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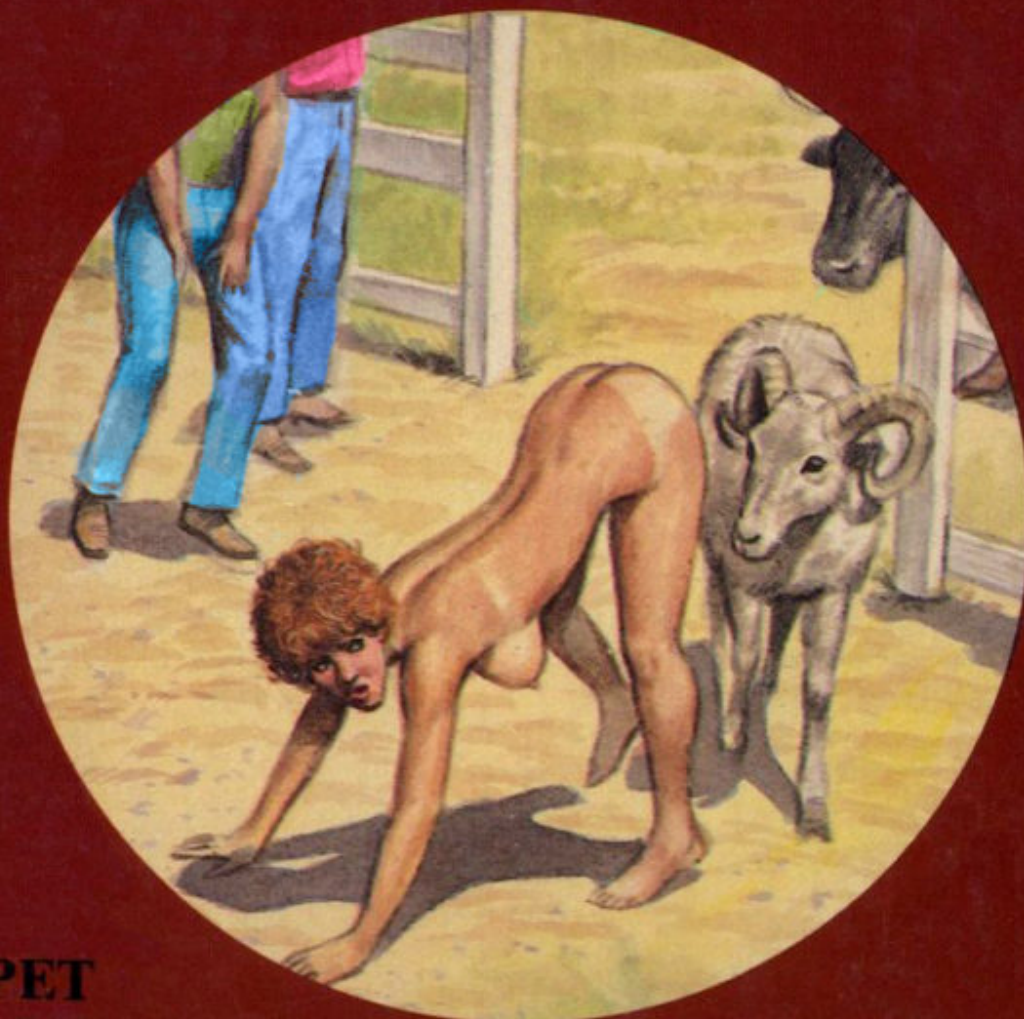


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RAPED AND RAMMED BY ANIMALS

by David Crane



A PET
BOOK

FOREWORD

Who can judge a person's reactions during stress situations? The prisoner of war who gives in to his captor's demands, the kidnapped heiress who joins forces with her abductors, both must act without past experience to guide them. The end result can be either a very negative or a positive experience.

In RAPED AND RAMMED BY ANIMALS, Wendy Cooper finds herself in just such a situation. Held captive, then degraded and forced to perform what she considers perverse sex acts, she nonetheless finds within herself hidden resources, a love of perversity which she never realized lurked inside her.

Wendy suffers through an unspeakably horrible experience, but she comes through with her sensibilities intact, realizing that she now knows herself better than she ever did before.

The Publisher

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## CHAPTER ONE

The black bull had a big prick hanging down under his powerful loins and his balls were as big as melons. When he moved, tossing his horned head, that massive hanging cock swung about, too, as if looking for soft flesh to fuck. When he snorted and pawed at the earth, his cockhead seemed to dig into the ground like a low.

Looking at the bull from the farmhouse window, Wanda Jones started to get horny, and her cunt began to juice.

The sight of a cock-even a human cock-always turned Wanda on, and that gigantic bull prick was really a masterpiece. She had her forearms crossed on the windowsill and her chin resting on her forearms as she gazed in admiration and speculation at the bull. She was wondering if her cunt was big enough to accommodate a bull's cock. She wasn't sure- but it was a pretty thought.

That was one nice thing about hiding out in a farmhouse, Wanda was thinking-there were so many lovely animal pricks to look at. She felt like doing more than looking at the moment, but she didn't think she could handle the bull on her own. She figured it would be better to wait until the boys got back so that one of them could hold the brute by the ring in his nose and keep him under some sort of control while Wanda fucked and sucked under him.

Of course, that meant that she would have to let Earl and Stan have some pussy, too. They were not the sort of guys to let her fuck a bull without demanding some cunt for themselves. And they would probably want to fuck her fist, as well. Well, she couldn't blame them for that. There wouldn't be much friction left for a human cock once that bull's big cock had been up there. Still, it might be better that way, getting her pussy lubricated by the man before she gave the bull a try, and, if they were horny again afterwards, she could always suck them off.

Wanda always figured things out in logical sequence.

Amazingly enough, considering her inclination towards gigantic cocks, Wanda was a slender girl. Her hips weren't particularly wide and her ass, although shapely, was small and trim. Her tits were big enough and capped by large, stiff nipples, and sometimes she liked to have soft, furry creatures suckle on them. Her mouth was wide and full lipped, and she frequently enjoyed a mouthful of stiff animal prick. But her pride and joy was her cunt.

Hers was a smoking caldron of a cunt.

Her pussy seemed much too large for her narrow pelvis, wider than her hips in some magic fashion, and she often wondered if her cunt had been slapped on as a heavy-duty retreat when Mother Nature realized what sort of horny girl Wanda was going to turn out to be.

She was very naughty, Wanda was.

She was a gunmoll, too, although that had nothing to do with her cunt, except that she could hide a small caliber pistol up there and only the most thorough body search would ever get to the bottom of that crater and find the hidden weapon. She didn't have a gun up there at the moment, however. There was nothing up there.

And Wanda really hated to have an empty cunt.

It made her restless. She shifted back and forth as she gazed out the window, her ass moving from one side to the other. Ribbons of cunt juice poured down the insides of her thighs. She toyed with the idea of giving herself a handjob, but it held little appeal. Finger fucking that big slippery cunt had no effect at all and although she could come if she strummed her sensitive clit, coming with an empty cunt was not the same thing at all.

She looked at her watch.

Earl and Stan had been gone for several hours and, if all had gone well and they hadn't been arrested, they should be back any time now. But what if they weren't in the mood? If they had been successful, they would be filled with pride instead of lust and if they had failed they might be impotent with dejection.

She decided to leave the bull for later.

What she needed at the moment was a fast fuck from a normal-sized prick-and she knew just where to find one.

Wanda had decided to fuck the goat.

She had fucked the goat already, the first day they had been there, and had found the bearded brute a satisfying fuck. Wanda and her criminal friends had rented the farmhouse for two weeks, getting it cheap by promising to take care of the stock-although the farmer had not really understood the way that Wanda took care of animals-so that the farmer, a bachelor, could go off to the big city and gape at porno films and spend some turnip profits on women of the night. They were planning a kidnapping and the isolated farmhouse would make the perfect place to keep their hostage while they waited to collect the ransom, along with the other aspects that appealed to the animal-loving girl. Now Earl and Stan had gone off to snatch the rich girl they had planned to abduct and rape and ransom. Left alone, Wanda had not been fucked in a several hours, longer than she liked to go without a big cock.

She strode purposefully out to the yard where the goat was tethered, chomping grass.

The goat looked up when he saw Wanda coming.

She was the first human nanny that he had ever fucked and he looked fondly upon her, nickering softly in welcome. His white beard flowed as he tossed his horned head, making him look like a patriarch-but there was nothing patriarchal about his prick, which was potent with youth and full of

cum.

Wanda was fond of the billygoat, too.

She had heard it rumored that a goat would eat anything-and, sure enough, she'd offered him her cunt, the goat had eaten her flowing pussy. She'd got hold of him by the horns and dragged his snout into her crotch and the brute had begun to graze on her bushy cunt straight off, without a qualm. When she'd creamed, he'd lapped it up voraciously, which had made her so appreciative that she'd given him a nice piece of ass as a reward.

Now she stood just out of the animal's reach and pulled her dress off over her head, letting him get a good look at her sexy body. She had never been sure if animals got turned on by looking at a naked woman the way men did, but it certainly did no harm.

She wore nothing under the dress.

Wanda never wore panties because she could never tell when she might get a chance to slip some prick into her cunt at a moment's notice and the delay in removing underwear might frustrate her. She had never forgotten the day when, as a child, she had been playing in the woods and some man had thrown a stick for his dog, and that stick had damned near landed right in her crotch. The dog had bounded up and if she hadn't been wearing panties she could have had some dog cock slipped up her before the dog's master arrived and prevented it-although, to be fair to him, he had given her some cock of his own while the poor dog looked on. That was the last time Wanda had worn panties.

Now she posed before the horny goat.

His prick was already starting to rise and harden, she was pleased to see that maybe it paid to give animals a look at that.

She moved sideways, circling just out of the goat's reach. He circled with her, at the end of his tether, his yellow eyes glowing and his silken sheathed prick growing. His jaw worked, chewing on his cud, perhaps thinking thoughts of Wanda.

She tilted her head, looking at his prick. His cock was the same size as a well-endowed human's cock, the prick-knob colored pale pink and the rod covered by a hairy sheath. He was a shaggy goat and silken strands of soft hair hung from his belly, like curtains through which his prick was pushing. As his cock got bigger and harder, the pale pink of the prick-head began to flush to a rosy hue and his grayish balls were swelling like balloons behind that rampant cock. Wanda was thinking that the goat's cock looked quite tasty. Like a goat, Wanda would eat anything. But usually she was too eager to get fucked to suck for long and today she really didn't have the time for both, what with Earl and Stan due back at any moment. She stepped inside the circle of the goat's tether.

He pushed his bearded muzzle into her steaming pussy and began to nibble at her cunt. His lower jaw came out like a lever and his back-curved horns tossed about. Wanda squirmed against him for a moment, letting him have a nice taste. Then she slowly lowered herself to the ground. She went down on her ass, then arched backwards and bridged her supple body into an arch. Her shoulders were on the ground and her feet were firmly planted, legs apart, so that she was supported with her ass off the ground and her crotch tilted up at just the right height for the goat to mount her. Wanda liked variety.

When she fucked a particular animal-or species of animal-for the first time, she usually got down on her hands and knees and let the beast fuck her animal fashion, so as not to confuse the critter too much. Dumb brutes often had trouble figuring out that a human cunt could get fucked just like an

animal cunt and she didn't want to add to their uncertainty by introducing an alien position. But if she fucked the same animal a second time, she usually did it face to face, and she had trained and exercised until she was able to hold a wrestler's bridge while some beast learned the joys of fucking face to face.

Now she poised there, waiting to see if the goat would get the idea on his own or would need instructions. The goat tilted his head, white beard flowing.

His golden eyes regarded her creamy cunt, and she could almost see that goatish mind working as he studied the situation and contemplated the complexity of fucking this way.

Wanda shifted her hips from side to side, wiggling her crotch about invitingly. Her cunt was unfurled; the lips peeled back like the petals of a fleshy pink flower opening to the morning sunlight and still streaked with creamy dew. The goat knew that that cunt was the objective. He waited impatiently for the girl to turn over onto her hands and knees, as she had done the first time he'd fucked her. But goats were intelligent creatures, and he soon enough realized that her lovely pussy was tilted exactly the same as if she had been on all fours.

He hesitated.

To a goat, it seemed rather perverted to mount a female when her back wasn't turned. He was used to seeing only tossing horns and ears when he was mounted on a female goat and the thought of looking this girl right in the eye as he fucked in and out of her cunt was disconcerting. It made him nervous and, had he not been such a horny goat, might have made him impotent.

But he was not a goat to look a gift cunt in the mouth.

He shuffled closer, his cleft hooves digging in and his shaggy haunches starting to quiver.

Wanda reached up and grasped him by the long, dangling beard, drawing him higher up her body. His forefeet were positioned on either side of her slender torso and his prick loomed out just about her groin. A blob of preliminary spunk oozed from the cleft of his cockhead, hung there for a moment, then dropped off and splashed on her thick, bushy pussy thicket. He began to hump, although his prick was not in her cunt yet. The fat cock moved up and down over her belly. Wanda stared at the prick-knob, thinking that if the beast shot his wad that way, the hot fuck lava would skim over her upthrust tits and splash right in her face-and if her mouth were open she could see that creamy jet of cum spurt out and then feel it hit the back of her throat. She was tempted.

Well, maybe next time-right now she desperately needed a cuntful of stiff goat prick.

Still holding his silken beard in one hand, still supported on her neck and shoulders, Wanda reached down and folded her other hand around the shaft of his cock. She bent his prick down into her groin. The fat cock-knob slipped into her sodden pussy. She moved his prick up and down along the crack, stirring her creamy cunt with the big meaty cock.

Now that his cockhead was in pussy, the goat saw the situation clearly and knew that he was in for a brand-new sexual experience and that he was damned well going to enjoy it.

His haunches bunched with muscle.

She released his cock.

The horny goat fucked the full length of his sheathed prick up Wanda's hot pussy. His cock hissed in

like a heated crowbar into a blacksmith's tub. The smoking prick-knob was buried deep in her cunt and the shaggy sheath pulsed and throbbed in her cunt.

Wanda gave a little cry of joy as she found her cunt full to the brim with goat prick, and the goat half stiff, trembling, as he savored the delights of having every inch of his big cock sheathed in a slippery human cunt.

Then she tugged his beard suggestively.

The goat began to fuck her with enthusiasm.

His cock vanished up her pussy, then came sliding out, slathered with cunt juice, the sheath matted with her hot fuck juice. His balls swung in, slapping against her ass as he fucked his cock to the root. Wanda moved with him, in counter point, pushing her crotch up to meet his prick as he fucked in and then rotating her hips as he withdrew, adding a grinding, clutching twist to the straight in-and-out friction of his steady fucking.

Her knees closed in, gripping his flanks.

Her belly heaved and her ass churned.

The brute was fucking with energy and gust, his powerful fucking thrusts tilting her crotch higher and driving her head and shoulders back into the soft earth. His devilish golden eyes peered directly into her dark flashing eyes. Her face was contorted into a mask of lust now as she thrilled to this stuffing of her cunt, her lips parted and trembling, her pink tongue gliding back and forth, her eyes narrowed to slits.

Wanda began to cream.

Long waves of sensation rippled across her pumping belly and electric currents of desire raced up her thighs, the separate spasms crashing together in her loins. Her pussy began to melt like a wax candle around his hard goat cock, and her clitoris was going off like a stick of dynamite.

She tried to hold back, tried to wait for the goat to fill her cunt with hot, thick cum before she let her climax flow.

The goat was trembling all over his silken body.

He fucked his cock in savagely.

Suddenly Wanda felt a river of goat cum rush into her cunt. She wailed with the joy of it and let herself go. Her cunt juice flooded out to blend with the goat's jism in a whirlpool of creamy fuck fluids. The brute poured spurt after spurt into her cunt, and her pussy spasmed time and again. She was going off like a machine gun, reaching a new peak each time she felt another load of cum hose her cunt.

At last the brute was drained.

He slowed, then faltered and stopped.

Wanda continued to grind against him for a few moments, making sure that she had milked his prick and balls bone dry and had worked off every last spasm of her own lovely orgasm.

Then she stopped humping, too.



She smiled up at the goat.

He drew back, stiff-legged, and his cock came pulling out of her cunt, semi-hard now, bobbing up and down under his belly, cum and cunt juice dripping from the silken hair and soaking cock-knob.

Wanda had a dreamy look on her face.

Fucking goats was lovely, she was thinking.

Just imagine how wonderful fucking that bull was going to be!

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CHAPTER TWO

The rich girl that the three villains planned to kidnap was Amanda Wellington. They had read all about her in the society columns. Amanda was eighteen years old and a raven-haired beauty. The fact that she was beautiful had influenced their decisions more than a little, since they planned to rape her as well as ransom her, and, although Stan and Earl would not stop at raping any woman, they naturally preferred to rape a beautiful girl.

Amanda lived with her parents in a mansion. They had a lot of servants. Amanda rode in the fox hunts her father held and kept her own horse and pack of fox hounds. She played tennis and sailed and did a lot of traveling. She had a wide range of interests.

She was also a naughty little rich girl.

She did things that even the more lurid gossip columnists did not dare to report.

For one thing, she fucked dogs.

At the moment, Amanda was soaking in her gigantic bathtub.

Her maid was in attendance.

The maid's name was Wendy Cooper and she was every bit as beautiful as her mistress, although in a more common fashion, being a mere maid. Wendy had a mass of curly blonde hair and a spectacular set of tits and a lovely heart-shaped ass. She looked particularly adorable in her sexy French maid's outfit. Wendy was the same age as Amanda, and this was her first job as a servant. Amanda had hired Wendy after a rather remarkable interview.

"There is one thing that we had better get settled before I give you the job," Amanda had said.

"Yes, Ma'am?"

"Once in awhile I like to have my cunt lapped by a girl," Amanda had said, without the slightest hesitation.

"Oh!" exclaimed Wendy, startled.

"Are you willing to perform that service?"

"I-I'm not a lesbian, Ma'am," stammered the girl. Amanda had shook her head impatiently.

"No, no-that's not the point. If I wanted some head from a lesbian, I'd find a lesbian, obviously. No, I mean that I enjoy having a normal girl go down on me. It's more exciting."

"I see," murmured Wendy, embarrassed. "Well?"

"Gee, I don't know. I mean, I never did that-"

"Well, it's an important part of the job. It's up to you. If you don't enjoy doing it, it doesn't matter to me. In fact, it's rather nice and kinky to make a girl do it against her will."

Wendy realized that her prospective employer was a bit on the depraved side and she hesitated. Still, she did want the job very badly. Too, like most girls, Wendy had often wondered what it would be like to lick the cunt of another woman. And Amanda was already a very attractive and desirable girl, the sort Wendy had imagined when she had such fantasies-the sort of girl she wouldn't mind going down on.

Wendy said, "Well, I wouldn't mind trying it."

Amanda was not at all a shy girl and she was impatient to get the interview over with. Without further ado, she lifted her skirt, revealing the fact that she was wearing no panties. Her cunt bush was a jungle of dark curls and her pussy slot was open and wet. Wendy stared at that creamy cunt for a moment, imagining what a girl's pussy would taste like. She did not find the prospect at all unattractive. After a few minutes she knelt down between the rich girl's legs and took her first ever lick of cunt and discovered with that very first taste that lapping a tasty pussy was no hardship.

Wendy went to work with gusto and finished the job.

Amanda gave her the maid's position.

That had been several months ago. Wendy was very happy with her work. In fact, Amanda had a variety of lovers, human and canine, and seldom called for maid service on her pussy. Sometimes she requested a cunt sucking first thing in the morning, before she got out of bed, enjoying it in a lingering and leisurely fashion. Once in awhile when she got home late, after being well fucked by some handsome man-or men-she would summon Wendy to suck the jism out of her cunt. But during the months of Wendy's employment, Amanda had only fed her pussy a dozen or so times. In fact, Wendy rather wished that she had the opportunity to eat out that delicious cunt more often. But, being only a servant, she did not dare to suggest it.

Now Amanda luxuriated in the bathtub, bubbles rising and foamy lather clinging to her like spunk, while Wendy used a sponge on her belly and tits. Those tits were lovely things, firm and thrusting and capped by big stiff nipples. Amanda purred like a contented cat. Wendy soaped the insides of her thighs, then began to lather the rich girl's bushy cunt. Ribbons of cunt juice spread out in the soapsuds. Amanda arched her back, moaning.

"Shall I use my tongue now?" Wendy asked.

"Ummm-no, I don't think so. I'm not in the mood to get sucked off today," Amanda said.

Wendy was disappointed.

But there was a gleam in Amanda's eye.

"I am in a horny mood, though," she added. "I feel like being very depraved today, Wendy."

"Yes, Ma'am?"

"I think that, just for a change, I might like to suck your cunt," said Amanda, smiling.

"Oh, ma'am!" chirped the maid, delighted at the prospect.

"I've sucked plenty of rich girl's cunts, of course," Amanda said, "but I've never sucked a common cunt. That, I think, will be very nicely depraved. Imagine a rich girl lapping her maid's pussy! Yes—that's just what I'm in the mood for."

She licked her lips hungrily.

Wendy was getting to enjoy her job more and more.

Amanda got out of the tub and the maid dried her with a fluffy white towel. Then, together, they went down to the rich girl's bedroom, Amanda had a huge four-poster bed. Standing beside the bed, she undressed Wendy, who was trembling with anticipation, hoping that her naughty mistress was not going to turn out to be a cunt teaser. Although she had a lot of faults, teasing was not one of them. Amanda stripped Wendy down to her dark stockings and garterbelt. The garterbelt was black. Wendy's cunt, strapped and framed in the black belt, looked as if it had been loaded in a slingshot, a juicy missile ready to be launched. Amanda gazed at that tasty cunt for awhile. Then she drew the maid onto the bed. Wendy lay on her back, knees raised and thighs apart. Amanda coiled onto her flank and elbow, shifting around to get comfortable. Wendy was vibrating all over with need.

Amanda spread the blonde girl's cuntlips wide open with her fingertips and took a slurp up the creamy pussy slot.

"Ummm-yummy," she said. "Who would have thought that a common cunt was so delicious?"

"I'm glad you like it, Ma'am."

Then Amanda began to tongue with relish, stabbing up the soaking cunt, licking along the parted cuntlips and fluttering on the throbbing love button. Wendy writhed and squirmed and wriggled. Her ass churned as she worked her crotch around in her mistress's face. Amanda parted her lips, fit her mouth over the maid's cunt like a suction cup and began to suck steadily, drawing the hot fuck juices out.

"Ummm," she purred, as hot cunt juice washed her tongue.

To Amanda's depraved mind, it was rather as if she had gone slumming in a sordid cafe or a greasy spoon, instead of eating oysters and lobster. She relished the change. Her own lush hips and firm ass were grinding around as her pussy began to spark and heat, but she ignored her own volcanic crotch as she concentrated on sucking and tonguing her maid to a climax. Her nimble tongue slid around in the flooded pussy and her talented lips pulled on Wendy's clit. Wendy began to really wail and moan as the thrill built up in her belly and darted up her thighs.

"Come," Amanda purred, speaking right up the maid's cunt. "Come for me, Wendy-cream in my mouth!"

"Yes oooh, yes!" squealed Wendy.

Her cunt melted.

The blonde maid's belly danced wildly and her haunches churned as the waves of her orgasm came rushing through her loins and her fuck juices spilled out into Amanda's eager mouth. Wendy was coming again and again, reaching a crest and subsiding for an instant, then climbing right back up to another peak of sensation.

Amanda sucked her to the dregs.

At long last, Wendy stopped writhing.

Her mistress kept licking for awhile, to make sure that she had sucked out every precious drop of pussy nectar and worked off every last spasm of the maid's coming.

Then she raised her head, smiling.

Her whole face was lathered with cunt juice and it was dripping from her jaws. Her tongue slid across her creamy lips, gathering some of the slippery stuff up.

"That was tasty," she said.

"Oh, Ma'am, it was so good!" Wendy enthused.

Wendy was hoping that her mistress would get into this rare mood more often in the future, now that she had dined on maid's pussy and found the tasty treat agreeable.

Amanda reached down and felt her own cunt.

"It makes me so hot to suck a girl off," she said.

Eagerly and willingly, Wendy said, "Shall I eat you out now?"

Amanda seemed to be considering it.

Then she said, "No, I don't feel like tongue today."

"Well, is there anything I can do?" Wendy asked, wanting very much to please her employer.

"Yes," Amanda said. "Yes, I think so. I feel like a big, stiff prick right now."

Wendy, being prickless, looked confused.

"You can phone down to the kennels for me," said the rich degenerate, with a gleam of anticipation in her jade-green eyes.

Wendy was dismayed.

She assumed that her mistress intended to fuck the kennel lad, a young man named Ray Griffen. Wendy didn't think it was right for her mistress to lower herself by fucking the hired help. Furthermore, Wendy had been fucking Griffen on her day off and the thought of having him fuck Amanda made her a little jealous-jealous of both aspects of it, in fact-of Amanda and Griffen.

But then Amanda said, "yes, that's exactly what I feel like. Ask the keeper of the hounds to bring me a dog."

"A dog?" Wendy queried.

"Yes. Have him choose one with a big prick."

Wendy gasped. But the rich girl was not at all embarrassed by her request. Wendy saw that F. Scott Fitzgerald had been right-the rich are not like the rest of us.

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### CHAPTER THREE

Unlike Wendy, Ray Griffen was not surprised when Amanda's request was relayed to him. Griffen had known for some time that Amanda used the fox hounds for other than hunting foxes-and that the hounds would much rather serve in the girl's bedroom than chase across the countryside in pursuit of a fox. It made him very horny to think of his dogs fucking the beautiful girl's pussy, and envious of the lucky canines as well. He had even considered hiring a dog suit and trotting into her room himself, wagging his tail, but he'd correctly guessed that his disguise would not fool Amanda long enough to get her fucked and had discarded the idea. At least now he had an outlet for his passion since pretty blonde Wendy had come upon the scene.

Now he went to the kennels to select a dog.

The pack yelped and barked and darted about, as if somehow they realized that special service was required. Griffen studied them with an expert eye, stroking his chin. At least half of the dumb brutes had hard-ons and all of their tongues were hanging out.

He chose a burly hound named Hannibal.

Hannibal wagged his tail and squirmed like a lap dog and the rest of the pack looked crestfallen and gloomy. Griffen slipped a lead on the dog and led him up to the house.

Wendy met him in the hall.

"Do you know what the mistress wants?" she whispered, scandalized and blushing, yet truly tantalized and titillated by the knowledge that Amanda was a dog fucker, really fascinated and intrigued. Wendy had never thought about fucking a dog herself-not until now. But now she was naturally wondering about it-and wondering if Griffen might let her have a go at a hound, too.

"Yeah, she's kinky that way."

"I think it's disgusting," Wendy said.

"Listen, you got a few minutes?"

"Well, I guess so-unless she wants me to help the dog get mounted or something."

"Naw, she always wants to be alone with them. It's more romantic that way, I guess. But what say you and I have a quick fuck while she's occupied?"

Wendy giggled and batted her eyes.

"Okay, Ray," she said.

"I'll take the dog up to her and meet you in your room, right?" Griffen said, already starting to get a hard on.

Griffen, although he would never have told Wendy, was going to close his eyes and pretend that he was fucking Amanda.

And Wendy, although she would most certainly not admit it, was going to ask Ray to fuck her from the back-so that she could make believe that he was a dog!

"Come in," Amanda called, when the kennel lad had knocked on her bedroom door.

Ray entered with the hound.

He gulped his eyes popped out like a pair of hard boiled eggs when he saw that Amanda, who was in no way modest, was naked on the bed. Her legs were parted, and Ray gazed at her bushy black cunt with the open pink pussy slit running up her crotch. Amanda looked amused when she saw his expression. She was thinking that someday, just for the hell of it, she would let the kennel lad fuck her-and then, just to be bitchy, tell him that he didn't screw nearly as well as a fox hound. But now today-today she was in the mood for some canine cock.

"I brought Hannibal," Ray said.

"Fine, you may go."

Ray took a last long look at the rich girl's cunt, slipped the lead on the hound and went out, wishing that he could be a dog for a day-but with his luck that would be the day that a fox hunt was scheduled and some nasty fox would probably bite his balls off.

Ray went down to the maid's room.

Hannibal stood by the door, stiff-legged and with his cock starting to stiffen. Hannibal had been summoned to service Amanda before, but only once, and he felt nervous now. He had never understood why a human bitch would want to fuck a dog-but he sure wasn't complaining. He wagged his tail and his tongue lolled out.

Amanda moved over, resting her ass on the edge of the bed and trailing her legs to the floor.

"Come here, boy," she called.

Hannibal trotted over, his prick swaying up and down under his belly. The red cock-knob had started to come squeezing out from the hairy sheath now, and the long, hard prick was pulsating. The shiny red tip extended to his chest so that he seemed to be straddling a pole as he advanced, walking slightly bowlegged.

Amanda reached down and stroked his head, then grasped him by the collar and drew his snout into her groin. The dog took a sniff, whimpered, then began to lap her cunt with long, fluid tongue strokes. Her pussy steamed as the dog's saliva evaporated from her heated flesh. She held his collar for a moment, to make sure he understood what he was supposed to be doing. He lapped merrily away. Releasing him, Amanda leaned back on her elbows, tilting her creamy crotch up as she enjoyed the pleasure of the dog's cunt-lapping. Her long, sleek legs rippled. Her thighs closed around the brute, then parted wide again. She stretched and bowed and shifted from side to side under that eager and nimble tongue. Pussy juice flowed.

But she had coaxed the hound into lapping her cunt not only because she enjoyed it, but also because she knew that a tongue full of pussy always made a dog horny.



As the beast's head wallowed in her groin, Amanda gazed down under his haunches, watching his cock swell. The prick-knob had pushed all the way out from the sheath now, flushed and glowing, and the long stalk was taut as a bowstring. She saw a blob of preliminary spunk ooze from the tip, bubbling and foaming. His balls were swollen to massive proportions and there was obviously a great deal more of that thick scum ready to be spurted out.

Amanda adored to feel a load of hot dog cum flood her cunt.

She didn't want to cream on the dog's tongue, nice as that would have been, because she had decided to save her orgasm until the dog shot his wad up her pussy. Then she would melt on that big spurting prick. She reached down and pushed the dog's head away from her crotch. He gave her a worried look, very human and intelligent, as if inquiring silently whether she had not been doing the job correctly. She stroked his head, letting him know that he had been a dutiful doggy, but that it was time to move on to other aspects in this meeting of the species.

She felt so comfortable and ready that she didn't want to break the mood by moving, even enough to turn over into a doggy-fucking position, but she knew from past experience that they could fuck in the position she was in, with her ass perched on the edge of the mattress and her feet on the floor.

She patted the bed beside her flank.

The dog puzzled over this for a moment, then got the idea abruptly and happily. He gave a little yelp and bounded up, placing his forepaws on either side of her hips.

His prick loomed out over her belly.

The tip was lathered with cum.

Amanda was eager to get that fat cock stuck up her cunt, but the prickhead looked so delicious, all glistening with quick silvery cum, that she decided she would have a taste first. She cupped his balls in her hand, lifting as if weighing the amount of fuck juice they contained. Her other hand folded around the hilt of his cock, and she drew his cockhead towards her face. A drop of cum fell onto her upthrust tits, so hot that it seemed as if it was branding her flesh. She pumped his cock slowly up and down. The shaggy foreskin curled up behind the fat knob as her fist drew up, then pulled back taut, causing the cock-knob to flare and pulsate as she stroked back down the prick. Another thick blob of jism bubbled out. The sight was making the naughty girl's mouth water.

Her tongue pushed out.

She leaned down, her chin resting on her breastbone, and licked the foaming tip of his cockhead.

The dog whimpered.

The dumb brute was amazed to find that this human behaved just like a wanton slut.

Amanda leaned back, a thick glob of canine cum on her tastebuds, savoring the delicious flavor for a moment, then letting the stuff slide down her gullet. It seemed to warm her like fine wine as it ran down into her belly.

She took another lick, then began to swipe and curl her nimble tongue all over that big slab of glowing, smoking cock meat. She kissed the tip and let her lips slowly part, feeding the cock-knob into her mouth.

She sucked softly, her cheeks hollowing in.

Her lips curled outwards around the meaty nugget.

Cum flowed onto her tongue.

“Ummm,” she purred, really getting the taste for it.

The dog was quivering all over and growling in his throat. His powerful haunches jerked as he tried to fuck into her mouth. She let him push a few inches of prick in and sucked lovingly as he pulled his cock back out.

Now Amanda was faced by a problem.

The fox hound's cock was delicious. The preliminary flow of his fuck fluids was succulent and now that she had started mouthing him she felt like finishing the job that way, letting the brute shoot in her mouth and drinking the precious load. Yet, even as that desire overwhelmed her, her cunt was still smoldering, and she had an equal desire to have the dog fuck her. It was frustrating. She was annoyed with herself for not having the foresight to ask Ray Griffen to fetch two fox hounds to her room, so that she could suck one off and get fucked by the other-maybe even at the same time! That was a lovely idea! Armanda was thrilled by the thought of having a dog's cock in her mouth and a cock in her cunt, both shooting into her from opposite ends at the same instant! She was almost tempted to phone down for a second dog now- but she was too hot to wait for the animal to be delivered.

She decided that her cunt took priority over her mouth.

She gave that smoking slab of cock meat a last loving suck, then reluctantly pulled her lips away.

The hound pumped, pushing his cockhead into her face.

A slimy trail of jism glistened on her cheek.

She pushed the brute lower and gripped his prick by the root. His cock was stiff and vibrant. She had to force his prick down as if his cock were a lever lifting a heavy weight as she angled the head into her uptilted crotch and fitted the tip to her open cunt. The dog had been a bit confused when she stopped mouthing his prick, but the instant he felt the end of his cock slipping around in her hot pussy he understood the situation. He braced his hindquarters. His hindpaws scrambled on the floor.

Then he fucked his cock up her cunt to the hilt, going balls deep with the first stroke.

Amanda wailed with the joy of feeling her cunt stuffed to the brim with big, hard dog dick.

The dog whimpered with the sensation of having every inch of his prick fucked up that clinging pussy.

Then he began to fuck her with gusto.

Amanda moved with him, her pelvis jerking and her belly pumping and her ass churning on the edge of the bed. The dog was fucking too fast for her to keep pace, his prick fairly skimming in and out and his hairy haunches a mere blur. His bloated balls slapped against her ass. Cunt juice, pumped out by his fat cock, poured down and soaked into the tight crack of her ass. That thick cock felt like a heated crowbar as it plumbed the depths of her pussy. The fat prick-knob was like a lump of glowing

iron surging far up into her belly.

She moaned with the joy of it.

Throwing her legs up, she clamped her thighs around the dog's haunches, hooking her knees over him, enclosing the dumb brute in a velvet web of thighs.

Amanda always came a lot quicker when a dog was fucking her than when a man was doing the job, probably because the dog's cock fucked in and out so much faster.

Now she was trying to hold her orgasm back.

She wanted to feel the dog's jism hose her cunt before she let her own fuck juices flow.

"Come-come-come," she panted.

The fox hound didn't know that specific use of the word come and knew damned well that he was as near to her as he was going to get. He fucked the cock in even faster, his lunges savage and furious, stuffing her chock-a-block full with every thrust. His cock whipped out, dripping with cunt juice, the hair matted, then plowed in again as he fucked his prick into her at a frantic tempo.

She felt his cock expand, spreading her pussy around it.

Her cunt clutched and dragged, sucking like a mouth on his thundering prick.

The dog howled suddenly.

Amanda felt his hot sap come rushing up the stalk. She let her own pent-up climax burst just as she thrilled to the joy of feeling the dose of dog cum squirt into her pussy in a hot geyser.

The dog shot into her time and time again, the separate spurts coming out with every stroke, and each time the girl felt another load hose her cunt she creamed again, her orgasms racing through her loins in rapid sequence as she creamed with him and around him.

At last he slowed, then stopped.

His stiff prick was still lodged up her cunt.

Amanda squirmed around for a few moments, making sure she had milked her own coming to the dregs.

Then she remained still, too.

The dog was panting over her. His cock still felt huge and for a moment Amanda wondered if they had become stuck together, as dogs often did-if she was going to have to summon her maid to throw a bucket of cold water over them.

But then the brute drew his prick out.

His cock swayed up and down, dripping cum and cunt juice.

Amanda twisted around and took the soaking cockhead into her mouth and slurped up the spicy blend of their fuck juices. Despite his climax, the fox hound's prick had remained rigid and Amanda was tempted to keep on sucking and drink his second load. Cum tasted even nicer when blended

with cunt juice, and cock meat was more delicious for having been soaked in a pussy. She slurped on his prick and her tongue glided around the polished slab of cock meat.

But then she remembered her previous idea.

Although she had just had a lovely orgasm, Amanda was rather an insatiable sort of rich girl, and she was ready to have another go at this enjoyable bestiality. The idea of having two dogs fuck her “at the same time, one at each end, was wildly exciting. She gave Hannibal’s meaty cock-knob a last loving suck, then drew away. His cock bobbed up and down as if uncertain whether to collapse or rise to new hardness. Amanda’s mouth had polished the fat cock-knob to a glowing luster. But his balls, she noticed, had diminished.

It was definitely time to have two more dogs brought to her bedroom, Amanda determined.

She lifted the bedside phone and rang through to the kennels.

Ray Griffen did not answer the phone.

Ray, of course, was busy with Wendy the maid.

Annoyed, Amanda put the phone back on the cradle. She would have to have some stern words with that kennel lad. But for the moment there was only one thing she could do.

She would have to go down to the kennels herself.

She didn’t even bother to get dressed. Amanda was not a modest girl.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Ray Griffen knew where Wendy’s quarters were, having sneaked into them several times in the past, and he headed there as soon as he had left Amanda’s bedroom. His prick was pounding away like a jack hammer, inspired both by the sight of the sexy rich girl naked on her bed and the knowledge that she was going to fuck with a dog. He almost had to hold his head and shoulders back to counterbalance the weight of his cock and balls as he went downstairs.

Wendy was already there, waiting.

She, too, had been inspired to new heights of horniness by the idea of her mistress fucking a dog so that, even though she had recently had a satisfying orgasm in Amanda’s mouth, she was simmering and steaming for more of the same.

In fact, she was wondering where and how she could arrange to get fucked by a dog.

But for the moment Ray would have to do.

By the time he knocked on her door, Wendy had already stripped down to her fucking-sucking uniform, the black garterbelt and stockings that so nicely framed and emphasized her golden-haired cunt. She called out for him to enter and he did so, grinning when he saw that she had already cleared the deck for action. She posed for his appreciation, one hip thrust out to the side, one hand on her hip, her legs slightly parted and her big tits pushed towards him, the nipples as stiff as little rockets ready to be launched.

She watched him in turn as he hurriedly undressed.

He was a well-built young man and he had a long, thick prick which she looked upon fondly as he hauled his cock out. The prick-knob was a flaring mushroom of purple meat and the stalk was seamed by a thick dark vein that pulsed up the underside. His balls were packed solid. Naked, he pushed that prick out towards her, working his cock muscles so that his prick flared and rippled, the tip expanding.

He moved to her and they stood beside the small cot, embracing each other and kissing. They were both so horny that foreplay wasn't necessary, but they followed the routine automatically. His mouth ground on hers and her lips parted. He pushed his tongue into her mouth and she sucked on it, then stabbed her own tongue into his mouth in turn. They were panting into each other's mouth and squirming together. Her plump tits pressed against his chest, the stiff nipples almost branding him, and his cock pressed a long indentation into her belly. She reached down and cupped his balls. He slid a hand between her legs and began to message and fondle her cunt, his palm filling with a pool of cunt honey. Still embracing, they sank down onto the cot.

Ray started to push her onto her back.

"Let's do it backwards, okay?" she whispered.

Without waiting for his reply, the maid twisted nimbly around and drew her knees up under her. Her face rested on the pillow and her lovely ass was thrust up high, just right to be fucked.

The position suited Ray, who was going to make believe that she was Amanda. He did not realize that Wendy was going to pretend that he was a dog.

Sitting behind her, he pushed his middle finger up her pussy, watching it vanish to the knuckle.

Her cunt sucked on his finger.

Creamy pussy nectar poured out, frothy and foamy, trickling down the insides of her smooth thighs. He leaned in and licked her pussy, then ran his tongue up the crack of her ass. Wendy gurgled with delight.

After a moment, he got up on his knees behind her. His prick slapped against the curve of her ass. She reached back between her knees and took his cockmeat in her hand, guiding the prick-knob into her pussy while Ray grasped her by the hipbones as if they were handles.

He pushed the head of his prick into her.

Her talented cunt began to pull and suck on his cock.

Then he slid the whole long prick in, burying his cock in her steaming cunt and holding steady for a moment, while the nubile maid squirmed around on the fat prick.

Ray began to fuck his prick into her enthusiastically.

He drew out until only the tip was lodged in her cunt, then slammed the whole load in, his ass corkscrewing, feeding the cockmeat to her with long rippling strokes.

"Oh!" she cried. "Ooooh!"

Ray grunted as he fucked in and Wendy whimpered as his thick cock stuffed her to the gunwales.

Her juicy ass heaved and bucked under his humping loins and her pussy was working like a wringer on his prick, the circular inner muscles milking his cock. He altered his strokes, giving her a short sharp one, then a long rippling one. Dipping lower, he fucked his prick in at an upward angle, the whole length passing across her throbbing clit.

"Faster," she panted. "Do it faster!"

Ray began to fuck his cockmeat into her furiously.

His balls swung in and out like the clappers of a meaty bell and his prick hissed up her hot hole. Her ass weaved about, describing a sexy curve under his heaving belly.

He wanted to fuck Amanda this way.

Wendy, using every bit of her imagination, was pretending that Ray was a Great Dane.

Together, they climbed towards the heights.

"Come!" she wailed. "Shoot in me, fill my cunt with your hot, thick jism!"

"Yeah-yeah-now!" he rasped. "Here it comes! Take it, baby!"

A great deluge of fuck juice exploded from the tip of his fucking cock and hosed her cunt. At the same moment, she seemed to melt around him like a wax candle around a wick, her cunt juice flooding out as much as his spurting cum.

Ray emptied his cock and balls into her.

Wendy churned about in a wild ecstasy as she worked off the spasms of her orgasm in wave after wave.

When he drew his spent cock out, her cunt sucked on his prick, reluctant to be empty. When his cock-knob slipped free, a great flood of cum and cunt juice poured down her crotch.

"That was a lovely fuck," she murmured.

And it had been, too, Ray thought-considering that she was not Amanda but a mere maid. Wendy sank belly down on the cot, as contented as she could be under the circumstances.

She was still keen to try fucking with a dog.

Standing, to pull his pants on, Ray happened to glance out of the window and did a double take.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said. "Look at that!"

Wendy got up and looked out.

Across the lawn, naked as a jaybird, Amanda was nonchalantly strolling towards the kennels. Her heart-shaped ass swayed. Ray began to get another hard-on. He looked at Wendy and she looked at him and then they both looked back at Amanda.

"I guess she wants more dog dick," Ray muttered.

That seemed a fair assumption. But another thought had occurred to Wendy. Where was Hannibal?

Amanda must have left the dog in her bedroom!

If she hadn't completely emptied his balls and diminished his prick, this was just the chance that Wendy was looking for!

She began to get dressed, for Wendy was not as immodest as her employer and did not dare parade naked around the house.

Ray, his cock rising, said, "We might as well have another fuck while she's in the kennels."

But Wendy said, "Sorry, I have work to do."

She left the room, leaving Ray alone with his hard-on. He felt frustrated, gloomy and horny. Wasn't that just like a maid, to leave a guy with a hard-on? What was he supposed to do with it? Did she expect him to jack himself off?

Actually, that seemed a good idea.

Ray folded his fist around his prick and began to beat his meat with gusto. He was no longer looking out of the window.

That was why he failed to see the two kidnappers who were lurking in the bushes . . .

Earl and Stan, posing as fire inspectors, had checked the Wellington mansion out the week before, discovering which room belonged to Amanda. They had not, however, seen neither the rich girl nor her maid, having been let in by the butler. Now they were hiding behind the kennels, biding their time and waiting to make the snatch.

They were naturally amazed to see a naked girl come out of the house and walk towards them.

"Jeez-look at those boobs," Stan said in admiration.

"Look at that juicy twat!"

"You think that's her?" Stan asked. "Naw. Can't be."

"How come?"

"Well, it figures. I mean, a rich society dame ain't gonna go walking around naked, right?"

"I guess not," Stan agreed. "Damned shame, though-I'd sure like to kidnap that gal and rape the ass off her."

"She's going towards the kennels," Earl said. "She must be a kennel maid or something. Can't get no ransom money for a kennel maid." Stan nodded his agreement. They decided that the rich girl must still be in the house. They waited until the naked girl had disappeared into the kennels, hating to see that vision of delight vanish from sight. Stan was thinking that surely someone would pay a ransom for a kennel maid, even if it was only a few bucks. Hell, with tits like that, he'd have ransomed her himself. But still, he guessed that Earl was right.

They sneaked through the bushes and headed for the house. They were not armed criminals and neither of them had a gun, but the sight of Amanda had given them both hard cocks and it looked just as if they both had heavy caliber weapons in their pants. Stan thought that deception might come in handy if they had to threaten anyone-as long as those guns did not go off and reveal the

truth.

They stealthily approached the back door.

Just as they were about to go up the steps, an unholy racket startled them and they jumped back guiltily, looking wildly around for the source of the noise.

Then they realized that the hounds were howling and baying in the kennels.

“What the hell?” Stan muttered.

“Must be feeding time,” said Earl.

And that was true, in a way. In the kennels, the pack of eager fox hounds were fighting and scrambling for position, as they prepared feed plenty of prick to Amanda . . .

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

The kennels behind the Wellington mansion were luxurious by canine standards. In fact, the individual canine housing was more tastefully appointed than Ray Griffen’s apartment had been before he had taken the job as keeper of the hounds and moved into the quarters above the kennels.

Many of Amanda’s fox-hunting friends had scoffed at her for providing such elegant accommodations for her pack, claiming that such an easy life would make her fox hounds soft as lap dogs-and they were right, as far as it went, because when she rode to the hounds, none of Amanda’s dogs had ever led the hunt or came even close to catching the fox.

But Amanda, of course, kept the dogs for more than one reason and she liked them sleek and smooth and well conditioned. And if they were in danger of becoming lap dogs, well, there was a certain solid logic behind it, because those dogs had a lot of lapping to do on her hot cunt. That cunt was particularly hot at the moment.

Entering the kennels and finding herself surrounded by a dozen horny hounds, Amanda was filled with surging lust. Why on earth hadn’t she thought of this before? How silly of her to have one dog at a time fetched to her room when she could get clusterfucked by the whole pack! The dumb brutes were squirming around her, tails wagging, looking decidedly eager. She looked them over. She didn’t know all of their names, or even if they all had names, but she had fucked all of them, as far as she could tell.

One fox hound looked rather like the next, but she was identifying them by their pricks, each of which had different characteristics. They varied in size, shape and texture. It always amazed the dog-loving girl to realize how greatly the pricks of a given species or breed could vary. Some were longer than others, of course, and some were thicker, but it was the difference in contours which surprised her. Some of those cockheads were elongated like pink cucumbers, others were shaped like mushrooms or like arrowheads, tapering sharply at the tip. Amanda had no particular preference for any of these shapes -but she adored the variety.

Now she knelt down amidst the pack.

They yelped and whimpered, sniffing and licking at her.

She began feeling their cocks. Amanda figured it would be more exciting if all of the dogs had hard pricks before she started fucking and sucking them, to be surrounded by stiff dog prick. As she stroked and fondled, the hounds began to bay and howl-and startled the would-be kidnappers, although she knew nothing of that.

She pulled on a prick, thrilled to feel the fat cock expand and harden in her hand. As soon as his prick was fully rampant, the red knob flaring out from the hairy sheath, she turned her attention to another animal. She rubbed and stroked and pulled on each of those pricks in turn, until every one of the hounds had a hard-on. They were getting overly excited now, trying to mount her from all sides. One hound was humping her leg, another kept shoving his prick against her armpit. Half of the cocks had started to drip and her body was criss-crossed with cum tracks. One dog shot his wad in her hand. The first spurt surprised her, for she had not intended to waste any of that precious spunk, but there were plenty of cocks and lots of cum available and so, since the dog had already started, Amanda finished by jacking him off against her tits, loving to feel the hot scum splatter on her fat mounds and stiff nipples.

Drained, the dog stepped aside and moved to the corner, looking rather sheepish and embarrassed about his premature cum shots.

Amanda scooped some of the cum up with her hand and brought it to her lips. She lapped it up. She had always enjoyed blowing a dog and swallowing his thick jism, but when she was with a single dog she often feared to do that, in case the brute had only one load and would not be able to fuck her afterwards, but now that she had a selection of cocks and balls she knew that she could suck them off and still have plenty for her pussy. She turned onto her hands and knees. Her ass shifted as if she were wagging a tail. Behind her, four or five dogs vied for position, shouldering each other aside and snapping threateningly. Then one dog, a broad-chested black and tan, forced his way in and mounted her, clinging tightly to her haunches. He humped. His cock bounced off her ass, then rebounded from the back of her thigh. He whimpered with frustration. Amanda reached back between her legs and got a handful of cock, guiding the prick-knob into her soaking slot, then sliding her hand down to hold his balls.

The dog shoved his cock up her.

Amanda gurgled with delight.

The black and tan began to fuck his prick into her steaming cunt, his hindquarters bunching with muscle, his spine curved into an S-shape, his cock and balls skimming in furiously.

Amanda, bracing herself against the power of his lunges, ground her ass around and pumped her hips-and reached for another dog. She drew the second brute in from the front. The dog was puzzled for a moment, but more than willing. He hopped up, mounting her shoulders just as if they had been haunches. His fat prick loomed out in front of her face. The scarlet cock-knob was slathered with fuck fluids. Amanda opened her mouth and pushed her head out and took the dog's cockhead into her lips. She began to suck with relish on the tasty slab of hot, slippery, dripping cockmeat. The dog went stiff with surprise at discovering that a human bitch could use her mouth just like a cunt.

Then he began to fuck her in the face.

His long cock fucked in, the knob lodging in her throat.

Amanda gagged as her air was cut off, then gasped as the hound drew back out, paused, and fucked in again. He was feeding his whole prick to her, the cockhead running right down her gullet, going in so deep that her chin was brushing against his swinging balls. Every inch of his cockmeat

vanished in her head.

Usually, when Amanda sucked off a dog, she only took the polished prickhead into her mouth, sucking and tonguing it while she played with his balls and friggd his cock, so that she was jerking him off into her mouth. Now she was actually getting fucked in the mouth, just as if it were a cunt, and she was loving it.

And getting fucked at the same time!

Stuffed full of dog prick at both ends, the naughty rich girl was transported to seventh heaven, filled with a lust greater than even she had known before. She didn't know which end of the double fuck she was enjoying the most, nor did she have to decide. Her mouth was sucking like crazy and her cunt was pulling on a prick. It almost seemed as if the ends of her body had been transposed-as if her pussy was sucking like a mouth and her mouth was fucking like a pussy.

The cock in her mouth had started to flow steadily, not coming yet but pouring a stream of jism onto her tongue, into her cheeks, down her throat. Amanda gulped the delicious fuck juice down to make room for more, hungry for the full load to come.

She was buffeted back and forth between them, as if she were a bone over which they were fighting.

As the dog behind her fucked his meat up her cunt, her head was shoved forward, swallowing all of the prick in her mouth and, as the fucking dog withdrew, her lips pulled adoringly up to the cockhead, bathing and laving his prick-knob as she awaited the next gulletful.

The rest of the pack clustered around, yelping wildly, pushing their pricks out, humping her hips and shoulders.

Amanda knew how a fox felt when the pack caught it.

Except they weren't biting her and she was in ecstasy.

The dog behind her gave a mighty lunge, and she felt her pussy hosed with dog cum.

A moment later the prick in her mouth whitewashed her tonsils with a stream of hot fuck lava. She swallowed as much as she could. His load was too much for her and some overflowed her lips and ran down her chin. Behind her, the black and tan was emptying his cock and balls to the sweet dregs, fucking in with vigor and squirting another hot dose with every lunge. They were pouring jism into her in great waves. She wondered if the two spurts were meeting, like opposing tides, somewhere in the middle of her belly.

Her cunt creamed and her mouth salivated.

Her clit went off like a stick of dynamite and her tongue sparked with an equal thrill.

At long last the two hounds were finished.

She drew her cum-smeared lips from that spent prick as, behind her, the brute slowly pulled his prick out of her cunt. A great wash of cum and cunt juice flooded out from her temporarily vacant hole. Amanda stayed right where she was, on all fours, knowing that there was plenty more to come. Another hound mounted her haunches and fucked his furry cock up her pussy. She wailed with pleasure and her mouth opened wide, her hot tongue flashing back and forth. Then another dog mounted her from the front, slipping his prick into her mouth.

Again she got fucked head and tail.

And two more fox hounds waited eagerly.

It was, Amanda saw, going to be a long afternoon.

It was longer than she had planned.

There were twelve of the horny hounds and, taking them two by two, Amanda sucked six off and got fucked by six. By then, even horny Amanda had had enough. She felt so full of cum that she thought her vital organs must be afloat in the stuff. But by the time that she had polished off the last pair, the first two were ready to fuck again.

Amanda tried to get to her feet, but they leaped at her, knocking her back down with their shoulders. A wild frenzy had come over the pack. Amanda had drunk as much dog cum as she wanted, she couldn't swallow another drop. She clamped her teeth closed as a cockhead bumped against her lips. But she had no teeth in her cunt and no way to keep the brutes from slipping the cock to her at that end.

She tried to escape by crawling away.

But a dog was stuck up her. As she crawled, she simply dragged him, still humping, after her ass. And no sooner had he squirted a load of spunk up her and dismounted, than yet another dog hopped on, ready for seconds.

They were fucking Amanda right around the perimeter of the kennels, the pack laying in pursuit, hot on the scent. How many times could a fox hound come before he lost interest? Christ, it was a vicious circle. No sooner did one brute empty his cock and balls than another took up the task. Amanda began to get worried. Would she have to cry for help? Would a bucket of cold water be needed? Would she swell up like a cum-filled balloon?

She could not shake off the pursuit.

Amanda was no vixen, wise in the way of hounds, knowing how to throw them off the scent. All she could do was crawl about, waiting for those twelve cocks to diminish.

Still, Amanda was Amanda.

She was even amused by the situation.

What, she wondered, would her friends say if they could see her now?

Then she giggled.

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CHAPTER SIX

While the kennel lad dejectedly beat his meat and brooded over the whims of maids and wondered why she had left him to his own devices, Wendy went back up to Amanda's bedroom, flushed with the excitement of expectation. Wendy thought that it was very naughty to fuck a dog but found the idea all the more thrilling because of it. She opened the door and looked in.

Her heart leaped.

Hannibal was still there!

The dog was curled up on the rug beside the bed, his muzzle resting on his paws, looking soulful. Wendy looked at his prick and was disappointed to see that his cock was shrunken and that the prick-knob had retracted back inside the soft sheath.

Had Amanda drained him for the day?

She sure hoped not. And she did see that, even soft, the dog had an impressive hunk of cockmeat on him. The prick looped out from his belly in a wide, fat curve.

She crossed the room and squatted down beside him.

Hannibal eyed her.

Was this another human bitch who was without prejudice against dogs, he wondered, hopefully. Hannibal had been disappointed when the mistress abandoned him after just one fuck but this blonde bitch looked every bit as sexy to his canine eye, and he figured it would serve the mistress right if he were unfaithful to her.

Wendy was looking at his cock.

She could tell that the dog had been fucking Amanda because his hairy prick was matted with cunt juice.

She touched the dog's prick tentatively.

To her delight, his cock tensed and rippled.

There was definitely another hard-on left in that hound, and Wendy was determined to have it!

Cupping his balls in one hand, she began to slowly pull his cock up and down, watching with interest for the results. His balls swelled, inflating, and his prick thickened. She skinned the sheath back and his polished slippery cockhead squeezed out. Hannibal began to tremble and growl in his throat. Inch by inch, she friggied him into a hard-on, fascinated as she watched his cock grow and harden until it was a vibrant rod of iron-hard cockmeat.

That delicious-looking cockhead was making Wendy drool.

She wanted to suck his prick.

She always enjoyed a mouthful of human prick and the dog's cock looked succulent. Somehow, it seemed even more depraved to suck a dog's cock than it was to fuck him-but that scene of utter depravity only added to the excitement. Anyhow, she reasoned, if she just gave a few licks and a slurp, it would certainly make his prick harder and hotter than if she just used her hands on him. She wouldn't really give him a blowjob, not to a climax. That would be truly naughty, letting a dog shoot in her mouth. Naughty-but tasty.

She ducked her head down and pushed her tongue out.

She took a lick, then began to swipe her nimble tongue all around the slippery nugget of his cock-knob. Oooh, she thought, it really was yummy! Dog prick tasted different than human cock, and she thought she could detect a hint of Amanda's cunt juice on that hot meat as well, adding a delicate spice to the musky flavor.

She slipped the collar of her lips over his cock-knob and began to nurse on the tasty mouthful, sucking softly and steadily.

The cockhead felt like a big, hot rubber ball in her mouth-a ball with a juicy center.

Her tongue fluttered against the underside of the meaty wedge while her lips pulled on the crown. A trickle of jism ran out, thrilling her with her first taste of dog juice. She nursed gently, coaxing another savory trickle onto her tastebuds.

She had intended only to suck him up nice and hard as a preliminary to fucking him, but now that she was slurping merrily away on the brute's delicious meat she knew it was going to be hard to stop. The idea of having an animal come in her mouth was wildly thrilling, and that initial trickle was whetting her appetite. Wendy decided to blow the dog all the way. She was confident that she would be able to make his cock hard again, after she'd swallowed his load, so that she could still get fucked. And that fuck would probably last longer after she had milked his balls with her mouth first. The idea of prolonging the fucking was justification enough for sucking him to the creamy conclusions.

She drew her knees under her and bent over the whining brute, her head bobbing up and down. She fitted her lips to the underside of his wedge-shaped cockhead and worked on that sensitive spot for awhile, then slipped his prick into her mouth again and began to suck in earnest, while she frigged him with her hand, eager to drink his scum. Her skirt had hiked up. She had dressed hurriedly when she left her room and had not seen any point in putting her panties on, only to take them off again, and her creamy cunt was bared between her kneeling legs so that anyone looking in the door would see that juicy snatch, as well as what she was doing to the dog with her mouth.

Of course, she never expected anyone to look in the door.

She had no idea that kidnappers were in the house.

Earl and Stan crept furtively up the stairs, the front of their trousers stuffed full of stiff pricks, eager to snatch a rich girl and get their balls emptied. They both got plenty of fucking from their gunmoll, Wanda, but they liked variety and, anyhow, Wanda had a decided preference for fucking animals. It made them feel inadequate.

They tiptoed down the hall.

They looked into Amanda's bedroom and gasped.

It was quite a sight that greeted them, no doubt of that. There was a pretty blonde head, merrily bobbing up and down on a dog's dick, as if the girl were ducking for apples in a barrel. They could see the dog's slippery red cockhead slide out as her lips pulled devotedly on the great, flaring slab and they saw her pink tongue fluttering against the dog's throbbing cock meat. They also saw her creamy cunt squirming around as her ass shifted from side to side, and the sight made their stiff pricks throb with horny lust.

In amazement, they looked at each other.

It was Amanda's bedroom-they assumed it was Amanda.

"Jeez, I didn't know that rich girls sucked dog dick!" Stan exclaimed, in total wonderment.

"You can never tell about a broad," Earl whispered. "Even rich broads ain't predictable."

"I hope she likes human cock, too," said horny Stan.

"Don't matter none if she likes it or not- she's gonna get it," Earl said, grinning evilly.

"Let's snatch her!" suggested Stan.

The two kidnappers advanced into the room.

Wendy saw them out of the corner of her eye and gave a little gasp of shock, the sound muffled on the dog's prick. She blushed bright pink, mortified at having been found sucking a dog's cock. But at the same time she wondered who these two villainous-looking intruders were.

She was so startled that she never even thought about taking her mouth off that hot prick.

Hannibal, too, had seen the strangers.

As they moved closer, he curled his lip back in a snarl, revealing gleaming white fangs. Hannibal, like Wendy, had no idea who the men were, but, unlike the maid, he was not at all ashamed of getting his prick sucked by a human, and he was damned if these guys were going to interrupt the act before he got his rocks off.

Stan and Earl stopped, eying the dog nervously. Hannibal growled.

"He don't wanna give her up," Stan squawked.

"Don't blame the dumb brute," said Earl. Wendy stared at them, wide eyed, still sucking.

"We're kidnappers," Earl told her.

"And rapists!" chirped Stan, who had a one track mind.

"As long as you don't struggle or shout, you won't get hurt," Earl told the maid.

Wendy realized that they must have mistaken her for Amanda, but she could not explain their blunder because she had a mouthful of cock. She started to draw her lips away.

The fox hound growled menacingly.

"You go ahead and finish what you're doing, lady," Earl said. "We'll wait, but hurry it up!"

Stan looked dismayed.

"The damned dog's gonna shoot in her mouth," he said.

"Aw, what the hell. We don't gotta kiss her," Earl said.

"True," Stan agreed, and the two hoodlums waited.

Wendy felt rather embarrassed to be blowing a fox hound in front of two strange men, but she saw no escape. As soon as she slackened her lips, the dog snarled frighteningly and, embarrassing or not, a mouthful of cock was better than a tit full of teeth. Anyhow, she reasoned, they already knew that she was a dog blower, so they wouldn't think any the less of her for finishing what she'd started. After she had milked the dog's cock, she would be able to explain that she was a mere maid and they would certainly leave her alone.

She began to pump her hand up and down fast, frigging the dog's prick steadily, causing the cockhead to flare in her mouth. She laved the prick-knob with her tongue and her lips worked on the meat thoroughly.

Jism was coming out in little preliminary spurts.

Some of it ran down her chin.

"Jeez," Stan said, shaking his head in disgust. But his prick was shaking with urgency as well.

Then Hannibal stopped snarling and growling and began panting and whimpering. His flanks flashed in and out as he fucked his fat prick into the maid's mouth. She frigged and sucked, moaning with pleasure, almost forgetting the audience as she prepared to relish her first ever mouthful of canine cum.

The hound's balls erupted.

Wendy felt his cock expand as the thick sap came rushing up in a foaming deluge. She sucked for it.

Suddenly her mouth was full of jism.

The load all came out in a string, a rope of slime that whipped into her mouth in an unbroken stream as the horny hound emptied his bloated balls in one tremendous geyser. She sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked. It seemed as if the dog's balls were bottomless, that he would never stop shooting that hot stuff into her.

But at last he stopped coming and sank back, his hairy flank heaving, panting in the aftermath of a massive unloading.

Wendy kept right on sucking, making sure that she had emptied that tasty load to the dregs and swallowing every sweet drop, oblivious to the kidnappers now, as she thrilled to the pleasure of milking hot cum out of a hound's succulent cock.

"Ummm," she purred. "Yummy." The dog was obviously no longer a threat. Stan and Earl moved in quickly. Stan drew the maid's arms behind her and bound them with a cord. She started to protest but the dog's prick was still filling her mouth and only a wordless gurgle came out. She gave the tasty meat a last loving suck, then drew her lips away and started to explain.

But before she could say a word, Earl had clapped a gag over her cum soaked lips.

Wendy realized that she was in bad trouble.

If she had been able to explain who she was on the spot, they would certainly not have bothered to kidnap her, but if they took her away, thinking she was a rich and ransomable girl, they would probably be furious when they found out the truth.

They might even do away with her in their rage!

No, if she couldn't reveal the truth before they kidnapped her, Wendy guessed it would be better to keep quiet about it and let them think she was Amanda Wellington.

Maybe the police would rescue her in time.

They had dragged her to her feet now. She shot a glance at Hannibal, hoping that he might come to

her defense, but the dog had gotten his rocks off and was sinking into a state of contentment. What a faithless brute! That would be the last time she blew that hound!

If she ever had a chance to blow a dog again . . .

Holding her between them, Stan and Earl took the helpless, scared girl down the stairs. Where was Ray? Surely he would be her hero.

But Ray was jerking his cock in the maid's room, oblivious to all but the rising tide in his prick.

They went out the back door and hurried her towards the bushes behind the kennels.

Where was Amanda?

Would she see and summon help?

But Amanda was helpless herself, crawling around the ground as a fox hound clung to her haunches and poured the twenty-third load of cum into her pussy.

They broke through the bushes onto a side street. Their car was waiting there. Earl got behind the wheel and Stan got in the back, with the captive girl.

He pushed her head down into his lap.

Wendy felt his huge prick throbbing against her cheek. Maybe getting kidnapped wasn't so bad, after all, she thought. At least she was going to get raped out of it.

If she gave them plenty of sweet pussy and head, maybe they wouldn't harm her, after all.

And from the size of that huge cock against her cheek, that was going to be no hardship.

But she was sorry about one thing.

They had snatched her before she had had a chance to get fucked by the dog. If only she hadn't been so damned greedy! If only she'd fucked the dog first, instead of blowing him, instead of wanting a load in both ends. Still, how was she to have known that there were kidnappers lurking about?

Wendy was frightened, of course.

But she was automatically rubbing her cheek around on that iron-hard lump of prick and balls, wishing that she did not have a gag over her mouth. If she treated these kidnappers very well, maybe they would let her go, she reasoned.

Maybe she would still live to fuck a dog.

The car was traveling at high speed now, jolting her head around on Stan's thundering cock. Wendy hoped they didn't have far to go. She was eager to start ingratiating herself with the kidnappers, befriending them in no uncertain terms, so that by the time they found out that no one would pay a ransom for her, they might reckon that they had been rewarded enough by the use of her body.

The road turned bumpy.

Wendy guessed they must be on a dirt road, somewhere in the countryside where they had their hideout.

Then the driver said, "Not far to the farm now, Stan. We done it!"

"We ain't done it yet," Stan rasped, grinding Wendy's gagged head around in his groin.

But the driver's words had registered in Wendy's mind.

They were going to a farm.

There were lots of animals on a farm.

Bigger than dogs.

Wendy began to get ideas . . .

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

They pulled the car up into a wooden shed and got out, holding the kidnapped maid between them again. Wendy did not fail to notice that both men were groping her ass and tits far more than necessary to keep her from escaping. They moved towards the farmhouse.

The sun was sinking in the west by this time, and the three people cast an elongated shadow off to the side and two stiff pricks loomed out in shadowed silhouette. Wendy didn't think that these two kidnappers were going to waste any time in getting their hostage fucked.

She was horny herself, despite her natural fright, because they had snatched her just when her mouth had been shot full of jizz but her pussy was still steaming. Too, the danger of the situation had added a spark of its own to her feelings, and the novelty spiced her sensations. Wendy did not feel too happy about being kidnapped, of course, but she had often had a masturbatory fantasy about being raped by two or three horny men, and that prospect was stimulating. Wendy had never been raped, mainly because she had never offered any resistance to any man who wished to fuck her. Now she hoped to kill two birds with one stone-to enjoy the fucking and ingratiate herself to her captors at the same time. As they walked to the house, she swung her pelvis so that her lush hips brushed against Stan and Earl.

The farmhouse door opened.

Wendy was surprised to see a woman standing there.

She was doubly surprised to see that the woman was naked. She was a slender girl, but her pussy mound was a wide wedge of tangled ebony curls and her legs seemed to be set farther apart than normal, to accommodate the size of her juicy cunt.

The woman looked Wendy up and down.

Wendy smiled nervously.

"Got the rich bitch, I see," Wanda said.

"Yeah, no sweat," Earl said.

"But how come she's wearing a maid's costume?"

Oh oh! Wendy thought. The two hoodlums had obviously not recognized a French maid's uniform, but now she saw the danger in this perceptive woman's attention.

"Huh? That what it is?" Stan said, glancing at the maid.

But Earl said, "Aw, she's kinky. Probably likes to dress up as a serving girl, think about bondage and all. You'll never guess what she was doing when we snatched her!"

"What?" Wanda asked.

"She was sucking a dog's prick!" Stan put in.

Wanda blinked, then slowly smiled. This rich girl was obviously a woman after her own heart.

"Yeah, maybe that's why she had a maid's uniform on," Stan reasoned. "So if any cum dripped out of her mouth, it wouldn't stain her expensive clothes."

They went on into the farm house.

"Better tie her to the bed," Wanda suggested. "I guess you can take the gag off, nobody can hear her out here if she screams."

Stan pulled the gag off.

Wendy nervously said how do you do to Wanda, just as if they had met at a cocktail party, Wanda was taken aback. Then she nodded. She seemed friendly enough. But Wendy wondered which of the men she belonged to. She didn't want to make the woman jealous by fucking her lover, yet she wanted to get on the good side of both men. It was going to pose a problem.

"I won't try to escape," she said. "I hope you aren't going to hurt me."

"Gonna rape you!" Stan said enthusiastically.

"Oh, that's okay," Wendy said. "Get her tied up, boys," Wanda said. "I want you to give me a hand with something." Wanda was still keen to get at the bull. But Stan said, "Aw, jeez, can't we rape her first?"

"Yeah, and we got to get a ransom note writ, too," added Earl, who was more practical than Stan, possibly because his prick was not quite as big nor his balls as bloated. Wanda hesitated.

She decided that she could wait a bit longer before she tried to fuck the big black bull, and that she would probably enjoy bull cock more when the other tasks were finished and she could linger and relax over the session.

She nodded.

"Okay," she said. "Get her clothes off."

Stan began to remove Wendy's uniform, obviously enjoying the job and moving his hands all over her in the process. Earl watched, grinning. Wendy noticed that Wanda, too, was watching with a certain interest, her eyes flashing and her lips slightly parted and moist. Maybe the presence of a woman among the kidnappers was not going to pose so much of a problem for Wendy after all.

Stan left Wendy's garterbelt and stockings on.

Wendy stood there in the center of the room, trying to look as sweet and obliging as possible-and as desirable.

"Who's first?" Earl asked.

"Can I go first?" Stan pleaded.

"Ladies first, you clod," said Wanda.

Earl nodded his approval and Stan looked crestfallen. Wendy saw that jealousy would not be a problem.

"You ever sucked a cunt, Miss Wellington?" asked Wanda.

Wendy hesitated, not sure what to say.

Then she said, "I don't mind."

"That's not what I asked!"

"Well, yes. But only one."

Wanda grinned wickedly.

"You ever sucked a cunt full of goat cum?"

"Gee, of course not."

"Well, get down on it!" Wanda commanded, pointing at her pussy and grinning wickedly.

She curled into a wicker chair, her thighs wide apart. Wendy gazed at the biggest wettest cunt she had ever encountered. She was aware that Stan and Earl were removing their clothes, preparing to fuck her, but she noticed that only with her side vision because her attention was totally on Wanda. The woman's cuntlips were spread wide, so wide they seemed to have almost turned inside out, and the open hole was streaked and lathered with thick fuck cream.

Wanda wriggled impatiently.

The captive girl moved forward, then sank to her knees between the woman's widespread thighs.

"Suck it, rich bitch," Wanda rasped. Wanda had enjoyed head from girls plenty of times, but she had never been sucked off by an heiress or a captive, and she was looking forward to it, not realizing that it was a common maid who was about to eat her foaming pussy. Wendy lowered her head. She could feel the intense heat of Wanda's cunt wafting up into her face, as if she were peering into an oven. Her own cunt was smoldering just as much. Wendy knew that she was going to enjoy sucking on that frothy pussy, especially since the woman's cunt was full of goat spunk, but she didn't want to linger over the cuntlapping because she was eager to get her own cunt stuffed full of prick. She decided to get the meal over with as quickly as possible, more like a glutton than a gourmet.

She parted her lips and buried her head between those slim thighs, clamping her mouth over Wanda's cunt.

"Oh! That's good!" Wanda squealed, amazed to find that a rich girl gave head as good as any lesbian.

"Ummm, ummm, ummm," purred Wendy, as she slurped merrily away. She stabbed her tongue deeply up the steaming slot. Wanda's pussy, soaked with goat spunk, was succulent, the two distinctive flavors blending into a tasty sauce. She clamped her hands on Wanda's writhing hips and tilted her up, as if her cunt were a hairy bowl from which the maid was draining the dregs.

Wanda creamed.

Panting and whimpering, she ground her pussy into Wendy's face and her fuck fluid gushed out as Wendy eagerly gobbled it up. When Wanda stopped thrashing about, the maid raised her head.

"Do it again, bitch!" demanded Wanda.

Wendy obediently buried her face again.

But Stan began to squawk in protest.

Both men were naked now and they had crossed the room to stand beside the kneeling captive. Their pricks jutted out over her. Stan's cock was huge, looming out like the boom of a ship, the triangular knob pulsing with lust. Earl's cock was not as big as Stan's, but his prick was still a sizable hunk of meat, one of those pricks that were widest at the root and gradually tapered all the way up to the tip and seemed to have been designed to wedge into tight fuck holes.

Although the lower part of her face was buried in Wanda's crotch, Wendy's eyes were uplifted, and she looked back and forth between the two waiting cocks appreciatively.

"You already had a come!" Stan protested. "What about my prick? You're being selfish, Wanda!" Wendy raised her head. Wanda started to protest now, for her cunt had been starting to tingle and simmer again, but Wendy said, "So who's stopping you?" She gave Stan a meaningful look.

She wriggled her ass, explaining her meaning. Just because her head was buried like an ostrich in the woman's swampy cunt didn't mean that her own pussy was unfuckable. Then Wendy dropped her mouth back onto that flooded cunt and began to suck again. Wanda's cunt tasted different, this second time-probably because Wendy had already sucked all the goat spunk out. But the woman's pussy was still tasty and she slurped merrily on the hairy feast while she waited for some fucking action to start behind her. Stan had gotten the idea. He glanced at Wanda to see if she objected to sharing the captive between them.

Wanda was smiling dreamily, not caring what happened to the girl's cunt as long as her tongue stayed where it was. Then Stan glanced at Earl. Earl, not so impatient, gave him a nod. Stan hesitated for a moment. He had been planning to stretch the nubile blonde out on the bed and fuck her missionary style, fucking into that smooth, bouncy body in a rather routine rape. Kneeling behind her meant that he would be fucking her doggy style. Stan had nothing against doggy fashion as a rule, but he knew for a fact that the girl liked to fuck with dogs and he felt a bit sheepish about playing the canine with her. What if his performance were not up to animal standards? He was reluctant to play second fiddle to a hound. But his cock was thundering. He had no choice. The captive's mouth was stuck to Wanda's cunt as if bonded there by glue and the only way that Stan could get at her pussy was from behind. He got down on his knees. Wendy wriggled her ass invitingly. Earl looked on with approval. Stan wrapped his fist around the root of his cock and guided the flaring prick-knob into Wendy's hot fuck hole. He stirred his cock around for a moment, lingering over the approach and enjoying the expectations. Then he began to fuck his meat into her just a little at a time, teasing both of them with the slow entry. Her cunt sucked on his prick, the nature of her pussy hating a vacuum and trying to fill itself with cock meat. He fed her another inch. Half his long, fat cock was up her cunt. The rest of his prick stuck out like a fleshy rivet, bolting his balls to her



groin. Her pink cuntlips pulled and tugged on that fat rod. Creamy pussy juice ran down her crotch and trickled down his cock onto his balls.

Stan moaned with the joy of it. Stan hadn't had a tight pussy in years. He was used to fucking Wanda and although his prick was massive it could not compare with some of the horned and hooved animals who had preceded him up her cunt, so that there was a decided lack of friction. Wendy's pussy was by no means narrow but compared with Wanda's cavern her cunt was snug and clutching. Holding steady with half his cock up her cunt, Stan wriggled his pelvis, turning his cock around inside her pussy as if he were churning her fuck cream to butter.

Wendy gurgled with happiness, the sounds echoing fluidly in Wanda's soaking pussy. She shoved her ass back, wanting more. Stan grabbed her by the hips, turning her so that her cunt rotated around his prick. Then he held her steady and braced his knees on the floor and fucked the rest of his prick into her, burying the huge prick balls deep in cunt.

"Oh!" Wendy gasped as she felt her pussy filled chock-a-block with the biggest cock that had ever been up there. Stan's swollen, glowing cockhead was extended farther up her belly than a prick had been before and his fat prick was spreading her pussy out to new dimensions. But the maid's cunt was pliable. Her pussy adjusted to his bulk, molding the slippery walls around the contours of his cock as if plastered to his meat.

He held the full penetration. "Fuck!" she wailed, shifting her ass, eager to feel that huge cock fucking in and out.

"Suck!" Wanda cried, not wanting the cuntlapping blonde to become distracted simply because she had a cuntful of cock.

Stan very slowly drew his prick out.

His cock came out dripping.

Wendy's cuntlips turned outwards as they dragged on the withdrawing prick, collaring his cock tightly.

He paused, with only his prick-knob in her.

Then he fed her another long, rippling stroke.

He began fucking the prick to her steadily, but slowly, enjoying that sweet pussy so much that he wanted to make this fuck last as long as he could before he spilled his pent-up load into her. But the thrill was already starting to build up in his balls. Despite himself, he found that he was humping faster.

Wendy's cunt creamed.

In a delirium of sexual heat, with a delicious cunt to suck and a huge prick fucking in and out of her pussy, the maid soared to the heights of passion and came in a fluid outpouring and a series of electric spasms that racked her whole body.

Stan kept fucking.

He fucked her through her orgasm and then, without missing a stroke, began to fuck her towards another orgasm.

As her own cunt juice poured out, Wendy began to lap more vigorously on Wanda's pussy, as if seeking to replace the fuck fluids that were seeping from her cunt by those she was swallowing.

Stan was fucking in now, unable to restrain himself any longer, his belly slapping against her upthrust ass and his swollen balls swinging in and out.

He started to howl as his orgasm began.

It dawned on him that he was making a sound just like a dog and he tried to stop, but then the thrill hit him and he bayed and yelped and growled, bestial in his lust.

His balls blew and his hot, thick jism squirted into her cunt in a creamy river.

He emptied his balls with half a dozen savage strokes.

Then, the thrill ebbing, Stan blushed as he realized how much like a dog he had sounded.

But those sounds had not offended Wendy.

They had only made her hornier than ever and glad that another stiff prick was available.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Earl liked to fuck girls up the asshole.

Whether he liked ass fucking because his tapered cock was well suited for wedging into tight spaces or whether he had acquired a taste for ass fucking in his youth, when his mother had often let him bugger her-but never fuck her, since she did not believe in incest-did not matter. That inclination had served him well since Wanda had joined the gang. Wanda's asshole was much snuggier than her cunt and no matter how many donkey pricks and horse cocks had spread her pussy, Earl was always able to get a nice bit of friction up her shit chute. He also enjoyed fucking her ass because it made him feel superior to the animals who fucked her cunt, as if ass fucking were a more elevated form of fucking.

Now he smirked at Stan, who had behaved just like an animal, as he waited for him to get from behind the kneeling, cuntlapping blonde captive. Cunt fucking was all right for beasts of the field-and for louts like Stan-but give Earl a nice asshole any day! Stan drew his spent cock out. His prick swayed up and down, slathered from tip to root with cunt juice, the tip spinning out a residue of spunk. Stan shifted to the side. Earl knelt behind Wendy. He studied her asshole. It looked trim and tight, maybe even virginal! He spread her asscheeks apart with his hands, gazing at the taut brown asshole. It might need some lubrication, he thought. He dipped his fingers up her sodden cunt and brought them up to her ass, rubbing cum and cunt juice into the narrow opening. He pushed his middle finger up her asshole and wiggled the digit about, loosening her.

Then he fitted the tip of his elongated, tapering cockhead into that tiny brown asshole.

He pushed.

"YOU got the wrong hole!" Wendy cried, thinking that the fellow had made a mistake.

"It's the right one for me," Earl rasped. "I ain't no animal!"

Then he began to wedge his cock-knob up her shit chute.

He worked his prick in like a lever, prying and twisting. Wendy had never had a cock up her ass before and her asshole resisted. But, on the other hand, Wendy did not object to experiencing an asshole full of prick. In fact, she found the idea interesting. What was the good of having an extra fuck hole if it never got stuffed full of cock? Too, she had noticed the shape of Earl's long cock and realized that a prick of that tapering sort would be just the thing for breaking in a cherry asshole. He was using it like a crowbar, like a burglar breaking into a safe. Wendy began to push her ass back against him, eager for this brand-new sensation, willing her ass muscles to relax.

The pointed tip went in.

Her asshole began to spread as he worked the rest of the elongated, triangular cockhead up her tight ass. Then the prick-knob slipped in and vanished. Her asshole clamped closed around his stalk, clutching him just behind the prickhead. It hurt just a little, but not enough to bother the girl. The slight tingle of pain served only to enhance and emphasize the pleasant sensation. It made her want more, want all of it, she wanted that big prick to fill her asshole.

Holding her by the hips, Earl began fucking the rest of his cock into her ass. The fit got tighter as the long, tapering prick became wider, but his spear-shaped cock-knob was carving a passage and lubricating the asshole, and, inch by inch, he fed his prick to her.

Then he was in to the roots.

Wendy's eyes snapped wide open as she felt his prick fucking the depths of her ass, then narrowed in lust as the thrill tingled through her. She was surprised how nice it felt to have an assful of hot cock meat. But his prick seemed to be stretching right up to her stomach.

For a moment she wondered what effect her stomach juices were going to have on living cock meat. Wouldn't they digest it? Would Earl pluck his prick out after he'd finished, only to find that it had been devoured? His was a nice prick and she certainly wished it no harm. But then she figured that the man must know what he was doing, and that he had plumbed the depths of other assholes, so she stopped worrying and settled down to enjoy her first ass fuck. Earl tried to withdraw. But the fit was very tight and, when he hauled his cock back, he merely dragged her ass back with it.

He held her steady and pulled, and her asshole adjusted, spreading out. His prick slid out, then slammed back in. The friction remained snug, but her ass was smooth and slippery now, the passage prepared, and he began to fuck his cock into her ass with vigor. The sounds of suction heralded his withdrawal and a hissing sound accompanied his thrusts. His belly beat a steady tattoo on her ass as he fucked in to the hilt and his balls swung into her crotch.

Wendy started to come again.

It surprised her that her cunt would come when the prick was up her asshole, but she was not about to question such a welcome marvel and she whimpered with delight as her clit sparked and her juicy release came flooding out.

Then Earl fucked his cock meat in violently, and she felt a hot load of jism dose her ass guts. Wanda was melting in her mouth once more, and Wendy lapped the fuck cream up while Earl filled her ass with his load. The three worked their orgasms off together, to the end.

Earl pulled out.

Ribbons of cum poured out of her asshole and ran down into her crotch, blending with the cunt juice gushing from her hot pussy.

Getting buggered was lovely, thought Wendy.

But she still hadn't been fucked by an animal.

How was she going to arrange that without seeming too indelicate, she wondered. She couldn't just come right out and ask if they would let her fuck a goat or a ram.

Then a clever solution came to the girl.

Wendy was curled up on the bed, enjoying her captivity, and the three kidnappers were composing a ransom note. Wanda had a pencil in her hand, licking the tip. But they had not given the composition of the note any previous consideration-this was the first kidnapping they had performed and they couldn't agree on how to word it, just what demands to make and what threats to make.

"We can say that we'll send him an ear, if he don't pay up," suggested Earl. "Or a finger, maybe."

"A nipple!" Stan put in. "That's a good threat." Wendy turned white.

"Her clit, even," Stan added. "But she's only got one of them, so that better be the final threat."

That was when Wendy had her bright idea. "May I make a suggestion?" she asked timidly.

They looked at her in surprise.

"Sure, go ahead," Wanda said. Wanda had started to look fondly on the captive, who was such an enthusiastic cuntlapper, and she was in no hurry to return her to her father even if he paid up.

"One thing that my daddy really hates is the thought of me getting fucked by animals," Wendy said. She was thinking fast and hard. "See, he caught me blowing my fox hound once, and it really disturbed him. If I'm gonna suck a prick, he wants me to suck his prick-but I won't do a naughty thing like that. Anyhow, if you write and say that if he doesn't pay the ransom, you're gonna make me fuck beasts of the field, he's sure to get the money up."

The kidnappers looked at each other.

They figured it was a good idea.

Stan said, "Still, she likes doing it with dogs. A threat like that would be, well, like the fox throwing the rabbit into the briar patch, know what I mean?"

"It don't matter what she likes, it's what her father don't like," Earl explained.

"That was a clever idea, Miss Wellington," said Wanda.

Wendy, still thinking fast, said, "You might even say that you already made me fuck something-like a goat, maybe?-and that you got horses and bulls waiting."

"Yeah! That ought to do the trick!" said Earl.

"I'll even add a note pleading with him to pay," Wendy said. Then she frowned. "The only thing is, I don't like to tell my daddy a lie. So if you're gonna say I been fucked by a goat, well, I guess you'll

have to make me do it.”

“That’s briar patch talk!” Stan exclaimed.

But still, it made sense. They didn’t mind kidnapping a rich girl, but they hated to make her tell a lie.

Wanda said, “It makes sense to me.” Wanda was a bit annoyed that her own bull fucking was going to be delayed, but she saw the logic of it. Once the rich girl had been fucked by an animal, they could get the ransom note dispatched, and then she would be able to concentrate on that adorable bull.

The goat, however, had recently had his balls well drained.

That wasn’t important The ram’s prick was even bigger . . .

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## CHAPTER NINE

There was nothing sheepish about Aries the ram.

He was a powerful Scotch Blackface ram and because of his sexual prowess was kept safely locked up in a corral behind the farmhouse. The farmer had warned his tenants about Aries, asking them to make sure that he did not get loose and run amuck amongst the sheep.

Aries was not particular what he fucked. He had, to the billygoat’s rage, fucked several nanny goats once. The goat had charged the ram, but had been battered to his haunches by the brute’s massive, curving, backswept horns and heavy boss and thus had been forced to sit on the sidelines, chewing his cud while Aries fucked the female goats. The ram had even tried to mount the farmer once, but that was no doubt a mistake, for he was certainly not a queer sheep. When Aries was on the prowl, only the cows were safe.

Even the ram walked lightly around the black bull.

When the farmer had cautioned them about Aries, Wanda had been delighted and looked forward to her first ram fuck almost as much as she did her first prick, so she wasn’t awfully happy at the thought of Wendy-whom she thought was Amanda, of course-getting the first crack at the big brute. Still, if the tales she had heard about the ram’s prowess were true, it wouldn’t matter. He would have plenty of spunk left over and it didn’t make sense to get jealous over a fucking sheep.

Out to the corral marched the three kidnappers and their less than reluctant captive, determined to make the ransom note correct in both form and substance.

Aries had been in his corral, brooding about the sad lack of cunt he had had recently. He was quite intelligent, as sheep go, and imaginative. He was wishing that he had a hand with an opposing thumb so that he could beat his meat the way humans did. A cloven hoof was fine for climbing mountains but it was useless for getting his rocks off. He had managed to rub an ejaculation out against the fence post once, but he had gotten a sliver in his prick and didn’t relish the prospect of suffering that again if it could be avoided. Sliver or not, he would have to soon. None of the loose grazing animals would come within fucking range of his corral. Even the cat gave him a wide berth.

Such thoughts had given him a hard on.

And then the ram saw four humans walking towards his corral.

They were all naked.

And two of them were female!

Aries began to chomp his cud in gleeful anticipation.

"Gee, his prick is awful big," Wendy said doubtfully.

The ram was standing in profile and they could see that his massive cock jutted out almost to his forequarters and that the prick-knob was a huge slab of dark meat. He had turned his head towards them.

Although all the rest of him was a grayish-white, his face was black. There was a gleam in his eye that belied the placid chewing of his cud. He stamped a foot and snorted, tossing his head back so that his curved horns described an arc, but it was not those horns that concerned the girls. They eyed the long, thick sheathed cock under his belly. They gazed at the fascinating contrast between that prickshaft and the rubbery, dark-fleshed lump of his cockhead. "I sure hope it fits up me," Wendy said. "Maybe I better try it, first," Wanda volunteered. Silly or not, she felt envious.

But Wendy said, "Oh, no! After all, you're a kidnapper and I'm your victim. It's only fair that I do it, so that I don't have to lie to dear daddy."

And, saying that, the agreeable kidnap victim placed a foot on the lower bar and nimbly climbed over the corral fence. Aries lowered his head, as if to charge. But then he moved towards her calmly. He didn't know a hell of a lot about humans, but he could see that this was an adorable ewe and he came up gently, head screwed to one side, trying not to look menacing. It was all well and good to frighten a nanny goat into putting out for him but he knew instinctively that a gentle approach was better with a woman.

Wendy knelt in the dirt beside him. She wished that the kidnappers would go away because she would have preferred to be alone with the stout ram, but she was not going to let modesty inhibit her at this stage of the game. She stroked his woolly flank, then slowly ran her hand down under his loins. Palm upwards, she cupped his balls. The ram snorted softly.

Wendy gave a little gasp of wonderment when she felt how heavy and full those bloated bags were. Her hand slid up his cock. She was caressing his prick very lightly, moving her fingers in the curly wool that sheathed his cock. Then she moved higher and began to finger the dusky-hued prick-knob. The cleft was parted and the huge slab of cock meat was pumping in and out like a breathing lung. It felt lovely and it looked enchanting. A ram's prick, Wendy decided, was much nicer than any dog's. She stroked and petted the ram's cock. His prick got bigger and harder, vibrating with the beats's horny urges. Leaning in under his belly, she ran her tongue over the swollen cock-knob.

Wanda gave a murmur of approval when she saw this. The two men just stared hard at the sight. But Wendy had forgotten all about them now, she was concentrating totally on the phallic delight before her as she licked and kissed the fat tip and laved all over that meaty slab.

It was absolutely delicious, she thought. It actually tasted like a lamb chop! If she ever sucked the ram off, she thought it would be nice to coat his cockhead with mint sauce. But she was not going to make the same mistake in one day. She had given the fox hound an impulsive blowjob and then been interrupted before she could get fucked by the dumb brute. And, as much as she was savoring the taste of ram prick, the girl was determined that her pussy would get fucked now. She gave his cock-

knob a few last slurps.

The mighty horned brute stood patiently, his hooves braced, his whole woolly body tense, knowing that a human was wiser in these matters and willing to let her take the initiative.

Wendy drew back after a final kiss.

It was time to get fucked.

How should she do it? She thought about getting down on her hands and knees, and she guessed that would be the simplest way. But she had always thought of that as doing it doggy fashion-with this magnificent ram she wanted to see him as well as feel him, to look at the splendid creature as he fucked into her cunt. She wondered if she could cling to his woolly shoulders and wrap her legs around him and fuck him that way, riding him upside down. But she figured that, in that position, she would be swinging back and forth on his prick, instead of having him fuck in and out of her pussy.

She needed some support.

Then she noticed that the middle bar of the corral fence was right on a level with the ram's prick.

That fence might have been designed as a fucking platform.

She turned and placed her ass on the lower bar. The highest bar braced her head and shoulders and, hooking her ankles around the lower bar, she parted her knees and presented her crotch. The ram gave her a contemplative look. This was all new to him. But he damned well know what a cunt was and he knew when one was ready to be stuffed and it wasn't beyond him to figure this novel position out. He turned to face her and leaped up. His hooves braced on the top bar of the corral fence and his body was angled at just the right degree. Now Aries was glad that he had those nimble cloven hooves. They might not be much good for jerking off, but they were just the thing for balancing on the corral.

His huge, woolly stalked, dark-knobbed cock towered out in front of the horny maid.

She took the prick in to both hands and moved it up and down a few times, watching the curly white wool coil up behind the flaring, smooth-fleshed crown, then drag back as the head flared out. Her pussy was steaming for that lovely load.

Using both hands, she levered his prick down and placed the fat cock-knob in her soaking crotch.

Aries began to fuck.

At first, his big, blunt, bloated prick-knob would not slip into the pussy. His cock was stuffing her cuntlips inside her fuck hole. But then she reached down and spread her pussy wide open, slipping the cuntlips around the tip of the ram's prick.

Then he began to cram his cock meat up her pussy.

Inch by inch, the dusky prick-knob wedged and pried a passage up the girl's soaking fuck hole.

Wendy, satisfied that penetration was underway, drew her arms back and hooked her elbows over the rail. She was bowed out from the fence, head and feet back, belly and groin pushed out, supported by the corral at her back and the firm pillar of the ram's prick in front. Lithe and agile,

the girl moved gracefully on the fence, as if she were an acrobat performing fluid exercises on the parallel bars. She squirmed and writhed as the mighty ram fucked his cock into her inch by inch. His cloven hooves were above her head and his black face peered down at her in concentration. This was no young ram, frantic with his lust, in a mad passion. Aries had had plenty of assorted pussy in the past and although his horniness was exceeded by none-except maybe the black bull-he remained calm and cool as he slowly worked his big ram cock into her, not thrusting wildly and urgently at first, patiently waiting until they had been united to the root and core.

Then his whole long, thick prick was buried in her.

Wendy gave a little squeal of joy as she felt that hot slab of his cock-knob burning in the depths of her juicy pussy and the fat prickshaft stuffing her fuck hole to the brim.

She began to turn her hips from side to side, rolling her cunt around on his prick like a wheel around a hub. His cock flared. Her pussy sucked.

She gazed up into that hovering black face, a dreamy smile on her lips. The ram's amber eyes regarded her. His hot breath bellowed onto her upthrust tits. He tossed his massive backswept horns into the air and pawed at the earth with one back foot. Then he began to fuck her.

His powerful prick fucked in and out.

His whole white, woolly body quivered. It was like getting fucked by a cumulous cloud, Wendy thought, as she watched that fleecy form fuck in and out above her. She was being lifted by his strokes. If she had not had the corral fence for support, she would have been raised into the air. But she clung to the rails with arms and legs, holding herself steady as the ram fucked into her, drew out, fucked in again. Her cunt was being dragged down on his withdrawal so that she felt as if he were pulling her insides out, then stuffed back in as he thrust her inner muscles sucking on his cock.

Her pussy juice was flowing.

His steaming cock pulled out, matted her and streaked with her cream, like wool on which hot wax had dripped.

Now Aries was into his stride. No longer cool and collected, he began to fuck his prick into her in a frenzy, tilting her nubile body up and down, driving her back against the fence, rattling her hipbones and shaking her arched spine. Wendy moved with him, against him, shoving her pussy down to meet his cock as he fucked in and contracting her cunt muscles as he withdrew so that his cock dragged out of her against the slippery resistance of her clinging pussy.

The ram's balls were expanding.

His fleecy haunches had become a white blur, his prick a woolen rocket launched into her heavenly fuck hole.

Suddenly the beast snorted and his whole mighty body shuddered like a fleecy avalanche.

The ram's cum blasted her pussy with a steaming geyser.

Wendy wailed with passion, and her pussy melted around the huge ram prick, her hot fuck juices pouring out into the swirling storm of the ram's spurting spunk.

Aries shot wad after wad up her cunt.



Wendy creamed with delicious spasms each time he shot his fuck juice into her.

Who needed mint sauce when she had that lovely cream?

At last, spent, the ram slowed, his motions becoming those of a drifting cloud once more. He stopped humping altogether. But his big body was trembling and his prick shuddered inside the girl. Wendy continued to move for a few moments, twisting her cunt around on his prick, sliding up and down the fat cock, making sure that she had worked off every last spark of her creamy climax. Then she, too, stopped moving. The ram gazed down at her. He slowly closed one amber eye. Then he carefully pulled his prick out of her groin. His cock came out and out. It seemed to Wendy that his prick would never stop coming out. How had she ever managed to take every inch of that animal cock up her fuck hole? The maid was in awe of what had happened, for his cock seemed longer than her torso and fatter than her pelvis. It was a mystery how that cock had ever fit her fuck hole-but a joyful mystery.

Cunts, she realized, were awfully pliable and elastic.

Wanda, that lewd lover of bestial prick, was thinking the same thing as she watched the ram's prick pull out inch by inch-and seemed to pull out foot by foot, even yard by yard.

If the rich bitch could take a ram's cock, Wanda felt certain that she would be capable of taking a bull's prick. She felt encouraged-and eager to try.

Then the head of the ram's cock slipped out, followed by a deluge of creamy cunt juice and frothy cum. The ram dropped down from the corral fence. His cock, gone semi-hard, bobbed up and down under his belly like a woolly dipstick, matted and dripping.

Wendy was too spent to move.

She hung there on the fence like a soldier trapped on barbed wire. Thick drops of fuck juice splattered the earth below her crotch. A dreamy smile came over her face.

It was all too much for Wanda.

She slid through the rails into the corral.

Kneeling beside the ram, Wanda leaned in and gave his cock head a thorough tonguing, polishing his prick-knob to a luster and slurping up the mingled cunt juice and ram spunk from the dark-hued cock meat. When she had tongued his prick-knob to a sparkling polish, she crawled over to where Wendy clung to the fence.

Wanda was no lesbian and did not suck cunt-not very often anyhow-but she adored animal jism and when the only available ram cum happened to be in a pussy that was where she had to find it. She leaned in and began to suck the lovely stuff out of Wendy's cunt with relish, pushing her tongue right up the gaping fuck hole and slurping out great, hot mouthfuls.

She sucked Wendy dry.

And now, with the taste of cum on her tongue and a load of the sweet stuff in her belly, horny Wanda was as hot as she had ever been in her depraved life.

She got to her feet, swaying, dizzy with desire. Ribbons of cunt juice poured down the insides of her thighs. Her huge pussy was gaping wide open. It was cavernous.

That was how Wanda wanted it.

Wanda was ready to fuck the bull.

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CHAPTER TEN

Wanda did not want to have anything else on her mind when she fucked the big black bull. She wanted to be able to give her total concentration and attention to the fucking and, with that in mind, she figured it would be best to send the ransom note first. The kidnappers and the victim went back to the farmhouse.

Wanda wrote the note. She had Wendy lick her cunt while she did so. But that was just to keep her hot and juicy. Each time she felt the thrill start to build up, she pushed the blonde maid's head away and gave her pussy time to cool down before she let Wendy give her some more tongue, so that the lewd woman was kept on the boil but did not steam to a climax.

When the note had been composed, she had Wendy add a note of her own. Wendy thought about it for awhile, for she was not in the habit of writing anything, let alone ransom notes.

Then she wrote: Dear Daddy, The kidnappers have already made me do a very depraved thing. They have made me fuck a black-faced ram. The ram had a very big prick, Daddy, and I fear my cunt has been stretched. There is also a black bull here and they say that if you do not pay the money, I will have to get fucked by that huge brute, after which my poor pussy will be no use to a man again-or even, I fear, a ram.

Please pay the ransom and save me from this fate.

She signed it, Amanda. Then she giggled.

What on earth was Mr. Wellington going to think when he got that note, written in a strange hand?

He sure as hell was not going to pay the ransom.

But that was okay with Wendy.

Like Wanda, Wendy longed for that massive bull's prick.

Wanda read both notes over and nodded, satisfied that they were short and to the point and would do the job. If the rich man did not want his daughter to even suck a dog's prick- prude that he must be-he surely would ransom her before she was forced to fuck a bull!

Earl took the letter to the nearest post office to have it sent special delivery. They weren't worried about being traced by the postmark because they felt sure that Wellington would pay up rather than inform the police to save his daughter the ordeal of the bull.

While they waited for Earl to return, Wendy gave Wanda some more head, pausing from time to time to let her cunt cool down, keeping her simmering just below the crest.

Wanda sucked Stan's cock a bit, too, just for the hell of it.

Soon enough, Earl returned.

It was time for the black bull.

When Wendy asked if she could go into the pasture with them, instead of being tied to the bed, they agreed. It wouldn't hurt to have an extra hand with them as they tried to manage the rampaging beast. The men had gotten dressed but both girls were still naked.

They went out into the field.

The bull raised his head and peered at them inquisitively. Who were these frail humans that dared approach him? They advanced, slowly and nervously. Wanda was in the lead and Wendy came second. The two men were hanging back slightly. Both had the same terrible thought: What if the bull thought they were coming to fuck his cows? What if a jealous frenzy came upon the massive brute? On the other hand, the two girls hoped that the randy bull would guess exactly why they were approaching him and respond accordingly.

The bull stamped one foot menacingly.

He raised his head, horns coming up, and snorted. They could see the brass ring flash in his sensitive nostrils and they saw the white steam of his breath billow out. Massive muscles rippled under his sleek black hide.

With his huge prick hanging down under him, he looked like some pagan fertility god, some symbol of terrible potency.

But he looked dangerous, too.

Now Wendy's footsteps faltered and she slowed down.

Only Wanda continued to advance. Wanda was too horny to think of any possible danger from the beast. She was too eager to get gored by the big horn of his prick to consider the horns on his head.

She looked nimble as a bullfighter as she moved closer, her ass and hips swaying, her fat tits bobbling up and down. The bull was so disconcerted by her lack of fear and respect that he actually retreated a step or two. But retreat was not in the brute's nature. He stopped and lowered his head, snorting and pawing at the earth again. His stubby tail shot straight out behind him.

Oh my God! He's going to charge! thought Wendy.

Earl and Stan were walking backwards now, their courage gone. Wendy stood where she was, rooted there by fear and fascination.

Wanda's belly rotated and her thighs parted.

She waved her pussy at the bull like a red nag.

The bull charged.

He came fast, head to the ground, terrible horns carried low and ready to hook into soft flesh. But Wanda was nimble as a bullfighter. She pushed her hip out, turning, and made a perfect pass. The bull rushed past her belly, unable to stop as the woman led him through a turn that would have earned her tails and hooves in Madrid. She was smiling, flushed with excitement, a novice matador facing her first bull.

The brute skidded to a halt, his hindquarters hunkering low to the ground. He turned and charged

again.

Again the lithe woman avoided his rush, passing his bulk close to her belly.

His horns missed her by inches.

But this time, as he flashed past, his big prick came swinging up and the fat knob brushed against her cunt!

He rushed on and halted. When he turned to charge again his cock had started to swell and lengthen. The jet-black prick-knob pushed out and the cockshaft tightened into an iron-hard tension.

No bullfighter had ever faced a threat like this.

When the bull charged Wanda again, he came at her with three massive horns!

Yet it gave her one big advantage-his cock and balls were so huge that he had to slow his charge, to keep from stumbling over his own fuck equipment. He came almost gently on his third rush. Wanda waited bravely, flourishing her cunt like a bullfighter's cape.

She stamped her foot, challenging the beast. Her loins flew out. The bull hooked with his horns-looked away from her. And that third horn stabbed out like a piledriver, the big blunt cock-knob slamming into the woman's groin.

The cockhead slipped into her wet cunt.

The matador had been gored!

The bull dragged Wanda with him, for she was stuck on the end of his prick. She fell to the ground, bumping over the field. The bull came to a halt. He no longer looked ferocious. He stopped snorting and began to pant, his flanks heaving in and out. He turned his head and looked at the woman on the end of his prick. He made no attempt to hook her with his horns now. His gaze was speculative.

Tremors of wild pleasure were running up the length of his thick cock, into his swollen balls, into his potent loins.

His cock, the tip stuck in her, was bent down to the ground. It seemed almost as if his prick were ready to snap.

But as the thrill hardened his cock his gigantic prick began to lift and straighten towards the horizontal.

He was lifting Wanda right off the ground on the head of his rising prick. She was thrashing about, her arms and legs wind milling. Her ass left the ground. His cock stood out stiff and straight, with Wanda on the end. She threw her legs up and hooked her thighs over the shaft of his cock, her ankles locking in a scissor grip. The top of her body swayed up and down but her pelvis was held steady and level.

The bull took a tentative hump.

But his cockhead was stuck fast.

Instead of fucking his cock in and out, he was moving all of Wanda with his thrusts. She clung to his prick with her hooked thighs, and her cunt sucked, trying to drag more of that sweet cock meat up

into her pussy. Her cuntlips were unpeeled around the black cock pulling on his prick. But she could get no leverage. The bull fucked back and forth, and Wanda swung to and fro on the end of his cock.

It was frustrating, having that lovely cockhead in her pussy, yet being unable to get anymore of the fat prick in, and it was just as bad for the sex-crazed lust-maddened bull, for he was experiencing the delights of that hot, slippery cunt on the tip of his prick, yet could not bury the rest of his cock. The unused part of his cock stood out between them in a steaming black bolt.

Wanda thought sadly that she was not going to be able to take any more, that her cunt was not going to be filled. She figured she could make the bull come by frigging his prick between her thighs, so that at least he would have an orgasm and she would have the pleasure of a cuntful of bull spunk, but she bitterly regretted not being able to have more of that rock-hard prick. Then Wendy came to the rescue.

Wendy, in a sense, felt almost as frustrated as Wanda, for she could see how the situation stood and knew full well how awfully horny Wanda must feel.

Wendy moved forwards.

She wasn't afraid of the bull now, for he was obviously not in a mean mood. She moved right up to them and knelt down behind Wanda. She braced against the woman, supporting her just as the corral fence had supported Wendy when she had been fucked by the mighty ram. She reached up with one hand and got hold of the brass ring in the bull's nose. When the bull pushed his cock out again, Wanda did not swing on it, because Wendy was holding her in position and the bull did not back up because Wendy had him by the snout.

His prick began to slide into the lust-frenzied woman.

Wanda wailed with joy as she felt another two inches of bull prick slide up her pussy.

"Thanks," she panted.

"That's okay," said Wendy. "You'd do the same for me."

And then, with Wendy helping them, Wanda and the bull began to fuck up a storm.

Each time he humped, he fucked another inch into the woman. Her slippery cunt adjusted to his massive bulk. Soon the bull was fucking almost half of his giant cock into her pussy with every stroke. That was as much as he could get in, for his cockhead was plumbing the very depths of her cunt, but it was enough. Her clinging pussy was pleasuring his cock-knob and stalk with a talent that no cow had ever managed and the bull reckoned that half a cock of human cunt was worth a full cock of cow cunt anyday! He humped steadily, his mighty muscles bunching and rippling as he fucked his prick up her hot pussy hole.

Wanda twisted her pelvis, winding her loins down over his cock as he fucked in.

She was coming time and again, going off like a machine gun. Her cunt had never been so full. The bull's prick was reaching spots that no other cock had ever satisfied and he was fucking her through a steady tide of orgasms, an endless climax.

The great beast was at the crest.

He bellowed and fucked his prick into her as the thrill exploded in his inflated balls.

His cum hosed her with such pressure that, if Wendy had not been holding her in position, Wanda would have been blown right off the head of his prick like a human cannonball.

She wailed in ecstasy as that creamy geyser filled her cunt.

The bull poured the stuff in with steady spurts.

His balls seemed to hold an endless supply of spunk, each geyser blowing into her as thick and as hard as the one before.

Wanda melted through the best orgasm she had ever had.

Wendy held her there, hoping that she, too, would get a chance to fill her cunt with bull cock.

Earl and Stan watched from the fence, impressed.

Unknown to the kidnappers, the farmer who had rented them the house was also watching-and he was scandalized!

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

Hiram Brown, the farmer, had suffered a few misfortunes during his trip to town. To begin with, he hadn't realized how much things cost these days. Self-sufficient on the farm, the horrors of inflation had passed him by. He hadn't brought sufficient money with him to enjoy himself.

He'd gotten drunk a few times and had been to the porno movies and his bankroll had rapidly diminished. Then, to make matters worse, he had fallen in with an evil woman. Not accustomed to such things, he had not realized that the big-titted blonde was a hooker and when she offered him a blowjob he accepted with enthusiasm. When they got back to his hotel room and she asked for payment in advance, it was too late. Farmer Brown had never had a blowjob and had longed for one for years. His cock was bucking like a bronco. He was normally a tight-fisted fellow, but under the circumstances he had no choice. He had to cough up the money for the sake of his prick.

The hooker blew him well enough and he came in her mouth-although he was disappointed when she spit it out.

She told him she was on a diet and that it was nothing personal, which satisfied him somewhat and, satiated by his climax, the farmer had fallen asleep.

When he woke up later, he discovered that the hooker had rolled him, taking his wallet and even his change purse.

Farmer Brown was despondent.

Yet, despite his misfortunes, he had to admit that he was having a good time in the city. Furthermore, with his farmhouse rented out for the month, he had no home to go to.

But he had a bankroll hidden on the farm.

He had buried a hundred dollars in a Bull Durham tobacco pouch and he had buried it where he knew it would be safe from intruders-he had buried it in the pasture where he kept the bull, knowing that no intruder would dare venture into that field.

He decided to drive home and fetch the money.

So it was that an old pickup truck came rattling down the dirt track to the farm. The truck jolted to a sudden halt when Farmer Brown saw what was happening in the field.

He stared in amazement and disbelief as two naked women fucked his prime black bull.

Farmer Brown was furious. Bull cum was a precious commodity, and those horrible women seemed bent on milking the beast dry!

His shotgun was in the farmhouse.

Outraged, Farmer Brown would have loved to put a load of rocksalt into those two naked asses, but he could see Earl and Stan lurking by the fence and he figured that two men who would let their ladies fuck bulls would not stop at beating up a farmer.

He decided to inform the police.

Back to town went Farmer Brown.

The desk sergeant looked up when the farmer came striding into the police station. The sergeant's name was Murphy, and he was a glum and gloomy man. He wished that he were a lieutenant. He hated the public. He had come home unexpectedly once and caught his wife fucking their German shepherd and when he had complained she had run off and left him for the dog. He was never in a good mood and when he saw a tall, lanky man wearing overalls and a frayed straw hat and chomping on a plug of tobacco, he thought, What the fuck have we here?

"What's your complaint, hayseed?" he asked.

He got his pad and pencil out. "They are fucking my bull!" roared Farmer Brown. The cop blinked.

He didn't write anything on the pad.

"How's that?" he asked suspiciously, wondering if this shit kicker dared to be pulling his leg.

"I knew they was city folk, and I reckoned they might be hippies, but I never figured'em for bull fuckers!"

Murphy was bemused. His eyes rolled. Jesus, what a cop has to put up with from the public!

Farmer Brown spat a brown stream on the tiled floor.

"I want them jailed for stealing semen," he demanded.

Murphy moved the pencil, making meaningless squiggles.

"Yes, sir," he said. "If you'll give me the address, I'll send a patrol car out and we'll apprehend the criminals."

Farmer Brown, satisfied, told Murphy where his farm was located and Murphy, pretending to take it all down, drew a picture of a woman getting fucked by a dog.

The farmer left.

Sergeant Murphy forgot all about it. Until the kidnapping came to light.

Hugh Wellington was at home when the special delivery letter arrived and he opened it and stood there, rubbing his neck and looking extremely puzzled.

He called his daughter.

Amanda was in bed, resting after her adventure in the kennels, for it took plenty of energy to get gangbanged by a whole pack of fox hounds. When her father called, she put on a robe and staggered downstairs on unsteady legs.

"I'm glad you're safe," he said.

She blushed, thinking that he had somehow found out that she had been fucked by hounds.

But then he showed her the note.

She read it in amazement.

"Ooooh! The lucky girl," she said.

"What?" snapped Hugh.

"Unlucky! I meant to say unlucky!" Amanda hastened to explain. "Imagine getting fucked by a ram! Imagine getting fucked by a bull! Ooooh! How unlucky can you get?"

Her father gave her a suspicious look.

"Any idea what it means?" he asked.

"Why, no. I certainly didn't write it."

"Someone must think they've kidnapped you."

"But how could-wait a minute! I was wondering where my maid had disappeared to! Daddy, the villians must have kidnapped Wendy, mistaking her for me!"

"That must be it," he agreed.

"What shall we do?" Amanda asked. She was fond of Wendy's nimble tongue and didn't want to lose her. She was also jealous of the maid, getting all that animal prick, but she couldn't very well tell her father about that.

He said, "Well, I'm certainly not going to pay a ransom for a maid! We'll have to inform the police."

And so they did.

Detective Jenkins returned to the police station from the Wellington mansion, looking grim.

Murphy was still at the desk. "Got a rough one," Jenkins said. "Kidnapping, eh?"

"Yeah. But not your run of the mill kidnapping. The fiends ain't threatening to kill the girl. They are making her perform sexual acts with beasts of the field!"

"Good God, that's disgusting," Murphy said.



He was remembering how his wife had been fucking away with the German shepherd stuck to her haunches.

"They already ran a ram up the poor kid, and they're gonna make her fuck a bull next," Jenkins said.

A light came into Murphy's eye.

"Wait a minute!" he said. "I don't know if it means anything, but I had a real funny report in earlier. Some old hayseed claimed his bull was being fucked."

Jenkins snapped to attention.

"That must be a vital clue!" he cried.

"Might be."

"Of course it is. It's elementary, Murphy. If you were a detective, instead of a mere sergeant, you'd see it straight away. I mean, bull fucking is not run of the mill, right? How much bull fucking do you think is going on at this very moment? This is it, we've got the swine. What's the address of the farm?"

But Murphy hadn't written it down.

It took most of the night for Murphy -demoted to the street because of his blunder-to locate Farmer Brown.

He found him in the Jesus Saves Mission where, penniless, the farmer had gone for a bowl of soup.

Murphy wrote down the address of the farm this time.

Half an hour later, four patrol cars filled with armed policemen roared off into the countryside, intent on rescuing the girl and apprehending the foul criminals who had degraded the poor sweet thing.

Just as the police cars roared off, though, the poor sweet thing was sneaking out to the pasture, lusting for some bull prick of her very own . . .

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CHAPTER TWELVE

After Wanda had been fucked by the black bull, the three kidnappers and their victim returned to the farmhouse. Stan and Earl were horny as could be, and Wendy, envious of that wonderful cunt stuffing that Wanda had just received, was smoldering as well. She was hot for more animal cock, actually, but also hot enough so that any cock, even human prick, was welcome. Wanda, however, was totally satiated. She had a contented smile on her face and her pussy was completely satisfied. After that bull, what did she want with a man's cock or even a girl's tongue? So it was that Wendy had to take on both of the men again, and it suited the randy maid to a tee.

They fucked most of the night.

Both men fucked her at the same time, to begin with. She squatted on Stan's prick and, while she rode his cock, Earl fucked her up the asshole again. It was lovely to have both fuck holes full at once, their big pricks passing inside her loins like trains in a dark tunnel, one pulling out as the other

pushed in and both of them spilling their spunk at the same time.

Then she sucked Earl's shit-stained prick while Stan fucked her again, this time from behind and got two hot loads squirted into her at one moment. She creamed herself and drooled.

After that, the edge was taken off their shared urgency.

Wendy took them on one at a time, leisurely, giving prolonged head and lingering pussy, coming from time to time but enjoying it even when she wasn't in the throes of an orgasm.

Sometime in the middle of the night Wanda got aroused again and both men stuffed their pricks into her cunt at the same time, one from the front and one from the back, but even with both big cocks fucking her in unison, it could not compare with the bull's big prick.

Wanda didn't even come.

Not until Wendy licked her clit, anyhow.

Now dawn was streaking the eastern sky in ribbons of pink and pearl and rosy red. A few fluffy white clouds-as fluffy as a ram, as white as fresh-spilled spunk-drifted low on the horizon. The kidnappers were all asleep in a cluster on the bed.

But Wendy was still awake. They had not tied her or gagged her during their clusterfuck, because they wanted to be able to move her limber, nubile body into various positions which bonds would not allow, and because they most certainly did not want her hot, hungry mouth to be gagged, and unfuckable. They wanted to be able to slip their pricks into her at will.

Wendy held her breath and looked at her captors.

They were sprawled with her in a jumble of arms and legs, cocks, tits and a hairy pussy. Cum and cunt juice glistened in the dim light. But they were breathing with the regularity of deep sleep, and Wendy figured that it was time to make her escape.

She carefully removed a hand from her cunt.

She pulled one stiff nipple out of peacefully nursing lips.

She got off the bed, careful not to disturb them. She considered finding her clothing and getting dressed, but it would be hard to find things in the darkened room and she was in a hurry to get out of there before one of them awoke and realized that a part of the clusterfuck was no longer there.

She went out to the farmyard.

The car was parked there. She checked it, but they had not left the keys in the ignition. Then she started towards the road, figuring it would be easy for a naked girl to hitch a ride-she might have to give the driver some head or some pussy, but that would be no hardship- but then she realized that there would be little if any traffic on the back roads at this hour. If they realized that she had escaped, they would probably drive down the road and if she were on foot they would recapture her.

The best thing to do, she decided, would be to make her escape cross country, through the fields.

She set out in that direction.

She thought about the bull, of course. She was sorry to be leaving before she'd had some bull cock

but she didn't suppose she had time for a fuck. Anyhow, there was no sign of the brute. She moved off briskly, looking back at the farmhouse every few steps and seeing no sign of activity. It was rapidly getting light now. An owl hooted in a nearby tree. A field mouse rustled, frightened by the sound. She looked back again but the kidnappers were not up.

When she turned, a huge, shadowy bulk rose up before her. It was, of course, the bull.

The beast had been slumbering, enjoying an erotic dream about human cunt. He rose with his mighty prick stiff as a board and his balls stuffed full and, to his delight, found some of the stuff of his dreams had materialized.

He pushed his snout against her naked belly. The brass ring felt cold, his breath was like steam. Wendy patted his head, wishing she had time to fuck him. But she knew it was wiser to make her escape. She tried to move on.

But the bull was not to be denied.

He bellowed loudly in protest and demand.

Wendy saw in a flash that the bull would make so much noise if he didn't get what he wanted that he would awaken the kidnappers before she had time to get across the moonlit fields, that he would be fully exposed in the pale light of dawn. It left her no choice. She would have to fuck the bull to silence him before she fled.

It was a necessity but not a hardship.

She got down on the ground and began to stroke his gigantic cock. The fat black prick-knob stuck out in her face and she began to lick his cock hungrily. His prick was much too big for her to get her lips around, which was a pity because she would have loved to suck on his cock, but tonguing his prick was tasty enough and the taste was making her as horny as her tongue was making the beast. Wendy was alone.

There was no one to hold her steady against the bull's rampaging fuck and she didn't want to get hung up on his prick the way Wanda had and he stuck there helpless when the kidnappers came out to look for her.

She turned onto her hands and knees and placed her head against the ground, hoping the bull could fuck her that way. Her white ass flashed in the pale light. His black prick nuzzled into her ass. Her cunt was not as slack as Wanda's big pussy, but her cunt was lubricated and open and pliable. Slowly, the bull's cock began to slide into her pussy.

Wendy purred with the joy of it.

That single bellow of protest had not gone unnoticed.

Wanda had been dreaming about the bull, and the sound registered through her slumber. She reached out languidly and closed her fist on the nearest prick. What a disappointment! Her eyes snapped open and she sat bolt upright. Then she realized where she was and started to relax. Then she saw that their captive was gone!

She roused the hoodlums.

They rushed from the farmhouse and reached the yard just in time to see the bull's black cock go

halfway up Wendy's cunt.

The bull began fucking her, driving her down into the soft earth. Her ass wriggled as she happily took his prick as far up her cunt as his cock would go. She wished she could take even more.

She saw the kidnappers running towards them.

But she was so ecstatic that she didn't even care.

Her whole body was being tumbled about on his cock and she was melting with the thrill.

But the bull, too, saw them coming.

The last thing he wanted was an interruption.

He lowered his head to the ground threateningly. He hooked. The tip of his horn caught on something, dragging it from the earth. It flew high into the air.

The kidnappers halted.

"How the hell can we capture her when the fucking bull is protecting her?" Stan asked.

"We gotta catch her. We need the ransom money," Earl said.

Then something fell at their feet, flung there from the bull's horn. Wanda picked it up. It was a Bull Durham tobacco pouch. She drew the string and opened it.

There was a hundred-dollar bill inside.

They stared at each other in amazement.

"The damned bull has ransomed her!" Stan gasped.

"Yeah, but we demanded lots more than a hundred dollars," said Earl, the practical one.

"Sure, but bulls don't have much money," Stan reasoned.

Then Wanda cocked her head, listening.

"I think we better take the hundred and split," she said.

They all listened.

Through the misty light of dawn came a scream of sirens.

The police were on their way.

The patrol cars pulled into the farmyard, sirens wailing. Police jumped out and rushed the house.

But they had arrived too late.

The kidnappers had escaped with their meager ransom money.

With no criminals to catch, the cops stood at the fence and stared in awe into the pasture. They watched that huge black cock fuck in and out of the blonde girl's juicy pussy. They debated whether

they should shoot the bull, but were afraid they might hit the girl by mistake.

And, too, they saw that she was smiling.

The cops were all dumbfounded-except for Murphy, who knew about such things.

In the field, they fucked merrily on.

Wendy had seen the law arrive and, knowing that she was safe now, she was able to concentrate totally on getting fucked and enjoying it more than ever. Her pussy was sucking like a vacuum cleaner on the huge cock. She creamed, then creamed again. The bull snorted and roared, his mighty hindquarters heaved, his prick drove her down into the earth, and a great jet of bull cum poured into her cunt.

He fucked away until his cock and balls were empty.

Calm then, in the aftermath of his coming, the black bull moved away and allowed the police to come for the girl.

She was too weak to walk.

But she sure was smiling.

It had turned out all right in the end and everyone was happy-except Farmer Brown, who had discovered that his tobacco pouch of money was missing. It grieved him deeply. Bull fuckers! He moaned. Nothing was safe from a bull fucker!

But then, on her day off, Wendy came to see him.

Farmer Brown was delighted to get a blow-job for which he didn't have to pay.

Afterwards he fell asleep.

And the black bull was overjoyed when Wendy came to call . . .

THE END