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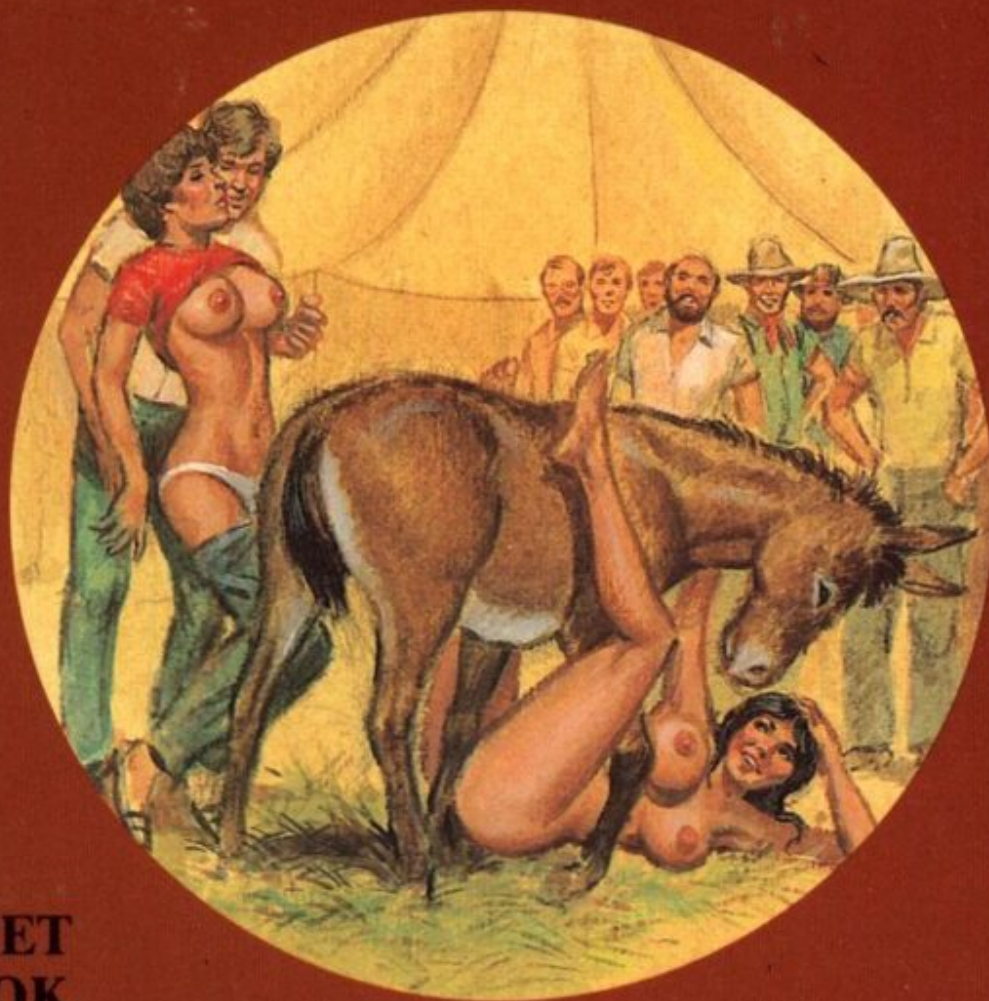


PB342  \$3.95

NEW BOOK  
May 1984

# MOM'S DONKEY SHOW

by Frank Brown



A PET  
BOOK

## CHAPTER ONE

Connie was sobering up fast despite all the tequila she'd guzzled this evening. She sensed danger in the tent, felt the animal tension. She realized she was the only woman in here and all eyes were on her. She dug her fingernails into Matt's arm.

"Matt, take me out of here," she said under her breath, her words sluggish from the tequila.

"Don't be silly," Matt said, nowhere near as drunk as Connie although he'd put down a lot more liquor. "The show's about to start. Every vet oughta see something like this."

A hand started rubbing Connie's ass and she spun around. "Hands off, buster!"

The young Mexican showed his teeth in a dirty leer and tipped a green bottle to his lips. His companions, a half dozen shirtless Mexican youths, laughed at her. She turned away from them, searching the crowd for Billy, desperate to grab him and drag him out of here with her. To hell with Matt! He could stay if he wanted to be stubborn. She and Billy would find their way back to the hotel alone, even if they had to run all the way.

Connie scanned the crowd frantically, the haze of cigar smoke stinging her eyes and making her cough. Where had the little devil run off to? She spotted him at last, his blond head shining among all the dark heads. He was standing right at the front, at the edge of the circle formed by the crowd. He'd stripped off his shirt and looked lily-white compared to all the dark skin around him, and suddenly Connie feared for her son as much as for herself. She tried forcing her way through the crowd.

Matt grabbed her. "For God's sake! Where are you going?"

"I'm getting out of here. I'm gonna' get Billy, and we're getting out of here. Let me go!"

Matt had her by the waist and pulled her against him. She wasn't sure, but she thought she felt something very hard against her ass for a moment. Matt turned her toward him. The Mexican youths were laughing.

"Calm down," Matt said. "It's too late to leave. The show's gonna start any second."

"Matt, I said I'm..."

A cheer went up from the crowd, stunning Connie into silence. Matt turned her back toward the clearing at the center of the tent. A fat Mexican, smoking a cigar, his shirt open and his belly bulging out, led a huge mongrel stud into the ring. The dog looked like a cross between a Great Dane, an Irish setter, a German shepherd, and a Doberman. The dog growled, glaring at the crowd, and the Mexican cuffed it alongside the head.

Connie was entranced. What were they going to do with the dog? When Matt had suggested at the nightclub that there was a unique animal act in Tijuana that a veterinarian like herself simply had to see, Connie had been so giddy on tequila that she'd gone along gladly. Little had she known that Matt was going to drag her and Billy through dark streets and back alleys to a dilapidated tent that smelled like a combination barn and outdoor toilet. The tent was crammed with sweaty males, many of them very drunk. They looked at her as if she were a new zoo specimen and she'd begun sobering up immediately.



The cheering soared, punctuated with whistles and catcalls, most of them in Spanish. Connie couldn't believe her eyes. Making its way into the ring now was a donkey, being led by another fat Mexican. Astride the donkey's back sat a completely naked young girl, her tits well-developed for her age, her shiny black hair trailing all the way to her ass. As she rode through the crowd, smiling shyly, sweaty hands reached out for her, stroking her legs and feet, pinching her ass. A man broke from the crowd and shoved his head between her legs, biting at the black fur of her pussymound. An attendant beat him away with a riding crop, and the crowd's cheering crescendoed.

Connie stood there with her mouth open, frozen where she stood. She'd never witnessed anything so obscene in her life. Suddenly she remembered Billy and she panicked. She had to get him out of here. There was no telling what would happen next, no telling what kind of filthy show Matt had dragged them to. This was nothing for a young boy to see. She tried, but she couldn't move.

The girl unsteadily rose to her feet on the back of the donkey, her tits jiggling slightly, her black little cuntbush glimmering in the light of the bare overhead lightbulbs. Her toes curled against the donkey's back as she balanced. She squatted slightly, at the same time pulling apart her pussylips with her fingers. Her pink cuntmeat gleamed, dripping with juice as she flashed it at the crowd of men. The men cheered.

Connie was stunned, completely fascinated. She gazed at the scene, her heart slamming. She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

The young, dark-skinned girl turned, showing her spread cunt to all the men in the crowd. As she displayed herself, juice began to trickle from her cunt and leak down the insides of her thighs. She bent forward then and tugged apart her smooth little asscheeks, showing the men her moist, pink, twitching asspucker. The youth who had felt her ass stepped up along side Connie, gazing at the girl's ass and muttering in Spanish, the muscles of his naked shoulder rippling as his arm moved.

Connie glanced down, her heart momentarily lodging in her throat. What she saw now was even more unbelievable than the naked girl on the donkey. The boy had his cock out and was slowly fisting it, working the foreskin off and on his shiny purple knob. Fucklube bubbled from his huge hard-on, running over his knuckles, dripping on the dirt floor of the tent. Connie started to shake. She felt a tightening in her crotch, in her loins. She looked away quickly, back toward the center of the tent.

The lithe young girl slid off the donkey. She was a dark, slim young girl with flawless skin, shiny raisin eyes, and upturned nipples at the ends of her large yet firm tits. The mongrel stud started to struggle as the girl approached it. She let the huge dog, which stood on all fours nearly as tall as the girl herself, sniff at her pussy, then at her ass. The dog's cock flexed, completely escaped from its hairy sheath like a long red snake. The sizzling dog prick, with its arrow-shaped head, squirmed and wiggled as the girl wiped some of her cunt juice on the dog's wet snout. The dog struggled so hard to break loose that two men had to restrain it.

The young girl slid under the dog, wiggling her ass in the dirt as she began to sniff the dog's prick. Connie watched in speechless shock, her head buzzing. It was as if she were surrounded by animals. She chewed her lips as she watched, aghast, as the young girl began to lick the hound's rampant prick.

Now it took three Mexicans to hold the dog. He put his snout in the air and howled as the girl swallowed his dogcock to the sheath and began to munch on it. As she bobbed her head, her tight lips sliding up and down on the dog's cock, her black hair swept the ground behind her ass. She gripped the dog's balls in her hand, squeezing them, massaging them. Her other hand moved up

between the dog's legs and her middle finger wiggled under the dog's quivering, uplifted tail, the tip of it probing the hound's asshole. She twisted her small hand and deftly screwed her finger up the hound's asshole to the hilt. Suddenly she began choking.

The dog's cock slipped out of her mouth, shooting long strands of milky cum all over her face. She pumped her finger in the dog's asshole, squeezed his contracting nuts, and lapped at his flexing, spurting prick. The hound howled, humping frantically squirting his cum all over the girl's cheeks, onto her tits, into her open mouth. She sucked up his cock again and sucked it until the dog stopped humping. Then she spit his cock out, swallowing his cum.

She slid out from underneath him and stood, smiling at the crowd as she wiped the dogcum off her body and face with her hands, then licked her hands clean. What she didn't clean off, she rubbed into her young skin like lotion.

Connie felt a hand on her lower back and she was about to twist away when she realized it was Matt's hand. She pressed her back against his hand, glad for the support. Her legs were shaking so that she feared they'd fold under her. Matt's thick fingers slid a few inches down into her jeans and the contact was comforting.

The Mexican girl crawled under the donkey now, dropping to her knees, reaching out to gather up the beast's dangling cock. As she massaged the naked donkeycock from one end to the other, it swelled and stiffened. The donkey began to snort as the girl rubbed herself all over his arm-like cock, stroking it with her belly and tits, hugging it, kissing and licking it as if it were her teddy bear.

Fucklube ran like thick syrup from the donkey's prong, trickling down the girl's brown stomach. She sat on her heels, her black hair brushing her beautiful round asscheeks, and she lifted the donkey's dripping cock to her mouth. As she licked the beast's throbbing cock knob, he brayed. She shoved her tongue into the open pisshole, fucking it.

Men helped steady the donkey as the girl blew him. The beast stirred restlessly, dancing on all four hooves. The girl ran her nimble fingers all over his cock as if she were playing a gigantic flute. She opened her mouth wide, allowing the entire head of the donkey's cock to fill it. Then she sucked, reaching her right arm out long, tickling his balls, which she could hardly reach, with her fingertips. The donkey's flanks quivered. Men shouted at him, holding him as he tried to rear up.

Connie knew this must be a dream. How could anything so perverted happen in real life? She realized that Matt's fingers had slid down farther, that he'd pushed them under her panties and was feeling her naked ass. His finger slid up and down between her ass cheeks, greased by the moisture there. She would have resisted him, but she was too stunned and too weak to fight. Besides, Matt's hand steadying her was all that was keeping her from falling over.

The donkey brayed wildly, trying to hump as the young girl sucked and jacked him off. The girl's hands became a blur around his cock. Suddenly her cheeks ballooned and she was choking. The donkey danced, humping, braying as he fucked his hot cum down the girl's throat. Cum poured from the girl's mouth, running down her brown skin like gray slime. She managed at last to uncork the throbbing cock knob from her mouth and gasped for breath as the huge fucker flexed in her hands, spurting hot fuckslime all over her.

It was like a fat hose spurting a milky glue. The girl grinned, letting the braying beast squirt all over her face and tits and belly. Gobs of donkey jism hung from her stiff nipples like frosting. When the donkey had stopped shooting, she milked his cock, sucking on the end of his knob and slurping down the thick cum as it bubbled out. Then she cleaned herself, licking off her fingers and smiling at the

crowd of grunting men.

Connie felt drugged now, completely helpless. Her mind wouldn't function except in slow motion. The grunting of the men around her, most of whom were pounding their pricks raw, filled her head, along with the smell of hot, steaming cock. Matt was unsnapping her jeans so he could shove his other hand down into her panties. His hot fingers rubbed and pinched her swollen cunt and she found herself panting, moaning, getting dizzier and hotter by the moment.

The young Mexican girl bent over, bracing her elbows on her knees, showing the hound her ass. Her long hair hung along her cheeks now, the tips of it tickling the ground in front of her toes. The men released the dog and it lunged at her, shoving its snout between her legs, sniffing her crotch madly, licking her dripping fuckmeat. His snout twisted between her asscheeks, its wet, black nostrils rubbing her asspucker.

His pink tongue lapped up and down her asscrack and she wiggled her naked ass, gibbering in Spanish. The dog rose up on its hind legs, gripping her waist with his huge paws as he mounted her. His long red prick knifed at her open pussy, finding the cunthole in seconds. As his long cock sank into the girl's body, she shivered all over.

At that moment, Matt wiggled a thick finger up into Connie's cunt and she shivered all over too, the hot fuckjuices running out of her and into Matt's hand. She moaned out loud and she heard Matt grunt.

The mongrel hound sank his claws into the girl's brown skin. His tongue flapped as he panted, his dog-spit dribbling on the girl's lower back. He humped so fast that Connie could hardly see his prick. Only occasionally, when he pulled it nearly out of the girl, did Connie catch glimpses of the shiny, red, wormlike dogprick.

The young girl wiggled her ass, fucking her cunt on the dog's pistoning cock, churning her hot little ass against his hairy loins. As she fucked, the cuntcream ran out of her, sliding down the insides of her legs like a thick, clear glue. She tossed her head from side to side, muttering in Spanish. Her brown toes curled, digging into the dirt.

The crowd seemed to pulsate, grunts and groans and swearing poured from the men as they swayed dizzily on their feet, beating their lube-running cocks. Their eyes raped the young girl as they watched her squirm under the humping hound.

"Fuck her, give it to her, screw the shit outa her!" came the voices of the English-speaking men.

And words uttered in the same lustful tones came in Spanish from the mouths of the Mexicans. The hound responded by growling, clawing, ramming harder and faster. His furry loins hammered, his prick a blur as it pistoned.

Matt's finger pistoned in Connie's cunt, and Connie saw stars, her hot cunt squirming, the walls of her cunthole quivering and sucking. It had been so long since anything except her own fingers had been up her cunt that she'd almost forgotten how good it felt. She crossed her legs and squeezed them together, going out of her mind with the hot itchy feelings.

The hound started howling, his head thrown back, his snout up high. His flanks shivered. He suddenly dropped his head forward and rounded his back. He growled, his dangling tongue slobbering spit all over the girl's brown neck. His loins jerked powerfully and the girl's body jerked as if electricity were being shot up her cunt.

"Mmmmm!" she moaned, her head snapping back, her eyes rolling. "Unh, uhhhhh!" Her body shuddered, her toes clawing at the ground.

Two men stepped forward and forcibly uncoupled the dog from the girl. As his prick slipped out of her, he howled loudly and his jism squirted in sticky strands all over the girl's brown ass and back. The spasming girl cried out as if in pain and shoved her hand between her legs, clawing at her sizzling cunt as the dog continued to shoot all over her ass.

The dog's red cock looked like a beet-red, flexing candycane, and it shivered violently with each spurt. Before he was done shooting, the men allowed the dog to remount the girl and shove his spurting prick back inside her. Both the dog and the girl groaned in ecstasy.

Connie's eyes rolled back. She shook all over. She swayed dizzily and fell against Matt as the spasms exploded in her own cunt. She clung to Matt, grunting, humping, her fuck juices gushing into his hand as he finger fucked her to maddening ecstasy. As she writhed, completely helpless, her hand was taken and wrapped around a hot slippery rod of cockmeat.

Thrills shot up and down her arm as she massaged the squirming slab of fuckmeat. After only a few strokes, the cock exploded, spurting hot cockcream into her hand. She rubbed the jism on the pulsating prickhead and heard moans of pained pleasure. When she eventually opened her eyes, starting to recover, she found the Mexican youth leering at her, her hand full of his cock and cum.

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## CHAPTER TWO

A cheer went up and Connie jerked her head, looking toward the center of the ring. She straightened herself, pushing away from Matt and pulling her cum-dripping hand off the Mexican youth's cock. At first she stared in shock, then she started to scream. Matt clapped his hand over her mouth, holding her from behind and telling her to calm down. She chewed his fingers, her chest heaving.

That was her son up there! That was Billy!

Billy appeared to have lost his mind. He'd stumbled to the middle of the circle, his jeans around his ankles, his white young body looking more naked than naked, his cock jutting from his loins like a club. As the hound was dragged off the girl, Billy took the dog's place, gripping the Mexican girl at the waist just as the hound had, sliding his adolescent prick into her young cunt and fucking her frantically.

The crowd screamed as if cheering on a matador. One of the Mexican attendants moved toward Billy.

Connie screamed into Matt's palm as the riding crop licked across Billy's white back, leaving a thin red welt.

Billy winced but continued to hump, fucking his big teenaged cock in the young girl's jism-greased pussyhole. His skinny ass dimpled with each fuck-thrust. His fingers sank deeper into the girl's skin and his tongue hung out, dripping.

The Mexican switched him again with the crop, then again.



Billy chewed his lips, trying to ignore the whip. The muscles of his skinny body rippled as he fucked the girl's beautiful brown ass. His back, beaded with sweat, was crisscrossed with welts and he was trembling all over. As the crop stung his skin again, he hunched over the girl and chewed on her shoulder. His ass jerked and he moaned loudly, his half-changed voice cracking and going from low-pitched to boyishly high-pitched. The Mexican flung down his riding crop, grabbed Billy by his blond hair, and yanked.

Billy's head snapped back, his back arching, his spasming cock popping out of the girl's pussyhole. The Mexican held him, gasping, as the crowd cheered and Billy's jism spurting onto the girl's ass. His young prick flexed just as wildly as the dogprick had, spurting just as far. His jism was whiter, however, glistening on the girl's brown skin.

When Billy had finished spurting, the fat Mexican placed his boot squarely on Billy's ass and launched him into the crowd, which cheered and laughed, welcoming him back.

Connie whimpered, shaking all over, her mouth clamped shut by Matt's fingers. Suddenly Matt's hard, naked cock was sliding against her ass. He'd forced her jeans down enough to bare her ass and now he was humping against it. He pushed his cock down farther, slipping it between her legs, fucking her between her thighs. As his long prickshaft slid along her greased crotch, she weakened in his arms, dizzy, helpless. He unclapped his hand from her mouth and she moaned softly, delirious with desire. She hadn't felt a hard cock between her legs in months, so many months, not since she'd divorced Sam.

In the ring, four Mexicans had hold of the naked girl, two of them puffing on cigars as they lifted her. The four men, two on each side of the donkey, held the girl by the torso and legs as they lifted her against the underside of the beast. The girl reached up, her small brown fingers clutching at the donkey's ribs as she pulled her tits up against his furry abdomen. The men holding her legs forced them wide apart and the girl pointed her brown toes like a gymnast. A fifth man, squatting between the donkey's hind legs, lifted the beast's baseball bat cock, wiping the dripping tip of it against the girl's jism-dripping pussy.

Connie squirmed in Matt's arms as he slipped his hard hot prick back and forth between her thighs. She couldn't take her eyes off the scene in the ring. The donkey's cock was as long and thick as one of the girl's arms. The girl squirmed, rubbing her cunt against the animal's prickhead. Her brown toes wriggled excitedly. Connie realized that the jizz leaking from the girl's pussyhole was the combined jism of the mongrel stud and of her own son. This was unreal!

The donkey's flanks quivered. He brayed, thrusting. The girl whined loudly as the beast's huge cockhead stuffed her pussy. The crowd cheered. The donkey humped, ramming at least eight more inches of his cock into the girl's teenaged pussy. The girl squirmed madly, her eyes wobbling. The men spread her legs even farther as the donkey plunged a third of his gigantic prick in and out of her cunt.

"Yeahhh!" Matt growled. "Fuck her! Ream her out, yeahhh!" He was humping at Connie's ass, shimmying his hard prick between her clenched thighs.

Connie couldn't stop trembling. She was sickened by this whole scene, sickened by Matt too, but she stared straight ahead, watching every thrust of the braying donkey, watching the young girl writhe as she was fucked on the donkey's cock. Matt chewed on the back of Connie's neck and she shivered with goose bumps. As his cock filled her cuntslit, her throbbing pussy drooled hot fuckslime all over it.

The young Mexican girl clawed at the donkey's flanks, her lithe little body writhing like an eel, her toes clutching repeatedly at the balls of her feet. As the huge donkeyprick reamed out her cunt, she shrieked, gibbering in Spanish, her eyes rolled back into her skull.

The crowd went crazy. The scent of jism rose in the air as more and more men shot their loads. One of the men holding the girl's legs hauled out his prick and pounded it fiercely, popping his cockhead in and out of his fore skin. Suddenly he started licking the girl's foot and sucking on her wriggling toes. He shot off in seconds, spurting his white cum into the dirt.

The donkey hee-hawed as if he'd lost his mind, apparently incensed not only with his fucking but by the mania of the crowd. The beast twisted his head, shook it, braying incessantly as he humped, ramming his huge cockpole up the pussy of the shrieking young girl. In and out, in and out, slid his gleaming cock. In and out, in and out, in and out.

Matt crushed Connie in his arms, his fuck thrusts matching those of the donkey, his big cock burning between her thighs. Connie's cunt sizzled as Matt's prickrod rubbed against it. Her clit protruded from between her pussy-lips, filed mercilessly against Matt's sliding cock. Connie's pussy tightened, the fuck-itch driving her crazy. She rubbed her bare ass madly against Matt's loins.

"Eeeeeeeeh!" the Mexican girl wailed, her body convulsing, shuddering as if she were being electrocuted. "Eeeeeeeeh!" Her toes clawed at the balls of her feet, her fingers raked the ribcage of the donkey. "Aiehhhh!"

Humping out of control, the donkey reared up, breaking free of the men restraining him. He balanced on his hind legs, ramming his cock in and out of the girl's spasming cunt. His flanks shuddered violently and he brayed madly, his brown eyes rolling. As his cum exploded into the naked girl, she jerked, grunting, gasping. Before he'd pumped half his load into her, his fuckslime was running out of her ravaged cunt.

"I'm coming!" Matt gasped into Connie's ear. "Catch it, oh Christ!" His prick swelled between her legs, contracted, pumping cum. He moaned, biting at Connie's neck.

Connie was delirious. She cupped her hands in front of Matt's cockhead and caught his hot thick cum as it spurted out. As the hot fluid gushed into her hands and Matt's prick flexed between her thighs, Connie's cunt went into spasms. She shuddered in Matt's arms, letting the hot feelings overwhelm her. She was still spasming when Matt stopped shooting, and she raised her shaking hands to her mouth, sucking and slurping his cum out of them. Cum dribbled down her neck, soiling her blouse, but she didn't care. Her lust was too great.

It was only after she'd recovered her senses that she realized that she'd swallowed not only Matt's cum, but that of the filthy Mexican youth as well.

"Let's go," Matt said. "Zip up quick and let's get out of here."

"Billy," she said. "Where's Billy?"

"We'll find him," Matt said. "But let's move it!"

They were both suddenly very sober, neither lust nor tequila clouding their judgment anymore. They found Billy and left in a hurry.

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## CHAPTER THREE

Connie lounged in her hotel room, staring blankly at Johnny Carson on the TV. She wore her bathrobe, with nothing underneath it, and her bare feet were propped up on a footstool. This was so weird, being in Mexico and watching Johnny Carson. It was some San Diego channel, she believed. She heard Johnny's voice, saw his picture, but her thoughts were elsewhere. She sipped ice water, trying to calm her nerves. She didn't dare drink anymore alcohol tonight.

They'd made it back to the hotel alive, having luckily found a taxi after wandering down only a few dark alleys after they'd fled the sex-show tent. Billy hadn't said a word all the way back. He'd stared out the window, his face permanently flushed. He smelled of sweat, cum, and the Mexican girl's pussy. Matt had tried to make silly conversation, but Connie had also remained silent, her embarrassment as great as her son's, if not more so.

Matt had wanted to come into Connie's room for a nightcap, or for her to come to his room, but she'd politely declined. Now the three of them were in their own separate rooms, Matt's down the hall, hers and Billy's linked by a common bathroom.

Things were turning out quite different from what Connie had expected. She'd come on this trip because she hadn't trusted Matt to come here alone with Billy. Matt was one of her wealthy clients, the owner of some prize animals. She'd been treating his high-priced dogs and horses for years. He lived on a ranch outside town, a bachelor, alone with his animals, which was strange because Matt was such a handsome hunk of a man.

Lately, especially since Connie had divorced Sam, Matt had been chumming around a lot with Billy. Too much to suit Connie. She had her suspicions, Matt being a bachelor and spending so much time with a boy young enough to be his son. And so when Matt had proposed the trip to Mexico, a flight to Tijuana for the weekend Connie had insisted she go along.

How wrong she'd been! Matt wouldn't keep his hands off her! It was obvious now that he'd been spending so much time with Billy so he could get closer to her. She realized now that she'd snubbed his every attempt to make a date with her these last several months. The divorce had been too upsetting. She'd shunned all men since the divorce, despite her increasing sexual frustration. She had good reason to distrust men after discovering Sam's deceit and faithlessness.

She'd married Sam while still in college, even before veterinary school. Billy came along within a year after the wedding, after Sam insisted on fucking her a minimum of twice a day. She should have realized even back then that Sam's fuck-lust would lead him to other females eventually.

Connie didn't know if Sam had been fucking around behind her back during the entire fifteen years of their marriage. If he had he'd done a damn good job of keeping it secret. All she knew was that she did catch him at it once, and once was enough. She'd divorced him without giving him a second chance and she'd never forgotten the shock of discovering her husband fucking another woman.

It was a sunny summer afternoon, and Connie had come home from work two hours earlier than usual, something she seldom managed to do. On the way home she'd waved at Billy, on his way to swimming practice on his bike. Matt's car was in the driveway, and Connie had pulled in next to it, quietly closing her own car door so she could surprise him. Little did she know the surprise she herself was in for.

Stepping in the front door, Connie almost tripped over a newspaper sack half-filled with papers. Now what was that doing here? She pictured Trixie Smith, their cute little papergirl with the pigtails who

always wore a baseball cap and went barefoot, a regular little tomboy, about a year younger than Billy.

Connie searched the downstairs, but she could find neither Sam nor anybody else. She was about to call out, starting to feel a touch of uneasiness, when she heard a squealing giggle come from upstairs.

The door of her bedroom was open and noises came from the room. Connie stood in the dimly lit hallway and peered in, stunned speechless and immobile by the action taking place on her very own bed.

Trixie Smith, completely naked, lay sprawled on the pink bedspread, her lips stretched around Sam's erect cock. Sam had straddled the girl's neck and was rubbing his ass against her erect nipples. He hadn't a stitch on either. Clothes were strewn all around the room. The afternoon sunlight blazed in the window, washing over the bed. A strong breeze blew in the window and across the room, bringing the aroma of teenaged cunt to Connie's nostrils.

Connie couldn't move, couldn't scream, couldn't do anything but watch.

"Like it, baby?" Sam asked as he wiggled his big cock in the young girl's mouth, working it between her thinly stretched lips.

"Mmn," she cooed, munching, sucking, her dark eyes gazing up at Sam as if she were madly in love. As she sucked Sam's cock, she wiggled a finger up into her leaking cunt.

Sam pulled his prick out. He was panting, his skin flushed. The girl licked his cock as if it were a gigantic candycane. He lifted up and let her lick his balls, then his crotch. He settled his ass over her face and she sucked on his asshole, moaning, pumping her finger in and out of her sucking pink pussy.

"Christ!" Sam said, his cock throbbing upright against his abdomen and he slid down until he was on his belly between the paper-girl's legs. "Naughty girl!"

He pulled her finger out of her cunt. He sucked her dripping finger off, then plunged his face deeply between her thighs, stretching her pussy wide open with his fingers.

Trixie squirmed all over, gasping, humping. "Oh, I love that! Oooh, lick it! Oh, oh!"

Sam growled, slurping, sucking, driving his tongue in and out of the girl's inflamed pussy. As he sucked her, he humped against the bed spread.

Trixie arched up. Her toes curled and she grabbed Sam's head, crushing it between her thighs, humping at his face, squirming. She gasped repeatedly, her eyes turned back to white slits.

"Eeeeh, I'm coming!"

Sam at last pulled away, Trixie's fuckjuices dripping from his lips. "You dickens, you! That's three times already. How many times are you gonna come today?"

"A hundred," Trixie said with a sigh.

She kicked her legs up in the air, gripping them behind her knees and pulling them wide and well back. Her pink cunt pulsated, clear cuntcream trickling out of it like syrup.

"Shove your big fat cock in me, Sam. Fuck me!"

Sam rose up, his cock looking monstrous, fucklube running out of it like spit. He crawled over the slim young girl with her nubbins and drove his cock straight up her tight pink cunt.

Trixie's arms and legs wrapped around Sam as he settled down on her. She was gasping, her little ass jerking up and down as she fucked herself on Sam's enormous cock.

"Oh Sam, it feels so good! Move it, Sam, move it! Oh, fuck me!"

Sam grunted like a bull, his face as red as a beet as he crushed the little girl under him, grinding his hot prick in and out of her tight, sucking pussyhole.

"Oh Trixie, oh God Trixie, you're so hot, you're so good!"

Connie stood in the hallway shaking, her throat so dry she could hardly swallow. How could this be? How could Sam do such a thing? He was three times the girl's age and twice as heavy. She was the papergirl, for God's sake, with hardly more than fuzz around her pussyhole. And how could she take Sam's cock? Her cunt had appeared hardly capable of taking two fingers.

Trixie clawed Sam's back, kicked at his humping ass, twisted her head from side to side, her mouth open, her eyes closed.

"Oh Sam, fuck me, fuck me!" she cried.

Sam grunted, fucking almost savagely, his cock making obscene squishing noises in the young girl's cunt. His hairy balls flapped against her pink crotch, getting frosted by the pussycream that was frothing out around his plunging cock.

"Baby, you make me feel so fucking good!" The young girl was gasping. "Oh Sam, I'm gonna come again!"

Sam plastered his mouth to hers, shoving his tongue down her throat. He growled, ramming his cock in and out.

Trixie's eyes opened and rolled back deliriously. Her toes curled. Her little butt wiggled madly, her fuckjuices bubbling out around Sam's plunging prick. She moaned into Sam's mouth, her pussy clutching with spasms.

Sam rammed his prick in to the hilt and shook all over. His body jerked with each explosion of his hot cum into the young girl.

Trixie grunted as Sam fucked his cum into her, clinging to him, squirming with youthful pleasure. As their orgasms subsided, Trixie opened her eyes wide.

"Now do it to me the other way," she said.

"What way?"

"You know! The way dogs do it."

"You dickens! How many times am I gonna have to fuck you today before you're satisfied?" Sam pulled his dripping cock out of her, pushing away.

"At least fifty," Trixie said, scrambling up on her hands and knees, Sam's cum oozing from her open pink cunt.

"Oh, you hot little bitch!" Sam said, slipping his cock into her from behind. He rubbed his belly against her upturned, wiggling ass, his cock buried in her to the hilt.

"Ohhh, Sam, that feels so good!" Trixie cooed.

Connie had seen enough. She regained her strength enough to turn and slip quietly out of the house. She went straight to her lawyer, who drew up the divorce papers. In a note to Sam, she advised him not to fight her, unless he wanted Trixie Smith involved. She obtained the divorce in two weeks. Sam forfeited, not even bothering to show up in court, much to Connie's relief. She didn't want to ever see him again. He and Trixie could fuck their guts out together now, for all she cared.

Connie opened her robe, letting it fall aside. The hotel room felt uncomfortably warm, stuffy. She crossed her legs, squeezing them together. Her cunt was throbbing and tight. It always got that way when she recalled Sam with Trixie. As much as the scene had outraged her, it had also made her horny. She'd been driven to finger-fucking over her memory of it more times than she wanted to admit.

Well, now she had more dirty memories to excite her. She'd never forget what she'd witnessed tonight - the Mexican girl with the dog and the donkey. She could still smell the lust in that tent, the sex-aromas given off by all the men, by the animals, by the girl. She could still feel the Mexican youth's cock spurting into her hand while Matt finger-fucked her. She could still feel Matt's hard cock flexing between her legs and spurting more jism into her hands, could still taste the cum she'd licked off her fingers like frosting. It had been months since she'd tasted cum or had felt a hot hard cock. She missed blowing Sam! Missed his pinning her to the bed and fucking her.

She worked her thighs together, rubbing her feet against each other. The pussyjuice leaked out of her like hot melted butter, making her a mess between the legs. She rubbed her tits, feeling their swollen weight, their silky softness and warmth. Her nipples stood up like fingers, surrounded by her erect and tingling cherry-bumps.

She pinched and tweaked her nipples, the fuck-tingles screwing through her cunt. She closed her eyes, picturing the scene in the tent. The first vision that popped into her mind was that of Billy, his cock randy and waving as he stumbled forward to mount the Mexican girl.

She'd had no idea Billy's cock had grown so large. It was certainly as large as Sam's, if not larger. Jutting up out of the young boy's slender loins, it appeared monstrously over-grown.

She shoved her hand between her legs, rubbing her frothing crotch, slipping her finger between the hairy slabs and sawing at the hot wet cuntmeat. As she slipped the finger inside herself, she moaned out loud.

She'd had no idea Billy knew how to fuck. Maybe he'd learned from watching the dog fuck the girl. Who knew, though, maybe Billy had been fucking girls for years without her knowing about it. She was not a prying mother and Billy's sex life was his own business. But it had come as a shock to see him up there fucking that Mexican girl, an exciting shock.

During the months since Sam had left, she'd more than a few times looked at Billy with hungry eyes. He was a young boy, but he exuded male sexuality. And he had the equipment of a man, she knew that now. He certainly had the equipment.



She was finger-fucking herself, thinking about her naked, erect little boy and masturbating furiously.

The bathroom door rattled and Connie's heart leaped. She quickly threw her robe over herself and stood up, tying her belt, then wiping off her fingers on her robe. She stood watching the door, expecting Billy to knock, then enter from the bathroom. Instead, she heard the lock click. He was locking the door from the inside so he could use the bathroom in privacy!

Connie felt a twinge of excitement. She'd never done anything like this before, but she couldn't help herself now. She tip-toed toward the door and knelt in front of it. Like the door that opened from the bathroom into Billy's room, this door had two locks. A deadbolt lock which could be turned only from the bathroom, and a key-lock under the door knob which could be used from the bedroom. Connie carefully slipped the key out of the lock, then peeked through the keyhole.

Billy sat on the toilet, stark naked. He was hunched forward, his elbow on his knee, his chin resting in his hand, looking like the statue of the Thinker. Connie heard a turd plop into the toilet and watched Billy wipe himself.

This is sick, she told herself. You're being disgusting, a pervert. But she kept her eye glued to the keyhole.

Billy stood up, scratching his balls. He milked his cock, letting a few drops of piss fall on the floor. He stepped in front of the mirror and lifted his arms, flexing his biceps. He hadn't a hair under his arms yet, although a small blond tuft sprouted on his groin. He ran his hands down his chest and belly, then played with his nipples. His cock throbbed up, pointing at the ceiling. He grabbed it and started to jerk it off.

Connie's head swam. Her heart slammed so loud she could hardly hear. She steadied herself against the doorframe with her left hand and shoved her right hand into her robe, between her legs. She slipped a finger inside herself and started beating off to the same rhythm as was her son.

Billy rubbed his belly with circular strokes as he pounded his rigid cockrod. His blue eyes looked glassy as he watched himself in the mirror. His fat brown nuts flapped to the rhythm of his cockbeating. He muttered to himself in whispers, some of the words audible to Connie.

"Tits... brown ass... dog... pussy... donkeydick... fuck... bitchgirl... juicy cunt... jism... lick... suck... fuck... hot prick... brown girl..."

"Yes," Connie whispered. Oh yes, I'm as hot as you are, she thought. Oh baby, let's fuck!

Billy humped at his jerking hand, rounding his back, his blue eyes rolling. He grunted, letting out a soft moan as his jism spurted in white streams, splashing all over the mirror and washbasin. As his cum poured out of him, he jerked his loins, his hand a blur on his teenaged cock.

Connie was on the verge of exploding with him when a knock frightened the shit out of her. Panting, shaky, she forced herself up, wiping her fingers on her robe as she went to answer the door.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

"Who is it?" she called out.

"Matt. Can I come in please?" Connie tried to steady herself by breathing deeply. Her heart was still pounding. "It's late, Matt. I was just going to bed."

"Just give me a few minutes. I'd really like to talk to you."

"If it's about what happened tonight, forget it. We were both drunk. I'll pretend it never happened."

"Please, Connie, just let me in for a minute."

He sounded almost desperate. Connie took one last deep breath. "All right," she said, turning the lock.

Like herself, Matt was dressed in a bath robe. His hairy chest peeked at her from the open top of the robe. His feet were bare. He had very muscular calves. After Connie shut the door behind him, he turned and secured the lock.

"Was that necessary?" Connie said.

"In Tijuana it's best to keep your doors locked at all times," Matt said. He was looking around the room, sniffing the air. "Are we alone?"

"What kind of question is that? Of course we're alone. Now what's the problem?"

Matt looked down at her, his face flushed, his breath reeking of liquor. "You're the problem," he said. "You're the problem. You're driving me out of my fucking mind!"

He threw his arms around her, crushing her in a fierce embrace, grinding his loins against her. His cock felt like a billyclub pressed between them.

"Matt, please!" Connie squirmed.

He shoved his tongue down her throat, ripping open her robe and mauling her tits. Connie choked, struggling. He pinched and twisted on her nipples and the fuckjuices ran out of her contracting pussy, running down between her legs like hot oil. She lost all strength, going limp in his arms. Her head fell back and he gnawed on the side of her neck, her body shivering alternately with hot flashes and goosebumps.

Her hand automatically reached inside Matt's robe, groping for his cock. It was a big hard one, as thick and long as Sam's, as Billy's, and it leaked fucklube into her palm. She greased the cock knob with the slimy fuck lube, massaged the big prick from one end to the other, slid her hand down and squeezed the man's egg-sized nuts.

"Oh God, Matt, oh God, I want you!"

Matt was panting, fumbling with the belts of their robes. He forced her robe off her shoulders. She could see his heart pulsating in his chest as he tore off his own robe and let it fall to the floor. Naked, flushed with lust, they stood looking at each other for a few moments, Matt stroking her tits with his fingertips, Connie slipping a loose hand up and down his veiny cock.

Matt growled suddenly, crushing her in a bear hug and stumbling with her to the bed. He dropped her on the mattress, grabbing her legs and forcing them up. He hooked his shoulders under her knees and crushed her thighs against her tits.

"Oh, Connie!"

"Fuck me, Matt, fuck me!"

Connie shivered, wide open, the cuntcream dribbling down into her asscrack. As Matt's cockhead kissed the wet, sizzling meat between her pussy-slabs, a rash of itchy thrills saturated her pussy and spread through her loins. She dug her fingernails into Matt's flanks, pulling him toward her. As his cock sank into her frothing pussy she cried out with pleasure, not caring who heard her.

"Baby!" Matt moaned, grinding his cock inside her. "Oh baby, I've wanted this for so long!"

He began to slide his cock in and out of her, all eight hard inches of it, and Connie thought she would lose her mind. She wiggled her ass, squirming under him, wondering how she could possibly have denied herself such pleasure all these months.

"Oh Matt, move it, give it to me good, oh yes!"

Matt's nostrils dilated like a bull's as he fucked his thick prick down into her. His fat cockhead fucked in and out of her pussy and his balls flapped against her crotch, exciting her.

"This is good, this is so good, oh Matt!"

She tossed her head on the mattress, gasping, grunting, grinding her hot cunt on Matt's pistoning prick. The fuck-thrills filled her loins and streamed down her legs until the tips of her toes tingled.

Matt grunted rhythmically as he humped. He'd started to sweat and warm drops splashed on her face like rain. She tasted the sweat, savoring its saltiness.

The mattress creaked as Matt braced himself and bore down, plunging his cock faster and harder, fucking her deeply. She quivered all over, gasping, thrashing around, going out of her mind. It was as if Matt's cock were electrified. Sizzling jolts of electricity seemed to be drilling the pit of her cunt, her cuntal walls, her clit.

"Oh Matt!" she half screamed, her fuck tension rushing to a head.

She exploded, gasping, grinding her exploding pussy around and around on his thick, veiny cock. The spasms made her shudder and nearly pass out. As her orgasm passed, her cunt went slack, but Matt continued to hump away at it.

"Let's change position," Connie panted. "Fuck me doggie style."

As Matt slipped his cock out of her and she got up on her hands and knees, she remembered Trixie Smith getting up so Sam could fuck her from behind. It was as if she were acting out that scene she'd watched so many months ago.

She arched her back, turned up her ass, wiggled it. "Oh God, Matt, put it in me!" she cried.

Matt wrapped his big hands around her waist, inserted the knob of his prick in her open wet cunt, slipped it inside her to the hilt.

Connie rubbed her ass madly against his hairy abdomen. She couldn't believe the pleasure. Her nipples tingled at the tips of her hanging, hugely swollen tits.

"Fuck me, Matt, oh Jesus, fuck me!"

Matt's hard belly smacked against her ass, jolting her, making her gasp. Fucking her from behind

like this, he was able to fuck her even deeper. His prick knob pounded deep in her womb. She gritted her teeth, grinding her ass against his hairy stomach, fucking his cock. Her toes curled from the sensations. His belly slamming her ass sounded like a clapping hand.

"Jesus, that's good, oh Jesus!"

Connie tossed her blonde head from side to side, grunting, panting so hard she was dizzy. The fuckjuice bubbled out around Matt's plunging cock and dribbled down the insides of her legs. God, she was hot. She didn't think she'd been this hot since her honeymoon with Sam.

Matt gripped her waist tighter, jerking on her body, slamming her ass against his abdomen each time he rammed in. He drooled on her back like a dog, and Connie thought of the little Mexican girl getting fucked by the big hound.

What did it feel like? she wondered. Did a dogcock feel like a man's prick? A dogprick was certainly slimmer, more pointed, redder, more slippery-looking. The thoughts made her skin crawl but they also turned her on.

She tightened her cuntal muscles, massaging Matt's cock rhythmically. "Wiggle it, Matt, make it wiggle, oh God!" she whined.

Matt, grunting, gasping, moaning, flexed his cock inside her again and again. It drove her crazy. The fuck-thrills surged through her cunt like a zillion hot needles.

"Oh God, I'm coming!" she gasped. "Oh, oh!"

She writhed, humping her ass madly, fucking her spasming cunt on Matt's slippery prick. Her orgasm made her chew her lip and she whined loudly, like a mating bitch. Her cunt was so sensitive she wanted to scream.

"Pull it out!" she pleaded. "Oh God, pull it out! Fuck me up the ass! Fuck my asshole, but pull it out!"

"Jesus Christ, I don't believe it! You're the hottest bitch I ever got my hands on. Shit!"

Matt caught a handful of her slick cunt cream and slapped the slippery juice on her asshole. Then he spread her asscheeks wide, getting them all greasy with her pungent fuck juices. His cock knob kissed her twitching ass pucker and he leaned into her, forcing her ass-pucker open.

Connie's eyes rolled back. Her mouth gaped. It felt as if a fist had been rammed up her ass, as if her widely stretched pucker were splitting in a thousand places. She knew it was only an illusion, however. She always felt that initial splitting pain when getting ass-fucked. As she took deep breaths, she began to relax and within seconds the pain had vanished.

"Oh Matt, I love it!"

Matt stroked her ass, spreading her fuck juices all over it. He rubbed her cuntcream on his rippling abdomen and chest, licked it off his fingers, rubbed it all over his face.

"You're such a juicy bitch," he said, wiggling his cock in her asshole. "That smell drives me out of my fucking head!"

He braced his hands on her upturned ass-cheeks, digging in with his fingers, keeping her ass-globes spread apart. He worked his big prick in and out of her tight, sucking asshole.

"Shit, you're so hot in there! Man, I could fuck your ass all night!"

"Then do it," Connie said, squirming as the fuck-thrills screwed through her asshole. "Fuck my ass all night! Mmn, that feels so good!"

Connie's loins tingled to the core with fuck sensations. She loved getting ass-fucked. It was a different kind of pleasure than getting fucked up the cunt. She felt wicked, dirty, and she loved it.

Matt pounded away, sliding his long thick cock in and out. His cockhead rippled along the sensitive folds of her asshole and she felt corkscrews of pleasure in her guts. Her asshole contracted, sucking Matt's cock.

"Baby, I can't hold it!" Matt humped wildly. "Jesus Christ, here it comes!"

"Shoot it, Matt, oh God!"

Matt's cock flexed, spurting streams of hot jism into her bowels. He groaned, shaking, jerking, pumping out his cum.

Connie gasped, wiggling her ass in circles, grinding it against Matt's belly as he hunched over her like a whimpering hound. She could feel his spurts deep inside her.

Matt collapsed on top of her and she collapsed under him, unable to hold up his weight. He breathed heavily, his heart slamming against her back.

"Don't pull it out," she said. "Leave it in me all night. I need it. Just keep fucking me."

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Billy chewed his lips as he shot his cum against the bathroom door. He was kneeling in front of it, naked, pounding his cock as he peeked through the keyhole into his mother's room.

That lucky Matt, fucking Mom's hot ass! It must feel like heaven.

Billy got some toilet paper and carefully wiped his cum off the door. It was still warm. He then wiped his earlier load off the mirror and sink and he tossed the cum-sticky wads of paper into the toilet. Then he pissed, looking down at his fat, long prick. It was still frosted with the Mexican girl's cuntcream.

What a night it had been! Watching that Mexican girl get it from the dog, then fucking her himself, then watching her get it from the donkey. She'd even sucked the animals off! Shit! How he wished he had that girl in his room right now! He'd make her suck him off, then he'd fuck her all night, fuck her up the asshole even. Shit!

He heard his mother gasping and quickly resumed his post at the keyhole. Matt was really fucking the shit out of her, just like dad used to. Billy really missed watching through the keyhole at home as dad fucked between Mom's legs or mounted on her ass. Well, now maybe the good days would come back. He hoped that when they got back home Matt would start coming over every night and fucking the shit out of Mom. Billy loved to watch. It made him fucking hot!

Billy started beating his cock. He could still smell the Mexican girl's cuntcream on it. As he watched Matt hump his mother, he imagined that he was Matt. In a few minutes he was spurting all over, daggers of pleasure knifing up the core of his prick.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Connie canceled all her late-afternoon appointments because she knew that once she got to Matt's she'd end up fucking her brains out and would be in no mood to return to the office to give a few distemper shots before she called it quits for the day. They'd flown in from Tijuana late last night and Connie had turned down Matt's offer for her to spend the night at his ranch. She wouldn't let him spend the night with her in town either. What would Billy think? True, the boy was no virgin but she still didn't feel right sleeping with Matt right under the boy's nose.

"Christ I'm horny," she said out loud as she drove out of town.

The wind from the vent rushed up between her legs, cooling her sopping-wet crotch. As her cuntlips had swollen, her panties had pulled up tight between them and now the panties were all wet with her fuck juices. She hoped she wasn't staining her skirt. She thought about pulling off on a side road for a minute and peeling the panties off. That way the wind could whip up under her skirt and blow against her naked cunt, drying some of the pussycream as it oozed out. When she was horny like this, when her pussy throbbed incessantly, she couldn't stop dribbling.

No, she thought. She didn't want to waste even a minute. She needed to get to Matt's ranch. She needed his prick to take care of the maddening itch between her legs. She pressed on the accelerator, speeding up to seventy.

Matt's ranch lay in a secluded valley, his property beginning on a hilltop, but his house and stables set back and down, a half mile from the county highway. Connie turned off the highway and ascended the driveway, then passed over the crest of the hill and headed down into the valley, no longer in sight of the road. Clouds of dust billowed in her wake and down below in the valley she could see white buildings, a white corral, and animals on the green slopes beyond.

Matt was a gentleman rancher, in that most of his support came from investments in the stock market and real estate, and little from the ranch itself. He was paid stud fees for some of his prize stallions, but these were only a small contribution to the upkeep of his ranch. As Connie neared the house, slowing down, Matt's black Labrador, Slicker, came bounding toward her, barking.

The dog, as usual, was all over her as she climbed out of the car. Today however, he did something out of the ordinary. He shoved his snout up under her skirt.

"Slicker!" Connie pushed him away.

But he wouldn't be put off. The moment she started toward the house, the hound drove his snout up her skirt from behind.

"Slicker, damn it! What's gotten into you?" Connie spun away from the dog, then walked backwards so he couldn't make a sneak attack.

"Having problems, darling?"

Connie glanced over her shoulder to see Matt striding toward her. He'd come from around the corner of the house.



"He won't leave me alone," Connie said. Matt laughed. "I thought vets were experts at handling animals."

Slicker shot forward suddenly, ramming his entire head under Connie's skirt. He was growling.

"Slicker!" Matt caught the dog's flanks and hauled him back.

"What's wrong with that dog?" Connie said, her heart pounding.

"He must smell something he likes," Matt said, holding the restless hound by the collar.

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning, darling, that you must be a throbbing mess between the legs."

"You ass," Connie said. "I oughta get right back in that car and go back to my office."

"You do that and you won't get what you want," Matt said, grinning smugly.

Connie wanted to belt him, but her eyes had fallen on the pulsating cylinder that ran down the right leg of his jeans. Through the faded denim, she could see the entire outline of Matt's hard cock, including the shape of the knob. She felt weak. She couldn't say a word.

Matt scratched his hairy chest. He was shirtless, all his muscles bold and naked. "Come on!" he said. "Let's go have some fun."

With one hand on her ass, he guided her into the back yard. He held Slicker's collar with his other hand. The dog fought him, making whimpering noises.

"Why don't you tie him up?" Connie said.

"Good idea."

Matt chained Slicker to the back porch, then turned to Connie and embraced her. His mouth covered hers. His hand went roughly into her blouse and felt up her tits.

She sucked on his tongue, starting to go limp in his arms. "Matt, let's go inside," she managed to breathe.

Matt was unbuttoning her blouse. "It'll be more fun out here," he said. "Just relax. Who's to see us?"

"Matt, please!"

"Shhh!" He covered her naked tit with his mouth, sucking on her nipple.

"Oh God!" Connie nearly collapsed as the fuck-thrills streamed through her body. Matt undressed her completely, as if she were a doll. The pussycream ran down her legs and her vision was blurred. She'd never felt so naked, the wind slithering between her legs, under her arms, up the cleft between her naked asscheeks. And the sunshine bathed her like a spotlight. Matt pushed her down on the grass and she closed her eyes, waiting for him to undress and mount her.

She lay there, quivering, waiting, the heat of her cunt passing in waves up into her abdomen, into her legs, into every part of her body.

"Oh Matt," she whispered, "fuck me!" It happened so fast she didn't have a chance to resist before it was too late. Suddenly she found her wrists shoved together and bound with leather twine.

"Matt, what in the..."

"Just relax. You're gonna love this."

He stretched her arms above her head and secured her bound wrists to one of the posts that held up the volleyball net. She struggled, unable to believe what was happening.

"What are you doing?" she screeched, kicking, thrashing this way and that.

Matt laughed. "Such spirit! I like that."

He ran to the porch then, and returned with a hammer and two wooden stakes. He went down on one knee and slammed one stake into the ground, then the other. He tossed the hammer aside, yanked a length of leather cord out of his pocket, and caught Connie's flying left leg. The twine wound around her left ankle as Matt's hands worked.

Within seconds Connie's left ankle was bound to one stake. She fought him, kicking, shouting, but he got hold of her right leg and bound it to the other stake in record time. Then he stood up, grinning down at her, his big cock sticking out of his unzipped, unsnapped jeans and dripping fucklube as he slowly massaged it.

"Matt, in God's name, what are you doing?" Connie tried to calm herself.

"You are so sexy," he said. "I swear, you're the sexiest female I've ever laid eyes on. And you've never looked better than right now. I hope you're comfortable, that I didn't spread your legs too wide."

He pried off his cowboy boots, then peeled off his jeans.

Connie swallowed, watching the naked man straighten up. She knew what he was up to now, and she didn't care. He was going to fuck her while she was tied down and helpless.

"Oh Matt, quick!" she said. "Oh God, I'm dying for it!"

He took a step toward her, smiling, massaging his splitting-hard cock, but before descending to mount her, he turned away and walked toward Slicker, who had been barking and whimpering and fighting his chain all this time. The dog jumped up on him, clawing him, and he shoved it away.

"Cool it, you crazy dog!"

The dog settled down, whimpering and holding still as Matt unsnapped its chain. Connie was stunned to see the dog's long red prick quivering straight out along the under side of its shiny black abdomen.

"All right," Matt said, and set the dog free. Slicker looked like a charging black monster as he streaked toward Connie. She screamed, clamping shut her eyes, waiting for teeth and claws to tear into her skin. A moment later, she was gasping, squirming as the dog's tongue lapped at her raw, wide-open cunt.

"Do your job good now, boy. Show that sexy lady what she's been missing." Matt sank down beside her to play with her tits.

Connie panted, grunting. She could hardly stand the dog's flapping wet tongue. With her legs spread so wide apart, she felt supersensitive, vulnerable.

"How's it feel, babe?"

"Oh Matt, call him off, I, I can't stand it!"

Matt pinched her nipple. "Relax."

Slicker growled, nibbling at her meaty cunt slabs, jabbing and grating them lightly with his teeth. Daggers of electricity shot into Connie's loins. She arched up, writhing, the tips of her toes prickling with sensation.

"Eat her, boy. Lick that juicy pussy! Tastes good, doesn't it?"

The dog made half-growling, half-crying noises, as if it were exclaiming about how luscious Connie's crotch tasted. He not only slurped up the cream trickling out of her cunt hole, but lapped up the juice that had run down the insides of her thighs. Then he returned to her cunt in earnest, his long tongue flapping nonstop up and down the furrow between her pussylips.

The tip of it got inside her and Connie squealed, unable to contain her excitement. The dog rammed his snout against her crotch, as if he were going to fuck her with it. His nostrils twitched, his hot breath flowing up her cunt, and Connie went into spasms.

"Ohhhhh Godddd!" She writhed, tossing her head on the grass, the itchy sensations swarming in her cunt like ants.

"Beautiful!" Matt said, stroking her tits. "Mmmmm, nothing's more exciting than a sexy woman coming."

The dog lapped at her cunt as the fuckjuices ran out. His teeth sank into her spasming cunt meat and Connie thought she was going to jump out of her skin. As her orgasm petered out, she felt her muscles relax and she slumped back, breathing heavily.

Suddenly the dog was on top of her. He mounted her the same way a man would, resting his paws on the grass alongside her shoulder, lowering his furry underside against her, humping his slippery red cock between her legs.

She gasped, squirming, frantic to get away. But she was helpless. She felt the hot dogprick slithering between her cuntlips like a snake and she thought she'd go out of her mind.

"Relax," Matt said. "You'll love it."

At that moment, Slicker found the entrance to her cunt and his slim dogcock slipped inside her. The dog put its nose in the air and let out a sharp howl. Then he began to lick her face, slobbering all over it as he humped between her legs, pistoning his cock in her wide-open pussy.

Connie continued to squirm, but it did no good. The dog maintained its mount. If anything, her squirming excited the beast even more. He panted, his fetid dog-breath asphyxiating her, his saliva seeping into her mouth. When she gagged, opening her mouth wide, the dog shoved its tongue down her throat.

She was helpless as the dog-tongue slurped at her tonsils, as he salivated straight down her gullet.

His prick sizzled in her cunt, the friction of its pistoning sending hot needles into the walls of her lust-swollen cunthole. She gagged on the dog's tongue, her tits heaving, her cunt on fire and beginning to clutch like a fist at the dog's slippery prick.

"I wish I had my camera," Matt said. "This is so hot! Give it to her, boy, show her how good it feels."

The dog turned his paws toward her, bracing them against her sides at the level of her chest. His claws held fast, digging in. He rubbed his furry abdomen against her belly, never for a moment easing his relentless humping.

Connie moaned, her loins tightening, the fuck-sensation mounting in her cunt. The dogprick jabbed repeatedly at a sensitive spot inside her and she felt on the verge of an orgasm.

"Ooooh, fuck me!" she mumbled. "Fuck me, fuck me!"

She arched her back, thrusting her swollen tits hard against the hound's chest, wiggling her ass and churning her contracting cunt on the dog's sliding cock. Hot tingles began to well up in the pit of her asshole and cunt.

The dog let out a whimper and began to squirt jism inside her. His flanks shuddered. His prick flexed and quivered. Dog cum spurted into her like hot milk.

Connie groaned loudly and exploded, her cunt nearly chewing the hound's prick off. The dog howled, jerking on top of her as she writhed underneath him. Before her orgasm had wrung itself out, Slicker slipped his cock out of her and jumped off. He sniffed once at her cunt, then trotted away.

Connie was helpless to clutch at her cunt or to squeeze her legs together. She lay there half in ecstasy, half in agony as the last of her spasms clawed through her crotch.

Matt lowered himself on top of her. He shoved his cock into her raw pussyhole. He lay on her with his full weight, his prick buried to the hilt inside her and throbbing powerfully.

"Mmm, you feel so good under me, babe." After Slicker's skinny dogcock, Matt's cock felt like a baseball bat inside her. It stretched her tingling hot cuntmeat until she wanted to scream.

"Matt, Jesus, get off! I can't stand it!"

"Mmm, this feels so good!"

Connie chewed her lips to keep from screaming. Her fingers and toes clutched. She was going to lose her mind. Her nerves were being grated beyond what any woman could stand.

Matt had braced himself on his elbows and pumped his cock inside her, making it squish obscenely in her dog-jism greased cunthole. Her pussy clutched for dear life, dogcum running out and greasing Matt's nuts. If only she could wrap her arms and legs around the man! That would be some sort of relief.

"Oh yeah, yeah, yeah!" Matt humped away, pleasuring his huge cock inside her, rubbing his hard chest against her tits and nipples. Just when she thought she was going to black out from the intense sensations, her after-orgasm sensitivity began to wear off. Before Matt had thrust a half-dozen more times, her pussy had adjusted itself and tingled pleasantly again.

"Oh Matt!" she moaned. "Matt, oh darling!"

"You make me feel so good," he growled. "Oh shit!"

His eyes rolled back and his cock flexed hard. Before he could shoot, however, he yanked his cock out and scrambled up over Connie's tits, his cock clutched in his pumping hand. As his first spurt leaped at her, she opened her mouth, letting him stuff his quivering prick down her throat.

Connie glugged down the man's profuse load of cum. His prick throbbed in her mouth, swelling and contracting with each powerful spurt. Her lips and mouth tingled, as if his prickrod were electrified.

"Mmm, baaaby," he groaned, gazing down into her face, watching her suck his jism gushing cock.

She could feel his big hairy nuts contracting against her chin. Shivers ran through the man's cock and it flexed again and again, pumping slimy spunk straight down her throat. He pulled out finally, and laid his big wet prick on her face. It throbbed with aftershocks as she licked it from one end to the other and all around. She sucked the last of his jism out of his half-open pisshole. He raised up slightly so she could lick off his balls. When she finished cleaning h

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## CHAPTER SIX

She was sitting on Matt's lap on a chair next to the kitchen table. Rather, she was sitting on his knee like a little girl telling Santa what she wants for Christmas. Her cunt was still wide-open and throbbing. Matt dipped his finger inside her every so often, then licked the fuck juices off his dripping digit.

Matt's rigid, sweaty cock throbbed against her right hip. She dipped her finger in his fucklube every so often so she could taste it. They sipped iced tea and Matt nibbled at her tits. She was so horny she could hardly stand it.

"Matt, fuck me, for Christ's sake!"

He licked her nipple, his tongue icy. "Relax, darling. What's your hurry? Let's take our time and enjoy ourselves. It's taken me months to get you here like this and I want to savor you."

He bit her nipple and she nearly hit the ceiling.

"Matt, you're gonna make me scream! Come on, darling, let me sit on it."

"Up the ass or the cunt?"

"Whichever one you want. Just fuck me." Matt set down his tea glass. He shook his head. "How can a man resist?"

He lifted her up, his hands encircling her waist.

Shaking, she reached down between her legs and took hold of his cock. She rubbed its knob back and forth between her swollen, drenched cuntslabs. She placed his cockhead at the entrance to her cunt and impaled herself on his greasy fuckpole to the hilt. They both groaned with pleasure as they coupled.

"You're a vet," he muttered, wrapping his arms around her middle, licking her back, rubbing his

belly against her naked ass. "What do you think I am, a horse?"

"You might not be one," Connie said, sliding up and down. "But you're certainly hung like one."

"Mmn, you hot little bitch!" Matt mumbled, wiggling his cock as she fucked it. "How would you know how a horse is hung? You been experimenting, lady?"

"Of course not," Connie said. "I'm a veterinarian. My interest in horses is purely scientific, my dealings with them, purely medical."

"I'll bet!"

"Well, it's true. Don't get funny, buster, or I'll get mad and go home."

Matt thrust unexpectedly, hitting a pleasure spot inside her that made her toes prickle.

"Oh Matt, just shut up and ram that thing inside me!"

"I thought you wanted to go home."

"Will you just shut up and fuck!"

He guided her up and down, his hands tight around her waist, his loins thrusting. Her fuckjuices ran out and drenched his balls. Just as she was getting close to coming, he pushed her off.

"Matt, don't torture me like this!" she whined.

"I want your ass," he said, sliding his wet cock between her asscheeks. Then he pressed the head against her asspucker. "Sit on it."

Connie wiggled her ass, bearing down. Her asspucker slowly opened and Matt's prickhead slipped inside. She gasped with the stretch then she let herself go, her asshole swallowing Matt's cock all the way.

"Mmn, you're so tight!" Matt said, rubbing his scratchy chin against her back, sandpapering her skin. "I love your asshole."

"Then fuck it," Connie said, starting to ride his cock, to fuck it with her sizzling asshole.

Matt gripped her asscheeks, helping her slide up and down. "What a bitch!"

Connie felt a wicked thrill every time Matt called her a bitch. Being called a bitch was kind of degrading, but she enjoyed it. Sam had never called her that.

"Slicker loved your juicy cunt, lady. How'd you like his cock?" Matt asked as they fucked.

Connie didn't want to talk about her having fucked with the dog. Incredibly, she'd almost forgotten about it. "Will you shut up?" she said finally.

"Was he the first dog you ever fucked?"

"Well, of course it was! What do you take me for?"

"A woman who's crazy about hot cock, any kind of hot cock."



Connie felt a thrill at Matt's words, as insulting as they were. "How could you do that to me?" she said, trying to sound upset. "You pervert! Tying me down and all."

"You loved it," Matt said. "And when that furry black Lab got between your legs you squealed like a stuck bitch if I ever heard one. Admit, darling, you couldn't get enough of fucking that dog."

Connie was speechless.

"I love seeing females with animals," Matt continued. "I've seen a lot of women fuck dogs, but I've never seen one go so ape-shit over it the first time as you did. You are one Grade-A bitch."

Connie was ready to slug him. She didn't though, because she suddenly heard hoofbeats close by outside and she panicked, jumping up off his cock.

"Who's coming?"

Matt caught her by the arm. "Cool it. That's just Sally."

"And who is Sally?" The words came out with a slight accusing tone.

Matt stood up, wrapping his arms around her, rubbing his cock against her ass. "The little bitch who comes over to exercise my breeding stallions. From the next ranch over to the south. Regular little tomboy. Come on, let's go watch her."

"My clothes," Connie said, looking around in vain for them.

"Relax. Forget your clothes. Around this place, who needs clothes?" Matt laughed and dragged her out the door.

He pulled Connie across the yard and into the horse stables. When she tried to resist, to argue, he simply clapped her over the mouth and told her to be quiet if she wanted to see something. They trod barefoot over hay and concrete, past stalls for horses. Only a few of Matt's herd were in the stables today. Most were out grazing the pastures. The building smelled of horse-shit and piss. Bushy tails flicked at flies that danced on the horses' rumps. Matt pushed her into a shadowed stall with a view of the corral outside through a wide open doorway.

Standing in ankle-deep straw, Connie felt super-horny as Matt held her from behind, pressing his hard cock into her ass. Outside, they could see Sally, mounted on a golden stallion and cantering it around the white, circular corral.

"What's to see?" Connie said, watching the pigtailed, barefooted young girl bouncing astride the large animal.

Sally was about Billy's age, maybe a year younger. She had fair-sized tits that jiggled under her yellow T-shirt. Connie was reminded of the Mexican girl in the tent in Tijuana.

"Just watch," Matt said. "You'll see why girls love to ride horses so much."

Connie reached back for Matt's cock. It was still slick with her assjuices. She rubbed it up and down her asscrack.

"Plug it in me," she said, "huh? While we watch, huh?"

As Matt wiggled his cock up her ass, she had to stifle an audible gasp and moan. She so loved a hot

prick up her asshole! After all these months of going without, she couldn't get enough fucking.

"Look at the dirty little bitch," Matt said, his prick throbbing excitedly inside Connie's ass.

"What, Matt, what?"

"Can't you see? She's coming. Look at her face."

Connie looked closer. The girl was tossing her head as she bounced on the galloping horse. She looked drunk, her eyes wobbling in their sockets. She was gripping the animal's golden flanks tightly with her legs as she rode it bareback, her bare toes clawing into its ribs.

"She looks like she's going to fall off and break her neck!" Connie whispered.

"She looks like she's in heaven," Matt said. "I swear, the little nympho can bring herself off fifty times an hour."

"But how?" Connie knew how, but she wanted to hear Matt explain it.

"Oh, come off it, lady! Every time she bounces she rubs her itchy young pussy against that stallion's back, and she's got him tight between her legs besides. Why do you think girls are crazy about horseback riding? I've seen 'em rub themselves off riding in parade exhibitions at the county fair, for Christ's sake. Horny bastards!"

"OK," Connie said. "I understand. Don't get riled up."

"I'm not riled up," Matt said, "just so turned on I don't know what to do. Nothing turns me on more than watching females with animals."

He ground his belly against Connie's ass, slowing fucking her. Connie moved with him, wiggling her ass. She was unbearably hot, but she didn't want to come yet. Like Matt, she wanted this super-horny, super-tight feeling to last for as long as she could. Standing here in the stables, the straw feeling sexy under her feet, the aroma of the animals all around, Sally out there getting off again and again, Matt's hard cock throbbing inside Connie's asshole, Connie felt tight and tingly and good all over.

"She's coming again," Connie muttered, bending over so Matt could get a better view of her own cock-plugged ass.

"Ain't she a slut?" Matt said. "I've watched her for hours at a time when she didn't know it. She'll take out one stallion after another and ride him to a good sweat. Best exercise rider I've ever had, believe me. I mean, she's in love with each animal in a different way, she has a special feeling for each one."

"Hey, she's climbing down," Connie said.

"I was hoping she'd get around to that before too long," said Matt. "Watch her now."

The girl stood in front of the panting stallion, petting its head. She held the animal's face between her small hands, lifting its head as if she wanted to examine its teeth. Then she kissed it smack on the mouth, her pink tongue flicking at the animal's lips.

"Oh Raymond," she said, "you're so cute."

Connie rubbed her hands along his flanks, then suddenly slid down underneath him, going to her knees.

The stallion's cock stood straight and red out of its sheath, at least two feet long, wet and shiny-looking. The girl held the long prick from the side and began to lick the shaft, from the base to the head. As she lapped, cleaning every inch of horse cock with her nimble tongue, the stallion snorted, his flanks quivering.

"I don't believe it," Connie whispered, letting Matt hold her tight against him. They'd stopped fucking, pausing to watch Sally.

Matt's cock throbbed rhythmically, buried to the hilt up Connie's asshole.

"Why not?" Matt said. "You believed it the other night when you saw that Mexican girl blow a donkey. There's not much difference."

"But that was a show," Connie said. "This is for real."

"You don't think the show the other night was any less real, do you? That little raven-haired bitch loved sucking donkeydick just as much as Miss Pigtails here loves eating horse-cock. I tell you, some girls are just hot over animals. And you know what, I think they'd all be hot over animals if they all just once got the chance - all girls, all women." Connie thought Matt was talking out of his head in his voyeuristic excitement. All women? All girls? Come on! she wanted to say. But she couldn't argue psychology and human behavior now. What was taking place before her eyes was just too fascinating.

The young girl had her mouth wrapped around the stallion's cock, its prickhead in her throat, her lips stretched thin around the shaft. She'd managed to swallow a good six inches of horsecock, and she looked like she had a fist rammed in her mouth. She munched, saliva leaking down her chin. Her cheeks puffed out and dimpled as she sucked. From the way her throat muscles contracted and quivered, it was apparent that she was using her tongue too.

"Suck that thing!" Matt whispered, his words juicy. "Make it come, you filthy little slut!"

The girl's hands ran up and down the horsecock as if she were playing it. She slid her soft hands with deft motions, jacking off the snorting animal as she sucked the sensitive end of his cock. The horse made slight humping movements, becoming more and more restless, pawing with his front hooves, snorting and tossing his head.

Sally bounced her head, sucking vigorously. Her hands jerked up and down. She slurped and munched loudly. Her entire body got into the act. Her young tits jiggled under her T-shirt and her toes clawed at the dusty ground as she braced herself.

Connie licked her lips. She was entranced, salivating. She still couldn't believe that she was watching a young girl suck off a horse, but she couldn't deny her own excitement, her own hunger.

I wonder what it tastes like she thought. I wonder what it feels like to have a stallion's huge sweaty cock in your mouth.

And then she realized that she wanted to suck it herself. She wanted to suck the cock of that magnificent golden stallion. She wanted to make it come so she could eat its pungent animal spunk.

The stallion reared up, snorting, thrusting powerfully, but Sally held on, her mouth impaled on the

animal's flexing cock. She was literally lifted up and down, her pigtails flying, as the stallion's massive cock flexed and as he reared. Her fingernails gripped the huge cock and her toes grabbed at the ground as she fought to maintain her balance. As the stallion's eyes appeared to glaze over, his flanks shuddered and Sally started to choke. She swallowed quickly but slimy wads of horse-jism bubbled from her cock-stuffed mouth, sliding down her chin and neck like grayish-white oysters.

"Oh my God!" Connie said. "Look at that!"

She rotated her naked ass against Matt's hard loins, felt his cock throbbing wildly inside her. They were both unbearably hot from watching Sally sucking off the stallion.

"Isn't she a bitch!" Matt mumbled. "Jesus Christ, she's a bitch!"

He pushed Connie then. Maintaining his mount on her ass, keeping his cock buried inside her, he pushed her out of the stall and into the open. Before she knew what was happening, he'd pushed her out into the sunlight and through the open doors of the stable.

"Christ, Matt, she'll see us!" Connie whispered.

The young girl sat back, releasing the dripping cock of the stallion and wiping her mouth with her fingers as she looked straight at Matt and Connie. A grin came over the young girl's face, and she slid out from under the horse.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

"Who's she, Matt?" Sally said, wiping horse-cum off her throat, then licking it off her fingers. The stallion stood next to her, sniffing at her jeans-clad ass.

"Never mind who she is," Matt said, slowly sliding his splitting-hard cock in and out of Connie's asshole. "What have you been doing with my horses again?"

"I only sucked Raymond," Sally said, turning to stroke the animal's forehead. "Just Raymond."

"And you swallowed two-hundred dollars worth of prize cum in the process," Matt said. "Put him back in his stall. Now! And then get back out here."

"Yes, sir," Sally said, taking the stallion's reins and leading him past Connie and Matt and toward the stables.

She had her head lowered as she passed them, and she appeared to be pouting, but Connie detected the girl's eyes stealing a glance at her and Matt.

When Sally had led the horse inside, Connie exploded. "Matt, what in God's name are you doing? I'm so embarrassed!"

Matt bit her hard on the back of her neck, "Just shut up and enjoy yourself."

"But..."

Sally reappeared and Connie clamed up. The girl had a wicked smirk on her face as she eyed Connie

and Matt, who were still coupled like a pair of mating dogs. Connie had never felt so naked and self-conscious in her life, but she could do nothing to relieve her embarrassment. Matt had her ass gripped tightly in his big hands and had his cock anchored securely in her asshole.

"You've got big tits," Sally said to Connie. "I wish I had big tits."

"Take off your shirt," Matt said. "Show us what you've got."

The girl didn't hesitate. She slipped her shirt off over her head in seconds. Her tits jiggled in the sunshine, her cherries swollen, her nipples stiff.

Connie didn't see what the girl had to complain about. Sally had average, or slightly larger than average tits for a girl her age.

"Now your pants," Matt said, sliding his cock in Connie's asshole. "Show us your fuzzy little pussy."

Sally's tits dangled as she leaned over, peeling down her jeans. She wore no panties and the aroma of hot young cunt rose in the air immediately. As she straightened up, the sun light glinted off the shiny blondish hairs of her swollen pussymound.

"Aren't you a sexy little bitch!" Matt growled.

Sally giggled, blushing.

He pushed Connie down, making her stand on her hands and knees. He descended with her, keeping his cock buried in her asshole.

"Get down, bitch," he ordered Sally. "Show us your ass."

As the young girl got down on her hands and knees in front of Connie, Connie had the feeling that this wasn't the first time Sally had done such a thing. The girl obeyed unquestioningly and with enthusiasm, like a show animal Matt had trained.

The girl's ass stared Connie in the face. Pussycream like a clear thick sap dribbled from Sally's pussy and down the insides of her thighs, smelling musky and sweet.

"Open it up," Matt said, humping slowly at Connie's ass.

Sally reached back with one hand and pulled apart her asscheeks and cuntlips, showing her pink young fuckmeat to Connie and Matt.

"Why don't you lick her?" Matt said, massaging Connie's ass.

"Oh Matt, I can't," Connie said, even though she was salivating.

Sally backed up, wiggling her ass, nearly rubbing her wet cuntmeat against Connie's nose.

"Lick me," she hissed.

The scent of the girl made Connie drunk. The heat radiating from Sally's cunt felt like warm hands caressing Connie's face.

"Eat her," Matt said, churning his hot prick in Connie's asshole and making her gasp with pleasure.

"Lick me," Sally hissed, brushing her cuntlips against Connie's mouth.

And Connie lost control. She plastered her mouth to the young girl's gaping cunt, sucking out the sweet juices, driving her tongue up the pulsating cunt.

Sally wiggled her ass in tight circles, fucking herself on Connie's tongue, rubbing her wet crotch in Connie's face.

"Yeahhh!" Matt said, fucking faster, watching Connie eat out the girl. "Yeahh, I love to see a woman eat pussy. Eat that little cunt! Make the little bitch come. I wanna see her squirm."

Sally wasn't coming yet, but she was already squirming and gasping. Her pussy sucked at Connie's probing tongue and her pussylips had swollen up. The girlish fuck-juices poured into Connie's mouth, and Connie swallowed them greedily. As Connie ate Sally's pussy, she felt her own pussy contracting and leaking. The cuntjuices ran down her own legs as Matt's cock ploughed in her asshole, stimulating every nerve of her sensitive ass. She churned her ass against Matt's abdomen the same way Sally was churning her teenaged ass in Connie's face.

"Eeeech! Eeeee!" Sally squealed. "Ohhh, eat me, eeeeh!"

Sally's asspucker twitched against Connie's nose, nibbled at Connie's nose. Her cunt sucked hard at Connie's tongue, gripping like a fist.

"Come, you Goddamned little whore!" Matt growled. "I wanna see you squirm, you horse-fucker!"

Sally arched her back, turning her ass up high. She started to whimper, her cuntmeat quivering. Her ass started to wiggle with quick jerks.

"Ohhhhhh, I'm coming!" she whined. "Ohhhhhh, fuckkkkk!"

Connie was surprised when small spurts of pussyjuice, like hot water from a squirtgun, shot into her mouth. For a moment, she thought the girl was pissing, then she realized that Sally was shooting girlish spunk. She devoured the tart girljuice, sucking hard on the contracting cuntslabs, twisting her tongue inside the hard-gripping cunthole.

"Yeah, squirm, squirmmm!" Matt growled, watching Sally spasm as he fucked savagely at Connie's asshole.

Connie's loins were a raging fire inside. Her asshole clutched repeatedly at Matt's plunging cock, making him growl like a rutting animal. The pussycream ran from her lust-gorged cunt. As Matt's cock hit the pit of her asshole, an electric current seemed to shoot into the heart of her loins and she shook all over as the delicious spasms overwhelmed her.

"Yeahhhhhh!" Matt moaned. "Ohh yeahh, two squirming bitches! Oh fuck!"

He fucked her so hard that Connie felt the vibrations in her skull. His cock shuddered violently as it flexed, and a torrent of sizzling cum poured into her asshole. "Ahhhhh!"

They all whined, moaned, growled like three rutting beasts. Connie's head whirled inside. Her nipples felt like red-hot poker. The sensations were so intense that she could hardly stand them. And yet she wished they would go on forever. She sucked hard on Sally's cunt even after it had stopped contracting, hungry for as much of the girlish spunk as Sally could feed her.

I've gone off the deep end, Connie told herself. I can't be doing any of this, first the dog, now this girl. I'm becoming a degenerate pervert, worse than Sam, for God's sake! But it's so exciting, and it feels so good, and I can't help myself.

Matt humped until he'd squeezed out every drop of cum and pleasure, then pulled out. He whacked his dripping cock against Connie's ass.

"What a bitch!" he mumbled.

Sally crawled away from Connie, then circled around, crawling like a dog until she was alongside Matt. She opened her mouth wide and Matt stuffed his cock down her throat. She cooed as she sucked the cum and ass-juices off Matt's cock. Then she licked off his balls. Connie watched in silent disbelief.

Matt pushed the girl away. "Come on, you bitches," he said. "Let's go inside. Some of my stallions need some exercise."

From inside the stable came the sounds of restless stallions. Connie followed as Matt pulled her along by the hand. Sally, pigtailed bouncing, scampered on ahead. Connie wondered what other perverted acts Matt had in mind for her and the girl.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Billy swung his bike onto the shoulder of the road so he could take off his shirt. He would have taken off his shorts too, if he was sure he wouldn't run into a car along this last stretch of highway. He was damned hot, riding all the way out here to Matt's as fast as his legs could churn. He wished he could just get naked and let the wind dry the sweat off his body. He wished he could set his prick free and let it throb in the open air to cool off. He just knew Matt was fucking the guts out of his mom at this very moment, and he just had to get there to see it.

He readjusted his rampant cock in his jock-strap as best he could, tempted to pull it out and beat it off right here at the side of the county highway. His nuts throbbed so tight he thought they'd explode.

Damn! He should have guessed that his mom would be out at Matt's place today. After the way they'd fucked themselves silly in Tijuana, he should have known they wouldn't waste any time once they got back home. He should have hopped on his ten-speed right after school and made straight for Matt's instead of wasting his time going to his mom's office, then home. He'd wasted half an hour. Maybe he'd already missed most of their fucking for the day. Damn!

He tied his T-shirt to the handlebars and humped back on his bike, pedaling standing up until he could get up some speed. This last hill was the hardest part of the ride and his legs began to ache.

He thought of his mom and Matt fucking like a couple of dogs, with Matt mounted on her ass. Billy always got the hottest when Mom got up on all fours like a dog and took it from behind. How he'd love to get up behind her someday himself and fuck his big cock up her juicy cunt! Man, he couldn't think of anything that would be more exciting!

He turned up Matt's driveway. All he had to do was make it to the top of the slope, then coast all the

way down into the valley. He hoped they wouldn't see him coming down the driveway, or that one of Matt's dogs wouldn't come barking toward him. They were probably fucking in Matt's bedroom at the rear of the house.

His cock felt so hard and confined as he approached the crest of the hill that he had to reach into his shorts and set it free of his jockstrap. Fucklube immediately caused a dark stain in the green material of his athletic trunks.

He leaned forward, beginning his coast down the long winding driveway. He saw a car parked next to Matt's house, and just knew it was his mom's car. He couldn't make out the model from this distance, but the color was right. And there was a brown horse tied up at the outside of Matt's corral. Sally's horse, for Christ's sake! She was there somewhere exercising Matt's stallions.

Billy's cock throbbed powerfully and he chewed his lips. One of these days he was going to get his cock in Sally too. She hadn't let him yet, was always teasing him, wiggling her sexy ass at him, breathing in deep and shoving her tits up in the air. Her nipples just about poked right through the thin material of her tight T-shirts.

Man, he was so horny right now that he was ready to rape her. After he watched Matt give it to Mom, he might go out and find Sally and rip her clothes off. He'd get her down and mount her like a tomcat from behind, and then he'd fuck her cunt until he blew off her head with his explosive load.

He coasted silently and cautiously the last hundred yards and leaned his bike up against the far side of the house, out of sight. Luck was with him. No dogs around to announce his arrival. He pried off his sweaty sneakers, leaving them next to his bike, then crept through the side door of the house, the door that Matt hardly ever used.

He stood just inside the door, his ears pricked, trying to control his breathing and his heart. As he tip-toed down the hallway toward the stalls that led to the bedrooms, he shoved his hand down into his trunks and gripped his cock, listening for sounds of grunting and hot fucking.

His bare toes gripped the edges of the steps as he climbed and his prick throbbed in his hand. Fucklube ran down his cockhead and over his knuckles.

He couldn't wait! He just couldn't wait to see them!

A few minutes later, though, having checked and double-checked every bedroom and even the upstairs bathroom, he stood at the head of the stairs wondering where in the heck they were.

The whinnying of a horse set him off down the stairs. Outside, he ran on his toes across the long expanse of lawn and slipped silently into the stable by the back door. They had to be in here!

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"Matt, this is insane. He'll kill her!" Connie wanted to run away, but her fascination held her riveted where she stood.

"It's completely safe," Matt said. "The whole barn will have to fall down before Midnight would fall on her."

Connie inspected the suspended halter again, unable to argue with Matt on that point. The halter was suspended by several leather straps and thick ropes to the huge beams that held up the stable loft. Even an enraged stallion wouldn't be able to break loose from it or tear it down. And Midnight



was certainly anything but enraged. The horse stood on his hind legs, his front hooves up on a well-constructed wooden platform covered with straw. The halter held him up and motionless except for his hind legs and loins. He was in a rutting position, his long horse-cock throbbing against the floor of the platform, and except for an occasional snort or whinny, he was surprisingly calm for being in such an awkward position. He's been well-trained, Connie thought. He's been in this position many times before.

"Can I do it now?" Sally said. "Can I, huh?"

Sally was standing on the platform, petting the black stallion's head. The horse sniffed her pussymound and licked it. Sally squealed with girlish pleasure.

"He might not fall on her, but he'll split her in half," Connie protested, not quite knowing why. The truth was that as much as she feared for the girl, she was dying to see the stallion fuck Sally.

"I've fucked a hundred horses," Sally said. "I love it."

Matt laughed, whacking Connie on the ass. "Relax, baby, you're always so uptight about anything new. Just watch. Maybe after a while you'll want to try it yourself."

"You're crazy," Connie said.

But Matt just laughed again. "Go ahead," he said to Sally. "Show Connie how much fun it is."

Smirking, the young girl slid down between the stallion's front legs and under his ribcage. She picked up his cock and slid underneath it, letting it rest on her belly as she lay back, her legs dangling off the edge of the platform. The big erect horse-cock lay like a shiny red sausage on the young girl's smooth skin, almost as long as the girl's torso.

Sally hugged the big cock, rubbing herself against it as if she was making love to it. The stallion snorted, and thick fucklube leaked out on Sally's chest. She craned her head forward, lapping at the dribbling pisshole, eating the lube. The big cock flexed powerfully and Sally giggled.

"Grease it up, you little tease!" Matt ordered as he massaged his throbbing cock. "Go on, you little bitch!"

The tone of Matt's voice disturbed Connie. He no longer sounded playful, but was beginning to sound mean again, slightly crazed. When he got turned on, he became a different person.

He pushed Connie. "Help her grease it up."

"But Matt..."

"Don't argue, bitch, just help her. Man, there's nothing gets me hotter than a couple of bitches working on a stallion." Connie gingerly touched the horse-cock, surprised by its heat. She'd been a vet nearly ten years, but this was the first time she'd touched the erect cock of a horse.

"Grease it up," Matt growled. "Use your cunt-slime."

Connie trembled, as much with excitement as with fear. She reached between her legs, catching the slick juices that dribbled from her cunt. Then she rubbed them on the horse cock.

Sally used her own cuntcream to lubricate the endlessly long cock, and she spread the stallion's own fucklube on his cock too.

The stallion thrust occasionally, snorting more frequently. He was getting anxious.

"Fuck that horse!" Matt ordered. "Fuck him!"

Sally slid backward on the straw-padded platform until the end of the stallion's cock kissed her open crotch. Reaching forward, she got hold of the lube-slippery cock and rubbed it between her legs.

"Help her," Matt said to Connie. "Help her get on it."

Connie shook so hard she was almost too weak to stand up. Her heart slammed against her breastbone. The cuntjuice ran down her legs like hot sap.

The horse danced on his hind legs, snorting, whinnying, becoming more and more restless.

"Move it!" Matt ordered. "Before he loses his load, for Christ's sake!"

Sally pulled on the horse-cock, trying to force it into her tight young pussyhole. "Help me, Connie," she panted. "Pull on me."

Connie got hold of the girl's waist and pulled. For a few seconds, nothing happened. Suddenly then, Sally slid forward, letting out a loud gasp. Connie watched in disbelief as nearly a foot of cock disappeared inside the young girl. It looked like an arm had been rammed up her cunt.

Sally arched her back, writhing, twisting her head from side to side and moaning.

The stallion began to thrust.

Connie stepped back, sure she was dreaming all this.

"Fuck her!" Matt said, jerking on his cock. "Fuck her guts out, you big black beast!"

The stallion humped, plunging his enormous cock in the young girl's cunt. The muscles of his flanks rippled under his glossy black coat. His balls swelled to the size of oranges.

Sally kicked her legs up, trying to grip the animal's flanks with them. Her bare feet slid up and down his black fur. Her toes clawed at his rippling muscles. She braced herself by gripping two steel handles, one handle anchored to the platform on each side of her body.

Matt had thought of everything, Connie realized. He'd constructed this platform and the halter contraption solely for this purpose - for his stallions to fuck human females.

"Ohhhhhh!" Sally whined, her glassy eyes rolling. She shivered all over, her toes clutching crazily at the horse's flanks.

"Look at her come!" Matt muttered, leaning close to watch the young girl spasm as the horsecock rammed in and out of her clutching young pussy.

Connie's excitement was becoming unbearable. She thrust her hand between her legs and started to fingerfuck herself.

As Sally's orgasm subsided, Matt leaned away from her again. He spotted Connie jerking off and grabbed her.

"Dirty slut! Get over here and do some work."

He pushed her toward the rear of the stallion, shoved her face under its tail and between its legs.

"Lick his nuts. He likes getting his nuts licked."

The smell of horse shit gagged Connie. She tried to resist, but Matt was forcing her face against the stallion's balls. The huge nuts throbbed against her lips, vibrating like twin turbines.

"Lick!" Matt growled. "Suck!"

Connie had no choice but to lap at the hairy horse-nuts while the animal continued fucking at Sally.

"Ohhh, fuck me!" Sally moaned. "Mmn, ohh!"

The stallion's breathing sounded like a bellows. He humped powerfully, plunging half his cock up the young girl's elastic young snatch.

"Now lick out his asshole!" Matt ordered, and before Connie could resist he had mashed her mouth to the stallion's asspucker.

Connie nearly smothered. The horse's tail was draped over her head. His asshole steamed in her face. She choked.

"Lick!" Matt shouted. "Shove your tongue in it!"

Anger and frustration surging through her, Connie rammed her tongue up the stallion's asshole flicking it wildly.

"I'm coming!" Sally whined. "Ohhh, wowwww!"

Matt released Connie so he could get a close look at Sally coming and Connie pushed away from the horse, the smell of its ass on her lips. She stood there dizzily, trying to catch her breath, to clear her mind.

Matt leaned close to Sally, watching her display of teenaged ecstasy while beating himself off. The stallion rammed wildly, plunging his cock in Sally's spasming cunt. He snorted, dancing on his hind hooves as his loins thrust. Suddenly, his flanks shuddered violently and Sally squealed.

"He's coming!" the girl gibbered. "He's squirting!" Her body jerked repeatedly as the stallion exploded inside her.

Connie saw thick horse-cum leaking from the girl's fucked cunt, watched Sally roll her eyes and squeal with pleasure.

"Goddamn!" Matt mumbled. "Goddamn!"

He turned suddenly, nearly tackling Connie and wrestling her to her knees. Then he grabbed her by the hair and forced his cock into her mouth. His cum exploded against her tonsils and he groaned with pleasure.

Connie swallowed to avoid choking to death. Matt pumped his cock roughly between her thinly stretched lips, pounding his cock head against her tonsils as his thick cum bathed her throat and slid down her gullet. As rough as he was with her, though, she couldn't help but enjoy the feel of his stud cock flexing and pulsing in her mouth as he fed her his hot load.

When he was done, he pushed her away.

The stallion had slipped his cock out of Sally, and now was restless to get down. Matt calmed the horse by stroking it and talking to it soothingly, then began to unfasten the many ropes and straps that attached to the halter around the animal's chest. Sally lay under the horse, her eyes closed, her tits rising and falling, an expression of pure bliss on her young face. Her legs were spread, and half hanging off the platform, and horse-cum was oozing from her ravaged cunthole.

The moment Matt had released the last strap from the animal's halter, the stallion backed up and gracefully lowered his front hooves to the floor. He sniffed Sally's cunt, as if inspecting the job he'd done to it.

Matt pulled on the animal's halter. "Come on, boy, we'll get you some oats and water. Nice work." Matt looked down at Connie. "While I'm taking Midnight back to his stall, you can clean up Sally's pussy - with your tongue."

Connie gave him a look of disbelief, and Matt smiled at her.

"You're out of your mind," Connie said.

Matt said nothing, just continued smiling as he led Midnight away.

Connie sat there a few moments, watching the horse-cum slowly trickle from Sally's pussyhole. She didn't know what was driving her, but without another thought, she started crawling toward the girl. She knelt up in front of the platform, her face level with Sally's crotch. Then she braced her hands on the insides of the girl's thigh, pushing them as wide apart as she could, and she began to lick.

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## CHAPTER NINE

Billy had seen enough, had seen more than enough, had seen more than any boy could stand without losing his mind totally. He felt the same red heat he'd felt the other night in that tent in Tijuana. Every cell of his body tingled as if he'd become one big hard cock. He didn't care anymore what happened or what anybody thought. Maybe nothing would happen. His mom hadn't said a word about that embarrassing thing he'd done in the tent in Tijuana - maybe she wouldn't say a word about what he was going to do now. Not that it mattered. He couldn't help himself.

He stumbled out of the empty stall, leaving his hiding place and peephole. His athletic trunks tore as he forced them off, but he didn't give a damn. All that mattered was his mom's beautiful naked ass, which stared him in the face as he staggered toward it, half tripping as he stepped out of his trunks. He didn't have time to get off his jockstrap, not that it mattered. His cock and balls were out one side of the elastic pouch, naked and ready for action.

He glimpsed his mother's face as she turned it away from between Sally's legs, saw the horse-cum dripping from her lips, saw the look on her face as if she'd seen a ghost. He couldn't let that expression bother him, though. Focusing all his attention on her sexy ass, he dropped down behind her and rammed his cock between her legs. He couldn't believe how wet she was. He couldn't believe he was doing this. He found her cunt and rammed his cock up it to the hilt, grinding his belly against her full round ass. Her ass-skin felt like hot silk. Her cunt felt indescribable around his rigid cock! He'd never felt so good in his life and he started to fuck.

Connie was sure now that this was all a dream. This couldn't be happening! That huge stiff cock plunging in her cunt couldn't be that of her own son.

Billy moaned. His arms hugged her around the belly. His hard abdomen smacked her ass again and again. His cock pistoned inside her like an oiled cylinder. The feeling was incredible. How could any dream feel this real, this good! How could any phantom cock be that hard, that hot?

"Lick my pussy," Sally hissed. "Hi, Billy, you're being naughty."

"Shut up!" Billy said, his breath hot on Connie's naked shoulder.

"Mother-fucker!" Sally taunted.

"I said, shut up!" Billy growled. Connie knew now she wasn't imagining anything. The sound of her son's voice was too real. The smell of his breath was real. Pleasure saturated her loins and she wiggled her ass excitedly, fucking her son's cock.

Sally shoved her naked toes in Billy's face. "Lick my toes, Billy."

"Shut up!" the boy said as Sally rubbed his cheeks with her fool and tried to wiggle her toes into his mouth.

"Suck 'em," Sally said. "They're hot."

To Connie's surprise, the boy opened his mouth, letting the girl feed him her toes. He munched, sucking, licking.

"Oooh, that feels sexy!" Sally cooed. She reached between her legs, opening up her pussy wide. "Come on, Connie, lick."

The aroma of teenaged cunt and horse-cum poured from the girl's open cunt like hot steam, and Connie felt drugged. She started to lick again, sucking out the strong-flavored horse-cum, chewing on the young girl's puffed-up pussy-slabs.

"Oh Mom, you're so sexy!" Billy mumbled. "Oh wow!"

He bucked against her ass, riding her wildly, pistoning his cock inside her. His tight belly clapped against her ass and his cock squished rhythmically in her clutching pussy.

"Oh, Billy!" Connie moaned, her mouth full of hot pussymeat. "Oh Billy, fuck me!"

She sucked hard on Sally's insatiable young cunt, swallowing horse-cum and girlish fuck juices. Her sucking caused her own cunt to tighten and contract just as it was causing Sally's to. As her pussy clutched rhythmically at her son's sliding cock, she heard him moan and she moaned with him.

"Eat my toes!" Sally hissed. "Suck my pussy! It feels so good!"

Billy munched on the young girl's toes, humping faster against his mother's hot ass. Connie plunged her tongue up Sally's cunt, twisting it in circles, trying to hit all the sensitive crevices of the girl's quivering cuntal walls.

"Eeeeeeeh!" Sally squealed. "I'm coming!"

And she arched up, grinding her cunt in Connie's mouth, ejecting horse-cum and pussycream from

her spasm-wracked pussy-hole.

The girl's orgasm seemed to pass into Connie's mouth, thrilling Connie's lips and tongue. As Sally's spasming cunt sucked Connie's nipples quivered, tingly and tight and hard. Connie churned her ass, grinding her cunt around and around on Billy's cock. She felt spasms beginning in her loins.

"Ohhhhh Mommmy!" Billy's cock flexed powerfully and he exploded his cum deep into her womb.

"Billy!" she gasped, and, she exploded with him.

"Ohhhhhh!" they moaned in unison, the pleasure whirling through their coupled fuck meat, Billy's sizzling cum spurting repeatedly into Connie's contracting cunt.

The boy had a powerful squirt that thrilled Connie. She loved the feeling of his cock flexing inside her, swelling and contracting and filling her full of hot cum.

"Nice show," said a voice that startled them all.

Connie swung around to see Matt. He had a funny grin on his face – that crazed look again, and the look he got when he was sexually excited. In his right hand he held his erect cock which he was slowly massaging. His other hand gripped the halter of a chestnut stallion, which was sniffing the air, its long red cock hanging out of its sheath and throbbing.

Matt shook his head. "Imagine you, Connie, fucking your own son! What's this world coming to?"

"I fucked her," Billy said proudly.

"I'm sure you did," said Matt. "But it takes two to fuck, doesn't it?" His eyes never left Connie's face, and his wicked grin never left his own face.

He led the stallion farther into the triple-sized stall. Connie could see that it was wearing the same halter that had been on Midnight, its buckles and loops ready to be attached to the straps and ropes dangling from the overhead beams.

"Get out of the way, you little whore!" Matt grabbed Sally's foot and nearly yanked her off the platform. "All right, Samson, up you go."

He lifted slightly on the halter, and the stallion reared up gracefully, planting its front hooves on the platform. The stallion's cock flexed up, knocking against the edge of the platform and Matt told Sally to adjust it. The young girl lifted the big cock, bending it sideways to clear the edge of the platform, then laid it in the straw on the floor of the wooden structure.

Matt guided the horse closer, until the hanging straps and rope lined up with their points of attachment on the halter. Sally helped him secure the fastenings, then started to climb up onto the platform.

"And what do you think you're doing, young lady?" Matt said as he grabbed Sally by her hips, rubbing his hard cock against her wiggling young ass.

"I wanna fuck Samson," the girl said.

"You might want to, but you're not going to," said Matt, glancing sideways at Connie. "I think a woman who fucks her own son oughta know what it's like to fuck a prize stallion."

Connie's first impulse was to turn and run. But she just stood there shaking, her eyes on the magnificent throbbing cock of the restless stallion. Billy's warm cum oozed from her cunt and dribbled down her legs.

Matt glanced down as Connie squeezed her thighs together. "Come on, baby, you're dying for it, and you're all greased up already. Now's the time, bitch. You'll never be readier."

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## CHAPTER TEN

Matt pushed Sally aside and extended his arm to take Connie's trembling hand. Connie let him pull her toward the horse. She felt as if she were moving in a slow-motion dream, her thighs slipping against each other, greased with her own son's cum. More cum oozed from her asshole - Matt's. The stallion awaited her, its cock throbbing like a long shiny snake above the edge of the platform. Connie had never felt more filthy.

"Get up there, you dirty bitch." Matt slapped her on the ass and boosted her up.

She crawled onto the straw, her tits swollen and dangling heavily. The huge face of the stallion stared down at her as the animal sniffed her, his nostrils flaring and dripping.

"Give him a whiff of your ass," Matt said. "Damn, you look hot up there!"

Connie backed her ass up to the horse's nostrils, letting him plaster them to her ass and crotch and inhale her sex-scent. The animal snorted, sniffed, snorted again. His long fat tongue came out and flapped against her crotch, then up between her asscheeks.

Connie caught her breath, moaned softly, her entire ass throbbing with excitement and pleasure. The horse's tongue slithered up and down between her ass-cheeks, between her cuntslabs, lapping up cum and female juices. Connie put her head down on the straw, looking down under her body, past her huge hanging tits, between her legs. Behind her, the enormous cock of the stallion flexed up and down, quivering and dripping.

He wants to fuck me, she thought, as if only now realizing the full extent of what was happening. Oh God! Her cunt contracted, pussyjuice and Billy's cum bubbling out of it and running down her legs before the horse could catch it with his tongue.

The stallion snorted fiercely, thrusting his cock at the air. His asshole was wide open, fucklube oozing from it like a clear honey.

"Grease it for her," Matt ordered, and Sally moved under the stallion's heaving flanks to assist.

The girl tugged at Connie's ankle. "Move back."

As Connie backed up on all fours, the horse lapped at her back, sending goosebumps and chills running up and down her flesh. She got completely under the stallion, maintaining a shaky balance on all fours. The heat radiating from the huge beast enveloped her, made her start to sweat. She gasped as Sally reached between her legs, catching cuntcream and cum, which Sally then rubbed onto the horse's cock.

The young girl muttered to herself as she worked, talking about how big and hard Samson's prick

was. She coated the huge horse cock not only with the fluids from Connie's cunt, but with those from her own. Then she lifted the cock and rubbed its knob up and down Connie's cunt furrow. The stallion's hot lube trickled between Connie's cuntslabs, which felt as if they were going to explode.

"So, you want it on all fours," Matt said. He was standing close by, pumping on his cock. "You're a real pretty mare, Connie. You and Samson were made for each other."

Matt's words should have infuriated Connie, but instead they excited her even more. She was a mare now, a mare in heat and about to be mounted by a stallion.

"Do it," Connie moaned, her fuck-itch driving her out of her mind. "Oh, do it!"

She wiggled her ass, trying to impale her cunt on the stallion's cock. The horse snorted, ramming at her.

"Hold still!" Matt shouted. "Connie, you've gotta hold still till it's in. Help her, Sally."

Giggling, Sally caught the stallion's cock again and guided it against Connie's half-open cunt. "Back up," the girl said.

Connie applied pressure, backing up hard against the horsecock, trying to impale herself on it again. She held her breath as her cuntlips spread, stretching around the stallion's enormous prickknob. It won't go in, she thought. It's too big!

The stallion rammed.

Connie's mouth gaped in a silent scream. The pressure was unbearable. It felt as if a baseball bat had been rammed inside her.

"It's in!" Sally gibbered excitedly. "Oh, it's in!"

"Fuck that bitch!" Matt growled. "Man oh man, fuck that hot fucking mare!"

Samson's powerful loins thrust. His cock flexed, nearly lifting Connie off the platform.

"Oh God!" Connie gasped. "Oh, oh!"

The huge prick plunged inside her, reaming her out wide and deep. She was sure at least a foot of horsecock was repeatedly ramming in and out of her cunt.

He's killing me, she thought. He's splitting me in half.

But she couldn't move, couldn't do anything but brace herself and let the horse fuck her. It was as if the platform were magnetically glued to her hands and knees. She felt the animal's glossy fur rubbing against her naked back, felt the heat of his body penetrating her flesh. Her ass felt hugely swollen. Her loins felt as if they would explode.

"Ohhh Goddd!" she moaned. "Ohhhhh!"

Matt was masturbating excitedly, leaning close to watch the cock of his prize breeding stallion plunging in Connie's cunt. Sally tried to suck his cock, but he violently knocked the young girl away.

"Fuck that bitch, fuck that mare!" he muttered as if crazed, his hand jerking up and down his hard cock.



Connie tossed her head from side to side and caught a glimpse of Sally lying on the ground where Matt had knocked her. Connie saw Billy sitting nearby, his mouth gaping, his eyes wide and glazed-looking, his hand a blur on his rampant young prick.

Connie felt a moment of total shame and embarrassment. In her lust for the stallion, she'd all but forgot about Billy. Here she was, fucking a horse while her own son watched! She had no time to dwell on her shame, however, for Samson was becoming wilder and more excited with every snorting fuck-thrust.

The chestnut stallion pawed with his front hooves, danced on his hind hooves. His loins swung with a fast rhythm as he humped, plunging his cock again and again into Connie's cunt.

He's magnificent, Connie thought. So powerful. Oh, he's so good!

She'd never been fucked like this before, didn't think she could ever be fucked this well again. The horse-cock plunged deep into her womb, deeper than any human cock had ever penetrated. Its head was as big as a fist, its shaft as big around as Matt's forearm. The magnificent prick stretched out every fluffy fold of Connie's cuntal walls, sending the most pleasurable sensations Connie had ever felt whirling through her loins.

The horse was in a fucking frenzy, whinnying, grunting, slicing his cock like a long sword in and out of Connie's body. She could feel his hot fucklube running into her hugely reamed cunt, could feel the skin of his cock sending millions of tiny electrical prickles into her cuntmeat. As his massive prick slid in and out of her, hot cunt cream bubbled from her ravaged pussyhole and ran down the insides of her legs. Her fuck-tension rushed to a head and she couldn't control it.

"I'm coming!" she gasped. "Oh God, I'm coming!"

She felt the sensations beginning simultaneously in her loins, in her nipples, and in her fingers and toes. Her clit swelled, becoming as large and hard as one of her nipples. Daggers of electricity stabbed the end of her cut as similar sensations tortured her nipples and toes. Her cunt contracted, nearly cramping, and she felt as if she were swimming in a pool of ecstasy.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" she whined. "Ohhhhh!"

Samson rammed her clutching cunt, fucking his cock in so deep that Connie panted like a woman giving birth. His prick stretched her spasming fuckmeat until she almost screamed. Her orgasm renewed itself, torturing her with a new series of spasms and toe-curling pleasure. Samson let out a loud snort and exploded inside her.

The spurts drilled her womb, as forceful as hot water gushing from a hose. She gasped with each explosion, sure that at any moment horse-cum would be squirting from her gaping mouth. The cum was shockingly hot, and its heat saturated every cell of her loins. The stallion's load was so profuse that his cum was running out of her cunt before he'd finished pumping out his load.

Connie rotated her ass, churning her cunt around and around on Samson's shuddering, spurting horse-cock. It felt so good that she found herself suddenly giggling like a giddy young girl. As Samson oozed the last of his load inside her, he pulled out and immediately started trying to break loose of his halter. Connie fell forward, mashing her tits to the straw bed, too exhausted to care whether the stallion and the entire stable loft crashed down on her.

"God damn, I'm hot!" Matt said. "God damn!"

Connie turned her head to the side to see Matt move toward Sally and Billy. Billy had the young girl pinned to the ground, grinding his chest against her young tits as he bounced between her legs, ramming his cock in and out of her cunt.

Sally, her eyes rolling with pleasure, embraced the lust-maddened boy, clawing at his ass with her toenails, and at his upper back with her fingernails. Matt looked as if he were going to drop down and ram his cock down the girl's throat. He didn't move quick enough, however, because suddenly he let out a moan as cum erupted from his cock.

Matt's hand pumped fiercely as his cum rained down on the coupled teenagers, splatting like hot wax all over Billy's back and Sally's face. The shower of cum appeared to excite the rutting teenagers even more, as Billy's fucking became more wild and Sally nearly drew blood with her nails.

Matt turned away, milking the last cum from his softening cock. "Animals," he said. "Nothing but animals!"

He moved to the horse, his cock hanging long and heavy, cum dripping from the end of it. As he unfastened the ropes from Samson's halter, he told Connie to move out of the way so she wouldn't get stepped on.

"Samson's a little unpredictable sometimes," Matt said.

Connie crawled on her belly until she was out of range of the stallion's front hooves. As Matt released the horse and let him down, Connie glanced at the stallion's cock. It hung from its sheath, shiny with horse-cum and her own fuckjuices. As Matt led it away, Connie watched Matt's cock and Samson's cock swing heavily, and she couldn't help but think that the cocks of men and those of horses looked amazingly similar.

"Fuck me, Billy, oh fuck me!"

Sally was squirming under the boy, wiggling her ass in the straw as Billy pistoned his teen-aged cock in her sucking young cunt.

Connie turned her attention back to her rutting son and the little nymphomaniac underneath him. The boy's eyes rolled drunkenly. He humped as fast as a dog. Sally's cunt was obviously tight enough to drive him crazy with pleasure as he worked his stiff cock inside it.

Amazing, Connie thought. The girl had been fucked by a horse-cock only a short time ago, by a cock as thick and long as an arm, and now her teenaged pussyhole was so tightened up again Billy couldn't get enough of it.

"Yeah!" Billy mumbled. "Yeah, oh yeah!" The long muscles alongside his spine tensed and undulated like snakes as he swung his pelvis, fucking, fucking, fucking. His ass-cheeks dimpled rhythmically. The obscene sounds of squishing and sucking came from the fuckhole he was thrusting into. Sally's cunt was still a pool of horse-cum inside, and her young pussyhole was as talented as a whore's mouth.

Give it to her, Connie thought. Ram the dirty little slut! For some reason, Connie took delight in watching her virile young son, pleasuring his big cock in the little nympho's pussy. It pleased her to see the boy's muscles all working in unison as he drove his cock like a jackhammer. She could sense his pleasure.

Sally writhed under the boy, her toes clutching his asscheeks, her eyes rolled back to white slits. She tossed her head from side to side on the yellow straw, gasping with pleasure as her pussy spasmed and as Billy gnawed at her neck like a vampire.

Connie could hardly believe that the girl was coming again. The girl was insatiable, totally obsessed with pleasure, her cunt having orgasm after orgasm after orgasm. Sally had surely experienced at least a dozen orgasms within the last hour, and the girl gave no signs of slowing down. Connie had a flash of memory – of Sam screwing Trixie Smith the papergirl. Connie knew without a doubt that Trixie had been just as insatiable. Lucky Sam, Connie thought.

Billy was laboring away, fucking as if his cock were made of wood and he could last all day. Connie wondered whether the boy had already shot a load into the girl and was now working toward another orgasm of his own.

Sally let her arms and legs drop, letting Billy rut at her as if she were a sex-toy. The boy pushed up with his arms, bridging himself over her as he bore down, ramming with his tight loins, plunging his cock in her fluid-oozing cunthole. The muscles of his slender body stood out as if carved in stone, his skin shiny with sweat. His hair fell over his eyes. He panted as he fucked, putting all his concentration and energy into driving his cock like a torpedo up the young girl's juicy pussy.

"Huh, huh, huh!" he grunted, knifing his cock faster and faster, wiggling his ass.

Sally squirmed under him, her toes clutching crazily, her eyes making wobbly rotations in their sockets. She let her arms and legs lie, however, not reaching up to clamp them around the boy. It was as if her arms and legs were tied down and she was being raped.

Billy's ass became a blur. His cock knifed like a piston in a racing stock car. He snapped his head back, his eyes showing only white, his mouth gaping. His skinny body shuddered, then started to jerk. He whimpered as he fucked his load into Sally's body.

Sally moaned, arching her loins up toward him. She grabbed her nipples and twisted on them, squirming madly under the grunting, spurting boy. Her eyes rolled back and she started to shiver.

"I'm coming," she whispered. "Mmmmmmm! Squirt it!"

Billy churned his spurting cock inside her and she writhed under him as if his prick were an electrified drill bit. The boy remained bridged over her, his back arched, his loins grinding, until the quivering of his flanks subsided. Then he collapsed on the girl with a satisfied sigh. Sally wrapped her arms and legs around him, purring like a kitten.

Matt's right, Connie thought. They are animals. Maybe we're all animals!

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Connie woke up, hungry for a taste of more cock. She stretched, then climbed out of bed. Without bothering to put a robe on over her naked body, she went down the hall to the bathroom, her tits bouncing, her pussylips working together as she walked. Her pussylips were perpetually swollen these days, her cunt wet and hot.

She sat on the toilet and pissed, getting a thrill even from ejecting the hot yellow fluid. Her pussy tingled as the piss hissed out. She yawned, thinking that maybe this morning she ought to go back to bed and catch a few extra winks instead of going to the office so early. But then she thought of the German shepherd that had been brought in yesterday and immediately forgot about going back to bed.

The animal was perfectly healthy, but she'd told the owner she'd like to keep it in the office kennel a few days, "for observation". She didn't tell him that what she wanted to observe, and even service, was that hot red piece of dogcock between the animal's legs.

Connie, you're becoming a complete and hopeless pervert, she told herself. But aren't you having the fun! It was really too bad, she thought, that she hadn't discovered the thrill of bestiality years ago, as a young girl like Sally. Well, better late than never. And she was fast making up for what she'd missed in the past.

"Thank you, Matt," she said, getting up and flushing the toilet.

If Matt hadn't kept after her, if he hadn't taken her to Tijuana three weeks ago, she'd still be depressed over the divorce from Sam and living in constant sexual frustration. Now she felt more liberated and satisfied than she'd ever dreamed was possible.

"Thank you, Matt," she said again. "And thank you, Billy."

She'd never forget her shock and her joy at looking over her shoulder that day in Matt's stable to see her hard-cocked son come at her from behind and mount her. Just the memory of it gave her such a thrill that she could almost get off.

She left the bathroom and headed for Billy's room, swallowing the saliva that kept filling her mouth. She pushed his door open and entered his room, going straight to his bed. The boy lay on his back, apparently sound asleep. Connie peeled the sheet off him. His cock lay on his belly, pointing at his navel, hard and fat and throbbing. Every morning since that wild day at Matt's when Billy had first fucked her, Connie had come into his bedroom like this and uncovered his naked body and every morning his young cock had been hard as stone.

She leaned over and kissed his cock, then his balls, enjoying his musky boyish scent. He gasped in his sleep as his cock flexed up, glued to her kissing lips. She kissed his small brown nipples, then nuzzled down into his armpits.

He mumbled groggily, then raised his arms, pillowing his head in his clasped hands and exposing his armpits. He sighed, keeping his eyes closed, as Connie licked his salty armpits with their sprigs of sprouting blondish hair.

She kissed his lips, then moved down to lie on the bed between his legs and give him his morning blow-job. As she lifted his cock and wrapped her lips around it, the boy arched up, stretching and sighing. She swallowed his big prick nearly to its base, taking its head deep in her throat, and the boy shivered all over.

"Suck it," he mumbled, lying there passively and totally relaxed. "Give it a good suck, Mom."

Connie bobbed her head, twirling her wet tongue up and down the backside of Billy's teenaged cock. As she worked on the huge cylinder of fuckmeat, it pulsed powerfully in her mouth and Billy began to gasp and squirm.

"Play with my balls," the boy mumbled. Connie caressed and gently squeezed her son's hairless balls. They felt spongy but firm, and they throbbed between her fingers. She tickled the sensitive skin all around the nutsac, then slipped her finger down to stimulate the boy's asspucker. The hot little pucker quivered against her fingertip as she rubbed it.

"Mmn, wow, yeah!" the boy moaned, humping up into Connie's mouth, working his cock in her throat.

She sucked, munched, licked, enjoying the feel of the boy's big prick throbbing in her mouth and of his cock-arteries twitching against her upper lip. As she sucked, she continued to probe the boy's asspucker. His asshole was moist and hot, and suddenly her finger slipped inside it, as if his asshole were a mouth that had sucked her finger in.

The boy arched up, squirming, moaning.

Connie rubbed his prostate gland with her finger, felt it swelling, felt Billy's cock harden like steel. She undulated her throat muscles, flapped her tongue, slipped her wet lips up and down his prickshaft. At the same time, she pumped her finger in and out of his asshole.

The boy arched up again, groaning loudly, fucking her throat. His prostate contracted, his prick flexed, and hot cum streamed down Connie's throat.

"Ohhhh Mommmm, ohhhh suck it!" Billy shook all over as he fed Connie his jism.

Connie cooed as she swallowed, hungry for as much boyish spunk as Billy could feed her.

He settled back finally, all fucked out, and Connie gently sucked his softening cock, milking the cum from the pistube. She held his cock in her mouth for several minutes. "I've gotta piss, Mom," Billy said finally.

Connie gave a suck to his soft cock, clamping her lips around its base. The boy's silky pubic hair tickled her nose.

Billy sighed. His prick made a little jump and suddenly Connie's mouth was filled with hot piss. She almost choked at the first taste of the tart fluid, but she forced herself to swallow. After a few gulps she was enjoying the taste and she sucked down Billy's piss as fast as he squirted it. Connie sucked his cock a few seconds longer, feeling it begin to swell, and immediately let go.

"You can suck it off again, if you want," Billy said.

She leaned over and kissed him. "Save it for after school, darling. I've gotta get to the office."

She gave his half-hard cock a loving squeeze, then got up to leave. Billy opened his eyes, taking in every inch of her nude body.

"Let me fuck you, Mom."

"Save it for after school," Connie said. "Don't go jerking off."

"I'll try not to," the boy said.

Connie had to force herself to leave the room. She really would have enjoyed riding Billy's hot cock. She purposely visualized that studly German shepherd waiting for her at the office, and the vision helped push her out of Billy's room and back into her own, where she dressed with fumbling,

shaking fingers.

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Connie led the German shepherd from the kennel wing of her office into her largest examining room. The dog was well-behaved, except for the way he constantly tried to shove his snout under her skirt.

"What's the matter, boy?" she teased. "Smell something interesting?"

She locked the door of the examining room, ordered the dog to sit, and began to undress. He watched her like any male would who was watching a woman strip. His eyes followed each article of her clothing as she removed it, then fell on the bare skin she'd exposed. He panted, his long tongue dangling and dripping. Connie thrilled to the sight of his long red cock standing upright out of its sheath as the animal sat on its haunches.

By the time she'd removed her panties, standing completely nude in front of the dog, the fuckjuices were running down her legs and the animal was sniffing fiercely. She was afraid he might spring at her.

"Stay!" she ordered, moving toward him slowly. She got up close, pushing her cunt toward the dog's snout.

The dog let out a small whimper and started to lick.

"Good boy," she said. "Good boy."

She spread her legs, half squatting. She tugged apart her pussylips, allowing the dog to lap between them. The animal licked as if he'd been starving for weeks and as if Connie's pussycream were the sweetest honey.

Connie had trouble maintaining her balance. As the hot sensations swept through her pussy, dizziness swept through her head. She hugged the cool linoleum floor with her toes, fighting not to topple over as she wiggled her ass and rubbed her steaming crotch in the dog's mouth.

The dog started to growl, to nip with his fangs at Connie's swollen cuntmeat. As his sharp teeth jabbed her puffed up pussyslabs, it was like an electric current shooting into her cunt. The dog's tongue lapped deep between her cuntlips and up over her erect clit and Connie went into spasms.

"Ohhhhh yesssss!" she moaned, shaking all over as the hot feelings streamed through her loins. Her flow of fuckcream increased, and she fed it to the eagerly lapping dog.

The dog reared up suddenly, planting his paws on her shoulders and ramming his hot prick between her legs. She was still trembling with her orgasm, so she wrapped her arms around the furry beast for support, not caring that he was clawing her shoulders. The dog lapped at her face, and she opened her mouth, allowing his huge dripping dog-tongue to slide into it.

Then she sucked on his tongue, grinding herself against him. His slippery prick slithered between her cuntlips, feeling to her like a sizzling wet snake. She clung to the dog, rubbing her tits against his furry chest, sucking on his tongue, enjoying the feel of him as he rutted at her. As her spasms passed away, however, she immediately forced the dog to dismount.

"Take it easy," she said. "You don't wanna lose your load yet, do ya, boy? Huh?" She petted the whimpering animal, forcing him to stay down. "Good boy. Good boy. Just calm down."

The dog's muscles quivered. She knew he was ready to do almost anything to relieve his bestial lust. Quickly, she led him over to the examining table and made him rear up and rest his paws on top of it. He was standing on his hind legs now, his front paws braced on the table top. Saliva dripped from his hanging tongue. The room reeked of hot dog. Connie slipped down between the dog's legs and the table. Kneeling, sitting back on her heels, she leaned forward, letting the hot red dogcock slide into her mouth.

The dog whimpered, humping wildly, pistoning his cock between Connie's lips. The dogcock was incredibly smooth and slippery, about six inches long, but quite slender compared to a man's cock. The taste of it was potently musky. Even now, after having sucked dozens of dogcocks over the last few weeks, Connie had to hold her breath for a few moments to allow herself to accept the strong flavor, which, like Billy's piss, could cause her to gag at first.

The dogcock rubbed pleasure into her mouth and lips, and within seconds Connie was excited enough that she not only tolerated the flavor of the dogcock, but enjoyed it, wishing it were even more potently tasty.

The dog panted almost as fast as he humped. His hot prickhead stabbed at Connie's tonsils. His salty fucklube ran down her throat. She made a tight ring of her lips and let the dog fuck.

He was getting close. From the way his prick hardened and quivered, Connie knew he'd be shooting off before too long. She wished she could control the dog in some way, but knew it was impossible. He longed for that hot orgasmic feeling, and he would drive on until he attained it.

Connie reached forward to cup and tickle his balls. Though smaller, the dog-nuts felt just like Billy's nuts. She pushed her hand farther between the dog's legs to attempt something she'd never tried before. If Billy enjoyed getting a finger up his ass, maybe this dog would too. She found his asspucker and started twisting the tip of her finger into it.

The dog danced on his hind legs, letting out little yelps.

Connie kept twisting her finger and pushing. The dog's asspucker relaxed and her finger slipped in him to the hilt. He let out a howl and ejaculated, squirting hot cum straight down her throat.

Connie sucked, swallowing the bitter-tasting dogcum. The burning prick flexed in her mouth like a hard finger. Stream after stream of dogcum shot from the animal's prick, filling Connie's mouth and throat. She gagged a few times, but managed to swallow every drop before the dog stopped shooting.

And all the while he was coming, she twisted her finger in his hot asshole, torturing his prostate gland until he let out a long pained howl. The moment he finished pumping out his load, he jumped down from his two-legged stance, popping his cock out of Connie's mouth in the process.

Connie caught the dog. Kneeling beside him, she stroked him all over, kissed him, nibbled on his ears and licked inside them.

"You're such a beautiful stud, I could just eat you up! Do you like Connie, boy? Would you like to fuck Connie? Would ya, huh?"

She made love to the dog as he sat on his haunches enjoying all her petting and kissing and attention. Connie stroked him for at least five minutes, enjoying her love-making herself, but getting hotter by the moment.

She got up on her hands and knees, turning her ass to the dog. She arched her back and wiggled her ass, wafting her steamy female scent at him. She watched with excitement as the animal's prick suddenly rose from its hairy sheath, all red and hot and dripping with fucklube. As the dog reared to his hind legs to mount her, she couldn't help squealing out loud.

The dog held her around the waist with his large paws, gripping with his claws. His furry loins rubbed against her ass as he stabbed his prick at her cunt.

Connie tried to keep from squirming so the animal could gain entry, but she had a hard time controlling her itchy ass, which wiggled as if it had a mind of its own.

The dog's claws sank in deeper, nearly breaking Connie's skin and thrilling her even more. She enjoyed the mild pain. The dog growled as he rammed his prick at her cunt, which was a moving target. Connie reached back with her left hand, gripping one side of her ass in an attempt to both steady her ass and open herself up more for the dog. She succeeded. The dog's cock slipped inside her, and they were joined at last.

"Oh baby, fuck me!" she moaned. "Make me feel it, you big beautiful beast, oh yes!"

She braced herself on all fours as the heavy dog rammed at her ass. His prick felt incredibly hot and slippery inside her and it pistoned so fast that her cuntlips burned. The dogcock was slender and pointed, great for jabbing at sensitive spots in her cunt and causing hot electrical thrills to torture her cuntmeat.

Connie rotated her ass, rubbing it against the animal's furry loins. The feel of the fur excited her. She glanced over her shoulder at the rutting beast, half-surprised to see him. She'd fucked a lot of dogs these last few weeks, but she still found the sight of a dog mounted on her ass something of a shock. It still just didn't seem real.

The German shepherd panted, his long tongue dangling and drooling spit on Connie's lower back. As his dick pistoned inside her, the fuckjuices bubbled from her clutching fuck hole and dribbled down her legs. The dog growled, fucking wildly.

"Oh baby, you make me feel so good!" Connie moaned. "I'm coming, oh God!"

The orgasm was mild, short, and very sweet. She gasped with each contraction and felt slightly dizzy. As her pussy sucked the dog's cock, he fucked in earnest, driving toward climax, but Connie wasn't ready for his load yet. They were just getting started. Still spasming, she gathered all her strength and lunged away from the animal. He followed along, walking on his hind legs, humping, gripping with his claws, but Connie cut to the side and he lost his mount.

Whimpering, the animal tried to mount her again, and Connie giggled, aware of how this must look. She'd seen studs trying to mount reluctant bitches many times, and each time the sight had been humorous. Well, here she was, the reluctant bitch herself!

The dog was insistent. He was going to mount her again.

Connie toyed with him, breaking away each time he gained a hold on her ass and tried to penetrate her again. She enjoyed the stud's frustrated whimperings. The game had its penalties, however. Her ass and lower back were being gouged mercilessly by the dog's claws. At last, she'd had enough clawing, and she feared the shepherd might lose control and bite her, so she stood up, bracing her hands on top of the examining table and leaning slightly forward.



The dog reared up high, mounting her again, dropping his large padded paws on her shoulders. His humid breath bathed the back of her neck and gave her chills. His cock knifed at her crotch, but she wasn't bending over far enough for it to enter her pussy.

Reaching back, she spread her asscheeks. The dogcock stabbed between them, its hot tip ramming her asspucker. Keeping her asscheeks spread with one hand, she grasped the slippery dogcock with the other and forced it into her asshole. The dog growled as she squeezed his cock, then groaned as it slipped up her asshole.

Connie braced herself again, cooing as the hairy beast rutted at her asshole. "Oh baby, fuck my ass! Mmn, give it to me!"

The dog lay against her back. Even through his thick coat, she could feel his hard nipples pressing into her skin. His claws gripped her shoulders near the sides of her neck and he lapped at her back, humping relentlessly at her ass.

Connie felt itchy thrills throughout her asshole and loins. She felt prickling sensations in her nipples and even in the soles of her feet. She'd always loved getting a hot cock up the ass, and she found it extra exciting, to be ass fucked by a German shepherd. The slipperiness and sizzling heat of the dogcock made up for its lack of size, and the furriness of the animal against her back made her shiver repeatedly as her excitement mounted.

Dogspit drooled on her shoulders like warm glue, dribbling down over her tits. She reached up, rubbing the spit on her nipples, getting her cherries all shiny and hot. As she played with her tits, delicious fuck-thrills filled her loins. She reached down and slipped a finger up her cunt, rubbing her hand deeply between her cuntlips, stimulating her clit. Her crotch throbbed, on fire, and she knew she could come at any time.

"Fuck me!" she gibbered. "Fuck my asshole, you big dirty mutt! Squirt that hot jizz inside me, you rutting beast!"

She churned her ass, rubbing it at the animal's furry belly, fucking her asshole on his ramming dogcock. The dog growled.

"Oh fuck me, you big furry animal!" Connie moaned. "Fuck that dogcock in my asshole, you beast! Shoot your jizz up my shit hole! I wanna feel it!"

The dog tightened his hold on her, sinking his claws in deeper, hugging her against him as he humped his loins and pistoned his burning prick. Her asshole became an inferno, its walls undulating, its pucker forming a tight, sucking ring around the dog's prick. As Connie ass fucked the dog's cock, she clawed at her juicy crotch, finger-fucking herself, masturbating her clit. The heat and tension saturated Connie's asshole and loins, streamed down her legs and up her spine.

"Shoot it!" she gasped, tingling all over. "Shoot it quick!"

She rammed her ass back and forth, fucking herself on the dog's bone-hard cock. She turned her head to the side, attempting to kiss the beast on the mouth. His tongue lapped all over her cheek, slid into her gaping mouth. She sucked his tongue, felt his prick flex inside her, saw his eyes glaze over.

He exploded inside her, sending hot spurts into the depths of her bowels. As he climaxed, he whimpered, his large furry body shuddering. His cock quivered and squirmed, squirting one round of dog jism after another, filling her guts, filling her asshole.

In her excitement, Connie nearly rammed her fist up her cunt. The moment the first stream of dogcum surged into her asshole, she tore at her pussy with her fingernails and brought herself off. The pleasure exploded in her loins and hot pussyjuice gushed into her grinding hand.

"Ohhhhhhhh yesssssss!" she whined.

The dog half-growled, half-howled as his initial spurts shot into her guts, then whimpered as her spasming asshole nearly sucked his prick out of his loins. They clung together, wracked with mutual pleasure, Connie writhing under the rutting dog, the dog shuddering as he crushed himself against her.

"Squirt!" she gasped. "Give me it all! Oh, give me every drop!"

Connie felt dog-jism filling her and cooed with satisfaction. Orgasmic spasms gnawed through her loins and she whined like a mating bitch, which she knew she was.

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

Connie let her car fly. The moment she left town she eased down the accelerator pedal and let the power of the engine fly her through the country side, over the hills of pastures and meadows and farm fields. Her hair trailed behind her in the wind rushing through her window. She checked her watch, seeing that she was right on schedule. She'd be at Matt's place within minutes. Then she'd have forty-five minutes for "lunch" before driving back to town for her afternoon appointments.

The final hill came up before she knew it, and she slowed abruptly so she could make the turn into Matt's driveway. She felt as if she'd been making this turn every day of her life, even though she'd only been coming out here to Matt's every noon hour since getting back from Tijuana. She looked forward to telling Matt about her seduction of the German shepherd this morning. Matt would get a dirty thrill from hearing her describe her encounter. He just couldn't get enough of hearing about women with animals.

Connie accelerated down the driveway and slid on the gravel as she braked in front of Matt's house. On her way to the stable she had to fight off two dogs, Slicker and a dog Connie had never seen before. They kept barking and growling at her, but she knew all they wanted was to get their snouts or pricks between her legs.

"Matt, why don't you tie up those damned beasts when you know I'm on my way out?" Connie had managed to shut the stable door behind her, locking out the whimpering dogs.

"I'm over here," Matt called to her.

Connie went down a corridor, past one empty stall after another, until she reached Matt. He was lying on a bed of straw, stark naked, and playing with himself like some teen-aged boy. Next to him in the stall stood a pinto pony, who glanced at Connie, then went back to eating his oats.

"Matt, I really wish you'd tie up those dogs when you know I'll be coming. One of these days they're gonna gang up on me and I won't be able to handle them."

"And they'll have a doggone gang-bang," Matt said with a grin. "And you'll love it." He sat up. "Get

undressed, bitch.”

Connie pretended to be perturbed, but she loved it when he called her a bitch. As she pulled off her dress, her bra and panties, she kept her back turned to Matt, feigning anger by her silence.

The stable door in front of her was open, letting in sunlight and a view of the distant hills. She heard the two dogs trying to get into the corral so they could come into the stable through his open door, and she was thankful that Matt’s corral fence had been built to keep out the nosy beasts. She’d had enough of dogs today. She needed some variety.

Matt crawled up behind her and kissed her calf. Then he began to lick her feet. “You’re still the sexiest woman I’ve ever laid eyes on,” he said.

“Kiss my ass,” Connie said, and Matt rose up and did just that.

He licked up and down the long cleft between her asscheeks. Connie shivered, getting weak all over, and Matt pulled her down. He kissed her, then licked her nipples. He pushed her down on her back, spreading her legs and eating out her cunt. She was on the verge of coming, when he pulled away.

“Now, how about some lunch for you?” he said, nodding toward the pony.

Connie sat up, weak from having her pussy sucked. Matt pulled at her arm and she complied with his wishes, crawling like an animal until she was under the pony. Although, she’d never played with this animal before, the pony was apparently experienced, because his prick slid from its sheath like a long snake. She was surprised to see that its prick was the size of a horse-cock. She lifted it with one hand as she balanced on all fours, unable to get her hand to close more than a third of the way around it.

“Eat that hog,” Matt said, rearing up behind her like a stallion so he could mount her ass.

Connie’s eyes crossed as Matt’s cock slipped into her cunt and she took the pony’s cock-head into her mouth. The pony grunted, and so did Matt.

“Man, I just love to fuck you!” Matt said. He slapped her ass playfully as he fucked it.

Connie wiggled her ass, getting dizzy from the plunging of Matt’s cock inside her. Fuck lube bubbled from the pony’s cock and Connie twisted her tongue into his wide-open pisshole, sucking on his knob with smacking lips.

“Swallow more of it,” Matt said. “Take it down your throat.”

Connie took as much cock as she could into her mouth. Even though she was choking, no more than six inches would fit. Her lips were stretched to near splitting. The pony’s cock flexed, leaking fucklube down her throat. Connie bobbed her head, using her hand to jerk the loose cockskin up and down the shaft.

“Yeahhhh!” Matt sighed, rearing out her cunt with his own big prick. “Eat that thing. Make it come, bitch!”

Connie uttered cooing noises as she sucked. Her lips smacked. Matt’s cock squished obscenely in her juicy cunt. Both Matt and the pony grunted and the pony started to thrust.

Connie gagged as the huge cock rammed her tonsils, stretched her throat. She gasped as Matt

rammed her from behind, slamming his hard belly against her ass, fucking his cock into the mouth of her cunt. The man was just as much a stallion as any horse. She felt electrical jolts in her loins each time Matt plunged in. As his hard prickmeat slipped between her swollen cuntslabs, pleasure saturated her pussy and she knew she was close to coming.

Matt rammed a thick finger up her asshole. The pony stuffed another two inches of his cock down her throat.

Choking to death, grunting with pleasure like an animal, Connie shivered all over, her loins exploding with ecstasy. Her lips tingled around the pony's cock. Her tongue quivered. The pony grunted and sent a stream of fuck cream down her throat. Grunting like a bull, Matt fell over her back, rounding his own back and humping madly as he exploded his hot load up her spasm-wracked cunt.

"You're such a beautiful bitch!" Matt moaned, pouring his hot spunk into her cunt, into her womb.

Connie had her eyes closed and they were rolling in their sockets. Every cell of her naked body prickled with electricity. She swallowed as fast as she could, sucking down the hot cum of the pony, delighting in the sensation of having a spurting animal cock down her throat and a spurting man-cock up her cunt. Her mouth munched and her cunt clutched and she moaned with a pleasure that made her see fireworks in her skull.

"Bitch!" Matt growled, and Connie loved it.

*The End*