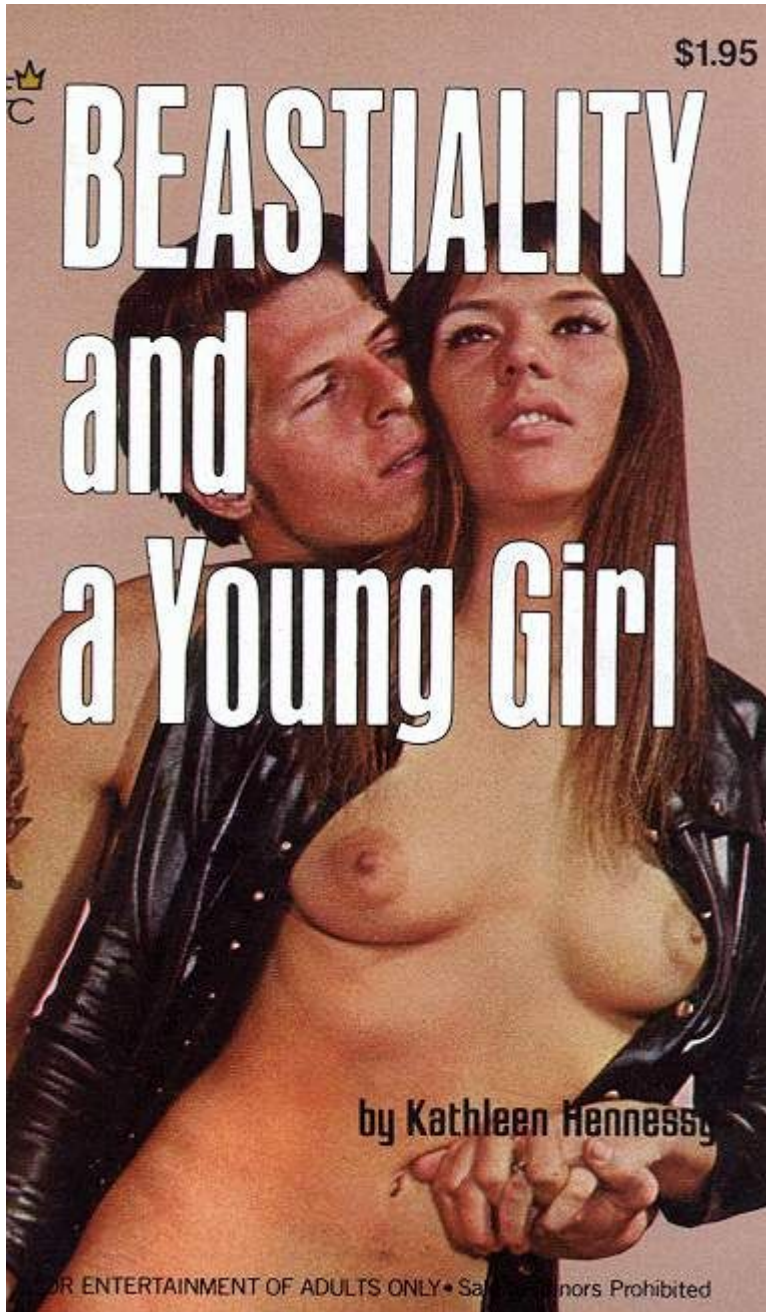


READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES





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Chapter One

Veronica-or, Vicky, as she preferred to be called-watched as Christopher and his latest conquest rode off together towards the woods. Vicky felt the tears rushing to her eyes, and there was nothing she could do to stop them. She ran back into the stable and cried her eyes out.

It was just no use. No matter how hard she tried not to love him, the more she did love him. He was the only man she would ever be able to love as long as she lived. There was just no one else as far as she was concerned. She rubbed the tears out of her eyes and looked slowly around the stable.

She had been practically born in this stable seventeen years ago. Her father had worked for the Butler family all his life as their horse trainer, and so had his father before him. As long as the Butlers had been keeping and training horses to race, a North had worked for them as their trainer.

Three generations of Butlers and Norths had groomed the finest horse flesh in the whole country, and now that association was going to be upset by the fact that Veronica had been born a girl and not a boy. Her father had wanted a boy in the worst way, but after she had Veronica, her mother

could not have any more children.

The older Veronica got, the more she wanted to be the first female trainer the Butlers had ever had. She knew as much about horses as any man, and she could ride as well as any man. Actually, her great ambition since she was five was to be a jockey, but there were no women jockeys either.

And now Christopher Butler had once more shown her that he didn't know she was alive. This was the fourth girl this week that he had taken horseback riding with him. Christopher never saw the same female twice, and at the age of twenty, he showed no signs of ever wanting to settle down with a wife and family.

It was summer and Christopher was home from college. Last summer he had gone off to Europe, and that had been more unbearable than this summer had been so far. At least she got to see him, even if that's all it ever amounted to. However, there were those rare occasions when he would talk to her.

It was never much of anything. Usually it would be something like,

"Hey, pony girl, saddle my horse for me, I'm going riding. And saddle one of the tamer ones for my guest." The guest was always a beautiful female who looked like she had just stepped out of a novel or off the pages of a magazine.

They were always beautiful, and whenever she was near enough to one, Vicky would feel like a boy. Vicky kicked at the dirt and almost yelled: "Why the hell can't I be a boy? I'd be better off. I wish there was some operation I could go through to become a boy. I'm no good as a girl, but I'd make the best male horse trainer and jockey there ever was."

Vicky looked out the stable entrance in the direction that Chris and Bunny-that was what he had called the girl, and she didn't seem to mind, and in fact had been falling all over him like the stupid blonde that she was-had just ridden off in. "Why doesn't he ever see me?" she asked of herself. "Am I that ugly?"

She saddled her own horse and walked him out of the stable and mounted him. Whenever she got depressed she would take Old Bess out and give her a good work-out. Actually the work-out was more for herself than Old Bess. Vicky was the one who had to get Christopher Butler out of her system, not Old Bess.

Vicky mounted Old Bess and off they went. She thought about that one boy she had met in school this past year who had actually asked her out. It was the first time any boy had ever asked her out, and Vicky had been scared to go out with him at first, but it was her mother who made her go out.

Her mother was a maid for the Butlers as had been Vicky's grandmother, and Vicky's great grandmother. Vicky could just see herself ending up as a maid for the Butlers, and so could her mother. It was her mother who surprised her by saying, "Find a nice young man and marry him and get away from this place. You'll rot here like the rest of us if you don't."

Vicky had known that her mother was right, but Vicky wanted to "rot here." She could never move away from the place and all that it meant to her. It was in her blood just like it had been in the blood of every male North. The fact that she was a female didn't change that.

She had gone out with that boy-Herbert was his name, and he was just as plain as his name implied-but she had not wanted to, even though he was the first boy who had ever asked her out. She still dreamed of the day when Chris would ride up to her window on his horse and carry her away with

him. She knew that that just had to happen.

But Herbert had not been all that shy, even though he was boring and she hated the sound of his voice after she had been with him only five minutes. Herbert also turned out to be stronger than her, although he looked like a summer breeze would knock him over, and when he began to kiss her later that night, she wasn't able to fight him off her.

And he hadn't just kissed her either. No, he had done a lot more than that. He had gone all the way and actually fucked her. Vicky wanted to turn him in for rape, but her mother wouldn't hear of it. Vicky could still remember Herbert's naked body on hers and his huge cock inside her.

They had been riding in his car, and he was supposedly taking her home.

In the movie he had kissed her roughly and he had even gotten his hand under her sweater and underneath her bra. Her tits still hurt from the way he had squeezed them so hard. She had not said anything at the time, but she had tried to make him see that she didn't want him to touch her anywhere, let alone touch her tits.

She had not wanted to make a scene in the movie, but now she sat way over on her side of the car looking out at the darkness, because that was all she could see. Herbert hadn't said a word to her since they left the movie. I guess I hurt his feelings, Vicky said to herself.

Serves him right for the way he man-handled my tits. He's damn lucky I didn't yell rape right out loud for what he did. He should be begging me to forgive him for doing that rather than just acting as if I committed some crime.

Then, because she was curious, she asked him the one question that had brought on everything else. "Herbert?" she said, "have you ever fucked a girl?"

Herbert answered very quickly as if he had anticipated her asking him just that question. "Of course I have. I'm not some stupid virgin like you."

"What's so stupid about being a virgin?" she asked.

"Everything," he said.

The next thing she said had sealed her fate for that evening. "I'll bet you're lying to me, Herbert. I'll bet you never fucked any girl because no girl in our school would let you fuck them. You're too funny looking. I'll bet I'm the first girl you ever took out. And you know something? I'll bet you I'm the last girl you ever take out."

Herbert turned red. "You're right about one thing. You are the last girl I'll ever take out. I plan on marrying you when we graduate at the end of next year. From now on, you and I are going steady."

With that he began to pull off onto this lonely dirt road.

"Where are you going?" she asked, forgetting everything he had just said about going steady and getting married. All that mattered now was that he was taking her off the main road and towards the woods. Now what did he have in mind to do to her?

It came to her in a flash. She just knew that he was going to try and fuck her. She could see it in the eyes. She begged him to take her home right then and there but it was no use. He kept driving down that dirt road and he was driving a lot faster than he had been when he had been on the main road.

He was driving like a madman, and she felt like a trapped animal. She knew now that he was stronger than her. He had proved that in the movies when he had mangled her tits like he had, and by the way he had made her submit to him like she had. His arms were much stronger than hers.

Unless she could somehow get out of the car and run away from him, she was doomed to being raped by this creep. She could see how ugly his cock must be, and she could feel it deep inside her. She was indeed a virgin, but she had read books and looked at lots of pictures.

She knew all about fucking even if she had never done it. But she was saving herself for Christopher Butler. He would be home on vacation soon, and she was building up the nerve, that is, trying to build up the nerve, to go right up to him and say, "Fuck me, Chris Butler. Fuck the only woman who could ever really love you."

And now, her virginity, her cherry, was going to be taken away by this jerk unless she could stop him somehow. She was determined to save herself and her cherry for Christopher. Someday he would want her, and she wanted to be perfect for him. She didn't want to have to tell him that Herbert had fucked her first. Chris would feel cheated.

Herbert had stopped the car, and she had tried to get out as quick as she could. He grabbed her though before she could even open the door; he was so fast that it seemed like he had stopped the car and grabbed her all at the same time. She could feel his mouth on hers and she could feel his hand under her skirt and then under her panties.

She fought as best she could, but there was just no room in the front seat to do anything. And he was a lot stronger than she, although he looked like the perfect weakling. He had his finger in her pussy already and he was working it in and out of her like crazy. In spite of herself, she could feel her cunt lips getting wet.

His mouth was still full on hers and she could feel his tongue way down in her throat. She felt like she was going to gag. His finger just kept going in and out of her. Right then she made the mistake of relaxing because she thought that maybe all he wanted to do to her was finger her. That wouldn't take her cherry away. Only fucking would. Maybe if she just gave in, he would finger her and get his rocks off and then he would take her home, and that would be the end of it.

But he hadn't done what she thought he would. As soon as she relaxed, he began to take her clothes off, and then he was naked and on top of her in the back seat. It all happened so fast that she was dizzy from it. He was on top of her, his cock was deep inside her, and he was fucking her.

She cried when it finally struck her that he had popped her cherry, and that now, Chris would never want her because she was a little whore.

And that's just how she thought of herself as she felt his cock going into her deeper and deeper and filling her up, and making her juices flow the way they did.

She hated him even more, because once he had started fucking her, she had actually responded to him. She had wrapped her legs around his waist and she had put out for him the same way that she had been planning all these years-and it seemed a lot longer than it was-to put out for Chris.

This was how she had intended to act that first time with Chris, and now she was acting this way with Herbert of all people. And she really was giving him all that she had, grinding her cunt into him just as hard as she could and kissing him all over his neck and shoulders.

She had been so turned on by him that she had even come before he did, and she had opened up

wider for him, and moaning away at the top of her lungs, she had felt his come shoot into her burning, hot pussy, and that had made her go even wilder, closing her cunt around his hard cock as tight as she could.

They hadn't talked after that, and they had just kept on fucking.

Finally, he had taken her home and she had gone to her room and cried all night. Before she had gotten out of the car, he had given her his class ring and she had taken it, although she didn't want to. She even accepted his date for the next night. She reminded him though that maybe he should wear rubbers after that, but he said that since they were going to get married anyway, it didn't matter whether she became pregnant or not.

The only thing that had saved her from a life of ruin with Herbert had been his reckless driving. A week later he had smashed up his car and gotten killed in the accident. She felt bad after awhile because she had been glad that he had died, and she knew that it was wrong to think like that about anyone.

Now she had more and more things to feel bad about. There was the fact that she hadn't been born a boy in the first place, the fact that Chris never paid any attention to her, the fact that she had lost her cherry before he did start paying any attention to her (if ever), and the fact that she had been glad when Herbert had been killed in that car crash.

And there are a lot more things too, she thought to herself as Old Bess made her own way. She was more or less heading in the direction that Chris and Bunny had gone off in. She wasn't really following them on purpose, but it just happened to be the way Old Bess wanted to go.

She did this all the time though, and there was no use pretending to herself that she wasn't following Chris and his new girl. She always did, and she also always lost them. She didn't really expect to come across them today either, and in a way, she was glad. She just knew that Chris fucked all the girls he took out.

She didn't want to have to see him fucking someone else. That would really make her want to die. Just thinking that he did it was bad enough, but if she actually saw him lying on top of another girl with his cock in her, fucking away like he didn't care about Vicky at all, then she would feel the cheapest she had ever felt in her whole life.

And she felt cheap enough because of those times that Herbert had fucked her, and even eaten her out. And I even blew him, she said to herself, feeling more tears come to her eyes.

Old Bess was slower today than usual and she just took all the time in the world. Vicky thought of Chris and what a night in bed with him would be like. She could easily imagine his huge cock nuzzling against her.

She could feel it even more as she took it in both hands and lowered her mouth on it and began to suck on it with all her might. She had never really sucked Herbert the way she would suck Chris. That was the one thing she had saved for Chris when that right day came along.

Vicky began to squirm in the saddle as she thought more and more about what their first night together was going to be like. They would do everything there was to do. They would eat each other out, and they would fuck in all the positions and Chris would stay hard the whole time, and his fucking her would erase anything that Herbert had ever done to her. It would be as if those horrible things had never happened.

Then Vicky thought that she heard noises. It was a woman's voice. It was a whisper, but she heard it just the same. She heard it loud and clear. She jumped off Old Bess and tied her to a tree and walked towards where the sound was coming from. It was a woman's voice and it sounded as if it was saying something like, "harder, do it harder."

Vicky froze in her tracks when she knew that that was what she had heard. It was louder and clearer now. "Harder, baby, fuck me just as hard as you possibly can."

She knew right then that it was Chris and that girl and that the two of them were fucking. She had to look though. She had gone this far and now she had to go the rest of the way. Maybe if she saw him fucking another girl, she could hate him, and all this torture would end.

She moved closer and closer. She was in this thick clump of trees and bushes. She saw this clearing and then she saw the very thing she knew she would see. There was that girl flat on her back, her legs wide open and around Chris' waist. Chris was on top of her and his ass was bobbing up and down.

Vicky got down near the ground and she could see the sides of the girl's cunt as it opened wider and wider. All she could really see of Chris was his bobbing ass. She wanted to scream but she didn't. She lay there frozen like a rock. She could tell they were about to reach their orgasms, and she could tell when they did.

They both began to shake all over as they had their orgasms. Vicky wanted to close her eyes but she couldn't. She had to watch now. But the funny thing was that she knew that this would just make her love Chris all the more, because now she saw how good he was at fucking.

She had always known in her mind that he had to be the best at fucking, but now she was actually seeing for herself that he was. That girl was going insane, and it was all because of what Chris was doing to her, and what he had been doing to her, and what he would probably still do her after they had recovered from this orgasm.

Even Herbert had been able to have three orgasms in a row without stopping, and stay hard all that time as well. Surely Chris could do a lot better than that. She wondered how many orgasms they had before this, before she heard them, before she had started to watch like she was.

Maybe they had just started and she would get to see it all. In spite of how much it killed her inside to watch, she now had to see it all.

Then she saw Chris get off the girl.

"Is that all?" the girl asked.

"Of course not," Chris replied, helping her to her feet. "That was just the beginning."

"So why are we standing?" the girl asked, obviously peeved at this sudden rupture in their fucking. "Let's get back down and keep fucking."

"That's what you brought me out here for, wasn't it?"

"I certainly did. Now wait right here."

Chris ran off into the woods and the girl just stood there looking like she didn't know what to do next. It looked to Vicky as if the girl was going to cry. Then Chris came back into the clearing. Only

he was leading his horse by the reins. The girl looked at the horse and then at Chris, and then she smiled.

"I get it," she said, "we're going to fuck sitting on your horse, aren't we? That should be really good. I can't wait."

"No," Chris said, "that's not what we're going to do. That isn't what we're going to do at all. In fact, you and I aren't going to do anything at all. You and I are never going to do anything again.

However, you and my horse are going to do lots together, and he's just getting ready for you now. See his hard-on? It's as big as your arm, isn't it?"

Vicky couldn't help looking at the horse's huge cock, even though she had seen their cocks a million times or more. Hadn't she seen the horses fucking at mating season since she was two? Didn't she always get a secret thrill out of it? But still she looked to see what the horse's cock looked like.

The girl was the one who was scared now. "Just what do you mean by that kind of talk? You just better explain yourself, and do it now. Do you mean to say that you expect me to have sex with your horse? That you expect me to let a horse fuck me? First of all, it would kill me, and second of all, it's downright perverted. Take me home right this minute."

She went to grab her clothes off the ground and Chris just grabbed her and threw her on the ground, flat on her back. From out of nowhere he got a whip, and he began to use it on her. The girl rolled over on her stomach as fast as she could as the whip cracked into her milky, white thighs. Thighs that were still covered with Chris' and her own come.

"You'll do just as I tell you," Chris was saying very softly. "First you are going to blow my horse and you are going to blow him good, and then you are going to let him fuck you. Don't worry, he won't kill you.

He never killed any of the others, and you're a lot bigger inside than they were. A lot bigger."

Vicky watched even more closely now as Chris pulled the girl back up off the ground and pushed her towards the horse. "Now get under the horse and blow him," Chris yelled at her, and with that he cracked the whip on her bare ass again, making her scream out again. "If you don't you'll get a beating instead. It's your choice, the beating or the horse. All the other girls picked the horse. I'm sure you can see why."

The girl was crying, but she got down on her hands and knees and crawled under the horse. Chris held the horse steady by the reins and he kept poking the girl in the ass with the butt end of the whip.

"Stop wasting time," he said. "Suck on that horse's cock, and do it before I get good and mad and give you a beating anyway."

The girl grabbed for the horse's cock and just held onto it. Vicky could see the girl bringing her mouth closer and closer to the horse's cock, and then she was taking that huge piece of meat right inside her mouth, and working her mouth all around it. She did it as if she really wanted to.

Vicky couldn't take her eyes off of what was happening. She just couldn't believe what she was seeing right in front of her. It was unreal. This was all a dream. That girl wasn't sucking off that horse, and Chris wasn't really forcing her to. Vicky knew that none of this could be happening. None of it.

When she opened her eyes there was the girl, and it looked as if she had more of the horse's cock in her mouth. She really did look like she liked it now, and it looked like she was getting more and more of the horse's cock in her mouth. She got as much of it in her mouth as she could hold, and then she really sucked hard on it.

Vicky could hear the loud sucking noises the girl was making and she could also hear the noises Chris was making. Chris was groaning and grunting away as if it was his cock the girl was sucking. Vicky could see the agony all over his face as he watched the girl suck harder and harder on the horse.

"That's it," Chris yelled at the girl, as he waved the whip about in the air above his head, "suck on that cock just as hard as you can.

Really get that meat in your mouth and suck on it. Make those juices flow."

Vicky had never seen Chris like this, and she was amazed by the way he was now acting. She was also somewhat surprised by the way the girl was now sucking on the horse's cock. Chris didn't have to force her anymore. She was doing it because she wanted to. That was obvious in her every action.

Vicky could see the horse's cock pushing out the sides of the girl's mouth. The look on the girl's face was that of a wild-woman's. The eyes were opened wide and the facial muscles were contorted in the sweet agony that only sex can cause. The horse was getting restless and excited as the girl on the ground mouthed it harder. Vicky could feel herself getting moist between her legs the more she watched.

Chris was still yelling at the girl but he was incoherent and the girl hadn't been paying attention to him for some time. She had forgotten all about him. The only thing that she cared about was that huge piece of meaty shaft that was in her mouth, and that she was sucking on just as hard as she could.

Vicky shoved her hand down under her blue jeans and down under her panties and felt her wet cunt. She got her finger right inside and began to finger herself, feeling her breathing increase and her whole body shake at the same time. Vicky wanted to tell the girl to stop what she was doing, but she couldn't.

She was too turned on by it now, and she couldn't wait to see that horse finally come in the girl's mouth. The girl could hardly wait herself, and she moved her mouth back and forth on the huge cock until finally it began to shoot out its sticky life-giving fluid.

The come just poured out in gushes, and it ran down the girl's chin, down her neck, and all over her tits. The girl tried to keep as much in her mouth as possible, but there was just too much of it. Pretty soon her whole body was covered with it, and it seemed like the horse was never going to stop coming.

Vicky could feel her own orgasm coming upon her, and she began to finger herself harder and faster. Pretty soon the sweet agony of orgasm overcame her and she closed her eyes and just let the warm sensation overcome her. Her cunt filled up with her juices and they poured down all over her hand.

Vicky lay on the ground for the longest time, and when she finally woke up she saw that Chris, the girl, and the horse were gone. Vicky got to her feet. She was dazed and still a little bewildered. Had she been dreaming this whole thing? She shook her head and realized that it had not been a dream at all. It had been the real thing.

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## Chapter Two

Vicky lay in her bed remembering what she had seen that afternoon.

Chris. That girl on her knees with the horse's cock well in her mouth.

The whole picture of what had happened kept going around and around in her head, and she could see it as if it was actually happening all over again, and in her own bedroom.

Vicky's naked body began to shake, and she could feel those urges coming over her again. Ever since that first time with Herbert, Vicky had known what lust was. She actually lusted after every man she saw.

Every night she lay awake like this wanting a man's cock deep inside her.

And then that horse's cock appeared in her mind. It had been so huge.

Vicky could still see that girl sucking on it frantically, trying to get as much of it in her mouth as she possibly could. Vicky wondered if sucking a horse's cock was the same as sucking a man's cock.

Vicky had only given Herbert that one blow job, but she could still remember it. She had loved the salty taste of his cock, and she had loved the bitter-sweet taste of his come even more. She could feel it now as it poured into her mouth and dripped down her throat.

Her breathing increased steadily and she reached down to her damp crotch. She had already fingered herself once tonight, and now she was at it again. She got two fingers inside her cunt this time and worked them in and out just as rapidly as she could until she was shuddering from her orgasm.

It didn't calm her body any, and she still felt the urges. She jumped out of bed, dressed quickly, and made her way out of the house very quietly. Outside she ran to the stable and quickly saddled Chris' horse. There was only one cure for the way she felt, and it had come to her all at once.

She hated herself for what she was about to do, but there was no other way. She mounted the horse and headed him off towards the woods. She felt the cool night breeze against her face, and she felt the saddle rubbing into her crotch. It felt so hard, and because of that, it felt really good to her.

She rode the horse to the edge of this small pond and there she dismounted. "No," she said, "I can't." And with that she ripped off her clothes and dove into the pond. The pond was fed by mountain springs and the water was ice cold. This would get it all out of her system she thought.

She swam furiously in all directions, letting the ice cold water chill her to her very core. She could feel the coldness between her legs, and she could feel it in her cunt as well. There had to be some way to end these endless urges of hers. There was no telling what she might do if she let them continue. She just might end up like that girl this afternoon.

Finally, when she thought she was quite exhausted from swimming, she climbed out of the water and lay on her stomach in the grass. She could feel the horse standing just a few feet away from her, and when she looked up in his direction she could see that he had a hard-on.

What a great big beautiful cock, she thought to herself. There was no doubt about that. She got to

her feet and walked closer to the horse.

He just stood there looking off in another direction. I wonder how he felt when she was sucking him off, Vicky asked herself. I wonder if he liked it?

She began to stroke his flanks, thinking all the while about that huge cock of his. When she had sucked Herbert off, he had gone into fits almost. Of course, Vicky had really done a job on him, and that was the reason. Vicky had given him the best blow job of his life, and as it turned out, the only one.

Now there was that huge cock right in front of her and all she had to do was reach down and grab it. She thought about all the girls that Chris had brought out to the house this summer. Had he made them all suck off his horse? Probably he had, and probably they had all liked doing it.

Yes, there was no doubt about that. That girl this afternoon had loved it even though she was at first repulsed by the idea. After she got that meaty shaft in her mouth though, she had gone wild. Vicky could feel the same thing happening to her. She was sure that she would love it also. She fell to her knees and took hold of the huge cock and just held onto it.

All she had to do now was put it in her mouth. It was that easy. This horse had been sucked off so many times already, it was probably quite use to it. He had certainly gotten hard fast enough. Chris had probably trained him to get hard at the sight of a naked girl.

Vicky thought about Chris and about how really perverted he must be.

But then here she was ready to suck off his horse. She was just as perverted, and maybe even more so. She stroked the huge cock gently, running both of her hands down the full length of it and over the huge balls that hung down.

After having seen so many horses with hard-ons, Vicky couldn't believe that she was so amazed at the size of this one. They were all this big, but then she had never really thought about them before, and she had never held one in her hand like this. Now she was holding it, and she was stroking it, and pretty soon she would be sucking on it.

Vicky knew now that she would be going all the way. There was no stopping her now. If that girl could do it, so could she. Her only regret was that Chris wouldn't be there to see her. She wanted very much for him to see her. Maybe then he would like her. Maybe then he would fuck her.

She got her mouth closer and closer to the horse's cock and then she kissed the head of it. The horse moved a little, but not that much. He was standing perfectly still for the most part. She kissed the head of his cock again, and she thought he made some kind of sound.

She began kissing the huge cock, up and down the entire length of it.

It was so rough and so soft at the same time. She pressed her wet lips into it as hard as she could, and shivers ran throughout her body every time that she did. She could feel her whole body shaking inside, and she could feel her cunt getting moist.

Now she was under the horse, and she was half laying down, and half sitting up. She pointed the cock at her mouth and then she began to rub her face against the tip of it. She rubbed it across her forehead, across her cheeks, under her nose, across her closed lips, under her chin, and even against her tits. She pressed each nipple into the crack.

The cock seemed to be throbbing in her hands, and that was when she took it in her mouth and began to suck on it. She took in just so much of it, and closed her mouth around it just as tight as she could. She worked her tongue against it, stabbing into it just as hard and as fast as she could.

She slid her mouth back and forth on the hard skin and she could feel it burning up. That made her burn up as well, and made her take more and more of the cock in her mouth until she couldn't get any more of it in her mouth. It just filled her right up, and she almost thought that she was going to gag on it.

Since she only had Herbert's cock to compare this one with, she couldn't get over how much better it was to suck on this horse's cock.

It did something to her inside that Herbert's cock hadn't done, and never would have done. This cock made her whole body quiver inside, and she could feel herself on the verge of an orgasm.

She could feel that the horse was also on the verge of orgasm, and she began to work her mouth back and forth on his cock just as fast and just as hard as she could manage. She would show this horse something.

Show him that she was better than all those other girls who had been sucking him off.

She really began to think of the horse as being human. He wasn't an animal to her any longer. No, he wasn't an animal at all. He was a real man. He was Chris. Vicky could see Chris in the back of her mind as she sucked harder and harder on this huge piece of burning cock that was filling up her mouth.

Vicky remembered what had happened this afternoon when the horse had come in that girl's mouth. She couldn't wait for him to come in her mouth. She could feel it coming.

Please come now, she thought to herself, pressing her lips into the horse's heavy meat and beginning to slowly gum the rubbery flesh while slowly bobbing her head back and forth.

Please come now, she thought to herself, pressing her lips into the horse's cock just as hard as she possibly could. It was throbbing away, and she could feel it getting ready to burst wide open. The horse was moving somewhat, and she could tell that he was just as excited as she was. He was getting all worked up just as she had been worked up all along.

The cock began to jerk back and forth in her mouth and then the come just gushed running all over her body. The come washed down her throat, and she could feel it spilling out of her mouth and running all over her body.

Her mouth was on fire, and so was the rest of her body. The come continued to gush out of the jerking cock, and she had a hard time keeping it in her mouth. Somehow she did manage to keep the horse's cock in her mouth, and all the time that his come was shooting out of him, she continued to suck just as hard as she could on his cock.

She felt his come running down her neck and over her tits, and she could feel it running down on her thighs even. There seemed to be no end to it, and she was glad of that. She wanted it to keep coming like it was. She never wanted it to stop. If only Chris were here, she thought to herself.

That would have made everything more perfect than it was. As it was, she knew that this had to be the most exciting moment of her life.

Watching that other girl this afternoon was nothing compared to actually doing it for herself. Now she knew why that girl had acted the way she did.

There was only one way to act after having done something like this.

The horse's cock was still hard and still in her mouth. The come was just dribbling out now, and eventually it stopped all together. She lay back on the ground and looked up at the under side of the horse.

He had been standing still all this time, and he was still standing still. He acted as if nothing had happened to him, as if he was totally indifferent to it all. It didn't matter what he felt though, because she knew what she felt. She knew how good it had made her feel inside.

She felt the sticky come all over her body, and she began to wipe it up with her fingers, and then she would lick on her fingers. Her mouth was overflowing still and she swallowed hard. She could feel the last of his come going down her throat and settling in her stomach.

The horse's cock had gotten soft now. She lifted her foot and pressed it into his balls. His balls were soft and hard at the same time. She pressed in gently, and then moved her foot away. The she pressed her foot against him again, and again, and finally she could see him getting hard again.

His cock seemed to go through all kinds of contractions as it rose up into an erection. She watched it closely, not wanting to miss any of it. This was too good to miss. Soon it was completely hard and she thought about how good it would feel inside her pulsating pussy.

Her cunt was really throbbing now, and the juices were running out of her as she just lay there thinking about what it would be like to have that huge cock inside her. She could just imagine what would happen to her once it was inside her. Her juices would really flow then. They might never stop flowing.

She raised her hips so that she was now pressing her stomach against the huge cock. She positioned herself so that it hung between her legs and then she pressed her cuntlips right into it. She then grabbed for the stirrups, and pulled herself up so that she was pressed right against the under side of the horse. She could feel the head of his cock right at the entrance to her cunt.

For a second she was afraid that it would hurt her too much, and then she realized that she didn't care whether it hurt or not. She pressed into him and that was when she felt the huge cock begin to ease into her. The horse seemed to be moving also, and he seemed to be pressing his cock right into her the way any man would have.

It was hard for her to hold herself up the way she was, but somehow she managed. She felt more and more of the horse's cock going into her. She began to rotate her hips in a circular motion, and she began to hump back and forth on the huge cock. It was sliding in and out of her now, and every time it went back in, she could feel herself shaking more and more.

It was filling her right to the brim and she was trying to get as much inside her as she could. She wanted it all, but she didn't think that she was big enough inside. It'll kill me, she thought to herself. It'll split me wide open. But somehow it didn't matter to her.

If she was going to die, she might as well die getting fucked by a horse. That seemed to be the best way out at the moment. She felt more and more of his cock going into her, and began to really close her cunt muscles around him. She could feel him stretching her inside, and she could feel his cock starting to throb already.

Having him come in her mouth was one thing, but now to have him come inside her cunt, that would really be something. She could feel it already and she began to grind into him just as hard as she could.

She could feel her own orgasm starting and she could feel her cunt filling up with her own come. She had never had an orgasm like this, and it shook her so much that she almost lost her grip on the stirrups.

She went wild then and just humped back and forth until she could feel the throbbing cock shooting off into her and filling her with its hot cream.

She yelled out at the top of her lungs and she kept grinding her pussy into him. The horse was grinding into her at the same time, and he wasn't acting as indifferent as he had. He seemed to be as turned on as she was, and that just made her feel that much better inside.

The last of his come drained into her, and with a final gasp, she let go of the stirrups and fell to the ground. She felt like a limp rag doll. She lay there breathing hard, gasping for a last breath of air.

She just knew that she would die after she had gotten that last breath.

Her eyes were shut tight, but she could still see that huge cock in front of her. And she could still feel it deep inside her. It had gone so far into her that she thought it was going to reach right up to her throat. She had really thought that it was going to split her in two.

She reached down and began to rub her sore pussy. And it was really sore. For awhile she didn't think that the pain would ever go away.

And, right then, she wasn't sure that she wanted the pain to go away.

And in fact, she was almost certain that she didn't want the pain to go away.

She rolled out from under the horse and tried to get to her feet. She felt as if she should wash off before she went home. She knew that it had to be late, and she had to get home before her parents woke up and discovered she was gone. There was no telling what they might think.

Also, she had to get Chris' horse back to the stable before anyone realized that she had taken it. No one was supposed to ride Chris' horse. Especially not her. She was just part of the hired help. As long as she remained on the Butler place, that's all she would ever be.

But there were other things to think about now. Like the warm feeling that still overwhelmed her. It was as if that huge cock was still shooting off inside her. It felt that way to her anyway. She could feel the spasms going throughout her whole body, and she could feel her body getting warmer and warmer.

Again she tried to get to her feet, but again she couldn't move. She was drained of every bit of strength that she had ever had. It was all gone now, and she would just have to lie here until some of it came back to her. Until then she just wouldn't be able to budge.

She felt this whirling sensation in her head, and she could feel herself blacking out. She tried to fight it, but it was no use. She had to give into it, and that was it. Her head got lighter and lighter and pretty soon she was drifting off into a very deep sleep. It would be the deepest sleep she had ever know. Visions of that huge cock danced all around her.



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"What have we here?" the tall man said, looking down at Vicky's perfectly still naked form.

It was almost dawn. Chris' horse had wandered off and was nowhere around. Vicky was still asleep and spread-eagle. The man stood above her admiring what he saw.

"No," he said, rubbing his chin, and feeling his sudden erection, "he never has brought you around. You're a new one on me."

Just by looking at her, and sniffing at the air, the man could tell that Vicky had been having sex with some type of animal, although he couldn't be sure just what type of animal it might have been.

"Yeah, I think I'll take you with me," he said, bending over her body.

"You might be nice to have around at that."

First he tied her hands together, and then her feet. Not once did Vicky stir. The man lifted her up over his shoulders and carried her deeper into the woods. Eventually they came to a small cabin, and the man carried her inside and placed her on the small bed in the far corner.

The only other furniture in the cabin was a small wooden table. There were two chairs beside it, and both of them looked as if they were going to fall apart. The loud barking of a dog could be heard, and that made Vicky stir. Thinking she was just dreaming, she drifted back to sleep.

"Yes," the man said, standing by the edge of the bed looking down at her, "I think I'm going to like having you around. You're going to add something to this place. The others he took away, but not you."

The man stood there watching Vicky sleep the whole time. Finally she woke up. Her eyes opened slowly, and her awareness of where she was and what was happening came even slower. When she discovered that her hands and feet were tied, she felt the blood draining right out of her. And when she saw the man standing beside the bed, she turned a ghostly white.

"Where am I?" she demanded. "Who are you? What's the meaning of this?"

The man smiled. "I found you in the woods and I brought you here. You could have gotten killed out there by some wild animal. Not all animals are tame you know."

"Why did you tie me up like this?"

"I had my reasons," he replied, beginning to pace the cabin.

"Let me go right this minute," she yelled.

"You better lower your voice," the man said, a sudden tone of cruelty in his voice.

"You just better let me go right now," Vicky said, trying to get up off the bed.

The man ran back to the bed, pushed her back down, and slapped her hard across the face.

"You ain't going no place, cunt," the man said. "You are mine, and you are going to stay here and make me happy."

With that he slapped her across the face again and again, until he had almost knocked her out. Vicky could feel the blood dripping down her chin and from her cut lip. She could feel the pain that swept over the whole side of her face.

Then she felt the man's hand between her legs. He was grabbing at her roughly, and she could feel his nails digging into her soft, still-wet cuntlips. He was hurting her, and it was obvious that that was his intention. He wanted to hurt her, and he meant to hurt her a lot more than he already was.

He pushed her back so that she was lying down again and he began to get almost his whole hand inside her pussy. He moved it in and out, stroking her insides just as hard as he could. Then she thought she felt this hard object inside her. It was as hard as a man's cock, but it wasn't that. Instead it was the handle of a long, ugly whip.

The man was sticking the handle right into her and working it in and out of her just as fast as he could. When she was at the point of orgasm, he pulled it out and just stood there looking down at her with this evil grin on his face.

"I could smell what you'd been doing out there," he said. "I know you were fucking something. Was it a dog? A horse maybe? I know it was some animal. You still got its come all over your body. It's dripping all over you still. Okay, you like animals, I'll get you an animal you'll really like."

The man disappeared out of the cabin, but not for long. Pretty soon he was back inside, and with him was this huge, black dog. The dog looked as big as he was. Vicky could feel her body trembling all over.

"Ole Boxer here," the man said. "He's fucked some pretty good cunt in his day. Yeah, he's knocked off more ass than most men, let me tell you that right now. Yeah, I like Ole Boxer. He knows just how to stroke a woman's cunt, and you're going to find that out quick enough."

Vicky watched as the man released the dog. The dog walked slowly towards the bed, sniffing at the air, and catching a familiar scent.

"You see," the man said, "he knows. He can smell you."

The dog was right at the edge of the bed now and his head was just inches away from her thigh. Then the dog just got his front legs up on the bed and he stuck his head down in Vicky's cunt, his cold, wet nose pressing right into her cuntlips. Now the dog was really sniffing her.

"Yeah," the man was saying, "he sure does like the smell of female cunt. Especially when he can smell something in it, like the come of another animal. Yeah, that's what really turns him on, and let me tell you, he's turned on plenty now. Oh yeah, his pecker is as hard as any right now, and he can't wait to use it."

Vicky could feel the dog's nose pressing right into the folds of her cunt, and then she could feel his wet, cold, rough tongue as he began to lick her cuntlips. He began to lick her all over thighs, and he was rubbing his tongue back and forth on her clit. In spite of herself, Vicky could feel a warm sensation going through her as the dog continued to lick her out like he was.

The dog knew just what to do and he was doing it. She could feel the tongue going inside her and that just made her tremble all the more.

Vicky could feel her whole body relaxing as she pressed her cunt against the dog's open mouth. He was right on the bed with her and standing between her legs, his head hanging down between her

thighs.

"I knew you'd like it," the man was yelling at the top of his lungs.

"Yes, I knew you would."

He was holding onto his crotch as if he was in pain. Vicky wasn't paying any attention to him though. All that she cared about right then was this dog.

"Untie me," she yelled.

The man did just that. He untied her legs, and then her hands. With her hands free, Vicky began to pull at the dog's huge cock. It wasn't as big as the horse's cock, but it was big enough. Pretty soon she was pulling the dog right down on top of her and easing his cock right inside her throbbing pussy.

The dog seemed a little uncertain. Maybe he wasn't used to being on top like this, she thought to herself. Vicky was still lying on her back, and she had the dog right on top of her now. She got his cock all the way inside her and then she just began to rotate her hips in a circular motion and get her legs right up in the air.

Vicky went wild when she felt the dog's cock sliding in and out of her like it now was. It would fill her up to the brim, slip almost all the way out, and then fill her up again. She closed her cunt muscles all around it, and she could feel it stroking her real hard inside.

"Keep at it," the man yelled.

Vicky meant to do just that. She could feel the dog's cock throbbing away and she wondered if any other girl had responded to him the way she was responding. She had her legs wrapped around his back and she was grinding into him with all her might. She could feel him grinding down into her, his cock going in just as deep as it could.

She could also feel that he was about to come. She could feel her own orgasm and then they came right together. The come just shot out of the both of them. His come came gushing into her the same way that horse's come had come gushing into her. She could feel it filling her right up inside.

Her own come seemed to wash down all over the dog's cock, and it acted as a lubricant more than anything else. Vicky could feel that familiar warm sensation going through her whole body. It just consumed her and made her want more and more of this dog's hard cock.

The more she got, the more she wanted. Vicky knew now that no man could ever satisfy her the way these two animals had. First that horse, and now this dog. She felt like an animal herself almost. She felt wild and untamed. That just turned her on even more than she was.

The man was jumping around the cabin, pulling on his cock, and yelling at the top of his lungs.

"That's it," he was yelling, "really let him have it. Get that cock way up inside you, and really hump on it. Come on, keep going, you ain't done yet."

Vicky could feel that the dog's cock was beginning to wilt, and she didn't want that to happen. She pressed into him all the harder, and she thought she could feel him getting hard again. And that was just what was happening. The dog's cock was getting hard again, and that made Vicky press into him even harder.

The dog was getting used to this new position, and he was fucking her the way any man would have done. She could feel his tongue all over her face and neck, and she was pressing her mouth against his hairy neck.

She could feel his balls slapping against her thighs as he shoved his cock deeper and deeper inside her.

He seemed to be harder this time than he had been before, and his cock even seemed bigger this time as well. Vicky could feel it going all through her and filling up her whole body and not just her cunt. She could feel it splitting her in half almost. Just like that horse had almost done.

She thought about how she had fucked that horse, and how she was now fucking this dog. I'm an animal, she wanted to yell out at the top of her lungs. Instead, she just kept pressing her cunt around the dog's hard cock, and making herself grind into him as hard as he was grinding into her.

All the while he was in her, she could feel his cock throbbing away, as she was sure he could feel her cunt throbbing away. That's it, she was almost saying out loud, you're getting me good. Keep it up like that.

Keep it up for as long as you can. For awhile she thought the dog could read her mind, because he did everything she wanted him to.

She liked that.

Obedience is a good quality in a dog.

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Chapter Three

The dog's cock was still deep inside her, and it was throbbing even more than it had been. She could feel it getting ready to explode, and then that was just what it did. It did explode, and she exploded right with it. Her come poured out of her just as his come poured out of him.

Her whole body was trembling and she could feel the waves going right through her and making her dizzy. The room was spinning around her head and the roof looked like it was falling right down on top of her. She felt the dog's cock easing out of her. He was no longer lying on top of her.

He was standing up between her legs like he had been at the beginning.

He was leaning his head down into her soft, wet cuntlips, and with his tongue he was lapping his and her come that was all over the outside of her cunt, and all down her thighs and legs. His tongue made her feel that much warmer inside.

The man had been jumping all around the cabin all this time, and he had even used a hard wooden stick on himself, and he was bleeding all over because of it. He was now standing in the middle of the cabin and the blood was gushing out of his open cuts, and his cock was spitting out its sex juices.

Neither Vicky nor the man heard the sound of a horse riding up outside.

Christopher Butler came bursting into the cabin and when he saw what was happening his first reaction was to laugh. Then he grabbed the man and threw him up against the wall. It was only then that the man became aware of Chris' presence.

"Where did you find that girl?" Chris yelled.

"In the woods," the man stammered. "She was just lying there without any clothes on. I could tell she had been fucking some animal, and just now she fucked my dog and she liked it."

"You know who she is?" Chris asked.

"She's just a girl," the man said, becoming very scared now. "Just like all the others you've brought here."

"She's hardly like the others," Chris yelled. "She's the daughter of my father's horse trainer. I can't have you messing around with her. With the others it doesn't matter, but not with this one."

Chris looked at the man with a look of contempt in his eyes, and then he came over to the bed. First he chased the dog away and then he lifted Vicky to her feet.

"I didn't realize you went in for this sort of thing," he said. "I'll bet you've followed me, haven't you? You've seen what I made those other girls do? Well, you probably didn't see half of what I made them do. Otherwise you would have left here a long time ago."

He handed her some clothes and told her to put them on.

"I'm taking you home before my father and your father have the whole police force out here looking for you," he said harshly. "We can't have them finding you like this, can we? Then they might want to know everything, and then we'd all be in jail. I don't think any of us would like that."

Vicky dressed as quickly as she could. She felt very close to Chris all of a sudden. In the first place, he was seeing her naked for the first time, and he was seeing her after she had just had sex with an animal.

I'm sure he knows about the other night as well, she thought. He knows I fucked his horse.

Chris took her by the arm and led her outside. He helped her up on his horse, and then he got up right behind her. They began to ride back in the direction of the farm. Vicky could feel Chris' hard cock pressing into her ass, and that made her feel all warm inside. Maybe now he'll fuck me, she thought.

"You just better not say a word about this to anyone, you hear?" Chris said. "After all, it wouldn't look too good for you either. I know you took my horse out last night and I have a pretty good idea what you did with him."

"What should I tell my father happened?" Vicky asked.

"Tell him you went riding and that you fell off the horse and hit your head," Chris said. "It can happen to the best rider. I'll just say I found you lying on the ground, and that you were still out cold."

"Will they believe that?" she asked.

"Of course they will."

Neither one of them said another word the whole way back. At the farm, Vicky's father was the first one to see them as they rode up to the stable. He was so glad to see his daughter safe and alive that he didn't bother to ask any questions. For the next couple of days, all the excitement died down, and

life on the Butler farm returned to normal.

And as far as Vicky was concerned, that was the worst thing that could have happened. Chris ignored her just like he always did, and everyday he took another girl out riding. Vicky forced herself not to follow them, and the looks Chris gave her told her that she better not follow them.

Vicky also managed to stay away from Chris' horse, and she didn't go near him, except to saddle him those times that Chris told her to.

Other than that, she just did the work she was supposed to, and spent the rest of her time in her room fingering herself to climax.

That was the only kind of sex she allowed herself, and it was beginning to get on her nerves. She needed a lot more than just that. She needed a cock inside her; a big cock that could come a lot. A cock like that horse had or even that dog. Vicky began to think about running away.

She would go someplace where they raised horses and she would get a job taking care of them. Then at night she would sneak down into the stables and do what she had to do. She didn't dare do that now because she was so afraid that Chris would catch her. She was sure that he hated her, although she couldn't figure out why he would. After what he saw me doing, he should love me all the more for it, she said to herself over and over.

But the fact of the matter was that he didn't. He seemed to think even less of her, and now he hardly said a word to her. Before, he hadn't said that much to her, and now he said even less. Vicky just couldn't take it any longer. She had to get away from him before she went crazy.

And to make matters worse, Vicky now had these strange cravings for animals. Especially horses. Every night she would dream about getting fucked by a horse. Before it had been Chris that she would dream about, but now it was his horse, or anyone else's horse for that matter.

One day she finally made up her mind to leave the Butler farm, and that night she packed a suitcase, and leaving a note for her parents, she crept out of the house and made her way to the main highway on foot.

There were no cars this time of night and she began to walk.

She walked some distance before she went off the road and into the woods. She lay down and fell asleep as soon as her head had touched the ground. She slept soundly for about six hours and then the traffic woke her up. She got to her feet immediately and got back on the road and stuck out her thumb.

Car after car passed her by and then a car with a horse trailer behind it pulled up in front of her and she ran up to its opened door. There were two men inside of it, an old man and a younger man who had the look of a jockey all over his face. This is for me, Vicky said, as she climbed in the back seat. The car shot off as soon as she was in it.

"I'm Jack," the old man said, "and this is my son, Phil. We're headed for the track up here. Where you going?"

"That's where I'm going too," Vicky said.

"You know anything about horses?" Jack asked.

"I was born on a horse," Vicky said.

"Maybe you'd like to work some for us then," Jack said. "We can't pay much, but we can feed you and buy you some clothes if you need any."

"I don't need too much," Vicky said.

Vicky noticed how Phil was looking her all over. Vicky had on a blouse and slacks and it was then that she noticed that her blouse was almost opened all the way. The top three buttons were unfastened. When she went to button them, Phil pushed her hand away and did it for her.

"You're awfully good looking," he said.

"Thank you," she said, leaning back in the seat, and sticking her tits out as far as she could.

"Yeah," he said, "I'll bet you're a mean one in bed. I'll bet you wrap those lips around a man's cock, and I'll bet you don't let up for a second."

Vicky just smiled, opening her mouth slightly and letting her tongue slip out suggestively.

"You don't talk to her like that," Jack said, looking in the rear view mirror, and getting all hot and bothered himself.

"That's quite okay," Vicky said, "I don't mind. After all, the three of us will be living together from now on. We might as well get to know each other as well as we can."

"Yeah," Phil said, climbing in the back seat, "I think we should do just that."

And with that he kissed Vicky full on the mouth. He was sitting beside her and he was grabbing at her tits. Vicky could feel his hands going under her blouse and then she could feel them right on her tits. He was squeezing them as hard as he could, and his tongue was probing deep in her mouth.

Pretty soon he had her blouse and bra off and he had her stretched out on the back seat. He was still sitting up, but he was bent over her tits, and he was sucking hard on one of them. He was making the nipple real hard, and then he got as much of her tit in his mouth as he could.

One thing about Vicky. She had big tits. It was impossible for Phil to get her whole tit in his mouth, but he was trying just the same. He was trying just as hard as he could, and he was getting quite a bit of her tit in his mouth, and what he had in his mouth, he was sucking on as hard as he could.

Vicky was running her fingers through his hair and then she began to pull on his hair. That made him suck on her all the harder, as she knew it would. She could feel his teeth sinking into her tit, and that made her quiver all over. She could feel her cunt getting moist because of it.

"That's it," she was saying to him. "Suck me real hard. Suck me just as hard as you can. Bite me too. I love it when you bite me. I really do.

Bite me harder. As hard as you can."

Phil did everything she wanted him to, and more. He was going after her cunt now, and he was pulling her blue jeans and panties down so he could get after her. Once he had them down to her knees he got his head right down between her legs, and he began to suck on her cuntlips.

He began to rub his tongue back and forth on her clit, and then he got his tongue right inside her.

Vicky pressed her pussy against his open mouth as hard as she could. She could feel his tongue going way inside her and that made her go all soft inside. She could feel her sex juices flowing already.

He was getting right after her too and she could feel his teeth sinking into her cuntlips. That hurt at first, but after awhile it felt good, and she told him to bite her even harder, and he did. He bit her just as hard as he could, and soon he was drawing blood, along with her come.

He was lapping up both her blood and her come, and he seemed to like both. He just couldn't get enough of her. It was then that Jack said that they had better stop since they were approaching the track. Hours had passed since Vicky had gotten in the car, but it seemed like such a short time had passed by.

Jack had parked the car and they-he and Phil-were putting the horses up in the stable they had been assigned. They had two horses, one male and one female. A few other people had arrived with their horses, and they were also stabling them. Vicky watched all the horses very closely. She was trying to pick out the ones that she might prefer.

Right then the only thing that she could think of was getting a horse's cock inside her cunt or at least in her mouth. Phil had really eaten her out good, and she could still feel her cunt twitching from what he had done to her, but she had a feeling that that was all he could do.

She had asked him many times to fuck her, but he had kept on eating her out instead. Every time she had tried to reach under his pants for his cock he had pushed her hand away. I'll bet he can't even get it up, she thought as she watched him and his father put the horses up. Well, I'll find out for sure tonight. If he can't fuck me, I'll find something that can.

Phil kept looking over at her with this sheepish grin on his face.

Vicky smiled back at him. Well, you got your tongue in me, she thought.

Let's see what else you can get in me. She made her way to the stable and began to look around. They would be sleeping here the whole time they were here, and she wanted to find the best place possible.

Each section of the stable was walled off from the others, and there were living accommodations in the back of them. They weren't much, but they would do. The horses stayed in front, and in the back there was a small room with two beds in it. The beds were singles, but they looked like they could hold two people.

Well, she thought, one of them is going to have to hold two people.

Either Phil is going to be sleeping with me, or he's going to have to bunk in with his father. Vicky couldn't imagine herself sleeping with the father.

There was a small stove and a refrigerator in the room as well. Later on, Vicky cooked a small supper, and the three of them sat around eating it. Vicky and Phil sat on one bed, and Jack sat over on the other. I guess this is how we're going to be sleeping too, Vicky thought.

As far as Vicky was concerned, it didn't matter to her whether she slept with Phil. What mattered was that she get a chance at his horse.

She had gotten a good look at that horse and she could see that he had a huge cock. It was soft at

the time, but Vicky could picture in her mind what it would look like once it was hard, and she couldn't wait to see it hard.

They finished their supper and then Jack decided to talk about his sex life with his wife. His wife had just died the year before, and as Phil told her later, that was all his father ever wanted to talk about anymore.

"Yeah," he said, "my wife was some hunk of ass. She could throw the meanest fuck in the world. She'd wrap those legs of hers around me and then she would grind that pussy of hers against me, and we would fuck like it was the last time. Yeah, we put everything in each and every fuck."

The old man went on and on like that, until finally he had fallen asleep with his clothes on. He was lying on top of the blankets, and Phil and Vicky undressed him and got him under the blankets. He didn't wake up once while they were doing it, and he had this evil grin on his face the whole time.

"He's dreaming about it," Phil said.

Phil and Vicky stood on opposite sides of the old man's bed just looking at each other.

"What he didn't tell you," Phil said, "was how my mother liked to go after the horses as well. She couldn't stay away from them. More than once I saw her sucking off one of our horses and I even saw her fuck one of them. In fact, she got this job in Mexico in a nightclub where she fucks a horse.

"You see, she really isn't dead, and in fact, she's very much alive.

She does this act in this club. What they do is they tie pieces of string around the horse's cock, an inch or so apart. The louder the audience claps, the more of the horse's cock my mother lets in her.

"I guess she does pretty well at it, and once I even went and saw her do it. My father knows, but he won't admit it. He still believes she died, and it's better for him if he thinks that. Otherwise he might lose his mind completely. He couldn't stand to know the truth."

Vicky lit a cigarette and walked over to the small window. She felt restless all of a sudden. "I can see that you're just like my mother,"

Phil said, coming up behind her. "Yeah, I can smell it on you. You're just dying to go out there and fuck one of those horses, or at least suck one of them off. I know your kind. You're all alike, and you all smell the same. I knew that when I just saw you standing by the road. I could tell it from the way you were standing, from the way you had your legs spread."

"Is that why you can't get it up?" she said, turning on him savagely.

She was breathing fast and so was he. They looked at each other like two animals about to do battle. Phil reached behind her and got his hands in her hair and pulled her towards him. He kissed her hard on the mouth and then pushed her away.

"That's all you're good for," she said, almost spitting the words in his face.

He fell to his knees, and as he did so, he pulled her blue jeans and panties down. She could feel his tongue between her legs and he was rimming her pussy and then he was getting his tongue right inside her.

She liked it at first, but then she knew she needed a lot more.

She pushed him away, took off all her clothes, and went into the part of the stable where the horses were. Her pussy reeked of its juices, and she knew that her scent went just ahead of her. Let him smell me first, she said, looking at the male horse. Let him know what he's about to get.

The horse was standing perfectly still. His cock was still soft. Vicky went up to him and began to stroke his flanks.

"Do you smell me yet, big boy?" she said. "Would you like to lick me out?"

The horse still didn't move. Vicky moved around in front of the horse, and pulled his head down so that it was right against her hairy mound.

"Smell that," she said in a whisper.

The horse was moving his head from side to side, and he was rubbing his nose against her hairy mound. All of a sudden she had an idea. She jumped on his neck, getting her legs right around him. His huge head was pressed in right between her legs this way, and his nose was pressed right into her pussy.

She could feel him rubbing his nose around inside her and then she felt his tongue. Now he was licking her pussy as well as sniffing it. She was having a hard time holding herself up on the horse's neck like this, but then she felt someone holding her up from behind. It was Phil and he was holding her up so that she wouldn't have to hold herself up.

Now she was free to do what she wanted. She pressed her pussy hard against the horse's mouth, and she felt his tongue going right inside her. She could feel how big it was, and what it was doing inside her.

She could feel her juices flowing already, and she could feel her whole body trembling like it was.

She wrapped her legs around the horse's neck just as hard as she could, and she pressed her pussy into his open mouth just as hard as she could. He was making his tongue do all sorts of things inside her, and that was making her come even more than she had been. Her cunt was filling up with her sex juices now.

She closed her cunt muscles all around his tongue, and just held him tight inside her. His tongue was hard as a man's cock, and maybe even harder. She couldn't wait to get his cock inside her. That must be really something, she thought to herself. Yes, that must be really something.

It's so good, she thought. It's so very good. I could have him do this forever. She pressed into the horse's mouth even harder and she felt her thighs opening even wider. The horse's tongue was going in and out of her just as fast as it could, and she was coming just as much as she could.

Her orgasm just overtook her and it made her shake all the more. She felt Phil getting weaker, and she could tell he wouldn't be able to hold her up much longer. She began to shake even more as the come rushed out of her like it was never going to stop. The horse kept licking it all up.

Finally, Phil dropped her, but she managed to hang on by herself. She finally slid down to the floor and lay there on her back. Phil was over in a corner of the stable crying like a baby. She couldn't think about him now. There were lots more important things for her to think about.

She felt the horse bending over her, his head hovering just above her hairy mound. Pretty soon he was pressing his nose into her hairy mound and then he was licking the soft, wet hairs. Her hair was

saturated with her come as were her thighs. He began licking her all over in an eager fashion.

Vicky just lay there letting the horse lick her wherever he wanted to.

And he seemed to want to lick her in the right places. He licked her stomach and up the rippled flesh of her long slender torso.

Slowly the heat of passion rose to her tits, and then back down to her hairy mound. His tongue seemed to be all over her, and she could feel it going right through her.

"That's it," she was whispering. "That feels so good."

The horse's tongue was right down between her legs now, and he was licking up the come that was just outside her cunt. He was licking her cuntlips and her clit, and he was licking them real hard. The sensations went right through her and she didn't ever want him to stop.

No, this was much too good for him to stop now.

She felt the horse licking her thighs, and all the way down her legs, and then back up her legs to her still-wet pussy. There he stayed and she felt his tongue ripping her up and down and all over. Part of his tongue seemed to go inside her but most of it was pressing against the outside of her cunt.

That was okay with her. Anything this horse did was okay with her. She could still hear Phil crying off in the distance, and that turned her on even more. Let the baby cry, she thought bitterly. He's not even a man. He can't fuck, so what good is he? He's no good at all.

"What's the matter, Philly-boy?" she called out. "Can't you get it up, Philly? Is that your problem?"

"Shut up, you slut," he yelled back at her.

"Your horse can get it up, Philly," she said. "He can sure get it up even if you can't."

"I said for you to shut up. I don't care what you do, just don't talk about it."

"But I have to talk about it, Philly," she said, getting up on her knees. "I have to tell you what I'm doing. I'm getting over here so I can suck on this big piece of meat. I've never seen a cock this big, Philly. Have you?"

Vicky was now on her knees under the horse and she was holding the horse's cock in her hands.

"I've got a good hold on it, Philly," she then said. "I've got a real good hold on it. You should see what I'm doing. Yeah, you really should see it. I'm holding on real tight and I'm getting ready to get it right in my mouth. First I want to look at it real good though. I want to see just what it is I'm going to be sucking on. The more I look at it though, the more I can hardly wait to suck on it. It looks so good, and it looks so big, and it's throbbing in my hand. I'll bet he comes a lot. I'll bet he sure does."

And with that she began to suck on the horse's cock. First she kissed the head of his cock, and then she kissed him up and down the length of his cock, and she even kissed his two huge balls that hung down like two large bags. She kissed them just as hard as she had kissed his cock.

Now she was kissing the head of his cock again, and then she was getting it in her mouth. It was so big, and she could only get so much of it in her mouth. She began to slide her mouth back and forth on it, and she could tell that the horse liked that. He liked it as much as she did.

She really began to suck on him then and she could feel his cock jerking back and forth in her mouth already. She could feel that he was already on the verge of orgasm. She let up on him for a second, but only for a second. She was back sucking on him just as hard as she could. She could feel his cock expanding and then she felt the force of his orgasm.

It almost knocked her off balance, but she managed to stay up on her knees, and she managed to get his cock well in her mouth. She didn't want to lose that. Not now she didn't. Not with his come streaming out in her mouth like it was. She could feel it shooting out into her, and that just made her suck on him all the harder.

His cock was jerking back and forth in her mouth and it was exploding like it was going to split right in half. Her mouth was filling up with his come, and it was spilling out over her lips and running down her chin. She could feel it on her neck and running down to her tits.

His come was sticky and it was bitter, and she just couldn't get enough of it. She wanted it all over her body, and she managed to get it all over her body. She could feel it dripping down on her thighs, and running down between her legs. She rubbed it right into her pussy with her hand.

Phil was on the verge of hysteria, but she couldn't bother with him now. She had even lost all interest in torturing him any more than she already had. He didn't even exist as far as she was concerned. He was a nonentity, and that was all he would ever be to her. Let him cry like a baby since that was all he was good for anyway. He wasn't good for anything else, that was for sure.

The horse's cock was still shooting off its rocks, and she was still getting as much of it in her mouth as she could. She was drinking it right down. She could feel it burning the inside of her mouth, and the inside of her throat. She could feel it settling in her stomach and burning it as well.

The come was just dribbling out now, but she drank down every last drop of it. Soon there was no more though. Vicky felt breathless and she felt as if she had had her share for the night. She didn't need anymore right now. She had had it all, and then some. Her cunt was still sore from the way he had sucked her off before, and she could tell that it would stay sore for some time.

She got to her feet and walked over to where Phil was cringing in the corner. She got him up on his feet and let him to the bed. She undressed him and made him lie in bed, and then she lay in the bed beside him. She pressed her body up against his and began to whisper in his ear.

"Just think of your horse's cock as if it was your very own," she began to say. "I sucked you off. That's what I did, I sucked you off, and I sucked you off real good. I gave you the best blow job of your life.

"If you think of it that way, it won't hurt so much. In fact, it won't hurt at all. You'll feel real good about it. You'll feel like a real man for a change. Come on now, think about it that way. Think about your horse's cock as if it was your own. Wouldn't you just love having a cock that big? No man in the whole world has a cock that big. But you do. You have the biggest cock of all of them."

She buried his face between her tits, and he was soon asleep. She saw the horse's cock in the back of her mind, and soon she was asleep also.

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## **Chapter Four**

Vicky was the first one to wake up the next morning. She got out of bed quietly so as not to wake



Phil or his father. It was just a little after dawn, but Vicky knew that she couldn't sleep any longer. She had never been able to sleep late in the morning, and she never would be able to.

She went out back to where the bathrooms and showers were and she went in and washed herself. The water was ice cold, but that was just the way that she liked it. She couldn't wait to start working the horses out, and she couldn't wait for the races to begin. They'll never think to look for me here, she thought, and probably they won't even look for me to begin with.

I'll bet mother's happy, Vicky thought. She always did want me to get away from that place.

"Hello, there," the booming voice said.

Vicky looked up and saw the large man enter the shower. He was over six feet tall, and he had a cock on him that looked like it was hanging right down to his knees. Vicky couldn't take her eyes off it, and she could see that he knew that, and was taking advantage of the fact.

"Don't have separate showers here for men and women," he said. "Guess we'll just have to make do with what we got. Who you with anyway?"

"I'm with Phil and Jack," she said.

"You married to Phil or something?" the man asked.

"We're thinking about it," she replied.

"You'll make him a nice wife, I'm sure," he said.

"How can you tell?" she asked, very coyly.

"That's obvious from the way you're built," he said. "You got a nice body on you that I wouldn't mind getting in my bed some night. No, I wouldn't mind that at all."

"You married?" she asked.

"No, I've never been married," he replied.

"What's your name anyway? I'm Vicky."

"My name is Tom, and I work for Mr. James Nickles," Tom replied. "He's got himself the best horse at the track this year."

"Is Mr. Nickles rich?" she asked.

"Rich ain't the word for him," Tom laughed. "He's got more money than most other people put together."

"You his trainer?" she asked.

"I'm one of them. He's got six of them, one for each horse. Yeah, Mr.

Nickles don't mess around."

"Is he here?"

Tom looked at her and smiled. "He'll be here in a few days. In case you're interested, he ain't married, and he's looking for a nice looking wife to pretty up that big house of his. Yeah, he sure does want a pretty woman awfully bad."

"Well, I hope he finds one," Vicky said, turning off the water and getting ready to go.

Tom was still washing and he just looked at her. She stood there looking back at him.

"I'm not married yet," she said to him, hoping he would get what she was driving at.

He apparently did. "I go for long walks at night. It sure does get lonely walking alone. Maybe you'll join me some night."

"How about tonight?" she said.

"Nine o'clock?" he said.

"Where should I meet you?" she asked.

"Right here," he smiled. "Just for old times' sake."

Vicky laughed out loud and so did Tom. Then Vicky ran back to their small room-hers and Phil's and Jack's. Jack was awake now, but Phil was still dead to the world. Jack looked at her naked body and then hurried out to take a shower himself. Vicky had a hard time not laughing.

She looked over at Phil's sleeping form and then she went over to the bed and shook him. Phil woke up, and when he saw her he tried to hide his head under the covers again.

Yanking the covers off the bed, Vicky, said, "Time to get up, stud.

You've got a lot of work to do."

With that Vicky left him lying there, dressed, and went and saddled one of the horses. For the rest of the day Vicky gave the horse a thorough workout, racing him around the track. By early evening both horse and rider were exhausted.

Vicky took another shower that evening and at nine o'clock she met Tom just like she had said she would. Tom's huge frame was leaning against a tree, a cigarette dangling out of his mouth. He looked like a cowboy in a movie or on a poster. He had on a blue shirt and a pair of blue jeans.

Vicky walked up to him very slowly. "I didn't notice you out on the track all day."

"I had some things I had to do," he said, taking her hand as they walked off towards the woods. "Like what? Your boss show up?"

"Not yet, but he called and said he'll be around in a few days. I told him all about you."

"What did you tell him?"

Tom smiled. "I told him what a nice piece of ass you were, and how I was going to get to you first."

"What did he say to that?" she asked.

"He reminded me how I got to his other two wives first."

“Other two wives?”

“Yeah. He’s been married twice before.”

“What happened?” Vicky asked.

“They both ran off with younger men,” Tom replied.

“Just how old is your boss?” Vicky then asked.

“About forty, I guess.”

“That’s not so old,” Vicky said, thinking about it for a minute or two.

“It’s not terribly old. And he can still get it up.”

“That’s all that counts,” Vicky said, yanking her hand away from Tom’s and running into the woods as fast as she could.

Tom was right behind her, running as fast as he could to try to catch up with her. Vicky was a fast runner, and she had taken him by surprise, and had therefore gotten a head start on him. Tom was still a good distance behind her, but he had her in sight the whole time.

Vicky ran around trees and backtracked and did all kinds of things to try and confuse him, but he came at her from out of nowhere and wrestled her to the ground. Vicky felt his arms around her waist and then she felt the ground coming up to meet her. She lay on her back and he lay right on top of her.

They were both breathing hard, and they were both on the verge of laughing. Tom sat on her stomach and had her arms pinned to the ground.

Vicky made a mock effort to try and get away, but she put no effort into it. She was just as happy to stay right where she was.

She could feel his erection pressing through his pants and she could hardly wait for him to get it inside her. She could just imagine how it must feel. I’ll bet it’s as big as a horse’s cock, she thought to herself. Or at least, I’ll bet it’s almost as big. She remembered how big it had been this morning when it was just soft and hanging down his leg. I’ll bet it’s twice that big when it’s hard, she said, hoping to herself that it would be.

She felt his hands going up under her blouse and then she felt him taking off her blouse and bra. He was lying flat on top of her now and she could feel him sucking hard on one of her tits. She had big tits, but he had a big mouth, and he seemed to get almost her whole tit in his mouth.

She could feel her nipple getting rigid and she could feel him pressing his groin hard into hers. She began to rotate her hips under his in a circular motion, and she began to raise them off the ground as high as she could. It was hard to do that, with all his weight pressing down into her.

She loved all this weight on top of her though. The heavier he felt, the better she liked it. Now she really had a man on top of her, and that was what she had always wanted. The only so-called men she had had sex with were Herbert and Phil. And she had hated Herbert, and Phil wasn’t even a man as far as she was concerned.

How could he be if he couldn’t get it up?

Tom's hands were all over her and she could feel him pushing her blue jeans and panties off her. She had her hands down the back of his blue jeans and under his jockey shorts. She was rubbing his ass and then she was rimming his asshole with her finger, and then she was getting her finger right inside his asshole.

That really turned him on, and that was when she began to work her finger in and out of his asshole just as fast as she could. She really got her finger into him as deep as she could and she really began to stroke him hard inside. She could feel him lifting his ass into the air so she could get her finger in deeper.

"Do that to me," she moaned.

"I'll do a lot more than that," he grunted.

She could feel him taking off her blue jeans and panties and then she undressed him. Now they were both naked. They were both on their knees and facing one another. He threw his arms around her and she threw her arms around him. They pressed in close to one another, and their lips met in a burning kiss.

She could feel his hard cock pressing in against her hairy mound and she reached down and got it right between her legs. It felt so good rubbing against her clit. She could feel him leaning back so that he was sitting back on his backside, and then she felt him lifting her slightly in the air.

She wrapped her legs around him as she felt him lowering her right over his cock. She could feel the hard shaft easing right into her an inch at a time. She trembled each time she felt more of his cock go in. This is the first man, she thought to herself. The first real man.

His cock was in her all the way. She tightened her legs around him and she began to hump up and down on his cock. She would raise her hips so that his cock would slide almost all the way out of her, and then she would lower herself so that he would go back in her, all the way to the hilt.

He just filled her up the way those horses had filled her up and that drove her wild inside. This was the only man who would ever be able to satisfy her the way an animal could. She just knew that. There could be no other man in her life. Not Christopher Butler either. Compared to Tom, he was nothing. And besides he was nothing but a pervert anyway.

She felt Tom's cock filling her up time after time. She could feel it going all through her. It filled up her whole body and not just her cunt. He was really making her quiver inside and she could already feel her sex juices flowing inside. They were dripping down his cock and right onto his balls. She could tell her juices were making his cock burn up inside.

She could feel his cock the way it was burning so much, and she was sure that he could feel her burning pussy. She was kissing his neck and then she was biting right into his shoulder. She could feel him kissing her neck and shoulders, and then he was sucking on her tit again.

That really made her quiver inside. He made both her nipples rigid, and he kept them rigid. She could feel both her tits swelling up, whenever he was sucking on either one of them. He went back and forth from one to the other, and he made both of them burn inside like they never had before.

She could feel her whole body getting ready to explode, and she could feel that his body was getting ready to explode also. She could feel how much his cock was trembling inside her, and she could feel how it was beginning to jerk back and forth. I can hardly wait, she thought.

And she didn't have to wait much longer. His seed came spilling out of him and it filled her right to the brim. Her own come came pouring out of her seconds after his come had shot up inside her. He kept shooting into her, and every time she felt more of his come inside her, she just shook all the more.

"It feels so good," she moaned from way down in her throat. "It feels so very good. I don't ever want it to stop. I don't ever want you to take that beautiful cock out of me. I want your cock in me always.

Always."

She thought she was going to black out, but she didn't. He let her fall back so that her back was on the ground now. His cock was still deep inside her, and he was still hard. He was still in between her legs and he was still sliding his cock in and out of her. On every inward stroke she shuddered.

There was no telling now how long he could stay hard. She hoped that it could be all night. At this rate, she thought that it just might be all night at that. He pulled out of her just then, but only long enough so he could turn her over on her stomach and then he lay down on top of her, and got his cock right back inside her. It felt so much better this way.

She felt him raising up on his knees and she raised up with him until she was up on all fours. Just like a couple of dogs, she thought to herself. And thinking that, she remembered that dog in that cabin and that horrible looking man. The dog had been ugly too, but his cock had felt so good inside her. She thought about that now, as Tom began humping in and out of her.

That dog had fucked her until she was too sore to stand, and now Tom was doing the exact same thing. He was making her just as sore as that dog had, and almost as sore as Chris' horse had. He was an animal in his own way, even if he wasn't really an animal in the full sense of the word.

She could feel his cock sliding in and out of her and she closed her cunt muscles in all around him. That's it, she said to herself. Fuck me just as hard as you possibly can. The harder the better cause that's how I like it. I don't like it soft and gentle. No, I don't like that at all.

If there was one thing Tom wasn't, it was soft and gentle. He was far from it. And he showed that over and over by the way he kept ramming his cock in and out of her. His hands were grabbing at her thighs, and then she felt his finger rimming her asshole, and then probing right inside. He shoved that in and out just as hard as he could also.

He was going to cause her all the pain that he possibly could. He was going to make her as sore as any animal had ever made her. If he only knew how much I like animals too, she thought to herself, I wonder what he would think then? Would he want to watch me, the way some men would?

Would he help me like Phil did?

She stopped thinking though when she felt his cock shooting out more of his come into her. It was jerking back and forth inside her, and a feeling of warmth went all through her. It just filled up every part of her and it made her burn up inside like she never had before.

She was really on fire now, and there was nothing that could ever put it out. His come was still shooting into her, and her come was washing down all over his cock. She was quivering and shaking all over, and she could feel that he was quivering and shaking all over also.

"Don't ever stop," she moaned.

"I don't intend to," he grunted back at her.

And it didn't look as if he ever would stop either. His cock was still hard and still inside her. She felt him still moving in and out of her, and then he pulled out completely. She felt so empty when he did that, but then she felt his cock pressing into the crack of her ass.

He was rubbing it up and down in her crack and then he was pressing it against the outside of her asshole. He was putting more and more pressure on it, and then she could feel his cock sliding right into her asshole. He was pushing it into her an inch at a time, and the pain she felt right then was almost unbearable.

The pain filled up every part of her body and she did everything that she could to keep from screaming. She loved the pain in spite of the way it made her feel, and she knew that sooner or later the pain would go away. Soon she would be stretched out enough so that it wouldn't hurt.

He was doing his best to stretch her full out already, and she could feel more and more of his cock going inside her, and then she felt that he was in her all the way. His whole cock was right inside her and his balls were resting against her ass. When he began to slide his cock in and out of her, she could feel his balls slapping against her.

"Harder," she said, "do it harder. Make me really hurt inside. Make me hurt like I never have before. That's it. Do it that way harder and harder."

It seemed like he was humping into her ass for the longest time and then she felt him shooting off inside her. The force of his orgasm was almost too much for her. She fell flat on her stomach and he fell right with her. He was flat on her back and his cock was still deep inside her asshole.

This time he didn't stay hard, and she could feel his cock getting soft. She felt him getting off her. He was kneeling beside her now and she turned over on her back so she could see him. She looked up into his face, and for the first time she saw how rough looking he was.

She reached over and grabbed hold of his wilted cock. It was all covered with a thick coat of slime, but it felt so good in her hand.

"That's all my come and your come," she said, stroking him back and forth.

"That's just what it is," he said.

"You know," she said, "there's only been one other man before you."

"Phil?" he asked.

"No, a guy I went to high school with," she replied. "But he got killed in a car crash. I'm glad he did because I didn't even like him."

"What about Phil? Hasn't he fucked you?"

"He can't," she replied. "He can't get it up. He's hung up on the fact that his mother used to fuck animals. I guess it had a bad effect on him."

"Well, for a girl who only fucked one other guy, you sure were pretty big inside," Tom said. "He must have had a pretty big cock."

"It wasn't him who stretched me out like that," she said.

"Then who did?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

"A horse and a dog," she replied. "They both had a lot to do with it."

Tom just looked at her, and then he got to his feet.

"How old are you anyway?" he asked.

"How old do you think I am?" she asked, squirming about on the grass.

"Probably not as old as you act," he replied, reaching down for the cigarettes in his pocket.

"I'm seventeen," she replied, getting to her feet. "Let me have one of those."

He gave her a cigarette and lit it.

"Thanks," she said.

Tom lit his own cigarette and then he said, "I knew a girl who used to fuck horses. Yeah, she fucked a whole bunch of them. One day she bet this man she could fuck as many as he brought up to her. I think she got to the fourth one and then she just died. He made a fortune on all the bets he had made against her."

"I wouldn't do anything like that," she said suddenly afraid that she might just do that.

"You say that now," Tom said, blowing out smoke rings, "but do you think you'll still say that in a couple of years?"

"Of course," she insisted.

"I should have known you were like that," he said. "Any girl who hangs around a race track has to be. Tell me, was I as good as that horse and dog?"

"You were even better," she said, pressing into him.

He pushed her away.

"I wish I could believe that," he said. "I really do."

And then he bent over and got his clothes and began to dress.

"It sure has been nice walking with you," he said. "I had planned on us doing this all season."

"And now you don't want to? Is that it?"

"Well," he said, "you might have other things you'll want to do from now on."

"Not if I can have you," she said, trying to mean it.

"You say that now, but one of these days you'll think how much better it could be with an animal and then you'll go after one, and that'll be the end of me. No, my cock isn't that big, and it can't stay hard that long."

"It's good enough for me," she insisted.

"For now it is, but not always."

She grabbed onto his arm. "It'll always be good enough for me. Please believe that."

"I want to," he said, "but you see, I just can't. I've seen too many girls like you. They all end up the same. You'll end up like that also, and I just don't want to be around to see it."

"Maybe you can change me," she cried. "Maybe you can see that that doesn't happen to me."

"I tried with that other girl, and I failed," he said. "I failed her and now she's dead. I'd fail you the same way. And like I said, I don't want to be around to see the same thing happen to you. I just couldn't take it a second time."

"It wouldn't happen to me," she said, grabbing onto him and kissing him all over his face and neck. "It wouldn't. You wouldn't fail me."

He pushed her away, and she stumbled and fell to the ground.

"Don't make this any harder than it already is," he almost yelled at her. "Can't you see what you're doing to me? Why did you have to tell me anyway? Why couldn't you have lied? Why?"

She thought he was going to cry, but he didn't. He was too manly for that. He would never cry in front of her anyway, although he might go off and cry by himself sometime. That would be his way, and he would never be like Phil, who would and did cry in front of everybody. She watched him as he walked away. She lay on the ground for the longest time and finally she got to her feet. She picked up her clothes and slowly made her way back to the stable. She hadn't even bothered to get dressed again. She was still naked. Maybe someone would see her this way and rape her. At this point she really didn't care what happened to her.

Phil and Jack were both asleep when she made her way into the room. She wondered what time it was, but she didn't bother to look and see. She walked right into the stable where the horses were and she made her way to the male stud. He was lying down and asleep. She began to stroke him and that woke him.

"I guess you're all I have left," she said, feeling herself about to cry. "Yes, I guess I am doomed just like Tom said I was. I don't care though. I don't care at all."

The horse was standing on his feet now.

"I guess he smells me," she said, seeing his erection. "Yes, he smells me all right."

She fell to her knees and brought her face right up close to his cock.

She rubbed it against her cheek and then she rubbed it all over her face.

"You'll never know how good that feels to me," she said out loud. "No, you'll just never know. In fact, I don't even think that I know even."

She was holding onto it and she was rubbing it across her forehead.

"Oh, you're so very big and so very hard," she said. "No man could ever be this big and this hard. Not even Tom. He was pretty big and he was real hard, but even he wasn't this hard and this big. You are the hardest and the biggest that I've ever seen. And just think? There are probably animals, and even some horses, who are bigger and harder than you even."



She continued to rub his cock back and forth against her forehead, and then she rubbed it against her cheeks again, and then right under her nose and across her closed lips, and then on her chin, and then under her chin.

“This is the only kind of cock for me from now on,” she said in a whisper.

And with that she began to suck on the head of his cock. It seemed even harder than it had the time before. It tasted so bitter too. More bitter than it had before. But that was okay with her. The more bitter he tasted, the better she liked it. In fact, it turned her on even more than she was all ready.

She could feel the cock bulging out the side of her cheeks and she tried to get even more of it into her mouth. She wished she could get his whole cock in her mouth, but even she knew that that was impossible. Would she end up like that other girl? Maybe, but right now it didn't matter to her. That just might be the best way to die anyway.

After all, she had to die someday, anyway. Why not die fucking a horse?

What other ways were there that would feel so good? Who knows, she might die right at the point of orgasm. That way she might not even know she was even dying. She would feel the come shooting into her, and that would be all she felt.

Tom was just jealous, that's all. All men would be like that, and she was glad that she found that out now. None of them could stand the fact that they weren't super studs that they passed themselves off to be.

They were nothing compared to this great big beautiful animal.

She sucked harder and harder on the horse's cock, sliding her mouth back and forth on him. She could feel him throbbing already and his hooves beat a nervous tattoo on the ground as she brought him along the way she wanted him to come. Oh come now, she said to herself, I'm ready for you, beautiful stud.

And she was ready at that. She was ready for anything at that point.

She kept sucking just as hard as she possibly could and she could feel the horse's cock expanding in her mouth, and then she could feel the come just shooting out of him and filling her right up and spilling over her lips.

Like always, there was just too much come for her to hold in her mouth, and too much for her to swallow. She swallowed as much as she could, but it came out too fast for her to swallow it all. And there was just too much of it. She did the best that she could, and she got as much of it as she could.

The rest of it ran down her chin and down her neck and was running all over her body. She drank down his come and felt it burning her throat.

She could feel it as it ran all the way down to her stomach. The taste of it drove her out of her mind. It was so bitter and so sweet at the same time.

She felt her mouth getting hotter and hotter inside and that just made her suck on him all the harder. That just made her whole body burn up all the more inside. She could feel the twitching in her cunt, and she knew what was causing that. She thought about Chris' horse and how his cock had felt inside her, and she could just imagine how this horse's cock would feel inside her.

Thinking about Chris' horse though, she began to think about Chris. I wonder if he even knows that I'm gone? I wonder if he even cares? She knew that he couldn't possibly care, and that he was probably glad to get rid of her. After all, she knew too much about him, and that was something she could have held against him.

This way, he didn't have to worry about her telling anyone. Not that she would have told anyone, and not that she could have told anyone without implicating herself. She tried to blot all of that out of her mind though as she tried to concentrate on what she was doing.

Sucking on this cock was the only thing that was really important to her, and she knew that. It was stiff hard, and it was still in her mouth, and that was where she always wanted to keep it. Except for those times of course when it was in her cunt. That was the only other place she wanted this cock to be. Of course, there was her asshole as well. Tom had shown her how good that could feel, and if for nothing else, she could be grateful to him for that.

She could feel the horse building up again and that made her suck on him all the harder. That's it, big boy, she said to herself. That's the way to do it. And with that she slid her mouth back and forth on him, closing her lips around him just as tightly as she could.

She pressed her lips into the burning skin of his cock and felt his wad building up to the point where it was now spilling out into her mouth for the second time. She grabbed hold of his huge balls and held onto them with all her might. They were just as hard as his cock.

It felt so good, and she didn't ever want to stop what she was doing. I won't ever stop, she felt like yelling at the top of her lungs. I won't ever stop, and there's nothing in this world that could ever make me stop.

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Chapter Five

The force of the horse's second orgasm knocked her over and she lay on her back beneath him. She looked up at his stomach and wondered what it must be like to be a female horse. That way he could mount me without any trouble. This way, if he did that, he would kill me before he could even get it inside me.

She would have to find a way for her to be able to fuck this horse, or any other horse for that matter, without getting herself killed in the process. The way she had fucked Chris' horse had been too hard on her.

Her arms had gotten so sore holding onto those stirrups, and she had wasted a lot of energy that way.

She got to her feet and looked at the horse. Don't worry, she said to herself. I'll find a way. With that she went into the room where Phil and Jack were still asleep. She looked at their sleeping forms and suddenly got disgusted. She grabbed a blanket and went back into the stable and curled up in a corner.

This was where she belonged, and from now on this was where she would sleep. She would sleep with the horses just like she had sex with them.

She had always known that horses were her whole life. Now she knew that more than ever. It wasn't long before she was sound asleep.

The next morning it was Phil who found her in the stable and woke her up. Without saying a word to him she went and took her morning shower.

She ignored all the remarks that the men in the shower made to her, and she didn't even once look at any of their naked bodies. She didn't have to.

When she was dressed she took the horse out for a morning workout. He was a good runner and she knew that he would win many races. If nothing else, Phil was a good jockey. More than anything Vicky wanted to be able to ride in a race, but that was impossible. No woman had ever been a jockey, and no woman ever would be.

She thought about this as she brought the horse back to the stable.

Phil was still out on the track working the other horse out. She could just barely make him out. Jack was inside the room having a cup of coffee and smoking one of those horrible cigars of his.

He looked up at her and smiled. "How you feeling today?" he asked.

"I feel okay," she said, fixing herself a cup of coffee.

"Where's Phil?"

"He's still working Linda out on the track," she replied, sitting across the table from him.

"She's a good horse," he said. "Won a few races in her time."

"Maybe she'll win some more."

"No," he said, "she's too old. It's up to Lucky's Pride to win all the races now. He's the young one. I'll get a lot of money for stud services for him someday."

"That you will," Vicky said.

Jack was playing with his coffee cup. It was obvious that he was nervous about something.

"Are you thinking of marrying Phil?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," she replied.

"You know of course that he can never... that you'll never have any children? You know that, don't you?"

He looked like he was on the verge of tears.

Vicky decided to be cruel. "I know he can't get it up. I know he can't fuck me and that he can only go down on me. That's okay."

"You're just like she was," he said.

"You mean, I'm just like she is. Your wife is still alive Jack and you know that. She's alive and well in Mexico and she's fucking all the animals that she can. What's the matter? Couldn't you ever get it up with her? Is Phil really your son?"

"He most certainly is my son," Jack yelled. "You miserable little whore. You're no damn good. None

of you are any good.”

“Now, Jack,” she said, getting on her knees in front of his chair, “is that any way to talk?”

“You’re all no damn good,” he said again and again.

She undid his zipper and pulled out his soft cock from behind his jockey shorts. She stroked it up and down and then she kissed it lightly on the head. It didn’t look as if it would ever get hard, but she kissed it anyway. She took it in her mouth even and began to suck on it.

“Don’t do that,” he begged. “Please don’t do that.”

The more he begged her not to do it, the more she did it. She kept it up until she felt him getting hard, and that took some time, but he finally did get hard, and then she sucked on him all the more. She could feel him grabbing at her hair, and she went after him like a wild woman now.

It wasn’t that long before he was shooting off in her mouth. It had been years since anyone had done this to him, and he had been saving up for this moment. The come just came shooting out of his cock in gushes, and then he just went limp again. His whole body shook until it couldn’t shake anymore.

She drained the very life right out of him and then she carefully put his wilted cock back in his pants. She got to her feet and just looked down at him with this evil grin on her face.

“It’s been a long time, hasn’t it, old man?” she sneered. “Don’t you just wish I had let you fuck me instead?”

She laughed at the top of her lungs and then she made her way outside again. It was hot out still and there was no breeze. She saw Phil ride up.

“You better go and check on your father,” she said. “I don’t think he’s feeling too well.”

She watched Phil run into the stable and that made her laugh all the more. Then she spied this huge black car driving into the area. It was obviously one of the more expensive makes and the man who owned it had to be rich. James Nickles, she thought to herself. That’s who it must be. She watched the car as it drove right past her.

As she found out later in the day, Tom had taken off from the tracks.

Before he had left though, he had called the man he worked for to tell him he was leaving. James Nickles, who never usually left his mansion, had driven all the way out to the track by himself to try and talk Tom out of leaving. But by the time he had arrived, Tom had already left.

The anger was written all over his face, and he was desperately trying to find someone who could take over for Tom. There wasn’t anyone available. Everyone else at the track was working for someone else.

That was when Vicky made her move. And when she saw what his horse looked like, she made her move even faster.

“I’ll be your trainer,” she said to Mr. Nickles, going right up to him, when she saw that he was all alone.

He had just looked at her and laughed. “Why, you’re just a kid. You’re still wet behind the ears.”

"I may be just a kid," she said, "but I know more about horses than any man alive. I'm sure Tom told you all about me."

"So you're the girl," he said, looking her over with more interest now.

"From the way Tom talked about you the other day I expected an older woman. Not that much older, but certainly not a teenager. I suppose you and Tom must have fucked before he left, didn't you?"

"All last night," she replied.

"Did he tell you he was leaving?"

"Yes he did," she lied.

"Did he say why?" James asked.

"No, he didn't mention that," she replied.

"With you here, I'm surprised he didn't stay," James said, really looking her over now. "I would have, and you can bet your last dollar that I am going to stay now that I'm here. Yes sir, I'm not leaving for anything."

"Do I get that job?" she asked.

"Wouldn't you rather be my wife instead?" he asked. "I can give you anything you ever wanted. If you like horses that much, I'll buy you all the horses you could ever want. The best horses that money can buy."

"Let me think about that for a while," she said.

"Okay, you do that. In the meantime, let me see what kind of a trainer you'll make. I'm really curious if you know as much about horses as you say."

"I know more than anybody," she said a sly smile coming over her face,

"and someday I just might show you just how much I do know."

James looked at her and a knowing smile came over his face. He didn't say anything though, and he just walked away. He turned though and said, "I'll be back later tonight."

"I'll be here," she said.

Vicky got the few things that she had and moved into the room behind the stable where Mr. Nickles' horse was. Phil and Jack didn't say a word to her when she went and got her things, and they didn't say a word to her when she left. In her new room, Vicky fixed everything just the way she liked it, and then she went out and checked on the horse.

The animal was damp with sweat and still breathing somewhat heavily.

The jockey had just brought him in from his afternoon workout. Vicky told him she would take care of the horse, and the jockey just went off without saying a word. Vicky just stood there, her mouth wide open.

What a horse, she thought. What a beautiful horse.

In her whole life she had never seen an animal like this. He was perfect in every way. She stroked his head, his long neck, and all across his back to his flanks. She would have to devise that method she had been thinking about the other night, and do it quickly. She could hardly wait to get this horse's cock inside her.

She could see his erection now. It would fill her up to the brim, and there would be lots left over. And when he came, the force of his orgasm would probably knock her right out. She could feel her mouth watering for it and the next thing she knew she was down on her knees beside the horse, and she was grabbing for his cock.

The horse's cock was still soft, but not for long.

"Come on, Jocko," she said, calling him softly by his name. "Get hard for me, Jocko. That's it, big boy. Get hard for me. There, that's it."

Jocko's hard cock looked like the biggest cock she had ever seen in her life. For now all she wanted to do was look at it. It was just too enormous for words. She held it up in both hands and she felt its hard skin. Jocko was moving somewhat but she made him stop doing that soon enough. Now she was pressing his cock gently, and then she applied a little more pressure.

Jocko seemed to like what she was doing, and he was making these soft sounds way down in his throat.

"That's it, Jocko," she said. "I'm going to make you feel okay, and you're going to make me feel okay. Just you wait and see. You and I are going to make each other feel all kinds of things. All kinds of things."

She began to stroke his cock back and forth along the whole length of his long meaty shaft, and then she even began to stroke his balls. She rubbed them both, and then she began to kiss them. Before kissing or sucking on his cock, she meant to do a complete job on his balls first.

And that was just what she was now starting to do. She kissed them all over first and then she began to suck on them. She pressed her tongue into them and then she just licked them all over. She could feel them swelling up and that made her lick them all the faster and all the harder.

Of the three horses she had now sucked off, she could tell that he was going to be the best. His balls were so big and hard that she'd gotten turned on just by looking at them. Soon she was getting even more turned on, now that she was actually sucking. So turned on that she couldn't stand it.

She was stroking his cock the whole time that she was sucking on his balls, and that made her shake all the more. She could feel herself getting warm inside, and she could feel his huge cock getting warm inside also. It was actually burning up inside already, and it made her hands burn just by touching it.

"You beautiful cock," she said out loud. "You great big, beautiful cock. The things you and I are going to do together. This is just the beginning."

Now she was sucking all the harder on his balls, and she was stroking him even harder than she had been. She had one hand up on the head of his cock and she was squeezing it. She was fingering the crack, and even trying to get her finger right inside it. She rubbed it back and forth just as hard as she could.

Jocko stood perfectly still the whole time and was letting her do whatever she wanted. And she was

doing just that. She was now kissing the bottom of his cock, the part just above his balls, and then she began to run her tongue up the entire length of his cock right to the head.

She just kept running her tongue back and forth like that and she could feel his huge meaty cock throbbing all the more because of it. He was really throbbing now, but she could tell that it would be awhile before he came. She licked him all the harder now, and shortly his huge cock was standing out like a medieval maid may never have seen except in their sleep or strangest fantasies. It was deep into her cheeks now as she reached out to nearly arm's length to grasp the penis at its base and, with both hands milk it down with her fingers. The sheathed muscle rippled under her sliding clutch.

Vicky was oblivious to everything but this hard cock that she now had in her mouth. She was sucking on the head of Jocko's cock, and she was sucking it very gently at first. She kept stabbing her tongue into the small crack, and she could tell that he liked that. She could tell that he liked that a lot.

"You like that don't you, Jocko?" she said, pulling her mouth away for a second, and no longer.

That was as long as she could stand not having his cock in her mouth.

She was back sucking on him now and she could feel his cock getting bigger and bigger. To her, anyway, it felt as if it was getting bigger and bigger. He was getting as big as a telephone pole, and maybe even bigger than that.

There was no telling just how long she could keep sucking him before he would then come. Maybe she could even suck on him a whole hour. That would be something. Well, she thought, even if he does come, I'll suck on him that long anyway. At least that long, and probably even longer.

His cock tasted different from Phil and Jack's horse, and from Chris' horse. To her it tasted different anyway. Jocko's cock seemed more bitter, and she liked that. It was also a darker color, and the veins stood out more. That was why she had gotten so turned on just by looking at it, and why she was getting so turned on now that she was sucking on it.

Everything about Jocko's cock was the best of all the cocks she had ever sucked. Of course, she had only sucked off two other horses, and Jocko was only the third. But that seemed like quite a lot to her, and she wasn't far wrong considering the sheer poundage she had put away and the quart or two of joy juice she'd scoffed down. No light diet, indeed.

Now she really bore down on Jocko and she got as much of his cock in her mouth as she possibly could. She could feel it pushing out the sides of her mouth and she could feel it down her throat and she thought she was going to gag on it. She didn't though and that surprised her.

She just kept sliding her mouth back and forth on him, using her mouth the same way she would have used her cunt. She could control her mouth better or so it seemed to her right then. She pressed her lips in tight against him, and she could feel his cock jerking back and forth.

He was getting ready to explode, and she was getting ready to drink down all that hot come. It's going to be so good, she thought to herself. Yes, it's going to be so very good. I can hardly wait. Come on, Jocko, she was saying to herself. Come on inside my mouth. Come like you never came before. I'm really going to make you come, Jocko, so you better be ready for it. I am.

She was a wild woman now, and she was frantic in the way she was sucking on him. She was absolutely frantic now and that made her shake all the more. She could feel her cunt quivering away, and she could feel her whole insides getting soft and quivering just like her cunt.

Her skin was tingling, and she was getting these shooting sensations all through her body. It was as if he was coming already, and he wasn't, even though he was on the verge. She bore down even harder, and that increased the number of shooting sensations she felt throughout her body.

Her whole body was tingling and quivering, both inside and outside. She could feel how damp her crotch was, and she could feel her sex juices flowing inside her. She could feel the come pouring out of her and she could feel it seeping right through her panties. It was probably staining her blue jeans.

Knowing that made her suck on Jocko's cock all the harder; just as hard as she possibly could. That's when Jocko erupted. The come just came gushing out of him and she managed to get as much of it in her mouth as she possibly could. She was swallowing it as fast as she could so she could get even more of it.

There got to be too much of his come though, and soon it was spilling out over her chin and down her throat. It was dripping down under her blouse and she could feel it running under her bra and on her tits. It was seeping right through her clothing and she could feel how sticky it was making her blouse and bra.

That was all she needed to feel, and that just made her keep sucking on him. His cock was still hard and it was still deep in her mouth. She could feel it going down her throat and she could feel it dripping all the way down to her stomach. That's where it finally settled, and that's where it really seemed to burn the most.

Her mouth was on fire, and so was her throat, and so was the rest of her body for that matter. There wasn't a part of her that wasn't burning up. She was on fire all over, and with her clothes still on, it made her feel that much hotter than she might have if she had been naked.

She didn't care about that though. All she cared about was how good his cock was making her feel. And she felt better than she had ever felt in her whole life. Better than she had felt with Chris' horse, better than she had felt with that dog, better than she had felt with Phil and Jack's horse, and better than she had felt with Tom.

Nothing she had felt before could compare with the way she felt right now. This seemed like the ultimate, but in the back of her mind, she knew of course that it wasn't. The ultimate would come when she had that huge cock inside her cunt. That's when she would feel the ultimate.

Right now though she was content to have this huge cock in her mouth.

This was certainly good enough for now. She would go after more later.

For now, she was content with what she could get, and she was getting quite a bit at that. Actually she was getting more than she needed, but never more than she wanted.

She fell back momentarily, and Jocko's cock hung beneath him like a baseball bat. She looked at it for a moment, and then closed his eyes, and went back after him. She got his cock back in her mouth, and again she began to suck on him, just as frantically as she had before, and maybe even more so.

You'll know you've been sucked off when I get through with you, she was thinking. You'll know it for sure. Your cock will be just as sore as my mouth. You'll think you've been through a ringer. You'll think you've been sucked off by some other horse. You won't think that any mere person could suck you off this good. Especially someone as small as me.

That's it, Jocko, she went on saying to herself. Stay hard for me, stay good and hard for me.

It was right then that Vicky thought she heard a sound. It was then that she thought she sensed the presence of another person. She got to her feet quickly and turned around and there was James Nickles. He had been watching her and beating off at the same time, and that was how she had finally heard him.

He had reached his climax, and he had been moaning, and it was that sound that she had heard. Now they stood facing one another, staring deeply into each other's eyes.

"I hope you liked the show," she said. "I don't usually perform like this."

James was pushing his cock back in his pants and zipping up his zipper.

"I enjoyed your show very much. I'm sure I'll enjoy it again sometime."

"What makes you think I'll ever let you watch again?"

"You'll have no other choice. You know, there are laws against what you just did. I could have you put in jail. I mean, people like you shouldn't be let loose on the streets. There's no telling what you might do."

"Is that so?" she asked.

"Oh yes," he replied. "That is so. I could have you arrested right now, and I could have you put away for a long time."

"Is that what you're going to do?" she then asked.

"Oh, now." he said, "I wouldn't dream of doing a thing like that to someone as nice as you."

"And just what would you dream of doing to someone as nice as me?" she asked, a trace of sarcasm in her voice.

"Oh, I might think of marrying you," he said.

"And what if I didn't want to marry you?" she asked.

"Then I'd have to visit you on Sundays in prison," he said very matter- of-factly.

"I guess that answers my question, doesn't it?" she said, moving towards him.

"It should answer all your questions about everything."

"What do you plan on doing with me now?" she asked, almost right in front of him.

"Well, first I intend to marry you, and then I intend to take you on a honeymoon, and then I intend to take you to live in my big house.

You'll like living in my big house. There will be lots for you to do."

"Are you still going to buy me all the horses I could ever want?" she asked, pressing her groin into his groin.

"Maybe," he said, his cock rising into an erection.

"I'm going to demand a great deal from you," she said, rotating her hips in a circular fashion.

"And I'm going to demand just as much," he said, pushing her to the ground and getting right on top of her.

She could feel his hands all over her body. She could feel them grabbing at her clothes, and then he was ripping them right off her.

She could feel herself stark naked in no time, and then he was naked and on top of her again.

"I'm glad you can still get it up," she said, feeling his cock press into the soft, wet folds of her cunt.

"I'll be able to get it up for quite some time yet," he said, "and don't you forget it."

He kissed her full on the mouth, and then he pressed his cock into her all the way. She could feel him deep inside her, and that's when she got her legs around his waist. She wrapped her legs around his waist just as tightly as she could, and she really pressed him down into her.

She could feel him sliding his cock in and out of her, but all she could think of was Jocko's cock and how that would feel once she got it inside her. James' cock was nothing compared to what Jocko's cock would feel like. Oh well, she thought, I can put up with James, if I can have Jocko too.

And it was Jocko that she really wanted. She could see behind her and she could see his cock hanging down almost to the floor. He was still hard. James had his head buried between her tits, and he had his eyes shut tight. He couldn't see that she wasn't paying any attention to him.

She was grinding her groin against his and she was putting out for him as if she really meant it, but of course she didn't. Even compared to Tom's cock, his cock was so small. It hardly felt like anything inside of her. She needed a much bigger cock than this, and she meant to have it.

From now on, only a horse's cock would ever be able to fill her up again. Sure, she would marry James, and sure she would have sex with him, but what difference would that make to her? None whatsoever.

Nothing would keep her from getting Jocko's cock inside her, because that was what she really wanted.

She would have to devise that method so that he could mount her and not kill her at the same time. That was the important part. Finding a way so that he could fuck her. That was the most important thing in her life right now. That and keeping James happy enough so that he wouldn't interfere in her life.

She could feel him humping away at her like a madman and she tried to imagine that it was Jocko that was fucking her. Seeing his huge cock in the back of her mind, and trying to picture him deep inside her, made her open her thighs wider, and raise her hips off the floor as much as possible.

She actually could feel Jocko inside her now, and feeling him that way, she became more frantic in her movements. She threw her legs straight up in the air, and just ground her pussy against James as hard as she could. He thought she was getting turned on by the way he was fucking her, and that made him fuck her all the harder.

That's it, Jocko, she was saying to herself. Get it way deep inside me and really let me have it. Really let me have it good. Yes, Jocko, the harder the better. I like it that way. I really do. I like it as hard as you can do it.

James' cock erupted inside her and she felt her own come pouring down around his cock.

"Fuck me," she screamed. "Really fuck me.

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## **Chapter Six**

Veronica Nickles, she thought to herself. That's some name. But it will always be just plain Vicky to me. Vicky relaxed in the hot tub, letting the warm water overcome her whole body. She had been out riding all day and she was exhausted. Every muscle in her body ached.

She and James had been home a week now from their honeymoon. Vicky was getting so she felt at ease in the Nickles mansion. It was bigger than the house that the Butlers in and it had more maids, servants, etc.

Vicky's room was so big that sometimes she thought that she would get lost in it.

For their honeymoon, they had gone to Bermuda, and then onto Mexico City. Vicky had enjoyed the trip but she hadn't enjoyed James' persistent demands for sex. It seemed that that was all he ever wanted to do. When they weren't in bed, he was moody and all he did was sulk.

Vicky had gotten so she could handle him though and she had even gotten to the point where she could keep him away from her when she just didn't feel like having him near her. And now she even had her own room so it was even easier to keep him away. All she had to do was lock the door.

Jocko was still out at the track, and Vicky hadn't found any of James' other horses that appealed to her quite so much. If James didn't have Jocko brought home soon like he had promised her, she would just have to go out to the track one of these days. She just couldn't stay away from him any longer.

Vicky knew that she was getting hornier and hornier by the day. And there was only one cure for it all. And that was Jocko. James knew that and he was keeping Jocko away from her intentionally. I'll fix him, she thought. Unless he has Jocko brought home soon, my door stays locked to him. If he's going to keep me horny like this, I'll see how he likes having horns of his own.

A smile came over her face when she thought about how mad James had gotten last night when he came to her room and found the door locked to him. He had pounded on it for over an hour and then he had screamed at her at the top of his lungs. Finally he had broke down in tears, and begged her to let him in.

She hadn't let him in and this morning she hadn't come out of her room until she was sure he had left for the day. Then she went right out and went horseback riding. Today was the day that James' sister was to arrive, and Vicky was anxious to see just what she looked like in person.

In her picture, James' sister had looked quite beautiful but Vicky was anxious to see if she really looked that way or if her picture did her more justice than she was due. Of course there was always the possibility that she was even better looking than her picture.

Now that her body didn't ache so much, Vicky felt a lot better. She felt as if she could go out riding for the rest of the day if she wanted to. Then Vicky thought of the various horses in James' stable.

One of them might be better than nothing at all. After all, she would have to wait a few more days for Jocko, and between now and then she was just going to get more worked up.

Vicky made up her mind. Tonight she would go down to the stables and pick out one of the studs. It didn't matter to her which one it was, because right then any one of them would do. Just so long as he had a fairly big cock. And all horses had fairly good size cocks. You could count on that.

Right now though, Vicky felt like spending the rest of her life in this tub. She had never taken a bath in a tub this big, and she had scented the water with this fragrance that left her breathless almost. So this was what it was like to be rich, she thought to herself. No wonder Chris turned out like he did.

Since her marriage she had seen her parents and told them where she was and she had even seen Chris and his family. She could see how jealous Chris had gotten when he finally realized what he had passed up. The night she had seen him he had slipped her a note saying he wanted to go to bed with her.

She had ripped the note up and given it back to him. Since then he had called everyday, but every time she heard his voice she simply hung up on him. He had made her suffer all those years, so now she intended to make him suffer just as much if not more than he had made her suffer.

Vicky wondered if perhaps she should go down to the stables now, or if she should wait until that evening. Right now, there would still be the stable hands, and she didn't want to take the chance of any one of them seeing her. Then they could blackmail her, and she didn't want that.

After all, that was how James had gotten her to marry him in the first place. In essence, what he had done was that he had blackmailed her into marrying him, and she would never forgive him for that. Because of that experience, she didn't want to go through anything like that again.

From now on she would be very careful. She also had to keep James from ever seeing her again. Having him suspect was one thing, but if he ever caught her again, there was no telling what he would do then. Vicky suddenly felt the need to be respectable, and that included having James think well of her also.

No one must ever know about what I do, she thought, thinking of all the people who knew already. There was Chris and that man in the woods, whoever he was. Then there was Phil and Jack, and of course, Tom. James was the only other person who knew, but already there were too many people on the list. She didn't want to add any more names if she could help it.

She looked at the small clock over the bathtub and she saw that she had been in the tub an hour already. The water was still warm though, and she was tempted to stay right where she was. After all, what could she do once she got up? It was a long time till tonight. She had no reason in the world to rush.

Just then she thought she heard a noise right outside the door, and then she looked up just in time to see the door open. A tall young looking woman stepped into the room, closed the door behind her and sat on the toilet. The woman just sat there looking at Vicky, and Vicky just looked back at her.

The woman looked like she was in her late twenties, and she was extremely beautiful. More beautiful than Vicky could ever dream of becoming. She had red hair and her skin looked like it was a golden

brown. Vicky couldn't tell if it was a tan or if that was her natural color. It might have been a little of both though.

It came to Vicky all of a sudden. This was Beatrice Nickles, James' younger sister. She was more beautiful than her picture, and she knew it. It was written all over her face, and in that expression that looked as if it was carved on her permanently. It was Beatrice who spoke first.

"I didn't really think you would be this young," she said. "Why you're not even twenty yet. James' last wife was twenty-six. You're almost ten years younger than she was."

"That's a point in my favor, don't you think?" Vicky said, trying to be more sophisticated than she was.

"That's possible," Beatrice said, smiling all of a sudden.

"We didn't expect you so soon," Vicky then spoke up. "We thought you might come tomorrow or the day after."

"I know. That's why I came today instead. I don't like being expected."

"Well, I don't like expecting people."

Beatrice had to laugh. "I think I'm going to like you. You sound just like I did at your age. Yes, I think you and I have a lot in common."

"We do? What makes you say that?"

Beatrice stopped laughing. "You have the look of a pervert about you and I like that. I have that same look, and I always have. Of course your perversions are probably different than mine."

Vicky smiled now. "And what are yours?"

"I'm sure James didn't mention to you how I had affairs with his last two wives," Beatrice said. "I'm sure that's the one since I didn't tell you. You see, I'm a lesbian, and I have been one since I was sixteen."

Well, I've been a practicing lesbian since I was sixteen. I'm sure I've been a lesbian since the day I was born. And what about you?"

"Well, I'm not a lesbian," Vicky spoke up.

"Not yet anyway," Beatrice then said.

"Were James' other wives lesbians?" Vicky then asked.

"Not at first," Beatrice replied. "They were like you in that respect."

They swore up and down that they would never have sex with another woman. Right up to the point where they had their tongue in my pussy."

"I don't remember swearing up and down that I would never have sex with another woman," Vicky then said.

Beatrice smiled more warmly now. "No, I guess you didn't. You also haven't told me what your pet

perversions are either, and I'm dying to hear about them."

"I'll just bet you are," Vicky said, raising one leg out of the water, and bending it at the knee.

"I think you're trying to seduce me," Beatrice said.

"Whatever gave you that idea?" Vicky said, trying to sound as shocked as possible.

"Let's just say, I have a certain intuitive knowledge about these matters."

"You can say that if you want," Vicky said, "but it doesn't mean anything to me."

"Not yet it doesn't," Beatrice said, getting to her feet.

"Still want to hear about my pet perversions?" Vicky asked, lowering her leg back into the water.

"I'd rather show you mine right at the moment," Beatrice said, approaching the bathtub.

Vicky stood right up in the water. "You mean, practice them on me? I'm a married woman. And I happen to be married to your brother."

"That's all the better. It's all in the family."

Beatrice was standing right in front of the tub now and she reached out and began to rub Vicky's tits. Vicky could feel her nipples getting hard and she could feel her tits swelling up to twice their size.

Beatrice's hands were soft. Softer than any other hands that had ever touched her.

Vicky could feel herself tingling all over as Beatrice continued to rub her tits. Beatrice was doing all kinds of good things to her. Things that no one else had ever done. Things that Vicky found that she really liked.

Beatrice bent forward and began sucking on one of Vicky's tits. Her mouth closed around Vicky's tit like a glove or a steel trap, or both.

Vicky could feel Beatrice's tongue stabbing out at her, and that made her tit tingle even more than it was already. It made her whole body tingle.

Vicky felt Beatrice's hands going all over her body. First they were on her shoulders, and then on her stomach, and then on her back, and then on her ass, and then on her thighs, and then back on her ass.

Beatrice's finger was reaming her asshole and then it was probing deep inside.

Vicky liked having Beatrice's finger in her asshole. She liked the way Beatrice worked it in and out of her asshole. It sent shivers all through her. She could hardly wait for Beatrice to eat out her cunt.

That would probably be like no one else had ever done it. Maybe between her and Jocko, Vicky thought, I'll get all the sex I need. I won't need anyone or anything else. I certainly won't need James, not that I ever did.

Beatrice was helping her up out of the tub, and now Vicky was standing on the bathmat and the water was just dripping off her. Beatrice seemed to like the fact that Vicky's body was so wet, and

she indicated as much by the way she was moving her tongue all over Vicky's body now.

"I'm sure your brother and my husband wouldn't like this at all," Vicky said. "In fact I'm sure this is why he divorced his other two wives. We better be careful if we want to have a more permanent relationship than that."

Beatrice was too busy licking her all over to pay any attention to anything she had to say. Vicky pushed Beatrice down on her knees and that was when she finally felt Beatrice's tongue between her legs.

Beatrice got her tongue right into the folds of Vicky's cunt, and really pressed in hard.

The next thing Vicky knew, Beatrice had pushed her down on the floor and she was lying flat on her back. Beatrice had Vicky's legs over her shoulders, and she had her face buried between Vicky's ample thighs.

Vicky could feel Beatrice's tongue rimming her pussy and rubbing back and forth on her clit. That sent the two of them into a frenzy.

Vicky pressed her pussy against Beatrice's mouth just as hard as she possibly could and Beatrice pressed her mouth against Vicky's cunt just as hard as she could. She got her tongue right inside Vicky then and really began to move it around inside. Vicky felt all kinds of tremors going through her then.

Vicky's whole body was on fire. It was the way that she felt whenever she sucked off a horse. The same exact feelings. And that one time when that horse had eaten her out. She had felt this way that time as well.

And of course there was the time that Chris' horse had fucked her.

Whenever Vicky was having sex, she would remember all the other times as well. She would even remember those times with Herbert, and actually she wanted to forget those times completely. But even those times she couldn't forget, in spite of the way she felt about Herbert and the type of person he was.

Beatrice's tongue was really making Vicky quiver inside, and Vicky could feel her whole body starting to shake. Vicky could feel that she was on the point of orgasm, and that was the best feeling in the world as far as she was concerned. The only feeling that was better was the feeling that her body had experienced during orgasm.

Now, she was building and building towards it, and that was what she wanted to do. She could feel the tremors increasing and she could feel her cunt juices flowing more rapidly. She was getting more and more excited, and Beatrice's tongue was going faster and faster inside her.

Vicky knew that any second now her whole body would explode, and once it did, it would keep on exploding. Beatrice was sucking on her harder and harder, and that was when it happened. Vicky felt that familiar shudder that told her her orgasm was near, and then she felt the orgasm itself.

Her whole body shook then and the come just came pouring out of her.

Beatrice lapped it all up and kept coming back for more. Vicky could hear the loud sucking sounds that Beatrice was making and the sounds Beatrice made when she swallowed Vicky's come. That turned Vicky on all the more.

"Suck me harder," Vicky yelled at her.

Beatrice gave it her all then, and Vicky could feel herself being lifted off the floor. Beatrice was lying on the floor now and Vicky was sitting up on her face. Vicky began to bounce up and down on Beatrice's face, and the harder she bounced, the better Beatrice liked it.

Vicky could feel Beatrice's tongue way up inside her, and her come poured out all the faster. It was going all over Beatrice's chin and one of her cheeks, and it was dripping down on her neck. Beatrice was getting more than just a mouthful.

"You like that, don't you?" Vicky said. "You like it so much, you can't ever get enough of it. Well, go ahead, suck me harder. Suck me just as hard as you want, I like it too. I like anyone to suck me out. Suck me as much as you want, I don't care. The more you suck me, the better I'd like it. The better I'll like you."

Vicky could feel herself on the point of orgasm again.

"That's it," she said, "I'm going to come again. I'm really going to come again. Suck harder. I want you to suck harder."

Vicky could feel that Beatrice was sucking just as hard as she possibly could.

"Oh," Vicky moaned, "I'm really going to come this time. Even more than I did the last time? Can't you feel that? I can. I can sure feel it."

Vicky felt the come gushing out of her. That's the way it always comes gushing out of a horse, Vicky thought to herself, remembering Jocko, and the others.

I'm coming just as much as they do. At least it feels that way to me. I'll bet it feels the same way to her.

Vicky felt her whole body going limp. Her legs were still around Beatrice's neck, but she released her grip, and eventually let them fall to the floor. Beatrice was still kneeling between her legs, her breathing greatly increased, her breasts heaving up and down.

A wicked smile came over Vicky's face. "You still want to know about my pet perversions?" she asked.

Beatrice looked down at her and nodded. "Yes."

"Normally I wouldn't do this, but in your case I'll make an exception.

I'll show you tonight."

"I'll bet you're even more wicked than I am," Beatrice said, letting her tongue lick up the come that was on her lips.

"That just might be," Vicky said, lifting her hips off the floor and then letting them fall again.

That night at supper the three of them ate without saying a word.

Afterwards, in the living room, with after-dinner drinks in their hands, James turned to his sister and said, "What do you think of my child bride?"



Beatrice looked at Vicky and then at James. "I think she is very charming, and a woman in every sense of the word."

James seemed to freeze right where he was standing. "How do you mean that?" he asked.

"Well," Beatrice said, after a long pause, "just look at her. It's evident from the way she carries herself. Don't you think?"

James seemed pacified by that remark. "Yes, I think you're very right there."

"Your other two wives were really the children," Beatrice went on.

"It's a good thing for you that you got rid of them when you did. They would have ruined your life for sure."

"Yes," James agreed, "they would have."

Beatrice lifted her glass to her lips and drained the last few drops from it. "I think I'll retire for the night. I've had such a long day.

Traveling always did wear me out. I'll see you both in the morning."

Vicky stood also at that point. "I think I'll retire also. I have a headache." And then she looked right at James. "I'll see you at breakfast, and not before."

Vicky had a hard time suppressing a laugh.

She followed Beatrice up the stairs and the two women separated and went to their own rooms. Just before they did that, Vicky whispered in Beatrice's ear, "Meet me in the kitchen around two."

Beatrice simply smiled, and then kissed Vicky lightly on the lips, letting her hand slip down over Vicky's thigh. Vicky let it stay there for a moment and then she broke away and went to her own room. Once inside her room Vicky fell on her bed laughing. She didn't know what had come over her, but she felt something strange inside her that was making her act this way.

She lay on the bed like that for some time and then she got up and changed out of the clothes that she had worn for dinner that night. The dress was especially low cut, and she had worn it for Beatrice's benefit, and not at all for James' benefit. Beatrice had stared at her all evening.

Vicky quickly shed all her clothing and stood in the middle of her room stark naked. Vicky liked the feeling of being naked. It had a soothing effect on her as well as giving her a great sense of elation. She walked over to her full length mirror and stared at her reflection.

"You are so beautiful," she said out loud. "You are so very beautiful."

Vicky laughed again when she remembered the expression that had come over James' face when Beatrice had made that remark about Vicky's being a woman in every sense of the word. He knows, she thought to herself.

And if he doesn't, he's awfully worried that maybe something did happen between us.

That sent Vicky into another laughing fit. As she stood there shaking with laughter, a thought occurred to Vicky. Why should she wait till two before she did anything? She carefully slipped into a blouse and slacks and slowly opened the door to the hall. It was empty.

Quietly she crept down the hall to the back stairs and down she went.

This stairway was reserved for the servants, and James had told her that she was never to use it. Vicky wondered why as she made her way down to the first floor. The stairs ended right near the kitchen, and Vicky made sure that no one inside the kitchen saw her as she crept out the back way.

Outside the night air was cool and refreshing. She ran towards the stables as fast as she could. There would be no one there, and she had lots of time before she was to meet Beatrice. Lots of time to do whatever she wanted. And there was quite a bit that she wanted to do.

Quite a bit.

The stables were empty just like she knew they would be. Empty of other people that is. The horses were all in their stalls, and they all seemed to be resting peacefully. Vicky went down the middle of the stable, observing them all, her face lighting up every time she passed a stud.

Vicky could feel herself becoming more and more elated. She could feel her cuntlips getting wet and she could feel her whole body quivering inside. It had been so long and she was so horny. How had she been able to hold out this long? She must have been crazy. She should have come down here a long time ago.

In the far corner of the stable she noticed a dog house. Oh yes, she remembered, James told me about his dog. The dog was inside the dog house, and Vicky went right up to it to see what he looked like. He was a huge white dog and Vicky was amazed at his size. She had no idea what kind of dog it was.

The dog was half asleep and it looked up at her with this silly expression on its face. Vicky began to pet him and he seemed as if he was becoming more friendly. Vicky could tell right away that he was an extremely friendly dog, and that he was certainly not a watch dog.

She pulled on his collar and managed to get him to come out of his dog house. Now she could see how really big he was. He's huge, Vicky said to herself. He's even bigger than that dog in that man's cabin in the woods. A lot bigger.

Vicky began to pet him all over, and as she did this, she felt a tingling sensation between her legs. I wonder, she said to herself. I wonder if this dog would know just what to do? She began to reach underneath him and she was now holding onto his soft cock. She was on her knees and the dog was right in front of her.

When she grabbed hold of his cock, it was still soft, but not for long.

It seemed to get hard almost immediately. She began to stroke it back and forth and the dog began to move about, almost as if he were trying to get away from her. Vicky then jumped to her feet and shed her clothes.

Maybe if he smells me, he'll want to do it, she thought to herself. She lay down on the floor with her legs spread and pulled the dog's head down between her legs. He had begun to sniff her cunt and he was pressing his nose right against her cuntlips so he could smell her even better.

He likes it, Vicky thought to herself. He likes my smell. And the dog kept on smelling her, and now he was pressing his nose into her even harder. Before long he was licking her thighs with his tongue and then he was licking her cuntlips. His tongue was cold and it sent shivers right through her.

Vicky pressed her cunt against his mouth just as hard as she could, and that seemed to have an effect on him. He was licking her clit up and down, and it was almost as if he knew what he was doing. Vicky could feel her sex juices flowing already and she could feel them pouring right out of her cunt. That gave him something more to lick up.

"Come on, boy," she said out loud, "really lick me good. That's it, lick me real good."

The dog's tongue was going faster and faster. Especially now that Vicky's come was pouring right out of her. I must have been even hornier than I thought, Vicky said to herself, feeling her body tremble with her orgasm, and feeling her orgasm sweep through her whole body.

The dog was licking her harder and harder, and drinking down most of her come. He was making all kinds of noises, and Vicky loved listening to him. She especially loved his tongue inside her pussy, and that was where it was now. It was right inside her, and it seemed to be going deeper and deeper.

Vicky raised her hips off the floor, and then let them fall again. The dog was more frantic now, and it was as if he knew what he was doing.

To Vicky he acted almost human, the same way any man would have acted.

That made Vicky feel that much better inside. It made her come flow that much more freely.

The dog was really getting after her, and she could feel his tongue way inside her, moving around inside and stirring up her juices. Her cunt was quivering away and her body was trembling all over.

"Don't stop," she panted. "Don't ever stop."

From the way the dog was acting it didn't look as if he ever did mean to stop. Vicky could feel herself coming again and that just made her feel as if her whole body was going to explode. She was still building, and she was coming at the same time.

This is too much, Vicky thought, feeling this second orgasm overcome her the way it was. It was just too much and she thought that would be the last orgasm she would ever have because after this she would be dead. Her head was spinning and it seemed as if she was going around in circles, as if her whole body was revolving on some spinning surface.

The dog's tongue seemed to go deeper and deeper inside her, and he seemed to be moving it around inside her faster and faster. He was really licking out the come, and that just made her come all the more.

She could feel his cold nose, and that sent more shivers through her.

At the same time, she felt the warmth of her own orgasm, and that sent wave after wave of sensations through her, that combined with the shivers, made her body tremble both inside and outside. She could feel her skin tingling and she could feel her cunt getting hotter and hotter.

Her cunt was like an oven, and the dog was using his tongue like a hot poker. She could just imagine how she was going to feel once he had his cock in her, and that was next. She would see to it that it was next.

Right now though she just lay on her back and let him lick her some more.

This was too good to stop now, and right after her second orgasm seemed to drain itself out, she felt herself building towards a third climax, and after that she felt herself building towards a fourth. It didn't seem as if she would ever stop, and she certainly didn't want to.

The come was just gushing out of her more and more, and the dog was just lapping it up as fast as he could. Vicky was going mad inside, and she was squirming all about on the floor. She was moaning way down in her throat, and she was shaking all over, and she could feel her whole body going limp.

No one had ever sucked her out like this. No one. She felt more waves going through her, and she just wanted to yell out at the top of her lungs. She didn't though, and she was amazed that she had any control left at all. Finally she couldn't take any more. She just needed to have his cock inside her.

She needed his cock like she had never needed any cock before. She rolled over on her stomach and felt him licking out her asshole already. He was running his tongue all along the crack and then all over her ass. That gave her a good feeling also. A feeling that overwhelmed her.

She managed to get up on her knees and hands and she spread her legs as far as she could. She wondered if he would know enough to mount her the same way he would mount a bitch. She felt him sniffing at her asshole and cunt, and then she felt him mounting her. That's it, she said to herself, that's the way to do it. Just pretend I'm another dog.

The dog seemed a little unsure of himself, because he was still confused as to just who and what Vicky was. His sense of smell told him one thing though and his instincts seemed to take over from there. He was on top of her and he was pressing his cock into the soft, wet folds of her cunt.

Vicky reached down between her legs and guided his cock into her cunt.

She guided it right inside her and then she just pressed into him as hard as she could. He reacted just the way she wanted him to, and pretty soon he was humping away at her like he had been doing it all his life.

He was shoving his cock all the way into her, and then drawing it out almost all the way, and then shoving it back in her all the way again.

He did this over and over and Vicky could feel his cock throbbing away, and she knew that he was on the verge of orgasm just as she herself was on the verge of orgasm.

He seemed so big inside her, and on each inward stroke he seemed to get bigger yet. His cock seemed to grow longer and longer, and she thought he was going right through her. She thought she felt his cock going right up to her throat. He was splitting her in half almost.

That was the way she liked it though, and the bigger he seemed to her, the better she felt inside. Her whole inside was quivering and she could feel the come gushing out of her cunt like it was never going to stop. His cock was rubbing her hard on the inside and it was just the way she wanted it. It was hurting her at the same time that it was causing her so much pleasure.

She could feel his cock start to jerk back and forth, and then she felt his come shooting out of her. That made her go wild inside, and that was when she felt herself having another orgasm. She really had to make up for lost time though.

He was really inside her now, and that was just where she wanted him to stay. Right inside her, all

the way to the hilt. She wanted him to stay hard too, and it felt as if he was going to. It felt as if he was going to stay hard for some time to come. His cock was still shooting out its hot cream, and she could feel it spilling out and dripping down her thighs and legs.

That's when he pulled out of her and began to lick up his own come. Of course he licked up her come in the process. He licked her thighs up and down, and then up between her legs, and even her ass and asshole again. He was sniffing away at her all the time. Do I smell like a bitch, she wanted to say out loud, but didn't for some reason.

Maybe he thinks I'm another dog now, she said to herself. Maybe he thinks I'm just another bitch.

"Is that what you think?" she then said out loud.

The dog just kept on licking her thighs and Vicky fell flat on her stomach. She wondered vaguely about what time it was, but she didn't make any move to see what it might be. She really didn't care about what time it was. Beatrice would wait for her. Let her wait, Vicky said to herself.

She lay there a while longer, and the dog continued to lick her thighs and cunt. He was as good as any real lover could have been, and in fact he was even better. He had no human inhibitions, and there wasn't anything that he wouldn't do. That's what Vicky liked about animals.

They were completely uninhibited, and they knew nothing about convention and respectability.

It certainly didn't matter to this dog that she was married or anything like that. As far as he was concerned, she was just a hole for him to lick out and stick his hard pecker in. Vicky liked that kind of thinking, because it was the way she now thought. Of course, she also had to think about other things as well. She did have to worry about convention and respectability.

She got to her feet finally and got dressed. She would have to go and meet Beatrice soon. Should she take a shower first? No, let Beatrice smell her the way she was. That would make her wonder. Make her that much more willing to find out just what had happened. Vicky had made up her mind that she was going to tell Beatrice everything.

And that wasn't all she planned on doing. She planned on making Beatrice have sex with either one of the horses or this dog. She could hardly wait to see that. I'll bet she's never even sucked a cock, Vicky thought to herself as she made her way back to the house. I'll bet the only thing she's ever sucked is pussy.

Vicky ran into the house and collapsed on a chair in the kitchen. She was out of breath and her whole body was shaking like it might never stop. Vicky tried to catch her breath, but it seemed as if she was never going to. It seemed like a hopeless task indeed. She got to her feet, and then fell back down in the chair again.

What was she going to do now? Just sit here and wait for Beatrice to show up? That seemed like a stupid thing to do. She rested her head on the table and closed her eyes. She thought about the dog and his huge cock and how it had felt inside her. It had felt so very good.

It was almost as if she could still feel him inside her. As if he was still fucking her. As if he was still driving deep inside the way he had been. Oh, do it, she thought. Do it hard. Do it harder and harder.

Before long she was dreaming about the dog and then Beatrice was shaking her awake.

Vicky woke with a start and looked up at Beatrice with half-closed eyes. She thought she was seeing

things at first, but gradually she began to wake up.

"You smell like a sex pit," Beatrice was saying. "I see you couldn't wait. I'm dying to find out just what you've been doing. I think I can guess, but I want to see for myself so I can be sure. This knowing and not knowing is driving me out of my mind."

Vicky got to her feet a little shakily, and Beatrice had to hold her up. She could feel Beatrice's hands on her tits, and then Beatrice ripped open Vicky's blouse and began to suck hard on one of her tits.

Vicky let her do that for a while and then she pushed Beatrice away.

"Not yet," she said. "First I want to show you what I do. You've already showed me what you do."

Vicky walked out the back door and Beatrice followed right behind her.

She's like an old lap dog, Vicky thought to herself. She certainly is.

Vicky headed right for the stable and still Beatrice followed right behind her.

"I should have known," Beatrice then said, once they were inside the stable. "So you like animals do you? These creatures with their big cocks? You like that?"

"I most certainly do," Vicky said, "and you are going to like it too."

"Just what do you mean by that?" Beatrice demanded.

"You'll see," Vicky said. "First thing, take off all your clothes."

Beatrice began to back off.

"I will not," Beatrice said like a scared child.

Vicky gave her a cold stare.

"You will, and you'll do it now." Vicky's voice was cold and harsh.

Beatrice was more scared than she had ever been in her whole life.

"You can't make me," Beatrice said.

Vicky merely laughed.

"Can't I?" Vicky said. "Do you ever want to suck me out again? Do you?"

Beatrice was almost in tears.

"Yes," she cried. "But please don't make me do this. I just can't."

"You can and you will."

"But why?"

"Because I want you to. That's why."

"This is too cruel," Beatrice sobbed.

"Take off your clothes," Vicky yelled.

Beatrice stood frozen and then she slowly began to undo her blouse.

"Not like that," Vicky yelled, grabbing hold of Beatrice's blouse and ripping it off her, "like this."

Beatrice took off her slacks and panties a lot more quickly. She stood in front of Vicky stark naked now.

"What do you want me to do?" Beatrice asked in a defeated voice.

Vicky smiled her wicked smile. "You see, we change places very quickly.

Now I'm the master and you're the slave."

"You're more wicked than I ever was," Beatrice said in a whisper that Vicky could just barely hear.

"I know that only too well," Vicky said, "but I love it, and you'll love it too."

Beatrice just stood there looking at Vicky, begging her with her eyes.

Vicky could see that and then she looked around the stable quickly.

There's one, Vicky thought, spying one of the studs. He has a really big one. A really big one. I think she should start on him. It'll be good for her.

"Have you ever sucked a man's cock?" Vicky asked.

"No, never," Beatrice replied.

"I thought as much. Have you ever sucked an animal's cock?"

"Of course not. What kind of a person do you think I am?"

"You're the same kind as I am," Vicky said, "and don't you forget that.

You're not any better than I am. And when I get through with you, you'll be like me in every way. Every single way. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," Beatrice mumbled.

"Now go over there," Vicky said, pointing to the stud, "and suck that horse's cock, and suck it good."

Beatrice looked at the horse Vicky was pointing at and she was scared.

He'll kill me, she thought. I can't suck off that horse. He'll kill me.

But then, how does she do it? Beatrice walked closer to the horse, and then she turned back and looked at Vicky who was still giving her that cold, icy stare.

Beatrice was right up next to the horse now, and then she fell on her knees beside it. The horse's cock was soft and just hanging loose.

Beatrice had never even touched a man's cock before, let alone an animal's cock. With her, it had always been other women, and that was the way she had always wanted it to be. She had never

wanted a man in her life, and she certainly didn't want this animal.

But there was no other way. If she wanted to have Vicky again, and she certainly did want to have Vicky again, she would have suck off this horse because that was the price she had to pay in order to get Vicky again. Beatrice knew that, and she was preparing herself for what she now had to do.

She reached forward very slowly and she just barely touched the head of the horse's cock. He seemed to move and that made her scared.

"Don't worry," Vicky shouted, "he won't hurt you. He'll let you suck him off. He'll love it and so will you."

Beatrice touched the horse's cock a little more firmly now and then she got her hand right around it. It then got hard almost immediately and then Beatrice got both her hands around it.

"Come on," Vicky was yelling at her from behind, "start to stroke him.

He likes that. Stroke him."

Beatrice was now stroking the horse's cock, rubbing it up and down. She couldn't believe how big it was. She had never paid any attention to animals before. Even when she was a kid and living in this house, she had never bothered with the horses or any of the other animals. And then she had spent most of her time in private schools away from here.

It's so ugly, Beatrice thought, looking at the horse's cock. In my whole life, I've never seen anything quite so ugly.

"Don't take all day," Vicky was yelling. "Stroke him."

Beatrice began to rub him harder and harder, and then she was rubbing his balls as well. It was obvious that the horse liked what she was doing. He liked it a lot. She rubbed him still harder and a lot faster.

She could feel his cock throbbing in her hand, and she hoped that this was all Vicky would make her do.

Maybe if she just did this, it wouldn't be so bad. But if she had to take that horrible thing in her mouth as well, that would just kill her. She just knew it would. Just the thought of it was making her violently ill. Please, she was saying deep inside her throat, please don't make me do it. Please take pity, on me and don't make me do it.

"You're just beginning," Vicky's voice boomed out. "Now you can start sucking on him. Did you think I'd let you get off this easy? Did you really think that? Not on your life. You're going to suck that horse like he's never been sucked before. You're going to get as much of his cock into your mouth as you can possibly get."

"Please don't make me do it," Beatrice suddenly cried out. "Please don't make me do it."

"Now," Vicky yelled back at her. "Do it now."

Beatrice began to tremble all over as she leaned down and brought the horse's cock right up to her lips. She could feel the tears rushing to her eyes and she felt as if she was going to throw up. She really felt sick inside, and she felt as if she wanted to die.



This woman isn't human, Beatrice thought to herself. She's become an animal herself. No wonder she likes them so much. She's just like them.

She's one of them.

Beatrice could see the cock right in front of her and she closed her eyes. If she couldn't see it, maybe it wouldn't be so bad. She pressed it against her closed lips and she kissed the head of it. And then she began to kiss it up and down the entire length of it. If she did it as fast as she could, maybe it wouldn't be so bad. And the quicker she got it over with, the better she would feel.

She kissed the whole meaty shaft, and then she was back kissing the head. She took the head of the horse's cock right in her mouth and now she was actually sucking on it. She could feel herself getting sicker and sicker, but she kept right up with what she was doing. That's it, she was saying to herself. Do it and get it over with. It won't last forever.

"You're doing just fine now," Vicky was yelling. "Just you keep that up, and you don't stop until I tell you to. Do you hear me? Not until I tell you to."

Beatrice began to suck harder and harder on the horse's cock, and she could feel it throbbing more and more in her mouth. It was so big and it was burning up so much. Beatrice could feel her mouth and throat burning up also. She could feel her whole body burning up inside, and she was beginning to feel this strange sensation between her legs.

She had never felt like this before. Not even with a woman. This was a totally new feeling to her. Could it be she was beginning to like what she was doing? That was impossible. She could never like doing something like this. Never. She was much too civilized to like something like this.

Beatrice could see how somebody like Vicky would like something like this. After all, Vicky was an animal herself. Or at least that was how she acted. Vicky must love sucking these huge cocks, Beatrice said to herself. I'll bet she comes down here every night and sucks one of them off. I wonder which one she did tonight?

But Beatrice found that she was sucking harder and harder on the horse's cock, and that she was getting more and more of it in her mouth, and that she was actually getting more and more frantic. How can this be? she wanted to yell out at the top of her lungs. But she couldn't because now she was too busy sucking on this huge cock.

She was bearing right into the horse's cock, and she was sliding her mouth back and forth on him, her lips closed in tight around his hard, rough skin. She still had her eyes closed, but she could see his cock in the back of her mind. How big it was. How much bigger it seemed now that it was in her mouth.

Beatrice could feel her whole body shaking and she could feel the horse's cock throbbing more and more. Pretty soon he would be coming in her mouth, and she found that that was just what she wanted him to do.

She could hardly wait to feel his hot cream in her mouth.

She began to suck harder and harder in order to make him come that much faster. And she managed to do just that. The cock was jerking back and forth in her mouth and then it was shooting out its hot liquid. She could feel the come going right down her throat and right down to her stomach.

It burned all the way down and she could feel her body trembling all the more because of it. It was

really trembling now and she thought that she was going to explode inside, and that was just what she did.

She could feel her own come pouring out of her and running down her thighs and legs.

She was all torn up inside, and it was as if the horse's cock had been in her cunt and not in her mouth. But it was still in her mouth and it was still very hard. It was as hard as it could possibly be. It was even harder yet, or at least that was how it felt to her, and the come was still shooting out of it.

"Suck harder," Vicky was yelling. "Suck real hard."

That was just what Beatrice did, and pretty soon she was in a frenzy, and she had no control over her actions whatsoever. She had no control at all. Everything she did she did because she had to. She wasn't even aware of what she was doing. She was just aware of that huge cock in her mouth.

It was her universe.

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Chapter Seven

The come had stopped, but the horse's cock was still hard, and she was keeping it hard. She was doing everything that she could to keep it hard, and she was succeeding. She could feel how much she was succeeding. The hard cock was still hard, and it was still burning, and it was still throbbing.

Vicky was watching all the more intently now, and she was fingering herself as she watched. This was almost as good as doing it herself.

Vicky could see the horse's cock popping out the sides of Beatrice's mouth, and it was almost as if she was inside Beatrice's mouth seeing just what was going on.

I knew you'd like it, Vicky was saying to herself. I just knew that you would. Just look at the way you're sucking him now. Just look at it. If you could only see yourself like I see you. I'm sure you know how much you like it though. I'm sure you know that better than I do. But still, you should see yourself like I do.

Vicky had stopped yelling altogether. Everything she said from now on, she said to herself, and so only she could hear. That's it girl, suck harder. Yes, that's it. A lot harder. Now you've got it. Vicky was in a state of convulsions herself, and the more she watched Beatrice, the more convulsive she got.

I could watch this all day, Vicky was saying to herself. I really could. And maybe I will. Maybe I'll watch it all night at least.

Beatrice was still sucking hard on the horse, and it was obvious that the horse was about to come again. Vicky could see the horse's come from the last time, and how it was dripping all over Beatrice's body.

It had spilled out of Beatrice's mouth and was running down her neck and all over her tits. Vicky knew well enough how that felt, and she could just imagine how it must feel to Beatrice. She loves it just as much as I do, Vicky was saying to herself, and she can't tell me that she doesn't.

Vicky fell to the floor and lay there sobbing almost. Her breathing was more rapid than it had been, and her heart was beating a mile a minute.

The horse was coming again and Beatrice was doing her best to keep all the come in her mouth. She was doing a good job of it too. She really was.

Vicky watched as the come spilled out of Beatrice's mouth and joined the other come that was all over Beatrice's body. Beatrice was just covered with it now. It was all over her neck, all over her tits, all over her stomach, all over her thighs, all over every part of her from her mouth down.

Vicky got to her feet and went over to Beatrice and grabbed her by the hair and pulled her away from the horse.

"You've had enough for tonight," Vicky pronounced. "You did good for your first time. I'm sure you'll do a lot better the next time. A lot better."

Vicky watched as Beatrice got dressed, and then the two females made their way back to the house. They didn't say a word to each other the whole time. They just went up the stairs, and then they both went to their own rooms. Vicky almost ran into hers and fell face forward on the bed.

She felt as if she were in heat or something close to it. She could feel her whole body throbbing away and she wanted a good hard cock inside her. She thought about going down and getting James, but then she decided against it. After all, she intended to make him suffer.

She intended to make them all suffer somehow. She was going to get back at the whole world for what they had done to her. They were all responsible for the way she was, and they were all going to pay for it.

For the first time in a long time she thought about Tom.

He could have been so good for her. Why couldn't she have kept her mouth shut that time? He never would have found out about her if she hadn't told him. How stupid could she be? She hated herself for that, and she knew that she always would. I could just die, she cried internally.

I wonder how that Beatrice feels, she asked herself. She said she didn't want to, but she loved it once she got that huge cock in her mouth. Just like that girl with Chris that time. She didn't want to either until after she had started. Yeah, they all like it eventually.

I'm getting to be just like him, she thought. I'm getting to be just like Chris.

Still thinking that, she fell asleep. Her mind drifted off into space and she could see herself standing over Chris with a whip in her hand.

She was beating him as he sucked off this huge horse's cock. She was beating him and the blood was gushing out of him. She was almost killing him.

She woke with a start. She was still lying across the width of the bed, and she was still fully clothed. She got undressed quickly and climbed in under the covers. She was asleep as soon as her head hit the pillows. This time she did not dream about Chris. She did not dream at all.

The next morning she went and took a shower and then she got dressed and made her way down to breakfast. James and Beatrice were already sitting at the table. And when Beatrice saw her she looked down at her cup of coffee that was sitting on the table right in front of her.

"Good morning," Vicky boomed out in a loud voice. "I trust everyone had a good night's sleep. I trust no one had any bad dreams. Did you, Beatrice?"

"No," Beatrice replied sheepishly. "I slept very well."

"Did you sleep well, James?" Vicky then asked.

"As well as can be expected in a large empty bed," James shot back at her.

Vicky merely smiled. "I sleep in a large bed too, but I find it most agreeable to me. I'm sorry you don't."

"Yes, I'm sure you are," James retorted. "You don't have human needs like the rest of us."

"You knew that when you forced me to marry you," Vicky replied, "or at least you should have. What did you expect? A loving and adoring wife?"

You can't make someone do something against their will and expect them to thank you for it. That is, unless they really wanted to do it all along."

As she made her last remark she looked right at Beatrice.

"Sometimes," Vicky continued, "you start off by forcing someone to do something, and then you find out that they wanted to do it all along.

They just needed a little push in the right direction. Isn't that right, Beatrice?"

"I imagine so."

Beatrice still kept her eyes lowered.

Vicky smiled and looked back at James.

"Beatrice and I are going on a little trip," she then said. "We decided this last night on our way to bed. Has she told you by any chance?"

James looked at Beatrice and then at Vicky. "And just where did you decide to go to?"

"Why, to the races of course," Vicky replied. "Beatrice and I are going to go and see Jocko run his first race. I thought she might like to see that. I know I would."

"When are you going?" James asked.

"Today as a matter of fact," Vicky then said. "We're going to drive down to the track, find a room in a hotel, and stay a few days. Then after we've seen a few races, we'll come right home to you. You'll hardly know we've been gone."

"I don't suppose I can talk you out of it, can I?" James said, very matter-of-factly.

"I wouldn't even try if I were you," Vicky snapped back at him, angered by his indifference.

"Well, I'll leave the two of you to make your plans," James said, getting to his feet. "I have business to attend to."

With that he walked off leaving the two silent females alone. Beatrice looked up from her coffee at last and looked right at Vicky.

"Is this Jocko one of your favorites?" Beatrice then asked.

"Oh yes," Vicky replied. "And he'll be one of your favorites also."

"You think I'm just like you now, don't you?"

Vicky laughed. "Well, you are, aren't you?"

Beatrice bit her tongue and choked back the tears.

"I don't want to be," she sobbed.

"What you want to be," Vicky added, "and what you are, are apparently two different things. You better start remembering which is which. I don't want you going through life confused the way you seem to be now."

"Why are you so wicked?" Beatrice demanded.

"I'm wicked because people like you made me wicked," Vicky shouted at her. "Because people like you want me to be wicked. And you know it."

Beatrice was silent for the longest time, and then she said, "When are we going?"

"In another hour or so," Vicky replied. "Pack some things."

Vicky drove the large black car, and Beatrice sat over on the far side of the front seat. From time to time the two females would exchange brief glances. Beatrice was lost in her thoughts about what she had done the other night. Vicky had forced her into it, and then Beatrice's own lust had taken over. Now, it was this same lust that was making her go with Vicky to the track.

Beatrice had a feeling that there was something special about Jocko, and that was why Vicky was rushing to be near him. There just had to be something special about him. Something that Vicky hadn't said in words, but which was definitely implied in her manner. It was there all right, and Beatrice could sense it.

There were a lot of things that Beatrice could sense about Vicky.

Things she had sensed right from the first when she first saw Vicky in that tub. Vicky was like her in so many ways, and so unlike her in so many other ways. They were the two most alike/unlike people in the world.

Vicky pressed her foot down harder on the gas pedal and the car sped forward. She loved speed all of a sudden, and the faster they went, the better she liked it.

"You're in an awful hurry, aren't you?" Beatrice asked.

"Yes," Vicky responded simply. "I am. There's no time to lose."

"This Jocko must be something."

Vicky smiled. "He is."

"I've felt this way about other women, and you feel this way about an animal."

"It still seems strange to you, doesn't it?" Vicky asked.

"It seems very strange indeed," Beatrice replied.

"Does what you did last night seem strange to you?" Vicky then asked.

"How could it seem anything but strange?"

"You'll get used to it. I have."

"What made you do this the first time?" Beatrice asked.

Vicky thought about that a moment. "It was a man. A man I loved very much."

"And you still love him, don't you?" Beatrice asked.

"Maybe I do," Vicky replied.

"Did he ever fuck you?" Beatrice asked.

"He never touched me," Vicky responded, "he never wanted to. Now he wants to though. Now he wants to fuck me."

"Do you think you'll ever let him?" Beatrice asked.

"Maybe," Vicky replied. "Maybe I will."

"You don't act as if you want to talk about it."

Vicky laughed. "I don't."

Beatrice lit a cigarette. "Would you rather talk about Jocko?"

"Maybe," Vicky answered.

"What else is there to talk about?"

"We don't have to talk about anything," Vicky then said, looking briefly at Beatrice and then back at the road ahead.

"No, I don't suppose we do," Beatrice agreed. "I feel like talking though."

"So, talk. I'll listen."

Beatrice thought a moment, and then she said, "I had a dream about you last night. I dreamed that you were all dressed in white and that you were riding this huge golden brown horse in this huge arena. There were thousands of people watching you and they had all paid to see you."

"You kept riding around in circles on the horse, and then you got off the horse and you lay on this platform. That's where I came in. I came over to see, and without moving you off this platform, I took off all your clothes. And there you were completely naked.

"You didn't move off the platform, and you stayed right there the whole time. I took your clothes and

walked back to the edge of the arena and I just watched like everyone else. That's when someone-some man I had never seen before but who looked like someone who once worked for my brother-led the horse over to the platform.

"The platform seemed small enough-or thin enough, so that the horse seemed to walk right over it. That is, it came right between his legs.

The horse was right over you and it had an erection a mile long. Or at least that's how it seemed in my dream. It looked at least that long.

"The horse's cock came right up against your pussy and you felt it pressing into your cunt lips. You were wet already and this just made you wetter. You were breathing hard, and now you were breathing even harder. You were actually gasping for breath, and your heart was beating a mile a minute.

"Anyone could see that you really wanted this horse to fuck you, and naturally everyone wanted to watch this horse fuck you. Actually, they all wanted to see the horse kill you. And this whole thing was really a contest to see who could hold out the longest, you or the horse.

"The horse had strings tied around his cock an inch apart. You were able to take the horse's cock into you up until the first string, and then you were to take more of him into you depending on how loud the audience clapped. You were to take in as much of the horse as you could, and then you were to just hump him until one of you gave out.

"That's where the contest part came in. You were to hump him until one of you gave out. And it had to be that one of you would give out, whether it was you or the horse. All the people had placed bets on either you or the horse. Well, the horse started to press his cock into you, and you took it in till you were up to the first string.

"Then you just stopped and waited for the audience to start clapping.

The audience started clapping right away, and you took in the horse's cock up till the second string. The audience was beginning to clap louder and louder, and you took the horse's cock into you up till the third string.

"Now the audience was up on its feet and they were yelling and screaming that you take in the horse's cock all the way and not just an inch at a time. They were tired of waiting, and they wanted to see it all right then and there.

"Well, you didn't want to wait either, and so you did take in the horse's whole cock. You took him in all the way, and you looked as if it didn't even affect you. You looked as if you could have taken in more if there had been more of him. Right then we all knew that you were going to win, but naturally we had to sit and see the whole thing through.

"I could almost see what his cock was doing inside you, because I could feel him inside me like I knew you must feel him inside you. It was almost as if he was in me and not in you. But I knew that he was in you and so I watched. I watched you moving very slowly at first.

"The horse's cock was sliding all the way out of you, until just its head was in you, and then it was sliding all the way back in you again.

He was in you to the hilt again, and I could see the expression on your face and I could see what it was doing to you, and so it did the same thing to me. It really did.

"I could feel you feeling his cock pressing in hard against the inside of your pussy, and how it was rubbing hard in there, and how it was making you even wetter than you were. Your cunt juices were all stirred up and they were becoming more stirred up. You were just overflowing.

"I could actually see the oozing cunt juices coming out of you. They were running down the length of the horse's cock and all the way to his balls. His cock was burning inside you, and you were making it burn all the more. You were making his balls burn, and the rest of his body burn as well.

"Everyone in the audience was quiet now and they were all just watching. James was in the audience too, and he was watching hardest of all next to me. I'm sure I was watching the hardest of all of them because I was the only other person, besides yourself, who knew how this felt.

"The horse was really ramming into you now, and he was ramming in with all his might. It was as if he were a real man, and he was your long lost lover or something. He wasn't just an animal anymore. Of course the fact that he was an animal was the only reason you were fucking him, because you had become an animal yourself, although you looked like a human being.

"Actually, you were the animal and the horse was the human being. It just looked as if it was the other way around. But we knew that it wasn't. I knew from the minute you took his whole cock in you, and from the way you were still taking his whole cock into you.

"No human being could do what you were doing. No human being could enjoy sex with an animal as much as you did, and were, and would be from then on. He was so far in you and you were screaming for more as if you thought he understood what you were saying to him. He didn't understand your words, but he understood your body actions.

"He understood them only too well, and he was responding to them as if he understood. You were grinding against him just as hard as you could and he was grinding into you just as hard as he could. You two were just made for each other, and you both sensed that, and so you acted upon it.

"We could hear your groans and we knew the horse was coming inside you and that you were coming also. You were making the sounds of orgasm, and we could see your come and his come flowing out of you. It was flowing out by the gallons. There was a flood of it, and it kept on coming.

"It was more come than anyone had ever seen in their lives, and they never would see it again. This was the first and last time they would ever see it, and they were straining to see, and they all saw, and I saw best of all. I was standing right near you now, and I could really hear you.

"I could even see the cock in you and see how it was bulging you out everywhere. It was as if his cock had filled up your whole body. I thought that's what it had done. I thought it had gone right up to your head and that it was going to poke out the top any second now.

"That's when you began to move even faster on the horse, and the horse had a hard time keeping up with you. You were going to win for sure now, and you were aiming for that the way you were bearing down hard on that long meaty shaft that you were making slimy with your cunt.

"We thought we heard one last gasp from you, but it was far from being your last. You had three more orgasms before the horse came again in you, and then you had another orgasm right after he did, and then you just drained the very life out of him and they had to take him away because he was all through and you had won.

"You called for another horse, and when you were through with him, you called for another, and another, and still another. We lost count of how many horses you took on that night, but you were

still able to take on another one after you had finished with each and everyone of them.

“At the end you stood up and bowed to the audience. There was horse come all over your body. James, and I, and that man who had brought in the first horse came over to you and licked the horse come all off you.

We licked up every last drop and then you just spat in our faces and walked away. We lay there crying and you just laughed at us.”

Beatrice was out of breath as she finished telling Vicky about her dream from the night before. She had been fingering herself the whole time and she had come and her whole body was drained like it had never been drained before. Just thinking about Vicky with an animal, and talking about it on top of that, had turned her on to the breaking point. And now she had broken.

Vicky had a bemused smile on her face that indicated that she had been amused by Beatrice’s story. Maybe she dreamed that, Vicky said to herself, or maybe she just made it up as she went along and is only pretending that that was her dream. Whatever it is, I don’t care, because I liked it, and that’s all that matters.

Beatrice still sat in the far corner of the front seat. Her story had made the time go by fast, and it didn’t seem to Vicky as if it would be very long before they got to the track. It wasn’t going to be very long at all now. They would be there in a matter of minutes.

Vicky stopped thinking about what Beatrice had told her for the most part. She only thought of it in connection with Jocko. She thought about what Tom had told her that time about that girl who had died doing something similar to what Beatrice had dreamed.

She wondered if it were true.

Vicky didn’t remember the story exactly now, but there was a girl in the story that Tom told, and she had been sucking a horse, and there were strings tied to the horse’s cock, and there had been people watching, people who had been betting on either the girl or horse. But in Tom’s story the horse had won. Vicky found that she liked Beatrice’s dream a lot more than she liked Tom’s story.

Beatrice’s dream had an air of mystery about it, while Tom’s story lacked any type of mystery. But then, Tom’s story was based on fact, and Beatrice’s dream was only based on what was in Beatrice’s mind and those were the same things that were in Vicky’s mind now and ever since that day when she had seen that girl with Chris and seen how Chris had made that girl suck off the horse.

That day had been a turning point in her life, just like that one week of fucking Herbert had been a partial turning point in her life. And then that man with the cabin in the woods, and that dog who had fucked her. That had been another turning point in her life.

And then the fact that she had run away, and that chance had fated her to get a ride from who she did so she could end up at that track, so she could end up in this front seat driving back to that track with the lesbian sister of her husband, who she had met because of her being at the track at the right time.

She had all that to think about—all the things that had happened since that day—as she now called it—and now she had Beatrice’s dream to think about. What was going to happen to her now? Where was she headed?

What would be the next turning point in her life? It would have to be something really tremendous

so that it surpassed everything that had happened so far.

If it didn't surpass it, it would not be a turning point in her life.

Each step had to be greater than the one before it. She could feel that in the core of her being, and she could feel it right between her legs where the come was dripping out of her and running down her thighs, and down her legs to her feet.

Can you smell me? she asked Beatrice in her mind. It was obvious that Beatrice could smell her from the way she was sniffing the air coming from Vicky's direction. But then, Vicky had been smelling Beatrice's come just before this when Beatrice had fingered herself to climax while telling Vicky her dream.

Vicky knew why she had wanted to go to the race track to begin with.

She was not conscious of her reason until this very minute, but she was sure it had always been in the back of her mind. She was going to do what the girl in Tom's story had done, and what she herself had done in Beatrice's dream.

Vicky was going to do that very same thing with Jocko, and at the track. Tomorrow night, or maybe even tonight, she would fuck Jocko with everyone watching; that is, all the people who worked at the track-the trainers, jockeys, stable boys, etc. They would place bets and it would be a contest.

"Are you thinking about my dream?" Beatrice asked. "Are you thinking about having a horse's cock up your cunt?"

"Yes, and a lot of other things," Vicky replied. "I suppose I can tell you, and I might as well. I'm going to live out your dream. Or at least, some of it anyway. I'm going to fuck Jocko the way that horse fucked me in your dream. I'll fuck him for everyone at the track to see, and they'll all place bets."

"Should I bet on you or on the horse?" Beatrice laughed.

Vicky was dead serious. "On me of course. I won last night and I'll win again tonight. That's why we have to get there so we can get everything ready. That platform has to be built. I have to rest up. Everything will happen the way it happened in your dream, only it will be just a little different. I'll just fuck Jocko and that's all, but I'll drain him before he drains me."

"I wish you luck," Beatrice said, and then she became quiet for the rest of the trip to the track, almost wishing now that she had never told Vicky about her dream. What would happen if Vicky didn't win?

"Don't worry about me," Vicky said, "just think about all the money you'll win if you bet on me. Not that you need the money, but winning money is a lot of fun. You'll enjoy it more. I certainly intend to bet on me. Maybe we should even place a bet for James. He might feel bad if he finds out we left him out of this altogether. I'm sure he feels bad enough as it is."

"I'm sure he does," Beatrice said.

"You know, I think James is going to be at the track when we get there," Vicky the spoke, staring off into space, and almost losing control of the car. She managed to keep the car on the road somehow, and Beatrice felt her heart stop almost.

"Yes," Vicky went on, "I'm sure he'll be there. And he'll have been there for some time when we get there. He'll be there to greet us at the gate. Just see if he isn't."

"For his sake I hope he isn't," Beatrice said. "I really feel sorry for him all of a sudden."

"No, he'll be there," Vicky continued, "and he'll think that his being there is for his sake. He knows why I'm coming here today. He knows I'm going to have some kind of sex with Jocko. Why do you think I married him in the first place? I married him because he caught me sucking off Jocko and he said he'd have me put in jail if I didn't marry him.

"I know now that I should have called his bluff. I know now that he was just bluffing and that he never would have been able to do what he said. Never in a million years could he have done it. And he won't do anything now either. He'll just accept it like he's accepted everything else. He has to. He hasn't got any other choice."

Vicky stopped right there and didn't talk the rest of the way. All she could do was think about Jocko's hard cock inside her and how very good it was going to make her feel. It was going to make her feel as if twenty cocks were in her at once and that they were all coming at the same time. A smile lit up her face as she thought about how good something like that would feel.

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## **Chapter Eight**

The track was just up ahead of them, right off the main highway. There were no cars there and so the racing was over for the day. But they had guessed that a long time ago when they realized how late it was. Vicky had slowed down in spite of her haste to get to the track. She had slowed down to a crawl almost.

They got out of the car after Vicky had parked it in the track's main parking lot and they made their way to the stables. The first two people Vicky saw were Phil and Jack. They looked at her and then they hurried, pretending that they hadn't seen her at all. They were obviously afraid of her, and Vicky knew that, and it made her feel extra good inside.

She had a feeling that everything that happened from now on would make her feel good inside. Especially Jocko's huge, hard, meaty, slimy shaft when it was all the way inside her.

Vicky had been right about her James. He was there waiting for them just like she had said he would be. Of course he hadn't been at the front gates, but he was at the front of the stable section where Jocko was.

"What took you so long?" he asked when they were right in front of him and almost on top of him at that. "I've been waiting for you for hours."

Vicky brushed right past him and into the stable so she could get her first look at Jocko in a what seemed like a century. He was still the beautiful creature that he always had been. But then, she hadn't expected him to change any. It would be impossible for that to happen.

He would always look this way to her, if only in her mind.

Beatrice and James followed behind her.

"Beatrice will tell you my plans for this evening, James," Vicky said, dismissing him with her tone of

voice. "Now you take care of all the little details, Beatrice; after all, it was your dream that started all this. And take him with you so he won't be in my way. I'll take care of the important things like Jocko and myself."

She gave Beatrice a cold hard stare and Beatrice led James out of the stable without saying a word to him or a word to Vicky. She didn't have to say anything to Vicky, and there was still time to explain everything to James.

Vicky rubbed her hands together. "Well, Jocko, you and I are going to perform for the fine people this evening. It won't be the thousands and thousands that were in Beatrice's dream, but we don't need that many.

For us there will be enough. Actually, we don't even need those people, Jocko. We just need each other. You know that and I know that."

Jocko just stood there like he always did, staring off at something that only he knew what it was he was looking at. Vicky smiled even more warmly now.

"Yes, Jocko, tonight is going to be the biggest night of your life, and possibly even the biggest night of my life. Who knows? I could end up like that girl Tom told me about. I could get killed, and this could turn out to be the last night of my life. It just might turn out that way. I don't think it will, and I don't want it to, but that's the way it could happen."

She walked over to Jocko and began to stroke his flanks.

"You feel the same way," she said, stroking him harder and harder, and pretty soon she was stroking him just as hard as she possibly could.

"I wonder if everything else feels the same?" she asked, getting down on her knees.

Jocko's cock hung limp between his legs. It reminded her of a soft baseball bat. Even when it was soft, it felt hard to her. It would always feel hard to her.

"Yes," she said, stroking his soft cock that was suddenly rising into an erection, "everything feels the same, but then I knew that it would.

I just used that as an excuse to touch you; not that I really needed an excuse. I don't need anything but the desire to touch you, and I have that all the time."

She was stroking Jocko's cock back and forth, up and down the entire length, and right down on his balls. He was very hard now and she gazed at his hard cock for a moment and allowed herself to be amazed by it.

"Now it really is the way I remember it," she said. "Just the way I'll always want to remember it."

Vicky was stroking him even harder now, and she could feel how hot she was making Jocko's cock. It was actually burning up right in her hand.

"That's it, Jocko, get hot and hard. That's just the way you are supposed to get when I'm around you. Whenever I'm near you, I want you to be hot and hard, just like you are, just like you were that first time for me. I'll always remember that first time, and I'm sure, in your own way, you remember it too."

She brought her lips close to the head of Jocko's cock and kissed it as gently as she knew how. That made Jocko stir somewhat and that made Vicky kiss the head of his cock again, and this time with a little more pressure, but just a little more.

"You felt that, did you? Well, feel this."

And she kept kissing the head of his cock, over and over, and harder and harder each time.

"I'll bet you feel every one of those, don't you?" she then asked, pulling away for a second, but only for a second, and for no longer than that.

The more time she spent away from his cock, the less time she had to suck on it. The time she wasted talking about it, she could spend actually doing it, and she wanted to do it much more than she wanted to talk about it. Talking about it didn't get his cock in her mouth like she was doing right then.

She had the head of his cock in her mouth and she was already sucking on it with all her might. Yes, Jocko, she said to herself, as her tongue went wild over the head of his cock, stabbing into the crack, and rubbing back and forth against that opening, yes, this is what I like best of all. Your cock in my mouth. Me sucking on you like this.

I've waited so long to do this again, and now I'll never wait that long to do it again.

She sucked harder and harder on the head of his cock and then she worked more of his cock in her mouth and sucked harder and harder on that. She was running her mouth up and down the full length of his cock now, and then she was sucking wildly on his balls. His balls seemed to be as hard as his cock, but then they had the last time also.

She was more frantic this time than she had been the first time with him. Much more frantic. She hadn't been this frantic with Jack and Phil's horse, and not with Chris' horse. Only with Jocko could she feel this way, and not with any other animal; horse, dog, or whatever.

Jocko was real to her because his cock was real to her. And now it was so very deep in her mouth, and down her throat even, and she was sucking like a wild woman on it. She was going to suck it right off him if she could. She certainly wanted to right then. Suck it off, keep it hard like this, and just carry it around with her. Maybe mount it in her room. Someday, when Jocko had to die, that was what she meant to do. She would have his cock mounted and she would keep it in her room.

That just made her suck on him all the more, and she was grabbing at his balls as she did this. My beautiful Jocko, she said to herself. My very beautiful Jocko. How really big you feel. You feel even bigger than you did when I first began to suck on you. Your cock is growing right in my mouth, and my sucking is making it grow, isn't it?

Now she bore down for what she knew would be the final moments just before he erupted in his gushing orgasm. And he would gush even more than he had that first time she sucked him off like this. He would gush out gallons and she would swallow it all down, and what she didn't swallow down, she would lick up later.

She had been right, and as she had known she would be. Bearing down on him like she did, her lips closing in tight around his hot, throbbing cock flesh, she could feel him start to come. It seemed like a dribble at first, and then it was followed by the gush that came right afterwards, and filled her whole mouth, and spilled over the sides of her mouth.

It was running down her chin, neck, and tits, just like it always did with her. Like she always wanted it to do.

She liked feeling his cock like this all over her body, and not just in her mouth. This way the outside of her body could experience the same sensations that the inside of her body was experiencing. It would burn.

Her skin on the outside of her body would burn, and her whole insides would burn.

This burning sensation-or sensations as they sometimes were-was what made it all worthwhile. That plus everything else it made her feel. And when she felt that he was just as hot as she was, she felt even better about what they had just done.

His come was still shooting out of the crack in the head of his cock, and she was still drinking down just as much of it as she could, letting the rest of it run down all over her body, just like she had been doing all along. She felt herself quivering inside to the point where she fell away from him.

His cock just hung loose in front of her, but all she did now was look at it. "That's some piece of slimy cock you got there," she said out loud. "Yes, that sure is. I could lick that hard piece of meat all day and all night, and one of these days I'm going to. Just see if I don't."

Then she did lean forward again, and she licked all the slimy come off him; after all, it was her slimy come on his slimy come that was all over his cock like that. She wanted to get some more of it in her mouth before she was through for this session. After all, tonight was going to be the big event. Tonight she would actually get his cock inside her.

She remembered Chris' horse-the only horse's cock that had ever been in her-and she remembered how good it had felt once it was inside her.

Jocko's cock would feel even better than that once it was inside her.

It would feel like twenty cocks. She just knew that it would.

"Rest up, Jocko," Vicky said, getting to her feet, "we're going to have some night, you and I. They won't be able to walk away saying they didn't get their money's worth. We'll certainly give them that, and I'm sure we'll give them a lot more."

The smile came over her face and she went over and lay in a corner of the stable. She closed her eyes, and soon she was asleep. She had a dream about Jocko, and it was quite similar to Beatrice's dream. It was also quite similar to Tom's story about that girl. Actually it was similar to a lot of things that she could think of, and which she did after Beatrice woke her up in the middle of it.

"I was dreaming," she said to Beatrice as she rubbed her eyes.

Beatrice laughed, and then stopped her laugh short. "I could tell that by the look on your face just before I woke you. I knew you were dreaming about tonight or something connected with tonight. Maybe you were even dreaming my dream."

"It was certainly like it in many ways," Vicky said, letting Beatrice help her to her feet.

Without warning she pressed right into Beatrice and kissed her full on the mouth. She got her arms around Beatrice and squeezed her tight and then got her hands under Beatrice's dress and down under her panties and right on her ass. She rubbed Beatrice's ass with a hard, circular motion, and

then she began to finger Beatrice's asshole.

It was just when Beatrice went to do that to her that Vicky pulled away just as quickly as she had started the whole thing.

"That was just a sample of something you might get in the future if you did everything I told you," Vicky said, "and did them right. They have to be done right."

"Of course they were," Beatrice said, still suffering from what was a blatant rejection to her way of thinking. "After all, it was my dream, and I know it better than even you. I even had that platform built.

Just like the one that was in my dream. You'll see that I didn't forget one of those little details you told me to do before."

"Are they betting on me or Jocko?" Vicky then asked.

"On both of you," Beatrice responded.

"Did you bet my money on me?" Vicky then asked.

"And my money and James' money," Beatrice responded. "We'll really clean up if you win. And you're right. It is more fun to win money than to just have it when you want it. I can feel it even before we win it."

"I knew you would," Vicky said. "Well, it's almost time."

"Should I lead the horse in for you?" Beatrice asked.

"Hmmm, I wonder about that?" Vicky seemed puzzled all of a sudden.

"Should it be you or someone else? I think maybe it should be a man."

"James?" Beatrice asked.

"No, not James," Vicky spouted off without even giving it a second thought. "I think it should be Phil. Yes, Phil. He helped me once before with his own horse, and he can help me again. Go get a jockey named Phil. He was that one we first saw with that old man. The first two people we saw when we got here. Tell him what I expect of him, and tell him firmly. He's afraid of his own shadow, and he'll be afraid of you if you talk to him firmly."

Beatrice walked out of the stable again. Vicky began to think if she should go out naked, or with her clothes on. It was a shame she didn't have that white outfit she had worn in Beatrice's dream. That would really look like something.

It didn't really matter all that much though. All she needed was her body and Jocko's cock. That was all. Anything else was unnecessary, no matter how nice it might have looked.

She looked outside and saw that it was starting to get dark. She saw Phil come in the stable right then. She smiled at him and then walked quickly past him and outside into the night air. All the people from the track were formed in a circle down a ways from her. Laughingly almost, she surveyed the crowd and then started through it as the circle moved apart so that she could get to the extreme middle where the small platform was. She didn't even look at any of the people. She just lay down on her back on the platform and let her legs dangle over the sides.

She had her legs spread wide apart and her cunt was wide open because of that.

“Just look at that pussy,” she heard someone say. “She can fuck anything.”

“Anything but a horse,” someone else said.

“Want to place a side bet on that?” the first voice said again.

“Don’t mind if I do,” the second voice replied.

Then she didn’t hear anything although everyone around her was talking to one another. Her thoughts about Jocko’s cock blotted out anything else than might interfere with the memories she had already. She would have more memories after tonight. More things to remember whenever she thought about that huge cock.

“And I’ll think about it often,” she whispered under her breath.

Even though she didn’t really have to since no one would have been able to hear her above the noise they themselves were making with their chatter, she preferred to keep this opinion to herself.

Then she heard Beatrice’s soft voice next to her ear. Beatrice was right next to her and leaning over her. “I know you’re going to come out of this okay, and that’s not what I’m concerned about though. I want you to fuck him for the both of us, okay? Will you do that? It was my dream, and I deserve something out of it.”

Vicky shut her eyes and was quiet for what seemed like the longest time to Beatrice who was patiently waiting for her answer. An answer she really felt would be another one of Vicky’s rejections. I better get used to her rejections, Beatrice said to herself bitterly, I’ll be getting a lot more in the future. A lot more.

Finally Vicky spoke up. “Of course I’ll fuck him for the both of us, I was going to anyway. You see, you were wrong this time. I didn’t reject you like you expected me to. And I didn’t do that because I knew you expected it.”

She gave that funny laugh of hers.

“Tell Phil to bring Jocko now,” she said out loud so everyone could hear. She had shouted it at the top of her lungs and everyone had heard her above all their own noise. They stopped talking and looked at her.

They were spellbound by her naked body. They all wanted it for their own. To fuck and to do whatever else they wanted to it.

“She was here before,” she heard someone say. “I got a hard-on the minute I saw her. I wanted to fuck her in the worst way, and I still do for that matter. I’m sure I’ll spend the rest of my life wanting to fuck her.”

“So will the rest of us,” another voice said.

They made way for Phil and the horse and Phil brought the horse right up to the edge of the platform. Vicky could feel Jocko licking the bottoms of her feet. Everything he does feels good to me, Vicky said to herself, feeling Jocko’s tongue flick up and down the bottoms of both her feet.

The platform was right between Jocko’s legs now, and he was moving up alongside of her body. His



underside brushed against her thighs, her hairy mound, her stomach, and her tits. When they brushed against her tits Vicky could feel both her nipples get rigid and stay rigid.

She could feel his cock hanging down from his body and pressing into her stomach. She grabbed hold of it in both hands without having to look at it or for it. With something this big, you just had to feel for it. You just had to sense it. And you could each and every time like she just had.

Vicky pressed Jocko's cock into her stomach harder, and she raised herself off the platform somewhat and pressed her stomach against his cock as hard as she could. She pressed the head right into her belly button, and that felt so good, and she began to move it around against her belly button in a circular motion.

She could feel the strings on Jocko's cock and she smiled to herself.

Beatrice certainly had remembered everything, hadn't she? Every single thing. Not a thing was missing except for that white outfit, and of course it wasn't Beatrice's fault that she couldn't get that item.

Vicky was now stroking the head of Jocko's cock, and she was stroking it as gently as she knew how. This will really get him, she thought.

I'm sure he loves this as much as I love doing it. He really does. And thinking that, she kept it up for a few more minutes before she moved her hands farther down on his cock.

She was lifting her hips off the platform now and she was getting his cock right between her legs. She was rubbing the head of his cock back and forth on her clit. That made her quiver inside and it made her start to squirm. She could feel her cunt lips getting wet with her sex juices already.

Her cunt lips were really wet when she rubbed the hard cock against them. Actually she had been doing that right along since the head of Jocko's cock was so wide, and she wasn't that wide across. She was pressing into him and rotating her hips in a circular motion. She was rotating her hips in one direction and moving his cock in the opposite direction.

That created all kinds of sensations inside her. Sensations that filled up her body and made her shake even more and squirm a little more.

Inside she was already a mass of quivers. Inside she was already overflowing with her cunt liquids. They were flowing right out of her; almost gushing out of her.

Now she eased the head of his cock into her cunt. That seemed to fill her up already. Maybe she wouldn't be able to get him all in, and then she would lose the bet. No, she said to herself, you will get all of him inside you. You will. Not because of the bet. No, not because of that. You'll do it for more important reasons than that. Much more important reasons.

She could hear the people start to clap. They were clapping rather softly and rather timidly. They're all afraid to make me do what they are dying to see, she thought to herself. They are really afraid to see it.

"Clap louder," she said, yelling like she had that one time before.

"Clap louder or I'll stop right now. You wouldn't want that would you?"

No, I'm sure you don't. You want to see this, and I want to do it for you. Now clap louder or else I'll

just get up and walk off right now.

Did you hear me?"

No one said a word, but they all began to clap as loud as they could.

They clapped so loud and so hard and so fast that their hands hurt them in no time, but still they kept right on clapping because they knew what would happen if they didn't.

"That's it," Vicky said, easing another inch of Jocko's cock inside her until she could feel the second piece of string, "now you're clapping the right way. Keep it up though. The minute you stop, I stop. And you don't want that. None of you here wants that. Not even my husband. He wants it more than all of you put together."

Then she didn't say another word the whole time. She worked around those first two inches that were inside her, and the fullness that she felt, plus the warmth, was making her head spin already. That was just what it was doing. She could feel her tits heaving up and down so very fast.

That's the way to do it, she said to herself, coaching herself along.

That's just the way to do it. She closed her cunt muscles around that part of his cock that was in her, and she closed them around his cock just as hard as she could. That made more of her sex juices flow.

She heard the clapping get louder, and that's when she eased another inch of his cock inside her. She felt that third piece of string and again she stopped. Again she began to work on that part of Jocko's cock that was now inside her. Now it was three inches, and before too long, it would be four, and five, etc.

She just knew that she was going to be able to get Jocko's whole cock inside her. At last she knew that she wanted to, and that was all that mattered to her. If she wanted to, then she could. It was that simple.

It had to be. She rotated her hips more and more and that seemed to excite Jocko, not that he needed to be excited. He was that already.

For some reason she opened her eyes. That's when she saw the leather strap that was hanging down under Jocko's underside. She could tell that it went all around his middle like those strings went around his cock. It was something she could use, like that time with Chris' horse, when she had raised herself on the stirrups.

Now she didn't really have to use this strap, the platform did all that for her. But she would use it because she wanted to. She could make it feel better that way. She could really hump away on him and really throw her cunt open wide. She thought of that and more as she grabbed hold of the strap.

She pulled herself up on it and she lowered herself down on his cock so that another inch of his cock went into her. She felt the fourth string. She felt warmer and fuller now. His cock felt as if it was expanding inside her. Expanding both in roundness and in length.

"Oh, please," she said under her breath, "keep feeling like this the whole time. Let me feel you feel like this the whole time that you are in me." And she was sure that that was how he would feel the whole time that he was in her. Now she moved around those four inches like she had the first three, the first two, and even the very first inch that went in her. An inch of his cock seemed longer than

the inch of some other cock.

Now she could feel her sex juices really starting to pour out of her, and she could feel his cock throbbing away as he got ready to fill her with his hot, sticky, slimy cream. She could feel it building up inside him, and she could also feel that it was just busting to get out and in her.

The clapping continued. And now it was as loud as it would ever get.

They were clapping with all their might, and they were stomping their feet, and they were yelling at the top of their lungs for her to take the whole cock inside her. That was what they wanted now. They wanted it all in her.

They couldn't take this inch at a time stuff. Not any more. They wanted her to finish the job now. Get it all inside her and just work out on it until she was drained or the horse was drained. This is what they were watching for anyway.

I think I'll tease them a little more, Vicky said, easing in just another inch of Jocko's cock, and that was all. Let them really scream for me to shove it all inside me. And they will soon. Soon enough they'll be screaming just the way I want them to. And it'll be before I get another inch inside me.

As usual she was right about those things. She heard them screaming at the very top of their lungs for her to shove it into her all the way.

She felt her body relax somewhat, and she felt herself opening her thighs wider, thus opening her cunt wider. It's amazing how big I am inside, she thought to herself, as she got ready to take in the rest of Jocko's cock.

She knew there was a lot more left, but she always knew that she would get it all in her. She had done it in Beatrice's dream, and she would do it now. Yes, she most certainly would. Yes, Beatrice, she almost said out loud, this is for the both of us. It is indeed for you just like it's for me. Your dream made it possible, you know.

She began to grind into Jocko's cock harder and harder, and then she could feel the rest of his cock sliding right inside her. It went in her so very fast that it took her breath away, what little breath she had left. It was like a sharp pointed knife going in her. Yes, that was just what it was.

Either that or a hard metal stake. Now it was driven right up inside of her, and she could feel his bag-like balls slapping hard against her ass. He was ramming his cock in and out of her, and he was actually fucking her now. He was actually fucking her as if she was a female horse.

You never had a more responsive fuck than me, she said to herself, humping hard into his groin, feeling it go so far inside her on every inward stroke. It seemed to split her in half, and she thought she felt her whole body getting ready to explode. And that was just what she did feel.

She really did feel as if her whole body was going to split into a million pieces and just go flying off in all directions at once. Watch out for my pieces, she felt like yelling at the audience that was more frantic now than before. They were seeing just what they wanted to see, what they had wanted to see right from the beginning.

Vicky really had teased them beyond the breaking point, and that was why they were now acting this way. They were mad people. They were animals. They were grunting and groaning as if it was them that was fucking her. Right then every single one of them felt as if he was fucking her.

Vicky could feel that and it turned her on to the breaking point. And now that she was at the breaking point she could feel Jocko getting more ready to explode. More ready than he was a few seconds ago. More ready than he had been the whole time. Yes, it's going to happen very soon, she told herself.

It was going to happen soon, and it was all going to happen to her, and she and Jocko were the ones who were going to make it happen. Only they could make something like this happen, and they were on the verge of doing just that. They seemed to stay on the verge for the longest time.

Vicky could feel herself still building to her climax and she could feel her whole body going soft inside. Her cunt was so sore that she thought she would never be able to fuck again. He was stroking her so hard inside, and he kept stroking her harder and harder inside.

That hard, burning cock flesh of his was making the inside of her pussy burn more than it ever had before, and that was because it was burning so much. It was burning to the point where she thought it would go up in flames almost. And of course she felt the very same way inside.

He came into her first, and that sudden jerk, and that first gush of come, sent her flying in space. It went right through her whole body once, and then it went through her whole body a second and a third time. Then on came his come, and that did the exact same thing.

That seemed to go all through her, and she was flying higher in space.

This must be what it's like to be high on drugs, she thought. I got there with them. I can get there anytime that I want to. And I'm sure I'll want to many, many times. She felt her own orgasm then, and that shook her as much as his orgasm had. Her own come seemed to go all through her also.

There was a steady stream of come pouring out of his still very hard cock, and she tried to keep as much of it inside her cunt as she possibly could. Naturally she couldn't keep it all inside her cunt.

There was just too much of him. She felt his come dripping down her thighs and under her ass.

His sticky, hot cream seemed to be everywhere, and even places where it wasn't. Where she knew that it wasn't. It didn't matter though. She could feel it in those places as well. She could feel it all inside her, and all over the outside of her. It was burning her flesh up.

Inside, it was making her quiver so much that she didn't think she would ever be able to stop. Of course, she didn't want to stop either.

The people seemed to have died on her, but that was because they knew that she had had an orgasm and that Jocko had had an orgasm. Now they waited to see who would be drained first.

Vicky could feel herself getting quite limp, almost to the point where she felt like she was going to black out. She didn't though, and she was amazed by the fact that she didn't. She was already set to lose the bet now. It didn't matter one way or the other.

What really mattered was what Jocko had just done to her, and what he was still doing to her. Nothing else but that made any real difference to her. Certainly not some stupid bet that she hadn't cared about to begin with. That was just an excuse, a reason to do what she had done, and what she was still doing.

Now she knew that she would never need an excuse to do anything with Jocko anytime. She had all the reasons in the world for doing what she knew she was going to be doing from now on. They

would take Jocko back first thing tomorrow, and she would drive him. That way, she knew he would get back.

Jocko's cock was still exploding inside, and then the last of his come just dripped into her. She yelled at him to leave it in her as if she really thought that he could understand.

"No," she finally said at the very top of her lungs so that everyone could hear her-even though that had not been her intention, she had only wanted Jocko to hear her, and he didn't seem to hear her at all,

"No, Jocko, stay deep inside me where you belong. Stay in me, Jocko. I want more of you. I want much more."

She kept yelling that over and over, even after Jocko was no longer inside her, and even after he was no longer hard enough so he could get back in her. Everyone stared at her in total disbelief. She had taken all that from that horse and now she was begging for more. She was actually demanding more, and wanting more. How could that be?

Vicky could feel herself getting dizzier and dizzier. They didn't see that though. All they saw was her trying desperately to grab for his cock so that she could get him back inside her. That was all they saw, and to them, that was all they had to see. She had won. She had outlasted the horse.

Vicky was really beside herself when James picked her up and carried her back to the stable. All the other people paid or collected their bets, and then drifted off to their own rooms to dream about what they had just seen. Beatrice collected all the bets for James, herself, and Vicky. It came to quite a bit.

James had put Vicky in the bed and then he left her there and went outside where Beatrice was standing with all the money in her hand. She wasn't counting it just yet, and instead she was just waving it about in the air above her head. It wasn't the money that excited her though.

"It happened the same way that it did in my dream," she yelled, knowing full well that he didn't have the faintest idea what she was talking about. That was one little detail she had left out, and probably the only one, but it was most likely the most important thing she could have told him, and didn't. And she didn't plan on telling him now either.

"She did it for the both of us," she then said, and with that she collapsed on the ground on her knees. She could feel the rocks digging into her soft knee caps and cutting her, but she didn't have the will or the energy to get up. She had used it all in that one last yell.

James just looked at her and shook his head.

"I know it can't be the money that's got you this way," he said. "How could it when we've had so much of it all our lives? No, you actually thought it was you the horse was fucking. And you can feel him still fucking you right this very minute."

Beatrice just nodded her head.

"I thought as much," James said, picking her up off the ground. "You're just like her now, or she's just like you. It's hard to tell at this point just who became this way first. I know I can't tell, and I'm not even going to bother to."

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Chapter Nine

James then carried Beatrice into the stable, first lifting her high in his arms, and then going right through the open stable doors. He took her in the small room where Vicky was in one bed and already asleep, and he lay Beatrice down in the other one, and she was asleep before her head hit the pillow.

James watched them both for a few minutes longer, and then he went back outside. First he took a look at Jocko who seemed all done in. He had to laugh at that, and he patted Jocko on the flanks before he went outside. It was pitch black out and it was more than just chilly.

James felt a sudden chill and then he felt a slight degree of fear, although he wasn't exactly sure just what it was that he was supposed to be afraid of. Not being able to think of anything, he drove the thought, and even the fear from his mind. He had more important things to think about and worry about than some unknown fear.

He couldn't see very well, and he made his way very cautiously in what he thought was the direction of the parking lot where Vicky had parked the car (he had flown up on a private plane himself and that was why he had gotten there before they did). He stumbled and almost fell more than once.

Finally when he reached the car-and it seemed like it took him a full hour to get there-he opened the door and climbed in the back seat. He lay down full length in the back seat, and before he knew it he was asleep. And then, before he was halfway through his dream, a hand was shaking him awake.

It turned out to be Beatrice.

"What time is it?" he asked,

"I don't know," she responded. "My watch stopped, and I haven't bothered to ask anyone. We'll find out soon enough."

"How is Vicky?" he then asked, as if he was afraid to, and in a way he was.

"Your little wife is doing fine," Beatrice chimed, meaning every word because she wanted to more than anything else in the world. "In fact, she's out horseback riding and has been for a few hours now. I guess she got up at the crack of dawn, and she's been riding around that track ever since. She looks good on a horse."

"As good as she looks under a horse?" he asked.

"Probably," Beatrice replied, adding nothing further because she could sense his bad mood.

"That horse could have fallen on her and killed her," he said, not knowing if he was angry because it hadn't done that, or just mad at himself for wanting it to happen, and yet glad that it didn't.

"I hear some queen or something died like that," Beatrice said. "I read it in this history book that told about the sex lives of royalty. This queen, or whatever she was, loved horses, and she wouldn't let anything else fuck her. Nothing or no one at all. She just liked big, ugly work horses though and not racing horses. The bigger and uglier they were the better she liked it. She said that they had bigger cocks than all the other horses. Anyway, she was going at this one horse, and she had this contraption set up where the horse was almost standing up on his back legs. She was riding him good with everything she had when the cables broke and he just fell right on top of her and killed her. They don't tell things like that in the average history book. You have to look for those things,

and I did. I'm glad I did too."

"I'll just bet you are," James sneered.

He was now out of the car and he was standing up straight on his two feet. His heart felt as if it had been stepped on, and his mouth felt dry, and his legs felt a little shaky, but other than that, he was more or less awake.

"I still say she could have gotten killed and I don't think that people should let those things happen," he said, raising his voice more than he intended to. "It is downright perverted, and it means that she's nothing but a pervert. And a race track pervert at that."

"You knew that when you married her," Beatrice said, feeling she had to defend Vicky. "You forced her even. She didn't force you and you know it. If you don't like what you got, it's too late to cry about it now.

You made the original choice, and now you just have to live with it the best way you can."

"I could always divorce her," he then shot back at her like the angry child he felt like right then. "I have ample grounds and I have plenty of witnesses."

Beatrice looked at him and laughed out loud, almost splitting a gut as she did so. "Who the hell do you think you're kidding? You won't divorce her and you know it. You divorced the other two when you found them in bed with me, but you wouldn't divorce her if you found her in bed with me."

And James knew he wouldn't. No matter what he said, it was all just talk. Somewhere, deep inside of his being was a spirit, a wraith that needed and wanted all of which he now so openly condemned. 'Pervert' and 'perversion' were words to throw, open defenses of himself for all the world to see but only words. Deep within his own being he knew that he must answer the nagging, desperate needs of his and her own flesh.

The End