-white brute. But the dog didn't seem to understand what it was all about, at first. He looked more puzzled than aroused when the girl began stroking his cock. He had a nice big cock, and it began to pulsate in her hand, but his prick wasn't getting hard fast enough to suit the horny girl.

She figured that the Dalmatian had probably never fucked a woman before, and was confused. Melanie had fucked a good many dogs, of various breeds, in her young life. And she had never yet had one of the beasts turn her down, but sometimes they knew what it was all about and sometimes they had to be taught new tricks. The Dalmatian seemed to be one of the latter. Melanie supposed that he must be owned by a man - or that if he was owned by a woman, his mistress was not making proper use of the animal.

But Melanie knew how to train a dog.

She had been practicing Pavlovian conditioning for years and knew how to get a dog salivating for pussy.

She giggled with a sudden thought: if a woman did own the Dalmatian, she was destined for a surprise when she brought him home from the boarding kennels - and found him trying to fuck her! The dog was standing stiffly, his neck arched as he looked back at the girl. He had one ear cocked and there was an inquisitive look in his eye. Melanie was kneeling on the floor beside his flank, both hands under his sleek belly, in the position of a milkmaid - but it was not an udder on which her hands were working.

She had the dog's balls cupped in one hand, lifting slightly as if to judge the weight of his cum-load. Her other hand skimmed up and down his prick, drawing the shaggy sheath back and revealing the shiny cockhead. By this time, the Dalmatian's prick had gotten semi-hard. His cock stuck out along his belly, parallel with the floor, but it was not yet rock hard, the way Melanie liked a dog's cock. The smooth prick-knob was still rubbery and his balls, although large, did not seem to be swelling with a load of cum.

Melanie didn't mind the delay.

In a way, it was a thrill to know that she was seducing a virgin dog, much the same way that it thrilled most women to give a young man his first piece of ass or his first blow-job.

She gave his prick a last stroke, then drew back.

The Dalmatian eyed her, still puzzled. He gave a little whimper. Obviously, he had been enjoying her fondling and didn't want her to stop, even though he didn't understand what was happening.

But Melanie knew how to arouse a dog. Standing beside the spotted brute, she began to remove her clothing. That wasn't a hard thing to do, because Melanie wore only a light cotton dress, with nothing underneath. Melanie never wore panties.

There was no telling when or where she might encounter dog with a hard-on, and she didn't like the delay and inconvenience of having to take off her underpants. She liked to pull her dress up and fuck without hesitation in those instances, getting the job done before there was an interruption.

Naked now, she stood with her legs apart.

She passed a hand over her smoldering crotch.

The dog cocked its head and sniffed. Melanie sat down on the edge of the couch, arching her back. Her legs trailed out to the floor, wide apart, exposing her creamy cunt. She patted her pussy.

The Dalmatian approached warily.

Melanie thought it rather endearing of the dog to be so shy and timid and naive.

"C'mon, boy," she urged. "Nice doggy." She patted her pussy again, invitingly.

Melanie knew from past experience that nothing would make a dog horny as fast as a taste of cunt.

The Dalmatian tentatively poked his snout into her crotch.

"Ummm," she purred.

The dog's tongue slid up her parted pussy and across her clit, causing the naughty girl to shiver with the sensation. The dog was starting to tremble, as well. He lapped her cunt again. He was obviously thrilled to be tonguing human pussy and his long, wet, hot tongue began to slurp up her cunt slot rapidly.

His prick became more rigid.

Melanie bent one knee and started rubbing her foot against the dog's stiffening cock and swelling balls. She stroked his head with her hand, encouragingly, as he lapped merrily away on her pussy. His tongue felt so good that for a moment the girl was tempted to stay where she was and let him bring her to a climax with his tongue.

But she still yearned for his prick.

She knew that she would not enjoy getting fucked as much if she had an orgasm beforehand.

Reluctantly, she pushed his head away.

The Dalmatian whimpered again – just as he had when she had stopped playing with his prick – still confused but wanting to continue lapping at her tasty pussy.

By this time, his cock was so hard that it was humming like a tuning fork, and the whole long fuck rod vibrated. The sleek cock-knob had come squeezing out from the hairy sheath, flaring and throbbing. Melanie reached under the animal and gave his cock a slow push-pull, to make sure his cock was as hard and as hot as it was going to get. Her dark eyes glowed with passion as she felt his huge prick throb in her grip.

She slid off the couch and onto the floor, getting on all fours.

There were various positions in which a girl and dog could fuck, but with a virgin dog Melanie figured it would be easier to fuck in the position he would know most about – the doggy position.

She turned her teardrop-shaped ass towards the Dalmatian.

Still uncertain, he thrust his muzzle into her crotch and began to tongue her pussy again, causing

her cunt slot to cream. Her ass ground about and her pelvis pumped. Her cunt was sucking on his tongue.

Slowly, the Dalmatian got the idea. The dog was not, in fact, a true virgin. He had fucked Dalmatian bitches and a few mongrels. It simply had never occurred to him that he could do the same thing to a human bitch. But now, gradually, the situation and the possibilities became clarified in his one-track, canine mind. This girl was as hot as any bitch. Her cunt was open and creamy. She had assumed the fucking position. The dog mounted her, hooking his forepaw around her hips. His back bowed and he pushed his prick out. The angle was wrong, at first. His cockhead bounced off the back of her thigh, then slid up the firm slope of her quivering ass. But he was in the proper position now.

Smiling lasciviously, Melanie reached back between her thighs and took the dog's cock into her head. She guided his cockhead into her cunt. For a moment, the Dalmatian hesitated, his whole body vibrating, the tip of his cockhead wedged into her slippery cunt slot and the long cockshaft standing out between them, like a bridge spanning the gap between her hot cunt and his bloated balls.

Her cuntlips were pulling on his cockknob.

He braced his hind legs on the carpet and his powerful haunches bunched up with muscle.

Then he fucked his whole throbbing prick up her cunt.

"Ooooh!" Melanie wailed.

The dog whined with pleasure.

They held the full penetration for a moment, the girl delighting in the sensation of being filled to the brim with dog-prick, and the dog savoring the thrill of having every inch of his fat cock buried up a hot human pussy. Her talented cunt muscles began to work on him, tightening in a series of concentric rings that ran up his cock from root to cockknob, as if she were jerking him off with her pussy. His swollen cock began to expand mightily, spreading her soft, pliable cunt walls out around it, filling her pussy to the limit so that every inch of his cockmeat was encased in hot clinging cunt flesh. Her cunt was molded to the contours of his cock.

Then the dog began to fuck her.

He drew out until only his prickknob remained in her pussy, then fucked back in, tentatively.

Melanie gurgled with joy.

The Dalmatian grunted, thrusting again, faster this time. His tongue lolled out. He was drooling into her writhing ass. His paws tightened their grip around her haunches, dragging her hips backwards to meet his powerful fuck-lunges.

Whimpering, the brute began to really fuck the prick into her cunt with gusto. His back arched and bucked and his haunches corkscrewed as he fucked his cockmeat into the depths of her pussy, whipped it out and slammed the whole big fucker up her cunt again and again.

Melanie met his fuck-thrusts with counter-pointal action.

As he plowed into her, she pushed her crotch back to meet him. And as he drew out, she twisted her hips so that her cunt was screwing around on his retreating fuck rod like a soft nut onto a hard bolt. Her ass danced under his chest. She dipped down, arching so that the length of his prick was

running directly over her clit as it sped into her fuck hole. Thick ribbons of frothy cunt juice poured out of her pussy, running down her thighs, and dripping onto the carpet.

The Dalmatian was fucking as fast as he could now.

His black-and-white haunches were a spotted blur as he fucked the meat in furiously. Melanie was almost at the peak. She tried to hold her orgasm back. She wanted the dog to come at the same time that she did, for she loved to feel a dog's jism spurt into her cunt as she climaxed.

Reaching back between her legs, she got a handful of balls, squeezing gently to see how full they were, how ready to shoot. The bloated ball sac felt like an over-inflated balloon. Melanie's face contorted with lust as she realized that the Dalmatian was almost at the peak and that she was soon going to get a cunt full of dog-cum. She squeezed again, as if to pump the spunk out of his balls.

Cuntjuice was pouring from her pussy slot now as his tight-fitting cock stuffed her full of dog-cock.

Suddenly the dog howled in ecstasy. Melanie felt his balls vibrate in her hand. She felt his cockshaft expand as the thick sap rushed up it.

Then, with a cry of joy, she felt his hot jism spurt into her cunt in a heavy deluge.

Her clit sparked and went off like a stick of dynamite.

Cunt juice flooded into her fuck hole mingling with the hot jism that the Dalmatian was squirting up her pussy in spurt after spurt. The dog's balls seemed bottomless, his vitality endless. He kept pouring the cum into her cunt, shooting another thick dose of jism with every fuck-thrust. Melanie was writhing and squirming with the joy of it, adoring the sensation of being filled with the dog's carnal lava in such a volcanic eruption, while her cunt creamed time and again in multiple orgasms, responding to the brute's wild fucking.

At last, the dog was drained.

He clung to her haunches, panting.

A ribbon of cum and cunt-juice trickled down the smooth flesh of her inner thigh.

Melanie continued to grind her crotch around on his spent but still-hard prick, to make sure that she had worked off every last spasm of her own orgasm and had milked out every last drop of the Dalmatian's precious cum.

Then she, too, stopped moving - although they were both shuddering and trembling with the pleasure they had shared.

After a while, the dog pulled his prick out of her pussy.

Her cunt clung to his prick, and it came out with a slurping noise. A creamy flow of blended cum and cunt juice poured out of her open pussy slot, soaking her crotch.

The dog hopped down and stood, tongue out, gazing at the girl in a sort of stunned amazement.

His prick was still hard, swaying under his belly.

Melanie was pleased that the dog was such a good fuck, and that he was potent.

In a little while, she decided, she would fuck him again...

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## CHAPTER TWO

Melanie did not fuck dogs because she couldn't get a man.

She could have had just about any man she wanted, in fact, for she was a gorgeous girl.

She was twenty-two years old. She had dark hair which she wore short and curly, flashing brown eyes and wide, sensual mouth. Her body was slender and willowy, with long, shapely legs and an ass shaped like an inverted valentine. Her tits were not large, but they were pert and thrusting. Her hips were not wide, but they were shapely. Her waist was narrow, her belly flat and her pussy mound was a forest of dark pubic hair, bushy and plump.

Her cunt was creamy. When she was horny – as she usually was – her cunt juice flowed through her pubic bush like a sluggish river through a dark jungle.

But Melanie didn't much like men.

She preferred fucking dogs.

She was rather fond of sucking cunt, as well – not that she was a lesbian so much as that she enjoyed the variety – but when she was in the mood for a good fucking, she wanted it done by a dog.

The girl had developed a liking for canine cock at an early age, before she had ever had sex with a man. She had been playing with her pet terrier one day and the dog had gotten a hard-on. The sight had intrigued and fascinated the girl. She knew what a hard-on was, but she had never seen one before. She gazed at his prick for a while and then, on impulse, folded her fist around it. The stroking motion just seemed to come natural to her and soon she found herself jacking the appreciative dog off. When he shot his wad, it thrilled her enormously. There was something very exciting about seeing hot spunk spurt out of a prick and knowing that it was her own hand that had been responsible. And the dog was so grateful that it made the girl feel very charitable. A girl had a certain obligation to her pet, after all.

After that first time, she fell into the habit of jacking the dog off two or three times a week.

At that time, it never occurred to her to go any further than giving him a hand-job. She hadn't even been sure if it was possible for a dog to fuck a woman and, being a virgin, she had no burning desire to get fucked. She was simply satisfying her pet doggy and getting a bit of a naughty thrill out of it, herself.

But then she started dating regularly and, in due course, lost her cherry to a horny young man in the back seat of his Chevrolet, at a drive-in movie theater.

She didn't enjoy it very much.

The car was too confining for them to fuck with much enthusiasm, the young man shot his wad too quickly and, worst of all, he had a smallish prick. Melanie hadn't come.

She tried fucking with a few other fellows after that first time. She enjoyed fucking more with some than with others, but it never turned out to be as good as she hoped it would be.



One day a handsome lad persuaded her to suck him off.

Melanie did so, and enjoyed it – especially when he filled her mouth with a delicious load of cum – but still, there seemed to be something lacking in her sex life.

The men never seemed as horny as her dog.

They never whimpered and whined as much, they came too soon, and there was always an emotional entanglement that seemed to take something away from the physical pleasure. Melanie didn't want to be softsoaped and flattered, and she didn't want to be told that a man loved her.

She simply wanted a good, thorough fucking.

Going to bed with men was too complex for her, and she yearned for a purely physical affair.

One day it occurred to her that she had been sadly neglecting her faithful terrier, and had not jacked him off for weeks. She summoned the sturdy little dog to her room. He came in wagging his stubby tail and giving her a hopeful look. How different it was from being with a man! A man was all sweet talk and bul shit – a dog just wanted to get his rocks off the same as Melanie.

She sat on the bed and patted the mattress and the terrier leaped up, his cock already beginning to stiffen. Although he was a small dog, his cock was much larger, in proportion than any of the men that she had been fucking. Melanie folded her fist around his cock and began to frig him slowly and steadily, while she fingered his cockhead with her other hand. She leaned close to the dog, looking at the flaring cockknob, eager to see his cum shoot out.

Suddenly she recalled how nice it had been when one of her boyfriends came in her mouth.

Naturally, she wondered if it would be that nice if her dog were to feed her a load of doggy-cum.

Oh, no, she told herself. I mustn't even think such a naughty thing! It's too, too wicked.

But her mouth was watering.

Jerking a doggy off is just harmless fun, but giving a dog a blow-job would be really too depraved, she thought.

Yet she was drooling.

The dog's prick did look delicious.

The cocktip was already starting to bubble with pre-cum, all milky and frothy and yummy looking. A dark thrill swept through the girl's loins. Her tongue felt as hot as her clit. Maybe if she just gave his cockhead a lick? Just a single lick, to satisfy her curiosity. That might not be too naughty. It wouldn't be as if she had really given him a blow-job or swallowed his spunk.

No one would ever know.

She giggled at that thought, thinking: the dog sure as hell isn't going to tell anyone?

Unable to resist the impulse, Melanie pushed her tongue out and licked the moist tip of the terrier's prick.

It was delicious.

She licked his cock again.

Dog-spunk bubbled onto her tongue, causing her taste buds to tingle, driving her wild with lust.

She began to lave the dog's cockhead with long, slurping strokes, curling her hot tongue all over the meaty nugget while her hand continued to pump his cock. She felt very depraved. Even alone with the animal, she was blushing furiously, ashamed of what she was doing. Yet she couldn't seem to stop. She just kept tonguing away. Once or twice she drew back, telling herself that it was time to stop - but then she ducked right back down and licked his prick some more.

His pre-cum was flowing freely by this time, and Melanie was lapping up plenty of the delectable cock juice and, like an appetizer, those first tastes were increasing her appetite.

She figured that maybe she ought to blow the dog, after all.

She reasoned that since she had already tongued his cockhead, it couldn't be any more wicked to take his fucker into her mouth. The prospect caused her to shiver and tremble all over. The terrier was whining and whimpering and humping his ass, evidently thrilled at getting his first tonguing. His horniness made her desire his cock all the more.

Melanie fitted her lips to the tip of his prick.

Then she let her lips part as she slowly fed the dog's cockhead into her hungry mouth.

She sucked on his cock-knob, her cheeks hollowing in and her lips pulling on the hot prickmeat.

My God! What am I doing? she asked herself. I'm sucking a dog's cock!

She felt dirty - deliciously dirty! The fact that she thought it was wrong to blow a dog only made it more thrilling. It made the girl yearn for his jism. His cock was hotter than the man's she had sucked, and harder, too, and the dog was starting to yelp with joy.

Melanie's eyes narrowed. Her face became a mask of pure lust. Her head began to bob up and down on the dog's prick while her hand began to pump him faster, frigging his cock into her mouth. Her fist pushed down to the root of his prick, causing his cockhead to flare in her compressed lips. Then she drew her fist up, bumping against her mouth. Longing for his cum, she frigged faster and faster and sucked with gusto.

The terrier was becoming frantic.

Suddenly her mouth was full of dog-cum!

Great creamy ribbons of the sweet stuff looped over her tongue, skimmed inside her cheeks and poured down her gullet. Half crazed by her dark desires, Melanie swallowed as much dig-jizz as she could and sucked for more. The dog's balls held a lot more spunk than a man's. He spurted dose after dose of cum into her greedy maw and she drank it as fast as she could. But there was more than even the cum-hungry girl could manage. Jism overflowed her pursed lips and ran down her chin. Her fist flew up and down, milking the dog's cock and balls. Her lips pulled and her tongue fluttered under his cockhead and her throat worked as she gulped his cum-load down.

Finally, the dog's balls were emptied.

He lay panting and spent.

Melanie continued to frig and suck the animal's prick until she was certain that she had pumped out every succulent drop of his cum.

She pulled her lips away and used her tongue to gather up the errant drops of jism that had escaped her lips and run down his prick.

Then she sat back, looking at the dog, frowning slightly.

She told herself that she had only done it out of curiosity, and that now she knew what it was like to blow a dog and she would never do it again.

An hour later, she sucked the terrier off once more...

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CHAPTER THREE

Melanie fell into a set routine after that, for a while.

She continued to date men, getting fucked more often than not but never blowing them and never managing to have an orgasm when they fucked her. Then, after they had taken her home, she usually sucked the dog off while she finger-fucked herself to a climax.

It was not a particularly satisfying arrangement for her, although it suited the men and the terrier admirably. But Melanie was longing to get fucked to a climax.

She despaired of never meeting a man who could make her come.

And gradually she began to speculate on fucking the dog.

She thought about it for a long time, weighing the pros and cons, torn between the unholy urge and her inhibitions about the ultimate degradation of bestiality.

But she knew that she would love fucking a dog.

The very idea of having a dog's prick fucking in and out of her cunt was enough to make her pussy cream. The thought of how the dog would whimper and tremble as he fucked his cock into her cunt drove her to wild heights of desire.

One night she had a particularly bad fuck from a man.

He had taken her to a motel and when he undressed and she got a look at his cock, Melanie had high hopes. He had by far the largest prick she had ever encountered and his balls were big as melons, obviously full of spunk.

She spread her legs, trembling with hope as well as passion.

He mounted her and fucked his cock up her cunt.

His cock filled her to the brim and to the depths and Melanie thought that, at long last, she had found a man who could make her come! He took a fuck-stroke.

Then he stiffened and gripped her by the ass and took a second fierce fuck-stroke, growling as he did so - and shot his wad! Oh, no, the poor girl thought.

But, sure enough, he had come on the second fuck-stroke, and when he pulled his soaking prick out of her unsatisfied cunt, it had already started to go soft.

Smug and satisfied, he took the girl home.

Her faithful dog was waiting.

That was the night when Melanie got her first dog-fuck.

The terrier was not tall enough to mount her dog-style.

Melanie sat on the edge of her bed and held the dog between her legs, his front paws straddling her hips. She fitted the head of his prick into her yearning, unfulfilled pussy.

The dog began to fuck with vigor.

The instant that she felt those vigorous fuck-strokes skimming into her cunt, Melanie wailed with the joy of it. It was so much better than fucking with a man. She thrashed about on the edge of the bed, arching her back and pumping her pelvis. Her ass churned and her hips rolled from side to side.

The terrier fucked rapidly. His sturdy body was like a buzz saw between her thighs.

Melanie felt the thrill run up her trembling legs and cascade across her heaving belly.

She was going to come! At long last she was going to come while she had her cunt full of cock! Her clit began to tingle.

The dog whimpered and slammed in and the crazed girl felt a hot load of doggy spunk rush into the depths of her cunt, flooding her pussy, filling her.

Her climax rippled and ran wild through her pussy.

The girl wondered why she had waited so long for such joy.

Once she had discovered the joy of dog-fucking, Melanie stopped going out with men very often and, when she did, she refused to go to bed with them. Her boyfriends were puzzled and wondered why she had suddenly turned from wanton to frigid.

But Melanie had not turned frigid at all. She was still promiscuous.

But now she was a promiscuous animal lover! It was only natural that she should wonder what a really big dog would be like. Her terrier had been wonderful and she still fucked him from time to time, more out of gratitude than anything else – and her duty as his mistress, of course – but he was too small. She began to look for opportunities to fuck the largest animals she could find.

She fucked the neighbor's German shepherd.

She fucked a large mongrel hound that she found wandering, without a collar, in the park.

She offered to take care of a friend's Doberman while the girl went on vacation and, for two weeks, enjoyed sucking and fucking with the handsome brute. Later, her friend gave her some awfully funny looks when the dog's bad habits came to light.

By this time, Melanie had graduated from school and was ready to get an apartment of her own. The

terrier was aging now, and no longer seemed very interested in fucking, so she left him with her parents. At first, shi intended to buy herself a nice big dog, but she wanted to experiment with the various breeds first, so that she could purchase the type tha satisfied her most.

She fucked an Airedale and a boxer. She enjoyed a lightning-fast fuck from a racing greyhound and a long, slow fuck from a bulldog.

Each dog had its merits and Melanie was having difficulty in deciding what type of animal she should buy – just as a girl with hall a dozen suitors, determined to be a faithful wife in the end, might have trouble deciding which of them to wed.

It dawned on Melanie that she as not yet ready to be faithful to a single dog, that she preferred to play the field, alternating between elegant pedigreed animals and lusty mongrel brutes.

Yet it wasn't always easy to find a suitable dog when the urge came upon her. Often, horny as hell, her cunt dripping, Melanie found herself walking the streets looking for a stray dog, or wandering in the park in search of dog-cock.

But then – her lucky day – Melanie met the man who owned the Quality Kennels for Class Canines!

Her problems were solved.

But first, in her constant quest for dog-prick, Melanie accidentally discovered the joys of cunt-sucking...

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

In one of the larger, more expensive apartments downstairs from Melanie lived a thirty-year-old divorcee who owned a huge Irish wolfhound.

The woman's name was Arabelle Tremayne. She was an elegant redhead with jade-green eyes, high cheekbones and a rather haughty demeanor. She had lovely tits and a splendid ass, but she did not dress provocatively. Being a horsewoman, she was usually wearing jodhpurs and a hacking jacket in the daytime, which was the only time that Melanie ever saw her.

Melanie, a middle-class girl, envied Arabelle her aristocratic bearing and manner. And she envied her large alimony checks.

But most of all, she envied her wolfhound. Melanie had never fucked a wolfhound. In fact, she had never met an Irish wolfhound. Irish wolfhounds did not grow on trees.

But she knew they had cocks like tree trunks.

Melanie had often seen Arabelle walking her dog in the park. The dog was as haughty and as aristocratic as the woman, and, to Melanie, as sexy.

The big brute stood forty inches at the shoulder, weighed one hundred and fifty pounds and was fleet enough to run down a wolf, strong enough to fight it – yet with humans he had a gentle and intelligent nature. The dog also had a massive prick, Melanie had often noticed. The beast's balls were so big that its hind legs were slightly bowed out around them. And its prick, even in a dormant state, flopped up and down like a pole, the tip almost bouncing on the ground when the dog broke

into a trot.

Melanie wasn't even sure that she could take a cock that huge up her cunt - but she certainly wanted to try. It made her mouth water, too.

But how on earth could she manage to get the wonderful brute alone? It posed a problem. She couldn't just ask Arabelle if she might borrow her dog, obvious-ly - and certainly not admit why she wanted to borrow it. If it had been a cat, say, she might have claimed there was a mouse in her apartment and borrowed it to catch the rodent. But it wasn't a cat - nor was Melanie into fucking cats.

Eventually, the naughty dog lover decided that she would have to befriend Arabelle and play it by ear. It was always possible that the redheaded divorcee might go out sometime, leaving Melanie alone with the wolfhound - or she might even ask Melanie to dog-sit for her, never realizing that it would be dog-laying, not sitting.

Melanie feared that it might not be that easy to make the acquaintance of the haughty redhead, but she simply had to try.

And as it turned out, it was easy.

Melanie waited until she saw Arabelle take the dog for a walk, then managed to meet her on a path in the park. She struck up a conversation by exclaiming that the dog was beautiful, which seemed to please the dog's mistress. They chatted for a while about dogs and Melanie mentioned that she lived in the same apartment building as Arabelle, but didn't have a dog of her own, although she was fond of them. Arabelle told her that the wolfhound's name was Hercules. Since they lived in the same building, it was natural that they walked home together.

Melanie was delighted when Arabelle asked her in for coffee.

Maybe the woman wasn't so haughty, after all. Maybe her bearing was deceptive and she was actually lonely, welcoming a friend.

They sat in the elegantly appointed living room, drinking coffee from bone china cups. Hercules had been dispatched to his own quarters, but Melanie figured that was all for the best. When the big-cocked brute was near her, Melanie could hardly keep her eyes off his prick - and she certainly didn't want Arabelle to get suspicious.

Melanie, determined to become close friends with Arabelle, began to pay the woman compliments in a lavish way. She admired her silken hair and her smooth complexion. She remarked that Arabelle had such a lovely body.

The redhead began to give Melanie rather strange looks. But Melanie had never thought about making love with another woman, and did not realize that she was sounding rather like a lesbian on the prowl as she flattered the sexy divorcee.

Finally, Melanie decided to get to the point of the matter.

She intended to offer to take care of the redhead's dog, anytime the woman wanted to go out for the day.

"I feel that we've become such good friends, even though we've only just met," she said, as a prelude.



"Why – yes, I think so," replied Arabelle, with a Mona Lisa smile and a glint in her eye.

"Any time you need a favor..."

"You're not shy, are you?" Arabelle interrupted.

Melanie did not realize that Arabelle had misunderstood her intentions. She looked puzzled.

"It's all right," said Arabelle. "You don't have to pretend with me, honey – I'm a woman of the world." Melanie was aghast.

Had the redhead realized that Melanie wanted to fuck her dog? But then, to Melanie's amazement, Arabelle said: "In fact, I could use that favor right now."

"I-I don't...?"

To Melanie's total surprise, Arabelle stood up, lifted her skirt and began to remove her panties. Her lush hips squirmed as she wriggled out of her panties. Melanie was stunned. She noticed that the crotchband of Arabelle's panties was soaking wet. She couldn't help but stare at the woman's bared loins. Arabelle's pussy mound was like a burning bush, the thick hair the color of flames, and the insides of her smooth white thighs were slick and damp.

Arabelle, holding her skirt above her waist, sat down again, her long legs trailing out, her thighs parted.

Melanie saw that the woman's cuntlips were unfurled like the petals of a fleshy pink flower, parting in the morning sunlight and streaked with pearly dew and creamy nectar.

Melanie was staring at Arabelle's pussy in total shock.

But she was still staring, and naturally Arabelle misunderstood that rapt attention also.

"You can suck me off, Melanie," she whispered in a husky voice.

Then the truth dawned on Melanie! She blushed furiously.

Her first impulse was to deny such a depraved desire, to explain that Arabelle had misunderstood, that she was not a lesbian. But she figured that would embarrass Arabelle terribly, for having offered her cunt to a heterosexual girl by mistake, for having demonstrated that she was willing to indulge in such an act of lesbianism. But how else could the girl get out of this situation? Then Melanie had another idea.

Although she had never had any desire to suck a cunt, the idea did not disgust her.

She was determined to become good friends with the mistress of the Irish wolfhound – and what better way to become close friends than by eating her pussy? She blushed even more at the idea.

Arabelle was moving her hips sinuously, obviously eager for Melanie to give her some head.

It would be more embarrassing, at this stage, not to suck her cunt than to do it, Melanie reasoned.

And it would seal their friendship in no uncertain terms – seal it with the binding glue of saliva and cunt juice.

Melanie made up her mind.

Arabelle was slowly passing a hand up her groin, giving her soaking cunt a gentle rubbing. Her green eyes smoldered as she gazed at Melanie. Her big tits surged up as she breathed heavily. Melanie lowered her eyes, half ashamed and half excited. That juicy pussy, she had to admit, looked very tasty. Sucking cunt might not be a hardship, at that – and even if she didn't enjoy eating pussy, it would be worth it in order to become such close friends with the dog's owner.

"Well?" Arabelle asked.

Melanie moved out of her chair and sank to the richly carpeted floor. She knelt between the redhead's parted thighs.

"Yes – I thought so," Arabelle sighed.

Melanie knelt there, her head lowered as if she were praying – worshipping that juicy, bushy pussy near her face. Arabelle gave a little thrust of her pelvis, tilting her crotch at a higher angle. Melanie gazed at that gaping pussy, seeing that the woman's clit was swollen and taut and that her cunt slot was filled with cream. She was surprised to realize that she felt no reluctance about sucking cunt. She lowered her head slowly, inch by inch. Her pink tongue slid out, fluttering. Arabelle purred with expectation. Her cunt was so hot that Melanie could feel the warmth drifting up into her flushed face as she lowered her head. She slurped upwards with her tongue, taking a first, tentative lick. Then she sat back on her heels, amazed. Melanie, with that very first lap, had discovered that she loved to suck a cunt! Wonderment came over her face.

The delectable flavor of hot pussy tingled on her tongue. She gave a little sigh of pure pleasure and ducked down again. This time she used her fingertips to spread Arabelle's cunt lips wide apart and began to use her tongue on the creamy pussy slot. She licked up the unfolded cunt lips and tongued the burning clit and stabbed her tongue as far up the slippery fuck hole as it would go.

Arabelle whimpered – like a dog, thought Melanie. Pand moaned. She twisted her pelvis and her ass churned as she worked her sodden pussy around in Melanie's eager face. Thick ribbons of cunt juice were pouring from her cunt gash and running down her crotch, seeping into the crack of her taut ass.

Melanie scooped the pussy juice up with her tongue, licking right up from the cleavage of the redhead's ass to her clit with long, slurping strokes. Arabelle hiked her groin up higher and Melanie, wild with desire, hardly aware of what she was doing, began to lick and rim her asshole. Then the girl slid back up, her tongue flattened and fluttering into the soaking honeypot of Arabelle's cunt. She adored cunt-lapping! She realized that no previous experience or practice was necessary, that she was a born cunt-sucker who knew instinctively how to do it – and how to appreciate a juicy pussy.

From the way that Arabelle was panting and wailing, Melanie knew that she was lapping cunt just the way the redhead wanted it. So far, she had been using only her tongue. Now she began to use her lips, as well. She fitted her mouth to Arabelle's cunt lips and began to suck. Great foaming gushes of cunt juice poured from the redhead's fiery pussy. Melanie gulped the sweet stuff down joyfully.

"Oh – oh – oh!" Arabelle whimpered.

"Ummm," purred Melanie, slurping the hot pussy nectar up.

Her lips were plastered to Arabelle's cunt like a suction cup to a furry wall, a plunger to a creamy drain, a limpet to a mossy rock. She had gone cunt-crazy now. Her tongue was still working wildly, plunging in and out of the woman's hot cunt-hole in a steady fucking motion.

She wanted Arabelle to come.

The thought of having that delicious cunt melt in her mouth was as thrilling as the act, itself.

"Come," she whispered, the word muffled on Arabelle's pussy. "Come for me - cream in my mouth!" "Yes! Bring me off!" cried the hot redhead.

Melanie, with that juicy prospect before her, began to suck and tongue with renewed gusto. She could feel the redhead's climax begin, actually feel her cunt ripple on her tongue and her cuntlips shudder in her lips. The thrill came in rippling waves across Arabelle's belly and shot in electric spasms up her thighs. "I'm coming!" she cried.

Melanie's mouth filled with cream as Arabelle's pussy melted.

Melanie was coming, too! Without even touching her own cunt, she was creaming, her orgasm inspired by the fact that she had brought another woman to the peak of passion.

Cunt-juice soaked Melanie's crotch and poured down her thighs and she kept working devotedly on Arabelle's cunt, milking her off to the final wonderful spasms.

Arabelle thrashed about, fairly screaming with the joy of it. Melanie's head was twisting about as she mouthed the redhead's pussy like a terrier shaking a rat.

At last, Arabelle stopped moving and sighed with deep contentment and satisfaction.

Melanie kept sucking until she was certain that she had milked out every precious drop of fuck juice, and worked off every last spasm of Arabelle's rippling pleasure.

Then she sat back on her heels, smiling with creamy lips.

Arabelle gazed down at Melanie, smiling, too.

Obviously, they were very good friends now...

Later, Arabelle said, "You give the best head that I ever had, Melanie. I'm sure glad that we got together." Melanie lowered her eyes demurely.

"Actually - that was the first time I ever did it," she admitted.

"What? But - I thought..."

Melanie smiled shyly.

"I never even dreamed of doing a thing like that," she said. "But when you misunderstood me - and when I saw how delicious your cunt looked - I just couldn't resist it."

"Well, I'll be damned!" Arabelle said. "I'm certainly glad that I made the mistake, though!"

"So am I. I just loved sucking your cunt."

"But, then, what on earth did you mean when you said that anytime I needed a favor?"

"Oh, I just meant I'd take care of your dog or something," Melanie explained. Although she had become a devoted cunt-sucker with the very first lick, she was still keen on getting fucked by that big Irish wolfhound.

Arabelle laughed.

"That's kind of you," she said. "But I always leave Hercules at the Quality Kennels, when I go away." And that was how Melanie first heard about the Quality Kennels for Class Canines – and solved the problems of her love life very nicely, a few weeks later.

Meanwhile, the discovery of the joys of cunt-sucking added a whole new dimension to Melanie's life.

In the weeks following her initiation, the girl made a point of finding female lovers, even to the extent of neglecting dog-fucking. She visited Arabelle frequently and sucked her off passionately whenever the redhead was in the mood. She even began to frequent gay bars, where she had no trouble meeting suckable girls.

Cunt-sucking was a novelty, as well as a treat, and Melanie did it with the enthusiasm of a convert. But she was not a lesbian.

And because Melanie was not a lesbian, she loved sucking cunts even more, because there was no risk of an emotional entanglement – the way there always had been with men.

But after a while, the novelty of cunt-lapping wore off.

Melanie was still always ready and willing to go down on a good-looking woman, but after the initial excesses of pussy she soon began to find her thoughts once more turning fondly to dogs.

Specifically, she thought of Hercules, Arabelle's wolfhound.

Melanie lusted for the big brute so badly that she could taste it. But she could not figure out how she was ever going to get the dog alone. She found herself a black-and-tan hound and, while the hunting dog fucked her energetically, she closed her eyes and pretended that it was the wolfhound pounding away on her pussy. But although the hound was robust, his prick was only average.

Melanie wanted that massive wolfhound-cock more than anything on earth! She continued to visit Arabelle, even after the novelty of cunt-sucking had worn off and no longer charmed her, always hoping that someday Arabelle might want to go out, and would leave Melanie alone with Hercules. But she wasn't so lucky. Whenever she called on Arabelle, the redhead did not want to go out at all – she wanted Melanie to go down, instead. It was no hardship, certainly, and Melanie kept the relationship active by gobbling the redhead's pussy with regularity. Then she had an idea.

She remembered that Arabelle left Hercules at the Quality Kennels for Class Canines whenever she was going away for a few days. It seemed like a good idea if Melanie were to make the acquaintance of the man who ran those kennels. If she was unable to get the wolfhound away from Arabelle, perhaps she could figure out a way to get the brute out of the kennels, the next time he was boarded there.

Although she never really enjoyed fucking a man, she was quite willing to fuck the owner of the kennels, if it meant that she could subsequently be fucked by Hercules.

With that clever plan in mind, Melanie put on a sexy black dress – without any underwear – and went to make the acquaintance of the kennel owner.

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CHAPTER FIVE

Ralph Skinner, the owner and manager of the Quality Kennels, was a tall, good-looking man who dressed well except for always having dog-shit on his shoes – an occupational hazard. He had an eye for the ladies, too, and when sexy little Melanie came into the office, he gave her a big, appreciative smile.

Melanie introduced herself as a friend of Arabelle Tremayne, said that Arabelle had recommended the Quality Kennels and pretended that she had a dog which she wished to board there, in due course. Ralph said he would be pleased to be of service. Melanie was simply playing it by ear, at first, wanting to become friendly with the man, and she asked if she could look at the canine accommodations.

“Certainly,” Ralph agreed, showing her through to the back where the comfortably large cages were grouped around an exercise yard. Melanie strolled into the yard, feigning interest, still pretending to be a prospective client.

Then her pretense stopped and her interest became intense.

Melanie was surrounded by dogs! It was like putting a girl with a sweet tooth into a candy factory, a panty freak in a lingerie shop, a lesbian in a nunnery! She felt dizzy and faint. Her knees weakened. She turned through a slow circle, gazing at all those desirable canines, starting to tremble. The dogs stared back at her from all sides. Knowing, with some doggy sixth-sense, that this was a girl who was kind to animals, the dogs began to tremble, too.

Ralph, seeing that the girl was gasping, was concerned. He took her by the arm, to steady so her – and in the process, he nimbly managed to cop a feel of plump tit.

“Are you all right?” he inquired solicitously.

Melanie didn’t even hear him.

She looked from dog to dog, hot with desire. There were dogs of all breeds, some that even the devout dog lover did not recognize, but all of obvious quality.

Her cunt began to smolder.

Ralph, being a mere human, did not detect the wet condition of the girl’s crotch, but the dogs all began to sniff and yelp. Several of them began to get erections.

Melanie’s eyes focused on a Great Dane.

The brute was almost as big as the wolfhound, almost as desirable. He was sitting up on his haunches, his long, pink tongue lolling out over his lower jaw, his massive chest heaving as he panted. And his prick was starting to sprout. Melanie gave a little moan of passion, her eyes glued to that rising cock. The Great Dane’s balls had swollen, big as melons, and the bright red tip of his cockhead came squeezing slowly out from the hairy sheath. The cocktip was dripping with cum.

"Ooooooh," she sighed with longing.

Ralph followed the line of her gaze and when he saw what she was looking at, he misunderstood her moaning sigh.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Miss," he apologized. "Dogs will be dogs, though. Please don't let the sight disturb you - I'll throw a bucket of cold water on the brute." "Don't you dare!" cried Melanie. Ralph gave her a funny look. Then he realized that, far from being distressed by the sight of the dog's hard-on, the girl was intrigued. In fact, she had taken a step in the direction of the offending canine's cage. Ralph was amused. He knew a great deal about dogs and he knew his share about girls - but he didn't know anything about girls who fucked dogs.

By now, the Great Dane's hard-on was immense. The long, thick prick towered up before his belly and the huge, bloated cockhead was crimson and slimy.

"What an adorable prick!" Melanie murmured.

She was speaking to herself, scarcely aware of Ralph's presence - but Ralph heard her words and his cock began to tense up a bit, as he came to realize that this nubile young lady was an admirer of cocks.

Melanie had come here strictly to set in motion her plan to get a crack at Hercules. But now, surrounded by so much canine potency especially that huge Great Dane - she was overcome with fuck-lust.

She moved up to the cage.

The dog's cockhead was still expanding.

She knelt down on the ground.

"What on earth are you doing. Miss Reingold?" Ralph asked.

Ignoring the man, Melanie reached in through the bars of the cage and began to linger the shiny knob of the Great Dane's cock, rubbing her thumb back and forth against the sensitive underside of that great wedge of hot dog-prick.

Ralph gasped. He was scandalized! He took a backwards step, almost staggering under the dawning realization that here in his kennels he was entertaining a practitioner of bestiality! But that emotion passed as quickly as it had come over him, to be replaced by desire. Melanie was a gorgeous girl and Ralph began to tingle with lust, aroused both by her physical charms and by the dark knowledge that she was interested in dogs' pricks.

His cock jolted into a bar of steel. Melanie drew her hand back through the bars. She had sticky dog-cum on her fingers and she held them up before her face, gazed at them for a moment - and then, to Ralph's awe, she pushed her pink tongue out and licked the slime from her hand! He groaned, dizzy now.

Melanie turned her head and looked at him, blinking as if surprised to realize that she was not alone. But she was far too horny now to worry about the delicacy of the matter. "I want to fuck him," she whispered. Ralph found himself unable to speak. His vocal cords seemed to have gotten as stiff as his prick.

"Please, please let me fuck him," pleaded Melanie.

Ralph managed to get himself under control – although his voice came out squeaky and high pitched – and he said: "If you need a fuck. Miss Reingold, I'd be happy to oblige you, myself." Melanie started to refuse his offer, having no interest at all in a human prick. But then it dawned on her that the time was ripe to strike a deal with the man – a deal that would eventually lead to fucking the wolfhound, but would yield her the pleasures of the Great Dane, along the way. The whole thing had worked out much easier and simpler than she had expected, and there was no need for subterfuge.

She batted her pretty, eyes at the gaping kennel owner in a sultry fashion.

"You're very good looking," she said.

Ralph beamed with pride – and with high hopes.

"I'd love to have you fuck me," she added.

"Ahhh! Then, let's..."

"But I want to fuck the Great Dane, too."

Ralph hesitated. He felt a certain moral obligation to the owners of the dogs in his charge, and he knew it wasn't ethical to let them fuck human girls. But his cock was rampaging urgently. What chance did ethics have against a hard-on? His prick felt so hot that he was sure he would use it as a branding iron.

He nodded, slowly.

"Okay?" she asked eagerly.

"Yeah, okay," he said. "But I get to fuck you first. I'm not putting my prick up a hole where a dog's dong has been."

"Promise I can fuck the dog afterwards?"

"Yeah, I promise."

Melanie sighed with anticipation. The certain knowledge that there was a massive dog-prick in store for her made her so hot that she knew even Ralph's human cock would be welcome – although it would only be welcome as a prelude, supplying the stimulation before the culmination. From the way his pants were bulging out, she guessed that Ralph had a pretty fair-sized prick on him. If she had to fuck a human, she preferred a human with an outsized fucker.

"I got a couch in the office," Ralph said.

But the thought of leaving the dog distressed Melanie.

"No – do it right here," she said.

"On the ground?" Ralph asked.

He was always self-conscious about the dog-shit on his shoes, and loathed the idea of having it on his knees, as well.

"Yes, on the ground – in front of the cage," Melanie insisted.

She could see that Ralph was hesitating. But just as she knew how to seduce a dog, Melanie knew how to get her way with a man. She slowly lifted the hem of her black dress, revealing the fact that she wore no panties. She lifted one knee, so that the man could look right at her bushy, juicy pussy, holding the dress up as if she were performing a curtsy. Ralph gave a groan when he saw how inviting her cunt was.

What was a little dog-shit, after all? Ralph opened his fly.

His prick flopped out and snapped up like a lever, prying over the fulcrum of his balls. The cock knob was shaped like a fat mushroom and a thick dark vein pulsed up the underside of the prickshaft. When Melanie saw how shapely and sightly his cock was, she almost regretted the fact that she didn't like men.

Melanie smiled saucily at him, and turned away. She positioned herself on all fours, facing the Great Dane's cage, her splendid, teardrop-shaped ass turned toward Ralph.

"I suppose you want it doggy-style, huh?" Ralph said, feeling a bit glum about playing second fiddle to a dumb brute, but far too horny to make an issue of it.

"Yes, please," she said. "Do it fast and hard." Ralph knelt behind her ass. Melanie was more interested in the dog's prick but, out of politeness, she looked back over her shoulder. Ralph wrapped his fist around the root of his big prick and guided the wedge-shaped knob of his cock into her foamy cunt slit. He moved it up and down, stirring her slot with his prick as if moving a spoon in a creamy bowl. Then he pushed the cock head in. Her cunt clamped tightly around his stalk, behind the prick knob. He grasped her by the hipbones, using them like handles, and slowly fucked the full length of his cock up her pussy.

His belly slapped on her ass and his cum-filled balls jammed tightly in her crotch.

Her cunt began to drag and pull on his prick.

Ralph held the full penetration for a moment, letting her pussy suck on his cock, thinking it was an awful shame that a cunt like that should be wasted on dog-cocks.

Then he began to hump.

He drew back until only his prickhead was stuck in her cunt, then corkscrewed back, burying his boner to the roots. Cunt juice flooded out as his big plunger filled her pussy to the brim and pumped the nectar from her hole. His grip tightened on her hipbones and he dragged her ass back to meet his fuck-thrusts. He corkscrewed in, then dipped lower and fed some long, rippling, underslung fuck strokes into her pussy, running the full length of his prick over her tingling clit as he did so.

Melanie had begun to respond to his fucking, her ass grinding and her belly pumping, obviously enjoying his prick.

But she was no longer looking back over her shoulder at the man who was fucking her.

She was looking at the Great Dane's cock again.

And she was realizing that a human prick felt a lot nicer when there was a dog's prick on the scene, waiting in the wings for its own turn on her hairy stage.

But the Great Dane was looking sullen.

The dog's hopes had been raised when Melanie began fingering his cock, and now the brute was dismayed to see that, instead of fucking with him, she was getting fucked by a human. The dog was very unhappy. He figured that, like so many human bitches, Melanie was a cock-teaser. Not having a large command of English – he only knew the words lie down, roll over, come and fuck – the Great Dane did not realize that a bargain had been struck for his services.

Melanie saw how sad the dog looked.

She felt a great pity for the poor dumb brute, and an overwhelming desire to comfort him, to demonstrate that he had not been forsaken and abandoned. She did not want the dog to lose interest – nor lose his hard-on.

She reached in through the bars and took his cock in her hand.

The Great Dane gave a yelp, then rumbled deep in his throat. His powerful hips began to hump, fucking his prick through her fist. His long, thick cock came pushing out so far that the cock knob was passing between the bars of the cage.

Melanie gave a gasp of joy.

The dog didn't have to wait, after all! Craning her neck out, the girl began to tongue the dripping head of the Great Dane's prick. She licked and laved his cock lavishly for a moment. Then she slipped her lips around that hunk of swollen, dripping cock meat and began to suck avidly.

She hoped that the Great Dane was potent, and could shoot more than once at a time – because the horny girl had every intention of drinking his first delicious cum-load.

Ralph, fucking away, groaned as he looked over Melanie's shoulder and saw that she had a mouthful of dog-prick. He was insulted to find out that she was still interested in the dog, even while his cock was fucking up her smoldering pussy.

But he was turned on by the sight, as well – for there are few men, no matter how proud of their human prowess, who are not aroused by the sight of a girl sucking a dog's cock.

Ralph fucked Melanie with renewed energy.

The Great Dane had been startled when Melanie slipped her lips over his cockhead. He had never experienced such a thing. He knew a French poodle who was always glad to tongue his prick, but that bitch had never actually taken his cock into her mouth, nor sucked so delightfully. Now the mighty brute realized that a human female was much more skilled at such things than a dog, and he began to fuck his prick into Melanie's mouth with gusto.

Melanie was in ecstasy.

Having a prick in her mouth and a prick in her cunt at the same time was heavenly.

She only wished that Ralph had been another dog.

But a girl couldn't have everything, she knew – even as she planned on fucking with two dogs at once, as soon as she got the chance.

The girl was vibrating between them, her whole body trembling with the thrill. Her ass and hips

churned wildly about as Ralph fucked her cunt and her lips pulled adoringly on the Great Dane's cockmeat. Her tongue was fluttering against the underside of his cockhead, adding to the stimulation of her sucking mouth and caressing lips as she sought to bring the big brute off, hungry for a mouthful of dog-spunk, yearning for the whimpers that would herald his orgasm.

Her head bobbed up and down, feeding dog-cock into her greedy mouth, and her cunt sucked on Ralph's cock. She was yearning for his cum-load. As the man plowed in, she tilted her pelvis up and her mouth moved down on the Great Dane's meaty prick. As Ralph drew his cock out, her lips pulled back up the succulent dog-cock, slurping through every precious inch.

The Great Dane came first.

Whining and fucking into her mouth, he suddenly shot a jet of cum right into the back of her throat.

Melanie gasped, when whimpered with joy as the slimy load of jism ran down her gullet - and the dog squirted another creamy wad into her ravenous maw. She swallowed and sucked, sucked and swallowed, milking the huge brute's prick to the dregs.

She drew her lips away from the cock-knob.

To her delight, she saw that, despite his delicious ejaculation, the Great Dane's cock was as big and as hard as ever - that he was going to be able to take his turn fucking her cunt! The thought thrilled her so much that, as Ralph fucked his prick across her clit and up her pussy, Melanie shuddered and, for the first time in her life, she came with her cunt full of human cock.

As her pussy melted around his driving prick, Ralph came to the crest of sensation, himself, and his cock and balls emptied jism into her cunt in a maelstrom, hosing and jetting and spurting into her foaming fuck hole time and again.

Melanie squirmed around on Ralph's cock, working her own lovely - and unexpected - climax off to the last sweet ripples.

Ralph sagged over her, clinging to her haunches as he panted like a dog in the aftermath of his dynamic climax.

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## **CHAPTER SIX**

The massive brute came bounding out of the cage, his iron-hard prick bouncing against his belly and his powerful body quivering with excitement. Having just received his first blow-job, the Great Dane felt just like an old dog that has learned a new trick. He mounted Melanie from the front, clinging to her shoulders with his front legs and fucking his cock into her mouth. She giggled and mouthed his cockmeat.

She wasn't worried that he might shoot in her mouth again, and have nothing left for her cunt, because she knew from experience that a dog always took a lot longer to come the second time. That was one of the benefits of sucking them off before fucking them, if she was in the mood for a sustained fucking.

The dog's prick went into her mouth dripping and came out slathered with saliva. She sucked avidly as he withdrew, and she coiled her hot tongue around as he fucked in. But his cock began to swell and throb and she knew she had better get it up her cunt pretty soon, just in case he was one of the

rare dogs that come fast twice.

She pulled her lips away from his elongated cockhead, gave it a parting kiss, and turned away.

The dog cocked an ear.

Melanie hiked her ass up and pushed her foaming crotch into his face.

The Great Dane took a lick, then yelped with joy as he realized what was required of him. He mounted her as he would have a bitch. His big, dynamic prick fucked into her cunt. It was by far the biggest cock that Melanie had ever encountered and, for a terrible moment, the sex-crazed girl was afraid that the animal's cock was not going to fit up her cunt - that, having found this meaty masterpiece, she was not going to be able to accommodate it! And, even worse - if she could not take a Great Dane's prick, how could she ever manage the wolfhound's cockmeat? But then his bright-red cockhead slipped into her fuck slot.

The beast arched his back, trembling, hindquarters tucking in, tail underslung, forelegs clinging to her haunches as he fucked the full length of his cock up her pussy. Melanie gave a little cry of bliss and the dog rumbled in his throat. Then he began to fuck her with fast fuck-strokes, ramming his cock up her cunt with energetic lunges, whipping it back out violently and then fucking in with another savage assault that filled her pussy full of cockmeat.

Melanie had never been so full of cock.

She felt her vital organs being bumped about by his cockhead. She looked down her body, past her bouncing tits, half expecting to see the outline of the dog's prick, making a furrow up her stomach. His cock-knob was like a lump of white-hot iron, pushing into the center of her body and his stalk was like a heated crowbar filling her cunt. He was fucking in so deeply that she thought the head of his cock might come pushing up into her mouth, that - shooting in her cunt - his jism would fill her mouth again. His cock was so big that it was making her eyes water - and she loved it! Melanie slammed her ass back to meet his fuck-thrusts and his balls whacked into her crotch like the clapper of a bell, ringing out a dull peal of passion, sounding carnal chimes. As she felt that huge ball sac slap against her, she was thrilled by the solid weight, knowing that his balls were once again full of cum and that when he shot his wad her cunt would be hosed by a mighty geyser of dog-cum.

Faster and faster, the Great Dane poured the prick to her.

Melanie was at the crest, and holding steady, waiting for the dog to come with her. She began to whimper and moan. Her face turned from side to side, curly hair tumbling over her brow, eyes narrowed and sensual lips trembling as she fought to hold back her climax, to hold herself at the delicious peak.

Then the dog filled her cunt with cum.

The girl wailed with ecstasy and let her pent-up climax burst free, and wave after wave of sensation rippled through her loins while the Great Dane fucked merrily away, emptying his cock and balls in her cunt. She felt as if her whole body was dissolving, as if her blood and bones and brains had all turned to cunt juice and flowed into her pussy.

At long last, the dog stopped pumping his prick into her and clung, panting, to her haunches.

Melanie squirmed around a bit longer, grinding out the last sparks of her desire and dousing the flames with foamy cunt juice.

When she looked up, she saw Ralph standing there.

She felt that she should be embarrassed, but she wasn't. Getting fucked by a Great Dane was so wonderful that she didn't give a damn what anyone else thought of her. And, even as she was still coupled to the brute, the naughty dog lover was already speculating on when she would get a crack at Arabelle's Irish wolfhound.

Ralph Skinner, she knew, was going to prove to be an invaluable acquaintance to a girl like her...

They came to an agreement.

Once a week, Melanie came to the kennels, fucked Ralph, and chose a dog to borrow for the week. There was a constantly changing supply of dogs, as owners collected them and other owners left new ones, and Melanie was getting a lovely selection and variety.

She even became fond of Ralph who, for a human, was a good fuck and had a charming prick, and Melanie even began to look forward to her weekly fuck from him. It made a nice change. She was getting all the dog-cock that a girl could ask for - except for a wolfhound. No matter how good the other brutes were as lovers, Melanie still found herself longing for the attentions of Arabelle's huge hound.

Her playmate of the week was a Dalmatian, and he was a lovely animal. But after Melanie had fucked him a few times, she decided to pay a visit to Arabelle. She was in the mood to suck some cunt - and, as always, she entertained the fervent hope that she might find herself left alone with Hercules.

As she left her apartment, Melanie found herself confronted by a remarkable sight.

Just across the corridor, a lovely female ass was hiked up before her. Melanie stopped to admire that ass - and the crotch below it, as well. The ass was shaped like a heart and the crotch was sheathed in a tiny bikini and, because the girl was bending over, her short skirt had drawn up, revealing those lovely contours completely.

Then the girl straightened up.

She had put down a bundle in order to unlock the door of her apartment, then stooped over to pick the bundle up again, which was why her ass and crotch had been on display just as Melanie came out of her own apartment, to be greeted by the tantalizing sight.

Melanie had known that a new tenant was due to move in across the hall. She was delighted to see that the new tenant was such a pretty girl with such a nice ass.

She stopped to introduce herself.

The girl's name was Barbara, she told Melanie, and she was eighteen years old. This was her very first apartment of her own and she was excited about it, but a little afraid that she would be lonely. But she didn't look as if she would ever need to be lonely, because she was really a gorgeous girl.

Barbara was a honey blonde with wide blue eyes and huge tits. Her legs were shapely and the bikini-clad crotch between them, Melanie had already noticed, was divine.

Naturally, Melanie wondered if Barbara would like to have her cunt sucked. But of course she could not come right out and ask such an indelicate question until she knew the girl better.



"Why don't you stop over for a cup of coffee and a chat, after you get settled in?" Melanie asked.

"Thank you - I'd like that," Barbara said. You'll like what I want to do to your pussy, too, Melanie thought, smiling with expectation. She gave Barbara's lush body another glance, not too obvious - but not too subtle, either - and then went on down to visit Arabelle.

Inspired by the prospect of sucking off the blonde girl, Melanie was more eager than ever to tongue some cunt and she hoped that Arabelle was feeling nice and horny.

But Melanie was disappointed.

Just as she came to Arabelle's apartment, the sexy, hot-crotched divorcee came out, with Hercules on a leash.

If Melanie's disappointment showed, Arabelle didn't seem to notice it or care about it.

"I'm just going to take Hercules for a walk, Melanie," she said. "Why don't you come by later on?"

"Yeah, sure," the disappointed girl agreed. Arabelle moved past her.

Melanie turned to look at her fine ass, then at the huge balls jammed like balloons between the big Irish wolfhound's hind legs. She wanted that wonderful hound more than anything in the world, yearned to have that massive dog-prick churning her cunt to foam.

Then the redhead turned back.

"Oh, I meant to tell you, Melanie - I'll be going on vacation next week," she said.

Melanie's heart fluttered.

Trying to sound normal, she said: "Are you taking Hercules with you, or leaving him at the kennels?"

"I'll have to leave him," Arabelle said.

Melanie felt a rush of pure joy in her heart and a pulse of pure lust in her cunt.

"I'm going to a riding academy for the week," Arabelle said, "and they don't allow dogs there."

"Yes. Well, I'm sure that he will be looked after well at the Quality Kennels," Melanie said. And she knew damn well that it was going to be true.

Arabelle smiled and walked on with the wolfhound padding along beside her, his prick bobbing up and down like a divining rod searching for hidden water.

Melanie, disappointed that she wasn't going to be eating Arabelle's cunt until laterPbut absolutely thrilled at the prospect of fucking the wolfhound soonPwent back to her own apartment.

She was in an excited mood.

Melanie was feeling horny as hell, her passion inspired by anticipation of fucking Hercules.

She considered sucking the Dalmatian's prick up into another hard-on and fucking him again. But she didn't really feel like it. She had already fucking him plenty that morning and, with the prospect of having the Irish wolfhound in the near future, the Dalmatian, nice as he was, no longer held much

charm for her.

Then she remember the new neighbor.

It was a mouth-watering thought and she hoped that Barbara would stop by – and prove agreeable.

Melanie hadn't quite decided how to go about seducing the blonde girl. As it turned out, she didn't have to. The Dalmatian did it for her...

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Barbara had finished unpacking her suitcases and at the moment she was wondering whether she should put her dildo away or use it.

The pretty blonde teenager was a virgin, but she did not want to be. She had been horny for ages. But things had conspired to prevent her from getting the fucking she wanted and needed. For one thing, she had lived at home and her parents were strict, setting curfews and discouraging her prospective suitors.

Still, she could have gotten fucked despite that, had she not been a shy sort of girl. As much as she longed to get fucked, she simply could not bring herself to take the initiative with a man, to act bold and brazen or let it be known that she was willing. Her shyness combined with the fact that she looked so naive and innocent, with her wide blue eyes, gave the impression that she was untouchable – and so none of the men who had a chance to seduce her had made the attempt.

She hated her cherry, considering it a burden, a barrier to satisfaction, yet she seemed destined to keep it.

The most she had ever done was to let a young man feel her up and he had got so hot, playing with her big tits, that he had come in his pants and then, terribly embarrassed by his incontinence, had apologized to Barbara for his wandering hands – and had gone no further.

She had started finger-fucking herself when she was very young, giving herself a hand-job frequently – almost every night, before she fell asleep, and usually first thing in the morning, before she got out of bed. A few months before she left home, she had sent for a mail-order dildo – then spent weeks in agony, fearing that her mother might intercept the incriminating object in the mail. Barbara sat at the front window every day to catch the mailman first, and finally obtained the rubber prick. Then she had lived in constant fear that her strict and snooping mother might discover the thing in her drawer.

Still, the dildo was more effective than her fingers and she enjoyed fucking herself with it, pushing the fat rubber cock in and out, levering it across her clit, wedging and prying her cunt slot while she made believe that it was a flesh-and-blood prick, about to fill her loins with the sweet, thick, hot juices of a man's balls... Now she had her own apartment. She was tremulous with hope that the change in her living situation would soon bring a change in her sex life. Yet she was still shy and inhibited. Although she was determined not to turn a man down, and wanted to fuck the first man who asked her, she still could not take the initiative, and feared that her shyness might still confound her.

Once, she had almost had a lesbian experience.

She had been spending the night with a girlfriend. They had shared a bed. As they lay talking, with the lights out, her girlfriend had touched her tit. Barbara had gone rigid, first with surprise, then with desire. Biting her lower lip, she lay very still, hoping that the caress would continue – and develop into more interesting things. She had read a book about lesbians, and knew what they did, and she was more than willing to participate. But, just as she could not take the first step with a man, so she could not offer any encouragement to her girlfriend. She simply lay there, trembling. The girl had fondled Barbara's tits for a while, then slid a hand down between her legs, into her juicy, smoldering pussy. She drew her fingers up the sodden cunt slot.

Barbara willed her to continue.

Yet she could not bring herself to join in – not until and unless the other girl suggested it.

“Want to fool around?” the girl asked, giggling.

Barbara's lips parted. She tried to say yes. But the word would not come out. She simply could not admit, verbally, what she would have gladly done, physically. She said nothing.

The other girl misunderstood her silence, and took the trembling in her body for fright, or disgust, rather than for the desire that it was.

It embarrassed the other girl.

She removed her hand from Barbara's pussy.

Barbara almost broke into tears.

“Sorry – I guess it wasn't a good idea,” said her friend, and she rolled over to the other side of the bed.

Barbara seemed doomed by her timidity...

Now she was sitting on the bed, her open suitcases all around the room and the dildo in her hand. It was a big rubber prick, realistically contoured, with a wedge-shaped knob and a veined stalk. Barbara had become fond of it. Sometimes, she even sucked the rubber cock, just as if it were real and capable of feeling the pleasure of her lips – and practicing, too, so that she would know how to do it if and when she found a real prick to suck off.

If only real pricks were as easy as rubber ones! That would have suited the shy girl – to have a disembodied cock of her very own, a cock that she could do with as she pleased, without having a man on the other end of it, so that she would not have to feel embarrassed and shy.

That was impossible, of course.

Or so she thought.

It had never occurred to the blonde virgin that there was another solution, another way to have a prick without having, to deal with a man.

To have, in fact, a dog's prick! A girl did not have to be shy when she was dealing with a dumb animal, and having a dog's cock was much the same as using a rubber one.

But Barbara had not thought of that.

Not yet...

Now she decided that she would, after all, fuck herself. It seemed fitting that her first act in her new home would be to use a dildo without worrying that her mother might be listening at the door or looking through the keyhole. She smiled a bit ruefully, hoping that it was not going to become a habit - that it would not be necessary to fuck herself much longer, now that she had her own apartment and could entertain men. She was trying to decide if she should take all her clothing off and give herself a prolonged fuck, or simply remove her panties and enjoy a fast fuck and a quick come.

She decided to do the latter.

There would be plenty of time for a sustained fuck once she was in bed for the night. For now, she would simply get her rocks off as quickly as possible. She stood up and tugged her bikini panties down over her heart-shaped ass. The crotchband of her panties was soaking wet and when she tossed them aside, they fluttered to the floor like a moth with damp wings.

She sat down on the edge of the bed again, her thighs parted and her skirt raised so that she could see what she was doing to herself. She liked to watch the rubber cock in and out, and to see how it became frothy and lathered with her cunt juice.

First, both to lubricate the rubber cock, and also because it gave her a thrill, she brought it to her lips and licked all around the fat cock-knob, then pushed the end into her mouth and began to suck lovingly on it - wishing that the rubber cock was full of spunk and capable of shooting a load into her mouth. She wondered what cum tasted like. She knew that cunt juice was delicious, because she often licked her fingers after she had been fucking them up her cunt, and she had an idea that jism would be even tastier. Of course, she knew cunt juice would be tastier, too, if she were to drink it right out of a creaming cunt, rather than deliver it by hand.

Barbara was ready for anything, in her horny virginity.

She wanted a man. She would have even settled for a girl.

But she hadn't yet thought about a dog.

Now the dildo was slippery and glistening with her saliva and she gave the cock-knob a last kiss and moved it down between her widespread, ivory-smooth thighs. Her pussy was already flooded, the crack open into an oval and that oval full of froth. She stirred the cunt slot with the tip of the rubber prick, shivering and shuddering as the waves of pleasure ran through her clit and spasmed in her loins. Then she began to slowly fuck the big tool up her cunt, pushing it in an inch at a time. She worked her cunt muscles, tightening them around the rubber cock, practicing again for when she had a real cock on which she could work those inner contractions of her pussy.

She fed it all up her cunt, squirming on the full penetration, soaking the bed as her hot pussy juices flowed down her crotch.

Then she began to pull the dildo out and push it in with a steady fucking rhythm, so that the whole length of the fat rubber prick ran across her tingling clit, coming and going.

Her pliable pussy clung to the rubber cock, clutching and rippling. Her cunt lips turned almost inside out as they dragged after the withdrawing rod, then sucked back as Barbara fed the rubber prick in again. She closed her eyes, pretending that it was a real cock between her legs - not a man, specifically, but a prick that could fill her pussy with spunk. The cock squished up her cunt. More

juices flowed out as the fat cock filled her fuck hole snugly. She began to moan softly, then to punctuate that steady moaning with little gasps and cries as the sensation reached towards the crest, building steadily, long, lateral waves rippling across her loins and spasms rushing down her trembling thighs.

At the peak, she cried out aloud.

Then her cunt melted on the rubber prick and, with a happy sigh, she dropped back across the bed and lay there, arms and legs spread out as if she had been crucified. And the fat rubber cock was still sticking out of her cunt.

Presently, she reached down and plucked the prick from her pussy. It came out with a popping sound, like a cork from a bottle, and the flood of cunt nectar that poured out was frothy as it soaked down her crotch. She held the dildo up. It was coated with pussy juice. Feeling naughty, she slipped it into her mouth and slurped her own cunt juices from it.

Barbara was satisfied now - more or less.

She had had an orgasm and her crotch was no longer burning with need. But still, it had been only a mild orgasm, levered and pried out by a false prick and it did little to ease the need that the virgin felt for a proper fucking.

Soon, she hoped, soon.

Maybe even that very night! She was going to try to get up the nerve go out, perhaps to a cocktail lounge or dating bar, and hoped that some man would pick her up. She knew she would be blushing and shy and unable to flirt with a man, certainly unable to give him any sign that she was available, but still, some horny fellow might persist - and succeed! But it was too early to go out now.

She finished sucking her cunt juice from the rubber cock, polishing the big prick-knob to a high luster, and sat up. She still had plenty of boxes and crates to unpack, but she wasn't in the mood now.

Barbara remembered the kind invitation that Melanie had extended.

It seemed a good idea. She could meet her neighbor over a cup of coffee and kill some time until - she hoped - it was time to get fucked.

She moved to the dresser and put the dildo away in the top drawer, glad that she no longer had any reason to have to hide it at the bottom of her underwear drawer. Then, thinking of underwear, she wondered where her clean panties were. She couldn't recall having unpacked them from the suitcases and supposed that they must be in one of the boxes. She picked up the pair she had been wearing from the floor, but the crotchband of the tiny bikinis was still soaking wet. Although Barbara liked her cunt juice when she was horny, it wasn't so appealing a prospect after she had come and she didn't relish the thought of putting a pair of wet panties back on. But neither did she feel like unpacking the boxes to find a clean pair.

She decided not to wear any panties.

After all, she was only going to call on the girl across the hall, so there was no reason why she had to wear panties.

She smoothed her skirt down and brushed her hair and went out the door.

A modest girl, Barbara had never before gone out without any panties on, and it gave her a naughty sensation. She wondered if she dared go out without panties later that evening. She would have loved to and knew it would turn a man on, but she didn't suppose that she would have the courage. Still, the idea was exciting. She was very aware of her naked cunt under her short skirt. Her pussy seemed to squish as she moved, simmering between her sleek thighs.

So it was that Barbara called on Melanie, not wearing any panties and with her pussy starting to become aroused again...

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

Melanie was pleased when she found Barbara at the door, and showed it with a smile.

What a friendly girl, thought Barbara.

What a delicious-looking blonde, thought Melanie. Oh, I do hope she likes to have her pussy licked!

Melanie still wasn't sure how to go about suggesting it, however. Except for Arabelle, who had done the initial suggesting, Melanie had only found suckable cunts in lesbian bars, where everyone's inclinations and intentions were already known and accepted and there was no chance of making a mistake that would be embarrassing. The only question that ever arose in those places was which girl was to do the sucking and which was to get sucked.

But this was a totally different situation.

Barbara might be strictly heterosexual. She might be shocked or disgusted by the thought of letting a girl lap her cunt. It would be an uncomfortable situation, in that case, having revealed her cunt-sucking tendencies and been denied, and having to live right across the hall from the other girl, having blushing confrontations at the front door, avoiding each other's eyes.

Hungry as she was to go down on the delicious blonde, Melanie knew she would have to play it slowly and cautiously. She figured that she would work the conversation around to erotic things gradually, then to men, specifically and, if Barbara showed no dismay at such talk, Melanie could mention some man she knew who gave great head. She could talk about how much she enjoyed getting her pussy gobbled, then ask Barbara if she loved it, too. And if she said that she did, Melanie could make the offer - only half serious, half joking, until she saw how the blonde reacted. That seemed the best way to go about seducing the girl without being too overt.

As it turned out, there was a better way.

The girls went into the front room.

Barbara sat in an armchair, carefully keeping her thighs together, very much aware of the fact that she was not wearing anything under her short skirt.

Melanie went to the kitchen to make coffee.

And the Dalmatian stood up, snout quivering.

Although the Dalmatian had never fucked a girl before that morning, he was a bright dog and a fast learner, and Melanie had taught him well. Now the handsome spotted dog had gotten another scent

of hot human pussy. It was only logical that he should suppose that his services were being called upon again.

He moved towards Barbara.

Barbara, who had never even dreamed of fucking with a dog, had no idea what instincts were motivating the Dalmatian. She was fond of animals and reached out to stroke his head.

"What a nice doggy," she said.

The dog placed his head in her lap and she stroked his ears.

Then he pushed his snout under the hem of her short skirt and his wet tongue lapped at her bare pussy.

"Oh! Bad dog!" she said.

She pushed his head away.

The Dalmatian gave her a puzzled look - and slid his muzzle back into her crotch.

Barbara was embarrassed, at first. But as his long, hot tongue rasped up her cunt, she gave a little shudder. It felt lovely! She was ashamed of herself, but she had to admit it. In fact, she wished that Melanie were not in the apartment, because she would have liked to open her legs wide and let the Dalmatian tongue her cunt until she screamed! Her legs were still together and the brute was jamming his snout into the tight vee, his tongue wedging in. Now Barbara shot a quick glance at the door to the kitchen, saw that Melanie was not in sight - and parted her legs a little, so that the dog could give her crotch an unhindered tongue-stroke or two.

Glancing down, she saw that the dog's prick was getting hard.

Fascinated by the very idea of pricks, the blonde virgin stared at the long, hardening dog-cock in awe.

The shiny red cock-knob came squeezing out from the hairy sheath. The fat prick began to throb. His balls expanded.

Barbara was so intent on watching the dog get a hard-on that she failed to notice Melanie come in with a tray of coffee.

Melanie halted in surprise, then grinned. The Dalmatian was merrily lapping away on the blonde's cunt and the blonde was looking very happy about it. Melanie saw that Barbara was not wearing any panties. A good sign, thought the girl. Maybe she came over here with the same idea in mind that I had when I invited her!

Melanie felt a bit envious of the Dalmatian.

She wanted to tongue that juicy pussy, herself.

Barbara was trembling, both at the sight of the hardening cock and at the lovely sensation of the brute's slurping tongue. She wondered if she had time to come before Melanie returned.

She glanced towards the door again.

Finding Melanie standing there, watching them, Barbara gave a gasp and blushed bright red.

She grabbed the dog's head and pushed him away from her pussy, as if she had just realized what he was doing.

The Dalmatian stood back, wagging his tail, tongue lolling out, willing to be obedient, but confused as to what was required. Melanie put the tray down and moved towards them. She saw that Barbara was embarrassed and dismayed at being discovered, but she also knew that the blonde had been enjoying the dog's tongue and that she had been fascinated by the sight of his hard-on.

Melanie knew just how to seduce her, now - how to make the blonde so hot that she would be willing to do anything, whether she thought that it was depraved or not.

Pretending that she had not noticed Barbara's pleasure, Melanie said: "Oh, I'm so sorry. He's such a naughty doggy."

"He - he sneaked up on me," Barbara said, trying to make a joke of it. She laughed slightly, nervously.

"Yes. He does that to me sometimes," Melanie said.

Barbara wondered if Melanie stopped him - or let the beast tongue her to a climax. Was that why the Dalmatian had gone straight for her cunt? Had Melanie trained him to lap cunt?

"Oh, dear - he has an erection now," Melanie said, as if she had just noticed the fact.

"How embarrassing," Barbara said.

"Yes - especially since I'll have to take care of it."

"I beg your pardon?" Barbara asked.

"It's not good for a dog to get a hard-on and not use it, you know," said Melanie. "A vet told me that. He advised me to - well, to masturbate the dog, if that happened."

"Really? How - how awful for you, Melanie."

"Oh, I don't really mind doing it," Melanie said. "I only hope it doesn't bother you, Barbara."

"I - I don't mind. I mean, if a vet advised you to do it, it must be the best thing."

"I can take him in the kitchen and do it there," Melanie said.

But Barbara was dying to watch the girl jerk off the Dalmatian. The idea was fascinating.

"Oh, don't worry about me, Melanie. I don't mind." Melanie had already guessed as much, and she smiled.

The Dalmatian was looking back and forth between the two horny girls, scenting hot cunt on both sides, wondering which one he was supposed to service. His cock was like a heated crowbar now.

Melanie moved up and knelt down beside the dog. She reached under him and took his balls in one hand and his prick in the other. It seemed a shame to waste that lovely hard-on on a hand-job, she was thinking. Melanie had not jerked a dog off in months, and she hated to waste a load of cum that



could have just as well been spilled in her mouth or up her cunt. But she didn't think it would be a good idea to blow the dog, or to let him fuck her, at the moment. Barbara might not think that quite proper, nor believe that a vet had advised it, as he might have a hand-job.

She began running her closed fist up and down on the dog's prick.

She tried, at first, to act disinterested, as if she were simply performing a necessary task, without taking any pleasure in it. But it was hard to conceal her excitement when she felt that huge slab of cockmeat pulsate in her mind.

Nor could Barbara hide her own fascination, as she watched Melanie's fist skim up and down and saw the Dalmatian's cockhead began to flare out and the cleft begin to bubble with cum.

Barbara wished that she were jacking off the dog.

If she had not been such a shy girl, she would have offered - as a thoughtful neighbor - to help Melanie do it.

The Dalmatian was still puzzled, wondering why Melanie was using her hands when she had a perfectly good cunt. But it felt nice and he didn't mind. Humans were lucky to have hands with opposing thumbs. If he'd had a thumb, he would have jacked himself off daily. But it seemed a bit perverse to the dog, to get a hand-job from a member of another species - very pleasantly perverse.

"This won't take long," Melanie whispered.

She was no longer attempting to conceal her pleasure.

Barbara had leaned forward in her chair, gazing at the dog's cock in open wonderment. Her thighs had parted again and her pussy was steaming. Melanie glanced sideways, smiling dreamily. Barbara realized that Melanie was looking at her exposed cunt. But she couldn't close her legs. She was far too hot. It felt nice to have another girl staring at her pussy that way and, anyhow, she didn't think she had to be embarrassed - not with a girl who jerked off dogs.

What other naughty things did Melanie do?

Then the Dalmatian began to tremble violently.

"He's going to shoot!" Melanie rasped.

"Ooooooh," purred Barbara eagerly.

Suddenly the dog's haunches bucked and a huge jet of quicksilver jism hosed from the head of his prick. Cum flew out between his front legs and skimmed up the inside of Barbara's thigh and splashed right into her sodden crotch.

Barbara wailed with the thrill.

It was the first time she had ever had cum on her cunt.

Melanie kept pumping away and the Dalmatian kept shooting out jets of jism, and the dog-cum kept splashing onto Barbara's pussy. The blonde had thrown her legs wide apart now, welcoming that hosing.

A last trickle of cum dripped out.

The dog's balls were emptied.

Melanie took a handkerchief out and carefully mopped the head of the dog's cock.

She looked at Barbara.

"Oh, I'm so sorry - I aimed it at you, I'm afraid."

"It - it's all right," Barbara whispered.

"Let me clean you up," said Melanie.

She moved over to Barbara, on her knees. Barbara leaned back, her legs wide apart, the dog-jizz foaming in her crotch. Melanie began to wipe the sticky, slippery stuff up with the handkerchief. Her hands moved on Barbara's cunt. Barbara sighed. Melanie seemed to be polishing her clit more than necessary. Barbara looked down and saw that all the dog-cum had already been mopped up, but that Melanie's hands were still moving on her pussy. The handkerchief dropped out of Melanie's grip. She didn't seem to notice. Her hands massaged and kneaded the blonde's cunt.

Melanie looked up through lowered lashes.

"When the dog was licking your cunt - you liked it, didn't you?" she asked, her voice husky.

"I - Yes, I liked it," Barbara admitted.

"Do you always like to get tongued?"

"I - I've never been tongued," stammered the virgin.

Melanie looked surprised.

"I'm a virgin and I've never been sucked off," Barbara blurted out, trembling all over.

The very idea of a cherry pussy made Melanie drool.

Her tongue slid across her lips.

"Would you like me to suck you off, Barbara?" she asked.

"Ooooooh - yes! Oh, please, yes!" wailed the blonde.

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CHAPTER NINE

As Melanie began to tongue Barbara's pussy, the blonde went stiff all over for a moment. Her cherry cunt had never known the attentions of another person and the initial sensation was so overwhelming that, for an instant, Barbara felt nothing - she was numb with desire. Then great waves of hot lust rushed through her loins and she began to moan. Staring down her arched body, she gazed at Melanie, scarcely able to believe that she was getting her cunt lapped by a woman. And what lovely cunt-lapping it was! Although Barbara had no previous experience with which to compare it - other than the abortive tonguing that the Dalmatian had given her - she knew that Melanie must be an expert cunt-sucker, and that it would not be possible to eat pussy any more skillfully than she was at the moment.

Will she expect me to suck her pussy, too? Barbara wondered.

She didn't mind.

But that future prospect was vague in her mind now, as she concentrated on getting her pussy sucked off. She squirmed about on the very edge of the chair, belly and hips rolling, smooth legs opening and closing around Melanie's head.

Melanie's dark, curly mop of hair bobbed up and down as she mouthed Barbara's pussy, tonguing and sucking alternately, tongue-fucking and clit-licking in turn. She slid two fingers up Barbara's hot cunt hole and began to slowly finger-fuck her while her lips drew and pulled on her stiff clit. Barbara arched deeply, sighing and panting, and Melanie was purring as she lapped at that hairy bowl of delectable cunt juice, tonguing the cherry pussy nectar up hungrily. Melanie had never eaten a virgin cunt before. A cunt that had never been soaked in man-cum had a different flavor from one that had, she suspected. It was more delicate and subtle - and absolutely delicious. The Dalmatian looked on with interest.

He knew nothing about lesbian inclinations and it puzzled him that two bitches of the same sex were doing a thing like this. Yet his canine senses told him that it was an erotic act - and that knowledge was causing his big prick to lurch and swell again.

He moved towards the girls.

Melanie was on her knees, her head buried between the blonde's velvet thighs and her ass was thrusting out and hiked up.

Melanie, as usual, wore no panties.

The Dalmatian sidled up and pushed his muzzle into the girl's bushy, frothy crotch, lapping up the cunt slot.

"Ooooh!" Melanie squealed, the exclamation muffled on the blonde's cunt, when she felt the Dalmatian lap her pussy.

She loved to have a cock in her mouth and cunt at the same time, but this was the first time that she had ever had a cunt in her mouth and a tongue on her cunt, and she found it an agreeable situation.

It fascinated Barbara, too, as she gazed down and saw that the dog was slurping on Melanie's pussy.

His busy snout had lifted Melanie's skirt, exposing her haunches and, since the girl was already kneeling there in the doggy-fucking position, the Dalmatian did not think it would be out of line to mount her. He gave her pussy a last hot lick and then bounded up, embracing her pelvis with his front paws and starting to hump against her crotch. His cock bounced off her groin, not yet seated in her cunt.

Barbara wailed at the sight.

Melanie raised her eyes and, without removing her mouth from Barbara's cunt gash, gave her a speculative look.

She didn't want to shock the delicious blonde, to turn her off before she had tongued an orgasm out of her cunt. But she saw that Barbara, far from looking shocked or disgusted, was fascinated.

Melanie reached back between her thighs, took the Dalmatian's prick in her hand and fitted the elongated prick-knob into her fuck slot. The dog gave a yelp of delight and his haunches coiled up like a steel spring. Then he fucked his prick into her cunt to the balls.

He began fucking frantically.

Melanie's ass and groin moved with him, darting and dancing under his savage fuck-lunges. The dog's back twisted rapidly as he fucked his cock into her pussy.

"Come!" Melanie whimpered, her tongue fluttering madly.

Barbara was near the peak.

"Yes!" she wailed. "Oh, yes! Now!" Her cunt melted.

Melanie gurgled with joy as the hot fluids of Barbara's ecstasy poured over her tongue. She swallowed the sweet cherry pussy juice ravenously and kept sucking for more. Wave after wave rippled through the blonde's loins as she came again and again, each crest rushing so fast upon the one before that the separate peaks of fuck-lust were merging into one prolonged thrill.

Melanie sucked her cunt dry.

Barbara slumped back in the chair, stunned by the frantic climax that had ripped through her pussy. Melanie stopped sucking but continued to gently run her tongue up the melted cunt slot, licking up the last drops of cunt juice - and the Dalmatian kept on fucking his rigid prick into Melanie's cunt.

Melanie peaked out now.

Her orgasm seemed to start in her tongue, as if the electric current of Barbara's climax had run from the blonde's clit into Melanie's mouth. The sensation darted down her torso and into her well-stuffed cunt and she began to cream on the dog's prick.

Howling, the Dalmatian poured a load of thick, steaming jism into Melanie's pussy, filling her with dog-cum.

Drained, the brute clung to her haunches, wagging his tail. Melanie squirmed about for a few moments, her cunt still pulling and dragging on the dog's buried bone.

She looked up at Barbara.

"Nice?" she asked.

"Oh! It was wonderful!" Melanie smiled with creamy lips.

"I'm glad you've moved in across the hall, honey," she said. "I want to suck you off all the time." "Ooooh," purred Barbara.

Melanie gave her cunt an affectionate kiss.

"I hope it didn't disturb you - that the dog fucked me," she said, fearing that now the blonde had gotten her rocks off, she might not look favorably on bestiality. "Oh, no - it was so exciting!" "I like to fuck dogs," Melanie admitted.

Barbara smiled in a bashful way. If the blonde virgin had not been so shy, she would have told

Melanie that she didn't blame her. Already, she had come to realize that using a dog's prick would be much the same thing as using a dildo, that disembodied cock of her fond fantasies – a cock that could shoot cum into her cunt and make her cream and with which she need not be shy. She wished that she were alone with the Dalmatian right now. She still felt shy with Melanie, even though the girl had just sucked her cunt to a froth. But, summoning up her courage, Barbara said: "Do you want me to suck you off, now, Melanie?"

"You don't have to do that," Melanie said. "I love to suck cunt, myself – but when I want my own cunt taken care of, I want a dog to do it."

"It looked like fun," Barbara said.

Blushing, she averted her gaze.

Melanie grinned wickedly as she realized what the blonde wanted.

"Want to try it?" she whispered, her voice husky with lust. "Want the Dalmatian to fuck you, Barbara?"

Barbara's lips moved, but no words came out.

How could a bashful girl ever admit that she was yearning to be stuffed full of dog-cock? But she managed to nod.

The idea thrilled Melanie. She had never introduced another girl to dog-fucking, nor shared a dog with a girl, and the thought of having the Dalmatian fuck this sweet virgin was electrifying.

Melanie began to squirm out from under the brute, who was still clinging to her hips, panting, his prick emptied yet still rock hard up her cunt. For a moment, Melanie was afraid that they had gotten stuck together, and that Barbara might have to throw a bucket of cold water over them before they could uncouple, for the Dalmatian's cockmeat was plugged tightly into her pussy. But then she managed to pull free and his cock came out, snapping up under his belly, cunt juice dripping from his prick.

Curling onto her hip, Melanie slid her head in under the dog's belly and took the tip of his cock into her mouth, sucking on it adoringly, both to make sure that it was as hard and as swollen as possible, and also because she knew that Barbara would be thrilled by the sight of her depravity. She wanted the blonde to be as horny as she could get, so that she would enjoy her first dog-fuck even more. She pulled her lips away with a slurp. The dog's cockhead, polished by her mouth, glistened. Barbara stared at it, absolutely thrilled by the knowledge that, in a moment, that huge slab of dog-prick was going to be fucked up her cunt. She wondered, vaguely, if she would still be a virgin afterwards, if dog-fucking counted in the loss of virginity. But it was not a troubling thought, for the horny blonde was eager to lose her cherry. She was so tremendously turned on that she finally lost her inhibitions. "Shall I get down on the floor?" she asked.

"No, stay there," Melanie said. Melanie took the Dalmatian by the collar and turned him towards the blonde. She tugged, urging him up. The dog happily placed his front paws on the seat of the chair, on either side of Barbara's hips. His big prick loomed out over her belly, the dripping cockhead level with her heaving tits.

Barbara had often wondered what a cock tasted like and, unable to resist the impulse especially after seeing Melanie mouth the dog's prick, she lowered her face and ran her tongue over the hot cockmeat. She gave a little gasp as the meaty flavor of the cock, enhanced by having been soaked in Melanie's

cunt, tingi ed on her tongue. She ducked down again anc took the prick-knob into her mouth, sucking adoringly. She looked sideways at Melanie. Melanie was smiling, looking with approval.

A mouthful of dog-prick was so delicious that Barbara was sorely tempted to keep sucking until she had milked out a load of cum.

But, hungry as she was to drink her first load of spunk, she was even more anxious to get her cunt full of the stuff. She gave the Dalmatian's cock a last loving suck, then squirmed back up so that his cockhead was on a level with her pussy.

Melanie clasped her hand around the root of the dog's prick and placed the cocktip in Barbara's creamy cunt gash.

She moved the dog's cock up and down, massaging the cunt slot with his cockhead, as if the dog's cock were some sort of engraving tool and she was using it to inscribe symbols of lust on the blonde's crotch. Then she worked the tip in and released his prick.

The Dalmatian pumped his loins and fucked the full length of his prick into the virgin's hot cunt.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Ooooooh!" The dog began to fuck with vigor.

Barbara ground her ass about on the edge of the chair, pumping her belly, twisting and writhing as he fucked her. She had dreamed about getting fucked for so long, yet the reality was even better than her wildest imaginings. The girl adored having her cunt full of dog-cock. The Dalmatian was fucking so fast that his big prick hissed as it went in and out.

She threw her thighs around the dog's flanks, hooking them over him in an ivory snare. Her head went back, eyes glazed with lust, lips trembling, golden hair cascading around her face. She started to come almost immediately - then she came again and again, in a prolonged multiple orgasm.

But the dog had been recently jacked off, then had come in Melanie's cunt, and so he was not going to shoot quickly.

That suited Barbara.

She longed to feel his hot jism squirt into hei pussy, and anticipated it with glee. But she was in no hurry for that creamy culmination, when the fucking that worked towards it was so wonderful.

She came a dozen times before the dog shot his cum-load.

Then his hot spunk poured into her pussy in a deluge and, as her cunt filled with the stuff, the blonde creamed again - the best climax of all - and she cried out with the joy of it. Fucking steadily, the Dalmatian emptied his cock and balls.

This time, his cock began to soften.

He pulled his prick out and it sagged, soaking wet from her cunt.

The dog hopped down - and Melanie moved in and buried her face between Barbara's smooth, shapely thighs, clamped her mouth to her cunt and sucked the sweet blend of cunt juice and dog-cum out of her pussy.

These two neighbors were going to be very good friends.

They had a lot in common.

So did Melanie and Arabelle, in fact – far more than either of them realized.

Melanie needn't have worried about getting the wolfhound without Arabelle knowing about it, nor need she have been ashamed of her desires and inclinations. If she had simply asked Arabelle if she could borrow the dog's prick, Arabelle wouldn't have minded at all.

She would have understood.

Why else would a sexy divorcee keep an Irish wolfhound? Arabelle fucked the wolfhound, herself.

That, in fact, was why she was a divorcee. Her husband had come home unexpectedly one afternoon and found his wife with her cunt stuffed full of wolfhound-prick.

The divorce had been uncontested – but not sensational.

He had been too ashamed to name a dog as co-respondent...

Arabelle returned after taking Hercules for a walk, expecting Melanie to come down and suck her off.

But Melanie was busy.

Arabelle waited for a while, getting randy as she thought about Melanie's skillful tongue.

When the girl failed to show up, she figured she couldn't wait forever.

But Arabelle wasn't in the mood to get fucked today.

She called the huge, shaggy wolfhound over and played with his prick until it was rock hard. Then she took the huge cockhead into her mouth and began to stroke his prick with her hand, frigging him off into her mouth. As she did this, she finger-fucked herself with her free hand. She timed it just right so that she creamed just as the big dog hosed her tonsils with his cum-load.

It was satisfying, in a mild way – and tasty too.

But the reason why the redheaded divorcee had not been interested in getting fucked, as she usually did, was that now she had other thoughts on her mind, other prospects.

She had bought the wolfhound because he had by far the largest cock in the canine world. But Arabelle was remarkably fickle and demanding and, at the moment, even that Irish wolfhound's prick was not enough for her.

That was why she was taking her vacation at the riding academy.

Arabelle intended to do something that she had been dreaming about for a long time.

The naughty divorcee wanted to fuck a horse! She wasn't at all sure if her cunt could stretch enough to take a horse's prick, but she was sure as hell going to try. Arabelle was looking forward to her vacation.

And, with the wolfhound in mind, so was Melanie.

CHAPTER TEN

The next few days passed happily enough for Melanie because, although she was impatient to get a crack at the wolfhound's cock, she was able to amuse herself with Barbara and the Dalmatian in the meantime.

Barbara, having discovered the joys of tongue-fucking and dog-prick, visited Melanie every day.

The Dalmatian had lost ten pounds, his ribs showed and his eyes were glazed by excess, for it was a demanding task to satisfy two horny young ladies. But the dog was happy. So were the girls. Barbara, wanting to find out what the other half of cunt-sucking was like, had coaxed Melanie into spreading her legs for her and had truly enjoyed tonguing floods of cunt juice out of the dark-haired girl several times, and Melanie, although basically a cunt-sucker rather than a suckee, had to admit that the blonde's tongue was a treat, and creamed accordingly. Barbara sucked off the Dalmatian, as well, and learned what it was like to swallow hot cum – and became addicted to dog-jizz at once. But the blonde near-virgin still wanted to get fucked by a man. Melanie insisted that dog-cock was better, but that was a decision that Barbara wanted to make for herself.

She mentioned it to Melanie. Melanie knew just where Barbara could get fucked. It would save her the necessity of doing it herself, and she could spend all her passion on the wolfhound – and Ralph Skinner would have a bit of variety in his fucking.

Then came the day when Arabelle left for her vacation.

She dropped the wolfhound off at the Quality Kennels on the way, and Ralph had barely gotten the big brute kenneled when in came Melanie with another girl, a blue-eyed blond with a set of tits that caused Ralph's eyes to bulge out like a pair of hard-boiled eggs.

Melanie introduced them.

Ralph beamed, and Barbara smiled demurely.

"Barbara is bashful and shy," Melanie explained.

"But lovely," Ralph said.

"She's a virgin, too," added Melanie.

That, thought Ralph, is a shame.

"Well, sort of a virgin," Melanie said, correcting herself.

Ralph looked puzzled, wondering how a girl could be sort of a virgin.

"She's never been screwed by a guy, I mean," Melanie explained.

Barbara blushed a pretty pink. But the blonde was determined to go through with it, letting Melanie arrange things.

"But the Dalmatian has been fucking her," said Melanie.

Ralph, having known Melanie for some time, was no longer shocked by the idea of bestiality, and he

grinned.

“And now she’d like to try some human prick,” Melanie said.

“At your service,” said Ralph, in his gentlemanly fashion.

The girls had brought the exhausted Dalmatian back with them, to exchange for the wolfhound, and Ralph returned it to its cage. He was a little troubled by the Dalmatian’s poor condition, and hoped he would be able to get it back in shape before its owner claimed it. But he was much too interested in fucking the blonde sort-of-virgin to worry about that at the moment.

The wolfhound, recognizing his mistress’ friend, gave a little yelp of recognition. It was all that Melanie could do to keep from rushing over to the cage, plucking his prick out through the bars and giving him an abrupt blow-job. She knew that Ralph wouldn’t object. But she restrained herself because she didn’t want to rush the seduction of the massive hound. She had been looking forward to it for so long that she wanted everything to be just right the first time she fucked with Hercules. She had even considered fucking him by candlelight – and she wondered if the dog liked champagne.

So, instead of blowing Hercules, Melanie sat down in the yard, gazing at him with wonderful expectations, while she waited for Ralph to pour the prick to Barbara...

When Ralph returned to the office, he found that Barbara had already removed all of her clothing. He figured she was sort of bold, for a virgin, but in fact it was just the opposite, Barbara was still too timid and shy to let a man undress her, and had done it herself while she was alone in the room, to avoid such embarrassment.

She was standing beside the couch, eyes lowered, hands nervously clasped in front of her belly.

Ralph licked his lips at the sight of the naked girl.

He began removing his clothing. Barbara looked up through lowered lashes, intrigued by watching a man undress – and delighted when his prick was revealed, and she saw that his fucker was larger than the Dalmatian’s sturdy prick. By the time he was naked, his cock was stiff and starting to throb. The cock-knob expanded and the fat vein fluttered on the underside of the prickshaft. Maybe Melanie preferred dog-cock, but Barbara had an idea that she was going to like this human prick every bit as much as the canine variety.

Ralph moved to her and she lifted her trembling face. He kissed her on the lips – wondering, as he did so, if she might have been sucking the Dalmatian’s cock since she last brushed her teeth, but too horny to let it bother him much. He ran his tongue across her parted lips, then pushed it into her mouth. Barbara began to suck on it. Her tongue snaked around, sliding over his, their tongues like two serpents mating in a hot, moist cavern. Ralph began to run his hands up her smooth flanks, to caress her ass and fondle her thighs. Even though the fuck was prearranged, he had an idea that, being a virgin, Barbara expected him to seduce her and to linger over the foreplay, and he was quite willing to do that.

It suited Barbara. She was eager to commence the fucking, certainly, but it suited her modest and bashful nature to pretend that she was slowly yielding to the man’s persuasion, rather than giving her pussy willingly.

Still kissing, they sat on the couch.

She was afraid to touch him.

But Ralph took her hand and guided it to his groin, and the moment she touched his iron hard prick, the girl grasped it possessively holding his cock by the stalk and thumbing him at the sensitive spot where the knob flared out from the cockshaft.

They kissed passionately for a while, until they were both panting heavily into each other's mouth.

Then Ralph drew his lips from hers and lowered his head to her tits. He began to tongue those firm, thrusting tit mounds and lap up along the deep, soft cleavage, then he worked up to a stiff nipple and sucked it into his lips.

Barbara moaned, stroking the back of his head with her free hand, clinging to his cock with the other. Looking down from her tits, Ralph saw that her pink cunt lips were spread open, in a wide oval, and that her fuck slot was lathered with cunt juice. That pussy looked so lovely that he felt like sucking it for a while – but once again he wondered if her pussy might be full of dog-jism, and decided to forego the feast. He pushed her back along the couch. She arched her back and raised her knees, thighs parted. Ralph mounted her, taking his weight on his knees as he fitted the big slab of his cockhead into her burning fuck slot.

Ralph was pleased that he was being allowed to fuck the girl face to face, instead of doggy-style. It was good for his male ego. The head of his prick was in her pussy and the long stalk stood out between them and, as she felt her first human cock about to enter, the girl lost her shyness.

"Put it in!" she wailed. "Put it all in – fill my cunt with your big, stiff prick!" Ralph shoved the cockmeat in to the hilt. Barbara cried out with ecstasy and began to grind away wildly, even before the man could begin to fuck her. Although she had had plenty of Dalmatian cock up her, her cunt was still maidenly tight. The soft, wet cunt walls began to suck and drag on his cock.

Ralph cupped his hands under her ass and lifted her at a higher angle. Then he began to fuck the cockmeat into her hot pussy with long, rippling fuck-strokes.

Barbara wailed with every fuck-thrust. Clinging to his shoulders, she threw her thighs around him and her heels drummed on his corkscrewing ass in a carnal tattoo. In and out flashed his fat prick, pumping pussy juice from her cunt as he stuffed her to the brim.

They fucked fast and furiously this first time. Both aroused to the heights, they did not linger over the preliminary fuck-strokes, but fucked with the gusto of wild animals.

When Barbara felt his cum shoot into her pussy, she gurgled with joy and her pussy melted in a foaming malestrom, dissolving around his thrusting, cum-spurting prick with rushing waves of fluid release.

Drained, Ralph drew his cock out of her cunt and rolled over onto his back, his prick swinging across his loins like a felled tree.

Hoping that the man proved to be as potent as the Dalmatian, Barbara moved over and took his cock into her mouth, sucking it back to rock-hard readiness.

Then she knelt and threw one knee across, straddling him as he lay panting on his back. This was a position in which it was not possible to fuck a dog, and the girl was eager to try it. She guided his prick-knob into her pussy and slowly settled down over it, feeding his cock balls-deep into her descending pussy.

She began to ride his prick.

Ralph humped up from the couch, meeting her as she slid down. Her big tits dangled over him and he grasped them in both hands, while she reached down behind her ass and got a handful of balls. Her smooth thighs tensed, lifting her cunt up along his tower of prick, then relaxed as she lowered herself onto his fucker again, taking his cock as far into her pussy as the long rod would reach, her pussy sucking on every precious inch, molding its pliable contours to his cockshaft.

They lasted longer, this time. And came all the greater for it.

When Ralph finally blew his cum-load up into her grinding body, he almost blasted her pussy right off the end of his cock. And when she felt the juice of his lust explode in the depths of her cunt, the oversexed ex-virgin cried out with bliss. Her own orgasm rushed through her pussy like a high voltage charge, wave after wave of sensation, flood after flood of cunt juice.

Fucking him wildly, Barbara emptied his cock and balls as she worked off her own joy to the simmering dregs.

She gazed fondly down at her first human lover, her blue eyes shining, her face radiant with satisfaction.

Barbara wanted him to know how good it had been.

"Oh, darling, it was wonderful," she whispered. "You fuck even better than a Dalmatian!" Ralph took it, as it was intended, for a compliment...

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

Arabelle had, for a long time, been fantasizing about fucking with a stallion.

Often times, when she was getting well fucked by the Irish wolfhound, she closed her eyes and pretended that the dog was a horse. She had been fucking dogs for so long now that it no longer seemed depraved or perverse to the lusty redhead and, without the thrill of degradation, dog-fucking had lost a great deal of its charm. But since she had never fucked a horse, she figured that - for the first few times, at least - she would experience the thrill of depravity that added so greatly to the physical sensations of her sex life.

She did wonder, however, what animal might next figure in her fantasies. Once she did get fucked by a stallion, and started to think of that as normal, she realized that she was going to have to stretch her lively imagination and her cunt in order to find new thrills. A bull, maybe? Or a buffalo, an elk, a moose? The girl had to smile wryly, with a touch of shame, as she imagined herself getting fucked by a rhinoceros and pretending it was a unicorn! Arabelle was not smiling now, however.

Her face was taut with passion - and her ass was bobbing up and down on the saddle as she rode the sturdy stallion away from the stables, heading into the misty hills.

She had wasted no time.

As soon as she arrived at the academy, and was shown to her room, she had made it known to the riding master that she was a fully qualified horsewoman, capable of handling any horse and not requiring accompaniment by a member of the staff when she rode. Then she had gone to the stables and studied the wide selection of riding stock, dismissing the mares and the geldings out of hand, of course. She finally selected a fine black stallion with a great deal of Arabian blood in his ancestry

and a great deal of cock and balls between his legs.

The stallion was six years old, rather too young for a riding hack that had not been gelded, but reputedly of a docile nature. The brute had a flowing mane that rippled like the wings of a raven in flight, a long and luxurious tail like fluid ebony and wide, sturdy hindquarters and powerful shoulders. He also had an intelligent look in his eyes. Did the stallion know what she had in mind, as he turned those eyes upon her, and gently nickered? Arabelle would have liked to ride him bareback and feel those surging muscles move directly under her crotch. But she deemed it wise to have him saddled so that the staff did not become suspicious – for although she had grown casual about fucking her dog, which had begun to seem quite normal to her, the horny divorcee would have been mortified if anyone had guessed that she yearned to fuck a horse.

The academy was situated in gently rolling hills and pine forest, with plenty of secluded glens where a girl could have the privacy that she needed for her purposes.

Wearing jodhpurs and a hacking jacket, black shiny boots and a black riding cap, Arabelle rode out. She posted at the trot, rising and dipping in the saddle, while still in sight of the academy, but as soon as she was hidden in the contours of the low hills, she stopped using that gait and sat firmly in the arch of the saddle. She removed her boots from the stirrups and wrapped her long, muscular legs around the horse, knees and thighs gripping and her feet tucked in under his loins, massaging his prick.

She was delighted to feel that massive hunk of horse-cock begin to respond, hardening and swelling between her feet.

Out came the stallion's prick.

And out – and out! As the horny horsewoman felt that massive horse-prick continue to expand and harden, she began to tremble with wild anticipation – and also with the dread that his cock would prove too huge for her cunt.

She tilted in the saddle and looked under her mount, grasping as she saw his beautiful cock. His balls were swollen between his hind legs and his prick had extended out along his belly, the cocktip reaching to his powerful chest.

The head of the horse's cock was dark gray as it squeezed out from the jet-black sheath, and the cleft in that gray slab was parted and already starting to bubble with cum.

Her pussy started to flood at the sight and her tongue began to tingle at such a mouthwatering sight.

Clamping her heels and insteps against the horse's cock, the woman began to stroke his prick up and down as she shifted in the saddle, massaging his prick between her boots so that, by the time they had reached a suitable spot to stop and linger, the stallion's cock was fully erect and as hard as a pillar of stone.

Arabelle dismounted in a shady glade, with a swift stream gurgling past and a fallen tree trunk providing a platform that looked useful for her purposes. She dropped the reins.

The horse, well trained, stood where he was, but even had he not been well trained, an animal with a hard-on was not about to bolt from such an opportunity. He stood, slightly lathered from the run, watching her with shining eyes.

Arabelle began to take her clothing off. She piled the riding clothes neatly on the grass. After she had removed her riding pants, she put her boots back on. Somehow, it seemed only proper that when a woman was getting fucked by a horse, she should be wearing boots.

The horse whinnied softly, hopefully. Arabelle stroked his muzzle and finely arched neck.

Then she knelt down beside the horse. The heat from his swollen cock wafted out from under him, as if she had been looking into an open furnace. She watched the huge slab of his cock-knob flare and throb. She reached under with one hand, palm up, and hefted his bloated balls, thinking about the vast abundance of hot horse-cum that those mighty balls must hold. Then she fingered his dark-gray cockhead. It was like a lump of iron sheathed in rubber, smooth and slippery and hot. From the parted cleft, a trickle of frothy slime bubbled out. The huge prick pulsed like a pump. Arabelle began to drool. She intended to fuck the stallion, if she could manage it, not to suck his cock – but as she stared at his delicious-looking prick, she simply had to have a taste of horse-cock. She sat down, her bare ass in the grass and her knees raised, squirming under the animal.

The horse trembled and pawed the earth with one hoof. Arabelle's flushed face was directly in front of the head of his prick, only inches from it. She blew on the meaty slab and watched it pulse. She could look right into the parted cleft and see milky spunk gathered up just inside it. She took his cock between her hands, not quite able to span the cockshaft where she gripped it, just behind the bloated knob. She stroked his prick up and down slowly, watching his cockhead flare as she jacked off the horse.

She moaned with hunger.

Her hot tongue pushed out and she took a lick, gathering up a mass of slime from the horse's steaming cock meat. She savored the slippery spunk on her taste buds and whimpered with pure pleasure. She licked again, then began to tongue the beast's cockhead thoroughly, laving and lapping all over the massive slab of dark-grey prickmeat. She pushed her tongue right into his cleft, stabbing in and out.

The horse had begun to quiver violently.

He humped, pushing his cockhead into her face.

Arabelle opened her mouth as wide as she could, her lower jaw dropping almost to her breastbone, but to her frustration, she could not fit that gigantic hunk of cockhead into her mouth.

Again, she worried that the horse-cock might not fit up her cunt.

But for the moment, the randy woman was so enjoying tonguing the tasty horse-prick that she was in no hurry to try fucking the stallion. Her wide-open lips sucked and her nimble tongue laved. A stream of pre-cum ran down her chin and dripped onto her tits. Another hot flow poured into her mouth and down her gullet. The stuff was so delicious that Arabelle decided she wanted more – that she wanted to drink the stallion's cum-load when he shot – the first time.

If that massive prick would not fit up her cunt, at least she would have the pleasure of swallowing his cum.

Holding her open mouth clamped to the cleft of his cockhead, she began frigging his stalk up and down between her hands. The meaty wedge flared in her face. The horse's haunches moved, rippling, as he fucked through her moving hands, his prick-knob bumping gently against her mouth. Her hands skimmed faster as she yearned for his hot cum-load. Her lips were almost turned inside

out as she mouthed as much of that mighty cockhead as she could, while her tongue slurped on the dripping cocktip.

The horse snorted and stamped.

Arabelle felt his cock swell between her hands as the thick cum came rushing up it.

She whimpered with joy, waiting for the load of horse-cum.

Then the stallion shot his wad in a tidal wave, the thick cum spurting into Arabelle's mouth with such force that her head was tilted back as the milky geyser hosed her throat. She swallowed, gulping jism down, and forced her head back onto his cock-knob as his second spurt of cum burst out.

The horse emptied his cock and balls in half a dozen mighty spurts, and the horny horsewoman swallowed his jizz down with glee.

When the stallion finally stopped coming, she used her nimble tongue to gather up the residue of cum from his prick-knob and from her chin. She cupped her tits and lifted them to her face, lapping up thick drops of the stuff from her smooth tit mounds. Then she tongued his tasty cockhead again, polishing it to a luster, replacing his spunk with her saliva. She had adored drinking the stallion's cum. Now she longed to have her cunt full of the precious stuff.

And the mighty stallion's prick was still rock hard.

It was time for the hot redhead to get fucked by a stallion...

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Although Melanie had not minded sharing the Dalmatian with Barbara - had enjoyed it, in fact - she was not feeling so generous when it came to the wolfhound, for which she had been lusting for so long. She wanted the huge brute all to herself - every inch of his prick as long as it stayed hard and every drop of his hot jism. When the two girls got back to the apartment with Hercules, she was hoping that Barbara would decide to go on home.

But Barbara, flushed with the thrill of her first human fucking, waited in the hall as Melanie unlocked her door, then entered Melanie's apartment along with Hercules.

Melanie, because of her own dog-fucking inclinations, assumed that the blonde expected a share of the wolfhound's cock.

Melanie didn't like that, but she was a kind girl by nature and didn't see how she could refuse her friend. She sighed at the saddening thought that she would only get half of Hercules' spunk.

But she was determined to get at least the first load, while the dog was really horny.

But then, as they went into the front room, Barbara said: "Melanie - I hope you won't mind, but I loved getting fucked by a man so much that - well - I don't really think that I want to get fucked by a dog again." She looked flustered, as if she expected Melanie to take offense at such a fickle attitude. "Not right away, anyhow. Maybe once in a while, as a change."

Overjoyed by this, Melanie said: "Sure, honey, that's okay."

"You don't mind if I stay?" Barbara asked.

Melanie, not at all modest and not minding if Barbara was there while she fucked the wolfhound, said: "Of course not. But - won't it make you horny and frustrated, watching me get fucked by Hercules when you aren't getting anything?" Barbara grinned impishly, no longer bashful as far as her good friend Melanie was concerned.

"I said I didn't want to fuck the dog," she explained. "I didn't say anything about not sucking cunt."

Melanie brightened. This was even better.

She knew that it would be very nice to have the pretty blonde sucking a load of the wolfhound's cum out of her cunt, after the dog was drained. And, of course, it was always nice to have a snack of tasty cunt for herself. She could think of no nicer way to kill time, while she waited for Hercules to get another hard-on, than with her head buried between those ivory thighs.

"In fact - I thought..." Barbara hesitated, shy again.

"Ummm?"

"I thought maybe we could fool around while Hercules fucks you," the randy blonde suggested.

Melanie thought that was a charming idea.

The two girls began to undress and, as they did so, the wolfhound began to get a hard-on.

Melanie was surprised.

She had expected that she would have to train the tall, handsome brute in the ways of bestiality. But the dog seemed to know all about it, and to relish the prospect.

For the first time, Melanie began to realize that Arabelle had been fucking her dog. She had a lovely foreshadowing of sharing Hercules with Arabelle after that delightfully horny redhead got back from her vacation. But, at the moment, she had more immediate prospects.

Both girls were naked, and Hercules had a full hard-on.

The size of his prick filled Melanie with pure joy, for it was by far the largest cock, canine or human, that she had ever encountered. The cock-knob was a glowing slab of dark-red meat, and the shaft of the cock was as thick as her wrist, and his balls had swollen to an alarming degree.

The brute turned his big head back and forth, looking at both girls in turn, obviously curious as to which of them required his services first.

Melanie was glad that Barbara preferred men. And, of course, women.

Barbara had already stretched out on the floor, her knees raised and her thighs parted and her face glowing with eager, hungry anticipation. Her frothy cunt looked almost as inviting as the wolfhound's vibrant prick. And it wasn't necessary for Melanie to decide between them, for she was going to have both - plus the blonde's tongue - at the same time. Oh, what a joyous occasion! What more could a girl ask for in life? Melanie got down on the floor beside Barbara, facing in the other direction. She called the dog over. He bounded across the room eagerly, his huge cock swinging like a battering ram. Melanie let the brute have a sniff and a lick of her pussy, so that he would understand which girl he was due to fuck. And while he lapped merrily away between her legs she

played with his prick, adoring the way it throbbed in her hands. His cock was like a jackhammer, and her pussy fluttered and flowed at the prospect.

Melanie, with some reluctance, drew her hands away from the dog's prick and turned to Barbara, mounting her in the position of inverted love. She lowered her cunt into the blonde's eager face. Barbara was tonguing the air even before they had made contact, and as soon as Melanie's bushy cunt settled onto her face, she began sucking and tongue-fucking wildly. Melanie gave the dog a look of encouragement.

The brute seemed to be smiling – and he was definitely panting.

Then Melanie lowered her head into Barbara's hot groin and began to suck her cunt – and waited to see if the Irish wolfhound had figured out his duties.

Hercules had, indeed.

Stiff-legged and stepping sideways, the massive dog moved behind Melanie's ass. Her ass was grinding as she worked her foaming pussy around in Barbara's upturned face, the cheeks parting to reveal her taut brown bud of an asshole, then clamping tightly together again. The dog pushed his snout in and took a slurp of cunt, his long tongue gliding up the cunt slot alongside Barbara's tongue.

Melanie was about to reach back, take him by the prick and guide him to her cunt, but then the dog hopped up of his own accord, mounting her churning ass. His paws locked around her in a powerful grip.

The dog was far more experienced than most dogs that Melanie had fucked, and he required no manual assistance. He arched his back and moved his prick around until the cock-knob had slipped into Melanie's creamy fuck slot. Then he tightened his grip and his haunches slammed in and the beast fucked every inch of his massive cock into her pussy.

"Oh!" she gasped.

Melanie had never been so full of prick.

Even the Great Dane's mighty cock had not fucked so far up into her pussy guts. The girl felt as if she had been skewered like a pig roasting on a spit. When the dog began to hump, his cock was jammed in so snug that, at first, he was not able to fuck in and out of her cunthole. When he withdrew his prick, he dragged her cunt back with him and when he thrust he did not slide in, but pushed her cunt lips in with his cock. But then Melanie's pussy adjusted to accommodate that great bulk and lubricated itself with the fluids of her desire.

The wolfhound's cock began to glide in and out.

And two girls and a dog were filled with joy.

Barbara's mouth was clamped to Melanie's cunt and, as the wolfhound's cock fucked in and out, the huge cockrod was sliding right between her lips, fucking through her mouth on its way into Melanie's cunt. As he buried his bone to the hilt, the frenzied blonde licked his furry balls. Barbara was getting triple pleasure – sucking cunt, sucking dog-cock and having her own cunt sucked, all at once.

Melanie, too, was thrilling to three sensations, a huge cock, a nimble tongue and a mouthful of

foaming cunt.

And Hercules, who had never fucked with two girls at once before, was overjoyed to find that his cock and balls were not only being dipped in slippery cunt juice, but were also receiving the devoted attentions of a hot tongue and sucking lips.

The dog's powerful fuck-thrusts tilted Melanie up and down as she lay astride the blonde, her parted lips glued to the girl's steaming cunt, and her own cunt working like a suction pump as it pulled and dragged on the dog's tight-fitting prick. She felt dizzy with fuck-lust, dazed by her own arousal, every nerve in her body sparking with electric pulses and her blood boiling like lava. Each time the wolfhound fucked in, stuffing her pussy, she felt her cunt stretch on his prick, then suck on his retreating cockmeat as he pulled back out until only the cockhead was encased in her cunt lips, poised to rush up her fuck hole again.

She heard her cunt squish and slurp. Barbara's cunt was squishing under her tongue.

Melanie lapped the sweet pussy nectar up, swallowing it hungrily, and her own cunt juice was gushing out as the wolfhound's mighty prick fucked in, the hot fuck juices pouring down into Barbara's parted lips. The blonde gulped the oil of love down ravenously, her lips pulling on Melanie's stiff, tingling clit and her tongue pushing right up her hot fuck hole alongside the dog's plunging prick.

Both girls were coming, then coming again. And both awaited the dog's coming eagerly - Melanie longing to feel dog-jizz squirt up her cunt, Barbara yearning to suck that cunt when it was full of dog-spunk. Then Hercules shot his dynamic cum-load. He fucked his massive cockmeat in balls-deep. His whole shaggy body stiffened and he rumbled in his throat and his cockhead exploded with thick cum.

The mighty geyser almost blew Melanie right off the end of his prick as it splashed under pressure into the deepest reaches of her cunt. She wailed in ecstasy as she felt the hot gushes of dog-cum filling her - so hot that she thought her pussy would melt - and her cunt creamed again, her own fuck juices blending with the dog's jism.

Hercules kept fucking, emptying his balls, Barbara sucked cum and cuntjuice from Melanie's cunt and swallowed it voraciously while her own pussy melted yet again on Melanie's slurping lips and flailing tongue.

All three writhing together, they churned through the creamy conclusions of their climaxes, coming with more satisfaction than any of them had ever known before - coming so wondrously that, despite that dream satisfaction, the climax left them eager for more fucking.

Hercules was up to it.

Melanie placed a cushion under her ass hiking her loins high up, and the wolfhound fucked her face to face the next time, with Barbara tonguing his balls and rimming Melanie's asshole, crawling around and licking at the edges. Then, when the dog had come again, and pulled his cock out, the blonde buried her head and once again sucked out the mingled fuck juices from Melanie's pussy.

Had the dog's prick softened and shrunk? It was so massive that it was hard to tell. But it certainly remained big and hard enough to be sucked, and with her cunt satiated for the moment, Melanie went down on the brute and sucked lovingly on his cockhead, frigging his cockshaft with her hand, until she had milked another cum-load out into her mouth. Then, feeling greedy and selfish because she wanted to swallow it all, she kissed Barbara on the lips and the two horny girls let the dog's

creamy jism run back and forth between their mouths for a while, before they drank his cum down in equal shares.

His cock had definitely diminished now.

The girls rested happily, waiting for the wolfhound to show signs of renewed interest.

Soon enough, he did.

And so they fucked merrily away throughout the day, and only one thought nagged at Melanie, disturbing her joy.

What if Arabelle did not want to share the wolfhound? The brute was so well trained that it was evident that he had been fucking his redheaded mistress. What if Arabelle proved to be selfish, greedy, or even jealous? After having had that massive wolfhound cock, Melanie wanted a constant supply of it. She hoped that Arabelle would be agreeable...

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## **CHAPTER THIRTEEN**

In a leafy glade beside a babbling brook, Arabelle, who already had her belly full of delicious horse-cum, was preparing to get her cunt full of the hot, thick stuff.

She had positioned herself on a fallen tree. The tree had been blasted by lightning and opened up at the widest section – so that the unfolded wood formed a sort of cradle or basket into which her ass fit perfectly. So, not only was her crotch elevated to the right height for the horse's cock, but she was braced firmly, and would not be shoved away from him as he attempted to fuck his huge prick up her sodden pussy.

The horse eyed her as she squirmed into position.

When she clicked her tongue, he eagerly trotted over.

The black stallion placed his front hoofs on the log, and his prick loomed out over her belly. Arabelle fondled the horse's cock and kissed it. His prick vibrated like a tuning fork between her hands and hummed on her tongue. Then she pulled the gigantic cock down into her groin. The thick horse-prick came down like a lever and the cocktip pushed against her cunt slit.

Arabelle trembled, both with passion and fear – fear that his cock would not fit up her pussy.

She arched her back and threw her legs widely apart.

Using her fingers, she spread her cunt lips open, slipping them over the tip of the horse's colossal cockhead.

The horse pushed.

Inch by precious inch, the head of his cock began to jam into her pussy. The redhead gasped and moaned and twisted her lithe hips and supple pelvis, trying to work her cunt down around the horse's cock. Half of that dark-gray cockhead was up her cunt now, and already the girl felt as if she were full to the brim.

But she wanted more horse-prick.

She jammed her ass down hard, her back arched in the basket of the damaged tree – and the rest of the animal's cock-knob vanished up her fuck hole. The beast humped and her whole body moved with him, stuck fast on the head of his huge prick.

She threw her legs up and hooked her thighs around his cockshaft, as if she were clinging to a pole, doing some acrobatic feat on a horizontal bar. Her shoulders pressed against the tree as she crammed her crotch down, and the horse snorted and pushed – and a good foot of the stallion's enormous cock plowed up her grossly stretched cunt.

Her pussy began to suck on the massive load of horse-cock.

She was glad that her cunt had had so much practice on the wolfhound's huge prick as she writhed and squirmed – and took another six inches! That was all that she could handle.

Arabelle was stuffed by a foot and half of fat horse-cock, filled to the very brim with the hot prickmeat, riding with her thighs clamped around the cockshaft, her legs tightening as if she were posting in the saddle. She rotated her hips, screwing her cunt around on his prick like a nut onto a bolt.

The horse had been patiently waiting while she fed his cock into her fuck hole. Now she seemed to understand that he was in as far as he could get, that the rest of his cockshaft would not fit.

He began fucking Arabelle with horrendously long fuck-strokes.

The redhead cried out with pure animal joy and wild lust as that thick horse-cock stirred in her pussy guts, eighteen inches of the massive prick fucking in and out, spreading her cunt as wide as it would stretch and plumbing as deeply as it could go. He jammed her against the tree as he plowed in. As he drew his cock out, her cunt sucked and milked on the knob and stalk. The beast's cock was plugged into her hairy socket so tightly that there was not even room for the cunt juice to run out. As her pussy creamed, the hot juices sloshed around inside her guts.

Arabelle almost fainted with the joy of it.

She creamed, cunt melting, the fuck juices still trapped inside her pussy like a liquid genie in a bottle.

The horse began to fuck faster, buffeting her slim body, about, bouncing her up and down on his mighty prick. Her ass bumped on the split tree and she got slivers in her thighs, but nothing mattered – nothing but that enormous hunk of stallion prick and the cum that would soon fill her cunt.

The stallion was fucking at the trot.

Then he was pouring the prick in at the canter.

Then, to her delight, the brute broke into a full gallop and his huge prick fucked in and out of her at a pace that would have won a Derby. His massive balls ballooned. With her cunt plugged so tightly, she knew that his cum, when he shot, could not drain out of her – that her belly was going to expand with the stuff, that if cum were lighter than air she would float right up into the sky.

The horse neighed and tossed his head, his wild mane streaming.

Then his jism poured into Arabelle's cunt.

She cried out with ecstasy as she felt that steaming horse-cum gush into her cunt, her pussy melting at the same time, her whole body churning wildly in the throes of an orgasm while the stallion continued to pump in and out, emptying his cock and balls to the dregs.

Drained at last, he pulled his prick from her pussy.

His prick came out like a cork from a bottle, and a thick, milky flood of horse-cum, streaked through with strands of cunt juice, poured out from her cunt and washed down her ass crack.

Arabelle, completely satiated and contented, leaned back against the tree trunk with a happy smile.

She had done it! She had managed to take a foot and a half of a horse's prick up her cunt! Next time, she hoped, she could manage two feet of cock.

It would take practice, but the girl planned on getting a lot of that.

Only one thought troubled her now, as she looked eagerly ahead to fucking a lot of horses in the future.

Hercules.

Her faithful wolfhound was going to be sadly neglected now that she intended to concentrate on horse-cock.

She wondered, vaguely, if she might find some other girl who would be willing to fuck the dog once in a while.

And, as it turned out, that was no problem at all...