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Pony Girl

FANTASY BOOKS

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CHAPTER ONE

The stars were just beginning to appear in the evening sky. They came out one by one, like shy virgins, and then twinkled magnificently in the clear deep dark blue of the early evening.

Lena hurried from the farmhouse with her milk pails in her hands. Her face was thrust into the dark heavy collar of her coat, and it scratched her soft cheek. The harsh words of her parents, screaming at each other, still rang in her ears, and it wasn't until she was halfway across the yard that she looked up and saw the bright stars in the sky. Then she stopped and gazed at them, and wished on the first one she had seen for a better life.

She didn't know any other kind of life except that which took place within the small confines of the little Iowa farm where she lived with her parents. Life had been better when her brother, Ret, had still lived with them. But he had grown up and gone away run away from the life of brutal words and harsh treatment that their father meted out to everyone on his land.

"You screaming bitch, you're no better than a whore! You deserve to be treated like a whore!"

Lena turned and saw her father's raised arm strike her mother to the floor through the lighted kitchen window. With a sob she turned again and hurried to the barn. She opened the big door and then closed it and went down the row of cows to Tess, her favorite cow.

Tess' udders were heavy tonight and Tess mooed in great pain and pleasure as she saw Lena approaching with her milking pails. Lena had barely positioned the pail under Tess and placed her hands on the cow's heavy tits when the milk began to come. Lena deftly directed the steaming hot stream into one pail, which quickly filled. Another pail was filled from the same udder, and then two more pails from the second udder.

She talked to the cow as she milked: "That's it Tessie, girl. Feel better now? Didn't you know I would come out here to milk you? You know I wouldn't forget all about my Tessie." She stroked the cow's hot sweaty flanks and the cow turned to look at her with her big, wordless cow eyes. Lena imagined that the animal understood Lena's own pain and sorrow. Every time she witnessed her father striking her mother she felt a sickness for which she knew no cure. She had been witnessing such scenes ever since she could remember. But now, as she approached puberty, the cruelty of her father toward her mother seemed to affect Lena's sensitive spirit even more.

She was twelve years old and a very pretty girl, wholesome and healthy looking with a good clean, farm girl's complexion: fair with a rosy blush on her cheeks from working outside, summer, winter, spring and fall.

She was well developed for a twelve-year-old, as so many farm girls are. Perhaps it was the environment in which she grew up, witnessing the farm animals in all the stages of their existence: from birth, infancy, mating, adulthood, and death. They kept pigs and chickens as well as cows on their farm, and there were four horses: two old plow horses which they had from the days when they had a horse drawn plow, and two beautiful stallions which her father kept for his own riding pleasure.

As she went down the line of milkcows, the barn filled with the warm soothing smell of fresh hot milk. Together with the smell of the hay in the loft, and the twinkling of the stars through the loft window, the barn seemed a world apart from the farmhouse across the yard. The barn was a place where Lena felt she could be alone, and dream.

Tonight Lena felt she had a lot to dream about. Tonight was a special night. She had gotten her very

first period that very day. Now she was a woman, though the size and shape of her breasts and the shrinking of her waist had told her she was a woman for a few months now.

"If I am a woman, now," she thought to herself, "I should have plans. I'm not going to spend the rest of my life on this farm, after all." Thus ran her thoughts as she stooped under the cows' bellies with her pail, and spoke to them soothingly. She liked the feel of her hands against their smooth full udders. And the hot milk splashing against the pail and hitting her hands made her laugh. She licked her hands off when she finished Linda, the brown cow, and moved on to Millie. She had special names for each one of them, and she spoke to them and told them of her dreams.

She was just starting on the last of them when she felt a cold blast of air at her back and she didn't even have to turn around to sense that someone was standing behind her. Like an animal, the short hairs at the back of her neck told her of the man's presence. She turned around. It was her father.

She just stared up at him. He was wearing his riding boots under his greatcoat. Although it was still spring, it was still very cold in the little northern Iowa country. There might still be more snow this year.

"Finish your work, child," Roland Hanson said.

Lena turned back to Josie, a pretty dappled creature, but she could feel her father's eyes on her back and this made her nervous. She gripped the cow's tits clumsily and the milk squirted onto her feet, wetting her toes through her torn boots. Josie sensed Lena's nervousness, and let out a pained moo and swatted her tail furiously. Lena grasped her harder.

One hoof shot out and the pail was lying on the barn floor, the new milk flowing over the hay.

"Stupid cunt!" shouted her father. The milk had splattered him too.

Lena kept milking furiously.

She got only half a bucket from Josie and then stood up.

"Are you going riding, Poppa?" Lena asked. She was bending over, counting the buckets of milk she had filled. Under her coat, her long breasts fell against her wool sweater.

Her father stood right in front of her and he put his hand under her coat and squeezed the pendulous breasts.

"What are you...?" Lena began. She had often been aware of him looking at her, these long winter months this year. But never before had he been so bold as to touch her.

"Shut up, cunt," he said and put his big, strong, knobbed hand over her mouth, effectively gagging her.

"What...?" she tried to break away from him, but her struggles only made him grip her tighter. As if she was a package he was taking into town to mail, he picked her up under his arm and carried her in to a corner of the barn. He threw her down on the hay. He opened his greatcoat and Lena saw that he wore nothing underneath. She saw his huge erect genitalia which he seemed to be parading before her, for he just stood over her and let her look for a few moments, while he swung his cock a little and let it bounce on top of his balls.

She had seen the genitalia of all the animals on the farm before, but she had never seen the erect

genitalia of a man.

Her father must have weighed 250 pounds. He was a big man who worked hard all year round and the work put muscles all over him, where city men have only flab. He fell on her now. She smelled the alcohol on his breath and tried to turn her face away from the loathsome smell. Harshly, he had pulled her wool sweater up over her breasts.

"Nice boobs," he was muttering more to himself than to her. "Nice, nice boobies," he was knocking them from side to side, batting at them and rubbing his unshaven chin in them.

One hand went down and pulled up her skirt and forced its way into her panties.

She tried to scream and move, but he held her tightly pinned, and his big knobby fingers forced their way between her tightly closed thighs.

"Fucking virgin tit-woman, fucking shrinking virgin," he was muttering as he pinned her legs apart with his legs. Each of his legs was like a pillar and Lena knew now there was going to be no escape. She looked down and saw the huge reddened cock taking aim between her thighs and then he rammed his cock at her unwilling opening.

Her flesh tore and she tried to scream but he had his hand over her mouth. Straw, hay, pubic hair all got sucked in to her battered hole as he rammed her again. The first time he had only managed to ram the head of his cock into her vagina. The hymen had held him out.

Now he battered this last defense. She screamed and screamed under his hot hand as now he just rammed and rammed his cock into her fully opened and bleeding hole, seeming to say with each plunge, "I am going to make a woman out of you. You want to know what it's like to be a woman? Here, I'll show you," and he'd ram his shaft into her bleeding vagina again.

When he was through he just stood up and left her lying there. He stood over her again for a moment. He didn't need to threaten her not to tell anyone what had just happened. She knew all his threats by now, even when they were silent.

Then he turned and stalked out of the barn, leaving her alone.

She lay there a long time, crying silently to herself. Was that what lovemaking was like? Was that what her mother suffered every time her parents lay down in their bed? Was this what her mother's frequent screams in the night signified?

Lena wondered if her mother knew where her husband was going when he left the house.

With some straw she wiped the blood away from her thighs. But her hole was still bleeding. She tried to stuff some soft grass up her to stem the bleeding, but it didn't seem to help. She wiped her eyes, and pulled her clothes back on.

Then she went to take the full milk pails around to the kitchen, where she emptied them into the vat. Then she had the rest of her evening chores to do.

She scattered feed to the chickens and then climbed up on the pigsty and threw the pigs their evening swill. Her walk was unbalanced, as if the ripped, torn and bleeding place between her legs had disjointed her legs. She had to walk a little bowlegged. The chickens gabbled at her feet like the Lilliputians around the giant Gulliver. The pigs snorted and rolled over in delight at receiving their slop. She balanced on the fence around their sty and put a hand to her crotch, as if to try to soothe

it.

When she turned in to bed that night, she was in still more pain. The bleeding had stopped but the blood was all in clots now, and every time she tossed in her restless dreams, she felt a tearing of flesh around her vagina and she dreamed again and again that she was being raped.

“Good morning, sunshine!”

Lena opened her eyes to bright spring sunshine and the smell of bacon frying in the kitchen. The world seemed bright and beautiful. It was a Saturday and after her chores she would have the day to herself. She was young and she was a woman now — today was the second day of her first period. These were the first thoughts to run through her head.

She swung her legs off the cot.

“Ohhhhhhh!” she stopped short as the ripping pain between her legs brought back the most brutal memory of yesterday.

“What did you say, honey?” called her mother’s voice from the kitchen.

“Nothing!” she called back. Slowly she raised her flannel nightie and surveyed the damage. Her menstrual flow was all over her thighs as well as some additional bleeding that had started up in the night from the torn membrane of her virginity. She cleaned herself up sadly, and very gently inserted a Kotex up her raw vagina.

She showered and got dressed, dreading to see her father again.

But her mother had good news for her.

“Your father left early this morning. He went in to town and he’ll be away all day, until supper.”

Lena said nothing. She sat down at the place her mother had fixed for her and hungrily devoured the eggs and bacon and biscuits. She and her mother never discussed her father, but there was an unacknowledged understanding between them, that mother and daughter were allies against the stern man. As allies, they were both helpless, but the flow of sympathy between them was strong, if unspoken, when, after he had abused mother or daughter with his blows, he left them alone to each other.

“What did he go to town for?” Lena asked sullenly.

“He went to see about Joe King’s bull. He wants to mate it with our cows,” said Mrs. Hanson. She had been a pretty woman in her youth, with long blonde hair and a creamy complexion that Lena, her daughter, had inherited.

But Mara Hanson, though all of 39 years old, was only a faded image of her former pretty self. Years of hard farm work, and her husband’s contempt and brutality had made her blonde hair grey, and her face worn and anxious looking. She had brought five children into the world. One, the oldest, a son, had been born stillborn. Two had died in infancy. Then Clark and Lena had come. A sixth baby, unknown to her husband, had died under a local midwife’s hand, in a barn. Mrs. Hanson’s body, under her thin housedress, reminded Lena of an old cow that has birthed too many calves and has no milk to give any more.

“Did you sleep well, my darling?” asked her mother.

"No, Mom," Lena confessed.

"You know you shouldn't let what your father said last night worry you too much. He seems harsh but he only has your best interests at heart," said the self-deluding woman, scrubbing the greasy skillet at the sink.

"Mom, come sit down for a minute," said Lena. The night before she had left the house in the middle of her parents' argument about her.

When she had discovered her period yesterday afternoon, she had told her mother about it. Her mother had told her father. That night her father began laying down the rules of her new life, at dinner.

"You will not leave this farm unaccompanied by your mother or myself," he said forking a slab of roast beef into his mouth. "You will not let yourself be alone with any of the boys at school," he continued sloshing up the gravy on his plate with a hunk of bread.

"Roland, I think we can trust the girl a little bit. She's only twelve, after all. She doesn't have such thoughts on her mind yet."

"They're never too young for such thoughts," spat out her father. "I won't have any pulling bastard babies sitting at my table. If I ever find you with your legs open to any of the stupid yokels around here so help me I'll..." the thought made him so angry he choked on the meat in his throat and at his inability to find words harsh enough to explain what he would do to her, if he ever found her in the positions of love.

"Momma, why did you TELL him, about my period, I mean," Lena took her mother by the hand and made her sit down at the table.

"Well, he's your father, I thought he should know that his little daughter is a woman now. In my day, when a girl had her first bleeding, her mother and her grandmother slapped her on the face and then kissed her and there was a big celebration. It was an occasion of celebration," she said sadly and the vague look that came into her eyes more and more often now, crept in.

Lena shook her mother's hand to bring her back. "What was it like in those days, when you were a girl?" she asked.

"Oh honey, you know I've told you all about it many times."

"Yes, but tell me again."

Lena came over and sat in her mother's lap and her mother stroked her hair as if she were a little girl still and began reciting, "In those days we were a huge family. Grandmothers and grandfathers, aunts and uncles, cousins — oh my! — the cousins. And for every holiday we'd all get together, at one of the sisters' or brothers' houses, and all the women would start cooking and all the men would be smoking and talking, or playing games, horseshoes the older men would play, while all the children would be a'playing together, and getting into trouble. My, the fine times we had," she sighed.

"And what happened when you grew up?" asked Lena, snuggling against her mother's breasts.

"Well, then the beaus came. One by one, all the sisters of all the branches of the family married off. The young men would come a'calling on 'em, and end up leading them off to the church. And my

turn came, and I went like the rest of them.”

“What was he like in those days?”

“Who? Oh, your father. He was a good-looking man. Still is. Oh yes, I always thought he was good-looking. Roland Hanson, son of one of the first family of Swedes in this district. With his family’s canning business to inherit, I couldn’t believe that that good-looking well-off man was interested in ME! Course I was pretty then,” her eyes became clouded again, as if a cloud were passing over her mind.

“Momma, WHY did you tell him?” Lena got up and stood over her mother. Mrs. Hanson didn’t move. Lena shook her by the shoulders.

“Mother! Why did you tell him?”

“Tell him what? Tell who?” Mrs. Hanson raised her worn and weary face to the bright eyes of her daughter. Wisps of her thinning grey hair fell in her face.

“Father! About my period!”

“Honey, I thought he ought to know. You know I have to tell him everything,” her mother’s voice became vague.

“I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU FOR TELLING HIM!” Lena screamed and she ran out of the kitchen slamming the back door behind her.

Mrs. Hanson looked after her in astonishment. She heard Lena’s heavy steps across the yard and then the sound faded. She must have gone into the barn, thought Mrs. Hanson. She turned back to her kitchen table and stared at the unwashed cups and plates on the dirty tablecloth.

When Lena left the house she ran across the yard scattering the chickens, past the barn, across the driveway and out into the pasture. Her father had let the cows out early that morning, and they had already worked their way to the far corner. She kept running past them. It was only when she got to the top of the wooded rise that divided their land that she stopped running. She walked across the field being plowed for spring planting. The dark earth lay in broken furrows; the hard dark earth lying in freshly turned clumps. This field would be wheat.

She reached the far field that was being left to lie fallow for a season. The short spiky husks of the stalks of last summer’s corn stubbled this field. At the end of this field she saw the stallions running across the land.

Her father’s stallions were beauties. Tall, proud creatures, strong as oxen and very fast, her father had paid a king’s ransom for them. He loved to ride but didn’t have time to ride them everyday, so he had hired one of the neighbor boys, Brad King, to exercise them.

Lena watched Brad now, riding the back of one of the stallions, Black Pride. The other animal, Red Beauty, was running free alongside. Brad, on top of his horse, looked like a toy figure in the distance. He was waving one arm and shouting or singing something. She watched them ride by across her horizon.

The days passed very slowly now. Life was like a burden to her. Everyday she woke with a sick feeling in her stomach to face a lifeless kind of life, of not speaking to her father, while doing his bidding in the house, barely speaking to her mother, whose silent hurt look made Lena hate herself

even more. The best part of the day was going to sleep and the worst part was waking up. Every waking moment was spent dreading her father's next attack.

And he did attack again. He caught her from behind in the kitchen the next Sunday when her mother was out at church. Father and daughter both refused to go to church. Lena had figured if she stayed in the house he wouldn't try to touch her, but she was wrong.

With his arms around her waist he dragged her outside across the yard to the barn. Her screams and cries of dismay made him laugh, and as she beat on his head as hard as she could with her fists he only laughed more. His head dodged her fists as if they were flies.

"Okay, my beauty, I know you've been waiting for this." He threw her down on a dank pile of straw.

He stood over her grinning. His face was unshaven and his teeth blackened with snuff and tobacco juice. His lips were split and dry. He brought his thick tongue out over the lips and softened them. He pulled out his pants and brought out his cock.

She stared at the pink raw thing, pointed like a spear, and the huge balls that bulged under them. She lay on the straw panting from fear.

At his next move, which was to fall on her, she scrambled to her feet. He got up as quickly and then they stood there, facing each other across a milk pail like two wrestlers sizing each other up. The barn door was behind her and she wondered if she could run for it.

She didn't have time to think for he took her by surprise with his fist in her jaw which sent her sprawling. Once she was down he kicked her in the cunt and she lay there writhing in pain.

He left her and went and got a harness from one of the stallion's stalls. Before she knew it she found he was tying her up to a post in the barn with the straps of the bit around her face.

When he had her tied down so that she couldn't move, he ripped her dress off and just stared for awhile at her large white tits and the brown nipples that hung on the ends of them. He walked up to her and pressed his cock into her tits. She writhed with revulsion.

Then he pressed his cock into her mouth. She screamed and tried to shake her head from side to side, but the huge male member was firmly forcing its way into her throat.

Her father squatted on top of her, turning to look at her tits and twist her nipples from time to time, and as he did this he drove his cock home deeper and deeper into her throat until she was almost choking which was when he came in a sea of creamy come.

Lena went out to the stallions' stalls at one o'clock that night. She couldn't sleep, the house seemed stifling. Her mother had come home from church that night and made supper. She had remarked on how unusually quiet her family had become and had said, well if no one had anything else to say she would tell them what happened at church that day. She had talked all through dinner, and after dinner Mr. Hanson had left the house. Lena sat up with her mother for a few more hours letting her mother chatter, and then had gone to bed, complaining of being very tired.

However she hadn't been able to sleep for a moment. Turning and turning in bed she waited until she heard her mother go to sleep. Her father wouldn't be home at all that night, she knew. Often he went off in the truck and didn't come home until morning. Now she slipped into the stallion's stall,

which was on the other side of the barn from the cows.

Black Pride and Red Beauty were both awake. Their bright black eyes stared at her with curiosity. Lena didn't know what drove her here. Perhaps it was because after the sordidness of the experience tonight, she sought out some contact with real beauty.

She was never allowed to ride the stallions. Her father said a woman's flesh on their backs would spoil their dispositions permanently. But she rode the other horses and loved to ride.

The stallions knew her. She slipped them apples and sugar from time to time. She had some sugar with her now, and each horse licked the cubes in her hand. She began stroking them. Red Beauty was her favorite. The creature's reddish tone was brilliant beneath the open sky and sun, and even here in the dark barn his coat gave off a reddish glow.

She stroked his neck and flanks. She found a brush and began brushing his coat on his back and stomach. Suddenly she noticed that the animal's genitals were erect. His cock was black but his balls had the reddish tinge of his coat. To her the size of the horse's cock was the normal size of a cock. The male horses' genitals were a familiar sight to her. Her father's cock, small and paltry in comparison, made her laugh now. The mere thought of it: the stupid man's pride in his genitalia, so unimpressive beside the fine equipment of this animal here.

Without thinking what she was doing, she slipped underneath the animal and began stroking his cock and balls. The animal bridled at first but it stood quite still, quivering as she slipped her hands quickly across the erect span of HARD flesh. The penis became wet under her hands.

She stopped once and heard the animal growl.

She slipped off her panties and bent over under the horse. His legs were so long that she could stand bent over under his stomach. She parted her buttocks with her hands and backed onto the horse's cock. It went smoothly into her.

The animal stood quite still as the girl slid back and forth on his wet cock, hard and pointing like an accusing finger. She laughed as she came at the wonder of the animal's hugeness and the depths to which his cock could reach.

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## **CHAPTER TWO**

The spring became sweet again. Or bittersweet. She always loved the ripening of the leaves on the trees, the slow emergence of green all over the land, the softening up of the earth. It rained for one week straight and then the whole farm became mud and she had to muck through the yard in big boots to do her chores.

She went to school every day and avoided the advances of the local boys. If her father ever found her flirting with one of them he would kill her, or come close to it she knew that. Now he would come to the schoolyard sometimes and watch her playing through the fence. Her games became stiff and self-conscious then, and her girlfriends noticed the strange situation, and they became distant. They were all afraid of Lena's father and ran to the far yard of the schoolyard when they saw him watching them.

Sometimes he waited for her after school, waiting in the truck while all the other kids went by, until he saw her. He would signal to her with his finger, and she would have to leave her other girlfriends.

"My father's here to pick me up again, I have to go," she said with an unhappy look on her face. Her girlfriend Ellen squeezed her hand and kissed her cheek before running off with the other girls. Lena would climb into the truck next to her father.

He usually took her to an abandoned barn he knew about down by Kingfisher River. Usually she was sobbing at first, as he stopped the truck and pulled her out. He pulled her stumbling behind him to the shack where he made her lie on the floor and put his cock in her mouth or cunt.

He whispered to her coarsely at these times: "I like your cunt, my girl. Not every man's got a daughter with such pussy on her."

He liked to part her cunt with his dirty fingers to ready it for his reddened cock. He liked to force his cock between her teeth and down her throat.

For a few weeks he would take her only from behind, forcing her to her knees so he could drive his shaft home into the mound that stuck out between her thighs.

He couldn't keep his hands off her boobs, and he began to grow bolder, sticking his hands inside her shirt to squeeze her boobs couched in her white bra, as he passed her in the hall at home.

Still, every time her father took her as his sullen victim, she sought revenge by going out into the barn that night and finding pleasure with his horse. For as much revulsion as her father evoked in her, ten times greater was the pleasure with the stallion Red Beauty.

She rigged a harness for herself, by which she could strap herself to the animal's underside, belly to belly. Her legs boldly apart, her cunt pink and wet and wanting, strapped to her hero, she rode to glory with his long horsecock poling into her hole.

She had seen horses mate before, and she had seen these stallions mate. The male of the horse species mates ferociously with its female.

But for her, Red Beauty remained almost completely still, as if hypnotized. The horse seemed to sense quite clearly that another than one of his kind was mounting him, and with his silence and his acquiescence he seemed to be paying homage to the higher species which sought him out. He seemed to understand the honor she was paying him, and he let her pay it freely.

Horsecock was the only thing that could satisfy her now. She laughed at school when the boys took interest in her, or when the other girls had crushes on this boy or that. The other girls didn't understand her. She acted so superior when it came to boys but they never saw her go out with one.

"Boys don't interest me," was all she would ever say to enlighten the mystery. "And men? Well, I'm waiting to see a real man. I don't believe I've ever seen one."

"What are you crazy? Mr. Nolte's a man and he teaches right here in this school. Your father's a man and you see others, what do you mean you've never seen a real man?" asked Ellen. Ellen was a tall thin girl who felt very self-conscious because of her height. She towered above all the boys in their class. Her body had not begun developing yet, and she still had only little nipples for breasts.

Lena looked at Mr. Nolte walking by, a bald man with an undefined bundle between his legs, under his baggy pants, and she had to laugh.

Ellen looked at her peculiarly and walked away.

Mr. Hanson did not appear at the schoolyard for a week. He was in town arranging for the transfer of the King bull to his farm to mate with his cows. Some of the cows were birthing now in the spring from the last time he brought the bull to them. He wanted another litter in the making. He received good prices on his calves.

Joe King agreed to bring his bull around the next Saturday. Roland Hanson looked forward to the occasion. He forgot about his daughter for a while and contented himself evenings taking his stallions, first one then the other, out for rides across the countryside.

Lena watched from behind the fence as the figure of her father, burly and heavy, on the swift shape of Red Beauty became a speck on the horizon. She grew angry thinking of her father's thighs goading Red Beauty's flanks. She knew that her father's whip would be no more sparing to his horse than his words or actions were to his wife and daughter.

But there was nothing she could do about this anger. She couldn't even speak of it to anyone, and now, her beauty, which was taking shape and growing every day, began to take on a sullen, inward look.

Brad King came by one evening to pick up his pay from her father and she was in the yard when he pulled up in his car. He had a '68 Chevy with all the chrome polished on it, and she admired the car.

"You like her, huh?" Brad stuck his head out the window and asked her. "Yep, I paid for her and fixed her all up myself. You should have seen her when I first got her," he shook his head.

"Well my father's not home right now. He went out riding about an hour ago."

"Well, I guess I could wait a while, see if he comes back. I sure could use that dough," he eyed her up and down. She was wearing a pair of old blue jeans and thin red shirt.

"You and me should go out some time," he said. "I'll take you for a ride in my jalopy."

She laughed sadly. "No, I don't think so." Brad was already graduated from high school. He was eighteen years old and already looked like a man. He had been working his father's land since he was a kid and had grown straight into a man's big body. He had sandy-colored hair, like her own, and blue-grey eyes with a kind look to them. He had thin hungry looking lips. He shifted in his seat.

"Why not? Don't you think I'm good enough for you?" He looked at the plump mounds jiggling right under the thin red fabric of her blouse and he allowed his glance to slip down to the v-shaped wrinkles of her tight jeans as they gripped her between the legs. He remembered that she was only twelve years old.

"I'm too young to go out with boys. Besides, my father would kill me."

"Oh, so your father don't want you seeing no men," he eyed the shape of her ass as she bent down to tie her moccasin.

They heard a galloping against the earth and saw Mr. Hanson come riding across the field behind the barn. He rode up and stopped the horse between them.

"What are you doing there, son?" he asked speaking down to the boy in the car. "Just talking to your daughter while I was waiting for you, sir. Remember you said you'd have my pay for me today?"

"Oh yes, I'll go in the house and get it. And you, get on with your chores, sister. Don't be wasting

your time chitter-chattering with those mooney eyes.”

“I swear,” he went on in the kitchen as he counted out the money to Brad King, “they say in the church that women are pure and saintly, but every woman I’ve ever known has been hornier than a female feline in heat. Except the female of the human species is like that ALL THE TIME. Fifty-sixty-sixty-five,” he counted out.

“Don’t you agree with me, Brad?” he asked.

“Yessir,” said Brad.

“Listen, don’t you let me catch you hanging around my little Lena. That girl’s very precious to me, and I won’t have no country hicks knocking her up before her time. You hear me, boy?”

“Yessir. Nothing could be farther from my mind,” Brad said.

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Her father took her brutally that night. He made no show of hiding what he was about. After dinner, while her mother was at the sink doing the dishes, Lena tried on a new dress she had ordered through the mail. It had just come that day. Her mother pinned it up for her and then she went to her room and changed back into her jeans. She sat cross-legged on the floor, watching TV, with pins in her mouth, as she sewed. She had a good, clever little stitch. All the while her father sat smoking and watching her. He watched every movement of her tits beneath her blouse, and every strain of the denim across her cunt.

Lena was aware of his eyes, but felt safe because of her mother’s presence. Surely he couldn’t take her right in front of her mother.

Suddenly he swooped down on her, scattering her dish of pins, and simply picked her up and carried her through the kitchen and out of the house under his arm.

“Roland, what are you doing?” screeched and flapped his wife Mara at the kitchen door as she watched her husband carry her daughter to the barn.

“Shut up and keep out of here,” he merely roared at her over her shoulder.

She stood for a moment nervously wringing a towel in her hand as she stared at the closed barn door.

Inside, Roland Hanson tied his daughter’s neck to the base of one of the posts. He didn’t have to fear her flailing arms and legs.

“Mother! MOTHER!” she was screaming.

“No, cunt, I’m your father,” he slapped her face back and forth until she stopped screaming. He left the red imprint of his fingers across her face. He parted her thighs with his rough knees. His own thighs were like mountains, thick and heavy and strong. The white skin of her own thighs, cruelly parted, against his, was like cream lying beside mutton.

His cock was hurting him in his pants. The tip of it stuck above the waistband. He tore the buckle open on his belt and unzipped his fly. He squashed his cock into her face, dragging the end of the huge member across her cheeks and lips and nose, across her eyes, smashing her face with it.

"So you got the hots for Brad King, do you. Open your eyes and take your fill of the likes of a real man," he snarled in her ear.

She opened her eyes in time to witness his cock take aim for a moment over her mouth. His hands, one on her upper and one on her lower jaw, pried her mouth open. She watched the cock descend into her small gaping mouth.

It filled all the space between her tongue and the roof of her mouth, then pushed further into the hole of her throat. Again and again he raised and then lowered himself down into the soft cunt-like flesh of her throat, while she choked and sputtered and tried to keep breathing through her nose.

"You think Brad King's thingie is as big and bad as mine," he whispered evilly into her ear.

She was just breathing and trying to open her mouth wide to allow him the kind of access he insisted on, so he would get his rocks off and let her loose.

But he wanted an answer to his question.

He reached behind him, as he sat on her chest plunging his cock into her face, for her boobs. He found one with one hand and he juggled it in his hand so full and weighty was it. He found and juggled the other one. Then his fingers sought the nipple, which he treated with a sharp twist.

"Owwww," a gurgled sound came out of her full mouth, and she tossed her head, which made her choke even more as she was brought up short by the leather thong around her neck.

"Do you think his cock is as big as mine?" he demanded of her again giving the nipple another good hard twist.

"Nnnnn," she shook her head from side to side.

He seemed satisfied with her answer for he jumped out, pulling his cock out of her mouth and he stood above her naked body.

Kneeling he forced her legs apart again and he surveyed the pink pussy lying helpless before him, couched in her wheat-colored cunt hair. He spat on the cunt to make it slippery wet.

"Driest fucking cunt in the Midwest," he said with contempt.

Then he made a fist and began to try to shove it in her now wet cunt. She shrieked with pain, for he had grabbed some of her hair in his fist, and he was mercilessly trying to get all five of his crumpled fingers and knotted knuckles up her at once, and indeed he did. He kept at it until he had worked his fist all the way in.

He chortled, "Look!" he said. "Look!" he shook his fist in her cunt swinging her body around, and she, exhausted, tried to raise her head and look as he said.

She saw him, the end of his arm sunk way deep into her. He looked like an amputee.

"Now I've got you where I want you!" he said. "If you ever so much as breathe in Brad King's direction, do you know what I'll do to you?" he asked.

Again he forced her to make some kind of answer. She shook her head. He told her.

"I'll stuff all kinds of things into you, I'll fuck with anything I can find lying around. I'll fuck you so

good and so long and so hard that no man will want your raggedy meat after that. I'll make your cunt loose its memory that there's any such thing as a another man's cock in the world."

Now he yanked his fist out. He prepared his cock for its meal, basting it with some of his own spit.

But as he opened her cunt with his fingers he looked at the pussyflesh and realized he wanted to eat her out. Father sank his mouth into daughter's cunt and his thick hot tongue was ravaging her cunt, biting on the nub of flesh between the outer labia. He poked her clitoris with a bent finger, while his tongue stuck into her cunt depths, and she writhed and screamed at this new humiliation.

To have this huge, hideously ugly man who had fathered her, open her legs and stick his tongue in her sickened her and made her scream hysterically. Finally he removed his face from her cunt with a big grin for he had woman come smeared all over his lips.

"Sickening, they're all the same," he muttered to himself, and now he took his cock in his hand and plunged into the melting butter of her cunt. She was softer and juicier than she had ever been before, and he sank right into her cunt up to the hilt of his shaft. She was all pussysoft inside, like a juicy quilt. His dick throbbed and trembled as he withdrew it slowly, only to plunge it again. His foreskin slid up and down over his cock and there was cuntjuice all over.

He increased the friction over his penis' head by jamming in and out faster and faster. The cock made a sucking sound every time it came in and out of her passive cunthole.

Suddenly he was riding freely, as if he were on a stallion. He was no longer propelling himself on her, but it was as if he had simply let go of all control of his body and was being moved up and down through space, an inner space, a black starry universe, by some other force than his own. Smoothly, riding high and low and high and all the way, he came gushing into his daughter's cunt.

He stood up and smeared the come on his cock all over her belly, then left her lying there to untie the rope around her neck with her own hands. He didn't even bother to put on his pants as he strode across the yard and got into his car. He drove off for a night of honky-tonking, leaving the mother staring out from the kitchen window, waiting for his headlights to disappear, before she ran to her daughter lying in the barn.

"My darling, sweetheart, what has he done to you?" sobbed the mother, untying the rope from around her daughter's neck.

It was minutes before Lena could talk, so long did it take her to get her throat back into working, breathing, and talking order. The strap had left a red mark around her neck.

The worn, older woman tried to carry her daughter to the house, but it was no use. The younger woman was much stronger than the mother, and it was Lena who ended up helping her hysterical mother across the yard.

Lena tried to soothe her mother in the house, after she had put on some clothes.

"Calm down, Mother, it's all right. Maybe if he's on top of me, he won't be hurting you so much anymore," she said. She wondered if this was true. She hadn't heard her mother's midnight screams in a few months, and her parents certainly seemed to fight a lot less than before.

"What can we do? What can we do?" Mrs. Hanson was grasping at the wispy bits of grey that fell on her face. She was speaking hysterically.

"Mother, go to bed. I'll make you a cup of warm milk and maybe that will help you to sleep," Lena found she felt decisive and firm before her mother's helpless state.

"There now," she said tucking her mother in. "We'll figure it out in the morning." And she watched over her mother, and held her hand, until the tired old, young woman fell asleep.

As soon as her deep breathing indicated a deep state of sleep, Lena laid her mother's hand down on the bed and went back out to the barn.

She saddled up Red Beauty, and led him out of the barn and through the fence into the pasture. She mounted him easily with one movement, and then took him galloping out behind the wheat fields.

The moon was high and full that night and it was deep spring. The creek was full and high and she could see by the moonlight the shadows of the minnows that were newly spawned darting about in the blue water.

Red Beauty whinnied and again they took off, galloping across the countryside in the moonlight, the girl with her blonde hair streaming out behind her, and the red stallion, his mane sweeping her face.

They came back to the gully where it winded further on and made a pool of water. The stallion bent down his long neck for a drink and Lena slipped off him.

While he was drinking Lena went under him and started stroking his balls and the furry sheath that housed his penis. She placed her lips on the furry hair and kissed the sheath, pressing hard with her lips. She felt the mouth of the sheath open and the cock begin to protrude. She slavered over the growing, emerging cock with her tongue until it was fully-grown. It looked like a flame or a wet tongue, except that it was about seventeen inches long.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she groaned. "Beauty, Red Beauty," she whispered squeezing the long hard wet dick with her hands, and the horse whinnied and went up on his two front legs while she held on.

She laughed and slipped off her jeans. Her hands clinging to the stirrups, and her legs wrapped around the stallion's back legs, she eased her sore pussy over the long cock. It touched bottom in her before it was halfway in.

Again the horse whinnied and went up on his hind legs as the obsessed girl rocked up and down over the slick horsecock. The long slick wet thing soothed the cunt which had been violated only hours before.

The horse brought her to heights and depths of orgasmic pleasure such as normal women do not dream of. She clung with her thighs to the horse's penis and slid it in and out of her, allowing her uninhibited groans of pleasure to rise from the flat plain straight into the starry sky and up to the full moon.

"Jesus Fucking H. Christ," came a voice in the darkness.

Lena froze in her clasp on the underside of the horse. The horse too sensed the stranger's presence, for he froze and a frightened sound escaped from between his flared nostrils.

"Why it's Lena! Roland Hanson's daughter!" and a long amazed whistle followed.

Lena had fallen to the ground and she lay still now, abject and humiliated.

The man, when he came over to look at her, was Brad King.

He stood over her, looking down, surprise in his eyes. He bent down and helped her sit up, supporting her shoulders with his knees. He pulled her jeans up over her crotch, trying not to look at the white semen, horse semen, flowing all over her thighs.

"Jeesus Christ," he said again. "On her daddy's stallion." He shook his head again. "Where'd you learn to do that, girl?" he asked. She clung miserably to his arms. What would he do with her now? Tell her father? She couldn't even think of what her father might do to her if he knew. Killing wouldn't be enough, she knew.

"I mean I've heard tell of this sort of thing — I mean girls with animals, horses and dogs and such, but I never really believed," he whistled again.

She turned to look up at him as she lay in his arms. "My father rapes me once or twice a week," she said looking firmly into his eyes. "And every time he does it to me, I go out in the barn afterwards, when he's left the house to go whore-hunting in town, and I do it with his best horse."

She looked unwaveringly at him to see how he would take it, take the truth.

He was looking at her while she talked, but when she finished he looked away.

"Oh Lord, there's all kind of critters in this world. All kinds, the good Lord preserve us. You know, I never did like your daddy. Cruel man, unnecessarily cruel, I always thought. With his animals and with his wife. And with his daughter now, too, I should have known."

He lay down on the ground beside her now and held her in his arms as if to protect or nurse her.

"Well, what are you doing way out here in the middle of the night, anyway, yourself, Brad King," Lena murmured in his ear.

"I was out riding myself, little honey," he said kissing her hair. "You done wandered onto my daddy's land. I saw someone come riding across the plain on what looked like Mr. Hanson's stallion so I came out to investigate. You didn't even hear me ride up." He licked the lobe of her little ear.

"Only twelve years old," he muttered to himself and shook his head.

"Brad, if my father finds out that you and me ever lay together like this, Brad, he'll kill me. He will. I've got to get away from you," she said, suddenly hysterically rising.

"Wow, now there little filly," he said gently pulling her back down to the fertile earth. "How's he gonna know, that we met way out here?"

"I think he'd be angrier about finding out about me and you than about me and Red Beauty. Red Beauty, at least he's his horse."

"Well now, who's gonna tell him either story? Not me. You can trust me baby," he said moving his lips down her face until they met her lips.

He hugged her big soft boobs against his flat hard chest, and then unbuttoned both their shirts so he could feel her big soft tits directly against his hairless chest. Her nipples felt like little raisins at the end of big marshmellowy mounds and he stuck his face in one then the other like a little baby at its mother's breasts.

His dick was like a hard arrow in his pants, and he pressed his groin against her soft stomach.

"I don't know if I should," she whimpered. She was confused now, and didn't know who was mounting her.

"You don't know if you should?" he said, rubbing his hardened jeans along her open yawning cunt which he had revealed by pulling off her panties. He looked at the black gash in the big pink pussy. There was still some creamy come floating in her pussyhair. It was from the horse.

He unleashed his cock from his jeans and pointed it toward the black gash in the pink, the gash that led into the dark pussydepths.

Her legs parted willingly now, she pulled at her thighs with her hands to open her cunt wider now for his entry.

When he plunged into her now, her clit was like a tuning fork that has just been hit: it was vibrating and large and full of juice. His cock was like a blade that slayed her. It passed right over and back across and over again her throbbing clit and every time the head of his cock pushed across her clit, slicking it as it passed, she sank into oblivion and came, and came again.

He took his coming slowly. He kissed her lips, sucking them into his mouth. Her lower lip was full and red and he took it between his own thin lips as if it were a big cherry in a cocktail. Her upper lip too he savored with his tongue and teeth. Then he darted his tongue way into her mouth as his cock plunged into the black cave of her cunt. Quivering it came up even harder than before.

It was going to take a lot of fucking to fuck the hardness out of his dick that had yearned for this little girl's pussyhood for so long.

She opened her eyes and looked at the landscape behind her. The moon glared eerily on the landscape. Everything seemed drenched in the moon's silver, the fields, with their newly sown seed, the brown earth, the newly-green trees that leaned over the creek and the singing water of the creek itself.

"Oh look!" she cried.

Against the horizon two black horses reared up on their hind legs. It was Red Beauty, her father's stallion, mounting Brad's filly.

Brad halted his movement on top of her for a moment to watch the coupling of the animals. The stallion whinnied and neighed fiercely as he boldly threw his front hooves on the filly's buttocks.

The filly was fierce too, as she pretended to try to pull away, as if she didn't know what the stallion was doing or didn't want him to do it. She made the stallion knock her with his hooves and grasp her tighter. They could see the male's huge cock stand up and then sink into the mare while both animals sang out a wild fierce chorus of animal lust.

Brad stroked her clitoris and she was filled with throbbing desire again.

This time he spared no ounce of energy as he rode his cock into the willing girl. She encircled his back with her long lovely legs, legs like a filly's, and she clung to him, raising her buttocks off the ground to hang suspended from him as he bore his cock into her pussy cunt.

His horn bore a hole into her which made her forget the her father's sledgehammer, and also the

horse's long strange cock.

Brad King fit right into her and she took one final breath and squeezed him with all her pussy muscles and she hung on squeezing and squeezing his cock in her pussy with all her might while he continued his fierce plunging. Like this she brought him off. The last plunge was into a sea of come that he left floating in the very bottom of her cunt...

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CHAPTER THREE

"In an isosceles triangle, there are two sides of equal length while the third side is shorter. The hypotenuse..." Mr. Nolte droned on in math class.

Lena shared a desk with Ellen and they passed notes under the tabletop.

"Have you ever seen a man's thingie?" read the note from Ellen.

Lena suppressed a giggle and wrote back.

"You have? Whose?" was the reply.

"My cousin's," Lena wrote back after a moment's thought.

"I have too. This weekend. I saw Jed Raleigh's," was Ellen's exciting news.

"How did you like it?" asked Lena.

Mr. Nolte was standing over them. "Give me the note," he said.

"Oh, no, please, Mr. Nolte, we'll stop passing them only..."

"Give me the note."

They sullenly gave him the slip of paper they had been writing on. They looked shamefacedly at the floor as he perused it silently before the class and then folded it into his pocket, blushing. He said, "Now everyone pay attention. No note passing." And he went back to triangles.

Lena fixed her eyes on the blackboard filling up with figures, but behind her eyes she was lost in thought. She wondered what were the circumstances under which the skinny Ellen had seen Jed Raleigh's cock. She wondered what his cock was like. Jed was in the eighth grade, one year above them. He was thirteen.

Then her mind wandered to a thought of what a cock feels like slipping inside you. Under the schoolgirl's table, a pair of schoolgirl thighs became moist. She was wearing only a thin pair of white cotton panties under her skirt and her own moist smell came up to her from under the seat. She remembered Brad King's gentle hands opening her cunt gently prior to inserting his pleasantly-sized member into her and she recalled how it went in and out gently, exciting her further as it moved. How they had reached some kind of white pitch together, at the same time, as the horses moved violently on the horizon.

Then a shudder went through her body as her mind could not help recalling a very different kind of sex: the brutality and fear of her father's bondage in the barn. The class was interrupted at that point by a knock at the door. Everyone's failing attention was awakened and turned to the door.

Through the window they saw a scruffy contorted face.

Mr. Nolte went to the door and stuck his head out into the hall. Then he turned back into the room and called, "Lena Hanson."

She heard her name being called as if through a mist and just barely managed to revive herself from her dreams and say "Yes?"

"You are dismissed from class. Go into the hall. Your father has come for you. You have to go home," said Mr. Nolte.

Was he laughing at her? Having intercepted that note he must know, Lena felt. She felt as if the whole class were laughing at her, as if they all must know what this strange midday summons from her father meant. What could she say or do? Refuse to go? Announce to the class: my father has come to get me and take me somewhere where he can rape me? Who would believe her? And she would never have the nerve to do it anyway. At least not while her father was there watching and waiting for her. He would surely kill her once he got her away, if he heard her say something like that.

Miserably, she got up from her little desk. Ellen clung to her hand under the table then let her go. Ellen's kind eyes didn't look her in the face. Ellen surely knows, she thought. Ellen senses it, even if she doesn't know exactly. She knows something horrible is wrong.

She felt the eyes of the entire class on her back as she walked to the door, and it was almost a relief to escape their curious eyes and confront her father in the hall.

"Why have you come for me?"

"Don't ask questions." He took her by the hand and started down the hall.

"And the hypotenuse of this isosceles triangle is... Ellen?" she heard Mr. Nolte's voice getting fainter.

It was very strange to be walking through the school halls with her father. It was like having one foot in the grave she enjoyed some freedom from fear, freedom from attack. They walked together down the well-lit corridors. There were pictures done by the second graders hanging on the walls in the main lobby.

Mr. Hanson nodded to the school principal, Mr. Rice, a big, bald, paunchy man in a cowboy hat. Lena's father sold his heifers to Mr. Rice, who kept a small herd of livestock.

Outside in front of the school, her father stopped to talk to Jimmy Nails, the local cop who played cards with her father on the weekends.

"Mighty nice day, Roland," said Jimmy, rocking back on the heels of his black leather boots. He was in his blue uniform, and had his cop car pulled up to the curb.

"Yep," said her father, holding her by the hand, but stopping to chew some tobacco with his friend.

"That sure is a pretty little girl you've got there. How old are you now, Lena?" the cop said patronizingly.

"Twelve," said Lena sullenly.

"She'll be thirteen in August," said her father squeezing her hand tightly.

"She sure is right pretty. Sure is. Pretty soon all the little boys in her class will be wanting to take her to see the double features down to the Rialto," Jimmy the cop spoke about her as if she were absent.

"She's too young for such things," said her father spitting.

"Well, I don't know about that," said Jimmy leering and looking frankly at her well-developed bust.

"Well, I do know and I'm her father so I guess I get some say so in what she is allowed to do and what she is not. And seeing boys is not allowed. Come along honey," he said dragging her into his waiting pick-up. "We got some chores we got to do today," he added.

"Father knows best," said Jimmy grinning and he put on his dark sunglasses and climbed into his own car.

"Please follow us," Lena was praying. "Please be suspicious and follow us and see what he tries to do to me, and rescue me and put him in jail, or me in jail or just something, anything, to keep him off of me!" were Lena's hysterical thoughts. But as they pulled out onto the highway that led to the old abandoned shack by Neversink Creek, one glance in the rear view mirror told her that Jimmy the cop had had no such thoughts as following them on his mind.

Her panic grew as they rode silently in the car. She couldn't even go to the police for protection from her father. They would never believe her either. Half of them were her father's buddies, and they would only pat her on the head for making up stories and return her directly to him.

He threw her skirts up around her waist so he could look at her thighs as they drove. He put one big hand over her thighs and tweaked at the flesh that lay under her panties. Her soft white thigh flesh seemed to pull away from his coarse intruding hands, but he didn't seem to notice. He was breathing heavily as they turned onto the dirt road that led down to the creek.

He offered no explanation as to why he hadn't been able to wait for her after school, as he had other times. Why he had to add the extra humiliation of removing her from class before everybody's watching eyes. It was as if he wanted her to have to bear this extra alienation, of not being able to explain why her father came to remove her from school. He was making her feel different, and there was no one to whom she could tell her story when he stopped the car and jumped out of the cab, she remained inside. He had to come around to her side, open her door and pull her out. She clung to the gearshift, and then to the door, screaming, "Please, father, no!"

He slapped her face a few times until she was silenced, then unwrapped her fingers from his car's door and slung her over his back. He carried her down to the water's edge.

It was a beautiful day, one of the first days of summer. The water in the creek was high and spangled with sunlight. The leaves were almost full-grown on the trees that hung over the water, and they dappled the water with their shadows. There were flies in the air, just spawned by the earth overnight, it seemed, and Lena's eyes caught sight of a dragonfly, the first she had seen this year, glinting just above the surface of the stream's rippling water. Her father threw her down on the grass-covered bank and fell on top of her.

"You're making me think of you all the time, you little cunt," he whispered hoarsely in her ear. "Can't even work, now. Have to ride the tractor, do the planting, oversee the crew of boys who are helping me, but I can't, and it's your fault." He stuck his thick, tobacco-stained tongue in her ear and

explored all the crevices of her soft pink seashell.

She felt the tongue like an unpleasant animal, a worm or a conch, worming down into the canal of her ear and it stirred her unpleasantly.

"In the yard I watch you bending over to feed the chickens, in the barn where I watch you squat on a stool to milk the cows. I get jealous when I watch you stroke their flanks. The cows. I get jealous when I see you touching the fucking cows." Now he was exposing her breasts to the open sun.

They were beautiful, firm, oblong-shaped, and white as fresh cream with brown nipples like the nougat inside of a candy bar. He slobbered his mouth all over these mounds of flesh, taking the nipples between his teeth and pulling lightly on them, watching as he raised the whole tit to a standing position by pulling on the nipple. He had the playfulness of a child today as he laughed gleefully when he released the nipples and the breasts fell back onto her chest like water balloons thrown gently on the ground. They did not burst, they rolled around and resumed their former shape. He cradled the boob weight in his hands and looked off in the distance as if her were judging the weight of one of his prize heifers.

He rolled her over on her hands and knees so he could look at her boobs hanging down. They almost touched the earth. The nipples were distended now, from his biting them and from hanging down, and he reached under her to cup his hands around her young tits and sway them and nip at them with his fatherly fingers.

"All the time. All the time," he kept whispering hoarsely in her ears like a gadfly, like a record, unrelated to what was happening which she nevertheless could not turn off. "I keep thinking of you, seeing you, seeing the shape of your tits in the mounds of earth the tractor drops seeds into, seeing your hair flowing over your boobies when I turn on the hose and wash down the sacks of feed. I can't even look a cow in the ass, I think of your sweet pink cuntflesh between those white thighs of yours, and I want 'em. I want 'em so bad I can't think, I can't work, can't do nothing but come to school and get you to take you away where I can put my hands all over you alone and touch you everywhere and make my mind stop trying to remember you."

His hands were all over her now, up her dress, around her waist, slipping under her panties, scratching through her pussy hair.

"Father!" she tried to stop him. They were right out in broad daylight now, after all. Someone might come along. She hoped someone would. But maybe now, in broad daylight, he might listen to reason, come to his senses.

"Father, it's against the Bible. Don't you know this is a sin? You can't fornicate with your own daughter. You'll make the sky go black some day with your dreadful deeds. Father, go to the women in town, go to Mother, go to anyone else, but please leave me alone, I beg of you. If you can't bear to see me around the house without wanting me, I'll go away. I'll go away somewhere so you won't have to look at me, but please don't."

He didn't even hear her last words, though he was laughing at her protests. He had gotten his forefinger in her slit now and he was rubbing back and forth feeling the wetness increase. He moved his forefinger up to rub the swelling mound of flesh between her labia and then he slid the finger back down to the hole and entered her youthful love-cave.

Her clit too was swelling and throbbing despite herself, and she was all wet now. The wall-to-wall quilting of her twelve-year-old cunt was slimy with female love muck and he laughed as he withdrew his horny finger and heard a sigh from her.

"I thought you didn't like it," he said, raising himself up off her for a minute to unbuckle his pants.

"Uh," she opened her eyes. For a moment she had imagined that it was Brad King who had been tickling her excitement up the crevasse between her legs. Why did women have to have this stupid hole right up the very center of them, she thrashed bitterly as she knew the inescapable truth that it was her father, his breath sour on her lips, who was pressing his huge member over her face.

Why did he like it in her mouth? It was so incredibly disgusting this way. To have to take your father's big hard dick into your mouth. He forced it in, pulling her lips and teeth apart the way he would to examine a horse. His balls knocked against her chin. She spit and choked but still he did not relent as he shoved his long pointed spear into her soft throat. He loved to watch his cock disappear into the face of his daughter. He loved making women eat it. He loved watching it disappear into the hole in the middle of their faces, even more than he enjoyed sinking it into their cuntholes.

This way he could be sure only he got the real pleasure. He closed his eyes and sank it deep in her throat again, holding her by her luscious boobies. Her hair flowed over the riverbank and into the water. He dreamed of being able to tie her up down here so that whenever he felt like sinking it in her, he could just come down here, open his pants, spread her legs or force her to open her mouth, and sock it to her.

She gagged on the wicked cone thrusting down her throat as if it wanted to be completely swallowed. The thrusting quickened which meant he was near his coming. She shuddered and retched at the thought but there was no way of escaping taking his semen down her throat. He held her firmly pinned by her arms and by the way he sat on her upper chest. She felt like a doll, limp, just a bunch of boobs, a mouth with a flowing dick in it, and somewhere down there, a mass of cuntflesh which was not at present being used.

He felt his tide rising in him, and jiggled her boobies in his hands behind him, like melons they were, and jogged up and down faster on top of her face, sinking his cock into her small compliant mouth — open like as if it were a dickhole, made expressly for his dick. He kept bouncing it into her and the tip of his cock felt the smooth firm slimy quilted throat tissue, while the shaft of his cock felt the pulling of the walls of her mouth as he yelled, "Suck me off! Suck me off you bitch!" and gave her tits a hard tweak.

He sank it into her and then was riding on a floating ocean of come. The excretion filled her throat while the penis continued to sink in her throat, and she didn't want to swallow but she couldn't get up, and lying down the ugly foul syrup began to slide down her throat while he whipped his now soft penis against the walls of her mouth.

He left the soft dick slip out of her mouth while she sat there grimacing and swallowing and spitting up. He laughed at her. She had semen all over her lips, and some even on her nose. Her nose and chin were all red and chaffed from where his groin had rubbed against her.

"My little come machine. All my very own. No one else is allowed to use it. Only me," he was joking with himself. He seemed to be very proud of his personal property.

Lena was relieved that at least it was through for one day. Would she be allowed to return to school now, she wondered. No, he wouldn't do that. He lay down on top of her, his back against her stomach, so that she couldn't get up, and he enjoyed the sunshine. He played with his dick in the breeze, trying to stand it up and laughing when it fell over, waving away the flies.

Beneath him, the back of her head was being ground into a rock, and his weight bore down cruelly

on her hipbones. She could feel the copper studs of his jeans digging into the soft flesh of her belly. With his boots he amused himself by pushing her legs farther and farther apart and thought about his daughter's cunt.

Her cunt was sweet, and so young and tender, it reminded him of the yellow-green buds coming out on the trees now. Her cunt was like a sour apple that you wanted to bite into just to taste the sourness exploding on your tongue. It made you wince, the taste was so wry.

He sprang off of her, and then pulled her up off the ground. She was facing him, staring at the big ugly thing that was achingly big again. He needed to be satisfied again, he needed to be relieved of that wad of desire and passion that was pushing out of his jeans and the only thing could relieve that pushing passion was to find a hole sufficiently enticing to him.

He tied her to the trunk of a willow tree whose branches almost came down to the ground. He tied her like a heifer, with a rope around her neck, but he fixed the rope to the tree only three feet off the ground, forcing her to bend over. Lena was only five feet tall.

"Papa, no! No, Papa! Please! Please let me go! Please don't. Please! I'm scared! I'm frightened! You shouldn't do this! God will hate you! Please! NO! PLEASE!" she cried, tied to the tree stooping over.

He laughed. She sounded like a heifer braying at being separated from its mother. He lifted her skirt and watched her shake and cry in her panties for a while. Women's underwear always fascinated him, and now he was curious to watch her ass move in her child's white cotton panties. They came up to her waist, and they had a damp, darker spot at the crotch where her female secretions gathered, which no washing could entirely eradicate.

Stooping over, her breasts were hanging again, and it was almost with tenderness that he made her remove her blouse. Her boobies hung down like a cow's waiting to be milked and he crawled underneath her to swat at and suck and play with them while he put the toe of his shit-encrusted boot at the crotch of her panties and forced the panties into the entry of her cunt. The toe of his boot went part way in too, and she sobbed and shook while he thus abused her, all of which made her fine large boobies shake like jello. He had a weird thought: he wished he were a woman so he could try to insert her boobies up his cunt, and he thought if he were a woman that is what he'd want to do.

He slid out from under her and stood up behind her. He pulled her panties down to his knees and pulled her dress over her head so he wouldn't be distracted by her boobies and her cries anymore. He would just concentrate on her rear dark meat. And it was fine. He just watched and surveyed it for awhile, allowing his excitement and desire to grow unbearably.

In her fear and far-advanced state of hysteria, she couldn't stand still. Tied by the neck, all she could do was shake her ass like a cow, and he watched, fascinated, by the movement of the body. The flesh flowed into her waist, making shadows there, and then spread way out again into a fine pair of female hips, smooth and curvaceous. The curve continued on into a well-rounded ass, flowing up, out and over, and sliding into the all-enticing black crack of her ass.

Her pussy hair peeped out between her thighs and he brought her hands around and attached them to her moons and made her pull on them so that the mound of cuntflesh too protruded. It was pink and gaping. The labia looked like a little woman's little mouth pursed in a kiss. Her slender little fingers pulling on her fleshy behind pointed in the direction in which he was to go.

"Pull more! Pull harder! Stretch open your little hiney, honey, so that Daddy can put his cock right into your cunt. There, how does that feel?" And he stuck the slick wet head of his cock right up against the mouth of her open, offered, gaping pussy.

Her hands on her ass, her head tied close to the tree, she felt her father's organ enter her cunt, forced open against her will. She thought for a split second of an hour ago, sitting just like the other kids in a schoolroom, at a desk, passing notes and giggling, learning about triangles.

Now the shaft of her father's cock was slowly forcing its way up her cunt, under a willow tree by the river, while she, the part of her that was really Lena, the part of her that had a name and thoughts and reason, was tied by the head to the tree. She felt split in two.

As if there were two things going on: Lena, the reasoning part of her, was swooning in shame and humiliation and despair. Lena's cunt lived on top of her legs which slipped farther and farther apart to accommodate the huge apparatus her father had hanging between his legs. His cock and balls were larger than Brad King's. She really had to open her legs wide to get him in, and she had to pull apart her buttocks to allow him the kind of entry he needed. It was better than simply having him shove it up her and tear her apart along the way.

He loved to sink into cunt outside in nature. He loved to sink into cunt so young and so taboo as his own daughter that even his friends, if they knew, would be shocked and disapproving. And envious. He wished Jimmy Nails could see him now, or that fat paunchy self-righteous school principal, Mr. Rice. He imagined Lena's math teacher, Mr. Nolte, bald at thirty-five, saying, "Mr. Hanson, I really cannot let you take your daughter out of class unless I know what you intend to do with her."

And then his wide eyes stared as he saw her stoop over under the willow tree and part her ass so her cunt would get open and wet, so that her father could stuff his very willing and big cock into her, and into her, and into her again.

He loved to withdraw it all the way and then jam it back all the way in, feeling the whole delight of re-entry from the tip to the bottom of the shaft again. He felt her clit go by — it felt like buttered bread, sliced, and his cock felt like the knife that was buttering it. He felt like a creature, half-man, half-beast, fucking his own twelve-year-old daughter. He felt like an old dog, and it was like an old dog, hoary, dirty, crusty with old come, lots of old come from lots of women, when he took a deep breath and shot his wad straight up into her cunt. He grabbed his shaft and his whole body rode his cock to glory.

He left her there that day, and many other days following. When he left her, he tied her to the tree more securely with her legs wrapped around it. He would come back at the end of the day to fuck her some more. He just couldn't get enough of her.

She missed the last day of school because he wouldn't let her go in.

The hours she spent tied to the tree, her "hitching post" as her father laughingly called it, were passed fantasizing about revenge. How could she go on living like this? Her father thought of her merely as a cunt, a receptacle for his male organ. Her mind, meanwhile, held cruel thoughts of dismemberment. She thought how she would tie him down and take the knife used for gelding the hogs.

But then she would hear the pick-up drive up, and she was torn between shame and anxiety and hope that it would be someone else, wandered down to this lonely bend in the river, and relief and disgust and shame, and hopelessness, when she would hear his familiar grunting laugh as he raised the curtain of willow branches to find his own personal, private cunt, tied up and waiting to service him. It was always with a sigh of relief that he unzipped his pants and let out the cockled creature that was cramped in the confinement of denim.

Every night, after such days of humiliation, she went out to the barn. Late at night when her parents

were asleep, or her father was away catting around.

Lena's mother seemed to have forgotten what she had practically witnessed that one night when her husband had simply dragged his daughter out to the barn. Or Mrs. Hanson's brain could not digest the information. Perhaps she thought that she had just imagined it, or perhaps her own personal freedom from her husband's sexual attention, after twenty years of fear, rose above her concern for her daughter's safety. In any case, Mrs. Hanson did not mention the incident to either husband or daughter, and she did not ask where Lena spent her days.

Lena was quite obsessed with fucking Red Beauty now. And she also had turned to Black Pride for additional fucking-revenge. The horses had a strange partnership with her. Black Pride looked on with horse-like curiosity, his black eyes glinting in the starlight of the barn, as the young girl slipped off all her clothes to meet her animal lover in the nude. She brushed Red Beauty all over with the currycomb to make him beautiful and get him in the mood. The horse's sweat from the day flicked off onto her own skin and sometimes she licked the drops of horse sweat off with her tongue, savoring the sour taste. She loved to play with the stallion's furry sheath which housed his cock.

It was like a little furry bunting on a most slick, and unshy animal. When the horse's penis started to protrude, called forth by her able hands, it looked like a slick roll of candy, like the rolls of candy she bought in the store sometimes, except that it was much thicker. It was so slick, much slicker than a human dick, that it was hard to hold it in her hands and she liked to stab in into her mouth, and to think of the wonder that she held a creature, a non-human by the cock in her mouth, and felt less disgust than she did at the same act forced upon her by her father's member.

Sliding Red Beauty's cock up the hole between her thighs, completely nude, she let her hair sweep in the straw below and she caressed her own lovely breasts.

"I hate you, I hate you," she whispered in the dark to her absent father. "I hate you so much I prefer taking the dick of your best horses, your horses, father, your stallions, your stallions stick their cocks in me. I take their long wet horse dicks in my mouth and I enjoy it more, I enjoy it! I enjoy it more than your fat, horrid, hairy, smelly excuse for manliness could ever bring me."

Red Beauty had been mounted by her so many times that he had evolved a way of pulling his cock in and out of her so that he could actually come too. The slick red penis, like a dog's, couldn't get entirely inside her, but the dick was stabbed in and out, while she clung to his underside, spreading her legs wide. The horse knew its own pleasure, too, she knew. For when it came, in a rush of horsecome, it whinnied and shook, and kicked up on its hind legs a bit, taking her for a ride and attempting to shove it into her woman's inadequate vagina a little further, knowing the bizarre excitation of fulfilling the sexual urge with a creature not of your own species.

Black Pride she treated a little differently. Red Beauty looked on curiously, and with a little jealousy, she thought, the first time she made sexual advances to the second stallion.

Black Pride was very well hung, with balls that protruded around the sheath of his cock. Black Pride was a more high-strung creature, and Lena was afraid he might not allow her intimate touch. She approached his genitals very slowly, stroking him with the curry brush all over, first, braiding his mane, calming and exciting him at the same time. She spoke to him, in a low, fervent whisper, telling him the story of how her father raped her daily, and that the fornication of beast and daughter was a fitting revenge on a man whose soul was lower than a dog's. The horse's big white teeth grinned in his mouth and she knew he was ready and willing and able for she saw the bright red glint of his dick between his black balls. She slipped under his belly. Again, he was so tall she could bend over underneath him, and she back onto his cock, holding her cunt open with her hands, the way her

father had taught her.

She thought of her father thrusting into her as she stood bending over, tied to the tree like an animal. It gave her pleasure to open her cunt now to an animal tied by the neck in a stall. Horse-cock slid into human pussy with great ease, as Red Beauty watched from the next stall. Black Pride's cock was not quite as long as Red Beauty's, but it was thicker by far, and she knew greater pleasure, for he could almost put it all the way in, and it really filled her up.

She thought of the slickness of the horses' cocks and wondered why men's cocks weren't like that. Human male cocks were all dry, and human males were so dumb they didn't know how to excite a cunt to make it wet first. They just shoved their dicks in and thought women enjoyed it!

Lena was coming with wonder at how anything less than this slick wet fuck, in the stable perfumed with fresh straw and horse and cow dung, could excite her. Her father's bumbling fumbles down by the river, could not compare with the adeptness with which his stallions, which he rode out over the plain every day, stood still for his daughter, as she opened her cunt and spread her legs wide and stuck her stuff down over the horse's willing cock. She slid in and out, back and forth, up and down, feeling the horse's delicious wet dick part her cunt down the middle like a stripe of pleasure all down her body. When the horse creamed inside her, she creamed too, and when she put her panties on to sneak back to the house, horse come from her cunt filled her panties with cream as she walked.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

The day her period was a week overdue and she knew she wasn't going to get it was the day she boarded a bus for Iowa City and ran away from home.

She had been a woman now for a few months and had tried to do some reading on the subject of prevention of pregnancy and on the biological procedure of impregnating a woman. Biology class was vague on the subject, and the information she could glean from the pussyfooting texts in the school library was not very informative.

But when her period showed absolutely no sign of showing up, it did not take a doctor to fill her up with the certain knowledge that she was pregnant.

She was frightened. What would her father do if he found out? Would he abort her? Loose interest in her? And then of course was the question of the child's father. She did not let her mind touch that grim subject at all, until she had stolen her mother's cookie jar money, all of thirty-two dollars, and walked down the dusty road into town. Her father was out in the fields working that morning, and her mother simply didn't notice.

She knew the stationmaster would remember that Lena Hanson had bought a ticket for Iowa City, and that sooner or later he would get around to reporting it to her father, once her absence was discovered. So she bought a ticket first for a small town near Iowa City, and then bought another ticket on the bus for the city. She had never been to a city before. In fact, she had never been on a bus before, never been out of her own hometown.

Ret, her older brother, lived in Iowa City, and she thought vaguely about trying to find him. But she wasn't sure if he would help her, listen to her story and believe her, or simply return her to her father. She would work out that problem when she got there, she decided as she allowed herself to sink into free slumber, when had she ever felt so free in her life? she wondered in her dreams, as the

bus rolled out onto the highway parting the fields of young growing wheat.

It was with great pleasure that she opened her eyes once just as the bus was passing her father's own fields. She could see him, as she slumped behind the tinted window of the bus, bending over, struggling with a root that lay in the tractor's path. She could see the bulge of his sexual apparatus and she laughed snidely and her hands instinctively went down protectively over her crotch until the bus had rolled on.

The man sitting in the seat beside her raised his eyebrows at the very luscious young girl, fully developed, with lovely breasts and arms and thighs, holding her crotch with her hands. He turned a page of his newspaper and decided he would talk to her later on, for now, he saw, she had fallen asleep in the same position.

She had horrible dreams: of being in a cramped, filthy apartment that smelled of her mother's boiled cabbage. She was lying down with the lower half of her body naked and her knees raised as a hideous old woman tried to extract a baby from her cunt. She was asking the old woman if it were possible for a human girl, a woman to become impregnated by another species, say, by a horse. The old woman didn't answer. She just kept pulling at something that was stuck in Lena's cunt.

Lena kept asking and asking, but all she heard was the old woman's wheezing and cackling. Lena felt something hard, like a hoof, kick against her stretching, straining thighs and she asked again, "Could a woman couple with a horse and have a..."

"Could a couple live in a house?" the man beside her was repeating.

She wakened to find it nighttime. The bus was pulling into a city. She knew it was a city because there was so much noise and motion all around them, and for as far as she could see there were bright shifting lights.

"You were talking in your sleep," the man said. "You were asking something about if a couple could live in a house. My name's Bill. Where are you going?"

"Um, Iowa City," she said. "To visit my relatives. Are we here," she turned to the window.

"Almost," he said. He was a handsome, friendly looking man. He carried a leather attache case and he spoke to her as if she were his age, which made her feel very grown-up. She was grown-up, she thought ironically. She was going to have a baby, or rather, an abortion.

"We're still in the suburbs. But we'll be in Iowa City soon. I'm getting off there too. Will your relatives be meeting you at the bus stop there?" he asked.

"N-no," she said.

"Then perhaps I could accompany you for a while, until they come to pick you up. I could help you get a cab, or find a phone."

"Thanks. Maybe," she said. She had to think fast now. She didn't know what her plans were going to be. She looked slyly at this man named Bill now, wondering if he would help her if she confided in him. Maybe he could tell her where she could go to get an abortion, and how much it cost.

When they got into Iowa City proper, she allowed him to take her into the bar across from the bus station. She had made a stop in the ladies room and put on some make-up that a girlfriend had given her as a joke for a birthday present last year. She had never before had occasion to wear it.

When she came out of the bathroom, she walked over to where Bill waited for her at the bar.

"Well," he said when he saw her. "I bet they won't even ask you for an I.D. now."

He was right. They served her a martini, which was what he was drinking, without carding her.

"Just how old ARE you? For the record's sake," he asked her, whispering in her ear. In her jean skirt and red blouse and nice sandals, all filled out with her lovely buxom, womanly form, she looked quite adult.

"Eighteen," she said.

"That's old enough," he replied judiciously ordering two more martinis. He knew of course that she was lying.

After a few martinis they were quite good friends, and she didn't even flinch when he slid his hand right up her skirt to her thighs.

"You're not new at this, are you?" he smiled. He had a cute wispy blond mustache and he didn't seem so old to her anymore.

"What do you do?" she asked him. "Why are you in Iowa City tonight?"

Bill said, "I'm a traveling salesman, honey. I sell soaps and perfumes, and anything else a lady might like, door to door. Iowa City's my home base. I've come home for a little rest spell before hitting the road again. Do you have anywhere to sleep tonight little honey? Looks like your folks didn't know you were going to be on this bus."

"Look, I do need a place to stay," she admitted.

It wasn't until they had helped each other down the streets, to a crummy side street near the train station, and up a flight of foul-smelling stairs and into his furnished one room, that she confessed to him her real need.

"I'm in trouble. You know, my boyfriend got me in trouble. And I've come here to Iowa City to... get rid of it. Can you tell me where to go? What to do?" she asked. She didn't even sound or feel pathetic as she asked for this stranger's help and advice. She was sitting quite comfortably, one leg over the arm of a moth-eaten chair, as he mixed them some more martinis in an empty apple juice jar.

"Ah," he said debonairly. "In trouble. Boy trouble. Well, I'm just glad to know that I'm not the first, in your case, to be corrupting the..." he eyed the space between her spread legs, "morals of a minor."

"Can you help me?" she asked. She massaged her boobs under her blouse and stretched coyly, looking at him from under lidded eyes.

He got up and wrote down a name and address on a piece of paper. "Take the number one bus to Grove Street, about twenty minutes from here. Say you know a friend of Gina's."

"Thanks," she said, tucking the slip of paper in her bra.

"Let's go to bed," he said.

They both climbed joyously into the big old springy double bed. It was high off the ground and the

springs were so old they sagged all over. It was like trying to lie down in soft cheese, and they laughed and giggled and pulled each other's clothes off.

Bill exclaimed at the softness and hugeness of her tits. Even for an eighteen-year-old, she was well developed. He couldn't touch her boobs enough with his face and tongue, rubbing his cheeks against them and licking them all over. He wanted to rub his feet on her boobs and his stomach and arms, and of course his cock which grew hard as he rolled back and forth in the valley between her boobs.

They kissed, their tongues exploring each other's mouths, while she let her hands slip down and run all over his veined cock and tickle his hairy balls. She liked to squeeze his balls in her hand, gently, and feel the one ball roll into the other. She wondered if she could make them switch sides.

Meanwhile, he seemed content to kiss her mouth with his tongue, sticking it way in deep, running over her teeth.

She thought he would never turn his attention to her more pressing parts; he avoided touching below her waist at all with his hands. She wondered if something was wrong with him, and checked once quickly with her eyes.

No, his penis looked all right, large and hard.

Suddenly, with the forthright understanding of a twelve-year-old, she sat up in bed and took his head in her hands. "Haven't you ever fucked a girl before? Is this the first time?"

He blushed in shame.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Twenty-two," he said.

She put her tongue between her lips and shook her head in coy dismay. Her boobs shook too in sympathy and he dove for them, sucking them, pulling them around either side of his head.

She let him play that way a while longer, then she pushed his hands away and said, "Are you ready?"

"Sit back there, no farther away. Way back, at the foot of the bed there, and just watch, so you get accustomed to what you see. When you want what you see, come and get it," she whispered.

He positioned himself at the foot of the bed as she had commanded and watched her. She propped the pillows up behind her so she could lie back comfortably.

She pulled down her white panties and spread her legs with her knees bent so he could take his first look at live female pussy. But she found that staring at his youthful fuzzy mustache distracted her so she closed her eyes.

She was thinking of the horse, Red Beauty, and his long slimy dick, when she parted her pussy with her fingers and showed him her meat. She stuck two fingers in, one on each side, and brought up for his viewing pleasure some of the redder, wetter inner meat. She poked her fingers way deep inside. They came up and out wet and shining and she made him lean over and sniff her fingers and lick them.

She parted the labia to show him the sweet little canal of pussy flesh that invited him down into the thicker meat of the love cave. She diddled with the labia, swatting them with her fingers so they

filled with the excretion of desire and sat up bold and hard. The little nub of flesh between the labia she tweaked with her fingers.

"Wait, let me," he said. And he followed her directions like a willing pupil. She had creamed and creamed again under his deft fingers when he finally withdrew his sticky hands, and said, "I want it now."

"Take it baby, it's all yours," she said. And she held her cunt parted with her fingers for him as he brought his dry big cock to her opening. At first touch his cock became wet with her cunt-wetness and the big bulbous head of his cock started to slide right into her cuntmeat, like a kid being pushed off a slide.

He sank into her, and his cock parted her warm meat like a knife sinking into tender steak. He couldn't believe that it was his cock, his own aching, denied member, that could do so much so easily to this yielding pussy beneath him.

She WANTED him to stick his fingers in her as he stuck his big cock-finger in and out of her, she wanted him to smell the stale, fishy odor of her cunt. He could smell it as he turned away from kissing her mouth to stare down at the big animal — the red dick, that was taming her and making her melt like chocolate left out in the sun.

It was so different to come into a girl's pussy after a lifetime spent coming in his own hand. Her pussy was so... soft and enclosed and slippery. She gripped his dick with her pussymuscles tighter than he could ever grip with his hand, and she didn't let go. It felt like some creature had attached itself to him and was sucking on him, and he let her pussy suck and suck and suck him until he lost control and spurted his thick white cream into the deep pussy-smelling cunt.

They both sighed with pleasure, and soon after began touching again. He just could not get enough of her breasts, and he loved to watch her open her cunt to him from all different angles. He couldn't believe a woman would get on her hands and knees and let him look straight at her open cunt and her ass. It turned him on.

In the morning neither of them was very rested. Nevertheless, at noon, he swatted her out of bed. He had to report to his office, and she had to go take care of her business.

Gina was his sister, it turned out, and the abortion would cost one hundred bucks. Lena almost cried when she heard this. Bill had told her it might be expensive, but he hadn't known what the current going price was. The price was always changing depending on the current status of the anti-abortion laws in the state. She cried in Bill's arms that night, and he stroked her hair and told her not to worry.

"But where am I going to get a hundred dollars?" she sobbed. "I don't have any money left."

"You can get a job he told her," trailing his fingers in her cunt. He was quite bold now.

"A job doing what? I can't do anything," she said, writhing with pleasure.

"They need a girl, to waitress, at the cafe down the street," he suggested, placing his mouth on her cunt and trying the pleasures of eating out a young girl for the first time in his life. His tongue slipped way down deep inside her and she cried out in pleasure. It was like a little dick, except much more acrobatic than a dick, slipping and sliding inside her now, like a seal. He stuck one or two fingers inside her now too, while he continued the manipulations with his tongue. One finger plied inside her cunt, making her clit stand up tall and salute, while another lesser-privileged finger,

stayed on duty at the fleshy mound between her labia making her come in two ways at once.

She couldn't let such sincerity go unnoticed. She promptly sat up, turned around and licked his hard cock with her hard, flattened tongue. She licked the cock starting at the bulbous head and straight down the underside of it, holding the pleased creature between steady fingers. After such rubbing had strengthened the hardness of the cock even more, making it stand up even straighter, she placed her lips over the top of the penis, so that the slick head of the dick slid in and out of her mouth while her hands frenzied him up and down.

Her fingers pumped the white cream up the shaft while her soft firm lips sucked the stuff out of him and slurped it up.

The next morning she went down the street to go to work. The train station district was rough and dirty, and she only wore an apron for two hours before she turned it back in and walked down the street stumbling and crying. She couldn't make change fast enough for the rough customers, and she dreaded their snide remarks and pinches on her behind. She was not cut out to be a waitress and she'd made only a quarter in tips. At that rate, she'd have the baby before she could get the abortion.

She waited for Bill in his room all that day. He came home with bad news. He was leaving for Tulsa, Oklahoma the next morning. He assured her that she could stay in his room in the meantime.

He took her out that night to cheer her up. He'd just gotten paid. He took her to one club and then another that he knew. They ended the night in a place one flight down where the drinks were cheap and the clientele bawdy, drunk and bizarre.

Women were dressed up in plumes and sequins and tight gowns and they sat all over the men and danced with them as if they were making love. The men drank and roared and were loud with their lewd jokes. There was an act coming on and everyone was waiting for it with great anticipation.

"From Mexico, Tequila," Lena heard one man say to another. "Girl does it with a donkey!!!"

"Really, man? Shit. Women are disgusting. Shit. That's one thing I can't wait to see!!" replied his friend, a hairy man with a big stain down the front of his white shirt.

"I wonder what she gets paid for doing it," said Bill at her ear.

Lena wondered too and already a plan was forming in her head. She didn't say anything about it to Bill. But she waited with interest for the act to begin too.

The act, when it finally happened, was very disappointing. At least Lena thought so. The crowd didn't seem to be well versed in the art of fucking an animal, so they didn't seem to notice how Consuela, the Mexican senorita, faked it.

Maybe they noticed and didn't care, pondered Lena, sipping her drink and watching Bill's face as it grew red with lasciviousness and he gripped her thigh. Maybe the crowd felt they got what they paid for when they got excited by the mere idea of a woman fucking a donkey.

For all Consuela did was come out in a kinky costume of leather, and high-heeled leather boots. She wore a mantilla in her hair, and a veil, and she did a striptease. Paring down slowly, in time to rhythmic music, to a black bra that revealed more of her long sleek boobies than it covered, and a g-string that split open her cunt and disappeared between her buttocks behind, she was quite sexy-looking, Lena had to admit.

But Lena was more interested, professionally, in the donkey. It was brought on and tethered to a post at the beginning of the act when Consuela started to strip. She directed her striptease at the donkey, but he didn't seem to notice or care when she spread her legs in front of his nose and played with her cunt for him.

Lena couldn't even see that the donkey, a dirty, but not old thing, got hard.

Then after much splitting of her cunt and her ass, and playing with her tits for the audience's sake, Consuela sat down on the donkey's back, her open cunt flat against his hide, and rode him around back and forth on the stage while she squirmed and let on that even this felt good.

Finally, as the hoots and hisses of the crowd urged her on, she crawled beneath the grey creature and locked her legs up around his back. Her back lay on the floor and she pretended to touch the donkey's genitals with her hands. She smiled a big wet grin at the audience and said, "Oh, he is so big. I want his donkey-dick in me." And as the audience whistled and yelled, she moved her hips up as if she were inserting a dick in her, and then she moved back and forth. But all the action was really hidden from view. It was just a simulation, Lena decided, though Consuela brought the house down with applause. She went through the tables after that, in her g-string and bra, collecting tips in a hat.

"How did you like that?" Bill asked afterwards, as they made their way home supporting each other through the hot dry streets.

"It was okay," said Lena nonchalantly.

"Think you'd ever like to do it with a donkey?" he asked.

"Nope," she said.

He left the next morning for Tulsa saying she was welcome to stay until he got back and he was sure she'd find some way to make money. She kissed him goodbye and then went back to bed. That afternoon she managed to let a shop clerk allow her to buy some clothes: a pair of sexy panties, black with a slit at the crotch, and a bra with open holes for the nipples to slip through, on credit.

She took these with her back to the Black Pussycat, the bar where the donkey act was playing. She knocked on the basement door and was told the Black Pussycat didn't open until ten.

"I'm here to see Consuela," she said, and finally she was admitted after she told the voice she had some money for Consuela.

The Mexican girl, (Lena doubted whether she was really even Mexican), was sitting in her dressing room eating dinner. She listened curiously to the strange girl's proposal to take over her act for a few nights.

"How much do you make a night?" Lena asked.

"I make about fifty bucks a night," Consuela blew blue smoke out of her reddened lips. She was dressed in a torn and dirty silk kimono and she sat amid a dressing room full of clothes: feather boas, more dirty silk kimonos, g-strings in all colors and the like.

"The bar gives me twenty-five and I make the rest in tips," Consuela said.

"I'll give you the twenty-five bucks every night for a week, if you'll let me do the act and collect all

the tips," the confident Lena said.

"How do I know you can handle this act?" asked Consuela coolly. This girl looked mighty young to her.

"Where's your donkey? I'll show you," said Lena.

Consuela took Lena around to the back where there was a shed in the yard. The donkey, whose name was Pepe, was in there munching on his dinner.

With one adept movement, Lena dropped her panties and lifted her skirt. Then she was down on the ground under Pepe. Her hands quickly, gently stroked his furry sheath, so much smaller than the cock-holders of her beloved stallions back home.

Before the donkey could realize that someone new was playing with him, his sheath had released his tiny little cock, all slick and red like a stallion's, but so much smaller!

Lena laughed at the thought of how cushy this job would be, as she relaxedly pulled her cunt up over the donkey's cock and began going up and down.

Consuela stared wide-eyed and finally said, "Okay! Okay! My God, you can stop now! I believe you can do the act!"

Lena dropped back down to the ground and rolled out from under the donkey. Pepe seemed to look at her with some malevolence in his red donkey eyes, because she had excited him so far, more than he had been excited in a long time, as Consuela did not allow him to mate with females of his kind while they were on the road, and yet she had not brought him to ejaculation.

Lena laughed and patted him on the head. "I'll see you tonight Pepe. You'll get another chance." She shook hands with Consuela on the deal, and then Consuela took her to meet the proprietor of the house and explain the change in the act for the next week to come.

That night, or rather the next morning, for the donkey act didn't go on until one in the morning, Lena was all set. She was a little nervous, she had to admit, because she had never performed in front of people before, not even in a school play.

But she reminded herself what the money was for: an abortion, and freedom, a beginning of a new life of independence and freedom, far away from the man who first poured a male's smelly corruption into her body and left her with no peace in life.

Lena began her act differently than Consuela. Lena came on in a filmy black nightie that just barely came down to the top of the black briefs. She wore high black heels and she pretended to be waiting for her husband to come home. She pretended to be dusting her home with Consuela's big black feather duster, and she raised her black negligee and dusted her big swaying boobs while the audience whistled and licked its lips. Then she bent over and showed the crowd the split in her black panties and she pretended to dust what lay between the split. She indicated to the audience that she sure wished her husband would come home because she wanted to... and she made gestures with the handle end of the duster which left no doubt about what she wanted to do.

The crowd roared with laughter when the donkey walked on stage and Lena pretended to express love and delight that her darling husband was home. She caressed the donkey's face and ears, murmuring "Pepe" in his scruffy ears.

She removed the nightie and swung her breasts before the donkey. The audience loved the way her dusky nipples hung out, exposed, at the end of her long white tits, still partially encased in the lacy black brassiere.

But the crowd was getting restless. They were urging her on.

She winked at them and sat down behind the donkey, with her knees spread. The audience couldn't see her head then, concealed behind the animal, but they could see, quite clearly, one of her little white hands as it massaged first the hairy sheath of the animal's genitals, and then the slickened red dick as it grew and grew out of the dull fur. The audience clapped louder and louder as the donkey dick grew.

The audience could also see quite clearly what she was doing with her other hand, which was sunk deep into her cunt. They could watch her rooting in and playing with herself.

One man couldn't restrain himself (the music too was very slow and rhythmic) and he ran up to the edge of the stage and put his hand out to her pussy. His arm didn't reach though and someone pulled him down.

Now it was time to do her stuff. The donkey's cock was fully erect.

She slid her body entirely underneath him and then, with the audience's eyes full on the erect red cock, she grasped the creature between her legs and slowly inserted the wet dick up her thighs, into her cunthole which she held open for it.

The audience was entirely silent as, as if with one pair of eyes, they watched the slimy red donkey cock disappear into the cunt of the long-titted woman.

She slid back and forth on it, allowing the red slimy erection to make itself seen by the audience each time, before she slid back down on it, and each time the audience cheered. With one hand she massaged the belly of the animal, to calm him and make him stand still while she did the fucking.

Now she was moving, sliding, up and down very fast. It didn't feel like much to her. It felt like Bill's little finger. But the audience loved it and so did Pepe because suddenly she felt a little squirt of hot juice and the donkey had come inside her on the last plunge.

Immediately she jumped and parted her cunt to let the crowd see the white donkey semen slipping out of her red cunt and across the slit of her black panties.

They cheered. Consuela, watching from the wings, clapped.

Someone threw her a rag, and she wiped herself. Then she descended down into the pit where the drinkers were, to talk with them, and let some of the more well-dressed men stick a finger or two up her now clean cunt, while she collected the greenbacks in an old top hat she had found in Consuela's dressing room.

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CHAPTER FIVE

In a week, Lena had made over \$300. Her act was a big hit. Even Consuela was impressed. Sunday she went to the house of the woman named Gina to have her pregnancy aborted. She was terrified.

She was too afraid to ask the woman if women could bear the fetus of an animal. She felt awkward at the idea of having to explain about Red Beauty and Black Pride. Other people wouldn't understand. They would think it weird, strange, and abnormal, for a young girl to have made love with horses.

Gina was a buxom, middle-aged woman with a red wig. Not your typical mid-wife. But she was efficient and businesslike, and in no time she had Lena off the table with the good news that she was pregnant no longer.

"What was it?" Lena asked, fearfully.

"What?" called Gina from the next room. "You just lie there and rest for a while. A couple of hours if you need to. Try not to talk."

"But, I mean, the baby, what was it?"

"It wasn't much, honey. I don't want to upset you, but it wasn't a healthy normal fetus. It's just as well it didn't come into the world."

"What do you mean?" called Lena trying to get up. An incredible pain seared her thighs as she did so, and she immediately lay back down on the bed.

"Just you rest. I'll be back in a while with something for you to drink that will help you heal," Gina said, and she went away.

While she lay there, Lena had a lot to think about. What would she do next, for example. Would she stay here in Iowa City? What would she do when her money ran out again? Could she possibly go back home, and take up that existence of swinging between being raped by her father and making it with his horses?

She wondered if he would ever find out how she had gotten her revenge on him, right under his nose. She thought for a moment too about Brad King. She wondered if she'd ever see him again. Did he ever think about her? She didn't know.

Life certainly was confusing. There was no clear path to follow, as there was in her mother's day.

Lena thought about her mother, giving birth to all those babies, and then watching them die, or grow up and leave home. Had her father gone back to abusing and beating her mother now that Lena had left home? Had he made any attempt to look for her? She was surprised every morning when she woke up in Bill's nice big double bed in the room streaming with sunlight that it hadn't all disappeared in the night and that she wasn't home again, having to get up to feed the chickens and pigs, and dread the sound of her father's footsteps.

She spent a couple of days taking it easy. She bought herself some clothes with the remaining money she had and took herself out to a nice restaurant where she resolutely turned down the offers of admiring men. Her money ran down and she had to go back to Consuela and the donkey act.

Consuela explained that she was only going to be in town another week. After that she was moving on south.

Lena's performance was greeted with enthusiasm by the audiences at the Black Pussycat, as before, and she made some more money — enough to open a modest bank account with. She felt very proud of herself.

On the last night of her act, Lena was startled by a familiar face in the crowd. It was the face of Ret, her older brother. He was sitting in the front row at a little private table and he had a woman with him.

She was sure Ret hadn't recognized Lena as his own sister. She wore a lot of makeup, and Ret thought she was back at home on the farm after all.

She had a note sent to him, asking him to be sure that he stayed for a few moments after the act because there was a lady who wanted to see him.

She watched him receive the note and look around the room for the silent lady and she saw the lady beside looking annoyed. After that, Lena didn't notice much else. She had to get it on with Pepe. Pepe was ornery that night, as donkeys will sometimes be. She had added a little costume for him to the act. He wore a straw hat with holes cut out for ears, and a little pair of boxer shorts and a tie, so that when she called him her husband it drew more laughs from the crowd.

Tonight Pepe's dick got bigger than it ever had before. Pepe was growing, or learning or both! Lena thought, as she crawled under him, being sure to lift the filmy black negligee she wore high so that it revealed her tits, which were as big as her thighs. She opened her legs for Pepe. He shoved his cock in her, and this time it felt as big as Bill's thumb.

The audience gasped. They had never seen a woman make it with an animal before, most of them. And that a woman would do it voluntarily, for money, in front of others, was incredible.

"Pepe, I like your dick," Lena crooned, going up and down on it. "My little husband, why did you come home so late from work today? Have you been seeing other women?" she asked him indignantly as she plunged on top of him, and the donkey brayed, and the audience laughed.

After the donkey came, his white donkey semen dripping on the floor beneath her, to the audience's additional gasps, Lena went backstage for a moment to clean herself. Then she came out again and went down into the pit to collect her tips.

Often the men would like to put the bills on the corner of a table and make her pick up the money between her legs with her thighs. She thought this was very silly, but they insisted so she did it.

She still wore the costume from her act: the black nightie that came to her navel, the black see-through briefs with the slit at the cunt, and black high pumps. She had forgotten about the presence of her brother and was feeling good tonight. A black man put out a bill on the corner of his table. She couldn't tell whose picture was on the bill, but the man was very good-looking and very well dressed. He looked quite wealthy and he had a very fancy dame sitting beside him, so Lena went all out.

Each time she approached the table with her open thighs, to catch the money, he moved the money farther back. Each time he moved it back, everyone laughed.

Finally, Lena put one foot high on their table. Her black stockinged leg caused quite a sensation, as did the slit of the panties she wore. With her leg lifted, all could see quite clearly, and from close up, the pink slit of her own, that lay between the black slit of the panties. Someone put a coin in the jukebox, and slow sexy music began. Lena began to gyrate, with her leg raised, in time to the music. It would be good for tips, she figured.

The black man let her have the bill — it turned out to be a \$100.00, and she moved on to the other tables. Many of the men wanted to reach out and touch her pussy with their fingers — just touch it,

and she let them. The little timid fingers reaching out to her just vaguely tickled the outside of her cunt, and she had to part her labia with her own fingers, and dip her own fingers in her honeypot and make her own clit and labia painful with desire and lust, in order to give the men the kind of sight they wanted to see: a cunt that was wet and inviting, as if it were just waiting to be penetrated by one of their dicks, many of which we're hard under the tables of the little joint. Finally to a last drumbeat, and a last bump and grind, Lena hurried to the dressing room in back to change and make her appointment with her brother. She hoped he was still waiting.

He was. She walked up to his table and said, "Excuse me, I am the lady who sent you that note. May I join you?"

The woman sitting next to Ret gave a cold look but Ret said, "Please do."

"You don't know who I am," Lena said.

"No," he gave a quizzical look at the woman.

"I'm your sister, Lena," she said. Ret almost fell off his chair backwards.

"Good God," he said. "It is Lena."

She still had on her makeup from the act, but she was wearing street clothes now. Still, the last time he had seen her was when she was seven and still a little girl. Now, at almost thirteen, she had changed much, she guessed.

"This is my wife, Carol," Ret introduced the two women. Carol was very silent and not too friendly.

"Where are you staying? What are you doing in Iowa City?" Ret asked.

Lena said: "Let's go somewhere else where we can talk."

They went back to Ret and Carol's place. Ret and Carol lived in a trailer in a park outside of town. They had a Ford station wagon.

Inside the trailer they offered Lena a drink. She accepted and then sat down happily. She felt at home. She started to ask Ret and Carol how long they had been married and what they did for a living and how they liked Iowa City and how long they had been there, and had they heard from their parents lately?

But Ret and Carol plied her with questions without answering any of the ones directed at them. Lena, under the influence of the drinks, spoke quite freely with them. She even cried a few times in recounting her story of the last year.

"Ret, you know how father always abused Mother? How we would often hear her screaming in the middle of the night? I know you remember because I know that's partly what drove you away when you were fifteen. That, and there being no future on that farm. Well, I'm only thirteen myself but I had to get out too. On my own."

"Ret, Daddy, well, he came to me as if I were a woman he met in one of his places. You understand what I'm saying? He raped me. Many times. He was making it a way of life. I had to get out. So I came here. They don't know where I am, and I don't know what I'm going to do, but all I know is, it's so good to have found you brother, and you too, Carol. Now I feel as if I have a real family."

They put Lena to bed in the living room for that night. Ret and Carol retired to their own end of the trailer.

They stayed up late talking. Mr. Hanson had put up a reward for Lena's return and they knew of it. He was offering \$700 for any information leading to the return of his daughter. Ret and Carol needed some money — badly.

In the years since Ret had left home, he had done many different things to make a buck, but mostly he had drifted. He'd been a used car salesman, a door-to-door brush salesman, he'd sold encyclopedias and drugs. He'd even made his way for a while on the strength of his poker game, and he'd let one or two girls support him with what lay between their legs.

He'd been with Carol now for about a year. They were pretty tight. Carol was a lot older than she looked. She was 45, and her red hair was a wig. She wore lots of makeup and had a petite figure, so that people often did not realize her age while she sat beside the youthful Ret.

Ret liked Carol. Perhaps he found in her the mother he'd never had in his own mother. Mara Hanson had been no less able to defend or protect her son from her husband than she had been able to protect Lena. And Roland Hanson had not been easy on his son either. He had worked him hard, giving him no money, and often let him feel the lash of his riding crop or the rock of his fists.

Unfortunately, Ret had not become a kind, understanding, compassionate person after all his suffering. He had instead his father's brute-like nature.

Unlike his father forced into by circumstances. At least that was how he looked at it now. He did not like to have to plot, as he did in bed now with Carol, against his own baby sister. But he needed money.

In the morning, Carol made them all breakfast: powdered scrambled eggs and instant coffee and grits. It was in the morning that Lena realized Carol was not as young as Lena had originally thought. She saw that Carol's red hair was a wig. She saw the lines beneath Carol's thick make-up. But the couple was very friendly to her and insisted that she go back into town and get all her things and come and stay with them.

Ret drove her to Bill's house where she picked up her clothes. He took her out to lunch at a nice place where she had beer and wiener schnitzel. They went back to the trailer where Carol was waiting for them. Carol had gone out that day and bought some rope.

Ret had to run into his bedroom in the back where he broke down crying. Carol had followed him in. She held him in her arms and spoke to him lovingly.

"Honey, I know she's your sister, but it's dog eat dog in this world, and it's either us or her. You know how we could use those seven hundred smackers baby," she said.

"I know," he sobbed into her tits.

"We could take that little trip out west we been talking about for so long. To the Yellowstone Park. You know how much I want to see that geyser I been hearing about all my life since I was a little girl. And the Grand Canyon? And you could meet up with that big poker game that happens in September. Honey, it could mean our whole future," she dried his eyes.

They plied Lena with liquor and talk that night, and she fell asleep intoxicated on the couch again. When she woke up in the morning she was tied and bound to the sofa.

"What? What's going on here?" she immediately began to yell.

Ret and Carol awoke to her screams. It was only seven o'clock in the morning.

"Oh jiminy, the kid's screaming," said Carol.

"Honey, what are we going to do? I can't go out there and look her in the face," said Ret.

"I'll take care of it," said Carol. She slipped a torn bathrobe over her body, covering up her sagging breasts, and went out into the living room. She surveyed the pathetic creature on the couch.

Lena was beautiful, as beautiful as Carol had once been, many years before. Lena's lips were a rosy red as she awoke in confusion, and the passion of her fear flushed her cheeks. Her body spoke for itself, all curves and young firm flesh as she twisted in her bonds. Carol had tied her well the night before, securing her hands behind her back and tying her feet together, and then tying the whole to one of the legs of the couch.

She gave Lena a glass of water to quench her thirst, and said, "Honey, the stiller you lie, the better it will be for you. Now we're only doing what's best for you. You know your brother would never harm you. Just trust his judgment."

But as Lena continued to squirm and holler, Carol was forced to gag her with a dishtowel from the sink. Then she went back to Ret's bed.

They left her tied up that day. She was hungry and thirsty and she couldn't even get to the bathroom. She was sobbing the whole time beneath her gag at her brother's treachery. She didn't even know what he intended to do with her, not knowing about the reward her father had offered for her which Ret intended to collect.

The only company she had all day was Carol's Irish setter. It was a beautiful dog and though Carol had instructed it to make sure Lena didn't escape, the dog was very sympathetic toward Lena. He came over and put his head on her breasts and looked up into her miserable eyes with his big, wordless dog eyes. He had a beautiful red coat which Carol brushed every day. His red hair reminded Lena of Red Beauty and she was at once comforted by the memory, and terrified. Something told her this bondage was leading back to her life on the farm.

When Ret and Carol returned that night they conferred in their bedroom. Ret told Carol he had answered the ad in the paper that offered the reward, but he had not been able to speak directly to his father that day. Mr. Hanson was apparently out of town following up another lead on his daughter.

"Well, what do we do with her in the meantime, until we get in touch with your old man?" Carol asked.

"Honey, I guess we just have to keep her here for a while," Ret said miserably.

They returned to the living room, where Buster, the dog was sadly licking Lena's face which was wet with tears.

They untied the gag for a while.

Ret explained the situation: "Poor kid," he said to her. Even untying her hands and holding one of them. "You're sick," he told her. "I tried to contact Dad to let him know where you are. You need to

go home. You're too young to be out on your own yet. You need to find a man to support you and help you. I don't like to think of my very own sister doing... what you were doing that night we found each other at the Black Pussycat."

"If you hate to see that sort of thing so much, what the hell were you doing there yourself." Lena asked viciously, grabbing her hand away from him. She hadn't related that part of the story to him about her and the horses, nor had she told him of the deformed fetus of her abortion, or of her abortion.

"Some women have to do those things," Carol interjected. "But they're bad women. Not nice girls like you. We were only there to see some of your brother's business contacts."

"What's his business, prostitution?" sneered Lena.

Ret and Carol exchanged a glance.

Carol said, "She's too young to, understand. Someday she'll thank us for rescuing her from a life like this, and for returning her home."

"I will not, you hypocritical... I don't know what the two of you get out of this, but I'll never forgive you, never!"

"Tie the gag on her again," said Ret getting up from the couch and looking away. Carol neatly replaced the gag.

Before they left the house again the next day, Lena begged to be allowed to speak again.

"Well?" said Carol after the gag was off.

"When you inhuman robots leave me here like this, I can't even get to the bathroom!" protested Lena. "I'll wet all over your couch."

"Hmm, that's true," pondered Carol.

"What can we do?" asked Ret.

"Tie her up in the bathroom," said Carol simply.

This they did. They simply moved her place of bondage from the couch in the living room to the little bathroom where they tied her by the neck to the sink. Carol had the additional bright idea of leaving Lena in her black panties with the slit from her act.

"You can go anytime you want now, honey," she laughed to see the voluptuous girl, in her sexy black briefs, bound hand and foot, gagged, and tied to the sink.

They closed the bathroom door and left the house.

The day passed slowly. Lena could hear Buster, the Irish setter, whimpering just outside the door and she whimpered back in answer.

Buster kept pushing at the door. Trailers are made out of plywood and cardboard, at least Ret's and Carol's was, and though they had locked the bathroom door, Buster soon had pushed it open.

It was a great comfort to have some living creature who was sympathetic to her. Lena sat on the

tilled floor, miserable, and Buster came in and put his head between her knees. She couldn't pet him so instead she rubbed her legs against him. His coat was shining clean and his eyes were clear and intelligent looking.

"Buster, Buster," Lena crooned.

Buster licked her bare legs. The dog nosed her crotch. Dogs, unlike most people, do not have the sexual compunctions, taboos and niceties that humans have, and since Lena was tied up and couldn't push his head away, he nosed freely at her crotch, able for once to get his fill of the smell of the human female sex.

Lena kept rubbing against his flanks with her thighs and the dog lay down between her legs. His tongue was long and thick, much bigger of course than a human tongue.

Lena's sex was catching on fire as she lay there with the living creature between her legs. She thought of Bill, and his cozy furnished room. She wished she had never accepted her brother's supposed offer of hospitality. She had been so happy at Bill's. She wondered when he would return, if she would still be here, or already back on her father's farm. She had left Bill a note, with the address of her brother's trailer on it. She dreamed of a gallant rescue, but knew that only happens in books.

She thought of Brad King, and of that glorious night when he had found her riding Red Beauty, and of how he hadn't been shocked or ashamed or disgusted by her, but had wanted her for his own. He had loved her, yes, truly loved her that night. She wondered if he thought of her at all anymore. He probably went out with so many other girls that she had become only a vague memory.

She felt so sorry for herself, sitting locked in this john in a deserted trailer. Her legs ached and she stretched them. The slit of her bikini pants opened. The dog put his cold nose up to the pink flesh revealed by the slit.

"Oh, yes," Lena sighed.

Buster sniffed and licked her.

It was quite an unusual sensation. The dog's tongue was rough and bumpy and he was able to lick her in a way she had never been licked before. His tongue was able to cover the whole outside surface of her cunt with each lick. But best of all was when he stuck his nose into the place between her legs and it sunk in.

Then she groaned and shifted uneasily on the floor.

She looked down into his dog eyes. Did he know what he was doing?

Buster flopped over on the floor so that he was lying on his side. Lying on the floor also, Lena noticed, was his dick, red and long like a sticky finger.

Lena laughed to think that she might even find a way to get some loving here, in this ridiculous predicament of bondage that her brother had forced her into.

The dog growled and licked her again and again.

Her labia filled with the liquid of desire, and became red and taut. Underneath, in the inner cave, unseen, her clit too was excited and standing up straight. Sometimes the dog's tongue went in and

brushed against her clit. It was so frustrating: she couldn't use her hands to direct his licks or open her legs wider to allow him greater entry. Her ankles strained to loosen the bonds so that she could open her legs more, and she shifted her hips a little so he might slip his tongue into her sideways and touch the good part.

The dog nosed aside the lace panty's edge and loosened her up with his dog's saliva. He had crawled on top of one of her legs now and was trying to hump her knee.

She laughed with sadness. "Buster, Buster," she crooned under the dishtowel.

She wondered if the dog would be able to actually mount her, and how she could aid him, and indicate to him to try.

Well determination always finds a way.

Buster was whining violently now, and his cock was larger. He was inching up along her leg, and licking at her breasts now, and her stomach. She slid down a bit on the floor.

He lay against her chest while she rubbed her head against his head, and his penis slid into the black slit of the panties, and the pink slit of her cunt.

The dog was growling and making all kinds of convulsive sounds. Lena let him make all the movements. Convulsively he slid his wet stick in and out of her human pussy.

She felt a small dipstick being inserted into her. It tickled the first two inches of her cunt. The bottom of her cunt was aching to be pressed and filled and made wet. But the dog couldn't help her out.

Instead, the frankfurter like member slid resolutely up and down on her clitoris and in between her labia, while the dog whined.

Oh, indeed, it did feel good, after all, Lena realized, stretching her knees on the bathroom floor.

The dog's lower half moved furiously on top of her loins and she felt the little dipstick slicking her cunthole's opening, hitting all the crucial spots with his erect dogcock.

The dog had an incredibly good time, and could carry on like this for hours. The day passed with Buster mounting Lena, after first eating her out. He would lie with his large head at her cunt and lick and lick and lick her. His tongue didn't have the muscles or intelligence to explore inside her, so when she was worked to a frenzy by his licking of the rim of her pussy, he could climb up her body until his slick dipstick was at her hole, and he would jab it into her, making her come by the simple speeding motion of his cock at her clit.

The room became filled with the smell of sex, of human pussy satisfied, and of dogcock brought to fulfillment.

The dog would disappear for a few hours too, to get some water or lie down, but he would always return to see how she was and if she wanted more. She always did.

Ret returned that night alone. He said Carol had some business to do and would return later. He didn't say what her business was, but Carol was walking the streets looking for a few bucks. She always got picked up. For 45 she really looked alright.

When Ret opened the door of the bathroom to look in on his sister, he was hit by a peculiar smell.

"It stinks in here," he said. "Couldn't even make it to the can," he muttered picking her up, untying her from around the sink and placing her in the bathtub.

Lena started to try to hit out at him with her knees and body, so he tied her to the towel rack over the tub. He only wanted to give her a shower. She kept trying to lash out at him. He pulled her tee-shirt off over her head and found himself staring at breasts like white melons. Her nipples were hard like buttons, and the brown radius around the nipples were like big cocoa stains.

Her navel was like a thumbprint in an otherwise flawless sculpture. Her belly sloped gently down into her black briefs. There was a blonde trail of downy hair leading down her belly into her briefs too.

She was holding her thighs tightly together so the two sides of the slit in panties came together and modestly covered what lay beneath.

With her hands tied together and tied over her head to the towel rack she was pretty much helpless however.

"I just wanted to give you a shower little sister," Ret licked his lips.

He turned the water on and began to strip himself.

Ret was twenty-five and burly like his father. He was more well-hung than his father, Lena noticed through the water coming down in sheets over her face. Ret's cock was big and hard. His legs were hairy. His wild hair on top of his head matched the wild bush that grew around the tower of power coming at her at crotch level.

"No! No!" she tried to scream. She could hear Buster whimpering outside the locked door.

Ret looked at the beauty before him. The water streamed down over her lovely neck, straining with fear, and down over her tits, swelling and shaking. The drops hung suspended on the tips of her boobs and then fell, onto her smooth white stomach, or into the pearly hairs clinging to her briefs, or down onto her small feet.

He tore her briefs off her to watch the water find paths through her pussy hair and down her legs.

He backed her against the wall by laying his hands on her lovely melons and by putting his groin against her belly. Her hands strained to break loose over her head.

The water was pouring down on him too, as he forced her legs apart with his knees. His cock found her pussy, and it found it big, soft and sweet. She was all loose and open to him, as if she had been making love all day. His cock just nudged the entrance to her cunt and suddenly he was all the way inside, stuffing her cave with his erect poker.

He powered his heavy cock up her cunt and felt her lovely tits all along. Her flesh was so soft and yielding, though she continued to fidget and strain, forcing him to take her out of the shower and tie her onto a chair, with her legs tied wide apart.

Now he could get at her the way he wanted to.

Her pussy lay open before him, its blond hair glinting with water. The red meat throbbed with terror

before his cock which he swung in the air over her.

He lowered himself and taking her tits in his hands and squeezing them fully, he rammed his cock way up into her pussy and her tied legs could not close to resist him.

Again and again he stuffed it into her. Her flesh was so young and sweet and firm, not like Carol's old tired flesh. Lena writhed, naked, her hips and waist turning and twisting to get away from this onslaught, but still Ret's cock found its way home deep up inside of her and her flesh responded while her mind refused to. Pussy muscles gripped the pole of male flesh poking into her, and the pole pounded harder and harder while the pussy muscles gripped. He blasted his white stuff into her cockpit. He pulled his dipstick out and there was a flood of come on the chair where she sat bound. He liked to look at this sight and stepped away to observe, from the couch where he sat with his drink, his voluptuous baby sister, going on thirteen, with her legs tied apart, unwillingly revealing the charming sight of her pussymeat to him, all smeared with his come.

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## CHAPTER SIX

Carol and Ret were smiling the next morning when they came out into the living room where Ret had again tied up Lena for the night. Carol had made fifty bucks the night before, for two jobs. And Ret had contacted Lena's father. He was coming to pick her up tomorrow. He was coming to bring them the \$700 tomorrow. Everything was looking up for Ret and Carol.

Lena trembled in fear all of that day. Ret and Carol hung around the house, drinking and watching TV.

All day Ret stole sly glances at his sister. He couldn't approach her with his old lady there. Carol would be insanely jealous.

All day too, Buster kept trying to stick his head up between Lena's legs. That made Carol jealous too, and she kept calling to him, "Buster, Buster, get away from her. Why can you imagine," Carol continued talking to Ret now as if Lena weren't even there, "what kind of girl would make it with an animal? I mean, a donkey? Shoot, you gotta be desperate to do that sister. Now take me, for instance, I do it with men for money. I don't like to do it honey, but I do it for the money, and for you," she nuzzled Ret's lips. She was sitting on his lap at one end of the couch while Lena sat tied down at the other end watching them.

"I do declare, though, I'll sure be glad to have that blue pair of eyes out of my house. I wish she'd quit staring at me, like that, honey. Make her quit staring."

Ret was staring at Lena himself, and in his drunken buzz, he didn't hear most of Carol's complaints. He was licking his dry lips with a dry tongue and looking down at the crotch of Lena's jeans.

"Honey!" Carol hit him over the head. "I said I want to have a little fun around here. We should be celebrating. We've struck it rich. We're going out west. Honey, let's have us a little party. Let's call up some people — Ray and George, and maybe Sylvia could come over, and help us celebrate."

"Why not?" said Ret lazily tipping his drink. Carol got up to hit the phone and call up her friends. The phone was in the bedroom.

Ret went over to his sister, stood over her, and just let his hand dangle over her crotch. He lifted her shirt and caressed her watermelon tits lavishly, until the titties were hot and excited. Then he pulled

her shirt back down over her chest and walked away. Carol came back out from the bedroom gaily.

"They're all coming over. We'll have us a party. Honey, get out the liquor. I'll see if I can hunt us up some crackers and cheez whizzes or something."

Sylvia and George and Ray arrived altogether in the front cab of Ray's pickup. It was amazing to think they had all managed to fit into the cab together because George's enormous bulk — he must have weighed three hundred pounds — was equaled and surpassed by Sylvia's huge form.

Sylvia was a truck driver and she must have weighed 350. She was all rolls of flesh. Every movement she made more rolls of fat tumble over each other, and when she laughed, which she did often, and joyously, the flesh fell into chaos, trembling and shaking all over. Her laughter caused her breasts to avalanche down her belly, which avalanched down over her thighs. Her legs looked like huge muttonchops, with the kind of crevices in them that are caused by excessive weight.

Sylvia's laughter also made everyone else laugh, and soon everyone, except Lena was jolly.

Carol introduced Lena to the gang.

"This is Lena, Rettie's baby sister. She was a bad girl and ran away from home, she's only — what are you — sixteen, honey? We called her daddy and he's coming to get her tomorrow."

"Well, I don't know if I'm going to be able to party with a little sixteen year old watching on," drawled George. He had three chins, which tumbled on top of each other as he raised his head and his glass. "I mean, I don't want to be corrupting the morals of no minor or nothing, if you know what I mean," he winked at Carol, who had put on a gold lame dress for the occasion. The tight dress pushed her boobs up and together and cinched in at her waist. She wore lots of makeup, bright red on her cheeks and flaming green at her eyes.

Carol giggled, holding a highball with her pinky raised. She loved being a hostess. "You don't have to worry about corrupting the morals of this minor. I told you she was a bad girl. Why she's done things you wouldn't think of doing George Limpson."

"Oh yeah? Like what?" George bellowed with laughter.

"Yeah, like what?" asked Sylvia with interest.

"You know that act that was playing down to the Black Pussycat? That act with the donkey from Tequila, Mexico?" Carol's voice had lowered confidentially.

Lena sat uncomfortably on the couch. Ret and Carol had agreed to untie her and ungag her for the party and they both had said they trusted her not to run away. If she did run away, Ret had explained, with his fist in her face, she would regret it. His fist was the size of her father's and she had looked at it with quiet dismay.

"She was the girl!" said Carol pointing triumphantly at Lena.

Everyone looked at her and gaped with awe. "With a donkey!" Sylvia started screaming with laughter, which set off George. Carol was cackling in her phony high lady-like laugh which soon turned to burps. Ray, a thin, quiet man with thin lips pressed tightly together, smiled too. George and Ray owned and operated "George and Ray's Truck Stop". Tonight was their night off.

"She looks so innocent like," said Ray quietly and that started everyone off again, hooting with

laughter.

"With a donkey," Sylvia kept shaking her head and her eyes got a faraway look as if she were trying to imagine it.

"Wish we had that donkey here now so she could give us a private performance," said George.

Lena said nothing.

Ret was watching her closely, licking his lips. He watched her tits heaving as she breathed heavily with humiliation. He wanted her tits in his mouth and her cunt around his dick so bad.

He said, "I don't think my sister should have to listen to talk like this. Maybe she made a few mistakes in life, but we all have, right? I want to talk to her in the bedroom," he said. And he got up and led her away.

"I think I better go and talk to her too," said George. "I like to talk to young folk. Set them straight about what life is all about."

"Now don't you fellas muss up my boo-doire," said Carol blithely. She was smiling at Ray. She had always had the hots for him.

Someone turned the music on somewhere, and the night became heavy and foggy. Couples fell on top of each other in chairs in the living room or in the bedroom, and got up off of each other and found an embrace somewhere else. Bottles lay strewn all over the trailer, and wherever you were, you could reach out and pour yourself some more of something.

Carol kneeled between Ray's legs and unzipped the top part of her gown so that her flabby breasts hung out. She pressed them against Ray's crotch and began undoing his zipper. Ray watched as if uninterested.

She pulled out his dick but it was soft and drooping. She let it roll about against her breasts, but still it didn't get hard. Carol looked up at him from under her long fake eyelashes, and then slipped his dick inside her mouth. It felt soft and small like a worm.

She bit it. She felt it harden a little bit as if an underground current were picking up. Ray lay back against the chair and sighed and closed his eyes.

"Suck me off, honey, suck me off," he whispered, holding her head on his dick with his hands when she tried to come off him.

She pressed down on his now hardening dick with her mouth. Her lips pressed back the foreskin and the head of his cock emerged, shining and hard. She felt for his balls, still in his pants, and gently eased them out so she could play with him while she brought him off.

Sylvia sat on the couch across from them watching as she sipped her drink.

She watched her friend Carol's head bob up and down on top of Ray's torch, and she watched the pink flesh of Ray's stick appear and disappear into Carol's mouth. His cock was smeared now with Carol's red lipstick, and the lipstick on Carol's face was no longer on her lips but all around her mouth as she furiously tried to please him.

"Harder. Faster. Up and down right here," Ray showed her the vein to follow leading from the tip of

the cock to about half way down the underside.

She followed this line, licking with her hard, flattened tongue, then just rubbing with her lips pressed together, and with a little bit of her tongue sticking out.

The smell of his cock turned her on. She had an appetite for cock tonight and gladly she allowed the shape and feel of his cock to fill her mouth and she hung on to the organ with pressing lips. She licked it and squeezed it, and thanked him for allowing her to eat him. She didn't want him to come until she'd eaten as much cock as she wanted.

But she couldn't hold him back anymore. He gripped the sides of the chair and threw his head back and closed his eyes. His fingers stretched as he felt the softness of the walls of her mouth squeeze with an iron-like hold and her fingers squeezed at the base as if she were squeezing candy up a stick. The come came bursting out of him like champagne out of a bottle that's popped its top. She almost lost his dick as his stuff started flying. But she popped his cock into her mouth at just the right moment, and not a drop was lost. She sucked and sucked the cock, squeezing it with her hands at the same time. She must have swallowed two cupfuls.

"Did I come a lot?" asked Ray smiling from behind his thin lips.

"Mmmmmm, baby did you ever," Carol licked her lips.

She climbed on top of him now and he slipped his hands inside her dress to fondle her tits.

Sylvia sighed on the couch and got up and headed for the bedroom. "Disgusting," she said. "Why a woman would ever want to suck a man's dick I'll never know."

In the bedroom the action was hot.

George and Ret had quickly stripped Lena down to her essentials: her black briefs.

George had recognized the panties from the act immediately. "That's them! I remember! With the red ribbon in the cunt hole like that!"

Lena was resisting however, and starting to shout so Ret showed George how he gagged her and tied her hands, so she couldn't punch them.

"Can I have her?" George asked with a shy grin on his huge face. He was practically drooling.

George hadn't been near a young female body in so many years. Not a body like this one, out of a sex magazine. The smoothness of her curves, the shape of her knockers, the curve of her waist and the slope of her belly into her mound — he wanted to dig his fingers into this delectable dish.

He pushed her back across the bed. Ret sat down on one of her legs and smoked a cigarette. George more than pinned her other leg by pressing one knee down on top of it. George was unbuckling his pants so fast, and trying to shake them down over his flab that Ret had to laugh.

"Go slow, brother," Ret said. "You got all the time in the world, or at least in the night. She isn't going anywhere."

George was chuckling and heaving and panting. "You know, she's still your own sister. You sure you don't mind?" he asked.

"Fuck her. She needs to be taught a lesson," said Ret.

George first sank his huge fingers into her cunt. He stuffed his whole hand up her, while her hands lay tied above her head. He just couldn't get enough of this pussy and he stuck his face into her cunt, ripping apart the slit of the black briefs. He just slobbered right into her, all over her, coming up for air, and to lick his lips and to breathe in deeply the stink of her pussy.

"God, I love that pussy smell," he said. He looked up at her tits, fallen now on either side of her body. He jumped up on top of her, pinning her by the stomach, to luxuriate his hands in her soft mounds of flesh. Then his head dove again back to her muff, where he sunk his hands and tongue and nose and whole face in her. He was rooting in her pussymeat like a fat pig rolling in swill.

His whole huge body was stretched across her while his face was sunk between her legs, and his enormous cock was stabbing at her neck, into her tits, into her eyes and face until finally it found the hole of her mouth where it squashed its way in.

He was sliding gooey fingers into her cunt and stuffing his tongue into her as if she were a Thanksgiving turkey, and whopping his whopper into her mouth by raising and lowering his ass over her head. She was being squashed and suffocated beneath him, and finally, to survive, all her apertures just simply opened their widest — her mouth yawning hugely to hold his dick which must have had a width of two or three inches. Her cunt too was just flapping wet wide open beneath his greedy fingers. Then in addition to all the discomfort, she was deluged with the flood of his come. His semen poured all over her head and face and then stabbed one last time down into her throat where he deposited the greater part of his manly liquid, while she hastily gulped it down.

The bed was sopping wet when George got up.

Lena was whimpering and coughing.

Sylvia, who had been watching, shook her head in disgust and said, "Well, I do declare. Either they find some woman fool enough to want to do it voluntarily, or they strap some poor girl down and make her take it in her mouth." She spat on the floor.

"Syl, take her into the john and clean her up," said Ret, smiling. He knew Sylvia's taste.

Sylvia said, "Poor baby, come with me." And she helped Lena to stand and led her into the john.

George and Ret wandered back into the living room to find Carol in Ray's arms.

"Oh hi, honey," Carol said jumping up. "Ray and I were just necking a little. I think he's so cute, don't you?"

This made George laugh until his fat looked like it would jiggle right off. He spent the better part of every day and night flipping eggs and greasy fat right next to Ray and he didn't think he was cute at all.

Carol decided to entertain the company with some exotic dancing and she found her favorite record.

The men sat to watch her as she danced around the room, slowly unzipping the front of her dress, revealing more and more. Finally the whole dress came off. She was wearing panties like those Lena had worn, with no crotch. But Carol had been a professional exotic dancer for many years. She knew how to turn men on with a dance.

She rolled on the floor, lifting one leg then another, while the dusky male voice on the record whispered what it would like to do to her, and the men in the room rubbed their hard cocks under

their pants.

She raised one leg, revealing her cunt. She was blessed with a very wide organ. Her clit popped right out and she ran a cool finger over it for just one second, just enough to make the men groan. Then she flipped over on her hands and knees and spread her stuff.

She walked over to the pole that supported the living room and raised one leg and pretended to masturbate her cunt along the pole.

"Oh, baby, go to it," George cried out.

Ret licked his lips.

Some time after this, when the record was over, and Carol was nesting in Ret's arms while he soothed her flaming cunt with his fingers while George looked on fondly, they remembered Sylvia.

"What the fuck is she doing in there with that girl?" said George lasciviously.

"Oh, who cares about that kid? Honey, do me. Don't stop," pleaded Carol on Ret's lap.

But Ret stood up, dumping her on the floor at the same time, and George sprang up, if that monstrous tub of lard could be said to spring.

Moans and groans were coming from the bathroom and they pounded on the door. Finally they forced it open.

The men hooted and howled at the sight they saw.

Sylvia lay naked on her back on the floor and she gripped the naked Lena tightly on top of her body. Lena's ass Sylvia kept tightly to her face with her arms. Sylvia had Lena's head securely between her own legs.

"Lick! Lick!" Sylvia was saying. She parted Lena's cunt with her hands and dove into her muff with her tongue and nose.

Carol turned away in disgust and went back into the living room.

No one knew exactly when the orgy of fucking and sucking ended. But it was some time far into the night when Carol woke up, but heard a strange moaning, whining sound which piqued her curiosity.

She got up and stumbled to find a light, tripping as she looked over Buster. The flick of a switch revealed the dog lying between two legs: Lena's legs.

Lena lay on the floor as if unconscious while the dog ate her out, whining as it did so.

"Aaaaahhhh, everybody come see this!" Carol started screeching.

"What? What the hell are you shouting about?" Ret came reeling up behind her. He gazed down at the sight of the red-haired Irish setter slapping its big tongue all over the cunt of the spread-eagled girl, lying where she had last been fucked, by Ray.

He woke the others and they all came and peered over and stared at each other wide-eyed. Then, as they silently watched, the dog, his slimy wet dick dragging across the carpet, mounted the girl, putting his paws on her tits.

His dick fitted slowly into her cunt wet with the come of many fucks, and the dog too took his pleasure on the form that lay beneath him.

"Well hot damn."

"Now I've seen everything."

"Carol honey, you always do throw the best parties."

These were the remarks that escaped their unbelieving lips.

The dog came too, leaving his come as the final crowning touch on the layers of come caked between the girl's thighs.

The guests wandered off to fix themselves some fresh drinks.

The sound of the car honking in the driveway, and then of fists pounding on the front door, brought them slowly to their shaky senses early the next morning.

"Who's that?" mumbled Carol.

"Oh shit, it must be him," whispered Ret.

"Take her into the john and try to clean her up. Sober her up. It must be Pop come to pick her up."

Ret washed his own face quickly at the kitchen sink and straightened out his clothes. It had been years since he had seen his father. He felt queasy now at the thought of confronting this man whom he had hated all his life.

Carol had hustled Lena into the bathroom, and quickly washed her up in there. She fixed her own hair and dabbed her face with make-up. She'd had too much to drink the night before.

"Ret! Boy? Wake up in there!" The father pounded on the door. "I've got your money!" Hanson was red in the face from yelling. His eyebrows were deep furrows across his face and he barreled into the trailer past his son whom he barely took notice of.

"Where is she?" he demanded. "If this is some fool trick..."

"Hello Pop. No it's no trick. Lena will be right out, my wife is helping my friends, Sylvia, George and Ray. We had a bit of a party here last night."

"I'll say you did," said Roland Hanson, surveying the room in disarray.

He looked with disgust at the sprawling Sylvia as she attempted to button her blouse over her huge breasts. Ray and George didn't even merit glances from him.

When Carol brought Lena out, Ret introduced Carol to his father.

"Dad, this is my wife, Carol."

"Pleased to meet you sir, I sure have heard a lot about you," Carol cooed and shifted her hips. She was in the gold lame gown again.

"Please do excuse the mess around here. We had us a big shindig last night and..."

"Lena," the father said, brushing away Carol's words as if they were flies. Lena was looking sullenly, hopelessly, at the carpet. Her father put his hand under her chin and raised her face. The eyes that gazed at him were not the clear laughing blue eyes of before. They were dull and sullen and glazed over. It almost as if she didn't see her father, but she understood very well what was happening to her now.

"Uh, Pops, could you step over here a second..." Ret pulled his father into the kitchen area. "Now about that dough," he was saying and laughing foolishly.

"Yeah, here you go." Roland reached into his wallet in his back pocket and pulled out a fifty.

He slapped it into his son's hand. Ret stared at it with unbelieving eyes, waiting for more.

His father turned away as if to go back to the girl.

"Uh, Pops, this is only a fifty, you owe me 650 more," the son laughed nervously.

"I owe you what?" the father turned around with a snarl.

"Well, uh, er, the advertisement, that you put in the newspapers, it said \$700 for the return or information leading to the return of..."

"Yeah, but I changed my mind," Roland Hanson sneered at his son. "Besides," he snickered, "she looks kind of used. You know what I mean?"

He left Ret standing open-mouthed in the kitchen, the paltry fifty lying limp in his hand like an old dick.

"Why, Mr. Hanson, you're just the spitting image of your son Ret there. Or should I say that Ret is the spitting image of you? I think Ret's one of the handsomest man I've ever known in my whole life." Carol picked up cooing at Hanson when he came back to where Lena stood by Carol.

Again he paid her no mind except to look at her once closely. His son's wife was a bad-looking old woman. "Shit, he never did have no taste," Hanson said out loud, and then he simply said, "Thanks for returning my daughter to me," and he took Lena by the hand and led her out the door.

Everyone was silent as they listened to the truck doors slam and the motor shift into gear. Then the gravel of the driveway spit as the truck backed up and screeched out onto the pavement.

Carol broke the silence with, "Yippee! Yellowstone Park here we come!"

"Shut up," said Ret going over to the picture window to watch the truck turn out of the trailer camp and disappear down the road.

"What?" said Carol. "How much did he give you hon?"

"I said SHUT UP!" shouted Ret, "and get out of here! All of you! Get out! Get out!"

The guests began hustling into their clothes and out the front door.

"Honey, what's wrong with you? What's wrong?" they heard Carol shouting inside as they piled into their truck.

Then they heard a scream inside.

"Fifty? He only gave you fifty? That BASTARD!! That BASTARD!! We'll sue him we'll..."

The gravel in the driveway flew again as George and Ray and Sylvia pulled out onto the pavement, with Sylvia at the wheel.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Lena and Roland did not look at each other. Roland kept his eyes on the road Lena, hugging the window on her side, watched the road too but was looking at nothing. She was in a state of trauma after the long weekend. They had a long drive ahead of them, but Roland could see by her condition, all her usual spunk was gone, that he would not have to worry about her trying to jump out of the cab and escape again. Besides they were going too fast.

After they had passed Lima and were really out on the open road, Roland said to his daughter, "Get down on the seat."

She turned and stared at him wordlessly.

"Get down on the seat girl, I say," he snapped nastily.

"Roland, leave me alone," she said wearily her blue eyes deep in haze.

"Get down on the seat with your little behind over here, close, where I can touch it, in 30 seconds. And if you don't move fast, do you know what I'm going to do to you? I'm going to have you committed for the rest of your stupid little life to a county institution for crazy people. I reckon you're just about crazy now, anyway. You look pretty crazy to me. And I guess Doc. Elbert would say you look pretty crazy too."

Lena just looked at him.

Roland looked at his watch. "I ain't jestin' girl," he said in a very low voice. "Thirty seconds," and he pointed to the seat.

Lena crouched as he had instructed her. She no longer cared at all what happened to her. Sexual abuse was becoming familiar. She could close her eyes and through most of it think of something else, waiting, hoping, and enduring until the end of it.

This time she closed her eyes and thought of life in a county mental institution. No, Lord, please not that. She had visited one once. The glazed looks in the eyes of the patients, who all had the same color, grey, in their eyes, their hair, their skin, their voices, their clothes, the very air had been grey: no she was afraid of that kind of existence.

Her father had raised her skirt and lowered her panties as she lay beside him in a slavish position. Now he had only one hand on the wheel. The other hand was occupied with his daughter's cunt, served up on the seat right beside him.

Damn, it was so fucking good, he thought, to have some good quality meat around again. He poked his fingers up the cunt he had paid \$50 for. It was soft and sticky and young and healthy. Tight, too, he thought, testing out the width of the inner canal. Slimy, the way he liked it, he remembered, sliding down the passage from the tip of the labia to the root opening.

Cars passing were no trouble: the drivers couldn't see the girl crouched on the seat. But trucks were another story. A big rig traveled with them for several miles, almost an hour, to watch the big man poking his fingers into the pretty young girl in obedience on the seat. The riggers cracked jokes and made lewd remarks.

"Got you some car-cunt, there, fella, don't you?"

"Yep, that's how I like it."

"Mmmmm, sure looks good. Hello there little lady," the rigger called down.

Lena was thinking of how, if she were put away she would never again smell the open fields at haying time, never see the brown earth turned over fresh and dark at planting time in spring. She would never again ride a horse, and feel the dark wind blowing in her hair. Never again wake to the possibility of freedom and a life of her own. She recalled the week of freedom she had enjoyed, waking up alone at Bill's every morning, going down the street for a cup of coffee in the cafe, talking to the waitresses and truck drivers. She thought of the pleasure she had received collecting her tips at the club, the money she had earned.

Roland grew tired of finger fucking and he let her sit up. They rode on in silence again. The rig that had been watching moved on.

They stopped at a gas station for gas and Lena said she had to pee. She went into the ladies room after getting the key from the station attendant. She stood in the small dirty cubicle looking at herself in the mirror over the sink.

She saw a very sad girl, her blonde hair in disarray, with sad blue eyes and a strong set look to her lips. She didn't recognize herself. What she saw was no longer the little girl who could be shocked, or hurt by the lack of love she received. She no longer expected love or care from anyone. She had only herself, and she made a vow to take care of herself as best as she could. She told herself she loved herself very much and she lectured herself there in the mirror before looking around for some movie-like escape. But there was no window in the bathroom, no back door to slip out of. She peed, and went back outside where her father was standing outside of the car waiting for her.

The attendant came up to him to give him his change.

"Please, help me, I'm going to be raped by this man! Help me! Please help me! Please! Help!"

She hadn't known she was going to do it, but she found herself clinging to the arm of the gas station attendant while her father tried to pull her away.

The gas station attendant was a young pimply guy, a high school kid, who was totally bewildered by this situation.

"Don't pay her any mind, son. This is my daughter. She's a very sick girl. I'm just bringing her home from Beau Rive, the mental home, you know. We're supposed give her a trial stay at home, but as you can see, she's still not adjusted to normal life."

"He's lying! Please! Help! Help!" Lena kept crying, but her father succeeded in prying her loose from the boy and sticking her back in the cab of the car. He did this as gently as he could, talking to her in a low voice.

"It's all right honey. Everything will be all right." That was for the gas station attendant's benefit.

Under his breath he whispered fiercely, as he secretly jerked her arm, "You'll pay for this, Miss."

"Well, gee, sir, gee," was all the boy could get out, and he watched them drive off shaking his head.

Roland couldn't risk tying her up, but now he knew he couldn't trust her. He couldn't tie her up until they got home, for that just wouldn't look right if anyone on the road saw him riding with a girl in bonds.

However, he found a place for her, where she would be out of the way and useful at the same time. He made her sit between his legs under the steering wheel.

"Open my pants and suck my dick," he said.

He held her securely between his thighs and he could hit her on top of her head anytime he wanted. He hit her soundly now with his fist, for she hadn't jumped to answer his command fast enough.

She unzipped his pants and pulled out his soft cock with the indifference of a nurse emptying her thousandth bedpan. She played with it expertly until it got hard, swatting it back and forth between her hands and sometimes laying her lips on it.

Once it got hard she began licking it, the way he liked it: with the hard flat beam of her tongue down the back starting at the tip.

He swatted her on the head when he wanted her to change.

"Suck it now."

She had to suck him and suck him for what seemed like hours, the whole way home to Linden. She did her mind trick again which helped her to forget what she was doing, and the humiliating position she was in.

She thought of her father's stallions. If she were put away in mental home she would never again be able to sneak out of the house late at night and ride off across the plain on Red Beauty or Black Pride. Never again be able to take one of them down by Neversink Creek, where it crossed the King's land and there was a little grove. Never again would she know the electrifying fear, which turned somehow to a terrifying joy, when she approached the underside of the horse, approached its genitals, and felt the horse stiffen as he waited for her touch. Never again know the strange passion of mounting a horse and feeling its power, greater than the power of any man, flow between her thighs.

Her father was a virile man, himself, however. She went in and out of her fantasy of soothing or exciting images, and once she found herself, still under the wheel whose shaft pressed down against her neck, with come dripping out of her mouth. She had been on her knees for hours, and this must have been the fifth or sixth time he had come. She felt sick, at the slime in her mouth, and at the amount of times that lay ahead when she would have to perform this same feat of acrobatic mouthwork on this man whom she despised.

Roland Hanson was singing to himself as he saw the road signs announcing they were approaching Linden, population, 9,000.

"Get back up here on the seat, girl," he said.

Wearily, with a cramped back and neck and aching cramped legs, and even a cramped mouth, she

crawled out from under the dashboard and resumed her place on the seat beside him.

"We're almost home," he said.

She looked wearily out the window at dark countryside passing by, the familiar billboard for Black Velvet whiskey and the one for Holesome White Bread, and at the familiar barns and rises in the land. She wiped her mouth and spit out the window and her eyes became glazed again as she waited to arrive home.

He stopped the car when they came to the lane that led to their farmhouse. He bound and gagged her. He told her: "Now your mother's sick and she don't know you're home again. I don't want no noise out of you. The doctor said she's got to have quiet."

He pulled the car into the driveway and went around to the other side to help Lena out. She stumbled on her tied feet as she stepped out onto the ground.

Roland picked her up and carried her into the barn. He threw her on the hay in a corner by the horses.

"That's going to be your home from now on, until you learn to behave. If you're going to act like an animal, running away from home and disobeying your father, then you're going to live like an animal." And he left shutting the door behind him.

Lena was thankful for the solitude she enjoyed that night. She kept fearing her father would come to her and fuck her, but he didn't. She heard his car drive off in the middle of the night and knew she would have peace until morning. She wondered what he meant by saying her mother was sick. How sick? Sick with what? She wondered if her mother's sickness was just something made up in the imagination of Roland Hanson for his own convenience.

She watched the stars come out, through the window high in the barn. She could only see a small patch of midnight blue but she watched it faithfully, as if she were a disciple, come a long way to cast her eyes on the shrine of some sacred teacher. It was a long while before she even became aware of the presence of the horses.

They had champed and stamped their feet a little when Roland brought her in, and he had told them to quiet down. But when he left her, they had stood quietly, curiously, looking at her lying there with their bright dark horse eyes. She looked at their eyes and wondered about their intelligence. They had a look of knowing or understanding a body's feelings, she thought. But they were horses. How could they feel pity or love for her? She felt cold and apart from them. She was less of a free creature than they were. All three of them were tied up, but she alone was the human.

Finally she fell asleep, into a deep dreamless sleep where there were no phantoms, no danger, no joy either, but no pain.

She spent the next day in the straw and the next night too. Once, in the evening, her father came out and brought her some water and cheese.

He removed her gag to let her eat.

"How's Mother?" she asked.

He said nothing, as if she hadn't spoken, and when she had finished the cheese and water, he replaced the gag and left.

She spent many days like this. She never heard anyone moving about in the kitchen or the yard, and so surmised that her mother must indeed be sick. She heard the chickens screeching for food, and she came to realize that more than half the cows had been sold. She only heard one or two of them on the other side of the partition. Her father came in and milked them at night.

He brought her water and cheese everyday, and she passed from a state of mental and physical exhaustion, to one of constant hunger and a dreamlike state of fear and fantasy.

Finally, one evening when he brought her food, he untied her. He was carrying the milk bucket. "You milk the cows," was all he said.

From that time on he allowed her to do the chores of the barn and barnyard. He allowed her to remain untied as long as he was home. But he always tied her up again at night or when he left for the day. His knots were fast and tight, and she had tried many times to break out of them but could not.

The one thing he made clear to her was that the house was off-limits to her. Under no circumstances was she to enter, or stand close to the windows or speak when nearby. If she disobeyed he said he would simply tie her up in the barn and leave her there until she starved to death.

She obeyed him. A month passed in this way and she saw no one and spoke to no one, and heard only her father's voice. He came out to fuck her at irregular times. Sometimes he stayed away from her for a whole week at a time. Sometimes he fucked her four or five times a day. She would be stooping over to pet the cat or play with Bennie, the new puppy, and suddenly she would feel him standing over her back. His shadow fell across the ground, and she would turn and see him motion to the barn. She followed him in and spread her legs for him in whatever way in desired.

Sometimes he liked to take her up in the loft. At noon, with the sun blazing on the roof of the barn and the smell of the horse and cow dung rising like dough, he put a saddle across her back and made her crawl around on the scratchy hay while he rode on top, his dick hard against the horn.

Leaving the saddle on her, and holding her head by reins, he made her take his cock in her mouth and suck him off. It took an hour sometimes to bring him to an orgasm. He could control his cock so well. Whenever he felt his come rising in him, he would withdraw from her mouth, and delight for a while he switching her lovely naked bottom with a cowhide whip, not hurting her unless she failed to move in a way that pleased him.

One day he woke her where she lay bound up in the straw by throwing a shopping bag from town at her. He untied her and told her to put on some of the things in the bag. He left and when he came back she was wearing a black brassiere with holes cut out for the nipples and a black garter belt and black seamed stockings. They climbed up to the loft.

He rode her around on the saddle for a while, and put the bit and reins in her mouth. Then he made her suck him for a while.

Having his big red cock in her mouth was like second nature to her now. It was one of her chores, like feeding the chickens. It had to be done.

When she had been sucking him for about an hour, he pulled out and switched her bottom for a while, while she undulated it before him, the saddle still on her back. The black stockings came up to her mid thighs, and the saddle hung down over her back, and in between; the blond cunt, pert and sassy like a filly horse, swayed and switched for him. He liked to switch at her moons playfully and watch her cunt twitch.

Then he made her turn around again and put his dick in her mouth while he really rode her this time, right to the end. He put his legs on either side of her body and held her tight, right up close to him, and when he felt his wad bulging he pulled her on top of him tighter so that he was halfway down her throat and he shot his wad good and long and hard straight as an arrow down her esophagus.

Sometimes he fucked her in the ass in the early morning before going out to work in the fields. Sometimes he came home at midday to fuck her. Sometimes it was late in the night, when the cows and horses were asleep that he came in to perform their secret act, waking all the animals up.

In all this time she did not get a chance to re-initiate her sexual relationships with the stallions. In truth, she did not even think about it. Her life had become one useless, exitless round of chores ranging from the pleasant and rhythmic, such as feeding and caring for the animals, to the degrading and unpleasant, such as servicing her father.

One day, while she was sweeping the yard in the hot sun, and her father was in the house, a car pulled up in the driveway. Before her father could come hustling out of the house and get her into the barn, Brad King had jumped out of the car and gone over to Lena.

"Lena," he said warmly. "It's so good to see you. I didn't know you were home. Your father said you were going to be away for the summer visiting relatives in Milwaukee."

"Well, I came home," Lena spoke softly. Her father was standing between them now. He told her to go into the barn and finish cleaning out the horse's stalls.

She heard his conversation with Brad as she mucked out Red Beauty's stall. The horses were out in the corral.

"Yep, Lena came home about a day or so ago. Yep, she heard about her mother being sick and all and she insisted on leaving the big city to come home to take care of her old mom."

"That's real nice," said Brad. "I sure would like to take her out some night, so's we could talk. Just for old time's sake, like old friends, of course."

"Lena'll be sticking pretty close to the house, I guess," answered Roland for his daughter. "Her mom's pretty sick you know."

"Even a nurse has to take a break sometimes," said Brad.

"I'll be the judge of when she gets a break. I guess she gets plenty of breaks around here," said Roland. "Now, let's get down to business. When are you going to bring that bull over here to mate it with my cows. I got only two cows left now and I want to see them both bellyful with calves. I'm going to be able to use that extra little bit of cash come next winter."

"Yeah," said Brad, and they set a date for Brad to bring the bull around.

"Be sure to tell Lena I sure am glad to see her back home again. And tell her we'll go out some night, whenever she wants. Tell her she just has to say the word," called Brad loudly as he got back into his car.

"Yeah, I'll tell her," said Roland chewing on a bit of straw. He stood in the driveway watching the car until it pulled entirely out of sight.

He tied her up immediately after that. She was lying in the straw in the corner near the cleaned horse stables. It felt very empty with the horses not there.

Roland pulled his dick out from his dirty lowslung jeans with his equally dirty, thick fingers. It was hard. He walked over to the shelf on which the saddles were kept and smeared some saddle grease on his dick.

Lena was wearing her blue jeans and moccasins, but underneath she still had on the stockings and garters from the night before. Roland liked her to wear them under her work clothes, so that she was always ready.

He pulled down her pants so that he was staring at the white moons of her ass and the blonde cunt that lay between, bound by the black garters. He opened her ass with his large twitching fingers, and stuffed one finger in her asshole.

She made a movement and stifled a cry of fear.

He slid the thick finger in and out for a while, easing the hole open. When it took his finger easily, stuck three fingers in and again she cried out.

Soon he brought the tip of his proud erect cock to her anus and rubbed the saddle grease on the opening. He reached under her and felt for her boobs, the long pale smooth things lying like eggs in the straw and he paddled them with his fingers and twisted the nipples until she held her ass up higher.

His fingers again on her ass he shoved his cock into the opening of her asshole and held it there for a moment. Her asshole was closing up tight around his dick.

"Open up!" he commanded.

"Open your ass up, bitch!" he snarled at her and the whip came down across her back.

"I can't!" she whimpered.

"Open!" he said and he shoved his dick in farther.

From then on in it was a matter of yielding to the pain and fear and opening up to him as he wanted to, in order that the whole thing might be quickly over.

He stuffed his cock way up into her hole and stuck his fingers into her vagina at the same time. In this way, with his horn up her ass and his fingers up her cunt, he had quite a good grip on her. He pulled her about, this way and that, pulling her up onto him, and sliding her down off. What more complete way to dominate a female, he thought, than to have this two-fisted grab on her.

He looked at her jeans, down now around one ankle, and at the legs, spread apart and twisting, in black stockings seamed as if they held big sausages. And he watched his powerful pole disappear between the moons of her ass and her cunt become red and wet as he gripped her with his fingers.

He just kept pulling her up and pushing her back, sliding her up and down on his wet pole like a plaster horse going up and down on its pole on the merry-go-round. Her asshole was soft, so soft, and tight, it squeezed him tighter than her cunt.

Suddenly he couldn't restrain himself and he shot his white wad up her ass, squeezing all his juice

out of him.

"Don't ever let me catch you with that Brad King," he said, releasing his double grip on her and throwing her back in the straw.

One day a carnival came to town. Lena could hear the tinkle of the faraway calliope on the edge of town as she did the barnyard chores, and she stood on the gate of the fence of the corral for a long while that night, looking up at the stars and listening to the sound of distant merriment.

Her father went out that night and he tied her up in the barn as usual, near the horses. At about eleven o'clock she heard a car pull into the driveway, but she knew it wasn't her father's truck. She heard a door close and she heard someone walking about in the yard, tapping at the kitchen door and at the windows of the house, whispering, "Lena? Lena? Are you in there? It's me, Brad."

"Brad! I'm in here. In the barn!" she called. Her father had neglected to gag her that evening.

He heard her and tore into the barn. She looked at the expression of shock on his face and almost turned to look behind her.

Then she realized of course that the shock was at the sight of her.

He untied her and asked her how long she had been left this way.

"Oh, it's been a couple of months now, I guess," she said.

Again she saw the shock on his face, and she laughed. "You have no idea the kind of life he forces me to live. He keeps me out here and I don't talk to anyone. He says my mother is sick but I've never been in the house to see her. Look," she said pulling down her jeans.

He saw the stockings and garters that lay beneath. He stared at her without understanding.

"He keeps me out here and when he wants he comes and fucks me," she said.

"I've got to get you out of here," Brad whispered, with all the heroic fervor of an eighteen-year-old.

She laughed sadly. "Brad, he'll kill me if he knows you came by and talked to me. How the hell do you think you're going to rescue me? He'll come and find me, wherever you take me. He'll kill you too. He'll kill us both."

"No, there's got to be a way," said Brad, holding her in his arms. "I'm a man too, you know," he said. She nestled into the crook of his arm and started crying. He stroked her hair.

"Don't worry, little girl, it's going to be all right now. You just listen to me and do what I say. I'll get you out of here." His voice was determined, but his eyes gazing over her head at the horse he had once seen her mounted on, were unsure.

He took her to the carnival that night, against her protestations. She insisted on looking into the house for her mother, though he said she shouldn't.

"I have to," she said. But she dissolved into tears when she saw the still pale sleeping creature lying on the sad pillow with spit bubbling between her lips.

"Mother! What's wrong with her?" she cried. She lifted one of the woman's lifeless hands and felt a small pulse beating slowly somewhere deep in the flesh.

But Mara Hanson never woke or responded, and Brad led Lena away, saying they'd better get away before her father returned.

He'd seen her father in a bar, drinking and talking loudly, that night. And as soon as Brad had walked in and seen Roland Hanson sitting there, he'd turned around and got back in his car and drove straight for the Hanson farm. He'd been determined to see and talk to Lena for himself.

The carnival made her dizzy. She was unaccustomed to so many lights and noises and the crowds of people frightened her. She clung to Brad's arm with terror, afraid someone would recognize her and tell her father, or worse that her father would be among the crowd.

Brad took her around the back of a tent and opened the flap. A red-haired woman in a dress looked up from diapering a baby.

"Linda, a friend of mine needs a place to stay. Can she sleep in the back?"

Linda quickly made up a bed in the back of the tent. Brad whispered in her ear for a while, while Lena lay looking up at the wrinkles in the canvas. Then Brad came over to where she lay. He untied a knot in the wall and a flap came down, giving them some privacy.

"She's my brother's wife and she says you can stay here for a few days. Don't go outside the tent unless there's no one around and wait here for me. Okay?"

Lena raised herself up and put her lips against his lips. "Okay," she whispered.

She fell back on the cot again and he lay down on top of her. He just kissed her lips with his, gently, and stroked her long hair. Their lips on top of each other were wet and firm and when they parted their lips slightly and allowed their tongues to touch it was sweet. His hands traveled up and down all over her body, feeling the curves of her youth under her thin summer clothing. She just lay there and let him feel her, feeling the warmth and tenderness of his caress. When he slipped his hand under her blouse and felt the smooth firmness of her left breast she shivered and her nipple rose like a spirited stallion. He placed his lips on this bucking animal and gently and tenderly circled the nipple with his tongue, feeling its hard ridges. He cupped the other breast in his hands and did the same.

She undid his belt buckle with experienced hands, but this time she was doing it willingly, lovingly, and not as a menial chore. When she reached for his cock under his jeans it was hard and ready.

Gently he lay between her legs and she guided his cock to her hole. Her cunt was all wet and ready and willing. She guided the nose of his cock back and forth across the soft yielding flesh and then suddenly poked it into the cave. He felt his cock slip into her wet cunt and felt the space beneath that was still left to probe and he sighed and pushed on top of her and drove his cock deeper into her womb.

She opened her legs wider with a sigh. Never before in her life had she had such sweet gentle loving. She squeezed her thighs together, and squeezed her cunt, and he rode down lower into her, feeling her flesh open before his prong.

Slowly, gently, whispering endearments into each other's ears, he rode her smoothly to paradise, rocking into her sweet pussy that was saying yes, yes, only to him.

Together they stared at his member, pulling up out of her and sinking deep into her, and then he fell on her chest, between her boobs, and she held on to him tightly and he shot his come straight into

her, as she kept rocking him into her with her ass and hips.

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

When Brad King returned to the Rooster Tavern that night he walked into the middle of a brawl. Roland Hanson had gone berserk it seemed. He was flinging beer mugs and chairs at a young man who was cursing him out while the interested clientele looked on. Someone had managed to part them and the bouncer was trying to throw both men out.

"That's Roland's son, Ret," said a drunk with a thick stubble on his chin.

"What?" said Brad. He moved among the crowd until he got the whole story. Ret Hanson, who hadn't been seen in this county for over ten years, had showed up at the bar that night with a wild story about how Roland had cheated him of some money. When Roland denied it and told him to get the hell away, the son had started shouting something about a donkey.

"She did it with a donkey. In a donkey act in Iowa City. That's the kind of daughter you have. How do you like that? Do you like it? I saw it, with my own eyes, I saw it!' That's what he kept shouting," one old timer recounted to Brad with a laugh. "Whoeee, you should have seen Roland Hanson's eyes bulge," the old man laughed.

Brad had heard enough and he quickly left the saloon. Lena had told him of her stay in Iowa City and how her brother had betrayed her, and how her father had betrayed him.

The bouncer had succeeded now in ejecting both the elder and the younger Hanson and they stood facing each other, their fists raised, outside the establishment.

"With a donkey. She fucked a fucking donkey, she sucked him off and then she fucked him with her cunt! How do you like that? Is that what she does to you too? Does she fuck you just like she fucked the donkey?" Ret was screaming.

"Shut up, you miserable liar!" Roland Hanson was almost beside himself with liquor and anger and confusion.

Men were trying to keep father and son from falling on each other with their fists.

Brad King stepped up. "Sir, I don't know if what your son tells you is true, but I do know one thing. Your daughter has fucked your horses. Both of them. Your stallions. She told me she goes out into the barn and fucks them both, after every time you take her and you rape her in the barn!"

"It's a lie!!!!" screamed Roland Hanson, held by several hands. His eyes were boiling red and every muscle in his body and face was straining to keep the truth from coming out.

"Let me go. Let me go home. I'll ask Lena myself. I'll ask that stupid bitch."

"Er, I don't think you should drive home yourself Roland, old man. You've had quite a few," said a friend.

Roland Hanson spit. "Let me go."

"No," other men agreed. A few of them decided to escort him home, to make sure he didn't do something wild and crazy on the way. They could see that he was a man at the end of some kind of

rope and they wanted to protect him from himself.

Against his wild protestations, he was forced into the cab of his pick-up between two men, and another car followed behind.

By the time they pulled into his driveway he had calmed down. He was thinking. He let on as if he was feeling much calmer and better, and thanked them for helping him home. He was hoping they would leave, when they let on they'd love a cup of coffee. He let them into the kitchen, casting a backward glance at the barn. He'd have to wait for them to leave before he could go in there.

He fumbled around in the kitchen, knocking the glasses together, trying to boil water on the stove for coffee.

"Where's Lena?" one of the men asked. "Have her come out here and do it," they suggested.

"Lena!" he called gruffly and then when there was no answer he said, "She must be asleep."

"How's Mara doing, Roland? We hear she's pretty sick. Is everything okay? Is there anything we can do to help?"

Roland thought of that sick feeble face to whom he was feeding small amounts of rat poison everyday. He looked the men straight in the eyes and said, "No thanks. Appreciate it, but there's nothing anyone can do. The doc looks in on her every once in a while."

Brad King was among the men in the kitchen. He had ridden in the car that followed behind. "How is Lena doing?" he asked, sipping his coffee. "You be sure to tell that girl, my offer is still good. I'll take her out anytime."

The other men murmured, "She's a nice girl, Roland. She'll make some man a fine wife some day."

Roland barely kept up his polite attitude until the men finally thanked him for the coffee and said goodnight. They were still offering their help anytime, when they pulled out of the driveway and drove away.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," said Roland disgustedly as he watched them leave. He spat on the ground and then, when their headlights were out of sight, he stalked into the barn.

He looked for her everywhere. In the loft, in the horses' stalls, in the cows' stalls, in the house. He barely cast a glance at his sleeping wife lying pale and grey on her cot. After he had searched the entire premises he found himself sitting dully on a kitchen chair, under a bare electric bulb, pounding his fist against the kitchen table and repeating, "She's gone, she's gone."

Then there rose up before his mind pictures of what two men had told him she had done. With his stallions? No, he couldn't believe that. He saw her white buttocks parted for the horses' long dicks and closed his eyes and spit. No, not that. NO, not with his horses. He thought about how skittish they had become of late, almost spoiled for riding, and he remembered how he had talked with Brad about it.

"They're ruined for riding now," he had said. "I can't figure it out. It's like they've had a woman on their backs or something. They just won't heel anymore."

And he remembered now how Brad King had smiled.

And with a donkey? Ret swore he had seen her do a donkey act in a bar in Iowa City. No, Ret was full of lies, vengeful lies. He just wanted his money, and had come home to make trouble for Roland with a fistful of ridiculous lies.

But then where was she now? How had she escaped? Where had she gone? He thought of the soft warm body, the odorous cunt he could ordinarily have gone into the barn and taken, now, when he wanted it so much, and it was gone!!!!

Brad King went home that night and had a long, if fitful, rest. He was not worried about Lena for the moment. He knew she was safe in Linda's tent. But he was figuring out, even in his dreams, how he would get Lena permanently out of her father's clutches.

Brad woke late in the morning and greeted his parents at breakfast. They had heard about the ruckus down at the Rooster the night before. Indeed it was the topic of conversations at breakfast tables that Sunday all over the county. Men were asking men and women were asking women: "With a donkey? With a horse? Do you think she really did it? What goes on over there at the Hanson place anyway."

Brad refused to say much, except that he had been there and had driven home with Roland.

"Well I reckon you'd better get that bull over to him today anyway. Whether he's fighting with his son or not, I reckon business will still go on."

"Yessir," said Brad and he went out to load the bull into the van.

Brad King was not the first visitor to the Hanson residence that Sunday morning however. Earlier that morning, much earlier, at dawn, a car had pulled into the driveway and Ret Hanson, stepping out, saw the figure of his father sitting hunched up at the kitchen table with all the kitchen lights on.

Ret Hanson was humming as he knocked on the door and then stepped in, waking his father up.

"I got her," was all he said.

"Huh?" said Roland blinking.

"She was gone when you got back here. Right?" He licked his dry lips, just like his father.

Roland said nothing.

"I know where she is and I can get her right to you. For \$2000."

Roland said, "I don't believe you."

"Here, recognize these?" and Ret pulled from his back pocket a pair of crumpled up black panties.

Roland put them to his face and smelled them deeply. He took the panties away from his face and his eyes had a clearer look. "Where is she?" he said.

"Ah, not until you hand the money over," Ret wagged a finger at him.

Roland got up and went into the back bedroom. He lifted the mattress his wife lay on and pulled at a wad of bills stuffed into the springs. He sat down and counted out a thousand dollars. He let the mattress spring back. He went back into the kitchen. He had never noticed that his wife had ceased to breathe.

"There, a thousand. That's all I got. Take it or leave it," said Roland slapping the money on the table.

"I know you got more, old man, but I'll take this," said Ret after a moment's hesitation. Then he said: "She's in the car. In the trunk."

In the dawn's first light, two men lifted a bound figure of a girl from the trunk of a car and carried her into the barn.

The younger man drove off in the car and the older man, after checking that the girl's bonds were secure, and that she was firmly gagged, left her tightly tied up in the upper loft. He went in and fell asleep on the couch where he was awakened later that morning by Brad King who arrived with the bull.

Roland looked at him suspiciously. Ret had told him how he'd gone, drunk and with a woman he'd picked up, to the carnival at the edge of town, after being thrown out of the Rooster. They walked around spending what little money he'd had left, and then suddenly, behind a tent, he saw Lena. She had slipped out of the tent to pee. He'd come up behind her and hauled her away. Roland wondered how she had gotten there. He wondered if she'd had any help this time.

But he said nothing. He wanted to get rid of this boy. He'd have to get some other man to help him out on the farm when he needed help from now on.

He began to bring the bull out. It was snorting and kicking like crazy. It obviously didn't like travelling in this fashion.

Brad got the bull into the pen where the cows would be brought to him. He asked Roland if he wanted him to stick around and help with the mating, but Roland said no. Brad looked over at the barn once or twice, and Roland saw this and watched him.

"This kind of job really requires more than one man around. These bulls can be mean, as you know," said Brad.

"Thanks, I'll be just fine. You can come by and pick him up about five today. My brother-in-law lives down the road and he's going to come by and help me out. Thanks."

There was nothing Brad could do but get back in his car and leave.

Roland Hanson made his preparations carefully. First he fed the bull, a piece of raw meat he'd kept for it in the refrigerator.

The bull was a big mean-looking bastard, with a coarse spotted hide and horns that were black and twisted and nine inches long apiece. He had an iron ring through his nose that was threaded a thick rope, and from a great distance, Hanson led the bull to the locks in the fence of the corral. He managed to maneuver the bull's head into the harness where the bull remained, trapped. Then he went into the barn for his daughter.

The two cows, Millie and Bess, were going crazy. They could smell the bull outside for they were rolling their eyes and mooing. The horses too could sense the bull's strange presence. The horses were acting skittish and whinnying, the white of their eyes bulging in their heads.

He went up into the loft and brought his daughter down. He ripped her clothes off of her around the bonds of her ropes. Then he retied her, trussing her up as if she were a heifer, binding her hands and ankles together in one bunch. He lifted this load over his shoulder and paraded her past the

horses. He stopped at the first one, Black Pride, and held his daughter, cunt up, to the horse's nose. The horse sniffed at the bouquet offered to it, and whinnied and bucked.

The second horse, Red Beauty began bucking too, even before he raised his odorous prize to the stallion's nose. He took her out into the daylight and tied her so that she hung from a bar in the fence, on the other side of the pen from where the bull was tied up.

Then he went back to the barn and led the two cows out. They were fluttering and mooing like two cats in heat. He let them loose in the pen and went back for the horses. These too he tied up so they could watch from nearby.

He had his whole family with him now, except for the woman who lay dead inside his house.

He didn't know if Lena could see or was watching but he was sure she could sense what was going to happen.

He put one cow in with the bull and let the bull loose. He sat back on the fence to watch.

The cow was acting queerly, sashaying back and forth in front of the bull, but then retreating to the far corner of the pen and mooing wildly at the slightest approach of the bull.

The huge creature was on his guard at first. He sensed the cow waiting for him at the far end of the pen, but he also was aware of many other presences he distrusted all around the pen. He could smell horses, and another cow, and another smell he couldn't identify.

He saw the red flaming meat of the cow's cunt pass in front of his eyes again, and, as if a red flag had been waved in front of his nose, he forgot about the possible presence of danger and followed after his nose.

The smell of cow cunt was strong to him, and he sucked it in through his powerful nostrils. Like the earth shifting below a volcano, before the volcano erupts, the bull's genitals moved, and his great cock rose slowly out of its furry sheath. His balls stood up and became hard, as he pursued the cow into the corner of the pen where she managed to slip away from him again.

Roland felt his own cockles rise as he watched the bull circle with the cow, on the hunt for cuntmeat. He shifted on the fence so that his balls felt some ease from the pressure of the fence, and he looked down at the cunt of his daughter, as she hung from the fence beside him. He could look down through her tied hands and feet straight into her pink meat.

The cow shifted away again, mooing, but obviously wanting it, and as she turned, the bull turned too and caught her before she expected it, sinking his cock in right to the hilt as he dug into her hide with his hoofs. His hoofs were rimmed with steel.

Cow cunt, Roland thought as he watched. The bull was riding high into the cow's ass and the cow was making a noise quite different from the one it made when being milked. The bull pulled in and out of the pink cowmeat, sinking his enormous cock, which was brown and about seventeen inches long. It looked like a big sausage, or a gun, whenever Roland glimpsed it as it was stuck and sunk again and again in the cow. The cow shivered and shook and quaked and the bull pulled his cock out and dropped his hoofs and the cow trotted away. Roland let her out of the pen.

He put the other cow in there now and sat back to smoke a cigarette.

The bull went straight for this second piece of meat. The cow acted terrified. She ran from one end

of the pen to the other. Roland had never seen her move that fast.

The bull chased after her, goring her once or twice with his horns as she passed. Blood spurted out of his cow's side, as Roland watched. The horses started to go crazy at the first smell of blood. They were rearing up on their hind legs and straining and stretching their ropes. They didn't like the near presence of the bull one little bit.

The bull caught the cow in mid-pen as she changed direction in her running. Before she could turn completely he had sunk his cock deep into her cunt. She squealed and screeched and went down on her front legs while her ass reared way up.

The bull was growling and roaring now as he socked it to her at the speed of lightning. Just as quickly it was over and the cow was trotting away with come dripping out of her cunt under her tail, which she kept flapping.

Now it was Lena's turn.

Roland explained to Lena what he was doing to her and why she deserved it, as he led the cow out of the pen and threw the bull another piece of meat. He squatted by Lena, tapping one thigh with his finger as he spoke.

"Your brother Ret told me about how you, you, my own daughter, flesh and blood, took a donkey's dick, a donkey, into your mouth, where I put my cock, and how you put a donkey dick into your cunt, where I put my cock. And somebody else, that friend of yours, Brad King, told me as how you been doing it with my horses, Red Beauty and Black Pride, for months now. How you go down on my horses, ruining their dispositions, and sullyng your mouth and your cunt, how you go down on them every night after I have taken you myself."

"Now," her father continued, "I don't believe them!" The insane rage he was filled with was apparent in the grotesque contortions his face made as he tried to continue speaking.

Lena starred at this terrible figure of a man.

"But they both tell me it's true! Your cunt and your mouth, and all the rest of your filthy body belong to me!"

With great effort he pulled and steered the bull into the collar-like locks in the fence and secured it there again. He brought the package of his daughter around to the bull's face and held her cunt up to his nose, only inches away.

The bull reared, powerfully pulling at the locks in the fence so that Roland feared they would yield, but they held, and he continued to hold his daughter, cunt up, only inches away from the bull's face.

The bull tried to gore her with his horns and Roland laughed to hear her terrified breathing as the bull's horns came close to her ass. He wanted to spear her by the cunt on one of the bull's horns, he wanted to watch her get fucked like a cow. He wanted to get the living daylights fucked out of her so he wouldn't have any more trouble with her.

"Father! PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!"

He heard her begging him and he felt good. That was more like it. He liked to hear her beg and he dangled her again in front of the bull's face. He wondered if the bull had ever smelled woman-pussy before, and if it smelled very different to the bull than his own kind of pussy.

The bull was kicking and rearing now and Roland realized he wouldn't be able to get her under the bull as he had dreamed without running the risk of getting killed himself, but his own cock was hard and erect beneath his pants and he unzipped his pants.

Not four feet from the bull, and under the wild eyes of his stallions who bucked and screamed, he took out his big hard cock and looked down at his daughter who lay beneath him, trussed up like a heifer. Her back was on the ground and her arms and legs tied together in the air, leaving her cunt sticking out of her ass like a cow's.

He stopped and listened another moment to her screaming and begging.

"PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!"

He looked like a man stopping to hear a tune he loves being faintly whistled by someone somewhere, unseen. Then he sank his big dick into her beaver, holding her ass down with one powerful hand.

He was sinking his shaft into her again and again while she continued to scream when the five cars pulled into his driveway and a dozen men piled out. One of the cars was a police car.

Brad King was the first to reach the girl and the man and he gave Roland Hanson a sock on his jaw that sent him flying through the air, his cock with him. The police raced up behind him and told him to stay out of this, they would handle it.

Brad wasn't listening to them. He was untying Lena's bonds as fast as he could and taking off his shirt to cover her with. She was screaming and crying hysterically and he held her tight in his big strong arms, cursing himself for ever leaving her, kissing her wrists and ankles where the ropes had cut into her flesh.

He pulled her away from the presence of the bull. The whole barnyard was going crazy, the horses wild with fear, the chickens scurrying underfoot, the place swarming with people.

"Mr. Hanson, Mr. Hanson, roll over slowly, but fast! Mr. Hanson, you are in danger, roll away!" the police commanded Roland Hanson through a megaphone. Brad's fist had knocked him right under the bull's head and the bull was glaring down at him with its bloodshot eyes.

Lena, in Brad's arms, heard the police's commands through the megaphone and she opened her eyes now and looked at her father, sprawled beneath the bull's hooves his dick in his hand.

"KILL HIM! KILL HIM! KILL HIM, THAT DISGUSTING BASTARD!!" she began screaming hysterically and it was as if her screaming pulled a trigger.

Suddenly as if the bull saw red he raised one hoof and stamped on the squirming thing beneath him. Everyone pulled their breath in, and then looked away, except for Lena. She alone looked straight at the smashed head of the man who had tormented her to the very edge of insanity.

She threw her face into Brad's shoulder and sobbed and sobbed for a long time, as if finally she had found release.

*THE END*