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Jeannie Boyd sat on the porch in the early morning and sipped coffee and looked out over the farm.

My farm, she thought. All mine.

She felt a mixture of emotions: pride, a sense of accomplishment and, most of all, a feeling of contentment and satisfaction. She felt, she knew, that she had made the right choice in coming to the farm and settling down.

It had not been easy.

Six months before, she had been living in the city, pursuing a successful career. Then, fate had stepped in, as it often does. She received the news that her uncle had passed away and left her his farm.

Why her uncle would bequeath her the farm was a question Jeannie couldn't answer with certainty. She hadn't been particularly close to her uncle, and she hadn't lived on a farm for years-not since she had left home after high school. She supposed it had something to do with the fact that she was her uncle's only living relative.

When Jeannie had arrived at the farm, she had been overwhelmed. It was a medium-sized spread; actually, it was a combination farm and ranch, and Jeannie had thought: No way; no way am I going to be able to manage this. But she had found that it was manageable - thanks to Stumpy. He was a little old wizened bantam rooster of a man, and he had been her uncle's manager and overseer for decades. And he more than knew his stuff. The farm-ranch was a going concern; crops as well as livestock were produced for market, and a number of workers were employed. Stumpy managed and oversaw it all with efficiency, and Jeannie quickly understood that she should leave things as they were. Stumpy would be the real manager of the farm-ranch; she would only be the owner. That didn't mean that she could sit on her tush though; far from it. Jeannie had quickly found that, day in and day out, there was a lot of work for her to do.

And she had done it. She had become a real working owner of a farm-ranch. And as the months went by, she found herself growing more and more attached and connected to the farm; so much so in fact that she wondered how she had ever been happy and fulfilled working in the city.

Now, after six months, she could sit on the porch and feel real pride and accomplishment and, more importantly, contentment. She knew where she belonged: right there, on the farm-ranch....

A dark movement near the barn caught her attention. She looked and saw Stumpy's dog Buck coming around from the rear of the barn. She watched as he sauntered along. Buck was a big black dog, of uncertain breed, short-haired and stump-tailed. He was husky, bigger than a Doberman; and as Jeannie watched him, a fizzy feeling rippled from the pit of her tummy to her chest and a warm knot formed in her throat. She recalled seeing Buck the day before, or rather watching him as he topped another dog. She had watched as Buck pumped his penis, jamming it hard and fast into the bitch. She recalled that his penis was pink-red and smooth, slick and wet.

She let out a heavy breath and gulped and wiped her dry lips with her tongue. A sigh escaped her as she stood and walked into the house.

She walked to the bedroom, aware for the first time of how warm she felt and how a fizzy tingling was rippling up and down her tummy.

Without thinking of why she did it, she undressed and got on the bed.

Jeannie was a young woman, not yet twenty-five. She was one of those women who are attractive but who give the impression that they are unconcerned with their looks. She usually wore jeans and an untucked shirt. Her honey-colored hair was tousled; her blue-green eyes matched her peachy tanned skin – devoid of make-up.

She lay naked on the bed, absently stroking her tummy. Her body tingled. She slowly moved her hands up to her breasts and slid them over the firm, full mounds. A warm delicious feeling radiated from her breasts. She began stroking, running the palms of her hands over them. She let out a sigh of pleasure and stroked harder, rubbing and kneading her warm throbbing tits, running her thumbs over the rubbery erect nipples. She was breathing hard now, almost gasping and panting. An image suddenly flashed in her mind. The image of Buck on the back of the dog, his big black husky body on top of the bitch, pumping his penis in her, jabbing his smooth slick wet pink-red prick in her.

Jeannie slid a hand down and raised her legs and drew them back. With one hand she squeezed a breast and with the other she rubbed between her legs. She gasped and panted as hot wet shafts stabbed and shot through her body.

Again the image of Buck came to her. She slid a finger into her pussy and rubbed her clit up and down as she pictured the big dog's dick pumping in and out of the bitch.

She lurched upward and cried out in passion as a mini-climax swirled and rippled through her cunt...

She opened her eyes and sighed and felt a letdown. The masturbation had felt good, but it was so momentary, so fleeting, and it was a substitute. It wasn't the real thing. Jeannie sighed again as she realized how long it had been since she'd been fucked. Six months. Since she had left the city and come to the farm. In those six months, she had stayed busy, and there was also the simple fact that she was the owner of the farm-ranch; she didn't come into contact with any males very often.

She slowly got off the bed and without dressing walked through the house. She stood naked before the screendoor, looking out onto the porch.

She saw Buck. He was now lying on the porch. She saw that the dog was licking itself, running its tongue over its penis.

He's got a good-sized dick, she thought.

The dog suddenly looked up, rose to its feet and walked to the screendoor. It stood, looking at Jeannie, then it raised its front legs and landed them on the screen. She looked down and saw the dog's pink-red prick, sticking up, firm and slick and smooth.

She slowly opened the screendoor, and the dog entered.

It pranced around her, sniffing at her legs and rump, then it halted in front of her and sniffed between her thighs. It nuzzled her pubic hair and then moved its muzzle down.

Jeannie breathed out huskily with the sensation of the dog's nose and muzzle on her pussy. She opened her legs and the dog dove in. It began licking her cunt, lapping it with its big thick wet tongue.

"Umm, ah," she breathed out heavily. The dog's tongue was so thick and wet and its breath so hot on her pussy.

She suddenly realized that it could be even better if she didn't stand up. She broke away and walked to the couch and sat. She raised her legs and drew them back and scooted down on the couch. Her cunt was fully exposed and opened.

"Come and get it, boy," she said.

The dog lowered its head between her legs and proceeded to lap her yoni, swiping its tongue all over her vagina.

"Unh, ah, oh, ah!" Jeannie gasped and raised her quim up and swirled it around as the dog ceaselessly licked and lapped it.

She grasped the dog's head and shoulders, clutched at its legs, pulling it up on her.

"Can you do it to me, boy?" she breathed out raggedly. "Can you fuck me?" The dog suddenly moved up and mounted her, and with no preliminaries slid its penis in her pussy. It gave out a yelp as it hunched forward.

"Oh god, unh, oh!" she cried as she felt its prick slide up her cunt. Its cock was rubbery and wet and hot, and the dog stuffed it in her yoni without halting.

It humped her with rapid jabs, growling as it pumped its meat up her quiff.

Jeannie gasped and panted and hunched as the big dog fucked her.

She felt its penis swell suddenly, and it yipped and jerked forward. "Oh, ah, god-yes!" she gasped in lust as she felt the dog's hot juice spurting from its dick and gushing up her quim. "Fuck!" she cried out. "Fuck hot cum in me!"

The next morning, Jeannie arose, slipped on a robe and went to the kitchen, prepared coffee, and opened the kitchen door and looked through the screen to check the weather outside. It was bright and clear.

She was getting ready to prepare breakfast when she heard a scratching and thumping on the screendoor. She looked and saw Buck, standing on the porch, looking through the screen at her.

She opened the screendoor and the dog came in. It circled her, sniffing and nuzzling.

"Umm, you want some pussy, don't you, boy," she said.

She slipped off her robe and the dog began sniffing her rear end, running its muzzle over her behind.

Jeannie breathed out deeply at the sensation. She bent her knees and arched her butt. Then she felt the dog's tongue as it began lapping her rump.

"Umm, ah, oh Buck, that feels good," she breathed out huskily as she moved her rear end around in little circles.

The dog began licking between her cheeks, lapping her buttohole.

"Ah!" she gasped with pleasure. She lowered herself down as the dog licked her ass, going down on her knees. She thrust her behind up and began grinding it.

The dog suddenly ceased its lapping and moved up, climbing on her back. It growled as it mounted her.

Jeannie cried out as the dog dug its dick in her rumphole. It humped her fast and hard, jabbing its prick back and forth in her ass.

"Oh, ah, unh, ah," Jeannie panted in passion and hunched her butt back to meet the dog's thrusts.

With one hand she pulled and squeezed a breast and with the other she rubbed her quiff.

"Unh, ooh, ah, fuck me!" she gasped with lust at the feeling of the dog's hot wet rubbery cock jamming her ass. "Buggerfuck me, frig me, dogfuck me! Ah, I'm your bitch, and I'm in heat. Fuck your bitch, Buck, fuck your bitch!"

She hunched and cried out as the dog spurted its hot semen up her ass. "Jesus Christ, hot fucking cum! Now! Oh god, yes, I'm cuming now!"

She humped her body back and forth and panted and gasped, caught up completely in the throes of orgasm.

That evening, Jeannie sat on the porch swing with the dog sprawled at her feet. She heard a whistle and then a "Yo, Buck!"

The dog got up and walked off the porch. Jeannie saw Stumpy coming from around the barn. Buck trotted toward him, and Stumpy halted and chuckled. "Where you been, fella? Been looking for you for two days. Thought the chickens got you." He chuckled again and said to Jeannie, "He took off a couple of days ago, ain't seen hide nor hair of him since. Thought he'd done flew the coop."

"He's okay," Jeannie said. "He's been here for the past two days."

Stumpy let out a rasping snort. "Guess he was taking a vacation. Is that it, boy, you wanted a change of scenery." He ruffled Buck's head and the dog reared up, placing its paws on his chest.

Jeannie smiled at the sight. Buck looked to be on an even keel with Stumpy. Actually, the dog looked bigger than the man.

Stumpy was in his late fifties, short and compact, wizened and gnarled-looking-hence the name Stumpy. He was grizzled and quite ugly.

Jeannie watched as Buck and Stumpy walked away. She felt no concern. She knew the dog would be back.

The sky had grayed; big billowy clouds had rolled in; a sharp breeze had come swirling in. There was no doubt about it, a major storm was coming. Jeannie commenced preparing for it, which mainly meant going out and leading some animals to shelter. Most of the livestock on the farm-ranch would be taken care of by Stumpy and his crew, but there were some domestic animals Jeannie kept that were her responsibility to take care of.

She proceeded to lead them to shelter. She checked the sky. The thunderheads had piled up; they were dark gray and massive. When the storm did hit, it would be a humdinger, but she estimated it would be a little while before it hit. She had enough time. One by one she led the domestic animals to shelter, till there was only one left to get.

She found the goat grazing in its customary favorite place, near a group of apple trees. She slipped a rope around its neck and tugged. "Come on, Lucifer, there's a storm coming." The goat followed her willingly enough, until it halted suddenly and relieved itself. Jeannie waited as it took a long piss. Her eyes were drawn to its underbelly. The goat's balls hung down, bloated and heavy; its prick was extensive, full and meaty. A warm fizzy feeling ran up Jeannie's tummy; her heart thumped and a lump formed in her throat.

Damn, but you're hung, Lucifer, she thought. She led the goat to the barn, the idea of what she was going to do already forming in her mind. By the time she entered the barn, she was breathing hard, her heart almost thudding, and hot flashes were shooting up and down her body.

She pulled a small bale of hay to the goat and then undressed, spreading her jeans and shirt onto the bale. She knelt beside the goat and reached down and palmed its balls, gently caressing them. The goat twitched and frisked. She moved her hand forward from its balls and slowly slid her palm on its prick. The goat chuffed and stamped its hooves. She stroked its cock, marveling at the size and feel of it.

I think you're ready, she thought.

She lay back on the bale of hay, raised her legs and drew them back, scooted her rump down and reached out for the goat. She clasped its horns and tugged it toward her. The goat suddenly raised its front legs and clambered forward, landing on her. She gasped and groaned at the suddenness of its move and its weight. Before she could catch her breath, the goat was pushing its loins forward, thrusting its dick upon her.

"Unh-oh-god!" she gasped as she felt its full meaty prick enter her vagina.

The goat didn't hesitate or falter. It thrust forward relentlessly, jamming its big cock in her cunt.

Jeannie wrapped her legs around the goat's flanks and heaved her pelvis up. The animal huffed and snorted and strained its loins, thrusting forward without halting, shoving its dick all the way up her pussy.

A wonderful gorging searing feeling stabbed up Jeannie's cunt, all the way to her core. She grasped the goat's horns and began hunching. "Fuck me, Lucifer!" she gasped. "Fuck me with your goat cock! Oh god, fill me up with it! Fuck the piss out of me!" The goat's yellow eyes bored into hers and it panted and snorted as it lustily frigged her.

"Oh-unh-ah! Fuck, Lucifer, fuck!" she cried out.

The goat pumped its meat in her, jabbing its big prick in her cunt with strong full thrusts, smacking and mashing its fat balls against her ass. Jeannie held on to the goat's horns and hunched back at it, gasping and panting and crying out in lust.

There were a lot of animals on the farm-ranch and most of them were useful; that is, they were raised and marketed or their products consumed. There were horses, cattle, fowl, all kinds of hoofed animals and livestock. There were a few animals that weren't useful; they were simply kept as pets. Stumpy's dog Buck was one; so was Lucifer the goat. And there was Prince.

Prince was a miniature pony; and it didn't take Jeannie long to try him out...

In the stall in the barn Jeannie knelt naked beside the miniature pony. With one hand she stroked its scrotum and with the other she massaged its sheath. The pony's testicles were big and heavy and

Jeannie rolled her hand back and forth on them. She briskly stroked its sheath up and down. She moved in closer, leaning her head down under the pony's belly, and began licking its scrotum, flicking and swirling and lapping its balls with her tongue. The pony brushed its tail and shifted its rear legs.

Jeannie saw its cock come sliding out of its sheath. She moved up and began licking its prick, running and rubbing and sliding her tongue over it. The pony whickered, swept its tail and shivered, shifting its legs. On and on the dick came sliding out, and Jeannie marveled at the size of it. The pony was miniature but its cock was huge.

"Oh, you beauty," she breathed out.

She wrapped a hand around the base of the prick, opened her mouth and took it in. She sucked on the pony's dick, licking the head of it with her tongue. The pony neighed and stamped its feet. She slid her arms around its sides and heaved herself up, lifting her legs and wrapping them around its flanks. She moved forward till she felt the pony's cockhead. Its prick was long and thick, but Jeannie knew she could handle it.

She raised her yoni up and strained forward, pushing upon the pony's dick. She gasped as she felt the big cock enter her quim. On and on the long thick prick came, inch after inch, filling her quiff up, reaming it out. Piercing shafts of wet fire stabbed and roared up her cunt, all the way to her marrow.

"Oh, ah, unh, ah, oh god!" she cried as the huge dick dug up her pussy. Never before had Jeannie been fucked like this, never before had such a long thick prick been stuffed up her yoni.

"Oh god, oh Prince, you've got the biggest cock!" she gasped. "Jesus Christ, but you're a stallion!" She began hunching back and forth, frigging back at the dick. "Oh, ah, you've got the cock for me, Prince," she panted. "You've got the cock I want. God, but we're going to fuck every day. Oh yes, you're going to fuck me with your big prick every day!"

The pony's staying power was tremendous. It fucked Jeannie with long strong thrusts till she lost all track of time and place. She climaxed three times and the pony kept screwing her. Finally, it ejaculated, pissing a hot stream of sperm up her quim, spewing thick globs of semen deep in her quiff. She cried out in lustful ecstasy as the pony's hot sperm reached her core, splashing and bathing her womb.

It spurted what seemed an endless amount of semen in her; it filled her up completely; filled her cunt up and overflowed, sliding and dripping out, down to the crack of her ass. It was, without question, the best fucking Jeannie had ever had.

The next day she was in the stall again, on her knees by the miniature pony. She was so engrossed in sucking its cock that she failed to hear the barn door being opened and someone walking in....

"Well, well, would you look at this."

Jeannie gasped and looked around. Stumpy stood there, watching her. He was swiping his hand across his crotch, rubbing it up and down. He gave out a raspy chuckle.

"Taking care of your pets, ain't you, honey. Well, that's all right." He walked toward her, unsnapping his pants. "Go right ahead with what you were doing." He pulled his prick out and fisted it. "You won't mind if old Stumpy joins in."

He dropped to his knees behind her, wrapped his arms around her waist and pushed his crotch up

against her rump. He heaved forward, digging his dick into her cunt from behind.

“Oh yeah, sweet hot fucking pussy,” he grunted as he stuffed his cock up her quim.

Jeannie spread her legs and arched her butt to give Stumpy full access to her pussy, and then she turned her head back to Prince.

The ugly little man pumped his prick in her cunt as she sucked the pony’s cock.