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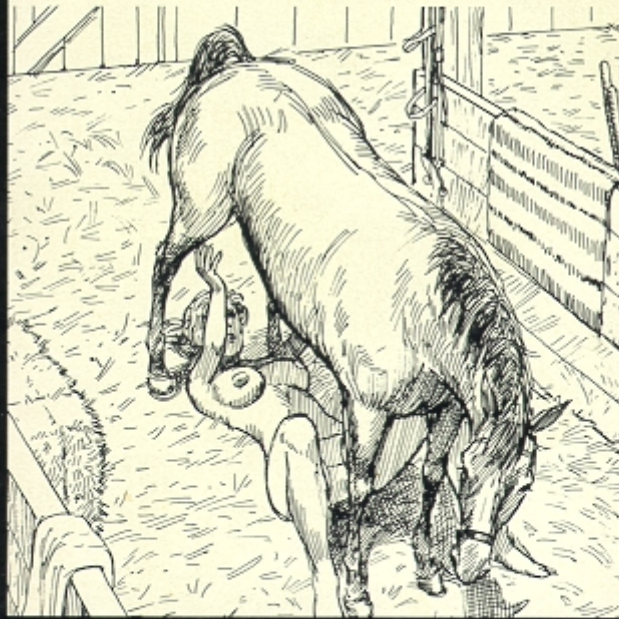


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DAUGHTER'S PONY URGE

by Bob Wallace



CENTAUR SERIES

CHAPTER ONE

Christine opened her eyes, blinked for a moment, suddenly remembering where she was. She still wasn't used to being at her father's place. She slipped out of her bed.

She quickly took off the girlish pajamas her father had brought for her regular summer visit and dropped them on the floor. She felt like a baby in them and wished she could sleep in the raw like she did at home. Her mother didn't mind; she slept in the nude, too.

She glanced at her long naked body. Tall for her age, the hint of the woman in her showed itself in the newly flared curve of her hips, the shaping of her long limbs. Gawky poles had turned into curvaceous legs that most woman would have given their eyeteeth to have.

Her fingers combing through her mane of blonde hair, she stared, through innocent eyes, at her blossoming figure. Her hands slipped out of her hair; it was tousled and thick, resting on her smooth slender shoulders, framing her creamy angelic face.

"You should see me now, Kenny Wilson," Christine moaned, pouting, "Your ol' cock would be sticking out a mile." Her cheeks blushed red; the erotic image turned her insides to mush. "Oohhh, Goddamn."

She squeezed her soft budding tits together, creating an illusion of voluptuousness. She squeezed the pulpy tit meat and looked again. Her gaze flowed down her slender body to the golden patch of cunt hair between her legs. She was proud of her muff as she stroked her nimble fingers through it lightly.

It had taken her longer than the other girls to mature enough to have cunt hair, with both of her parents blonde and light-complected. She cherished every strand of golden hair and hoped to have a thick growth by the time summer was over.

A quick spinning pirouette brought her to the dresser, where last night she had carelessly tossed her jeans. After slipping on a pair of bikini panties, Christine pulled her tight-fitting faded jeans up her slender legs and snapped them at the hip. She pulled up the zipper, glancing in the mirror at her small tits, not yet covered. She juttied them out, noticing the swell of the sweet tender tit mounds and round maturing nipples. She shivered with passion. She found her sexual desires growing more each day.

She grabbed a plaid shirt and slipped it on, tucking it in her jeans. She went to the window and surveyed the backyard, fields, and woods. It was a lot different than New York City, where she lived with her mother.

She liked it in the country and wished her parents would make up and get back together again. Visiting her father in the country during holiday vacations from school wasn't enough. She wanted to live in the county all the time, be with her father and mother at the same time — not be thrown back and forth like a volleyball.

She purposely left the top three buttons of her shirt open in the hope that her father would notice that she was growing up. She pulled sneakers onto her feet and spun on her heel, hurrying downstairs to be with her father. Her small titties jiggled underneath the summer shirt.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she called, racing down the wooden steps. "I'm up!" She searched the rambling rustic house, shouting for her father. "Dad?" No response.

She spotted a note on the kitchen table — knotty pine polished to a high gloss that matched the decor of the rest of the rustically furnished house. Raw wood. Heavy furniture. Comfortable. Cozy.

Christine frowned. "Damn, I missed him," Her father had already left.

Disappointment clearly visible on her face, she picked up the note. He would be back around lunchtime. She stuffed the note into her back pocket, grabbed a shiny red apple out of the basket of fruit on the table. Her teeth crunched out a juicy bite, the teenager went to the back porch for some fresh air.

She took a deep breath of crisp clean air, her wide eyes absorbing the beauty that surrounded her father's place. Quiet. Woodsy.

Christine broke into a smile at the sight of the golden retriever bounding happily toward her from the direction of the stable. His thick hairy tail wagged, tongue hanging out, dropping out the side.

"Laddie!" she squealed, slapping her thighs and crouching. She dropped to her knees, hugging the

lovable beast, roughing up his fluffy coat, wrapping her arms around his large frame. Her small sensitive tits were crushed against his big body. "God, if you were a boy, you'd be creaming. Huh, boy?" It felt exciting — his strong body against her. "Maybe, if you're good. I'll show my titties to you," she giggled naughtily. Laughing, she turned her head, the dog's wet slapping tongue licked enthusiastically up her neck, over her pretty face.

Like a pup, Laddie whimpered. His fluffy tail swished, his cold nose nuzzled. He licked her affectionately, his bluish-red tongue wetting her scrunched-up face.

"Oh, God, you're a real licker, aren't you?" She giggled and stood up. She patted her tits like she saw her father do to his chest to get the dog to stand up on his hind legs. "C'mon, boy. C'mon." She made smacking sounds with her tongue on the roof of her mouth.

Leaping obediently. Laddie pressed his front paws on Christine's blossoming tits, his tongue busily swabbing her face, his tail swishing in the air.

"Mmmmmm," she cooed, liking the attention. She scratched him behind the ear. "I wish you were Kenny Wilson from school." Laddie's tongue glided over her mouth. "Ooooo, I wish he'd kiss me like that."

She pushed the dog down, ran off the porch in the direction of the woods and the stream that ran through her father's property.

Laddie romped with her, playful and happy to have some one around. His tail never stopped wagging. He scampered ahead of the teenager, pretending to be chased into the denser woods. He waited for his new friend, barking his impatience. Christine lagged a few yards behind.

"I'm pooped, Laddie." She dropped to the ground, propping herself against a tree. "Whew, living in the city is so different. Not like these woods. I don't think you'd like it any."

Laddie stood his ground, waiting for her to follow, his soft brown eyes looking at her expectantly. When she didn't budge, he barked, startling her.

"Shhhhhh, damn it. Let me rest."

She lay her head back against the tree, her eyes closing, ignoring Laddie's whimpers.

The golden retriever padded over to Christine, not that he refused. He licked her face again, hoping to stir her into action. Christine remained unmoved, her eyes still closed: she enjoyed his licking tongue.

Laddie grabbed her shirt with his teeth and tugged on her shirt sleeve. He shook his head, trying to rouse some attention, his teeth clamped on the material.

The teenager's eyes popped open. She frowned at the exuberant dog, tugging the shirt that snagged in his teeth. "What do you want?"

Laddie barked his answer, sprang a few feet ahead then stopped to bark again.

"Shit," she grumbled, hauling herself to her feet. She followed the excited dog a few hundred yards and stopped when he jumped into the lazy stream. Sparkling water splashed around him.

"Oohhhh," she said, understanding what he wanted. "You want me to go swimming with you."

Her gentle blue eyes danced. Walking to the edge of the stream, her gaze followed its winding course through the woods. A glimpse through the tree showed that the stream was coming from a small waterfall up ahead.

"Maybe I will take a dip." Laddie romped and barked alongside of his new playmate. "Shhhhh," Christine hushed him. "I don't want anyone coming around." As she flipped off her sneakers, she gave the exuberant dog a stern look.

The dog's hairy tail wagged furiously. He went over to Christine, grabbed her hand in a playful manner, tugging with his mouth.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," she giggled, knowing what he wanted. She rolled her jeans up to her knees and went into the water with Laddie. "God, it feels good."

The crystal clear water flowed freely past her feet. She went where it was deeper, the water flowing around her calves. She looked at the pool, where the small waterfall emptied. It was deeper there and looked inviting. She headed for it, then stopped suddenly. She was wearing clothes.

Already, the golden retriever was swimming in the rippling deeper water. Christine stood watching him, slightly envious of his natural talent in water.

"Damn. I should have worn my bathing suit." She laughed at the dog. "You lucky barking fool. You don't need one." Then, it hit her in a flash.

Her eyes brightened with her bold exciting idea. Her heart jumped. "I don't need one, either, Laddie."

She ran out of the shallow water and quickly stripped off her jeans. A pair of terry bikini panties clung to her slim girlish hips. She shivered at the dangerous idea of taking off her shirt.

With a flicking smile on her lips, she had the buttons open in seconds. "Ohhh, shit," she said excitedly. She hid the skirt in the brush with her jeans and sneakers.

Her gaze on the barking dog, she placed a finger on her mouth. "Shhhh, Laddie. I'm coming. Don't bark."

She dove into the pool of deep water, shooting up through the center of the rippling pool. Her blonde hair was plastered against her head.

She spluttered. The water was cool, refreshing. The city would never be like this. No one was around and no one would be. It was her father's property. She swam, the golden retriever paddling happily by her side. She and Laddie doggie-paddled together through the waterfall, winding up behind the splashing water.

She paddled ahead of Laddie, seeing somewhere to rest. She pulled her lithe body up on a slab of rock. Away from the sun and its warming rays, she shivered.

Laddie followed suit, scrambling out of the water and sitting by her side. His golden coat glistened. He looked up at her his tongue slapping her flushed face.

Christine whimpered from the warm contact of her tongue. Exposed like this for the first time in the outdoors acted as a stimulant. Blood rushed through her body. The feeling she woke up with were back. She was horny.

The warmth of the dog's tongue on her face made her skin break out in goose bumps. Her blood pressure soared. "Laddie," she giggled, "if you were Kenny, you wouldn't be licking my face now. You'd be licking my titties."

Not understanding what she said, but liking her musical voice, Laddie kept on licking her wet face and wet shoulders. His constantly wagging tail seemed to be propelled by the same mechanism that moved his untiring tongue.

Christine leaned back on stiff arms, palms flat against the rock. His wet tongue, sliding over her hot skin, made her nubile body flush. Her titties, perfectly shaped, jutted out. The nipples were hard, swollen with passion.

"If you were Kenny," Christine continued, "you'd be creaming your bathing suit, if you were wearing one." Still leaning back, she shook her upper body, her titties jiggling. "C'mon, Laddie, give my tits a little lick. C'mon. No one will see us here." She was enjoying her game of pretending, never expecting what would happen next.

The glistening reflection from her wet plump tittle meat caught Laddie's attention. His tongue whipped across one of her ultra-sensitive nipples.

She shuddered in a moment of total bliss; the heat of her wet tongue ignited something deep in her body, where the changes of adolescence that would turn her into a voluptuous sexy woman were already taking place.

She tingled when Laddie licked her nipple again. Tiny fires that had been burning slowly during the past few months were ignited; her body was being warmed by her heated glow. The dog's tongue on her plump ripe tits was adding fuel to the tiny fires. Soon they would be flaming bonfires.

"Laddie! Laddie!" Christine's arms almost gave way. She managed to keep her balance, her body leaning back, her naked tits openly available to the golden retriever's long, wet, snaking tongue.

Laddie seemed to enjoy the new game and sensed his young mistress liked it too. His gliding tongue made her soft tit flesh jiggle. He squirmed for a better position on the rock, whimpering, burying his cold nose in her armpit. He pulled out, shook his head, and barked.

Christine laughed, wiggling her wet terry-clad ass. "C'mon, Laddie, you were doing good. Lick my tits again."

Carefully, she turned on the wet rock, the dog between her outstretched legs. Both of her pulpy tits were readily available for him to lick.

"Lick 'em both, Laddie," she closed her eyes to the sun, pretending Kenny was licking her tits instead of the golden retriever.

Her panties, already wet, became sticky with cunt juice. It seeped from the depths of her pussy.

Christine purred. Laddie had resumed his licking; his fantastic tongue gave her exciting sensations.

"Kenny..." Christine blinked out of her reverie, her cheeks blushing red. "Laddie. I'm getting hot. Jesus. I'm creaming!" The dog's shipping tongue going across each small tit turned her body into an overheated furnace.

Laddie busily licked her over both tits, replacing the water from the pool with the warm spit of his

large gentle mouth. His tongue, like a wet sensuous whip, beat and slapped her tits and swelling nipples. He whimpered, moving up her body, up her neck and across her mouth. One swipe of his tongue brushed her throat.

"Ooooo," she gasped. For one brief instant, her mouth had touched doggie tongue. "Oooo," she panted, opening her mouth again for another taste. She wiggled her tongue at him, enticing him to stick his tongue in again.

Laddie unwittingly swirled his tongue into her mouth. Then he yelped, his head shaking. The teenager was trying to suck his tongue.

"Laddie," she giggled, "don't be a chickenshit like Kenny. Lick me." Her soft soothing voice was lost in the rippling sounds of the water swirling around the giant rock and the trickling sounds of the waterfall. She opened her mouth, waiting for the dog's tongue to invade again.

Laddie whimpered, going back to licking her tits, where his tongue was safe from her attack. He licked each pert tit, then lowered his head. He swiped his drool over her belly. His wet nose flared when he detecting an exciting new scent. He sniffed. The heady aroma of the virgin girl reached his nostrils. Attracted to the sweet smell, he burrowed his head between her lush thighs. His nose banged into her panty-covered crotch and hit against her clit.

"Oooohhhh!" Christine squealed. The contact was explosive, almost toppling her into the water below. "Laddie! Ohhh, shit, Laddie, what are you doing?" It blew the girl's mind; the dog snout was nuzzling into her pussy through her wet panties. Instinctively, she pushed him away, "No, Laddie. Bad dog." She was shaking.

For the moment, Laddie obeyed her firm voice. He returned to the sweet meat of her tits, licking and swabbing his spit over her tit mounds. He nipped her swollen nipples, his tiny teeth snipping at the hard rubbery tits.

The overpowering sensation Christine had felt when Laddie had nuzzled into her cunt was still uppermost in her mind. The dog licking her tits was no longer a game. His sliding tongue and his gentle snipping teeth on her nipples were giving her serious feelings. Deep down, where her passion was burning brightly, she felt different.

This time, it wasn't a fleeting sensation of desire; it was a full fledged hunger. The pang originated deep in her cherry cunt and seared up through her long limbs. Having her titties licked and nipped by Laddie was causing her distress, adding more sensations to her tortured, anguished body. She was hotter than ever.

"Laddie, Laddie, Laddie!" Christine cried, looking at the dog through a haze of child-lust. She watched him swipe his damp hot tongue over the soft tender meat of her tits.

Her throat constricted; her mouth was drying up one instant, then watering the next. An aching void gnawed at her gut. She knew she was hotter now from one swipe of the dog's tongue than she had ever been in her entire life.

Almost every night since she began having fleeting moments of passion, she stroked her cherry cunt until she fell into a fretful sleep. It was those nights that she hated growing older, hated her body that was blossoming into womanhood, hated the feeling that went with it. She hated not being able to do anything about those feelings the most. She looked at the beautiful animal dining on her tittie flesh and saw him in a new light. He was her answer.

Gulping down a lump of passion that had been lodged in her throat, she pushed Laddie's head back to her cunt, where the fire in her body was out of control. "Do it again, Laddie. I'll let you this time. Go ahead and lick my pussy." She leaned back, shaking, panting, her legs wide open. She was afraid he would ignore her pleas now.

Laddie picked up the sweet aromatic scent of her pussy again. He dropped the where the smell was the strongest — her slit of pussy juice. Snorting excitedly, he pushed his nose into her panty-crotch, shaking his head. He came up from her quivering thighs and barked. He was annoyed with the wet clinging panties. They hampered his penetration of her cunt. He barked his disapproval.

Christine was in shock. Her nipples felt as if they were going to burst. "Ohhhh, Laddie, if you were only a boy now, I'd spread my legs and let you fuck me."

She threw her arms around his neck and hugged. His cool wet coat against her hot flesh gave her the shivers.

Her head in the clouds, she rubbed her tits into the dog's golden wet coat of fur. "Laddie... Laddie... I'm so hot and excited."

In a last ditch effort to ease the torment, she started to rub her pussy through her sopping-wet terry cloth panties. "I gotta cum, Laddie. God, I gotta cum."

Suddenly, she stopped. This wasn't the place. She swallowed. To her, what she was now deciding would be one of the most important decisions of her life.

"Let's go," she squealed, driving into the water. She surfaced quickly and swam to dry land.

Emerging out of the water, she kept low, her body tingling. She pulled on her jeans, then the shirt, her feet digging into her sneakers at the same time. Not bothering to tie them, she ran in the direction of her father's house. Her wet feet squished in the sneakers; her shirt clung to her wet body; her jeans adhered to her long wet legs. As she ran her tits bounced painfully.

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## CHAPTER TWO

Out of the woods, Laddie, tagging close behind her, Christine bounced up the porch steps. Her father had not returned; his car was not there. With the dog barking at her heels, she took the steps to the upstairs bedroom two at a time. Once inside her room, she closed the door, and Laddie squatted obediently beside her.

After regaining her breath, she said: "Now my handsome dog. You and I are going to have some fun." Apprehension and over-whelming desire seized her. She began undressing, "God, I'm burning up."

She took off her wet shirt and kicked off her sneakers. After peeling her wet jeans down her slim body, she let them fall into a crumpled pile at her ankles.

"Gonna let you lick me all over, Laddie!" Her growing excitement was obvious in her high-pitched voice. She wriggled out of her wet panties.

Clothes in hand, she strode to the closet and opened the door wide. She threw her clothes inside and utilized the full-length mirror. "Now I can watch."



She turned and faced the waiting dog. "C'mon, Laddie, it's time." She dropped to the floor in front of the mirror, wiggling her soft rounded ass on the thick bedroom carpet. "Lick me all over, Laddie."

Laddie came prancing over. He sensed something exciting. It made him frenzied and anxious. He slapped his tongue across her flushed face. His tongue wormed in her mouth, then out again. In his exuberance, he knocked her off balance, standing above her. His paws on either side of her, he looked down at her. His tongue lapped her skin, shoulders, neck, and tits.

"Ohhhh, Laddie," Christine whimpered. She reached up, petting him, played with his ears.

Her wide-open innocent eyes stared at her slim figure in the mirror, then at the dog looming above her.

A gasp escaped her mouth. She saw the red pointed tip of his growing prick. She wriggled hotly on the carpet, the forbidden sight sending her into a spin. "Laddie, I wish you could talk."

A lump formed in her throat. She stared at his prick — red cockflesh protruding from a hairy sheath. "You're getting a hard-on." She swooned with the thought of his being just as hot as she was.

She wriggled over to the bed, Laddie still licking her and moving with her. "Now, Laddie." She sighed, settling herself against the foot of the bed, her ass squiggling hotly on the floor.

From there, she had a clear view of everything: her opened legs and dripping pussy; Laddie's protruding cock; his hairy body, which was practically smothering her.

Caressing his snout, she let him wind his tongue through her hands to her tits, showing him where to go. Her fingers squeezed one pulpy tit.

"Chew my tit, Laddie. Bite the nipple like you did before." She was watching the mirror intently, seeing his tongue lapping her plump tit. "Bite." She jiggled her tit and held it for him. "Ewwwww, yeah, like that."

Laddie nipped gently on her rubbery nipple, sending her in rapture. He nipped, then licked. His nose picked up the pungent scent of her aroused cunt again. He ignored her offered tit and went to her opened thighs. Stepping over her slender leg, he plopped down on his belly between both curvy legs.

The heated scent was stronger there, like before, and the red glistening slit of her cherry cunt was not hidden behind panties. The silky strands of her pussy hair were matted with cunt juice, and her cunt looked swollen and puffy. She shivered, watching herself grow hotter and hotter.

With passion-dulled vision, she gazed at the large dog between her sprawled legs. Seeing herself in the mirror, a dog between her legs, was wild. Her gaze locked on her reflection, and she mauled the flesh of her budding tits while Laddie licked his way slowly toward her pussy, methodically wetting each inch of her inner thighs.

She swooned, her senses sharpened, her gaze dropping to the dog in front of her. She brought her hands down her trembling naked body to her cunt. Her fingers opened the pink puffy lips of her oozing pussy.

"Laddie, lick my cunt for me." Her body quaked as she exposed herself to the golden retriever, waiting anxiously for him to devour her cherry pussy. "Ohhhh, shit, Laddie, do it. Use your tongue."

The arousing scent of Christine's turned-on cunt was too overpowering for the dog to resist. He

wriggled on his belly, bringing his head closer, his nose skimming up her thigh, catching even more of the scent. One long swipe of his long tongue over Christine's wet cunt sent her into blissful heaven.

"Aaaaaaa, Laddie! Ooooooh!" A spasm shot thorough her pussy, and her gut tightened. She let out a low gasp, watching the dog through glassy eyes.

Laddie licked his chops, tasting the creamy ooze of her pussy.

"Don't stop, Laddie!" She gasped in a rush of panic. She was completely committed to getting herself off on the dog's tongue, although she hadn't consciously thought it through. "Please don't stop." Her soothing childlike voice had an edge to it, a brittle edge of urgency. "Pleeease."

Laddie, apparently enjoying the taste of her cunt cream, whimpered. His tail slapped the floor, thudding in a quick jerky rhythm. He swiped his tongue over his jowls again, then returned to Christine's seeping pussy. He sniffed, then licked up her pussy and over her clit, getting a thick coat of cunt cream on his tongue. He licked it off noisily and lapped her cunt again, much to her delight.

"Yes, yes, yes... oooh, Laddie." She was out of her head, floating on a cloud, her mind bombarded, her senses heightened. She gave the mirror her rapt attention. "Ohhh, God. I'm letting a dog lick my cunt!" She wriggled her ass on the floor, causing her tits to jiggle. She held her finger to her cunt, keeping her pussy open for his slapping tongue. "Ooh! Oooooh!"

Christine felt his tongue whip through her pussy and over her fingers. "Ooooo... Laddie!" She thrilled to every sizzling swipe.

The pussy scent and the excited sounds of the whimpering child were arousing the golden retriever. His sexual instincts were being awakened. He snorted. His tongue slapped her cunt, slithering up her cunt gash, where her fuck juices originated. He lapped up the cream seeping from deep within her cunt.

Christine's bare ass rubbed the carpet. Her head lolled about her creamy shoulders. Her face was flushed with heated passion. Never before had she been this hot.

"Laddie! Laddie! Ohhhh..." She humped her soft ass off the floor. Her cunt went snacking into Laddie's snout. "Unnn!" The sensations were out of this world. She mashed her tiny bloated clit into the dog's snout again and again. Her ass hammered. Her pussy creamed.

Laddie growled. He was enraged with her banging cunt and drove his hard snout into her pussy, fighting her. His tongue whacked into the barrier of her cherry membrane. He snorted in annoyance.

He shook his head between her legs, continuing to ram his tongue against the thin cherry skin that protected the depths of her pussy. He squirmed on his belly, his prick getting hard friction from the carpet.

"Ohhhh, Laddie, your tongue!" She took her fingers from her cunt and kneaded the flesh of her hot frantic body.

Her gaze darted from the erotic view of herself in the mirror, with Laddie between her legs, to her cunt — Laddie's snout digging inside. She jerked and twisted her soft ass on the carpet.

"Laddie! Lick! Lick!" She grappled with the flesh of her sensitive tits. Her lithe sizzling-hot body was near orgasm.

She ground her pussy into the dog's nuzzling snout. Her clit, aching like never before, mashed into his sharp teeth. Lights went on and off.

The dog's tongue slapped her cunt. She bit her lip, wanting his tongue deep in her cunt, craving the sensation of being tongue-fucked. She squiggled to capture his tonguemeat in the hot scalding depths of her drooling pussy.

"Break it! Break it!" she cried in torment hating her cherry. "Break the fucking thing, doggie!" She swiftly reached the peak. Her body was ready for the coming holocaust.

The golden retriever, excited by her frantic gyrations, became enraged. His long cock, fully extended, rubbed against the carpet. His snout was drenched with pussy juice — a prelude to the gushing cum that would soon be flooding him.

His tongue, slashing like a whip, cracked against Christine's bubbly pussy and whipped over her hard clit. He lapped up the fuck juices and sloshed the cream over his jowls. Again, he dug his snout into her cunt, splitting apart her puffy cuntlips, mashing her clit. That was the limit. Christine exploded, then soared.

The innocent child's eyes widened in awe, her eyes locked on the fuzzy image of herself in the mirror. "I'm... I'm... oh..." she couldn't believe what was happening; it hit her like a ton of bricks, "...cuming!" She went soaring over the peak into bliss. A bliss caused by the snout of a dog and his whiplike tongue.

A gushing outpour of pussy-cream steamed past her cherry cunt and flooded Laddie's huge nuzzling snout.

Agitated and aroused to a feverish pitch, he began to nip. His teeth, gentle but over-powering, gave the climaxing teenager wild sensations. He nibbled her swollen cuntlips, settling on her tiny hard pulsing clit.

His snapping teeth catapulted Christine higher into blissful heaven. She saw her image in the mirror in a blurring haze. Her cherry pussy pulsed, creaming with pleasure. She was swept along the explosive path of her orgasm. Her body contorted. Her pussy creamed. She humped, rocking her hips from side to side, mashing her tiny purplish-red clit into his teeth. She drowned the beast in a sea of pussy cream.

She writhed. "Laddie! Laddie!" Shrieks of joy escaped her open, panting mouth. Raving squeals came next when she climaxed in a dizzy blur, creaming the dog's snout over and over again.

"Bite! Bite! Bite!" She screamed in delirium. Laddie's teeth and tongue were exquisite. She climaxed in glorious fervor.

The golden retriever had found his niche. Tongue slapped cuntmeat. Snout nuzzled. Teeth gently nipped. Automatically, he pinched her blood-engorged clit in response to her erratic behavior. He shook his head in agitation. The action increased the overwhelming friction on her exposed clit.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!" she gurgled.

Her ass hammered the floor, then stayed up in the air. Her orgasm was wreaking havoc on her unsuspecting body. Another gurgling cry floated through the bedroom. She hit the peak, suspended for an eternal second. The intensity was overwhelming. The joy tremendous.

"Laddie!" she cried, experiencing heavenly sensations. "Laddie..." Her orgasm was ebbing, and Laddie's nipping teeth kept her from coming down from the dizzy heights calmly. She tensed, twitched, and jerked, her clit too sensitive to touch. The dog kept nipping and licking her cunt, which was still gushing fuck cream. Spiraling downward, her body tingling in the afterglow, she managed to force the dog's nuzzle out of her cunt.

"No more... Laddie," she gasped. "No... more."

She clamped her legs together, her hands covering her sated cunt. "Stop, Laddie, or you'll have to leave the room."

The dog sat up in the front of her. White frothy cum had clung to his snout. His tongue dropped out the side of his mouth. He panted, his soft brown eyes glassy. His instincts had been aroused. He barked, frustrated, not knowing what to do about it.

Christine's eyes bulged at the sight of Laddie's giant cock. It was jutting out hard from between his legs, long and thick. He sat nervously in front of her, his eyes pleading.

"Ohhh, holy shit." Seeing his cock like that made Christine dizzy. "God, your cock's big, Laddie." A nervous giggle escaped her mouth. "You better go find a nice girl doggie to play with. You'd be able to fuck her." She giggled again, climbed into bed, pulled the covers over her naked body. She closed her eyes.

Laddie whined and rested his large head on the mattress, his pleading eyes looking up at Christine, his brow wrinkled.

Christine rolled to one side. "You be good," she warned. Her hand stroked the top of his head. She saw her cunt-cream on his snout and shivered. "Lie down and go to sleep, Laddie. I'm tired." Before closing her eyes again, she gave him a reassuring scratch behind the ears. "You're a good dog, Laddie."

Christine's eyes closed quickly; her orgasm had taken a lot out of her. Laddie whimpered his frustration and dropped to the floor, his big frame slinking down to the rug. He licked his chops; the taste of her pussy still excited him. Then he rested his head on his front paws and shut his eyes, too.

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CHAPTER THREE

Craig knocked on the door of his daughter's bedroom. "You in there, Chrissy?"

Christine blinked away the sleep in her eyes. Her face flooded with shock. She gulped. "Y-yes, Daddy." She stammered.

She glances at the open closet and her pile of wet clothes on the floor. She threw back the covers to close the closet door before her father came in. Then she gasped, realizing that she was naked. She yanked the covers back, her face flushed, her face fixed on the door, her hands holding the covers at her neck. She caught a glimpse of Laddie going to the door.

"Well?" Craig asked impatiently from the other side of the closed door. "Can I come in?"

Christine gulped uneasily. "Yes, Daddy." She was afraid to face her father. Afraid that the minute he stepped in her room, he would know what she had done. "Come in, Daddy."

Craig opened the door. His gaze settled on her long slender body beneath the covers. "I'm surprised. I thought you'd be out getting some fresh air and sunshine. It's not the city, with all the damn smog and noise." He knelt down to scratch the head of the golden retriever sniffing his leg. "You're teaching him bad habits too, I see." He grinned roguishly.

Christine opened her mouth to speak. "I was up, Daddy," she explained, the covers tight around her neck. "Laddie and I went into the woods and followed the stream to the waterfall." Her gaze again drifted to the pile of clothes. "I got wet and came home to change, I guess country life tires me out." She gave him a weak nervous smile.

"You should put your clothes in the washer."

He grabbed then off the closet floor. "I'll take them downstairs for you. Mille can wash them when she comes tomorrow to clean up." He went over to the bed and bent over, placing a kiss on Christine's forehead.

She shivered, hoping he didn't know she was naked under the sheet and blanket, "I'll get up soon, Daddy. Can Laddie stay with me in the room?"

He gave his daughter a loving smile, then bent down and ruffled the retriever's ears and coat. "I guess so. You'll have him spoiled by the end of the summer, and he won't be worth a damn during hunting season." He turned toward the door, then remembered why he had come looking for her. "Listen, babe. I got to go back into town, and I won't be home until after dark. You want to come and hang around town? I'll wait until you're dressed."

Christine looked up at her tall father. "No thanks, Daddy. I'd rather stay here."

He shrugged. "Suite yourself. There's plenty of food in the fridge." When he stepped out of the room, he poked his head back in. "You're supposed to sleep in your pj's — not in the buff." He pointed the pajamas that were peeking out from under the bed. He winked. "See ya, babe."

Christine smiled. Her father wasn't such a prude, after all. She remained in bed, listening to the sounds of her father leaving the house. When she heard the front door close, she jumped out of the bed, ran to the window, peered out. Seeing his truck going down the lonely road, she hurried back to bed, excited as a kid on Christmas.

She slapped the bed. "C'mon, Laddie. We got all day now to play."

Laddie barked in response to her soothing voice. He leaped up on the bed, his tail wagging, and licked her face. Then he rolled on his side, wanting his belly scratched.

"Mmmmmmm," Christine murmured, her wide blue eyes setting on his hairy cock sheath. The memory of his glistening red cock rushed back to haunt her. "God, I gotta tell Tracy." She grabbed the phone off the nightstand and dialed. "Hello, Mrs. Chandler?" Christine recognized the voice of Tracy's mother immediately. "Is Tracy home?"

"Yes." Mrs. Chandler paused. "How's the country treating you?"

"Great, Mrs. Chandler." Christine was brimming with excitement, eager to talk to her friend. "It's fantastic here!"

"I'll glad to hear it." Mrs. Chandler said. "I'll get Tracy."

Christine petted the golden retriever's belly while she waited. Soft jagged breaths emanated from her mouth as she looked at the dog's heavy furry balls and cock sheath.

"Chrissy!" Tracy oozed enthusiasm.

"Where are you... Is your mother around?" Christine asked her friend; she was anxious to tell her what she had done with Laddie. She knew Tracy wouldn't be able to talk with her mother there.

"Shit. Crissy... what's going on?"

"Answer me," Christine said.

"I'm up in my room. Mom's downstairs in the kitchen. Why? What's the shit?"

"You'll never guess," Christine said smugly. "Never in a million years."

"Awww, c'mon, Chrissy. Tell me."

"I'm naked right now," she said to her best friend. "Naked in bed."

Tracy quickly unsnapped her shorts and wriggled out of them, crushing the phone to her ear with her shoulder. "Hold on a minute. I'm getting undressed, too."

Christine waited. They had played sex games over the phone before: sitting naked on their beds, trying to get each other hot with sizzling sex fantasies. The big difference this time was that Christine's story was a fantasy. She held the phone and her breath. Already, her cherry pussy was seeping hot cunt juice. She stroked the retriever's belly absent-mindedly.

"Okay, I'm ready, I'm naked, too." Tracy lay on her bed, the phone propped against her ear, anxiously waiting for her friend to begin a story that would soon have them both creaming. "Start talking."

Tracy's hands caressed the tender meat of her tits, her fingers kneading the pulpy flesh. Her cherry pussy, like Christine's foamed with fuck cream.

"This morning..." Christine recounted every hot detail of what had happened that morning between her and Laddie, "... and now, he's laying on the bed with me." Christine sighed, her story finished.

"Jesus Christ!" Tracy gasped, trembling. Her fingers were slipping through the puffy slit of her turned-on cherry pussy. "I'm creaming all over my fucking bed, Chrissy." She shivered. "Damn, you make up the best stories ever."

"I didn't make it up," Christine corrected. "It's true... every hot sexy word of it. I swear!"

Tracy gulped, her heart racing. "I believe you," she whispered almost reverently. "Ohhh, shit, I wish I were there with you." She was tingling all over. Flames in her cherry pussy flickered to life. "Tell me again about his tongue." She closed her eyes, shuddering with joy, listening intently to Christine's every word. "I'm creaming... ooo... let him lick you now, and tell me how it feels."

This was the best conversation she ever had with Christine, ever since they started talking dirty on the phone a few months ago.

"Okay," Christine conceded. The excitement of having her friend involved stirred the passion in her again. She tugged on Laddie's collar, bringing his snout to her tit. She jiggled her tit meat at him,

and the dog immediately took the hint. His tongue slapped across her arm jiggling shin.

"Ooooooh!" Christine gasped. "He's licking my titties, Tracy. His tongue is warm and nice. His spit is getting me all wet!"

"Ohhhh, Chrissy!" Tracy gasped, her eyes closed, imagining the dog licking her friend's tits. "Your pussy now. Have him lick that." She held the phone against her ear, Christine's hot panting sighs arousing her more. "Your pussy now, Christine."

"Okay, okay." Christine lay back on the bed, her legs spread wide, her pussy vulnerable to attack. "I'm waiting for him to begin," she told Tracy. She was glad she had climaxed earlier; she was able to be more at ease, dispassionate. "He's licking my belly now... going down my body."

Christine wiggled her hips, tempting the dog between her legs to go to her cunt. "C'mon, Laddie, lick my pussy for Tracy. C'mon, boy. Lick my cunt!" She heard the excited whimpers of her friend; it sounded as if they were in the same room.

"Ooooh!" Christine gasped when Laddie's tongue swiped through her wet pussy. His tongue immediately received a coating of pussy juice — a filmy sheen of fuck cream. "Ooooo, Tracy. His tongue is so wet and squiggly!" She rocked her hips, swirling with joy. "Ohhh, shit, I'm creaming his tongue again!"

"Tell me more!" Tracy gasped, greedy for every detail. Her hands were clawing the almost-bald mound of her cherry pussy. She squeezed her blood-filled clit. "Tell me, so I can cum."

"I'll put the phone between my legs and let you listen," Christine suggested. "Hold on."

Tracy grunted. She listened carefully, her mind soaring. Her ears strained to hear the dog's tongue licking her friend. Her body was on fire.

Christine trembled, holding the phone next to her pussy. She knew Tracy was able to hear now.

Tracy gasped. The slurping noises, the slapping sounds of tongue hitting flesh seared through her mind. Laddie was licking Christine's cunt! She could hear it loud and clear. In the background, she heard Christine's helpless sighs of ecstasy. A hot series of orgasms, one after the other, rippled through the girl's body.

"Oooohhh, shit, ohhhhh, God." Tracy humped her small ass on the bed, riding the blissful current of her orgasm until she heard Christine's voice. It snapped her out of her passion-induced stupor and jarred her back to reality.

"Did you hear?" Christine asked in excitement. She was still reeling under Laddie's tongue-licking.

"Oh, God, did I hear!" Tracy panted. "I had a damn climax! I think I creamed all over the fucking bed listening to you and the dog!"

"I would have liked to have seen that," Christine sighed dreamily. The dog was making her feel warm and wonderful all over. "I still haven't told you about Laddie's prick."

"What about his cock?"

"When he gets hot, his prick sticks out. It's pointed and red." Talking about it made Christine want to see his prick again.

"What else," Tracy moaned impatiently.

"Wait a sec," Christine said. "I'm gonna look at his cock while I talk to you." The teenager wriggled away from the hungry dog, then laid the phone down. "C'mon, Laddie." She tugged on his collar, her other hand stroking his shiny, thick golden coat. She coaxed him to lay on his side.

Laddie whimpered, not wanting to give up tasting her pussymeat. He squirmed in the opposite direction while teenager eased him over on his side. He whimpered, his soft brown eyes looking up at her, not understanding.

Christine knew what to do. Her soothing voice and gentle stroking relaxed him at once. "Easy, boy. I just want you to lie down." Her voice was soft as Laddie's eyes, as smooth as his thick golden coat. "Easy, boy, just relax. We'll have lots of fun together." She stroked his soft belly, her hand smoothing over his fur. Laddie calmed down, his head dropping to the mattress.

Christine picked up the phone; the dog was resting serenely now. "He's on his side now, Tracy, and I'm rubbing his belly."

"Is his prick sticking out yet?" Tracy asked anxiously, her body quaking with heated desire. She shut her eyelids.

"Not yet," Christine sighed. "I'm rubbing his belly close to his prick. It's hidden now in the hairy thing." She caressed him with shaking fingers. She heard Tracy's heavy labored breathing. "His balls are real big, Tracy — hairy, too."

"Touch them, Chrissy! Touch his balls!" Tracy was close to insanity. Her cunt spasmed, the juices dripping down the crack of her ass. "Hold his balls, Chrissy!"

"I will," Christine answered.

She stared at his hairy nut sac and skimmed her hand over the dog's thigh. She raised one leg and touched him where his thigh met his body. Her fingertips touched his hairy sac of cum-filled balls. Spasms of desire attacked Christine's pussy, and she became light-headed.

Laddie whimpered in response. He sensed the tension in the teenager. His own anxiety was acute while the child's hand fondled his aching balls. He whimpered and lifted his head, twisting it, his tongue lapping gently over Christine's hand.

"Tell me! Tell me, Chrissy!" Tracy couldn't bear the suspense. Her ears picked up the sounds of the whimpering dog. "Talk to me, Chrissy!"

Christine revived herself out of her trance. "I'm holding his balls," she whispered heatedly. "They're real heavy. I'll bet they're all full of cum." She giggled and held the giant ball sac, hefting it in her hand. "Wheew."

"Ohhh, shit, Chrissy. I'll bet Kenny would like you to do that to him," Tracy squealed.

Christine sighed, but she was too engrossed in manipulating the dog's balls to think about Kenny. She moved her fingers up over his balls and skimmed the thick-skinned hairy sheath. She felt the hard knot of his prick inside the protective covering, and a tremor seized her arm like a current of electricity.

"I touched his prick, Tracy!" the teenaged gasped. Her hand was trembling, but still touching the

hard knot. "Ohhhh, God, it feels so funny."

"Can you see it? Jesus! I'm shaking! Is it sticking out?" Tracy touched her pussy hair with her free hand. Small girlish fingers swirled around her bloated clit. She brought her fingers to her nose and inhaled the tangy scent. "Oooo, shit, Chrissy. Can you see his prick?"

"Not yet," Christine explained in the midst of her excitement. "He's licking my hand. I think he wants me to play with his cock."

"Do it! Do it!" Tracy was going out of her mind.

"I am," Christine replied, her voice a bit shaky.

She paused for a moment, her head swimming. Putting her hand back, she became bolder. Light-fingered and cautious, she pulled the thick skin back, feeling the hard knot growing inside. "Ohhhh, shit, Tracy, it's... it's coming out... I see his cock!"

"Aaaahhhh," Tracy sighed and went into convulsive spasms. She shoved her juice-coated fingers into her mouth and licked them clean. "Tell me more!"

"He's cock's red and pointed!" Christine gasped. Her fingers shifted the protective covering up and down, trying to bring out the prickmeat hidden inside. "Ohhh, God, Tracy!" Her fingers were flying up and down, gripping his hairy sheath.

Laddie began to hump. The teenager was turning him into a frenzied beast. He whimpered, jabbing at her tiny fist.

Christine's eyes widened. The dog's prick was growing right in front of her eyes. "It's getting big!"

Tracy broke out in a cold sweat, shivering as her body turned to fire. "Ohhhh. I wish I was there to touch his cock," Tracy moaned. "How big... how big is it?"

"I don't know yet," Christine replied. Her voice sounded hollow, as if she were under a spell. "It's beautiful. His cock is all wet and sticky." She took her finger and rested it on the pointed tip of Laddie's cock. She made circles with her finger; the dog whined with pleasure and twitched in heat.

"Ohhhh, your touching it!" Tracy was reeling.

Laddie squirmed on his side, jabbing his rump forward, trying to get friction on his aching cock to relieve the pain in his overstuffed balls. His tail thumped up and down on the mattress. His neck twisted; his tongue slapped his drool over his aching prick.

Christine giggled. "He's licking his prick!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Ohhh, shit, Tracy, he's licking his prick — right in front of me!"

"Jerk him off!" her friend cried back. "Jerk him off."

"Nooo, Tracy." Christine was still not at ease with the dog; she was afraid that if he got too hot, he would bite her. "No, Tracy, I'll just play a little."

"Don't be a chicken," Tracy pleaded.

"He might bite me."

"No, he won't," Tracy said confidently not sure whether the dog would or not. "I'd do it, if I were there." Tracy shivered hotly, wishing she where. "Jerk him off — go ahead."

Christine, not to appear chicken to anybody, wrapped her fingers around the giant stem of Laddie's hulking cock. "I got my fingers around it," Christine bragged. "I'm holding his cock, and he's jerking all over the bed."

Laddie was jabbing, twisting on his side, his legs jerking, trying to attain a foothold. His cock whipped through Christine's small fingers.

"Don't stop!" Tracy commanded. "Make him cum with your hand. Don't stop!" She closed her eyes, envisioning what it would be like to jerk off a dog and get his jism all over her hand. The images in her overactive imagination sent her into ecstasy.

"I am!" Christine moaned back to her friend. "God, he's going crazy." The teenager was just a little frightened, but her curiosity and desire to prove to Tracy that she wasn't a chicken carried her through. "I'm using both hands now." The phone was balanced in the crook of her neck.

Christine held the base of the dog's prick, one hand near his slapping, hairy balls. Her other hand squeezed and slid up and down his thick doggie cock.

Laddie, aroused and not to be let down this time, humped furiously. His tail thumped on the bed. His rump jabbed the mattress, slamming into the teenager's fist. He jabbed with all his might. His cock kept growing, thickening, hardening. He rolled onto his back, then onto his side, his rump jamming forward.

"He's crazy! He's gonna come, Tracy! His cock... it's gigantic!" Christine quickened her jerking pace. "Ohhhh, Tracy, he's going to blast... I know it!" In exuberance, she dropped the phone.

Tracy held the receiver tightly, wishing it were a dog's cock she was holding. She heard her friend faintly; her squeals and words sounded like they were coming from a distance. "Dammit! She dropped the fucking phone."

Tracy strained to listen, hearing faint whimpering sounds from the excited dog. She heard Christine talking to him. She sighed, hoping to hear everything her friend said.

Laddie's balls began to rumble. His prick was fully extended from its protective sheath. He jabbed furiously through the tight fist that held his prick captive. He whined and yelped, his orgasm seconds away.

Christine's eyes popped wide open. The dog's cock was bigger than anything she had ever imagined. "Tracy! It's a fucking pole!"

She screamed each word, knowing she had dropped the phone and that Tracy was listening intently. She didn't want to let go of Laddie's cock for a second. She squeezed the base of his prick and tightened her grip. Her fingers slid easily up and down his slick cockshaft.

Laddie howled, his orgasm grabbing him in the balls. The depths of his hairy, cum-filled ball churned. His body jerked. Great stringy gobs of doggie jizz blasted from his cock tip.

"He's coming!" Christine shouted. "Goddamn, Tracy, he's coming!" She shivered, watching the doggie spume spray out of his cock. The first stream of hot doggie go splattered her naked body. The white droplets felt hot on her skin. Tiny frantic orgasms attacked her cunt from the erotic ordeal.

Her hand shifted into a faster gear, flying up and down on the dog exploding prickshaft.

Tracy heard Christine's squealing cries. She pulled frantically on her clit, soaking her fingers in pussy juice. Her swirling mind was caught up in the whirlwind passion of the moment. She sucked her juice-coated fingers, savoring the taste of her cunt. Her lust crazed mind pretended it was the dog's cum.

Christine watched the golden retriever shudder in bliss. She watched in utter fascination. Hot wads of cum sprayed from the dog's piss-slot, spattering her tits and belly with globs of gooey white jizz.

"He's still coming!" Christine shouted. "He's squirting cum all over me. Tracy, can you hear me? I'm getting cum all over meeee!"

Laddie's eyes, glazed with passion, turned up in their sockets. The whites of his eyes were laced with red, giving him a bizarre appearance. He jabbed his cock through her jerking fist, his lips drawn tight over his fangs. His tail had stopped wagging, curled now between his hind legs.

Laddie raised his head once in the throes of orgasm, but then lowered it to the bed. He whined and shook, his prick still in Christine's clutches.

Christine's arm became tired. It began to ache. The dog was still cuming. Rivers of white jizz spouted from his prick. She didn't believe it; the dog wouldn't stop creaming. He was climaxing in an endless fury.

"Oh, he's soaking me!" She jerked him hard and fast.

Laddie yelped and lunged at her whipping fist having come to the end of his climax. His yelps turned to shrill barks. He was done. His balls were mere empty shells; his cock, a hollow tunnel.

Although Christine's arm pained her, she continued to jerk the shrinking meat of Laddie's spent cock. She refused to let him go.

Laddie nudged her hand; then, receiving no response from her, he gently nipped to get her attention. Her fingers still clung to his red cock. He barked, finally getting through to her.

Christine's experience had overwhelmed her. She cried out a startled choke, roused from her dreamy world. She picked up the phone. "Did you hear everything?" she asked Tracy. She felt as if she had climaxed, instead of the dog.

"Jesus, Chrissy. I heard. I heard the dog... you... God, I'm still creaming, myself."

Christine was proud of what she had done. "I'm covered with his cum. It's all over my tits and belly. Gobs and gobs of it!"

"Oh, I wish I were there. Tell me all about it! What's it like?" Tracy's passion was soaring again.

"It's white, thick and sticky, too." Christine ran a finger through a white glob of cum that was dripping from one of her tits. "It's warm." She brought the finger to her nose. "It smells... I don't know like what. I'm rubbing it into my tits now." She giggled devilishly. "Maybe it's good for my complexion."

Laddie staggered to his feet. He came over to Christine and began to lick off the drops of cum from her silky skin.

"He's cleaning me!" Christine squealed happily. She dropped to the bed, giving the dog room to lick. "He's licking his own cum off me, Tracy. God, it's fabulous."

"Oh, shit. Chrissy," Tracy pouted. "If I were there with you. I could lick it off too." She bit her lip.

"You'd lick my tits?" Christine asked.

"Yes," Tracy said. "I'm so hot, I'd lick anything." She took a deep breath. "When the dog was coming, I pretended I was sucking his cock. I got my fingers all wet with cunt juice and sucked them, wishing it were the dog's cum I was tasting."

"God," Christine sighed. "Really? Maybe after the summer, you might still want to lick me?"

"I will, if you want me to," Tracy said, trapped in a web of passion she couldn't break out of. "I'm gonna hand up and get myself off."

"You want me to listen?"

"If you do it, too," Tracy sighed. "Okay?" She rolled over onto her belly, the phone propped at her mouth, the receiver between her ear and the pillow. "I'm ready."

Christine followed suit. They had jacked off many times before over the phone, but never on person. "I'm ready, too."

Fifteen minutes later, the young girls screamed there ecstasy into the phone. After a few minutes, they were reduced to whimpering sighs.

Christine recovered first. "I'm going back to the waterfall with Laddie," the teenager said, after catching her breath. "I'll call you later tonight of tomorrow and tell you everything. I'm gonna swim naked this time. See ya."

"Goodby," Tracy sighed, then dropped the phone back in its cradle.

She climbed unsteadily to her feet and went downstairs for lunch after dressing. Her head was in the clouds, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright as she entered the kitchen, her mind conjuring up images of Laddie's cock.

Tracy's mother gave her daughter a second glance. "You all [missing text]."

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## CHAPTER FOUR

Christine was wearing the blue terry bikini that matched her eyes. On her way downstairs, she grabbed a dry pair of jeans. She figured she had better wear them on her way over to the waterfall.

On the back pouch, after stretching her lithe body and pretending someone was watching, she slipped on her jeans and sneakers.

Her tits bounced in the skimpy top as she ran through the woods. Laddie, sated and happy, romped with her, barking and wagging his tail in gratitude.

She plopped on the ground, out of breath. She looked around the deep rippling pool that spilled out from the waterfall beyond. It looked so inviting.



She tore off her jeans and stood up, modeling for an imaginary boy. Her mind's eye conjured up Kenny Wilson. "You should be here, Kenny," she giggled. "We could swim in the was... I'd play with your cock, just like I did with Laddie." She bent over and scratched the dog on the head.

Leaving her jeans and sneakers at the foot of a tree, she eased into the cool refreshing water up to her waist, then floated on her back to the deepest part. Her blue eyes sparkled when she saw the rock where Laddie had first licked her tits. She twisted, swimming through the rushing waterfall and over to the flat piece of rock.

Before getting out, she treaded water, slipped off her bikini top and bottoms. She held her breath for a moment, summoning up courage to come out of the water. She was completely naked and loved it. She was filled with wanton lust and a desire to expose herself in the open. She bobbed in the water, feeling carefree, elated. She laid her bikini on the rock and swam back into the water. Her heart fluttered wildly.

She was excited, swimming in the pool of clear mountain water. Her cherry pussy creamed each time she drove below the surface, exposing her rounded ass to the shimmering rays of the sun filtering through the trees.

"C'mon, Laddie," she giggled, happier than ever before. She stopped and waited for him, bobbing up and down in the water, her tits on the shimmering surface like two miniature buoys.

The huge golden retriever cut through the water with ease. His head bumped into Christine's plump titties. Expertly, he swam around her, nudging her with the blunt end of his snout.

"Ooooo, if you were only Kenny." She played with the animal, grabbing below the surface for his cock. "You could dive down and goose my ass and touch my pussy."

She became bolder, floating naked on her back, her body on exhibition. Her skin glistened, the silky hairs of her cunt beaded with water and pussy juice. She opened her legs and arched her back, driving backwards into the water. For a fleeting second, her pink cunt tilted toward the sky.

"Ewwwww!" she gasped, coming up again. As she swam lazily through the water, she quickly scanned the woods and the waterline. She thought she had heard something.

"Hi," a masculine voice called out. A young man, about twenty, appeared from behind a tree. "How's the water? Better than this morning?"

Christine's head snapped around. She immediately sank down into the water, hiding herself as best she could from the leering eyes of the grinning stranger. "This is my father's property... you're trespassing!" She glanced down at herself. Her tits popped out of the halter when she bobbed. She turned. "Get out of here, now!"

The young man laughed. "Don't be so shy."

Christine ignored him and quickly swam through the water fall. Panting in relief at being away from the brazen stare of the gold-looking man, she treaded water. She reached for her bikini. It wasn't there. Panic gripped her; she didn't know what to do.

"Hello," he called again.

Christine glanced around furtively. The voice seemed to echo in the grotto.

"I'm up here."

Christine stared up at the stranger. "Give me my bathing suit!" She remained in the water, keeping close to the rock, concealing her body from him as he peered down through a gaping hole in the rock. He could see into the secluded grotto behind the waterfall.

He grinned and carefully climbed down through the narrow crevice in the rock. Christine watched him, horror-stricken. It looked like he was descending stairs. She squinted; the rocks were hidden, but each step the stranger took brought him closer to her. Her heart drummed in her ears. What had he seen? Laddie and her this morning? She gulped.

"You're real cute," he said, crouching down on the same rock where he had witnessed Laddie licking her tits earlier.

"Why don't you give me my suit and go?" She was almost in tears. Laddie had climbed out of the water and was sitting beside the young man, sniffing, wagging his tail.

"I might," he told her. He scratched the dog behind the ears. "How you doing Laddie?" He flashed his sexy grin at Christine, then spoke to the dog again. "A lot better than I'm doing. Huh, boy?" He reverted his attention back to Christine. "I could lick your tits better than Laddie."

Christine felt like she would die right there and then. Her mouth froze; the words wouldn't come out. What she had to say wouldn't have made a difference, anyway.

"I saw you this morning, Christine." He used her name for the first time. "I've been watching you since came back. You're a very pretty girl."

Christine blushed, embarrassed but excited. He had seen her naked! She knew she was hot, but now, she was aching with passion. She studied the stranger again, wondering. He was older, handsome, probably in college. But how did he know her name? A hot shiver danced up her spine.

"How come you know my name?"

"I work with your father sometimes during the summer and when I'm home during a semester break from college. You've changed a helluva lot since last summer. You've even changed since last Easter."

The young man was lean, handsome, with a pleasant smile. He let his dark eyes catch Christine's. The bright sunlight bounced off her golden hair. She had changed, all right. His mind went back to her naked body swishing through the water. She had transformed from a lanky kid to vivacious young woman.

Christine's face was a deep scarlet. "I never saw you around before. You always peek at girls?"

"Every chance I can." He gave her a smile that heated up her insides. "Now that I know you like swimming in the raw and you like your tits licked, what else is there about you I might like to know?"

She swallowed the lump in her throat. His dirty talk was erotic, but she couldn't keep from blushing. "I like sleeping naked too," she said, trying to be daring with him — show him that she wasn't afraid of him. "If I could. I'd never wear clothes."

She eased back, away from the rock, tingling inside. She had an urge to tease him, she moved about

in the water, letting her tits rise to the surface as she gently bobbed. She noticed the way he was staring; it made her cream again. She was glad she was immersed in buoyant water. If she had been on land, she would have collapsed from her consuming passion.

"If you come in the water, I might let you lick my tits." She was nervous, but looked hot and willing.

"I've been around." It was an obvious lie, but she was trying to act older. "I have lots of boyfriends."

He hung his on a high branch, pulled off his jeans, hung on the limb. "I'll bet you're still cherry, too." He grinned.

She saw his bulging prick behind his tight-fitting underwear and gulped back her rising fear. "Maybe I am, and maybe I'm not." No matter how hard she tried, she was unable to take her gaze from his bulge. "You'll never find out, through."

He smiled confidently. He notices the obvious was she was gaping. "You want me to keep my shorts on?"

"Whatever you want." Her heart beat was rampant; her pussy pulsed frantically. "I've seen plenty of cock." She watched him slip off his shorts.

"Not like this one," he bragged. His hard-on was jutting out from his groin, his bloated cock head pointing at the innocent teenager. His fingers curled around his thick cock-stem. "You're staring."

Christine was in shock — passionate shock. Except for pictures in magazines, this was her first look at a real cock. It seemed monstrous. Automatically, she found herself drifting treading water erratically. She was shaking inside and out. Her muscles wouldn't coordinate with her passion-sopped brain.

With a big splash, the young man jumped in. He sprang up out of the water beside the teenager and wrapped his arms around her lithe body. His prick pressed into her belly. "You're a sexy little nymph, Christine."

She almost fainted. If he hadn't been holding her, she would surely have drowned. "Please..." Her voice was barely a whisper. She was weak, crumbling.

"How does it feel?" He kept his prick against her.

"Ah... mmmm..." She was speechless.

He held her trembling body close to him. Christine's mind whirled. The day seemed to snowballing. Getting off on Laddie's tongue; playing with his cock and watching him come, talking to Tracy. Now this. How far would it go? She refused to think about the exciting possibilities. Refused to think beyond the thrilling moment.

"There's a cave back there, where we could go." His hands skimmed down her body, cupped the cheeks of her cute ass. "C'mon out of the water with me."

Mute, she nodded, willing to do anything he asked.

He released her, climbed up on the flat rock, and offered his hand. "C'mon."

She gulped uneasily; she was naked. Having someone watch her without her knowledge was one thing, but this... She swallowed her fear and gave him her hand. As he hauled her up on the rock,

she said: "I don't even know your name."

"It's Roger." He leered at her openly; then he took her hand again. "Be careful."

Still trembling, she climbed over some jagged rocks without stepping on them. There was a wide opening behind a huge boulder. It led to a cave. "God. I never knew this was here."

As she entered the cave, Christine spotted her bikini. "There it is!" She pointed.

"A blanket too." He grinned roguishly. "When I spotted you this morning, I wanted to be prepared. I came back with a blanket, hoping you'd return." He dropped to the blanket inside the hollow cave. "I'm glad you did. C'mon down, and let me lick you."

For a split-second she hesitated. She blushed a deep red from her tits up. Her gaze lowered to Roger's hairy groin. Conflicting emotions soared wildly through her head. She wanted to run, touch his cock, act brazen, impress him, but was too shy to do any of these.

She saw his handsome face; his horny gaze told her he liked what he saw. It gave her confidence. Laddie had left to investigate the cave. She was alone with her first man.

"I like boys to look at me," she said.

"I'm not a boy." Roger grabbed her ankle and brought her down on the blanket with him. He brought his mouth down to hers.

Christine's arms circled around his neck. Open-mouthed and clinging, she kissed him back — the way she had always dreamed. She took his tongue with a hungry fervor and gave him her flaming hot body to touch, maul, caress. Her fingers combed anxiously through his hair. She was a fireball of sexual passion.

Roger crushed the soft body he was holding. Mouth on mouth, he felt wild and greedy hands caress his face, scratch his shoulders, paw the muscles on his arms. She darted her tongue into his hot mouth, and he kissed her and moved his hand over her body, she was receptive, yearning, hungry. He took his mouth off hers. "You're a damn ball of fire. How old are you?"

She told him.

Roger's eyes widened. "You gotta be kidding! Christ! A teeny-bopper!" Her exquisite body had mesmerized him; everything about her seemed older. "Last summer — a skinny runt; this summer — wow!"

She giggled. "I'm tall for my age." She sensed his reluctance to continue. It gave her an edge, heightened her own awareness of her sexual powers. She heaved a sigh. It was about time to put her talent to the test.

She squirmed out of his arms. A feeling of power surged through her. "You're not worried about my age, are you?" She purred. Her hands slid up her sides, cupping her tits. "I thought you wanted to kiss and lick these."

Roger saw the teenager as trouble. She was gorgeous, but he saw in her lithe naked body more than pleasure. He saw danger. "Easy kid. Maybe you should put your bikini back on." It was a struggle, and he choked on each word. She was a hot sexy girl, looking for some fun, and that fun could cost him. "Come back and see when you're older." He tore his gaze away from her naked body.

Christine mustered up all the courage she had. She sat up, threw herself into his arms, kissing him, rubbing her tits into his broad chest.

She had caught him by surprise, and they tumbled to the blanket. This time, Christine was in the driver's seat. "You chicken?"

"No, Christine. I just don't want trouble. You're a nice girl, with a fantastic body, but you're a baby."

Being called a baby riled her. Her father treated her the same way. "I think you're chickenshit." Her expression softened. "I'll never tell anyone... never." She leaned over him, offered the twenty-year-old college sophomore her swollen tittie meat to suck. "Don't you want to kiss my tits?"

Roger looked at the twin tit mounds looming over his face, an overwhelming temptation. A vein in his temple began to throb. He leered at her swollen nipples of her creamy tittie meat and raised his head. His lips brushed an aching nipple.

"Roger," she gasped, her tits in her mouth. The contact seared her brain; her pussy was already in spasms. "Suck! Ohhhh, God, Roger, you suck good!" She was reeling in ecstasy.

Roger succumbed. He grabbed her slender body, rolled her over, his mouth still devouring the choice meat of her tit. He sucked her rubbery tit flesh, chewed the rubbery nipple, then licked all around the small mound. He daubed her with warm spit. Her other tit was next. He turned both creamy tits into pink mounds of raw flesh. He pulled his mouth away when he was done. His eyes mirrored his flaming passion for the hot teenager.

"Roger, it felt so good," she purred, her head in the clouds. "Touch my wet pussy. Feel it." She was out of her skull; a boy, no — a man — was doing this to her, making her feel like a lump of putty. "Teach me." She offered herself to him, opening her legs — a virgin sacrifice.

Roger teasingly caressed her slowly. Watching his moving hands, he traced designs on her silky-soft skin. When he reached her cherry cunt, his fingers slipped through her silk strands of blonds cunt hair. "Jesus Christ, Christine. You pussy's wet as hell." His fingertips teased her oozing cunt.

"I know," she mewed. Her soft ass squirmed around on the blanket. With his fingers touching her cunt, she couldn't keep still. "Go inside. Touch me all over."

Roger's finger slipped into the folds of velvety pussymeat. He hit the cherry skin and froze. "Holy shit!" He stopped. "You're... you're a Goddamn virgin!"

She wiggled against his hand. "Not if you do something about it," she whimpered softly. She hated her cherry more every second. "You can have my cherry." She was burning up — a firecracker ready to pop. "Fuck me, Roger. I won't scream or tell anyone. I'll make it the best fuck you've ever had."

He shook his head, his passion under control again. "Shit, kid. Don't get me wrong..."

She sat upright. "I'm not a kid, damn it!" She grabbed his cock. "I want this prick inside me. Please. Fuck me, like I know you want to." She stroked his cock gently.

She saw on his face a new wave of passion. She held his prick with more determination, her fingers squeezing. His cock felt different than Laddie's, but just as exciting. "I'll lick you prick for you if you fuck me."

Roger groaned. Her hand felt like fire on his cock. Her words were fuel. "Christ, Christine! You're a

baby... a virgin baby."

Christine acted quickly before he said another word, pushing him back on the blanket. She was the control she wielded over him. She also sensed there was a limit to her control. Licking his cock might expand the power she did possess.

She climbed between his legs, came down on top of him, squiggled her hot sizzling body against him. "I'm not a baby," she told him plainly. "You can only say no for so long."

He groaned. He knew she was right. He was caught in her trap. His mind raced for an answer. There was none. The damn kid had him by the balls, and they both knew it.

"C'mon, Christine. I'm twenty... you're just a kid. You'll be sorry, and I'll wind up in trouble with your dad."

She kissed his body. Her urgent kisses covered his chest, his taut, muscular belly, his hairy groin.

As she descending on her way down to his stiff prick, her cunt oozed hot fuck cream with each pulse of her pussy walls.

"You won't get in trouble. I won't say a word to anyone," she promised, between sizzling kisses and urgent nips with her teeth. "I'll lick your cock first. Then, you can fuck me, okay?"

Roger didn't budge. He just groaned, unable to fight the sexy girl squirming her way down to his aching cock. "Christ!"

Christine giggled, enjoying her power, learning how to use it. She rubbed her pussy along his leg. "I'm still all wet." Her gaze locked on his rigid prick. "It's soooo big, Roger." With childlike curiosity, she ran her fingers over his cock shaft. A tremor swept through her cherry cunt; a tremor of anticipation.

Her hand slipped down to his heavy balls, cupping his hairy sac. "God."

"Lick my cock, Christine," Roger urged. He no longer cared about her age; getting sucked by the horny kid was uppermost in his mind. "Lick my cock and maybe I'll fuck you." He raised his head off the blanket and saw the girl between his legs, her small hand wrapped around his thick, purplish-red cock, her wide eyes absorbing the size of his giant bloated prickshaft. "Eat me. Christine. Taste your first cock."

Christine shivered in a moment of panic. She released his weighty balls. Both of her hands came up from his groin, surrounded his towering prick, captured his cock shaft, and held it prisoner. Christine could feel his prick throb in her grip. She hesitated — another wave of panic.

Roger sensed her indecision. A few minutes ago, he would have capitalized on it and gotten the hell out of there. It was too late now. "Eat my cock Christine," he urged softly, gently, his voice hypnotic. "Put my cock in your mouth and see what it's like."

She nodded. She closed in on his prick as if it were drawing her like a magnet. Her pink tongue flicked out across his bloated cockhead. Her pussy reacted — a storm raged inside her. Almost collapsing from her overwhelming passion, she maintained her balance, put her head on his firm belly. Her mouth was at the base of his cock. She licked, her tongue circling through his groin hair.

Hot, nervous, and frightened, Christine came up from his groin, her mouth at his cockhead. Her tits



ached. She leered down at his prick spearing the air, his piss-slot aimed at her face. A shuddering excitement engulfed her.

"Unnnnn," she hummed as her mouth came down on Roger's prickhead. Her tight lips surrounded his bulb-shaped cockhead, surrounding it with the damp warmth of her mouth.

"Ahhhhh," Roger groaned blissfully. He arched off the blanket; his cock head scraped the roof of her mouth on its way to her tight throat. He dropped back to the ground.

Christine held his cockhead firmly between her lips. The moment of fear, when he had lunged, was gone. She held the base, sucked his prick like a child would suck a lollipop. The sweet taste of candy was not that she wanted; the hard fleshy taste of cock was.

Her passion raging within her, she became bold, began to experiment. She pushed her mouth down until the bloated tip of his cock clogged her throat. She came up gasping, her eyes bright and gleaming. "Am I doing good?" She wanted to please, an anxious child needing his approval in her quest to prove that she wasn't a kid.

"Great!" Roger moaned. He wrenched his hips, wanting more of her fabulous mouth. Her hand, squeezing his cock, was driving him crazy. "Don't stop now. Keep doing it. Your mouth was fabulous!"

She blinked, then smiled. "I know what you want. You want me to suck you off, so you don't have to fuck me."

He groaned. "Yeah, come on, my cock's hurting for your fabulous mouth."

"What about me? I want to lose my cherry... to get fucked." She pouted, feeling hurt.

"Next time," he promised, knowing there would never be one. "Suck my cock, Christine. I'll get your cherry tomorrow."

She didn't believe him, but she wanted to suck his cock, to feel the cum squirt into her mouth. "Okay, but remember — you owe me."

Roger groaned; her hand was like a vise on his hard cockshaft. He didn't like being out on a limb with such a young girl, but he had no choice. His balls ached. He had to have some kind of relief — with her cherry still intact. "Eat me, Christine."

"I will." She eyed him curiously. "Ever have a girl eat your cock before?"

He nodded.

"I'll do better." She was a child, but her confidence was that of a woman. "You'll be begging me for more when I get through with you."

"Just suck my prick." His passion robbed him of patience. "Suck, Christine, and stop talking."

Committed, she threw herself into her first blow job with the exuberance of youth and the passion of a woman. Her tongue became a wet whip, slapping back and forth across his cock, up and down the length, over the wide girth of hard prickmeat.

She used her tongue on his cock, like Laddie had done to her pussy. She began to nibble up and down the length of his prick, first one side, then the other. Her mouth feasted on the delectable

prickmeat, loving, carving the throbbing piece of cock-muscle. She delicately chewed on the sensitive underside, then swooped her mouth over his bloated cockhead and sucked.

"Agggghhhh!" he growled. She sucked so hard, he thought she was going to draw his cum up through his balls before he blasted. "Christine! Suck! Suck!" He lunged again driving his prick head into her snug-fitting throat. "Unnn!"

Christine choked; her eyes popped. She forced herself not to panic. Her nose flared with a sudden intake of air, and she relaxed, letting Roger's cockhead enter her throat. It was wild strange, exciting. His prick seemed to throb in her gullet, stretching the narrow opening of her tight throat. She gurgled on his prick and her own spit.

Roger's balls were rumbling with new life; his prick was about to burst at the seams. "Sweet little baby," he groaned. A child was about to suck him into heaven. "Christine, your mouth... feels great! Keep sucking. Keep chewing. Enjoy your first meal!"

It excited her to hear his voice while his cock clogged her mouth and throat. She sensed the same urgency in him that had driven Laddie to blast his cum. Her heart almost leaped into her throat. Roger was going to come. It staggered her mind, and her lithe naked body felt a mild orgasm whip through her in tingling sensations of warmth.

She gripped the base of his cock and jerked the thin flexible skin up and down. She swirled her tongue around his stabbing cock, sucking, her cheeks drawn in, her teeth clamped around it. Her hands shifted the moveable skin of his cock bringing him to the edge of oblivion and beyond.

He humped into her mouth, lunged off the ground, and lodged his prick in her throat. He came slamming back to the blanket. As he whipped his cock in and out of the teenager's mouth, he roared; "I'm coming, Christine!" The hollow cave echoed his words.

Roger's hands balled into fists. His muscles strained under the tremendous pressure building inside his exploding balls and shooting cock. He creamed Christine's mouth, felt her jerking fingers and sliding mouth. Her clinging lips were wet, soft.

Christine, not really sure what to expect, took the first thick gooey gob of cum deep in her throat. It was followed by a succession of spurting wads, each thicker and heavier than the last. Jism flooded her mouth, oozed down her gullet, gushing from her nose and paste her clinging lips. Her hands came off his prick. She took the humping thrusting violence of Roger's exploding climax and froze.

Roger slammed his prick into her mouth. With her hand away from his thick cock base, he was able to thrust the entire length of his prick into her throat. His groin slammed against her lips. Cum poured out of his piss-slot like water spurting from a faucet. His body lunged in the heat of his orgasm. At blurring speed, he pounded her mouth with his prick.

Panic, then fear set in. The fear of drowning in his cum. She battled her feelings, winning. Her fear transformed into greed — greed for his cum, his cock, every dynamite inch of it. She picked up his thrusting fuck rhythm, slamming her face into his colliding groin. His mat of curly cock hair tickled her nose and lips. She sucked with deep heavy suction power when he dropped back for that instant before he lunged again.

She gagged from his deluge of cum; he growled. She sucked; he roared his pleasure. Her teeth sank into his hard prick, her mouth flooded with gobs of cum. She sensed he was winding down, and he mind, young and impressionable, snapped. She become a demon. He mouth worked overtime, diligently sucking.

Roger's groans became louder. His humping body slowed.

It only excited Christine more. She picked up the slack, her mouth flying up and down the endless length of his cock. She worked her jerking hands in rhythm to her bobbing head, desperately hoping it wouldn't end. Fast furious sucks. Chewing teeth. Butterfly strokes with her fingers. Then squeezing grips like a steel vise. She craved it all — every hot ounce of jizz.

Roger lunged up into the wet swirling storm of her feasting mouth. "Christine! Aggggghh! No more!" He dropped back on the blanket, twitching. His cock was drained, super-sensitive now. Agony set in, where moments ago, pleasure had reigned.

Her hand, fingers, and mouth drifted up and down Roger's cock. She sucked and chewed painstakingly, her mind a blank, not noticing that his prick had lost the unresisting hardness of steel and was slowly becoming a tender pliable muscle of soft cockmeat.

"Christine! Stop!" He bellowed in agony. He tried squirming away. Her clenching teeth refused to release his prick.

Christine was greedy. The cum had stopped squirting, but she was determined to get more. She sucked, drawing out the last drops of cum from the aching void in his now-empty balls. She sucked harder, refusing to believe he was finished. His prick was limp, and she began to sob hysterically, her passion out of control, no relief in sight.

Roger used all of his waning strength and pulled himself up. Gently, he eased the wild teenager off his sore prick. "C'mon, Christine. It's over. I can't come any more. You sucked me dry."

Christine rolled onto her back, consumed with lust. She spread her legs to entice Roger to fuck her, her ass rubbing the blanket as she humped. She was soaring, hovering at the entrance to bliss, with no one to take her in. Her hands labored frantically over the sizzling flesh of her burning body.

She looked at him with desire. Cum stained her mouth. "Was I the best?" she panted breathlessly. "Huh? Was I?"

Roger groaned as he quickly dressed. He nodded. "You were fabulous, Christine." He meant it.

"Best mouth in the world." She smiled dreamily. "I told you."

"I know." He finished dressing.

"Will you fuck me tomorrow? I'll be the best fuck, too." She squirmed. "We'll meet here tomorrow afternoon at the same time, and I'll give you my cherry, okay?"

He nodded in agreement, even though he wasn't coming back. All he saw in her hot body was trouble. With some luck, she'd take her passion and hot-pants to someone else and forget him. "Right, Christine, tomorrow. You can find your way out of here okay?"

"Yeah, I'm gonna stay for awhile." She blew him a kiss. "Tomorrow."

He waved.

Christine saw him inch around the large boulder that hid the entrance to the cave and disappear.

"Ohhh, God," she moaned, hearing her own voice reverberating inside the cave.

She licked her lips in remembrance of every delicious second Roger's cock was in her mouth. She looked around for Laddie to lick her off. "C'mon, boy, fix me so I can walk."

Laddie, who had been exploring the cave, approached at the sound of her voice. His nose picked up the sweet scent of her pussy when he approached. He whimpered, licking his chops, ready to dine on the sweet-tasting meat of her cunt.

A half-hour later, after creaming all over the dog's snout and filling the cave with her ecstatic screams, Christine put on her bikini, eased her hot sweaty body into the cool water, swam through the waterfall, and into the warm June sunshine. She felt terrific. Tomorrow, she was going to lose her cherry. Her heart jumped. When she got home, she would tell Tracy all about it.

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CHAPTER FIVE

Christine climbed through the narrow crevice in the rock and entered the cave, where Roger had first spied on her. She waited in the cave for two hours, her eyes closed, her legs spread, envisioning Roger above her, sinking his cock into her willing body. He never showed. It had been three days since she had sucked him off, and he had promised to return. Three days of waiting. Three wasted afternoons.

Today, she was still hot, ready to lose her cherry. She hurt inside. Roger wasn't interested in a little kid — especially a virgin. She hated herself, no longer feeling like a woman, but feeling like a gawky kid, who was too tall for her age.

She silently dressed. The waiting was over. She trudged back through the woods to her father's place alone. Her eyes lit up when she saw Laddie, sitting on the porch waiting for her.

"At least you don't think I'm a baby," she said to the dog, scratching his head. She went into the house, Laddie tagging along.

Laddie barked and nipped playfully at her heels, following her up the stairs. His appetite had been whetted for pussy meat. He enjoyed licking her cunt, enjoyed her loving attention afterward. His tail wagged furiously, and he sprang ahead of her, waiting at the top of the landing as she trudged up the steps slowly. He had come to expect the taste of pussymeat when she returned from the waterfall. Today was no exception. Laddie raced down the hall as her foot touched the top step. He barked enthusiastically at the door to her bedroom.

She smiled, but her heart wasn't in it. Inside her room, she closed and locked the door. Laddie was already on the bed waiting, his brown eyes peering at her. "I guess it's just you and me, Laddie," she said flatly. "I'm not going back to the cave ever again."

She plopped on the bed, threw herself onto a pillow, hiding her face. She wanted to be fucked. She had come so close. "Shit! Shit! Shit!" she screamed, her words muffled in the pillow.

On her back, she gazed at the ceiling through tear-filled eyes. Then she looked at the phone on the nightstand. She couldn't tell Tracy that Roger had never showed. Her eyes blinked. "Laddie! Stop it!" She pushed the overanxious dog away. "I don't feel like it today. Go away!" Her innocent-looking face screwed up in anger. "Leave me alone!"

Laddie had other plans. He wasn't about to be denied her pussy without a fight. His teeth latched onto her jeans. Holding the material between his fangs, he tugged and growled, shaking his head

frantically.

"Shit, Laddie!" She yelled, pulling her leg away. "You're gonna rip my jeans. Stop it, Laddie."

The persistent dog knew what he wanted and ignored her demands. He knew, from her stern tone, that she wanted him to leave her alone, but he insisted. He wouldn't take no for an answer. His front paw jabbed into her crotch, scraping her soft pussy through her tight jeans. He dropped, slinking down on the bed, jamming his snout into her jean-clad pussy.

She squeezed he legs together; Laddie yelped, his muzzle caught. "I'm sorry, boy," she said to the dejected dog. "I'll bet you'd fuck me, if you were a boy. You don't care how old I am, do you?" She ruffled his golden coat.

The dog barked, happy that she was playing with him once again. His tail swished the air, and his cock began to peek out of the hairy sheath that contained it.

All of a sudden, Christine's face lit up. Her blue eyes registered joy instead of sadness. "Laddie! Holy shit!" She bolted upright in bed, threw her arms around the golden retriever and squeezed and hugged him with affection and growing excitement. "How would you like to fuck me?"

She reached under his belly, searched for his cock. "I'm no bitch in heat, but I'll bet it would be more fun than me jerking you off." Her mind soared with the possibilities. Her body swam in a vat of lust, created by her imagination and the need to be fucked.

Laddie's tongue lapped across the child's face. He squirmed energetically on the bed — Christine's excitement was contagious. He wiggled out of her embrace, nudged her back on the bed, and licked her face.

"Can't wait, huh?" she giggled. "I'll strip, Laddie." She pushed his face away from hers and smiled at him. "Be patient. I'll be ready in a minute."

She opened the buttons of her blouse. In her exuberance, she tore the garment off. Her tits bounced in their freedom, unencumbered by a bra. She held her tits in her hands, whimpering hotly, her flesh on fire as she thought about Laddie's cock fucking her. Her round, pointed nipples were swollen with passion. "Ohhh, shit, Laddie, this is going to be great!" Her voice creaked under the emotional stress. "Oh God, Laddie, I'm so hot."

Laddie remained on the bed. His instincts told him something was going to happen, something different. He fidgeted, sitting, then standing on all fours. He waited for Christine to undress. Soft puppy-like sounds came from him.

"You gonna fuck me good? Huh, Laddie?" Christine looked at the animal that was going to break her cherry. "You better."

Laddie barked his answer, his tail swishing across the sheet.

"Don't be impatient," She giggled nervously, pulling off her jeans. She threw them aside, latching her fingers into the elastic of her panties. "Ohhhh, boy."

The sound of her own voice reassured her. She skimmed her panties down her long slender legs and kicked them away. They flew across the room, landing on a corner of her dresser.

Shivering, she lay naked on the bed. She couldn't move. Fear held her stiff. She bit her bottom lip,

fighting the thought of being fucked by a dog. She wanted to be fucked, and badly. Laddie was the only way.

The phone rang.

Christine seemed to jerk up off the bed as the phone jangled her frayed nerves. She reached for it, her finger curling around the receiver. She brought it to her ear and mouth. "Yes?"

"It's me, Chrissy. Hello? You there?"

"Yeah, Tracy."

"Did Roger show up today?" Tracy asked.

"No." Christine winced, hating to be reminded. "He never showed."

"Shit," Tracy moaned. "I thought for sure you'd lose your cherry today, and we could talk about it while we played with ourselves." Tracy rolled onto her belly. "I'm all juicy thinking about it, and I'm naked too, creaming the sheets."

"I'm naked too," Christine said, "and Laddie's with me."

Tracy's face brightened. "What are you going to do?"

"Fuck him," Christine bragged.

Tracy was shocked. "What?"

"I said, I was going to fuck Laddie."

"You kidding? You really gonna let the dog fuck you?"

"Yes." Christine was emphatic. "Roger doesn't want to fuck a kid, and there's no one else around. Laddie is the lucky choice." Talking about it made it seem less frightening.

"God, I wish I could be there to watch. I'm creaming just thinking about it." Tracy wriggled her soft ass, her clit pressing into the sheet beneath her. "Mmmmmm, can I listen?"

Christine thought about it for a minute. "I don't know. I'll be on the floor, and I wouldn't be able to hold the phone." She really didn't want her friend to hear her scream in pain, if it hurt.

"Awwww, please. Let me listen. You can put the phone on the floor. I'll hear you."

"I'll call you back afterward and tell you all about it." Christine took a deep sigh. "Okay?"

Grudgingly, Tracy agreed. "You call me right back. I want to know everything. I'm gonna wait right here in bed and play with myself, thinking about you fucking Laddie."

Christine giggled. "I'll call, don't worry." She stretched, dropped the phone in its place. She smiled at Laddie, who was lying at the foot of the bed, patiently waiting. "I hope you don't hurt me."

She slipped out of the bed, crawled naked to the closet. She opened the door and angled the long mirror where she wanted it. She was going to watch herself being fucked. She crawled back to the bed. "C'mon, Laddie. Break my cherry."

She looked up at the dog from the floor. "C'mon down here." Christine patted the carpet, showing him where to go. "C'mon, boy. I'm all ready for you." The teenager got into position when the dog jumped to the floor. He sniffed her wiggling body, his cold nose touching her hot flesh.

Christine looked at the mirror. She could see herself perfectly; arms and elbows on the mattress as she leaned on the bed, knees on the floor. Tits digging into the mattress. She waited for Laddie to stop sniffing her.

"C'mon, boy, hope on, and fuck me." Christine kept her gaze on the mirror, wondering what she would look like with a cock stuck up her cunt and her cherry gone.

Casually, the golden-haired retriever sniffed the teenager. His nose skimmed her ribs, her thighs, her hips, her ass cheeks. Each time he touched her, a shivery sigh floated from Christine's panting mouth. He licked her; her skin was as smooth as velvet against his wide tongue.

"Ohhhhh, Laddie," she moaned. "Fuck me before I change my mind." As the dog licked, goose bumps dotted her flesh. She was shaking, afraid she would chicken out at the last minute. "Hurry, Laddie. I'm ready for your cock." Her pussy was juicy and hot, but her growing panic would soon dry her up.

Laddie picked up the familiar scent of her pussy and licked closer to the strong, arousing smell. He nuzzled his nose between her ass cheeks, his tongue slithering over the tiny wrinkled crack of her asshole.

"Oooooo, Laddie," she squealed in delight. His tongue lapped around her tiny shitter, and she almost fainted from the shuddering contract. "Ooooooh, Laddie!" Her pussy began to ooze, coating the puffy pink lips of her cunt. The narrow slit emitted a white froth of cunt cream.

Laddie snorted. He backed up enough to slap his tongue up through her pussy and over her wrinkled ass-ring. Warm doggie spit blended with the white cream of her pussy. It was a warm soupy mixture between the virgin's legs. The dog's slapping tongue lathered up a foam of the creamy blend, and he became aroused — as always — when he licked her.

Laddie reamed her pussy with his tongue, being stopped by the annoying piece of cherry skin. He shook his head, his tongue whipping up through the crack of her ass, sloshing her pussy cream with it. He wriggled his tongue up through her tiny ass crack, coating her pinkish-brown asshole with cunt juice and drool.

Christine forgot about her panic. His tongue was turning her mind to mush. The new and wild sensations of having her asshole licked carried her into bliss. She glanced at her face in the mirror, saw it was flushed, her eyes glittering.

"Ohhhh, Laddie, go in my ass! There's no cherry there! Go in all the way!" She pushed back against his nuzzling snout. "My asshole!"

Laddie's tongue fluttered out, tickled her wrinkled shit hole. The child's wails excited him. He nipped the cheeks of her spit-soaked ass and slurped through her juicy pussy over her ass cheeks.

"Oooooh, Laddie!" She was delirious, wanting the dog's tongue in her ass. For the moment, getting fucked had been cast aside by the overpowering desire to have her asshole reamed. "Ooohhh, Laddie! Laddie!"

The beast dug his snout between the child's ripe ass cheeks, splitting apart the creamy halves. He

sniffed her wrinkled ass crack, his cold nose sending shivery spasms through her body. He pressed his nose tight against her.

"Ooooooh!" She bucked, her tits crushing into the mattress. She snapped her head around, seeing the giant dog's head buried between her thighs, his snout in her ass. "Lick me!" It was a high-pitched squeal.

Laddie whined, his tongue darting out. His tongue had found her ass creak. He wriggled into her asshole, parting the muscular opening, exploring the steamy depths of her guts for the first time. He stabbed his tongue deep.

Christine spasmed. She began to shake, her ass squirming, her blue eyes rolling. She was experiencing, for the first time, the thrilling sensations of her body being invaded.

"Yeahhhhh! Ummmmm! Laddie!" She rocked on her knees, her tits rubbing the soft nap of the blanket. "Tongue me!"

Laddie did. His tongue, plowing deep in her ass, explored. He lapped inside her fiery body. The scent of her asshole and the pungent aroma of her oozing cunt had made him crazy. His cock was throbbing, jutting out of its hairy sheath.

He pulled his head out of her ass and licked his chops. White sticky pussy cream clung to the snout. He licked it off, sniffed her body again, highly aroused.

Christine let out a mournful cry. Her asshole was empty. "Laddie!" She began to shake uncontrollably. "Ladd..." Her voice was cut off as the huge hairy beast mounted her. His front paws landed on her smooth creamy back. "Ohhhhhh my God!" Her blue eyes widened.

Laddie danced on his hind legs, his ass humping. His red pointed cock stabbed her quivering ass cheeks, jabbing haphazardly. The dog was unable to direct his thrusts. He began to whine in frustration, leaning forward, blanketing her lithe frame with his hairy body. Quickly and carelessly, he thrust his cock forward. He kept on jabbing her in all the wrong places. His tail curled up between his dancing legs, his body jerking mindlessly.

Christine blinked, frightened. "Laddie!"

She forced herself to remain still. No small feat. She was frozen to the bed, pinned by the frantic animal. She prayed he would puncture her pussy and rip away the horrid cherry that kept Roger from fucking her.

"Fuck meeeee!" Suddenly, fear and panic gripped her again. Her eyes bulged with the thought of him ripping into her asshole. It was a dreaded idea in her swirling mind.

Laddie yelped loudly. His pointed jabbing cock found the mark. His powerful stabs sent his cock spearing into her oozing cherry cunt. The cherry skin had been ripped away with the first horrendous plunge.

With brute force, Laddie plowed into her soupy cunt. High-strung and jittery, he yelped again. The tightness of her virgin cunt inflamed his mind. Her cunt muscled, beating against his cock, spurred him on.

Christine's body jerked with each lunge of the dog's pounding body. She grabbed the blanket. The pain began to spread. She was being fucked by a dog. The searing pain became unbearable. Her

fingers curled into the lump of blanket; she held on for dear life.

"Aaaaaayyiee!" The pupils of her eyes dilated. Her blonde hair swept across her back, over her creamy soft shoulders, across her scarlet face, which was contorted with pain.

"Noooo... Laddie! Noooo!"

She struggled to no avail. She was dangerously impaled on his hard pounding cock. There was nothing she could do, but endure the pain and agony of his savage fuck thrusts. She hoped he would cream soon, and it would be over. A shuddering gasp of defeat filled the bedroom.

Laddie mindlessly fucked her, hell-bent on relieving the storm inside his balls. He clung to the teenager's back, his front paws clutching her soft silky skin, his hind paws digging into the carpet for traction and balance. His tail curled under, twitched. He whimpered and fucked. Fucked and whimpered. Fucked the soft meat of her pussy.

Resigned to take the punishment of the dog's attack, Christine relaxed. The devastating pain that had accompanied the violent of her pussy was subsiding. Pleasure took the place of pain. Mild pleasure at first — but it grew.

Laddie never let up; he continued his blinding fuck pace. His cock reached deep inside the teenager's cunt — hot and wet. His prick was immersed in boiling pussy juice. Her cunt was a furnace of liquid fire. Relentlessly, the dog fuck the child, driven by the compelling urge to come.

"Oooh, Laddie!" Her screams echoed her pleasure now. The pain had disappeared. "Fuck meee! Fuck meeee!" She stared at the face in the mirrored reflection. She raised her eyes to the dog mindlessly fucking her, his rubbery lips drawn back over his white glistening fangs. She wallowed in every stab of the dog's hulking cock, loving the piercing cock that ravaged her tender pussy.

Laddie kept the torrid fuck pace. His ass jerked like a jackhammer. His cock swelled in the hot depths of her scalding hot pussy. Stiff-necked and yelping, he drilled her cunt with his spearing cock. Her pussy muscles were tentacles of heat, feeling and gasping. His balls churned.

"Fuck me! Laddie!" Christine's body jerked wildly. "I'm being fucked!" She screamed it to her reflection. "I'm not a virgin anymore!" The impact of those explosive words made her swoon.

Through passion-glazed eyes. Christine watched herself being fucked. She saw as well as felt the soft silky coat of the golden retriever's body against her. She wriggled back, met his plunging stabs with the backward thrusts of her own, no longer waiting, but participating to the end. "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Laddie's hind legs pranced. His golden coat smothered Christine's naked wrenching body. He kept his balance, leaning on the whimpering child. For an endless moment, the dog eased up on his powerful jabs, then continued to pound her into the bed.

Christine loved it. She reveled in his horrendous power to slam her into the mattress. Her cunt full of cockmeat, she was being plowed to the hilt. Her body jerked with each impact.

The crazed golden retriever fucked ruthlessly. His thick, swollen prick burrowed deep into the teenager's cunt, stretching the tight oozing walls to accommodate the immense size of his red spearing cock.

Christine was overjoyed. The pleasure was spreading like wildfire. "I feel you! Laddie!" She shoved

back; Laddie yelped and stabbed forward. She climbed the ladder that would take her to her orgasm with each hard-hitting plunge of the doggie prick. "More! More!"

Her head tilted toward the mirror. She leered at the reflection. It was a lewd sight, the dog pounding into her pussy. Her arms stretched forward on the bed. The passion was becoming overwhelmingly wonderful. Her fingers clawed the sheets, crunching up into balls, her knuckle white.

"Cum, doggie! Cum all over my pussy! Cream me good!" She swooned, imagining all the hot thick doggie cum that would soon fill her pussy. "Cum!"

Christine's screeching voice, her wet pussy, and cushiony cunt muscles pulsed around his cock, too the huge golden beast over the peak in his climax. He dug in, plowing his cock hard and fast. His prick erupted like a shooting geyser.

Hot thick cum made of syrupy goo spouted out of his cock like liquid fire and splattered the spongy walls of Christine's overstuffed pussy. He howled his bliss. His jowls jiggled. His brown eyes turned up.

"Ooooooo! Laddie!" Burning cum flooded her pussy, scorching her insides. "Laddie! I can feel your cum!" She pounded the bed with her tiny balled fists. The hot doggie jizz triggered explosions deep inside her pussy. She soared. Her eyes opened wide in ecstasy, and she watched the mirror as long as she could. Seeing the dog fucking into her was the final straw. "I'm coming, Laddie!"

Her body thrashed forward and backward, battling the mighty beast. Under his barrage of spurting doggie cum, her orgasm encompassed every inch of her shaking contorting frame. She lunged back, receiving a cuntful of cockmeat. She lost sight of the mirror.

Christine's head turned. She saw Laddie's head over her shoulder; he was jerking. She felt his paws clinging to her back and felt the weight of his driving body. Euphoria overtook her.

Laddie howled. His speed, his lunges became more demanding as his balls churned with the next load of jizz and erupted. He drove the naked child into the bed mashing her clit. Her body was too weak to resist. He pounded with brute animal force, squirted his heavy load, then pounded some more. He was tiring. The pulsing wet hole of Christine's pussy was draining him of all of his cum and strength.

Her soft lithe body, never before in the throes of orgasm like this, jerking into convulsions. Her hips rocked back and forth. Her cunt muscles, clinging and oozing pussy-cream, torture the beast's cock. She went higher into her orgasm. She couldn't come down. His doggie cock and the small friction on her clit both kept her in heaven, holding her prisoner in bliss.

"Laddie!" She was hysterical, and her voice showed the strain.

Her orgasm crushed her, turned her into the same mindless animal that was fucking her. She shoved back at him and was immediately driven forward. Her clit banged the bed; lightning streaks flashed behind her eyes. Thunder creaked inside her skull. Back and forth, her body battled, orgasms tearing through her, yet she wasn't allowed the blissful sensations of completion. She was forced to remain in joyful agony.

Christine collapsed, her strength gone, her mind a shambles.

Laddie bombarded her limp body until his balls were empty shells and his cock began to shrink inside the tight confines of her pulsing fuck hole. He yelped for the last time and pulled his prick out

of her cunt. His limp prick quickly retreated into the sheath, except for the red tip. Laddie leaped up on the bed, curled himself into a ball of fur and licked himself clean.

Christine shivered. She was empty; his cock was no longer pounding in her cunt. She felt weak, and exhausted. She crumbled to the floor and dragged her fucked-out body over to the closet mirror. Panting, trying to get a grip on her emotions, she spread her legs wide, using her fingers to part the folds of her pussy. She stared in awe at herself, seeing flecks of cherry blood on her cunt mound along with an oozing stream of white doggie cum.

“Ohhhhh, God, I’ve been fucked at last.”

She took a finger and jabbed. Her cherry was gone. She shoved the finger in deeper, exploring, thrilled with what had just happened to her. Tingling with happiness, she rubbed her pussy and crawled back to bed, her mind still reeling from her first wild fuck.

“Laddie, you really did fuck me good,” she whispered. She rested her head on the curled up ball of golden fur. “How did you feel fucking your first cherry?”

The dog raised his head to her and licked her face, then dropped to the bed. His soft-brown eyes closed.

She giggled lewdly, proud of herself. She had been fucked and had turned Laddie into a sleeping ball of fur. She glanced at the phone, thinking of calling Tracy. “No, not yet,” she giggled. “There’s still lots to do.”

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## CHAPTER SIX

Christine grabbed her jeans off the floor and hauled herself up, sliding the faded denim up her long legs. Swaying slightly, she stood on wobbly legs, stiff from being on her knees for so long.

Moaning and sore-muscle, she bent over and grabbed the shirt. As she slipped her arms through the sleeves, she staggered out the bedroom. Having been fucked by Laddie had unleashed the full fury of her passion — she wanted more. She knew where to get it.

Outside on the porch, her shirt open, her jeans not yet snapped, but clinging to the swell of her hips, she looked around. There was still plenty of time before her father came home. In her exuberance, she stumbled down the stairs, heading for the small stable. Champion, her father’s quarter horse, and her pony, Brownie, were kept there.

A lewd smile cracked her face as she stepped out of the sun into the cool stable. She went over to her father’s horse and patted his nose. “Mmmmmm, Champion, I think you might be just a little too big for me.” She stroked his thick-muscle neck with smooth long caresses.

Curiosity got the better of her. She opened the stall and led her father’s horse out to the middle of the stable. Petting his flank, she slid her hand nervously down to his hind quarters. She knelt down and gasped. The animal’s huge meaty prick, jutting out from the thick wrinkled skin that held it, was a formidable sight for the teenager. She had never seen such a cock — a thick trunk that would rip her apart.

“Goddamn, Champion, you sure are big.” She wanted to touch his cock, but couldn’t. It was, for the moment, too overwhelming. She took Champion back into his stall and went over to her pony. She

felt safer with gentle Brownie.

"I'm gonna play with your cock," she whispered in the pony's ear, leading the sleek chocolate-colored animal out of his stall. "Is your cock as big as Champion's?" She hoped it wasn't. She couldn't handle the right now.

Brownie whinnied and tossed his huge head in the air. His golden mane swished across Christine's flushed and excited face.

"Easy, boy, easy," Christine said. "I'm just here to have some fun with you. We'll go for a ride later. Okay, boy?"

Neighing his response, Brownie nuzzled his long snout into Christine, hitting one of her tits. He snorted, his hind legs prancing in place.

"Brownie, you must calm down." Christine looked down at her tits through her open shirt. The pony had slobbered all over them. She tore off her shirt and threw it across the stable.

Getting closer to the pony, she crushed her tit into his neck, tormenting her tender skin with his prickly coat. She hugged him close, running her tits against the grain of his dark-brown hair. She rubbed back and forth, still under the spell of her insatiable lust.

Brownie had settled down and was standing patiently next to his mistress, who was stroking his glossy coat and snuggling her body into his. His tail swatted his backside, then his head began to bob. Her whimpering voice made his ears flick.

Out of her mind, Christine staggered; all kinds of erotic thoughts rushed through her head. She fell back on the hay-strewn floor and yanked her jeans off.

Naked, she crawled to the pony, her pussy oozing a blend of doggie spume and pussy juice. Down on her hands and knees, she saw Brownie's cockhead. She gasped with hunger.

"Holy shit!" She said, gawking at the pony's protruding prick. She got up and stood in front of Brownie, jiggling her tits in his face. "Nibble on me, Brownie. Pretend I'm an apple, or something." She held her tits in her cupped hands, offering them to the gentle pony.

Brownie snorted at her, then chomped with his big lips on the tender tit flesh offered to him.

Christine almost collapsed. He was slobbering on her tits. His rubbery lips were gently driving her berserk. Amazed and burning with passion, she watched him slobber his drool over each tit.

"Brownie!" Her back arched as she juttied her tits out for him. She scratched his bobbing head and skimmed down to his active lips that were munching noisily and wetly on her sensitive tittie flesh.

A wave of bliss washed over her; her knees buckled for a moment. The pony's lips felt great. She held on to him, staggering, losing the ability to stand. "Ohhhhh, shit, I'm gonna come until I go crazy."

She stepped back, breathless. She swayed on her feet, her shiny blue eyes looked like pieces of glass. She made smacking sounds with her lips, backing up, falling backwards into a bale of hay.

"Oooooops," she squealed, tumbling back, her legs flying wide apart.

Brownie stepped toward her. Lowering his head between her outstretched legs, he nudged her cunt

and chomped on her hot, oozing pussy.

Christine went insane. She humped frantically, her cunt banging into the beast's muzzle, her legs high in the air, opened wide. She looked at Brownie's nose on her pussy. "Ohhhh, Brownie! Brownie!" She humped up and creamed his snout.

Brownie snorted again and shook his head between her parted thighs. The taste of her pussy, her squeals, her humping body were exciting him, and he pawed the earth, shoving his hard muzzle into her cunt.

"Agggghhhh!" she cried out in joyous delight. She twitched, then rolled in the hay, turning. She wiggled her ass back at the pony. "Lick me, Brownie. Ohhhh!"

His lips gently nuzzled into her ass cheeks, squiggling around between the opened halves in her hot ass crack. His saliva wet the deep crack of her ass as she rammed back against him.

"Lick me all over, Brownie. Do whatever you want." Her body twitched with bliss when he nestled into her wet squishy cunt. "Ohhhh..." Her head spun; the pony's moving lips went up and down the opening of her cunt. "Ohhhh..." her pussy was creaming the pony's nose.

Christine shook, tumbling off the bale of hay when an orgasm rippled through her. Crawling in frustration, she went to the chocolate-brown pony and wearily climbed on him straddling his smooth bare back. Her hot oozing pussy was mashed against him. "I'm gonna come all over you, you horny pony."

Crazy with passion and the need to come, she rocked on the animal, her pussy drumming against itself — an empty void. She began to bounce up and down, her cunt squishing wetly, her small firm tits jiggling, her nipples aching. She clutched his thick mane. "Ohhhh, Brownie! Brownie! I'm gonna cream! Hold still so I can come!"

The pony pawed the earth, one front paw at a time. With Christine clinging to him, he jerked his head from side to side and neighed. Champion, in the corner stall, whinnied in response, his hind hoofs kicking the wall behind him. The excitement in the stable — the child's urgent moans and Brownie's noises, agitated the quarter horse.

Christine was oblivious to the nervous animals. Her sense of hearing was dulled; her eyes blurry. Her mind was pinpointed on the intense feeling inside her cunt as she rocked on the pony's back. Her pussy shifted back and forth against the animal's hair, leaving droplets of pussy juice. Joy coursed through her veins; fantastic sensations were tingling inside her cunt.

"Brownie!" As she squealed, the pony answered in a loud piercing whinny.

Christine soared in a state of euphoria. She mashed her hot sizzling cunt into the pony's coat, creaming him with her buttery fuck ooze. She soaked his back, leaving gobs of cunt juice in the wake of her rocking pussy. Ripping orgasms seized her in a blaze of passion, then cascaded over her lithe trembling body like a fountain of liquid warmth.

Precariously, she swayed on the pony's back, losing her balance, mesmerized by the joys of her rippling orgasm. "Oooooooh!" she cried, her eyes rolling. She fell, unbruised, to the hay pile. Her fall was cushioned.

She lay stunned on her back, Brownie snorting, his head bobbing and mane swishing in the air. She wore a lewd smile. "Now you, my handsome pony. I don't need Roger. I got you and Laddie, and

soon, even Champion. Who needs that dumb Roger, anyway?" She intended to cater to her own desires.

She crawled out of the hay pile, taking some of the hay with her and shoving it under the pony's belly. She kept piling the hay until she had a thick bed where she wanted it — right underneath the pony's cock. Panting, she eased herself into the cradle of hay, squirming, his cock at her face. The head of his monstrous-looking prick was sticking out, a menacing piece of prickmeat level with her face. Her tiny hands gripped the loose flesh of his sheath and began massaging.

"Gonna get you to come, Brownie. I wanna see if you have as much cum in your balls as Laddie."

Brownie took a step forward, then back again. His cock had stabbed at Christine's lips.

"Easy, boy," she soothed, her hands still gripping his large cock.

Her grip on his cock was exciting to the pony. He pawed the ground and dug his hoofs into the solid earth. A loud piercing whinny came out of his mouth, his lips rumbling noisily, his nose flaring.

"Easy, Brownie. I'll have you feeling better than you have in your entire life!" She had his cock hard and throbbing in her small hands. Delirious, half out of her head, she humped her ass off the makeshift bed, squirming around, trying to get his huge cock into her pussy. It was an impossible task. She was too crazed, and Brownie was too jerky.

She moaned, frantically trying to shove the thick pony cockmeat into her pussy. His hard cock in both hands, her feet wide apart, she humped, twisting in the hay. "Ohhhh, Brownie, help me!"

Dazed with consuming passion, she jerked on the pony's throbbing prick, and her pussy banged into his cock tip. She went into convulsions, banging her clit into the steely end of his extended cock. Tender mushy pussy collided with stiff cockmeat.

Relentlessly, Christine humped. Spasms soared through her pussy with each smacking contact of the pony cock. She creamed on it. Pussy juice gushed from her fuck hole and bathed Brownie's cockhead in it warm ooze. She writhed in the midst of her blinding passion, grasping his cock, slamming her wet pussy and hard, blood-engorged clit into it.

Brownie, his cock thumping in agony, exploded. A river of gooey cum ruptured from his pony cock. Her jerked; his frenzied whinnies and stamping hoofs shook the barn.

Christine squealed her joy, taking the gushing load of pony cum on her pussy. What didn't adhere to her cunt was splattered over the rest of her body. "Brownie, Christ! You're creaming!" She stopped trying to shove the slippery cock into her narrow pussyslit and concentrated on jerking the horny beast to a great orgasm. She scooted down close, where her hands were better able to maneuver and jerk the spurting thick slab of cockmeat back and forth. A deluge of white cum splashed her body; tits, belly; cunt hair; legs and arms.

Violent orgasms attacked the animal's balls. Her jerked, his cock spraying Christine with a horrendous blast.

Christine's hands, stained with pony-cum, whipped up and down. She couldn't believe the mount of jizz the pony was squirting. He wouldn't stop. She gripped his cock harder in a determined effort to give him the best orgasm ever.

The pony, in his delirium, dragged her forward. The teenager held on, afraid to let go, and was



dragged backward, then forward again as Brownie's balls unleashed a huge load of jism that drenched her with cum.

Brownie wouldn't keep still; he stepped back, then forward. Her hands and fingers around his stiff cock jerked him diligently and strenuously.

Christine was rewarded with another river of splattering cum. It hit her in the face and in her open, startled mouth.

The pony, tense and jittery, jerked forward again, then back, kicking at the door to his stall. His prick sprayed another was of jizz into the child's face, and she released him.

Frantic and fearful for her life, Christine rolled away from the aroused pony. The fear of being trampled had roused her out of her dreamy world and brought her back to reality. She lay gasping in a hay pile, her body drenched in pony-cum.

Her eyelids rapidly blinking, she slowly oriented herself. It had all seemed like a dream. A wild wonderful dream of heavenly sensations. Glancing down at her body, she saw the cum coating her from head to toe. It delighted her.

Laddie came over and started to sniff.

The teenager smiled and relaxed in the hay, allowing her golden retriever to clean her aching body with his untiring tongue while the excited pony came down from his peak, his prick dripping cum.

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Later, after a shower, she told it all in quiet whispers to Tracy as her father made dinner downstairs in the kitchen.

"Oh, shit, Christine," Tracy moaned, after the story had been told. "I wish I could come there."

"Why don't you? Daddy won't mind. Ask your mother."

Tracy talked with her mother, and Christine talked with her father. It was all arranged.

"I'll be there in two days," Tracy said.

"Great!"

Both girls hung up, excited beyond words.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Christine stood anxiously on the front porch, her blue eyes peering into the distance, searching for her father's truck. She was excited beyond belief; Tracy was on her way over to spend a whole two weeks with her. Since the phone call, the two days of waiting had dragged on, even with her sexual diversions.

Her face lit up. In the far distance, she saw a cloud of billowing dust, her father's truck emerging from the dispersing cloud. Her father was back from the bus station with Tracy!

Christine ran off the porch, her shimmering blonde hair wafted in the gentle breeze; her titties bouncing slightly under the loose-fitting shirt she wore. Jumping up and down in place, her gaze locked on the truck.

Craig Jordan pulled into the dirt driveway and cut the motor, smiling at his overanxious daughter. "Well, this is the place, Tracy. Chissy couldn't wait until you were here. She..."

Before he finished, Christine had the door open and was pulling Tracy by the arm. "C'mon, Tracy. I got lots to show you."

Tracy gave Mr. Jordan a helpless look and climbed out of the truck with the help of her exuberant friend. As the two young girls threw themselves into each other's arms, laughing and dancing around, Craig took Tracy's luggage into the house, shaking his head at the two jumping and screaming girls. When he returned minutes later, his daughter and her friend had calmed down somewhat. He gave them both a smile.

"I took your luggage in, Tracy. I hope you'll be comfortable in Chrissy's room. We brought down another bed from the attic."

Tracy blushed and shyly thanked him. Christine giggled.

"I'll be in town for the afternoon," Craig continued. "When I get back, I'll expect you two to ready for a real treat. I'm taking you both out to dinner to celebrate tonight." He winked at the blushing Tracy. "You can adjust to my cooking tomorrow." He climbed in behind the wheel.

Christine rushed over to him and stretched her arms through the open window, hugging her father around the neck. "Ohhh, thank you, Daddy, for letting Tracy visit." She stuck her head inside and showered him with kisses. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"All right," laughed Craig. "I'm just glad Tracy was able to come up. I know how lonely it can be here, especially when I'm always in town, working."

"Ohhh, Daddy." She thought of Laddie and her pony. "I'm not lonely. I have everything I want here. You and nature." She said.

"I wish your mother would say that," he said.

"She will," Christine bubbled. "I talk to her about it all the time."

"You're a good girl, baby." He kissed her flushed cheek. "Now climb out of here, so I could get my work done and get back in time to take you two beautiful ladies to dinner."

"Thanks again, Daddy." She kissed him one final time and wiggled out of the window.

The two girls stood side by side, waving, until Christine's father and the truck were out of sight, leaving a trail of dust behind.

Christine turned to her friend. "We are going to have a ball!"

"I know! I know! It was all I could think about on the bus. I must have creamed a hundred times." She looked around. "Where's Laddie?"

"You'll meet him." Christine grabbed her arm. "Let's go." They ran inside the house.

"Laddie! Laddie!" Christine called as they entered the high-ceilinged living room. The dog was at the top of the stairs, waiting for Christine. "C'mon down, boy, and meet Tracy."

Tracy gasped when she saw Laddie. Her legs weakened and, for a moment, she swayed, silently swooning, wondering if she would fuck the dog.

Laddie barked his welcome and came bounding down the wooden steps. He jumped on Christine, his large front paws on her tits. He was anxious to lick her cunt and taste her gooey fuck cream.

"This is a nice place, Chrissy," Tracy said, glancing around.

"I know," Christine giggled, turning her face away from Laddie's slapping tongue. "C'mom, Laddie. Stop licking and meet your new friend." She pushed the exuberant dog down. "Go on, Laddie."

Laddie pranced over to Tracy and memorized the new scent of the stranger.

Tracy places a trembling hand on his head. "Nice, doggie." Laddie's head came up quickly, catching her between the legs. "Ooh, Chrissy!"

Christine laughed. "He's horny all the time. He always want to lick my pussy. Now he'll have us both, and we'll wear him out. C'mon, let's go up to my room first."

"You wait outside, Laddie," Christine said to him, before closing the door to her room. "Later, we'll all have some fun. Okay, boy?" Christine blocked his way and closed the door in his face.

"How come you won't let him in?" Tracy sighed, plopping on the bed.

"We'll go out to the barn later with him. Right now I want you to get undressed with me." Christine was no longer the shy and meek girl she was a week ago. Losing her cherry had giving her a feeling of superiority over her virgin friend.

Christine began to undress, baring her body to Tracy's innocent brown eyes. "C'mon — you too, Tracy." The blonde teenager cupped her tits and watched Tracy slowly undress.

From her small plump tits to her forehead, Tracy blushed three shades of red. "I feel so funny inside. We've never done this, except on the phone."

"We're gonna do a lot of things today that you've never done before. Things I haven't done either." She went to her trembling friend. "Remember, you said, you wanted to lick Laddie's cum off my tits?"

Her brown eyes wide, Tracy nodded. "I... remember." When Tracy had talked to Christine over the phone, she never imagined it would be a reality. She was nervous, afraid.

"How would you like to lick them now?" Christine asked, her pulpy tits cupped in her hands. The blonde stepped in front of her friend.

Tracy's tiny hands came up from her sides. She touched each one of her friends tits, her fingers sinking into the soft yielding tit meat. "Ohhh, Chrissy, your tits feel so soft. I'm creaming!"

Christine threw her head back and reveled in Tracy's kneading hands. "Lets get on the bed."

Tracy followed, a slave to her friend's desires. The intimate phone calls over the months had taken their toll. She was hot and ready. She climbed on the bed, her warm body touching Christine's.

Tracy's hand rested on one of Christine's hips. "I'm nervous."

"Me too." Christine was looking at her friend's tits. They were small, like her own, and creamy-white. Her friend's nipples were pink and stiff, like her own. "You're getting some nice tits, Tracy. As big as mine."

Her friend squirmed. "I know. I got a bigger bra last time. I'm finally out of the double A." A nervous giggle popped out of her. Tracy was reeling; Christine's hands were blowing her mind.

Christine's palms covered Tracy's plump, meaty tits. "You got a handful here. Hey, you want me to show you how Roger kissed mine?" the fire deep inside her pussy was raging out of control. She snuggled closer to Tracy, felt her warm breath on her face.

Tracy chewed her bottom lip, her brown eyes filming over with passion. "Ohhh, Chrissy, I'm so glad I came here. Show me." She trembled, waiting for Christine's mouth to engulf her tit.

"He did it like this." Her soft lips pressed against Tracy's ripe nipple. "Mmmmmm," Christine hummed, sucking her friend's tittie meat into her damp mouth. Her tongue flicked across the hard tip, her mouth sucking more tit flesh in.

Tracy's big brown eyes widened, and she hugged Christine to her, pressing her face into her tit. "Oh, God, Chrissy, it feels good."

Christine came up from her friend's tit and looked deeply into her eyes. After a long silence, Christine spoke first. "Roger and I kissed like this." Christine planted her mouth on Tracy's warm lips.

The two teenagers kissed, locked in a tight embrace, their mouths pressing and opening to accommodate each other's snaking tongue. Their kiss grew more urgent, more passionate.

Tracy wrapped her arms around Christine, pulling her closer. She sucked Christine's tongue fervently, pushing back with her own tongue and exploring the heated depths of Christine's wet mouth. Tracy's body ignited.

Christine was overwhelmed by her voracious friend. As she kissed Tracy with equal fury, she massaged her slim body, small ass and trim hips. She moaned and sucked Tracy's frantic tongue, enjoying her friend's hunger.

"Ohhh, God!" Tracy gasped, when the kiss had taken its course and ended. "If a boy kissed me like that, I wouldn't be cherry very long." Tracy was swimming in passion, her body full of anxiety — never having been satisfied by a stiff cock. The pent-up emotion she felt on the inside was surging just below the surface.

Tracy sat up and crossed her legs yoga-style; her friend lay flat out on her back, her legs spread. Tracy's hands were all over Christine's body. "I'd suck Roger's cock, just like you said you did."

"It was great," Christine moaned, "but getting fucked is the best. God, it's like heaven."

"Really?" Tracy sighed dreamily. "Maybe while I'm here, we can find him. I'd love to see and touch his cock. Maybe between the two of us, we can talk him into fucking us both." Tracy giggled, her mind racing with the dirty thought of seducing the young man who didn't want to break Christine's cherry. Her fingers traced a fiery path over Christine's smooth satiny skin.

"I doubt if he would do anything with us. Besides, we don't need him. We got each other and all the cocks we need." Christine caressed the small curve of her friend's creamy white tit, smoothed her hand all over the tit mound, then went to the other plump tit. "Laddie's cock is all we'll need, and we have Brownie and Champion, too."

"God, Chrissy, I'm not ready for a pony." Tracy's wet tongue glided across her bottom lips. "I'm scared of fucking Brownie. I'm not gonna do it with a pony!" Tracy sighed; Christine's fingers felt like hot sparks. Each caress felt like a current of sizzling energy. The sparks were flying. Tracy was tottering on the edge of insanity. "Oh, God, Chrissy, your hands on my tits feel so good. Was it like this with Roger?"

"Better. Let's not talk about him. Let's talk about Laddie," Christine suggested.

"You want me to lick your tits? I'll pretend Laddie's cum is all over them." The thought made Tracy swoon.

"Yeah, only next time Laddie does cream all over me, we won't be pretending. You'll lick his fuck cream off my body."

"Ooooh," Tracy squealed, her face screwed up in delight. "Sounds great!"

"It will be. Laddie's cum taste good. You'll love it."

"When do we do it?" Tracy asked excitedly.

"Later. I have lots planned for us." Christine grabbed her friend and brought her down on the bed. She rubbed her own flushed nubile into Tracy's.

Tracy came down on Christine's tit, covering it with her lips, the hard rubbery tip touching her teeth.

"Ooooooh, Tracy!" Christine gasped. "Suck! Suck!"

Tracy's head swirled with thoughts of Laddie, of jerking his gigantic doggie cock until he creamed. Licking his gooey jizz of her friend's body and tasting the dog's cum. Her body reacted to the forbidden thought. Her cherry pussy bubbled over with hot slick pussy juice like never before in her life. Her maturing nipples ached like never before.

Tracy continued to feast on her friend's ripe tit, sucking, slurping loudly, enjoying the new sensations that were bombarding her. Spit drooled from her mouth, soaking each inch of Christine's small heaving tits with clear saliva. She felt Christine's hands engulf her.

"Yesss," Christine hissed. She pushed Tracy's head into her tit, enjoying the hard sucking. This was fantastic! Laddie could only lick and chew. Tracy's sucking was different. Sensations churned inside her pussy, brought on by Tracy's energetic mouth and lips.

"Bite, too!" Christine wailed, squirming underneath Tracy's body. The blonde teenager combed her fingers through Tracy's thick brown hair. "Ohhh, I love it, Trace — I love it!"

Christine humped her ass off the bed. The passion soaring through her body wouldn't let her keep still. She humped the bed as if she were being fucked.

Tracy's wet mouth went from Christine's tits to biting and licking her skin on a one-way trip to her

pussy. She was in her own dreamy world — unaware of where she was headed.

Christine was aware. “Oooh, Tracy! Tracy!” She pushed at Tracy’s head, urging her down her body. “Fingerfuck me, Trace. Feel inside; there’s no cherry.”

Anxious and brimming with curiosity, Tracy did. Her finger weaved through the golden silk of Christine’s soft pussy hair and the girl’s velvety-smooth pussy lips. Warm fuck cream coated her fingers. She explored, pushing her finger deep inside her friend’s cunt. She found no barrier blocking her way. Her fingers were easily immersed in a warm pool of cunt-cream pulse against her fingers. Her hot friend felt squishy and warm inside her pussy.

“Ohhhh, shit!” Christine wailed. “Oh, shit!”

The blonde teenager floated on a cloud of lust. What her friend was doing to her was heaven — absolute heaven. She churned her hips around, Tracy’s finger inside her cunt were making her cream more.

“Ooh, ahhh! Ohhhh!” Christine moaned, humping and squirming. Her hands clawed up her wriggling body to her own tits. She kneaded them roughly, urgently. The need to cum became overwhelming. “God, your fingers feel terrific inside my pussy. It feels good having someone else do it.”

Tracy moaned, her eyes lighting up. “Do it to me!” she gasped, pulling her fingers out. Her eyes were drawn to her juice-coated fingers, seeing the web of pussy juice between the splayed fingers.

“Watch.” Tracy flicked her pink tongue over them. “Mmmm, I like the taste. Your pussy-cream is delicious.” It was a subconscious desire to eat pussy that neither of them understood.

Christine moved, stretching for Tracy’s cherry pussy. Tracy adjusted to accommodate her friend, and Christine found her fuck hole. The blonde teenager slipped her finger inside, up to her friend’s cherry.

“You won’t have this for long,” Christine giggled, and brought out a thin sticky glob of Tracy’s cunt juice. Christine sucked it off her finger. “Maybe later, we’ll eat each other, but right now. I think we ought to get dressed and let you get acquainted with Laddie.”

Tracy agreed enthusiastically, scrambling out of bed. They quickly dressed, wanting to do everything at once.

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

“C’mon we’ll go out to the barn, and I’ll introduce you to Champion and Brownie.”

Tracy, her palms sweaty, nervously followed Christine to the stable. Laddie jumped and played beside her.

“This is going to be the best two weeks of our lives,” Christine promised. They stepped in the barn, out of the summer heat. “No more pretend stories, just real fun.” She giggled, tingling all over. “C’mon.”

Christine stopped at Champion’s stall and rubbed her hand soothingly down the horse’s nose, scratching the white star between his big, soulful eyes.

"This is my dad's horse," Christine said. "Champion, this is Tracy, my friend," they giggled together. "Wait until you see his cock, Tracy. It's a damn tree trunk!"

"I can't wait to see it!" Tracy bubbled. "Ohhh, shit, I'm going crazy just thinking about what we're gonna do during these two glorious weeks together!"

"So am I," Christine confessed. "I must have played with my cunt all morning waiting for you." She escorted her friend over to the other side of the stable to her pony's stall. "Tracy, I'd like you to meet Brownie. His cock isn't as big, but it's just right for us." She gave a nervous giggle. "He creams like a fountain."

"Ooo, shit, Chrissy, when do I see something? Damn, I can't wait anymore. I'm going crazy!" She shook, standing there, knowing there were two — maybe three — cocks in the stable that she would soon be sharing with the friend. "Let me see Laddie's cock."

Christine gave her friend a hot smile. "You can see all their cock's after you take your cloths off." She leaned against Brownie's stall and waited, absent-mindedly patting her pony's snout.

"What about you, Chrissy?" Tracy asked, her heart leaping. "You gonna strip, too?"

"I will." Her eyes sparkled.

"What if somebody comes?" Tracy said, hesitating. She was just a little frightened. Stripping in the bedroom was a lot safer than doing it here.

"Nobody will. You strip. I'll close the door." She walked to the big wooden door and slipped a wooden bar through the metal hinges. "Now, nobody can get in."

Tracy laid her jeans and blouse on a bale of hay. She blushing; Laddie was sniffing her ass. His cold nose made her shiver.

Laddie persisted. The panties Tracy wore were keeping him from tasting her pussymeat. He barked, annoyed.

"Ohhhh, shit, Chrissy! Laddie wants to lick my cunt."

"Then take off your panties, and let him. He loves pussy." Christine enjoyed her friend's nervousness. It made her feel older, more mature.

Once Christine was naked, Tracy relaxed a little more and slipped off her white cotton bra. The soft curve of her tits rose and fell as she sucked in quick gulps of air. "I'm getting some tits, huh? Finally!" Tracy was proud.

"Mmmmm, they look good enough to suck again." Christine jutted out her own tits at Tracy. "Remember you said you'd lick Laddie's cum off my tits?"

Tracy's gaze riveted to Christine's tits. Her mouth dried up fast, her pussy oozing even faster. "I didn't forget," she whispered hoarsely.

"Maybe you'll lick off Brownie's cum. He squirts a lot more than Laddie does." She looked at her nervous friend and smiled. "C'mon, get your panties off."

"I am," Tracy giggled, wiggling out of her pink panties. Laddie was already licking her ass cheeks before her panties hit the ground. "Oooo, Chrissy, he's licking meee!" As she bent over to pull off her

panties, she felt Laddie's tongue snaking inside her deep ass crack. "Ohhh, God, I love it. His tongue feels so good!"

"Spread you legs for him, Tracy," Christine suggested.

Tracy remained bent over, not able to move. Her cherry pussy was being touched for the first time with something other than her own fingers. She groped for her friend, who was seated on a bale of hay, watching.

Christine squirmed on the coarse hay. It scratched her oozing pussy. "Tracy, you look real good bent over like that. I can't see Laddie's tongue, though; is he licking your pussy?"

"Yeahhhh!" Tracy raised her head. Her passion-glazed brown eyes met Christine's baby-blues. Tracy's mouth was parted in a heavy pant. Excitement glittered in her eyes. The dog's tongue was slithering between her gooey cuntlips. "Oh, God, Chrissy... I'm gonna fall..."

Naked and hot, Tracy stumbled on her way over to be near her friend. She swooned; Laddie walked with her. His nose and constantly-licking tongue never left her pussy.

Tracy never made it. She swooned when Laddie's tongue delved deep inside her cunt, then crumbled to the earthen floor.

Laddie's snout and long, slippery tongue found her pussy again. Standing between Tracy's outstretched legs, the dog slithered through the warmth of her syrupy cunt with his whiplike tongue.

Wiggling on her back, her legs wide apart, Tracy creamed the dog's snout. "Oh! Uh! Uh!" Her girlish hips humped; her slender legs jerked; her body spasmed. "I'm... coming, Chrissy!" The dog's snout burrowed between her buttery pussy lips. "God, I'm coming!"

She twitched — a tingling mass of writhing flesh. The persistent golden retriever attacked her creaming cunt with his long rubbery tongue, turning her into a writhing mass of flesh.

Laddie wanted more cunt sauce. His muzzle worked overtime; his bluish-red tongue licked the cushiony entrance to the teen's frothy cunt.

In the throes of climax, Tracy rolled from side to side on the floor, keeping her legs spread. Her cunt bubbled with hot and liquidy cum. "Ohhh, God, I'm coming all over the fucking dog!" She twisted, her body jerking in bliss.

Laddie's tongue whipped through her juicy cunt. The sticky coating adhered to his snout, jowls, and digging tongue. His tongue was quick and light one minute, then arduous the next, lingering inside the bubbly entrance to Tracy's succulent pussymeat. He lavished his tongue on the delicate morsel of cuntflesh laid out before him, his cock peeking slowly out of his sheath.

Tracy twisted against the dog's digging tongue — her cunt full of oozing fuck cream. She hauled her weak body to her knees in an unsuccessful effort to get away from the horny dog and stop her mind-boggling orgasm. It was useless; his tongue reamed the entrance to her brown-haired pussy; cum gushed over his snout. Tracy fell backwards again, unable to fight the dog or her sensational climax.

Laddie's prick began to expand to its full length. He was becoming aroused, ready to release his churning load of jism. His red-beamed cock jutted out menacingly.

Tracy sprawled out on her back and humped her cherry cunt into the dog's slinking tongue and hard



snout. "I'm coming!" she squealed. Her childlike voice was high-pitched, uncontrolled. She writhed on the ground, ass jerking, hips lunging. She humped up, her cunt gushing buttery fuck cream, her orgasm whipping through her and ending as fast as it had begun. Tracy shook in the quit aftermath.

"Oh... oh... aaahhh..." she sighed. "Chrissy, help me..." The brown-eyed teenager pulled herself upright, attempting to get away from Laddie's perpetually moving tongue. "Help..." She was too weak to escape the dog's insistent desire.

"Heel!" Christine commanded. "Heel!"

Laddie's snout came off the teen's gooey cunt. He barked his protest, but obeyed. He obediently sat, his tongue drooping, his eyes pleading, his tail swishing along the ground, stirring up hay and dirt.

"Oooo, Chrissy," Tracy moaned dully. She finally managed to pull herself up next to her friend, plopping down on another bale of hay. "I don't believe how fabulous that was. It happened so quick... I... didn't know what was happening to me." She sat trembling, her strength returning. "It was the most fantastic thing in my whole life."

"A lot more to come," Christine promised. "It was just the beginning. You only had a taste of what country life is all about."

"God, nothing can be better than what I just went through," Tracy's dark restless eyes picked up the red pointed tip of Laddie's cock. He was quietly waiting for Christine to take care of him.

"Chrissy, look." Tracy pointed to the formidable doggie cock jutting out to its full length. Red. Glistening. Bloated. "God, his cock looks so big."

"I'm saving Laddie until last," Christine told her friend, jumping off the hay, her tits bouncing. "I'm gonna show you a giant cock!"

"The horse?" Tracy's voice cracked with emotion. "Won't we get hurt?"

Christine smiled at her timid friend. "He's gentle."

The tall blonde teenager walked over to Champion's stall with an air of confidence. After opening the stall door, she led the sleek quarter horse out.

"Easy, boy," she soothed, showing off in front of her friend. She patted the white star on the horse's head, between his wide eyes. "Easy, boy, we just want to see your prick."

Christine felt older than her friend, flaunting her sexual know-how with animals. She was going to have some fun coaxing her friend, who had suddenly turned bashful at the sight of the large horse.

"Ohhhh, shit, Chrissy!" Tracy said, wide-eyed. "Jesus Christ — look at him! He'd rip us apart with that gigantic cock. Look at it; it's just hanging there!"

Christine laughed. "I know. Someday through, I'm gonna fuck him." The young blonde dropped to her knees and grabbed Champion's thick, bloated cock.

Champion snorted, his head tossing high. He pawed and stomped the ground, feeling the child's fingers surrounding his giant, cum-swelled prick.

Frightened out of her wits. Tracy gasped and retreated to the opposite side of the stable, away from

the restless animal.

"He's okay, Tracy. Pretty soon, he'll be as calm as Brownie when I play with him."

She got up and took the excited horse back to his stall. She crossed the stable to her pony and scratched his head. "Now, Brownie lets me play with him all I want. He's gentle as a lamb. Ain'tcha, boy?"

The pony whinnied and shook his golden mane. His big brown eyes were soft and gentle.

"Don't be chicken, Tracy, I want you with me. We can both play."

"Maybe I should start out with Laddie first," Tracy meekly. "Okay?"

"Not Laddie," Christine giggled, enjoying her friend's obvious nervousness. "I'm saving his cock to break your cherry today." Christine led the gentle pony into the center of the stable. Wrapping her arm around his neck, she squeezed her tits into his dark-chocolate-colored coat. "Mmmmmm, you feel good, Brownie."

A wheezing gasp came out of Tracy's parted mouth. "No, Chrissy. Not today."

"When?" Christine grabbed the pony by his tough mane and pulled herself up onto his back. "When do you want to lose your cheery?"

Tracy gulped. She sought some way out. "Before I leave. I promise I'll do it next week."

Christine pressed her pussy into the pony's back. She clutched his neck, her long legs bracketing his flanks. Her hips rocked slowly back and forth, her cunt gliding wetly. She felt the smooth soft hair of the pony's coat when she humped back and the rough prickling texture of his hair when she rocked forward. The exquisite sensation drove her insane.

"Ohhhh, Tracy, it's fantastic!" Christine sighed. "You can sit up here and cream yourself all day long." A rumbling wave of pleasure through her body made Christine sway. She trembled on the pony, working herself up slowly, her pussy overflowing. "Oooo, Tracy, this feels... Ahhhh... so... wonderful!" She leaned forward, her tits crushing into the pony's mane. As her ass jerked, fuck cream gushed from her cunt.

Tracy watched in total fascination. Her own body felt tingly, as if the pleasure Christine was enjoying reached her, too. "You coming, Chrissy?"

"Just enough to keep me red-hot." Christine carefully eased herself off the pony. She was going to show her friend everything today — all the fun of country living. She stroked her fingers through her hot wet pussy and brought out a filmy gob of pussy-cream. "See?"

Tracy wondered what was in store for her.

Christine smiled. "It's great not being cherry." She got down on the dirt floor underneath the pony, staring directly at his cock. She giggled when she heard the sound of Tracy sucking in her breath.

"Watch this, Tracy." Christine brought her hands up to the heavy skin surrounding Brownie's pony-cock. She stroked it carefully. "Wait until you see his cock hard."

Tracy squatted down on the floor, getting as close as possible. Her devouring curiosity had placed her fear in a far corner of her mind. "How does it feel, Chrissy?"

"Touch him and find out." Christine's hands were busy working their magic on the pony's growing prick. "His cock'll be hard in minutes."

Tracy reached out, her fingers skipping over the growing thickness of the pony's cock. "Aaaaah!" she sighed. When she touched the pony-cock, a tremor sizzled up her arm. "Damn."

Christine concentrated on what she was doing. She stroked the thick skin back and forth slowly, her fingers drifting up and down the shaft. The gigantic prick made its appearance. The bigger it got, the hotter Christine became, the noisier Tracy's breathing became.

"See?" Christine whispered to Tracy. "God, I can't wait until it fits all the way in me."

Christine swooned; Brownie's cock was sticking out a mile — thick, swollen, ready for pussy. "You play with him now." Christine rolled out from under the pony to make room for her friend.

Tracy shook her head. "Not yet. Let me start with Laddie."

The pony's cock frightened her. Nothing that big would ever fit into her body. "Let me play with Laddie instead."

Christine shook her head and walked the pony back to his stall. He snorted and shook his mane. Christine soothed him. "Don't be impatient, Brownie. I'll get you off later." She gave her friend a glance. "Maybe Tracy will." Christine locked him inside the stall and turned to Tracy. "You can get Laddie hard, okay?"

Enthusiastically, Tracy nodded in agreement. The dog seemed less dangerous now that she had seen the monster cocks of the horse and pony. "You show me how."

Christine slapped her thighs, and Laddie came loping over. "C'mon. Laddie, we're gonna play." She led him to a pile of loose hay, easing him onto his side. "C'mon down and play, Tracy, he's all yours." Christine moved aside, resting the dog's head in her lap.

Tracy got comfortable in the hay, hesitating. "I'm nervous."

"So was I," Christine reminded her, "but you said don't be, remember? Now, it's yours turn to be brave."

Tracy gulped and nodded. Her fingers touched the hairy cock sheath. She jumped when Laddie whimpered.

"When you get him hard, you can watch him fuck me," Christine said. "In the ass."

Tracy darted a sharp glance at her friend. "You're kidding! I'd be afraid."

"I'm dying to find out how it feels. His tongue in my ass was fantastic, so his cock ought to be better."

Tracy let out a low whistle. "I'd still be afraid." Her hand never left Laddie's sheath. "A cock is different than a tongue."

"Once you lose your cherry, everything else is easy. You'll see."

"Oooo, look, Chrissy! It's peeking out." Tracy's hand became more urgent, her fingers stroking with desire.

Christine patted the dog's head on her lap, keeping him calm. Her younger, less experienced friend was hardening his prick with her small, delicate touches. "Get his cock nice and big for me, Tracy. Don't be afraid. He won't bite."

Christine was beginning to regret what she had said to her friend in a moment of bragging. She had not planned on Laddie fucking her asshole; the words had just flowed out. Now, she was committed. She became entranced with Tracy's jerking hand.

Tracy's hot, wide-eyes gaze was locked on Laddie's growing prick. It was just like Christine had told her. Her fingers drifted up and down the hairy sheath and smoothed over his balls for a second. They felt heavy. She knew why, and it made her dizzy.

Laddie's head twisted in Christine's lap, his tongue slapping over Tracy's hand. He whimpered and thumped his tail excitedly, his prick enlarging.

Christine stroked Laddie's head, feeling the rest of his body tremble. "He likes it, Tracy."

Tracy shivered; the touch of his sliding tongue was a reminder of how fantastic it had felt on her pussy. "I like doing this," she whispered, getting hotter by the minute. She smoothed her hand down, pushing at the sheath, exposing more of the aroused dog's prick. "God!"

"Wait until it all sticks out. You'll just cream yourself." Christine kept brushing the dog's golden coat with her hand. As his prick grew larger and larger, she became more fearful about his bloated cock plundering her asshole.

"He's almost there!" Tracy exclaimed.

"Hurry, get him hard!" Christine urged. She wanted to get it over with; the sooner he fucked her ass, the sooner it would be over. "Hurry, Tracy!"

"I am! I am!" Tracy worked both hands on the dog's red, sticky prick. Her eyes bugged out with every tug on his fucker. Inch after hard red inch poked out of the hiding place. "He's getting harder! Bigger!" Tracy panted. "You really gonna let him fuck you in the ass?"

"Uh-huh," Christine confirmed, her gaze stuck on the menacing length of prickmeat. Laddie began to twitch and jerk on his side, his ass humping, his cock whipping through Tracy's urgent fist. He whined, twisted, and looked up into Christine's face.

"He's ready," Christine gasped. "Ohhh, shit, I'm getting nervous." She placed Laddie's head on the bale of hay as she got down on her knees, leaning over another bale. The coarse bed of hay prickled her tits. "You help him, Tracy. Help his get his cock in my ass!"

Tracy let go of Laddie's giant prick. "You really going to do this?"

Before Christine could answer. Laddie had jumped to his feet and was running his tongue up and down through Christine's ass crack.

"Ohhhhhh, God... it... feels... so... good!" Christine sighed.

Laddie whimpered; Christine was shaking her ass in his face. His tongue swiped through her deep dark ass crack like a snake, leaving a trail of doggie saliva.

Tracy glared hotly at her friend's wrinkled, pinkish-brown asshole, shiny and wet with Laddie's

drool. Tracy was piping-hot, anticipating the giant doggie cock slipping into that tiny fuck hole. "Isn't it going to hurt, Chrissy?"

"Ohhhh, shit, Tracy, get him on my back!" Christine was desperate, shaking from a confusing mixture of lust and panic. Each emotion drew energy from the other.

The tension in the stable was thick enough to cut with a knife. Brownie sensed it; he was pawing the earth, his huge head swaying to and fro, his breathing noisy. Champion kicked up heels and drove his hoofs into the rear wall of the stall, neighing loudly, his head swinging.

Tracy stroked the dog's back, then attempted to lift his heavy frame. It wasn't necessary. "Ohhh, Chrissy, he's too heavy!"

Laddie already knew what was expected of him. Whenever his cock was jerked into a hard stiff beam of cockflesh, he was always satisfied. Either with Christine's hand or pussy. This time, it would be her tight, clenching ass.

Laddie leaped up on Christine's back, his long red cock already jabbing. His front paws clung to her smooth silky back, like he had done many time before. Whimpering, yelping in agitation, he blindly stabbed. His aim was poor.

"Help him!" Christine squealed in panic. "Grab his cock and stick it in my ass!" She held still, waiting for the first brutal stab of his cock. "Hurry!"

Shaking, her mind reeling under the barrage of sexual stimuli, Tracy gripped the dog's stabbing red cock. She gasped; it was sticky and rock-hard. Tracy swallowed uneasily, ready to aim in at her friend's asshole. "You sure, Chrissy?"

"Stick his cock in! Hurry! In my ass!" Christine insisted.

A bolt of lightning shot up Tracy's arm as she felt his prick plunge into Christine's ass.

Christine's head snapped; Laddie had lanced her asshole, his cock jabbing relentlessly. "Ayyieeeee!" Her eyes rolled. "He's in me... Ohhh, Christ!"

The sensations were eerie. She lowered her head onto the hay, and she floundered, her ass skewered with doggie prick. She weathered the brutal, demonic attack.

"How does it feel?" Tracy gasped, seeing a side of Christine's contorting face. She couldn't tell if her friend was in agony or bliss. "Tell me." Her hand was still under the dog, feeling his violent fuck lunges. She shuddered with each one.

"Unnnnnnn..." Christine groaned, her face beet-red, his eyes wide and glassy. She forced herself to speak. "Like a fucking... enema." Her eyes rolled. "Ohhh, Tracy!" She was swooning. "Fabulous... it hurts so good." She was delirious with joy. Her body absorbed the jerky thrusts of the huge beast with agonizing pleasure.

Tracy dropped back in the hay to watch. Her gaze was riveted to the dog and the moaning girl. Tracy's pussy was hot and wet, squishing down in the prickling ends of the stiff hay. She sighed and placed her hand between Laddie's two powerful hind legs, caressing his balls. Her fingers eased up to the base of his lunging cock.

"Mmmmmm," she murmured, touching Christine's ass crack as the dog crammed his cock to the hilt.

Hot charges of bliss shot through Tracy's tight cherry cunt. She almost fainted, but Christine's squealing voice brought her out of it.

"He's fucking me to death!" Christine clawed the hay, raising her head. Her body jerked forward with each hard-hitting slam the dog gave her. The strange exotic feeling of his stiff cock deep inside her ass and her swirling in a storm of lust. "God, I love it!"

She heard the jittery animals in the stalls, blocked out all the raucous din, and keyed her senses to Laddie and his ass-splitting cock.

Laddie, yipping helplessly, fucked in and out of the teenager's asshole at blinding speed. His naturally greased cock sliced like a knife. Tracy's fingers made him dance from one leg to another.

"Agggghhhlll!" Christine gurgled, when her ass was stuffed with cock. Her body became welded to the bale of hay. The ends of the hay prickled her clit and ignited a volley of explosions. Each slam of Laddie's powerful body rammed the slivers of hay into her clit. It drove her mad.

"Laddie! Laddie!" Christine's upper body twisted. Her tits became bruised and scratched as she drove herself forward. An eruption began to brew deep within her body. An eruption began to brew deep within her body. It couldn't be restrained. "Laddie!"

The dog's ceaseless pounding seemed to increase. His cum-bloated balls blasted, aching with relief. He howled; his cock spewed; Christine squealed.

"He's coming!" Christine howled in bliss. "Tracy... he's squirting!"

Hot cum sprayed from the tip of Laddie's prick when it was rammed into the teenager's tight ass. He flooded her narrow ass channel with a sea of jizz. He howled in relief, his lips drawn back over his dangerous-looking fangs. His back legs gave him support to savagely split her asshole apart. His front paws clutched at her sides.

Christine's wrenching body was blanketed with the dog's golden coat. She supported his pounding weight, barely holding up under his dynamic fuck thrusts.

Christine held her breath. Her orgasm ripped through her body, fed by the dog's relentlessly pounding cock and the hay scratching her hard, sensitive clit.

"I'm coming!" The explosion, deep in her empty pussy, spread like wild fire to engulf her entire shaking body. "I'm coming!" Warm gushing pussy-cream flooded her empty cunt, the muscled pulsing jealously for the doggie cock fucking her ass.

Her asshole received the strokes of Laddie's thick-beamed cock. She went soaring into heavenly bliss. The intensity of her orgasm almost rendered her unconscious. Her excited screams and the pleasure careening through her body kept her fuzzily alert.

"He's drowning me in cum!" she screamed shrilly. She thrashed under the merciless jabs of the climaxing whimpering dog. "I'm frowning in it. God!" Her hips churning, she used her asshole to squeeze Laddie's rupturing cock.

Laddie's high-pitched doggie yelps filled the barn along with Christine's shrill screams. Laddie drove his prick hard and fast, skewered her body with a steady barrage of squirting stabs. His balls never seemed to drain. His hind legs staggered, and he howled, gaining a foothold again. He crammed his cock into her tiny shit hole, fucking her into bliss.

Tracy watched it all, absorbed every nuance. She knew it would happen to her, too, and she wanted to be prepared. Warm fuck cream oozed from her cherry pussy, and she stroked her cunt labs with one hand. Her other hand fondled Laddie's swinging balls.

Christine squirmed in the throes of orgasm, twisting against Laddie's spurting cock.

Laddie kept on jabbing. His fuck strokes were greased by her cum-stuffed asshole. With every plunge, the gooey mixture squirted out of her ass and dribbled out onto his balls. But with every forward thrust, he shot more cum into her shitter.

Christine's upper body wrenched in spasms; her hips jerked and twisted, and her ass clenched the dog's cock. She was at the mercy of the crazed, horny beast and her orgasm. Neither were merciful.

Laddie jabbed; Christine lunged back. Whining like a puppy, the dog plowed the full length of his prick into the teenager's receptive asshole. His balls were finally drained, but her gripping and clenching ass refused to let his cock go.

Christine was floating on a cloud. She pushed back, urging the dog to greater feats of endurance. She shook her ass, used her newly discovered muscles on his doggie cock and creamed, her pussy flowing with a deluge of cum. She scraped her tit in the hay, ground her clit into it at the same time, and skittered into oblivion.

She screamed and collapsed. She had finally succumbed to the overpowering intensity of her first ass-fuck. She panted with exhaustion, the dog's cock still stuck in her ass.

Laddie's prick was shrinking, and it slowly came out her viselike asshole. He yanked himself free at the time her ass muscles relaxed, his prick coming out with a loud pop. He sniffed her ass where his cum was oozing out, and he casually swiped up the dribbling jism.

Tracy watched and heaved a tremulous sigh, "Are you all right?"

Christine rolled onto her back, a dreamy expression on her face. "Ooh, shit, Tracy! It was fantastic! I can feel his cum in me." She sat up and moaned. Her muscles ached in silent protest. "Let's go back in the house. I'm beat. I don't think I can do another thing."

"Let me get the pony off," Tracy pleaded. "I wanna see him come." The memory of Brownie's long hulking cock had been etched in her brain. She was dying to get her hands around its bulky width and feel his sticky cum spraying her naked body. "Please. Brownie's cock's nice and hard still." She was looking down into his stall, glaring at the thick piece of pony cock hanging from between his hind legs.

"Okay," Christine moaned. "I'll lick it off you when he's done."

Tracy stayed at the door to his stall, waiting for Christine to walk him out. "Hurry, before I chicken out."

Later, after Brownie had drenched Tracy in pony-cum and Christine had licked her friend clean, the two girls emerged into the adolescent passions sated for the moment.

Christine's father pulled into the driveway as the two giggling teenagers were about to climb the stairs into the the house. "C'mon girls," Craig called from the truck. "Get dressed for dinner."

Christine waved. "We'll be ready in a few minutes."

The two girls ran into the house, laughing. For now, they were just two kids going out to dinner.

**THE END**