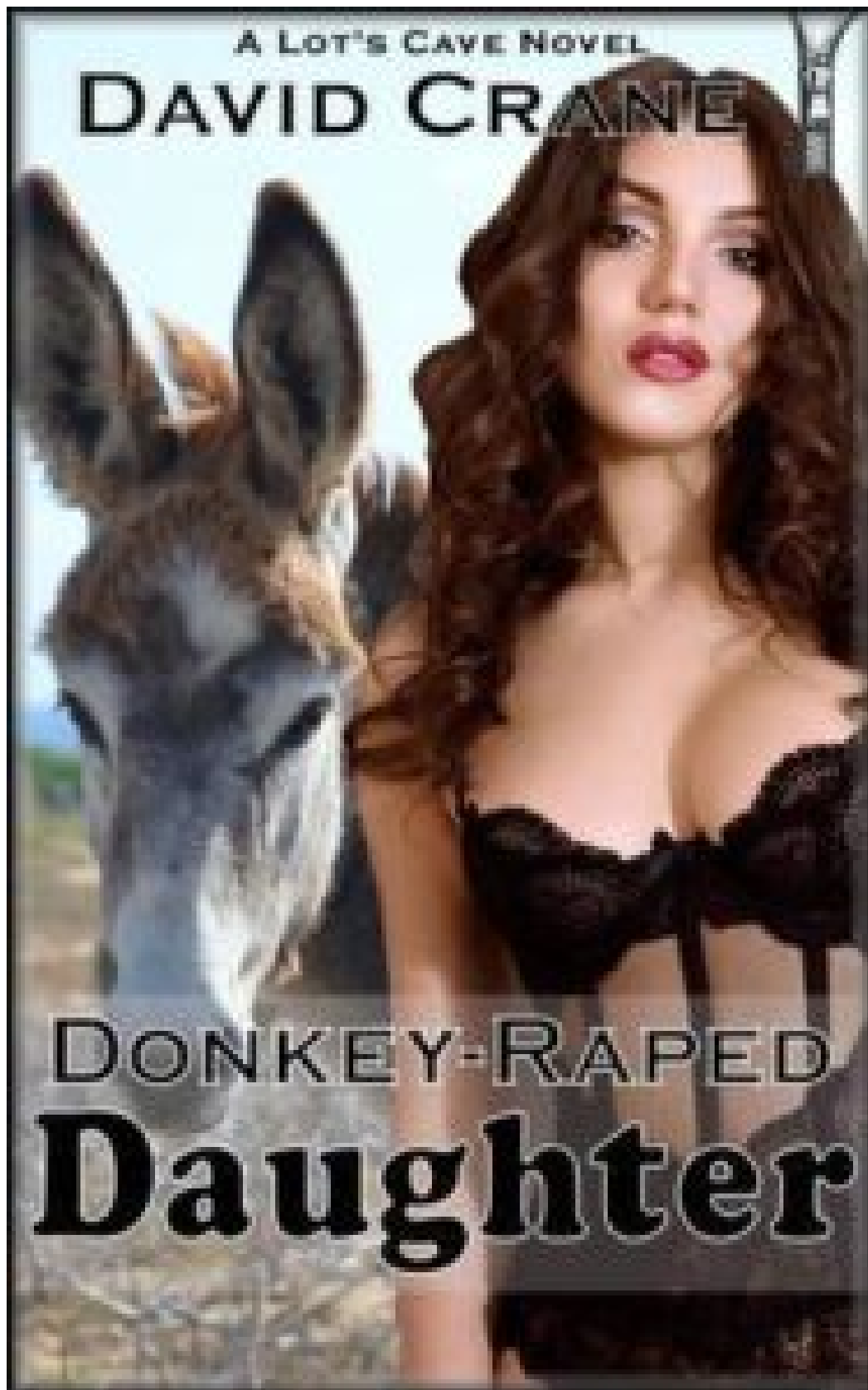


READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES





CHAPTER ONE

The dark-haired girl with the big tits was getting her ass fucked off by a donkey.

It was happening in a barn and there was a circle of interested men standing around, observing the spectacle. Most of the men were small, dark types with big, wide-brimmed hats. Their eyes were

bulging out – and so were the fronts of their pants. They grabbed at their swollen pricks in desperation and their mouths hung wide open in awe – and in respect for a girl who could take a donkey’s prick. She even seemed to be enjoying the fucking.

Two of the watchers were tall, blond-haired men. They were enjoying the sight, too. They were Billy Watson and Hank Suchard, oil men from Texas, and when they had heard about the donkey show they’d figured it would be a sight worth seeing – and they were certainly getting their money’s worth.

The best part of it was that the girl was not some old worn-out slut, but a young nubile girl with a pretty face, dark flashing eyes, white teeth gleaming from parted, sensual lips – and those nice big tits. She wasn’t a whore – she actually liked to screw donkeys! She liked it even better when there were horny men watching her do it, too – which was why she was putting on such a fine performance, playing to the audience.

They had gathered in this barn in a dusty border town.

Billy and Hank had been doubtful and dubious about it, thinking it must be a trick. How could a woman take a prick that big? But then the girl had arrived and they had settled down to find out.

First she had taken her clothing off.

The men had appreciated this, but the donkey had seemed disinterested, standing in the corner with his head down and his ears flopping and his big prick soft and sheathed.

But then she had knelt beside the gray brute and begun to massage his cockmeat with both hands. Slowly the burro’s head had come up and his ears had pricked and, as if attached to his head by clockwork, his cock had begun to rise, as well. The girl had smiled happily as she felt and saw the results of her manipulations. The huge head of his cock had come squeezing out from the sheath and the long cockrod had stood, iron hard, under the animal’s belly.

She pulled the donkey-prick up and down with both hands.

Hank and Billy glanced at each other, wondering if this was to be the extent of the performance – if the girl was simply going to jack the donkey off by hand?

But then she leaned in and pushed her pink tongue out and began to lick the glistening head of the donkey’s cock. Her tongue laved all over the huge, meaty wedge and, from the look on her face, she was really enjoying the taste of his prick.

A thick drop of spunk oozed from his cleft prick-knob.

She watched it run sluggishly down his cockhead, smiling wantonly. Then she gathered it up with her tongue, slurping the sticky stuff from his hot cockmeat and letting the jism trickle around on her tongue for a moment before she swallowed it.

There was not a limp prick in the barn by this time.

Hank and Billy were as excited as the others.

Now they were wondering if this was to be the climax – if the sexy girl was going to tongue the brute’s cockhead while she jacked him off and let his cum shoot in her face?

But they had sold her short again.

She tongued his cock-knob for a while, purring with pleasure and running her pink tongue right up his cleft so that a little more donkey-jism spilled onto her taste buds. The animal was snorting and trembling by this time, his haunches starting to hump as if he were trying to fuck right through the girl's willing head.

"Ummmm," she purred, slurping.

Then she led the now-frantic burro over to the low wooden platform. She took up a rubber mold, an oval shield with a hole in the center. She worked this pliable device over the head of the donkey's prick and tugged it down his vibrant stalk, so that his cockhead and some five inches of prickshaft stuck through the mold. No woman could take all of a burro's cock, and the template would prevent the beast from ramming the whole thing up her pussy. But even the length of hard cock that was sticking out, throbbing, through the shield was more than most women could have managed. With his huge cock readied for her cunt, the girl slid onto the platform, under him. She looked around, smiling at her audience and licking her lips, where a trace of donkey-jism glistened.

Then she arched her back, her big tits thrusting up, and parted her sleek brown thighs. She fit the tip of the burro's cock into her creamy fuck-slot and started to squirm against his cock.

The donkey's haunches bunched up with taut muscles.

He began to fuck.

Slowly, inch by massive inch, his gigantic cock began to wedge its way into her steaming pussy. As the girl felt her cunt being stuffed to the brim with the great prick, she wailed and whimpered. Her thighs flashed and her heels drummed at the burro's flanks. Each time the brute plunged he was fucking a bit more cockmeat into her cunt until, at last, she had taken every inch of the cock that was available through the template. The rubber shield clamped tightly to her crotch, preventing further penetration, and the donkey's swollen balls were jammed between her legs.

The burro began to fuck her in earnest.

The girl met his fuck-strokes with equal gusto, thrusting her pelvis as his wide, long fuck-tool plunged in. Her cunt lips were spread so wide that they had almost turned inside out and her clit was swollen as it rubbed against his prick. Thick ribbons of cunt juice, pumped out by his pussy-filling plunger, poured down her crotch and seeped into the tight crack of her churning ass. She rolled her hips from side to side, winding her cunt around on his cock like a nut on a bolt.

Her face was a mask of pure lust.

This was no play-acting - it was obvious that the girl adored getting fucked by the burro.

Half of the keen observers had opened their flies and plucked out their pricks by this time, unable to restrain themselves. They crowded around in a tight circle, jerking off with vigor. The girl looked around, pleased to see how greatly her performance had inspired the watchers.

Neither Hank nor Billy had produced his prick in public.

Texans don't jerk off - or at least, they don't admit to it.

But they were both panting.

One of the watchers squirted a heavy dose of jism out. The sticky stuff splashed on the girl's tits. Then a second one shot his hot wad into her face and they began going off in sequence, shooting one by one like a line of well-trained infantrymen. The girl was slathered with frothy jism even before the burro had come.

Then the donkey brayed and slammed the prickmeat home violently, and the girl was almost blown off the end of his prick by the gigantic torrent of cum that hosed her pussy.

The burro shot geyser after geyser of cum into her cunt and the girl melted with him, her hot pussy juice gushing out to blend with the animal's slime, her whole crotch foaming with cream as it flooded out.

At last, the brute's balls were emptied.

The girl continued to squirm on his cock, working off the final spasms of her own orgasm and milking out the final flow of her cunt juice. Then she gracefully pulled her pussy from his prick. The burro's cock sagged under his belly, still semi-erect. The cock-knob was slathered with cum and cunt juice.

The girl twisted around and used her nimble tongue to lave the head of his cock until it gleamed as if polished.

The show was over.

She got up and took a bow. Cum was streaming down the insides of her thighs in a creamy river. The men who had finished jerking off, and therefore had both hands free, applauded. She acknowledged their cheers with a happy, contented smile.

Then she got dressed.

Someone led the satisfied burro away and the girl left by herself.

Every man there would have loved to fuck her.

But she was a strange girl.

She only fucked donkeys.

Billy and Hank were so impressed that they went to the nearest bar and looked around for girls to pick up and fuck. But they were in a weakened state, since a good portion of their blood was lodged firmly in their pricks, and so the alcohol went to their heads faster than normal – for Texans – and they soon became too drunk to make a conquest. They staggered back to their hotel and, in the privacy of their separate rooms... who can say if those tall Texans did, or did not, jack off?

In the morning, hungover and red-eyed, Hank Suchard wrote his weekly letter to his long, leggy, lusty wife in Dallas.

Hank had been so greatly impressed by the donkey show that he simply couldn't resist the impulse to write about it, and he did so. It wasn't as if he had done anything wrong, himself, he reasoned. He had just watched the bizarre performance as he would have a blue movie or a naughty nightclub act, and he didn't expect his wife to be angry.

Nor was she.

But that letter from Hank Suchard to his lovely wife was going to have astonishing repercussions...

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## CHAPTER TWO

When Linda Suchard read her husband's letter she was amazed and had to pour herself a good, stiff drink - in lieu, perhaps, of a good, stiff prick. After a while she started to giggle about it, imagining how Hank and Billy must have looked as they watched the donkey perform. Then she imagined how the donkey and the girl must have looked, and that led to another stiff drink.

Linda decided she simply had to go over to the Watson's house and tell Veronica all about it.

Linda Suchard and Veronica Watson were good friends, and had been since they went to school together, led cheers for the football team and were pursued by lusty young men. One of the reasons for their friendship was that neither felt any jealousy about the other. Both were gorgeous girls, confident about themselves, slightly narcissistic and envious of no other woman.

Linda was a curly haired, tawny blonde.

Veronica was a flaming redhead.

Both were tall, long-legged girls with clear eyes and unblemished skin and just the right sort of curves. Both were active and athletic, trim and fit. They played tennis and swam and rode horses. Both had big tits with stiff nipples.

Both girls loved to fuck.

Linda and Veronica had both lost their virginity on the same night, on a double date that ended up in a plastic motel where, side by side in a double bed, they discovered the joy of being stuffed full of cock - and looked across at each other, grinning, aware that the pleasure of the happy occasion was enhanced because they were sharing it.

Fucking was such good fun that they did it again the next night, in the same motel - but with two different men.

A week later they decided, quite coolly, that it was time they started to suck cocks, and so two other fellows struck it lucky that night as, side by side and cheek to cheek, the two horny girls bobbed up and down on their towering cocks and swallowed their cum.

Then they switched men and sucked cock some more.

Everything about their lives seemed to follow a pattern. Linda met Hank at the same time that Veronica met Billy and, both aware that these relationships might be more than casual, they didn't share motel rooms with these men, fucking them in private. Hank and Billy both proposed marriage on the same night. Both girls accepted, not at all surprised, having expected the proposals. Just after graduation, they were wed in the same week and now, married, they lived next to each other in a fashionable country estate north of Dallas.

Hank and Billy had to travel frequently in connection with the oil business and the girls continued to see a lot of each other. They had talked about taking lovers to entertain them while their husbands

were out of town, but they hadn't gotten around to doing it yet and weren't sure if they ever would. They shopped at Neiman Marcus and spent a lot of money and smiled when men stared at them as they walked down the street, tall and elegant, trim asses swinging. It might be fun to share a bed again, with two strange men – or one man, sharing him in the bed – as they had while they were at school. As long as Hank or Billy never found out about it, what would be the harm?

Well, maybe they would, sometime.

But at the moment, Linda was not thinking of men at all. She was thinking about Hank's intriguing letter and wishing that she had been there to watch that amazing performance. She would have liked to watch it with Veronica, sharing the visual experience as they had shared so many things. What on earth had it looked like? How could a girl take a donkey's cock up her cunt without splitting wide open? What, for that matter, did it feel like for the girl?

Linda had never thought about bestiality before. Now she found herself fascinated. And the most exciting part of it was that Hank had claimed the girl did not fuck donkeys for money, that she did it for the pleasure of it – and that having a group of men watch her fuck was simply a way of increasing that pleasure. What a depraved girl she must be! Linda had to admire a girl who was that wicked.

She was eager to show Hank's letter to Veronica.

She finished her second drink. The mail had arrived early and she wasn't dressed yet. She went to the bedroom to get some clothing on – but first she had to take her dressing gown off.

Then she was naked.

And, because Linda loved her own body, she paused to stand before the full-length mirror and admire her perfection. She winked at herself. She pursed her lips in a kissing motion. She could see, in the looking glass, how stiff and vibrant her nipples were. It surprised her slightly. She actually hadn't realized how horny Hank's letter had made her. Now she cupped her big, firm tits in her hands, lifting them and pressing them together into deep cleavage. Her thumbs swept back and forth across the taut tit-tips.

"Ooooooh," she murmured.

She stroked her sleek flanks and shifted her pneumatic hips, squirming before the mirror.

She turned and, looking back over shoulder, a lock of curly blonde hair falling over her brow, she gazed at her splendid ass. Linda's ass was shaped like an inverted valentine, the big firm globes sweeping out from her narrow waist and then cutting sharply in to the backs of her long, shapely legs.

She knew that men admired her ass.

She always loved to walk away from a man, or a group of men, knowing their eyes were fixed to her swinging ass.

She swung that succulent bottom now, her hips jolting out, admiring the fluid action.

She turned to face the looking glass again.

Her thighs were slightly parted now and she could see a slender trickle of juice running down from her crotch.

She watched it, fascinated.

Oh, I am feeling hot, she thought. Then she giggled. Imagine getting horny thinking about a donkey's prick!

It was a depraved fantasy.

And it was all the more exciting because it was depraved.

She dipped at the knees and spread her thighs wider apart so that she could look right between her legs and see her cunt. The slot was wide open, cunt lips unfurled like pink blossoms, foamy with pussy nectar. She placed three fingers down over her cunt mound and pulled her pussy up slightly as she gazed at it. She moved closer to the mirror. Using both hands now, she spread her cunt lips wide open.

She was wondering if a donkey's cock could possibly fit up that creamy fuck-hole.

She wasn't playing with herself. She was simply speculating on the maximum breadth of prick that her cunt could contain.

But in the process she was accidentally rubbing her throbbing clit with the heel of her hand and the horny girl began to tremble. She watched her pussy slot fill up with another wash of cunt juice. She was wondering if she should give herself a hand-job. She did that sometimes, when her husband was not home to fuck her. It wasn't as good as cock or tongue, certainly, but it was better than nothing - and at the moment she had got herself worked up to a state where she truly needed something in her pussy.

If she left her pussy untended, the damned thing was going to be squashing like a sponge between her legs when she walked. Worse, she was likely to soak the crotchband of her panties and be embarrassed to find a dark, wet patch spreading out in the 'V' of her tight western jeans. Veronica might notice and laugh at her.

Linda decided that a hand-job was definitely in order.

She thought about stretching out on the bed, then decided to do it in front of the mirror so that she could watch herself when she came. She was smiling in happy anticipation. She began playing with her tits and rubbing her nipples as a prelude to the culmination of finger-fucking. The nipples came out like bullets against her palms. She was standing so close to the looking glass now that when she pushed her belly out, rolling her pelvis, her mound of curly blonde cunt hair rubbed against the glass.

It was like - like rubbing against another woman, she thought. Linda had never had a lesbian experience but she had thought about it quite frequently, mainly through curiosity. What would it be like to go to bed with another woman? She had an idea that it might be very nice - especially if that woman were as beautiful as she was. She wouldn't want some ugly old dyke who looked like a man, no flat-chested, short-haired girl with tattoos on her biceps. No, if she were ever to make love with a girl, it would have to be a feminine, sexy girl.

A girl just like herself.

Or - like Veronica Watson?

That thought caused Linda to tremble.



She had often seen Veronica naked, of course, for they had fucked and sucked side by side, and during those frenzied affairs Linda had often wanted to touch the other woman, to hold her and kiss her and caress her. She had an idea that Veronica might have felt the same way, too. They had looked at each other with a certain naughty speculation, a longing for contact. But it had never happened.

Linda sighed.

It probably never would.

It was one of those things where the time and the place had to be just right. And one of them would have to make the suggestion and the first advance. That was the stumbling block – not being sure how Veronica might react if Linda were to touch her intimately. Maybe someday, when they were both drunk? Well, it was all just idle fantasizing and at the moment Linda had other things to think about as she prepared to finger-fuck herself.

She thought about donkey cock.

Her hands moved down. She cupped her crotch in one hand and traced up her parted cunt lips with her fingers, brushing over her vibrant clit at the top of the stroke. She slid her other hand into her crotch from the back, under her ass. She pushed a stiff finger up her fuck-hole and her cunt sucked greedily on the finger. She began using two fingers, then three, finger-fucking in and out of her pussy while her other hand began a steady rubbing on her clit.

Her cunt juice began to flow heavily.

Her palm filled with a pool of the slippery stuff. Pussy juice slid down her fingers and dripped from the edges of her stroking hand. She was panting, her fat tits heaving with the labor of her breath. The looking glass was clouding over as she panted against it. Through the mist she saw her face, contorted by a mask of pure lust.

The thrill began to race across her belly.

Electric spasms coursed up her trembling thighs.

The separate waves of rising lust met in her cunt. She felt as if her pussy was going to ignite, suddenly bursting into flames from the heat of her approaching orgasm.

She cried out.

“Oh!” she wailed. Then, longer and drawn out: “Ooooooh!”

Her cunt melted.

The sexy girl shuddered through wave after wave of ecstasy and her cunt flowed with the juices of her fuck-lust. She continued to work on her cunt and clit with both hands until she was sure that she had worked off every lovely spasm.

She smiled at her misted reflection.

Then she did a very naughty thing.

Her hand was soaking with cunt juice, and she lifted it to her lips and licked. She let the hot pussy juice run over her tongue for a moment, then swallowed it. She felt deliciously depraved. Cunt juice

was delicious stuff. She thought about how tasty it would be if she were to tongue it right out of a woman's cunt!

But Linda didn't guess that was going to happen.

It was just something that was fun to think about.

Like donkey-cock.

Linda towed her crotch dry and got dressed. She wore a faded plaid shirt and a pair of very tight jeans. She had to lie down on the bed in order to haul the jeans over her hips, tugging with both hands while she hiked her ass up, squirming. The blue denim was molded to her heart-shaped ass and dragged into a 'V' at her groin. She pulled on a pair of expensively tooled cowboy boots and topped her garb with a Stetson hat. She looked at herself in the mirror again and smiled, satisfied. She undid another button on the fashionably faded shirt, so that quite a bit of cleavage showed and - if she happened to bend down just right - there was a chance that a nipple might slip into sight, for she wore no bra.

She left to visit Veronica.

Her cunt had been cooled down by the hand-job she'd given herself and she was no longer so desperately horny. She didn't expect anything thrilling to take place that day. She was just eager to show Veronica the letter from Hank and to talk about the donkey show.

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But Veronica was very horny this morning.

The post had come and Veronica had not received a letter from Billy, and she was annoyed. She wondered if Linda had heard from Hank. She wondered what the two men were up to in the evenings. They had been gone for two weeks now, and she knew she shouldn't complain since it was, after all, a business trip. But the fact remained that Veronica had been too long without a fuck.

She returned from the mailbox and threw the letters - mostly bills from shopping trips - down on the table. She considered telephoning Linda. But if Linda had gotten a letter, while Veronica hadn't, it was going to make her more annoyed. Maybe it was better not to inquire. Still, maybe Linda would feel like going into town, shopping or - or was Linda feeling horny, too? Would she maybe be willing to go out to some cocktail lounge and get picked up by a couple of men? It would be lots of fun to fuck again, side by side, as they had in their schooldays.

She telephoned Linda.

There was no reply, for Linda had just left the house on her way to visit Veronica.

Not knowing that, Veronica felt more frustrated. She didn't want to go out on a solo manhunt. She wasn't really sure that she wanted to commit adultery, actually, but she knew that it would be easier if Linda were to do it at the same time. Sharing the guilt for their actions would diminish that guilt.

So how should she spend the morning?

She wondered if she should try out her new vibrator. It was a big, phallic-shaped tool that hummed merrily away and looked as if it could give a hot cunt a good going over. She had bought it two days ago but hadn't gotten around to trying it on her pussy yet. In fact, when she went to bed the night

before, she had had every intention of fucking herself to a frazzle, but she had forgotten to bring the tool with her. She had started rubbing her pussy and it felt pretty good, and she was comfortable in the big bed. The thought of disrupting her comfort and her finger-fucking wasn't very attractive. It wasn't worth it. So she had continued to finger-fuck her bushy cunt and creamed and gone to sleep.

The vibrator was still a virgin.

Veronica grinned wryly at the thought and decided that it would be a pleasant way to pass the morning.

But it had drawbacks. She wondered if a plastic fuck might not leave her more unsatisfied than before. She knew she could make herself come with a vibrator, easily enough - but the vibrator couldn't come! That was the frustrating thing.

Veronica loved all aspects of sex, but most of all she loved jism. She loved to feel a thick load of the hot stuff squirt up her cunt and she loved to suck jism out of a prick.

Without the thrill of an ejaculation, the vibrator lacked a certain charm. She had bought it on a whim - and because she wanted to see the way that the young male looked at her, when she placed it on the counter - and now she guessed she would be using it on a whim, as well, more to kill an hour or so than for anything else.

She went to fetch the plastic cock from the closet.

Veronica was wearing only a dressing gown. The semi-transparent silk glided around her hot curves as she moved and her stiff nipples were poking out in twin points. The feel of silk on her skin made her hot. Most things made Veronica hot. She was starting to feel a bit more excited about using the plastic prick on herself.

But then she heard a car drive up.

She looked out and saw that it was Linda's Cadillac.

Although Veronica had wanted to talk to Linda before, now she frowned, wishing the girl had come over an hour or so later, after she'd had a chance to vibrate her cunt to a foam. It was hard to hold a sociable conversation when a girl's cunt was burning.

Still, it could have been worse.

Suppose Linda had arrived just when Veronica was in the midst of fucking herself, just starting to cream?

That would have been a tragedy.

The redheaded sexpot left the unused, virginal vibrator in the closet and opened the door as Linda got out of the car. They smiled and waved at each other. Linda came towards the verandah, her ripe, lithe hips swinging in those ultra-tight jeans and her big tits sliding around in the fashionably faded shirt and her tiny waist cinched in by a wide leather belt. Her curly blonde hair whipped out under her Stetson. Veronica, who seldom wore fashionable cowgirl clothing, herself, found that she was admiring her friend's sexy appearance.

And then, to her own amazement, Veronica realized that she was also lusting for Linda's sexy body.

Like Linda, Veronica had never experienced lesbian love.

She never expected to.

Why, then, was her mouth watering?

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CHAPTER THREE

The two leggy ladies sat on the patio, beside the swimming pool, sipping tall, cool drinks. A breeze stirred the surface of the water and moved a single cloud across the sky. Veronica's red hair caught glints of sunlight so that it seemed to smolder and her eyes were smoldering, too, as she read Hank Suchard's letter.

Linda sat back, smiling slightly as she watched her friend re-reading the part about the donkey show.

Veronica looked up, frowning slightly.

"How amazing," she said.

"I thought so, too. I would have expected to be disgusted by a thing like that - but I wasn't."

"What did you feel, Linda?" Veronica asked.

Linda blushed slightly.

"It made me kind of horny, to tell you the truth."

Veronica laughed, tossing her head so that her hair cascaded over her high cheekbones in tongues of fire.

"It is exciting," the redhead agreed. "But it must have made Hank and Billy horny, too - I wonder if those bastards are going to whore-houses or picking up women in bars?"

Linda shrugged. "Apparently they didn't screw the donkey girl, anyhow," she said. "What man could follow that act?"

"Have you ever thought about doing it with an animal?" Veronica asked, suddenly and directly.

"Gee - no. Not until I read Hank's letter, anyhow. I got to thinking about it then."

"I imagine it sometimes," said Veronica.

"Do you?" Linda said, interested.

"Ummmm. When I'm - you know? When I'm playing with myself. I get all sorts of fantasies then - including animals."

Unlike their Texan husbands, Linda and Veronica did not deny the fact that they sometimes practiced self-gratification.

Linda said: "I had to give myself a hand-job this morning, in fact, after I read about it."

Veronica giggled and said: "That's a coincidence - because I was just going to use a vibrator on my pussy when you showed up."

"Don't let me stop you," said Linda.

They both laughed - and then they stopped laughing and exchanged speculative looks.

Both girls were thinking the same thing. But both, as yet, were afraid to suggest it. Instead, Linda said: "What sort of animals?"

"What?" Veronica asked, her mind on something else.

"When you play with yourself and think about animals - what kind do you imagine?"

"Oh, different kinds," Veronica said. "Dogs, sometimes - big dogs. Great Danes and shepherds and Dobermans. I pretend that I'm letting a dog fuck me or..." she paused and looked wicked, "... or sometimes I make believe I'm giving a dog a blow-job."

"Ooooooh," Linda whispered. "That is naughty!"

"And sometimes I have wilder fantasies too," Veronica went on. "Like I might imagine that I'm being raped by a lion or a tiger, maybe - or gang-banged by a pack of wolves." In fact, Veronica had never imagined such things before, but her imagination was in full flight now. "Once I pretended that I was caught in a bear trap, in the forest - and a grizzly bear came along and fucked me. But those are impossible things, of course - not like, say, a dog. I mean, a gal could really fuck a dog - if she wanted to."

"Or, apparently, a donkey."

"Not me!" Veronica giggled. "It might feel wonderful to have a cuntful of donkey cock. But what man would satisfy a gal after her pussy had been stretched around a cock that big!"

Linda sipped at her drink and, regarding the redhead across the rim of her glass, with the ice tinkling, she said: "Would you ever really fuck a dog, Veronica?"

Veronica hesitated. She seemed to be actually considering it before she replied. Linda waited with interest.

"I'm so horny right now," Veronica said, "that I'd fuck just about anything. I don't know - I might let a dog fuck me, if it just sort of happened. I mean, it's not the sort of thing I'd plan, but if there was a big, horny dog around and I was in the mood... well, who knows? I am curious about what it would be like."

"I'm horny, too," Linda said.

"Oh? I thought you had a hand-job this morning."

"Yeah, I did. But a hand ain't a prick."

Veronica nodded her agreement.

"We've both been two weeks without any," she said.

The redhead leaned across the table and looked seriously at Linda. Linda held her breath. Was Veronica going to suggest that they go to bed together? Oh, she hoped so!

But Veronica was hesitating, uncertain.

She said: "I suppose we could go out to some honky-tonk and pick up a couple of men."

Linda was disappointed. "Well, we could. It would be fun to do it, in the same room, like we used to. But I'm not at all sure that I want to be unfaithful to my husband."

"Well, it was just a thought." They were both a bit nervous now, almost shy, despite being good friends who had shared lots of things together.

Veronica grinned and said, "That would be one advantage in fucking a dog - a gal could get fucked without committing adultery."

Linda giggled at the logic of that.

"Bestiality, yes - but adultery, no," Veronica added. "You can't cuckold a husband with an animal."

"Oh..." Linda began, then paused. She thought for a moment, then went on. "Maybe that's why you hear about lots of women - housewives - who fool around with each other."

"Lesbians, you mean?" Veronica asked.

"Oh, no!" Linda said quickly. "No, just normal women who fool around for the fun of it."

"Is there a difference?"

Linda said: "Gee, sure. Lesbians want to be men and they want to fall in love with women and have emotional affairs as well as physical ones. Normal women just do it for fun. Or so I hear. I wouldn't know anything about it."

Again the two sexy ladies regarded each other thoughtfully. Linda was afraid that she might be blushing, but she wasn't sure. It might have been the sun or her face.

Had she been too suggestive? Would Veronica get the wrong idea? Well, it wouldn't be wrong, at that - but how would the tall redhead regard the idea? Linda felt embarrassed.

Veronica, however, smiled.

"Yeah," she said. "Two gals could have some fun together without worrying about adultery - just like a gal and a doggy."

They were each waiting for the other to make the obvious suggestion - but neither quite dared. Neither was certain of how the other one would react to the proposition.

They were both getting really horny now.

Linda's hand-job seemed to have worn off and her pussy was simmering as desperately as it had been earlier. And Veronica, denied the pleasure of her plastic prick at the last moment, felt as if she had a glowing lump of coal between her legs.

She crossed her legs.

She was wearing the silk negligee and it parted. Her long, shapely leg seemed to go on for miles. Linda licked her lips nervously. She wished she were licking that long leg.

Oh, suggest it, Veronica, she thought. Please suggest it!

Veronica noticed the way Linda was looking at her. It thrilled her. She had a pretty good idea that something very nice was going to come out of this situation. But she was still too uncertain and inhibited to take the initiative.

Then she saw a clever way around it.

She said: "Gee, Linda - all this sexy talk has really got my pussy steaming. I'm gonna have to take care of it. Do you mind waiting while I use my vibrator?"

Linda gulped.

Then she summoned up her immoral fiber and managed to smile. "No, I don't mind. In fact - can I watch you do it? It will be just like back in school, when we used to watch each other getting fucked in motel rooms."

"Ooooooh! Yes, honey, you can watch me. I think I'll enjoy it more, with your eyes on me."

"Oh, we are naughty!" Linda giggled.

"It's fun to be naughty," Veronica said.

Both girls were relieved that the situation had reached this stage without any embarrassment. But in that very relief came an increase in the tension of their needs.

They finished their drinks.

Veronica stood up first. Linda followed suit.

"Let's go to the bedroom," the redhead said. "I'll do it first - then you can borrow my vibrator, if you want to - and I'll watch you do yourself."

"Ummmm - okay," said Linda.

Was that all they were going to do?

Or would things - literally - get out of hand?

They both hoped so, those two good friends who wanted to add a new dimension to their friendship.

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

As they left the pool-side table and went into the house, the two women kept giggling and glancing at each other, as if to make light of the situation, to regard the scene as amusing and saucy and naughty, instead of truly emotional and passionate. But despite the pretense, it was hard for both of them to regulate the labored breathing that threatened to become heavy panting at any moment, and the sideways glances they exchanged came from beneath lowered lashes.

They had never felt shy together before, not even the first time when they had been fucked side by side in the same bed – but they had had men then, as emotional buffers. Because they were both proud and self-confident girls, embarrassment was an emotion alien to them, and to be dreaded. But if they shared the same desires, there could be no reason for embarrassment to arise. And both had a pretty good idea, by this time, that what they each wanted was one and the same.

Veronica stopped at the hall closet and brought out the new vibrator. She grinned sheepishly as she showed it to Linda.

“Ohhh, that looks nice,” Linda said.

“I haven’t tried it yet. I only bought it on a spur of the moment sort of whim.”

But Veronica was glad that she had the thing. It was the perfect prop, playing the role that, in the past, men had played. It would get Linda into bed with Veronica, without either of them admitting that it wasn’t really necessary to have such an incentive.

They went on to the bedroom.

Veronica adjusted the curtains so that the sunlight that had been streaming in was muted, the lighting softer and subtler. Linda watched the redhead as she stood at the window, aware that her body was visible, outlined against the sunlight and through the semi-transparent silk gown. Linda was really lusting for those soft curves now, that velvet skin, those sensual lips and long, lithe legs and thrusting tits.

Veronica came back and stood beside the bed.

There was a moment of hesitation now, a second of inhibited doubt, and then Veronica tossed her head and smiled and slipped the robe back from her shoulders. The silken garment settled lightly to the floor and Veronica was standing there naked. Linda stared at her. Her thick, curly pubic hair was like a burning bush.

Veronica sat on the bed, her knees slightly parted.

Linda looked around for a chair.

“You might as well join me,” Veronica said. “If you’re going to watch, you might as well get a close-up.”

Linda figured that was a fine idea.

She moved towards the bed, still fully dressed.

She was wondering how to get her own clothing off, in fact. It had been easy enough for the redhead, since she wore only the silk gown, but removing tight jeans and boots was a more complicated matter.

But then Veronica said: “Why don’t you undress, too, Linda? I’ll feel less self-conscious if you’re naked, as well.”

That solved that problem.

Linda unbuckled her wide cowgirl belt and unzipped her jeans and squirmed out of them. She drew them off over her boots, leaving the boots on. Then she unbuttoned her faded shirt and removed



that, arching her back as she did so, pushing her plump tits out towards Veronica, wanting to look desirable – and to instill desire in the redhead. From the gleam in Veronica's green eyes, it was obvious that Linda had done just that.

Linda sat down on the bed, still wearing high boots and the big Stetson – and nothing else.

They gazed at each other, looking at tits and crotches.

Linda's fingers were tingling to touch the redhead's body.

But the girls weren't ready yet, not quite. They still felt the need to go through the ritual of using the vibrator.

Veronica lay back, her head on the pillow. She raised her knees and parted her thighs. Linda curled up on her flank, lower down on the bed, so she had a perfect view of Veronica's crotch. Veronica's cunt lips were unfurled and her pussy slot was filled with foamy cunt juice. The sight made Linda drool.

Veronica switched on the prick-shaped vibrator.

It began to hum and buzz.

She touched the vibrating tip to her nipples and shuddered as the tool massaged those stiff, sensitive tit-tips. Veronica was watching Linda's face and Linda was staring at Veronica's body.

Linda was smiling in the shadow of her hat brim, her red lips trembling as they turned up at the corners and the tip of her moist, pink tongue showing between them. Linda's taut nipples had started to tingle, just as if they, too, were being vibrated, and her cunt was every bit as hot and juicy as Veronica's.

Veronica moved the vibrator down her belly.

The humming tip rustled through her pubic bush.

Then she tilted her wrist and slipped the pulsing, phallic tip into her groin and began to rub it against her clit.

"Ummm," she purred.

"Just like the old days," Linda said. "I always liked to watch you getting fucked, Veronica. Maybe I'm some sort of pervert that way – but sometimes when we were getting balled side by side, I was a lot more interested in watching you than in what was happening to me."

Linda glanced up at Veronica's face to see how the redhead would take that admission.

Veronica said: "I know – I always felt the same way."

"I-I like watching you now, too," Linda stammered.

"Is it making you hot?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Watch this," Veronica whimpered.

With her free hand she spread her cunt lips open wider and, changing the angle of the vibrator, she began to slowly fuck the humming device right up her slippery pussy. Her cunt was sucking on it. A thick ribbon of pussy cream ran down her hairy crotch and seeped into the taut crack of her upthrust ass. She began to fuck herself with steady strokes, feeding the plastic prick in and out and rotating her lush hips and pumping her flat belly as if she were really getting fucked by a man, rather than gyrating on the fuck-strokes of a substitute prick.

"Oh - oh - oh," Veronica gasped.

Linda was going wild at the sight. Her eyes were glued to Veronica's cunt and she cupped a hand over her own cunt, holding herself firmly, as if trying to hold the lust inside her pussy.

"Shall I - can I?" Linda stammered.

The two horny wives exchanged meaningful looks, their eyes glowing.

"What?" Veronica whispered.

She stopped moving the dildo in and out, holding it halfway up her cunt as it buzzed.

"Would you like me to do that for you?" Linda blurted out.

Veronica hesitated for just a moment, teasing her blonde friend. Then she smiled happily.

"What a good idea," she said.

She pulled the vibrator out of her pussy hole and held it out to Linda. The plastic prick was slathered with cunt juice. Linda took it by the hilt and leaned down, fitting the humming tip back into Veronica's smoldering fuck-slot and moving it right and left, up and down and then circling around, using the tool like a big spoon to stir that creamy bowl. Then she began to fuck Veronica with it, slowly sliding the whole length in until her fist was pressed to the redhead's crotch, pulling it back out as Veronica's cunt sucked and dragged on it, repeating the process steadily but slowly and watching with total fascination.

Veronica lifted her arms and clasped her hands behind her neck. She arched her back and her thighs parted wider as her ass churned around and her hips began working like pistons.

"Oh, it feels nice," she purred.

"It's - it's fun," Linda whimpered.

"I'll do you, afterwards," Veronica sighed.

"Ummm - oh! Oh, I want to make you come, Veronica!" Linda gasped, getting really carried away.

"Oh, yes - but there's no hurry," Veronica said, wanting to enjoy the thrill for a long time before she was brought surging up to the creamy culmination.

Linda was licking her lips.

Veronica, gazing through narrowed eyes, did not fail to notice this. The thought drove her wild.

"Linda," she breathed.

Linda looked up at Veronica's face.

Veronica was smiling, lust masking her face and contorting her features. She stared hard at the blonde. Linda continued to feed the plastic prick to her, but she was stroking slower now.

The girls had not yet committed themselves. They were not touching each other, the vibrator was a buffer between their bodies.

Was it time?

They were both so hot that embarrassment could not live within them – it would melt like wax in the fiery blaze of their passion.

"We don't really need the vibrator, do we?" Veronica whispered.

Her gaze was suggestive, her head cocked to the side, but in the tone of her voice there was pleading.

Linda sighed. "I don't think we do," she said.

She slowly pulled the plastic prick out of Veronica's creamy cunt gash and held it up like a beacon. The fuck-tool was coated with foaming cunt juice. It was time for a committal now.

Linda moved the soaking vibrator to her lips and kissed it.

Her tongue slipped over the humming knob, lapping up Veronica's cunt juice from the pulsating plastic cock.

"Is that what you had in mind, Veronica?" Linda sighed.

And that was exactly what Veronica had in mind...

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CHAPTER FIVE

Linda switched the vibrator off and placed it on the floor beside the bed. It had served its purpose and was no longer required. It looked forlorn and dejected on the floor, abandoned, but Linda knew it was silly to feel sorry for an inanimate object that couldn't come, anyhow.

Veronica was waiting eagerly, her legs spread. Linda was hungry for her cunt, but she didn't want to pounce on the tasty treat straight off, didn't want to seem greedy. Instead, she snuggled up beside the redhead and began to lick her thrusting tits and stiff nipples. Veronica purred and stroked the back of the blonde's willing head.

"I never did this before," Linda said.

"I know – neither have I, Linda. But I think it's time we did – and I'll do you, too. I've thought about it a lot – and wanted to."

That was the secret, thought Linda.

As long as they both did the same things to each other, neither of them would suffer embarrassment or regrets. And it wouldn't have to happen just this one time, once the ice had been broken. Their

husbands were often away for weeks at a time, and the girls were horny as hell, and if they could take care of each other in this wonderful fashion it would be very handy. And it would even be good for Hank and Billy, since it would keep their wives from fucking other men.

Linda lifted her head and kissed Veronica on the lips.

Their mouths opened and they began swapping tongues back and forth, panting into each other's mouths.

"Oh, I want you," Linda gasped. "I want to suck your pussy! I want to make you come with my tongue!"

"Yes - yes - yes!" Veronica wailed.

Her whole long body was vibrating now, and she seemed to be humming and vibrating as if, like the vibrator, her loins were powered by a battery. Her sleek thighs flashed and she tilted her belly, lifting her flooded pussy and rolling her supple pelvis.

"Go down on me, honey," she pleaded.

Linda gave Veronica's probing tongue a last loving suck, then began to kiss and lick her way down that tall Texan body. She nursed on her nipples and tongued up her cleavage, then moved down to her shuddering stomach and dipped her tongue into her belly button and kept going down, inch by inch, descending the elongated expanse of those smooth curves. Her hot tongue rustled through Veronica's fiery pubic bush like a pink rodent scampering through a forest fire.

Crouched there like a wildcat over a succulent feast, Linda looked up at Veronica for a moment before she continued, wanting to see the passion on the redhead's face, her own face taut with desire. Her tongue slid slowly through Veronica's curly pussy triangle, rasping on the coils of hair as if she were using that cunt mound as a whetstone to sharpen her tongue before she began fucking it up Veronica's hot pussy.

Veronica gazed back, seeing the blonde girl's face framed between her widespread thighs and above her tilted cunt. She saw that Linda was actually drooling for her cunt. Saliva glistened in the red hair of Veronica's pussy.

The sight of that nimble tongue so near to her overheated cunt was making Veronica gasp and tremble.

She gave her hips and pelvis a suggestive little jerk, raising her knees higher and cupping her belly, hooking her thighs, spreading her legs for Linda.

Linda hesitated for another moment, not through any doubts, but merely to savor the pleasure of the anticipation for a further second, as one might admire a well-laid table before dining. Then she slipped down lower and used her fingers to spread Veronica's cunt wide open.

Linda took her first lick of pussy.

Her tongue slid up that open, creamy cunt slot, slurping.

"Ummm," she purred, like a cat with a bowl of cream.

She lapped again, her tongue running slowly up the length of Veronica's pussy slit and over her clit.

Veronica whimpered.

Linda stroked straight in then, fucking her tongue up the redhead's cunt as if it were a prick, tongue-fucking her pussy steadily. Her lips parted and clamped to Veronica's open cunt lips, sucking lovingly and hungrily. Cunt juice poured over her tongue and flowed past her lips. Linda gurgled with joy, drinking the succulent stuff and sucking for more. Her mouth was glued to Veronica's smoldering cunt now, plastered there like a limpet to a mossy rock, clamped there like a suction cup. Her head was buried between those trembling thighs, against that seething pussy.

"Come," she whimpered.

"Ohhh," Veronica gasped.

Veronica was trying not to come, in fact. She was holding back as best she could, wanting to enjoy the pleasure of Linda's divine cunt-sucking for as long a time as possible before she let her orgasm flow. But it wasn't easy to restrain it. Veronica had been as hot as a pistol to begin with. And Linda seemed to have an instinct for sucking cunt just right. Her talented tongue and clever lips were dragging the lusty redhead towards the peak of all sensation with every slurp she took.

Veronica began to shudder violently.

She arched her back, driving her cunt down into Linda's eager face and grinding her hips from side to side. She reached down and folded her fist in a lock of Linda's curly blonde hair, as if she were afraid that Linda might suddenly escape from the honey-baited trap of her pussy. The thrill was racing across her loins and darting electrically up her legs and sparking in her cunt. Her clit was going off like a stick of dynamite detonated by Linda's tongue.

"Coming!" Veronica wailed. "I'm coming! Oh, Linda - my cunt is melting for you!"

Linda's tongue went wild as she heard that. She went suck-crazy. Her lips slurped and pulled and her tongue flashed madly in and out, up and down, driving and stabbing and flaring in that sodden pussy. Her hands clamped on Veronica's flanks and she tilted her pussy up, as if her cunt were a goblet which she wanted to drain dry - and she was draining that overflowing goblet with enthusiasm.

Veronica came - and kept coming.

Thrill after thrill raced through her pussy.

Spasm after spasm jolted her body and her cunt juice was gushing out in a steady flood. Her whole long, smooth body jerked and jolted, thrashed and churned, her total awareness was being centered in the smoldering joy that was melting her cunt.

At long last she lay still, the wild ecstasy fading away into a sense of happy contentment.

Linda continued to lick her cunt for a few moments, to make sure she had sucked out every spasm and lapped up every drop of the sweet nectar of Veronica's relief.

Then she looked up, raising her head, jaws dripping, like a wolf from a carcass, lips coated with pussy cream.

"Nice?" she asked, smiling.

"Oh, wow - that was the best cunt-lapping I've ever had, honey!" exclaimed the horny redhead. Then a sly look came into her jade-green eyes.

"Are you sure you never sucked a cunt before?" she asked. "It sure felt like I had an experienced cunt-lapper down there."

Linda giggled, pleased by the compliment.

"No, never," she said. "I guess I must just be a born cunt-sucker. It seemed so - so natural." She grinned impishly. "I just tongued you the way I like to be tongued, myself."

"You seemed to enjoy yourself down there," Veronica said.

"Umm. Pussy is delicious," Linda said, licking her lips which were smeared with cunt cream.

Veronica cocked her head and said: "I'm looking forward to having a little snack, myself - I hope I like pussy as much as you do and that I do as good a job."

"I'm sure you will," said Linda.

The blonde began to crawl up the bed beside the redhead. Veronica still lay back, stretching contentedly, but her tongue had started to switch back and forth in hungry expectation. The idea of eating out a cunt was every bit as exciting as being eaten - maybe even better. She thought it was a very naughty thing to do, and that made it thrilling. Now that her cunt was satisfied, her mouth seemed to have become an erogenous zone. Her tongue felt as hot as her clit had, and her mouth was watering for her first taste of cunt juice.

Linda knelt beside her.

Veronica turned her head and began sucking the blonde girl's stiffened nipples. Her red hair spread out in a net over Linda's tits. Linda arched, purring. Veronica slipped a hand, palm upwards, between Linda's legs and began feeling her pussy. It was hot and soaking. Veronica's palm filled with foaming cunt juice. Then she drew back and brought that hand to her mouth and began to lap the cunt juice up. Linda whimpered with lust at the sight and Veronica began to really drool now. If cunt juice was so tasty, delivered by hand, she knew she would love sucking it right out of Linda's cunt.

"Want to sit on my face?" the redhead asked.

Linda nodded happily. Veronica lay back again, her head on the pillow, her lips parted and the tip of her tongue gliding back and forth. Her eyes were glowing with excitement and her big tits rose and fell as she began to pant.

Linda threw a knee across and straddled Veronica's face.

Her cunt was a few inches above the redhead's eager mouth and Linda didn't lower it immediately. She remained poised there, letting Veronica gaze up at the hovering delicacy, knowing that the sight was making Veronica hungrier with every passing moment. She could feel Veronica's heated breath billowing up into her pussy.

Veronica's mouth opened wider and her head tilted back like a baby bird waiting to be fed. She was making hungry sounds. A drop of cunt juice fell from Linda's pussy and splattered on Veronica's lips. She licked it up and let it slide over her tongue.

Linda slowly lowered her pussy onto Veronica's face.

Veronica's hot tongue was flashing away even before contact was made, slurping at the air - and then slurping at Linda's cunt as Veronica got her first taste of the sweet stuff and began to gurgle with pleasure as she discovered that cunt was even more delicious than she had anticipated. She cupped her hands on Linda's haunches, holding her pelvis steady as her tongue delved and drove, probed and flashed. Her lips parted, fitting themselves to Linda's cunt lips, beginning with a kiss that soon became a steady, greedy sucking.

Linda arched, then bowed.

Her hips heaved and her belly pumped as she worked her frothy cunt around in Veronica's face. Veronica was rubbing her head around in the cream bowl, relishing it. She was soaking with cunt juice, the thick pussy cream coating her face from chin to brow.

"Come, baby - cream for me," she panted.

Her tongue flared on Linda's clit.

Linda gasped, then began to moan steadily.

Veronica's mouth filled with a cascade of cunt juice. She gasped and gulped and sucked voraciously. Linda's cunt was so hot it seemed to be burning Veronica's face. It was like looking into the open door of a blast furnace. She sucked and tongued with gusto, loving every aspect of cunt-sucking, adoring the tasty treat.

Linda trembled at the crest.

Then she was crying out wildly as the thrill ripped through her pussy and she came in Veronica's mouth.

And she kept coming.

Wave and wave of ecstasy coursed through the blonde bombshell, racking her with spasms of joy as she curled and twisted, churned and pumped, working her climax off to the dregs.

When she finished she stayed where she was while Veronica lapped up the cunt juice that had overflowed onto her hairy crotch. And she even slipped her tongue up into the crack of Linda's ass, to gather up a creamy trickle that had seeped into that taut crevice.

Linda dismounted, smiling.

The two tall Texas gals lay side by side, on their flanks. They were belly to belly and tit to tit. They kissed, not passionately now, but with pure affection and gratitude.

"I love to suck cunt," Veronica said.

"So do I - I adore your cunt, darling."

Veronica giggled.

"Just think of all the time we've wasted," she said. "We've been friends for years and we could have been sucking each other off ages ago. How silly we were!"

Linda looked demure, lowering her long lashes.

"I always wanted to eat you," she admitted. "When I used to watch you getting fucked, my mouth watered for your pussy. And I was too shy - I didn't know if you felt the same way."

"Oh, yes! I sure did. I always wanted to drag the guy's prick out of you by the balls and replace it with my mouth!"

"I'm sure glad we found out."

"Oh, yes! Now we can go to bed together whenever we like! It won't matter how long our husbands stay away on business, as long as we have each other's tongues - and pussies."

They kissed again and there was more passion in it.

They were both thinking that it might be pleasant to have a repeat performance.

Veronica said: "Just think how it would have turned our boyfriends on, to see you and I eat each other out! They would have gone wild! I'd like to do that, sometime, Linda - if you want to. Pick up a strange man, or a couple of men - guys that don't know who we are and who we will never see again - and let them watch us suck each other off. Then fuck us, of course. Would you like that, too?"

"Ummmm - that would be great!"

They kissed yet again, and tongues were exchanged, twining together from mouth to mouth.

"Want to sixty-nine?" Veronica suggested.

"Ummmm - that would be lovely."

"Let's see if we can make each other come at the same time. Okay? So that we're both drinking cunt juice and creaming together!"

Linda was enthusiastic about that idea.

She started to twist around into the sixty-nine position, long limbs gracefully gliding into place. The two tall girls were perfectly matched for this act of mutual love, long and leggy. They cupped each other by the ass and buried their eager faces and began to tongue and suck pussy with hearty appetites.

They got the timing just right.

Both of their hot cunts melted at the same instant so that they were knowing ecstatic joy at both ends cumming and drinking cunt juice, their tongues every bit as thrilled as their clits.

It lasted for a long time.

And it was so wonderful that they wished it had lasted even longer, and they were impatient to get hot so they could do it yet again...

The sun had angled over the house now and the room was darkening. Veronica got up to open the curtains. She wanted to see what she was eating.

Linda watched her luscious ass sway as she crossed the room, wondering if Veronica might like to have her asshole tongued. The depraved thought thrilled her. She was feeling naughtier than she ever had before. She guessed it was because she had been inspired by the thought of that girl getting fucked by a donkey, to begin with, and now was added the thrilling idea of having a man watch while Veronica and she sucked each other off.

Veronica had been filled with fuck-lust for the same reasons.

Now that gorgeous redhead drew the curtains aside and gasped.

"What is it?" Linda asked. She hoped that it wasn't someone coming to visit, for she didn't want their fun to be interrupted.

But Veronica was smiling – and looking amazed.

"You'll never guess!" she said.

"What?" Linda asked.

"You'll never guess what is walking across the yard!"

"Tell me!" Linda squealed, curious as to why her friend was looking so amazed – and so thrilled.

"A handsome young man with a hard-on!" said Veronica.

"Oh! Shall we?"

"But that isn't all!"

Linda sat up, bursting with curiosity.

"He's walking a dog!" cried Veronica.

Linda sprang to her feet and dashed across the room, her big tits bobbing up and down. She stopped beside Veronica at the window, looking out. It was true! The young man had a big cock-bulge in the front of his pants, and he had a dog on a leash.

The dog was a huge Great Dane!

Linda and Veronica turned to look at each other in awe.

"It must be fate," Veronica whispered.

"It's sure a wonderful coincidence," Linda agreed.

"Shall we invite them in?"

"Oh! Do you think we should?"

"It would be awfully naughty," Veronica murmured, fluttering her long eyelashes and lowering her gaze.

"It sure would!" exclaimed Linda.

How could they deny the workings of inexorable fate?

"Let's!" said Linda.

And so they did.

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## CHAPTER SIX

Christopher Walsh was eighteen years old and he wanted to be a cowboy and learn to ride a horse, but for the moment he had to settle for a job as a dog-walker. There were a good many dogs on the housing estate because the people who lived there were security conscious. So Christopher was able to get all the dog-walking work that he wanted and, if a dog was not a horse, it was better than say, a cat.

Chris was a tall, lean young man with sandy hair that fell over his brow and an innocent sort of face - despite the fact that he was in the habit of jerking off at least three times a day.

He was still a virgin. The furthest he had ever gotten with a girl was when Betty Jane Humboldt had allowed him to feel her up. And he might have gotten even further except that he had creamed in his pants at the first touch of tit, and naughty Betty Jane had been annoyed with him for wasting such a lovely load of spunk.

Chris had jerked off that morning.

But a subsequent event had brought his admirable young prick springing back to attention. That had taken place when, a short time ago, he had called for the Great Dane. The woman who owned the big dog was a sexy divorcee of thirty, sultry and seductive. Chris had often thought about that lady while jerking off.

Today he had arrived a bit early and she had still been in bed, apparently - for she had answered the door wearing only a set of shorty pajamas. The top clung to her tits, outlining the heavy globes and the stiff nipples. Her legs were splendid. She looked sleepy. When she went to fetch the dog, Chris had admired her bouncy ass and curvaceous hips. He wondered if she realized how sexy she looked to him, and was teasing him - or if she merely considered him a child?

Up came his prick. When she returned with the dog, Christopher tried to conceal his hard-on but, by squirming and jamming his hands in his pockets, he only drew attention to his cock-bulge.

The divorcee had smiled, amused.

For a moment, the lad had thought that she was going to suggest that he use that hard cock on her.

She certainly seemed to be thinking about it.

But in the end nothing had happened and the young man had walked off with the Great Dane and the great hard-on. He was in a quandary. He felt like pounding his prick to relieve the tension, but he remembered how he'd angered Betty Jane when he'd creamed in his jeans. And he was still hoping that the attractive divorcee might seduce him later, when he brought the dog back. If there was a hope of that, the boy certainly didn't want to waste a fine hard-on and spill his jism by hand. Still, it was uncomfortable with his cockmeat bloated and pounding in his jeans, and the thought of getting it emptied was pleasant. If only he could be sure about the woman's intentions.

In fact, if Chris had known about the divorcee's inclinations, he would have been harder and hotter

than ever. She kept the Great Dane more for companionship than protection, and had bought the dog as soon as she separated from her husband. While waiting for her divorce to be settled and alimony granted, she had not thought it wise to entertain men and, therefore, had entertained the dog.

She had trained the dog to lick her cunt and found it an avid learner. She had thought it would be only a temporary arrangement, until the divorce went through, but soon she realized that the dog gave such good head that she decided to continue with the bizarre arrangement. She dated men now and often got fucked, but she still had the pleasure of canine tongue several days a week.

Usually, that was as far as it went. The dog would lick her pussy until she creamed and then she would jack the brute off to keep him happy, rewarding him for his cunt-lapping. Once or twice she had let the brute fuck her, when she was in a particularly depraved mood. She liked to hear the way he panted when he was mounted behind her, fucking his prick up her cunt doggy-fashion, and she loved to feel his hot cum squirt into her pussy.

Chris, of course, did not realize that the dog he was walking was more sexually experienced than he, himself.

But the dog knew all about women.

And the dog was a lot less surprised than the boy was when Veronica beckoned them to her home...

The sexy redhead had put her semi-transparent gown on to go to the door and she looked even sexier than the divorcee as she signaled, smiling, to the horny young man.

He hesitated. The Great Dane stiffened and sniffed, then began to wag his tail. His tongue lolled out over his jaw and - to Christopher's horror - the dog's prick began to get hard. Chris was still struggling to conceal his own hard-on. He was embarrassed. He blushed bright red. Yet what could he do but hope?

He strolled over to the house.

Christ! He could see right through her black negligee! Oh, Lord! She was looking at the front of his pants! But she didn't seem shocked or anything, and she continued to smile.

"Hello, young man," she said.

"Err - hi," he said nervously.

"I was wondering if you might like a cold drink or something. It's a hot day to be walking a dog."

"Gee - sure," he said.

"Come on in."

He hesitated, glancing at the animal.

"Oh, bring the doggy in, too - I'm sure he'd like something, as well," she said. She giggled suggestively.

Chris and the dog went into the house.

Then he got a real shock for, although Veronica had put on a negligee to go to the door, Linda had

not dressed. She was standing there wearing boots and a Stetson – and nothing at all between them.

Christopher's eyes bulged out like hard-boiled eggs.

The dog began to whine.

The two tall girls regarded each other, grinning.

Were they some sort of perverts? Did they get their jollies by teasing horny teenaged boys?

Veronica slipped her negligee off again.

Chris looked back and forth between them. One was as beautiful as the other. Could he fuck one of them? Both of them? His prick was bucking like a bronco.

The dog was looking back and forth between the two women, as well. With his canine instincts he could sense that these were two very randy human bitches. Being a mere dog, he didn't have a well-developed sense of fidelity and it never occurred to him that he would be cheating on his mistress if he made it with these girls.

"What's your name, young man?" the redhead asked.

"Chris," he said.

They introduced themselves.

"And what's the nice doggy's name?" Linda asked.

"Brutus," Chris said.

"We didn't really invite you in for a cold drink," Veronica admitted, eyeing the boy speculatively.

"I might like a nice hot drink," Linda added, and the girls giggled as they exchanged glances.

"What do you want?" the boy asked uneasily.

"Well – you may think that we're terrible naughty, but we want to fuck your dog!" Linda giggled.

It was so unexpected that, for a moment, the meaning of those words did not register on the lad.

Then he gasped.

"My dog?" he croaked.

"Um – hum. Okay?"

"You can watch," Veronica said.

"Oh, yes, we want you to watch. That will be half the fun of it. I'm sure you'll be interested."

"And if you're a good boy, maybe I'll suck your cock," Linda added, licking her lips.

Chris almost fainted.

The redhead said: "You see, Chris, Linda and I have been sucking each other off and it made us hot

for cock.”

Depravity upon depravity.

Chris staggered, his jaw hanging open like the dog’s.

“Well?” Linda asked him.

His voice failed him. When he opened his mouth, only a squawk came out. He nodded, instead. He had never even dreamed of a situation like this one – but he sure as hell was not going to pass it up!

Nor was the Great Dane. The brute’s big prick was swollen now and the slippery red cock-knob was squeezing out from the furry sheath. His balls were bloated with spunk. The divorcee had not jacked him off for several days now and Brutus was eager to fuck.

“Let’s go into the bedroom,” Veronica suggested.

The girls went first. Boy and beast followed. Chris noticed the dildo on the floor, slathered with cunt juice. But by this time, nothing could shock the boy.

The two girls were having a great time, giggling and teasing him. But they were not cock-teasers. Now that they had decided to do it, they were both determined to see it through to the end. They stood on either side of the virgin boy and began to undress him.

Chris was whimpering with expectation. His fists were clenched at his sides, his face contorted by tension.

The dog had moved off to one side, trailing his leash and eyeing the humans with interest. His prick was like a heated crowbar under his shaggy belly. He was hoping that these women were the sort who fucked, rather than merely gave hand-jobs as a reward.

Linda had taken Christopher’s cock out.

She handled the boy’s cock, stroking and rubbing. She hauled his bloated balls out and seemed to be weighing them in her palm, as if trying to judge how much jism they held.

“Oh, what a lovely cock he has,” she whispered.

Veronica began to finger his cockhead.

“Shall we suck him off or let him fuck us?” she asked.

“Or both?” Linda said.

“Yeah!” Chris rasped.

Now that they were playing with his prick, the boy was gaining confidence and losing his shyness. These girls might well be perverted and depraved, but it had become apparent that they were not cock-teasers and the lad was thrilled to know that he was about to lose his virginity.

They continued to undress him, taking turns stroking his cock, until he was naked.

Brutus growled, feeling neglected.

In fact, the girls had gotten so interested in the teenaged boy, that they had temporarily forgotten about the dog. His growl reminded them of his presence – and that the boy was only secondary. Young men could be sucked and fucked with regularity, if a gal chose – but dogs were not so easy to come by.

“You’ll have to wait your turn, Chris,” Linda said.

Jeez! Were they serious about fucking the dog? The boy couldn’t believe it.

The women gazed at each other thoughtfully.

“Who’s first?” Veronica asked.

They hesitated for a moment. There was a little embarrassment between them. Although they both wanted to fuck the dog, each felt a bit sheepish about being the first. Both had the same thought: What if one fucked the dog and then the other girl backed out?

Linda solved the problem.

“Let’s let the doggy decide!” she said.

Veronica nodded and both women went over to the bed. They sat down side by side, their legs open. That was a familiar position to the Great Dane, since his mistress frequently assumed it. He advanced towards them, whimpering, eyes glowing and prick throbbing. Chris stood where he was, swaying, his cock pivoting from side to side like a gun, aimed first at one girl and then the other. But he was willing to wait his turn. It would, he figured, be a sight worth seeing, and he had no doubts that he would get his own balls emptied in the end – for any girls who were depraved enough to fuck with a dog could hardly refuse a virgin boy!

It was a hard decision for Brutus.

Both girls were equally hot and juicy, he could sense, and he didn’t want to insult one by neglect.

He pushed his big muzzle into Linda’s crotch.

His long, rasping tongue slurped up her pussy gash.

“Ooooh!” she purred. “He does that almost as well as you do, Veronica!”

Veronica grinned, taking it – as it was meant – as a compliment.

Brutus shifted over and lapped the redhead’s cunt.

“He must be trained for it!” Veronica squealed.

The idea that they were not the first humans to know the dog’s tongue thrilled them. They began feeling each other’s tits and kissing while the dog alternated between them, lapping first one cunt then the other, and the boy looked on in awe.

“Shall we come like this?” Linda asked.

“No! Let’s be really naughty!”

“I’m hot enough to do anything!” Linda wailed.

They kissed again, tongues sliding together. "Know what I'd really love to see?" Veronica whispered, her voice husky with lust.

"What?" Linda asked eagerly.

"I'd like to watch you take the dog's prick in your mouth!"

"Ooooh!" Linda squealed.

Brutus continued to alternate between them, tonguing the blonde's cunt, then the redhead's pussy, paying equal service to each. Cunt juice was pouring down both of their crotches now and the dog was lapping the spicy stuff up with gusto.

"Will you do that?" Veronica asked.

"Yes! Oh, yes!"

"Will you let him shoot cum in your mouth?"

"Yes! And I'll swallow his cum!"

Veronica whimpered, trembling.

"Then I'll let him fuck my cunt!" she cried with enthusiasm.

Linda smiled. She had agreed to suck the dog's cock in order to excite Veronica - but now that she had decided to do it, she found that her mouth was watering for dog-cock.

"Watch," she whispered.

She noticed Chris standing over them, his cock standing up stiffly.

"Watch me do it," she said to the boy.

Chris couldn't believe that she was really going to suck the dog's cock. But she was.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Blowing a dog seemed ever naughtier than fucking one and, because of that, even more thrilling. Linda and Veronica were both wildly horny now and, in that mood, the more depraved a thing was, the more attractive it seemed to them. Neither had ever been so hot before. Although they had creamed while sucking each other's cunts, those orgasms had not satisfied them - had only made them more randy.

Now they had a big brute of a dog and a lusty young man to watch, and they were game for anything.

So was the dog.

But the Great Dane had never had a blowjob. None of the bitches he had known, not even the sexy French poodle, gave head. And his human mistress had drawn the line at that, so the beast wasn't sure what was required of him - although he was more than willing.

Nor was Linda quite sure how to go about blowing her first canine, although she was eager for the experience.

She leaned down and reached under the dog's belly, taking his iron-hard prick in her hand. She smiled and gave the dog-cock a slow push pull, folding the shaggy foreskin up behind the ledge of his prick-knob, then dragging it back so that the shiny, slippery red crown was standing out, swollen and flaring.

"Ummm," she sighed. "His cock's so big and hard!"

She stroked again.

The Great Dane whimpered.

He lifted his huge head from Linda's juicy cunt, cocking an ear, puzzled. He knew she hadn't come yet. When he lapped his mistress's pussy, she always creamed first, before jacking him off, and the dog couldn't understand why this new human female was changing the tried and true routine. But it felt lovely to have her hand pulling on his prick and he humped his hairy haunches, fucking through her fist.

Linda leaned to the side so that she could look down past his flank and see his cock as she pulled it.

Veronica looked down from the other side, grinning like a fiend in her horny expectation.

Young Christopher just gasped, still finding it hard to believe that this was happening. His prick was standing up like a periscope as if it, too, wanted to observe.

"I'm not sure how to do it," Linda whispered. "Should I get down on the floor or get him up on the bed or what?"

Veronica, equally inexperienced in the sucking of canine cock, wasn't sure, either.

But then Brutus yelped and sprang up on the bed with his front paws, so that he was braced there astride Linda's pelvis, his prick jutting up in front of her tits and his hind legs still on the floor. The dog still did not realize that he was going to get to put his prick into the girl's mouth, but the position was one in which his mistress often jerked him off, letting his hot jism squirt on her tits.

Linda realized that this was a handy position in which a girl could suck or fuck quite comfortably, unhindered by the fact that the cock involved was of another species.

She stroked that throbbing cockmeat.

The tip of the dog's prick began to bubble with pre-cum.

"Ooooh!" she purred when she saw the foamy juice starting to seep from the cleft.

Veronica reached in and cupped the dog's swollen balls.

Linda levered his cock rod down and touched the wet tip against her nipples, smearing spunk on her tits. She squirmed and arched. Then she cupped her tits together, deepening the cleavage, and let the dog hump her for a moment, his fat prick sliding between her tits and the hot prick-knob pushing out along her throat.

She bent her head down.

Veronica held her breath. The two horny women looked at each other for a moment, sharing the anticipation of this depravity, savoring the last seconds before Linda actually did the deed.

Linda's nimble tongue pushed out.

She touched the tip of her tongue against the head of the Great Dane's cock, gathering a drop of dog-cum onto her taste buds.

Veronica squealed with vicarious lust.

"Ooooh - it's fun!" Linda sighed.

Then she began tonguing the head of the dog's prick, licking all over the hot hunk of cock meat. She let her lips slowly part and fed that cockhead into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing in on both sides as she sucked, hungrily.

Brutus began to fuck into her mouth. His hindquarters bunched with trembling muscle as he fucked his prick into her face. His big, hairy balls dragged up over her thrusting tits. The dog had no idea why on earth a woman should want to take his cock into her mouth, but he sure as hell wasn't complaining. Humans were higher creatures than dogs and, no doubt, had reasons for their behavior, logic that eluded dumb brutes.

Linda's lips pulled, collaring his cockhead and slurping voraciously, while her hot tongue continued to bathe his meaty prick.

"Ooooh - I want to make him come!" she whimpered, her voice muffled on his cock-meat. "I want him to shoot in my mouth!"

Her fist was holding him by the hilt of his cock and now she began to pump up and down his prick-rod again, adding the manual stimulation to the oral in her eagerness to milk him.

His cockhead was flowing steadily now, little jets and spurts of jism dosing her tongue and heralding the full load to come soon. Linda lapped the dog-cum up, swallowing it and sucking for more. Her fist began to fairly fly up and down on his prick now, bumping against her lips on the top of the strokes and pushing against his cum-filled balls as she dragged back down to the root of his cock. Cum was overflowing her compressed lips and bubbling down her chin.

Veronica's eyes were wide and wild as she watched her friend drinking dog-cum.

The Great Dane began to howl.

His mighty haunches drove his prick in, the slippery, slimy cock-knob lodging in her throat.

Linda sucked the dog's prick with gusto and greed.

Suddenly her mouth was full of dog-cum!

Linda gurgled and gasped, choking on the cum-load, yet loving it and gulping it down as fast as she could. She had sucked off many men, but no human cock had ever poured such a load of spunk into her mouth. The canine cock kept shooting, hosing her gullet, jetting the hot jism into her cheeks, pouring a slimy cascade of cum over her tongue.

"Ummm - ummm - ummm," she sighed.

At last the brute was drained.

Linda greedily sucked away, to make sure that not a single delicious drop of cum still lurked in his cock and balls. Then she drew her lips away from his cockhead, smiling, and turned to Veronica. She parted her lips, letting the horny redhead see the dog-cum on her tongue. Veronica gasped with lust and clamped her mouth to Linda's, her tongue snaking in as she got a second-hand taste of the dog's cum.

Brutus hopped down to the floor, his tongue lolling out happily, a very pleased doggy. He was thinking that a girl's mouth might even be better than her cunt and wondering, in his vague canine fashion, if the redheaded bitch took it in the mouth, too.

Despite his massive ejaculation, the Great Dane's mighty prick was still hard as a crowbar.

Young Christopher could not bear it. The sight of a sexy woman swallowing dog-jism was simply too much for a lust-filled teenaged virgin lad. He folded his fist around the root of his big prick and began to jerk himself off, standing beside the bed so that his cum would splash onto the girls.

Linda and Veronica were still kissing, letting the last dregs of doggy spunk slip back and forth on their tongues. Veronica, from the corner of her eye, saw that Chris was jacking his cock with frantic strokes - and that the head of his cock was starting to bubble with spunk and tremble with approaching orgasm.

It seemed a shame to waste that cum-load.

Veronica pulled away from Linda and turned to the boy. She smiled at him. He stared back, not knowing what to do but unable to stop stroking his fiery prick-meat, feeling that he would erupt like a volcano at any second.

Veronica opened her mouth.

The boy gasped and thrust his hips out.

The horny redhead slipped her lips over the head of his cock - and got there just in time. Just as his prick-knob went into her mouth, his fist slammed down the rod and he began to spurt cum. Veronica did not have a chance to even give his prick a suck - but she got that creamy reward as surely as if she had earned it. The lusty lad poured the cum into her mouth in spurt after spurt. He was coming almost as abundantly as the dog, and his jism was every bit as delicious. Whimpering and gasping and staggering, he kept pumping away, emptying his cock and balls.

Veronica swallowed every drop of his cum.

Then she used her tongue to gather up a few stray drops that had escaped her lips and run down onto his balls.

His cock, drained, had sagged - for a moment - but as soon as her tongue began lapping up the excess jism, that formidable young prick snapped right back into a new bar of iron hard cockmeat.

A boy and his dog had been blown.

Both still had hard cocks.

The day had just begun.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Now that both girls had satisfied their cock-hunger and swallowed plenty of cum, their cunts were hotter than ever. Linda wanted to fuck the dog, but she knew that would be very selfish of her. Since she had had the pleasure of milking the dog's cock first, it was only fair that Veronica got to take the first cuntful.

Veronica finished licking the stray jism up from the boy's prick and balls and sat back on the bed again. A trickle of spunk ran down her chin. Linda leaned over and licked it up.

Christopher stood where he was, rooted in place by the wonderful sensation of having emptied his cock and balls in a girl's mouth - but very sorry that he had come so quickly, for he would have relished a longer session of Veronica's skillful cock-sucking. Still, the lad was no fool. He had an idea that more delights awaited him. Although innocent, himself, it was evident that these two girls were not chaste at all.

The Great Dane eyed the boy.

Having both just received their first blow-jobs, there was a bond between them, a confidence shared. Brutus felt sure that Chris would not tell his mistress about what had transpired and Chris knew damned well that the dog couldn't tell anyone, even if he wanted to.

"Shall I fuck the doggy, now?" Veronica asked.

"Ummmm," Linda agreed.

Linda figured that watching her sexy friend fucking a dog would be almost as good as doing it herself.

Veronica patted the bed beside her ass.

Brutus, having learned a new trick, hopped right up in the same position he had assumed with Linda. He pushed his prick towards Veronica's face, thinking he was going to get sucked off again. The big, bloated prick-knob looked so succulent that the horny redhead could not resist the impulse to give it a tonguing and a slurp or two, but she stopped before there was any danger of milking him off, for she was truly getting desperate for a cuntful of cock by this time.

She took his prick in hand and levered it down towards her crotch. Brutus knew all about this and he began to hump even before the girl had fitted his cock into her pussy, his fat prick whacking against her ass and rebounding from her thigh. Linda leaned over to help, spreading Veronica's cunt lips wide open while Veronica slipped the Great Dane's huge cockhead into the foaming fuck-slot.

The dog's muscular haunches bunched up, quivering.

Then he fucked the full length of his thundering prick into Veronica's steaming cunt, burying his cock to the balls.

Veronica squealed with joy as she experienced her first-ever cuntful of dog-prick. They held steady for a moment, his cock stuffing her pussy to the brim. Then the redhead began to squirm and writhe on the big spike and, the dog, in return, began to fuck her with vigor. Veronica arched energetically, her pussy dancing wildly on his prick. She threw her legs up and clamped her smooth thighs around

the dog's hairy haunches, riding him from below, her hips grinding and her belly heaving. His fat cock was fucking rapidly into her slippery cunt gash and the bloated cock-knob felt like a lump of white-hot iron deep in her pussy.

His balls swung in and out, slapping her crotch.

Linda had leaned down to get a close-up view and she could not resist the impulse to lick the dog's balls. Then she pushed her face in closer and began to tongue Veronica's cunt lips and clit, pushing her tongue right up the redhead's fuck-hole alongside the dog's cock.

Chris gasped when he saw this.

Was there no perversion in which these gorgeous girls did not take wanton delight? He watched the dog's cock vanish up the redhead's pussy, then slide back out, soaking with cunt juice. He saw the blonde's nimble tongue slurping merrily away on cunt and dog-cock. Impulsive lad that he was, he began pumping his prick again.

But Linda reached out and dislodged his hand, replacing it with her own. She held his cock firmly, not pumping it, for she had a use for the lad's next creamy load and didn't want to expend it on a mere hand-job.

Chris moaned, his prick vibrating like a tuning fork in her grasp. He was wishing that she would jack him off and yet he had a pretty good idea that, if only he could wait, he was going to get something a lot better than a hand-job. He looked over the girl's shoulder and watched her tongue Veronica's cunt.

The dog's prick was swelling up, spreading out in Veronica's pussy. His balls were refilling, getting bigger with every fuck-stroke as a new load of cum built up. The fat stalk rippled over the redhead's tingling clit as it fucked in and out, and to that friction was added the slurping of Linda's hot tongue.

Veronica wailed.

Her pussy melted.

The dog kept right on fucking her, and no sooner had her orgasm passed than she began to build right back up towards a new crest. She was panting like a steam engine. She wanted to feel the animal's hot jism splash into her cunt as she reached the peak again. She knew it would not be long now, for the dumb brute was furiously fucking the dog-meat to her, his prick flying in and out so hard and fast that his haunches were a blur. Her pelvis was being jolted wildly about by his fuck-strokes. She was so full of cock that she felt her vital organs were being dislodged to make room for it, as if the slippery prick-knob might suddenly come rushing up her gullet and into her mouth from within.

"Ooooh! Ahhh! Ummmm!" she wailed.

The dog stiffened for a moment, then slammed in harder than ever and Veronica gasped with joy as she felt a hot river of dog-cum pour into the depths of her cunt. Her pussy creamed again, adding her scalding cunt juice to the brute's cum. As the Great Dane had come in Linda's hungry mouth, so did he come in Veronica's cunt, hosing her pussy with spurt after spurt, filling her with the welcome flood of cum.

Foaming fuck-cream sprayed from her cock-stuffed cunt, pumped out by his fat pussy-plunger. Cum splashed into Linda's face and she slurped it up from Veronica's crotch and the dog's balls.

The Great Dane pounded out his lust to the dregs.

Veronica creamed and creamed.

At last the brute slowed, then stopped. For a terrible moment, the redhead wondered if they might be stuck together, and if Linda would have to throw a bucket of cold water on them. But then she felt the dog's prick begin to diminish inside her cunt. He slowly pulled out. His prick came slipping out, coated with cum and cunt juice and started to droop. As the cock-knob slipped free, a great wash of pussy juice poured down Veronica's vacated fuck-slot, foaming and bubbling.

Linda slipped the head of the dog's cock into her mouth and sucked the cum and cunt juice from it. When she pulled her lips away, that fat prick-knob gleamed as if it had been polished. The cockrod sagged under his belly, bobbing up and down as if unable to make up its mind whether to soften now, or to stay hard for another session with the human bitches.

But there was no indecision in young Christopher's prick.

It was pounding away like a jackhammer in Linda's fist.

Still she refused to stroke the boy's cock. Holding it steady, she pushed her face into Veronica's crotch and began to tongue up that load of blended cunt juice and dog-jism. She pressed her lips to Veronica's open, creamy cunt slot and sucked the thick foam right out from her fuck-hole. Licking and sucking, horny Linda slurped up every drop, even pushing her tongue down into the crack of the redhead's ass to gather up a slimy ribbon of dog-cum that had trickled into that taut crevice.

Then the blonde drew back, smiling happily, her lips sparkling and gleaming with dog-cum. She turned to young Christopher.

He gazed at her with pleading eyes.

"Want to fuck me?" she asked.

The boy gasped and nodded.

Linda grinned impishly.

"In honor of the occasion," she said, "let's do it doggy-style!"

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## CHAPTER NINE

Young Christopher wasn't exactly sure what doggy-style meant, but he was so starved for pussy that he would have been willing to fuck in any style. He stood there with his prick towering up before his lean belly, the cock-knob glistening and his balls like over-inflated balloons. The creamy cum-load that he had already spilled in Veronica's mouth had not diminished his vigor in the slightest.

Linda was smiling with happy expectation as she gazed at that stout, potent young hunk of prick-meat and imagined how it was going to feel when the lad rammed it balls-deep in her pussy. She fluttered her eyelashes and then frowned for a moment, for it had just occurred to the blonde sexpot that she was about to commit adultery in the true sense. The whole idea, to begin with, had been to avoid that transgression. That was - in theory - why she and Veronica had sucked each other off and why they had decided to do some sucking and fucking with a dog. Now that plan had come apart and

she was confronted by a young, virgin prick which, as soon as it was slipped up her cunt, just had to constitute marital infidelity.

Linda hesitated with last-moment misgivings.

Should she blow the boy, instead?

Was sucking cock adultery, or did she have to actually do some fucking to commit that sin?

She wasn't sure of the definition of the word, nor of the limitations and boundaries it included.

But her indecision did not endure. She smiled again. Hell, she had already done plenty of cunt sucking and, even more depraved, had sucked off a dog. It was no time to get finicky, was it? Linda needed some cock up her cunt almost as much as the horny virgin boy needed to get his prick stuck up some pussy and, for the moment, at least, the Great Dane seemed to have lost his hard-on. The dog's prick was at half mast. Linda hoped that dog would soon recover because she was still eager to see what it felt like to get fucked by an animal – more eager than ever, now that she had watched Veronica get fucked by the doggy and seen how much that redheaded wanton seemed to have enjoyed the bestial pleasure.

Linda moved off the bed and knelt on the floor.

Veronica, satisfied for the moment, leaned forward to watch the new coupling with interest.

The dog regarded Linda uncertainly, aware that his cock had gone sort of limp and wondering if the woman had assumed that familiar position for his benefit. He didn't know that humans sometimes fucked like dogs. He stood stiff-legged, pondering the situation and wondering if the blonde girl would be satisfied with some hot tongue or if maybe she would do that lovely thing with her mouth again. He was sure that a bit of sucking would renew the vigor of his cock.

But Christopher, despite his innocence, instantly realized that the woman's position was viable, for he was staring at Linda's flooded cunt between her legs and below her squirming ass, and it was obvious that an assault from the rear would succeed very easily. So that was what doggy-style was. Being a would-be cowboy, Chris preferred to think that he would be riding the girl like a filly.

Linda looked back at him, over her shoulder, wiggling her naked ass invitingly.

Chris knelt down behind her.

The dog was indignant, seeing that the boy was going to usurp the canine position – but relieved that his prick was going to be granted time to get stiff again.

Christopher wrapped his fist around the root of his prick and guided the cocktip into Linda's hairy pussy. Her cunt began to pull and suck on his cockmeat even before he had pushed it into her. He moved the cock-knob around in her cunt slot, stirring her pussy juice to whipped cream with the carnal ladle, feeling her clit flare against his cockhead.

Linda reached back between her legs and got a handful of the boy's balls, squeezing tenderly in anticipation of what they had to offer her. Then she tugged, pulling his prick into her pussy by the balls.

Chris braced on his knees and placed his hands on her hipbones, holding them as if they were handles. He began to inch his prick into her steaming pussy.

Linda squealed with joy as he felt that young prick fucking slowly into her hot cunt hole. Her ass pushed back and her hips began to piston and pivot as she worked her cunt onto his cockmeat. Inch by inch the lad slipped the prickmeat to her until the full length was fucked up her cunt, and his bloated balls were jammed in her crotch.

They held the full penetration for a moment as Linda savored the delights of being stuffed full of cock, while Chris marveled at the sensation of having every inch of his randy cock-meat buried in a hot cunt. Then he began to fuck in and out.

Horny Linda moved in counterpoint, pushing her ass back as the boy fucked into her pussy, then rotating her pelvis as he withdrew. Cunt juice streamed from her pussy, pouring down his prick and flooding her crotch with the frothy fluid of passion. His belly whacked against her curvaceous ass and he was hauling her around by the hipbones, dragging her cunt onto his cock like a tight boot onto a foot. They fucked faster, the pace increasing with every fuck-stroke.

Veronica got down from the bed and knelt behind Chris so that she could see his cock fucking in and out. Then, since she was right there, anyhow, the lusty redhead decided that she had might as well do a little licking and lapping around the edges.

She began to tongue his balls.

Then she ran her hot tongue up the crack of his ass and pushed it right into his taut asshole, rimming him out hungrily.

The sensation of Veronica's hot tongue, added to that of Linda's clutching pussy, drove the lad spinning toward the peak. His balls were getting bigger and bigger and his prick was swelling inside her cunt, spreading those slippery cuntal walls.

Linda's talented cunt was working on him, the inner muscles tightening in a series of rings that caressed his cock from root to knob, as if she were jerking him off inside her pussy.

Chris howled like a dog.

His balls blew and the thick cum rushed up his cock and came spurting from his cockhead, filling the blonde's cunt with a heavy dose of jism. He poured the thick stuff into her pussy with stroke after stroke, until her cunt was awash with cum.

Drained, he stopped fucking.

But Linda had not come yet and she continued to grind her cunt around on his prick which, despite his orgasm, remained stuck up her pussy, hard as an iron bar. She was frustrated now because Chris was no longer feeding the cockmeat to her so nicely, but merely holding steady. She decided that, if she had to do all the work necessary to finish the job, it was only proper to assume the dominant position.

She crawled forward, off his prick.

His cock slipped from her and snapped into an upright angle, dripping with cum and cunt juice.

Veronica could not resist that and, crawling to the side, she slipped her mouth onto his cockhead for a taste. Linda turned around. She waited for a moment, graciously allowing the redhead to suck on the lad's slippery cock for a few moments. Then she pushed Christopher down onto the floor, on his back. He looked up with a dazed expression. He felt as if he had blown his brains out through his

cock and was left mindless.

Linda threw one knee across and mounted him.

She pushed his cock into her cunt and slowly descended, taking the long fuck-tool deeply up her soaking pussy hole. She began to go up and down, riding his cock, saddled on his loins. She was still wearing her cowgirl boots but her hat had fallen off while she was sucking the dog's prick. Now Veronica, grinning, retrieved the wide-brimmed hat and put it back on the blonde's head. If a gal was going to ride, it was only right that she dressed for the occasion.

Chris began to buck like an unbroken bronco, humping up from the floor, fucking his prick up as Linda's soaking pussy slid down upon it. Her big tits flopped over him and he reached up and got a double handful, holding on for dear life as they tumbled through this wild rodeo of a fuck.

Hot again, Veronica had begun to rim out Linda's churning asshole with her tongue. She slid down lower then and fitted her lips on Christopher's cock, her head tilted, so that his prick was running through her mouth as it fucked in and out of Linda's pussy. Cum and cunt juice poured down, mixing with her saliva. The delicious cock nectar was driving Veronica wild with passion. She hoped that the boy was going to have enough energy left to fuck her, too, once Linda had finished riding him to the heights of her orgasm.

Veronica had forgotten the dog.

But as the redhead leaned in, sucking and licking and rimming, she had naturally assumed the doggy-style position, her firm ass at the highest point of her arched body, her thighs parted and her cunt steaming between them.

Suddenly she was aware of a cold snout pushed into her crotch.

She wailed with delight.

Then she felt the dog's long, hot tongue run up her pussy slot and she began to gasp and gurgle, still mouthing cock and cunt but with her attention centered on her own pussy now. The dutiful dog lapped her cunt to a froth, then mounted her, throwing his forelegs up over her back and stabbing at her crotch with his prick. That polished, knobbed fuck-tool had become rock hard again. The cock-tip slammed against her, missing the mark. Veronica reached back and took his prick in her hand and guided the tip into her cunt. As soon as the target had been located, the Great Dane stuffed her pussy full of dog meat and began fucking her with vigor. In and out poured his big cock as his powerful hindquarters rippled and bunched.

Veronica's pussy was sucking on his prick. This was better than a French poodle bitch any day!

Linda started to cream as she rode Christopher's upright prick. Cunt juice ran down his cockshaft and pooled on his balls. Veronica lapped the stuff up out of habit, since her mouth happened to still be there, even though she was now concentrating on the fuck-action that the Great Dane was pouring to her from behind.

Chris cried out and shot his wad.

The stuff came out in a towering geyser, almost blowing Linda right off his prick. But he still had a double handful of plump tit and he dragged her back down against the tide of his spurting cum, shooting more jism into her pussy as she melted with the joy of her climax.



Linda slowed, still mounted on the boy's cock as she delighted to the final juicy spasms of her pleasure and felt the last drops of his jism trickle into her cunt.

Brutus kept right on fucking.

Veronica was crawling forwards now, driven by the force of the dog's fuck-thrusts, and the dog was locked to her, his forelegs folded around her waist and his hindquarters bucking. He fucked her right across the room. Veronica began to wail as she started to come and then the dog gave a mighty surge and howled, and his hot cum-load was spilling into the redhead's pussy in a scalding flood.

Now both pricks, human and canine, had gone limp.

But those two tall, leggy ladies wanted more!

Linda, in particular, felt that she had been short-changed, for she had not yet been fucked by the dog. But his cock had come out of Veronica's cunt in a softened condition. It hung down, pointed at the floor. A slippery thread of dog-cum had dripped down, like a gossamer thread, connecting cockhead to the floor. She eyed that cock for a few moments, wistfully. She looked back at Chris, but his prick had gone soft, as well - and, anyhow, she had fucked plenty of men and boys in her life, and now she had the hots for dog-prick.

"I wonder if I can suck him up hard again?" she mused.

Veronica was feeling a bit guilty because she had had two lovely cuntfuls of dog-cum while her blonde friend had only had a mouthful of the succulent stuff.

"I'll help," she volunteered.

The two girls began taking turns sucking the Great Dane's cock. Each mouthed the meaty wedge of cockhead alternately, sucking gently.

For a while it seemed that they were doomed to failure, for the dog's cock remained soft. But perseverance paid off in the end. Linda was taking her turn on the prick when suddenly her eyes widened with pleasure and her lips turned up in a smile full of dog prick.

She had felt the first swelling in the dog's cockhead.

Slowly and steadily, the brute's prick grew big and hard in her mouth.

Linda was going to get fucked by a dog, after all...

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CHAPTER TEN

Since the Great Dane had already emptied his cock and balls twice in Veronica's cunt and once in Linda's mouth, it took a long time before he shot his wad again - which pleased Linda no end. She creamed three times as that fat canine cock fucked into her pussy. They coupled dog-style first and then, seeing that the brute was going to last for a while, Linda decided to try it face to face, with her ass perched on the edge of the bed, the way that Veronica had first fucked the dumb brute.

Young Chris managed to get another hard-on soon enough, and Veronica was pleased to let him empty his cum-load in her pussy. When, at long last, the Great Dane came, however, despite the length of time that it had taken him to peak out, he spilled as much cum into Linda as he had on his

first ejaculation, and it felt like a tidal wave washing her cunt.

Now both boy and dog were definitely finished for the day.

The girls invited Chris to stop around whenever he felt like a piece of ass or a blow-job, and if he happened to have a nice big dog with him, so much the better.

Chris saw that there was a lot more to walking dogs than he had supposed and figured he might give up the idea of eventually being a cowboy and seek employment exercising dogs. He knew a great many German shepherds and Dobermans and Airedales that needed plenty of exercise.

He left to return the exhausted Great Dane to its mistress.

Linda and Veronica were not really horny any longer, having both had plenty of cock in mouth and cunt. But they were feeling so wickedly depraved by what they'd done that they settled down to sixty-nine in a gentle and affectionate fashion and, sure enough, they both managed to cream yet again.

But the divorcee who owned the Great Dane had not creamed all day long and was horny as could be.

Her name was Stella and she was wondering where on earth the boy had gone with her dog. She had only hired Christopher for an hour, and he had been gone most of the day. She had been looking forward to getting her pussy lapped by Brutus and the waiting was frustrating. She had considered giving herself a hand-job or two, but it seemed a shame to do that when she had a nice, long, hot Great Dane's tongue available - if the damned boy ever brought him home.

She was considering seducing the boy, as well.

The hotter she got and the longer she waited, with her cunt simmering, the nicer that idea seemed.

Eventually, she saw them coming across the yard.

Both looked exhausted.

She opened the top three buttons of her blouse and fixed a seductive smile on her face and went to the door.

Chris didn't even notice.

The boy was so drained that it didn't occur to him that he might have a crack at fucking the divorcee, nor could he have managed it, anyhow. He simply turned the dog over to her and left.

Stella was insulted.

How dare a young man fail to notice her cleavage?

Well, there was always the dog.

She invited Brutus into the bedroom. The obedient dog followed her in, but his head was hanging low. Stella hiked her skirt and gave him a whiff of hot cunt. That had never failed to excite the animal in the past. Now he eyed her steaming cunt and she could have sworn that a very human-like

sigh escaped his muzzle. This was all very unusual. She opened her cunt lips with her fingertips and urged the Great Dane to get to work on her pussy. Brutus was a faithful beast and he pushed his snout in and began to lap away and, since she was hot as hell to begin with, Stella was soon creaming on the dog's tongue.

When her climax was finished, she reached under his belly to give him a hand-job.

But his cock was limp as a noodle and, pull and pet as she would, she could not get his cock to grow. She couldn't even coax the smooth prick-knob out from the hairy sheath.

This mystified her more than it annoyed her.

She had, after all, been serviced by his tongue and if the dog didn't want his usual hand-job, she didn't really care - but she had to wonder why he was so indifferent.

Stella was not utterly depraved, like some girls. She used the dog's tongue much as she would have used a dildo or a vibrator or an electric toothbrush - as a handy device for making her pussy cream. Jacking him off, afterwards, was no more than giving him a bone as a reward for his tricks. It was true that she had let the dog fuck her a couple times, but even then, although she had heartily enjoyed it, she had fucked him more through curiosity than lust - it was his talented tongue that she really creamed for.

Well, maybe the dumb brute was simply tired out today.

If he didn't get a hard-on the next time he lapped her pussy, she thought she had better take him to a vet - although it might be a bit embarrassing explaining the situation.

With her cunt nicely cooled now, Stella stretched out on the bed and went to sleep.

She was awakened, two hours later, by a remarkable sensation.

At first she thought that she was dreaming. Her eyes were still closed and it felt as if she had a prick in her mouth. What a lifelike dream, she thought. She was enjoying the dream and so she didn't want to open her eyes, fearing that she would wake up. She slid her tongue around on that dream prick. What a tasty hunk of cockmeat! Her lips pulled adoringly on that hot slab of the slippery prick-knob. She was drooling onto the cock and it was starting to ooze jism onto her tongue.

The bed was shaking.

How could a dream be so real?

Had some rapist sneaked into her house and slipped his prick into her mouth while she slept?

But no, that couldn't be - Brutus would have defended her against such an occurrence.

She heard a whimper.

The prick was fucking into her mouth now, the tip running all the way back and lodging in her gullet.

Stella was convinced now that something very unusual was happening, but she was so enjoying that mouthful of hot cockmeat that she was still loath to open her eyes, in case it was a dream, after all, and would be ended, without a creamy conclusion, if she were to open her eyes.

Dream or not, Stella very much wanted to get a hot, creamy drink of cum out of that mysterious

prick.

She began to suck with vigor.

She was gagging as the fat hunk of cockhead clogged her throat and then purring with pleasure as it pulled back out, and she was sucking through every inch of the cock.

Then she became aware of yet another strange thing.

The big, slippery cockhead was smooth - but the long cockshaft that followed it into her mouth seemed to be hairy.

The truth suddenly dawned on her.

Stella opened one eye.

Then both eyes snapped wide open.

The Great Dane was mounted on her, fucking her in the mouth! His energy had returned while she was asleep, and as soon as his prick got hard again he had trotted into the bedroom and found her asleep on her back - and with her mouth wide open.

Oh, that wicked dog! she thought.

She brought her hands up, intending to pluck his prick out of her mouth and push the nasty brute away from her.

Her hand closed around his fat prick.

The dog-cock pulsed and throbbed in her grasp.

The dog was still grinding the cockmeat into her mouth and it still tasted delicious. Stella gasped as she realized that, although she knew she should be horrified by the situation, she was enjoying it! Nor was she sure that she could force the dog to dismount, even if she tried, for his cock was so big that the knob was stuck behind her teeth! She could not spit the cock out! The only way to dislodge that huge mouthful would be to empty it, so that the prick would shrink to manageable proportions!

Stella might have been rationalizing.

But it made sense to her.

She began pumping her fist up and down his hairy sheath and her lips sucked steadily on the fat knob while her tongue lashed and coiled all around the dripping slab of red cockmeat.

Brutus began to whimper.

Cum was pouring into her mouth in little spurts now, as the brute neared his climax.

The initial taste was making Stella hungry for more doggy-cum.

Who would have ever thought that a dog's jism would be so delicious? She gulped some down and sucked for more.

Then his cock went off, blowing a great sticky wad of dog-cum into her mouth and throat and Stella

drank it down and enjoyed every drop. As soon as she had milked him dry, his prick shrank enough so that she could spit it out.

She did so.

Then, inspired, she popped the dog's prick right back into her mouth and sucked it some more, just to make sure she got every available drop of cum out of that huge cock and balls.

The woman smiled happily.

Where on earth had the dog learned a trick like that?

But Stella had learned a new trick, herself.

And after that, whenever Brutus was kind enough to lap her cunt to cream, Stella followed up by drinking a load of dog-cum. And they lived happily ever after.

The two lusty women who had taught the dog that wonderful new trick had finished sucking each other off again, and now they were starting to have qualms and twinges of guilt about their outrageous behavior. When they had been so horny, it hadn't seemed so wicked to suck and fuck with each other, and with the boy and with the dog - for lust mitigated most guilt. Now, however, with their cunts finally cooled off, they were starting to feel that they had done a really naughty thing.

"I don't suppose we should do it again," Veronica said.

"No - you're probably right," Linda agreed.

"Still, when we get the hots again - well, it's the men's fault, really, for leaving us unfucked."

"That's true as long as they never find out what we did, or what we might do in the future."

"Anyhow," reasoned Veronica, "if they hadn't gone to that donkey show, it never would have happened."

The girls felt justified by that logic.

In fact, they would have felt even more justified, had they known what Hank and Billy were doing at the moment...

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

As visiting dignitaries of the world of petroleum, Hank Suchard and Billy Watson had been invited to a barbecue at the home of the mayor that afternoon. They hadn't been sure if they should go. For one thing, they figured that, any sort of shindig put on by the mayor would have to be sort of boring but, more important, they were afraid that they might disgrace themselves by suddenly getting hard-ons in public. Not the sort of thing a big oil man is expected to produce.

Ever since they had seen the girl fucking the donkey, both of the Texans had been totally unable to control their pricks. Hard-ons came at random and for no apparent reason - and refused to go away

unless jacked off – which was a thing that Texans did not do. Not in public, anyhow. Out in the field, looking at a pump operating, Billy had been reminded of burro-prick by the steady rise and fall, and the front of his trousers had jutted out instantly, alarming the field crew who were with him because, being well-trained men, they thought he was bringing in a geyser. Later, they had laughed at him, to his abject mortification.

It had been no better for Hank.

Studying oil samples he had imagined a sudden flash of donkey-cum, thick and hot as the heated oil, and his cock had thrust up big as one of the test tubes in the lab.

The two men discussed this problem of the instant, unexpected hard-on and wondered how long the condition would last.

They figured that what they needed was a woman or two, to get their lust well drained and to get their minds back to things more normal and controllable than bestiality.

They'd looked for women – but had no luck.

The town was small and the girls were virtuous.

The two horny oil men rationalized their failure by claiming that they hadn't wanted to cheat on their wives, anyhow. But the point remained – the point of the pointing prick, magically appearing without warning.

"If only we could jack off," Hank sighed.

"Too bad we ain't from California," Billy said. "They're all pud pullers out there."

Both tall Texans nodded sadly, seeing the difficulty of being from the Lone Star Republic.

Then had come the invitation to the barbecue.

It was bound to be plenty embarrassing if either of them, or both, were to get a throbbing hard-on at a party. They debated and discussed the issue. But they had nothing else to do and there was always the possibility that they might meet some randy women at the barbecue, so they decided to take a chance on being disgraced. They both wore their widest tooled leather belts, with the biggest buckles. If worst came to worst, they figured they could always jam their pricks under the buckles and, hopefully, their condition might go unnoticed.

They went to the barbecue.

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The affair was being held at the mayor's ranch, a big, sprawling spread which had originally run beef cattle before the mayor had drilled for oil. Long trestle tables were set with food and drink and hundreds of guests were already there when the Texans arrived. They made it to the nearest drink table without a sign of a hard-on. They began drinking bourbon and beer.

The mayor came over to welcome them and introduced them to some of the other guests. They met men in dark suits and men in cowboy clothing and men in sombreros. They counted nineteen men named Ewing. But they hadn't met a single woman yet. As they lifted their glasses, both Texans covertly looked down to see if any cock-bulges had started to appear below their wide belts.

Then dancing began on the tiled patio.

Women appeared.

Billy spotted a lovely, suntanned girl wearing riding clothes. He took a deep breath and approached her, sweeping his hat off gallantly as he asked her to dance. She agreed, smiling. He put the hat back on and led her out onto the dance floor.

Hank decided to watch for a while.

If Billy could manage to dance without getting a hard-on, Hank would risk it himself.

But, of course, Billy couldn't manage that, at all.

Her name was Margot and she was sinewy and graceful in his arms. And as they turned to the music, to Billy's horror, his prick began to twitch, then pulse and, finally, snapped up into an enormous hard-on. His cock was pressing hard against Margot's lithe belly. He didn't dare move away from her, because he knew his condition would be more obvious with a gap between their loins - a gap bridged by the span of his prick. So he held her even tighter, hoping she would think that the big lump pressing into her belly was no more than his belt buckle.

She looked up him, grinning mischievously.

"Are you wearing a concealed gun, Mister Watson?" she asked.

"Err - no, Ma'am," he mumbled.

"A bowie knife, then?"

"Nope."

"Why, then, Mister Watson - I do believe that you must be sporting a hard-on!"

Billy flushed with mortification.

But Margot was still smiling impishly.

"It feels big as a derrick," she remarked, as they turned slowly to the tune.

She was not drawing away from him. If anything, she was pushing her loins tighter to his groin.

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am," he said. "I surely didn't mean to embarrass you this way."

"Embarrass? Why, not at all."

Billy gazed down at this willowy, warm bundle of girl in his brawny arms, wondering if he had struck it lucky.

"I was just wondering what we should do with it," she said.

"We?" he gasped.

She gave him a sultry Scarlet O'Hara look.

"Why, surely, Mister Watson, you will require some assistance with it? I've heard that Texans never

jack off."

Billy grinned with joy and his cock swelled up so magnificently that Margot's pelvis was pushed from him.

Leaving the dance floor, Billy held his hat in front of his loins to conceal the cock-bulge. Margot walked beside him, arm in arm. Billy gave Hank a wink in passing and they went on into the house.

Hank felt his own cock starting to get big and hard, as if in sympathetic vibration with Billy's throbbing prick. He wished he had danced first. How could he approach a girl with a hard-on? It was much more sociable for a cock to stiffen during a dance, as Billy's had done. Nevertheless, Hank looked around for a suitable dancing partner.

Then he saw the mayor approaching, with a girl in tow.

"Mister Suchard, sir - I'd like you to meet my daughter, Carmella," said the mayor.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss," Hank said, hoping that neither of them noticed his stiffening prick.

She smiled demurely.

They looked at each other.

Hank, because he had a hard-on, was blushing.

Suddenly Carmella, too, began to blush.

Hank figured that she had just noticed his cock-bulge. But she was staring at his face, not his crotch.

Suddenly, he realized that he had seen this girl before.

Then he remembered where...

She was the girl who had fucked the donkey.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Billy glanced back at Hank as Margot led him into the ranch house and, seeing that his friend was engaged by the mayor and a young girl, Billy grinned wryly. He had been pretty smart to get out on the dance floor before his cock got hard. Poor old Hank seemed to be stuck in conversation now - and with a lump in his trousers, to boot. But there was nothing that Billy could do to help Hank - Billy had his own big hard-on to deal with. Nor did he recognize the girl, whose back was towards him, as the donkey-fucker. Why should he, without a close look, for who would ever suspect that the daughter of the mayor was the same big-titted girl who fucked burros?

Margot seemed to know where she was taking him as they went down the long hallway.

He wondered if the girl made a point of fucking strangers - or blowing them or whatever it was she was going to do to relieve him of the burden of his swollen balls and stiffened cock at the mayor's ranch. Had she been laid on to get laid by the guest? Not that Billy gave a damn, as long as he got his balls emptied.

Her lithe hip brushed against him and his cock got bigger and bigger and the cum-load in his balls was like a whirlpool.

Billy was not about to ask any questions.

He didn't look a gift horse in the mouth - even if that gift horse was a pretty girl with a very fuckable mouth, indeed.

In fact, Margot had never been inside the house before and didn't know the mayor at all. She had to come to the barbecue as the guest, and mistress, of one of the Ewings. She forgot which one, to be honest. There were so many of them that she always got them mixed up and sometimes she wondered if maybe half a dozen different Ewings might not be sharing her favors. But it didn't matter to her - a Ewing was a Ewing.

And a Texan was a Texan, too - as long as he had a great big prick like Billy Watson was showing.

Margot paused to look in a room, then moved on. She glanced into another room. Assorted couples were fucking in both of those rooms, for the barbecue was in full swing by this time. The third room she looked in was the library, and Margot hesitated. She had never read a book. Books made her nervous - they had words in them. But the library was not occupied and she guessed that it would do. She drew Billy in and closed the door behind them.

The bookshelves took up two tall walls and there was a fine stone fireplace with a stuffed buffalo head over it. The buffalo had horns shaped rather phallically and it caused the lewd girl to wonder what sort of prick a buffalo had. Margot, although a country girl, had never fucked a buffalo or a horse or even a burro - although once, when she was young and foolish, she had fucked a long-haired goat.

Now she drove such memories from her mind.

She had a man to fuck.

Margot didn't know that Billy Watson would have been thrilled to hear about the goat-fucking incident.

She moved away from Billy and walked to the wall beside the fireplace, then turned to face him. He waited and she regarded the huge, writhing lump in the front of his trousers. She smiled enticingly. Encouraged, Billy opened his fly.

His prick tamed charging out like a crazed, one-horned bull into the bullring, looking for soft, warm flesh into which that solitary horn might be plunged.

"Ooooooh," she sighed.

Billy's prick was at least half again as large as a Ewing prick and Margot was thrilled. Her pussy had started to simmer between her thighs, the way that it did when she was riding a horse - preferably a stallion - bareback. She always got hot on a horse and often had an orgasm. She was sorry that a horse's cock was so large, however, for the size of a horse-prick intimidated her and kept her from sampling it.

But Billy's cock was just the right size to fill her pussy without splitting her open or disjuncting her hipbones.

Billy moved towards her, prick first. Margot opened her riding pants and let them drop down to her high boots. Billy saw that her naked hips and thighs flared out, and that she was just slightly bowlegged – just enough so that he would be able to slip his cock up her cunt while she was still hobbled.

She leaned back against the shelves, supporting herself with both hands and dislodging a book. The book was about Leda and the swan and was illustrated with colored pictures, but neither Billy nor Margot noticed this – nor had they much interest in a bird's prick. She tilted her limber loins out and up, so that her pussy rose into his view. Her cunt was open and juicy, the pink pussy lips streaked with cunt juice, and her clit was as stiff as a buffalo's horn – or as Billy's raging cock.

He poised before her and began running the head of his prick against her naked belly and hairy cunt mound.

Cum trickled out, inscribing his lust upon her flesh in creamy ribbons and curlicues. Margot gazed down, admiring the flared head of his cock and eager to have it fucked up her cunt. She could feel a great suction inside her belly as her pussy abhorred a vacuum and longed for the more natural state of being stuffed full of cockmeat.

Billy dipped his knees and slipped his prick in between the girl's lean thighs. The cock-knob lay flat against her crotch. He dipped lower and his prick angled up so that the cockhead was nuzzling into her creamy, smoldering cunt slot, ready to plunge in. Margot rose onto her toes, her shoulders tilted back against the bookshelves.

Her belly revolved like a belly dancer's.

Billy fucked the full length of his thundering prick into her cunt with an upward thrust, his ass grinding as it propelled the prickmeat. Margot gave a little cry of pleasure as she felt her pussy fill up with hard cock. She bit her lower lip and her eyes glazed with lust. Billy's fuck-tool was of a good size, larger than most at any time, but now – driven to new heights by the prolonged frustration of not having a woman to fuck after watching the girl with the donkey – it was larger than it had ever been before, hard as a stone and hot as a branding iron. His eyes glowed with possessiveness as he fucked his prick deep within her pussy.

Margot felt as if this tall Texan were burning his brand into her womb with his white-hot iron, rustling the mistress of another man for his own spread. She began to wriggle her hips and belly just a bit, so that her cunt was moving on his cock, but only through a distance of an inch or two, and most of the deep penetration was retained.

She was arched out from the bookshelves, her vibrant body bent backwards. Billy was standing tall with his pelvis tilted out and pushed up. He reached down and slid his big hands under her ass, lifting her a bit higher. She rotated her hips, gyrating her pussy around and around on the focal point of his prick.

This fuck, the lusty girl decided, was going to be far too lovely to perform hobbled and hindered.

Without dislodging her pussy from his cock, she began to kick her riding boots off, running the high heels along the floor and arching her foot as she drew it free. Billy liked the idea of having those muscular, horsewoman's legs free to kick and tumble. He held himself steady, his prick buried in her cunt, as she removed the boots and then dragged her feet from her riding pants.

Her feet and legs were free then.

She braced herself, her feet flat on the floor and spread widely apart as she straddled him and rested her shoulders back against the shelves so that her lithe, athletic body was almost parallel with the floor. She was mounted on his prick just as if he had been flat on his back and they had been fucking in the woman-dominant position, except that position had been turned through ninety degrees – and it was a vertical ride.

Billy began to pour the prick to her then.

He drew back until only the flared head of his prick was buried in her pussy slot and her hot cunt hole was pulling through every inch of the withdrawal. Then he slammed the whole hunk in again, going balls deep. Cunt juice sprayed out as he stuffed her pussy. Her cunt was grinding away on his hard prick as if she had a whetstone inside her, sharpening his fuck-tool, honing an edge on his iron cockrod.

Billy steadily pumped prick to her, drilling for the hot oil of her loins as his own gusher threatened to blow.

His Stetson fell off.

Her legs came up and wrapped around his hips, clinging to his driving pelvis, so that her body was suspended in the air, a swaying bridge that spanned the void between his groin and the wall. Billy was trying to fuck her right through that wall. Her head twisted and jolted and dislodged a few more books.

The learned volumes contained no knowledge that interested the wanton woman – she wanted only the knowledge that the Texan was going to spill his cum-load into her. One of the heavy books fell on his hat, flattening it. Billy didn't even notice. He was not concerned with something he would later put on his head – he was absorbed by the juicy cap that was sucking away on the head of his cock. Her cunt was like a churn, a blender, a mold that flowed around the breadth of his cock and clamped tightly to the contours so that every inch of his prick was being massaged.

He began to groan.

She stared at him, wanting to know the moment that his impending climax registered in his eyes so that she could let her own wild orgasm come at the same instant.

"Gonna come!" he rasped.

Margot cried out with joy.

Her pussy melted, flowing like hot wax around his stiff wick and Billy fucked the cockmeat to her violently as his balls blew and he began to hose her cunt with his jism.

He shot the hot stuff into her pussy under such pressure that, had she not been braced against the bookshelves, he might have blown her right off the end of his prick.

They ground it out to the end.

"That," said Margot, appreciatively, when he had pulled his cock out of her, "was just about the best fucking that I've ever had – and I've had plenty!"

His prick had come out softened somewhat, but still semi-hard, and greedy Margot was hoping that, by paying him such a nice compliment, she might inspire him to another effort. He stepped back, his

cock still sticking out. His prick was no longer angled up in absolute hardness, but it was not drooping, either. She leaned back against the bookshelves, her legs spread, cum and cunt juice pouring down her thighs. She was eyeing his cock speculatively, wondering if she might be able to suck it up to perfection so that she could have another cuntful of prick.

"Why, thank you, Ma'am," Billy said.

"You must have been really horny," she said.

"I sure was," said Billy.

And then, because he had a pretty good idea that a girl like this one would not be shocked by much of anything, he told her why he had been so horny. He told her about watching the dark-haired girl with the big tits fucking the burro.

Margot listened with interest.

"You liked that, huh?" she said.

"Sure did," Billy admitted.

Then randy Margot knew exactly how to get that splendid prick nice and hard again.

"I fucked a goat, once," she said.

Billy gasped, eyes widening.

Margot saw, with satisfaction, that his cock was starting to elevate like a field gun, ranging in on her hairy target.

"I hadn't even fucked a man, yet. I didn't really mean to fuck the goat, either. But I got carried away. He was an awful pretty goat. Had long, silky hair and a neat little beard - and what a prick! I was only gonna jack him off, at first, but his cock kept getting bigger and bigger and harder and harder, and it's pretty difficult not to fuck something that horny."

Billy was every bit as horny, all over again.

"I fucked the goat face to face," said Margot. "I grabbed hold of his beard when I came."

Billy moved towards her with a new load of cum to drain.

How jealous Hank was going to be when he heard about this!

But, in fact, Hank had done even better...

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## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The mayor had wandered away to socialize with other guests and Hank and Carmella were alone, both still blushing furiously. Hank handed her a drink from the tray. The rim of the glass clicked against her perfect white teeth and he saw the tip of her tongue flick nervously out. The last time he had seen that tongue, it had been lapping away on the head of donkey's prick!

His own prick was swelling alarmingly.

Carmella said: "You recognized me, huh?"

Hank nodded.

"Gee - I hope you won't tell my daddy about it! He'd skin me alive if he knew I did that."

Hank said nothing.

Carmella said: "Mayors really hate it when they find out their daughters have been fucking burros."

"I guess," he mumbled.

She sipped her drink, glancing around to make sure no one else had wandered into ear-shot.

"I just sort of got into the habit. This used to be a working ranch, you know. And when a gal has all those bulls and stallions around, those things happen."

"Oh," Hank said.

He hadn't known that before.

"And it isn't as if I was a whore or anything nasty like that," said the dark-eyed girl. "I mean, I don't put on a performance for money or anything sordid - I just enjoy doing it and men like to see me do it, so I don't think it's really bad."

She gave him a big-eyed look.

Her tits, he noticed, were really lovely - big, firm globes straining against her shirt.

Hank was an honorable man.

He hated the thought of blackmailing anyone.

But under the circumstances, how could he resist? He had a gigantic hard-on that had to be unloaded and the girl was gorgeous and it was simply too good to pass up.

"Well, I guess I won't have to tell your daddy, Carmella, but it seems as if you ought to be grateful that I don't - and maybe be real nice to me?"

She lowered her long-lashed eyes, her face clouded, troubled.

"You mean fuck you or something?"

"Sure," he said.

"I-I can't do that."

"Why?"

"I'm a virgin."

"What?" he asked, astounded.

"I'm a virgin," she repeated. "I'm saving myself for marriage. I've never fucked a man – or sucked one, either."

"But – you fuck donkeys!"

"Well, sure. But that don't count. A gal is cherry until a man – a human – screws her. And around these here parts, a gal has to remain a virgin until she gets wed. It's the respectable thing to do."

Hank snatched up another drink, his mind boggling.

Carmella grinned wryly and said: "After I get married, I'll probably stop fucking burros, on account of then I'll be able to let my husband fuck me, instead. But until then – well, a gal needs fucking and if she's got to stay virginal, it's burros or nothing."

"I see," said Hank.

Now the girl looked thoughtful.

"But you're right – I will be grateful to you, for not telling my daddy. If you like..."

"Like what?" he asked, bemused.

Carmella gave him a big smile.

"Want to come out to the barn?" she asked.

Hank almost fainted. His jaw dropped open and he gaped at her.

"I'll bet you never saw a girl blow a horse," she said.

"Damned right," said Hank.

But he was soon going to...

The horse was stabled in a barn some distance away from the ranch house and Hank and Carmella both felt rather conspicuous as they crossed the open ground, but the barbecue was going as it was supposed to and everyone was too preoccupied with seduction and drinking to pay any attention to the couple as they sneaked off.

Carmella looked sideways at the tall Texan, giving him impish looks that seemed to imply that she was not at all adverse to giving him a show. She kept glancing down at the front of his pants with an interest that belied the fact that she was a virgin who could not make use of that spectacular hard-on that was standing out in bas relief at his crotch.

They went in the building, a rafted and lofted room with a series of stalls down one wall.

Mares, fillies and geldings looked up with little interest.

But in the far stall, a stout young quarter-horse stallion raised his head and whinnied with pleasure when he saw that Carmella had come to service him. She giggled, leading Hank down to the end stall.

The stallion was a beige-colored, sturdy brute with a golden mane. His hindquarters were wide and sturdy, his shoulders muscular – and his huge prick had already started to harden and swell. He

tossed his head and whinnied softly.

Carmella stroked his neck. His cock continued to grow. Hank observed this in wonder and fascination. Although he rode well and knew horses, Hank had never before paid much attention to a horse's cock – but, then, he had never before had a reason to.

Amused at the expression on the man's face, Carmella grinned.

"It's bigger than a burro's cock," she said. "I can't manage to fuck a horse, even with a rubber shield on his prick. The head itself is just too wide to fit up my pussy."

That dark-fleshed slab of hot cockmeat looked as big as a cannonball from a twelve-pounder infantry gun.

"I can't even suck him off, really," Carmella said.

Hank was disappointed.

Had she lured him here under false pretenses?

But then she said: "What I have to do is, I just tongue the head of his cock and pump him with my hands and let him shoot in my face and in my open mouth. I wish I could fit his cockhead in and really suck it, but it's just too big."

Hank, weak at the knees leaned on the stable gate. Carmella fetched a milking stool and took it into the stall. She set it down beside the horse's flank and perched on it, just as if she were about to milk a cow. Hank saw that the principle was the same and that this sturdy stallion was eager to be milked.

Carmella gave Hank a wink and a smile.

Then she started working on the stallion's prick. She massaged his massive balls and fingered the swollen prick-knob. Then she took the fat stalk in both hands, holding the horse-cock like a battering ram, and began to stroke it up and down. Although that prick had been big before, now that she was caressing it, the cock grew to gigantic proportions. Her small hands could not span the great breadth of the cockshaft and her fingers did not meet, but she was doing the job very nicely, nevertheless. The prickhead began to flare and throb. The horse twisted his neck and gazed down at the girl who was manipulating his cockmeat. One hind leg pawed at the floor.

"He likes this," she giggled.

"Can't say as I blame him," Hank rasped.

The cleft in the tip of that great bludgeon of a prick-knob had gaped wide open and a sticky flow of spunk filled it.

Carmella gave a little murmur of delight and leaned in. Still pumping him with both hands, she positioned her head right in front of his dripping cockhead. Her tongue slid out. She began to lap at his cockmeat, slurping up the slimy horse-spunk that was oozing out. The stuff bubbled on her lips and lathered her tongue. She obviously relished horse-prick. She began taking long slurps all over that meaty nugget of dark flesh, her tongue gliding and curling, laving the brute's cockhead hungrily. More cum began to trickle out. His balls were as big as boulders and the long, fat cockshaft had started to tremble wildly. The vein that was pulsing up the prickshaft and into the

base of the knob was as fat as a human's prick.

Hank felt ashamed of his own cock.

He also felt a bit sorry for her future husband who, wedding a supposed virgin, would nevertheless never be able to fill her fuck-hole or satisfy her greedy mouth with his merely human cockmeat.

Suddenly the horse began to whimper and snort.

His hindquarters bunched up as if he were about to break into a mad gallop and he tossed his head about, mane flowing. Carmella squealed with anticipation, knowing that the animal was about to feed her a load of cum. She could feel his prick expand and ripple in her hands and his cockhead was swollen so hugely now that it looked almost frightful.

"Ooooooh, ummmm," she purred.

Her pink tongue flashed hungrily and her lips opened as widely as they could, turning almost inside out as she tried to swallow a mouthful of that tremendous prick-knob.

Suddenly a torrent of jism shot from the stallion's cockhead, a quicksilver cascade of cum that engulfed her face. spurts of horse-jism shot into her open mouth, jets laced her nimble tongue, milky ribbons ran across her lips. Her head tilted back, buffeted by the power of the stream, then she leaned back in, like a salmon fighting against the current. Her open mouth gaped and the horse poured his hot slime into her gullet by the bucketful.

She kept pumping and licking, and the horse kept coming as if his balls were a bottomless pit.

At long last, the flow of horse-cum subsided.

The big horse-prick began to retreat back into its sheath. Carmella followed after the retracting knob, licking away, lapping up every drop of the animal-spunk and pushing her tongue right up inside the brute's parted cleft to lap out a few drops that still lurked in his piss hole. Then she sat back on the stool and sighed contentedly. Her face was slimy with cum from brow to chin and the front of her skirt, where her big tits formed a shelf, dripped with the congealing horse-cum.

"Oh, that was a lovely drink," she purred.

Hank could contain himself no longer.

In desperation, he whipped open his fly and hauled his rampaging fucker out and began to pound it with his fist.

Carmella looked shocked.

"Oh, don't do that!" she cried.

"Huh?" he gasped, still stroking his cockmeat.

"That's nasty," she said, scornfully.

"But - but, hell - I got to empty my balls, woman!"

"Well, let me do it for you."



"But you said you didn't fuck - or suck human cock."

"I don't," she said. She gave him a wicked grin. "But I didn't say anything about my asshole, did I?"

The naughty mayor's daughter hiked up her skirt and pulled down her soaking panties. She turned her back on Hank and knelt, then went down on all fours. Even with humans, he saw, she had preference for the bestial positions. He hesitated for a moment, his cock still in his fist, but no longer stroking it. He could see the logic of the girl. No matter how much human cock she took up her ass, her virginity would remain intact for the wedding night. That was good old country logic, it was common sense - and, most of all, it was a way by which he could manage to get his balls unloaded!

Hank knelt behind her in the straw.

He fitted the tip of his cock to the taut brown bud of her asshole. It looked awfully snug up there. What if he couldn't get his cock in her? What if he hurt her or, worse, skinned his prick? But Carmella seemed to know what she was doing. Hank had a pretty shrewd idea that his would not be the first prick to venture up her ass.

He gave a little push.

Her tight asshole resisted for a moment.

Then the bud rippled open and the tip of his cock slipped up her asshole.

She whimpered with pleasure.

Hank fed her another inch of prick.

Her asshole was working on his cock, wringing and clutching, sucking his cock up into her bowels as if she were digesting his cock in reverse. He placed his hands on her hipbones and held her steady while he fucked his prickmeat in, inch by inch, until his cock was buried to the hilt and his bloated balls were jammed into her steaming crotch.

Her pussy might well have been stretched by donkey-cock, but there was nothing slack about her asshole. His prick fit just right, stuffing her ass nicely and yet not too tight to stroke. Hank began to grind the cock to her, his ass corkscrewing. Her ass heaved and bucked. Her cum-soaked face sank down,

her cheek resting on the straw-colored floor, and her butt rose up higher as he fucked her asshole. She had slipped a hand back between her legs and was strumming merrily away on her tingling clit, bringing herself to the peak as Hank soared towards the heights of his own electrifying orgasm.

With her head tilted to the side that way, she was gazing back at him with one wild eye, just as the stallion had turned its neck to look down at her when she was tonguing his cockhead. Hank grinned at her. She smiled back, horse-cum all over her lips.

"Shoot it in me!" she cried. "Oh! Fill my asshole with cum!"

Hank was happy to oblige.

His balls burst violently and his stored-up cum gushed out into the girl's churning ass. Her bowels seemed to be as parched as a desert - they soaked up his cum and sucked for more.

She milked his prick dry and her pussy juice spilled out over her hand and soaked the dry straw.

This, thought Hank, was some virgin!

Hank's vitality seemed boundless.

When he plucked his soiled prick out of Carmella's cum-filled asshole, his cock emerged as stiff and as large as it had gone in. The naughty girl was pleased by this. Still kneeling, she turned to face him. She cupped her fat tits together, deepening the cleavage, inviting him to fuck her between her big tits.

Hank did not decline the invitation.

Her tits were so big that his prick vanished in the soft tunnel where they met. He fucked up and down. His balls dragged up her chest and the head of his cock came squeezing out from her cleavage at the top of the fuck-stroke. She continued to hold her tits around his cock, fingering her nipples at the same time. She was gazing down, lashes fluttering, looking at the head of his cock as it came pushing out from between her tits.

Hank thought she was eager for him to come, and that she was going to open her mouth to receive it, as she had done with the horse.

But he was wrong.

Carmella was watching for his cum-load, but not for the reason he supposed. When he shot his creamy wad, the girl turned her face quickly away, so that his jism shot past her cheek.

Carmella was true to her future husband.

She would not drink another man's cum.

And when, in time, she was taken to the marriage bed, her mouth would be as virginal as her cunt.

Or so she reasoned, in her country fashion.

When Hank returned to the barbecue, Carmella remained behind in the barn.

He figured that she was probably ashamed of what she had done and didn't want to face anyone.

In fact, Carmella had another appointment.

A shepherd who lived nearby had promised to let her get fucked by his bighorn ram.

But she didn't admit that to Hank.

Carmella knew that Texans hated sheep men...

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Hank Suchard and Billy Watson both felt rather guilty about having cheated on their lovely, leggy, Lone Star ladies, now that their cocks and balls were drained and their more noble instincts were once more in control of their behavior. They exchanged confidences concerning Margot and Carmella - and then vowed to be unfaithful no more. They determined to deal only with the oil from under the ground and reject the sweeter oil that could be drilled from carnal wells. It was a very

honorable promise to make and they stuck to it - mainly because the trip was over and they flew home the next day.

Hank and Billy both knew that their women would expect them to be horny, supposing they had gone without fucking for two weeks, so they returned home prepared to fuck.

They also figured that Linda and Veronica would be randy, as well, having gone the same length of time without any cock.

What else would Texas husbands assume?

A Texan would rather jack off in public than be cuckolded.

Hank screwed Linda from one end of the house to the other and Billy fucked Veronica to a frazzle. If all four were pretending to be more horny than they really were, what was the harm? Fun was had by all.

That evening, the men took the girls out to dinner in Dallas.

They went to a fashionable restaurant, crowded with Ewings, and had a splendid meal - although they were disgruntled to find that lamb was listed on a Texas menu.

After dinner, with the brandy, the men told the ladies that they wanted to buy them each expensive gifts. They had agreed to this previously, to absolve themselves of guilt, although they did not mention the motive to the women.

They asked what the girls would like.

Linda and Veronica gazed at each other across the table and both began to smile mysteriously.

"What I'd really like, honey," said Veronica, "is a nice, big, ferocious guard dog - to keep me safe while you're away from home."

"That's a good idea," Billy agreed.

"Would you like a dog, too, darling?"

Hank asked Linda.

"Oh, I think one dog will be enough," she said.

That puzzled Hank, who could not figure out how one dog could guard both homes.

"Well, then?" he asked.

"What I'd like is a season ticket to the riding stables," said Linda. "I hear they have some lovely horses there."

The men agreed and the brandy was drunk and, presumably, it had made the girls intoxicated.

Why else were they looking at each other and giggling so merrily?

The End