

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It was a hot and muggy day that Steve, my husband, and I arrived at our friends' house. I really looked forward to our visits with Joyce and John on their delightful private island in the bay, but the boat trip was always long and, today, it was particularly hot.

Joyce, a gorgeous lady in anyone's book, greeted us. John was off somewhere doing some chores. The welcome was reserved, almost cool, I thought, but it helped to offset the rowdy greeting we received from Jake and Fluff, the two island mascots, a gigantic Dane and a cute, trimmed poodle.

Joyce shoed them off and invited us into her home, a cozy Cape Cod, "Come on in and I'll fix some cool drinks."

"We'll have sodas," I said, as Steve had had a few too many beers on the way down.

We sat and chatted for a half hour or so before Joyce offered to go find John. Steve said he would go with her, but I declined. All I wanted was a shower and chance to lie down. The island was big; they would be gone a long time.

I waved goodbye to them and headed to the guest room. As I stripped my grimy clothes off, Fluff hopped on the bed and made herself at home.

"I'll contend with you later." My period always made me grouch, and horny, but the latter would have to wait.

The warm shower was wonderful. I stayed in for over ten minutes letting my aches and pains and sweat wash off of my body. I loved showers, because I loved the feeling of tiny little fingers caressing my body. I loved my own hand caressing my body, ALL over, and I did that a lot. I loved even more large rough hand, like Steve's, all over my body, but lately he seemed to be more intent on doing "his thing" and letting me fend for myself. But even "his thing" in bed was pretty good.

A shiver of delight ran through my body thinking of the other night when we fucked up a storm after that great porn movie I got at the video store. He even saved some for my anus that time, something he hasn't done for a long while. My, but he was good at that. I am just sorry I had to be the one to initiate it each time. I even had to go and get the videos.

But, enough of that. I finally felt relaxed and cool. A brisk rub down with one of Joyce's luxurious towels almost got me in the mood for more than a nap, but Steve wouldn't be back for an hour or so.

"A nap would still be great, but maybe I'll just get myself off once before I sack out. I'll blame it on my period," I said out loud.

I found the bed still occupied by Fluff, but a quick jerk of her collar convinced her I wanted it all. She rested her head on the bed and whined, but I was way off in another world by then. My legs were flung wide open, my hands caressing ever contour of my body. It was a delicious body and I loved it dearly, just as Steve did. It was nice to know that even though I had two kids, was married again and pushing that dreaded forty, I was still desirable.

One of the guys at work, a dippy sort, was constantly telling me how beautiful I was. At first I thought it was just a line and he was trying to seduce me, but I finally became convince that he was really in love with me and he really thought I was beautiful and wonderful. Although I had flirted with him a few time and even fantasized more than that, I had still been faithful to Steve. But it had been sort of tempting and it was nice to think that I still had that kind of attraction to males. I felt good about

myself and I treated myself accordingly.

All these things flashed through my mind as my body gradually softened in my own hands and approached that wonderful pinnacle I so longed for. My God, how I liked to orgasm. Although I loved fucking (I have had more than my share, too), it was really the orgasm that did it. I didn't mind getting a guy's rocks off, as long as he did the same for me. His cum was nice, but not mandatory.

For some reason as I gradually approached, then backed away (I loved to tease myself, too), that guy at work kept entering my head. He used to write porn stories for me. Some weren't too bad either, too bad I don't have one now, but he almost had an animal fetish, as several were about animals fucking women (in his stories, the "leading lady" was always me - great). I wonder what it would be like....

A loud crash echoed through the room. It triggered my climax. "OOOH, I sure am good," I moaned.

It was a few moments before I realized that I had heard the noise, so absorbed in finger-fucking myself, was I. "Who's that."

I raised my head saw Fluff sprawled on the floor. It had been her. She scrambled up and tried once again to leap onto the bed, apparently her original goal, but the throw rug and prevented that.

"Oh, all right, you mutt, get up here," I said as I helped her up. "There is enough room for two ladies up here, just don't crowd me, OK?"

It was too warm for covers, so I lay back down in my all-together intending to take a cat nap. My mind slowly wandered back to some of my better sexual exploits, a common day dream. Some were really neat. I remember once, there was this guy. He wasn't so good looking, but he was big and blond and had a great build and was young.

I remember that he was so nervous the first time he tried to put it in he came all over me. He apologized so profusely, just like his cum, and started crying. I remember pushing his tear-stained face towards my twat, holding him there until he started eating me. His tongue was all slobbery and soft and felt so good, especially when he tried to slip it up my vagina. He wasn't much of a fuck, too quick, but he was great at giving head.

The image of this guy was so vivid I could almost feel him doing it to me again. In my daydream I reached down to sort of guide his head, and was startled to find Fluff there!

I screamed and flew up throwing that damned dog off of the bed. It was gross. I actually had a dog licking my cunt. Now, I needed another shower.

Poor dog. I knew dogs were attracted to blood and here I was in heat myself. I sure didn't know female dogs were into that, too.

Before I got into the shower I had a chance to think about it. "It sure felt good. I'm no prude. Why not?"

"Is that what you want girl, to eat a little pussy, huh?" I cooed. "Fluff, come back her. Good dog! How would you like to take care of old auntie Alice?"

I got her back up on the bed and crawled in behind her. It didn't take much to lead her back to my crotch. Actually, I didn't know if it was my vaginal juices from my masturbating or my blood that attracted her, but who cares.

Her cold nose sent a shock through me and caused me to recoil, but her warm, wet tongue soon slizzered out and caused another kind of shock wave to rip through me. A moment later, I squealed and raised my hips slightly; she had stuck her long tongue right into my very wet hole.

“Go to it, Fluff. Just don’t forget my clit.” But she had no interest in that. I tried to get her to lick that, but her tongue was too coarse for that sensitive organ, inflamed as it was. So I let her go back to my cunt and I played joyfully with my clitoris myself.

I was in heaven. No man had ever done me quite like this. Her tongue was so long it felt like it was going all the way up to my cervix. God, it was great. My eyes must have bugged out, as I started to cum. I shook and panted and squealed for what seemed like ten minutes. I could have continued for hours like this, except we had a visitor.

As we were merrily on our way (I am not sure about Fluff, but I sure was going great) up the erotic hill, Jake came bursting into the room. In a flash he was on the bed, like a puppy, trying to see what all of the excitement was.

I wasn’t about to quit a good thing and I sure didn’t care who saw us now, I was so far along. It didn’t take long for me to notice that he didn’t seem too interested in me, but he did take a sudden liking to Fluff.

How ludicrous. If I had been in more receptive shape I would have laughed, but my body was struggling to complete its journey. There was Jake, this huge dog trying to hump a dog, two hands shorter, while she was tongue fucking me.

In the ensuing struggle, the bed taking a terrible beating, Fluffy caught my clit and I screamed in delight and melted in ecstasy.

I clamped my legs shut as Fluffy didn’t seem to care that I had climaxed and didn’t want to stop. I wanted to lie there and bask, as it were, but fate would have none of that. Jake was still earnestly humping the air with all of the urgency and abandon of a teen in the back seat of a car. Fluffy, obviously ignoring Jake was trying to root out my vagina again.

Now, being quite intelligent, I figured, “Why should I get all the breaks, Fluff should be rewarded for a job well done.”

I reached down and try to raise Fluffy’s rear end and sucked in my breath at the sight before me. Jake was humping the air with a downright prodigious member flailing around. This flaming red rod was staring right at me, glimmering and shimmering in the artificial light of the room. ‘Tis a pity men are not endowed with self-lubrication like this guy. It sure looked tastier than K-Y. “What am I saying!”

Anyway, weak as I am, having just completed a very nice climax, and hating to see that fine organ wasted, I continued to try to get Fluffy in position. But it was not to be. I suppose Fluff was not turned on by the same sort things I am, because all she seemed to want to do now was escape.

Although Jake would, no doubt, object, I let her go. She scurried off as quickly as she could.

That left me, and Jake, towering over me still humping like mad. I couldn’t take my eyes off of his moist penis thrusting from his sheath, flopping and bouncing around in the air. It was agonizing to watch him, but I sure wasn’t going to do anything else.

As his haunches continued humping I could see that long dick twitch. I slid my foot under his belly

and gently rubbed his cock with my toes.

For some strange reason I found myself saying, "Come on you beautiful beast fuck my toes, let it go... come on you beast, fuck me!"

Slowly and cautiously I reach my hand up to touch it. As it thrashed back and forth in the air I could hold my hand still and feel its smooth and slimy surface run over it. It felt good. Hot and slimy and good. Slowly I closed my hand over it.

"Surely, it wouldn't do any harm," I thought.

Jake, figuring he had hit home, went berserk. As I clamped his prick tighter he gave a great surge and "plunged home." For an instant he paused, then slowly withdrew and began his exaggerated pumping again.

It felt fine to me, but for some unknown reason I panicked and let go. Jake didn't stop, but his wail convinced me that he might catch on soon that things were not as they should be.

Quickly, I tried to slip out from under him. As I rolled I must have caught Jake off balance as the horny dog went tumbling to the floor with a terrible crash. That gave me an opportunity to wriggle off the bed and escape. Unfortunately, I met Jake getting up. His immense size and forbidding strength sent me flying backwards. I just had the presence of mind to twist around before crashing down. Thank goodness I could reach the bed or I would have busted something. I wound up half on and half off.

For an instant I lay there, panting. That instant was fateful.

Before I could push myself up and get completely away, I felt the hot breath of Jake on my back, instantly followed by a clunk on my head where his chin came to rest. His scratchy, hairy body had me pinned. I struggled to pull away, but his tree-trunk forelegs were like iron prison bars.

I didn't even have a chance to react to my predicament, when I suddenly felt a hot wet object goose me in the derriere. A scream only seemed to further inflame my captor as I desperately tried to wriggle free. His hard chest scraped my back as he strived to mate with me. His rigid penis, thank god, with a soft, pointy head kept probing into my rear, getting nearer and nearer to something significant.

What was I to do? I was being raped by a dog. They'd never believe that in court. I stopped and gathered all of my remaining strength for one last effort to break free. But this pause was also "fatal." The instant before I threw myself to one side, his urgent cock found, and entered, my anus. (And all along I was worried about my vagina being violated.)

I gasped. But I couldn't stop myself. We both toppled off the bed onto the floor. Amazingly, Jake never missed a stroke. As we were falling he had quickly pulled back a short distance, not far enough to extract himself, and with his own desperate surge drive himself fully into me. And even as we were lying on our sides struggling to right ourselves, he persevered.

But a few more of his reckless convulsions on the ground dislodged him. In an instant, without even thinking of the consequences, I was up. I threw myself headlong on the bed crying, "Jake, get up here you bastard, and finish what you started. This wanton woman needs her ass reamed."

He must have understood English, because he was up and back on me in a flash. I just caught a delicious glimpse of his magnificent cock fully extended, ready for action.

I gasped again as he reestablished his position. His determined thrusting again beating a tattoo on my backside. But this time we had the assistance of previous experience.

I rotated my hips to help his entry. He took a step toward me with his back legs and hunched his powerful haunches. I groaned, "Oh, YES!" as his long hard rod aggressively slipped into my ass once again. My eyes must have gotten big as I felt his hard urgent cock drive in deeply. I felt his hairy haunches strike my buttocks as he sank all of the way in. "Oh God! It's in. He's in me. Oh My God!"

[I must admit several things here, dear reader. First, I am not into bestiality, although I love fucking men. Secondly, I love anal intercourse. It has not always been a pleasant thing as most men don't treat me any differently whichever hole they are in. If they aren't particularly gentle when they fuck my ass it can really hurt, and of course, if they aren't adequately lubricated it is pure hell. So I have never become an expert in it seeing as how my men have not, in general, been the kind and gentle sort.

It is tough when you are attracted to the macho-type. Give me the, "Shut up, lady. I'm goin' fuck the life out of you." You can have the guys who say, "Please, Alice, may I make love with you?" and "Help me enter you, please, Alice." I can't say my type fucks better or not or that they satisfy me any better, I just like them better. "Just like a broad," you say. Well, eat your heart out, I'm not screwing you, am I?]

Getting back to the real world: I was in heaven kneeling next to the bed, with this monstrous dog humping the livin' shit out of my ass.

I sure wasn't in any pain now. I reached down to enhance the effort by playing a little tune on my clit. It was so nice to be fucked and still be able to dawdle over my clitoris and finger fuck myself at my own rate. Jake was fucking like crazy. He was going quite fast, taking short strokes. His cock was slipping in and out like nothing I have ever felt before. I could feel the heat build up, mainly due to my heightening passion, but also due to friction, no doubt.

I squealed with pleasure each time he thrust his long red cock into me. Jake, as far as I could tell, was having a great time, too. Yes, I was fucking the big dog every bit as much as he was fucking me, and we were both enjoying it very, very much.

My hips sort of twitched to meet each thrust that the dog made. He was picking up speed rapidly. Never has any man humped me so fast. Once he had his long cock fully into me he started making short thrusting jabs, not like the delicious long slow strokes that Steve was capable of, seemingly trying to get into me even deeper. I was squealing and groaning, urging him on. All of the sudden it was like I couldn't get enough air and I nearly passed out.

But I was only cumming. Huge waves of cum rolled over and over me again and again. I could feel my bodily juices flow over my fingers as I stuffed them in my vagina as far as I could. My clit instantly became ultra sensitive and I had to stop stroking it in time to Jake's thrusts. I could feel my nipples, hard as cherry pits, and I ached to have a real man stroke them. Rubbing them over the sheets was all I could manage with Jake's weight resting on me. Over and over I orgasmed.

Then the dog took a long powerful lunge that drove my thighs into the side of the bed. I felt a forceful swelling in his penis, fully buried. He exploded in my straining body. Surge after powerful surge followed giving me exquisite pleasure.

I expected him to quickly withdraw his wondrous instrument and amble unconcernedly away. Then I remembered the male dog's physiology as I felt him start to swell. I wondered, "How big will you get?"

I could feel his cock getting bigger, stretching me, as it twitched inside me. It was really neat and I felt so full.

But I was not going to sit idly by waiting for him to complete the act of mating. I was going to cum again. "Oh, my God, I'm cumming again!" I moaned to no one in particular and started to pant and gasp once again.

Eventually, I became aware of the dog getting restless and wriggling around, still inside of me, each movement giving me great pleasure. I cried in anguish as I finally felt it slip out and tried to back into him to engage it once more, but a sucking sound and a juicy "plop" told me he had pulled out.

I looked back and was amazed to see how big he was, at least eight inches and about an inch and a half thick.

Then he followed the human male lead and casually swaggered off to take a leak some where.

"That was fantastic, simply fantastic!" I said to the empty room.

But the room was not empty. A deep, booming voice broke my reverie, "The bitch likes fuckin' dogs. How appropriate."

I groaned in agony as I recognized John, the ultimate macho-man. Even though he seemed to fit the stereotype of "my man," I was always a little afraid of John. He was just too much like that. More than once I had seen him shove Joyce around, not really hurting her, just, "Letting you know who's boss." Joyce has never seen fit to talk of her relationship with him, although she has told me all of the gory, and not so gory, details of all of her many others, and there were many, men before John.

Instantly, I felt a stab in the pit of my stomach. I tried to get up out of my kneeling position, but John's hand reached out and grabbed my shoulder, forcing me back down.

I looked up into his face. John had a savage scowl as he leered down at me.

The large man slowly reached out his other hand and grabbed my hair. With brute force he slowly pulled me to my feet. With not one word, he leaned down and kissed me. He plunged his tongue deep into my mouth. The taste of stale beer and cigarette smoke made me choke, but he held me firmly to him. I attempted to kick out in self defense, only to have the air knocked out of me by a fist to my midsection. I dropped back to my knees.

"Bitch, if ya' wanna git a real cock to play with, git mine." He paused, obviously expecting me to do something. He forced me to take my eyes off of his face and look down. I closed my eyes, but he yanked me painfully by the hair and said, "Look. Take it out and look at it."

Right in front of my eyes was his crotch. I could clearly see the outline of a huge bulge inside of his filthy jeans.

"Now!" brought me back to my senses.

I slowly reached up and undid his belt. He abruptly shoved me back against the bed, mercifully letting go of my hair. I slumped against the bed as he quickly dropped his pants and was startled by an gigantic cock which bounced free of its confinement. I was caught midway between admiration, longing and dread as I stared at it sticking straight out from his hairy crotch, throbbing in time with his heavy labored breathing. It was almost ugly, almost.

“Do ya’ want to touch it, since you like cocks so much?” But it was more a demand than a question.

I reached out as he took a menacing step towards me. I had never seen a penis that big before. Not only was it long, about as long as my forearm, but it was bigger around than my wrist. If it had been attached to anything else I would have fallen in love with it right there and then, but its owner did not possess the “inner beauty” that should have gone with that magnificent stallion cock. But this unworthy bastard possessed more.

His “charm” did not stop length and breadth. Suspended from the hairy root of that massive dong hung the grossest testicles I had ever seen. They dangled down like a prize bull, and just seemed to churn over and over, each moving like a bloated puppet on a string.

My fascination was curtailed by John’s belched command, “Open your fuckin’ mouth, bitch.”

As I opened my mouth opened, he quickly struck his huge cock into it, way in, making me gag. His one hand alternated between pulling my head toward his loins and yanking it away by my hair. I was afraid to bite, but the thought did cross my mind.

I could hear his sudden grunt of pleasure as my mouth closed around his cock. His hand dug into me hard, pulling me closer as his hips thrust vigorously back and forth. I closed my eyes again, sucking hard and eagerly at his thick cock. I could feel the head of his prick slam the back of my throat with each powerful thrust and this excited me all the more. Tears welled up in my eyes, yet the feel of his hard, straining cock in my mouth awakened a savage hunger in my I’d rarely known before, but couldn’t wait to satisfy.

My tongue slid all around his cock, feeling each pulsing vein press my cheeks out. John’s hands tightened in my hair as I slowly let my hand creep up to explore his grand testicles. I gently squeezed the sperm-bloated balls and tried to trace the sinewy trail leading to the end of his gigantic organ.

In a way I was hoping he would just let me suck him off, but then in a perverse way I sort of hoped he wouldn’t. After a few minutes of his masturbating with me as the tool, he suddenly flung me back towards the bed.

Although I didn’t make it, falling back down to the floor, I didn’t need written instructions to know that I had to get up and lay down on it. With all of the confidence in the world he stood there proudly and defiantly.

“My, he’s hung. Thank God I am already juicy,” I thought.

I dutifully lay down on my back, spreading my legs and awaited the onslaught.

He took his hard, huge cock into his hands and aimed it at my gaping hole. It lurched violently. I was suitably amazed and impressed.

“Big enuff?” he asked lecherously, his eyes gleaming. “Iszat what your cunt is needin’?”

I couldn’t answer. The sight of his rigid pulsing flesh rising straight up from his hairy loins aimed at my unprotected pussy made me almost faint with desire. Uncontrollably, I began rotating my bottom in wanton little circles on the mattress. Involuntarily my hand darted to my sensitive, vulnerable bud of my clitoris, prodding and swirling around and around. “Aaaaaaah,” I moaned.

“But it’s so big,” I thought in terror. “It will surely tear me apart.” Suddenly, as he stepped towards



me, my lust was forgotten in a flood of terror. "No!" I gasped. "Stop! Please, let me go!"

I could tell in his eyes he wanted to shove his bursting cock up inside my tight little belly. I suspected he also wanted to watch my face as he entered, because he commanded, "Get on top of me!" His lust-contorted face made it perfectly clear I should follow his command.

He flopped down heavily and reached over to me, quickly pulling me up over his passion-fevered loins. His strength was as awesome as was his staff.

My breath came in quick labored gasps. It felt as though my cunt was on fire, and the spirit of licentious liberation from all inhibitions drove me to heights of wanton desire which I had never before known. Now I only wished he would put his penis inside my aching pussy, quickly!

"Like this, baby," explained the man whose fingers were now clasping the satin-smooth cheeks of my resilient buttocks and positioning my small vagina directly above his throbbing hardness. A lewd little smile lighted his face as he noted the half-fearful, half-lustful gleam in my eyes as I stared greedily down at the size of his penis. The panting giant was irritatingly sure that I'd like his big thick cock well enough once it was firmly ensconced within my trembling cunt.

"Take it in your hand and put it in your cunt," he ordered, too impatient to pay attention to the cock-teasing woman's objections.

"No!" I wailed. "I can't! I'm afraid! I won't!"

"Oh, God in heaven!" I thought, he is surely going to tear me to pieces. But I was helpless against his every wish. My body ceased to struggle and strain, and much to my astonishment the needles of desire and thrills of excitement began again, prurient flames of eroticism flooding through my loins.

"Now take it and stick it in ya' fuckin' pussy and hurry up about it," he commanded, still leering.

"How did I ever get in a position like this?" I thought.

I reached down and touched his rock hard tool again. Then, slowly I slid my fingers around that monster, just barely making it all the way around, until I had a firm grasp of it. I couldn't hold it still as it continued to pulse and surge as John's breathing came in gulps and gasps. Grasping the lust-distended hardness was like holding a red-hot steel bar.

"Oh, please, oh please, oh please," I groaned. Then, "Mmmmmm. God, it's so big, it's so hard."

Slowly I moved my hips so that my quivering vaginal opening was close to that stallion cock. As I gingerly parted my labia to guide the blunt-nosed shaft up into the depths of my belly, my earlier passion returned multi-fold.

I slowly ran my hand down and then back up that magnificent organ, feeling it spasm and swell beneath my touch.

Slowly I lowered myself over the waving, flaming tool that I could not hold still. I nestled it just between my labia, slowly exerted a force. I had never had a cock this big, so it was with mixed feelings that I was looking forward to the next moment.

"What now, little lady?" he mocked. "D'ya want this in you, baby? A-L-L T-H-E W-A-Y I-N Y-A?"

I groaned and tried to move my hips to take him into me, but he held me firmly, and I couldn't move.

He held me in his vise-like hands so that his dick no longer snuggled in my lips, but he moved me forwards and back so that it rubbed over my clitoris, exciting me all the more.

"Oh, Ohhhhhh, please." I groaned as the tip of his shaft rubbed my soft mound.

"Oh, please, oh, please, oh, please," I whispered, not knowing quite what I was begging for, release or gratification.

"Mmmmmm," I sighed, "God, it's so big, it's so hard." But, I began to gently stroke that cock up and down with both hands. "God, it's so big," as I tried break his grip and maneuvered over this monster.

Without warning, unable to wait another second, the lusty man flicked his muscular hips upward and plunged his gigantic hardness into my open vagina without caring whether he was hurting me or not.

Sharp needles of sensual agony shot through my impaled body. The massive thickness was thrust inside me. His mammoth hardness throbbed within the suffering walls of my stretched cunt.

And then before I realized what I was doing, I began to undulate my hips around the obscenely impaling rod of hardened male flesh, all traces of pain easing, floating in between hurt and happiness, between pain and pleasure, far away from reality. There was something wonderfully erotic about being fucked half to death by a virtual stranger. A powerful wave of pleasure rippled through my over-stimulated body.

"Now this is one fuckin' man," he breathed on me. "That feels better than that fuckin' dog, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I cried. "Yes, fuck me. I want it... I want it all of the way inside of me." I felt the head start to slip in deeper as I pushed.

"Oh, yes. It's going in," I panted. "OH MY GOD!" I breathed as I began to move up and down very slowly.

But as I rose slightly off of his pulsing cock, he reached down and took my swollen clit between his thumb and forefinger and roughly squeezed it, I humped against him like a mad woman.

"Fuck me!" I panted. "Do it to me... fuck me!"

Supporting part of my weight with my hands on his chest I began to make slow circles as his huge cock slowly disappeared inside of me. I watched in utter amazement.

I didn't want to move, it felt so absolutely incredible. My eyes rolled back into my head and my mouth opened to ease my labored breathing. But he wouldn't let me stop. With brute force he lifted me off of him and let me slip deliciously back onto his surging penis.

I rocked back and forth on his cock.

Alternating from a quick succession of quick strokes and slow long strokes I began to feel an eruption coming as his cock swelled even more. His hands fell away from my hips to run up and down his hardness as I rose and fell. His face was contorted in agony.

Coming up on one of my long strokes I pulled his cock out of my cunt just enough to maintain his prick head just outside and rubbed the slippery knob back and forth over my clitoris. Then I slowly

slid back onto it.

With an burst of impatience he reached up and pulled me off of him. As he threw me over on the bed, he bellowed, "You teasing slut, what are you taking so long for? I'm cumming and you're pestering."

He rolled over and literally fell on me, knocking what air I had left out. His hips were lunging crazily and heavily against my body as he desperately tried to get his huge cock back inside of me. I could do nothing to help, just lay there and take his savage pounding.

Then with pure, brute force he thrust his powerful hips forward into me and his raging cock struck the edge of my vagina. I cried out in pain.

John seemed to go berserk when I screamed as he thrust hard and his partially lodged dick-head slipped down and entered me like a pile driver.

My breath had came back, but quickly left again, "Oh, oh, ooooooh, yes, ooooooh, that's the way, that's the way, yes, yes, fuck me."

He began to pound me unmercifully, all of his weight crashing down on me.

As he groaned in anticipation of his quick climax, I, still striving for ecstasy, moaned in reply, "Oh, please, fuck me just like that, please don't stop. God it feels so good."

He grabbed my buttocks in his huge hands and rammed it towards him with all of his strength. He propelled the full length of that stupendous rock pillar shaft inside of me.

"Ahh, ahh, oh, God, hold it right there," I cried, trying to catch my breath once again.

Stopping for an instant, he looked down to his cock buried in my vagina and with a gruesome smile swore, "You fucking bitch, take it. I'm gonna run it all the way through you. Ya' never been fucked like this havya' Tell me you haven't or I'll kill ya', ya cock sucking worthless bitch."

Then quickly, resuming the obligation of his lust-ridden body, John began to fiercely ram his pulsating thickness hard up into my soft and tender vagina with smooth straight strokes, all the way to my spongy cervix.

"Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, oooh, uh, uh," I wailed with each pelvic intrusion. "Oh, God, Oh, God! Oh, YES! I Feel It. Oh, F...Fu...Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck ME!"

As an uncontrollable reflex, I wrapped my legs around his flailing hips until my feet linked over the small of his back.

He struggled to bury himself even deeper inside of me as his balls quivered with each thrust.

"Oh God, I think I'm coming," I shrieked, "Oh yes, I'm coming, oh, oh, yes, oh, please don't stop, please don't stop, fuck me, please, fuck me."

Incoherent gurgles of joy spurted from my lips, and my ripe body squirmed in near orgiastic ecstasy.

I felt his hand attack my vulnerable anus with savage insistence. The outstretched finger forced its way up into my clenching rectum, to move back and forth in time to his wild carnal strokes.

I felt myself floating higher and higher, far removed from space and time.

Then, suddenly, his long-sought climax hit him like a jackhammer. Unexpectedly it came over his aroused flesh and he howled like a wounded animal, as great swirls of incredible pleasure stormed through his overloaded nervous system.

The plunging penis that was bringing me to such great heights, thrust and stopped and expanded, as it spurt its hot load of semen deep into my convulsing body. His hot cum made my vagina feel tremendous.

“Don’t stop. Oh, no, don’t stop now!, Ooooh, Aaaahhh, FUCK ME!” I screamed, but I drew no closer to blissful ecstasy. I tried to continue to thrust against him, but his weight pinned me to the bed.

“UUUUUHHHHHH, UUUUUHHHHHH, AAAHHHHHHH, OOOOOH!” he groaned.

I was desperate. Maddened by the pungent aroma of sexual release, I wanted to keep him stroking, but it was not to be.

His orgasmic liquid poured from my racked body and overflowed upon the bed beneath.

I wallowed in his delights of orgasm and the slippery warm cum, but my joy was not allowed to continue, for with a violent shove he extricated himself from my grip and rolled off. He practically tore his rapidly shrinking penis from my vainly clutching vagina.

“Now you’ve been fucked by a real man. That oughta keep you away from the mutts from now on. Ya’ ain’t too bad, yourself, baby, but don’t come back beggin’ for more. Ya’ ain’t worth another fuck.”

He crudely rolled off the bed, lighted a cigarette, grabbed his trousers, belched, and casually swaggered off to take a leak.

I lay there for a few moments, still unstated, not really having the energy or desire to get up. Suddenly I heard a scream and the sounds of approaching footsteps. Joyce burst into the room, quickly surveys the scene and whimpered, “What did that bastard do to you, Alice?”

I really wanted to jump up and run headlong for the bathroom or the door or somewhere, but the preceding hour had been just too much. All I could do is just lay there where John had tossed me and smile up a one of my best friends.

“I’ll get that bastard for raping you. He did, didn’t he?” She asked.

I was speechless. Should I lie or not? Joyce didn’t give me a chance. She came over to the bed and leaned over me. “You poor thing,” she said and kissed my forehead.

As she sat down I saw her glance down to my crotch, my pubes, and grimace. She must have seen his cum flowing out of me, I still felt it running out, over my thigh, forming a sticky wet puddle beneath me.

She sat there for a few moments. Neither of us said anything. Then she did a strange thing. (Thankfully, I was still in virtual shock or I might have reacted hastily.) Slowly she leaned over me again and kissed my forehead again, this time I felt hot tears. Her hands came up to my face and gently lay warmly against my cheeks.

She held them there for a few moments, then she quietly lay down next to me taking me in her warm arms like I was a child. Her hands gently stroked my back, then crept innocently down to my

buttocks, then back. Her touch was very, very sensual.

She pulled away for an instant, staring into my eyes, and then leaned over and kissed me full on the lips.

I froze!

Her grip on me tightened. I tried to get away, but I was still weak.

"Alice, listen to me, please," she pleaded. "It will just take a few minutes."

She was one of my best friends, I owed her that much. She let me go when I assented. She sat up again, telling me to stay lying down. Then in a very quiet, seductive voice, she proceeded to tell me her life's story. About how she had fucked her way through life until she met John. And how John had teased her unmercifully by letting her play with his cock, but never letting her have it inside of her.

She was young and so infatuated with its size that she finally gave into to his demand that he marry her before she could have it. Then on her wedding night he had beaten and raped her unmercifully and continued to do so for several weeks. On the sly she had sought help from another friend, who had had a similar problem. That friend had "become" a lesbian in reaction to her own experiences with men. She "seduced" Joyce and Joyce "saw" the light of non-aggressive love-making.

Joyce had been rambling for quite some time before she said that. I probably had dozed off a few times, too. Anyway, quite unnoticed she had return to her gentle caressing of my still-bare body. By the time I realized it I had come to enjoy it. Then she dropped the bomb.

"Alice, it was so very wonderful being excited and loved by someone who didn't just want a fuck. She wanted to share herself with me. I returned time and time again to that wonderful person. The irony, if that is what you call it, is that once when we were in bed at our house and John walked in. He was so furious that he hasn't tried to get in bed with me since!"

Raising my head, I looked at this lovely person, actually looking very sexy there, half laying on her side, one knee raised, spreading apart her legs, so that I could see the deep gap of her short-shorts. I could not help but see the narrow piece of the crotch of her underpanties.

When she knew I was watching, she reached down with her free hand, and gently pushed aside that thin material. With a groan, in dismay or desire, I couldn't tell, I wondered at her vagina, the first one I has seen outside of my own. Her body, still gleaming from the day's perspiration, was like polished alabaster. She sat up and shrugged out of her tiny T-shirt, leaned backward, lifting her sexy hips and hooking her thumbs into the elastic of her shorts, shoved them down past her knees and kicked them away from her.

I felt a most unusual and unexpected, surge of hot feeling deep in my loins.

Joyce's body was now completely naked before me. And for the first time in my life I was really looking at one of Nature's greatest works of art. She wore her hair fairly short and it gave her face a very innocent look, her eyes were large, the pupils, a deep brown, that when they glinted made me think of some of the sexy things I used to dream about. She had a small nose and her lips were passionately full and ripe and rich. They glistened as I watched her tongue dart out from between her lips and cover them with a sheen of saliva.

I saw her breasts, while not large, were exquisitely formed and so firm, that the flesh covering them looked as if it were stretched to the tearing point, shining like the finish on a freshly waxed apple.

But what I really noticed about those breasts were those magnificent nipples. Large, very large, they were sticking out like large pencil erasers, almost straight up in the air.

As she again leaned towards me, I saw that those firm orbs hardly moved, staying tight to her body. I marveled at her narrow waist, which I was sure John could put his hands around. And just below that I saw her belly button, and I felt myself wanting to kiss that button, and tease it with my tongue. Her stomach was hard and flat and as she moved I could see the many muscles of her lower belly flexing and contracting. She looked so sexy that I felt a sudden urge to reach out and touch her, her body.

With her legs still spread apart, I saw the deep curve that showed me how her soft labia gently curved down between her legs, into the shadow. I watched as the long, strong muscles of her loins 'jerked' and convulsed.

It was quite simple, and natural, for me to look up between her silky thighs and see the seat of our mutual desire, the delicate victim of John's brutality.

Then she began to sing, more a soft delicate sing-song type of humming or murmuring. It was fascinating, even sexy.

I lay still and close my eyes, hypnotized by her sensuous humming.

It began as a light, almost unfelt touch. Still, it sent shock waves through my body. As the feeling of pleasure faded, I tried to bring myself back to reality, tried to remember where Joyce had touched me. I couldn't. What was she doing that caused me to feel this way. Whatever it was, I did not want her to stop.

She touched me again. This time, I knew. I felt my nipples react to the light caress of her fingers. A feeling of warmth began to spread across my breast and down toward the flatness of my stomach. I could feel my nipples swelling as my body accepted her offerings.

Suddenly, my body arched upward. I had no control over that reaction. Juices once again began to flow from my vagina as Joyce slowly drew her finger up between the lips of my labia. I was frozen. I lost total track of time as I felt my clitoris being stroked very, very tenderly. It seemed like she was only moving in one direction, taking me higher.

The caressing did not stop, or reverse direction. I did not want it to. I could feel the juices flowing out of me making a warm soggy puddle beneath my tense bottom. I could smell my own scent in the room. It was not as unpleasant as I had remembered when I masturbated alone. It almost smelled of perfume. Breathing deeply, I allowed myself to be led higher.

Her finger continued to cautiously drift across my clitoris. She was moving as slowly as she could, trying to prolong the feeling for me. She wanted to do nothing, but please me, I could feel it. If there was anything that could be done for my body to feel good, she would do it.

I could not see her move, but I felt her shift her body. I felt a warm breathing on my breast, on my abdomen, on my legs, on my genitals. Now her gentle fingers were replaced with her soft warm tongue.

I rolled my head from side to side on the pillow. I felt no need to guide Joyce, she seemed to anticipate my every desire even before I felt it.

"Oh god, YES!" I screamed as her tongue danced across my clit. She drove harder at my yearning, flowing vagina. As she licked up and down the lips and around my swollen little clitoris the thought

that I was really enjoying my first orgasm from a woman did not enter my mind.

Joyce ever so gently started to rub her finger around that little puckered rosebud. I cried out again, "OOOH! OOOH! OOOH! I never knew. That feels so good. OOOH! Don't stop, I feel so tingly, so sexy, so needed, so wonderful."

She moved her other hand up to take my straining nipples into her sensitive fingers and roll them around. All the while she was gently licking my swollen labia getting all of that sweet nectar she could.

Then her finger began to gently probe and withdraw from my beckoning vagina. I reached up and searched for Joyce's nipples, which stood out like ripe berries and were so hard, sitting atop those luscious soft mounds of creamy alabaster. A bolt of electricity surged through me as I touched them. Her breasts were so beautiful I wanted to bury my face in them and cover them with kisses.

Involuntarily, my hips began to heave in time with her cautious investigations. She became braver and gradually started to move her fingers in and out slowly half twisting them with each stroke. Shoving her face hard against my wet genitals she took that swollen clit into her lips and gently pulled and gently sucked. After a few nearly unbearable moments she graduated to a more persistent hard sucking, and then light again, alternately. She gently massaged first one nipple then the other.

"AAAH! OOH, I feel so hot. I'm going to do it! YES! NOW!! I'M CUMMING," I blurted out. I arched my back extending my woman-hood to Joyce's receptive mouth. I was out of control, bucking and humping vigorously all over the bed. Joyce buried her face into my pussy and sucked hard, lapping up all my bodily juices. Then she quickly placed her fingers on my heaving buttocks, sliding them around until they penetrated my crack and shoved her finger deep into my anus.

All went black as I felt myself tumble into space more real than imaginary. The euphoria was like I had never experienced with a man before. It began in my genitals and swiftly engulfed my whole body giving me what could only be described as a wonderful electric shock, not painful, just ecstatic, and continuous and all- fulfilling.

After an eternity, as I slowly returned to earth, Joyce withdrew. She moved up my tense, flat stomach licking and nipping. As she reached her face she covered my mouth with her own, parting the lips and inserting her tongue deep into my mouth. I responded with my own, battling back, striving to return a fraction of the joy she had just imparted to me.

"Now, Alice, I want you to do as you like with me. Don't be afraid. You won't hurt me. Just take your time. My body is yours to do as you will," Joyce whispered.

Looking into those large brown eyes, I reached up and started to cup one of her exquisitely lovely breasts. I ran my forefinger over the nipple which instantly sprang out hard and round. As I began to knead and stroke those precious globes, I rolled her over onto her back and began kissing her from her delicate face down to her heavenly breasts, and slowly further.

The pungent scent of Joyce's moist vagina wafted up to me, but it was not disagreeable, it was like the fragrance of roses. I dallied lovingly around her lovely labia, examining each delightful fold and valley. I could hear moaning in time to my searching. She gradually began a mournful wail that started deep in her loins and rose until it reached a crescendo as I finally submerge my face into her yearning womanhood and desperately searched for the epitome of her sensuality with my inadequate tongue. I so longed for a penis of the size of John to delve and flirt and play. But, alas...

Suddenly, she clamped her lovely legs around my head and gave an ear-piercing scream, and lay

limp, spent.

I crawled up to lay on her sweet body, to share my new-found oral treasures with her.

We lay passively, spent, happily for many, many moments in each others arms, before she finally stirred. "Alice, that was wonderful." With that she slowly curled her lovely legs up over my back, squeezing my abdomen hard against hers. Her hips began a slow, deliberate rhythmic rocking as if she was responding to a man entering her.

"God, Joyce, I wish I had a cock to fuck you with," I whispered. But her only response was a gentle beatific smile as she rolled her eyes up into her head gave an agonizingly deep groan of passion and orgasmed once again, as our mons and bodies blended into one.

"But I do," Steve moaned from the doorway.

I should hate you for lying with a woman, Alice, but I could never stop loving you. You know that. Why are you doing this? Why?"

"Steve, listen to me. This has been an unbelievable day for me. Don't be angry at me, share my joy with me, please. Come here, Steve," I cried.

Steve slowly, reluctantly came over to us. Joyce quietly slipped out of bed, only now noticing her nakedness. Steve let her go without a glance. "God, he must really love me to not even give that beautiful body a second glance," I thought as he sat down next to me.

With tears streaming down my face I began to tell him of all, well, not all, I omitted John's participation, for Steve's sake, the happenings.

He looks down at me, kindly, with tears of his own and says, with great courage, "Alice, I know I cannot keep up with your sexual desires. I try as hard as I can, but I just can't seem to. I don't want you to be unsatisfied, but I couldn't bear it if you made love to another man, I'm sorry. Forgive me, please, Alice."

We held each other for a few long, deep minutes. Only when the spell-breaking sound of Joyce's toilet flushing broke the stillness did either of us speak. He whispered in my ear, "Well, I guess I can't be jealous of a woman, and it seems silly to be jealous of a dog. Was he any good?"

Before I could respond, he added, "Maybe I should buy one for you. Would you like one?"

With a cried of joy, I reached up to hug that big delightful man and say, "No, Steve, you are all I really want."

Steve held me for an instant, then stiffened. Abruptly, almost in anger he pulled my arms from him and with sort of a scowl, stood up. I fell clumsily back onto the still-damp bed.

"Don't go, Steve. Please don't leave me," I begged.

But he seemed to be deaf to my pleading as he sneered, "I'll do whatever I damn well please, Alice."

"Damn! Why did I tell him about that damned dog. Maybe he could have accepted Joyce," I thought as I dissolved in tears, clutching the pillow to my face in my anguish.

Quiet steps faded, punctuated by the punctuation of the door catch "click." I could do nothing, but lay there and sob in my misery. "Steve, gone! My whole life gone!"



Almost immediately I felt the presence of a warm body first leaning over me and then kneeling next to me, causing the mattress to flex. "Go to hell, Joyce. Can't you see what you've done.... And me, too, sorry," I muttered.

But Joyce didn't see fit to leave for I felt her warm hand rest on my butt. Her hand rested there, unwelcome, but warm, and, almost, rough.

In irritation I started to roll over, but I felt myself in an iron grip. This was not Joyce! As I felt myself being crushed under the weight of a heavy male body, I cried, "No, Jo..." but before I could get the words out a hand shoved the pillow back into my face.

Hot breath caught the back of my neck and ear, along with the words, "Whatever I want, is this." And I felt my legs being pried apart by a sexually driven man. His stout and rock hard cock fell against my bottom.

"Steve!" gushed from my smothered mouth.

"Quiet, Love. Joyce is still around somewhere. I just can't stand seeing your beautiful body lying here without wanting to join with it, and you. I want to be inside of you, a part of you, to be one with you. I want to be slow and follow you along the long, long trail to ecstasy, but my body is out of control. Forgive me, Wonderful Alice. Forgive me."

A flood of passion enveloped me once again. It felt like it had been in limbo. It rushed upon me with all of the fury of a tempest. Already I was higher than I had been, even with John, who never let me climax, or with Joyce. Or even when Steve and I used to make mad passionate love at home with no worries from the kids. In one fraction of a second I was sailing beyond my greatest fantasies.

I could do nothing with Steve lying on me, but I didn't have to, even though I wanted to roll over and hold him close to me. His hand had released the pillow and along with the other one had slipped around to my yearning breasts and were like little children at play. He hadn't done that in years.

Then his knees slipped under my thighs and raised my belly off the bed a few inches. As I lifted I felt his manhood slip down beneath me until it rested comfortably in my labia, just snuggling up to my warmth. Very deliberately he began to stroke in and out rubbing that delightful organ against my clitoris, sending me beyond my wildest dreams.

I wanted to hold myself so we could cum together, but it was on me before I could do anything. It was utterly unbelievable. Over and over I tumbled in the heavens, awash in sensual fluids, enveloped in sweet scents, sensations cursing through my body that were truly obscene, truly wonderful, truly of God. All went black, then red, then white, then all colors of the rainbow.

Still he repeated his ministering to my privates. Feeling, caressing, loving. The pounding in my ears drowned the sweet nothing pouring in them from his honeyed lips. I could breath no more. "I am dying," I thought. But I didn't care. I see what God has in store for me in the next life. It couldn't be better than this. "I'm coming, Lord. I'm coming," I cried.

Somewhere along about this time, he carefully abandoned his penile stroking and clumsily began searching for that Holy Grotto of Love. Steve had never made love to anyone like this so it was a new experience for him. But it hardly made any difference, as his mind and body were miles apart.

His mind was far, far away with Alice on her guided tour of God's Heaven; his body was flailing away, thrusting against yielding flesh desperately searching for the wonderful entrance to Nirvana. Somewhere in the far reaches of reality, Steve could feel his seminal fluid begin that irrepressible,

unstoppable journey to the Promised Land. No where in his repertoire did he have the wherewithal to prevent this happening, try as he might.

But God is gentle with true lovers. In what seemed like a fraction of a second, but was in reality over ten minutes, Steve's massive erection not only found Alice's craving and joyously receptive vagina, but plunged its way to its very holy depths, withdrew, just to tease the human participants, descended again, teased, plunged, teased, plunged...

Both Alice and Steve, figuratively, lay back in their own reverie and applauded their beautifully formed bodies perform like no other lovers had ever done.

A twinge of pain tingled Steve's gonads. With an unearthly groan, Steve poured, no, shot his very soul into the eagerly awaiting receptacle of Alice. Their bodily fluids mingled just as their souls were doing already.

All Joyce could do, having been an admiring observer for the last twenty minutes was playfully bring herself to a climax, piteously insignificant compared to those she had just shared with Alice. With a moan of anguish, she reached down to gently clutch Steve's churning testicles and simultaneously gently place the other worshiping hand on Alice's turgid clit. "God, that must have been good," she wondered out loud to deaf ears.

She stood admiring and envying the two for several minutes before sighing and leaving the room. She thought, "If John hadn't left for the mainland, I might just have given him another chance. I wonder if I could get Steve to screw me. Naw, probably not. But maybe I'll try. He sure is good."

But Joyce abandoned the two exhausted lovers too soon.

Steve was the first to float back to the harsh real- world. Still feeling the tingling from the delightful exertions, he whispered, "I love you, Alice. I love the way you make love, but, Alice, I love you for what and who you are. I love you because you are kind and gentle and caring and nice. I could never love another like I love you, Alice, nor would I want to. Can we keep this forever?"

Well, how do you reply to this? Here is the one person in the universe I love more than all others. Here is a fantastic lover and wonderful friend. The only words that could be used in response. In my book, were these: "I love you, Steve. I want you, Steve."

But I did not have the chance, for to my amazement, Steve pulled his still erect and throbbing cock out of my vagina and whispered in a hoarse voice, "I want you, Alice, NOW!"

He carefully rolled off of me, I supposed so that he could turn me over. As I roll over he reached out with his strong arms and pulls me over to him, and says, "I don't have the strength to do it anymore, Dear Alice, but the desire is sure still here."

Like high school kids in the back seat of a car, we wrestled and thrashed around. The sensations of out electric bodies contacting and rubbing sent sparks coursing through us. After a few moments of aimless, but delightful, tussling, we found ourselves sitting upright cross-legged in front of each other, but teetering on the edge of the bed.

Steve, taking advantage of his superior strength, grabbed me by the shoulders and held me still.

"Stop, Alice, I just want to soak up some of your exquisite beauty," he murmured. Those were sure welcome words to me, but it almost seemed all of his beauty that I wanted to soak up was between his crossed legs.

“God made a mistake when he failed to design us to make mad, passionate love remotely so we could see the beauty of the human body,” he said.

Speechless, I just smiled a silly grin at him.

Steve reached out to gently cup my small, but turgid, breasts in his warm hands. I extended my hand and caressed his nipples. We kissed, a slow, fervent kiss. Cautiously, at first, our tongues explored, as our hands softly and hesitantly meandered among the newly discovered hills and valleys of each other. Our nipples stood at rigid attention, straining towards each other. He paused a moment to delicately plant a warm, moist kiss on each sweet breast. Our fingers continued to enjoy their romped resembling children at play.

One of his hands crept up to stroke my hair and fell lovingly to gently massage my shoulders and back of my neck; the other stole lower to my delicate, satiny smooth, creamy white inner thigh and delicately inched to my pubic area, rich in erotic senses. It was still dripping wet with his seminal fluids. He gently traced the contours of my pubic mound and tangled his fingers lovingly in the hair. He tenderly frolicked over the mons and cautiously ventured further.

My hands, far from idle, caressed his chest and arms and followed the soft fur down towards the deep and dark nether regions. As I reached the mound of soft hair surrounding his penis, which seemed to be preparing to explode from the violence stored inside. Even then it grew and expanded more as I amazed. It was a quivering rod, proud and majestic, upright in the forest for all to behold and admire.

I had never seen it so big, even in bygone years. My finger traced the edges of his prick around and followed it up to the closed orifice. Oh, so, gently I lifted his forbidding penis up and looked it head on. My fingers then touched a large serpentine vein and followed it full length, wondering lazily as I went.

When I reached the root, the source of the enormous organ’s strength, I extended my hand until I totally enveloped the rigid staff. The other hand stole down still lower to the testicles. In the heat of passion they were loose and pliable, yet amazing full considering what they had just expended. As I valiantly tried to capture and hold one Steve caused me to start.

He had found my clitoris, my blood-rich bud, flower, seat of driving passion, but not until after he had deliciously sought the hidden depths of my creamy pink vagina, the love-shrine. His fluids, unknowingly added to John’s torrent, was the perfect moistener, lubricator, for his touch. With exquisite care and tenderness he surrounded my exquisitely sensitive flower and caressed every crevice and tip.

I gave a reflex intake as he reached the tip. My moans were equaled only by his. Steve dallied with trembling hand as shivers of passion waved through my starving body.

Together we lavished joyful touch upon tender touch on each other as we shared this exquisitely lovely and passionate moment. As our soft and gentle frolicking continued our breathing meshed into one.

Imperceptibly we clung to each other. At no time did our eyes wander from each other, save the instant of that first touch of my clitoral tip, being constantly focused on our finger’s meandering, awed by the innocent and sweet “children” at play in their enchanted meadow.

As one we looked at each other as if to verify that our time was now. The electricity of the moment was awesome.

Our eyes again dropped as I tried to untangle my legs. As I struggled, one of Steve's hands caressed my neck and back, the other alternated between his tender stroking of my clitoris and sensitive probing of my warm cave of joyful love.

I couldn't leave that moment. I stopped trying to extract myself and reached down once again with one hand reached around Steve's back and pulled him closer, with the other I resumed that delightful game of tag with his testes.

As passion overtook us I slipped my hand up once more to his turgid, pulsing penis and as Steve gently opened my vagina I allowed the softly rounded head to run around the lips ever perceptually creeping closer to the warm, dark cave, as my flowing juices graciously covered the magnificently erect crown.

We both watched in utter amazement as the now self-activated penis followed the lead shown him. With faint help from either of us the splendid shaft slowly sank out of sight. As if watching departing friends, we gave pause when he was totally immersed inside of me.

It had never felt like this with Steve before. I had thought that making love to Steve had left no new ground to cover. Oh, how wrong I was. This was a totally different world. Not only was his penis significantly bigger it seemed to give off a sensation in my womb like he, or no man, had ever done before. It wasn't heat or electricity or anything that I could put into words. But it was exquisite.

Only then did we look up to gaze into each other's eyes. It was a moment we both wished we could have preserved forever. I thought, "Darn, now, the best part is over?" Little did I know.

We snuggled closer, remaining locked, totally engaged.

Obviously he intended to pull me over on him, but the initial movement sort of broke the moment. When I felt that intense penis shift slightly inside of me I writhed in ecstasy and uttered a delighted squeal.

We fell to one side and in the ensuing, but delectable, struggle his legs slip off the bed. He reached up and with his strong arms pulls me down to his chest, planting a moist, passionate kiss on my lips. His flamboyant tongue snaked into my mouth to determinedly wander and search, just as his stallion-cock explored my vagina.

My legs were nearly off the bed so I pulled them up until they were just below Steve's armpits. This sudden movement caused him to slip out of me. We both gasped simultaneously. I tried to recover by slipping back on him, but his cock had jerked uncontrollable at the same instant I had lowered myself and I wound up resting my still dripping genitals on his flat hard abdomen.

I could feel his unbelievably turgid penis pulsing against my butt. The old Steve was no spring chicken and for a long time now we have had to wait several hours between love sessions before he could get another erection. I liked this new Steve.

Taking a hint from his previous actions I snuggled my pubes down against swollen cock.

I leaned up so that I was kneeling over him and reached down to fondle his cock once more. But this time I pulled up and hunched back down over Steve resting my pubes on his cock, now. I could feel every manly inch of it stretched out along my perineum and labia. It shoved against me with an astonishing ferocity. It took almost my entire body weight to press it against Steve's belly. His grunt of pain caused me to ease up and allow it to rise a little.

I wanted Steve in me more than I have ever wanted anything before, but I have always been a tease. I guess my true nature took hold, because I slowly began a sensual undulation up and down along his distended cock. At the end of each stroke I could feel him jerk, obviously battling to gain entry to the home we had so lovingly prepared.

I was no longer master of my own body. It became seized with a passion far outweighing anything it had seen before and stroked that colossal organ until Steve was out of his mind. My labial lips hungrily enfolded that monster. The sensitive inner surface nestled over each turgid vein. The feeling was like none I had ever felt before.

I could have continued like this for hours, but poor Steve was obviously panicking. He struggled to get me off of him, but since he was half off the bed he couldn't get any leverage.

If the situation had been different I would have laughed out loud. I was virtually raping Steve, as close to masturbating him as you can get, something he never would have allowed. I was controlling the events. I was dominating. All of this being perpetrated by a woman who needed to be dominated. I was the one who wanted Steve to fuck all the time, but I had to convince him so that he would "take" me. I was an enigma. Well, Steve wanted to screw me now and I wouldn't let him. I couldn't help myself.

That is, I couldn't, but someone else could. I felt a gentle and warm, but resolute hand on each hip, slowly lift me up until Steve's magnificent cock sprang to attention beneath me. I held the position for a moment as the hands left me. I couldn't help but follow Steve's eyes as he looked down between us.

There was Joyce's sensitive hand curled around Steve's erection trying to guide it to my awaiting vagina. I couldn't help noticing that that was not all she was doing, however. To truly guide it in place she would have to hold her hands still and push or pull it the right way. Her hands were slowly moving up and down the shaft and only slightly pushing it up towards me.

I glanced in apprehension at Steve, figuring he would have a bird, but his facial expression did not show the slightest sign of concern.

We both heard, but ignored, Joyce whispering, "God, it feels so good. It is so hard and hot. Mmmmmmm!"

One hand slowly released its grip and slid up to rest on his prick. She gently massaged it as Steve groaned in seeming agony.

"Put it in quickly. I can't hold much longer," he moaned.

Jerking to reality, Joyce again grasped that horse-cock and forced it forward and place her other hand on my butt to encourage me to lower myself. Her guidance was not limited to pressing me down either, for it was in constant motion caressing and kneading and searching.

"Now," she cried, "Take him now."

Trusting fully her judgment I fell heavily on Steve and felt his immenseness enter and be engorged by my ripe vagina. The sensation was delicious. I faintly heard Joyce gasp in encouragement. I knew her hand, not still on my rear, and I found out later that she continued to stroke Steve's cock on the up stroke and knead his testicles when he was inside of me. (We did thank her, by the way, but it was later, much later, but that is another story.)

I was not slow or gentle, I was possessed and wanted to feel him violating my body with his organ. I pushed hard against him and felt his hardness fill me. Oh, the sensations were coming fast now. I moved up and down almost off completely and rammed down again. He may have felt I was in danger of hurting one or both of us with my movements as he gently took hold of my hips and began guiding me to a slower motion. That too was wonderful. My muscles began to tighten even more around his member when he was buried in me.

My motions were not just up and down either, but horizontally forward and backwards, and sideways, and around in a circle. It was exquisitely difficult to raise off of him, to allow his prick to leave my yearning vagina, so I lifted slowly as I moved my hips backwards allowing his withdrawing cock to contact deliciously with my clitoris. The sensations were unspeakable. When fully withdrawn I would then fiercely ram down and forwards onto him again allowing him to careen manfully back to the hilt.

Once I was fully engorged with him I would rest on him and wiggle my hips a second feeling him lurch and pulse inside. Ahhhhhhhhhhh. Would that this great joy never end.

The tightening spasms became more angry and forceful and I knew I had totally surrendered to this animal act. I must have made incoherent sounds as my whole body began to shake with a very powerful orgasm. Surely he was getting very close, too. He again tried to slow the pace, but I had this feeling that if we slowed, then it would end, whereas if we continued at this desperate tempo it could last forever.

But I also wanted to feel him explode his hot sperm deep inside of me. I wanted to feel his pleasure and know that there was unbelievable magic here for him, too. If I could have stepped aside and surveyed the situation I would never have felt that doubt, but it was impossible for me, at that time, to believe that there was any pleasure left available to anyone else in the entire world.

My vaginal muscles tighten on him, seemingly to strangle the very vitality from him, but his erection seemed not only to survive, but thrive on the super-human forces I was involuntarily exerting on him.

I vainly wanted him to join me in this expression and experience of love created by God for just the two of us, but I still felt alone. How could this be shared? I desperately wanted to milk his climax, emanating from his burgeoned testicles and driven outward into me, to be directed at the very center of his being as well as mine.

From somewhere out in the earthly world I could imperceptibly hear voices, one was high and feminine, moaning in a singsong fashion in perfect unison with our flailing and the soft stroking on my lower back and buttocks and thighs (and elsewhere), and the other was a low rumbling groan from Steve expressing in no uncertain terms that he wanted to join me, but couldn't. The only real words I could comprehend were, "Wait for me" and "Help me," both uttered with a pathetic desperation that would have brought tears to mortals, if there were any present.

I vaguely sensed a change, as Joyce's tender hands disappeared. I scarcely would have noticed, except almost immediately I felt another warm body descend on me as I was pumping away. This body was warm and alive and heavy and ... hairy. It was Jake.

Later, Joyce explained that Jake had returned to the scene of his earlier conquest, apparently drawn by the scent of lust. It took little imagination on her part to figure a way for the obviously willing stud to join the fun, although she said she was tempted to take him for herself. It also took little encouragement on her part to assist Jake up and over my backside.

For an instant I was afraid the spell had been broken as the huge dog, not being the gentleman that Steve was, set upon his task with not the faintest hint of tact. His erection, no doubt assisted by Joyce, who was probably getting into practice for some future exercise, was apparent immediately. The already familiar stanchion began immediately to poke and stab at my firm backside, and none too cautiously. Steadying hands finally guided that dripping rod to that abode that would proceed to work miracles on the poor beleaguered Steve and would drive me to even higher reaches.

It was clear that Steve didn't know what was going on for as soon as Jake had penetrated my anus to his fullest, it must have taken him all of two awful strokes, he grunted out, "My God Alice, what are you doing? You are going to drive me insane. You are going to kill me. I can't take any more. I am dying. I am cumming. Aaaagghhhh!"

But it was not quite over, but almost. The fluid noises of their combined juices, a slight bed-centered squeak and their passionate breathing were the only sounds.

Precisely on cue their breathing became more like grunts and groans as the heated motion of their bodies became more spontaneous and impulsive and less restrained.

As their exertion approached the agonizing stage the sensuous groans became a constant barrage of erotic and carnal grunts. I attempted to control our fantastic thrusts, just to make them linger, but to no avail.

I grunted both in satisfaction and exertion. It was on me. That terrible, terrible climax of all of our Holy exertions was upon me. For an instant my body stopped in mid motion, Steve's bursting cock rested with the prick just tucked against my labia, Jake still pumping like the mad dog he was at that instant. I felt a brilliant blinding radiance shine down on me as my vagina contracted around Steve's prick virtually forcing it out. Was this how it was going to end?

In that instant, when I thought all was lost, Steve let out a deafening roar and he pulled me down on him. My vagina relaxed, cooperatively for that split second, and I felt him surge and swell. Simultaneously, with a piteous cry Jake forced himself deep to the brooding depths of my colon and ejaculated with an astounding force that shook my bowels, and then, immediately began to swell.

As I felt his surging penis erupt with a fiery inferno that must be called Mons St. Alice, Steve vented another monstrous and guttural primeval cry. I unsuccessfully fought an urge to scream, as a shrill wail of ecstasy bubbled from my lips along with the cry, "Oh, no, God! Don't let it be finished! Bring it back."

Our simultaneous cataclysmic orgasm gushed. An enormous mass of semen, seemingly Steve's total life's energy, spewed forth to penetrate every cranny. As he strove to extract the last vital drop in me. Our juices became too much to hold; our virtual life fluids flowed freely over us and the bed.

It felt like forever as he, no, they, spurted repeatedly, endlessly, each ejaculation as potent as the previous.

My only distinguishable words were a heart-felt prayer, "OH MY GOD! THANK YOU!"

My prayer of thanks was answered with the triggering of a second and more startling climax. A flood of heavenly stars rained down on Steve and I as we sailed off forever to God's perfect Garden of Love.

Life would never be the same for either of us, thank God. Until the end of our days we will joyously search for the duplication of this unbelievable experience. What better Heaven than this. With utter

joy, we lay spent in each others arms for almost forever.

It makes little difference to the reader if our search for a repeat was ever successful. Fortunately, exploring for it was quite worthwhile on its own merit. Try it some time, my friend.

END