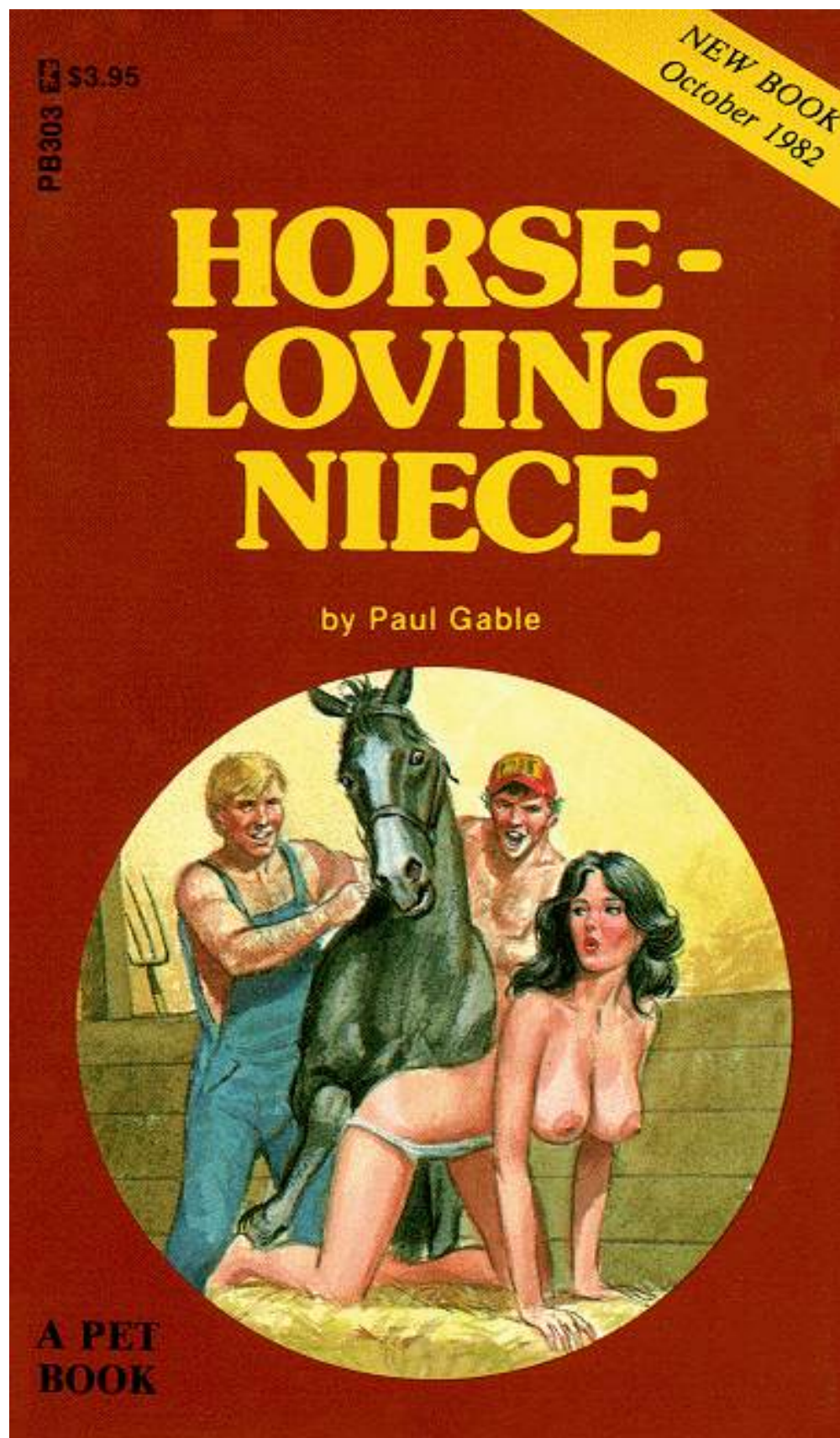


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BEASTIALITY STORIES





CHAPTER ONE

"Will that be everythin', ma'am?"

"Hm?"

Linda Albright stood on the porch of her aunt's ranchhouse, staring at the reddening sun as it dropped slowly behind the mountains. The air was so clear here in the high desert. The sky so much bluer than in L.A., the landscape far more dramatic. Why couldn't she enjoy it? Why couldn't she simply lay back, run the ranch and enjoy the wild beauty of this countryside instead of thinking of that awful itchy heat concentrating in the furry bundle between her legs? She sighed, closing her eyes, feeling her strength being sapped away.

"I asked, if you want somethin' else."

Linda opened her eyes and pushed away from the wooden porch support she'd been resting against.

"No, no, Hank. That's enough for today. Tell the boys thanks for everything... for helping me out," Linda said, smiling at the tall dark-haired hand shuffling his feet in front of her with hat in hand.

It had been difficult at first, taking a leave of absence from her teaching job in Glendale to come out here and help her aunt after Uncle Jim had died. The ranch was so big, so complicated. Thank God they had a competent foreman and six good hands to do the actual work. It had been a slow, painful learning process for Linda. But being an intelligent young woman of twenty-four, she finally managed to learn some of the ropes of the game. And after the first month Linda began actually to enjoy living out here, working with the men, learning about the cattle business with all its problems and rewards. There were times when she even thought of leaving her teaching job altogether in Glendale and setting up shop here outside of Riverside.

But then she thought of the isolation here, of the temptations! All those men, all wanting to fuck her. Yes, they wanted her up against them, letting them squeeze their pricks through her cuntmeat. Linda read their eyes, could feel what they were thinking as she passed them by in her tight-fitting Levi's. They wanted her, but were afraid to do anything because she was the boss, the owner. That alone saved her from the crude remarks she was so used to getting back in Los Angeles. There were the off-color remarks, the groping in public busses, even obscene phone calls now and then in the middle of the night from men too cowardly to face her, telling her how they wanted to put their mouths on her pussy and suck her cunt until she went crazy. How she hated all that, wanted them to leave her alone.

And yet there was another part of her that relished all the attention, riveted her ear to the phone, made her nipples stand up and itch like mad when she felt those fingers sliding over her asscheeks in the bus. Her mother had done her job well, frightening Linda out of her wits at an early age about men... and especially about fucking. But some part of her had escaped those dreary moral lectures. Some part of her was waiting for the right moment to assert itself, to demand to be satisfied no matter what. Linda shivered, rubbing her upper arms with her finger tips. Hank was still standing in front of her, looking a little uneasy. Linda frowned, wiping her sweaty palms on her dress.

"Is something wrong?"

They had just repaired the fencing on the north property. Linda wasn't sure the ranch could stand another major repair bill until the cattle selling began next month.

"Uh... no, ma'am, it's just that... well... there's a dance... kinda a dance, guess, over in town this Thursday. It's lots of fun - all the folks gettin' together and havin' a good, clean time. And... and I thought you might be interested in goin'... with me."

Hank was her foreman, and a damned good one at that. He had a way with the men as well as with the cattle and horses that amazed her. She had thought of him as a valuable employee - and nothing more than that. Now, as he stood there with the sun setting behind him, Linda saw him in a new

light. She ran her gaze over his broad shoulders, his powerful chest, that handsome, tanned face, then down to his crotch. It was too dark to see anything. But, to her embarrassment, Linda realized she was wondering about his cock. Was his prick long, short, thick, skinny? Except in books she'd managed to sneak into the house, the woman had never seen a man's prick.

"Ma'am?"

"Uh... well, I'm not sure," she said, finding herself a little confused at the thought. What would it be like to be in a man's arms - this man's arms? She had all those erotic fantasies, those terrible, wonderful dreams of men holding and touching her. But in these dreams men never had faces, never seemed to materialize completely. Here was someone very real indeed boldly asking for a date. "I... I think I'd enjoy going, though. It sounds like fun."

Hank smiled, nodding his head rapidly. "Sounds good, ma'am. I'll be around here at seven, then, pick you up."

"Sounds good, Hank. Good night," she said, feeling herself growing a little breathless. Again she found her gaze sweeping over his body, settling on the spot between his legs where his prick was. A rush of chilly heat raced through Linda's cunt. Damn, what was she doing? Was she throwing herself right into the lion's den by accepting that date? Of course she could always break it. This was Tuesday evening. The dance was at least two days away.

"Good night, ma'am."

Linda sighed once more, turned, and went back into the empty house. Just one week ago her aunt had had a mild stroke - nothing serious, but bad enough to require her to be hospitalized for at least several weeks. That had left Linda alone to run the business, having to extend her leave of absence, and making her feel terribly alone and vulnerable. The men had been wonderful in helping her out. But still she felt as if her world here were about to explode at any second. And the explosion wasn't only her worry about her business sense. Aunt Jane had been her walls of protection against herself, that other self twisting and screaming inside her, trying to escape and take over. With the older woman gone there was nothing external to prevent her from... doing what?

She closed and locked the front door behind her, leaning against the molding with her eyes cinched shut. Perhaps she should call her younger sister Janice to come up for a visit. The girl was such a wild one, running with boys all over town. At twenty the girl was a sophomore at Cal State Los Angeles, still giving her mother gray hairs with her wild escapades. What was done to Linda in sexual repression somehow had no bearing on her sister. Yes, she'd call Janice up tomorrow. The girl was on spring break. She was sure her sister would enjoy coming out here and going riding.

Besides, Janice would be the company she needed right now in the house until she could get a better grip on herself. Right now things were so foggy, so... so confused!

"What!" Linda jumped nearly out of her skin when she felt something cold and very wet brushing up against her leg.

At first the woman thought it was a trick of her imagination. But, peering down, she saw the big black and gray-body of Chad, the three-year-old German Shepherd her aunt had purchased just before Linda's arrival for protection. Linda shivered, drawing her hands up and pressing her fingers against the base of her throat. She had never liked the animal. He seemed too independent, almost threatening whenever she was around. Aunt Jane had difficulty controlling him and often spoke of getting rid of the animal when she had more time. Perhaps Linda wouldn't be going out of the way in helping her aunt sell the beast... or sending him off to the pound. Did they have a dog pound here?

She was sure they did. In any case, he wasn't going to spend the night here with her. There was something awful in the way he was staring at her now, pushing his shoulders against her legs, panting against her knees.

"No, you ate already. I fed you earlier," Linda said as the dog whined through his nostrils, nosing her behind the knees.

Linda gasped, her eyes widening. Why was that touch doing such strange things to her cunt? It was crazy, insane for her to be feeling arousal at this point. But that was all she could call it. Arousal! She had felt it once or twice, especially the night when Greig Hansen had tried to fuck her! Yes, the one time, the very first and only time a man had almost gotten to her, had almost fucked his cock into her pussy. It had taken all her strength to push him away. Since then no one had even tried. Linda thought of that and suddenly felt terribly empty and a little sick. Had she thrown her life away so far? Was she turning into a cynical old maid?

"No, Chad!" she snapped, slapping at the dog.

He was mouthing her ankles now. This was going far too far!

"Out you go," she said, turning around and opening the front door once more. A gentle cool breeze came from the north, stirring her long blonde hair. The animal paused at the doorway, twisting his proud head around and looked up at the woman. Linda stiffened. There was a kind of near-human intelligence in those dark-brown eyes, an intelligence that made her flesh crawl. "I said go out."

Chad whined some more, then barked, backing into the living room. Linda stared wide-eyed at the animal. He wasn't obeying her. He wasn't obeying her at all! Usually she and her aunt had some difficulty in making the dog obey. But in the end they had their way. Now Chad was deliberately disobeying her, denying her as it were!

"Chad!"

He stretched his forepaws in front of her, assuming that wolflike proud manner that had made Linda so nervous in the first place. She felt something like fear begin to rise in her throat. She could always call back Hank. Linda was certain he or some of the others were still around. They usually stayed around the bunkhouse some hundred yards down the dirt road. They would hear her cries and would come running.

"Ohhhh..."

But she would feel so silly, unable to control her own dog! She would never live it down.

"No!"

Chad was swarming around her ankles, sniffing her, mouthing her legs, panting heavily against her flesh. It was so strangely good, feeling that touch, that warm, wet, silky touch of his tongue! Linda closed the door, relocking it. No, she wasn't going to call Hank for help. She stood there, hand on the doorknob, unsure of what was going to happen next. Perhaps it was only this light tickling tonguing! She liked it... she...

"No!"

Linda knew why she liked it! She knew why she wanted that dog around her. The excitement racing through her cunt had reached a fever pitch now. The animal was actually exciting her, arousing her

the way Greig Hansen had done that night in the back seat of his Ford. But this was different, far different. This was an animal, a dog touching her, licking her, making her pussy feel so warm and wet and tight. She felt her cunt swelling, felt those fat pussy-lips folding over one another while her cunt walls fluttered with anticipation.

“No...”

She slapped downward, trying to get the dog away from her. But Chad ducked back, whimpering through those black nostrils again. Linda felt she had to get away, up to her room perhaps, away from the pursuing animal.

“Get... get away from me, Chad!”

She ran through the room, her mind racing a thousand miles an hour. The animal followed, making a growling noise in his throat. Again he nosed between Linda’s legs as she reached the stairs. Closing her eyes, she rested against the banister, her fingers tightening around the smooth polished handrail. If her aunt and mother could see her now! If they could see her standing there, aroused by a German Shepherd, fighting down sexual excitement because a dog was sticking his snout up her... it was too disgusting for thought!

“No!”

Bending one knee, Linda kicked out at the animal, her sandal flying off her foot. Again Chad ducked, barking as the shoe flew past him. She watched breathlessly, watched his pointed ears pricking forward, watched his head tilting upward. He was smelling something. He was smelling her! She could tell it! He was smelling her aroused pussy, sniffing the musky odor flowing from her cunt. That awful muted growling noise came from his throat again. He was looking at her as a possible... a possible mate!

“Oh my God!” she gasped.

Her mind whirled about in horror. A mate! She would have rather died than let something like this happen! She would pitch herself out the window before letting that damned dog touch her!

“Damn you!” she spat.

Turning around, Linda raced up the stairs, feeling the sexy rub of her cunt lips against one another and her rising pink lump of clit-flesh. Reaching the top, the frantic woman turned around and saw Chad pause for a moment at the foot of the stairs. Then, with a loud bark, he raced up, his long pink tongue hanging from one corner of his mouth. No, no, this was awful, too sick for words! She heard the scratchy thudding of his paws as he reached the first landing, turned, then began racing up the remainder of the stairs toward her.

“Oh God!”

Backing away, the woman stumbled over a rip in the rug, regained her balance, then turned and began racing once more for her room.

“No!”

The dog was faster, reaching her before she had a chance to get near the opened bedroom door. In a moment she felt him threading his way between her legs once more, preventing her from moving forward. She stopped, covering her eyes with her hands, feeling her knees buckling once more as

the German Shepherd licked her all over. He was touching her behind each knee, wetting her with that wonderful slick tongue.

"This can't be happening... it just can't be!" Linda whispered.

Biting down on her lower lip, she fought for control of her mind.

"I'm losing my mind. I'm going crazy if... if I let this go on," she whispered, hoping the sound of her own voice would somehow lend her some courage, some strength to escape from the animal.

But nothing happened along those lines. Instead she stood there in the darkened hallway, listening to the sounds of her own labored breathing, the sounds of the dog's tongue smacking against her flesh. For a moment Linda thought this must be a dream, another one of her vaguely erotic dreams that made her shiver so when she awoke to find herself alone in bed.

But the touch of Chad's mouth, the bristly brush of his snout over her ankles told her otherwise. This was all too true, all too vivid! The big black and gray German Shepherd was there next to her, petting her with his tongue, knowing full well what he was doing. Linda stretched out one hand for balance, feeling herself pitching and reeling from side to side.

"No, no..."

She was back against the wall, her shoulder blades pressing against a picture of a man and a horse, one of those silly things her aunt had purchased at a swap meet years ago. The frame rattled against the plaster as Linda fought with herself and the animal now crouched between her white shivering legs. Wonderful jolts of heat sliced into her clit, making that tiny nub quiver with delight. And what was making her so aroused? Again the thought of having an animal licking her, touching her like that made Linda groan. It was wrong, horribly, terribly wrong.

And yet how could she stop him and, more importantly, stop herself? Chad's nose was shoving up higher and higher, moving the hem of her skirt up. And in a moment his nose was pushing hotly up against her panties, shoving the nylon up against her crotch. The sensation, that wonderful feeling of the wet sappy nylon crotch panel being pushed into her pussy by the dog's nose drove her wild. Panting, gasping, the frantic blonde felt the nylon rubbing sensually over her puffy cunt-lips.

"Chad... ohhhhh!"

Why couldn't she get away? Why couldn't she find the strength and courage to kick the animal out from between her legs and rush to her room? The door was only ten feet away. Surely she could make it in, slam and lock the door behind her to keep Chad out.

"No, oh I can't... I just can't."

It was becoming hard for Linda to breathe. She was wheezing and panting almost as hard as the dog. Linda reached out and grasped frantically at a light fixture mounted to one side of the picture rattling behind her. The world was coming to an end for her! The dog butted his head up against her thighs, forcing them farther apart so he could lick her cunt more easily.

"Oh, ohhh..."

Linda rolled her head against the wall, closing her eyes, feeling hot tears of shame rolling down her cheeks. Wrong, wrong, so very wrong! She could feel his tongue licking over her buttocks now. In a moment Linda felt the silken material of her panties quickly soak through with doggie spit, making it

so much easier for her to feel the roughness of the animal's tongue against her pussy.

"Horrible... horrible," she gasped, opening her eyes and peering down at the animal.

She could smell herself now, actually smell her arousal. That was what was making Chad so crazy, so determined to hold her there and lick. He liked that, liked that smell, the taste of her fuck juice as it oozed from her fuck pit and soaked down her panties. He was an animal, a lusting animal aroused by her smell. And how she hated him! How she absolutely hated him for doing this awful thing to her! What would her aunt say if she were to find out this sort of thing went on under her roof?

But who would tell? The dog? Linda choked out a laugh, ending it in a groan as Chad began to get more insistent about his licking. Oh, where would this all end?

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## CHAPTER TWO

"No, Chad, no..."

Again Linda had tried pushing the animal from her, kicking him. She had driven her toes into his furry, powerful chest. The big German Shepherd backed away only for a moment, twisting his head around and snapping those powerful jaws at her retreating foot. Linda screamed, drawing her leg behind the other. She had heard that snap, that awful crunch of those criss-crossed fangs that could snap a small animal in two. She shuddered, wondering if he would attack her if she weren't more cooperative! The thought made her head reel. A dog... a damned, stupid dog telling her what to do! How the world was turning upside down for her!

He was so insistent too... so strong and insistent and overwhelming! And now he was stretching the nylon away from her body. She felt the surface of that tongue grazing one exposed cunt-lip. Too far! He was going far too far! Touching her pussy was too much.

"Stop it... damn you, stop this..."

Gasping from the unbelievable hot tickle she was experiencing, Linda shoved her hands down to cover the exposed hot flesh. Chad growled, licking her fingers, nuzzling at them with a hot eagerness that stunned her.

"Oh no, no... you can't be doing this to me, Chad, you... you can't..."

Her cry ended in a moan of delight. Yes he could and he was doing it. That tongue kept curling around her fingers, trying to get around to the prize, to her hot tender virgin pussy. Linda found herself thinking about it one more time, about letting the animal touch her some more without letting him really do anything.

But standing there in the hall, letting him touch her cunt with his tongue was going too far by most standards. The frowning face of her mother suddenly floated in front of her, those terrible words condemning her if she were to let a man touch her echoing through her mind. But this wasn't a man. What would her mother have to say about a dog? Again Linda choked out a laugh.

"Ohhhh... uuuuhhhh..." she moaned.

Linda tried kicking at the dog once more. Chad was ready for her again, backing away, then jumping forward when she nearly lost her balance from that blow. There was the sudden scalding pressure of



his tongue as it brushed over the elastic leg band of her soaked panties, peeling her cunt-lips apart. That sensation, that touch of his tongue against her pussy-meat nearly brought her to her knees! Her shoulder blades banged heavily against the frame, knocking the picture from the wall. As it crashed to the floor behind her, temporarily startling the animal, Linda felt her knees shaking mightily. One wet lick had rubbed over her clit, making the woman bite down hard on her lower lip and draw blood. Yes, she had to punish herself, punish herself for feeling something this good coming from this unnatural situation.

For it was unnatural. Nothing seemed real, nothing seemed right any longer. She had never heard of a woman doing something like this. Well, she had heard of it, but the women doing it were always fictionalized joke characters or those awful whores south of the border who did it for the money. Horses! Donkeys! Now there was something she could try! If the dog didn't satisfy her, she could always go down to the corral and...

What am I thinking of? she asked herself.

Had she lost her senses? The clouds of her excitement broke for a moment and Linda saw herself as a sick, perverted woman doing the worst thing possible to satisfy her lust.

"Away... get away..."

But Chad pressed harder. She felt her asscheeks tight against the wall. She couldn't pull away from him, couldn't seem to make him stop. Again Linda raised her hand to strike the animal. And this time when the animal ducked back she pushed herself forward, staggering awkwardly toward her bedroom. He couldn't do it in there, not in her room, not when she locked the door.

"No!"

The animal pursued her, snapping at her ankles, threatening to bite her. Somehow Linda managed to kick him away, sweep into her room and slam the door before Chad could get in.

"Oh thank God, thank God," she moaned, leaning against the door, her hands still pressing against the wood.

Linda gasped and panted, her face red with passion, her clit throbbing like a burning red jewel while fuck juice dripped down her shivering thighs. She was away from the dog, but how she wanted his touch! How, even now with her body pressed against the locked bedroom door, she wanted the German Shepherd's tongue caressing her hot, drippy slit!

"God help me, it's so wrong, so wrong," she sobbed, jamming her whitened knuckles in her mouth and trying to drive those horrible, delicious feelings from her mind. There was the feeling of Chad's soft, warm furry body rubbing against her ankles, the feeling of his tongue sloshing in and out of her pussy while her clit burned with desire.

What was she doing? Oh dear God, what was she doing? Linda heard Chad whimpering and barking outside, heard him stretching against the wood, felt him butting against the door. He wanted in. He wanted to get at her cunt again, to lick her silly. In a second she felt her fingers closing around the brass doorknob, tightening, starting to twist it around. Was she going to open the door, let him in? She was dizzy with confusion, uncertainty. Again Linda stopped, biting down on her sore lower lip, feeling the awful morality of the situation. Then another rush of hot flashes seared her cunt. Her knees were trembling as she finally twisted the doorknob all the way, defying her moral side. The dog barked happily, rushing in too quickly for her to stop it now.

"Ohhhhh God, forgive me," she whispered as the dog swarmed around her. Linda stumbled in the gathering darkness, unsure of her footing. The other sandal came off. Standing there by the queen-sized bed, she hesitated, then crossed her arms and pulled off the jersey, reaching back around and unsnapping her bra. It was like getting in bed with a lover. A lover! A dog lover! Linda sucked in a ragged breath, feeling her chest tighten at the thought, No, that was letting her mind go too far. She couldn't think like that, not if she wanted to keep what sanity she had. Reaching down, the woman unbuttoned her skirt, stepping from it, tossing the garment in the corner with her other clothes.

There would be no thought, no thinking about her mother, about her wilder sister who undoubtedly would have thought something like this deliciously kinky. There would be no thought of Hank, of her aunt who would undoubtedly have reeled back in horror. No, there was only her and that dog, that wonderful, awful dog now climbing onto the bed and edging toward her.

"Oh, ohhh..."

How much more comfortable, how much more sexy this was, lying there in the soft bed, the mattress caressing her half-naked body, the springs squeaking and groaning against their double weight. She wiggled backward on the bed, her heels digging into the mattress while her fingernails clawed at the coverlet. The dog was panting, his ears pricked forward, his eyes glistening almost evilly in the dark.

"Ohhhhh, Chad... this is wrong... wrong..."

Her voice sounded so small, so cracked and hollow in this small room. She gasped, feeling the velvety surfaces of her pussy exposed, feeling them rubbing together as she wriggled higher on the bed. Chad jumped forward, his forepaws hitting her thighs. It was such a wild feeling, such an overwhelming sensation that Linda nearly fainted from the delicious sensation.

"Ohhhhh..."

His nose rubbed up against her hot cunt mound, pressing the warm flesh. Linda cried out, snapping her head back, feeling her long blonde hair sweeping over her shoulders and lower back. He was whining, wiggling his strong body back and forth as he crouched above her on the bed. What a pair they made! The woman and her dog, her pet, her lover! Linda held her head with her fingers, petrified with horror.

There was no going back now. She had made the choice, had invited him here into her room. And now she had to pay the price. He was touching her with his tongue, making her stomach buck with fear. It was an unnamed fear, but one that nevertheless made her cry out. Why wasn't she striking him or screaming? Why wasn't she trying to kick him away as she had in the hall? All she could think of was that wonderful slick touch against her flesh.

Slowly, gradually, the fear eased, turning into something else, something unrelated to terror.

"Chad..." she murmured through a haze of passion.

There wasn't a threat, a horror in her voice anymore. As the seconds ticked by, Linda was becoming more and more aroused by the panting German Shepherd. She twisted her body from side to side on the bed, found herself grasping at the coverlet and nearly tearing at the material as the hot tension in her cunt increased.

"Uhhhhh..." Oh how lovely, how wonderful.

The dog was going crazy now that she had surrendered completely to him. His tongue slopped over

the sensitive flesh of her upper and inner thighs. Each lick was bringing her higher and higher along the sexual plane toward orgasm. She could feel floods of her buttery fuck juice seeping from her fuzzy cunt pit, wetting down her cunt hairs and the dog's snout. It was a wonderful, delightful friction. Her knees fell apart more and more. What a delicious sensation it was to feel her cunt-lips unstick and peel back. Chad growled and dropped his head a little farther, licking at her outer pussy-lips. And then he was nuzzling his snout between them, his paws braced on her spread thighs. In a moment, the woman realized he was smelling her, smelling her the way she'd seen dogs sniff one another in the fields! Somehow that knowledge excited Linda even further! Gently and oh so delicately Chad was moving his tongue around and around her cunt, petting her clit, slopping his tongue back down into her ass-crack, then edging it up toward her cunt once more. In a moment she felt the whole lower half of her body wet with doggie spit, slick with his spittle as she pranced her ass wildly in the air for more.

"Uhhhhhhhh..." she groaned.

He had grown tired of moving his tongue around the soaked narrow band of nylon separating him from her pussy. Drawing back, Chad opened his mouth and began nipping at her panties. Linda screamed, jerking up, curling her fingers into two fists and beating at the handsome dog's head. She could hear the material tearing, ripping under his fangs. But the big dog wasn't put off. He kept tearing and pulling at the briefs, wrenching his head as if he'd captured some small animal. The pink wet nylon tore more and more. Chad was growling louder... not an angry growl, but one of incredible excitement. In another moment she felt the panties hanging in velvety shreds around her ass and belly.

"Oh... my... God!"

The excitement of that last moment drove away the last shred of fear the woman had. She didn't care what was happening now. She knew the animal between her legs. She knew it was a German Shepherd licking her, drawing more and more floods of juice from her cunt. The hunger of her body, the need for that wild, lovely friction kept her from revolting from it at the moment. Now all she thought of was the sensation, the sheer, animalistic sensation of Chad's tongue going over and over her cunt, making it burn crazily! How her mouth had gone dry! And it was hard for her to draw in a shuddering breath. Her moans became louder, more frantic while her naked legs beat at the mattress.

Linda felt her hands reaching down to her belly, searching for the dog's pointed snout. She felt with her fingers at the squishy, hairy mess between her thighs. And then there was his tongue, that wonderful tongue lapping back and forth, wetting down her pussy, pushing her cunt curls up and sticking them down until they were all pointed up toward her jiggling tits.

"Oh yes... Jesus Christ in heaven!" Linda tensed her thigh and ass muscles, moving her butt up, giving the dog more of her cunt to eat.

Chad sensed her growing excitement and whimpered excitedly through his nose. Now he was licking the bottom of her ass with his tongue, lapping back into the hot split, then drawing his tongue forward.

This couldn't go on forever. Linda could feel her cunt muscles winding up for a big climax! She could feel her clit vibrating, straining up from the surrounding moist cunt flesh. Never, never had she felt anything like this before in her life! Even when she was at home alone playing with herself in bed - that forbidden finger-fucking she'd somehow managed to enjoy in spite of her mother's terrible warnings - the sensations drawn from that compared little to this onrush of sensations.

“Ohhhhh... ohhhhhh God, God, this can't... can't be happening to... to meeeeeeeee!”

The animal's tongue was petting her clit once more. Linda thought she would die when he kept sticking that oral organ over and over her sputtering clit. She bounced her ass frantically on the bed, hearing the headboard slapping violently against the plaster wall. She didn't care if the damned bed shot through to the other room. She didn't care if again and again the mattress squeaked and groaned, perhaps telling someone outside the window what was going on in the house. All Linda cared about was that terrible itchy ache between her thighs was now growing to an excruciating throb. She could feel her cunt walls buckling in from the rising heat, could feel them spasm. She felt the muscles cramping, trying to grab onto the animal's snout as if it were a cock! Yes, a hard, stiff cock, one like Hank probably had dangling between his legs. Again she thought of the handsome foreman and another rush of chilly heat lapped up her thighs. Linda was throwing her head from side to side, the hair tangling around her throat as she gasped and babbled toward orgasm.

Pitching on the bed, bucking her ass against Chad's jaws, she felt his fangs cutting her slightly. That acute ticklish sensation brought more babbling groans of pleasure from her throat. She was going to die, just going to die from this kind of intense pleasure! People couldn't stand this kind of excitement without or dying right there in the sack!

“Ohhhhh God!”

Lights flashed in front of her eyes. Shoving her hand down once more, Linda raked her fingers over his fur, pulling the whimpering mutt harder against her pussy. She was going to make it, going to cum with a frenzy!

“Cummmmm!” she yelled.

How she had wanted to shout at times when her finger fucked in and out of her cunt, her knuckles toying with her clit, making her grunt and gasp mere feet away from her sleeping mother. She had managed to restrain herself then. But now there was no one in the house. And the throbbing ache between her legs was so much more intense than before.

“Cummmmm!” she shouted again, whipping her legs against the mattress, then drawing her knees up and hugging the whimpering German Shepherd lightly. It was going to be a mindless rut, a wild whorish ride through climax!

“Huhhhrrrr! Huhhhrrrr! Huhhhrrrr!” Linda found herself growling like a dog herself, tossing her head, feeling her hair whipping over her face.

Her legs were filled with an itching, tantalizing fire, the flames licking her thighs the way Chad's tongue was. Bucking her body so wildly she thought she might knock the dog off, Linda cried out one more time, the cords sticking from her throat while her fingers held tightly onto the dog's big head. Cumming! She was cumming, actually cumming in the dog's mouth!

“Yagggghhhhhh!” she screamed.

It was so deliciously good, so wildly intense! Linda jerked like a speared fish, shoving her fingers into her cunt and feeling the muscles convulsing and clasp while Chad whimpered and licked her shaking knuckles.

When it was over, she opened her eyes again, finding the big dog off the bed and curled in one corner. He was licking his cock gently, his head bobbing back and forth, his attention focused on that thing between his legs and not on her. Linda rose, feeling so dizzy and spaced out. She watched

Chad for several seconds, feeling a little sick. She'd done it, actually let a dog bring her off!

"Oh... my... God!"

More tears flowed. Shaking her head from side to side as if that would somehow change what had occurred, Linda slid off the bed, padding across the hardwood floor and opening the door. Chad stopped his licking, raised his head and looked questioningly at the naked woman. Linda paused for a moment, then rushed from the room, stumbling through the hall until she reached the bathroom.

"What have I done? Oh my God, what have I done?"

Linda kicked the door closed and flicked on the light, staring at herself in the cracked cabinet mirror over the washbasin. Her mouth was a little swollen, her face red while her hair hung in blonde tangles all over her neck and throat. She could see that her body was still aroused. Her nipples were still long and red, sticking straight out from the surrounding flesh.

"I'll get rid of that dog tomorrow," she whispered to herself, reaching down to the tub and turning on the water. A shower. A good, cold shower would help.

And then?

There would be no more. It was over. She had slipped, made a mistake. It wouldn't happen again. No, it wouldn't! Clenching her teeth together and stepping into the tub, Linda swore she would see herself rot in hell rather than let Chad touch her. Never again!

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CHAPTER THREE

"So what about it? Is this place a stud farm or isn't it?"

"Janice!"

Linda sat at the other end of the kitchen table, a glass of juice in her hand. The question had caught Linda off-guard. Janice was sitting opposite her, sipping her coffee nonchalantly, staring at her with those blue eyes.

"Well, I've heard all those stories about the men who work on the ranches... you know," she said confidentially, setting down her coffee and leaning forward with a wicked smile on her lips. "And I thought... well, that my sister was being cared for, especially since Aunt Jane's out of the way for a while."

Linda nearly blanched. It was all she could do to keep from giving away her terrible secret. That night Chad had attacked her she had phoned her sister, nearly begging her to come up. Janice had arrived late Wednesday night, the two of them chatting quickly until fatigue and guilt forced Linda to call time until Thursday morning. Now Janice was sitting opposite her, leering at her, making jokes while she felt her life crumbling. And this was the night Hank the foreman was supposed to take her out to the dance!

"Well, you can put all those stories out of your head, Janice," Linda said stiffly, setting down her juice glass on the plate with a clatter. "Nothing's happened here, and nothing's going to happen. I was just feeling very lonely and... oh, I don't know," Linda said impatiently, waving one hand in front of her face.

"I can understand how you might feel lonely up here, Linda, but with all those handsome studs out there... someone like me would... well, have a good time and run the ranch," Janice said, narrowing her eyes and broadening her smile.

Linda sighed, feeling somehow less a woman than her sister. She had always felt that way. Janice had always had the men, had had the dates while she sat at home and felt her pussy tighten and burn.

"Have you... fooled around any?" Janice asked after a moment or two of silence had passed.

"No," Linda said firmly, somehow feeling a little ashamed of herself. "But I've got a date tonight with the foreman. A dance in town and..."

She couldn't finish the sentence. What was she doing going out with Hank? Was she going to let him try something? Was this her first go at a... a fuck? Just thinking about the possibility made her a little short of breath. Linda picked up the juice glass again and took another sip, feeling her sister's mocking smile.

"Well, not bad. The foreman yet. Nothing like starting at the top."

Linda shivered, studying her sister for a moment.

"Don't you have any hang-ups? I mean, when you go out on a date, do you..." Linda couldn't finish the sentence, feeling her face blush furiously.

"This is the day of women's liberation," Janice said simply, shrugging and sipping her coffee once more. "If a man wants me and I want him, why should I stop what's so natural?"

"But morals... don't they mean anything to you?" Linda asked, feeling her flesh crawling with excitement, her nipples stiffening, scratching against the stiff material of her bra. Her sister's arguments were making her more and more aroused, excited at the thought of going out with Hank tonight.

"The problem's that you're just too uptight about men, Linda. You've always been that way. Of course, mama had a better crack at you than me. I think she just threw up her hands and left me for the devil," Janice said, running the rim of the coffee cup back and forth over her lips. "Well, that consignment hasn't been all that bad, let me tell you."

Linda wanted to ask her sister so many questions about men. She was sure Janice could tell her much. Of course, she was one up on her sister. There was the other night, the night when she had let that German Shepherd crawl on top of her and lick her pussy into orgasm. She was certain Janice had never thought about that, let alone done it. But that was something Linda wasn't about to confess to anyone, let alone Janice!

"I just don't think doing things with men is all that important," Linda said a little gloomily, getting up and starting to collect the breakfast dishes.

"That's your problem, Linda. But if that foreman were to take me out and if I liked him, I think I could fuck with him all night."

"Janice!"

"Darling, if your precious virginity means more to you than being happy... you are still a virgin,

right?"

Linda nodded her head up and down.

"Well, then, if keeping your cherry means more to you than having a man's dick, I feel a little sorry for you. You don't know how good it is to..."

"Stop it!" Linda shouted at Janice, her fingers trembling and threatening to let go of the breakfast dishes. She wasn't used to this kind of talk, this kind of horrible banter about men and cocks and sex.

"Don't you worry, Linda. I won't mention it again," Janice sniffed, a little miffed at her sister's sudden outburst.

"Don't... don't you have any hang-ups at all?" Linda asked bitterly, dumping the dirty dishes in the sink and turning to face her sister.

"Few," Janice said, getting up from the table and stretching her arms over her head. She was still dressed in a silky blue robe. It began to open as she moved her body from side to side, revealing the inner curves of her full, big, high-riding tits. Linda sucked in her lower lip and bit down.

"The men... they can see you through the back window," Linda whispered.

"Let them. I'm available," the brunette said wickedly, winking at her sister, then sashaying out of the kitchen.

It had been a mistake inviting Janice up here. Linda could see that already. She had forgotten what a slut the girl could be when she wanted. Linda had wanted comfort, some companionship. And instead she had managed to land another problem. Well, why not? This seemed to be the year for problems, for trials. Taking one dish at a time, Linda began rinsing off the unused food, thinking about Hank, about what was going to happen later that evening when he took her to the dance in town.

Several hours passed. Janice, in respect to her sister, had kept her profile low, wearing the most modest of dresses around the house and doing her best not to entice the farmhands. Even though she taunted her sister with all sorts of smart remarks, Janice really loved her sister, admiring her for trying to run this ranch and still deal with the problems of her life. It was shortly after one o'clock when Linda announced she was taking the car to town.

"I'll pass on the big tour of the metropolis," Janice said jauntily, stretching out on the living room sofa and leafing through a magazine. "It's too hot out there anyway and I'll bet you don't have air conditioning in the car."

"Aunt Jane thought it was too expensive and..."

"Thought so," Janice said, arching her eyebrows knowingly and going back to her magazine. "I'll sit here while you go out and have fun. Then we'll have a nice long talk about men."

Linda shivered, once again thinking about her date with Hank that evening. She paused at the door, then walked out to the waiting car, leaving Janice alone in the house.

The brunette sat in the living room for the next few minutes looking at the pictures of the journal, her mind drifting as she heard Linda's car drive off. Contrary to what her sister thought, she hadn't

been the town whore. Her mother had managed to instill some guilt in her, although not the quantity she'd dumped onto Linda. It had taken her quite a lot of time and effort to finally fuck a guy. Even now at college, Janice found herself initially reluctant to let a man do more than simply kiss her and feel her up every now and then. Her talk was bravado - or a good deal of it.

Her reverie was broken by the sound of paws scratching over the kitchen tiles. Looking up from the pages, Janice saw Chad pause at the doorway, tilt his head and look curiously at her. His long pink tongue was hanging from one corner of his mouth.

"Why, a friend," Janice said flippantly, folding the magazine up and putting it to one side. She patted her legs and called to the dog. "Come here, Chad. We didn't have a good chance to get acquainted."

The German Shepherd raised his bushy tail and barked, trotting over to her and sniffing around her legs.

"Friendly little thing, aren't you?" she cooed, rubbing her fingers against his head and bending down slightly to press her chin against his soft, warm fur. "Oh, you're a nice, nice dog."

Chad was whining and groaning happily, pressing his head against her lap. Then he began doing something that Janice found a little odd at first, then disconcerting. She felt his tongue sloshing up and down her right leg, that tongue edging dangerously close to her knees and her cunt.

"That's enough, Chad," she said, pushing the dog from her. "You're getting a might too friendly, and I don't want..."

Janice stopped in mid-sentence. He was growling, growling angrily at her. She dropped her hands, her eyes widening as she scooted her ass back. Linda hadn't said anything about this animal being mad or crazed. He certainly had seemed friendly enough that Wednesday evening when she first walked into house, suitcases in hand. Now he was staring slit-eyed at her, his ears pinned back, the short fur around his neck standing up. And always there was that low growl, that awful low growl that made her flesh crawl. Janice had been in some tight situations before. But they had always been with men - with humans! Now she sat on the couch with her hair standing on end, a mad dog between her legs bent on tearing her to pieces.

"Oh God... help me," she whispered, unable to speak more loudly as the animal's growling grew deeper and louder.

At first Janice thought he was going to attack her. She had heard stories about dogs going for the throat of their own masters at times. But no, that didn't seem to be what Chad wanted. He still sat there, his tail moving from side to side, his eyes glittering with some kind of excitement. Then the brunette realized he was smelling her. She watched his black nostrils quivering, saw him dropping his head to a position between her legs and pushing forward. He was smelling her cunt!

"Oh my God!"

As experienced as Janice thought herself to be, nothing had prepared her for something like this. A dog smelling her, sniffing at her pussy while she sat there terrified on the couch.

"You horny bastard! Get away from me," she said with some bravado, reaching down and trying to shove Chad from her once more.

But the animal began growling again, snapping at her. Janice drew her hand back rapidly, her eyes growing round as she tucked her ass away from the big dog once more. He wasn't kidding. He had

every intention of staying there and doing what he was doing for as long as he chose.

“My God!” Janice rubbed her sweaty palms on her skirt, feeling her scalp crinkling with terror.

Men were one thing. She thought she could handle most situations with them. But a dog? Janice had heard of women who did those kind of things. But she... no, never would she have thought of degrading her body by letting an animal touch her. Again she tried moving away from Chad, sliding her ass to one side, feeling her fingers sinking into the soft material of the sofa cushions. Chad growled a little more loudly, peeling back his black rubbery lips and exposing his white fangs.

He had her cornered! She could hear his breathing. It sounded as labored and heavy as some of the breathing she'd heard from men as they wedged themselves between her legs and fucked her. How many had that been? Two, three? Not the score of men parading through her bedroom Linda and some others had thought. And now she was having this dog courting her, trapping her right there in this house, sniffing her cunt!

“Get... away... my God, what's wrong with you?” Janice hissed through her teeth.

She felt his snout pressing against her right thigh now, felt his panting breath against her flesh. Janice sucked in air and held it as the dog began licking her steadily now, sloshing his tongue up and down, up and down her leg, touching the soft spot behind her knee. Janice thought she would wait until she had a chance to roll away and rush out from the house. She would tell her sister what happened. Well, not exactly what happened, but perhaps say something about Chad attacking her, trying to bite her. That would partially be the truth and it would get the animal out of the house until she left.

“Ohhh...” she moaned.

What was happening to her? My God, what was happening to her? Several minutes had gone by. Janice was still sitting on the couch, enduring the dog's touch. But that was wrong. No, enduring was the wrong word. She was enjoying it, actually liking what he was doing to her! The woman felt her knees slowly sagging apart. A kind of hot wet feeling was developing between her legs, the kind of sensation she felt when a man really excited her! Janice let out a shuddering moan, moving her ass from side to side on the couch. She closed her eyes, curling her fingers and letting the nails dig hard into her palm. It was wrong. It was so wrong to let that animal touch her like that! And it was even more wrong for her to feel that hot, itchy, throbbing ache between her shivering thighs. Yes, they were shivering, shivering with excitement, the kind of arousal she should only have with a man!

“No... wrong, wrong...”

She hadn't worn her panties, something she felt was terribly exciting as she walked about, feeling the air blow up between her legs and caress her cunt-lips. Now the woman realized that, at least here, that had been a mistake. The dog was pushing up against her, shoving her short skirt up, drawing his snout closer and closer to her cunt.

“No...”

Janice struggled for control of her mind and body, reaching down and trying to push her skirt back down over her knees. But Chad would have none of that. He growled again, snapping his teeth so close to her right hand Janice could feel his breath against her knuckles. Again she let out a small sharp cry, drawing her hands away. There was nothing she could do, nothing except let the animal have his way and lick her.

“Uhhhhh...” she moaned against her will.

And was there anything so wrong about that? As the seconds ticked by, Chad’s tongue drew more and more forbidden pleasure from her cunt. She was starting to feel delight in what the big German Shepherd was doing to her. Janice knew it was wrong, very wrong for this to be happening. In her wildest, most erotic dreams the woman never thought of making it with an animal! But now that it was happening it felt so good, so... so natural! She let her head fall back on the sofa, rolling from side to side, tensing her ass muscles and raising her ass off the couch cushions. Her skirt was now up around her waist, completely exposing her pussy-meat to the hungry animal. She could feel his breath panting through the black moist cunt curls! It was good, very, very good!

“Ohhhh... touch me, doggie, touch me all over,” she whispered, reaching down and caressing Chad behind the ears. No longer did Janice want to push him away. No, no, there was only delight now in her thoughts, only the desire to have his tongue go on and on while she pranced her ass there, wanting more friction, more... more something, although she didn’t know quite what at this moment.

“Nice... ohhhhh, sooooo nice!”

Janice rolled her ass, feeling her skin pucker up into gooseflesh when Chad moved up farther and poked his nose against her cunt-lips. He was actually touching her there, licking her pussy up and down in mind-blowing laps.

Janice drew her hands up, cupping them around her tits. She squeezed hard, moaning as she felt the nipples stiffening, brushing against the soft material of her sweater. Naked. She had to get naked with the dog there between her legs. It would feel that much more sexy, that much more delightful. Moving up a little, the woman crossed her arms, grabbing her sweater and tugging it up over her head. She felt her tits lifted up, tugged at by the garment. She moaned with pleasure, tossing the sweater over the back of the sofa, leaning back one more time and letting the dog at her cunt.

“Good, Chad... nice doggie... ohhh, if only my sister knew how nice you were!”

It was unbelievable! She was letting this happen almost under her prudish sister’s nose. Janice laughed, thinking just how horrified Linda would be if she were to walk in suddenly now and find her there with the dog, letting him touch her all over.

“Uhhhhh... good, nice and good...”

Janice felt herself falling down into a bottomless pit of emotion and sensation as the big German Shepherd kept on licking her, driving her higher and higher until she could cum in the dog’s mouth. How deliciously evil! She was going to climax that way. And how good it would feel!

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

“Damn, damn...”

Janice’s voice trailed off into a harsh cry as Chad touched her with that magic tongue of his, licking and lapping her pussy until the woman thought she was going to lose her mind. The brunette was panting so hard her mouth was dry and her throat hurt.

Pushing herself from the couch, Janice found herself on the floor, her skirt still rolled up to her waist, her ass sliding back and forth on the carpeted floor. Wallowing her shoulders against the

scratchy piling, her hair fanned out behind her head, the woman let her legs spread wide for the animal.

Chad barked happily, wedging his muscular furry body between her thighs, growling and nuzzling her asscheeks with his snout. The pressure of his cold snout against her pussy made the woman scream again with unspeakable pleasure. There were no more thoughts about the right and wrong of the situation. Janice didn't panic at the thought of letting an animal touch her all over. Now all she could think about was the delightfully hot/chilly flashes racing through her cunt now, making her skin so sensitive to the dog's touch.

A lush heat spread over her cunt and belly. Janice groaned, rocking her body from side to side. She moved her hands up to her tits and squeezed, feeling her nipples stand up even more. How strange it was to have a hotness and a chill spread all over her. The heat came from her own sexual furnace, stoked to an explosive heat by the dog's continued licking. The coolness came from the evaporation of the dog's spit as more and more of his saliva dripped onto her cunt, trickling through her pussy hairs.

"Ohhhh... yessssss!"

The German Shepherd growled again, moving his snout directly over the woman's cunt. He licked at the small curly hairs, sticking them down against her hot cunt-meat. It was almost more than Janice could stand. She snapped her head front left to right, the long brown hairs tangling around her throat while her nostrils flared, burned with the oxygen she sucked in to feed her writhing body. This was wild, perhaps more wild than the first time she'd cum with a man!

With another sigh of delight, Janice began pulling her knees up, bending them slowly, drawing them toward her jiggling tits. As she bent her legs, she felt the resulting pressure stickily pull her cunt-lips apart, exposing more and more of her pussy to the animal. He liked it! He really enjoyed it. Looking up, the woman could see Chad draw back, examine the dark-red, moist cunt-meat, then go back to her pussy, his tongue sloppily caressing the pulsing flesh again and again.

"God!" Janice gasped.

Janice arched her back, hitting the balls of her feet against Chad's strong back. She was rolling her ass slowly from side to side now, rocking her body as if it were a boat caught in a hurricane. Chad was going a little more wild now, nipping his teeth along her cunt-lips, then letting his tongue soothe over the teased flesh. No man had ever done anything like this before! She cried out with wheezing, whistling sounds.

Janice's angry red cunt-lips glistened with doggie spit as the German Shepherd began to work diligently at her pussy. She couldn't hold back, couldn't deny the rushing sensation of hot feelings making her cunt pucker in, making her pussy walls flutter and clasp at nothing except the dog's probing snout. If only she had a cock, a good hard stiff prick fucking in and out of her cunt now. That was the only thing that was missing.

"Unnnnn..." the woman moaned.

Raising her head again, Janice saw the dog's head half hidden in the bush of her furry cunt. She watched with growing excitement as his tongue slathered in and out, probing at her wet cunt. He was licking her cunt hairs again and again until they were plastered down against her flesh, all of them pointing upward, matted down with his hot spit. His tongue slid regularly in and out, in and out like a tiny prick, gliding into her hole and caressing the puffy folds and hollows of her pussy.

With another groan, Janice sank back onto the floor. Her eyelids fluttered while her fingers clawed at the piling of the livingroom carpet. It was all too good, far too good to last! Again she moved her ass around, rubbing the backs of her naked legs against Chad's strong back. How good it was to feel that soft sensation of his body against hers!

Janice could feel that familiar rush of feeling soar through her cunt, making her clit throb with delight. She twisted against the carpeting again, her feet kicking against the sofa and moving it to the right with the force of her frantic blows. She was wheezing and gasping for air now, her tits slapping wetly against one another.

"Chad... ohhh doggie, doggie, you're... you're so good... so, uhhhhh so very good!"

Spit dribbled down from her cunt, wetting down her plump, jiggling asscheeks. Janice opened her mouth to cry out as a particularly powerful series of spasms shot through her cunt.

"Yaggghhhhh..."

No man had made her feel like this... or so it seemed as she thrashed and bucked frenziedly against Chad's gumming mouth. Again the brunette opened her mouth to scream out. But nothing came. It was as if her vocal cords were

paralyzed, rendered useless by her own excitement. Every muscle in her body tensed and cramped and pulled as the big dog shoved his snout farther and farther into her clenching cunt.

"Th... there, oh God, there!"

She jerked her thighs up, feeding her cunt to the hungry animal. He was hungry, wanting to eat her cunt. That thought made her whimper through her nose more excitedly, kicking her legs high in the air while making her beat her fists against the dog's powerful sides.

"God, oh God!"

The room swirled around her in a mad explosion of colors. Janice pulled herself up again and gazed at the lapping animal. How odd it was, seeing something that big, that dark and furry between her legs! His pointed ears bobbing up and down, his tail wagging slowly from side to side, the hairs tickling her toes - it was all so strange. Janice thought about it again and closed her eyes, feeling her cunt winding up for that big cum that would blast her through the roof.

Chad was getting physical, toying with his willing victim now that he knew she wanted him, needed him. He was pulling back slightly, leaving her juicy cunt alone for a moment. Janice felt his breath panting along her right inner thigh. And then... and then he turned his head, opening his jaws and sinking his fangs lightly into her sensitive flesh. That was too much! The woman beat her fists wildly against the floor, jerking her head from side to side while crying out like a tormented beast!

"Eaaayyyaggghhhhh!"

She could feel his teeth sinking in, pushing aside the tendons, arousing the nerves to a fever pitch. The woman shuddered, squeezing her asscheeks together to rid herself of the cramp.

"Uhhhhh."

Then Chad let her go, moving back up to the woman's overheated cunt. There was that sloshy feel and sound, that wonderful sensation that drove all thought from her mind and left only a wild

feeling. Again she kicked out both legs, rolling back on her spine, grabbing the animal hard with both hands and forcing his snout farther and farther up her cunt.

“More... more, Chad... oh yes, make me - make me feel good!”

Sweat slicked down her body as Janice found herself spinning more and more out of control. Her ass danced wildly against the floor while her cunt spasmed under the dog’s expert licking. Again and again she cried for the dog to keep touching her clit. If he touched her there again and again for the next few seconds she would cum!

“Damn!” she muttered as again he moved his snout away from her cunt, letting her arousal drop a notch as he busied himself about her ass. “No, no, later... uhhhh... oh God, please, Chad, please lick me... there!”

Dog spit. More and more dog spit was slicking down her asscheeks, dribbling into her cunthole, oozing down into her shitter. Janice let out more shuddering sighs, feeling as if her body were being tugged apart by the feelings tugging at her mind. She never thought a person could feel this way and still live.

“God!”

Again the brunette moaned loudly, writhing her shoulders on the floor, feeling the scratchy carpeting reddening her back and shoulders. Janice didn’t care. Linda would never find out. And if she did, so what? She knew her sister didn’t think much of her moral life. Surely this latest episode would only confirm Linda’s low opinion of her morality.

Chad growled, letting his teeth nip along the puffed outer edges of her cunt-lips once more. That feeling was overwhelming, devastating. It hurt a little, hurt in a way that made Janice tighten her thighs and grind her ass up for more. The tug of fear she had felt earlier wasn’t enough to stop this madness. Now it was running its course, and what a course it was!

“Uhhhh God, gonna... gonna cummm!”

Janice was humping her back, pressing her cunt mound up once more for the dog to eat. His fangs dug along the dainty flesh once again. His neck hairs bristled with the wildness he felt. Again the animal growled, tossing his head as if he were going to tear out her throat.

“Ohhh... damn... damn...”

Her fingers were clawing at the piling now, nearly pulling the material from the matting beneath. She reached up and clawed at the dog’s furry back, urging him on, then restraining him when she felt the biting become a bit too much. She felt vulnerable, even a little bit in danger. She didn’t know why, but letting the German Shepherd almost hurt her was exciting. Janice wanted to push this experience to the limit. She wanted to feel everything, feel it drive her over the edge. Family, friends, morality, society - they were all cheap lies, lies invented by a bunch of moral do-gooders to keep others down under their thumbs. She would never be under anyone’s thumb, not even her sister’s.

“Uhhhhhhh... ooohhh!”

Flames of excitement licked along her inner thighs, making the sensitive spots between her toes itch. Dropping her legs a little, Janice dug her feet against the dog’s muscled, furred sides.

“Faster! You bastard, faster!”

Her body was responding quickly to the hurried, sloppy friction against her cunt slit. Thank God the animal seemed to know when his biting could become dangerous. Chad backed off, licking the bitten flesh, then moving back and sinking his teeth back into her thigh. And then he moved up even higher, opening his mouth a little more widely, then sinking his fangs, gently into her cunt.

“Uhhhhh...”

Janice couldn't believe this. She just couldn't believe it! The animal was holding her cunt mound between his jaws, shaking gently from left to right, his dark-brown eyes rolled up and watching her.

“Ohhhhhhh...”

Janice held her ass off the floor. The resulting wild sensation brought a new fever to her thighs. Her hair splashed over her face, her eyes glazed while her pussy throbbed like an opened wound. Her orgasm was just out of reach, hanging there like a brass ring. And the merry-go-round she was on was wonderful, incredible! Again the frantic brunette hunched her cunt up, feeding her sloppy pussy to the animal.

“Fuck me...”

Had she said that? Had she actually asked the animal to fuck her? Jerking her head up, Janice saw something that both horrified and surprised her - the dog's prick. That long, bumpy boner was sliding out of its furry sheath, jerking up against the thinning hairs of his belly. For one wild moment, the woman thought of reaching back and touching his cock, actually brushing her fingers against that prick to see what the reaction would be. But then something like reason came to her. No, that would be rushing things. More time was needed. She had to somehow come to grips with this licking before she went further.

“Yesss... oh yes, go for it... oh, Chad, touch me... ohhhhhhh!”

The dog pawed at her thighs as if he were frustrated, as if he somehow wanted to get deeper into her cunt. And then he began licking her all over, slopping his tongue over her tits, washing down her nipples with his spit, then moving down and trailing his tongue over her shoulders, her throat, her belly. In moments, Janice found herself covered with hot doggie spit. And she loved it! How her mind reeled with the knowledge that the animal had licked her belly, her tits, her arms. And Chad was whining through his nose, plowing his head between her soft thighs and driving his tongue back into cunthole.

“God!”

Chad's tongue. It was forcing her cunt-lips wide apart, actually fucking back and forth. He was rolling and licking his tongue around her swollen cunt-meat. When she felt her pussy muscles starting to tighten and convulse, Janice went crazy. She twisted her body around, kicking her toes against the sofa frame, bucking her body up and down, wanting to feel that prick, that wonderful knobby prick fucking in and out of her body.

“Uhhhhhhh...”

Janice pranced her ass around in frantic circles, then jerked up and down to increase the friction the dog was bringing to her cunt. When he raked up across her clit again, the brunette cried out, jerking her hands out once more and hugging his head hard. Had a man ever made her feel like this with his

mouth? Oh yes, with his cock. But never with his mouth or tongue!

“God!” she gasped.

Again Janice wanted Chad to lick her everywhere at once. Gasping for air, the woman tilted her ass one way, then rocked it the other. She raised one leg back as far as she could to open new hollows and folds to his hungry mouth. The German Shepherd growled with satisfaction once more, digging at her thighs with both paws. Then he burrowed his snout into the seething mess of her cunt.

“You bastard... son-of-a-bitch!”

She was crying out filthy, horrible words as she felt her cunt explode with orgasm.

“Uhhghghghhhhh...”

Janice was cumming, cumming fast and hard. She wanted to slow him down, wanted to make this last as long as she could. But her willpower was a frayed thread that snapped somehow against that spitty friction. Letting go, Janice fell back and pranced her ass up and down with the ecstatic tickle that built to a sharp peak. It seemed to choke off her breathing. Explosive spasms tore through her body, driving out all thought and sensation except that of her mindless cum.

Even when she tried snapping her thighs to him, Chad whined and nosed around her. His humping made her go more insane with delight, jerking and twisting like a woman being electrocuted.

“Nooooo!”

It was a miracle her cries hadn't attracted attention. Chad was still crouching over her, licking, jerking his hindquarters until that long knobby cock slipped all the way from his sheath. Coming out of her climax, Janice looked around and saw the animal was rubbing his doggie cock against her leg. She let out a cry and petted his neck, letting him hunch against her until she felt the hot, stringy spurts of cum shoot out.

Chad was barking and whining, his big powerful body trembling against hers while more and more of his jizz spattered against her. How she wanted to hold him tightly to her as he kept firing his load out of those small furry balls!

And then it was over. The big German Shepherd barked and pulled away, loping over to the corner and curling up to lick himself.

“My God... what have I done?” Janice wondered out loud, rolling completely onto her back and staring up at the ceiling. She felt her heartbeat return to normal, her breathing become more even, deeper. A warm, comforting glow spread over her body, a glow she'd experienced several times before with human lovers. Of course, this was no different, not really. The end result had been the same. Lightly she traced fingertips over her belly, stopping the moment they touched a glob of the animal's jizz. She stopped, feeling a shudder course through her body. Was it revulsion, or something else?

She would think of that later when she had time. Glancing at the clock over the mantel, Janice could see she and Chad had been romping around for nearly an hour. God only knew when her sister would come home. And if she were to see this... well, it would probably end the poor dear's life.

“And don't you say anything,” Janice said, getting up and pointing a warning finger at the licking dog. Chad looked up, sniffed through his nose, then went back to his cock lapping. The brunette

gathered up her clothes and padded upstairs, wondering as she went along where on earth Chad had learned to do that little trick so expertly. Was it natural, or had he had practice? And with whom?

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CHAPTER FIVE

"What a nice horse!" Janice said.

Hank looked down at the ground, smoothing his fingers over the sides of the big black stallion. The animal snorted uneasily, his long tail flicking from side to side while he rolled his big brown eyes and stared first at Hank, then at Janice.

It was nearly six in the evening that same day. Linda had returned from her short shopping spree in town and was readying herself for her date with Hank. Janice had showered and rested for a while, thinking of her reaction with Chad and wondering once more about the dog. How had he known she was excited? And where had he gotten all that experience? Janice couldn't shake that idea from her head. He just knew too much about a woman's body, it seemed, for that to have been a first time!

"Yes, ma'am, one of the best around the ranch here. I ride it myself," Hank said, patting the big buck on the sides.

Janice had roused herself when Linda began banging around the house, nervously dressing for the dance that evening. Strolling across the yard, the brunette had noticed some movement in the barn and had walked over, curious to see what was going on. There she came across Hank who was brushing down the big animal now pawing nervously in front of her.

"I used to do some riding myself a long time ago," Janice said wistfully, stretching out one hand and gently patting the big horse on the head.

"His name's Thunder, ma'am."

"Thunder," Janice repeated quietly, smoothing her fingers over his long head, feeling his heavy breath panting against her forearm. There had always been something about horses that attracted her. When she was small, Janice enjoyed riding on them whenever her father took her and Linda to Griffith Park in Los Angeles. Linda was always afraid and got off as soon as she dared. But not Janice. She loved feeling that movement between her legs, the subtle rub of the horse's flesh against hers, the ripple of his muscles as he walked or trotted along the winding paths in the city park. When she was older she had had her first orgasm on a horse. It must have been the way he moved or the way she was sitting. Janice was never certain about all that and always felt a little guilty, a little ashamed for having felt such a powerful feeling with an animal. And yet there it was. And today?

She shook her head. Janice didn't like where this train of thought was taking her. She would think about it later when her head was clearer, when she had had some rest to calm her buzzing brain.

"Nice, Thunder, nice..."

"I'm through with Thunder in here, ma'am, gotta get ready for... for the dance," Hank said uneasily, afraid to use the word date in front of Janice.

The brunette smiled at his uneasiness, nodding and still stroking the big animal's head.

"You go along, Hank. I'll close up here. I'm used to horses, like I said, and Thunder and I get along fine."

Hank looked relieved that Janice was letting him go.

"Thanks, ma'am. Gotta wash up and change... get outta these duds," he said, looking down and brushing off the dirt and straw clinging to his Levi's.

"And you'd better hurry. My sister's just about ready."

Hank rushed from the barn, nearly tripping over his own feet. Janice laughed at his panic, then turned her attention back to the big black stallion now calmly standing in his stall. He looked at her, his black nostrils quivering. Janice stood in front of him, feeling his big head nuzzling her arms, then moving over to her tits. She froze, suddenly feeling something wild, something totally unnatural flash through her body. It was the same feeling she'd had when Chad began nuzzling her there in the livingroom.

Janice gasped, drawing back, her fingertips pressed to her mouth, her eyes widened. She felt the barn reeling around her as if she'd taken some kind of drug. Even for a lively, free-thinking spirit like Janice, what she suddenly felt for Thunder was unspeakable! He had nuzzled her tits, drawn that big sloppy tongue up her arm then over to her tits. That was when she'd moved away.

"Oh... oh Lord!"

What on earth was happening to her? Why was she acting like this, like some kind of Hollywood slut? God, she was worse than those sluts parading their asses up and down the boulevard! They made it with men. But she was turning on to this horse! Suddenly Janice heard jeering voices talking about the women in Tijuana, women who let donkeys fuck them right there on the stage in front of a bunch of leering sailors!

"No, no..."

Janice closed her eyes again, stretching out one hand and steadying herself against a low stall wall. She was breathing heavily, trying to regain some sense of reality in this natural situation. Then she thought of those days in Griffith Park once more, thought of the way the animals felt between her legs, that rocking, rolling sensation of something warm and muscular rubbing against her thighs and her butt. That tingle, that damned itchy tingle began all over again when she thought of those hours alone with horses. Her body grew warm, the nipples stretching, pulling against the surrounding nipple flesh. This was wrong, far more wrong than her tryst with the German Shepherd back there in the ranch house.

But what harm could there be if she only petted the stallion? What harm could there be if she just felt the warm body of that stud?

Sucking in another ragged breath, Janice walked up to Thunder, petting him again on the head. But this time she kept going back, moving along, talking to the big animal so he wouldn't get spooked. She felt his sides shuddering, heard him snorting a little nervously again as she moved back, her ass rubbing against the splintery stall wall behind her.

"There, boy, it's all right. Janice isn't going to hurt you," she cooed, rubbing her fingers over the warm sides.

How good, how strangely good and calming and yet exciting it was to feel Thunder's muscular sides

with her fingers. The short smooth hair tickled her flesh. He was so warm, so firm! Janice stopped at his mid-section, looking back and seeing the animal was looking at her once more, having twisted his head halfway around. Those eyes! They almost had her in a trance as she stood there in the small area, her feet sinking into the false floor of shredded straw. There was that odor she found exciting, that pungent aroma of stale piss that made her wrinkle her nose.

What was she going to do? What on earth was she doing now, leaning heavily against the animal, drawing her hands over his sides? Was she thinking of going back farther, of touching him all over until she reached his prick?

“Oh my God... oh my God!”

Again Janice stopped, resting her forehead against Thunder’s sides. She was a mature woman, an experienced woman – certainly more experienced than her virgin sister Linda. Why couldn’t she control her emotions, especially now here in the stall? Why couldn’t she just get up and walk away, calling this little episode for what it was worth – a pleasant but silly excursion into something that could be quite morally dark?

But she couldn’t. Standing there, feeling those powerful sides heaving in and out, listening to the stallion’s breath hissing through his nostrils, feeling the warmth radiating through her blouse and fingers, Janice felt glued to the spot. She was hesitating, feeling herself at some terrible boundary.

“God!” she moaned.

She glanced at her wristwatch. Linda would be expecting her in the house in a few moments to give her some kind of moral support. This was her first big date in a long time. Stroking the stallion’s sides once more, Janice found herself embracing the animal draping her arms over his sides and pressing her body close to him. The woman found herself smiling at the touch of the big animal and at the thought of Linda going out for the first time in years. Her sister was going to get fucked! She was certain of that. In spite of the way Hank shuffled his feet and acted so inept and stupid, she could see in his eyes he was going to make every more he could to get between Linda’s legs. She’d have to prepare her sister beforehand somehow, give her some sisterly advice on how to ride that wave when it finally curled and crashed in.

But there were still a few minutes left, a few minutes alone with this powerful, handsome animal trembling under her touch.

“Steady, Thunder, steady... yesss, that’s it, that’s it – Janice isn’t going to hurt you.”

The brunette backed away a little more, feeling the whip of his tail at times against her right elbow. He began pawing again at the ground, snorting and dipping his head up and down as she eased her way back toward his hindquarters. It was only when she kept talking to him, kept touching him gently that the stud calmed down, twisting his head around once more and watching her intently. That stare made her shiver.

“Easy, Thunder... don’t move... that’s it, Thunder.”

Her heart was pounding so hard Janice thought it would tear through her ribcage. She was touching the big hard muscle of his left hindquarter now, feeling it ripple under her fingertips. Thunder moved that hoof back, stomping down on the hay, moving the straw about nervously, then finally steadying himself as she kept smoothing her fingers up and down, up and down his body. What was she doing? What on earth was she doing standing here in the stall with this stallion?

“Got to leave... have to...”

But some dark force had taken over her soul once more. It was as if she were possessed by some terrible demon out to destroy her! Janice moved her fingers down lower, hearing her own breathing and matching it with that of the stallion's. Her knees shook while she felt her full, flexible cunt-lips swell with blood, folding over one another. She paused, leaning heavily against Thunder's body again and closing her eyes. Her clit was swollen, poking up from the surrounding moist flesh and throbbing as if a man's prick were rubbing against it. Riding high. Again she smiled. She had told the few men who had fucked her to ride high so she could feel their cocks rubbing against her clit!

“Ohhhh...” she moaned.

She moved as if in some dream state. Janice felt shamefully close to an orgasm. An orgasm! And what had she done? What had happened to her? She was simply standing there, touching a horse, moving her hands up and down dangerously close to his cock. But that was all. There had been no contact with the beast, no touching at all except the innocent caressing against his sides. And yet the brunette couldn't deny what she was feeling between her thighs, a hunger that made her tremble at her own thoughts. She stopped for a moment and wondered what on earth she was thinking of doing, finding out she didn't know. She simply wasn't sure of what to do. It was that force, that thing shoving her on, showing her the way.

“Ohhh...” Her breathing became more and more shallow, so hot through her flared nostrils.

Her tits were killing her now, feeling so full, so swollen. And how her nipples ached and itched, begging to be touched, rubbed, pinched! She felt so shaky, not really herself at all. From the other end of the stall, Janice saw the big horse still staring at her, his black nostrils quivering with each powerful snort he took.

“Thunder.” She pronounced his name and felt her flesh crawl around her spine.

She was getting into water far too deep for her, for anyone. And yet she found her fingers moving once more. They were sliding down, down the leg and around to the sexy curve of his hindquarter. She found herself moving back, feeling the nervous swish of his tail as it jerked back and forth more spiritedly.

“Ohhhh, what am I doing?”

The tender inner surfaces of her thighs were itchy, tightening and relaxing. Her cunt walls rubbed against one another, fluttering with excitement as her hand traveled around and back until she felt something very warm, very warm and strange against her elbow. Janice froze once more, her mouth opening. She let out a shudder, gasping for air. A horse's cock! She had seen pictures once of a horse fully aroused, fucking his mate. One of the girls at her high school had brought it back from her uncle's farm. Why the old man had taken the photo no one ever really knew. The only thing Janice remembered thinking when she first saw that shot was just how grotesque the whole thing seemed. And yet now she wasn't sure.

“Nice, Thunder, nice!”

It was horrible, really horrible what she was doing and feeling. She should stop now. And yet Janice kept going, curling her fingers and moving them around until she felt his big coconut-sized sac. Thunder stomped around again, snorting, dipping his head back and forth while his mane fluttered from the violent movements. Janice drew her hand away quickly, as if she'd just touched a hot-plate. Thunder moved about his stall, banging his sides against one wall. Then he calmed once more,

snorting loudly. Should she go on? Should she touch his big balls and prick once more? The thought of being trampled in the stall just for some stupid horny urge raced through her mind. What would her sister say if something were to happen? Would people guess at what she'd been doing?

"Thunder..." Again Janice pronounced his name softly, gently as if he were her lover. And again he calmed, twisting his head, rolling those big brown eyes as if he were telling her he wanted her to touch his cock again.

Janice swallowed hard, raised her hand once more and began moving it down to the horse's balls. This time Thunder didn't move, his only reaction being a shudder that radiated through his entire body. Janice saw this and trembled. Opening her eyes and looking back a little farther, she saw his prick! His cock! His prick was big, so big, so damned big and black, hanging there like some huge funnel, the head having slipped already from the black, wrinkled, leathery sheath.

She stopped once more, her eyes widening with excitement. For a moment, just for a moment Janice thought about how something like that would feel fucking in and out of her cunt.

"My God... what am I doing?" she asked, knowing there was no answer.

She moved her hand up until the fingertips touched the fat, hardening cock. This time Thunder didn't stomp. His snorting increased, his hindquarters spreading, moving subtly from side to side. Janice sucked in another breath, held it until her eyes swam, then breathed and moved her other hand up. In a second, the woman had her fingers wrapped around that big cock, had them moving up and down. She was jacking off a horse! She was actually jacking him off, moving her fingers up and down, feeling the hard throbbing prick-muscle jerk in her fingers. It was crazy, insane, as if she had been propelled into another world where morals were turned upside down. And yet... yet she couldn't stop herself. Those childhood memories, the presence of the animal here, the dog, everything was getting oh so mixed up in her mind. All she could think of was how good it felt to be touching Thunder like this. And the stallion certainly didn't mind. He was breathing heavily, dipping his head once more up and down while his tail swished against her arms excitedly. His prick was getting good and stiff and hot now while her fingers felt the thick veins pulsing against her flesh.

She stopped. Someone was outside! Reality exploded into her world. With horror Janice reeled back, jerking her hands away and rubbing them frantically against her body. Horrible! Filthy! How could she have even thought of doing something like this, let alone actually touched the stallion's big hot cock?

She stumbled from the stall, her hands flailing out from her body for balance. Calm. She had to become calm before running outside.

People would notice the frantic expression on her face if she were to leave the barn now. Moving several feet away from the still-snorting animal, Janice put one hand to her head and leaned against the outer barn wall.

"What've I done? Oh Jesus, what've I done?" she moaned.

Things were getting out of hand in her life. Perhaps she should go see a shrink. Something was wrong, terribly wrong with her if she thought about fucking with a horse.

"Linda... have to see Linda," she said to herself, gathering up her strength and walking into the cool evening air.

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## CHAPTER SIX

"It's a beautiful evening, isn't it?"

Linda was standing on a small hill with Hank. Behind them, nearly a quarter of a mile away, was the dance. They could hear the music drifting through the still night air. Above them millions of stars twinkled brightly, illuminating the countryside with an eerie silvery glow.

"Yeah, real nice... Linda."

Linda smiled in spite of her nervousness. It had taken some doing, but she had finally managed to get him to call her by her first name. That ma'am nonsense was getting to be embarrassing, especially at the dance. And, besides

, she could tell he'd been wanting to get friendlier for a long time anyway.

"It's so clean, so clear out here. So different from Los Angeles," she murmured.

They had had a fine time at the dance. But it had become too stuffy inside the large hall. Linda wanted to get out, to get some air. Needless to say, Hank was more than willing to oblige her. They walked slowly from the crowd, then walked through a small field to this protected hillock nearby.

"One of the best places in the world, I'll bet," Hank added, drawing closer to the trembling woman. And she was trembling.

Linda had loved the touch of this rough man as they swept across the dance floor. She felt his hands on her back, felt his body rubbing against hers and nearly had a climax right there in front of everyone. How she wanted him! In spite of all her fine morals, in spite of all she had been taught, Linda wanted him as she'd wanted no other man before in her life! Perhaps it was Chad the dog who had triggered her emotions. She didn't know. All she realized was that Hank was a strong, sturdy male who could satisfy her every need. That alone made her anxious for him to make some kind of move - anything that would indicate he felt the same.

There was another moment's pause. And then the move she'd been both waiting for and dreading came. He turned, moving his hands around her narrow waist and drawing her close. Linda didn't have to say anything. She knew what was on her mind, knew what was on his. She swallowed down a lump of fear, parting her lips and letting out a long, hissing breath - it was finally happening! After all these years it was finally happening. Would she have the courage to see it through? Would she back out at the last minute just as she'd done so many times before?

"Linda," he whispered, lowering his head toward hers.

"Don't, Hank," she said unconvincingly, drawing back a little. "It's... it's just not right. Somehow, it's just not!"

She felt his body shuddering against hers. She was lying and prayed to God he would see that. It was right, so very, very right. She had to have him, had to feel what it was like being fucked by a man. It was either that or spending a life with Chad! Had she thought of him? Had she actually thought of the German Shepherd while this handsome, strong man was holding her? What was wrong with her?

"There ain't nothin' wrong with this, with what I feel," Hank whispered.

"No... no..."

She was breaking down, feeling her breathing become more and more uneven and shallow. How her chest tightened! Looking back up at the ranch hand, she saw big eyes burning down into her. There was such a change, a rapid transformation of this shy foreman into a young stud, hot for her body, hot for her cunt! Linda felt her pussy walls snap shut and tight, felt the protective muscles around the rim of her cunt fluttering as Hank's hands moved around and up to her blouse. He was sliding them under the garment, moving them up until she felt him tugging at her bra strap.

"Oh... God!"

Again the woman thought about how right this was - the owner or acting owner of the ranch making it with a hired hand. But again Linda pushed that thought to one side. She stayed where she was, not trying to work her way out of this desperate situation.

"It's good, it's right, Linda. It feels right to me."

He moved his lips up against the side of her neck, blowing softly against her flesh. Linda shuddered, feeling her skin crawl with unspeakable lust. A red fog of lust settled over her mind, blurring her normally clear-cut reason. Rationality was tossed out the window as she stood there on the small hill with Hank, her body swaying like a willow in the breeze, his hand crawling all over her back, trying to unsnap her bra.

"Ohhh yesss, yesss..."

She gave in, threw in the towel, threw away her morality at the touch of his hands, at the feel of his breath against his throat! Her blouse was completely out of her skirt now, flapping over her ass. In a moment she felt his big hands cupping both asscheeks, working into those soft pillows of flesh.

"Ohhhh, Linda, yeah, yeah, I've wanted you for a long time... since you came to the ranch."

"Did you?" she panted.

Linda raised both hands, pushing them gently against his chest in a last weak effort to get away. She wasn't serious, and Hank could see that. Her own lust coupled with that of the foreman's was too much for her to handle. In the distance the dance music played on. But the two of them were too engrossed in one another to care.

"Wh... where can we go?" she asked in a stammering voice.

Hank smiled and looked around him.

"Nothin' wrong with right here. There's trees to protect us, and I got my jacket," he said, pulling away and shrugging off the garment.

Linda watched as he spread the jacket on the ground in front of her. In a moment he was back up holding her, the iron bands of his arms tightly around her.

"God!" she gasped.

This was going to be her first time, her very first fuck. And how she wanted it! Her heart was beating crazily while she fought for control of her breathing. Her tits seemed to be growing, actually swelling in those confining cups. Janice had told her not to wear a bra. It was too old-fashioned, her sister had told her. But the thought of appearing in public with her tits jiggling and swaying against her blouse frightened and embarrassed her. She could just imagine those old biddies cackling and

chatting about what kind of woman she was, appearing at a dance with her tits swaying around for God and everyone to see. But right now, as she stood leaning heavily against Hank, feeling his hands smoothing up and down her naked back, Linda wished she had followed her sister's advice.

"Ohhhhh..." she moaned.

He was pushing her back to where his jacket was stretched on the ground. In a moment his mouth covered hers. Linda groaned, tilting her head to make their lips squirm together. He was touching her ass again, gently kneading each full asscheek until the blonde thought she was going to faint from her rushing excitement. That touch, even through the material of her skirt, felt terribly good. She rocked her hips, feeling something very warm and hard gouging against her body - his cock! Linda stiffened, her fingers fanning out against the side of his neck.

"Hank... I..."

She was about to tell him she didn't want to fuck. Yes, again she was going to back out of life, live on the sidelines while people like her sister Janice played on the field. But this time the words just wouldn't come. She stood there, feeling him touch her all over. She wanted to let it all happen. There wasn't the reluctance, the fear that had spoiled so many other evenings. Now there was just the arousal, the excitement burning through her brain, exorcising all those moral bogies her mother had carefully planted so many years ago.

That prick! His cock seemed so big, so stiff. She remembered Janice telling her one night how badly she wanted to get fucked. Linda wondered if that had been the first time her sister had finally gotten fucked. Janice never talked too much about sex after that, probably because she was getting it. Still Linda couldn't stop thinking about it, wishing there were someone to talk to while her cunt burned and itched so!

"Let's get down," Hank suggested.

In a moment they were flat on the ground. She could feel his jacket gathering up under her as Hank pulled off her blouse, then reached around and finally unfastened the snap of her halter. Linda sighed, feeling the cups pull free of her tits. "Ohhhhh," she moaned.

It felt so good, so free to be naked like this, naked under the stars, under the hot gaze of a man! Hank paused for a moment, taking in her half-naked body, then lowering his head. In a moment he was all over her, pushing her shoulders down, licking her big nipples with his tongue. That tongue! How it reminded her for a moment of Chad, that German Shepherd as he had crouched over her that fateful night, touching her tits and, more importantly, licking her cunt.

He was a little awkward. But soon he smoothed out his technique, puckering his lips and moving them around to her other nipple. In a moment he was kneading both tits, sucking on one, drawing in the rubbery nub between the gap in his front teeth. It was incredible! Hot flashes sparked from her mouthed tit, making Linda arch her back and wallow her shoulder blades against the ground. How she wanted to feel him naked against her, pressing her down into the dirt while his prick fucked out her sappy fuck hole.

His hipbones bumped hers. He was fucking his prick-shaft up and down her cunt. At the same time, Hank was reaching around for her zipper, tugging it down, fumbling with the top button and finally sliding the garment over her knees and ankles. She was naked, naked except for her panties that now clung stickily to her cunt-lips.

"Now my turn." He undressed quickly, pulling off his dress shirt and laying it carefully on top of her

skirt, then half-standing and tugging his dress Levi's down. Linda's eyes widened. He wasn't wearing any shorts. His cock sprang out - long, thick, meaty, like the pricks she'd seen hanging from between a horse's hindquarters. For a second she wondered if hanging around donkeys had anything to do with the size of a man's cock. She smiled at this ridiculous thought.

"Like what you see?" Hank asked, reaching down and scratching his full leather balls.

It was at that point Linda realized she might be acting too forward, acting as if she did this sort of thing all the time. Drawing back, she shook her head from side to side.

"Hank," she began, fighting for words. "You might not believe this, but... but I've never done anything like this in my life."

Linda was glad it was dark. She felt her cheeks burning with shame. Her virginity was an embarrassment, something to be ashamed of. How differently she viewed it than several years ago when she considered her cherry some kind of badge of courage, of honor.

"Huh?"

Linda looked up again. Hank stood there, his prick sticking straight out from his crotch - full, hard, hot, filled with blood, ready to fuck right into her cunt. He was staring a little wide-eyed at her.

"I said... I said I'm a virgin," she whispered softly.

Hank smiled, bending down and gathering her up into his arms.

"Any other woman I wouldn't believe. But you... well, guess so. I'll go gentle."

He was back on top of her, kissing her throat, her mouth, the sensitive spots just under her eyes. And, all the time, his knees were pressing hers apart, spreading her legs open. His prick gouged the nylon crotch panel, forcing the silky material up into her cunt. It was so wild, so weird. It was like getting fucked and not getting fucked at the same time!

"Uhhhhh..." she groaned.

He sucked her tits again, pinching the nipples when he wasn't tonguing them. Linda saw bright lights popping in front of her. His touch was mind-blowing, far more intense than, anything she'd felt before - even with Chad on top of her. This was a man, a real man touching her, wanting to fuck her.

"You're nice and hot and fine," Hank whispered, his fingers groping her all over.

She felt his tongue going lower and lower, teasing the flesh around her navel. And then she felt his fingers gripping her hipbones, holding her ass down to the jacket and ground while his tongue slipped past her belly button to her thighs. And then...

"Uhhhhhh!" she moaned loudly.

It was as if someone had touched a live electric wire to her clit! Hank was down there between her legs, his head wedged between her warm, soft thighs, that tongue touching her pussy. It was Chad all over again. But there wasn't that random hurried lick of the big German Shepherd. No! Instead he was going easy on her. The smooth, silky rub of Hank's lips forcing her cunt-lips apart was so different, so sexily different from the rougher touch of the dog. Having Hank's mouth against her swelling cunt was so good, so very, very good!



“Oh God!”

Linda arched her back again, the world spinning around her like some mad ballet. He had her spread out there, helpless, pinned to the dirt while his mouth worked up and down her pussy. A shy man? How wrong she'd been! He was shy at first. But how forceful, how insistent he became once he got going! Linda would never be able to look at him in the same way again!

“Touch me... oh God, touch me there!” she moaned.

Linda realized with a shock she was speaking to Hank the same words that she had whispered hoarsely to the licking animal several nights ago. The shock passed. She would never think of that again. What was past was past. Now she had this man, this wonderful, wonderful man. There was no reason for her to think of that dreadful animal and what he'd done to her before.

“Ooooooohhh!” she moaned.

Her chest heaved as Hank moved his mouth from side to side, digging deeper into her cunt. She felt the hot juices of her pussy seeping out, wetting down her thighs, her asscheeks, his chin. Mouth fucking. Sucking. Tonguing! How unutterably sexy the whole thing was! Hank was sucking deep too, drilling his tongue in as if it were a cock of some kind. Then she felt him rimming her, barely touching her pussy with the tip of his tongue before fucking it back in all the way and making her squirm and writhe on the jacket.

“Ohhhh... wh... what are you doing to me?” she moaned.

In the distance, Linda could again hear the steady beat of the dance band. A gathering breeze rustled the tall grass and trees protecting the little clearing they were fucking in.

“What you and I want,” he answered, scouring her cunt with his tongue.

“Uhhhhhhhh... Hank... Hank... huhhrrrrrr!”

She was sounding like a dog, like Chad when he had her spread open like that, tonguing her. Hank was going as wild as the German Shepherd had, smelling her, tasting her, running his tongue up and down her pussy until she thought she was going to cum right in his mouth. Without thinking, Linda began moving her hips. It would have been impossible for her not to. It was so wild, so sexy and free and ten times more exciting than when the animal had sucked her cunt. She felt her fine blonde hairs tangling around her neck and ears. And then Hank was kissing her belly, his tongue snaking into navel. She shivered uncontrollably and dug her nails into his hair, begging him to stop and wishing he wouldn't pay any attention to her.

“Oh stop... Please...”

Hank made her sit up, his strong hands still gripping her hipbones. There was some confused movement. She felt one leg folding under the other. In a flash she realized what was happening. He was going to fuck her in a doggie position. Her heart stopped at that thought. Again, images of Chad flashed through her mind as she felt Hank kneeling behind her, working his fingers along the insides of her thighs. He was forcing her pussy-lips apart so he could work a finger deep into her cunt. Linda tensed, curling her fingers, digging the tips into the damp grass as she felt another breeze blow over her skin, making the flesh pucker into goosepimples. Her tits hung down from her chest, pulling sexily at her body while the nipples nearly brushed over the jacket.

“Ohhhh...” she groaned.

She had nearly flipped completely. She was a bitch in heat, Hank's bitch, not Chad's. He was going to fuck her in this position. How wonderful, how magical!

"Ugh!" she grunted.

Her desire suddenly soared the moment she felt his fingernail press against that bunched flesh across her fuck channel. Hank stopped a moment, leaning over her, whispering in one ear.

"I'm gonna do it with my finger so you'll be hot for my prick when I shove it in."

The words burned into her soul. Linda bit down on her lower lip, trembling as she felt that finger stiffen again, felt it pressing harder against her cherry.

She cried out, her thighs tensing as a flash of pain shot through her body. He'd done it! In an instant this wonderful foreman had ripped away her past and with it all the hang-ups that tarnished her young life!

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CHAPTER SEVEN

"Ohhhhh... fuck... fuck!"

To say that word, to pronounce it, sent shivers rushing up and down her spine. The popping of her cherry had taken only a few moments, less than a second. Hank crouched behind her, rubbing the froth of pink blood from his fingers. Linda breathed heavily, her head tucked under her, her mouth half opened and sucking in air. There was pain. But slowly it disappeared, turned into something much different from the initial agony she felt.

"This is gonna be good... real good," Hank murmured.

Linda's eyes rounded. She felt his breath against her asscheeks, felt his tongue soaking them, sticking them down with spittle. It was so wild, so crazy! Grinding her teeth, the blonde went wild, bobbing her ass back and forth. She wanted him, wanted the touch of his prick fucking in and out of her pussy. Linda was feeling so weak, so... so empty! Somehow she managed to twist her head around and peer back between her legs. Hank was crouched low behind her, his knees spread wide apart for power. He was so much like a dog in that. Dogs crouched down for power then fucked their boners into the bitches fast! Linda had watched that happen in the gutters, in the streets, even on her front lawn in town. And then in the bedroom several nights ago she had almost wanted Chad to fuck her, but that was too dark even to think about, especially now!

"Man, I can hardly believe all this happenin' to me, baby. It's like some kinda dream," Hank whispered, smoothing his fingers over her ass with one hand while jerking his cock with the other.

"Neither... neither can I!" Linda gasped, her eyes glazing over and rolling up into her head.

"Baby... feel it... feel my cockhead now? Feel it?" Hank panted.

"Ohhhhh yes, yes..."

Linda felt his cock. Her ass pranced for his prick. She wanted to run herself back into his cock, to get raped by a prick. Yes, it was a good hard prick pressing against her cunt-lips. The young blonde woman gasped again. The first time! This would be the very first time she had a cock inside her! She

cried out again and again with hoarse cries, tossing her head back and forth. Her hair splashed over her face while she curled her fingers and dug them against his jacket. The world had suddenly ceased to exist for her. She thought of nothing, nothing except that husky foreman behind her and his fucking prick! That was what he was doing, fucking into her, penetrating her cunt, spreading her pussy lips apart with his cock! The image of her cunt being slowly spread, peeled back for that wonderful prick dangling from his legs excited Linda more.

“Oooooohhhhhh!”

How like a whore she was behaving. Shameless! Wanton! Without any restraint! Linda didn't want to have restraints. No moral strangleholds like the ones her mother had burdened her with.

“It's... it's soooooo big!” Linda gasped, snapping her head back, then letting it fall back to her chest again.

“Like it, Linda? Like it?”

The blonde was going wild. She thought she was going to faint when he pulled his prick back slowly, letting her feel every bump, every vein, every tiny ridge on his cock. Again Linda tensed her thigh and ass muscles, dancing her ass up and down, the plump buttcheeks jiggling with her violent movements. She felt the elastic slick walls of her cunt shrinking back together behind his retreating prickhead, rubbing itchily against each other. It was almost too much to bear!

“My... my God!”

Long strings of drool leaked from the corners of Linda's mouth. Her arms trembled, threatened to collapse. Then the elbows bent out farther and the woman let them collapse, falling against the jacket. Her ass was still high in the air, prancing back and forth as Hank dug his fingers into her asscheeks and fucked down deep again.

“Uh! Uh! Uh!”

Linda was rutting, actually rutting like a slut under the big man. She loved the way he fucked, loved the way he held her. At times the only things touching her were his cock and fingers. He had them hooked now around her hipbones, keeping her completely in his power. Yes, she liked that feeling, the feeling of being completely in his control. She could never feel guilty, never feel that she had a choice in the matter even though in her heart of hearts Linda knew she did. He was forcing her, almost raping her right there. And how she loved it! Linda cried out again, wriggling in his grasp, aware of her complete helplessness. He could ride her down onto the jacket or some bed any time he wanted!

“Uhhhh... ooohhhhhh!” she cried.

Hot chills of lust raced up and down her spine, controlling her mind.

“Ohhhh, baby, I love your body,” Hank whispered, running his hands along her sides, then hooking them around her belly and starting to caress her hanging tits.

“Oh, you do?” Linda gasped, having a difficult time sucking in enough air for her body.

Hank was now kissing the nape of her neck for an answer. She could feel his hard belly pressing against her asscheeks and lower back. He was climbing her, fucking powerfully into her drenched cunt. His fat prick was making squishy, sexy noises as he fucked into her steaming cunt. It was

heaven! The sensation of his thick hunk of cockmeat inside her cunt was wild!

Linda clenched the jacket hard in her hands and whimpered, "Oh please... please, I'm so close to cumming! Please, please don't do it any more!"

Linda realized she was talking like some crazy teeny hopper. The thought that she was wild and young once more excited her, made her feel ecstatic.

I'm not so old! she thought. I'm not an old maid like Janice thinks.

"Ohhh shit, Linda, man... ughhh..."

Hank eased the cock slowly from her pussy. Linda shivered, feeling hot streaks of her fuck juice dribbling out and down. She was soaked, frothing that cuntal fluid! Never had she been so wet before! How she wanted to stay up all night with this foreman named Hank. Weakly she turned on the jacket on her hands and knees and peered back at him once more.

"Fuck me... fuck me..." she gasped.

She was begging him now for that sensation of a prick fucking into a pussy. Linda felt his hands gripping her again, rolling her over, over onto her back. For a moment his prick slipped out, and the frantic woman felt her cunt walls slapping together. She let out a shuddering sigh, feeling her back suddenly pressed against the ground. He had turned her around, rolled her onto her spine and slipped both hands under her thighs. In a moment Linda felt her legs kick high in the air, felt Hank wedging his powerful body between them.

"Feel my dick," he ordered, rubbing his cock up and down over her cunt-lips. Linda cried out, arching her back, wallowing her shoulder blades against the jacket. That light teasing touch made her insane. "Feel it, rub it up with your hands. I wanna feel you touch it."

Linda loved everything that was happening to her now. She knew Hank was giving her time, letting her float around in her newfound sea of sensuality while he did all he could to keep from cumming himself.

Linda peered between her legs, raising her head slightly. She saw that hot prick jerking between her spread thighs, saw the slickness of her fuck juices on its rope-veined sides. He had the fingers of one hand curled around the fat root. When he squeezed down, his prick jumped up and nearly slapped against his belly.

Linda let out another shuddering moan, feeling her cunt clench down on thin air. "Ohhhhhh!"

"Touch it... come on and touch it," he whispered, rubbing his fingers along the sensitive underside of his cock.

"I... I... oh God!" she gasped.

Linda was fascinated. Biting down on her lower lip, she moved her right hand up, spreading her fingers, finally touching that prick with the back of her hand. It felt so good, so very hot and hard and so very good! Turning her hand around, Linda sucked in a deep breath, then curled her fingers around his prick. Almost immediately Hank stiffened, his eyes closing, his lips moving wordlessly. She could feel his powerful body shuddering, swaying from side to side.

"Damn it! Gotta fuck you... gotta fuck you or I'm gonna cum right here in your hand!"

The urgency in his voice made Linda tremble. She felt the power of his prick in her hand and it made her both frightened and excited.

“Ohhhh, stick it back in. In! In! Stick it back into my cunt!” Linda cried like a whore in heat. The thought of rolling around in the dirt with a farmhand, his prick fucking in and out of her cunt, excited her more and more. She was a wild woman, a crazed slut fucking her brains out with this handsome farm stud.

“Yeahhhh... fuck, really fuck with me, Linda, fuck!” Hank urged.

Linda stopped moving for a moment, feeling incredible lewd, hot feelings of lust rush through her cunt. Her head rolled from side to side, strands of blonde hair clinging to the corners of her mouth and her dampened cheeks as she felt Hank spreading her legs farther apart with his hairy thighs. He was leaning forward once more, pressing down and in, forcing his prick up into her cunthole. She could feel his breath blowing against her tits, feel the warmth of his aroused body. She was covered with the sense of his maleness.

“Oooohhhhhh!” she moaned suddenly.

His cock was back in her cunt! The itchy, trembling walls of her pussy were being spread apart again, stretched by his fat prick. She felt his cock sinking into her flesh, splitting her in two.

“Fuck it, fuck it, fuck me!” Hank almost shouted at her, stopping halfway and closing his eyes.

Linda instinctively knew he was close to shooting, close to filling her with his jizz.

“No, no, not yet!” she whispered tightly, afraid to move.

Hank crouched there for a moment or two, his face tense, his eyes cinched tightly shut. Then she saw his jaw relaxing. He hadn't cum, hadn't left her high and dry.

“Ohhh, close... man, that was close!” he panted.

With that, Hank began fucking her slow and easy, tensing his hips, shoving his prick into her, then slowly pulling out. Linda could hear that fat prick slurping its way in, frying in her hot cunt juice. In another moment the big man pulled out almost all the way, leaving just the head of his prick in her pussy. He watched as Linda hunched and jerked under him, throwing up her crotch, trying to get more of his prick into her.

“Huhhhrrr! Huhhhrrr! Oh, oh, fuck me, drive that thing into me,” she gasped, her face wrinkled, pinched, red with the effort of wanting to get fucked.

“Yeah!”

Hank fucked in, letting out a sigh of relief. He twisted his hips around, letting her feel the full length and thickness of his cock stirring around inside her. Linda went mad, hunching around in a counter movement, her asscheeks dragging over the jacket, bunching it up until it was no more than a roll under her back. She could feel the prickling sensation of the grass as it worked between her asscheeks. It was incredible, this feeling of being fucked! All the stories in the world, all the sex education classes one could attend couldn't give any hint of the sensation of being split wide open by a man's prick!

Linda loved the sensation of having his long, throbbing cock in her cunt, beating out that savage

rhythm against her pussy walls. How her cunt squeezed tightly around his prick, holding his cock in a silky trap. As Hank's weight settled between her legs, she felt her clit being crushed, squeezed into her pussy flesh by the hard length of his prick.

"Ohhhh, please do it! Please, on please, fuck me, fuck, fuck me good!"

"Christ, I didn't think I'd have you beggin' for it," Hank whispered, stopping his fucking movements for another moment and regaining control of his pumping balls.

"Oh, oh!"

"But, man, now looks like you can't get enough of my dick!"

"No, oh no! Want more... more, more!" Linda panted insanely.

"Gonna get more then," Hank muttered, clenching his teeth and drawing back.

Linda felt him pushing his ass up, getting his cock in position for one hell of a downstroke. He held still there for a while, keeping his prickhead once more the only part of his cock in her body. Linda was growling, actually growling like a wild animal! She was thrashing under him, begging him with her body for more prickmeat, for that sensation of his cock being fucked into her cunt.

"Take it!"

Hank let out a groan, then fucked down hard and violently. Li

nda saw bright lights explode in front of her eyes, heard what she thought was the world exploding around her. Had someone dropped the atom bomb? It felt like the world was ending around her, crashing down on top of both her and Hank as he kept fucking her hard and fast, his fucking strokes making her body shudder.

Her cunt boiled with fuck juice as her clit rubbed up hotter and hotter under the fucking attack. Linda thought about that prick, about that cock filling her pussy up again and again! She whimpered, feeling her big ass muscles cramp. She was getting ready for a cum, a big one! She could feel her body winding up as she raised both arms and draped them weakly around Hank's strong shoulders.

"Ohhhh, gonna... gonna cum, Hank. I... I can't hold back!"

Linda felt herself spinning around and around, whorls of bright reds and oranges exploding in front of her while the big stud fucked her cunt with his cock. Her ass quivered with sensation as if it were filled with cockmeat too. She then felt Hank's cock tighten into an iron weapon. It meant the end of his control. Once again the woman knew he was close to shooting. In a second he'd be spraying her with his jizz!

"Oh, Hank... ughhhh..."

For a crazy moment, Linda thought she could stop him. Then the woman realized she didn't want to. She wanted to feel it all now, wanted to feel his cum spattering against the sides of her pussy. She wanted to feel his climax rush along with hers! Linda moved her hips more frantically from side to side, clawing her fingernails along his upper back, crying through clenched teeth for more and more prick.

“Ohhhhhhh!” Linda moaned ecstatically.

Hank slowed his fucking for a moment, the muscles bulging out in his legs and thighs. He shook his head like a horse, knocking off the excess sweat. Then Linda felt his body tremble, felt his prick begin to jerk and throb. In a moment the blonde knew he was going to cum. She clenched her thighs against his legs, feeling hot chills begin deep down in her cunt, spreading to all parts of her body.

“Cum! Oh, I’m gonna...” Linda couldn’t finish the sentence.

Hank let out a yell, then rammed his cock down again, fucking his prick back and forth, in and out, faster and faster into her cunt. His balls were filled with cum. They ached as they slapped against her upturned ass. He started to moan as he felt his cum bubbling up that center tube in his cock.

“Ughhhh... ohhhh, baby, gonna shoot it out... out... now!”

Linda lay like a speared fish on the ground, her heels beating against his back, her shoulders sliding over the damp grass. Clawing at the foreman’s back, raking his flesh with her fingernails, she could only think that she was being fucked by the hardest, biggest, stiffest prick in the world.

“Me too! Me toooooo!” she screamed frantically, feeling her cunt go into crazy spasms of need.

Hank said nothing more, collapsing onto Linda’s wriggling body and holding onto her shoulders. Linda could feel it, actually feel those streamers of jizz splashing down into her pussy. Stream after stream sprayed in until her cunt was soaked and slicked with his spunk. For a moment Linda teetered on the brink, feeling that white-hot core of joy dangling teasingly just out of reach. And then it happened! With a gasp and cry she felt her orgasm peak. Her pussy snapped shut, squeezing tightly against Hank’s shooting cock.

“Ohhhhhhh!”

Linda moaned as she felt herself coming apart. Her hands fastened tightly around Hank’s shoulders as she felt the hot load of his cock spit out again and again. It was like nothing in the world! She exploded, jerked like an electrocuted prisoner, then collapsed onto the ground, exhausted from her climax.

“Ohhh, that was good, really good,” Hank said, holding her tightly, moving his prick slowly up and down over her cum-slicked cunt walls. How Linda loved that sensation, loved the warm glow that seemed to be settling over was good, oh so good!

“Was it? Oh, I’m glad,” she whispered. Their situation was changed now. They were no longer foreman and boss, although perhaps one could call her his mistress. Linda smiled dreamily at the thought. She would think of it tomorrow. Right now she loved being caressed by this man, this big, overpowering man who had fucked her cunt with his fat cock and made her so very happy!

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

While Linda was getting her brains fried by that wild fucking scene with her foreman, her sister Janice was having less success with her life. Sitting there, alone in the livingroom, thumbing through several magazines, she wondered if perhaps she shouldn’t have gone to the dance. There would be drinks there, and men. Men! Her hands shook at the thought. Putting down the magazine, Janice rubbed her burning forehead with one finger. Men! Yes, she wanted men, not...

“Oh!” she moaned, remembering.

The episode in the barn still troubled her. She thought about what she'd nearly done, what she had done! Those terrible thoughts came back to mock her. A woman and a horse. A dog and pony show! The thought sickened her... sickened and did something else to her as well! She drummed her fingers nervously against the armrest, then found herself thinking about the barn, about the smells inside, and then about the horse. That beautiful black stallion stomping around inside one of the stalls.

Janice stiffened, shaking her head from side to side as if she were denying something to someone in front of her. She had to shake that vile thought from her mind. It was unnatural, completely... wrong!

But then the memory came again - the feel of the horse's flesh against her fingers, the sound of his snorting as she moved her hand back around the round muscular rump to his hindquarters where that strange, black, long cock dangled. And how his prick stiffened and grew so long and thick and hot as she touched his cock. There was even a point when she wondered about fucking.

“Good God, what am I doing?”

Again the woman shook her head, drawing both hands to her face and covering her eyes with her fingers. How could she be thinking this, even considering going back into the barn and touching that beast?

Janice was about to rise from the couch to mix herself a drink when she noticed Chad was in the livingroom once again. He had sneaked in and was standing nearby, his handsome head tilted to one side. Janice stopped halfway across the couch, her fingers curling, the tips digging into the soft cushions under her asscheeks. Sucking in a lower lip, the brunette hesitated, drawing one hand up to her lips and pressing it against her mouth. He had touched her once before, had brought her off. But was that any excuse for her to have him lick her cunt again? Shouldn't she just get up and ignore the animal, kick him away if he should try something?

“Here, boy.” Her voice was small, gaspy.

The reality of the situation was starting to get blurry and fuzzy all over again. The thoughts of the stallion, the idea that her sister was probably getting fucked while she sat dutifully at home, were wearing her will thin.

“Here, Chad, come here,” she said, patting the cushion next to her.

Chad still stood there nearby, almost looking as if he would rather be somewhere else. Janice started, feeling a little ashamed of her pleading. Pleading for a dog to jump up between her thighs and do what she needed to be done. Reaching down, Janice pulled the hem of her skirt up, rolling the garment up until it was roped around her waist. The farther she went, the more she touched herself, the more Janice wanted the animal licking her. As the seconds ticked maddeningly by on the wall clock, Janice could only think of Chad's marvelous tongue, the spitty touch of his snout as he licked her into oblivion.

“Chad... here...”

Janice found herself trembling, actually shaking with nervousness, with lust. She was supposed to be a woman of the world... or so her sister and others thought. What would they think now if they could see her now, perched on the edge of a sofa, petting a cushion, trying to get the big German



Shepherd up on the couch for a lick-job! Janice smiled cynically at this thought, her smile fading under the rising heat of her pussy.

“Ohhhh... don’t play games, Chad. Please, please...”

It had been some time since a man had touched her. But only a short while ago since a dog...

“Oh please, please, Chad...”

Janice felt her face flush and redden. She was so embarrassed at what had happened to her. Yes, there had been men in her life, but not that many. And certainly she had never done anything like this before - not even thought of doing it. And yet how so much had radically changed in the past few days. How her nostrils flared as she turned and looked at the big dog staring back at her. Wild, perverted thoughts bounced around in her head now. And what was even more strange was the way the dog was acting stand offish now, almost as if he wanted her to beg him for a fuck, for a lick.

“Here, Chad, up here,” she said in a more insistent voice.

With a whimpering growl, Chad lazily crossed to the sofa and bounded up. Janice held her breath, feeling her chest tighten all over again. She closed her eyes, wondering for the last time if she should walk away. Once could be dismissed as an accident, no matter what the facts seemed to indicate. But twice?

“Ohhhh, Chad!” she groaned, giving in.

Janice slid over to him, petting his sides with her trembling fingers. How warm, how soft and silky his long fur was. She was burning up with passion. She knew why. That horse! How horrible, how dirty! But yet there it was, the truth - torn between a horse and a dog! The situation was almost laughable. Surely she had to be going mad. Only insane people would have this kind of dilemma, these kind of thoughts.

Closing her eyes once more, Janice saw the stallion’s strong sleek body, saw his powerful muscles rippling under the slick flesh as she touched him. Thunder! That was the right name for an animal like that, something powerful, something that could sweep over the countryside, arouse the overwhelming passions Janice felt stirring in her at the thought of him, at the thought of his name.

“Nice dog...”

Her hand slipped under his powerful chest. Gingerly Janice felt back along the thinning fur until she found the bulge of his cocksheath.

She shook herself with shame, drawing back her hand as if she’d touched or stove. What was she letting herself get into? But that grazing touch had brought about a change in Chad’s attitude. He whimpered and began licking her arm. She could see a tiny point of red had peeked out of the cocksheath. Reaching out, Janice started massaging him on the sides. She was alone. It was late. No one would know. Her sister wouldn’t be home for a long, long time. And how she needed release, the sensation of being fucked.

“Good dog,” she gasped again, feeling his cock slide out from his body.

She was actually touching his doggie cock. Yes, she was rubbing her knuckles on his prick, feeling his cock stiffen under her caresses. He was breathing hard, making odd whistling sounds through his nostrils. The fur was so warm, so ticklishly delicious against her flesh. The dog was licking her

steadily now, lapping at her wrist. She let go and fell back on the sofa once more, tilting her cunt up toward him. Again she had worn no panties. She must have known, must have guessed she would be doing something like this, that she would let herself slip somehow... either with the horse or the dog. If she had a choice between two evils, wasn't letting the dog go down on her better than taking a chance with the horse?

He was down between her legs, nosing her thigh. And then he was licking her all over, dragging his tongue up along her throbbing cunt mound. And it was throbbing, aching so much from the excitement she had tried to ignore all day. How lovely it felt when he peeled back the outer cunt-lips. Her heart was beating like a trip-hammer. For a second Janice tried to understand what had brought her down this path. What had made her attracted to animals, to dogs, to horses? Why was she suddenly obsessed with nothing but thoughts of letting Chad and Thunder fuck her?

"Ohhhh my... my God!"

Already Janice was forgetting about the right and wrong of the situation. She was forgetting about what her sister and the rest of society would think of her if they were to find out. Fucking men was one thing. As much as they might frown on that, they certainly would reel away in horror as they would if they knew the truth.

"Yesss... Chad..."

Janice felt her head exploding with all sorts of crazy notions. Reaching down, rubbing her fingertips along her thighs, the frantic brunette pulled her cunt even farther apart with her hands. She wanted the hot, slick tongue of the big German Shepherd touching every inch of her pussy. Raped by that tongue! Somehow the thought of being raped by Chad's tongue brought frantic whimpers from her throat.

And yet, though she liked what he was doing, Janice knew something was missing. Why couldn't his tongue be harder? Why couldn't she have the feeling of being stuffed with prick? Why couldn't he do something more to her?

"Uhhhh!" Janice gasped.

Her head was spinning. Swallowing hard, the woman stuck one finger in her cunt, then another, moving them back and forth as if someone were fucking here, really fucking her. It would be easy enough for her to get a man. All she had to do was go to the dance. It was still early enough. There would be one or two men there alone. And certainly she was attractive and sexy enough to get someone decent. And then they could stroll out into the darkened countryside, lay down and...

"Uhhhhhhhhh!" Janice let out another whimpery gasp from her throat.

She grabbed the German Shepherd's fur roughly and pulled his snout into her cunt. She needed something to fill herself with, something to have fucking in and out of her cunt, trenching out her fuckhole. Janice felt the tiny muscles cramping with tension and lust. Fingers weren't any good anymore. No, she wanted something longer, something thicker.

Chad was licking her cunt hard now, concentrating his tonguing up and down her wet pussy, directing his movements against the wet mound of pink flesh throbbing hard like an opened wound. A cock. A real cock. Yes, that was what she needed, something that wouldn't tease her. Something that would bring her around, would excite her to the limit.

Chad was making muted growling noises in his throat now. Janice knew what that meant. She felt

him nuzzling her thighs, in a sense trying to roll her over.

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

But it was as if some dark power had taken her over. Janice sucked in a little breath, feeling his narrow, powerful back humping as his instincts began to guide him.

"Oh my God..."

In a moment Janice found herself on the floor, her arms stretched out to either side of her body, her head turned to one side and her cheek pressed against the floor. Some brown hairs had fallen over her eyes while her ass stuck up in the air, fuck juice dribbling down from her cunthole and sticking her thighs. She was waiting to be mounted, crouching down, curling her toes until they cramped.

Chad was behind her once more, his tongue hanging out, then moving up as he licked her ass hungrily. The tickle was excruciating, just as before. But now there was an added thrill, one that sharpened her sense of excitement and lust. She was going to give herself totally to an animal, to a dog!

"Here... Chad, here," she moaned.

Paws scratched at her asscheeks. Then she felt the weight of the dog's underside brush over her spine. His weight was on her back. He was on her, actually on top of her, moving around, trying to slip his prick into her pussy. Janice knelt there, her head spinning madly around and around. What was she doing? She had her spine bowed down, her ass shoved out to make the angle of her cunt right... as right as she thought it would be for fucking. Chad was above her, his forepaws wrapped around her chest, holding her to him while his hindquarters pranced nervously behind her. She could feel his doggie prick rubbing up and down her thighs, stabbing blindly around, looking for that warm, wet, hot, furry hole he'd been licking earlier.

"My... my God!"

A thrill of wild sexuality filled her mind and chest. Her long brown hair hung down to curtain her face as she pushed herself up and waited for that touch, that horrible, wonderful touch of his prick. Janice's shapely ass moved, dipped. Something brushed against her clit, something very, very hot and slick.

"Fuck... fuck..." the woman was babbling now, wagging her ass around to urge Chad on.

Again Janice wondered if this was really happening. Thoughts of men drifted through her mind as she moved under the dog's body. Yes, it was happening, really happening. The woman felt the red tip of Chad's prick brush along her cunt crack. A flash of fear and guilt and shame poured through her reeling mind. Disgust made her a little sick as she felt her excitement peak. She was walking on the fringe of satisfying her need to have her cunt filled. But could she go that far? Could she actually let this animal fuck her?

There was more of his prick, more of his angry prick sliding into her cunt mouth. Janice felt his forelegs tighten, felt his hindquarters prance nervously around behind her while his body shivered against her back. He was fucking her, really fucking her. More and more of that dog's knobby cockmeat was fucking into her cunthole. Janice closed her eyes, her flesh puckering up into goosepimples. Fucked by a dog! Fucked by a dog! The statement repeated itself over and over in her confused mind as Chad fucked more of his prick into her.

“Uhhhhh!”

Her belly jerked and tightened. Janice gasped, opening her eyes, then closing them tightly again. It was foul, so very foul! And yet there was a definite sensation of pleasure coursing through her veins, making her brain boil with delight. She snapped her head from side to side now, her hair whipping across her face and the tops of her whitened knuckles. Chad pulled back a little, then shoved forward, pulled back, then fucked a little deeper, his bushy tail brushing over the tops of her feet.

“My God, my God!” Janice gasped.

Janice felt his hot breath blowing against the back of her neck, felt his head nestling in the valley between her jutting shoulder blades. In and out, in and out, faster and faster he fucked, his grunts echoing in Janice’s ears like cannon shots. There was little technique with the animal. There was nothing but lust. Sheer wild animal lust taking over, turning him into a fucking machine. Well, she could lust as well, rut under his body, back up and wag her tail from side to side in an attempt to get more friction, get more of his prick up her pussy.

Rational thought no longer existed for the tormented woman. Her tits jiggled from side to side, slapping together, their tips brushing over the silky material of her blouse. How she wanted to take all her clothes off. But there was no time now, no time for anything except fucking with the dog, letting him fuck her until she went mindless with delight.

In a moment Janice realized the dog was going to cum. She could feel him trembling on top of her, heard the whimpering growls that told her he was going to make it. The woman cried out again and again, clawing at the carpeting until little tufts of torn piling collected under her nails. Soon, soon.

“Yaaaaggghhhhhhh!” Janice screamed.

Suddenly Janice broke out into a series of hoarse, choked cries of delight. Cumming! He was cumming, shooting his load into her cunt. The woman pitched forward, her elbows collapsing again. There was the sensation of something pulling out of her cunt. Of course, it was Chad’s cock! She had fallen forward somehow, pulled free of the big animal. Oh, she should get up, get back and let him fuck her. But things were happening too fast.

Janice felt herself being bounced around in a sea of sensations. Her pussy convulsing, feeling so damned itchy and achy and then going into those awful spasms of delight... a delight she had rarely felt before!

And when it was over, it was over! There were no lingering caresses, no licks of appreciation. Chad pulled away, trotting away to a corner and lying down where once more he proceeded to lick his shrinking prick. Janice pulled herself back onto the couch, knocking off the magazine she had been looking through moments before. How her cunt burned and throbbed! And there was that sticky, wet sensation between her cunt-lips! Doggie jizz! She shuddered, rubbing her upper arms briskly with both hands. The thought that she’d gone all the way with Chad somehow pleased as well as repulsed her. It was very confusing.

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CHAPTER NINE

“Damn!”

Janice rolled onto her ass once more, one arm draped over her face. It was going to be a long, long

night. Chad had made her cum violently, with a passion she hadn't known for a long, long time. But now, as she lay naked on her bed, the sheets having been kicked off long ago, the brunette thought once more about looking for the dog. It was nearly midnight. Her sister wasn't home yet. That dance must have been quite an affair. Janice laughed a little bitterly, again imagining the blonde twisting and turning under that foreman's fucking body.

He was so handsome too. Handsome and virile. If she had made a move, Janice was sure she could have landed him in the sack. But Linda was her sister and Janice had no right stealing men from the girl.

But what she wouldn't have given to have a man now! Getting up, Janice sat in her bed, staring blankly at the opposite wall. The only sound outside was the constant chorusing of the crickets at the small creek near the house. The dog. Yes, she would do it again. She would fuck with Chad one more time and...

And then an idea struck her, one that nearly sent her falling back onto the bed. Thunder. There was no one around. She wouldn't have to worry about discovery. Her flesh chilled, then flushed hot. It was so wrong, so terribly wrong. And yet some force was guiding her out of bed, moving her to the wall where her blue silken gown hung. Draping it loosely over her shoulders and tying the belt, Janice moved swiftly, rushing from her bedroom, down the darkened hall to the stairs. Padding down the steps she saw Chad lying sleepily in the livingroom. He raised his head and blinked his eyes, watching her with mild curiosity as she walked briskly through the room and into the kitchen. Through the high window over the sink, Janice could see the barn.

She leaned against the sink, tightening her grip on the counter. There was still a chance, an opportunity for her not to give in, not to surrender to whatever sick thing it was inside her that made her cunt itch so badly, hum for that animal.

"Ohhhhh, what's the use?" she moaned in defeat.

Turning, the woman unlocked the back door and rushed into the cool night air. She stopped just at the threshold of the back door, inhaling the clean oxygen and feeling her tits rise and fall, the nipples brushing sexily against the smooth material. Warm trickles of cunt juice ran down the insides of her thighs, making her excitement that much more intense. No, there was no chance for her now! There could be no arguments, no blocks that would stop her from going to that barn. Wiping her palms on her gown, Janice moved like one possessed toward the barn. She was getting more and more lightheaded. Her heart beat wildly while her blood rushed through her veins. A breeze from the east stirred her hair, blowing soft wisps across her face. The horse was there in its stall. She could almost hear him panting, moving about in that small confined area. It was late. No one would know. Again and again these two thoughts appear in her mind as she moved toward the half-opened door.

Janice was almost past caring about what she was going to do. She knew she was running from one kind of degradation and into another. A dog! And now... no, no, she couldn't think of it. Besides, she was just going to touch his cock. That was all. She was simply curious about Thunder's cock.

Sounds! Janice froze for one moment, then ran forward, disappearing into the barn. She slipped to one side of the door, pressing her back and shoulder blades against the rotting wood, feeling her heart beating so loud she was sure someone could hear. The sounds became louder. Singing? Laughing? A combination of both, really. It had to be some of the hands coming back from that dance. They lived in the quarters nearby. What if they were to come in and find her here... and dressed like this? Instinctively Janice grabbed her gown, clutching it to her naked body and feeling a

little sick.

“Hey, should we check the barn?”

Janice thought she was going to faint. Pressing back harder against the wall, she wished she could disappear.

“Naw, man, come on. I’m too fuckin’ drunk to worry about them damn horses. Besides, Hank’s done the work for us today. Gotta get some shut eye.”

There was more mumbling, more muffled argument. And then the voices died away. Janice held her breath, then slowly exhaled. They were gone! Thank God! Pushing herself from the wall, Janice picked her way carefully through the hay. The other horses backed away nervously, snorting and staring at her with those big eyes. She moved from stall to stall, her excitement growing, her cunt seeping more and more hot moisture as she thought of Thunder, of that big black stallion up ahead. Her chest was tightening, her breathing becoming shallow, rapid. Even the ticklish sensation of the stubble working its way between her bare toes excited her.

“Thunder...” she whispered.

She stopped in front of the black stallion and stared at him. Her cunt felt as if it were swollen open under her gown. Janice bit her lower lip, reaching up and slowly unfolding the belt of her nightgown. It was silly, ridiculous, but she was doing her best to excite the beast. Thunder stopped his back and forth movements and seemed frozen, those big brown eyes appearing to grow even softer as she opened her robe and shrugged the sheer material from her shoulders. Janice shuddered as the garment puddled around her ankles.

She whispered his name again. Standing there in the semi-darkness, the brunette was afraid to move. But then she did, opening the stall and carefully stepping in. This whole thing seemed unreal, a deliciously evil nightmare.

“Ohhhh, beautiful horse, beautiful...”

Standing to the right, Janice began stroking the stallion’s sides, feeling his warm flesh, feeling the strange silky touch of his slick hairs against her hand. It was so odd, her standing there in the stall, stark naked with this horse panting nervously, excitedly next to her. Running her fingers up and down his sides, she felt the muscles quivering, felt his flesh warming to her touch.

Slowly, gently, her hand went back to the horse’s hindquarters. Janice stopped once more, closing her eyes and putting her free hand to her chest. It was so hard to breathe again, a problem she had when terribly aroused. Was she aroused? Oh God, yes! There couldn’t be any question of it! The sounds, the smells, the touch, everything conspired to drive her into this position.

She moved her hand back a little farther, caressing the rounded curves of his rump, feeling the gentle stroke of his tail as Thunder neighed and shuffled his forelegs over the stubbly floor.

“There, Thunder, there’s no problem,” Janice whispered, stroking the stallion evenly and speaking softly to him at the same time. “It’s just me, just Janice.”

How her nostrils burned with the air she sucked in! Moving her hands yet farther behind and lower, the woman tried to look down between Thunder’s powerful hindquarters.

“Ohhhh yesss...” she hissed.

There it was! That long, thick black thing hanging from between his legs. His cock! She had run away at this point some time ago. Seeing that fat, tunnel-like cock dangling from his belly, Janice had panicked, rushed from the barn and into the house, her cunt running with fuck juice, her body aching with desire. But this time she wasn't going to run. This time Janice slipped her hand down, down past the split

in the animal's ass, down to those large baseball nuts that dangled heavily below.

"Easy, Thunder."

At first touch the big black stallion snorted impatiently, his eyes rolling, his black nostrils quivering while he pawed the stall and moved to the left. She could hear the wooden stall wall groaning under his weight as he pressed against it. Janice moved with the startled animal, stroking his back once more, cooing to him - then dropping her trembling fingers to those fat balls one more time.

"Ohhhh, nice Thunder, good boy."

This time the animal didn't move. He let out a long shuddering sigh, dipping his head and shaking it, the long black mane fluttering from side to side with the movement. Janice sighed as well, the tips of her fingers stroking those fat balls. Never had she touched anything like them in her life! They were so hot, so terribly hot and tight. The skin was something like leather pulled to the tearing point. And yet apparently they were sensitive to the touch of her fingertips. Thunder was shuddering, snorting at Janice, then moving back and forth, twisting his head around to see her better. When she saw those brown eyes fixed on her, the woman leaned heavily against his body, her knees threatening to give way under her. What kind of slut was she turning into?

Her fingers lingered at his balls for a while, gathering up the leathery flesh, caressing them while she moved even closer to the beast. Thunder's tail stopped wagging from side to side. It stayed half poised, his hindquarters spread as if he were going to take a dump. But Janice knew better. Even from this short period of time she'd been with the horse she knew better. He was inviting her to go further, to touch him all over, perhaps to do something more.

The woman's mind was spinning as she moved her fingers down, down the tiny ridge of flesh that separated his balls from the base of his cock. There she stopped, sucking in her lower lip and biting down hard. It had grown to such a big size! Peering down, Janice could see the shiny black prickhead peeking out from the leathery foreskin. How much different this was than a man's cock, even a dog's cock! Shaking her head, moving her hand down to his prick, Janice slowly traced her fingertips along the hot, jerking cock. How her pussy burned! How the heat made her elastic cunt-lips curl over one another, shudder while her cunt muscles tensed and ached, begging to be touched. Sighing again, Janice dropped one hand to her pussy, stroking the lips open, peeling them back and working two fingers in and out of her soppy cunthole while keeping one knuckle constantly against her clit. More whirls of bright colors exploded in front of her eyes as she felt the massive cock begin to grow hotter and hotter in her hand, jerking between her slender fingers.

"My God, I'm... I'm doing it. I'm really doing it," she whispered.

Thunder neighed again. Janice felt her knees getting weaker. Letting out a soft cry, she slipped a third finger into her cunthole, the nails scraping the slick folds and hollows of her pussy while her other hand continued to stroke Thunder's prick. She moved her palm flatly over the bottom of the stallion's cock, pushing it down until her fingertips were brushing over the slick head.

"Oh God, God..."

Closing her eyes, Janice shivered, a series of spasms racing through her overheated cunt. Her tits swung out, brushing up and down against the stallion's sides. How good it was, feeling her nipples touching that warm, firm surface. She could have stayed like this all evening, stroking the big horse, touching him all over while resting her body against his. But that hot, tight achy feeling between her legs drove her on. She wanted more sensation, more of the big horse.

"Oh easy, Thunder. I'm not... uhhh... not going to hurt you," she panted.

It was just like touching a man, just like jacking him off. She moved her hands up and down, feeling the leathery foreskin gathering in her fingers, then tightening as more prickmeat slipped from the sheath. Looking up, Janice saw those beautiful brown eyes seem to grow wider as they stared at her. What was he thinking? What did he think about her, about what she was doing? She shivered, wondering if the animal could think at all, or was he simply responding to a purely physical action?

She wanted more, something more than simply jacking off the horse! She shook her head violently from side to side, wondering about what she was thinking of, about what she was going to do. Lust churned through her belly and rushed through every fiber of her body. How she wanted to touch herself all over, have the big animal somehow touch her all over!

"My God... oh my dear God!"

Janice pulled her cunt-lips farther back, exposing the tiny pulsing lump of pink flesh. She began flailing her clit faster and faster, her fingers worked faster and faster, in and out of her fuckhole. Many times men had fucked her, fucking their cocks so fast that the headboard of her bed slammed against the rear wall. And then there was Chad, that lovely German Shepherd still in the house. How it had felt when he finally mounted her, fucking that knobby thing in and out of her pussy.

Her mind was going, frying under the rising excitement of jacking off this horse. Her belly tightened while her hips twisted shamelessly. Janice could feel her cunt-lips rubbing against one another from her movements. The excitement was there, at a keen pitch. But still she wanted more, more, more!

"My... ohhhh yes, fuck..."

Even as she pinched her clit terribly, guilty thoughts rose in her mind. Was it possible for the horse to fuck that cock in her? Even just a little bit? She had been fucked by a dog already. The boundary had been crossed, the barrier broken. What was the difference?

It was unbelievable. Janice found herself dropping down to the floor, her head bending forward, her tongue out. She touched his ass gently, gingerly with the tip of her tongue. There was no foul taste, no sudden spasm of revulsion in her belly. Letting out another shuddering sigh, the woman worked her way down to the leather black sac dangling from between Thunder's hindquarters. At the same time she worked her fingers faster and faster over the big stud's prick. He was growing really nervous now, stomping his forelegs, swishing his tail frantically from side to side.

Janice stopped for a moment, a helpless victim trapped in her own vortex of lust. She pinched and plucked at her clit while her asscheeks tightened and separated. She was on the brink of orgasm, teetering on the line of climax! While she twisted her swollen clit between her thumb and forefinger, she stuck her fingers deeper in her pussy. How she gasped and sobbed, feeling that orgasm getting closer and closer. She was fluttering her tongue now, reaching the base of his prick, tasting, feeling the incredible warmth of that big cock.

There was some movement outside the woman didn't hear. There was, in fact, little she could have heard at this point. Her knees bent a little more, her tongue trailing down the sensitive back of

Thunder's black cock. She could smell stale piss and shit and still the woman went crazy, licking her tongue up and down that big black prick, her lips now nibbling the leathery flesh. She would have given anything at this point to have that cock fucking in and out of her! How she would have loved to have his prick spreading apart her itchy cunt walls, the fat black cockhead drilling down into her body until she exploded into thousands of brightly colored pieces!

"I... I can't... ohhhhh!"

Janice came with the fury of a firestorm or a volcano. She was halfway down on the prick, her lips sucking hard at the flesh, her fingers working that tough foreskin back and forth over the steely inner core of the horse's prick. An explosion burst over her thighs, her rump dancing and jiggling, her firm plump asscheeks slapping together. Cum, cum! And now the animal was cumming!

Janice could feel it, actually feel the horse's jizz flushing through his cock, spraying out of the end. It was like holding the garden hose! Her fingers tightened around the big cock as she held his prick firmly in her hands, directing the hot spray of cum onto a spot between the animal's legs, occasionally licking from the stream. The two of them cumming together, cumming like this! It was something too unreal, too obscene to be true!

And yet it was true. Janice stayed there for several more moments, gathering her strength, feeling her wits return to her. She'd done it! She'd actually done it. Perhaps she had worked the perversity out of her system, perhaps she would have no more perverted desires to rush out of the house and see the animal, touch him like this.

Janice backed away, bent down and picked up her gown. It was covered with hay. She shook out the stubble, slipping it over her shoulders, then stepping quietly from the stall. Her legs were still shaky from the recent sexual bout. Drawing the silky material together, feeling it caress her still sensitive nipples, Janice cast one last look at the big animal. He had pushed his head over the stall front and was staring at her, his pointed ears twisted around toward her while those black rubbery lips worked over his teeth.

The woman walked from the barn, cracking open the door and peering from side to side. No one was around. Her visit, her guilt was still... or so she thought. Closing the door, Janice slipped quickly across the yard, fighting off accusing thoughts.

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## **CHAPTER TEN**

Two days had passed since Linda's first fuck and Janice's bout with the horse. Both women chatted continually together, but purposely kept their conversations to business or small talk. Their aunt would be coming out of the hospital soon. Janice was already making plans to go home, and Linda was thinking about how she could continue to see Hank without making her aunt suspicious.

On the third day, a little after five, when Janice was strolling outside, Hank crept into the house and found Linda looking over some of her book-work. The moment she heard the floor squeak behind her, she knew who it was. Her heart nearly leaped from her chest.

"Oh, you... you startled me!"

Hank only smiled down at her, putting his hat on the table and walking over to her. It was as if he owned her, possessed her the way he owned his horse. Linda wasn't sure if she liked that attitude or not. Rising from behind the table, she smiled, feeling excitement rise in her like lava in a volcano.

"It's been a couple of days," he said, stepping up to her and sliding his arms around her waist. Linda thought she was going to faint.

"Please... my sister," she panted, feeling her resistance breaking down even before it had a chance to establish itself.

"Fuck her," he whispered, bending his head down and kissing the sides of her neck.

"Ohhhhh..."

The room was swimming around her. Tilting her head back, Linda sucked in air. She found herself standing on tiptoes as he pulled her lithe body against him. Her trim ass was moving gently back and forth in a soft, fucking motion, a hint of something much more intense about to come. Hank pulled back and smiled, smoothing his fingers over that taut ass he knew so well.

"How about right now? How about..."

"No!"

She had told Janice several things about Hank, even that he had tried to go all the way. Somehow she just couldn't bring herself to tell the truth, to tell Janice about the wonderful time she'd had fucking her brains out with the foreman. Janice had perhaps guessed what had happened. But bringing the whole thing out into the open seemed somehow dirty, something she didn't want to reveal just yet.

"Huh?" Hank grunted.

"I mean, I don't want my sister seeing us... just yet, anyway. And my aunt's coming back from the hospital and... and how about tonight? Tonight in the guest house out back. Janice won't notice us there. Please, Hank," Linda pleaded.

Hank smiled, taking her head between his hands and pressing the fingertips against her skull.

"I ain't got much of a choice. Could fuck you right here, baby, could really drill you till..."

He stopped, closing his eyes as he hunched up against her. Linda knew what was going through his mind, knew what his body was doing to him. She almost agreed to have him fuck her right there. But that wouldn't be right.

"Please..."

"Okay, okay," he said, letting out a rush of air from between his lips. "It's a deal, around eleven. See you then," he said, giving Linda a familiar pat on the ass before backing up, picking up his hat and leaving the house.

Linda leaned heavily against the desk, putting one hand up to her head and trying to stop the dreadful spinning of her brain. Things were happening so quickly. Her sister, her aunt, and now Hank. She would have to take things one at a time or they would overwhelm and destroy her. About to go back to the books, Linda suddenly felt something terribly cold and wet pressing against her legs. Freezing, then shrinking back, the woman looked down. It was Chad, that awful dog, sniffing her, smelling her heated pussy. He raised one foreleg, pawing her jeans, telling her...

"No!" Linda snapped.

Awful, horrible little animal! How dare he think she would let him touch her, especially after she had fucked with Hank.

“Go, get away from me!” she cried, kicking one leg out at the German Shepherd.

Chad backed away, tossing his head about, then moving in a little closer with that steady, low growl Linda knew and feared. She stumbled backward, knocking over several pencils and books. Chad dropped his bushy tail, wagging it slowly from left to right while pinning back his ears. Putting one hand to her tits Linda backed away as well, feeling a rush of terror and something else, something like excitement tighten her chest.

“Oh no... not again. Please, dear God, not... not again!”

Just then, the front door swung open. Chad turned around and whimpered, shying away from the trembling blonde. Linda felt a rush of relief sweep over her.

“Something wrong, hon?” a voice asked.

It was Janice, brushing back her hair with her fingers and flopping down on the couch. She had such a careless way about her, a way that was so attractive. Linda liked that and wished in a way she could be that way.

“No, no, just a lot of work. There’s so much, and I want to get it all together before Aunt Jane comes home from the hospital.”

Both women stopped for a moment, their eyes fixed on the retreating German Shepherd. Janice met Linda’s gaze then lowered her eyes. Both women turned away, feeling terribly guilty and yet not noticing the other’s discomfort.

“Here, let me help for a while. I know something about bookkeeping. They taught me a few things at college, you know,” Janice said saucily, pulling up a chair next to her sister and starting to study the long columns of figures.

Both women worked well past six, ate a little something, then continued until a little after nine. Linda began looking nervously at the clock. She had told Hank eleven. Would Janice insist on working until midnight? She wasn’t going to disappoint the big, hung foreman. Besides, she felt she needed him more than ever now. Stretching her arms over her head and yawning, Linda shrugged her shoulders and let out a soft sigh.

“I’m too tired to go on, Jan. We can work this over tomorrow. I’m going for a walk,” she said, pushing away from the small table after shutting the books.

“Oh, I’ll keep on for a while. You go on,” Janice said, reopening the books and pouring over the figures.

Linda stood there for a while. She would have preferred her sister tucked safely in bed, sleeping in ignorance. How she had changed! From a sweet innocent to a plotting whore! No, that wasn’t fair to herself! More like a scheming woman in heat, perhaps.

“All right, I’ll be out for a while. Don’t worry,” she said over her shoulder as she stepped from the livingroom and headed for the back door. Perhaps Hank would already be there. It was nearly nine-thirty... a little early, but so what? That would give them all that much more time together. Slipping a sweater over her shoulders, Linda nearly ran from the house, turning and heading toward the

small guest cottage a hundred yards away. She could see some lights glowing through the curtained windows. Her heart beat faster as she stepped closer and closer to the building.

In the house, Janice continued to look over the books, summing up the quarter's expenses and income. After an hour she pushed away from the desk, shaking her head slowly and rubbing her eyes with the palms of her hands. She was tired. But then thoughts of Thunder began to seep into her mind. The days following her episode had been so filled with ranch business Janice scarcely had time to think of anything except the farm. Helping Linda was fun. But now in the dark night she found herself thinking of that black stallion all over again. It was so much like a dream - her standing there nude, stroking the beast while jerking her clit. But it had happened, she had washed the hay from her feet, had remembered the touch of his flesh against her flesh. Rising from the table, Janice hesitated. Once was enough, wasn't it? Should she take a chance in being discovered? Her sister was still out walking... if she could believe that.

Closing the accounting books, Janice turned off the light, then moved noiselessly through the house. Chad was in the livingroom by the television. He raised his head and looked at her. But Janice had her mind on other things.

Drawing her sweater close to her body, the woman went through the kitchen, out the back door and toward the barn. This was just as it had been several days ago. Only then she had moved as if in a dream. Now Janice was all too aware of what was happening. Her heart quickened as she reached the big wooden door. It creaked open, the sound seeming loud. Stopping to peer around her, Janice slipped into the barn, drawing the door shut behind her.

"Again... God, again!" she murmured in the darkness.

She moved quietly past the several stalls up to Thunder's. There was no more nervous pawing, no more snorting in fear. He recognized her immediately, those brown eyes glittering with excitement. He knew her hand, knew the pleasure she could bring him. Janice sighed, slipping off her sweater, then slowly pulling off her blouse, her skirt, her panties. In a moment her clothes were draped over one stall wall and she stood as she'd stood before - naked, excited, aroused. About to step into the stall, one hand already on the latch, Janice heard footsteps. Not again! Only this time the footsteps were inside!

Turning around, she saw, to her horror, two men standing there in the narrow passageway. Thunder snorted angrily at this intrusion, his body bumping hard against the wooden walls of his stall.

"We caught your act a couple of days ago," the first one said, leering at her. "My name's Jack. This here's Sam. We was comin' back from the dance and decided to check the barn after all. You was really goin' at it, a-strokin' Thunder's dick like it was mine or somethin'. Your sister'd freak if she found out what you was doin'."

"Yeah, go real nuts," Sam said, rubbing his fingers down the length of his prick.

"No, no, you mustn't say anything... please," Janice begged, feeling her world crashing around her.

"Don't worry, baby. We ain't gonna say nothin' - long as you give us the dog and pony show we want."

"What?"

"Come on. We wanna see that whole act again... only this time we're gonna go further, right?"

“Right, man, gonna go all the way,” Sam said, nodding toward the calming Thunder.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

They were watching her, standing there in front of the stall and watching her as she moved behind the big stallion. Her fingers were stroking the big animal’s rump as before, her mind whirling around as she looked at the two ranch hands in front of her, then she moved her gaze to Thunder who still eyed the men suspiciously.

“Come on, baby, come on, give us the show,” Jack called out, reaching down and rubbing his fingers up along his rigid dick.

Janice moved to one side, her fingers now caressing the stallion’s sides. Thunder shuddered as before, his hindquarters pawing the ground, raising little tufts of dirt and hay. Janice began stroking him, moving her fingernails down to his balls. Thunder stiffened, his powerful body rippling, trembling with her light touch.

“Oh, man, man he digs it,” Sam said, looking at the horse.

“Yeah she knows how to treat ‘em right. You been doin’ this a long time, baby? You been suckin’ horse dick for a while?” Jack taunted, slamming his hands against the side of the stall while laughing.

Janice ignored them, stroking her hands down until she felt the hot, rigid stalk of Thunder’s cock. The big horse let out another shuddering neigh, moving forward and shaking his head back and forth. He was expecting her to jack him off once more. He was spreading his legs apart as much as he could while raising his damned tail as if he were going to take a dump or piss. Trembling, Janice moved her hands down to his prick, her shivering fingers touching his cock now, caressing the hot flesh. Thunder neighed softly, his lips smacking together, his nostrils flaring while those brown eyes rolled in his head. The men were impressed. The catcalls stopped. They stood there, rubbing up against the splintery wood, watching half in awe, half in excitement as the woman began arousing the horse.

“Better than T.J., right, Jack?” Sam panted, his eyes narrowing.

“You bet, man. The Mexican chicks down there at the Blue Fox ain’t got nothin’ over this bitch here. She’s doin’ it for free!”

Yes, for free. A free show! That’s what they were getting, a free show and a chance to watch her degrade herself. Her fingers were moving up and down the fat black cock now, tugging at the loose outer skin, making Thunder paw the ground with his forelegs. The barn reverberated with the pants and snorts of the animal, punctuated by Janice’s cries and the men’s taunts.

“Come on, baby, give ‘em a blowjob. I wanna see your mouth on that fuckin’ dick,” Jack said.

“Yeah, just like before. We seen you lickin’ his balls, draggin’ your mouth on his cock. Now we wanna see it again,” Jack seconded.

Janice swallowed hard. They were telling her nothing new. She was going to do that anyway. They had just hurried her along. Bending forward, the brunette tongued Thunder, touching his balls with the tip of her tongue while still working her fingers up and down, jacking at the big powerful cock.

Up and down. Up and down. Her tongue sloshed up and down, while her fingers kept on squeezing that hefty hunk of prickmeat.

“Man, you think she can fuck it?”

Jack turned and grinned at his buddy.

“Yeah, why not? Man, I’ll bet that bitch’s cunt’s itchin’ for some horsemeat, right?”

Janice didn’t hear them. She was too aroused by the touch of his cock and balls against her tongue and lips. But now she watched as they opened the stall, Jack stroking Thunder’s head to keep him calm while Sam walked back to where Janice stood.

“Come on, baby. We’re gonna really see that dog and pony show. You’re gonna dig it, really dig it,” he said, pulling the protesting woman from the stall.

Janice watched helplessly as Jack led the big stallion out of the small area into the central corridor. The other animals began to stir, some of the horses pushing their heads out and twisting them around in the direction of the naked woman and the two men. Jack stopped Thunder just outside his stall, petting him regularly on his sides while looking back to his buddy.

“Think he’s gonna stand still long enough?” Sam wondered, tightening his grip on Janice’s wrists.

“Give it a try. You’re gonna have your cunt stretched big and wide, baby,” Jack said, giving the animal a final pat on the head, then moving back to his buddy.

The two men petted Thunder’s sides, talking to him while still holding onto Janice.

“What are you... you going to do?”

Janice pulled weakly at their grip. Sam held her with one hand, ducking down and crawling under the horse’s flat belly. He kept stroking Thunder, talking to him, working his hand up and down the big stallion’s legs to keep the animal calm.

“Get ‘er down!” he ordered.

In a moment Janice found herself flat on the ground, her legs pulled to either side of the horse, the men gripping her ankles. She felt the hay scratching at her back and shoulders, wadding in her tangled brown hair. Staring straight up, she realized they had pulled her under Thunder. She saw his flat belly, saw that long, thick, hard cock she had been mouthing moments ago.

“Uh... get ‘er up... yeah, that’s it, man, gotta fit ‘er on the Goddamned thing,” Jack said, drawing her leg over one knee as Sam did the same thing.

The men were panting with the effort of tilting her body up, drawing her legs and thighs over their knees, then pulling her up toward Thunder’s fat cock. Her knees were bent slightly, nearly touching the flat underbelly. Thunder was moving nervously around again, the hoofs pounding the ground dangerously close to her head. Janice let out a small cry, gasping for air as she felt his cock – that fat, black, horse prick brush up against her thigh.

“Gotta work it in for her, damn it. Fuck, touchin’ a fuckin’ horse’s dick ain’t my idea of a turn-on,” Sam grumbled.

Janice blinked, her head on the ground while her torso was angled up. Both men held her legs

spread widely apart, her asscheeks jiggling from their movements. And then Sam was holding Thunder's cock. It was so unreal, but there it was! And he was moving the horse's prick toward her cunt. They slid her up a little more. And then, in a moment, there was contact, the actual contact of Thunder's prick against her pussy.

"Ohhhh..." she moaned.

The cords stood out from her neck as she snapped her head back. Fucked by a horse! It was happening with the help of these two men. Behind her she could hear the other animals stomping around, neighing and growling while Thunder snorted with excitement. There was pressure, the sensation of being fucked by that big cock.

The prick slipped into the well-oiled, hot, fuzzy fuck hole. Janice twisted as much as she could, her hips working from right to left, up and down while her high-riding tits rolled back and slapped against her chin.

"Little more," Jack said.

"Yeah, lot more, man. She can take it all," Sam countered.

They dragged her up a little more, her cunt-lips splitting apart, spreading and peeling back for the fat hunk of cock-meat squeezing through her pussy-meat. It was awful, horrible, wonderful in a horrid way! Stars and bright lights exploded in front of Janice as she felt herself being torn in two by that prick. Thunder was going a little wild himself, his nostrils quivering while his thick lips curled back, revealing a long row of white teeth. He snorted loudly, then bent his hindquarters slightly, starting a pumping movement. He was fucking her, actually fucking her by that rocking movement. Tossing his head proudly from side to side, Thunder was fucking the attractive brunette.

For Janice it was like no other feeling in the world! Instead of being her attackers, the two men were actually her helpers, men out to grant her the ultimate in pleasure. They held her or rocked her up, easing the pressure of her body weight on her shoulder blades while feeding more and more of her hot cuntmeat to the animal's prick.

"Uhhhhhhh..." Janice was moaning mindlessly, not caring about the obscene, awkward positions they had her in.

More of that horse's cock was in her, stretching her, scratching that horrible itch in her cunt. She was filled with prick! For a moment Janice forgot where she was, what she was doing. There was only the sensation of something very hot and hard inside her, a red-hot poker melting through her cunt as if her pussy were butter. Her clit - how it throbbed, jerked and burned as more and more of that hard hot cock fucked between her cunt-lips and speared into her body.

"Uh! Uh! Uh!" Janice granted.

Thunder was fucking into her, his snorts and neighs becoming more frantic. Janice tried bending her legs, st

retching them farther apart to accommodate the rutting animal. But Sam and Jack were off in their own worlds, moving her body up and down in perverted fucking movements. More straw and stubble rose in the air from the horse's anxious movements, burning Janice's eyes and nostrils, making her cough.

"Man, think he's gonna make it," Jack whispered.

The words burned into her soul. Janice stiffened, feeling his prick jumping around inside her. She could tell he was going to cum! She could feel that ballooning of his cockmeat against her cunt.

“Yagggghhhhhhh!” Jack screamed.

How the barn exploded! She could feel it, actually feel Thunder’s jizz spraying out of his prickhead, eating like acid into her cunt walls! Everything around her glowed with a new life and light as her pussy cinched down tightly on that fat cock, the muscles cramping almost painfully, her nipples becoming another hot spot. Again and again her cunt tightened in uncontrollable spasms of delight, holding that squirming hunk of spurting cockmeat. The trampling of the hoofs near her head, the clouds of dirt and dust, the men holding her down – everything excited her. Fucked! Really fucked by a horse! That idea hurried the frantic woman to an even more powerful orgasm! Crying out, Janice beat her fists against the ground, her mind shattered by the fuck, by the rushing sensation of Thunder’s jizz in her cunt.

And then it was over. Sam had pulled her out from under, leaving her curled in one corner while Jack led Thunder back in his stall.

“Man, man, you’re somethin’ else, baby. You’d probably take on a whole fuckin’ zoo if you could,” Jack said, checking to ensure the door to Thunder’s stall was locked.

“Come on, man, let’s have a drink, and let this fuckin’ bitch get outta here herself,” Sam responded, slapping his buddy squarely between the shoulders.

They left her there, sobbing, her knees nearly touching her chin. Between her legs Janice could still feel the horse’s jizz oozing from her cunt slit. She had committed the ultimate. And yet there was no feeling of regret or guilt – surely not the amount she thought she would have had. There was fear her sister might find out. But that could be taken care of.

Back in the guest house, Linda lay cradled in Hank’s arms, her passion spent by his cunt sucking and by his powerful cock fucking into her pussy.

“I ain’t gonna give you up when your aunt comes back,” Hank said kissing her lightly on the chin.

“No, no, I promise I... I won’t let it happen – I mean, giving you up,” she said, one hand straying between his legs. She felt his prick stirring once more as her fingers lightly toyed with the greased hunk of cockmeat.

“Better not, man. I got the hots for you and I mean they’re pretty damned strong! I want you bad, Linda, real bad.”

Hank was rolling on top of her now, tucking her under his hot, muscular body. She could already feel his prick warming up against her thighs, the cockhead pressing up against her cunt-lips.

“Ohhhhh, fuck me...”

There was her sister, of course, but Janice would be out of the way soon. She would manage her aunt. Yes, she would have to. Her happiness depended on that. And as she lay there, feeling Hank’s fingers tighten around her shoulders, feeling his prickhead slide up into her cunt, she knew she would do anything to protect that happiness! Could life be any more wonderful? Could anyone, even her wild sister Janice, have such happiness? She thought not.

“Fuck me, fuck me...”

“Yeah, baby, gonna fuck you all the time from now on.”

Linda hoped in her heart he would.