

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Her name was Melanie. Her beauty was legend. Men came from miles around just for the chance to bathe themselves in her graceful aura. But it was the rarest of occasions when a courting man could find the lovely princess with her two feet planted on the warm earth. Melanie was always off with the wind. She was an expert rider. And there was one horse she loved to ride very much. You might be able to catch a fleeting glimpse of her if you were up at the crack of dawn when she sped through the countryside on her Lightning.

That was the name of her precious horse. He was faster than all the horses in her daddy's stables and her favorite. Some of the neighboring townsfolk even hinted that her desire for her young stallion bordered on the ludicrous. Be that as it may, there was nothing on this blessed earth that could ever quench the passion she had for that horse.

When Melanie was straddled atop the charcoal-gray beast a power surged through her that suffused through her whole body. She had never known a feeling like that except with her precious Lightning and she doubted whether a man could ever make her feel the same way. Only to herself did she admit that she was in love with the beautiful stallion. And only in her dreams. They would be flying through the countryside like was their habit in the wake-a-day world, the breeze making her soft, dirty-blond hair whip around her creamy white face.

But there was a blank spot in the dream that she could never understand. They would be riding fast and come to a clearing. In this clearing stood a house made of glass. She rode into the archway opening on top of her favorite horse and entered into it. Inside of the glass house, her eyes were dazzled by the glittering rainbow aura that filled the stately place. The colors blazed with the intensity of an inferno but there wasn't the accompanying heat one would expect. It was cool and inviting inside although the place was glazed in a rainbow spectrum that was breathtakingly beautiful. Melanie would feel herself losing her breath inside the image of her fabulous dream from the tremendous burst of color. She peered intently into the blazing color. Slowly it began to ebb away and a gap sprung up and pushed the colors to the side.

It was a huge, round circular gap whose circumference was defined by the bevy of fiery color encircling it. Without having to shake his reins, Lightning began to make his way toward the celestial opening. As they plodded closer to the magnificent abyss, Melanie could make out a design forming in its center.

The design began to take a definite shape and before long it possessed a definite substance. There was something there. As they approached the mirage the colors began to fade away. But there was still the aura of the rainbow present. It was just that her perspective had changed. They were now inside the magnificent bubble that had opened before them. The structure that had formed itself in front of their eyes was clearly visible. It was a large circular platform. It was spinning on its axis. The closer she and Lightning came toward it the faster it would spin. It began to make her dizzy. She wanted to take her eyes off it to stop the feeling of vertigo pulsing through her. But no matter how hard she tried to turn her gaze from it she just could not do it, and Lightning kept moving inexorably forward.

She pulled on the reins to stop his forward movement. But for the first time in her life he would not heed her command. She did not want to pull too hard and force the bit into his mouth. She never had to do that and she didn't want to do it now. But she couldn't help the fact that the spinning platform was making her dizzy, nauseous even. In the dream she felt herself falling off her strong stallion. But

she never hit the ground and just kept falling. Now she was lost in the swoon of her vertigo trance. When she finally realized herself back in one piece she was lying down.

She was on the spinning platform. It was soft and warm and she could feel a cool breeze caressing her naked body. When she looked up she could see the awesome glitter that dazzled her inside the glass dome she and Lightning had entered. The platform was unusually warm. In her dream it reminded her of the times she was delirious from a high temperature and her bed pulsed with her heat. But she was not sick. Something else was warming the platform bed and causing its soft folds to flame up in heat. She turned to her left. For a long moment her eyes could not focus on the being lying next to her because the spectacle of the glitter was still dazzling them.

Then the form of the being became clear. It was Lightning. He was lying next to her on the spinning platform. She began to tingle with excitement. It came home to her at this point in the dream that this was a situation she had always secretly yearned for. But only in her dream world did she have the courage to imagine it. She knew where her eyes wanted to rove to but she had to force herself to look there.

Slowly her gaze swept lower and lower toward the belly of the beast. The object she was searching for was inches away from her gaze. She lost her courage the moment before the line of her eyesight would catch hold of his fantastic member. But she was determined to realize her dream. She was living an unspoken goal inside her sleeping head and had to see it through. She gritted her teeth and raised up her courage and forced her neck down to see the obscenity her eyes would not move to encompass within sight. Finally the object of desire came into her heated view. When she saw it she heard the blasting burst of an army of trumpets. Lightning's two-foot-long cock lay throbbing on his upturned belly. It was a magnificent cock.

It shocked her to the quick at the mere sight of it. Now that her gaze was fastened upon it she had to touch it. But every time she groped for it the cock would escape her grasp. She became frantic and lunged at it with both hands. But she could not touch it. It was a dream. You cannot touch dreams. The sense of touch must be enacted in the real world. She woke up. She was hanging off the side of her big bed. Her satin sheets had been kicked off during her reverie. She was covered in sweat. The yearning desire for Lightning's massive cock pulsed through her now, even while awake. But her consciousness would not let her believe that she desired it so. She wiped her forehead of its perspiration. She walked around the room trying to regain her former perspective on things that the dream had just usurped. She convinced herself that it was only a dream and had nothing to do with the real world. It was just a dream. Melanie was a bright girl. Her talent and grace had as much to do with her sense of beauty as did her voluptuous body. Deep in her heart she knew that the dream was an expression of something she wanted very much in the real world.

But the love of an animal, especially one with a sexually spicing allure to it, was not something one breathed to another living soul. And if one did not confess her aims to the outer world by communicating with a living soul the only outlet left was her dreams. As smart as she was, her conscience would not let the image of love for her Lightning become a goal that she would actively seek. When she finally managed to calm herself and explained away the meaning of the dream as a mere lifeless fantasy, she tucked herself back in bed. It was then and only then that she realized that her beautiful, blond-haired cunt was sopping wet.

She felt her juices flow. She made no connection between her sopping gash and the lustful desires exposed in her dream. She closed her eyes and began to doze off back into sleep. Her muscles relaxed and she could feel the warm glow of unconsciousness begin to overtake. Then she heard the high-pitched whinny of her favorite stallion pierce the hot air of the moonlit night and bolt her back awake.

Was that a dream too? Had she just heard a communicative moan come issuing out of the snorting mouth of her fantasy lover? The memory of the dream came back now full force. The image of when she first laid eyes on his massive, erect member burned in her brain. It was useless to sleep now. No matter what position she assumed to get comfortable two things kept haunting her: the high-pitched whine of her lovely stallion and the image of his rock-hard pole. When she sat down to breakfast the next morning her father could not help but notice the heavy bags underneath her pretty blue eyes.

"Honey, are you all right."

"I'm fine. I just had a restless night, that's all."

"You don't look well. Perhaps I should call the doctor."

"No, please, it's not necessary. I'm fine really."

"Maybe this is a good time to discuss what you would like for your birthday."

"There is that lovely saddle I saw in town. It would look perfect on Lightning."

Franklin Barker frowned at the mention of the horse's name. He couldn't understand why a pretty young girl like Melanie was so obsessed with that animal. Every since her mother died three years ago, Melanie had become a bit of an introvert. Boys were constantly calling on her and she was always turning them down.

"How about a lovely gold necklace. I saw the perfect one in a store on the avenue. You could wear it at your party."

"What party?"

"Why your birthday party, of course."

"Did I say I wanted a birthday party?"

"Melanie, don't be silly. It's your sweet sixteen party. It's a ritual everyone's looking forward to."

"But I don't want it."

"But I insist. It'll be a chance to socialize a bit. You've been stuck around the farm too much."

"What's wrong with horseback riding."

"Why nothing. But there are other things you know."

"Like what?"

"Like pretty things that all girls your age want, jewelry and such. Besides, the party will give you the opportunity to get to know Larry better. He was here just the other day looking for you, but you were out riding Lightning."

"I don't want to be with Larry. He bores me."

"Very well, what about Carter Marington. He's a nice young boy. He's a perfect gentleman, and believe me, a father should know."

"He doesn't like to ride horses."

"You could teach him. He could have the pick of the breed. Let him ride Lightning. He's very tame."

"No," Melanie shrieked, "that's impossible."

Franklin Barker did not know what he had said to make his daughter so upset. He had merely suggested the obvious thing. For a person just learning to ride, Lightning was the perfect choice. He rarely bucked and took to people easily.

"Are you going to get me the saddle or not."

"There are better things for a young girl. Why not come to town with me today and pick out whatever you like."

"I can't. It's time for me and Lightning to go on our morning ride."

What was her damn obsession with that stupid horse? Her father decided to put his foot down, this was getting ridiculous.

"Melanie, you spend entirely too much time here on the farm. It's time you got out, you know, started making a few friends."

"I'm happy the way I am."

"Well, I don't think so. I'm going to do something about it."

Melanie hated when her father acted this way. It seemed like he was trying to make up for her mother's death. He was always blaming himself for her sickness, something that he really couldn't have done anything about. He felt it his duty to play two roles with her, one as father and the other as a surrogate mother. She hated him when he tried to assume the role of mother. He wasn't any good at it. What man was?

"Are you going to get me the saddle for Lightning."

"I'll give you anything you want except that."

"But that's what I really want."

"You're too pre-occupied with things here on the farm. I'm throwing that party for you and you're going to enjoy yourself."

He looked at her defiant expression. When her face assumed that frowning countenance she reminded him so much of her mother. Her pert little nose raised up and her small nostrils flared out in rebellious defiance. Her high cheekbones flamed red. Her chin was slightly raised and she drew in her cheeks just a fraction. She seethed with a fury she could barely control. But she did because no matter what she still respected her father. He had been good to her, though he sometimes overcompensated for things he had no control over. When he assumed his authoritative stance she knew that it was impossible for her to argue with him. And right now he was quite adamant. He had it up to here with that fuckin' horse. She spent too much time with that damn thing. It was getting way out of hand.

"All right, for you daddy, I'll do it."

"That's my girl."

The knowledge that something was terribly wrong with his daughter, that she was the victim of some sort of neurosis, burst into Franklin Barker's brain. Years of assuming the role of mother had filled him with an intuitive awareness that was alien to most men. In a strange way the death of his wife had made him realize the woman in himself. Also that the urge existed in all men as well. Having to convince one's daughter to throw her sweet-sixteen party that was a holy ritual around this part of the South was not a good indication of normality.

The death of her mother had affected her to a greater degree than Franklin Barker had ever thought possible. The party would be his last hope to try and bring her to her senses. After that, if she didn't snap out of it, he would have to seek out professional help for her. The hard part would be convincing her that something was wrong to begin with. She thought it was perfectly natural for a girl her age to be riding horses all day.

If she wasn't beautiful he could understand her choice to lead a reclusive life. But that surely wasn't the case at all, not at all. Her breasts were large and uplifted, exactly in the same manner as her mother's, and her poised look gave her a regal air. Her face never dropped its mask, not even for an instant. You could never read her real thoughts. Her guard was always up.

Her mother could convey the same air of sensuous indifference. Her glaze of irony weighed on your soul. It was a look that said now impress me. If you can't I will impress myself with whatever whim strikes my peculiar fantasies and desires. It was a type of independence that when a woman revealed it men were intimidated. It was taken as an unfeminine gesture. They could not imagine a woman having the courage to make real her own aims, that is, at least, without a man to guide her.

Franklin Barker had won his wife's love by being the one man in her life who did not mind her brazen indifference to chauvinist talents. All men had them, but few could understand that it was a part of a man's character that often got in the way of his clear perception of reality. A woman, who was allowed to realize her ambitions by expressing herself in the manner she, and only she, saw fit, had a positive effect on the man closest to her in her life. And Franklin Barker had been that man. She was not a submissive woman in the sense that she would settle for anything less than ultimate success in the pursuit of her dreams.

Perhaps that was what they had had more than anything else, the perfect dream life, where reality itself had lost its substance. It was a strange kind of love bond that had existed between them. In fact, Franklin Barker felt sure that in some mysterious way it was still existing. He was not a spiritualist. On the contrary, he was a very practical man. That was why he allowed his wife's talents to emerge free of his charges.

But that mysterious aura that surrounded her death still plagued him. To this day he still could not figure out what the fuck had happened. All of a sudden one day he came home and found her dead. Doctors had diagnosed it as a cerebral hemorrhage. It had struck her from out of the blue. There would have been no way, they had assured him, to have known that something was wrong with her. The problem could have existed within her from birth. Things like this were impossible to detect.

And then one day the bubble burst inside her brain and it was all over. It had broken his heart. It made him philosophical. He expected nothing. Yet with this kind of guiding attitude toward life one's senses were much sharper and alert. Franklin Barker's mind often flew off into flights of spiritual vigor that left him more spent when it was over than any physical orgasm he had ever experienced.

He accepted everything around him as perfect and symbolic of the life he had led and built for

himself. That was how he could tell there was something terribly wrong with his lovely daughter. He could see his mistakes in her. She was very much a part of him, he knew that. Like all children she had learned to look at life from the cues she picked up from her parents. And like all parents they had tried to supply the best model of love that they were capable of expressing. But with one crucial difference: unlike most people, Franklin and Nora Barker had achieved a powerful bond in their relationship.

It carried him through depressing moments even to this day. The fact that her physical presence had ceased to exist had not dulled his sense of her. The things that they had experienced; strangely enough, was not what he thought about the most. Being a practical man and a successful rancher and businessman who had succeeded in amassing a small fortune, he had learned never to look over one's shoulder. The present was a result of past actions, of that there was no doubt, but it had little to do with the future.

The future, by way of association, is a function of the present, and that is a new moment every time and never dependent on the past. The only part of the past that remained inside the psyche of Franklin Barker, was not his memories, but the effects of his experiences. By allowing his wife to grow he was able to imitate her unique powers. Most men's egos could not endure such a blow. Few men allow a woman to teach them anything. Their pride will not accept the fact that they must give of themselves to receive. Franklin Barker feared for his daughter. There was something he had missed along the way that just didn't make any sense. There was a connection between the way Melanie's mother had died and the strange way she was acting now. If he could only retrace the events that led to her mother's death he might still be able to save Melanie.

But how does one decipher the symbolic nature of a cerebral hemorrhage? The very thought itself was a contradiction in terms. To try and understand the why behind a person's death was tantamount to playing God. But the future of his daughter was at stake. He watched her walk from the porch where he sat eating his breakfast and make her way over to the stables. The farm hands were waving to her and in general giving her a warm greeting. But Melanie only gave the merest hint of a smile.

Her loose fitting blouse and jeans waved in the cool breeze that swept over a busy farm that was beginning to heat up with the days activities. Men were working hard mending fences and hauling stacks of hay across the dusty red clay swirling up from the cool breeze. His foreman, Mullady Mistler, was helping her to saddle up her Lightning and pack her leather pouch with carrots.

He watched her fine figure mount the charcoal-gray stallion and then nuzzle herself around the soft saddle atop the horse's back. She bent over its long blond mane and he could see the wisps of her own dirty blond hair intermingle with the horse's. She whispered something in its ear. Then there was a momentary delay after she gave her order and she straightened herself up on the saddle. The birds stopped their chirping song. All the men's eyes were glued on the scene of the girl and horse poised for action.

Then like a crack of thunder. Lightning took off and bolted in the direction of the scenic hills that framed the horizon. It was an inspiring spectacle to watch them fleeing into the sun-drenched valley at such a fierce and charging velocity. Her movements gracefully complemented the steed's thunderous muscular vibrations from the rhythm of his headlong, furious pace. He'd never seen anything like it. The way she could handle that horse was a miracle to behold. He had never seen anyone ride as fast as that. Their bodies merged into one figure as the sped their way toward the horizon. It gave Franklin Barker the illusion of a chimera, those ancient half-person, half-horse beings with human heads and the body of a horse. He kept his gaze fixed upon the speeding figure until his eyes burned from the strain of searching out the receding form. He breathed a sigh and

stood up.

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## Chapter Two

Melanie bent lower over Lightning's beautiful mane while whispering sweet songs of inducement into its ear. She told it that it was the fastest thing alive, that its power was tribute to the strength nature blessed it with. The feeling of speeding like a bullet, complete with the thrill of that initial blast from the barrel, pulsed through her. Lightning was in a feverish mood today. It was rare when the horse was doing anything she wanted to please her. She loved when he started up like that. The first thing she always said to the horse upon mounting it was, "Go, Lightning, go as fast as you can like a crack of thunder."

And they bolted from a standing position like a shot out of a cannon. It thrilled her to the marrow when she experienced it. She always said that to the horse as soon as she was comfortable in the saddle but it was not all the time that Lightning granted her wish. The horse could be cantankerous when it wanted to be. Some days it would obey her initial command, but only halfheartedly. Other times he wouldn't listen at all. It was often after a period of time when they were separated. Her father forced her into going into town with him and introducing her around. There was no doubt that he was very proud of her.

Sometimes he took her away for a weekend. Lightning was very surly and hard to handle when she came back. Sometimes it felt like the horse had a will that kept drawing her to it. Sometimes it did the smartest things. Like today Lightning knew that everyone was watching them. And as long as they were he was going to impress them. If they were wondering why the both of them spent so much time together, bolting away from them like that at top speed gave them an inkling as to why.

Lightning could thrill her like no other being on earth. He was showing off his strength in front of the husky men. Top that, the horse was trying to say as they sped from the ranch at top speed, I dare you to do better than this. Her imagination often dwelled on her love for the animal. She also knew that perhaps she was imagining a bit too much. Perhaps the horse was just feeling particularly vigorous today, for whatever reason. She remembered the dream. When she had wakened from the dream, she had heard Lightning call to her in a high-pitched whinny. Had she imagined that too?

As if the horse was reading her thoughts this very moment, Lightning whinnied and slowed his pace with short, jolting bucks. She had not expected the horse to pull up like that. She was so used to her legs around its form that she adjusted with hardly any trouble at all. The horse stopped short and then pranced at a slow gait gently rocking her from side to side from the swaying motion of its flanks. She could feel her body mold to the power of the horse's powerful form. She felt as one with it, not a separate entity at all. They were together. It was at these moments that Lightning ceased to be a thing—HE BECAME A PERSON.

They communicated. They understood one another. They were both beings, like spirits, you might say, housed in two different kinds of bodies. The fact that that made all the difference in the world did not occur to the naive and lovely Melanie Barker.

Her rebellious spirit blinded her to the obvious fact that they were destined for different realities that could never hope to merge as one. Little women are allowed these impossible fantasies. Rarely do they have the opportunity to make it real. A wicked moment awaited her. Of course, her awareness was also dulled by the maze of conflicting images that pulsed through her young brain. Her buried fantasies were finding an outlet because some sin was plaguing her. All these things she

knew only in pictures, not words. Just like her father she felt somehow responsible for the death of her mother. But it wasn't guilt exactly. It was more like Melanie, as her daughter, was the only one who could erase this unnamed sin. She too instinctively felt, like her father, that Lightning held the answer.

There was something about this horse that was inextricably bound up with her mother, perhaps much more than she knew. Melanie could see these images inside her mind's eye as they bubbled up to consciousness. But she couldn't control them. Because she could not express what was happening to her in words, she could not center the images on a focal point. Something was bothering her, she knew that. What it was exactly she couldn't tell. Her body made her do crazy things that preyed on her mind. She loved the feeling between her legs as her young cunny bounced on the smooth leather saddle in time to Lightning's steady, rhythmic pace. She could feel that she was wet down there. It often happened while riding the beautiful stallion through the sun-drenched valley.

It was their favorite spot. Some of their best moments together had happened between the walls of the mountain they lay in between now. A beautiful red-winged butterfly the span of which was outlined in a felt-like black trim flew in front of her blue eyes. She was fascinated by its graceful flight that seemed to leave misty and blurry whips of color in its wake. Melanie knew that this was impossible, colors did not leave comet-like trails in their wake showing where they had been. The flight of the butterfly left a trace of its stimulating sight on the fronts of her glistening eyes. It was the after-effects of this image that she projected onto the real world. So that when she saw the butterfly's dazzling colors seem to burn a hazy exhaust into the clear air of the sun-drenched valley, she believed she was witness to a miracle. She was convinced that the butterfly was trying to tell her something. It was there for a reason, acting like a guide. It wasn't telling her to do anything. The gesture of its presence and the way its colors painted the transparent air delivered its message.

Her clit was ringing and pulsing. She hadn't completely noticed it until now. Her cunny was really on fire. As they rode together in the sun-bathed glade her hips loosened their grip around the saddle and the tender vise of her inner thighs rubbed from one side to the other along the smooth saddle in time to the rhythm of Lightning's steady pace.

A strange feeling overtook her. Out of the blue an image pulsed in her brain. It was a picture of her riding Lightning completely in the nude. The thought of it made her issue an excited gasp. It was too terrible to keep thinking of but gave her a frightful arousal. She was ashamed to have thought of it. Lightning was hardly making a sound. His strong feet took each step very gingerly. She got the distinct impression that the horse was thinking the same thing as her. The sweat broke out on her forehead. She couldn't tell what was real and what was her imagination. The entire scene looked like it could dissolve at any minute right before her eyes.

Perhaps she had never wakened from that dream of her and Lightning entering the curved archway of the house made of glass. Pinching herself made no difference. She felt the pain but it still did not assure her that everything that was happening was real. The image of Lightning's blood gorged, two-foot-long constrictor flashed in her head as clear as if she was remembering it from real life. The black and red butterfly once again came into view. It seemed larger and bursting with color. Either it was getting bigger or she was getting smaller. Her cunt kept burning and the crotch of her jeans was wet and showing through. She very slowly unbuttoned the loose blouse that hung around her large, firm breasts and let the wind flap it open. The cool breeze flew inside the folds and whisked her breasts bare of the light fabric that framed her cleavage.

Her breaths became definite pants expressing her obvious heat. She noticed that her hands were gripping the horn of the saddle. Without even thinking to do it, she had been rubbing her hot cunt up and down the length of the saddle pumping her back and forth. Her hands gripped the horn and her

arms were held straight out to give her the needed leverage to perform the feat. She removed her blouse and threw it on the ground. She smiled from the rush of pleasure the lewd act gave her. She arched her back and took a deep breath, which made her aroused breasts thrust themselves out and harden the nipples from the feel of the caressing breeze.

She was proud of herself. She had satisfied a heretofore- unstated urge. She was riding topless atop her favorite stallion. Her expression of lust filled her head with confidence. She felt free and uninhibited and capable of much more. It suddenly seemed very hot out. Her hot tits were cooled by the gentle breeze that blew through the valley but her legs were sweaty. Lightning was moving at an extremely slow pace. The horse seemed to be waiting for her to set a direction or give a command.

Without her steed running like mad through the sun-drenched glade, the burning weight of the summer day began to weigh upon her. Something moved behind the bush to her immediate right. She had seen it out of the corner of her eye. She turned toward it and laid her full gaze upon it. The bush seemed to be on fire. Wait a minute, it was the butterfly again! Its crazy blaze of color glowed behind the gaps in the bush. She was so hot from the sun's rays that she became dizzy on the saddle. She looked down at herself and gushed with excitement at the sight of her breasts.

The nipples were bloated full. They were incredibly swollen and erect. The mere sight of them made her cunt tingle like mad. She was burning on two fronts, from inside and without. Her cunt was on fire and the sun poured into her flesh. She gasped as much from excitement as she did to gulp down a reviving rush of the cool wind that provided her with a short respite. After her lungs filled themselves, the heat once again overtook her and she had to fight to stop herself from passing out.

Her pants were soaked in sweat. She raised one leg over the saddle and sat there with her two legs draped over one side. She unbuckled her belt and raised her ass so she could wiggle the waist past her buttocks and remove the pants entirely. She kicked them off and they flew in a heap onto the grassy ground. Her black cunny hairs were glistening from her juices. She whipped her leg over the saddle and could feel her dripping dew mash against the smooth leather and glue her to the seat. Lightning was off in a flash. As soon as the rider was fastened tightly in position, the horse bolted at top speed. Melanie's beautiful blue eyes gleamed with delight and her grin stretched from ear to ear as the wind whisked the hair across her pretty face. The burning flame within her and without her was being quenched by the speeding ride of her powerful steed.

Her flowery cunt swished about the smooth surface as her thighs bounced up down and around on the bobbing horse's back. Her nipples were hard as a rock. Her big tits flapped from the motion and the sweaty under parts were dried in the cooling wind. Her body comfortably glowed from the inside. Her passion was flowing through her and exciting her to a grand height now that the wind cooled her boiling skin. Lightning was whinnying as he sped through the valley. She was blinded from the fierce intensity of the sun's brilliant rays.

She felt alive like never before. Only her precious Lightning could do that to her. It was insane but true. There was no guilt, no recriminations at this point. Everything was pure bliss, an uninhibited delight. It was a feeling of lust, yes, but also one of total freedom. Her reckless abandon was reaping a fine reward. And she knew that the horse was aware of her passion. In some strange way beyond her ability to fully imagine, the horse was trying to court her.

Great bellowing whinnies were rushing out of his snorting mouth without the faintest trace of a muffle from the bit inside it. The horse was happy and charged up. It sensed the fact that the rider was pleased and enjoying herself on her frantic ride. The horse did not slow down, but it changed the pace of its gallop from a frenzied headlong run to one of long, lopping strides. Melanie gasped in pleasure from the change of rhythm. Her cunt suffused with a fiery glow making her clit palpitate.

Her tender underparts slapped against the wet leather between long delays due to the horse's arching prance that raised her flanks off the saddle.

At that interval she felt the wind pierce into the gaping, flower of her cunt and wonderfully irritate her burning parts. Then her cunt pounced upon the smooth saddle and her loins shuddered in the spastic throes of a rippling orgasm. The electric current that pulsed through her began in her fevered clit and then burst into flames in her cunt. Then the wave began an incredible rise up the length of her tingling spine and raced through her shoulders and burst forth into the wells of her bulbous tits.

Her breasts glowed from the orgasm's dramatic chain of flow that inevitably settled in the flesh of her hot mounds. Her face pulsed a beet-red. Her cunt lips glistened from her spasmic dew that drenched them and made their redness shine forth. Her nipples were so hard she thought that the orgasm would end only after they had burst from their seams and gushed blood. Lightning called a halt to the graceful and sweeping gallop with one last mind-boggling arching swoop of his pouncing flanks. The horse stopped dead in his tracks and Melanie's loins fell onto to the saddle with a splashing thud. It wrung the last of her fantastic vibration out of her pulsating frame and called a halt to the most fabulous orgasm she had ever experienced in her short life.

After that thundering stop the horse proceeded at a normal pace and allowed the beautiful rider to catch her fevered breath. Through half-closed lids that hid a part of her sex-glazed eyes, Melanie began to focus on the scenery before her. Lightning was taking them over to a shady spot. An enormous tree whose plumage rose to a grand height stood adjacent a running stream. They slowly ambled over to the cool-looking spot. Melanie's body was glued to the saddle that had afforded her so much pleasure. Lightning pulled up to the shady nook without being told. Melanie lifted her leg and dismounted from her lovely steed. She was wonderfully spent. Her exhaustion filled her with a peaceful contentment. Gone were the haunting pictures of all those conflicting images.

She was at peace. She sat down naked against the tree and closed her eyes. She could feel and hear the horse's rustling movements next to her. When she closed her lids her eyes were dazzled by a radiating glow of enormous intensity that had the effect of making her ears ring. It was if she was getting a picture of what her feelings were at that very moment. With her eyes closed, she was looking at what she felt like. The longer she kept them closed, the more the radiance died out and then vanished completely until there was nothing but darkness.

Lightning's nose was brushing up against her leg. She bent them under her neck and his nose rubbed against her cheek. Her chin rested on her hands that cupped her bony knees and Lightning's cold nose rubbed up and down her bare thigh. She kept her eyes closed and groped out a hand to feel for the lovely soft mane that framed the horse's large head. She felt her strength coming back. With eyes closed and looking inside herself she searched into the awesome black abyss.

By trying to focus her eyes into the blackness that stretched forever under her lids they began to tear from the strain. But for a fleeting moment she was able to gain a three dimensional perspective of her internal picture. And at that moment she felt like she was flying through space. The only thing that was missing was the sun and stars. Then the flight assumed a hoary proportion. Her sweeping glide became a fall into a bottomless pit. It was like being sucked under by a whirlpool, one out in the middle of the ocean that was gigantic and awe-inspiring. The feeling of vertigo made her bolt open her eyes. She was almost sick to her stomach from the queasy feeling from her internal swoon.

When she opened her eyes she saw that Lightning had ambled down to the stream and was sucking the refreshing waters. That was funny because all the while she was sure she had been fondling his fluffy mane in her little hand. She had felt the horse's nose nuzzle itself against the warm flesh of

her curveous thigh. She couldn't have imagined that. She closed her eyes again and this time fell off into a restful doze that gave her back her strength. When she rose to consciousness her brain once again began its normal workings and the confusing maze of images were back. Even with her eyes opened they never stopped bubbling up. Her mind's eye kept itself focused on the internal state. She was looking right at the running stream. But she couldn't see it. She was lost in the reverie of her daydream.

She could feel the sculptured form of the light bouncing off the ripping spray of water, but the stream itself was not registering. The sparkle of the bobbing jets of the running current merely provided a dazzling background to the row of images pulsing through her brain. She groaned in fear. She had lost control of her mind! If she continued like this she would lose all sense of reality.

She was receding backward inside herself. A part of her told her that it was wrong but another part of her told her that it couldn't be helped. For better or worse she had to endure it. If one day she came back to the world of hard reality, it would be only after she endured this fearful head-trip.

The images in her brain were pictures of her mother and father and of the ranch foreman Mullady Mistler. They kept hounding her whether her eyes were closed or open; that was the part that scared her the most. It was as if she no longer had conscious control over her own thoughts. They even dulled her senses and re-arranged external reality. She could no longer tell whether something was real or an illusion dredged up to the surface of the world from her fevered imagination. One image wanted desperately to have itself acknowledged by her consciousness. She dare not think it, and fought it back down. But it was useless. Every time she thought of something else her thoughts would return to it like they were riding a circle.

She was sweating again. She had been cool here in the shade and couldn't understand. Before it was the sun that had her boiling. Now it felt like the inferno was inside of her. She was not passionate or lusty but her temperature was rising fast. The more she sweat and could not control her internal barometer the more panic-stricken she became and the heat became worse. It was on account of that image she would not let rise to her consciousness. It demanded to be inspected and she was denying it a hearing. Her heart raced. Her nipples were not aroused but her fleshy breasts shook from the intense level of her steadily palpitating heart. She took deep breaths to calm herself and desperately groped with her senses to find an outer stimulation that would be intense enough to shake her awake from this terrible head-trip.

The smell of the sweaty stallion filled her nostrils. Soon the light stopped dazzling her eyes and the bubbling stream came into view. She could hear the sound of the chirping birds. She could feel her tongue in her mouth and knew she had made it back to the world of hard matter. Just when she thought that she had succeeded in fighting her way out of that terrible vertigo swoon, the deadly image popped into her brain.

It was like it had been waiting for her all along to drop her guard so it could attack her unsuspecting brain. The image of Lightning's foot-long bloated cock that had appeared to her in the dream burst into her head. She could hear the blare of the sound of an army of trumpets that accompanied the picture every time it succeeded in making its way to the surface of consciousness. Her body tingled in fear. Her strength sapped out of her like a tree that was cut in half from the relentless goring of the lumberjack's saw. Her bones felt like they were made of rubber. She felt guilt at being so fucked up she couldn't tell her dreams from reality. With her knees tucked under her chin and her hands cupping her sobbing face, Melanie Barker cried like a saint who was suffering for an unnamed sin. Melanie was dying. And what hurt worst of all was that she did not know what was killing her.

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Chapter Three

Mullady Mistler stood atop the mountain peak that framed the valley below and adjusted the knobs of his binoculars. The brow of his beady eyes furrowed into the rims of the eyeglasses as he peered down below into the sun-drenched canyon. He had the voluptuous Melanie in view and licked his dry, chapped lips as he drunk in her stately frame. He had watched her and Lightning prance around the floor of the valley and then she removed her clothes and made his head spin. She reminded him of her mother in every way. The same beauty each of them possessed and the same vice as well. Mullady Mistler recalled that thawing spring day when his mistress approached him and revealed to him her startling secret.

"Mullady, there's something I want you to do. And I need you to promise me you will never tell a living soul about it."

"Of course, ma'am, anything the mistress wants she shall have."

Then she revealed to him her decadent plan. He watched as her heavy breasts rose and fell in excitement as she told him of her evil desire.

"I want you to build for me an unusual contraption. It must be shaped like a small stall and made of wood."

"Whatever for, madam."

"Just listen. The stall must be raised on a platform. There must be a leather harness that will fit around a horse's back." She probed his eyes with her own, those big, black jewels that always glistened with untold desire.

"Yes, madam, I'm listening."

"The contraption must be designed in such a way that I can slip underneath it while the horse is set in place."

"Madam, you don't mean ..."

"Quiet, Mullady, and just listen. Do not worry, you will be amply rewarded. But your discretion is imperative in this case."

"I understand, madam."

"The contraption must be built in the back of the old tool shed that is rarely used. Have you got that?"

"Yes, in the old tool shed."

"Of course, Mr. Barker must know absolutely nothing about this. You will assist me when the time comes."

"Madam, are you sure this is what you desire?"

"I will not be questioned about it Mullady. I've been thinking about the idea all my life. Now the time has come."

"But in the story books, madam, where it has been recorded that this kind of thing has been done

before, it has often proved fatal.”

“That is a chance I am prepared to take. All I insist upon is your loyalty and cooperation. Can I count on it.”

“Of course you can, madam. I shall do anything you request, although I do not agree and fear for your safety.”

“That is not your concern. When the time comes I will hold to my word and you shall receive a fine reward for your efforts.”

“As you wish, madam.”

Mullady Mistler built the contraption. It was a marvel of engineering skill and a testament to his unique talent. He had to build it by himself, away from the men who would surely have noticed something strange about its peculiar design. When he had finished constructing it, his sense of aesthetics forced him to varnish the wood to a glistening gloss.

The small chamber underneath where Nora Barker would position herself underneath the mating stallion he had lined in soft white fur. There was a silver bar that stretched in front of her so that her passionate fingers could keep her properly leveraged during the sordid act. The leather strap that bound the horse was sure to allow her just enough of a play with the mammoth thrusting cock without the weight behind it.

The contraption was a magnificent design, which after it was built, seemed to glow in a pulsing aura. When he finished it, after a steady month’s diligent effort, he draped it with a blue felt cloth he purchased especially for it. Nora Barker had demanded that money be secondary in the pursuit of excellence in the construction of her sordid contraption. It had cost nearly five thousand dollars to construct it, not counting the labor Mullady Mistler had put into it. Nora had promised to reward him handsomely as long as the wooden harness complied with the specifications of her fantasy. She had not lied. When he took her to the back of the tool shed she had in her hand a cashiers check. He shall never forget that day.

“Madam, the construction is finished. All is ready.”

He could see that the knowledge that the thing had been built was making her passionately swoon. Her eyes rolled in her head for a short moment until she cooled herself off long enough to speak.

“Are you sure, Mullady, is everything in order, just as I specified.”

“Yes, madam, it is a perfect likeness.”

He led the way and she followed behind him. He could hear her breath become more fevered the closer they came. He opened the door for her and they stepped inside the shed. When he turned on the light he heard her gasp. There it stood on a squared off platform with the felt cloth draped over the main portions hiding it from view. She stood riveted in place. She breathed heavily and a mustache of sweat beaded into form on her upper lip. Her breath was very rapid. Mullady could practically hear her heated thought as she stared at the covered contraption and her fantasy ran through her head.

Never had he met a woman of such courage. She knew what she was doing was terribly decadent, might even kill her. Yet she was a woman of staunch will, a woman of destiny. She knew that it was an experience she had to live or die trying. Mullady went to the clothed monument and whipped off

the felt covering while waiting a long moment after grabbing a hank of the felt. The apparition sprung into view. He could hear her gasp from the sight of the depraved contraption before her.

Its existence meant that her fantasy had become real. For better or worse her dream had become substantial. He watched her gazing at it half in horror and half in the swoon of her uncontrollable lust as she drunk in the sight. A hand went inside her blouse and gently caressed the top of one of her large firm breasts. He saw her knees buckle as her strength seemed to ebb from her and she began to fall to the floor in a breathless faint. He ran to her and reached her just in time to break her fall and ease her onto an old tool chest.

"Madam, are you all right. Perhaps..."

"No, I'm fine. Mullady. Thank you; you're a good servant."

"I am always willing to please madam in any way I can. But this, I'm afraid, is too much. I can not be a part of it."

"But you must, Mullady, there is no one else I can trust."

"But it could kill you. You must know that."

"I know it very well. But it must be done. Can you understand that."

"Not wholly, madam, but if you put it like that I'm forced to comply."

"You are very good to me. I shall never forget your loyalty. Here is the reward I promised you."

She handed him a check for fifty thousand dollars.

"Madam it's much too much. I can not accept such a generous payment."

"It is yours, Mullady. I will not take it back under any circumstances."

"What else do you want me to do."

"Mr. Barker is going away on business the day after tomorrow. You will meet me here at that time at approximately eight o'clock.

"And what else?"

"You are to bring with you a horse, the one I will specify in a minute, and then you will assist me as I am mounted by it."

"That is insane, madam, I won't have any part of it."

"Yes you will. You have accepted the check and now you must do as I say."

"But it will kill you."

"It will kill me if I don't."

"I do not understand."

"Perhaps some day you will. But for now you must just carry out my orders."

"As you wish, madam. Which of the horses shall it be."

She hesitated a long moment before speaking. Her lips and cheeks quivered with the thought of her loving the animal. Her eyes were half-closed when she spoke. They were drunk and glazed and he knew that she wasn't looking at him but inside herself. The name of the horse rose from her lips and bolted to his cocked ears like a crack of thunder:

"Lightning is the one. Lightning shall be my charge."

And then she passed out and her vibrant body went limp in his strong hands and he rested her on the old chest. As long as he lives Mullady Mistler shall never forget the events of that hallowed night that finally came to pass. At a few minutes before eight o'clock he led the charcoal- stallion to the tool shed where the day of destiny awaited the horse. It seemed to know that something strange and wonderful was about to happen. It was quiet and they moved soundlessly from the stables to the shed.

At eight o'clock Nora tapped on the door and Mullady let her in. She was dressed in a white gown, a wonderful low-cut affair. The train of her gown left a trail on the dirt floor in its wake. Her heavy breasts rose and fell with her panted breaths. She began to disrobe in front of Mullady and the horse. It gave a low snort and then bowed its large head to its mistress. She went to the horse and kissed every inch of its large head and buried her fingers in its soft-blond mane. She drew her body closer and then rubbed her fine large breasts whose nipples were fully bloated on the horse's face. She caressed Lightning with her creamy skin and her body glowed in passionate heat from the decadent act of love.

Mullady Mistler found himself becoming terribly aroused from the inhuman spectacle. But he fought down his urges in respect for his mistress. It was her shining moment and he did not want to disturb her with his own selfish passions. She was in a state of high passion. She moved to the side of the horse and rubbed her lovely hands along its strong flanks and caressed the soft underbelly. She probed underneath with her hand for that object of desire that had obsessed her to make her fantasy real. When she touched the massive limp cock she let out a gasp of pleasure and he could see her eyes rolling in her head.

She had a fabulous body. She had large, bulbous hips that were delectably curvaceous for they gave way to the supplest of waists. Her flesh was firm and it glowed a beet-red that revealed its vigorous lust from laying her hands on the stallion's cock. She turned her face and sex-drugged eyes gleamed out from her fevered face.

"Mullady, it is time."

Without saying a word Mullady led the horse over to the felt- covered monument. Then he whipped off the cloth. He heard Nora gasp at the sight of the contraption. With the horse standing right by it the reality of what was about to happen made her swoon in passion. Mullady led the horse atop the platform. It obediently allowed itself to be positioned properly. Then he bound the leather harness around its belly and back and the horse was bolted into proper position.

"He is ready, madam."

"Excellent. I will need you. Stay here."

"Whatever madam wants."

He stood away from the platform and watched her approach it. She was bathed in an aura that

bespoke of her as a woman of destiny. She placed her dainty foot onto the platform and then lifted her voluptuous body atop it. Lightning softly whinnied. She bent low to manage herself into the fur-lined pit that Mullady had expertly constructed to allow for her frame. She knelt before the horse's huge limp cock. Her face was right in front of it. Mullady could see her nipples bursting with excitement. He watched her long fingers take the huge cock and then gently fondle it with her soft, white palms. It was a lustful sight of awe-inspiring passion. To watch a woman give way to a depraved carnal instinct was maddening.

She held the cock in both hands and then rubbed the flaccid tip along her beautiful face and sniffed it. Her senses were reveling from the touch of the huge cock so close to them and her motions became wilder and wilder. She quickly grabbed the stanchion to her and hugged it close to her breasts. She planted it in her cleavage. She mauled her lovely tits around it and played with its massive shaft with her trembling hands. She was trying to control her lust, to keep it in line, so that she would not disturb the precious moment with childish enthusiasm. She wanted Lightning to give way to her touch willingly. The moment had to be as good for the horse as it was for her.

He saw her draw the stiffening cock up to her lips and then gently flick her tongue all over its entire length. She was breathing very hard and gasping between flicks of her tongue. The rod was filling with blood and she could feel the surge in her hands. Then her passion raised to such an intensity that she could no longer control her urges and she took the humongous tip into her hot mouth. Lightning made a soft-bellowing whinny. He shook a little in his place and began to snort from his rising heat. It was at that moment that Lightning became a person in the mind of Mullady Mistler. It was no longer a thing. It was not an inanimate subject devoid of personality or a will of its own. It was a soul complete with the powers of reason.

Lightning could now boast of something that Mullady Mistler never could, that it had made love to Nora Barker. She was out of her senses with lust. She hugged the monstrous truncheon and mashed it into the folds of her breasts. Her body was beginning to glow a fiery red color and spit was drooling out of the corners of her risque mouth. She could no longer control her urge to eat the lusty snake as it grew to tremendous proportions. She lovingly inserted the bloating tip between her succulent lips and drew it into her mouth.

The stanchion had still not achieved full bloatedness. Yet it was the biggest cock either she or Mullady had ever seen. Mullady himself became lost in the passion of the moment. His own turgid cock pulsed through his crotch. He felt as if he was witness to an event that had brought about the fall of man. It was a scene of historic proportions. Perhaps that is what Nora Barker meant when she insisted to him that to make love to Lightning was an uncontrollable urge. The horse's long cock was stiffening to rock hardness. The leather-like skin pulled taut in its ebony blackness.

The cock was bathed in the hot spittle of the lustful woman who could not remove her mouth and lips from the instrument. Both spirits were locked in a fiery lovemaking that was mutually inspired. The horse was no longer an animal. It was a passion-filled lover that sought to please the woman as she performed her lustful groping.

Lightning never swayed in his position. Though the horse was filled with heat it maintained its composure like an expert stud. Lightning did not kick in place, or buck and weave its massive flanks in motions preparatory to mounting its mate. Mullady found himself referring to the animal in his head with a human familiarity. His internal monologue called the animal a HE!

It was no longer Nora and the horse, but Nora and he. Mullady knew that she was experiencing the same sensations. She cooed at the animal with loving exhortations. She told Lightning that he was the best she had ever had. She leaned back on her haunches and with heated gasps began to direct

the tip of the massive instrument into her hot snatch. It was an uncomfortable position but one she adopted so that she could see as well as feel the hot meat rasping against her cunt. It was much too large to admit into her human hole. But she was determined to see her lustful embrace reach fruition. Lightning remained perfectly calm. To Mullady this seemed an impossible reality. He had watched horses mate before.

And their power as they came together was enormous. One did not want to interfere with two lusty horses as they came together. She held the giant black snake with one hand and directed it into the folds of her dripping wet gash. Her other hand braced itself on the fur-lined floor to balance her body that teetered on its haunches with legs spread wide. Her face was flushed beet-red and her gasping moans told Mullady that the mere touch of the staunch cock on her cunt lips had forced an orgasm to pulse through her.

But her intensity was at such a fever pitch that the spasm did not satiate her brimming fire, merely increased it. She was determined more than ever to insert the massive truncheon inside her gash of love and feel it deep inside her. But her heat was making her frantic. She was so hot that her movements were exasperated writhings too jerky to perform the impossible act properly. For a quick moment she achieved the success whereby the front portion of the massive cockhead managed to penetrate her dripping gash about an inch. She stared at the minor penetration with eyes bugging out. She could see the bone-hard pole resting in the air from its lodgment in her hole. She experienced a writhing orgasm from the powerful sight of the stately horsecock barely penetrating her human gash.

It fell out of its slight hold and bobbed up and down from the horse's trembling jerks and her eyes remained glued on it. Her second orgasm had raised her to the point of no return. Lightning was rock hard and his cock had reached an unbelievable size. The mere sight of it bobbing in place and glistening wet from her spit and love juice increased her beyond control. She turned about on her hands and knees. She reached behind her and captured the leather-like tool in her creamy white hand. The touch of it in her palm was enough to send her off into a spasm of delight. It was a lewd and obscene display of passion.

The knowledge that she was attempting to impale herself with the huge horsecock brought out the beast in her. She began to inch her ass backward into the cock that she precariously held in her shaky hand. The monstrous tip banged against the juicy lips of her pulsing pussy while her hand directed it home. Her entire body glowed a blazing red. Her whole body had assumed the fiery color of her beet-red face and hot cunt. She managed to once again insert the monstrous head barely into the little opening of her human cunt hole. She lodged enough of it inside her so that she could remove her hand from the enormous tool and it held itself in place.

With both hands in front of her as she knelt on her knees, she pushed backward to accept more of the huge cock. She had to really push back with all her strength to get just another inch of that massive instrument buried deeper up her snatch. From Mullady's vantage point, the scene was beginning to shine in an aura of radiance from the rising heat of both partners. It was an awesome spectacle to see that two-foot-long cock bone-hard with its monstrous tip embedded inside Nora's hot gash. She stopped pushing backward to experience another mind-boggling orgasm that brought passionate bleeps of delight rushing out of her sweet throat.

That passion-filled cry hit Lightning's ears and now the horse could no longer control its decadent urge. Lightning struggled in the leather harness determined to free itself. Now more than ever the horse wanted to mount its mate. The massive cock was pulsing with anticipation. It had accepted its mistress' loving touches and now wanted satisfaction. But the contraption that Mullady had engineered was perfect in its strength and design. The horse remained in position. But its frantic

bucking had Nora Barker incensed with the notion that she had achieved the moment she had been waiting for. She had made her loving horse crazy with passion to enter into her steaming gash. She pushed backward. Her eyes bulged out of her head from the stupendous pain of entry. Unbelievably another inch of horsecock went inside her.

The pole was buried in place a mere couple of inches but the fabulous width of the huge snake stretching her apart made her crazy. She beat her fists on the fur-lined floor and groaned in fury. She wanted desperately to accept all of that thing no matter if it killed her. But, alas, the moment was not to be. The steed was too hot from the groping of its human lover and went over the top. Now Lightning let out a fierce whinny and the mighty muscles of its flank became taut and showed through the strong frame. It was coming. With huge gobs of fierce intensity, the horse released its copious load and drenched its mistress.

The creamy elixir on her hot gash brought another thrilling orgasm to the lusty body of the decadent Nora Barker. A bevy of horse come drenched her open cunt and loins. It painted her flanks with it steamy goo. She was out of her mind with lust and quickly turned about and grabbed the pumping truncheon in her little hands. In between spurts she managed to lamp her loving mouth on the massive cockhead. Her head jolted back from the blast. Horse come spilled out of the corners of her mouth. Her eyes rolled in her head from the decadent act of eating it.

More of the steamy goo shot into her willing mouth and she jerked the ebony member as it emptied into her kiss. It was a vile tasting extract but Nora was too passion filled to allow that fact to deter her depraved instincts. She had wanted to make love to her horse. And if she could not admit its massive member into her human gash than she would do the next best thing.

Finally the last of the load extricated itself from the horse's balls and now Nora lovingly lapped up the remaining drops. As Lightning's cock began to become limp, it gleamed from the residue of come and the spit of the lapping woman. She cleaned the ebony tool free of scum. Then she rubbed the softening member along her beet-red face and breasts. For the moment she had satiated her insane lust. Lightning's eyes were half-closed from his spent condition. She let go of the cock and wiped her face clean of the flecks of horse come that had splashed onto her cheeks. For the time being the minor penetration of the massive horsecock would have to suffice. But there would be a next time. With a regal expression radiating off her fevered face she removed herself from the fur-lined hole and approached Mullady.

"Mullady, the contraption is a work of art. It held the beast in place perfectly."

"I'm glad madam found it to her liking."

"That will be all for now. Make sure that Lightning gets put back in his stall. In a few days we will repeat the exercise."

"Are you sure that you want to endanger yourself once again?"

"I will not tolerate disobedience, Mullady. You have been the perfect assistant up till now. In a few days the exercise will be repeated."

"Your wish is my command."

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## Chapter Four

"Mullady, where's Melanie, have you seen her?"

It was Melanie's sweet-sixteen party and she was nowhere to be seen. All the children and folks were asking for her. After she had opened the gifts she had walked in the direction of the stables saying that she would be right back. Carter Marington, a young suitor of Melanie's, had been asking Franklin if he knew where Melanie was.

"I'll find her, sir I think I know where she might be."

Mullady worked his way around the smiling teenagers and their parents who were milling about on the lawn engaged in pleasant conversation. As he got near the stables he saw the throng of youngsters as they played with some of the horses that had been let out into the fenced-in yard. Some of them were actually riding the horses and messing up their fine clothes that they had worn to Melanie's party. Franklin Barker had spared no expense in entertaining his daughter. There was a ton of food and liquors he had ordered for the children and their parents.

There were over a hundred people invited to the shebang. The sweet-sixteen party was a ritual in these parts. Especially if you were someone as renowned as Franklin Barker. It was your duty to impress with nothing but the best. And Franklin Barker had spared no expense. He had hoped that the affair would have a positive effect on his neurotic daughter. But so far it had been an extreme failure. Carter Marington had brought Melanie a corsage, which she brazenly threw to the floor. It was a strange happening because Franklin was sure that deep down Melanie was impressed with the gift. But something inside her made her refuse it. Carter was embarrassed at the time because there were people around who had witnessed it.

With a hundred people milling about and asking for the star of the party, Franklin Barker was getting riled. He was beginning to lose his paternal concern for his daughter. His temper was rising and he was filled with a father's wrath. He was going to tell her right out that it was her duty to perform up to expectations, especially at her own party. She had no right to go running off and to get lost at her moment of glory when people from miles around had come to celebrate her grand event.

Mullady entered the stables and found Melanie exactly where he thought she would be-with Lightning. She was brushing his mane and whispering sweet cooings into his big ears. The horse was nuzzling his face into her.

"Melanie, your father's looking for you. You better come right now."

"Mullady, I can't be bothered."

"You must, all the guests are asking for you. Especially Carter."

"Oh, the hell with Carter, he's just a boy."

"And you're a girl. Come on now, be reasonable."

"But Lightning's mane needed to be brushed."

"You go back to the party and I'll take care of him."

"But you don't know how to do it. He likes it a certain way."

He approached her and gently took the brush from her hand and looked at her with caring eyes.

"I've been taking care of horses for twenty years. I'll do it, Melanie, you go back to the party before your father gets really riled."

She knew that when her father's dander was up he could be very surly. Rather than risk his wrath she gave way to Mullady's prodding.

"Oh, all right, but make sure you don't ruffle the mane. He hates when the strokes aren't long and sweeping."

"Don't worry. I'll take care of it. Now you get back to the party, okay?"

She turned about and made her way to the exit. But not before giving her steed one long, last penetrating look. When she left the stables and began to make her way back to the scene of the gaiety the throng caught sight of her.

"Melanie, where have you been. We've all been looking for you."

She smiled graciously to hide her bored feelings. Her beautiful, long-flowing white chiffon dress blew in the cool breeze. They were gathering around her now, all of them asking how she had liked their presents that they had picked especially for her. She politely answered to the best of her ability all their probes and questions. Above the adoring throng she could see her father. Gone were his feelings of rancor. He was all smiles now as the group of people surrounded his daughter and gave her what he considered to be her just due. If only she would accept her station. She was a beautiful girl and the inheritor of everything Franklin Barker had strove for in his life.

But she was so introverted and prone to bouts of terrible depression. He was glad that Mullady had found her. She seemed to be actually enjoying herself. Despite what she said about being bored by the attention she always responded favorably to it. She knew that she was beautiful and that people just naturally gravitated toward her. But instead of enjoying it she rejected the role. That was a facet of her character that her mother could have instilled in her had she been around to advise her. Everyone was vying for her attention. She was radiant and brimming with enthusiasm as she answered all their questions. Franklin sighed in relief at the sight of his daughter enjoying their favors and the people likewise enjoying her.

Melanie found herself giving way to their attention and becoming more charming than she had ever been before. She looked over the heads of the people surrounding her and caught sight of the pleasing appearance of Carter Marington. But he was not alone. He had not joined the members of the adoring throng who had run to meet her. He was way back from all of them. He was engaged in conversation with Flossy McArdle who flashed her eyes lovingly at him. Melanie was now very sorry that she had dismissed Carter's fine corsage with such obvious distaste.

But he had approached her at a moment when she was thinking about going over to Lightning and brushing his mane. Right at that moment Carter had brought to her his present and a box with the corsage inside of it. She hadn't even bothered to open his present. Now that she saw Flossy getting his attention at her expense she was sorry she had acted so dastardly towards him. As she espied them enjoying one another, she was convinced that Carter wished that it was Melanie standing there talking to him. But his ego had been bruised by her insensitive treatment of his gifts, and he was listening to Flossy intently.

When she first saw them engage in pleasant chatter, Carter was visibly nervous and made an excuse to go. But then Flossy grabbed his arm and pulled him back to a position next to her and began to talk to him with a heated animation. Melanie could see her waving her pretty, red-painted fingers and looking at him deep in the eyes as she chattered away. Carter began to respond to her avid

interest. In a few moments he was returning her gestures with those of his own. He was talking to her with a renewed interest. He was smiling and enjoying himself. Melanie felt a pang of hurt in her heart. Up until this moment she did not realize how strongly she felt about Carter. Now that another person was aptly paying him attention, the truth she had hidden from herself came home...

She realized now that she liked Carter immensely. She wished that he would stop talking to Flossy and join the mob that was all involved with her. But then her hair stood on end when she saw the both of them take off together and walk away in the Opposite direction. She tried to maintain her composure and not let the crowd know that her stance had been shaken. Her eyes remained glued to the fading figures of the two people that were causing her heart to cry out in pain.

She swore that she could see them hold hands just as their figures faded from view and they entered the dense woods. Bravely she managed to keep her smiling disposition. As she walked toward the house they followed her every move. Someone handed her a small glass of wine they were raising a toast to her and celebrating this moment of symbolic womanhood. She wanted to rejoice along with them but the memory of Carter and Flossy receding into the woods remained in her mind's eye. The wine, which should have tasted cool and sweet burned in her palate and left a bitter taste in the back of her throat. She could hear her father's voice above the sound of the throng that voiced its adoration of her with one toast after another.

"Melanie, now don't get lost again. Soon it will be time to cut the cake."

Oh, where was Carter. She wanted him so much to be here now with her. She never realized she liked him so much. If only he would show himself now. She yearned to see his handsome figure coming out from the woods with or without Flossy. She was handed the knife to cut the cake. It was a fabulous three-decked affair with sixteen candles burning atop it. Everyone was smiling and egging her on to do the honors. She grinned falsely for she yearned for Carter to come back to her. Franklin Barker watched his daughter and she sliced the sweet cake with a graceful motion and her eyes twinkled in delight. There was no way for him to know that the twinkle was the vestiges of the tears that welled-up inside her from the absence of Carter. Her moment of crowning glory had turned out to be a bitter pill indeed. She hated her father for putting her through this.

After the first slice the knife was taken from her and then the delicious cake was cut into slices and sent all around. Everyone cooed about how her father had spared no expense in making sure that his daughter's party was worthy of her beauty and charm. While the adoring throng busied themselves in eating the delectable cake, Melanie took the opportunity to fade from the scene. She ate her cake, which was tasteless and went down like chunks of lard and slowly backed off to the side of the house. When she was hidden from view she dropped her cake on the ground and ran to the back of the house. She searched the dense woods with her eyes, but could find no trace of the couple who had wandered off into them.

She sat down on a pile of chopped wood and began to cry. Soon she was sobbing and she held her head in her hands. Her self-pity began to transform into an angered glow. How dare Carter do this to her, didn't he understand her at all? She hadn't meant to act so terribly towards his wonderful gifts. It was just the mood she was in. She didn't want Lightning to think that she had forgotten him. She always brushed his mane at that time of day. She felt all alone in the world. And when she felt like that there was only one thing that could perk her up.

She peered out from the back of the house. The crowd had departed to the buffet tables away from the stables. This was her chance to go to Lightning. She took one final glance to make sure that no was watching her and took off. She ran as fast as she could. Her beautiful white chiffon dress whisped from her frantic pace and filled her ears. It was so loud that she could swear that those

people standing by the closest to the stables could hear the rustle of her dress. But they did not. She opened the door and entered. She held it open a crack to look out and make sure no one had seen her. Lightning was there and when he saw her he let out a low- pitched whinny that no one could have possibly heard but her.

She went to the back of the stable and opened the door that led out to the woods. Then she saddled the horse. She mounted him quickly and pulled on the reins to turn Lightning about to lead him out the back door. The horse let her lead them out of the stable and then took off like the wind when they made it through the door. Back came that feeling that she loved so much. That feeling of strength and power that only Lightning could give her. They made their way into the dense woods and Melanie let the horse determine their direction and held the reins loosely. She no longer thought of Carter. She no longer thought about her father or the stupid guests that plied her with questions.

She was free and riding like the wind on top of Lightning. But the horse was not heading for the valley. It was off on an odd direction. Melanie let him take her where it pleased. She let the horse have total control. They were heading for the brook that was just a few yards into the Woods and not that far from the scene of the party. It was in the direction that she had seen Carter and Flossy head in. She had forgotten all about them but now she remembered. Suddenly Lightning began to slow down the pace. It was a slow gallop they assumed, like they were sneaking up on someone. Then Lightning came to a full halt. She waited for him to move again but they remained there perfectly still.

She got off the horse and was just about to say something to her beautiful steed when she heard an unfamiliar sound. It was the sweet sound of kissing. All at once the knowledge of where Lightning had intended to lead her pulsed through her heart. She eased herself closer in the direction of the sweet sounds while holding her dress so it would not rustle and give her away. She pulled down a branch of a bush and focused her eyes on the clearing immediately in front of her. From this position she could not be seen. But she could see the duo engaged in the act of kissing and petting. It was Carter and Flossy. Melanie's face flushed in anger. She had to stop herself from bolting into the scene.

She wanted to pull Flossy's hair from her head, and scratch her eyes out too. Then she wanted to tell Carter off.

Secretly she wished that it was her making out with Carter and not Flossy. If only she hadn't rejected his gifts. She hadn't even opened the present he had gotten for her. That was a terrible thing to do. She hated herself for it. Carter was being very gentle. But Flossy was visibly aroused and she ran her hands inside his shirt. Carter just wanted to kiss lip to lip. But Flossy was shoving her tongue in his mouth and forcing herself on him. She played with the little hairs on his chest. Soon Carter could no longer resist her and began to tongue back. She could see Flossy sucking on Carter's tongue as he forced it into her mouth and she lovingly accepted it. Then Flossy did something that made Melanie blush. She started to move her hand down to Carter's crotch.

What a brazen tramp, she thought. How dare she seduce my man. Carter's mine. Just look at her make him crazy. She could hear his breath getting very heavy. A bulge was rising up inside his pants and now he tongued Flossy harder. Flossy let him do whatever he wanted to her. She was determined to win Carter over now that Melanie had rejected him. She clutched his bulging crotch harder. Carter moaned and then one of his hands felt for her breast. Flossy began to pant. Her face was beet-red. Carter kept feeling her breasts, first one and then the other.

They were kissing the whole time. Up till now neither one of them had dared to remove their clothing. Now Flossy was throwing caution to the wind. She had come this far in robbing Carter's affection from Melanie and she wasn't about to stop now.

Her hand stopped clutching Carter's crotch and now she began to pull down the zipper of his pants. When she unzipped it all the way, never once breaking their kiss, she groped inside for Carter's prick. When she took it out, all three of them gasped in acknowledgment of the brazen deed. Melanie was very hurt. Carter was teeming with passion. Undoubtedly this was the first time anything like this had ever happened to him. Gone from his memory was Melanie's shabby treatment. She could see from the glaze in his eyes that his only interest was in Flossy. She held his fine cock out of his pants. It began to harden in her loving grip and become fully erect.

They kept their mouths glued together and Flossy strummed his rising cock in her affectionate paw. Two rivaling emotions ran through Melanie. One was of lust from the brazen gropings of the girl and the other was of hurt. She felt like she had lost Carter's affection forever. How could she compete with Flossy's antics, she thought. She jerked that cock until it was hard as a rock and Carter let out a muffled moan from his mouth stuffed with her tongue. Then Flossy broke their kiss and bent her head to Carter's cock and kissed the bulbous tip that rose up.

Carter closed his eyes and his expression was radiant from his obvious enjoyment. Flossy kissed every part of his prick. Then she did something that amazed both Carter and Melanie. She gobbled the cock into her mouth. She kept her mouth on it a long time. Every once in a while Melanie could see her tongue dart around the stem. Then she lifted her head up and drew the cock out of her mouth, which snapped from her grip. She took her mouth off it completely and held it in her hand while jerking it and lovingly smiled at Carter.

When he felt her mouth lift off his cock he looked down at her and smiled back. A terrible pang of hurt beat through Melanie's heart. Flossy looked lovingly at Carter while strumming his prick and then lowered her head back down. Now it appeared like she was attacking his fine cock. She gobbled it all the way down her throat and played with his balls. She lifted her mouth up to the tip and sucked the cockhead while her hand jerked the hard, hot and bloated staff. Carter was panting in heat. He held her head down with his strong hands. He loved the feel of her tongue on his prick. His face was redder than Melanie had ever seen it. Flossy was loving his prick. Melanie wished that it was she. She felt sorry for herself. If only she realized how she had felt about Carter before she had spurned his gifts. She was angry at Flossy for stealing Carter. But what's more, she knew that she could never have competed with her in this fashion.

She hadn't the first idea at how to go about seducing a man. She never would've thought to do what Flossy was doing. And Carter seemed to really love it. Melanie had no idea that the action she was watching being performed took no prior knowledge. It was just a simple exercise in childish love. Carter and Flossy were being perfectly natural in expressing their young urges. Melanie watched as Flossy quickly lifted her mouth completely off the cock and a creamy white stream fell out of her mouth. Flossy continued to jerk the hard staff and the white juice kept pumping out of it and flying all around. Most of it fell on Carter's nice pants and stained them. The rest of it drenched his prick and Flossy's hand.

She saw Flossy gush with excitement as she reveled in the fruits of her labors. Her eyes were bulging out. Carter's were closed again. He was experiencing a moment of pure bliss at the hands of a loving girl. And, oh, how Melanie yearned to switch places with Flossy at that moment. If only she were the one to give him that moment. The white goo seemed to be everywhere. Even when Melanie looked away from it she thought she saw it frothing up in the bubbling stream. Flossy played with the goo that drenched her hand and Carter's softening tool, as it became limp.

And how Melanie wished that she could change places with Flossy at that moment. She realized now, as she watched Carter's eyes lovingly search Flossy's, that it should be her there instead of Flossy. Carter handed her his handkerchief and she wiped the come from her hand and his pants

and then put his soft cock back in his pants. The deed had been done. The die was cast. Carter would always remember Flossy for giving him pleasure while Melanie had spurned him and caused him pain. With her head hung low she made her way back to Lightning. The horse was silent and she mounted him wordlessly.

As she turned the horse about tears welled-up in her eyes and then for the second time on her sixteenth birthday, Melanie succumbed to a fit of uncontrollable sobbing.

Lightning sensed her pain. The horse knew the only thing that could recapture her youthful spirit. As soon as they were out of earshot of the loving couple, Lightning began to whinny and speed up his pace to a fearful intensity. Melanie stopped her crying when she felt Lightning kick into high speed and take her pain from her. She loved this horse. It was the only thing that communicated to her, that knew her real feelings. She bent her head to his mane and the both of them flew off into the pit of the sun-drenched valley where they could be alone.

The hell with Carter, who needed him. He had hurt her dearly and she would never forget it as long as she lived. If he wanted Flossy so bad he could have her. That would be the last she would ever have to do with him. And Lightning bolted into the sun-drenched valley and usurped the calmness with the trample of hooves that bounced off the walls of the mountain like a crack of thunder.

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Chapter Five

"There is something terribly wrong with my daughter, doctor. You must find what it is."

Dr. Theodore Dedalus lifted the spectacles off his skinny nose and with a gesture that disarmed his audience screwed them into his bony brow. His hand rubbed on his thin sharp chin and then pulled down on his face that made his cheeks look even more harrowed. For Franklin Barker, a practical man and rancher, to seek out philosophical help was a step out of character. In these parts Barker was a renowned man. A self-made one who fought his way to greatness by virtue of an indomitable will.

"You realize, Mr. Barker, that there is no way I can guarantee any degree of success. There are no odds I can give you."

"She doesn't respond to the normal things that children her age should. She is totally off on another world."

"And you say she's been this way since her mother's death?"

"She was always on the quiet side. But with an assuredness. She's lost that quality. She has lost her confidence and won't admit it."

This was not the kind of cursory knowledge Dr. Dedalus was used to hearing. None of the people who came to him had ever spoke so succinctly and to the point. "It sounds to me like you've been concerned about her for a while and have actively sought yourself for a solution to her problem."

"You bet I have, doctor. We both experienced certain character changes since my wife's death. It's unexplainable but true."

Practical men didn't speak this way. They were never so perceptive as to understand the initial roots of things.

"Perhaps it has something to do with her strange death, I mean symbolically, of course. Exactly what was the effect upon you?"

"I was shocked when she died. It came totally out of the blue and was unexpected. It was a crushing blow that almost felled me."

"You mean that her loss caused you to mourn more than might be considered normal. That you were overly grief stricken, or something like that."

"Nora was a very independent woman. She was beautiful but eccentric, and in most men's eyes this seemed to taint her fabulous beauty."

"And you married her, accepting her faults as well as her good points. You filled a gap in her life but she never acknowledged the fact."

"Something like that. But I didn't care. As long as I could bask in her glow I was happy. She was a tremendously powerful woman."

"In what way?"

"She could command attention, just by her presence situations would become frightfully charged and take on an eerie glow."

"Don't you think you're exaggerating her importance, Mr. Barker, I mean, couldn't your grief have marred your former recollections?"

"As long as I've known Nora, she always had that capacity. She was a woman filled with mystery. Like she was the carrier of a dark secret."

"Did you ever find out this secret?"

"No, never. But I can't get the feeling out of my head that her death had something to do with that secret."

"You said that she died of a cerebral hemorrhage. That is a physical cause of death, not psychological."

"I know that, doctor. But perhaps her secret preyed on her so much that it sought an outlet on her person."

Dr. Dedalus was stunned. Mr. Barker had just made a fabulous connection that only a few men of the rarest intellectual capacity were able to absorb. Psychology was just beginning to experiment with the notion that all physical disturbances were facets of psychological maladjustment. Psychology dealt with symbols. Some psychiatrists were convinced that a certain mental frame of mind led to a particular disease in one to one correspondence. The beautiful Nora Barker offered information in this new area of psychology gripped his curiosity.

"What else can you tell me: about her death."

"There's nothing else I can tell you outside of the fact that her death came without warning and she was never sick a day in her life."

"Was there anyone she was with more than usual during her last weeks or months?"

"No, not any more than usual. There is the ranch foreman, Mullady Mistler, who was always very loyal to her, and then me and Melanie."

"How do you mean the foreman was loyal to her?"

"He was completely devoted to her. He did anything she asked immediately and without question."

"You speak of it without a trace of jealousy in your voice."

"Why should there be jealousy? His devotion was platonic and only concerning business."

"What kind of business?"

"Just things that had to be done on the ranch. If Nora wanted help with her flower and rock gardens he would help her to plan and make them."

"So she could depend on him for favors and the like when she had something on her mind that she couldn't come to you with."

"I suppose that's the case. But I never looked at it like that. Do you suppose Mullady knows something about her death that I don't?"

"I'm not a detective, Mr. Barker. But I am trying to trace the events leading up to her death so as to symbolically re-enact her state of mind."

"In this way you hope to find what's nagging at my daughter?"

"You yourself said that there is some kind of mysterious connection between her dark secretive self and the manner in which she died, her physical ailment."

"Yes, that's true. Do you think Melanie feels the same way?"

"That's what you and I are here to find out. If you are satisfied with my approach so far, we could start right now. I agree to see her on one condition. And that is I must hypnotize her."

"For what purpose."

"I want to find out what she's dreaming about. The unconscious mind is the source of conscious desires. The farther down I can go the more I can understand what motivates her."

"Couldn't she remember her dreams consciously."

"Yes, she could. But her account would be biased. The conscious mind filters out parts that are too outrageous for it to face."

"Will she remember her awful nightmares once you take her out of the trance?"

"No not at all. That is the saving grace. She will never have to face her dark side in the real world. It will remain a buried dream. Only I will know what it is and then be able to provide the proper therapy."

"All right. I agree then. You can hypnotize her. I'll bring her in now. Do you want me to leave or stay here with you?"

"I would prefer that you leave the both of us alone once we've been introduced. Now you may bring her in.

Dedalus watched Barker get up and leave the room. He came back in with Melanie and he introduced her to the doctor.

"Melanie I want you to watch this little beacon over here by my left hand and start counting backwards from one hundred."

Melanie held her father's hand tightly.

"It's not going to be painful, honey, I promise. He's just going to put you to sleep for a while and you will answer questions without even knowing it."

The doctor turned on the switch and the small globe on the left of his desk began to whirl very softly. A flashing light shaped like a diamond eye pulsed on and off in a steady rhythm that seemed to be encircling inside the globe. Melanie's pretty blue eyes twinkled from their casual stare into the glass ball. Soon they were concentrating with fierce intensity on the spinning ball of light. In her head she counted backwards. As her lids began to close she gazed fixed inside herself and she was dazzled by the life of her internal radiations. Dedalus watched her eyes close and turned off the spinning light. Without speaking a word he had put her into a trance.

"It's time for you to go, Mr. Barker."

"Good luck, doctor," said Barker as he took up his jacket to leave.

"We make our own luck, Mr. Barker." Dedalus heard the door open and close. He stared at the subject before him and tapped lightly on his desk.

"Melanie, can you hear me?"

"Yes, "I can hear you."

"Do you dream often?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Do you like your dreams?"

"Some of them are good. Some of them are bad and scare me. And then there are some that are part good and part bad."

"Tell me about those. Tell me about the ones that are good and bad at the same time."

"There's this one about me and Lightning."

"Who's Lightning, Melanie."

Dedalus' right hand reached down under the desktop and switched on a tape recorder that was hidden inside a drawer.

"Lightning is my horse. He's more than that really. He used to be my mother's favorite horse and now he's mine."

"Do you spend a lot of time with him?"

"Yes, I do. He never hurts me and he's always good to me. I can always count on him, not like mother, or that stupid Carter Marington."

"Is Carter your boyfriend?"

"Not any more. Not since Lightning led me to the spot where he and Flossy were making out."

"You said Lightning led you to the spot?"

"Yes, he knew what was going on. He wanted to show me what a bastard that Carter is, and Flossy too."

"What were they doing?"

"Flossy was sucking his dick. And he came all over."

"Okay, Melanie, now tell me about the dream."

"The dream is about me and Lightning. We are lying down together on a spinning bed, he's right next to me."

"And what are you doing?"

"I'm kissing him on the face. I'm totally naked and my nipples are swollen and red hot. I'm burning up."

"And the bed is spinning?"

"Yes, it goes all around. Lightning's mouth is open and I'm running my little tongue on his big one. I'm getting hot kissing him."

"And then what do you do?"

"I rub my hot tits in his big face. He laps his tongue out and it brushes my hot tits with big, sweeping licks."

"You like it?"

"Oh yes, I like it ever so much. My cunt is sopping wet. Lightning licks both my hot throbbing tits while I mash them into him."

"What happens next?"

"My cunt is very hot. I put a couple fingers inside my gash and poke them around. My nipples are so hard."

"What else do you do?"

"I'm so hot I feel like I'm gonna blow up. I look down at Lightning's cock and it's huge and hard as a rock."

"Is that what you wanted all along. Lightning's big cock."

"Oh yes. I love him so. There's nothing on this earth like him. His cock is so big. It is the master of cocks."

"Is that what attracts you to him. His cock?"

"Yes it is. I always dream about it. Now that I think of it all my dreams are about Lightning's big cock."

"When you are in bed with him what do you do?"

"He lays perfectly still. He acts just like a human being. Just like a man would. He's perfect, better than a man because he's so big."

"And fast and strong. He's powerful. And he has a big cock. Bigger than any man's and that's why you adore him."

"Yes. His cock is so big. When it lays there on the bed it looks like it weighs twenty pounds. I need two hands to lift it."

"Yes, go on."

"I take it up with both hands. I gasp from its huge size. It makes me crazy just to feel it and hold that big stiff thick thing."

"You can't resist touching it."

"Oh more. Much more than that. I must make love to it. I must get Lightning to fuck me because he is afraid of hurting me and won't do it."

"How do you know that?"

"I don't know. I just do. Lightning remembers another time when he hurt me real bad from trying to fuck me."

"Lightning remembers it and you don't?"

"Yes. That's true. I can't remember. But Lightning seems to remember. And he's very afraid of doing it again and hurting me."

"But you want him to. Even if it kills you, or hurts you badly."

"I must have his cock. No matter what the price. The mere thought of it right now makes my blood boil and sets my cunt on fire."

Dedalus inspected the finely developed frame of the beautiful girl in front of him. He confirmed for himself her obvious heat when he saw her aroused nipples protruding through her blouse.

"Melanie, how did your mother speak of Lightning. Did she ever say that she loved him, or spent as much time with him as you do?"

"She never said it. And she didn't spend as much time with him. But I used to watch her combing his mane."

"And how did she look when she did it."

"Sometimes she would take a lot of time doing it. Once, when she thought no one was watching, I saw her kiss him."

"Where did she kiss him, I mean Lightning?"

"She kissed him all up his face. And then when his mouth opened a little she licked her tongue against his."

"What else do you remember?"

"I remember I could see her nipples through her blouse very clearly. Then she took it off and began to rub her breasts along Lightning's face."

"Did you like what you saw?"

"I sort of did. I wasn't sure. I didn't think anything was wrong with it if mother was doing it. Daddy always told me to listen to mother and follow her example. He said that she was a powerful woman and she knew a lot and anything I wanted to know about life she knew."

"Melanie, do you realize now that the way that you saw your mother making love to the horse was exactly like the way you described you did it to Lightning in your dream."

Dedalus paused to sharpen all his senses for the answer. It was important for the girl to see the symbolic connection between both events. Even at this early juncture, much of the success of her therapy depended on her conscious controls loosening enough to admit to the truth.

"Yes, I got the idea from mother. From watching her that day."

"Good, now continue with the dream."

"I'm weighing Lightning's huge cock in my little hands and I can't resist hugging it to me. I rub it on my tits."

"What happens now?"

"I begin to kiss it all over. I start at the top and work all the way down. It's so hard and the skin is taut and black and shines like leather."

"Do you try to swallow it in your mouth?"

"Yes, I try. But it is much too big. I become twice as hot from becoming frantic by not being able to take it in my mouth."

"So what do you do?"

"I keep kissing it all over. It begins to glisten from my spit and then I reach lower and kiss his big sac of balls."

"Do you like that?"

"Yes, very much. I can get one of his big balls in my mouth and I suck on it very hard and love the taste of it."

"What does it taste like?"

"It's salty and bitter and I can't get enough of the taste. The more I suck on it the better it tastes, it gets sweeter."

"Go on."

"I trade off balls in my mouth. I swallow one all the way in my mouth and feel it in the back of my throat. I'm doing this while stroking his prick the whole while."

"And Lightning remains perfectly still?"

"Oh yes, he never moves. He's the perfect lover. He just stays there while I do anything I want to him."

"How do you make love to him?"

"I lay beside him on the bed and I kept taking one ball at a time into my hot mouth while my whole body rubs against his cock. "Your hands are jerking the cock?"

"Yes, I'm strumming him with all my might. My tits press against the base of his prick while his cockhead runs against my open, wet pussy lips."

"Do you come?"

"I come in a stupendous vibration. I hold on to his cock for dear life while I shudder in a rhythmic orgasm."

"Does the orgasm quench your urge?"

"No, it makes me wilder. I must have that cock inside of me at any cost. I know more than ever that Lightning must fuck me."

"Can you tell that Lightning loves you?"

"Yes. Because he doesn't want to hurt me. But I keep seducing him by playing with his huge cock that makes me wild and then soon he can't control himself."

"Does he crush you with his weight?"

"No, I told you. He's the perfect lover. It's just that his cock is so big he can't help but be a brute. And I want him to act that way."

"What keeps him from killing you with his body as he fucks you?"

"I don't know. Sometimes it seems that he would very much like to ram me harder but something is stopping him, I don't know what."

"How does he mount you?"

"I lay on my hands and knees atop the spinning platform. I take my hands and split my ass cheeks apart as far as they will go."

"Where is Lightning?"

"He straddles me. I can see his feet in front of me. I arch my back and raise my ass as high up as it

will go and split my gash open with my fingers.”

“What happens when he mounts you?”

“I grope my hands in back of me to search for his giant cock. One hand finds the bulbous cockhead and I draw it to my open cunt.”

“Does it go right in?”

“No, my precious Lightning is much too big. I can barely get an inch of the cockhead into my wet gash.”

“Does Lightning help you and buck his weight into you?”

“He tries to but something stops him. I don’t know if there’s someone watching us or not. But something or someone stops him.”

“How do you know this?”

“I can feel it, that’s all. I do know that on account of this someone Lightning can’t hurt me. I can only hurt myself.”

“You mean by getting so carried away that you force his cock into your cunt, and not the horse.”

“I feel his cock probing deeper inside me. It is an incredible feeling of pain and pleasure like enjoying the feeling of being split in two.”

“Does Lightning’s cock dominate you?”

“It makes me feel a total slave to it. I would murder and destroy for it at this point. I want to die myself if that’s what it takes to feel his cock in me.”

“Does he succeed in getting inside you all the way?”

Dedalus watched as the girl’s breasts rose and fell in obvious heat. She licked her wet lips and began to recount the depraved event of her satiated lust.

“I keep pushing myself backward into his big cock. As my cunt gets wetter from the enormous penetration it can accept more and more of it.”

“The pain is as good as the pleasure?”

“The pain merely adds to the pleasure. I can feel half of him in me now. I reach back with my hands to feel the remainder of his cock.”

“And what do you feel?”

“It feels like I am impaled on a thick black pole. My body is stuck in place from his big cock stuck inside me.”

“Is it in as far as it can go?”

“No and yet I’m stuffed to the brim. I feel that if I can get used to this point of being stretched I can accept even more of it.”

"Do you?"

"Yes. I enjoy myself feeling the black bone that juts out of my snatch. Then I seize the lengthy remainder and shove more of it in me."

"What happens?"

"I must scream from the fantastic pain. The cock is tearing me in two. My face is contorted from the excruciating spasm."

"But you will not let go of it. Though it hurts like the devil you must have more."

"I must have it all. Even if I die. I must feel his heavy sac of balls bouncing and dangling on my wet cunt lips while my hands grope for them and massage and hold them."

"And do you succeed?"

"I'm breathing very hard. I feel like I'm totally alive for the first time in my life yet on the verge of death."

"What do you do?"

"I gather the last of my strength and put my hands in front of me and with all my might plunge backwards into the massive cock."

"Are you alive or dead?"

"I gasp and groan. A million stars go off in front of my eyes. I heard something scrunch when my cunt engulfed the last of his bloated, foot-long cock but I don't care. Both my hands have hold of his balls and they're mashed right into my contorted cunt lips."

"Describe the feeling."

"I hold my place and accept the power of his huge truncheon. My cunt spasms around it and I pass into the era of orgasm."

"It seems to last forever. Or is there pain that brings it to an end?"

"My body is like a tuning fork that is vibrating from the power of his massive member embedded, deep inside me. I am soaring through space. I see planets."

"Does the horse come?"

"He feels himself buried bone deep inside me. My body grips around his cock and sends spasming ripples of delight pulsing through him. He whinnies like beginning a great charge... My pleasure is half over. My body is spent from the throes of a miraculous orgasm few women have ever experienced. I have passed out a number of times and woke up to face another orgasm. I am out of my mind with the pain of the pleasure and the pleasure of the pain. I can feel the cock explode inside me. I am filled with a bursting, almost explosive sensation that makes my nipples seem to pop blood from the rising pressure of my hot flow. I feel my insides become painted with Lightning's heady elixir and I am bathed in sperm. My insides feel soppy. They feel as if they have been mashed to ribbons. His cock continues to pulse and my body will not stop vibrating around it. It is then I realize that there is no end to this orgasm and my reason for living has ceased. I have experienced the ultimate. Everything becomes meaningless. My life is over."

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## Chapter Six

"Mullady, meet me in my den in five minutes."

Franklin Barker fought back his temper. He was fuming. His conversation with Dedalus after interviewing his daughter still rang in his ears.

Dedalus had said: "From the symbolic reenactment of your daughter's innermost drives and fantasies and the information you gave me, Mullady Mistler's place in the whole affair is of supreme thematic relevance."

"Are you telling me, Dedalus, that Mistler is the cause of my wife's death?"

"He is somehow inextricably involved. He has information that is relevant to the mystery of your wife's death. Melanie intuitively perceives this."

"But how could she know?"

"Her strong intuition gives her the ability to make random connections. Analysis of her dreams tell me that there is a secret between her mother and Mistler."

"Did Melanie mention Mistler by name?"

"No, but she didn't have to. You yourself told me that Mistler was devoted to your wife. Did he take care of the horses as well?"

"Why, of course. That was part of his duty. He often helped my wife to preen her favorite steeds."

"Are you aware which of the horses was your wife's favorite?"

"Yes, it's the same one Melanie has a passion for right now. The horse is a beautiful one, charcoal gray in color with a lovely soft blond mane."

"His name is Lightning."

"You talk as if he has a human personality."

"To the subjects involved, Mr. Barker, that is precisely the case. It appears that your wife, from my interpretation of your daughter's dream, had an abnormal attraction to the beast."

"What are you saying?"

"Something so shocking that if the words were to issue from my lips you would not believe it to be the truth."

"You'll have to be more specific than that, doctor. I'm paying you good money for this information. I would appreciate it for you to deliver the goods."

"What would you say to the notion that your wife may very well have had an affair with an animal. Would you believe it possible?"

Franklin Barker was in a rage. How dare someone possess the gall to insinuate that his wife was guilty of bestiality. He had a notion to grab the small man by his skinny throat with one hand holding

on the bobbing Adam's apple choking off his wind.

"Doctor, you're crazy."

"I knew you would say that. That's why I'm telling you that the proof you seek lies in the personage of Mullady Mistler."

"What do you mean, personage?"

"He is the missing link between your daughter's dreams of bestiality and the sudden disease that befell your wife."

"But in what way?"

"That is a specific detail that can only be filled in with one's imagination at this point. What Mistler's exact involvement is open to discussion. That he is undoubtedly the key to the symbolic reenactment of the neurosis, however, is clear as a bell."

"Did he conspire with my wife to arrange the act?"

"That is possible."

Dedalus saw Barker set his jaw firmly. He thought that Barker must be gritting his teeth. The eyes had a cold glint pulsing through them.

"Doctor, did you make a tape of your interview with my daughter?"

"Yes, I did, Mr. Barker."

"I want it."

"I'm afraid that's impossible. The tape is part of my library. It is strictly confidential. No one shall ever know of its contents except you and I."

Franklin Barker could see a compassionate look sweep over Dedalus' angelic expression. A radiant aura seemed to surround his face. Just a moment before he would've killed for that tape. Now suddenly it didn't seem to be so important. He felt that he could trust Dedalus implicitly.

"I'll accept your word on that, doctor. I can see you're a man of integrity. Let me thank you for your help."

He reached across the desk and their right hands touched in a moment of understanding. Dedalus' soft palm made a dull impression on Barker's callused paw. And now Franklin Barker sat in his den waiting for the moment of destiny the key to which lay in the person of Mullady Mistler. He heard the tramp of his booted feet on the floor of the hallway that led to the chamber where his master waited.

"You called for me, sir?"

"Yes, Mullady, sit down."

It was rare when Barker allowed the ranch foreman the privilege of sharing his company in the large and luxurious den. He sat his wiry body down into the folds of the plush lounge chair that lay across the large oak desk. Barker lit a cigar and then handed the box over to Mistler who took one out and

sniffed it underneath his pug nose. Barker lit it for him. The friendly gesture had the effect of catching Mistler off guard when his master said directly: "You lied to me the other day when I asked you to follow Melanie into the woods and see what she was up to."

"What are you talking about, sir?"

Barker lost his cool. He was sick and tired of having his questions being answered with another question.

"Mistler, if you don't level with me I'm going to shove that cigar right down your throat."

Mistler choked on the smoke that caught in the back of his throat when those vicious words came rolling out of Barker's mouth.

"Relax, Mistler, if you tell me the truth no harm will come to you. But if you lie you shall feel the weight of my wrath. Don't worry, I've already imagined the worst. Now spill it. What happened out there in the valley?"

Mistler's purple face receded back to its normal ashen color. The sorrowful arch of the ranch foreman's brow convinced Barker that what he was about to hear was the truth.

"I saw her atop Lightning riding naked."

"And why didn't you tell me the truth at the time?"

"Because I feared your wrath at the bad news. I did not want to be the one to tell you."

"Do others know about this?"

"No, sir, not that I know of."

"Mullady was there a secret between you and my wife?"

In his head Mistler debated his options. Either he told his boss the truth and took his chances or lied through his teeth. He had to admit that he was impressed at his master's hitting the nail right on the head. Somehow he had discerned the truth.

"She came to me and asked me to build something."

"And what was that?"

Barker braced himself for the moment of truth. His emotion was part fear and part anxiety at getting closer to the truth.

"A mechanical contraption whereby she could have Lightning mount her without being crushed by the horse's weight."

Mistler looked Barker dead in the eye. He looked into his soul and could see the pain throbbing inside.

"Were you witness to the event?"

"Yes, sir, I was. There were two occasions. The last one was right before she died. Perhaps a day or so."

“Did she succeed in having her desire filled?”

“The second time she did. It was an awesome spectacle. She was consumed with lust and finally managed to insert the enormous staff inside her.”

“Mullady, I want you to tell me everything you saw. Don’t leave out a detail, or withhold information to spare my feelings.”

Mistler wanted very much to tell someone what had happened on that spectacular occasion. The event had weighed on his mind. He felt responsible. He had built the thing. A few days later Nora had died. In his soul he felt there was some kind of connection. After her unsuccessful first attempt to have Lightning mount her, Mistler remembered that Nora undertook the second venture with a grim determination. She told Mullady after dinner to be prepared for the encounter at precisely twelve o’clock midnight.

He removed the felt cloth from the decadent monument and preened Lightning and made the horse look sharp for the celestial encounter. Nora arrived right on time. She was already in a state of lust. She was wearing just a robe and took it off immediately upon entering the shed. Mistler could see her nipples that were swollen and bloated at the mere thought of making love to her fine steed. This night they had a hard time keeping Lightning quiet. He had to put a leather muzzle over the horse’s snout. He arranged Lightning into position on the contraption and bound him in place with the leather harness.

The horse’s cock was showing signs of arousal. As Lightning was bolted into place the cock rose in anticipation. Nora gushed with lustful excitement ensconced herself inside the fur-lined pit grabbed the sturdy member. She hugged it close to her. The cock stiffened almost immediately from her hot touch and she began to kiss it. Lightning was shaking in the wooden frame that kept his body in position. The horse’s feet shifted back and forth. Nora ran her whole body over the erect black pole. She loved it in between her tits and it glistened from her sweat and spit.

Her teeth were bared. She was beside herself with passion. She let out little pig-like squeals of excitement. On the behest of his mistress, Mistler had added a row of bars inside the fur-lined pit. This was to allow Nora a good grip so that when she turned on her hands and knees for Lightning to mount her she had just the right leverage. But she was so intensely fascinated by the sturdy truncheon that she could not let go of it. She tried to swallow it in her mouth. By straining her jaws wide, Nora finally managed the impossible. The enormous bulbous cockhead went between her lips.

With a superhuman effort she pulled that cock to her and buried the massive tip inside the embrace of her succulent mouth. She jerked the massive member with her pretty hands and held onto the tip with her hot mouth. Her lips encircled the rim under the cockhead and she swooned and gasped in delight from the throb of the cock in her mouth. Her nipples were swollen. Her cunt flowered open and dripped juices from her blazing heat at making love to the horsecock. Lightning’s muscles trembled and convulsed in place from the crazy motion of the mistress’ groping hands and loving mouth. She reveled in the feeling of the cock being so close to her senses and continued to tug and pull on the member while the tip lay between her lips.

Mistler saw her body writhe in spasms as she came in a bevy of vibrations from the cock being in her hot grasp. She took it out of her mouth with a yank and ran the wet tip all over the beautiful features of her face. She nuzzled the mammoth instrument in between her ample breasts and then played with her nipples by tweaking them very hard. She was in a seething lustful state. She was hypnotized by the power of the blood-gorged constrictor. She took the cock and ran it on her sensitive parts. The hot cockhead poked at her bloated tits. All the while Nora was gasping and

squealing from the supreme decadence of her actions and losing more control of herself by the minute.

She crouched on her haunches and managed to work the cock in between her creamy thighs and move it about. The black leather-like skin of the instrument ran on her open gash and teased her juicy cunt lips. She spasmed and rocked once more in a fiery orgasm and kept that cock close to her steamy snatch. She was burning up right in front of Mistler. Never before had he seen such a beautiful woman give herself up totally to her passions. She put a hand behind her to hold her weight up and leaned back with her legs spread and poked the cock into her gaping hole. Once again, just like the first time, it would not fit. But this time Nora was determined not to be denied. She pulled on the cock with fierce intensity. It was hard as a rock and gleaming from her secretions of spit and sweat.

The bulbous cockhead was drenched with the juices that had poured out of her love box and she was determined to feel it inside her. She stretched her legs as wide as they would go and with a mighty pull she was able to bury the massive tip inside her. She spasms and let out a hot gasp of excitement. She reveled in the supreme decadence of her action. She could feel the huge tip inside her. Her cunt walls formed around it and her orgasm brought her to a state of uncontrollable convulsions. Her nipples were bloated to the point that Mistler swore they were turning purple from her red-hot excitement. She inched up to accept more of the cock inside her. Now that the tip of it was firmly in she rested both hands on the bars on her sides. With her hands giving her body the proper leverage, she bobbed forward with frog-like leaps to capture more of the cock.

Lightning was silent. The horse had finally calmed down. He pawed the ground and snorted.

The horse was calm because Lightning knew that the mistress had succeeded in finding the means of getting the enormous pole inside her. Mistler watched as Nora's face became beet-red and sweaty as her body moved forward to swallow the enormous cock. She had the same expression that Mullady had witnessed when a woman had given birth here on the ranch and he assisted the doctor. Nora's head pressed down onto her chest. Her double chin brimmed with sweat. Her cheeks were red and puffy. Her eyes were bloodshot from the terrible pain of admitting the huge truncheon up her pliable body. Her cunt seemed to be swallowing the heavy cock inside it. She kept moving herself onto it though it was causing her great pain.

But the pain was the focal point of the pleasure. Without it her lust would not be sufficiently quenched. Mistler watched as the cock became embedded in the little opening of Nora Barker's unfathomable cunt. Her hands gripped the bars on either side of her and she pushed her pelvis upward to meet head on the bloated truncheon. It was an awesome spectacle that reminded Mistler of something he once read in the bible about Moses bringing the Ten Commandments down from the mountain and finding his flock giving themselves up in a blood orgy of uncontrollable lust.

Mistler began to think that perhaps this was the reason why certain avenues of lust were taboo in human folklore. As he watched Nora Barker give way to such an urge and force that horsecock deep inside herself he knew that expression of the ancient drives were indeed destructive. But the woman could not control herself. The more that cock slipped up her the more she wanted.

She was determined to get it all the way inside her, even if she died from the effort. She pressed inexorably forward. Lightning began to twitch in place. The horse wanted to desperately ram forward but Mistler's magnificent contraption kept Lightning in place. It was a testament to his skill as an engineer. The horse could not hurt Nora. Only her own lust could destroy her. The cock was halfway inside her steamy snatch. The cunt hole was contorted to an unreal proportion. It appeared that it would burst at the seams. Nora was in obvious pain and the tears began to well up in her

eyes.

She was crying now. The pain was too much for her. She sobbed deep, heavy gasps that evidenced her discomfort. But her lust would not let her stop. As soon as she calmed herself she once again began to buck relentlessly forward. She took a mighty grip on the bars and braced her feet on the fur-lined floor and threw her body into the huge cock. It pierced her insides and practically tore her in two. The cock was three-quarters embedded in her now. By being fucked face up she could see the massive instrument that was impaling her. Her eyes bulged out.

She could both see and feel the object that was driving her crazy and breaking her body in two like a wishbone. She waited for the pain to die down from her last thrust. She was no longer crying for lust had captured all of her body. She took a good hold on the bars with her hands, braced her feet and spread her legs as wide as possible, then pushed forward with all her might. She let out a blood-curdling groan of terrible pain. Lightning whinnied a throaty thunderous blast.

Mistler heard something crack. It sounded like bones breaking. He was sure that Nora had done herself irreparable damage. But the cock was all the way in. Waiting for the pain to die, Nora lay in that position, impaled on the cock. Her eyes were rolling inside her head. Her face was contorted in an ugly expression. But she had all of that cock inside her and that kept her going. She had achieved the ultimate lust. She had accepted a giant horsecock in between her loins and was dying from the pleasure of the pain. It was a feeling that few women had ever experienced, and few men had ever witnessed. Mistler looked at her as if she was a goddess. Her cunt was contorted open. It was stretched to an unbelievable proportion from the giant cock embedded inside it.

Nora could not move. Her jaw was agape. When she looked down and realized she could no longer see the cock, for it was buried inside her, she gasped and writhed in orgasm. Her entire body seemed to grip and form around the massive instrument. Her body convulsed in uncontrollable spasms. She was having trouble holding herself in place. Mistler sensed her troubled position and sought out something to prop her up. He searched the shed and found an old chest that was just the right height. He brought it over to the spectacle. He nudged the chest underneath her right against the small of her back and now she could let go of the bars and relax her tired muscles.

She balanced on the chest with the horsecock buried well deep inside her loins and continued to spasm like a geyser. Her orgasms ceased to have an individual rhythm to them. She began to vibrate in one single spasmic vibration. She called out to Mullady. She told him that she was losing her mind from the pleasure. She was soaring through the universe. She was beyond her senses, beyond lust even. She was off somewhere flying through the ether like an angel.

The cock throbbed inside her. Her body existed for only one thing to grip that cock that was breaking her in two. Mistler thought that she would die right there from the stupendous rocking rhythm her orgasms were putting her through. Her body gleamed with sweat. Her tract was well greased now as her cunt had secreted enough juice for her to slide up and down on the cock. She was out of her mind from the motion. She reeled her body forward and back and looked down to watch the cock piercing in and out of her.

Her eyes were glazed and awe-stricken from the stupendous spectacle of the massive instrument ripping her insides to smithereens. She grabbed onto the bars for dear life as her back rested on the old chest and pushed back and forward with all her strength. Each time the cock banged home inside her she let out a sex-drugged groan of unbelievable pleasure. Her groans were low-pitched throaty bellows that became hoarse from the intensity of her screaming pleasure making her voice raspy. Lightning wanted ever so much to ram all his weight into her, but Mullady Mistler's decadent contraption held the horse in place. He could not hurt the mistress. She could only hurt herself as

she bounced like a madwoman upon the pole-like cock. As it shot out of her, Mistler could see it dripping with her juices. Trickle of blood ran out of her ravaged cunt.

She moved back and forth with a fiery rhythm and her back began to bleed from the coarse wooden chest scrapping against her. Mistler saw her body suddenly stiffen as a last orgasm died down and the beginnings of another sprung up. She could no longer move. The fantastic thrill of the spasm had her riveted in place atop the cock. Every nerve ending in her beautiful body began to vibrate and explode. She was lost in a lustful reverie. Lightning's cock was pulsing with the fierceness of a snake ready to attack. She could feel it vibrate inside her.

Everything became silent inside the old tool shed. Lightning was strangely quiet for a horse caught in the throes of a coming orgasm. Nora was silent, her body was out of control but her mind awaited the event that would finally quench her lust. The cock exploded inside of her. Huge spurts of white come splashed inside her cunt and whipped out of her contorted snatch. Her loins were painted in sperm. The cock seemed to never stop pumping its heady elixir. Nora was drunk with it. Mistler watched her writhe through her final orgasms, as her thighs became drenched with come. A tear fell from his eye and burned a trail down his cheek.

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Chapter Seven

"Mistler, I want you to take me to see this thing."

"Are you sure? What would be the purpose? You'd only be torturing yourself."

"I want to see it, let's go."

Barker led the way. He knew where the old shed was, of course, but he wanted Mistler to show him the workings of the contraption. How could Nora have conned herself into such a trap? Still, the supreme decadence of her action was one few women were capable of. It was this fact that made him love her more than ever before. Like she was winking to him from the grave, flirting with him. Her brazenness never ceased to astound him. He understood why she hadn't come to him with her problem. His male ego would have gotten in the way. He would never be able to accept the fact that an animal was preferred over him. He would have made her feel guilty, remorseful at ever conceiving such an unthinkable idea.

But, of course, no thought was unthinkable if you thought it. It was a contradiction in terms. You could try not to think about it but you still thought it. That's what was hounding Melanie. Melanie felt her mother's sin. She was unconsciously being led down the same path. But her mother had acted consciously and willingly. Hers was not the actions of an unknowing child. She had actively sought the experience. The fantasy had preyed on her mind and Nora was not the kind of woman who refused to face herself. Franklin had been the object of her lust for twenty years. He dearly loved and cherished all their passionate moments. Nora was an excellent lover. She had taken care of all his needs and satisfied his every desire.

Even as they got older their lovemaking never lost its fiery edge. Their orgasms still exploded with the passion of lusty teenagers. Mistler opened the door to the shed and Barker stepped in ahead of him. His eyes fixed at the back of the shed. He walked towards it slowly and his nostrils flared up from the smell of horse sweat that hung in the air.

"Do we keep horses in here all the time, Mullady?"

"You're speaking of the smell; No, sir, we do not, but that smell has been in here since the days of Nora's decadence."

"You wouldn't be pulling my leg, Mistler."

"I swear sir, no other horses have ever been in here. Just Lightning, those both times, and in three years the smell has never gone away."

"Take off the covering, Mullady."

He went to the monument and very slowly lifted off the felt covering that clothed the depraved contraption. Barker's face turned pale at the apparition before him. It was right out of a nightmare. An eerie glow emanated from it. It pained and yet thrilled him to know that the contraption came right out the fevered mind of his wife Nora. She was capable of such odd tastes. She was the only woman he knew that would've ever had the nerve to bring a thing like this to life. She must have been in terrible pain, both physically and mentally from the brute piercing her and the guilt that pulsed through her. Franklin Barker knew that he was responsible for that guilt. Her mind conceived of the one thing that he would never have been able to grant her.

He thought he was the type of man who complemented her perfectly as a mate. He really tried to give her anything she wanted. But instead of being satisfied like most women would've been, Nora always played a game with him. Whatever you gave her she wanted more. She stretched his love to the limit to see how far it would go. You loved Nora because she allowed you to bask in her glow, not because you held her in your grip. And then there's Melanie, so much like her mother, and capable of the same rare independence. He had suspected that her preoccupation with Lightning bordered on the perverse. His suspicions had proved correct.

"Mullady, do you think it's possible that Melanie witnessed what happened here that night?"

"Impossible. That was my job. The mistress paid me 50,000 dollars to watch over them and make sure they weren't disturbed."

"Couldn't Melanie have peered in through one of the windows while you were watching Mrs. Barker's performance?"

"No, I kept a strict watch at all times. No one witnessed anything but I."

If Mistler could be believed, then what Dr. Dedalus had presumed to be intuitive insight on Melanie's part was indeed the case. She had perceived her mother's crime of passion and was living it out in the real world. Through her he had been able to retrace backward and uncover the event of her mother's sin. The reason for her death was now clear. Nora's guilt at expressing her wild fantasy had played havoc with her mind. Her brain must have pulsed with intense waves of guilt for having the nerve to make real her most decadent urge. She felt that she had done Franklin a terrible wrong. It was so terrible that she could not confide to the person that loved her the most.

Because it would hurt him dearly to find out. He learned for the first time that Nora never really ever meant to hurt him. She felt his pain for the things she forced him to put up with if he wanted the right to bask in her glow. But she couldn't let that stop her from realizing herself and her own ambitions. Even at the price of love. Melanie held the key to her salvation. It was Melanie who was showing Barker what had killed her mother.

"I've seen enough, Mullady. Put the covering back on." The felt covering blanketed the contraption. It no longer radiated its aura but a gentle hum pervaded Barker's ears.

The thing seemed to be alive. It was an inanimate object yet it seemed to pulsate with a special energy. He couldn't help but think that the energy pulsing through it were the vestiges of his wife's wayward spirit. She had experienced her moments of orgasm upon it. Her energies remained a flowing monument. And Mistler had invented the contraption! It was a fascinating display of intense art and sculptural design. He must have loved his mistress dearly and worked night and day until he had discovered the perfect masterpiece worthy of her dignity. The miasma inside the shed was choking him. He had to leave there at once. Mullady bolted the door behind them. He dismissed the ranch foreman and returned to his den and sat himself down on the cushiony lounge chair.

He kicked off his shoes and put his stocking feet atop the desk and rested his heavy head on the back of the chair. As he relaxed he could see the sun setting on the horizon out from the picture window behind the oak desk. It looked like a bleeding asshole. It radiated with an intense fury. The whole room became bathed in a red glow. Tears welled up in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks and fell off his square jaw and stained his shirt. A heavy sigh lifted from his lungs and echoed off the high- ceilings of his stately chamber. It died out like an engine being turned off and he passed off into a deep sleep as soon as he closed his watery eyes.

He dreamt of Melanie. She was riding that damned horse. How he hated that beast. The sight of Lightning in his mind's eye made him livid.

Melanie was riding naked. She leaned over the horse's mane and brushed her hot breasts against it. She was brimming with lust. Her face was beet-red. Her breaths were short gasps of thrilling delight. They were galloping at full speed. She bobbed up and down on the smooth leather saddle and her cunt was wet. The lips were a fiery red. Her whole underside burned with passion and was red from her heat and the slap of the saddle. Lightning was speeding at full gallop but flying through the air with prancing arches and landing with light feet.

Melanie was taken away by the wild rhythm of his steady rhythmic bucking. Lightning raised his flanks just a notch on the way down so that Melanie could slap her gaping cunt on the smooth leather saddle with the added intensity of the horse's kickback. She was paralyzed from being racked with one orgasm after another. Her cunt lips were dripping with her dew. It made her slosh around on the saddle because it was painted with all the love juice that had poured out of her. She came time and again. She pulled the horse up very meanly. She was drunk with passion and they stopped dead in their tracks. She got off the horse and groped underneath for his limp cock. It looked like a stuffed leather pouch. Even in its limp state it was a magnificent length that kept one's eyes glued upon it in delectable fascination.

She bent down and took the cock in both hands and rubbed it in her sweet palms and pulled on the foreskin. The cock began to respond to her loving touch and her eyes gazed fixedly at the rising stanchion. She brought it up to her lips and lovingly kissed the massive cockhead that became wet with her spit. She was totally enraptured from the tasty pole in her mouth and she closed her eyes in delicious passion and went to work on the cock. She took as much of the instrument down her mouth that the cavern could bear. Her mouth was absolutely stuffed with cock.

She tried to gobble more and more of it down but it was beginning to stiffen from her fevered mouthing. The harder she sucked the bigger it grew; Both hands strummed the surging staff whose foreskin became taut. Up and down the rising shaft Melanie mouthed and fondled. She cupped the heavy balls and felt them in her palms. The shaft became so hard that the bulbous cockhead popped out of her mouth. Melanie was incensed from the spectacle of its size. She was frantic to get it back in her mouth but it just wouldn't fit. She wanted desperately to taste it again. She had to satisfy herself by flicking her red tongue all over the shiny black truncheon that bobbed from her touch. She was sucking on the sides of it and running her tongue all along every inch of the enormous pole.

She bit into it but her little teeth could do it no damage. She was wild for it and rubbed it on her tits. She held the horsecock in her arms like she was cradling a log and brushed her nipples against it with her swinging breasts. Her face was a lusty expression of reckless abandon that just could not get enough of that massive cock. She went crazy trying to suck it and running her tongue all over it. Then she nuzzled it against her tits. Her body was on fire from making love to the hot staff. She brought it down between her legs at a fierce angle. She rubbed the enormous tip on her bloated clit and then lifted up a little to run it on her wet cunt lips. The action was making her go crazy. To feel that hot cock on her gaping cunt made her brim with wild lust.

Her mouth changed from an oval-like shape to an animal-like snarl every few seconds. She couldn't make up her mind. Running the cock along her wet cunt was a great feeling, but it only served to leave her teeming for more, much more. She had to get that cock inside her but she had no idea how. To run it against her cunt and cradle it to her no longer served to satisfy. She stood up and grabbed the reins and led the horse away. They went into a glass house framed by an archway. Once inside a brilliant iridescent radiance dazzled the eye. A small clearing in the radiation came into view. An object formed in the center of the vacant clearing. It was a spinning platform and Nora was standing on it. The vision of his wife became the focal point of Franklin Barker's dream. He concentrated on her and her only.

She was as beautiful as ever. She was beckoning to Melanie to come forward. He saw what she was leading her to. Next to Nora on the spinning platform was the contraption that Mullady Mistler had constructed for the mistress. It glowed in all its eerie glory and Nora's left hand, the one bearing her diamond wedding ring, rested on the wood. In a flash Lightning was riveted into place and held steady in the leather harness, the cock bone hard. Both women bent down to administer to Lightning's pole of fury. They worshipped in unison the stately member. They held it up resting it in the palms of their hands and strained their tongues out to lick it.

Their eyes were closed in a rapture of ecstasy as they enjoyed the delectable and huge morsel. Their lips kissed the leather-like skin and soon they began to jerk it feverishly in an effort to draw out the come. They wanted so much to taste the elixir of Lightning's loins believing that it was to receive the horse's power. Nora brought order to the scene by controlling her passion and letting go of the staff and directing Melanie to do the same. Nora brought Melanie down into the fur-lined pit and set her on her hands and knees. She kissed her daughter long and lovingly on the lips and played with her ample breasts whose nipples were swollen.

Melanie gushed with excitement from her mother's loving touch. Her body glowed red and she was intensely fired up. Nora went behind her and grabbed Lightning's huge stanchion. She gave it a few loving kisses and rubbed it on her face. Her cunt was dripping wet and her pussy lips were an awful red from the burning, irritating pleasure that pulsed through her. She took the enormous cock and directed it into the small hole of her daughter's sweet young cunny. It was not as fiery a display as her mother's blazing cunt, but it was hot and wet and the lips were twitching. When she felt the hot cockhead poke at her cunt she let out a howl of delight and looked around to see her mother. Nora was concentrating on directing the massive tool into her daughter's glistening, seamy snatch.

She held the front portion of the black cock in her hand and spread her daughter's cheeks wide with the other. The massive bulbous tip was brought to bear on the open hole and Nora whammed the cockhead into the small orifice. Melanie jolted in her place. Her hands gripped the bars that lined the fur pit and pushed back. Amazingly, Nora's mean thrust had worked the huge cockhead into place inside the little opening. Melanie's cunt was stretched out to a terrible proportion that must have hurt her dearly. But she refused to let go. She held the bars with all her might as her mother continued to force the thing up her. It looked like the cock was bigger than Melanie herself. There was no way in hell she could accommodate such a monster. But she refused to give up. With her

mother guiding her and egging her on she pushed back into the cock.

Nora grabbed Melanie's curvaceous ass cheeks and pushed the loins into the black pole invading them. Melanie could not take the giant protuberance. She wanted to escape from the insane raping of her loins. But her mother held her in place. They had come this far and she was determined that her daughter experience her pleasures. The giant bone-hard cock hung half out of the little cunt that it split open to a frightful degree. It mashed the flesh as if she were made of clay. Nora kept pulling her into it with a lusty glint in her eyes. Her mouth was snarling. She slapped Melanie's ass a few times to straighten her out and calm her frantic state. Melanie waged a losing battle. Her mother was determined to have that horse fuck her even if it killed her.

Nora scolded her and told her to behave, that she had something to teach her. That she had to learn this whether she liked it or not. Her mother clamped her hands onto the bars and told them to hold them there, and to push back with all her weight when she told her to. Nora grabbed Melanie's supple waist and when she pushed back Nora tugged on the waist with all her strength and forced the cock deeper in. Melanie cried out in excruciating pain from the cock splitting her guts open and breaking her in two. Her little fists pounded on the floor of the fur-lined pit and sweat ran out from every pore on her body. She was begging for mercy. Her mother kissed her rosy ass cheeks to comfort her but it made little difference. One more wild thrust and she would have Lightning's turgid cock fully embedded inside her little body.

She gripped her hands around the bars and her mother pulled her back with all her strength and she heard something break inside of her. Her eyes were bulging out of her head and her tongue hung out of her mouth and she drooled from the tremendous pain. She was paralyzed in place from being impaled by the rock-hard horsecock that boiled inside of her. Every muscle on her body was straining through her red-hot fevered glowed in an aura of fire. Blood oozed out of her broken cunt, trickled down the sides of her meaty legs made tracks along her thighs.

She was crying but her spirit was broken. There was nothing she could do now. The worst had happened. She was split in two. The expression on her face was one of utter amazement from the feeling of being split in two. Her insides were a soppy mess. Her mother kept kissing her blood stained ass cheeks and licked her blood. She couldn't move an inch. Thanks to her mother she had succeeded in engulfing every last inch of the turgid cock. Her mother inspected the obscene spectacle of her daughter impaled upon the horsecock and her eyes twinkled. She felt for Lightning's massive balls and squeezed them in her pretty fingers. The horse began to tremble. She went to Melanie's face and planted a kiss upon it and then clamped her mouth on hers. Her tongue dug deep inside Melanie's mouth and her hands cupped and fondled her hot tits and swollen nipples.

She gave Melanie her tits to suck and her daughter eagerly lapped on a pert nipple that Nora held in place by cupping a breast. Lightning was shaking uncontrollably. The horse wanted desperately to thrust forward but the strap held him in place. Nora drew away her breast and spit leaked out of Melanie's hot mouth as her tongue strained to suck it back in her hot mouth. Nora drew her daughter's face down and arched her back so that her ass popped up as far as it would go. She stared directly into the sight of her daughter's torn cunt that was ripped open by the staunch prick. She laid her weight on her daughter's back and pulled the ass up and buried the massive tool inside her gash.

There was not a section of horsecock showing. All was imbedded inside the body of the beautiful Melanie. Nora forced cunt and cock together so that Lightning could feel the girl's spasming insides on his cock. She licked around the base of the cock that forced open the little cunt to an unreal proportion. Lightning was in a frightful state. He threatened to break his bonds. Nora came out from the pit. The home was racked with convulsions from his powerful heat. Lightning wanted to buck his

meat into the hole it lay buried in. Nora unfastened the hooks that bound the strap. When Lightning felt himself free thrust forward with a wicked buck. Melanie cried out in agony. Her mother held onto her hands so that she could not remove them from the bars. Lightning tore her insides to ribbons. His massive thrusts broke her in two. The horse was murdering her.

Lightning shook from the thunder of his spasm and his cock jolted from the orgasmic palpitation that gripped it. In wild fury it rammed into little Melanie and then the contraption busted and all Lightning's animal weight fell upon the girl. As a shower of sperm flew out of his enormous cock, his weight crushed the body of the innocent Melanie.

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## Chapter Eight

Franklin Carter tried to shake himself awake. But the more he struggled to regain consciousness the harder it was to awake. The dream was over but he could not wake up. He seemed to exist between worlds and riding a razor's edge. For a moment he felt his bones take on substance in the dream world, then the opposite happened. He came back to the real world but it was a fantasyland. When he tried to touch something his hand went through it. He was getting increasingly anxious and frantic as he swayed back from one reality to the other out of sync.

He was a pendulum lost in time and space. When he popped into the real world he fought to stay there. But he had no substance, just form. In the dream world he was real but then there was no external substance. A chilling thought passed through him. Suppose he were lost in this splintered state forever. He had to regain his normalcy. He calmed himself. He felt himself rising up like a cork bobbing out from a pool of water. He splashed to the surface of the real world and breathed heavily a precious gulp of real air. Nothing like that had ever happened to him before. It was a strange feeling of being both dead and alive at the same time. He thought of Melanie and the clear dream of her and her mother he had just experienced. It left him in a cold sweat. He was still breathing hard from his bout in the nether world. But his thoughts kept drifting to Melanie, and how he could save her.

If only his wife could have come to him with her problem. Even if he had turned her down at first, perhaps he would have relented with time. He got up from the damp chair and looked out the picture window. The sun was just about to set. Then he saw Melanie. She was atop Lightning and the both of them were speeding into the woods. He ran from the den and out the front door and called to her. He thought that she must have heard him but refused to answer. Melanie heard her father's pleas to come back. But Lightning was riding like the wind and nothing on earth could stop her. Lightning had been very frisky all day. It was a rare occasion when they rode at the end of the day like this.

But Melanie had the urge. She was walking along the spot where she had seen Carter and Flossy make out. When she was right at the spot that they had sat and petted each other, she suddenly thought of Lightning.

She went to the stables and he was eager to see her. As soon as the saddle was strapped on she mounted the horse and off they went. And he was running as fast as ever. Melanie felt free and alive and unbuttoned her blouse and threw it away. It flew into the breeze and got lost in the flapping branches that swayed in the cool dusk breeze. She felt the cool air on her hot tits and instantly her pert nipples began to rise up and get swollen. Her breath became quick, heated gasps of excitement. Her cunt was getting wet and her crotch felt soppy. It was getting so that every time she rode the horse she would be filled with a burning lust. When she was on Lightning she was always conscious of her tits and cunt. Her clit was tingling. Faster and faster they sped through the woods and

Melanie bobbed up and down on the smooth leather saddle.

Her flesh quivered and her breasts jiggled like jelly from the fast pace the horse was setting. She bent her head over the mane and brushed her hot tits on the soft, blond mane of her beautiful steed. Lightning whinnied and quickened his pace to a fearful gallop. Melanie's cunt twitched in anticipation. Her juices ran out of her cunt and her crotch was very wet. She mashed it into the bobbing saddle. She hopped up and down on the saddle and banged her hot cunt onto the smooth leather and sighed in delight. She was sweating from her heat and her body glowed from her inner fire and the fading color of the red-setting sun. She watched the rim of the sun sink into the horizon and swore that she felt the touch of the sun as it hit the earth. She was too passionate to tell the real from the dream going on in her head. She began to spasm.

Her clit tingled and sent a wave rocketing through her burning snatch that made her pelvis ring out. The current passed to her spine and traveled the length of her back and then burst into her breasts. A hot glow surrounded her tits and then the wave settled on her pert and swollen nipples that pulsed. She pulsed in a long convulsion and she lost her senses for a dazzling minute as her body was racked in a thrilling orgasm.

Her eyes were stuck up her head. White showed through half- closed slits and her teeth were bared. She had not noticed that Lightning had slowed to a steady gait until a long moment after her spasm had worn off. She was totally spent. Her body hung atop the horse like a wet noodle. Her flesh jiggled and her bones felt like jelly. Lightning had turned himself about as soon as the sun set. In darkness they headed back to the Barker ranch. She rode Lightning topless back home. As they approached she began to regain her sapped strength. Her body became radiant. Her face was beaming and she could feel the glow emanating from it on her cheeks. She was happy. She wasn't the least bit anxious of someone spotting her like this atop the horse. With brazen indifference she entered the ranch and they slowly made their way back to the stables.

There was no one about. The ranch hands had retired for the day and her father was nowhere to be seen. Lightning did not make the usual left turn that was their custom when they came to the picket fence. Instead he turned to the right and headed for the old tool shed that nobody ever used any more. Melanie thought it strange for Lightning to have suddenly lost the way and cooed softly in his ear. She told the horse that they were heading the wrong way and to turn back. But it stubbornly moved forward. The horse began to quicken its pace. In a flash they were at full gallop. Melanie held on for dear life. They were heading directly for the door of the old shed. If Lightning didn't stop right now they would crash right into it. A moment before they reached the door Lightning raised his forelegs and broke down the door with one mighty smash.

Inside the shed he came to a dead halt and Melanie's nose became filled with the smell of horse sweat. Melanie was still stunned from the fearful ride. What on earth had gotten into Lightning? This was very strange. She got off the horse and went to his face. She looked Lightning in the eye. It was a cold hard glint. She watched Lightning make his way to the back of the shed. There was strange object visible in the moonlight. Lightning stood right next to it. Melanie was curious about the thing. It had a felt covering. She felt the material in her pretty hands. She liked rubbing her soft palms on it and dug into the folds. By fussing with it with her hands, she moved the blanket a couple of inches and the structure underneath came into view. It looked like it was made of wood and finely varnished. With both hands she removed the cloth from the structure. When the covering swept off it Lightning whinnied a high- pitched blast and he forelegs lifted from the floor.

She couldn't make head or tail out of the thing. It was a strange-looking thing. Underneath it was a large cavity. The cavity was lined with a soft fur. There were bars on the sides of the pit that were made of brass. The cavity looked inviting. She slipped inside it with one motion and felt the soft fur

with her twiddling fingers. When Lightning saw her recede into the pit, the horse jumped up on the pedestal and assumed the familiar position. Melanie laughed at Lightning's precociousness. He wanted to join in the exploration too, she thought. Sometimes he acted almost human. Like right now, he appeared to be smiling at her. She smiled back at him. He was quivering in his stance, like he was waiting for something. Melanie turned herself around to get out of the pit. When she turned about on her hands and knees she was met with a hoary sight that made her blush in shame. Hanging right in front of her was Lightning's big horsecock! It was limp but it was the hugest thing still.

Her dream came back to her. The one where she and Lightning are together on the spinning platform in the house of glass. She always woke up at the part where she was just about to touch his erect cock that throbbed in front of her eyes. And now here it was right in front of her in real life. She stopped moving and stared at the obscene tool. She reached out a trembling hand to touch it, just once. Her fingernails grazed the leather-like hardness. Lightning let out a low, short whinny and then was silent. The tips of her soft fingers rubbed on the cock. She felt the cock lurch. She watched with bulging eyes as the shaft began to stiffen and rise up a little. She was hypnotized by the spectacle of the rising snake. Her bare breasts got hot and her nipples swelled up. She watched the beastly thing rise and her eyes were riveted to it. She kept her fingers on it.

Then she gripped the hardening shaft in her whole hand and felt the massive thickness of it in her palm. Gently she jerked the instrument up and down and Lightning let out another bellowing whinny. When she heard the horse's fevered reaction to her gropings she put another hand on the surging prick. It felt like the leather saddle that she used to ride the horse. The skin was being pulled tauter by the second. As the staff rose in her hands, Melanie became incensed and she strummed the pole-like cock harder. Her cunt was burning again, this time an electric intensity that made all underparts feel like they were glowing. She continued to jerk the massive harder and harder and her gasps became pig-like squeals of pleasure. She let go of the cock to unbutton her jeans. She pulled them off her in a flash then groped for the cock.

She jerked it with one hand while fingering her swollen clit. Her sweet ass felt the folds of the fur-lined pit, the cock coming to life in her hands. It was so hard. It didn't feel like it was made of flesh. It felt and looked more like an ebony tusk. It rose to a massive size. Her nipples were swollen and her cunt dripped juices from the heat that gripped her. With both hands she jerked on the massive cock. She brought it near her face and sniffed it. Her nostrils flared out from the seamy smell of the lusty cock and she rubbed the bulbous tip on her pretty face. She rubbed the hot instrument all over her cheeks and neck and then looked at the mushroom tip. She kissed it long and lovingly and now Lightning made a low bellowing whinny that she had never before heard. It was a hoarse low-pitched blurt, more like a moan, and she continued to run her tongue all over the cock. It became shiny from her spit as her flicking tongue left glistening flecks on the hard black shaft.

She hugged it close to her hot tits and rubbed the hard pole in her bosom and her face was flushed with excitement. It was at least two feet long. She held it away from her just so that she could inspect its massive appearance. She remembered Carter's little stiff prick when Flossy was sucking it. In her mind she compared the two. Just as she had suspected all along, Lightning was better in every way. He was faster and stronger than Carter and had a bigger and better cock. A hundred of Carter's cocks couldn't match this one that she held in her hot little hands and vigorously strummed. She couldn't get enough of it. She rubbed it all over her body. She leaned back in the fur-lined pit. She spread her legs wide and with her hand on the throbbing cock ran it up and down her wet cunt lips. By planting her feet on the floor and raising up her ass she could poke the mushroom tip on her hot clit. She kept rubbing the bulbous cockhead along the hot nub until a writhing spasm overtook her and she trembled. Her flesh jiggled on her bones and her tits bobbed like mounds of melting jelly while the cock remained on her gash.

Her orgasm did not quench her thirst but left her pining for more. She went to her knees and hugged the cock to her. She kissed it up and down the hard shaft. She bit into it a little and felt its hardness in her mouth. She took the pole and ran it in between her cleavage and mashed the sides of her ample tits against it. The more she felt it with her body, the more of it she wanted. But it was too big for her mouth and it made her frantic. She had to have it. Someway or somehow she was going to get the beastly thing inside her. She wondered what horse come looked like. Did it look anything like the batter that Carter had spilled all over Flossy's hand? If her mouth was too small, maybe she could get that thing in her gash. She knew that babies came out the vagina and they had to be as big as Lightning's cock. At least that was what she thought. She had no idea that Lightning's ebony pole was at least as big as a newborn baby.

She turned over on her hands and knees. Her cunt was burning and her clit palpitated from her seething lust. Her nipples were hard as a rock. They were so hot and bloated they were beginning to hurt her from throbbing so hard. She reached back for the sturdy member and captured it in her little paw. She rubbed the tip on her open cunt lips. She swooned with delight when she felt the hot head massage her steamy snatch and her eyes rolled in her head. It felt so good. Putting the cock on her hot cunt like this filled her with delectable spasms of delight.

Her body trembled from head to toe. She took the top part of the prick and directed the cockhead into her hole. It was much too big. It didn't even come near entering her. She reached under with both hands and drew it to her. Her back was arched and this raised her ass sky high. Her hole was dripping and open and she brought the tip to bear upon it. She kept shoving until she was out of breath but the cockhead was firmly embedded in her little snatch. She could feel the outer lips of her cunt grip around the rim of the massive head that filled her. Instantly she shot off on a string of orgasms that left her breathless and panting inside the fur-lined pit. She could let go of the cock now and used her hands to grip the bars that surrounded the furry cavity.

The cock would not move out of place. The contraption was an excellent device that had found the solution to every conceivable problem a woman might encounter in the act of mating a horse. Melanie's hands gripped the bars and she pushed back with all her weight. Her cunt was sopping wet. Another couple of bard inches of horsecock pushed inside her young gash and she sucked in air from the pain. She groaned in place for a long minute. Her face was red as fire and her ass cheeks were flushed a rosy color. She was dying for that cock to be inside her. It felt like she was breaking in two and only a few inches of it lay inside her. She waited for the pain to die down. Lightning had not moved an inch. He was the perfect lover, just as she had dreamed. She found that as soon as the pain died it was replaced with a seething pleasure that forced her to push back and take in more of that cock.

She braced herself with her knees and took a good hold on the bars and thrust backward with all her strength. She managed to gain another inch or so of the massive snake but it quickly slid out of her because it was just too big. Melanie became frantic. This was worse than not being able to take it in her mouth. Her cunt was begging for more. She contented herself by moving back and forth and having the few inches she had gained run in and out of her cunt. Soon she succumbed to a bevy of writhing orgasms. She held Lightning's cock in place while she rocked back and forth. As her cunt became drenched with the juices from her spasmic vibrations of pleasure, more of the cock slid into her. She gasped for air. It felt like she was absolutely stuffed with cock. It felt like it went clear up to her throat.

Her hands clutched the bars and she rode back and forth on the cock building up intensity with every drive. She felt like she could get almost half his stately cock inside herself with some of her hearty thrusts. She kept moving back and forth and at propitious moments when she felt she could stand it she bucked back fiercely into the massive instrument. She let out a groan of pain and

pleasure from the cock mashing into her and setting her cunt on fire. She relaxed with the cock halfway inside her and raised her ass up to enjoy the string of vibrations that pulsed through her. She fingered her bloated clit that dangled from her stretched open pussy lips that spread out to accommodate the fearful pecker.

She let out gasps of orgasmic delight every few seconds. She was a geyser seething with intense pleasure. Her juices flew out of her and painted the insides of her thighs. The horsecock glistened from her secretions. Suddenly Lightning began to move into her. His first thrust nearly made her pass out from the pain. Lightning had been perfectly still up until this point. Now he had totally lost control and fucked the girl at will. Without the leather bond to hold him in place he was free to pulverize the girl with all his weight.

Half his cock was already buried inside her. She was impaled on his dick and powerless to move. He went wild on her. Melanie screamed in pain and terror. Lightning was killing her. Oh God, save her please, he was tearing her in two. She felt something crack inside her. His tool was burying itself way inside her. She knew her body could not take it. She was sorry she had ever gotten herself into this. She was sure she was going to die. It hurt like hell. She could feel all his weight being laced into her by way of his plunging prick that sought relief by pummeling her.

She cried out into the moonlit night. She screamed for Lightning to be merciful, he was killing her. The horse plunged into the hole that captured his dick with frightening fury. The balls tightened and the shaft stiffened as Lightning got ready to come. He planted his feet firmly on the pedestal. He had only given the girl a taste of his powerful strength. Now he intended to pulverize her with everything he had. Her screams bounced off the walls of the old tool shed.

A crack of thunder pulsed through the night and Lightning's bucking motions came to a full halt. The horse wanted to move but it couldn't. All the drive was gone. The horse stood in place and then slowly fell off the pedestal. The turgid cock fell out of the ravaged hole that it had just been feverishly fucking. Lightning lay dead on the floor, felled by a well-aimed bullet from Mullady Mistler's rifle that still smoked from the blast of the fatal bullet.

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Chapter Nine

"Don't you just love this outfit, daddy."

"It's perfectly darling."

Franklin Barker watched his daughter as she modeled her new dress in front of him in the living room. It was hard to believe that she was the same introverted girl she had been just a few months before. After Lightning's death she had totally changed. He had expected her to be terribly grief stricken about the horse. She had begun to take a healthy interest in the way she dressed and her manner was much more polite. She embraced you with her smile. She had hardly ever smiled after her mother's death three years ago.

"What time is Carter calling on you?"

"What time is it now?"

She was checking herself in the hall mirror, making sure that everything was just right for when her boyfriend called upon her.

"A few minutes to eight."

"He should be here any minute."

She was a ravishing spectacle. Barker loved when she wore her hair up on her head like it that. She looked so much like Nora when she arranged her hair on top of her head like that. It brought out her classic beauty. Her high cheekbones were clearly visible and their effect was not destroyed by long hair framing her face. Her beautiful features were given full play to shine off her face. And tonight she was radiant. Her eyes twinkled.

She and Carter had been dating a lot lately. Franklin was glad to see her finally enjoying herself after the years of mourning for her mother. Her odd fascination with her beautiful steed was over, thank God. She hadn't been on a horse since Lightning's death. Mistler had explained to him what had happened on that fateful night when he had to shoot the steed from mauling Melanie. How she had ever found the strange contraption he did not know. But she had and luckily Mistler had heard her frantic screams. But the spirit that had doomed her mother to an awful fate and threatened to consume Melanie had died with the handsome steed. Mullady told him that the instant the shot was fired and the horse fell dead off the pedestal, the smell of horse sweat faded away. For the first time in years there was no odor of the beast permeating the musty, ramshackle old shed. With the death of the horse had come a new Melanie. A Melanie that should have always been like the way she was now.

She sat patiently on the couch next to Barker waiting with bated breath for the doorbell to ring. When it did she would joyfully hop to her feet brimming with the knowledge that Carter was just outside her door. Barker had not pressed her about the incident. As long as she didn't bring it up he never broached the subject. He could imagine what she must have gone through when the horse thrust into her with all its weight atop the contraption. Somehow the event had brought her to her senses. It had knocked her out of her dream world and brought her back down to earth. The doorbell rang and the music of the chimes bounced off the high ceilings and reverberated around the room. Melanie was grinning from ear to ear. Her dress ruffled as she walked with graceful anticipation across the room.

"Melanie, you're beautiful."

"Thank you, Carter, you're so kind."

"I brought you a corsage."

"Why, it's gorgeous."

She took it out of the box, her fingers shaking with excitement, and removed the corsage from the cardboard box. She held it to her heart and modeled it for her father and her boyfriend and then pinned it in place.

"What time is the dance," asked the smiling Franklin Barker.

"We'd better hurry or we'll be late, Melanie. In fact we're late already."

"All right, there's no need to rush," said Barker, "take your time and enjoy yourselves."

He watched them leave the house and walk on to the porch. Just as they were about to step down Melanie turned to her father. She was smiling from ear to ear and said: "Don't worry, we won't be late. And if anything happens we'll call."

"Fine, honey, now have a good time." Carter held her arm and helped her down the steps of the porch and ushered her into the car that was waiting for them.

Carter's parents were well-to-do. Like Barker they owned one of the richest spreads in the county. It was just like Marington to send his son out on a date with a chauffeured limousine, just to impress the girl. Well, why the hell not. After what Melanie had been through she deserved nothing but the best. A girl shouldn't have to go through such pain. He watched the chauffeur close the door and then hop into the front seat. The car started up and then made its way out of the ranch. Barker kept his loving eyes upon it until it faded from view.

"We're not really late, are we, Carter?"

"No, we should make it on time. But in any event, drive faster please."

Carter was always so considerate. He was the perfect gentleman at all times. And he wore beautiful clothes. Most of the boys couldn't afford to dress like Carter. His family was rich like hers. They made the perfect couple. They arrived at the dance that was being held at the town hall. The place was mobbed with teenagers. They danced every dance together. Even when Flossy McArdle tried to horn in on them Carter told her to bug off. That made Melanie very happy. She was glad that Carter wanted nothing to do with her. Flossy was so mad. When Melanie asked him how he felt about her right before they started dating he said that she was a cheap tramp. Melanie knew that Carter did not think of her like that. He told her that she had a lot of class. He said that few girls were worthy of his station besides her. She had the kind of background that he admired.

Flossy was just a cheap floozy who tried to buy men's hearts with her body. She had no class at all. Melanie loved when Carter talked like that. It made her feel important and special in his eyes. She told him that she was very sorry about the way she had acted towards him at her sweet-sixteen party. She had been feeling very depressed and was not herself. She found the gift he had brought her and thought it was wonderful.

It was a gold locket, which opened up and inside it was a diamond. On the back it said, "All my love, Carter."

He said to her that he was sorry about what happened to her horse, the one that he knew she loved so much. He had heard that it went crazy and had to be shot. She blushed when he talked about it and told him to forget it, the horse didn't mean that much to her. He was surprised when he heard that. Everyone knew how much she really loved that horse of hers. But he sensed her discomfort when he talked about Lightning and in deference to her feelings never brought it up again. After having a wonderful time at the dance, it was time to go and Carter ushered her into the limousine. He told the driver to just keep going. They wanted to take a ride along the river and watch the summer moon.

The driver stopped the car near an elevated embankment where they could see the moon and watch the beams sparkle off the running water. It was a terribly romantic sight and Melanie sank into his arms like putty. Their lips met and they kissed. He held her in his strong arms and she was a little crushed from his hearty embrace but enjoyed the feeling. He smelled wonderful as well as being the most handsome boy she had ever seen and she let his tongue probe into her mouth. She met his tongue with her own. She kissed him back as hard as she could and she felt her nipples rise inside her bra. She controlled her passion because she remembered what Carter had said about Flossy being a tramp.

He didn't like girls who used their bodies to get what they wanted. It was cheap and bored him.

He let her rub her soft palms on his face. He was getting a little sweaty from their sweet embrace. He felt his cock start to lurch inside his pants. Melanie's soft touch was making his fire come to the fore. He pushed her away from him before he lost control of the situation and they both did something they might regret. Melanie was content just to rest her head on his shoulder and watch the moon as the clouds passed by it. Carter nibbled at her ear. Her body pulsed with delightful thrills from his sentimental gesture. She raised her head up and Carter gave her a long and loving kiss and probed his tongue deep in her mouth. When they broke the embrace they were both breathless. Their young faces were red and their eyes glazed.

Carter said it was time for the both of them to go home because it was getting late and her father would be worried. The driver sped off into the night and they rode the rest of the way back to her house holding hands. When they arrived at the house, Carter got out and opened the door for her and instructed the driver to wait. They walked the few steps to the door and they looked each other in the eyes and hugged one another close. Then their eyes closed and their lips touched and their bodies met in a loving and fiery embrace.

Her body pressed close against his and their tongues intertwined in their mouths and they kissed lovingly. She felt Carter's hand brush against her bust and then he grabbed her breast and ran his palm over it. Melanie was breathing heavy and her face was flushed. As her pelvis pressed against his crotch she could feel his cock surging up.

"Goodnight, Melanie. I had a perfectly wonderful time."

"Oh, Carter, won't you come in for a minute."

"It's getting late. Your father might mind."

"No, he won't."

"Are you sure?"

"I wouldn't lie about a thing like that."

She smiled into his beaming face. They both knew that they could trust one another implicitly.

"Okay, then, just for a minute."

Carter told the driver that he would be out presently and then he would take him home and his duties would be over for the night. Melanie opened the door with her key and switched on the light. Carter shut the door and she led him into the living room.

"Would you like a soda or something. Or perhaps a glass of milk?"

"No, I'm fine, thank you."

"Why don't you have a seat."

Carter sat down on the couch and put his hands on his lap. Melanie sat down next to him clasping her hands together. They sat there motionless staring off into space and deciding on what to do next. Neither one wanted to make the first move. Slowly, Carter drew his arm up and put it on the back of the couch. As if on cue, Melanie inched closer to him. A strand of hair fell from the bun atop her head. He twiddled it between two fingers while his hand massaged the back of her shapely neck. Unnoticeable to the naked eye, Melanie moved herself closer to him. Each second brought her that

much nearer until a minute had passed and her shoulder was nuzzled under his arm.

Carter put his hand on her arm and palmed the creamy skin. Melanie closed her eyes and sighed softly, overcome by the tenderness of the moment. He lifted his head off hers and saw that her eyes were closed. He drew his other arm around her front and hugged her tight. Their warm bodies formed together as one. She opened her eyes and looked long and lovingly into his.

Her blue gems twinkled in anxious delight. She rested her head on his shoulder and parted her lips just a fraction. She squirmed in her seat when Carter brought his lips to hers and kissed her full on the mouth, their tongues touching. She melted into his embrace. She accepted all of his tongue as it filled her mouth and then kissed him back. Their kiss held them together in a long embrace until Melanie lost her breath. She took deep gasps of air that made her breasts rise and fall.

She nuzzled her face into his neck and sniffed his manly odor to capture his heavenly scent in her soul. She was content and happier than at any other time in her life as she rested her head on his chest and reached her arm around his supple waist. Her mind was ablaze with sweet thoughts. She imagined herself walking down a wedding aisle with Carter on her arm. He lowered his head and planted sweet and gentle kisses on the lovely nape of her neck that made her gush with excitement. The feel of his soft lips on her tender flesh stirred up her passion. Her toes twiddled inside her shoes. As they continued necking she placed her hand inside his jacket and felt his hard chest underneath his white silk shirt.

She undid a button and slipped her hand inside and felt the muscles of his young but manly breast. His feverish kisses were making her crazy. Her face was flushed and her body was aglow from the sweet caress of his tender necking. Then he stopped making love to her neck and drew her mouth close to his and kissed her long and hard on the lips. Their tongues met and swished together inside each other's mouths and their panting became heavier with each passing second. She felt Carter's hand brush gently against her bosom. His merest touch was enough to cause her nipple to rise up inside her bra.

His hand ran along the form of both breasts. Then he squeezed them gently through her dress and both nipples rose to attention. As he petted her into a state of tender passion, Melanie kissed him hard and forced her tongue into his mouth. Her hand was still inside his shirt and she mimicked his gropings by cupping his manly breast and tweaking the nipples. Carter sucked on her tongue that probed deep into his mouth. The tip of it swished around his teeth and then darted to the back of his throat. He gripped her breasts slightly harder. He cupped and palmed her tender globes and felt the hot, hard nipples inside her bra. Melanie's hand fell to his lap and moved along the crotch of his pants. She squeezed the bulge that was rising up.

The both of them were breathing heavy. His cock seemed to jump to attention when she touched him there. Carter began to unbutton the front of her dress. Without a whimper she succumbed to his groping, trusting him implicitly. He flapped open her dress front and massaged her heaving breast through the heavy fabric of her bra. Her little hand still had hold of his rising cock. It was getting hard just from her touch and it felt hot even though it was still inside his pants.

She found the zipper and pulled it down. She groped inside his pants for his erect member. Touching it thrilled her to the marrow. Her hand wrapped around his stiff cock and pulled it free from his pants. Her cool hand gently jerked up and down. Carter inched his hand inside the bra and cupped one breast. His fondling sent thrills of delight pulsing through her. He reached a hand to her back and unclasped the latch of her bra. Her hot tits spilled out into his hands.

He felt the stiff nipples with his tweaking fingers and then palmed her meaty tits while they tongue-

kissed. Carter's tender gropings caused Melanie to breathe heavily and grip his cock real tight in her little hand. It was hot and hard and she reveled in the mere touch of it. She kept jerking it gently and ran her thumb on the bulbous tip. Carter bowed his head to her tits and took each nipple into his mouth one at a time. He flicked his tongue all over the hard nubs. Melanie was incensed and pulled on his cock. She could feel the blood surge inside it as his cock rose to full erection.

As Carter made love to her flaming tits her clit began to tingle. Even her cunt was wet from his wonderful mouthing. He reached a hand under her dress and felt for her vee beneath the folds. Her panties were already wet from her flowing juices. He moved his hand over the tender area of her crotch and felt her cunt lips with his fingers through the soft fabric. He pulled her panties to the side and his fingers probed the folds of her juicy cunt lips that twitched with excitement. When he found her dripping hole he poked his finger inside. Melanie gasped as he wiggled it from side to side. His finger kept plunging upwards in her hot gash as his mouth still worked with feverish intensity on the pert nipples.

Melanie took a good hold on his stiff cock and strummed it in rhythm to the finger that rode in and out of her flaming pussy. Her gasps changed to high-pitched squeals of pleasure and Carter took his mouth from her tits and kissed her to hush her up. He forced his tongue deep into her mouth. With his mouth clamped on hers and his fingers running in and out of her Melanie was breathless. As he brought her to a fever pitch she concentrated on her own mounting pleasure and even stopped jerking his cock.

He broke their kiss and returned to her breasts to mouth them lovingly. He pushed them together and sucked both nipples. Once more his hand dropped to her gash and instead of inserting a finger he strummed the area of her swollen clit. He tweaked it between two fingers. Melanie's breath caught in her throat and the expression froze on her face. Her eyes rolled inside her head. She bared her teeth. Then she moaned delightfully when he plunged his finger back inside her. He felt the walls of her cunt form around his probing finger. Her spasm made her vibrate in Carter's loving hands. The way she vibrated was a wonder to behold. Carter had never seen her look more beautiful than at this moment.

Her face was radiant and her cheeks pulsed with fiery intensity. Her whole head was surrounded in a rosy aura. When she passed through the wave of orgasm and regained her senses, she smiled and her expression was one of sweet satisfaction. She still held Carter's cock firmly in her grasp. Now that he had satisfied her she was going to do her best to give him the same kind of thrill she had just experienced. He moved back on the couch as Melanie smiled and held his cock and then bent her head down onto his lap. She held his cock straight and kissed the purplish tip that throbbed and pulsed from the blood surging within him. She put the bulbous cockhead in between her succulent lips. Slowly she drew the entire length of his staff into her mouth.

She was totally enraptured by the sweet taste of his meat. It was a fine taste inviting her to gobble down more of it. She felt the cock lurch inside her warm and tender trap. She lifted off it when that happened fearing that she had accidentally hurt him.

"Please, don't stop," said Carter.

"Are you sure you're all right. I thought I hurt you."

"No, it was wonderful. Keep sucking, won't you?"

"Of course, Carter. Anything you want. Just ask."

He held her face in his hands and lowered her head back down on his cock. Never in his life had his

cock been so hard. She ran her tongue all along the hard staff. She licked it up and down as if it were lollipop that happened to be made of flesh and blood. She stretched out her tongue and gently flicked it on the rounded cockhead. Her hands played with his balls. Then, without warning, she swallowed the whole staff into her mouth and sucked on it very hard, the tip banging against the back of her throat.

She lifted her head and took her mouth completely off it. She kissed his throbbing cock from tip to stem. Carter thought that his cock would burst at the seams. Never in his life had it been so bloated as this. It pulsed in rhythm to his fast-beating heart. Melanie nibbled on the sides and then mouthed his sac of balls. Carter sucked in air when he felt her warm mouth encircle his bag of nuggets and her tongue brusquely play with them.

"Easy, Melanie. Go slow. They're sensitive."

"Oh, I'm sorry Carter. Please forgive me."

In order to talk to him she stopped mouthing his cock. But she smiled at him while rubbing his tool along her face. She was driving him crazy with her slow cock sucking. He didn't know whether he wanted to blow his load or continue enjoying her crazy mouthing. She kissed every inch of his turgid member and then once more drew the tip of his cock between her lips and sucked.

Inch by inch she took it into her mouth until the whole shaft was firmly lodged inside and the tip banged into her throat. He thought that this time he would come for sure. His balls tightened and the shaft stiffened but then once again Melanie removed her mouth.

"God, Melanie. What are you doing? You're driving me crazy."

"What's the matter. Don't you like it."

"No. I mean, God, yes. But my blood is boiling. I can't take any more."

He looked down at his stiff prick. Veins were popping out of it that he had never seen before.

"Melanie, you better get me to come before I break something."

She opened her mouth wide. Without his cock touching inside her mouth, she flicked her tongue up and down the shaft. Her insane mouthing was making him frantic. With her cheeks puffed out she swallowed down his cock and ran her lips up and down it. Just as her lips were about to brush on the hard rim of his cockhead, she opened her mouth wide and lapped the tender underbelly with her tongue.

Then her mouth dived back onto his cock and gulped it down. Her cheeks remained puffed out and nothing touched his dick but her lapping tongue. All she had to do was suck in her cheeks and close her whole mouth on it and he would blow his load down her throat. Melanie did just that. As if she had just read his mind she clamped her mouth on his hot cock and bobbed her head up and down. She sucked his cock with long strokes of her lapping mouth. Every inch of his hot tool was engulfed in her succulent embrace. Then she swallowed it down to the base. Her lips kissed his balls as her tongue licked his hot and throbbing staff. His cock exploded into her mouth and giant jets of come burned on her tongue. His cock lurched but she held onto it firmly. Thick gobs of sperm pumped out of his dick and drenched her mouth. She couldn't swallow his load fast enough and come dripped out from the corners of her lips.

She tasted nearly every drop of his steamy batter until her mouth was so filled with it with it she

almost choked. She lifted her face off his palpitating prick and jerked the staff with both hands. She watched the frothy spray fly into the air. Oodles of sperm shot forth as his cock kept pumping to relieve its heavy charge. Melanie kept lapping it up but could not lap fast enough. Her hands were drenched with sperm. She licked her fingers clean when his cock finally stopped pumping. She took the cock back into her mouth and licked off every drop of sperm that had missed the confines of her eager mouth. She left his cock clean as a whistle, then looked up at him smiling as she waved his softening cock in front of her face.

She was glad to have been the cause of his pleasure. She had repaid him in full for the raptures she had experienced. She wiped his cock dry with tissues she drew from a box on the nearby coffee table and then put his cock back in his pants. She raised herself up and fixed her clothes back in place. When she was finished she looked at him with that dignified air that always made him marvel. She had a queen's grace. Everything she did, even while she sucked his cock, bespoke of a regal quality. She floated across the room as she went to the hall mirror to check her makeup. Carter was too spent to do anything but just watch her.

"It's been a lovely evening, Carter, but I think you should go now."

"Oh, of course. I was just a little drained, that's all."

"You can call on me tomorrow if you'd like."

"I'd like that ever so much."

He wanted to raise up onto his feet but as yet he was still too weak. She helped him up and led him to the door.

"What time should I call for you?"

"The same time as tonight."

"Perhaps we'll see a movie."

"Why, that would be perfectly delightful."

She opened the door and led him onto the porch. The driver started up the car and then got out to open the door. They kissed one final time before parting. This time, when their tongues met, Carter could taste the residue from his mighty charge. He left her standing on the porch bathed in rays of the purple moonlight and blew her one final kiss. She made believe she was catching it and then clutched it to her heart. She felt for the locket he had given her that hung from her neck. The driver closed the door and then took his position behind the wheel and gunned the engine twice before pulling out.

She saw the dust fly up from the spinning wheels as the limousine pulled away from the porch. Carter turned to her and from out the back window waved goodbye to her one final time. Her eyes followed the speeding car until it faded into the night and she strained her eyes until they burned from the effort and began to tear. She held Carter's locket up to the moonlight and read aloud the inscription engraved on the back. It said: "With All My Love, Carter."

She sat down on her porch and the dust from Carter's limousine swirled around her while she gazed up at the full moon. Everything had gone dashing well. Gone were the memories of a few months before. Not one sordid dream haunted her in her sleep since that maddening event.

She raised up her dress so as to feel the cool breeze on her sweaty legs. She smiled to herself and thought of Carter. She didn't want to say it but it was true. He was a better lover than Lightning, much better. She never thought of her once favorite steed anymore. In fact, sometimes she actually felt hate for Lightning.

She was glad that Carter had taken Lightning's place in her life. Everyone said they made the perfect couple. She stood up to go back in the house. A dull sound pierced through the night. She pricked her ears and listened harder. It was the sound of a high-pitched whinny.

The End