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THE PET SWAPPERS

By Gretchen Wilcox



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FOREWOR

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In the work following, authoress Gretchen Wilcox has put together a piece of fiction so close to the real life activities of many suburban American housewives that noted psychologists and sociologists have taken to recommending her work as required reading for numerous academic aspirants.

Piecing together this fact-thinly-disguised-as-fiction was no easy task. Miss Wilcox spent weeks and months doing legwork up and down the California coast, with special attention to those lush, expensively tended human preserves in the vicinity of Big Sur, where famous sexologist and author, Henry Miller, also has a home. While initially skeptical, Miss Wilcox found that all of the delicately whispered grapevine tales she had garnered previous to undertaking her task, proved to be far more true than anyone has as yet documented.

Did this dismay her? Not necessarily. She has explained to us that the current preoccupation of many housewives with the German shepherd as a sexual partner has sound demographic and social reasoning behind it. There is, for example, no chance of expensive offspring to further burden our already over populated planet. Then too, the German shepherd is not a jealous lover. He takes his pleasure when and as he sees fit and then is content to return the mistress to her husband.

He is discreet. No word of her indiscretion will pass his canine lips. Nor is suspicion likely to be aroused in even the most jealous of husbands. Indeed, those women who have had lengthy and passionate love affairs with the animal claim that in every respect their liaison has led to an improved familial and conjugal relationship in the home. Little wonder that they seek out these canine affairs to the exclusion of all others.

But let the author speak for herself. She is well capable of doing so. In fact rarely has a manuscript of urgent social importance come our way that needed so little assistance and attention on the part of the publisher. We submit it to the verdict of history.

The Publishers Sausalito, California June, 1973

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## CHAPTER ONE

Laura Saunders gazed out the large picture window of her new home in Park Palisades, California, watching the sizable breakers sweeping in off the sea to thrust themselves in a flash of frothy white spray against the gigantic rock formations that ran the entire length of the coast as far as the eye could see. In this section of California, with its starkly emergent coastline, the young wife had the constant feeling that the sea meant to destroy the land. Lord knew it tried hard enough. Every other day there was a report of some additional section of Highway 101 sliding into the ocean and being devoured in the water's bottomless depths.

Did this mean necessarily that everyone then promptly moved further inland in fear. No, of course not, she thought. People around here simply waited for their own house to go -occasionally with them in it. You just weren't anybody in California if your home wasn't occasionally washed into the sea or destroyed in a roaring forest fire. But they always came back, to build again, didn't they? Like lemmings moving resolutely toward destruction, in the exact same area. It was so beautiful here, though, with the sloping hills before windy, wave-broken, steep-cliffed terraces. So beautiful.

Laura sighed. She pushed her fingers into her long blonde hair and threw her head back and to one side as if to smooth out the waves of shimmering gold which ran all the way down her back to the sensual up curve of her nicely rounded buttocks. In the Quaker home where Laura had been brought

up, it was considered a rather serious moral offense for a girl to cut her hair and consequently hers was as long as a young school girl's.

She smoothed her hands voluptuously over the flare of her well-rounded hips and thought about her new life in this community. Ever since she and her husband had come to Park Palisades there had been one distraction after another, what with Ralph setting up his new practice as one of the town's few physicians and now being called out suddenly time after time. One's life really wasn't one's own, was it, although Ralph was certainly making good money and had had no difficulty acquiring this fine house for them right on the coast and not far from the forested glades of Big Sur. This stretch of highway from Monterey to San Luis Obispo must certainly be one of the most eye-pleasing areas in the world.

But somehow that wasn't quite enough.

Laura watched the white gulls circle among the rocks of the emerging coastline and wondered why she felt so uneasy in such a beautiful setting. The stone seemed to be flowing - the sea, motionless. Where they met they locked in a pause more dynamic than motion. Beyond the white froth the surface of the ocean was an endless sheet of rippling glass. The rocks beyond its measured destructive force were like laws of nature - dark, jagged and forbidding. It was wonderful to be able to view nature like this, safe and warm within one's own cocoon and yet what was missing?

When she watched the sea like this she often felt as if its adventure was being communicated to her in some ethereal way. She could feel it directly in her loins, up inside her full, high-set breasts. Laura had been too well brought up to think of this as sensuality, but she did admit to herself that there was a feeling of excitement running in her blood when she watched the waves breaking like this. She couldn't explain it. It seemed merely as if these two vital life forces colliding together - stone and water - produced some sort of vibration inside her hypersensitive young flesh.

Laura turned away from the window. It wasn't good to submit oneself to too much of that, she thought. There were feelings building within her young body which could only be described as licentious and she blushed as she considered the implications of her thoughts.

If she had smoked, she would have lit a cigarette. But her strict puritan father stayed her hand there, too. Illicit sex, cursing, cigarettes, coffee, liquor - they were all the work of the devil, he'd said it so often that Laura really felt she believed it. The fact that so many people succumbed to these vices only served to prove the hold that the Fallen One had on the people of the world.

"He walks among us," her father used to say, in any number of his many sermons, intoning sonorously through his bushy dark beard flecked with grey. "He walks among us and he takes our pulse, listens to our heartbeats. He is the Evil One who has fallen."

Laura had been as impressed as her eight brothers and sisters, she supposed and in all of her twenty-one years she had never smoked a cigarette nor taken a drink of liquor. Her father's warnings had held up well.

And then she had met and married Ralph Saunders, a young man devoted to healing the sick and to making a lot of money, not necessarily in that same order.

Nonetheless Laura had married him, after a whirlwind courtship which had included more than a few attempts on his part to work his masculine will on virginal young flesh. Fortunately her earlier training had sustained her and she had been able to fight him off just in time, before she became too winded to have any strength. She could remember very clearly the final night of their courtship, when Ralph had been especially demanding and determined to take advantage of her trusting



innocence.

She blushed even now to think of it and only wished that her thoughts wouldn't keep returning somehow to such lascivious topics. But how could she forget that night – the night when a man had first managed to insinuate himself into the warmth of her sensuously aroused young pussy? Even though it had been only Ralph's finger which had entered her and nothing else.

Laura's nostrils dilated and she looked across the great length of their plushly carpeted living room to the large mirror on the opposite wall. She was wearing a pink chiffon robe which only negligently concealed her sumptuous young curves. Her breasts were full and widely spaced, like ripe white pears. Their uptilt was firm and gravity defying, their tops a gentle ski slope of glossy smooth flesh running into small out swelling areolas topped by strawberry-hued nipples which tended to stiffen embarrassingly easy.

For the rest of her, there were long thighs of soft alabaster flesh tapering into long slender legs, tiny ankles and perfectly fashioned feet. Above the rounded curve of her hour-glass hips her waist seemed to disappear, only to flare out again into a torso that ended in softly squared shoulders. Her face was a perfect oval with cupid's bow lips that had a sultry pout to them and her complexion was flawless, her cheeks naturally rosy. When Laura fluttered her long dark eyelashes, any man could be forgiven for forgetting himself. Everything taken together, when her long blonde hair was falling softly around her pretty face and shoulders, the only word to describe Laura was breathtaking. She had the body of a wanton burdened by the mind of a puritan.

Her long and slender nail-polished fingers were pulling at the belt of her gown now and then it was falling open to reveal the smooth expanse of milk-white skin passing from her throat, down between the swelling hillocks of her breasts to the tiny kiss-nook indentation of her navel and finally ending in the sparse blonde pubic curls nestling over her subtly concealed vaginal slit.

Laura breathed deeply. She knew that by any measure she was a beautiful woman. But why, then, had the sexual side of her marriage failed so? What was wrong with her? Why couldn't she respond, even with the man who was her husband?

Or was Ralph asking for too much? Those lewd things he was always suggesting ... it was enough to make any properly brought up girl cringe. But his suggestions were always phrased in such a joking manner ... maybe he didn't really mean them?

She was confused. Who was in the wrong and who was in the right? She was no longer so sure as she had been. Was it Ralph's fault, for being some kind of pervert? Or was she too much of a prude as he seemed to be suggesting?

Lord knew she had never yet refused him. She was always willing – even just a trace eager, if the truth were known and she always lay there obediently when he began, when he approached her between her outstretched legs with his rather dangerous-looking penis swinging upward and jerking lasciviously toward her helpless belly.

Laura shivered and then blushed as she remembered how he had taken her the week before. He had made love to her so furiously, driving his long thick penis so hard into her wildly acquiescing pussy, that she had almost reached a point – a point – in which she had felt she was enjoying herself more than any good girl should.

It was hard to describe the feelings that had assailed her aching loins. A sizable part of it had been so sweet that she was afraid she was going to die from it. A sunburst of pleasure had seemed on the verge of arriving, but then had subsided as her husband suddenly came, emptying all of his hot wet

sperm deep into her writhing young cunt and then his penis had deflated so fast that she quickly lost interest, even though a moment before, she had thought she would go out of her mind if he didn't continue.

And that was the last time they had had sex. An entire week ago. Ralph seemed to be increasingly disinterested in sex and more and more tied up at all hours at the new clinic downtown. Little wonder that she had been seeing so much of the Franklins, of late. In the evenings they were really the only people she had to turn to.

Mark and Cleonora Franklin were a beautiful and apparently wealthy couple living in a large stone house further south along the coast road by about two hundred yards. Living there alone with the largest and most dangerous-looking German shepherd Laura had ever seen. Rover was a big, sleek-furred animal with an intelligent face and huge canines that looked as if they could crunch a man in half with little trouble.

But he was also sweet, the sweetest dog Laura knew. Although she had been somewhat afraid of him at first, she had quickly come to rely upon his friendliness and warm personality. Rover often came over to her to lie down with his bushy head in her lap as she stroked her fingers around his large and steeply-pointed ears. He was an affectionate dog and she had never known him to bark or make the slightest untoward move to anyone and yet to look at him you would think he was the most ferocious thing on two feet.

Laura sighed and went over to the telephone, her slender hand pausing momentarily on the receiver. Should she call Cleonora? She couldn't decide. Sometimes it even crossed her mind that she spent a little too much time at the Franklins. But Ralph didn't seem to mind. Indeed it seemed as if he welcomed the fact that she had found a few friends in Park Palisades. He knew very well that she was lonely during the long hours that he was away at work.

And what friends they were, too. Mark and Cleonora had the most magnificent house she had ever seen. Even though it was basically stone, it rose on stilts right out of the very cliffside of the irregular Pacific coastline. Its views were out of this world and in the evening when the light had gone down and Cleonora had opened the drapes on the west side of the huge, high-ceilinged and elegantly beamed living room, the house became so relaxing, like a warm womb into which one could retire for a restful doze.

Mark and Cleonora were beautiful people in the sense that they seemed to do everything with such dash and style. She had never known anyone quite like them. When they wanted to go somewhere they were as likely to rent a helicopter as take the ordinary modes of transportation. They kept two big Cadillac's as well as a Rolls-Royce with a built-in bar and a telephone. They never seemed to lack for anything. They were maximum consumers and bought whatever they wanted whenever they pleased.

She had never in her young life known anyone who lived like that. Her own home life had been fairly frugal and Ralph had come from a modest background as well and during his term in medical school money had not come easy.

But now they were going to live a new kind of life. She had a car for herself - a new Mustang -and they didn't have to count pennies. Even as a new doctor still wet-behind-the-ears, Ralph made more money than many middle-aged executives who had worked all their lives to get where they were.

So they had money now; they didn't have to scrimp and Laura could feel free to use part of that money to run a car so that she could spin over to Cleonora's whenever she felt like it.

And why shouldn't she?

She picked up the telephone receiver and began to dial.

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CHAPTER TWO

"Why yes, dear. That would be fine. All alone again? Well, never fear. We're always here. Just come around when it suits you. Bye now."

Voluptuous, black-haired Cleonora Franklin laid the phone in its cradle and turned to face her handsome husband, who was lying on the nearby sofa without a stitch of clothing on. His tall, long-legged body was covered with a ragged mass of black curly hairs ranging from his ankles upward over his belly to his wide squarish chest and over the top of his pectorals almost to his neck. At his loins was a healthy accumulation of thick black curls which formed the base and foundation for his powerful looking penis now held throbbing in his hand. His hand moved slowly on his pulsating rod of warm male flesh, pulling the foreskin up and over the purplish glans. With his other hand he stroked the soft fur at the nape of his German shepherd's neck.

The big dog lay on all four paws by the side of the sofa, his longish tongue hanging out, glistening with moisture. When his sensitive ears caught Laura Saunders' lilting young voice on the telephone, his head jerked up attentively and a rush of blood flooded his throbbing animal loins. Rover liked the tall, lushly molded young blonde and whenever he saw her, or heard her throaty voice and gay, happy laugh in the Franklin home, his nostrils flared and it was all he could do to control himself.

But Rover was a well-trained dog and he would never have dreamed of mounting Laura Saunders without being properly cued. Indeed, everything in him would have rebelled against it. He had been brought up to respond to specific commands and cue words. Despite his menacing appearance, Rover was an animal who never lost control of himself and thanks to the Franklins' elegant coaching, this seemed to pay dividends in the long run. The Franklins knew how to work women up until they were ready for him and he was happy to rely upon their superior judgment.

"Was that Laura Saunders again?" Mark asked pleasantly, continuing to stroke Rover's deeply furred neck while pulling slowly on his own hotly throbbing organ.

Cleonora smiled. "It was," she said, lighting a cigarette. She sat down on the couch next to her husband and passed the cigarette to him. Glancing down she saw that the slightest amount of shining clear pre-cum had issued from the tip of his penis and she licked her lips in lusty anticipation. She could almost taste Mark's cum on her tongue. It was a drink she almost never tired of quaffing.

"Is that for me or for Laura?" she asked, not even faintly jealous.

"For Rover here," Mark told her, pinching the big dog's throat fur in his fingers. "He gives me more than the both of you put together."

Cleonora pinched her lips together and punched him in the side, making him exclaim. She said, "You are mean, you bastard."

Mark laughed, wrapping his hand around his jerking cock which was waving lewdly about in the air like a redwood tree not quite knowing which way to fall.

“Heh heh. Not so mean as this thing here,” he said. His eyes looked mischievously up to hers. “Think you’ve got the stomach for it?”

Her eyes dilated. He knew very well how much his penis meant to her and how much she loved to swallow his fiery sperm. But this teasing was part of the game they played interminably. “Maybe not,” she said, “but I know I’ve got the throat for it.” And with this she slipped her hands underneath his buttocks and then slowly lowered her head until her tongue-moistened lips came in contact with the smooth rubbery tip of his cock.

Her red-glossed lips parted slightly as she savored the exquisite taste and scent of his throbbing male hardness and her eyelashes fluttered with an old, time-honored emotion. She had fallen in love with Mark Franklin’s cock when she was just a schoolgirl in Trenton, New Jersey and had adored it ever since. Next to Rover’s which, of course, was exceptional, Mark’s penis was absolutely the most tasty she’d ever run across in a lifetime of searching. Despite all the many cocks that had brought pleasure to her cunt since Mark had first deflowered her at the tender age of thirteen and despite all the numerous ones that had flooded their cum down her hotly grasping throat as she sucked with a wanton fury on their towering members, Mark’s was still the most excruciatingly satisfying rod of flesh she’d ever known in any form. She worshiped it slavishly and she worshiped her husband with it. She would have done anything for him.

And had. For despite her initial dismay, she had eventually taken part actively in every debauchery he had ever suggested and with marvelous results. Cleonora had suffered more orgasms than she could scarcely remember. Initially there had just been the usual bit of two-couple wife-swapping and she had discovered to her happy surprise that she could enjoy other cocks in her mouth, cunt and anus than just her handsome husband’s.

Consequently she tended to trust Mark’s judgment in sexual matters somewhat more than her own. She had opened up new vistas of pleasure for her that transcended all her previous hedonistic experiences. How could she possibly deny him anything?

Cleo could still remember their first swapping experience with some tolerant amusement. What a naive little baby she’d been then! How coy and blushing, like a new bride. She’d been nervous the entire first part of the evening as the two couples worked their way toward each other, got to know each other better and then when Mark had taken the other woman into his arms, she had seen that there was really no turning back. Rather sheepishly, she had let the other man make love to her, until finally she found to her amazement that he was driving her wild with lust! When his blood-hardened penis had finally thrust upward through her curling ebony pussy hair, pushing the soft wet flesh of her cuntal opening back along its entire inner length, Cleonora had literally thought she would die from the way her loins clasped it for joy and then as he had begun to fuck into her with solid, slow, agonizingly long strokes, she had found to her amazement that watching Mark fucking the man’s wife as well only served to make the whole thing that much more exciting.

And apparently Mark felt the same way, too. For despite her active fears that he would really be terribly jealous and enraged to see her enjoying herself with someone else, quite the opposite proved to be true. So that eventually it became standard to arrange things so that they could watch each other having sex with someone else. Mark seemed to get his biggest kicks out of this and frequently he even helped other men to mount her.

Cleo hadn’t exactly been thrilled by the thought of letting anyone else insert himself into the tightly budded anus she had originally saved only for her handsome husband. But she had eventually relented there, too, after being well worked up to it. So that one evening in a drunken, half-dazed state she had allowed Mark to prop up her buttocks as another man inserted his thick middle finger

deep into her snugly clasping rectum. Thus stretched and prepared, she had allowed herself to be maneuvered until the stranger could slide his rigidly erected cock in between her straining ass-cheeks and then mewled with joy as his throbbing hot penis broke through her tight anal entrance and passed forward and up into her writhing young belly.

After that, of course, the dam had broken. After being fucked in her anus and her vagina it would have been asking a lot for her to resist sucking warmly on all the wonderful cocks that had given her so much pleasure.

So for a long time they had gone on like this, swapping with couples here and there and Mark proved to have been right. All this additional extracurricular sex did have an enlivening effect on their otherwise placid marriage and did serve to make their own sex lives much more keen. She seemed to have more orgasms each and every time and their lives and marriage had become exciting, vibrant, full of promise.

And then they had begun to widen their circle of interests.

They experimented with black leather and domination and found neither to their own particular tastes. They tried menage a trois with a young blonde girl who moved in to live with them, but this satisfied Mark more than it did her and she found it impossible to develop any permanent lesbian feelings toward the girl.

Then at last they seemed to find what they were looking for in orgies with multiple participants. Such adventures gave Cleonora a virtually endless supply of lust-quenching cocks and Mark also enjoyed the great variety of women he was able to indulge.

They enjoyed, as well, a variety of caterpillar copulations and daisy chains during these multiple orgies. On some occasions there were upwards of twenty persons combined in a writhing, gurgling happy mass on the Franklin living room carpet, sometimes stretching out through the French doors right to poolside, all connected in one way or another, with penises in pussies and mouths and anuses and female lips sucking cocks and cunts alike and men with their tongues driving wildly up between girls' parted legs.

And then Rover had come to live with them.

Now Cleonora couldn't imagine which had affected her life more. Was it her first meeting with Mark in the balcony of the Bijou Theatre in Trenton when she was just twelve years old and he, a mature eighteen, had managed to push his fingers up under the elastic leg band of her frilly white panties to insert them into the soft moist outer flesh of her virginal pussy? Or was it the fact that they had bought Rover on an impulse one idle afternoon in Sausalito.

At first he had been just a cute little puppy, but then he had begun to change, to get older and bigger, becoming as powerful and dangerous-looking a German shepherd as any Cleonora had ever seen in her life.

Initially she had tried to deny to herself that he set something to stirring inside her, that she could feel her blood warming when she looked at him. The fact that she enjoyed herself physically with a great many men - always with Mark's consent and co-operation - did not necessarily mean that she was prepared to extend her affections as well in a direction to which she had always been brought up to believe lay only perdition and unspeakable depravity.

How, then, had it all come about?

The beginning of the affair had been rather cursory. She and Mark had been lounging about the living room one evening, just alone by themselves warming their naked flesh in the open wood fire of the fireplace. Rover was just over a year old then and from a small, playful puppy he had grown into a rather stoutly masculine young beast, finely formed in every way. His large head he held with commanding dignity, often cocking it intelligently to one side when he attended their conversations. His eyes were large and brown and bespoke of considerable depth of feeling and understanding. The fine sleek fur of his coat glistened with a sheen born of good food and fine health. When Rover moved, his powerful muscles rippled in a way that Cleonora could only describe to herself as primitively exciting. He was easily the most masculine animal she'd ever seen - next to Mark, of course.

For a long time the dark-haired young wife had come to feel very close to her handsome dog and she often stroked him as she lay around naked, talking to him pleasantly about one thing and another. It seemed scarcely possible that he was the same little puppy grown to full-blown strength and mature doghood.

On the evening in question, Cleo had found herself glancing at Rover just a little more than usual - as his thick red penis had begun emerging from the smooth softness of its furry sheath and she was just a little breathless to note its throbbing and rather awe-inspiring hardness.

"Big, isn't it?" Mark had asked, watching her as his hand moved lazily up and down along his own masculine rigidity. He was lying on another couch with one leg resting easily on the floor. The drapes across the high western windows were totally open and the sea was crashing with breakers of foam and spray against the mighty rocks of the California shore. The twilight gave everything a softly sensual glow, as they had not yet put on the lights.

Cleonora had gulped rather nervously and watched in awe as Rover's cock slid out to its full blood-swollen length before her very eyes, partly pink and partly red, glistening beneath its transparent sheen with some sort of pre-coital juice.

The dog was seated on the floor by the white satellite-shaped television globe and as his penis reached its full length he had inclined his head -with his eyes locked tightly on hers - and imparted to his mightily rigid organ the full wet slap of his moist pink tongue, sliding it obscenely along the entire length of his exposed organ from base to bevel-shaped tip.

Cleo could feel herself gasping for air as she watched the German shepherd lick his own penis with slow, calculating movements, wrapping his tongue hotly around his organ and running it like some sort of imitation cunt up and down along its pulsating hard length.

The young wife had never seen an animal doing this before and it quite took her breath away. She didn't know why, but she could almost feel as if it were her own tongue licking that hard cock from base to tip. She had seen numerous human penises in her time, but Rover's outsized dog-cock was easily the most awe-inspiring that had ever threatened to dislodge her senses.

There was no way of knowing the exact moment that her loins had begun secreting a warm heavy moisture of arousal that washed down through her vagina and out between the moist outer lips of her trembling pussy, into the softly curling dark hair of her cuntal triangle. It seemed to have crept upon her unawares and before she knew what was happening, her belly was clenching and unclenching as if in lewd desire for a long thick penis to fill her hungry depths.

Of course she was utterly ashamed and embarrassed that she was turning on to a dog. There was no disguising her discomfiture, either, for Mark invariably knew when she was aroused. Her lushly-

molded breasts quivered with sensual expectancy and her rose-red nipples swelled into hard little buttons of flesh, throbbing with a need too strong to be denied. When her nipples came up like this there was not much hope of concealing what she was feeling. Her loins were awash and there was no ignoring the fact that watching Rover lick at his own penis had excited her desperately.

"Turns you on, hey?" Mark said with bitingly accurate perception.

Her nostrils flared and she looked at him.

Her husband had nodded towards their handsome and finely-made household pet. "Go ahead," he said. "It doesn't take a mind reader to see that you'd like to give old Rover a whirl. Put his cock in your mouth, why don't you? Big Daddy won't mind and that's a promise."

She blinked anxiously and began moving across the floor on all fours to where Rover lay beneath the huge white television table. The big dog jerked up his head, unwrapping his tongue from his glistening penis, distracted from his self-fellation by his mistress's curious behavior.

He watched her dangling breasts dance whitely beneath her body as she moved across the floor, her nipples hard and grazing the carpet from moment to moment as she crawled. Ordinarily he didn't really notice his mistress's breasts, but in this crawling position they seemed to hypnotize him as they swung back and forth. The big dog shifted as his penis emerged still farther, pulsing with blood. The way his curvaceous young mistress was coming towards him was wildly exciting and the similarity to bitches-in-heat he had known was inescapable. But what was she up to?

It was only moments before Cleonora, driven by her husband's lewd suggestion, was at last clutching the handsome dog's furry shanks, but it had seemed like an eternity. Her mouth watered hungrily, filling to the brim with saliva and she gazed raptly and with ardent, unconcealed desire at Rover's massive canine cock.

She glanced back at Mark then, just for a moment.

And he nodded. "Go ahead, honey. You deserve it. Love him to death and the big brute has a prick on him about two miles long. It'll go into your mouth and come out your belly. Christ, I've got to see this."

And with this she uttered a little sigh of complete enchantment and happiness, her head falling forward almost simultaneously as her fingers gripped the base of his hotly throbbing shaft of muscle, her long, sleek, straight black hair spreading out all over his flanks as her open mouth moved forward to capture his glistening red animal penis.

Rover shifted position awkwardly as he sensed what his mistress was doing, every nerve ending and sinew in his body crying out for it. He had loved his beautiful black-haired mistress forever, it seemed and invariably the blood pounded in his swiftly maturing loins when he looked at her, or heard her sensually husky voice. So that this was now a dream come true — her warm moist mouth ovaling like a bitch's cunt over his burning hot member, then closing in a soft wet pressure around it.

His sharp teeth chattered in his head as Cleo began ardently to suck. Groans of pleasure escaped the German shepherd's throat in chorus with the sighs and mewls issuing happily from his mistress's lips around his pulsating rod of flesh.

As for Cleonora, she could not remember when she had sucked with more fervor on a lust-engorged shaft of male hardness. The sheer deliciousness of Rover's penis was impossible to compare with

anything else in her considerable experience. It was succulent, warm, throbbing and fiercely masculine. With her tongue and mouth laving it to death, she felt as if she were growing dizzy and in another moment would swoon dead away from sensual happiness. As her lips and tongue moved over his slippery rigidity, feeling every last lurid pulsation and blood-swollen ridge, her pussy moistened hopelessly and her cock-hungry belly felt as if it were full of butterflies. This warm animal penis was well worth worshiping and she wanted nothing better than to feel its sticky cum shooting outward and upward into the depths of her throat.

Which it did with a swiftness that the lewdly sucking brunette was totally unprepared for. For Rover's loins had been holding his cum as if in an overheated pressure cooker, just waiting for the moment to spew it forth.

□That's it, baby!" Mark shouted from the couch as he slipped his hand furiously up and down over his depravity-aroused cock. Then he leaped up and raced over to her, kneeling down and prying apart the soft white moons of her fleshy buttocks with his thumbs to shove his urgently churning penis up through her snugly clutching anus and into the warm wet clasp of her rectum, so that then Cleonora was being buffeted back and forth with her husband's enormous cock sunk like a log into her wide-stretched nether passage and Rover's wet red penis all the way down her throat.

This double fucking by dog and man was so maddening that the skewered young girl could no longer think of who or where or what she was. She wanted only this brutish fucking by man and beast and nothing else in the world. She wanted to be the obscene receptacle for their white-hot cum until her belly was bloated with it.

And she didn't have long to wait, for in very short order Rover was indeed jerking and yelping for joy, his testicles throwing scalding hot dog-semen through the muscular bridge of his penis and into her hotly sucking mouth with a fury that knew no bounds and then Mark, overheated with sexuality as he was from being a witness to this incredibly immoral and licentious depravity, had also begun to orgasm, jerking and shuddering, his head hanging down with his hair all damp and lank across his sweaty forehead, as he shot his milky semen in an explosive series of spurts high up into Cleo's cock-filled rectal channel. Steaming male cum was being poured into her from both ends and she was overcome by a happiness that could only be described as ... indescribable.

And that was only the first time.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

The first time.

Looking back, it seemed to Cleonora Franklin like only yesterday. How many cocks both animal and human had she had in her mouth since then that abandoned night when she had first sucked her own dog's penis? The young brunette couldn't remember. Too many and yet not enough. □

Once they had crossed the line into the dual animal/human orgy, the possibilities accumulated swiftly, until finally Mark had encouraged her to let Rover fuck her.

Indeed, she hadn't needed much encouraging. Her eagerly seeping pussy was writhing with sexual want by the time Rover had gotten there, since she had considered their illicit union so frequently in her imagination.

And he didn't disappoint her. So that Rover proved to be the second love of her life, after Mark. He

fucked with such furious speed that it was difficult to imagine that there existed any woman or girl in the world who could resist him after he had once worked his canine will on her.

As Laura Saunders would soon find out, no doubt.

"That was Laura Saunders, wasn't it?" Mark asked again, propping himself up on one elbow and looking down at her lewdly bobbing head.

Cleonora nodded, smiling. She had begun sucking in earnest on Mark's penis, but as her imagination and memory drifted lazily, she had taken to merely fondling it with her hand and running her thumb over the subtly seeping tip where a clear liquid was periodically appearing in the tiny slit.

And once she had been introduced to bestiality there had been no turning back for her. Gradually she enlarged her circle of friends to include a number of other beautiful women around Park Palisades who also kept German shepherds and were secret addicts of canine love.

And now the Franklins lived for the day when Laura Saunders would be introduced to their circle of debauchery.

Cleonora's eyes narrowed. She had vowed that that day would come soon. The little bitch had teased them long enough. Laura was so supremely gifted with her long golden hair and pear-shaped breasts, her long-legged body and one of the prettiest and most disconcerting faces Cleonora had ever seen anywhere. Little wonder it must seem to the young wife that the world revolved around her devoted little blonde cunt. The rules were always different for women of great beauty — and especially so when they gave every appearance of not knowing that they were beautiful.

"You didn't answer me, darling," Mark said, putting his index finger under her chin and lifting her pretty face. "And you've stopped eating me. I can't be that offensive, can I?"

Cleonora gave a little laugh and cupped her left hand underneath his soft hairy testicles and fondled them gently. "You know that's not true, lover. I was just daydreaming."

"That may be, sweetheart. But that doesn't excuse you from sucking off Big Papa. Christ, look at my fuckin' cock. You've left me as horny as an old bull loose in a school for virgins. If you don't suck junior off soon, he's going to shoot his stuff all over your pretty face. So come on, mama. Let's feel those juicy red lips of yours sliding up and down on my big fat rod. Start eating, lover."

Cleonora laughed again her sensually full lips barring back over even white teeth. All that ridiculous talk was scarcely necessary for her. Mark's cum was a sweet nectar drink that she couldn't really live without. She would have drunk it from a tap in the kitchen had it been available and she would have swallowed it spurting out of Mark's penis just now, except that just as she pressed her soft, sultry red lips against the rubbery tip of his ardently aroused manhood, the doorbell rang.

"Oh Christ," Mark snarled, but Cleo only laughed as she leaped to her feet and hurried to put on her robe. He stood up and still gripping his cock, went over to the southwest wall of the living room, where he pressed a hidden button in the panel to open a concealed door in the wall. In another moment he was on his way upstairs via a secret stairway to the bedroom, as his wife was opening the hall door for Laura Saunders by herself.

"Hello darling," Cleonora gushed, putting her arms around her beautiful blonde neighbor and hugging her.

"Hi," said Laura bashfully, hugging her back. Then she stepped inside and Cleonora closed the door

behind her, leading her young charge down the brief steps into the elegantly mosaic hall. Rover came prancing up to Laura's side and occasionally licked her hand as he walked along beside her.

Their hearty, affectionate welcome always made Laura feel so warm inside. When she had the opportunity, her fingers gripped the sleek fur on the back of Rover's neck, liking the smooth feel of it.

"Come along," said Cleonora as they entered the enormous living room. "I hope you won't mind - Mark's upstairs taking a shower. But he'll be down in a little while. Like a drink?"

"Well - I ..." Laura hesitated. She had thus far managed to fend off the Franklins when they indulged - and expected her to indulge also - in the drinking of alcoholic beverages. But perhaps there was no harm in it. After all, her friends could scarcely have been described as alcoholics and yet they seemed to enjoy an occasional drink.

"Oh, come on, Laura. You know, you're not a child anymore."

That did it. Laura couldn't bear to be thought of as juvenile by Mark and Cleonora. They were so sophisticated and worldly. Everything they did seemed to be invariably right. She couldn't help being intimidated. They always seemed so sure.

"What would you suggest, then?" she asked.

Cleonora smiled warmly and went back of the bamboo bar. "How about some wine? A cream sherry should be just the thing." Without saying anything further, she bent over and took a bottle of Bristol cream sherry from beneath the bar. Taking a sparkling clear goblet from the shelf, she uncorked the bottle and poured the glass half full, then passed it across the bar to Laura. "Go ahead, dear. It will help you to relax."

Laura was doubtful, but the whole business had happened so swiftly that it would have been awkward to reject the drink. She picked it up and sipped it carefully, then tried to down it as if it were fruit juice. This made her sputter as some of the drink went up her nose.

Cleonora giggled and came around from the bar to slap her on the back. Laura coughed and then ventured to finish off her sherry with a second gulp.

"You mustn't bolt it, dear," Cleonora told her too late. "That's not water, you know. Wine should always just be sipped. I'll pour you another. Let's see if you can do better this time."

As good as her word, Cleonora swiftly poured more of the amber liquid into her empty glass. Laura didn't think to protest as the second glass of sherry was placed in her hand. Everything happened too fast when she was around the Franklins. They had such dominant personalities and tended to push her around, but she didn't really mind. In a way it was this very dominance which reminded her so much of her own parents. Although, of course, Mark and Cleo's attitudes toward everything were much different from those of her mother and father.

She sipped the sherry this time and took it easy, enjoying the mellow flavor. Her belly felt all warm and quivery as the sweet alcoholic beverage trickled down.

"Sit down, dear," Cleonora told her, taking a chair herself and crossing her shapely legs. The sultry brunette had fixed herself a Scotch-and-soda and downed about a third of it as she settled into the deep cushions of the chair.

"Thank you, Cleonora," Laura said, selecting one of the big armchairs next to the baby grand piano.

"I'm glad you've come," Cleo cooed. "We haven't seen you in days."

"I've been meaning to come," the young blonde wife said distractedly, "but I guess I've had a lot on my mind."

Cleonora's heart jumped as she sensed an opening. She had suspected for some time that things were not altogether perfect in the Saunders's household, Perhaps this was just the chance she and Mark were looking for. She hoped that Mark wouldn't return to interrupt before she could ferret the truth from her reluctant neighbor.

"Is there something wrong, dear? Anything you'd like to tell me?"

Laura looked around guiltily. "In a way I'm glad that Mark isn't here right now. I have been meaning to talk to you, Cleonora ..."

Cleonora reached over and squeezed Laura's slender, finely nailed hand. "You can tell me, dear. I'll understand. Don't think of Mark. He won't be down for an age yet."

"Well, if you really think it would be all right ... oh, Cleo, I think my marriage is falling apart!" Tears appeared at the corners of the voluptuous young blonde's eyes and she took a white hankie from her purse to dab them away.

Cleonora got up and went over to her, sitting down on the arm of the big chair and putting her arm around Laura's shoulders. "There there, dear, you mustn't cry. Tell me about it. Control yourself. Maybe talking about it will make things easier."

"You're so understanding, Cleo. I can't tell you how I appreciate this ... you and Mark have both been such good friends to me ... " And with this, Laura launched into a complete rundown of the tension she sensed between herself and her handsome young physician-husband. She didn't go into detail with respect to their sexual difficulty, but Cleonora got the impression nonetheless. After several minutes of non-stop talking, Laura finally rested, breathless from the fact that she had finally unloaded all of the heavy burden she had been carrying for some time. She looked up a little self-consciously at her mature and worldly friend. If there was any solution, Cleonora would surely know of it. Laura trusted the Franklins implicitly.

But the wealthy brunette swinger only looked very serious for some moments without saying anything and then she got up to take a cigarette from the gold leaf box on the piano. She lit up carefully, reflectively and blew out smoke before she said anything.

"It may just be that you're imagining all this 'difficulty', Laura," she said at last, her manner radiating worldly wisdom. "I've always had the impression that perhaps you haven't gained a big enough group of friends since you've moved here. Oh, it's not that we don't enjoy having you to ourselves - but you ought to widen your circle of acquaintances. You ought to get out more. You sit around and mope in that big beautiful house of yours and eventually you get depressed and don't know why. Then, this in turn makes it difficult for you to relax with Ralph, makes you tense up. Don't you think that's a pretty good analysis of your situation?"

Laura considered that. She really felt that there was more to their problem, but on the other hand Cleonora was a woman of greater experience than she. It might be that she was right.

"What do you suggest I do?"

"I think I know some people you'd enjoy meeting. Have you ever heard of the Park Palisades Women's League?"

Laura shook her pretty blonde head. "I don't think so."

"Well, we're mainly dog fanciers and we've gotten together to hold regular parties. In fact, the next one is here tomorrow evening. Do you think you'd like to come?"

Laura's eyes glittered. She was eager indeed to expand her social horizons, not feeling that she had anywhere near the social knack she would have liked to have. "Oh yes, I'd love to!"

"Good." Cleonora took up Laura's smooth cool hands and looked deeply into her widely innocent blue eyes, thinking how enticing they must be to men like her own husband Mark. She was about to say something more, but suddenly the telephone on one of the Regency end tables rang and she straightened up to attend to it.

"Yes? Yes, she's here." She looked over at Laura. "It's for you, Laura."

Laura stood up and went to the phone, dabbing the remaining moisture out of her eyes. "Hello?" she asked, putting the receiver to her ear. "Oh, yes, Ralph. But I didn't think you were going to be home for ages. Yes, I'll come right home. Bye."

She put the phone down. "That was Ralph. He got off early at the clinic when Dr. Bailey came in to run some tests."

Cleonora put her hand on Laura's back as she showed her to the door, "My, you scarcely had time to get your coat off. But we'll make up for that tomorrow night. Say around eight-thirty? It's only a hen party, though, so you'll have to leave that handsome husband of yours behind."

"I will, Cleonora. Thanks for inviting me. You've been grand." The two women hugged each other at the door and then Laura turned and stepped through it, moving gracefully down the gravel path in front of the house to where her car was parked. Cleonora watched after her for some time, thoughtfully and then she turned and went back into the big house to meet Mark just coming down the stairs zipping up his trousers.

"Well?" he asked. "Where the hell is she?"

"Gone," she answered. "Ralph came home early."

"That bitch! And I thought we were going to have a great time tonight!"

Cleonora walked up to him and took the bulge in his crotch into her fondly caressing hand. "Relax, lover. I set it up for tomorrow night. You're going to have more than you can handle."

"The Park Palisades Women's League? Come on, you're joking."

Cleonora shook out her long black hair. "She just confirmed what I'd suspected - she and Ralph have been having some difficulty. She's all primed, lover. Fell for my invitation like a baby grabbing for candy. She's ripe for adventure."

Mark shook his head wonderingly. "And I thought we were going to have to bring her along slow." He took Cleonora's hands and spread her arms wide so that the front of her robe fell open, revealing her firmly upthrusting breasts with their rubbery pink nipples fully extended. He cupped both ripely



swelling mounds in his hand and ran his thumbs over her nipples until Cleonora sighed with a familiar, well-remembered contentment.

"We're going to have a ball tomorrow night," he said and then pulled his wife into the living room to rehearse.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Laura arrived home with her heart all a flutter. Ralph had come home early and he wanted her! If only everything would go all right tonight and they could correct all their past awkwardness! She hoped and prayed that somehow they were going to break through the unmentioned barrier of difficulty that seemed to have enshrouded their married life.

"I'm home, darling," she called as she opened the door, removing her key from the lock and stepping into the dimly lit entrance hall.

"I'm upstairs," came his husky, deep-throated voice.

Laura's heart leaped. He was already in the bedroom! She felt as if her skin was flushing beet red all over. Her chest heaved with excitement and her heart pounded in her ears like a tom-tom.

Perhaps he was already lying in bed, stark naked. She imagined her handsome husband lying on his back with the hard tower of his penis standing up sharply perpendicular to the curly dark tangle of hair between his thighs. Would he be holding it? Teasing the tip with his thumb to wipe off some of the clear liquid issuing from it? Her heart beat rapidly, the blood rushing hotly through her ears with the force of a tidal wave. Her training had included the proscribing of any illicit or perverted love, but sex between a man and his wife was a good and natural thing. She felt no shame and was prepared to let herself go in enjoying it. If only Ralph would wait for her for once and not climax in five minutes or suggest any lewd and disgusting variations.

She vowed that she was going to put forth whatever extra effort would be required to assist their mutual happiness. Her fingers worked nervously at her clothes, shedding them rapidly as she moved up the stairs to the second floor. In another moment she was clad only in her white lace brassiere and panties with her outer clothes thrown over the banister.

Laura blushed from the pink-painted nails of her toes to the roots of her glossy blonde hair. Was this the way? Could she be sure that Ralph wouldn't be shocked? Well, she'd have to take that chance if she was going to save their crumbling marriage.

And while she was taking it, what would it cost her to go all the way in her allure? Ralph had seen her naked often enough. She stripped quickly out of her brassiere and panties, leaving them in a silky white pool around her feet.

"Honey?" came his voice from the open door of the bedroom. "Are you coming?"

Laura smiled nervously and then stepped awkwardly into the open doorway.

She had been correct in her lewd imaginings! Ralph was lying there in bed without a stitch of clothes on, the light of the table lamp the bedroom's only illumination, casting soft circles of illumination across his hard-muscle manly body.

He gasped as she entered. Ralph was only accustomed to the most demure behavior from his young bride and to see her posing so obviously for him quite took his breath away. Her body was a work of voluptuous art. Every sensuously exciting detail of her lust-inciting curvaceousness was lucidly clear, from her sensually rising pink nipples to the soft triangle of sparse blonde hair that nestled so cock-stirringly beneath her cream-white belly.

"Do - do you like me, Ralph?" Laura stammered unsurely.

"Like you ..." he breathed. He jumped to his feet and almost raced across the carpet to take her into his arms, a deep animal-like groan erupting from his throat. His mouth fell on hers and he devoured it avidly, hungrily, his tongue driving wetly into her open mouth with an urgency that took her breath away and made her shiver all over with excitement.

"Please, please be gentle with me, Ralph," she begged when she could get her mouth free. A certain terror flickered through her as he greedily fondled all the lush contours of her voluptuous young body, kneading her ripe succulent breasts and hips and buttocks a little too cruelly within hot, searching hands that he could no longer control. Small tight fists of flesh were gripped painfully in bloodless white ridges between his savagely clutching fingers. This wasn't the way she had wanted it at all.

His face dropped to the straining young buds of her nipples and he sucked on them until Laura felt as if they were becoming charged with electricity. But he was still being so rough that several times she cried out as his hands twisted and pulled at her trembling young flesh.

"Darling ... oh ... please ... you mustn't ... oh no ... not this ... Ralph ... you're too rough ... oh darling ... it hurrtrts ..." But her tortured words went unheeded by her sexually incited young husband. She had gone too far and she realized that now.

Breaking off his vulturish lavage of her helplessly quivering body, he dragged her over to the bed and flung her unceremoniously down on it. In another moment she was imprisoned there by the heaviness of his body falling on top of hers. Her long blonde hair flung from side to side on the pillow in feeble protest as he struggled to get her legs up and spread wide.

"No, Ralph, please - oh, not so fast! Darling, please not so fast!" she moaned, but he was relentless in his urgency to satisfy his fiercely aroused sexual needs. She thrashed in helpless terror, her young cunt now cringing in fear of her husband's imminent entry, scarcely ready for him at all.

He'll split me in two, she thought, horrified. Oh God, he's going to hurt me terribly!

Her large blue eyes flashed desperately with disbelief that this could be happening. Ordinarily Ralph was considerate if nothing else, but just because she had appeared naked before him with the lights still on, he had totally lost his head. She hadn't expected this at all. But what had she expected?

In any case, there was no time now to consider that now. The brutal fact was that she was scared and unprepared and afraid and that Ralph was trying to enter her. She knew it was going to hurt and couldn't remember when she had been so sure of anything in her entire life. But, at the same time, was there something inside her that wanted this punishment? Oh God, no.

She begged some more until her throaty pleadings became nothing but an incoherent jumble of mixed-up words. But Ralph ignored her low pleading moans, rolling on top of her to trap her lust-inciting body with his weight as her long slender legs struggled desperately to block his brutal entry. His hips fell heavily between her widely spread thighs, pinning her writhing buttocks down snugly to the mattress. The soft blonde tendrils of her pubic hair brushed teasingly against his throbbing

penis, exciting him to incoherent mutterings of maddened and even further uncontrollable desire.

Laura's ravishment was almost complete. His knees held hers wide apart and he ground his pelvis hard into her defenselessly squirming loins. The spasmodic jerking of her soft white inner thighs lured his hand downward and he searched there between the milk-white columns of her legs, striving to place his lust-heavy penis, trying to maneuver his aching hardness deep into her beckoning blonde cunt.

Suddenly he found the tiny opening he was searching for. Uttering a savage cry of fulfillment, he rammed the blood-engorged head of his cock hard between the moist fleshy lips of her pussy and with a low, drawn-out moan, shoved all the way forward into his young golden-haired wife's quivering vagina.

"Aauuuggghhhh!" Laura cried out, as the walls of her cunt struggled to resist this horrifying intrusion, clasp his penis and pushing it back with all her might. She kicked her legs out wildly on both sides, but it was no use. This only seemed to worsen her position and there were additional cries of pain from her fear-contorted lips as his stiff male hardness battered still more deeply into her warmly yielding cuntal flesh, ravishing her completely.

"It hurts, oh it hurts!" she wailed piteously, but her husband took no heed. His rock-hard cock battered deeper and deeper until finally his pelvis smacked hard against hers as he struck bottom.

"Oh God, no," she gasped, "Ralph, you're splitting me. Don't move it. Don't ... agghhhhh!"

His rigid fleshy column was at long last sunk all the way inside her quivering belly, with the moist warm walls of her vagina wrapped snugly around him in a pressure that drove him suddenly wild.

By now Ralph wouldn't have been able to stop had his life depended on it. Giving his lewdly skewered young wife no chance at all to adjust to his sudden massive presence deep in her womb, he began to fuck her like some animal gone mad, ramming his desire-crazed cock in and out of her without pause. He could think of only one thing and that was to spew his hot sticky load of sperm deep inside her belly where it belonged. He vented his desire within her moaning, mewling flesh time after time, finally cumming even faster than usual and flooding her stomach several times over with his hot white liquid as he groaned out the force of his passion.

Afterwards neither Ralph nor Laura could remember how many times he had fucked her. All they knew was the continual gush of his cum within her quivering belly and his stiff, jerky swift movements which made both themselves and the bed joggle obscenely.

Laura's mewls and pleadings became interspersed with deeply felt sobs. To some extent her body had betrayed her, because she could not keep her love-starved vagina from gushing forth its own passion-inspired moisture as Ralph's penis rampaged within her helpless young body. But otherwise the pain was excruciating, for whenever she tried to cushion it by meeting it with desire, some fresh outrage made her resist him anew. Until finally she was sobbing continuously without a stop.

She didn't hear any of Ralph's babbled apologies afterward. She lay motionless beneath him, her large blue eyes opened wide like those of a startled bird's, staring frozenly at the blank white ceiling above them. She felt only pain and self-disgust for the trouble she had taken to please her inconsiderate husband.

It was no use. Ralph knew only unbridled lust for her body. He could never satisfy her. She would probably remain unfulfilled for the rest of her life.

Without any apology, Ralph left the bed and went into the bathroom to wash himself off. She was glad to have his heavy, puffing body off of her. This was not what she had expected in marriage at all. Perhaps the whole thing had been a big mistake.

Laura lay there silent and motionless until he had returned to the bedroom and turned off the lights. It was rather early for them to be in bed, but the ravaged bride felt so drained of energy that she didn't have the strength to protest.

He slipped in beside her and pulled the covers up over them both. After that it was some moments before he spoke. "I'm sorry if I was a bit rough, darling."

"It's all right, Ralph," she said dully.

"You were just so beautiful that I couldn't control myself."

"I said it's all right."

"If you weren't so almighty virtuous it would be even more all right. I don't know, sometimes I think you don't even care. If you'd only show a little ..."

"Let's not discuss it, Ralph. I'm more tired than I thought." She yawned without much conviction. "Maybe it's just as well to get to bed early for once."

To save up energy for the Franklins' party tomorrow night, she thought. Cleonora was right about one thing. I need some distraction.

And she vowed to herself that she was going to find it.

The following day broke reasonably clear, but quite windy. For most of the day enormous white clouds hung, seemingly motionless, in the sky above the rolling and tossing sea. This apparent calm above was denied down below, where the ocean thrashed with unconcealed urgency.

Around the Saunders' home, the trees as well blew first in one direction, then the other, thrown by gusty winds off the sea which seemed to strike with typhoon force as Laura watched from the window.

She wondered if she would be able to go to the Franklins after all. In weather like this, the coast road to their house was unpredictable, slices of it having fallen into the sea during similar storms with considerable alacrity. Or so she was told. She and Ralph were too new to the neighborhood to actually have seen the evidence of this.

But no storm developed and as the day wore on the winds became gentle until finally soft breezes stirred the trees and bushes all around with scarcely a hint of the morning's airborne savagery.

The sun came out around mid-afternoon and Laura took off some time to sunbathe on the rain-damp lawn in back of the house. The air became warm until she felt as if she were baking under an almost tropical sun. She relaxed and allowed herself to be caressed by the easy, pleasant warmth of that sun. A subtle lassitude entered her bones and muscles and she felt as if she never wanted to stir again.

Around suppertime came the expected call from Ralph at the clinic. He expected to be late again. She told him that she would be visiting the Franklins for the evening for a meeting of the local women's club. He didn't seem to mind. She promised to leave him something on the stove.

After that she put all her time into getting ready. She wanted herself to be as attractive as possible if she was going to have an opportunity to expand her woefully small circle of friends. What good luck it was that Cleonora had invited her!

She bathed luxuriously, taking her time and then she anointed her warmly glowing body with various creams and ointments, followed by a generous dash of the most expensive perfumes on her dressing table.

I smell like a prostitute, the naive young girl thought, but I don't care. I'm going to enjoy myself tonight if it's the last thing I ever do.

By the time she was ready to leave for Cleonora's she couldn't remember when she had looked or felt so radiant. Everything about her was exquisite, from the old-fashioned high-heeled pumps she wore on her dainty feet to her short navy blue skirt and the daring way she had unfastened one more button on the top of her pale blue sweater, to the elegant and beautiful waterfall effect of her long golden hair falling shingly down her shapely back all the way to her waist after she had combed it out and scented it lavishly. She was in a mood that was just a little wild, although she couldn't have told herself why.

Distraction, she repeated to herself. I've got to distract myself and not dwell on my problems with Ralph too much.

By nine o'clock she was ready to leave for the Franklins'. She would have liked to arrive fashionably late in order not to be the first one there, but she didn't want to chance still being home when Ralph arrived, tired and bothered from his long day. Predictably he would send her on various errands for this, that and the other. No, the time to leave was before he came home. She set off down the steps into their driveway with haste and tooled the Mustang out of the garage before she could have any hesitant thoughts. In another few minutes she was turning into the Franklins' drive to add her car to a considerable line of other automobiles already parked bumper to bumper. She parked quickly and then half-ran up the gravel path to the big house.

There seemed to be no one else about, but she could hear happy sounds of merrymaking from within. All the curtains had been drawn, but they were moved occasionally by the brushing of unseen hands and bodies and beams of light flashed through.

Laura was surprised to be met at the door by a butler in full livery. Ordinarily the Franklins were not so ostentatious. But the house was quite crowded with women - and their dogs -so Cleonora had definitely needed the extra help.

And their dogs. Cleo had told her that the Park Palisades Women's League was composed largely of dog fanciers, but Laura hadn't quite expected that the women would be bringing their dogs to the meeting as well.

Further, all the dogs were German shepherds and what fine animals they were, too. Their coats shone lustroously in the expert concealed lighting of the Franklin home and they moved with powerful confidence among themselves and the women. Laura had never seen such splendid animals anywhere and the collection of so many of them in a single place made the net effect all the more striking and impressive. She looked around to see if Rover were among them.

"Ah, there you are!" came a gushing voice at her side. She turned to find Cleonora approaching her from the study. "Girls, this is the young lady I told you about!"

The commotion died down and a heavy silence fell over all the women. Laura felt very awkward

under their examining gaze. "I ... I'm not late, am I?"

"No, dear, you're right on time. People just started arriving a little earlier than expected, that's all. We've been preparing for you. Come along."

With this, Laura's beautiful brunette friend took her arm and led her towards the study.

Laura couldn't help but feel self-conscious. For the most part the women seemed older than she was and their stares were so intent.

A strange scent wafted from the doors to the study as they approached it and Laura wondered what it was. As they moved through the partly opened doors she saw further that the study's walls had been covered with red-and-violet drapes and the lighting had been greatly altered. There seemed to be more reddish glows all around and dozens of large red pillows had been cast onto the deep-carpeted floor.

"Incense," Cleonora whispered. "That's what you're smelling." She didn't add that there were also traces of hashish and marijuana in the sultry air.

"Oh." Laura felt vaguely befuddled. Incense? At a meeting of the Park Palisades Women's League?

But hers was not to question. She had come to make friends and she was going to do her darndest not to seem the farm-girl simpleton among all these worldly women. Although she did consider the dress of some of them to be just a trifle bizarre. There were some women and young wives wearing gold arm bracelets up to their elbows and many of them with the cleavage of their tight dresses and jumpsuits cut altogether too low for Laura's taste, revealing much too much unbrassiered breast flesh. She even thought she spied the nipple of one woman bending over to have her cigarette lit by another. The woman didn't seem to be wearing any brassiere and her full, well-shaped breasts reacted to gravity in the natural way by almost falling through the "vee" in the top of her dress.

"Here's a nice place for you to sit, dear. Rover will keep you company."

Laura was surprised to find Cleonora indicating one of the large pillows in the center of the room. She looked around self-consciously. Surely she wasn't expected to sit down on one of those things?

"I'll be with you in a minute. Go ahead. Sit down. I've brought your favorite drink."

Laura looked down. There was a small bottle of sherry and a glass sitting next to the pillow. The sherry Cleonora had given her the previous evening had certainly made her feel nice, though she could probably blame it somewhat for the fiasco between herself and Ralph. If she hadn't been feeling so pleasant, she wouldn't have enticed her husband so brazenly and maybe then he wouldn't have — well, that was neither here nor there.

With Cleonora's pressuring hands encouraging her, the uneasy young blonde slipped downward onto the large, fluffy red pillow, crossing her legs carefully and smoothing her skirt over her long tanned legs. Rover came up almost immediately and placed his snout in her lap. She cradled his warm head and glanced briefly into his large, adoring brown eyes, then stroked his ears gently as she looked up again and around the room.

Everywhere young wives and older women were settling down onto the large cushions with their German shepherds nuzzling and pushing at them in the most curious way. For the most part the women were stroking the dogs in a normal fashion, but in at least one instance Laura thought she detected some excess of familiarity. She peered across the dimly lit room trying to ascertain if she

had seen correctly.

But of course she must have been mistaken. These were all respectable women and they looked it. They were all dressed so expensively, so that she felt almost shabby by comparison. Was it peculiar that as yet Cleonora hadn't introduced her to anyone? Perhaps not. Perhaps there would be a get-together after what was obviously going to be a formal meeting and then she would get to know people.

Her eyes moved around the room at a leisurely pace, taking in everything and then she noticed with some astonishment that a sort of dais had been set up at the far end of the room by the windows on which had been placed a motion picture screen.

Her fingers moved in Rover's soft fur. The nestling of his head in her lap made her feel nice, as she picked up the glass of sherry that Cleonora had poured for her and sipped it. The drink was just a bit stronger than the ones she had been persuaded to have the previous evening, but Laura had no difficulty getting it down tonight. The sherry spread a warm comfortable feeling throughout her stomach and she worked her buttocks down into the huge soft pillow as she waited for the meeting to begin.

Cleonora sat down on another cushion close to her and patted her younger friend's hand. Surreal music had started up and now seemed to be floating in from everywhere. As Laura's eyes became accustomed to the swiftly fading light, she thought she glimpsed unusual pictures of beautiful women with handsome German shepherds around the walls of the big room. Strange, she thought, that she had never noticed them before, with all the many times she had visited with the Franklins in this very room. Maybe Cleonora only brought them out on special occasions.

Her hostess had lit two cigarettes and passed one to her. "Go ahead, dear. It'll help you to relax," she coaxed.

Laura was startled but she couldn't see how she could refuse. It was true that she had never smoked a cigarette before in her life, but then on the other hand she had never drunk a sherry before, either. Her personality wanted to expand, to find distraction, to alleviate the increasing dissatisfaction and discomfiture she was feeling with her marriage and Cleonora seemed to know exactly what she needed. It wouldn't be nice to refuse at this point. Besides, the sherry was so nice and made her feel just a little more daring than usual ...

So she said nothing as the burning cigarette was placed between her sensually parted red lips. It seemed a curious shape for a cigarette, too slim and looking sort of hand-made. She wondered if Cleonora "rolled her own". But that was silly.

"Merely sip it, dear. The way you do the sherry," Cleonora counseled. "Let it fill your lungs, but don't take too much at once. Suck on it carefully."

Laura put her fingers on the cigarette, only mildly aware that other women around her were watching her. She wanted to appear mature and worldly like the rest of them, but remembering her initial experience with the sherry, she knew that it was best to heed Cleonora's advice and take the cigarette very slowly.

After a few puffs Laura had the most irrepressible urge to giggle and only barely managed to control herself. Her eyelids drooped and she smiled softly as a warm, sweetish feeling flooded her belly and loins. Cigarettes were certainly more remarkable than she had ever previously been led to believe. Did they make everyone feel this way? So nice and relaxed and ready for most anything. Or was it just her, because she had never had a cigarette before?

Cleonora was sitting closer to her now, gently stroking the side of her neck with the fingers of her right hand. Rover sniffed and moved his head in her lap as she caressed his powerful head.

"How do you like that, dear?" asked Cleonora. "Is it as nice as the sherry?"

"Mmmmm," Laura cooed lazily. The cigarette was good indeed. Her eyes moved easily towards the raised section at the far end of the room and as they did so the lights went down very low and the background music crescendoed. There were unintelligible whispers all around her and she tried to sort them out — until she realized suddenly that she was looking at the motion picture screen on the dais and that a colored slide had been projected onto it.

Laura gasped as her eyes focused on the astonishing picture in front of her. The slide was a still colored photograph of a German shepherd with an enormous erection!

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## CHAPTER FIVE

Laura's nostrils flared and her eyelashes fluttered. What on earth was all this about?

Another slide replaced the first. This one showed a naked woman lying on a divan, resting in the halo of her long red hair, her legs slightly askew, her high, widely-spaced breasts surging skyward, her nipples hard and flinty-looking.

She was beckoning to the dog, who was now in the foreground of the slide.

Laura stared partly amazed, partly horrified. She didn't know what to do or say. The obvious lure of the woman to the approaching German shepherd quite took her breath away. Was this preliminary to calling the minutes for the club meeting? Or had the meeting already taken place and Cleonora invited her only for this weird entertainment? She had no way of knowing.

Her head swam. She felt dazed. Cleonora's fingers were now pleasantly caressing her ear and Rover's snout had disappeared up beneath her skirt. She instinctively squeezed her thighs together over his furry head, then cried out when his cold wet nose suddenly pressed electrically into the center of her silky white panties. Her pussy tingled with a strange desire and her heart beat furiously.

She looked around. Of course, the dog was just relaxing and implied no obscene intent. Had anyone noticed? She didn't want to make a scene and anyway it felt so nice to have Rover's cold nose pressing upward into her love-starved pussy on the outside of her panties. She didn't relate it to anything sexual; it just felt nice.

The slide changed again before she could give any further thought to the matter. The picture now on the screen was of the same big dog standing on his hind legs with his forelegs on the red-haired woman's back. She was on her stomach with her head hanging over the bed and her face very close to the dog's hard upstanding penis, which she was gripping between thumb and forefinger.

The music altered slightly, rising in volume, then filling out. Laura felt all woozy. The sherry and the cigarette had affected her more than she had expected. Cleonora had apparently taken away her cigarette, but she couldn't remember when.

Rover's nose was pressing more closely than ever now into the center point of her panties. The unwarranted rubbing of her highly sensitive young cuntal lips, particularly after the previous night's

sexual fiasco with her husband, was producing an exciting sensation all throughout Laura's hopelessly aroused loins and when Rover bumped her already tingling clitoris, she couldn't repress a small sigh of unconceivable pleasure.

A mild lassitude permeated her legs. She felt vague, weak and incapable of movement. A heady sensation seemed to take over her belly, sweep upward into her excitedly rising and falling breasts and wrap like a scarf around her swanlike neck. She shivered and her eyes struggled to focus.

The slide presentation was abruptly supplanted by a motion picture film in time to the background music, so apparently the slides had been only a teaser. Her hashish-sodden brain struggled to understand what had come over her and what her surrounding situation was, but nothing in the young bride's past experience had ever prepared her to comprehend any of it.

The film began with the light in it gradually brightening to reveal a teenage girl, certainly no more than fifteen, seated at a dressing table in black silk stockings and nothing else. Her breasts were small, firm and ripely budding and jiggled enticingly as she combed out her long, shining black hair. The girl had a beauty spot on one cheek and now as she put down her comb and brush, she started making up her lips, using altogether much more lipstick than was necessary. In another moment her mouth was shining a bright pink.

Laura stared at the girl on the screen as if in a trance. Her hands moved down to grip the back of Rover's neck as the big dog's tongue shot out to draw wetly along the inside of her naked thigh under her skirt. She shivered and opened her mouth as if to cry out, then closed her eyes with a small, enervating sigh as Rover's tongue lashed out to lick damply at the folds of her panties where the flimsy nylon covered the soft blonde curls of her pussy mouth.

"Oh ... oooooohhhhhh ... ooohhhhhh ... ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh ...□ Laura struggled to open her eyes. She felt as if the sherry and the cigarette had betrayed her somehow. It was not like her at all to let Rover do this sort of embarrassing thing to her. But her body felt so weak and lazily pleasant, so unable to resist.

Cleonora was by her side again, her long cool fingers sliding under the young blonde wife's chin. "How do you feel, dear? Are you all right?"

"I - I ... yes, but Cleonora ... oh ... I don't know ... what is Rover doing ...□

"Rover? Why, Rover's doing nothing, dear. He's merely lying with his head in your lap.□

"Oh ... I ...□ Laura gulped and felt dumbfounded. She didn't want to make a fool of herself. Rover couldn't help it if he was an affectionate dog. Such a dumb animal couldn't possibly know how he was affecting her - that her loins were in a turmoil from the warm caress of his moistly lapping tongue. She could feel her cunt trickling its warm wetness out between her pussy lips and into the soft blonde down of her pubic hair, but didn't know what she could do about it. If she made too much of a fuss, all these women she had come here to meet would think she had a dirty mind. Laura tried to subtly shift her position, but it was no use. Rover's big head shifted with her. Now it was practically all the way underneath her skirt ...

She couldn't very well permit the animal to continue with this most intimate of caresses, innocent as it seemed, but what could she do?

The dark-haired young girl in the film was now beginning to strip out of her things. A whispered murmur of interest rippled through the audience and Laura didn't know which was commanding her attention more - Rover's head under her skirt, or the breath takingly beautiful teenage creature in

the movie who was now slowly disrobing.

A sharp pang of excitement flashed through Laura's burning loins as Rover whimpered and then endeavored to insert the tip of his tongue inside the elastic leg band of her panties. She tried to grip his head to drag him away, but that was difficult without pushing her dress up higher than it ought rightly to be and anyway, as she struggled with the big German shepherd he let out a most un-Roverlike growl that was so menacing it stopped her effort dead in its tracks. What on earth was going on?

Laura gasped as his tongue and nose worked furiously between her snugly clenched thighs. The unwanted moisture from her tingling cuntal lips had become a virtual torrent. Desire swam in her belly like a raging forest fire and Rover's instinctual whimpers from under her skirt only seemed to encourage the excitement that was making her pussy boil so desperately.

There was a murmur of approval from the other women in the room as the teenage temptress in the film undid her skimpy brassiere and let it fall to the floor. The full beauty of her firm, springy young breasts swelled into open view. High-set and proud, topped with quivering, turgid cherry nipples they seemed to plead for lips to suck them and a tongue to titillate their pure white flesh. The girl raised her arms high up over her head, pulling her long black hair up and then releasing it to cascade softly down over her naked shoulders.

By now the alluring child-woman was clothed solely in the thinnest wisp of see-through white cotton panties. Laura glimpsed the young brunette's softly rounded pubic mound and the thinly glistening little black hairs curling out through the elastic crotch band of her panties. As she watched, captivated, the girl turned and bent over slowly, her back to the camera. She drew the white panties tantalizingly down over her rounded hips and buttocks, brushing them sensuously along her thighs and calves until she discarded them at last at her feet. Stretching languidly then, her firm little breasts rising up even higher, she turned teasingly frontward.

All of her deliciously smooth nakedness was revealed, from her ripely rounded breasts to the soft dark triangle at the juncture of her thighs.

Laura's breathing was coming in hoarse little pants now. Despite her moist earnest endeavor, Rover had managed to insinuate his tongue in under the elastic leg band of her panties and its very tip was licking fiercely at her passion-swollen pussy lips and bumping back and forth over her highly sensitive clitoris. When he touched her there, the fiery sensation raced upward into her loins with the force of an explosion and it was all the inexperienced blonde wife could do to keep from crying out.

"Oh □ oh ... you mustn't ... Rover ... stop oh oh oh oh oh ..."

Laura's pelvis instinctively arched forward and she gasped as the talented dog's tongue began a sort of corkscrew motion that swiftly insinuated in at least an inch-and-a-half up into her wetly squirming young pussy. The pleasure was almost unbearable. Nothing whatever in the realm of all her previous experience had ever prepared Laura for this unbelievable sensation. Her husband Ralph's cock was a hard shaft of flesh that battered her tender pussy to bits before she could adequately adjust to it, but Rover's tongue □ Rover's tongue was a softly flowing instrument of sheer torture which advanced just enough, no more no less, to drive her mad and lubricate her love-starved young cunt despite all her mental wishes to the contrary.

An involuntary groan broke from her parted lips as the dog's thirsty tongue advanced still farther, moving firmly and insistently within the softly pillowing wetness of her vaginal walls. She dug her

finger into his fur and closed her eyes tightly. This was wrong and she knew it. She had to stop him somehow. But what could she do? If it became known to everyone else what was happening, her name would be ruined in Park Palisades. Ralph would have to give up his practice and they would be consumed in shame. The lurid story would follow them everywhere. She didn't dare make a scene. But her belly was throbbing so hotly with sexual need that she could not remember when she had ever encountered such a severely bittersweet feeling. It was heavenly and agonizing all at once and made all the more so by its unnamable obscenity and illicitness.

The teenage girl in the film was now squeezing and fondling her nakedly exposed breasts with her hands and moaning softly, her eyes shut tight. Her fingers tweaked furiously at her tiny blood-stiffened nipples. Her lovely tanned legs opened and closed slowly, exposing the young, sparsely hair-fringed slit of her vaginal lips, silent and pinkly inviting between the dark thin curls of her pubic hair. She sat slowly down on the bed in back of her with a little ecstatic gasp and her hands trailed downward over her soft white belly until her fingers meshed in obscene contrast with her black pubic curls. Then she placed her thumbs on either side of the thin pink slivers of her glistening cuntal lips and pulled slowly apart, revealing to the gasping audience the entire lust-arousing wetness of the young girl's pussy. After only a few seconds further hesitation, she began to slide one middle finger up and down through her naked pussy slit, her legs jerking convulsively each time she touched her desire-engorged clitoris. Then she slipped her fingertip into the tiny wet slit of her cunt and wormed the finger slowly and enticingly all the way up into her open vagina.

Watching this lewd, display, Laura's head reeled as she felt Rover's tongue lasciviously wind upward through her own moist pubic hairs, pushing aside her snug elastic panty crotch band and moving deeply into her steaming vaginal channel. She gasped and sobbed, her fingers completely inadequate to the task of pushing the huge dog away. She was now beyond any point of considering the reasons behind the obscene presentation on the motion picture screen. The hashish and the drugged sherry had muddled her mind and left it too weak to analyze her situation. It didn't occur to her at all that the motion picture they were seeing was somewhat incongruous with a meeting of the Park Palisades Women's League -her own body was on fire and she was past caring about anything else.

In front of her, the teenager's buttocks twisted passionately back and forth against the sleek satin sheet of the bed, her shapely white body surrounded by multi-colored pillows, while endless mewls of pleasure seeped from her ecstatically contorted lips. The moisture seeping from her finger-spread vaginal slit had smeared slickly over the insides of her thighs as her middle finger worked obscenely back and forth between them. Then suddenly, she pulled the finger from the passionate grasp of her cunt and just as suddenly thrust two fingers back in again.

Laura's breath clutched spasmodically in her throat. By her side in the darkness, Cleonora was cooing something soft and unintelligible in her ear. Laura wanted to say something back, but she was desperately afraid that if she opened her mouth, all that would come out would be an endless wail of pure delight. For Rover's tongue had pushed back the walls of her vagina until it was virtually filling her up inside, driving her wild with its maddening twitching. She gasped and moaned and her head fell back against Cleo's shoulder.

In the film, the young girl was lying back with an ecstatic look on her pretty face, her long black hair fanning out over the pillows, her desire-hardened nipples pointing upward, her slender fingers continuing to slither wetly in and out of her widespread cuntal mouth. All of her pussy folds glistened pinkly as if in a harsh spotlight. Her long slender legs scissored wide on the enormous round bed and she gurgled happily with each thrust and twist of her hungrily working fingers. Sharp small cries of delight echoed from her open lips and her body arched upward, her head strained back as if she were imagining a brutal rape by an impossibly dominating lover. She writhed

lasciviously in her torment of lust, her free hand fondled all the delicious contours of her sleek young flesh, while her other plunged again and again into the bottomless well of her eagerly writhing young cunt.

The girl's fingertips danced erotically over her flat, ivory belly, digging greedily into the lush firm roundness of her still developing breasts. She groaned and pulled her knees up until they touched her breasts, the moisture from her hotly glinting pussy dampening the mattress and pillows all around her hips. Then she straightened her legs abruptly and let them fall open to a widely obtuse angle, revealing again the pinkly glistening crevice between her shivering thighs. Her fingers pulled out of the tiny oval mouth of her cunt and with a grasp on her glossy black pubic hair, pulled her pussy lips apart again to reveal the visibly pulsating inner flesh of her vagina to the hungry gaze of the women watching.

She groaned further as she stuffed her fingers back into the boiling cauldron of her lust. Her face twisted as she violently fingered herself and she mewled and pleaded desperately and without stop to an invisible lover, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Darling! That's it! Oh my God! Oh my God! Honeeeeeeeee!"

The wetly shining half-moons of her ass-cheeks clenched hotly around the puckered little aperture between them. The audience gasped with one voice as her small, snugly flexing anus lifted outward, opening slightly as if with well-remembered experience.

Laura's mind and loins whirled in a paroxysm of confused desire as the girl stroked her hair-fringed pussy folds, swiping up moisture with her fingertips and then pressing it down again into the crevice between her widely parted thighs. She could see the girl's small clitoris standing out high and hard above her desperately working fingers.

With Rover's tongue slithering wildly in and out of her churning young cunt, the blonde wife's passion-bewildered brain and belly felt as if they were about to boil over. She knew that she was cumming all over the big German shepherd's nose, but there was nothing she could do about it. Mindless little cries echoed from her throat as Rover continued to lave her burning hot pussy without pause. Her loins were a vice of hotly spinning lust about to explode, but she still couldn't bring herself to protest and cause a scene here in the middle of the study with all her friend's company. Laura's eyes rolled frustratedly in her pretty blonde head and tiny beads of perspiration dotted her forehead. The pit of her stomach was knotting tighter and tighter with lust at each pounding beat of her heart.

"Oh, love it fuck me!" wailed the girl in the film. "Stick your big cock deep into my cunt lover!" She fingered her hotly clutching young anus, then slipped back again to the wetly gleaming slickness of her open and hungry vagina. Her probing fingers worked furiously up inside the pink wet folds, widening them out and then she slipped three fingers smoothly in and out, gritting her teeth and moaning pleurably all the while. Her legs jackknifed back again, knees pressed snugly against her wildly heaving breasts, while her pelvis worked demonically to draw as much pleasure as possible from her rapidly fucking fingers.

The girl's facial muscles tautened and strained and then, after an almost unbearable pause, she clenched her teeth together in visible agony as she forced a fourth finger to join the other three in her hungry pink cunt. Parting with the pressure, her insatiable vagina easily swallowed them all with a greedy wet sucking sound.

A soft, purring moan of pleasure broke from the child's ardently twisted pink lips. She writhed on the satin-sheeted bed with unbounded lust, seemingly possessed. Faster and faster her fingers drove up between her open thighs, the rapid rhythm dredging cries of savage primitive passion from her



beautiful young face.

Her skin was flushed red all over as if she were burning for orgasm. Beads of lust-perspiration erupted across her fevered young brow. Her long black hair tossed from side to side on the colored pillows, her head twisting with frustration at her inability to reach a climax. As her body arched up off the bed, her fingers pistoned deeper inside her openly clutching cunt, her groans and sighs increasing with urgency through every passing second.

Laura's nostrils flared as she watched the teenager's obscene exhibitionism on the screen. Her brain was dazed and her body felt flooded with its own lust. Rover had worked his tongue all the way up under her moisture-soaked panty crotch band and was now lapping at her hot wet cunt with maddening precision. She clutched his head, not to push him away, but to draw him in closer! This feeling was too wonderful to be cast aside. Her loins had opened like a flower beneath his raping tongue and she felt herself spinning happily, mindlessly towards orgasm .. and she would have climaxed, if not for something totally distracting which suddenly occurred in the motion picture ...

For suddenly, seeming out of nowhere, a giant German shepherd bounded into the film and up onto the dark-haired teenager's bed, knocking pillows off onto the floor in his haste, his tail wagging excitedly, his tongue lolling lavishly as his big canine head made straight for the young girl's open and glistening cunt ...

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CHAPTER SIX

The girl's eyes widened with horror and she jerked her hand back against her mouth, screaming with alarm. She tried to lower her legs and roll off the bed, but the huge dog stood above her, growling dangerously. Consequently she fairly froze with her fingers still deep inside the lust-moistened confines of her hot young pussy. The dog moved forward menacingly, his great brown eyes fastened hungrily on the helpless teenager's defenselessly upturned loins.

Then her voice returned abruptly and she began screaming with terror: "Oh God, help me somebody! Oh my God ... don't let him ... oh ..."

The audience stirred tremulously, a heated ripple of excitement passing through the feminine assemblage in the deep blackness in front of the silver screen.

Laura, brought so abruptly out of her miasma of molten sensuality, wanted to leap up and do something to protect the girl in the movie. It took some while before it occurred to the drugged young bride that this was, after all, just a movie. She groaned again without thought as Rover's long hot tongue swiped relentlessly through her streaming wet vaginal opening.

Gasping voicelessly then, she struggled yet one more time, albeit weakly, to resist. Her half-lidded eyes were smoky with illicit desire. "Argggghhh ... ohhhhooohhhh ... Rover ... oh ... you ... you mustn't ..."

Goose pimples sprang up all over Laura's burning young flesh as Rover lapped expertly at her tiny bouncing clitoris, but she couldn't tear her half-swooning eyes from the motion picture moving so obscenely to its inevitable climax. In the film, the teenage girl was still quivering in helpless fear, her small taut breasts shaking titillatingly beneath the snarling German shepherd's snout.

The huge beast lowered his head between the shivering young love-slave's soft cream-white legs. His cold damp snout spread through the slickly curling black hairs of her pubic "vee" and sniffed at her

now nakedly exposed vaginal mouth. His tail wagged and he trembled all over as if he had located a bitch in heat. The girl moaned, terrified, as his cold nose suddenly slid lower and contacted her tiny puckered anus. She shivered and made a faint little cry as the animal's tongue shot out lizard-like and ran wetly up and down the entire cleft between her trembling white thighs, its tip flicking teasingly at the small, defensively clenching anal ring.

"Oh ... oh ... oh ... no ... noooooooooo ..." she crooned, trying to twist out of his way, but the big dumb animal used his forepaws accurately to keep her in position and his tongue was inexorable in its attack on her burning young flesh. When she squirmed too much he raised his head, snarling and this froze her into position once more. He then lapped greedily again at the narrow pink slit between her thighs, running his lengthy tongue wetly along its full distance, from her tightly held little anus, up over the slim pink edge of her seeping wet cunt and over the small sensation-primed pleasure bud of her clitoris standing high and stiff atop her pubic mound. The teenager sighed and moaned as his great tongue spread through the soft, hair-fringed flesh, dragging the desire-inflamed folds of her pussy after it.

His tongue continued to flick mercilessly between the girl's widespread thighs, stopping sporadically to curl more deeply between the walls of her vainly resisting vagina, when suddenly a long, drawn-out groan of contentment was dredged from the girl's passion-wetted throat. She jerked spasmodically, helpless in the grip of a lust too obscene to be believed, as the great animal licked and snuffled relentlessly at her raging young loins.

Laura couldn't repress a shudder. Her eyes glazed over and she panted helplessly, watching this amazing display of unspeakable lewdness. By now Rover had corkscrewed his tongue into her own boiling cunt to an unbelievable depth, drawing it tantalizingly out again in a way that was driving her crazy. This maddening teasing of her hot young pussy was making her entire belly tingle lustfully. In another moment she would go out of her mind.

The frightened sobs and lascivious groans in the film had now turned to soft, sex-pleading mewls of ardent desire. The movie dog's thickly slithering tongue moved mercilessly up and down between the helpless girl's thighs - just as Rover was doing to Laura - drawing cries of ecstasy where previously there had been terror. The child love-slave raised her hands, held them motionless with indecision in the air above her writhing white body and then dropped them with a helpless, enslaved moan to tightly grip the dog's ears.

"Oooooooooohhhh, that's it ... ooooooooooh lick me ... yes please lick me ... oh my God ..." A deep, guttural moan of pure desire echoed from her young throat and suddenly she jerked her legs outward in order to provide the animal with greater oral access to her love-hungry vagina. She pulled his snout forward up inside her well-lubricated vaginal mouth and his enormous tongue swirled deeper up into her moist hot passageway, ravishing her eagerly accepting vaginal walls without mercy.

The girl was by now incoherent with lust. She begged shamelessly and encouraged the German shepherd desperately as he lapped between her widely out-thrust thighs. He worked like the savage beast he was, while Laura saw through her sex-drugged stupor that his glistening red penis was slowly emerging from its furry sheath below the dog's belly.

Abruptly the shaggy brute lifted his nose from the pleading girl's genitals to nose her over onto her stomach. Her resistance had changed to servile surrender. She seemed to be enslaved by the huge beast panting and drooling over her lust-crazed young-girl flesh. She fell face forward into the soft pillows on the bed as the animal nudged her hips upward before his tremulously jerking loins.

Once she was kneeling in the proper position, her cunt raised up, his immense head lowered again and his thick pink tongue slithered far up into the exposed cleft between the groaning girl's buttocks.

Laura was breathless from this incomparable performance, but even more so from the rhythmic tongue-fucking she was getting along her vaginal furrow from Rover. She gasped and made small, hoarse groans, gripping his furry head for support as she continued to watch the lurid film.

In the film the girl reached back in order to spread her cream-white ass-cheeks open like a curtain from her delicately throbbing anus, giving the dog's tongue plenty of room as it worked on her burning hot crevice with increasing urgency.

"Ah ... oh ... oh ... that ... that's it ... daaaaaaaarling ... oh my God ... my God!" the mournful sobbing cries of pure lust tumbled from her parched young lips.

Watching this licentious depravity, Laura could feel the flame escalating in her own belly. The aching hunger spread from her abdomen all the way up into her heaving, passion-swollen breasts. She labored, gasping for breath, cursing herself for enjoying it so, squirming down harder into the pillow under her buttocks while her pelvis arched outward in order to push her cunt tighter into Rover's wildly lapping face.

On the screen the German shepherd was nuzzling the lust-paralyzed girl's pussy, shoving his massive head down between her pelvis and the bed. Laura's eyes widened in amazed disbelief as he raised the girl's loins up with it and she gasped as she realized what obscenity the animal must be up to.

The teenager knelt up obediently, elevating her whitely luring buttocks, bending before her furry master in willing surrender. His long, relentless tongue had crushed her resistance with its vigorous and unremitting attack on her sensitive young sexual organ. The girl was on all fours and the huge dog now mounted her smoothly spread ass-cheeks, his forepaws gripping her sleek young back, his curling lips dripping saliva all over her naked flesh. His glistening scarlet penis slipped from its furry sheath, dripping milk-white animal cum from its beveled tip. The tapered end of it slipped and danced in the hot, damp crevice of her loins as the dog trembled and jerked, trying to locate the girl's softly haired cunt.

Sobbing, the teenage brunette looked behind her, shifting her upraised buttocks in order to capture the dog's rapidly lengthening cock-shaft. She strove desperately to scabbard the long, pinkly glistening organ in her voraciously grasping cuntal mouth, but the dog's penis kept slipping up to rub maddeningly against her clitoris, the throbbing redness of his penis contrasting starkly with the girl's glistening pink pussy.

Laura was hopelessly awash with forbidden sensation. Everything in her mind cried out against the terrible seductive power of what she was seeing in this movie and the depraved reality of Rover's ardently raping tongue, but everything in her flesh cried more, more! In front of her, her teenage counterpart was guiding a German shepherd's slippery cock into her virginal young cunt, while below, under her very own skirt, Cleonora Franklin's dog was licking obscenely at her cunt. But that was something the young bride barely had time to think about. Her attention was riveted back to the screen where the movie dog suddenly found his footing and buried his angry red cock with a merciless lurch up inside the innocent young brunette's upturned vagina. It slithered forward with a wet rush until it was sunk to the hilt in her quivering white belly, the animal's sperm-filled testicles swinging below to smack heavily into the girl's wetly dripping pubic hair. A moan of relief broke from her lust-contorted lips and she moved rhythmically back to meet the thrusts of the panting

animal.

His forelegs wrapped snugly around her smoothly curved hips and she undulated her body in small lewd circles, abandoning herself to this delicious, searing animal-fucking of her hot little pussy. Her face turned sidewise and the audience could see the delighted rapture that had spread across it, her long black hair spilling over her cheeks and fanning out on the smooth satin sheet. Her desire-swollen breasts swayed this way and that beneath her sensuously writhing torso, dancing in time to the mercilessly skewering dog-cock as it slid upward into her welcoming vagina, a relentless hot poker of glistening muscle burying itself deeply and thrillingly within her yearning cunt.

By now Laura's breath was coming in tight, frantic gasps and the burning sensation bubbling in her belly was almost too much to be borne. She felt as if her eyes would explode right out of her head. The wild fluttering in her stomach was increasing with savage intensity as she watched the young girl being so lewdly ravished on the screen. Her body perspired feverishly and sigh after mindless sigh broke from her open mouth. She could feel perspiration trickling down her belly and mingling with the warmly perfumed moisture soaking her pubic curls. She squirmed her vagina harder down against Rover's urgently lapping face, which rubbed back in sensuous torment against the moist, hair-lined flanges of her pulsating pussy. She bit down hard on her lower lip, struggling to hold back furious groans of unadulterated joy.

Dizzying sensation flamed through her passion-ridden brain like hot volcanic lava. This was it - oh beautiful, beautiful, beautiful ... but she didn't dare to make a sound and draw attention to what Rover was doing beneath her skirt? But how could she help it? She gagged and gurgled over his ardent licking of her hyper-tingling loins. Her eyes closed with ecstasy, her slender fingers buried in the coolness of his fur, his head moving constantly under her hand. Her nostrils flared, her eyelashes fluttered as if overcome by an emotion stronger than life itself.

Her dreamy, hallucinating mind strayed back to the obscenely swaying body of the young girl kneeling before the hunching German shepherd on the silver screen, her eyes parting just slightly.

The girl was now clearly out of her mind and was shouting lewd encouragement to the dumb beast through desperately clenched teeth: "Oh! Oh! Fuck me harder! Oh God! Want to feel all of it! Blow your hot cum into my belly darling! HURRY!" She seemed no longer human, but rather a part of the dog, an extension of his bestiality, a trembling mass of yelping and squealing lust-deranged young flesh pleading to be mercilessly fucked and dominated by the dog on her back, its heavily veined cock pistoning swiftly in and out of her tender young vaginal passage. She was reveling in her humiliation, grinding her buttocks salaciously back against his furry form.

The pressure was building volcanically in Laura's loins, too, as her friend's dog continued to lick ravenously at her damply exposed clitoris and pussy lips, occasionally squirming his tongue all the way up into her vagina to draw half-crazed cries of pure pleasure from her agonized lips.

Her breathing was coming in ardent, ragged gasps. She watched the obscene film with growing awareness that her own orgasm was approaching now at a furious pace. Suddenly there was a long, wailing moan from her lust-possessed movie counterpart, who was thrashing madly. The sound was a mixture of torment and unbearable pleasure. Clearly the dark-haired girl was hurtling through the most soul-shattering orgasm ever, working her cunt greedily up and down the huge dog's cock almost as fast as he pummeled her with it. The German shepherd's tongue lolled wetly out of his jaws as he fucked her with ferocious abandon, his saliva dripping into a pool that formed in the milky smooth estuary of her back.

"Oh! Oh! That's it!" she cried. "Oh my God! I'M CUMMING! FUCK ME DARLING! FUCK ME TO

DEATH!"

The girl sobbed piteously and then he jerked forward, shuddering from head to foot and began yelping a series of lengthy, drawn-out whimpers as his heavily sunk penis began spitting sperm in deep, hot spurts up into her greedily swallowing belly.

The teenager's smooth round buttocks contracted uncontrollably, signaling the orgiastic upheaval in her wildly fluttering young belly. Thick white liquid seeped back out from their tightly locked connection, spreading out over her sensuously quivering ass-cheeks ... with trails of sticky wetness that ran down the ivory columns of her thighs. Her buttocks shone in the light, displaying her cum-soaked pubic hair and below that her ravaged pink cuntal flesh. Finally the girl pitched forward, sobbing with happiness, onto her face, her entire body bathed in perspiration from her feverish, mind-shattering climax. The dog's rapidly deflating penis slid slowly from her semen flooded passage with a soft lewd sucking noise and then, in one final move of obscene depravity the beast dropped his head to her still warm and widespread pussy and licked at the hot white moisture seeping from her open oval flesh.

It was this last licentious act as much as anything which brought Laura flying shudderingly upward towards her own magnificent climax. She could feel every last nerve and sinew in her body begin to shake and sputter and she closed her eyes tightly, muttering heatedly: "Oh no ... stop ... get away ... oh ... oh ... don't stop ... oh God ... I'm going to ... oh no ... no ... ooooooohhhhhhhhhh ..."

She jerked her pelvis forward as her entire body began shuddering mindlessly from head to foot. A deep, rasping gurgle of happiness seemed to be ripping her throat apart and her lungs and belly with it. She wanted to cry out for happiness, to scream, to leap up into the air. The great happy feeling in her churning Joins was like nothing she had ever experienced in her entire life. A lust-heated wash of cum echoed from her vaginal walls to gush down over Rover's ardently lapping mouth. A steel spring uncoiled in her stomach, spitting out through the burning center of her cunt as Rover licked and nudged her blazing clitoris without pause. The feeling was a combination of drowning and being born all over again amid a shower of stars. All of her loins seemed to open up like a flower under the heat of a tropic sun. It was as if there was a small sun inside her going nova and she groaned lavishly, devoured by pleasure, her cum painting Rover's snout white.

In the film, the scene faded on the depraved extravaganza, the subjugated teenage beauty and her tired animal lover twitching fitfully in a post-orgasmic sleep.

But Laura was no longer in any condition to take note of the lewd motion picture on the screen. She was mewling and sobbing with uncontrollable happiness as Rover licked her to completion. Her pelvis shuddered upward into his face and the tides of her orgasm threatened to carry her off.

Even as her exhausted and happy flesh quivered downward from the majestic heights of her climax, the lighting in the room slowly rose. She found herself panting for breath, a delirious relaxed and happy smile plastered foolishly across her face. At her side, Cleonora was watching her with a penetrating stare. Laura wondered how much she had noticed, but then on the other hand she couldn't bring herself to care overmuch. She felt soooooo nice that she just wanted to roll over and go to sleep. Her drugged and fuzzy, lust-satiated brain was in no condition to consider any other possibility.

And then Rover drew his head out from under her dress and she saw his grinning face. In an instant it came home to her with great force what a terrible thing she had just done and all the happy pleasure residing in her body suddenly evaporated like coastal mist before a firm sea wind.

Oh Lord! I let that – that animal – make love to me! Lick me! I’m lower than he is!

Cleonora ran her hand tantalizingly over the young blonde housewife’s shapely calf, but Laura, now horrified, jerked it away.

“Did you enjoy the film, dear?” asked the older woman who she had formerly thought of as her friend. “Would you like some more to drink?”

Laura was about to answer, when she looked around the room at the rest of the gathered assemblage of the Park Palisade Women’s League. A window had been opened on one side of the room and one of the high red drapes fluttered in the fresh breeze from the ocean. A modicum of her senses was returning and certain things came clear that had not been clear before. The air, for example, was full of a sweetish-tasting smoke, the aroma of which was not all that bad, although cloying. With the motion picture screen quiet and empty and the house lights coming up slightly, the rest of the audience was cast into a somewhat disturbing twilight relief.

And what they were doing was positively mind-bending.

Laura clutched her throat with terror.

For there, before her very eyes, were women engaging in lewd behavior with their German shepherd pets in a manner denounced by every moral and written law. Behavior so obscene that she could scarcely recall ever even hearing it mentioned before in her entire previous life.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

There were women sucking on animal penises and women with massive dog-cocks sticking up their rectums and women and dogs engaged in daisy chain orgies which seemingly had no beginning nor any ending. The entire room seemed to be caught up in a monstrous lewd sideshow the like of which could not even have existed in Laura’s imagination prior to this moment.

And she had been so careful to conceal her own wantonness beneath Rover’s lashing tongue!

Her gasp at the amazing sight before her was quickly followed by the breaking out of goosebumps and lavish perspiration all over her shivering young body. On one level her mind wanted to reject what she was seeing – on another she knew that she had no choice but to admit that she was a witness to this incredible scene. Or go mad trying to deny it.

“Cleo – Nora ... I ... I think I’d better go home ...” she managed to say chokingly, her voice broken and irregular. She pushed her hands down into the large, deep cushion she was sitting on and shook some of her long blonde hair out of her eyes, her full breasts heaving with a deeply felt emotion and no small hint of fear. But what was she afraid of? Debauchery, drink, seduction of the innocent – herself? She didn’t want to know any more about the world. She had had quite enough.

“But darling,” murmured Cleonora huskily, close to her small, shell-like ear, “you haven’t even begun to enjoy the evening. You’re not going to tell me that you didn’t enjoy what Rover did to you, are you?”

“Well, I ... you didn’t ...”

“Remember, you can’t lie to me. I was here the whole time and heard and saw everything and I know

that you loved it. Why can't you admit it?"

"I ... The drug and passion-weakened young blonde gazed around the room at the involved, undulating women and their dogs. Many of them had opened the tops of their dresses so that the dogs could lick their firm and ripely budded breasts. Others were doing things so obscene that Laura didn't even know what to call it.

Now that her stupifying affair with Rover had closed and the film was no longer on the screen, Laura could hear them as well. The room was thick with the chorus of their sighs, groans and mewling of one kind or another. Dogs were wagging their tails with pleasure; their mistresses were wagging other things.

"Admit it, Laura. You enjoyed yourself tremendously. You loved the feel of Rover's tongue licking through your cunt. Tell me I'm wrong."

Laura's brow wrinkled. She tried to straighten her sitting position but the pillows were so deep that it was like trying to right a canoe going through six-foot waves. In any case she was able to bring her legs back together again. Within the core of her being glowed a molten coal of partially fulfilled desire and she knew it was there. She would have to deny it. "Cunt?" she asked innocently through her bright blue eyes. "What's a cunt, Cleonora?" But, of course, as soon as she said it, she knew exactly what her dark-haired neighbor meant. Where else had Rover been licking?

Cleonora clapped her hands girlishly and exclaimed. "Well, you are innocent, aren't you! - Why, your cunt is down there between your legs, dear!" Cleonora indicated the spot.

"Oh. Laura felt very foolish.

Cleonora smiled patronizingly and put her arm around her beautiful young charge. She laughed lightly and glanced in back of Laura to where Mark was approaching from the projection booth. He gave her the high sign to indicate that he had gotten Rover and Laura on the special high-speed nighttime film and she nodded in approval.

"I - I think I'd better be going home, Cleonora," the bewildered young blonde said weakly, trying to stand up. But right behind her came Mark Franklin, grabbing her wrists to give her the start of her life and hold her fast. She gasped and tried to draw away, but he was too strong for her.

"What's the difficulty here?" he asked in a voice much stronger than he had ever used with her before. It was the voice of a South African policeman discovering parties of mixed race having a cup of coffee together.

"Oh, nothing, Mark darling. Laura's just a little shy, that's all." Cleonora patted Laura's shoulder. "Now that she did her little thing with Rover, she's ashamed of it and she wants to go home, that's all. We can't very well stop her."

Laura felt relieved. For some reason she had been afraid that that was exactly what they were going to do. But how could she ever face Ralph again? She stammered awkwardly, looking down at Mark's tight grip on her wrists, the sighs and moans of the other women in the room cascading around her ears as a soft, mewling waterfall of sound. "Let me go," she said. "You have no right to keep me here. None of the terrible things you're saying are true. Let me out of this horrible place."

Cleonora and Mark looked at each other. Once she left tonight, in this frame of mind, she would never again come back. No, she would have to leave happy, thoroughly seduced. She would have to leave with her flesh so devoured by pleasure that she would beg them to be allowed to return.

"In that case, I don't suppose you're interested in the film that I've got of Rover eating your pretty blonde snatch," said Mark crossly.

Laura panted helplessly, her face flushing with shame, beet red from her hairline to where her neck disappeared into her dress. "You - you have what?" She didn't quite understand Mark's terminology, but she got the general idea.

"The film," he said. He gestured back towards the projection booth at the far southern end of the big room. "I got you on high-speed film, baby. With Rover eating your sweet little cunt hell-for-leather."

"You couldn't have! His head was under my skirt!"

Mark laughed cruelly, triumphantly and Cleonora smiled with him. "You hear that admission, lover?" he said. "Blondie has admitted the whole thing. That'll stand up in any court of law anywhere." His face went stern and he looked at Laura. "And when we send the prints of what I've got on you to your friends and family, or to your husband's patients, you're going to be a laughing stock. I might send your little husband Ralphie a set of his own, too."

Laura's throat went dry. She couldn't believe all this was happening. In a matter of hours her entire life had been turned upside down. "You - you drugged me!" she blurted out heatedly, her curvaceous body trembling.

Mark snickered. "And so what if we did? That won't matter to anybody. All anybody will remember are these pictures we've got of you. Come on, why don't you cooperate? You know you loved it."

"You - you let go of me," she whimpered tearfully. "I'm going to report all of you to the police!"

Cleonora and Mark looked at each other. "That does it, doll," he said. "We don't dare let her go now."

"Take her upstairs." Cleonora grabbed her by the neck and pushed her forward as Mark dragged on her wrists. Laura meant to cry out, but she stumbled awkwardly over the pillows and it was all she could do to remain upright. The deeply engrossed dog and woman couples gave her scant notice as she staggered off under the hands of her two dominators. Alongside her awkward gait came Rover as well, brushing his smooth fur against her leg. Her entire body and personality felt overwhelmed by shame.

They were right; she had succumbed and they might blackmail her. It was hardly her position to be righteous at this late stage. Why hadn't she realized what their dog was doing to her before it was too late?

But it had felt so good - even though now she recognized her behavior as totally shameful. Oh God, how could she ever again hold her head up again? What would Ralph say if he knew? She was miserable, a fallen woman. The depths of her degradation were so considerable that it was not open to measure.

Her two captors had taken her as far as the stairs in the hall before she finally developed the presence of mind to rebel. There was some struggle and the four of them - including Rover - meandered around the bottom of the stairs in a vague sort of clutching, gripping, pushing combat before the hulking German shepherd began snarling at her in a way so vicious it simply froze her heart with terror.

At this point her resistance slackened instinctively and they were able to get a grip on her again, half



dragging, half shoving, but altogether completely in control of her voluptuously leggy body so that there was really very little she could do. Every time she gave the least sign of resistance, Rover nipped stingingly at her calves to keep her in line. She cringed like a sheep being led to the pen.

By the time they reached the second floor, a great deal of her strength and ability to coordinate had been sapped. She no longer hoped merely to escape from their terrible degeneracy and clutching hands. The thought of the blackmail with a film of her and Rover was a potent deterrent to orderly thought and coordinated resistance. God, if she made them angry, who knew what they might do?

But at the same time, she couldn't very well submit outright. Perhaps the chance to get away would still present itself, when their guard had lowered. Some time or other. Some of whatever was in the drugged cigarette they had given her had worn off, although she was still woozy and feeble from that and the sherry they had made her drink.

When they finally pushed her into the bedroom she had made up her mind what she would do. The minute she had her chance she would race for the window, throw it up and scream at the top of her voice. That would bring people running. There would even be passing cars on the highway that would hear her and come to her rescue.

There was a click as Mark locked the door in back of them. Rover nudged at her shivering legs as Cleonora led her, unprotesting, to the bed.

"Now just sit down for a moment, dear," cooed her dominatrix. "Put on one of my bracelets."

Laura was distracted. Put on one of her bracelets? What on earth for? As she watched uncomprehendingly, Cleonora sat down next to her, removing one of the wide-band gold bracelets Laura had so often admired. She handed it to Laura, saying: "This is for you, dear. You've been such a good sport."

"But - but what is this for?" asked the innocent young blonde, shaking out her long golden hair over her shoulder. "I - I haven't done anything for -"

"Sssshhh. You've been just fine. We've enjoyed having the pleasure of watching you enjoy yourself. We've enjoyed making you happy and most of all we've been very cheered to get all of your happiness down on film."

This last reminder of their blackmail hold on her sent a chill of fear through the innocent blonde housewife. How could she ever have been so stupid as to trust them? She must have seemed a real country bumpkin.

"In fact, why don't you take both of these bracelets, you've made us so happy," said Cleonora and with this she removed the gold bracelet from her other wrist, attaching it with expert swiftness around Laura's slender wrist. Before the puzzled girl could say anything, Cleonora picked up the other bracelet from the stunned wife's hand and clasped it around Laura's right wrist with a single practiced motion.

Their blonde love-slave looked at the two gold bracelets and moved them about her wrists. Why, they must have been worth a fortune! But why on earth give them to her?

The master bedroom, in addition to being elegantly furnished with mirrors on all the walls and ceilings, sported a bar at one end of the enormous room. Mark finished mixing a trio of drinks, put them on a tray and brought them over to the end table next to the bed.

"Nice bracelets," he said looking down. "Does she like them?"

"I think so," said Cleonora. "All women love jewelry. Don't we, my dear?"

"Well, I - uh ...," Laura moved the bracelets around. They shone so that she could see her reflection in them.

"Actually these are exact duplicates of the kind that Roman gladiators used to wear just prior to going into the arena," Cleonora moved lightly across the room towards a Louis XIV vanity by the window. She opened one of the drawers and removed two gold-link chains. Then she returned across the deep plush purple carpeting, telling Laura: "But you really need some additional jewelry, my dear, in order to make them complete." And with this she lifted each of Laura's wrists in turn and attached the two chains to the gold band bracelets.

"See," she said, standing back from her blonde charge, who didn't know what to make of either the bracelets or the chains, "Aren't they just perfect?"

The Franklin's eyes met in a silence pregnant with communication. Laura turned her hands around, studying the gold bracelets and the chains, which were attached by tiny metal clips. She didn't know what to make of them ... Until suddenly the Franklins each took up a chain and dragged her back across the bed!

"What - what are you doing to me!?" the helpless young wife cried out, but it was impossible to try to fight them, because Mark and Cleonora had each taken one end of chain and were pulling her backwards so deftly that they were quite out of reach ... had she even been able to "reach," which she couldn't, with her arms under such powerful control by her two determined dominators.

"Hook 'er up," Mark commanded. With her long voluptuous body pulled prostrate across the bed, they now stretched Laura's arms out in order to ring the end of each chain to its corresponding hook built into the tall, opposing bedposts. The enslaved blonde squirmed and twisted on the bed, but to no avail. They had hooked her arms up securely.

"Oh, please," she whimpered tearfully, "please let me go. Why are you doing this to me?" She moved her legs back and forth and then, on reflection, brought her thighs snugly together.

Mark snickered something unintelligible. He slipped his shirt up over his head, revealing two hard brown nipples on a wide expanse of chest lightly cushioned with curly dark hair. At the foot of the bed, Rover had climbed up with his forelegs on the bedspread. He was panting maniacally, his large brown eyes gleaming dangerously, focused like laser beams on her tightly clenched legs. Laura cringed from his menacing pose. What had ever become of the nice, well-behaved dog she had known?

Cleonora had returned to the vanity and come back with two lengthy strips of black leather. As if with a single thought, the Franklins now moved to either end of the foot of the bed, Cleonora passing over to Mark one of the long black pieces of leather. He took it up quickly and then both of them reached for her ankles.

"What - oh my what are you doing!? Please! Oh no!"

There was not much she could do as they pried apart her futilely clenched legs and tied her ankles with the strips of black leather. Her long, slender legs were spread so wide that her panty crotch band, already soiled from Rover's vigorous assault with his tongue on her sex-starved pussy, opened wide on either side to reveal the soft curling fleeciness of her sparse blonde pubic hair.

"Christ, look at that," Mark breathed admiringly. "She's a natural blonde." He reached in through the side of her panties and curled his middle finger into a rounded set of springy gold hairs.

"Oh - please don't do that," then-spread-eagled blonde captive pleaded. "Please -that's - that's wrong."

Franklin laughed and looked back at his wife. "You hear that, honey. It's wrong."

Cleonora made a little smile, but she was vastly amused. Laura was probably the most innocent thing she'd ever run across in years of seducing - with Mark - beautiful and relatively unworldly girls. She'd bet that the voluptuous young blonde had never even been fucked until she was safely married.

Mark wormed his finger in still further, encountering the soft moist outer flesh of Laura's recently warmed little pussy. Their beautiful young captive moaned and threw back her head. She had become measurably aroused despite herself and now the shame of it was enough to make her want to conceal her flushed and glowing features. She didn't dare let them know!

Mark laughed as he sensed her attempt at concealment. But it was not possible to stop off the flow of smooth cuntal moisture that was seeping so easily from between her tingling pussy lips. He pushed his finger in farther through the sacred portals, partway up into her cum-slick vagina.

"Oh God, no," she gasped, "you're hurting me. Don't move it. Don't ... aaaaaggghhh!"

"Sweetheart, you have one tight little cunt. I'll bet Ralphie can't even get into your properly."

"Go on," said Cleonora, "stick your finger in. Hard. She seems to be enjoying it. Harder, Mark."

"Oooohhhh," Laura moaned, her long blonde hair flailing on one side of the pillow cradling her pretty head, as Mark's thick middle finger forced its way into the softly resisting passage just another fraction.

"Ralphie must have the skinniest cock in the world, if this is all he's stretched you out," he remarked. "Or else you're the snuggest little fuck."

"Oh God ..." The helplessly trussed blonde bit down hard on her lower lip. His finger inside her cunt felt so goooood, but she didn't dare show it. "Oooohh ... oh ... you're killing me ..." The wildly excited girl groaned and instinctively pushed her trembling loins upward against his impaling finger.

And the contrast between her obvious pleasure and her maidenly protests made both the Franklins laugh. "Sure," mocked Mark, "killing you with kindness. By the time we're done killing, you'll be so happy you'll float right up to the goddamned ceiling."

Rover came up to the side of the bed, whimpering eagerly. He got up on his hind legs with one forepaw scratching at the smooth cream-white flesh of Laura's thigh. "Christ," exclaimed Mark, "I've been so engrossed in Laura's tight little cunt I almost forgot what we came here for, didn't I, boy?"

The big German shepherd whimpered again for answer.

"Well, Big Daddy ain't gonna let you down, believe me. Honey, did you set the camera?"

"In a minute." Cleonora went to a nearby chest of drawers, opened the top one and took out a small

camera. While she was doing this, Mark picked up a small pair of scissors from the vanity, pulled up the material of Laura's white nylon panties between his fingers and began cutting through it.

"Oh no! What are you doing!? You'll cut me!" Laura wailed piteously.

"Don't wish. Relax. We were a little hasty about getting your legs tied up. I'm just rectifying our little error. There's no point in making Rover fuck you through the side of your panties - he wouldn't enjoy it as much."

"What?" Laura blinked. She wasn't quite sure she understood the importance of what he had just said, although she wasn't at all pleased about the way Rover was panting and slaving, as his eyes glazed, over her voluptuously enslaved body. In another moment Mark had ripped off what remained of her scanty bikini panties and she closed her eyes, consumed by shame. Fuck! God, no! Did that mean that they were going to let Rover lick her the way he had downstairs in the study? She wanted to faint dead away and never wake up again.

Suddenly her pelvis jerked as Mark's middle finger again thrust up between her widespread thighs into the soft protective folds of young flesh surrounding her tender vaginal chamber. His finger searched patiently for a moment, then located her small, lightly swelling clitoris. Laura cringed and a mewling sort of gasp broke throatily from her parched and open lips.

"You - you - I hate you," she gritted fiercely as Mark then wound his finger around inside her velvet-smooth cunt. The soft resilient cheeks of her buttocks tensed as if trying to force his finger out, but there was no way mechanically that this could be accomplished. With her legs wide open and tied to opposing bedposts, there was not even any way that she could effectively control the primitive feelings of pleasure that were welling up inside her orgasm-primed pussy.

"Christ, she's tight," Mark said again and he forced his finger in yet one more inch. Laura's body shuddered helplessly and she moaned as his finger wormed its way into the now defensively trickling passageway. She clenched her teeth tightly, but there was no way in the world she could close out the savage, primitive joy that was creeping through her loins with the force of a tidal wave. She opened her mouth to protest, but instead heard from it only muffled gasps and gurgles of hedonistic femininity.

These sounds seemed to cue Rover and suddenly he leaped onto the bed, making the mattress sag awkwardly on one side. His paws staggered, struggling for footing and he almost stepped on her arm, but then, before Laura could even comprehend what was happening, his head bent and he brushed his warm, moist tongue over the imprisoned blonde wife's ruby red lips.

Laura started and tried to draw her head away, but the big dog was insistent. His face followed hers, his outsized tongue slipping into her mouth every time she gasped from the twiddling pressure of Mark's lewdly masturbating middle finger.

"That's it, boy," Cleonora called from the sidelines. "Show her how to kiss. She's got a lot to learn tonight. I'll bet Ralph's never even eaten her."

"You think so?" Mark asked, looking back at her without removing his hotly revolving finger from the enslaved young blonde's belly.

Cleonora had gone over to the bar to fix herself a drink and now she strolled back lazily. "I'd bet money on it. If that boy's ever had his tongue up in her hot little cunt, I'm a monkey's aunt."

Laura was repelled, yet at the same time she was surprised to find that Rover's ardent French kiss

sent a flurry of excitement scattering irregularly through her defenseless loins. Indeed, the loving wet contact of his tongue in her gasping mouth was a jolt totally unlike anything she'd ever experienced before in her life.

Across their French kiss, she gazed long and deeply, transfixed as if by a spell, into his hypnotic and hotly desiring brown eyes. With Mark's finger continuing to work openly inside her helpless body, the net combination was creating sensations inside her which it was impossible to ignore or resist, if she had wanted to.

She understood now that Rover had known exactly what he was doing when he had licked her pussy in the study, bringing her a fantastic shattering climax. He was a well-trained dog. What other delights would he teach her if she should give in ... ?

But no - she couldn't! That was - disgusting! Obscene!

And yet, the devilish glitter in his eyes made her squirm and his molten stare made her feel weak. How could she fight off all three of them? And even as she thought this, her breathless mouth parted wantonly under the incessant pressure of Rover's lavishing tongue ... her lush, moistened lips opened lewdly, instinctively ... to let her own tiny pink tongue come slipping through ... just as Mark shoved a second finger up into her momentarily relaxed cunt.

A long, throaty sigh escaped the helpless blonde love-slave as she gave up all resistance to the big German shepherd's loving kiss. Mark's fingers inside her seeping vagina were doing their part as well to create an ache in her belly that was beyond comparison with anything she had ever felt before in relation to sex. It was totally compelling; how could she possibly fight this tide of heathen desire that was threatening to drown her?

Her captive body, voluptuous in all its contours and naturally receptive to all the feelings that flesh is heir to, was fast approaching its ultimate breaking point and she could no longer find the strength in her even to protest against the monstrous fondling of her private parts.

She gasped through Rover's kiss and held her breath as she felt Mark's fingers stretch and enlarge the by now well-lubricated walls of her vagina. They slipped wetly in and out with a moist sucking sound.

"Down, boy," said Mark suddenly, surprisingly and he knocked Rover off the bed with a single swift movement of his arm. At the same time he pushed up what remained of Laura's short pleated skirt so that the soft smoothness of her well-rounded white belly came into view. His head bent and he licked into the small shallow kiss-nook of her navel, sending another wave of lurid sensation flowing down into her already churning loins.

"Oh oh, please, stop this ... please ... oh ... let me go ... no ... I don't want any of this ..." Her head worked from side to side, her attractive heart-shaped face contorted with a mixture of pleasure and shame at her own weakness.

Mark Franklin laughed and jabbed two fingers in through the wetly trickling confines of her tortured pussy. She moaned and sighed as he slipped his fingers in and out, closing her eyes with luxuriant pleasure.

"Christ, look at that," he said back to Cleonora, who was lounging in an overstuffed chair with her feet up on an ottoman, an icy drink in her slim hand, "she's hot as a pistol, for Christ sake. This beautiful cunt was born to fuck and she doesn't even realize it."

"Show her, darling," murmured Cleonora silkily.

Mark grinned. "Don't worry about that." Then he snapped at Rover: "Up here, boy," slapping his thigh, "and be quick about it!"

Laura was able to raise her startled head just enough to spy Rover's thick red penis shaking in the air as the big dog leaped onto the bed between her widely splayed white thighs. It was the first time she had ever seen the German shepherd's penis outside of its furry sheath and just seeing its massive length was a terrific jolt to the turmoil in her belly and her head.

"What - what are you going to do?" she wailed. "Nooooooooo, please don't!"

But even as she watched, the big animal jockeyed for position on the bed, his eyes wide with desire for her and Mark pushed up her buttocks in order to stuff a pillow underneath ...

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CHAPTER EIGHT

"Stop! This is filthy! No! No! I don't need it!" Laura squirmed with what little control she had left, her pelvis shaking frantically so that her belly swayed from side to side as if to evade Rover's rapidly approaching cock. She cringed, mad with shame, as the tapered head searched between her trembling white thighs, homing in on the soft, moist pubic center in which lay her sparse blonde curls and her lustfully twitching cuntal lips.

Mark snickered and grabbed Rover's haunches, carefully guiding the stumbling dog in the direction of the moist pink flanges of his fearful captive's widely ovalled vagina. Laura's face contorted with horror as she felt the slick head of the dog's penis contact her blonde pubic hair and then moved through toward the tiny open slit of her cunt. "No!" she screamed. "Oh Lord! Oh God! Save me!"

"That's what we're trying to do," Mark muttered, helping Rover along.

Her furry rapist was above her now. She could feel the overheated warmth of the dog's body as he crouched against her and could smell his steaming breath. His long, slaverling wet tongue was just slightly above her heaving breasts, dripping moisture onto her smooth cream-white skin. He blotted out the big ceiling light in the middle of the room like an eclipse of the sun.

Laura felt as if she were drowning. She didn't want this, but what could she do about it? Her body had betrayed her; her vagina was giving off moisture profusely. She admitted it to herself - the dog would have no difficulty at all with his obscene entry. Was there any way at all she would ever be able to shake off this obscene curse for the rest of her life? Oh, Lord ...

"Slip it in nice and easy," Mark directed. "Go ahead, boy."

Laura whimpered plaintively as she felt the first hard warm touch of Rover's quivering penis against her cringing pussy mouth and then there was the inexorable pressure as it moved inside, filling up her vaginal walls and pushing them aside.

She groaned incoherently, although there was a part of her insides that were screaming out, beautiful, beautiful ...

"Oooooooooohhhnoooooooooooooo!"

The large animal flexed his flanks, panting heatedly with bestial lust and then his blood-filled, pulsating cock slipped all the way up into her fluid wet channel with a rush that left Laura gasping for air.

“Aaaarrggghghhhhhuuurggghhhhhhaaaaahhhh ...”

Her throat was making noises that sounded completely inhuman and her long blonde hair flew wildly from side to side on the pillow. Perspiration steamed on her overheated forehead. She squirmed and twisted, but it was impossible for her imprisoned flesh to escape the relentless upthrust of Rover’s throbbing hot instrument. The warm wet walls of her vagina enclosed it with instinctive affection as it speared into the helplessly struggling young wife’s cunt. His mighty penis raced into her like a drill, pushing the great warm waves of moist flesh aside until Rover’s loins meshed with hers, his soft hairy balls smacking with a dull slap at the insides of her buttocks.

Laura’s muffled moans of humiliation mingled with the fiercely joyous sighs of pleasure that were echoing from the very depths of her love-starved being. With Rover’s cock sunk deeply into her quivering white belly she could almost feel the hardness of its tip pressing snugly, teasingly, against her cervix.

The curvaceous young blonde had never known the equal of this lewd, feverish sensation that was making such a furnace of her belly. Her seething cuntal channel was raging with desire all around Rover’s blood-engorged cock as it steamed in and out of her helplessly tied body. The feeling was all the more bittersweet because, unlike normal sex, there was no way in which she could position herself much differently or even alter the situation by more than a single iota. So that every mind-bending twinge of pleasure was felt in its entirety — fierce, ringing electrical tingles and shocks of joy in her loins that could not be escaped in any way.

She groaned continually, laying her blonde head back and baring her teeth as Rover fucked her furiously. Even as she lay there, her soul being slowly destroyed, she felt Mark Franklin’s rough hands undoing the buttons on the front of her blouse, then reaching in to grip and pull out her throbbing young breasts from their whitely brassiered protection. She gasped but didn’t have the courage to look at him as his mouth fell vampirishly to one high, firm mound, sucking in her nipple and as much of the surrounding hypersensitive tissue as he could manage, while his hand squeezed the rest.

This dual besiegement of breasts and belly made the young bride’s mind swim. If she was just a lust-entrapped puppet before, now she was more like a mindless automaton consisting of nothing but the savage pleasurable sensations that were disintegrating her flesh and spirit.

Mark fondled her sensually swollen breasts until they almost hurt, but even this was a source of primitive enjoyment for her lust-devoured flesh. Her eyes grew smoky and she gazed unseeing up into the panting face of her urgently fucking German shepherd lover. It seemed to her that Rover was somehow much more handsome than she had ever given him credit for and as he whined with burning frustration, agonizing towards his sperm-blowing orgasm, she opened her mouth and did not object as his tongue slid between her teeth.

“Mmmmmmmmm ...” she murmured at the lavish excitement this animalistic French kiss instilled in her flame-thrilled flesh. “Oh ... oh ...”

There was no use trying to fight it any longer. Her head and heart had to admit it. She couldn’t control the lascivious desires of her own flesh. She was enjoying everything, she knew it and she hated herself for it.

"Oooooooooohhhhhh," she moaned ecstatically through their passionate kiss, unable to think or do anything else. "Oooooooooohhhhhh ... dar ... ohhh ... oh ... my ... ohhhhhh ..." Her eyes rolling upward into her head, she struggled desperately against the urge to refer to him as darling. Her groans deepened as she felt the fierce, mind-shattering delight of his hotly fucking cock moving in and out of her flowing vaginal aperture, the walls of which clung with happy delirium to his raging member.

Breathing as if her chest would explode, confounded with ragged gasps and mewling urgent cries for help, Laura got herself together enough to raise her head up so that she could actually look down under Rover's furry belly and see his shining pink male hardness disappearing through her golden pubic curls and into the wet pink folds of her bursting cunt.

For some reason this excited the love-hungry bride all the more. Her feverish brain became a blank to everything but the wonderful sensations the dog's urgent fucking stimulated in her helplessly fluttering belly. Rover whimpered from deep in his throat and her dully lidded, impassioned eyes fastened affectionately on his handsome features. She was truly a love-slave before the ferocious, demanding sensuality of this furred beast .. and all the while she was being helplessly fucked, Mark Franklin had continued to fondle, pull and suck at her heavily rocking breasts until her nipples were standing high and hard. But this was mere topping to the cake, seasoning on an already satisfying steak. For Rover's rape of her undefended pussy was by far more mind-and-body-shattering than anything she had ever experienced before in her life.

Her swooning mind questioned whether she would have run had the opportunity presented itself. Her body, by now, knew that it would not.

"Oh ... that's it ... oooh ... oh my ... dar ... oh God ... please oh hurry don't stop ... God ... oh ... argggghhhhhh ..."

Her soft damp passage expanded with each cruel thrust of the dog-cock up between her wide-held legs. Tears of humiliation mixed with pleasure flowed in a series of sobbing, happy gasps. The fluted pink folds of her boiling cunt were drawn out with each outstroke, then fell back in joyous surrender on the instroke.

Rover's body was now a thrusting bundle of uncontrollable power unleashing itself utterly into the squirming blonde flesh beneath him. His overheated penis seemed actually to expand within the hot confines of her naked belly and he ground into her savagely, yelping out of his mind with lust. His penis ached and burned more than it ever had before for this beautiful human with the milk and honey voice. He was almost there and he rammed wildly into her flowering cunt with long, hard strokes.

Laura's groans and mewls stretched into a long, low continuous moan of lascivious lust. Through the passion-drenched haze of her dissolving personality, she could feel him growing inside her like a great wedge being driven into a tree, threatening to split her open into a million happy pieces. Her delirious brain realized that the dog was going to cum in her and for the first time she understood that she really wanted it. Wanted this dumb beast to fill her belly and aching womb with his sticky warm animal sperm ...

She was beyond caring about the consequences, only loved the feeling of his hot animal hardness deep inside her and wanted Rover to orgasm. Perhaps she was going to, herself ... if only ... if only ... it was so wonderful ... so unbearably sweet ... she clenched her buttocks, trying to squeeze out as much pleasure as possible from this lurid fucking.

Her breath was coming in sharp, punctuated gasps, her mind spinning crazily out of control. "Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!" she groaned, mad with desire, her heart pounding with jackhammer ferocity, helplessly trapped by an obscene emotion that had no name. "OH GOD!"

She was possessed by this demonic beast who seemed to be dredging her very soul with his thrusts. Her life existed in only the region of her cunt and its mind-bending connection with Rover's cock. "My darling ...
she found herself gurgling worshipfully, even as a small, shadowy portion of what was left of her mind cursed herself for it.

Now, she thought, knowing it, he's going to cum in me. Oh Lord, I know it!

She clenched her teeth, grinding them closely together, as everything inside of her strained for the ultimate satisfaction. He was fucking her and she wanted that, but she also wanted ... wanted ... OH GOD!

Her warm, wet vaginal muscles clasped snugly around the big German shepherd's hard-driving penis as Rover suddenly drew up, yelping, his haunches working jerkily with the urgency of his passion. The speed of his fucking was totally uncontrollable and faster than she could comprehend. The furry animal above her, working frantically with his cock sliding in and out of her tight cuntal opening, seemed to strain all over his body. His muscular neck knotted itself up, his powerful body stretching out its full length, then accordioneing up again and repeating this rhythm frenziedly.

"Oh! Oh! Darling! DAAAAARRLLLLLINGG!" Laura wailed as her own climax came hurtling toward her with the speed of an express train. Rover fucked into her furiously, his testicles tensing up into his scrotum and then he was there. There!

His soft furry balls, coiled like steel springs, began shooting semen across the thundering bridge of his love-glistened penis, squirting it up into Laura's hungrily gulping vagina. His lewd hot sperm sloshed upward into her belly, filling her up to bursting.

"No, no no no no ...
She felt his cum ricocheting around inside of her. Sobbing, a savage plague of pleasure-bursts exploded throughout her loins. "Oh, fill me, fill me, darling ...
she moaned, delirious with happiness, aching with love in every muscle, her body straining through her outstretched arms and legs and her imprisoning bonds, wanting only to clutch the brutal beast inside of her that was giving her such fantastic pleasure.

The pores of her cunt clasped and undulated around his spurting red cock, milking it desperately for every last drop of scalding white liquid until her warm pink vaginal cavern was drowning in it. Rover's sperm foamed out the sides of her wildly contracting pussy lips, soaking the soft blonde pubic hair it was buried in.

Laura groaned incoherently as a second violent orgasm came spinning across space towards her like a great ball of fire, spitting streaks of flame on all sides. The hot walls of her viscously jerking vagina sucked hungrily at his throbbing penis until finally it gave one last spasmodic twitch, having swallowed the very last drop of the big dog's cum.

Rover collapsed over her body, as her cum gushed forward around his deflating rod of flesh. Then she too suddenly gave one final shudder and quivered into a limp quietude, her face plastered with a silly relaxed smile, her brain totally enervated by her fantastic belly-twisting climax, her belly filled with their mixture of their cum.

Cleonora gave Rover a chance to rest up, his hairy body huffing and puffing across their blonde captive's limp white form, a weight that did not seem to bother their beautiful neighbor at all. Then

she lifted the big German shepherd carefully off the now whimpering and sobbing young wife.

"Well," Mark breathed. The two conspirators looked at each other. "It looks like we're there, honey. This little cunt went out of her mind, for Christ's sake. If there was ever a broad born for fuckin', she's it."

"You can say that again. I've gotten some terrific photos."

"Good girl. We're going to make a bundle off her and if she refuses to play, we've always got those to use on her."

Cleonora smiled romantically. "I wonder if this will help their sex life?"

"Huh?"

"I mean-Ralph and her seemed to be having such a terrible time and she was so unhappy ..."

"Don't get moralistic on me," her husband said crossly. He started to unbuckle the belt in his pants. "If we help these two kids over their hang-ups, okay. I like 'em, I really do and it's nice if we can help them. After all, her old man's not altogether a bad guy, you know. But remember, we're in this for the money and for the kicks, not to help people. Don't forget that."

They both looked down at the spread-eagled Laura. "Did you send the film upstairs to be processed?" Mark asked.

"The first roll should be coming down any minute." Cleonora looked towards the dumbwaiter next to the vanity. She couldn't remember how many shots she had taken of Laura being fucked by their dog as Mark was sucking on her breasts, but she had sent the first roll off immediately. One of their houseboys, Cato, was an ardent photography fan and they had built a complete darkroom for him in his rooms in the attic of the big house. He did the work for a pittance, ostensibly because it was his hobby. Cleonora suspected it was his pleasure as well and she often wondered how many duplicates he kept.

"Look at her," said Mark as they glanced down into Laura's spent, rosy face. She looked as if she was in a dream, her eyes only small, fluttery blue slits full of fulfilled emotion. "She's all fucked out."

"She looks it. Maybe we'd better untie her. She'll have a cramp before very long."

"You're right, honey. We don't want to ruin her. Come on." They undid the leather and chains from the bed's four posters and let Laura's arms and legs fall lax. After a few moments she curled up into a ball and dozed off, her cheeks still glowing, a fatuous smile on her pretty face.

"Christ, she's out."

"We'll wake her fast enough. Here come the films." Cleonora went over to the dumbwaiter, slid the concealed panel up and removed a dish full of photos.

"Right on time." Mark whistled when he saw the pictures. "In living color. Can't miss with those. Uh oh, I think she's coming out of it now. I have to get my pants off."

Cleonora dropped the photographs on a table and went over to the bed. Sitting down next to their lush blonde captive, she ran her fingers through Laura's golden hair. "Wake up, darling. We have something we'd like you to see."

"I'll say we do," said Mark, stepping out of his shorts, his good-sized hard-on springing up like a diving board after a departed swimmer. He was totally naked now, his clothes in a pile on the carpet. He stepped over to the bed and turned Laura over.

"Where am I?" she murmured dreamily, still dazed by the heady soul-devouring climaxes she had so recently endured and the drugs she had unwittingly consumed earlier.

"You're in love with fuck, that's where are you," said Mark, pulling off the rumpled remains of her skirt and blouse from around her succulent, body. Cleonora handled the hooks on her brassiere and in another moment her high, widely-spaced breasts spilled free, springing out above her finely-fashioned rib cage. Laura sat up, fluffing out her long, wavy blonde hair. Blinking, she remembered where she was. It all came back to her and her happy glow evaporated to be replaced by the blush of shame that swept over her curvaceous body from well-shaped calves to her beautiful heart-shaped face.

"You—you tricked me!" she wailed, trying to grab up a sheet to conceal her vulnerable nakedness.

"Don't be a silly ass," said Mark, pulling the sheet off her to make her breasts jerk. "You tricked yourself. Hashish and wine will make you high, baby. But in order to want to have your cunt licked by a dog, you've got to really want it. Drugs just loosen you up, let your real self get free, that's all."

"I don't believe you! Let me out of here! I hate you!"

The Franklins looked at each other with a look that said: All or nothing. The two of them sat on the bed next to her and she scrambled to the other side away from them, still trying to grab up a sheet to cover her opulent curves. But Mark wouldn't let her.

"And what about Rover fucking you?" he asked. "You weren't faking then. You loved it. Why the hell don't you admit it?"

"You're lying!" Laura wailed piteously. "I hated it! Hated it!"

"You're the one who's lying and we've got the proof. Look at these photos. Does this look like you hated it?" He picked up a handful of Technicolor pictures from the table and flung them onto the bed in front of her.

Laura gasped. Her big blue eyes widened even more than usual. These were pictures of her. Her! Engaging in lewd and unnatural sex ... with Rover ... she could see the split between her ass-cheeks and the hard-driving dog-penis moving in between ... she was crying out, ... how could she forget the way she had felt ...

Bitter tears of humiliation welled from her red-rimmed eyes. What could she possibly say, when the visual evidence of her depraved degradation was right there before her very eyes? There was no conceivable rationale she could fight it with. She shut her eyes tightly as if to blot out the world.

Mark really felt that it was unnecessary, but he decided to turn the screw just one more revolution: "Baby," he said easily, trying to keep the excitement from showing in his voice, "it would be the easiest thing in the world for us to send a batch of these to your husband, friends and relatives — or to Dr. Ralphie's patients and revered colleagues. To that good Dr. Winthrop who shares the clinic with him, for example. But we don't want to do that. All we want is a little cooperation from you."

Laura looked up through her tear-soaked eyes, brushing a wisp of long blonde hair from her cheek. Her breasts felt heavy and light at the same time, her body hot. "What—what is it you want me to

do?" She noticed for the first time, through her shame, that Mark Franklin was totally naked, his penis swinging in the air high and hard, its bulbous circumcised tip bobbing like a snake ready to strike. He held the lengthy shaft in his hand and fondled it gently as he talked. It jerked occasionally above the swaying, hair-covered sac of his testicles and Laura gulped as she felt the juice of life seeping out again through her quivering pussy lips. They had made a heathen out of her. She had to get away.

This was it, thought Mark, his heart rushing blood madly through his ears. He'd wanted to fuck the voluptuously long-legged golden Laura ever since he'd first seen her and the events of this lewd night had put his balls in an uproar. It was now or never.

"I want you to kiss it," he said, stroking his cock gently. "I want you to kiss it, right here."

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## CHAPTER NINE

Laura's mouth went dry. Often before, her husband Ralph had tried to get her to put her mouth on his penis, but she had always resisted. That sort of thing was too animal, too obscene for words and she was always annoyed with him afterwards. No nice girl could possibly want to do such a thing. Straight sex was all right, part of the duties of married life, but that was wanton, lustful, a perversion of the natural act. She had nothing against sex per se, but that was depraved.

"I won't do it," she muttered weakly, but with strengthening resolve, when she could get her breath. "You can't make me do it."

Mark laughed at her refreshing naiveté. "All right," he told Cleonora over his shoulder, "start addressing the envelopes."

Accordingly, Cleonora picked up the remaining pictures and moved ethereally across the large bedroom to a writing desk on the far side.

"Wait!" cried Laura urgently as all of her previously happy life flashed before her eyes, a life that would end swiftly and completely if the photographs of her with Rover ever went beyond this house.

"Wait! I'll do it! Come back! Please!"

Cleonora sat down at the desk and picked up a ball point pen, shuffled some envelopes and looked across the room at her. Mark grabbed Laura's thick yellow hair and pulled her across the bed until his desire-swollen penis bumped jerkingly against the smooth rosy softness of her cheek. "Kiss it!" he barked, sure of himself now. "Kiss it or she addresses those envelopes!"

Laura bit her lips together and resolved to get it over with as fast as possible. After all, she had no choice. She could console herself with that thought.

Her long dark eyelashes fluttering over her snugly closed eyes as she allowed her lips to be pushed against the smooth rubbery softness of her neighbor's cock-head.

"Holy Christ," she heard his deeply masculine voice boom above her. "That's a witch's kiss. I said a kiss, not a goddamned chicken peck. Kiss it! Open those sexy red lips!"

Her sensually pouting lower lip rubbed all across and around the tip of Mark's throbbing rod, while his fingers twisted tightly in her hair, pulling her face along. Laura could feel the pulsating, blood-

filled ridges of his penile shaft against her mouth and considered how Rover's penis might feel against her lips in a similar situation, but didn't dwell on that overlong. Her stomach felt as if it were turning over like a cement mixer full of gravel. She had expected to be disgusted and yet she wasn't. Instead there was a strange scent all around Mark's loins that was quite pleasant and the press of his cock-flesh on her mouth had nowhere near the sensation she had expected.

"Goddamn," she heard him curse again and then his fingers were fumbling with her lips, trying to open her mouth as his blood-heavy penis pressed forward against the tightly clenched opening. He increased the pressure and it felt as though her lips were being pushed back through the even sharpness of her teeth. Then Mark grunted and gave an extra hard shove which made her gasp involuntarily. This in turn gave his penis still more access and all of a sudden it crushed through her full moist lips and plunged deep into the warm wet furnace of her mouth. It's throbbing hardness slithered up the length of her tongue, filling her mouth completely with its powerful thick fleshiness before she could do anything about it.

"That's it, baby ... beautiful ... beautiful ..." Mark clutched her hair and bent over slightly as he stuffed his pulsating rod as far into her mouth as it would go. Her soft moist lips closed over it like the smoothest, most delicate of snug young cunts. He closed his eyes and his nostrils flared as he touched the back of her throat, making her gag.

Laura was surprised that his penis actually tasted so pleasant. She had certainly not expected it to. But the fluttering in her belly was now quite real as his long thick cock filled her oral cavern to the brim. She was literally feeling a type of sexual excitement from the presence of his member between her lips. There was no denying it.

"Suck ... suck ... suck ..." Mark breathed, working his hips back and forth. Laura felt his cock slipping out of her mouth, then back in again. Somehow it was the most natural thing in the world for her to taste it with her tongue. She had entertained a particle of lurid curiosity for some time with respect to male sexual organs and now she was having a way of satisfying it that no one could accuse her of being lascivious. As she was literally being forced beyond her will to participate in this glaring obscenity.

The pumping of Mark's pelvis escalated rapidly and he ground his penis around and around inside her captive mouth. His hands held her blonde head in a vise-like grip, his fingers gripping her ears and hair when necessary to force her total cooperation. He was a tall man, but the bed had been built at especially the right height for just such lewd occasions.

She struggled mentally against this obscene rape of her throat, but at the same time the flutterish feeling in her loins was increasing rapidly. She licked the first spot of cum off the tip of his thrusting hardness and found that it was surprisingly pleasant, vaguely salty, partly sweet. She could feel the warm moisture increasing up between her legs as it occurred to her that it was just this sort of seminal liquid that Rover had shot up into her cunt. Her pussy lips began to itch all over again and she was unable to repress a soft, sensual moan as Mark's cock moved more rapidly in and out of her mouth.

"That's it," said Cleonora, somewhere in the background. "She likes it."

Mark grunted something unintelligible, his neck muscles straining, his loins grinding around and around before it jerked outward again. He held her hair still and was snorting huffily as he realized that his naive blonde neighbor was beginning to meet him halfway. "On the bed," he gasped, wanting to really enjoy it. "Let me get on the bed. Remember the pictures."

Laura remembered. That was her rationale for letting him do this to her in the first place. She continued to suck on his cock laboriously as he worked himself around so that he could lie down on the bed. In a moment her long blonde hair was waving over his muscular stomach. He held her hair and head in bondage and looked down at her. She had really gotten the idea. Sucking from blackmail or □? In any case it was exciting to be lying there watching her full, stiff-nippled breasts swinging about his legs and occasionally grazing them, watching her beautiful girlish face sucking ecstatically at his – pulsating rod.

And she was ecstatic □ even though she still hated herself for it. Her cunt felt warmer than ever and was secreting so madly that she needed something hard and thick there to quell the ache. The sheer illicitness of the act was exciting in itself – and then more so as Mark stuffed his middle finger up through her blonde, hair-fringed cunt to plunge it deeply into her squirming vagina.

“Oh – oh,□ she gasped. “Don’t do that. Oh my God.□ And she returned to sucking his hotly pounding cock, which felt like a keg of dynamite about to explode.

For once Mark’s obscene mouth was still. He wanted so much to shoot all of his white-hot sperm up into her throat that he couldn’t think of anything else. When her hands came up to stroke his thighs and testicles affectionately, he was not surprised because his mind simply was not functioning. Everything in his being was focused solely within the tormentedly burning muscle of his penis.

Once her tongue had begun licking and lapping at his thickly bloated member, it seemed the most natural thing to Laura to actively suction it and the more she sucked, the more her pussy tingled and itched. She squeezed her thighs together to ease the desire that was glowing so lasciviously within that ready hot core between her legs, but it was no use. When she remembered the way Rover had fucked her and licked her pussy, that made it all the worse. The hot moist shelter of her mouth sucked more ravenously, even as humiliation and shame washed over her like a tidal wave over a tropical isle.

Her lips nibbled at his thick fleshy instrument. Her tongue lapped hungrily as his pre-coital semen oozed upward and she swallowed with barely concealed hunger. The lust in her own belly was expanding madly and at last she recognized that she was moaning all around his delicious hot rod as if it were the most wonderful thing in the world.

Why hadn’t her own husband Ralph told her that a man’s penis could be so heavenly? Why had she had to learn this delight under coercion from another man? She wanted to dance for joy. If only Rover were licking her cunt, too ...

“Suck, come on!” came Mark’s urgent, straining voice above her as his middle finger pistoned harder in and out between her thighs. “Stop dreaming! Suck!”

Laura felt numb to everything except the wonderful cock that was allowing her tongue to lick at it and her lips to draw on it. When his hands squeezed her heavily jiggling breasts she thought she was going to swoon away with happiness. Meanwhile the saliva in her mouth grew and grew. It was sticky now as the emissions from Mark’s impatient penis seeped into it. His hips writhed and strained beneath her bobbing head in a wild violent shudder of sexual agony. Groans and sighs of exquisite torture fled his mouth as she manipulated his organ. His long powerful fingers curled in her hair, pulling her head up and down and forcing her to suck even more energetically.

But by now Laura needed no coaxing. The scent and taste of his lust-arousing cock, mingled with the droplets of sperm that were continually slipping down her throat into her hungry belly made her dizzy with delight. She wondered how it was that she had waited so long to suck on a man’s penis. It

was wonderful and so exciting. The wetness trickling warmly from her cunt was growing by leaps and bounds.

His penis stretched and expanded until there was no room left inside her hotly grasping oral cavern. She moaned and gurgled happily around it, consumed with lust. He had kept his finger thrust to the limit inside her pussy, wiggling maddeningly around and by now his hand was covered with her excited vaginal moisture.

There was a feeling inside her of being completely and utterly debauched and used. As much as she wanted him to shoot his lewd semen right down her throat, she wanted never to stop sucking, nibbling and licking at his blood-engorged instrument.

"Oh! Oh! That's it, girl! Honey ... oh Jesus ... I'm cumming!"

Mark jerked suddenly and strained forward. His hips began to shudder and he writhed them in snugly to her pretty cock-filled face, sinking the full hardened length of his lengthy penis deep down into her gasping throat. She struggled to breathe, but it was difficult and suddenly his cock erupted in the warm wet interior of her sucking mouth, unintelligible words of obscenity falling all around her blonde head from his gasping lips. His desire-heated cum spurted into her mouth like the rush of a raging waterfall and she sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked, out of her mind with joy at having so much of his lust-appeasing sperm to drink, her cheeks hollowing and inflating with the rhythm of his flooding sperm.

He seemed to be blowing his boiling semen into her mouth forever. The taste of his passion was so good that Laura wanted it to never end. She held onto his shuddering pelvis for dear life lest he buck her right off. Then his cock jerked one final spasm and began to soften disappointingly under her swirling, licking tongue. By now she was swooning with ecstasy from swallowing his cum and was scarcely aware of it when, seconds later, his deflated member oozed from between her lips. Then his hands gently pulled her head forward to trap her soft blonde hair against the whole of his quivering loins. She buried her nose in the sweet scent of his dark wiry pubic hair and sighed contentedly, his thick finger still buried without moving within the damply flowing heat of her cunt. Her tongue darted out and managed to lick the final drop of semen from his fallen organ and Mark winced and then was still.

"Whew," he breathed, after a long deep silence, "this baby wasn't just born to fuck she's a natural for cock-sucking from the word go, too."

Laura looked up and smiled guiltily. The warmth and itching in her lower belly was unbearable. "Did you really like it?" she asked in a small girl's voice, faintly flattered, "was I that good?"

"Baby!" He pushed his hands under her armpits and drew her up toward him on the bed to mash her open red mouth in a long, tongue-dredging kiss. Their tongues lapped at each other until there was just as much seminal flavor in his mouth as in hers. "You were great!" he breathed when he finally broke free.

She looked away shyly. "Well, you forced me, of course ..."

The Franklins looked at each other. Cleonora mashed out a cigarette in an ashtray on the coffee table and Mark's expression changed to one of disgust. "I'll be damned," he said. "She's still hanging on. The little bitch doesn't want to admit that she's just a cunt like the rest of us."

"Like the rest of me, dear," Cleonora corrected.

Laura blushed furiously. The old shame swept back in again. She had tried to be nice and she had to admit that she had been somewhat enjoying herself, but they were obviously bent on humiliating her and that would never do. She still had some pride left, after all and what they had been doing was still savagely immoral and in direct defiance of everything she had been taught all her life.

But then why was she enjoying it so desperately? She was confused. If all these things were so wrong, why was she loving it so? Her pussy was all worked up and wet and she clenched her thighs tightly together to stop the furious itching, but that only rubbed her cuntal lips against one another and made it worse.

"Look at her masturbating," Mark said over his shoulder to his sultry brunette wife, making Laura bite down hard on her lips, her face flushing deep crimson right up into the roots of her hair. "She's one hot little cunt, all right."

"I am not!" Laura protested blurtingly, disintegrating with shame.

Mark grabbed her by the hair and pushed her face down into the bed, delivering her a resounding smack on her naked white buttocks. Laura groaned into the bedding, but she couldn't deny that his slap sent a fierce quiver of desire shooting into her already wildly aroused loins.

"That'll teach you to yell at me, young lady. Obviously you haven't had enough. Well, by the time we're done with you, you'll be begging us to let you fuck and suck." He looked over at his wife, who was smiling luridly, her eyes half shut from liquor. "What do you think, Cleo? Is she ready for a little mind-blowing?"

Cleonora nodded. She put out her cigarette. Outside, the wind was blowing savagely, rustling the trees and knocking the seas about. Laura felt all choked up. For just a moment she felt like throwing up; the air in the room was stale with the muskiness of their sexual debauchery. She hated herself and she wanted to leave now in the worst way and yet at the same time her body felt more alive, more sensually aware than ever before in her young life. A prurient curiosity had sprung up in her - despite the fact that she wanted to leave, she also wanted to stay and see what was going to happen next. Sounds of revelry and overheated lust echoed through the floor from the orgasming study down below. She was burning to see what was going on down there.

Mark grabbed her by the arm and lifted her from the bed. Cleonora quickly took up her other one and they guided her towards the bedroom door, with Rover getting up and following on their heels.

"Where - where are you taking me?" the young wife said in a small wan voice, not a little afraid.

"You're going to the dogs," said Mark.

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CHAPTER TEN

Baffled by her own lack of cogent resistance, Laura allowed herself to be taken downstairs. Mark and Cleonora gripped her upper arms as she stumbled along, but she would have gone anyway, she was so intimidated. Occasionally Rover's smoothly-furred body brushed against her leg, sending a thrill of well-remembered ecstasy through her shivering body. How could she possibly forget the way he had thrilled her, sent her spinning off into outer space into an orgasm that fairly tossed her pretty blonde head from her shoulders? Ralph had never come anywhere near thrilling her as much and she didn't know whether to be happy or sad over her adulterous debauchery. She had sinned, surely. But, on the other hand, her insides felt so wonderfully relaxed now. Could so much joy be a sin?

The muffled sounds of sensual activity filled the entire downstairs of the Franklin house like smoke spreading out through the air to fill every nook and cranny. Laura trembled with heady anticipation of the sexual unknown and her vaginal valves sent out another wash of fresh lubrication. She was reaching such a state of excitement that she could barely stand. She was convinced that, if Cleo and her husband hadn't been holding her, she would have dissolved right down into the lush purple carpeting.

The study was in unbelievable sexual disorder. The lights had been turned up and there was no longer a motion picture on the silver screen atop the dais, but what was going on all around the room was by far more licentious than ever the film had been.

The room was a writhing, squirming mass of bodies, both furry and smooth and throughout, grown women were fucking and sucking German shepherd dogs and in turn being obscenely sucked and licked by them. Some had combined in a variety of daisy-chain orgies and not a few "couples" were practicing analingus and/or sodomy.

Women were squealing and mewling throughout the room as they made love with their magnificent beasts. "Oh darling," they moaned, "That's it, go fuck your big mama!" and "Lap my cunt, Satan! That's a good doggy! Eat Mommy's snatch!"

Laura recoiled at some of the filthy language that infested the musky air of the lust-filled room. But she couldn't escape the fact that the sights and sounds that attacked her senses here were making her feel terribly immoral. If she hadn't been naked to begin with, she would have felt a terrific urge to rip off her clothes and join the obscenely cavorting throng.

But the Franklins' hands restrained her and her mind was still telling her that she should not give in to the baser interests that were gnawing at her vitals and making sensual mincemeat of her private parts. Her mind told her that she was pure and that she could still remain so despite the terrible way they had used her. She had been forced, after all. She had done nothing tonight of her own free will.

But then why had she enjoyed it so much?

She had been forced to give in, through drugs and threat of blackmail and through bondage, but she hadn't been forced to enjoy it! No, that had come from some deep dark pit in her inner soul. Shame was not an adequate word to describe her feelings. Shame and confusion. Joy and humiliation, rage and happiness all mixed up together. Ralph would have referred to such a condition, puffing medically on his pipe, as "multi-phrenial."

Before her very eyes, the nearest couple were engaging in active sodomy. The woman was about thirty-nine, with long red hair falling down her back which her dog was using as a cushion as he reamed her well-lubricated nether passage, his long tongue hanging pantingly outside of his mouth to drip saliva all over her back. Laura stared fixedly at the way his glistening penis was slipping in and out of the woman's puckered anal opening, which was clinging to it for joyous dear life on the outstroke. There was something thrilling about even that, although the inexperienced young bride imagined it hurt terribly. Still, the woman seemed to be enjoying it, moaning and groaning as if it was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to her: "That's it, Rex - oh God, fuck me; I can't stand it, darling!"

There were some females in the big room who looked to be only teenagers - apparently young girls who had brought their own pets, or perhaps come with their mothers. Some of them had blonde hair, long or curly, others were dark, or brunette or redheaded. They had large breasts, medium and

small. They came in all shapes and sizes.

But all of them had that one thing in common. They were engaged in obscene liaison with a German shepherd. Laura stared as if transfixed and gulped, feeling a new wash of cuntal moisture wetting her inner thighs.

Tome on.□ Mark pulled her forward, stepping gingerly over several writhing groaningly connected couples.

“Get the virgin-seducer,□ said Cleonora behind them.

“Don’t worry.□

Mark and Cleonora led her across the living room, threading a careful path through the squirming mass of female and canine bodies. Then they mounted the platform in front of the motion picture screen, still holding in bondage their precious blonde charge and Mark raised his hand and called for silence.

There was a wave of disgusted mumbled protest as couples, triples and quadruples became disjoined, their eyes focusing unwillingly on the trio in front of them. “We’ve got a virgin here,□ Mark told them, cutting through the murmur of their discussions. “At least, a virgin in one way. But we’ve also got the virgin seducer!”

There was a roar of approval from the crowd and a sprinkling of applause from the audience. The women and girls shook out their hair and gave him respectful attention, the dogs sitting on command but with their cocks still hard and gorged with blood.

“Go get it Cleo.□

But Cleonora had already opened the hidden closet in the panels next to the platform and was wheeling out the virgin seducer, a contraption which totally mystified Laura. It was red leather all across its top and looked like something that might be used by a gymnast to work out on, but there were also manacle-type attachments at all four corners, just above the wheels.

It arrived in front of her and Mark knelt down, still tightly holding her wrist, to make an adjustment in the equipment that retracted the wheels. The heavy invention now sat solidly on the platform. He reached underneath and released small cloth tabs which caused two holes to fall out of the device.

Laura thought it was strangely rounded, with odd curves and hollows. The next thing she knew, Cleonora and Mark had grabbed her arms and shoulders and were propelling her towards the strange device. “What-wait-!”

But it was too late and they were too strong for her. Pushing her forward, they forced her to bend over so that her breasts fell through the two large holes. Then they stretched out her arms and fastened her wrists into the red leather manacles at one end of the machine.

A deep indescribably electrifying shock raced through the frayed nerve-endings of her abused young flesh as the startled blonde realized what they must be preparing her for. “No!” she cried out, sobbing. “No! Don’t! Oh please!” She wriggled her buttocks and legs, trying to get off, but in another second, their strong hands had attached manacles to her ankles by stretching out her legs to the opposite end. The only way she could position herself now was on all fours.

Mark turned to the audience as she sobbed with hopelessness. “Well,□ he asked, “who wants to

volunteer their animals to help Laura find herself. I need three volunteers.□

There was a chorus of volunteers as the women called out, offering their dogs for the job. He selected three □ one huge brute known as Handsome, another called Rex and a slender young German shepherd answering to the curious name of Fidelis.

All the dogs came up onto the stage. Cleonora had taken a marijuana cigarette and was smoking indolently, her eyes glazed with depravity. Laura whined and struggled in fear, but it was no use. Her long blonde hair fell all around her glowing hot body.

Mark came over and the three dogs gathered around. All of a sudden she felt his thumbs on the fleshy lips of hair lining the outer flesh of her unwillingly moist cunt and he pulled them slowly apart. She held her breath and prayed desperately for the moral strength to fight off what was about to happen.

His middle finger plunged upward into her burning hot pussy and she groaned as he worked it lewdly around inside. There was an exquisite feeling of cool air rushing over the rising bud of her nakedly exposed clitoris. It rippled up her quivering belly and out into the nipples of her lewdly hanging breasts, drowning out temporarily the throbbing humiliation she was feeling.

“All right, boys,□ he said in back of her. “You know what to do. Come on.□

There was a patter of paws all around her imprisoned body as the dogs selected various parts of her helplessly bound body. One elected to lap his long wet tongue across the tingling tips of her throbbing breasts, while another came up around in front of her, stood up on his hind legs and put his forepaws on her upper back, trying to mount her face. She gasped as she felt a lengthy swipe of tongue reaching underneath her bent-over body to slice a soft wet mass of destruction across the hair-lined flanges of her openly seeping cunt.

Laura tried to avoid the German shepherd penis that was searching for her mouth by swinging her head from side to side, but then some of her hair got in her eyes and movement became awkward. The animal’s tapered pink cock bumped wetly against her nose and her eyes glimpsed his cum-inflated balls underneath its base. The scent of his genitals was strong in her nostrils and unaccountably, she found it exciting.

The devils danced faster around the rough pink edges of her naked pussy as the dog in back of her delivered one long wet lap after another. Her mouth fell open and her eyes rolled up in her head. She thought she was going to swoon away from the many different sensations attacking her defenseless flesh. It was simply impossible to fight off all of them merely through concentrated thought, because, the minute she concentrated to fight off one, there was a flurry of diverting excitement in some other part of her body. There was no way she could win against them.

By now her vagina was a warm wet tunnel, contracting with desire over and over, fairly begging to be filled up with something -anything, even a rampaging cock. Her dilated eyes fastened greedily on the slender penis that was still bobbing around in front of her, searching lewdly for her mouth. Perhaps she should get it over with. Then she could go home anyway. It would find her mouth anyway. Why delay? She would only grow increasingly tired and weak. It could only be a matter of minutes in any case before the dog located her mouth with his rapidly expanding instrument. Her throat echoing a small, husky sigh of surrender, she opened her lips and took the dog’s blood-bloated penis inside her crimson lips.

“Oh ... oh ... oh ...□ she gasped around the cock that began jerking swiftly in and out of her mouth. It felt so similar to the way Mark Franklin’s had and just as good and the triple besiegement of her

naked pussy, breasts and face was almost more than she could bear. The lapping tongue in back was wiping up all of her warm cuntal seepage as fast as it came out and underneath her the rough bumps on the third dog's tongue made her nipples tingle and grow hard with lightning speed.

Her belly churned over and over; her vagina needed something hard and long to fill it. Her brain went dizzy with the mad sensations which seemed to be excavating her very soul.

And suddenly the imprisoned young wife forgot all her fears of humiliation and degradation. All that mattered were the wonderful feelings that were assaulting her mind, body and nerve-endings. She needed just one thing now – a red-hot penis stuffing up her vagina! Needed it more than anything in the world.

“Oh – uh – arggggurrghh ...” she gurgled around the muscular dog-cock that was raping her mouth. She licked off its swiftly seeping sperm with a moaning gasp of pure delight.

“What did you say, Laura?” asked a voice above her.

“Urgggghhaarrghh ...”

The dog in front of her was abruptly pulled out of her earnestly sucking face. Now she could say it, her nostrils flaring with burning desire, “LET HIM PUT IT IN ME!” she croaked. “PLEASE! I’M GOING OUT OF MY MIND!”

“Do you mean you want him to fuck you, Laura?” asked Mark, holding the dog back by his haunches. “Is that it? If it is, you have to say so.

She had heard the word fuck before. It was obscene and filthy, but she didn’t care. “Yes,” she cried. “FUCK ME! LET HIM FUCK ME!”

“With what, Laura?” Mark tormented. “With his cock in your cunt? Say it!”

“Oh yes! Yes,” she drooled. “Let him fuck me with his cock inside of me! In my cunt, hurry! Oh God! I’m dying!”

A murmur of pleased approval rippled through the female audience. In back of them was the whirring motion picture camera, steadied by Cleonora, which was taking all this in.

Laura no longer cared about anything that was going on around her. Her mouth slurped gratefully as the dog before her was once again allowed to stuff his penis deep into her hungry face. She felt the bonds on her wrists being released and then her hands flew up to grab and fondle at his testicles, which were swinging with a weighty soft slap against her chin as his cock plunged repeatedly into her throat. She gurgled happily all around it and sucked and licked as if her life depended on it.

In back of her she suddenly could feel the second dog mounting her from the rear. His forepaws came up onto her back and there was some snarling above her as the two dogs, front and rear, met each other across her enslaved body. But they quickly calmed and reverted their attention and energies to her lusting flesh.

Laura felt the dog behind her searching underneath her open loins with his thrusting male hardness for the open wet slit of her vagina. When it brushed against her pussy lips, she cried out with joy as if she had been touched there by an electric shock. Then she tried to buck backwards and as she did, the dog found her yearning cuntal mound and slid home with a fast wet rush that took her breath

away.

At last! At last! her heart cried, pounding madly in her heaving chest. At last!

The dog began fucking her furiously and her sex-addled mind sucked urgently on the animal cock thrusting into her open mouth. Beneath her kneeling body, the third dog was still lapping at her leather-rimmed breasts. Oh God! Oh God! She couldn't take any more of this pleasurable torment. She had to cum!

The dog behind her guided the blood-filled head of his penis straight upward between her parted thighs until it bumped her cervix with a belly-jarring thump. Her vagina undulated to grasp its hot hard length as if with dozens of tiny hands as it slid backward and out, returning again with savage swiftness. The dog rammed as far as he could into her eagerly massaging pussy, then whipped out again, his cum-inflated balls smacking heavily against the smooth white backs of her thighs, as she moaned with sensual delirium.

As deep as both cocks were in her mouth and her vagina, she still wanted them deeper. "Fuck deeper! Deeper!" she wailed in desperation and then she gagged at the penis stuffing her mouth.

She sucked at it in wild frenzy, her body trapped in a mad, naked whirlpool of raw lust unlike anything she had ever experienced before. The wildly jerking penis in her cunt pistoned faster and faster, making her cry out with joy even as she sucked on the other one.

Laura's eyes were glazed with uncontrollable lascivious desire. All thought of getting away had departed long ago. Now she wanted only to feel the wonder of this spectacular multiple fucking and that was all that mattered in the entire world. She lusted to have her belly and throat filled with great sticky warm pools of animal cum and feel it churning wetly inside her.

Hurry, doggy, doggy darling! Hurry! Her passion drugged mind cried out. Fuck me or I'll die!

The dogs acted to oblige, thrusting faster and faster. Her pussy was a steaming hot cavern now filled with molten volcanic lust, twitching like a nerve out of control. Her body felt as if it were about to explode into a million ecstatic pieces and she sobbed hysterically around the mouth-fucking cock, crying out for the relief of an orgasm. Her face contorted with anguish as everything in her strained for the ultimate explosion.

Laura clenched her eyes tightly shut against the whirlpools of sensation that were shooting out of control through her sex-starved loins. The savage animal fucking of her bursting cunt drove shocks up her spine right to the base of her skull, where they shattered in a cascade of wildly shooting stars. Her whole body was alive to the demands of the flesh. Her pelvis tried to jerk back along the ardently raping dog hardness, sucking it in her belly as deeply as was humanly possible. The unrelenting fire in her body had replaced all other considerations.

Now she wanted only to fuck! To suck! To have her breasts licked by the wonderful dog beneath her!

Her entire being was a great open cavern needing to be filled, stuffed and gorged with fiery hot masculine sex muscle. Nothing else mattered now; not her husband, not principles, not humiliation, just the flicking reality of German shepherd tongue wiping all around her throbbing stiff-nippled breasts and German shepherd penises fucking her mouth and crazily pulsating cunt. Her steaming pussy furrow wanted only that masterful canine cock blasting in and out of its yearning hot flesh, drenching her loins with lust.

"Oooh, myyyessss, darling! Lick my tits! Lick my tits! Fuck me, darlings ... ! Ohooooohhh, goood!"

Hot cock! Fuck my cunt!"

Her hot thick saliva fairly swamped the forward dog's pistoning cock as she pulled madly on it, swallowing the tiny droplets of cum as fast as they welled up on the tapered end. She rotated her lust-contorted face as much as she could around its slippery length, licking and lapping, nibbling and suctioning at the fleshy hard instrument as it screwed in and out between her tightly ovalled lips. She sucked it as deeply into her throat as she could and moaned with joyous happiness.

In her cunt, the other dog's thrusting male hardness was threatening to rip her belly open with delirious delight. The lust-incited audience gasped as she ground her pussy back against him lasciviously, grinding their pubic triangles together at an awkward, rear-end angle. The dog was fucking frantically into the fluted pink lips of her cuntal slit, stretching her wanting cunt with each thrust from behind up between her wide-splayed thighs.

"Ooooooh ... ooohhhh ... ooohhhh ... ohhhhhh ...□ Laura moaned, jerking convulsively as both blood-engorged penises raced into her helpless orifices like runaway freight cars out of control. She was so happy. It seemed as if any minute both of the cocks in her body would meet in her center and explode out through her navel. She wanted to devour them both with great drowning gulps of sensuality.

But suddenly - too soon - both dogs began to shudder in orgasmic frenzy, the forward one shooting his sperm hotly down into her urgently sucking throat in a white-hot needle-sharp stream, the one behind her emptying his semen with scalding urgency high up into her helplessly quivering belly.

Laura groaned, delirious with happiness, as the huge dogs filled her body with their cum. Her joyous, lusty cries echoed from one end of the dimly lit room to the other, encouraging couples to entwine once more and continue their orgy. But the young housewife's cries turned to mewls of disappointment very quickly, for, even as the two German shepherds squirted out the final drops of their exploding semen into her ravished cunt and mouth, their penises deflated quickly and they moved to withdraw.

"No!" she cried, "You can't leave me! I'm burning up!" She swung her long blonde hair around over her eyes, which were by now wild and staring, consumed with lust and yelled to her neighbor, "Mark, hurry! Get two other dogs! Put another cock in my mouth and another in my cunt! Hurry! God, I'm dying! Make them fuck me! Please!"

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Mark and Cleonora looked at each other, with several human-canine couples cavorting lewdly between them and smiled. They had won. Laura Saunders was theirs now. They would get terrific film out of her for resale around the world and Mark would have the pleasure of her company as well.

"Help me! Help me, Mark!" Laura cried as the two moistly deflating dog-penises slipped from her still hungering lips and pussy. She licked after the one belonging to the forward dog, but was unable to reach it adequately with her tongue. Her freed hands tried to grip his haunches and drag his still swollen cock back towards her, but the animal struggled away with what she reflected was a very canine laugh at her expense. She tried to wriggle her buttocks backward, but it was no use at all trying to capture the other dog behind her. He had already jumped off the stage and was hurrying back to his mistress with a deeply satisfied smile on his German shepherd face.

"Get me two more! Hurry!" she wailed desperately, gnashing her teeth with growing frustration.

Mark nodded and he and Cleonora went over to drag away the third dog, who had continued to lap and lick at her trembling white breasts. The dog fought to remain where he was, but they dragged him around behind Laura and positioned him so that his swiftly upspringing penis was able to locate Laura's warm damp pussy with little difficulty. He mounted her nakedly bound back and shoved forward, the thin bevel-end of his cock pressing forward through her sparsely resisting blonde pubic hair. She groaned with ecstatic relief as he sank home inside of her burning white belly.

"Aaaahhhhh ...□ she sighed as he began his rapid fucking. It was like a cooling balm within her boiling vagina. "Ahhhh ... daaarling ...□

"If I release you, will you position yourself properly?" Mark asked her, close to her ear.

"Y-yes! Only hurry ... oh ... oh ... darrrrling ...□ She nodded her head vigorously, her long blonde hair flying all around as the dog pistoned in and out of her.

Mark hurried to accommodate her and she was as good as her word. The relief of her legs being freed from the leather straps was so tremendous .. and now she was free to buck backwards and get maximum enjoyment from the dog's swiftly thrusting hardness.

Deep groans echoed from her parted red lips, her teeth clenching and re-clenching, gnashing together. Everything inside her strained urgently for orgasm. She didn't notice what was going on around her, not even the pop of flashbulbs as some members of the Park Palisades Women's League took their own snapshots. She didn't hear the lewd sounds echoing around her or feel the hard floor of the dais or smell the marijuana incense. This was all that mattered - this surging red animal rod stuffing up between her throbbing cunt lips. She sobbed with happiness, her long gold hair hanging down all over her face and shoulders, while the dog panted above and behind her, dripping drool on her smooth white back as he squirmed in and out of her affectionately clasping vagina.

The German shepherd barked and began a slow revolving motion with his hips that drove her wild with frenzy. His lust-heated member expanded the hotly clasping walls of her vagina until she fit him like a well-tailored glove.

"Help her, Mark,□ Cleonora suggested, disturbed at Laura's groaning inability to achieve orgasm. He nodded and knelt down, rubbing his hands lewdly over the moon-shaped cheeks of her skewered buttocks beneath the dog's hairy belly. His fingertip probed above the dog's soundly thumping cock and located the tiny puckered opening of her anus. Laura winced with pleasure as his finger suddenly popped through the tight surrounding nether ring and dug deeply into the soft rubbery flesh within. It moved around, expanding her snug anal orifice until the palm of his obscenely intruding hand lay flat against her ass-cheeks, the whole finger sunk safely inside the warm throbbing passage.

Laura swooned with ecstasy. Feelings were alive in her body that had no right to exist anywhere on earth, they were so electrifying and soul-destroying. The dog yelped and adjusted to the presence of Mark's hand under his belly by starting a sawing motion in and out of Laura's moist stretched pussy, thrusting forward relentlessly from the apex of his withdrawal and battering her pleasure-drenched body on the upthrust.

The finger embedded in her anal canal joined the slowly pistoning penis in a rhythmic fucking duo that brought groans of anguish and gasps of delight gushing from the skewered blonde's open mouth in time to their lewd simultaneous tempo.

Weird sensations of tingling happiness electrified her lust-enslaved body. Her outrageous debasement and subjugation made her blood race madly and her pelvis gyrated unconsciously with an abandoned rhythm to match the increasing speed of the cock and finger fucking into her.

"Eeeeh - eh - eeeeeeeh ... She sucked in her breath with every thrust and counterthrust, every pull and counter-pull. "Eeeeeehhhh -eeeeeeehhhh ... darrrrrrlingggs, she gurgled, "yessssss ... fuck me like this ... oh yessssssss ... Her voice became a long, crooning supplication for pleasure and she squirmed and writhed in order to pass pleasure backwards to its providers.

Opening her dazed eyes, Laura saw the glistening red penises of German shepherds everywhere, doing one thing and another with a variety of mistresses. This spurred her as if someone had just nipped at her clitoris with a dull set of teeth. Waves of pleasure flooded her trembling limbs. She was in a great cock heaven, surrounded by them - a prisoner of them -while all the time the dog behind her fucked his red-hot rigidity deeper between her legs, expanding her grasping cunt with each mind-bending stroke. Mark's middle finger drubbed into her as well and between them she felt trapped as if she were an insect, helpless before their dominating will.

"Don't oh don't stop darlings! Never, never stop! OH! EEEEEH!"

It hit her suddenly, like white lightning out of the blue. One moment she was straining for it, the next she was groaning like a depraved animal as great waves of indescribable joy inundated her frantically aroused flesh, curling her toes and fingers and making her teeth gnash with ecstasy. She wallowed obscenely in it, her cum gushing hotly from between her legs, flooding the dog's loins and flowing wetly down her inner thighs.

"Oh God, oh God!" she moaned as Mark and the dog continued to saw into her, allowing her no respite. She felt like a helpless rag doll. What more could there be in the universe, after that fantastic, shattering climax? What more did they expect?

But she didn't care. She wouldn't care if they went on forever. She was a happy, relaxed receptacle for burning male sperm. That was her fate and now she loved it.

She undulated her buttocks in tiny circles, squeezing with her vaginal muscles at the lust-hardened rod of dog flesh still boring into her cunt, wanting to milk it dry, to fill her belly again and again with the sticky warm fluid that was already running down her shivering white thighs.

If only she had had a cock in her mouth, she would have been happier still.

Not that the finger in her nether passage wasn't producing the most fantastic sensual reaction in her loins. Why hadn't Ralph ever thought of something like that? The feeling was incredible; there was no earthly way of describing it, but why oh why had she had to find out from her neighbor's husband instead of her own?

Simultaneously with the rising tide of her second climax, Laura felt the dog's instrument inflate and begin spewing its white hot load deeply up inside her clasping vagina. It ricocheted hotly around inside her belly and then dripped from the hair-lined lips of her cunt back onto his still wildly fucking cock. His testicles slapped at her tiny tender clitoris, making her jerk convulsively forward. A deep shudder rippled through her helpless exposed flesh as she tried to screw her buttocks back onto the dog's still squirting member and all of a sudden she was struck by an entire string of firecracker climaxes, which were like small atomic explosions going off in every nerve and muscle in her body.

"OH! OH! OH!" she barked, falling forward.



Mercifully, sleep came then and she sighed away into a doze that seemed to have no beginning nor any ending, but which only consisted of dancing German shepherds on a great green field.

It was some time later before Cleonora woke her. She opened one eye, a silly, happy smile spread across her hopelessly relaxed face.

"Cleonora?"

The older woman stroked her pretty face. "Yes, dear. It's time you were going home. Ralph will be worried. Are you all right?"

Everyone was gone from the room. Cleonora had on a dressing gown which concealed well her sumptuous curves. The air was a trifle stale and liquor and full ashtrays were everywhere for the servants to clean up after in the morning. Even Mark Franklin was nowhere to be seen.

Laura's nostrils dilated. She felt so nice and relaxed and she just wanted to sleep for a week. "Yes, I'm all right," she said sweetly. "Did I behave all right?"

Cleonora hugged her affectionately, like an older sister. "You did fine, dear."

"I'm sorry I was so silly. I didn't know anything. I owe you everything, Geo."

"Don't worry, we'll find a way for you to pay us back, dear."

"I've been a silly little prude. I thought sex was dirty. But now I love it. I'm going to want it all the time," she looked around for signs of Rover. "Especially from Rover. Where is he?"

"Even dogs need their beauty sleep, Laura and you've been out for hours. Ralph called a little while ago. He wanted to know where you were. I told him we had just drunk a little wee too much and that you were taking a nap. I told him I'd wake you and send you right home."

Laura stretched luxuriously, her long smooth arms rising high above her head, her legs stiffening out ahead of her over the edge of the little stage. "I feel so nice, Cleo," she said after a lengthy yawn. "So happy and relaxed. I don't think I've ever felt so good in my life. I've been very foolish."

Cleonora pushed her fingers through Laura's blonde hair. "You won't be anymore, dear. Now get dressed and get back to your handsome young husband. I've brought your clothes down."

It didn't take long for her to dress and put her make-up on again. Her lower belly felt all warm and nice. She wondered how it was that she had gone her entire life without knowing this wonderful peace that came from sexual completion.

She certainly intended to make up for lost time.

It was pitch dark as the young blonde wife pulled her car out of the Franklins' driveway and headed down the highway toward her house. She wondered if Ralph would be angry. Well, if he was, she'd make it up to him! And then some!

She pulled up the gravel path just as the clouds parted and the full moon shone across their home. The sea was full of spray and tossing madly. The moon glinted brightly on the sharply peaking waves. It seemed like a good omen. She loved her home and she loved Ralph and she wanted their marriage to succeed. The marvelous canine fucking she had received at the Franklins' had opened her eyes, but that was fundamentally just an interlude. Ralph was her whole life; eventually she

would bear his children.

Not that she couldn't still continue to enjoy sex of every variety, she thought. But that was pleasure and home and family were more like a business partnership in which both partners invested their lives and souls.

They would find a way.

I've been a prudish bitch, she thought, parking the car to a stop. I didn't try to make Ralph happy, so he didn't try with me, either. It takes two to make a good hot fuck. There, I'm not afraid of saying it. Fuck, fuck, fuck; I love the sound of it. "Fuck!"

The house was dead quiet as she took her key out of the lock. Then she went up the stairs as silently as she could, so that she wouldn't wake him.

When she reached the top of the stairs, she tiptoed across the plush blue carpeting toward their bedroom door.

Only to hear the most anguished sounds coming from within!

"Oh, Christ, you have a nice cunt, Cleonora. Love fucking you, baby. Just want to stuff it up your ass, honey ..."

She pushed open the slightly parted bedroom door with her fingertips and gazed inside. There, before her on the bed, outlined starkly in the moonlight, was Ralph, his rigid cock held in his hand, actively pumping the loose foreskin up and down.

Masturbating! Laura had never seen a man masturbate before! She stared in rapt silence as his hand moved up and back, making his soft hairy balls jiggle between his long, muscular legs. His mouth was open, although his eyes were closed and he was muttering fresh obscenities with every breath.

No doubt his brief conversation with Cleonora over the telephone had brought him to this sorry pass, so that he wanted her more than he wanted his own wife. Did he also think of Cleonora when he was fucking his own wife? Laura wondered. Was that why he would always cum so fast? Laura's seething jealousy flared. She would show him. She began artfully removing her clothes.

"What?" Even in the moonlight she could detect his embarrassment at being caught in such a compromised position. His face darkened darker than the shadows and she knew he was blushing.

"Oh, it's you, Laura," he said after a lengthy pause, awkwardly and ill-at-ease. He let go of his penis and pulled a sheet up over it.

"Yes, it's me," she murmured as she stripped, doing it languidly, even as if she were engaged in a little dance of the seven veils. She kicked off her shoes, slid down her nylon stockings and removed her dress. Then she unhooked her brassiere and slid her white cotton panties slowly, teasingly, down the long white columns of her legs. She knew that Ralph was partial to blonde hair, so she was especially slow about revealing her sparse golden pubic triangle. But eventually her clothes surrounded her dainty feet in a soft flow of cotton and silk and her brassiere fell away to the top of the pile from her softly uptilted breasts.

Ralph's mouth was hanging open as she stepped out of her clothes. He gazed at her magnificent body in wonder as if he had never seen it before in quite this way. When she fluffed out her long

blonde hair so that it fell down over the tops of her buttocks, the effect was pure sensuality. He found his breathing coming in small, ragged gasps. He couldn't believe she was actually turning him on like this. After all, Laura was his own wife!

"See anything you like?" she asked in her best imitation of Marilyn Monroe. Then she sashayed her way sexily toward where her doctor-husband lay waiting nakedly on the bed, moving with a calculated wiggle that she had seen girls use in so many countless Hollywood movies.

Ralph was thunderstruck. This performance was so unlike the proper little girl he had married that he was totally at a loss. He had expected — rather, hoped — that active sexuality in the marital bedroom would serve to pry Laura loose from the strangling inhibitions which had made their courtship such a ball-busting hell for him. But he had never expected anything like this, at this late stage. What on earth had come over her?

Or perhaps he should not look a gift horse in the mouth. Without saying another word, he sat up and reached for her. She came into his arms, her high-set round breasts flattening against the muscular hardness of his young chest. He buried his nose in the sweet youthful fragrance of her long, wheat-colored hair, his hard-on resuming its terrible, pounding, blood-engorged desire.

Laura's body shivered as his hands moved down over her softly fleshed buttocks and his fingers slipped into the narrow deep crevice between. A picture came into her mind of how some of the dogs at the Franklins' party had been using some of the women and she wondered if she had the nerve to suggest it.

"Sweetheart, oooooohhhhhh nice ..." she murmured as he ran his hands in a long slow caress up and down her back. Her body strained along with his hands as they coursed over her naked skin. Then he returned to her buttocks, rubbing them in small circles, gently pressing apart the two full white moons of her ass-cheeks and slithering one finger in the direction of her tiny puckered little anus. Then he withdrew, still somewhat shy of alarming her and cupped the firm full cheeks again. Then, somewhat emboldened by her moaning acquiescence, he slid his fingers back again between, up and back, gently increasing their pressure.

He had expected his wife to close her thighs to this rude entry, but instead she seemed actually to welcome it. There was no haughty disdain that he would have expected, no pushing away of his hand.

Still testing his good fortune, he pushed his hand up inside the full, satin-like softness of her ass-cheeks until his fingers came into sudden wet contact with the soft down of her thin blonde pubic hair. He pressed one middle finger up between the soft damp flanges of her pussy from behind and moved it around in slow, teasing circles, knocking her small nerve-filled clitoris wildly back and forth. The unexpected sensation elicited a gasp and a moan from his normally unresponsive young wife that quite surprised him.

"Are you all right, Laura?" he asked nervously. "You don't mind if I touch you there?"

She shook her head vigorously, gasping for breath. "No, no, do it, Ralph, do it," she groaned. God if he didn't continue touching her there, she swore she would kill him. Then she groaned again, vaguely aware of his hands turning her body on the bed so that she was flat on her back and the whole of her naked front was presented up to him like a sacrificial offering full of intriguing hollows and curves and secret indentations begging to be explored.

"My God, you're beautiful, Laura," he said in a voice choked with emotion and urgent desire for her voluptuous body and tawny flesh.

"Isn't it time you stopped talking and loved me?" she said huskily, in a voice calculated to make his penis jerk. He gulped and knelt down, running his hands reverently over her whitely heaving breasts, her flat smooth belly, her thighs, up and down over her unprotected nakedness. His anxiously trembling hands brought forth small animal mewls of delight from between her tightly clenched teeth. Laura felt as if there were tiny licking flames raging all over her passionately awakened flesh, within the softness of her inner thighs, out through the tips of her now pulsating and pebble-hard nipples and down again into the tingling, burning core of her pussy where they roared into white heat like the interior of a blast furnace.

"Oh Lord, Ralph," she gasped through parted lips, "love me. Love me to death."

"I want to, darling."

"Don't hurry. Only love me."

She reached around in back of his neck and pulled his head down, mashing her lips against his, spearing her tongue into his mouth and lapping at its walls, top and bottom.

God, thought Ralph, this is not like Laura at all! She usually pushed him off when he tried to press his tongue through her virginal pink lips and into her mouth.

But on the other hand, he was not going to question his good fortune. His hands continued rummaging over her magnificent body and he ran one up between her thighs to discover that she was wet up there much more than was usual for his young blonde wife. He could feel the desire-heated center of her loins flexing perceptibly in the direction of his naked touch.

"Oooooooooohhh nice," she sighed continuously up into his open mouth, her tongue pushing lewdly at his, licking it and searching around deep inside as though wanting to go all the way down his throat. "Soooooooo nice ..."

Laura's passion spurred his own, even as disbelief fuzzed his hotly lusting brain. She was writhing and twisting beneath him as if she were his helpless slave.

He wouldn't be able to stand it another second, he knew, so he moved over, slithering on top of her burning white body like a protective blanket. His cock felt as if it were about to explode out of control beneath him and he reached down on both sides to draw her unresisting thighs up the sides of his hips until the whole of her throbbing wet cuntal slit was presented open to him in a soft glistening oval.

He held them waiting there for one long, torturous moment, then reached down to implant himself. Something stopped him at the last second - the need to find out if she was really his at last - and he whispered hoarsely: "Put it in for me!"

Ralph let his breath out slowly in a long sigh of relief as her hand came burrowing down without hesitation between their obscenely positioned bodies, her warm fingers closing snugly around his rigid shaft of penile flesh. Her thumb and forefinger tightened around the throbbing head, guiding it gently into the wet, fleshy folds of her vagina. He felt the soft blonde pubic hair grazing easily over it as it hung poised for entry between his young wife's snugly pulsating pussy lips. It was all he could do to hold himself back from lunging forward to sink the whole of his hardness with one mighty skin-splitting plunge into her quivering white belly.

Yet he waited, waited for a further sign from her. They had reached a plateau of some kind and he wanted to know what direction she wanted him to travel in. It came to him in a rush - the realization

that he had not been so careful with her previously and that perhaps that had been a part of her seeming failure. He could make it up now, if she would let him.

She needed it now, that was obvious and that was what he had wanted from her from the very first. It was almost ecstasy to torture them both with this excruciating delay. He had to do it because this chance of finding each other in sex might never come again if he played it wrong.

“What should I do, Laura?” he whispered. “What do you want me to do?”

“Do ...” she breathed and her eyes opened. “If you have to ask me, then don’t do anything.”

And that was when he decided to fuck her breasts.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Laura reverted to groaning in small unintelligible gasps that seeped from between her tightly clenched teeth like jets of steam. Her body ached and she was agonizingly aware of Ralph’s form above her, of Ralph’s penis tickling at the edges of her eagerly contracting young cunt. Why didn’t he put it in? Her legs and loins were wide open, waiting for him. Her deeply undulating womb was as hungry as a ravenous jungle animal. Her face was contorted with indescribable pleasure and her lips hung slack, parted by her small, wispy moans of half-conscious rapture.

Ralph looked down beneath his hovering body to see his pulsating hardness pressing thickly into the moist glistening folds of her grasping pink pussy. The silken softness of her blonde pubic hair caressed the huge bulbous head of his cock and made it throb violently. Her moans, groans and sighs made him feel like the most wonderful creature God had ever made.

His eyes fastened on her firm ripe breasts swaying out gently to the sides and quivering slightly with each mewling gasp from her happy throat. His eyes blazed just a little madly and he slithered forward up over her chest to straddle her with one leg on either side and shove his hotly energized rod into the narrow cleft he was able to make in her breasts by pushing those two warm mounds together.

He crushed their soft resiliency in his hands, kneading and stretching at them, watching them ooze through his hands like foam rubber, then spring voluptuously back into shape when he released them.

He pushed them together so that they met across her chest and formed a velvety yielding tunnel in which his penis was sensuously entrapped. Then he began an easy rocking movement, thrusting his whole lustfully throbbing rigidity through the warm, flaccid channel formed by her rounded white mounds. As he pushed, the angry red head of his cock appeared at the far end and brushed gently against her chin, leaving a small lewd trace of moisture each time it touched.

He continued this slow rocking motion between her tightly held breasts for several minutes, feeling his blood-engorged member expand until he was afraid it would erupt into a rushing fountain of sperm before either of them was ready. He tweaked her passion-stiffened nipples and rubbed them over the top of his urgent male hardness. At the same time he watched his gorgeous blonde wife to see what effect this was having on her.

Laura’s nostrils flared as she struggled for breath excitedly. A thin, smoky veil of desire obscured her dilated pupils, while below, her pelvis and buttocks writhed with desire on the bed, her thighs

kicking out reflexively and then drawing back as if searching for some unseen lover to draw within them. Her full red lips were murmuring unintelligible nothings thick with lust. He wanted to shove his penis into them and shuddered at the thought of their warm soft wetness closing around. His hard-pressed penis jerked and almost ejaculated at the mere thought.

The more he thought about it, the more reasonable it became. He had tried for ages to coax Laura into sucking his cock. Maybe this was the ideal moment. They might never get another chance like this.

Grunting anxiously, he moved up slightly so that his knees were on either side of her swanlike white neck, his lewd position presenting her with a view of the throbbing sperm-filled ridge beneath his cock. His sperm-swollen testicles lay softly against her moistened chin and her breasts were squashed beneath his heavy buttocks. He placed both his hands gently beneath her head and lifted it up so that her face and heavily lipsticked mouth were directly in front of the palpitating tip of his rigidity. Then he inched his hips forward, rolling on the voluptuous cushion of her breasts like a sailor strolling a deck in a high sea. He groaned as the softness of her lips brushed gently against his hypersensitive cock-head. He held his breath as he waited for her to push him away.

To his surprise, she didn't! Instead, her mouth fell limply open and she lapped hungrily at his cock with her tongue!

"Uh ... uh ... oh Laura ... darling ... I've wanted ... oh ... I've wanted that ... God ... thank God ..."

The young doctor's head strained backward and he groaned with unbelieving happiness as the rounded oval of her lips enclosed the tightly stretched skin of his penis and moved slowly downward ... she swiped her tongue around and around, making his rod jump and jerk in the furnace-like heat of her mouth. Her lips were soft, smooth and warm, every man's dream of the perfect suck. She surrounded his cock with warm saliva and the tender inner flesh of her soft mouth and tongue. Holding his hands on either side of her hollowing cheeks, he pressed inward with a long, low moan.

All the hunger in Laura's vagina was now concentrated in one great gust of sensation in her mouth. She wanted so much for him to cum there. He flexed his loins in and out so expertly ... mashing her full firm breasts back against her chest as if they were pillows for his sinewy ass-cheeks. Her mouth became a hungry, nibbling cunt as she endeavored to suck him off completely and utterly.

The pressure building in Ralph's testicles was virtually unbearable as his drum-tight balls slapped against her chin. His instrument was throbbing and expanding beyond anything it had ever done before.

Having been masturbating for a quarter of an hour before Laura arrived home and now teased by her to the last degree, Ralph was suddenly unable to hold back. My God, he thought, I'm going to cum right into her mouth! I can't stop myself! She'll be disgusted and hate me! Got to get it out ...

But it was too late. For suddenly there was a jerk in his loins and nothing in the world could have stopped the spasming flow of seminal fluid that shot in heavy hot spurts up from his aching testicles and out the tip of his shuddering, burning cock. He gripped her head tight with his hands and shoved his penis down her throat as far as it would go. She gagged and groaned underneath him as the first needle thin spurt of fiery hot cum flooded into the back of her mouth, bloating and stretching her cheeks until they were ready to burst.

Her throat worked gluttonously, swallowing and sputtering to keep from choking on the sticky wet sperm as he emptied his balls relentlessly into the depths of her throat.

Ralph heard himself bellowing like a bull, “Aaaaahhh ... aahhh ... aahhh ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh ...” He had great difficulty in catching his breath and for a moment he couldn’t remember who or where or what he was, the agony was so beautiful.

He braced himself with his hands tangled in her long yellow hair. Then he started to lift himself off of her, but to his astonishment she wouldn’t let his deflated member escape her lips. She continued sucking affectionately as he watched with disbelief the small thin white trails of his cum running out of the corners of her mouth to her chin.

It was only a matter of seconds before his penis became hard again. My Jesus, she sucks like an expert! Where on earth did she learn it?

Laura licked and bit gently at her husband’s growing penis in the soft slippery heat of her mouth, seemingly happy to bring it to life again. Continuing to nibble and suck, she swiped her slippery tongue all around its rapidly expanding girth until she was sure it was restored and then her head fell back on the pillow, her long blonde hair fanning around her face like a halo of light. The rejuvenated instrument slipped, wetly glistening, from her mouth, every blood-ridge pulsating along its powerful length, a small string of white sperm still connecting her lips to it.

Her eyes fluttered open and she looked up at Ralph with deep affection. He was her man and she loved him and now they had the chance of making a new start. If she was prepared to go all the way and be ashamed of nothing. She knew that was what Ralph wanted. If only she had it in her. She would have to prove that all masks were off once and for all and that she would stop at nothing in her love for him and -what’s more - that she would enjoy stopping at nothing.

She gazed at her husband for a long moment, considering that and then she made the decision for them, the decision to wipe the slate clean and start their lives afresh.

Through smoky, desire-drenched eyes, she pleaded with a passionate whisper: “Fuck me, Ralph. Fuck me up in the ass with your great big cock, darling.”

Her words made his penis jerk madly. Gulping, the surprised young husband wasted no time positioning her. He turned her over onto her stomach and stuffed the two bed pillows underneath her, raising her ass-cheeks to an attractive height. Then, his heart pounding madly, he parted the two milk-white half-moons of her buttocks to reveal the dark winking pucker of her anus within the steep cliffs of its protection.

Gasping for air, Ralph swiped up some pre-coital secretions in his fingers from her ardently seeping cunt, then he began gently working his middle finger into her anal passage with this lewd lubrication. It wasn’t long before he was sawing in and out of her with two, then three fingers, as Laura moaned with ecstatic delirium.

Excited beyond imagination, he struggled to stabilize himself behind her, his lust-engorged penis waving hungrily between her ass-cheeks, which were wet with her excited secretions.

He paused momentarily, holding her anus open with his fingers, then with one long, smooth stroke he slipped his cock upward into their place.

“Aaeeggggghhhhh ooooooooh darrrrrrling ...” she gurgled in a kind of purr, working her buttocks back furiously to capture his ecstatically thrusting rod. The smooth wet walls of her rectum clamped around his penis, welcoming him so moistly and perfectly that he almost fainted with pleasure.

“Oooohhhhhhhh,” she crooned deliriously, moaning with love as her skewered rectum flowered open

to receive him. It accommodated Ralph's rampant rod of flesh in a way that should have surprised him, had he had the mental energy to reflect on it ... the Franklins had prepared her well.

Laura groaned incessantly now as her desire-driven husband fucked madly into her gripping nether passage, gritting his teeth with lust. Her body cooperated with wild abandon.

"Gooooood, darling, sooooo goooooood!" she moaned. The whole of her belly welcomed his onslaught as if she had never been fucked before, her body jerking and twisting to give his long hard cock the best ride ever. Her virginal anal passage echoed with waves of pleasure unlike anything she had ever experienced before, better even than when she had been drugged by Cleonora's hashish and fucked out of her mind by the three German shepherds.

Her face twisted with passion, her mouth began a flow of obscenities that took Ralph's breath away. Her nostrils flared with untamable animal desire that made her body writhe as if in the throes of a violent passion. Her forehead glistened with perspiration, her disheveled blonde hair tossed all over and he rested his face in it for the soft, fragrant pillow it was.

"Jesusssssss, yessssssss, Ralph," she hissed raspily as he fucked her with increasing urgency. The feeling in her rectum was building and building and forcing her into the greatest orgasm of her young life. Ralph pushed forward with all the strength in his muscular hips and thighs, feeling her anal passage clasp his cock snugly in its grip. The smooth hot flesh of her rectum was like a living, beating heart enclosing his bursting cock and he fucked into her from the tips of his toes, thundering up inside her right to the top to dredge an agonized moan of joy from her open mouth. Her lips bared back tightly over her teeth, with greater and more desperate sounds echoing from deep in her savagely heaving breast.

"Fuck me ... oh Lord! Fuck me, Ralph! Twist it ... ah, like that ... oh OH DARLING! OH!"

Smacking wet sounds resounded throughout the bedroom with each satisfying, pile-driving lunge. Ralph's neck strained, his head pushing all the way up, aching for release. His hands moved down under her torso, milking her crazily dancing breasts swinging beneath. Then he ran his fingers down into her soft, passion-soaked pubic triangle to tease at the soft wet lips of her cunt and her hotly aroused clitoral bud. This made her gasp and cry out even louder and she bucked like a wild horse under a virgin saddle, unable to control her involuntary reflexes and still her rectum clung in a death grip around his bursting penis.

Laura's obscenely bucking body was a slippery, shuddering mass of passion, her blonde head flailing the air uncontrollably, her mouth opened with wild ecstatic abandon as she became something crazed and inhuman. She twisted this way and that, squirming her nether passage back onto his battering penis with unmitigated desire.

"Deeper darling!" she pleaded in an anguished voice. "Fuck me to death!" She could hear her orgasm thundering toward her from the distance with a mighty roar. She waved her buttocks voluptuously around, helping him to spiral in and out of her like a speeding bullet. "OH! OH! OH! I'M CUMMING! RALPH! OH!"

She suddenly emitted a high-pitched whine and struggled backward, increasing the tension desperately. Her body arched and sobbing, she buried her face in the pillow. Then her pelvis jerked and her entire body shuddered from head to toe as the massive presence in her nether passage finally touched off a shower of fiery orgasmic sparks deep in her spasming belly. Her anus milked crazily at his still hard-driving penis and she rotated her buttocks and squeezed it inside with a crushing, cobra-like strength, trying to draw his climax into hers.

Ralph grabbed the tightly clenched cheeks of her ass, his eyes wide with lust. This was it. His beautiful blonde young wife had at last allowed him to fuck her in the ass! Beautiful! Great gasps of passion broke from his parched throat like the sounds of a great amen. "Oh, honey!" he rasped, increasing the viciousness of his pummeling until his testicles were slapping her open pussy like a paddle, driving his cock up as high as it would go into the hidden recesses of her throbbing belly.

He felt himself cumming and wrapped his arms around her belly, resting the side of his face on her milk-white back and fucking hell-for-leather. He ground into her like a man possessed, as she yelped and gasped and gurgled through yet one more atomic string of orgasms.

And then he was there! Madly, unforgettably, unforgivably! With a deep, whooshing intake of breath, he felt his scrotum convulse and suddenly he was shooting great streams of scalding sperm through the bridge of his ardently thrusting hardness, high up into the liquid depths of her open and receptive belly. "Argggghhhhaarrggghhhhoooooaaahhhh ..."

Their groans, sighs and mewls as they expanded in every direction from their fantastic climaxes fairly echoed from the walls of the bedroom, their sex-exhausted bodies clamped tightly together in an embrace as old as life.

By the time they returned to earth, their lives had been changed as if by the raising of a curtain. They lay still, locked in the lewd embrace of love seemingly forever and ever — even though it was really only moments — but moments of such complete happiness and relaxed exhaustion as neither of them had ever known before.

Finally Ralph rolled off his panting wife's perspiration-covered body, which was still shivering in the aftermath of their lust. Tenderly, he drew the blanket up over her, to keep her warm.

He wanted to say something, but saying anything would spoil this magic moment. Why had they waited so long? They both no longer cared. All they knew, solidly, in their hearts and bones and muscles, was this new beginning and its wonderful future. Ahead was only happiness and light.

Laura's mind opened to that light and she smiled secretly to herself. She loved Ralph, but this was scarcely the end. Sex was a whole new world, waiting to be explored. Perhaps they would explore it together.

"Good night, darling," she breathed in a husky whisper, feeling so relaxed that she couldn't believe it. She couldn't move a muscle and if she had been able, wouldn't have wanted to.

"Night, sweetheart," he whispered, barely able to speak from the fiery wonder at what this magical night would mean to all the rest of their lives. His eyes closed and he went off to sleep in the most pleasant, relaxed dreamlike trance he had known in ages, slipping off onto a soft sea that was carrying him off into a balmy tropic warmth.

By his side, Laura breathed a sigh of relief and smoothed her hands over her voluptuous body under the blanket. Her body was awake now, awake to its possibilities. She had never treated it properly before. At long last she was proud of her beauty and of what that would mean to her in the future.

And if Ralph wanted Cleonora as well, why not?

She made up her mind to discuss with him the possibility of having a pet in the house very soon ... someone to keep her company so she wouldn't become so bored ... someone who might serve as a watchdog eventually as well ...

And what could be more ideal than a sweet little German shepherd puppy ... ?

THE END