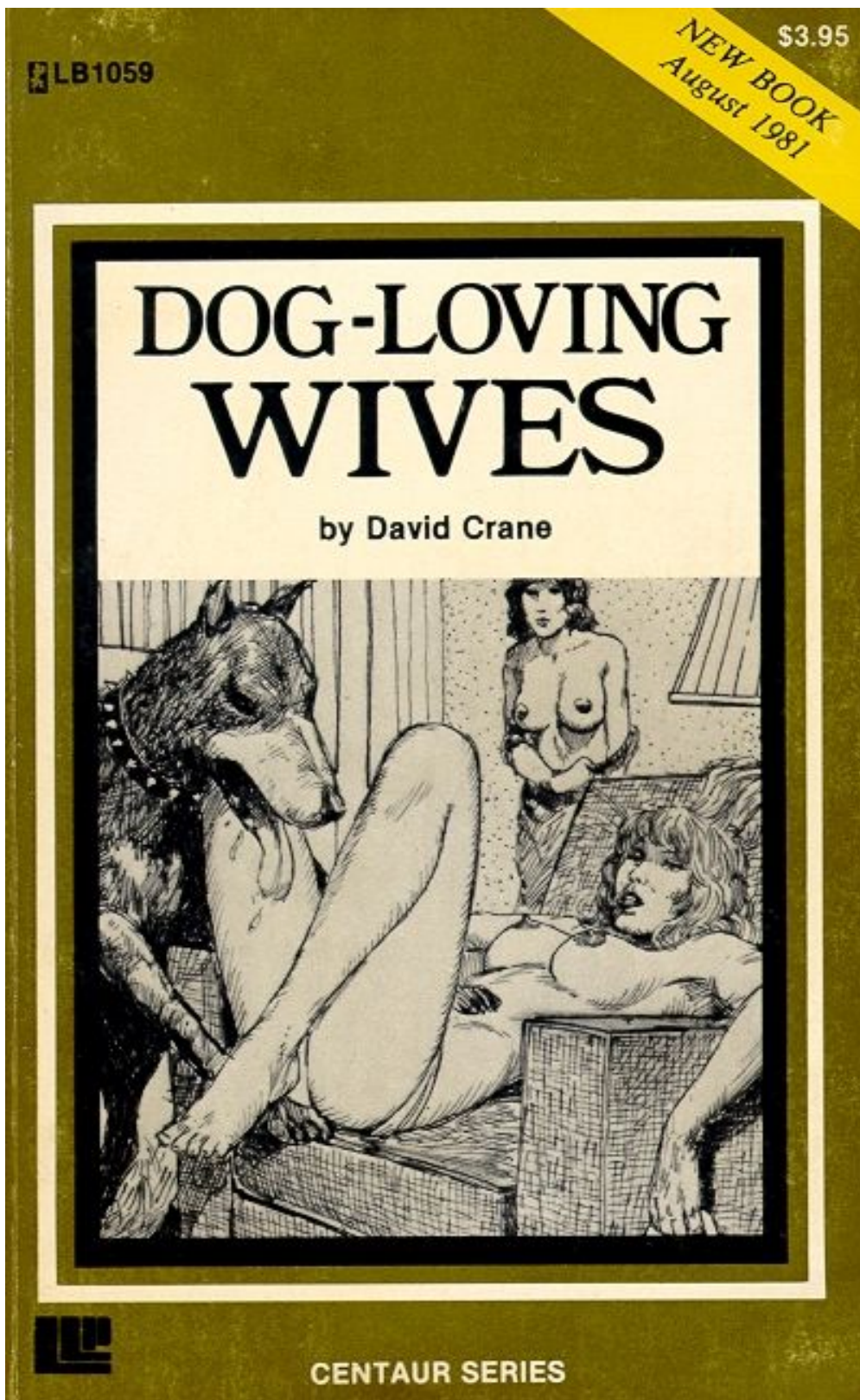


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"Sally fucked the dog last night."

Peter Tremayne spoke casually, without any particular emphasis, as if he had been commenting on the weather. He kept his face straight. Roger Bronson blinked; he couldn't believe he'd heard right. They were seated in a booth at the restaurant where they often lunched together. Peter and Roger were good friends and had offices in the same building. They often confided in each other. Both had young, sexy wives and both had the odd piece of ass on the side—which they admitted, not without a

certain smug pride to one another.

"I beg your pardon?" Roger said.

Tremayne gave him a sly look.

"I said, Sally fucked the dog last night."

Tremayne spooned up some shrimp cocktail and munched innocently away as Roger stared at him across the table. Roger's face showed his confusion. He frowned, grinned, tilted his head to one side. Was this the beginning of a joke? he wondered. He figured he had better be careful. Sally was Peter Tremayne's wife, and it wouldn't be polite to take that incredible statement at face value-unless it were true. He watched Peter munch calmly away.

"That's what I thought you said," Roger said.

"Um-hum."

Roger waited. Tremayne said nothing further for awhile. Tremayne knew that he had interested his friend. He was letting him stew a bit. The shrimp cocktails were finished, and the waitress came to take the empty cups away. She had big tits and an inviting smile. Neither Roger nor Peter had fucked her, but they were pretty sure that either of them could do so with hardly any effort. As she moved away from their booth, her flaring hips and tight ass swayed provocatively.

"So what's the joke?" Roger ventured.

"Humm?" Peter said, innocently.

"About Sally and the dog?"

"Oh, that." Peter grinned. "No joke."

"Are you serious?" Roger asked, staring.

"Yep."

Peter was playing it smug and cool.

But a bit of his excitement was starting to show in his eyes-and Roger began to think that maybe it was true.

Roger's prick began to twitch.

Roger said, "I don't believe it!"

Peter shrugged.

But then he decided that he had played it cool long enough. He had been so thrilled by what had happened the night before that he was dying to tell his friend all about it, to share the excitement. He glanced around to make sure that no one else could overhear the conversation, then leaned towards Roger and spoke confidentially "Yeah," he said. "She actually did fuck the dog."

Roger felt dizzy.

He thought about Sally Tremayne. She was a gorgeous hunk of woman, with thrusting tits and a juicy ass and a way of moving that emphasized those sensual curves. He had often wondered if he might be able to fuck her himself, but had never made the attempt. The thought that she had fucked a dog drove him wild.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Oh, I was there," said Peter, matter-of-factly.

"You watched her do it?" gasped Roger.

"Sure. It was my idea, in fact. Well—both of our ideas, really. We'd talked about it before—pillow talk, you know—and the idea of fucking an animal always turned Sally on. And me, of course. But we'd never got around to doing it before. Until last night. Then—" He broke off as the waitress returned with their steaks. She leaned over more than necessary as she placed the plates on the table. Her big tits swayed before them, the deep cleavage exposed where she had left three buttons unfastened.

"Will there be anything else, gentlemen?" she asked, smiling saucily, as if offering more than food—as if willing to open her pussy on the table if they wanted a taste of hot cunt "I think not," Roger said.

She flounced away. Normally, Roger always watched her retreat from the table, admiring her ass. But today he was more intrigued by what Peter was telling him.

"Go on," he urged.

"Well, we were in bed, fooling around, getting ready to make love," Peter said. "I was fondling Sally's tits, and she was stroking my cock up and down. Then we started talking about the dog again: It always got me really horny to hear Sally talk about it, so I asked her to tell me what she would do if the dog were in bed with us. She started to, then she paused. She gave me a funny look. Then she said, 'We've talked about that quite a lot, Peter—are we ever going to do it?' Well, I stared at her and I saw she meant it. I said, 'Whenever you're ready to give it a try, honey' and she smiled."

Peter took a bite of steak.

"She told me to bring Bruno in."

He shrugged.

"So I did," he said.

"Oh, Christ! Tell me about it, Pete!"

Peter was chewing and smiling, and his eyes were bright with lust as he recalled the event.

He said, "I brought Bruno in from the yard. You know Bruno, right? When you came to dinner at our place—"

"I remember," Roger said, his voice raspy. "A big, black Doberman pinscher, right?"

"That's right. With a big, black prick."

Roger groaned.

Peter said, "I got the dog up on the bed, lying down on his flank. He was sort of puzzled, never having been allowed on the bed before. Sally and I looked at each other over the dog. I thought maybe she was going to lose her nerve, back out of it. But then she smiled and took the dog's prick in her hand. It began to get hard straight off. Sally stroked his cock up and down. She was looking at his dark prick, obviously fascinated by what she was doing, thrilled by the depravity of it. The big, purple head of the dog's cock came pushing out from his hairy cockshaft, and Sally squealed when she saw it. Her legs were open, and I saw her cunt flood with fuck juice."

Peter put down his fork and wiped his mouth.

"Bruno began to whine and whimper and hump his flanks back and forth. Sally would look up at me, and I'd give her a nod of approval, then she'd look at the dog's cock again. She was leaning right over him, her face was close to his prick—and she was licking her lips, her tongue sliding back and forth. Then she looked at me again, sort of questioningly, still licking her lips. I knew what she meant. I said, 'Do it, baby. Suck his cock!' She pushed her tongue out, not touching the dog's cock yet, just fluttering her tongue close to his slimy prick. She kept looking at me to make sure that I didn't mind. By this time, I was so hot that my cock was pounding away."

"I can imagine," Roger whispered, awed by this tale of depravity, his own cock hammering wildly.

"I said, 'Lick it, Sally—lick the dog's cock!'" Peter's face was strained now, distant, as he recalled the juicy details of the fuck the night before.

"She began to tongue his cockhead," he said. "God, it drove me wild! She ran her tongue all over that big, swollen hunk of dog cock, slurping and lapping. She was whimpering as much as Bruno by this time—and I guess that I was, too. Then she took the head of his cock right into her mouth and sucked on it! When she pulled her lips away, I saw that the tip of his prick was frothy with cum, and I knew that Sally had slurped some of that thick jism up—that dog cum was on her tongue. She even pushed her tongue out so that I could see it, coated with cum. She licked his prick some more, tonguing the slime up while I watched. Her face was all twisted with passion, she looked half-crazed with lust."

Peter looked half-crazed, himself.

Roger guessed that he must look the same.

"Then she said that she wanted the dog to fuck her," Peter continued. "I was hoping that she'd suck him off—I wanted to see the big brute squirt his cum into her mouth. But I wasn't about to argue with her. No way! She rolled over on her hands and knees and lowered her face into the pillow, so that her ass was thrusting up. She was trembling. Her legs were parted, and her cunt was wide open and filled with cunt juice."

Roger was breathing hard now. He could see it just the way Peter described it.

"I dragged Bruno up and placed him behind her. He knew what to do, then. It was dog style fucking, after all, and it would be a dumb dog that didn't know enough to mount a bitch in heat. He threw his forelegs up around her haunches, clinging to her ass, and began to hump away. His cock wasn't in her cunt yet. The head of his prick was bouncing off her ass and the backs of her thighs. But then she reached behind her and took his prick in her hand and guided the head into her fuckhole. Bruno did the rest. He thrust forward and drove every inch of his prick up her cunt. Sally squealed with pleasure. I groaned. The dog was fucking wildly, shoveling his hairy prick into her pussy with gusto. Her pussy was sucking on his prick, dragging up her cunt tunnel. Lord, what a sight!"

Peter paused. His brow was beaded with sweat, his eyes were glazed with passion.

“Did he come in her?” Roger asked, hoarsely.

“Oh, sure-but Sally came first.”

“God!”

“I saw her cream. Her cunt just opened up, and her cunt juice poured down Bruno’s prick and down the insides of her thighs. She was moaning and wailing, and her ass was lurching wildly. She cried out, ‘I’m coming-Peter, I’m coming!’ But I could see that. Then the dog shot his wad into her pussy. Lord, what a load! His jism was all thick and creamy, and he kept pumping the stuff into her cunt until her pussy was overflowing with it-cum and cunt juice pouring out of her! I thought the dog was never going to stop coming. It seemed like he had poured a bucketful of jizz into her. But finally he was emptied. He whimpered and pulled his prick out and wagged his tail. it was really something! I fucked Sally four times afterwards.”

“Jeez,” Roger wheezed.

“I knew you’d enjoy the story,” Peter said. “I was dying to tell you about it. Don’t mention it to anyone else, though, okay? I mean, I don’t mind if you know, but I wouldn’t feel right if everyone knew my wife fucked dogs.”

Roger nodded.

“Is Sally going to fuck Bruno again?” he asked.

“I imagine so. Maybe Sally will blow him next time.”

“God, I’d love to watch that!”

Peter looked speculatively at Roger.

“I wouldn’t mind if you watched,” he said. “Then we could both fuck Sally. But I’m not sure what she would think about it. We’ve never had a threesome, and she might be shy. The thing about a dog is that they can’t kiss and tell.”

“I wonder-” Roger began, and paused.

“What’s that?”

“I wonder if Margie would fuck a dog... “

Margie was Roger’s wife-every bit as sexy as Sally.

“Who knows?” Peter said. “Women are inclined to surprise a man. You can never tell what they’ll do, or won’t do.”

“I’d sure love to see Margie fuck a dog. It would be better than watching some other girl do it-with my own wife, I mean. I guess you know about that, Pete. Sort of jealousy and possessiveness and all, adding a spice to the fucking action.”

“I know,” Peter said.

"I wonder-Pete, will you let me borrow Bruno?"

Peter grinned.

"Sally might get jealous," he said, chuckling. Then he nodded. "Sure, Roger. Anytime you like-except when Sally and I are fucking with him."

Roger was getting excited.

He said, "I won't say anything to Margie-I'll tell her that you asked me to look after your dog while you and Sally went away for a couple of days. Then I'll just play it by ear."

And by eye, he hoped.

Roger Bronson wanted very much to watch his sexy wife fuck the big, black Doberman.

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## **CHAPTER TWO**

The neglected steaks had gotten cold.

Both men had lost their appetites, and all the vitality of their bodies had rushed into their pricks, both of which were throbbing merrily away under the table.

Pete grinned sheepishly.

He said, "I have a problem."

"What's that?"

"How in hell am I going to walk out of here with a great big hard cock sticking out in my pants?"

Roger said, "I have the same problem."

That problem had not gone unnoticed by Clara, the waitress. Clara always made a habit of looking at the crotches of her male customers, especially if they were handsome men like Peter and Roger. She had struck it lucky today. From her station by the dessert trolley, she gazed under the table and saw-not one, but two-massive, throbbing lumps of cockmeat. The sight of those pricks made her go weak at the knees. What had they been talking about so intently? What had caused them both to get such hard pricks? She hoped they had been discussing her.

Clara had been around.

She longed for one of those splendid pricks.

Better yet-both of them!

But they were paying her no attention. She sighed. She pushed the trolley over to their booth.

"Something wrong with the steaks?" she asked, seeing that both were virtually untouched.

"No-we just weren't very hungry, I guess," Roger told her.

"Dessert?"

"No thank you," Roger said. He was about to ask her for the bill. But then it occurred to him that it would be better to linger at the booth until their cocks softened a little. He said, "I'll have coffee and brandy, I think. Pete?"

Peter said, "That's a good idea."

Watching Clara push the trolley away did nothing towards shrinking their desperately raging cocks. Watching her come back, tits first, did even less good. She brought them the coffee and brandy and went away. Her pussy was squishing between her shapely thighs with every step that she took. The lunch crowd had gone now. Only Roger and Peter remained.

Clara watched them again, smiling wistfully. Their pricks thrust out towards each other as if they were sword-fighting. They were in earnest conversation. Clara had a truly horrible thought: Could they be queer? But she dismissed that. She knew they were both married and, anyhow, it was far too terrible to contemplate that those splendid pricks might be wasted in some act of dark perversion. Unless, of course, Clara were involved in it. She didn't mind perversion as long as it concerned her. She was getting hotter and hornier. Her cunt felt like a lump of glowing charcoal between her legs. Even the eclairs on the dessert trolley seemed like a phallic symbol to her—long and fat and full of cream.

She wished that they would finish their coffee and go, so that she could finger her pussy.

But they seemed in no hurry.

It didn't look like they would require her services for a little while, however, and Clara decided that she had time to fingerfuck herself before they asked for the bill. It never took Clara very long to bring herself off. She was an expert, and she had had years of practice, having started when she was just a little girl. She had rubbed her cunt to a froth with great regularity in her teenage years, coming at least twice a day and often more. Once she started fucking, she didn't find it necessary to jack off as frequently, but she still liked to keep in practice with the odd hand-job—to keep her hand in.

She went down the corridor at the back of the restaurant.

The bathrooms were on the right. On the left, there was a small storeroom. Clara went into the storeroom. Cans were neatly stacked on shelves. Their contents would be served as home-made fare, chef's specials and the like, to unsuspecting customers. Clara often used the storeroom to gratify herself. She used the bathrooms, too. The women's and, if the restaurant was devoid of male customers, the men's room. She liked to jack off in the men's room, thinking of all the pricks that had hung out there. She left the door ajar so that she could hear if Peter and Roger called for her.

She drew her short skirt up above her waist and tugged her panties up by the elastic, so that the crotch drew right into her cunt. She sawed the panties back and forth between her pussylips. It was stimulating. The damp silk dragged over her tingling clit and her hairy cuntlips fluttered and sucked. It felt so nice that she thought maybe she would come like that, a panty job instead of a hand-job. She began pulling the crotch of her panties back and forth more quickly. It skimmed fluidly through her cunt, up the crack of her ass, over her clit. Her face contorted with the pleasure, eyes narrowing, lips moist and parted. Her expression was dreamy and demanding at the same time. She began to breathe heavily. Her big nipples felt like swollen clits as they stiffened and pushed out.

The thrill began deep in her belly.

She hoped they did not call for the bill before she had a chance to finish.



Back in the main part of the restaurant Roger and Peter continue to discuss their dilemma.

“Still hard?” Roger asked.

“Yeah. Remembering how Sally fucked the dog really got my prick in a state,” Peter said.

“Me, too,” Roger said. “My cock feels like a fucking lever-as if it might tip the table over any minute.”

“Good thing the restaurant is empty,” Peter said.

He glanced around.

Even the waitress had left the room.

He said, “Christ, we can’t go out on the street in this condition, Rog—we’ll have to do something about it. I think I’ll slip back to the men’s room and give myself a hand-job. It seems a shame to waste a load of jism in the urinal, but what the hell?”

“It’s the only thing we can do,” Roger agreed.

He considered joining Peter in the bathroom, jacking off side by side, but he didn’t care much for the idea. It had overtones of deviant behavior, he thought. He wouldn’t want his friend to think that he had some latent tendencies.

“You go first,” he said. “I’ll wait.”

“It won’t take long,” Peter said, grinning. “Horny as I feel, a couple strokes should do the job.”

Peter slid out from the booth. His cock stood out in the front of his trousers. It was so big that it almost threw him off balance as he rose. He had to tilt his head and shoulders back to counter-weight the massive burden of his cock.

He went down the hallway at the back.

Clara heard him coming.

Still sawing away at her cunt, she peeked out the door as he passed.

Peter, having no idea that he was under observation from the storeroom, unzipped his fly as he approached the bathroom door. His cock sprang out.

Clara gave a little gasp.

It was a wonderful prick, big and fat and hard! His flaring prick knob was glowing, as if to light his way down the dimly lit corridor.

He folded his fist around the root of his cock.

He turned into the men’s room.

Clara was so fascinated by the sight of his cock that she even forgot to saw away at her cunt. But she was puzzled as well. She had always thought that a man could not piss when his cock was stiff.

Then it dawned on her.

She felt certain that that handsome, big-pricked Peter had gone into the men's room to jerk off!

Oh, what a waste! she thought.

Here I am, longing for prick, settling for only my panties, and there he is, obviously needing to empty his cock and balls and spill all that sweet jism and... and... Clara began to smile.

The solution was obvious.

She slipped out into the hallway, glanced around to make sure the passageway was clear-and stepped into the men's room.

Peter stood in front of the urinal, slowly stroking his prick up and down. His eyes were closed, his face registered the pleasure that he was feeling as his hand skimmed over his cock.

Clara stared at him, fascinated. She had never seen a man jerking off before. With her mouth or cunt always available, no man in her company had ever had to resort to that. The spectacle thrilled her so much that she was almost tempted to let him get on with it, unaware of her presence. She would love to see the hot jism spurt out of his swollen cockhead, she knew. She held her breath. Peter had no idea that he was not alone in the room. He continued to pump his prick. She watched his fist drag back to his balls, then slowly squeeze up, folding the foreskin over the ridge behind his prick knob.

But, thrilling as the sight was, Clara could not restrain herself. His prick looked too inviting-too big and stiff.

"Want some help with that?" she asked.

Peter gasped and turned towards her, his face wild with the shock of discovery. He blushed crimson. He stammered wordlessly, embarrassed and ashamed.

But Clara said, "Don't worry-there's no reason to feel guilty. I was just doing the same thing to my clit."

She smiled suggestively.

Peter began to smile, too.

Clara moved towards him. He had turned towards her and his cock loomed out, aimed at her. It drew her like a magnet. She slowly sank to her knees in front of him.

She licked her lips.

Peter was still gripping his prick by the root, but his hand had stopped stroking. Kneeling before him, Clara cupped his bloated balls in one hand. Peter started to take his hand off his cock, but she shook her head. She was still thrilled by the idea of watching him jerk off.

"No," she whispered. "Keep doing it."

Peter frowned slightly.

Did she merely intend to watch him whack off? Just hold his balls while he pulled his prick? Was that the help she had offered?

Clara said, "Jerk yourself off-while I lick the head of your prick-jerk off in my mouth!"

Peter groaned.

Why, the girl was depraved!

Wonderfully depraved!

He began to pull his prick again, very slowly.

Clara watched so intently that her eyes crossed as they turned in on his cockhead. She leaned forward. Her tongue came out. She began to lap at the head of his cock, lightly at first, then slurping, tonguing all around his tasty, glowing cock knob. The meaty flavor of his prick tingled thrillingly on her taste buds. Nothing this delicious had ever before been served in that restaurant! Nothing that came out of a tin could match the succulence of the treat that was going to come out of his balls. She kissed the tip of his cock knob lightly, then let her lips slowly part, taking his cockhead into her mouth.

She sucked lovingly.

Her cheeks hollowed in and her tongue fluttered back and forth against the underside of the hot, fat mouthful of prick.

"Ummm-ummm-ummm," she purred as her mouth pulled adoringly on his steaming cockmeat.

His fist drew back, causing his cockhead to flare in her mouth, then stroked up, bumping against her compressed lips. His balls swelled like balloons in her hand. She squeezed his balls gently. She had given plenty of blow jobs in her lifetime, but this was the first time she had ever had a man jerk off in her mouth. The novelty thrilled her to the core. She was savoring this hot mouthful of cock so much that she didn't even think about her neglected cunt, although it was pouring ribbons of cunt juice into her panties and down the insides of her thighs.

A trickle of preliminary cock juice squeezed from his cleft cock knob and ran onto her tongue.

"Ummmm," she sighed as she tasted his jizz.

She was ravenous for more-for the whole huge load of cum that she could feel swelling up in his balls.

She had just the head of his prick in her mouth. His long, fat cockshaft stood out like a bolt between them, connecting his loins to her face, his balls to her lips. His fist skimmed slowly up and down the connecting rod of prickmeat. Little spurts of jism gushed onto her tongue and ran into her hollowed cheeks. She worked on him, tonguing and sucking his prickhead skillfully. She tilted her head from side to side so that her lips revolved tightly around his cock stalk.

"Come for me-shoot in my mouth," she whispered.

She spoke right down his prick so that he felt the muffled words as much as heard them. Knowing that the sexy waitress wanted to drink his cum, excited him almost as much as the sensation of her tongue and lips as they worked away on his meaty cock knob. But he fought against the urge to pump his prick faster, to hasten the creamy explosion of cum, trying to hold back and prolong the pleasure. Clara was an artist, and cocksucking was an art form that Peter appreciated greatly.

She slurped.

He moaned.

His whole body began to tremble as the crest drew near.

“Ummm-come,” she purred.

“Yes-yes-soon,” he rasped.

“Feed me,” Clara whimpered into his meaty prick. “Pour all that hot, thick cum into my mouth... “

“Now,” he wailed.

She felt his balls burst in her hand.

His fist dragged back as, in the other direction, his steaming load of jism rushed up the shaft of his prick.

Hot jism spurting from his cockhead.

The first geyser of cum hosed her tonsils. Clara gasped with joy as she felt her mouth fill up with cum. He spurting a second dose into her, then a third. Clara gulped the delicious fuck juice down as fast as she could, greedily making room for more. Her mouth was so full that it overflowed. Cum bubbled from her lips and ran down her chin. She slurped it back into her mouth. She was not going to let a single drop of that rich jism escape her.

Peter pumped his cock and balls dry.

Clara swallowed all of his jizz.

Then she used her nimble tongue to gather up the ribbons of cum that had run down the shaft of his cock. She took his prickhead back into her mouth and gave it a final suck.

“Yummy,” she said.

She leaned back, gazing up at him with dreamy eyes, smiling with creamy lips.

“I enjoyed that,” she said.

She giggled merrily.

“I’m always serving you lunch,” she said. “It’s about time that you fed me for a change.”

But now, with her hunger satisfied, Clara began to think about her pussy once more. Neglected while she sucked cock, it was burning and flowing with urgent demands. She eyed Peter’s cock, wondering if he had enough stiff prick left to fuck her. His big cock had softened, looping out from his fly in a bent bow.

She raised her eyebrows.

“Want to fuck my cunt now?” she asked.

Peter considered it. He knew that he could make his prick hard again with no trouble, with such a

juicy cunt in front of him. But Peter was not a selfish man, he had already got his rocks off-and his good friend, Roger, was waiting.

“Wait here a minute, Clara,” he said.

Mildly surprised, she nodded.

Peter tucked his prick back into his trousers and zippered his fly up. He winked at the kneeling waitress encouragingly. Then he went out of the room. Clara wondered why he had left, but it didn't matter, as long as he returned soon.

While she waited, she fondled her pussy, just to keep it simmering and ready for fucking.

Roger was sitting impatiently in the booth, squirming with his immense hard-on.

“You took long enough,” he said when Peter approached.

His cock was in desperate need of some attention, and Peter had been gone such a long time. He had been getting so desperate that he was thinking about jerking off under the table.

Peter was smiling.

“Sorry,” he said.

But he didn't look sorry.

“Enjoy it?” Roger asked.

“More than you know,” said Peter, giving his friend a significant look. “But you'll find out.”

Roger looked puzzled.

Peter slid into the booth and Roger got up. His balls were so bloated with jism that they felt like melons between his legs and his cock was threatening to rip out through his trousers. So much blood had gone into the making of that magnificent hard-on, that Roger felt light-headed and dizzy. He wondered why Peter was acting so smug and mysterious, but he wasn't about to waste any time finding out. He wanted to-had to-get his balls emptied of cum right away.

He walked through to the back, almost staggering under the burden of his aching cock and balls. He figured that this was going to be a two-stroke job, just two fast pumps and a spurt. He figured that his jism was going to spurt at least six feet across the room.

He was opening his fly as he went through the door.

And was greeted by the welcome sight of sexy Clara, kneeling on the tiled floor, massaging her creamy cunt with both hands. Cunt juice had pooled in her palms and dripped from her fingers.

He said, “Oh.”

Now he understood why Peter had been smug.

And Clara said, “Oh,” as well, as she realized that Peter had sent a replacement. A brand new prick!

Clara did not mind at all.

### CHAPTER THREE

They grinned at each other.

Roger's cock was every bit as big as Peter's, Clara noticed with satisfaction. Maybe even bigger. Of course, he had been waiting longer to get it emptied, so that might account for the massive bulk of his cock.

As she knelt, Clara's head was level with Roger's crotch. His prick, angled upwards, revealed its underside to the girl. She saw the fat, dark vein pulsing up the stalk of his prick, spreading out into the delta under his triangular cockhead. His cocktip was already glistening with jism. The sight almost made Clara hungry again. Her mouth began to water for a taste of his hot cockmeat and a drink of the succulent cum it contained. But she had already emptied a cock and balls into her mouth, and so she subdued her greed, knowing that it was only fair to let her pussy have the next load of jizz.

She had stopped massaging her cunt, but held it cupped in both hands, as if holding the pussy juices in.

"I blew your friend," she said, naughtily.

"He did look blown, I noticed," said Roger.

"He poured so much jism into my mouth!" She knew that talk like that tended to excite a man-not that Roger was in the slightest need of excitement with that monster prick thumping vigorously away in front of his belly.

"I don't think I ever sucked so much cum out of a single cock," Clara went on. "It was all I could do to swallow it all. So I'm quite full of jism now-I couldn't drink another drop."

Roger looked horrified.

Was she turning him down?

"My cunt, however, is empty," Clara added.

She parted her cupped hands, letting him have a good look at her empty fuckhole. It was a condition that badly needed to be rectified, Roger reckoned. Nature abhors a vacuum and the nature of his cock was to rush in and fill up that void.

He opened his belt and dropped his pants.

Clara took her blouse off, then squirmed out of her skirt. Her tits swayed, stiff-tipped, as she arched her back. Roger fairly clawed his necktie off. He tossed his jacket and shirt aside and, naked, advanced on the naked waitress. Since his prick came at her at face level, she gave his cock knob a few loving slurps and one long, slow, head-bobbing suck that took his prickhead right back into her throat. But then she drew her lips away, afraid that if she sucked any longer, she was going to get the taste for it and her cunt would once more go without cock.

Roger was feeling her tits. Her nipples seemed to go off like little sticks of dynamite in his palms.

Clara giggled.

"I've never been fucked on a toilet floor," she said. "How should we do it?"

A flashing image came to Roger. He pictured Sally Tremayne on her hands and knees, with Bruno banging away at her.

"Dog style," he said.

"You like to fuck that way, huh?"

"It's the only proper way to floor-fuck."

"Suits me," said Clara, agreeable sort of girl that she was.

She turned around and bent over. Her back arched deeply, thrusting her firm white asscheeks upwards. Her thighs were parted and Roger could see the sluggish river of cunt juice that ran down her asscrack. Her cuntlips were unfurled like the petals of a pink blossom, moist with the dew of desire.

He knelt behind her.

Her pussy looked so tasty that he was tempted to give her a few tongue strokes, but his prick needed relief, and it was obvious that her wet, gaping fuckhole needed no preliminary stimulation. Wrapping his fist around the root of his cock, he guided his pulsing knob into her cunt. He began to tilt his wrist, rolling his cockhead around in her pussy, using his prick like a spoon to stir her creamy cunt juice.

"Ooooh!" Clara squealed at the contact.

She squirmed and wriggled. Her cock-starved cunt sucked on his prick, trying to haul his whole cockshaft in. She reached back between her legs and got a handful of balls, tugging gently, urging him to feed his prick to her.

He rubbed his burning wedge of cockmeat against her clit, then began to work it into her cunt inch by inch. Her pussy was wet and open, and he could have slipped his whole cock into her cunt easily, but he liked to bury his prick slowly, enjoying every inch of the penetration. He stared down, watching the fat shaft of his cock vanish between her clinging cuntlips. Then, corkscrewing, he drove in up to his balls.

He held the full penetration of her cunt for a moment, savoring the joy of having every inch of his prick bedded in sweet pussy and letting her thrill to the pleasure of being stuffed to the brim with cockmeat. Clara wriggled on his cock. Her hips worked like pistons, then rolled so that she was turning her cunt around on his staunch prick like a soft nut on a bolt. It felt so wonderful to be full of cock that she began to gurgle with delight.

Roger pulled out until only the head of his prick was in her fuckhole, paused, then drove in full length.

Clara squealed with ecstasy.

He fed her another long, slow, underslung cock stroke.

He clamped his hands on her hipbones, holding her by her hips, hauling her ass back as he drove his cock in, so that he was pulling her pussy onto his prick. Her talented cunt had started to work on his

cock, sucking and tightening, pulling and pumping, her inner cunt muscles closing all of the way up the length of his prick from root to head.

Inspired by that pussy action, Roger began to whip his cock into her cunt faster and faster, inspiring the waitress, in turn. She thought that she had never been more satisfactorily stuffed. His big prick might have been made for her, designed expressly to fit her pussy. The fit was so snug that his cock might have been poured into her cunt mold in a liquid form, then hardened within-now it was melting her, in turn.

His belly bumped on her ass and his balls swung in, slapping into her crotch. He hauled her back as he thrust his prick in deeply and she rolled her hips as he withdrew, adding this circular motion to the straight in and out contact.

Her pussy kept working on his cock, wringing and sucking. She might have had a secret mouth inside her cunt, so hard did her fuckhole suck.

Clara began to crawl forward.

Roger was shoveling his cock to her with such force that he was driving her before him. He prodded her and whipped her with his lusty prick. Her ass bumped, her hips danced. Linked in this rodeo ride, they crawled across the tiled floor, parallel to the line of urinals. Clara's fat tits swayed under her, her stiff nipples sweeping back and forth. Her head thrashed from side to side and bobbed up and down. Her features were contorted by passion. Cunt juice sprayed from her pussy, pumped out by the massive, tight-fitting plunger of Roger's driving cock.

Roger's hands moved up from her haunches. He stroked her thighs, her sides, her hips. Reaching under her with both hands, he began to massage her tits. Her tits hung down into his upturned palms like ripe fruit begging to be plucked. He pulled at the swollen tips and kneaded the surrounding tit-flesh. He drew one hand down, feeling her gently rounded belly, cupping her cunt. His fingers dipped into her pussyslit. He began to rub her clit as he fucked her.

It drove Clara wild.

She jerked and jolted with spasms of ecstasy. She was moaning and wailing, crying out, panting and heaving. Her back arched more, her shoulders and ass rose, her spine curved down. Roger thrust his prick into her cunt steadily, fingering her clit and nipples. The thrill began to cascade across her belly and to dart in electric currents up her thighs.

Throwing her head back, Clara panted, "I'm going to come-I'm coming-Oh! Come with me-shoot your jism up my cunt, let me feel that beautiful stuff pour into me!"

Roger nodded wildly, unable to speak. His vocal cords seemed as stiff as his prick. He slammed into her fuckhole violently. Her whole soft body vibrated as his cock plowed in.

Roger stiffened.

Howling like a beast, he rammed in his cock and poured a load of jizz into Clara's cunt.

Her pussy was already creaming. When she felt that hot dose of cum hose her cunt, she cried out with joy and her orgasm really took hold. Thrills wracked her loins. Her cunt juice poured out in a flood, mingling with his jism in the depths of her lashing pussy. Roger continued to pump his prick into her, spurting a wad of cum with every thrust. The combined cum and cunt juice poured out of her fuckhole each time he filled it to the brim with cockmeat. Silvery ribbons of the fuck juices



poured down her thighs, frothy cum soaked his balls and belly.

At long last, he was drained.

He knelt, rigid, while the horny waitress squirmed around on his prick, working off the final spasms of her own climax, milking out the last juicy flow of fuck cream.

“Ummm-nice,” she purred, contentedly.

Roger withdrew his prick.

His big cock swayed up and down in front of his belly, like a snake dancing to a flute—as if, despite his massive ejaculation, his cock was uncertain whether it should sink or remain stiff.

Roger, too, was undecided.

He was half inclined to fuck Clara again. Had he been alone, he would have. But Peter was waiting for him, and Peter had been most unselfish in sharing Clara. Besides, they were both going to be late getting back to their offices. He decided to put his prick away. There would, he figured, be other times for fucking the waitress.

Clara was mopping up her cunt, a dreamy smile on her face. Roger grinned and winked and went back to the dining room.

Peter was waiting, eyebrows lifted.

Roger nodded.

“She blow you?” Peter asked.

“No. I fucked her.”

Roger sat down. He finished the brandy that was left in his glass. Giving his friend a significant glance, grinning, he added, “I fucked her doggy style.”

“Oh-ho!” Peter said.

“I pretended I was a dog, and she was your wife, to tell you the truth—then I pretended she was my wife—then it got so good that I didn’t pretend anything.”

“I’ll have to try her pussy sometime,” Peter said.

“Yeah—and I better check her mouth out.”

They could hear Clara humming a happy tune in the back.

“When do you think I could borrow Bruno?” Roger asked.

“You really going to try it, huh?”

“Christ, yes! I don’t know if Margie will go for it, but it’s worth a try. I’d sure love to watch her fucking the dog!”

“Will you tell me all about it?” Peter asked.

“Certainly.”

“In that case—you can borrow the dog tomorrow, if you like.” He grinned lecherously. “Sally and I will be using him tonight—I hope. By tomorrow, he ought to be well trained and getting accustomed to human pussy. Okay?”

“Yeah—great!”

Roger considered the logistics of his plan. He said, “Why don’t I pick the dog up in the morning, before work? Then I can leave him with Margie during the day—give her a chance to get fond of him, used to him, before I suggest anything. Okay?”

Peter nodded.

Peter was almost as keen on the idea as Roger, actually. Margie Bronson was a tall, sensuous blonde, sexy as could be. Peter had often wondered what it would be like to fuck her, and the idea of letting his dog fuck her was not without appeal. He was looking forward to hearing about it and, who knew—it might lead to other things. A little wife-swapping, perhaps, along with the dog-fucking. He wasn’t sure, but he had a pretty good idea that once a woman started fucking dogs, she would be on the path of depravity, willing to experiment with other forms of sex. After all, a simple little adultery wasn’t very wicked, compared to bestiality. Oh yes, Peter was more than willing to lend out his Doberman.

As the two men were getting up to leave, Clara came over, looking radiant.

She said, “Will you be in for lunch tomorrow?”

“I should think so,” said Peter.

“Maybe you’d like to have the special again, huh?”

Both men nodded. They could see that lunch was going to be a pleasant affair from now on.

Clara, looking impish, said, “Maybe you could both come in the back at the same time, huh? That way I could save myself some work—I could serve you both at once.”

“What a good idea!” Roger agreed.

“Sociable,” Peter added.

“Yes—one doesn’t drink from a bottle of vintage wine alone, nor from a delectable pussy,” Roger declared.

Tomorrow was going to be a busy day.

Both men were well pleased.

So was Clara.

Clara loved to serve customers like these two handsome gentlemen—especially since they were big tippers!

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CHAPTER FOUR

Roger didn't get much work done that afternoon.

His cock kept getting in the way. Although he'd emptied his prick in Clara's cunt, it kept getting hard again as he thought about the fucking that was, he hoped, going to happen the next day. He left the office early, holding a brief case in front of him, rather awkwardly to hide his erection. It was not totally effective, although he didn't know it.

His secretary, a prim and proper woman who looked as cool as an iceberg and was, he believed, a virgin, noticed the lump in his pants as he passed by her desk. As soon as he was gone, she locked the office door. She took a vibrator from her desk and pulled up her loose-fitting, matronly dress. That prim and proper secretary wore no panties. She spread her legs and switched on the vibrator. It hummed merrily. She put her feet up on the desk, leaned back in her chair and began to vibrate the hell out of her cunt and cut.

From time to time, she brought the vibrator to her lips and licked her cunt juice from it. The expression on her face was one of sexual abandon. Her hair, as always, was worn in a tight bun, and she wore no make-up, and that expression was strange on her face. She pushed the buzzing device into her mouth and sucked on it, just as if it were a real prick. Returning it to her clit, she vibrated herself to a foam, then began to shove it up her fuckhole, fucking herself to a frazzle and creaming juicily.

After she had finished, she licked the vibrator clean of pussy juice and returned it to her desk drawer.

Prim and proper once more, she returned to her secretarial duties, chaste and efficient. Her electric typewriter hummed more softly than her vibrator, and she typed as expertly as she jacked off. She'd had a great deal of experience with both.

* * * *

When Peter got home, he told Sally that he had agreed to let Roger borrow the dog.

"My God! You didn't tell him I fucked Bruno?" she gasped.

"Certainly not," he lied. "I would never tell about a thing like that, dearest."

"I should hope not!"

"In fact, Roger brought the subject up. He asked me if I had ever seen a dog fucking a woman. Well, needless to say, I was shocked. I told him that I hadn't-and that I had never had the desire to witness such a perverted act."

He winked at his wife, who blushed modestly.

"Anyhow, Roger expressed a dark desire to have a dog fuck Margie-so I volunteered to lend him Bruno."

Sally looked doubtful.

"You don't object?" Peter asked.

"No," Sally said, slowly, but she did not look too pleased by the arrangement.

"You won't be jealous?" Peter asked, grinning.

"Don't be absurd. It's just that-well, don't you think that Bruno's experience might show? Won't they be able to tell that he had had human pussy before?"

"Naw."

"Well, I suppose not."

They were sitting together on the couch. Peter began to run his hand up Sally's shapely thigh.

She said, "Has Margie ever fucked a dog before?"

"No-not that I know of. Most likely, she won't. She'll probably think it disgusting." Then, teasingly, he said, "Unless she is utterly depraved-as any woman who would fuck a dumb animal must surely be, darling-absolutely and utterly depraved!"

"You swine," Sally said, but she was laughing.

She knew that it was the depravity of fucking the dog that made it so thrilling for both of them.

His hand moved up her leg.

They fucked before dinner.

Afterwards, they brought Bruno in for another meeting of the species. Bruno was delighted to receive his first blow job!

Sally was just as delighted to suck his big doggie prick.

And, watching the dog's thick cum pour into his wife's mouth, Peter was the most delighted of all. Meanwhile, having left the office early with a hard-on, Roger arrived home early, with the same hard-on. Margie was surprised to see him at that hour and pleased to see his cock so swollen in his trousers.

They went right up to bed.

Margie was a gorgeous hunk of blonde bombshell, tall and willowy, with long, shapely legs, a tiny waist, firm hips flaring out and an ass shaped like a valentine. Her tits were large and capped by nipples as big as silver dollars. She had sensual green eyes and a wide, full mouth. Everything about her was sexy. And her temperament fitted her form, for she was a horny girl.

Watching her undress, Roger thought about how she would look with the dog mounted on those splendid loins.

His prick was booming by the time she was naked.

Margie started to go down on his prick, but Roger drew her up. He had not washed and feared that she might detect the lingering traces of Clara's cunt juice on his prick.

He fucked her with vigor.

Later, with all traces of Clara well covered by Margie's own cunt juice, he let her suck his cock.

At the dinner table, very casually, he mentioned that he had offered to take care of the Tremaynes' Doberman the next day. Peter and Sally, he said, were going away overnight.

Margie made no objections.

She said, "Sure, no trouble, honey. I like dogs."

She wondered why Roger smiled so strangely.

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

The next morning, Roger Bronson put his fiendish plan to work. He had found it difficult to get to sleep the night before as he schemed how best to talk his wife into fucking the Doberman. When eventually he did sleep, he dreamed of howling packs of canines chasing after Sally and Margie and Clara, and he whimpered in his slumber. Despite the fact that he had not slept well, he was awake earlier than usual, eager for the coming day.

Margie was still asleep.

Roger lifted the sheets and gazed at her body. She always slept naked. His eyes roved over her curves. Her legs were slightly parted and he leaned down to peer at her pussy. His cock began to grow and harden and tingle.

Sometimes he slipped his cockmeat to Margie while she was still asleep. They both enjoyed that. It was like a mild game of rape, having her helpless in dreamland—and it gave her the nicest dreams, as well. If he managed to make her come before she woke, that was the best. She often returned the favor, too, blowing him or sitting on his prick and slowly fucking her cunt up and down while Roger dreamed in the wettest way. He almost mounted her this morning. He had already started to move on top of her, when he remembered his devilishly clever scheme for getting her into dog-fucking.

The first stage was to leave her horny.

Roger and Margie were in the habit of fucking or sucking each other off almost every morning. He knew—she had told him, in fact—that if she didn't have an orgasm in the morning, she was randy all day. That was just how he wanted her—horny all day and desperate by the time he got home that evening. He wanted her hot enough to be susceptible to his suggestions—to blackmail, even. He didn't suppose that she would willingly agree to fuck a dog, but if she was horny enough, and if he refused to give her any cock unless she performed—well, he figured that was the best way to work it.

He grinned fiendishly, impressed by his own deviousness.

He bent down and gently took her nipple into his lips. The big bud stiffened instantly. He sucked on it for a moment, then switched over and sucked the other nipple up nice and hard.

Margie stirred and moaned in her sleep.

Roger slid down and spread her smooth thighs apart. Using just the tip of his tongue, he began to lap her pussy. He traced up the cuntlips, over her clit, then dipped his tongue into her wet pussyslit, slowly and steadily tongue-fucking her.

Her pussy began to cream.

Carnal heat wafted over his face.

It was not easy to follow through with his plan. Her pussy was so succulent, that Roger hated to stop eating her. He wanted to open his mouth and clamp his lips to her pussy and suck the cunt juice out in a wild, frenzied orgasm. He had to summon up all his will power before he could stop lapping Margie's sweet cunt.

He gave her juicy fuckhole a last loving stroke, slurping between her pussylips, his tongue running all the way from the crack of her ass to her clit. Then he moved up and lay beside her.

He began fondling her tits, pressing his thundering prick against her soft flank.

Margie's eyes fluttered.

She woke up, smiling.

"Good morning, darling," she said, sleepily.

Roger kissed her, lightly at first, and then, as she responded, with urgent desire. Their lips ground together. He pushed his tongue into her mouth, and she curled her own tongue around it. She sucked on it, then pushed her tongue into his mouth, in turn. They swapped tongues and Roger stroked her tits and nipples, and Margie began to pant. She could feel his hard cock pressing into her side. She reached down and took his stiff prick in her hand.

"Ummm-I want that beautiful piece of cockmeat," she purred.

Roger felt very evil when she said that. If she wanted prick now, just think how badly she would want it after a whole day of frustration-bad enough, he hoped, to do anything.

He said, "Will you suck me off, honey?"

"Of course," she said.

Margie was always willing to give him a blow job. She loved to suck his cock almost as much as she loved to have it churning up her cunt. And Roger had always returned the favor, eating her pussy out after she had milked his cock dry. So why should she think that things would be any different today?

She moved down the bed.

Roger rolled onto his back, his legs spread, his prick standing like a lighthouse over the rocky shoals of his balls. His bloated prick knob was glowing like a beacon, warning of the hot load of jizz below-or promising that hot load to her. He clasped his hands comfortably behind his head and settled down to enjoy a lovely blow job.

Margie hovered over him, not touching him yet, but gazing adoringly down at the prick that was going to give her such a delicious mouthful of cockmeat and cum. The sight tantalized her. Her mouth began to water for it.

She flicked her tongue across the tip of his cock.

His cock hummed like a tuning fork.

His balls expanded like over-inflated balloons.

She licked the head of his prick again, curling her hot, nimble tongue all around his big slab of cockmeat. The tasty flavor of cock thrilled her. Her taste buds began to tingle. But she took her time. Margie liked to linger over a blow job, to make it last, to give leisurely head. Sucking prick was a treat, and she saw no reason to rush it to a conclusion. The best part, of course, was when Roger came, when he filled her mouth with hot, thick jism. But that was the dessert, the culmination of the feast—her reward for sucking his cock with devotion and attention, skill and expertise. Before she got to drink that fuck juice, Margie liked a nice, long mouthful of prick. Sometimes she would suck him for hours, drawing her lips away from his cock whenever he seemed about to come, letting his prick cool down a little, then starting all over again.

She knew that he would return the favor, too.

At least, he always had before.

Now she dipped her head lower and began to tongue his balls. She purred like a cat at a bowl of cream. She could feel his hard nuts shift inside the hairy sac, and it thrilled her to be licking the bag that held all that hot cum that she would soon be drinking. She raised his bloated balls and licked under them. Her tongue darted and flashed, flattened and slurped, making moist sounds on his ballmeat. She ran her tongue up the crease where his thigh joined his crotch. She licked his ball some more, loving the flavor. It was subtly different from that of his cockhead, an appetizer that got her hungrier for the main course. His cock neglected for the moment, was pounding violently. The head of his prick flared out like a hooded cobra about to strike. His prickshaft throbbed. A fat, dark vein pulsed up his entire cock.

She began to run her flattened tongue up the shaft of his prick, from his balls to his bloated knob, tracing along the vein.

“Ummm-ummm-ummm,” she sighed.

Then she crisscrossed up the same trail, her tongue flashing back and forth as it rose the length of his cock.

She flutter-kissed him at the sensitive spot where the stalk of his cock merged into his cockhead.

Roger groaned with pleasure.

The big, purple head of his prick had started to glow.

A blob of preliminary jism oozed from the parted cleft of his prickhead and ran sluggishly down the slope of his knob. Margie watched it, her eyes gleaming, licking her lips. She waited until the slippery drop of cum was running down his cock, then she gathered the salty jizz up with her tongue. She let it flow over her taste buds for a moment, before she swallowed the fuck cream.

“Yummy,” she purred.

“There’s more where that came from,” he whispered.

“I know,” said the cum-hungry girl.

She fitted her lips against the tip of his cockhead. She kissed that burning slab of prickmeat. Her lips parted slowly and her head pushed down. She took his cock knob into her mouth and began to suck lovingly upon it. Her cheeks drew in. Saliva ran down the stalk of his cock. Her lips held his cock on its underside, slurping, and her tongue bathed the pulsing mouthful of cockflesh as she sucked.

She began to work toward the conclusion now.

Sucking steadily, she started to bob her head up and down, taking more and more of his prick into her mouth each time she descended. She was holding his balls in one hand. Her other hand was splayed on his flat belly. She wasn't going to need any manual assistance today, she wanted to do it all with her mouth. Her golden hair drifted across his loins and her plump tits swayed above his prick.

"Take it all," Roger groaned. "Swallow my cock, baby!"

Margie took all of his meaty prick.

Her lips pushed down to the very hilt of his cock. Her chin brushed his balls, and her nose nestled in his pubic hair. She took his cockhead right back into her throat. She pulled up slowly, sucking through every precious inch, until only the flaring head of his cock was in her mouth. Then she went down and took all of his prick again.

"Unghhh," she gasped, as his huge cock knob lodged in her gullet.

"Ummmm," she purred as her lips pulled up.

Her tongue continued to work as she gobbled his prick, flashing against the underside of his cock stalk and knob, then folding into a hot, moist bridge over which his cockhead and shaft slid as they ran into her throat. Roger was whimpering with joy. His wife was a magnificent cocksucker! Her mouth was like a cunt, her tongue like a clit. He began to hump up from the bed, fucking into her mouth as she descended, corkscrewing his hips and ass about in ecstatic writhings.

She felt his balls swell to the bursting point with jizz.

She sucked his cock ravenously.

His hot jism came boiling out in a volcanic eruption. His slimy fuck cream spurted into her throat and skimmed over her tongue. The first burst hosed her wildly, pouring out from his cockhead in a steady stream. Margie gulped the cum down hungrily, making room for more, and he kept pouring more into her. Her head continued to bob up and down. His cock came out, coated with cum and saliva, then vanished back into her face as she ducked down again. He squirted dose after dose of jism into her. Her mouth was full of cum. It bubbled from her compressed lips. She kept sucking greedily, wanting more and more of that savory cock juice.

At last he was drained.

Roger slumped. His thighs were trembling and his chest heaved as he panted for air.

Margie kept sucking until she was certain that she had milked out every drop of his cum and worked off every last spasm of his orgasm. She swallowed down all his cock juice. She used her tongue to slurp up a few stray nuggets of silvery cum from his cockshaft.

"Ummmm," she sighed. "I love to have breakfast served to me in bed, darling." She licked her lips.

"That was lovely," he said.

Margie snuggled up beside him. She kissed him. Then she rolled onto her back and drew her knees up. She opened her legs.



"Are you hungry, now?" she asked.

Roger almost went down on her, from habit and hunger. At the last moment, he remembered that he had to leave her unsatisfied.

"Oh, damn!" he said.

"What's wrong?"

"I forgot-I've got to pick up Peter's Doberman before I go to the office. I'll have to hurry."

"But-but-" Margie was aghast.

"Sorry, honey," Roger said.

"But what about me?"

"You'll have to wait, I'm afraid. I'll give you a nice long suck as soon as I get home from work."

"Oh, dear," she wailed. "Just give me a few licks, Roger-I'll come right away... "

"Sorry," he said.

He got out of bed.

Margie lay there, simmering.

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CHAPTER SIX

Margie heard him moving around downstairs, and she waited, hoping that he would change his mind and come back to suck her pussy. She cupped her hand over her cunt, not moving or caressing, just containing the fiery lust that was burning between her pussylips. But then she heard the front door close, and a moment later, the car started.

Well, how very frustrating, she thought.

She was annoyed with Roger. It wasn't fair. Now she would have to spend the whole day with a hot pussy. Damn him! Well, she could always give herself a hand-job, she thought. But she hated to do that. It seemed a waste. Still, if it got too bad.

She started to rub her cunt.

But then she stopped. Roger would be back with the dog, and maybe he would have time to suck her pussy then, before he left for the office. She decided not to give herself a hand-job yet.

When she heard Roger return, she went downstairs-naked.

He had the big, black Doberman with him. Margie patted the dog on the head. She turned towards Roger, her legs slightly parted. Surely he could see how badly she needed to get sucked or fucked? Surely it wouldn't matter if he were a few minutes late to the office? Why was he being so cruel!

It was time for the second stage in Roger's wicked scheme.

He wanted to get Margie thinking along a certain line, to give her just a hint, to foreshadow what he hoped would happen.

"Peter said to warn you that Bruno was a horny sort of dog and not to be surprised if he got a hard-on during the day," Roger said.

"That's disgusting," Margie said.

"Well, it's natural, really."

"Well, I certainly don't want a dog running around the house with a hard prick dripping all over the place!"

Roger grinned at her, a strange sort of grin.

"He also told me how Sally deals with it."

"Oh? How?" Margie asked.

"She jerks him off."

"What! Never!"

"Um-hum. When he gets a hard-on, Sally Tremayne gives him a hand-job. It keeps the dog cum from getting on the carpet."

"I don't believe it," Margie said.

Roger shrugged.

"That's what Peter told me," he said. "It's not really disgusting, not as if she made love to the dog or anything perverted like that. It's just neater that way. She can jack him off in a Kleenex."

"Well, you certainly don't expect me to jerk the damned dog off, do you?" Margie said, angry.

"Of course not, dear-I was just telling you what Pete told me, is all. I would never expect you to do it."

"I should hope not!" she snapped.

"Well, I have to be off, now," he said.

Margie sighed.

So she wasn't going to have her cunt sucked, after all. Well, it wasn't that bad. Roger had promised to eat her out as soon as he got home from work, and she could hold out that long. Or, if she couldn't, she could always finger-fuck herself.

She looked at Bruno, who was sitting on his haunches, his long tongue lolling out.

She wondered if it was true.

Did Sally Tremayne really jerk him off?

She couldn't believe it-could she?

CHAPTER SEVEN

Sally Tremayne was more fortunate than Margie that morning. Peter gave her a lovely fucking. The night before, she had sucked the dog's prick and let the brute shoot jizz in her mouth. She'd swallowed it, too. That had made Peter so horny that he had fucked her most of the night and again when they awoke.

But it had been embarrassing when Roger came for Bruno.

They had looked at each other cautiously, both having the same thought. Does he know I fuck Bruno? Sally wondered. And Roger wondered, did Pete tell her why I want to borrow the dog? Does she know that I know she's a dog-fucker? It had been an uncomfortable few minutes, with the two of them alone, while Peter fetched Bruno.

They had been standing in the kitchen. Sally offered him coffee. He didn't really want a cup of coffee, but he accepted it, just for something to do. When she handed him the steaming mug, their fingertips touched accidentally. It flustered them. Roger drew away so fast that he spilled some coffee. He apologized, and Sally fetched a cloth to mop it up. He had taken the coffee for something to do-to avoid eye-contact and the necessity of conversation. But she was not dressed yet, wearing only a light robe.

When she knelt down to mop up the spilled coffee, the robe parted. Roger caught a view of one of her plump tits as it hung down, bared. Unaware that she was exposed, Sally took her time about cleaning up the spill. She was on her knees-in the same position as for a doggy-fuck, Roger thought, and he visualized the big Doberman superimposed upon her haunches, hammering lustily away, pushing his furry canine cock into her juicy cunt. He studied the trim outline of her ass through the light garment. He began to get a hard-on. He thought about his own wife too-the two women and the dog all jumbled together in his fevered fantasy.

When Sally looked up, Roger blushed. She realized that he had been staring at her and that her tit had been revealed. A moment later, it dawned on her that she had been in the position of doggy-fucking. She blushed as well. The mug shook in his hand. Neither of them could think of anything to say. It was just as well that Peter returned at that moment, leading the Doberman on a leash and grinning with his own imaginings.

Roger left with the dog.

He deliberately thought of other things, so that his prick would decline, because he was still determined not to fuck Margie that morning. If he got too desperately horny during the morning, there was always a lunchtime session with Clara, he knew-and even if he wasn't too horny, sexy Clara could soon make him so.

So Roger took the dog home, made that comment about jacking it off, and left for the office, leaving his frustrated wife unfucked and unsucked and in charge of the dog...

As soon as Roger had walked out the door with Bruno, Sally turned to her husband with an expression of deep suspicion on her face.

"If I thought for one minute that you told Roger about what we've been doing with Bruno-" Sally said. She was standing at the kitchen window, looking out as Roger's car pulled out of the driveway, trailing white exhaust, the dog sitting alert on the passenger seat.

Peter was by the breakfast table.

"I would never tell anyone about that, dearest," he said.

"Well, the way he looked at me--"

"Why, he's probably afraid that I told you why he wanted to borrow Bruno, is all," Peter said.

"Ummm-maybe."

She turned towards him.

"Do you think he'll really talk Margie into fucking Bruno?" she asked with genuine curiosity.

Peter shrugged.

"I wonder how common it is?" Sally speculated. "I wonder if many girls fuck their dogs?"

Peter grinned. "Would it make you feel less depraved if you thought it was commonplace?"

"Yes," she said. Then she said, "No." Then she said, "Oh, I don't know. Fucking a dog is depraved, I know that--but that's what makes it so exciting, isn't it? Naughty things are always so much more thrilling. Anyhow, I'd never have fucked Bruno if you hadn't wanted me to, Pete. I only fucked him--fuck him--for you to watch. It makes you so horny. I love the way your eyes light up while you watch."

"But you enjoy dog-fucking, don't you?" he asked.

Sally didn't answer for a moment. She might have been considering the question, or she might have been considering which answer would most please her husband.

She sighed. "Well, I came when he fucked me--so I guess I must enjoy his cock, darling. He does have such a lovely big prick."

She saw that that had been the right answer.

Peter's eyes glowed.

"I'd never fuck a dog if you weren't there to watch," Sally added. "But as long as you're there, I like it."

She saw Peter's excitement rising again. Despite all the fucking they'd done through the night and morning, he was getting horny again. The stimulation and inspiration of watching his wife with the dog was boundless. She had never known him to be so randy for so long a time.

"I liked sucking him off, too," she added, smiling impishly.

That did it.

Peter, like Sally, was wearing a dressing gown. His cock came arcing up, his prickhead brushing the robe aside as it rose into view.

"Come here, bitch," he said.

Sally moved towards him. She let her robe fall open as she came. Her tits and belly came into view. Her back was arched, thrusting her tits out towards him. He reached out and took a fat tit in each hand. She ground her belly on him. His massive cock pressed into her soft flesh, as she rolled her belly onto it. The tip of his cock was dripping. It left a slippery track of cum across her belly button.

His hands slid down to her hips.

He turned, turning her with him, so that her back was to the table. The edge pressed into the back of her thighs and his prick pressed into her belly. He raised her by the pelvis, and Sally sat back on the table, perched on the edge, her long legs trailing down. Peter kissed her on the mouth and started down, kissing her tits in passing, kissing her belly, kissing her hairy pussy. He sank slowly to his knees, between her legs. He began licking the insides of her thighs.

Oh! This is nice, thought oversexed Sally. She braced herself on her hands, arms out behind her, pushing her loins out. Her ass was on the very rim of the table. She parted her legs wide, ankles arched, toes pointed out. Peter ran his hot tongue up her thigh and dipped it into her cunt.

Sally shivered.

He began gobbling her cunt with gusto. His tongue fucked her juicy fuckhole, and his lips pulled on her throbbing clit. His whole head rubbed around in her frothy pussy, sinking down, tilting, until he was coated with cunt juice from chin to brow. Sally locked her legs around his head, her heels drumming against his spine. Then she threw them wide apart. She squirmed on the table, hiking her ass up, rolling her hips, feet pawing in the air. Her face turned from side to side, eyes narrowed with desire, mouth slack with passion, her countenance transforming into a mask of primitive lust.

Peter was an expert cunt-sucker.

Sally's pussy creamed in his hungry mouth.

He never paused. He sucked the fuck juice of her orgasm out and kept right on sucking, bringing her towards another peak. She whimpered with joy. Fiery spasms rushed up her thighs and a storm of sensation swirled in her belly.

He rose up, legs braced.

His towering prick slipped into her pussy without guidance, like some fleshy missile seeking out the heat of its target. Sally leaned back farther. Peter steadied himself, knees slightly bent, and ran the whole length of his cock up her cunt. He began to fuck her with energetic thrusts—long, rippling strokes that stuffed her creamy cunt to the brim with burning cockmeat.

His ass corkscrewed and dipped.

Sally ground her pelvis from side to side.

She dropped back, lying flat on the kitchen table, and Peter rose higher, so that every inch of his big prick was angled across her clit as it delved in and pulled out from her sucking fuckhole. He was rattling her hipbones with his vigorous lunges, driving deeply into her pussy. Sally pushed down, wanting his cock even deeper. His prick felt so long, that Sally was afraid she couldn't contain the full length of his throbbing cock.

She was ready to come again!

She wanted his cum at the same time. She worked her pussy muscles, sucking and wringing his prick inside her. She was sobbing and whimpering and panting. So was he.

“Shoot your jism in me,” she cried.

Peter blew his hot load into the depths of her cunt and, at the same instant, her cunt juice gushed out in simultaneous release. He plowed into her pussyslit and hosed her with dose after dose of jism, coming with such explosive force that he almost blew her right off his cock. The mingled fuck cream poured down her pussy and soaked into the crack of her ass. It pooled on the table and dripped over the edge. Finished, they smiled happily at one another. It had been the best breakfast that had ever been served on that table, no doubt of that.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Although Sally had been well satisfied before Peter left for the office, she began to feel restless and annoyed as soon as he had gone. Partly, she was worried that Bruno’s experience would show—that he would reveal that Margie was not the first woman he had fucked. She would have been mortified to think that Margie had guessed that she was a dog-fucker. And yet, she reasoned, the only way that Margie would get to know that was if Margie, too, became a dog-fucker—so Sally guessed she did not have to worry too much about it. Margie could hardly criticize her for doing a thing that Margie, herself, was doing.

But what were the other things troubling Sally?

Was she jealous of Bruno? Well, not really. Just a little, perhaps. But he was, after all, only a dog. It wasn’t as if it were her husband who was spending the day with sexy Margie. Then, too, Margie might teach the dog some new tricks—tricks that Sally could subsequently benefit from. So jealousy was only a small part of her mood.

Sally knew what it was when she forced herself to admit it. It was a thing that she would never have admitted to her husband and had even deceived herself about. But now she had to face it.

She had been looking forward to fucking Bruno without Peter being there.

She would never have even thought about such a thing, in the past, but now that she had been fucking the dog for her husband’s pleasure, she had begun to think about fucking him for her own sake. She wondered what it would be like to fuck the Doberman while her husband was not there to watch, to encourage it. Would it be even better? Well, it seemed to her that the sucking and fucking would be more depraved and, being more depraved, might... might well prove more thrilling.

She had intended to try it.

She had been thinking about fucking Bruno alone and anticipating it. She had planned to bring Bruno into the house as soon as Peter left for work. After that, she would play it by ear.

She might lick his prick, first.

She might suck his dog cock for awhile.

Maybe she would even suck him off again as she had the night before, but without Peter’s approval. How truly naughty that would be! How totally degenerate and perverted and thrilling! Yes, she

guessed that she would have sucked him off first, then she would have teased his cock big and hard again and let him fuck her.

But now there was no chance of that.

Now she had to spend the day dogless, while lucky Margie had Bruno's big prick for herself. It didn't seem fair. Well, there would be other times, she knew. It was their dog, and she would no doubt have all the opportunities she wanted to fuck the beast alone. But still she was in the mood for a dog-fuck today, right now. It might not be so good at some other time. She felt annoyed and frustrated.

How thoughtless of Peter!

Of course, he had no idea that she might want to fuck and suck the dog when he wasn't there, so it was unjust to think of him as being thoughtless—but she couldn't help it.

What else could she do?

She considered going out to a cocktail lounge in the city, someplace in a hotel where she might get picked up by a traveling man who had a room available. That would be fun, she knew. It was always fun to fuck a stranger—some man she didn't know and, most likely, would never even see again. She did it once in awhile. It was safe enough.

Peter had never become suspicious, and she had been very careful to go to places where she was not known and never to give the man her real name or address. The best part of those casual affairs was seeing the man's reaction when he first realized that he had struck it lucky—that this sexy woman was going to fuck him. It was always fun when she went down on their cocks, too. Men liked that. The best time had been when she'd met three men in a hotel bar. They had been from out of town, and when they saw that she was willing, they had vied for her favors, each one hoping to be the lucky one. And then she had suggested that they all go up to the room together. Yes, that had been fun!

But she didn't feel like doing that today.

She had fucked plenty of men before, and no doubt she would fuck plenty more in the future. But today she was in the mood for some dog prick and nothing else.

She thought of Bruno fucking Margie.

It was too much for her.

Sally decided to pay Margie a casual visit, explaining that she and Peter had changed their minds about going away overnight and that she had come to fetch Bruno. And if Margie had already had the brute—well, that, too, she would play by ear.

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CHAPTER NINE

Roger Bronson figured he had been pretty clever.

He had left his wife horny, to stew in her own creamy cunt juices thorough the day. By mentioning that Sally Tremayne jerked the dog off, he had indirectly approached the subject. Marge had thought

it was disgusting at first, but he hoped she would get used to the idea in a few hours so that she would be less repulsed when, later, he made his naughty suggestions. He reckoned he had a better chance of talking her into fucking Bruno if it didn't come as a total surprise.

He planned to work up gradually to his dark pleasures. First he would suggest that it might be exciting if she were to give the brute a hand-job. That was only a mild sort of perversion, and he figured he could coax Margie into that. Then, once she had started jerking on the dog's prick, Roger would start playing with her pussy and clit. Already horny, Margie would start to yearn for sex as he fondled her. Her cunt would get so hot, she would be willing to do just about anything. At that stage, he would withhold his own tongue and cock from her, insisting that she have relations with Bruno first. A little licking to start with, he thought—just some slurping on the head of that shaggy prick. That would probably make her even hotter and so desperate that she would be willing to kneel down and let the dog fuck her.

So Roger hoped.

Such was his plan.

But Roger had no idea how well his plan was going to succeed—nor how much sooner than he had intended.

After Roger had left, Margie had a cup of coffee, feeling frustrated and sorry for herself. Bruno, a polite sort of beast, was curled up in the corner, dozing. He was on his flank, and Margie could see his cock and balls. But his cock was not hard, and with his big cock knob hidden in the hairy sheath, his sex tackle held little appeal for her—although she did rather admire his big balls. She wondered yet again if it was true that Sally jerked him off. The idea was rather stimulating, actually, although she hadn't let Roger know that. Disgusting, yes—but exciting, too, in a depraved way.

It added to the frustration she felt from having sucked her husband off without getting her pussy sucked in return.

Margie decided to give herself a hand-job.

She was still naked. She saw no particular reason to go back to the bedroom for her self-induced pleasure. She went into the living room and sat down in a comfortable armchair. She was in no hurry at all. She always liked to take her time about jacking off, to let the thrill build up slowly, enjoying the rising sensation for a long time before her orgasm wracked her with spasms of delight. She leaned back in the chair, her long, smooth, shapely legs extended.

She began to feel her tits. She cupped her fat tits together, deepening the cleavage, and flicked her thumbs across her nipples. She purred with pleasure as those hard tips swelled and tingled. Then she lifted her tits in both hands and dipped her face down. Her chin rested on her breastbone and she stuck out her tongue.

She began to lick her own nipples.

She loved to do that, and she was thankful that her tits were big enough so that she could. She took her nipples into her lips and sucked on them, switching from tit to tit, drooling as she mouthed her stiff little buds. Her nipples exploded in her lips. The explosion was echoed in her cunt as if by sympathetic vibration, a chain reaction reaching all her erogenous zones at once.

She began to rub her cunt.

It was flooded with pussy juice.

She pushed three fingers up her pussyslit while she rubbed her clit with the other hand, the two-handed caress that served her best on these solitary occasions.

It was lovely.

Still-it was only a hand-job.

Margie wished that she could go down on her own cunt. She was really in the mood to get sucked off, her creamy pussy longing for some hot tongue. She had tried to eat her own cunt once, and her failure had been frustrating. She had drawn her knees high up and dipped her head down as far as she could, stretching her graceful neck out and sticking her hot tongue toward her wet pussy. Her tongue had fallen inches short of her cunt, but she had been able to lick her cunt bush, lapping through the curly pubic thicket. She had not quite been able to tongue her cut.

Her frustration had been two-fold. She had been frustrated in her pussy, her cunt yearning for a good sucking-and also in her mouth, for she had been eager to suck cunt as well as get sucked. Margie had never been to bed with a woman, but the idea of eating a juicy fuckhole held a certain magnetic appeal to her. She was no lesbian, certainly, but she was curious, and she figured sucking another woman's cunt would be fun. If she could have gone down on herself, she could have had pleasure in her mouth and her pussy without the embarrassment of sucking off another woman. Someday, she thought, with the right woman in the right circumstances, she was going to get a chance to suck cunt-and be sucked, too, of course. But for the moment, she was alone with her burning pussy and her hot tongue, and she knew from her previous failure that she was not nimble enough to get the two into delicious contact.

There was no sense in trying.

It only made it worse, with her face so close and yet so far, with the sweet scent of her flooded cunt wafting up and her mouth watering for that luscious pussy of hers.

She brought her hand-the hand with which she had been finger-fucking herself-up to her lips and lapped her cunt juice from her fingers. It was delicious. It made her yearn for more, made her long to drink the hot fuck juice right out of her own steaming fuckhole.

Her pussy was screaming for a slippery tongue.

Then Bruno walked into the living room.

Bruno knew what the scent of a hot human cunt meant, now, and he had come to investigate, nostrils twitching. He stood stiff-legged, head tipped to the side, one ear cocked.

His big tongue lolled out over his jaw.

The moment she saw the dog, Margie got the idea.

The connection was obvious. Her pussy needed some tongue, and there was the biggest tongue she had ever seen!

Should she?

No-it was too, too perverted.

Still-no one would ever know.

Bruno could hardly tell on her, and she was not going to tell on herself. So, perverted or not, it would be a secret perversion. And it wasn't really so wicked, she tried to convince herself. It wasn't as if she was going to fuck the brute or anything-just letting him lap her cunt wasn't true bestiality or anything, was it? And his tongue did look so inviting.

Margie smiled.

"Pussy, Bruno," she said. "Hot pussy!"

Bruno growled.

"Come and get it, boy," she urged. "Come and get some juicy cunt."

Bruno advanced slowly towards Margie, his eyes expectant, his tongue dripping. It seemed obvious to her that the dog knew what was expected of him-and that he relished the idea. He eyed her open pussy as he might have a bowl of cream. Margie slid down in the chair and opened her legs wide. She spread her cuntlips open with her fingers. Bruno whimpered.

He thrust his snout into her pussy.

His cold, black nose touched her cut, causing her to shudder. He sniffed at this delightful dog dish, this highly scented, spicy, tangy human cunt. He began to lap her pussy.

"Oh!" she gasped.

Then: "Ooooh..." the same sound, softer, drawn out, quavering. She had never felt anything like that long, moist tongue. Her husband was an expert cunt-sucker, but he was handicapped by being human and having a humanly proportioned tongue. Bruno had a tongue like a paddle. He flattened it out and began to slurp up her pussylips, licking her slowly from asshole to cut with steady, fluid slurps.

Her cunt juice poured onto his taste buds, exciting the beast, causing him to lap her cunt faster.

Margie held him by the collar, although there was no need of it-the dog was not about to stop. He was enjoying licking her pussy as much as she enjoyed having her pussy licked. His tongue slipped right into her fuckhole, delving, a big, fat wad of hot tongue filling her cunt and then curling out over her clit. Margie was wild with lust.

The sensation was driving her mad, and her sexual frenzy was increased by the knowledge that she was letting an animal tongue her cunt-that it was wicked and wrong and, therefore, so, so thrilling! She opened her cunt wide so that he could lap merrily away at the dark, inner pussyflesh, slurp right up her fuck tunnel.

Staring down, she saw his dark head bob up and down. She saw her milky cunt juice streaking his tongue in creamy ribbons. His hot breath permeated her flesh, he slobbered and whimpered into her. As he lapped up, cunt juice sprayed onto her belly.

A thrill raced across her loins.

The waves came in rapid succession, each one higher than the one before, coming closer together with each passing wave. They blended together. They joined. It was one high, roaring tidal wave

then, as the crest of sensation swept through her.

Bruno whined with joy as her cunt melted.

He lapped up her pussy cream hungrily.

Margie, drained, slumped in the chair.

Bruno kept lapping dutifully away with his diligent tongue, gathering up the cunt juice that had run down her cuntlips and soaked into the crack of her ass.

“That’s enough, Bruno,” Margie sighed.

The dog cocked his head. He stepped back and sideways, looking at her speculatively.

Margie saw that Bruno had a hard-on.

“Oh!” she gasped.

She had not figured on that.

She should have, of course. It was only reasonable to expect a dog to get a hard cock while he lapped a cunt, but in her urgency, she had not thought of it.

She stared at his big prick.

It was a fine, shapely cock, no doubt about it. His triangular prick knob had come squeezing out from the hairy, black sheath now. It was bright red and had started to drip from the cleft at the top of his prickhead. His balls were swollen, tight, huge, filled with a load of cum that he needed to get rid of. He gazed at her with yellow eyes, expectant, hopeful.

He wants a hand-job, she thought.

That must be what happens with Sally! He obviously knew all about lapping cunt—Sally must have trained him to lick her pussy, and then she must jack him off as a reward! It was a fair trade, after all. The poor, dumb brute had no hands. He could not jerk himself off. And if a woman made him excited by letting him tongue her cunt, it was only right that she relieve him of his load of cum afterwards. Margie realized that she was obligated to the dog, that she owed him an orgasm.

It wasn’t really a hardship, she thought.

It would be awfully cruel to leave him with a hard prick after he had been so good to her and, after all, it was only a hand-job—it wasn’t really wicked, like, say, fucking him. Shepherds whacked their sheep dogs off, she had heard. Just her hand, nothing more. And it might even be exciting to make the big brute whine and whimper and to watch his prick swell up and to pull all that hot jism from his balls.

She smiled, her eyes glinting with depravity.

Roger’s plan was working much better than he had intended.

Margie decided that she simply had to jerk the dog off.

She was looking forward to making him come, too, now that she had made up her mind to do it. She

wanted to see all that canine cum spurt out of his cockhead as she stroked him.

She might even let him shoot all over her tits.

She slid from the chair, kneeling beside the Doberman.

Just a hand-job, she thought-but Margie got carried away.

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## CHAPTER TEN

Kneeling beside the big dog, Margie reached under him as if she were milking a cow. She was smiling self-consciously, rather embarrassed by what she was going to do. Bruno turned his head, gazing at her with one big, yellow eye and Margie almost blushed under the animal's scrutiny. The woman wasn't really horny, as she began. She had just creamed on the dog's tongue, for one thing, and she had not really thought about bestiality enough to get excited about it. She was going to pull him off because she owed him an orgasm, mainly. Her own attitude was more that of curiosity than desire. She even grinned and giggled slightly, feeling like a nervous schoolgirl—a naughty schoolgirl, as well!

As she reached for the dog's prick, she felt much the way she used to when she had first started finger-fucking herself those long years ago—giggling when she talked about fucking and jerking off with her friends, who were also in the initial stages of self-gratification. They would discuss various methods and techniques of jacking off in the crudest terms, but blushing and giggling as they did. It reminded her, too, of the first time she had stroked a boy's cock and felt it go off like a skyrocket through her pumping fist.

She reached under the dog's shaggy belly, palm upwards. She took his cock into her hand, lifting, as if to gauge the heft of his big prick. His cockshaft felt muscular, sinewy, vibrant. She cupped his balls in her other hand. They were bloated and full of cum. She fingered the swollen head of his cock. It was rubbery and blazing hot. The tip of his prick was slippery with sticky cum that had already seeped out. As she fondled Bruno's massive hunk of cock, Margie's attitude began to change. His prick did feel awfully nice. She began to think that this was going to be more than just a dutiful hand-job, more than an obligation—that she was actually going to enjoy playing with his cock.

Bruno stood stiff-legged, rigid, like a bird dog on the point. His haunches quivered and he rumbled deep in his throat.

Margie began to stroke her hand up and down his cock.

She skimmed over the shaft of his cock lightly at first, then closed her fist tighter and stroked steadily. The hairy sheath folded up over the ledge behind his cock knob, then dragged back, causing his prickhead to flare out, throbbing. The big, elongated head of his cock was bright red and starting to steam, now. She moved her thumb around against the underside of the velvet-smooth lump of red cockmeat as her hand drew up the shaft of his cock. A drop of cum trickled over her forefinger.

"Is that nice, Bruno?" she whispered.

The dog whined.

And it was nice, too-nice for Margie as well as Bruno. She was surprised at how much fun it was to

play with a dog's prick.

Her hands seemed to have become erogenous zones. Thrills shot up her forearms and rushed through her naked body. Her nipples and her clit stiffened.

She wanted the dog to shoot his jizz on her tits.

She knew it would be lovely to feel his hot cum splatter all over her big boobs, running up her cleavage like a sluggish river through a canyon and dripping from her hard nipples. As long as she was going to toss a dog off, she figured that she might as well have his jism splash onto her, rather than wasting it on the floor. She settled down onto her flank and leaned in under the brute's heaving belly. She squirmed, moving her tits closer to the head of his cock. But it wasn't comfortable in that position, leaning on her elbow under him. She couldn't use both hands on him, for one thing, and the floor was hard under her hipbone. Dogs were different than men, and she considered the possible positions in which she could comfortably direct the geyser of his jism onto her tits.

She moved away.

Bruno looked horrified.

Had the silly human bitch finished? Didn't she realize that his cock was still full of cum? Was she a cock-teaser-worse, a dog-cock-teaser? The brute's expression seemed to show such speculation. But it was hard to tell with a dog.

Margie sat on the floor in front of the chair. She leaned back against the edge of the seat so that her head and shoulders were supported by the padded cushion.

"Come here, Bruno," she called.

Bruno swung around to face her. His cock came looping around like the boom of a sailing ship. He advanced towards Margie, not sure what she intended, eyeing her cunt and perhaps wondering if she expected him to lap her off again before she gave him some pleasure. But she patted the cushions beside her.

Bruno got the idea.

He leaped up, his forepaws placed on the seat of the chair, one on either side of her rib cage. His hindquarters trembled. His prick stood out under his belly and over hers, the big knob of his prick almost reaching as far up as her tits. She arched her back, squirming, pleased with herself for having conceived of this comfortable position. Now she could use both hands on him and aim his cock at her tits in comfort.

She drew her knees up and gently closed them around his hard prick, shifting him up and down with her thighs. She fingered the head of his cock and rubbed his balls. Then she folded her hand around his prickshaft and began stroking him again. His cockhead flared out, thrusting, almost touching her tits. He had started to hump, driving his prick through her fist in a fucking motion.

Margie loved the way the dog was panting and whimpering, loved to drive the brute wild with lust.

She squirmed a bit lower and touched the head of his prick against her stiff nipple. She moved his cock to the other nipple. Then she cupped her tits together so that the hairy stalk of his prick was buried in her cleavage. Bruno humped faster, plowing his prick up that soft furrow. His big balls were dragging up and down on her stomach as he humped.

Margie hadn't intended to let the dog fuck her between the tits, it had just sort of happened, but she didn't think it was any more wicked to let him do that than to give him a hand-job—and it did feel awfully nice to have that hairy dog cock driving through her cleavage. She decided to let him come that way.

But then—where would he shoot?

The head of his cock, already moist and frothy, was squeezing out from the top of her cleavage—aimed right at her face!

She gazed at it.

She tilted her face down, her chin resting on her breastbone, so that she could look right at his scarlet cockhead as it came surging out from her tit tunnel.

Should she let the dog shoot his wad of jizz in her face?

It was dirty, she thought—disgusting. And yet—well, was it any worse to have him shoot cum in her face than on her tits? She told herself that it wasn't any worse, at all. And in this position, she would be able to see the hot, thick load of cum as it spurting from his cock knob, watch it fly at her in creamy clouds. She held her fat tits snug around his prickshaft. The head of his cock was pushing higher, almost into her face as he humped vigorously.

Suddenly Margie realized that her mouth was watering and that she was licking her lips!

My God! What's wrong with me? she wondered.

I can't want to do that—I mustn't want to— But there was no doubt of it.

Margie wanted to suck the dog's prick!

That dark desire caused her to tremble. It was depraved, wicked, sinful, perverted, totally disgusting—but she wanted to do it!

His cockhead ran up her breastbone, nudging her chin.

“I won't!” she told herself.

Well—maybe I'll just give the tip of his cock a lick, just to satisfy my curiosity, that's all—I certainly won't take his prick into my mouth or anything really terrible like that!

She pushed her tongue out.

She touched the tip of her tongue against the tip of the dog's prick, fluttering it. His cockhead was already bubbling, and she could taste his hot jism as she licked. She drew back, ashamed of herself. She felt her tongue tingle, and her mouth was watering. Not intending to, not even realizing she was going to do it, she leaned down and tongued his bright red cockhead again, longer this time. A stream of jism ran onto her curled tongue, driving her wild. She kept on licking. The dog was humping her between the tits, and each time his cockhead appeared from within her deep cleavage, Margie tongued it.

She slid lower, so that the back of her head was braced on the edge of the chair.

Bruno fucked with gusto.

As his cockhead rose up, she met it with her tongue again and, this time, her lips parted.

She let the dog push his cock into her mouth.

And then it was too late. No matter how disgusting it was, no matter what terrible recrimination and mortification she was going to feel afterwards, Margie could not resist that succulent mouthful of red-hot, steaming, swollen Doberman prick.

She wanted to suck him off!

She slid lower, her lips pulling on his prick. He was fucking right into her mouth now through her tits and into her mouth—driving his pointed cock knob back into her gullet. Her hands moved down and cupped the dog by the haunches. Her face tilted back, eyes rolling wildly as she swallowed his great, driving, meaty prick. His balls dragged up between her tits, and he was feeding his whole cock into her face with every thrust.

Margie gurgled with joy.

Her lips pulled lovingly, and her nimble tongue flashed around against the underside of his cockhead, darting and slurping. He was starting to shoot little spurts of preliminary cum into her mouth. The delicious jizz ran over her teeth, into her cheeks, onto her tongue. It poured back into her throat. The dog was fucking into her face with savage joy now, and Margie was sucking on his great prick for all she was worth, longing to make him come, to swallow that hot bestial cum, to empty his cock and balls and drink every drop of doggie cum.

Bruno howled.

She felt his balls balloon between her tits. She felt the shaft of his cock expand and his prickhead swell.

She sucked so hard that she seemed to be inhaling his cock right down into her lungs.

Then his jism spurted into her mouth.

Great creamy jets of cum burst out of his cock. Thick ropes and ribbons of milky fuck juice looped and coiled into her greedy mouth. Margie gulped the dog cum down with relish and sucked his prick for more. The dog kept fucking, and his prick kept spurting dose after dose of jism into her mouth and throat. Margie swallowed. She sucked. She swallowed again. Her hands clamped over his haunches, pulling him in, hauling the whole length of his hairy cock into her as she milked him to the bone.

Bruno stopped fucking and stood, panting.

Margie sucked a bit longer, drawing out the last succulent drops from his smooth cock knob. Then she pulled her lips away and used her tongue to lick his cockhead clean.

She smiled.

She was surprised—and delighted—to find that she suffered no shame, no remorse for her perverted actions. Sucking that big prick and drinking that tremendous load of jizz had been far too enjoyable for the horny woman to feel any regrets about it.

She would, she knew, be glad to suck Bruno's cock again.

And looking at his cock, she saw that she was going to get a chance. It had softened just a bit, but it was still long, and the big head of his prick was still unsheathed.

Margie started to take his prick back into her mouth.

But then she paused.

Now that she had gobbled his dog cum, she was feeling very horny—just as she had that morning, after blowing Roger. But unlike Roger, Bruno had no office he had to go to. Margie wondered if she should let the Doberman fuck her. Taking dog cock up her cunt, she reasoned, was no worse than taking dog cock in her mouth. Her sins would not be compounded simply because she let the beast fill her cunt instead of her belly.

And she very much wanted a cuntful of dog cock.

Margie slipped her lips over Bruno's cockhead and sucked for a moment, sucking his prick up as big and as hard as it had been before he'd come. Then she slid higher into the chair, her ass resting on the edge. The dog's cock hovered over her pussy. She knew that they could fuck in this position, face to face, rather than dog style. She figured that the dog would enjoy a bit of human style fucking, and she damned well knew that she would, too. She reached for his cock.

That was when she saw Sally Tremayne standing in the doorway.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Sally had driven over to the Bronsons', intending to reclaim her canine consort. She had made up her mind to spend some time alone with the dog, to see if she enjoyed fucking him when her husband was not there, looking over her shoulder, encouraging and suggesting. She didn't begrudge Margie a bit of Bruno's cock, not at all—she simply didn't want to be deprived herself. So if Roger and Margie had already gotten it on with Bruno that morning, it was fine with Sally, as long as she could bring the Doberman back home with her before Peter got back from work. She pulled up in front of the Bronson house and got out of the car. She went up to the front door. Just as she was about to ring the bell, she distinctly heard Bruno give a little joyful whimper from within.

Sally recognized that sound.

Were the Bronsons at it?

But Roger's car wasn't there.

Oooh! Was Margie fucking the dog by herself? Was she—just as Sally wanted to do—fucking the dog in private? The idea sent a thrill racing through randy Sally's pussy. It was an electric thought. A feverish look came into her eyes as she tried the door.

The door wasn't locked.

Sally slipped into the hallway. She heard Bruno whimper again. She moved very quietly down the hallway and looked into the front room. She had to clap a hand over her mouth to stifle the cry of excitement that almost burst out.

Now she realized why Peter got such a kick out of watching her perform with the big Doberman!

Sally had no intention of interrupting.

She stood quietly, her cunt starting to smoulder, watching Margie and Bruno fuck each other.

Sally had arrived just as Margie took her first lick of the dog's dripping cockhead. Sally watched it all, fascinated. She saw the dog hump between Margie's big tits while she tongued the knob of his cock. Then, to her rising joy, she saw Margie take Bruno's prick right into her mouth and begin sucking him off.

Sally had to cup a hand over her cunt to keep the whole damned thing from melting. It thrilled her to the core to watch that fat, hairy dog prick vanish into Margie's mouth, then pull out, then plow in again. Margie was loving it, gurgling with delight as Bruno fed his prick to her. Her lips peeled outwards as she sucked. Her cheeks hollowed in. It was obvious that she was not going to stop until the dog had shot his wad of jism in her mouth. She was pulling the dog in by the haunches as she swallowed his prick, as if she couldn't get enough of his big cock. Sally wondered if she had looked the same way when, the night before, she had sucked the Doberman's cock. No wonder Peter loved to watch her do it! Sally found that she loved watching Margie take doggie cock into her mouth. She was as eager to see the dog shoot jizz in Margie's mouth as Margie was to drink that hot, thick load-and, for that matter, Bruno was to get rid of it.

Then Bruno stiffened.

His hindquarters trembled, his hind legs scabbled on the floor, his flanks heaved. He rammed his prick into Margie's face and filled her mouth with dog jism. Sally watched in fascination as the blonde gulped the dog cum down. She saw it overflow from her lips and run down her chin. She saw another shot of cum leave his cockhead like a liquid silver rocket, skimming over Margie's flashing tongue.

At last the dog's balls were emptied.

Sally still said nothing, not wanting to make her presence known as yet, eager to see what transpired next. She noticed that Bruno's prick had only diminished a little. It was still good for fucking. And Margie had obviously noticed that, too. Margie took his cock back into her mouth and gave it a polish, sucking his huge prick up as hot and as hard as before. Then she squirmed higher in the chair. Bruno loomed over her, his prick hovering over her cunt. Margie took that big cock in her hand and guided the head down into her creamy pussy.

Oh! Sally thought. She's going to fuck him face to face!

Sally had only fucked the dog on his own grounds-doggy style-and she was thrilled to realize that the animal could also be initiated into a frontal fuck.

She would have to try that the next time she fucked Bruno.

For now, she was content to watch and enjoy this rare vicarious thrill, this voyeurism that her husband had so much loved.

But then Margie saw Sally standing in the door.

Margie went stiff with horror.

She had the head of the dog's prick in her cunt, there was dog cum on her lips-it was, to say the least, an embarrassing situation in which to be found.

Especially by the dog's owner.

What on earth could she say? Her mind darted wildly about. Would Sally believe the dog had raped her against her will? Not likely. Would she believe that Margie was sleepwalking? Well \96 sleep-sucking, that is, about to sleep-screw? No, she was clutching at straws. But then she saw that Sally was smiling.

Finding that she had been discovered, Sally moved towards the chair. Bruno looks a bit nervous, as if he has been caught in an act of infidelity, she thought. Well, that's logical. Dogs are supposed to be faithful to their owners.

Margie was blushing furiously. Sally stood over the odd couple.

"How long-have you been here?" Margie asked, her voice quavering, her gaze dropping in mortification.

"Long enough to see you suck Bruno's cock."

"Oh, dear! Whatever must you think of me?"

"Well, let's see-I think you give good head, from what I could see. And I think you like to drink dog cum."

Margie wailed in shame.

"Don't worry, Margie," Sally said. "I don't mind."

"You-you don't?"

"Not at all. In fact, it made me very excited, watching you suck my Doberman's cock."

"It did?" Margie said, amazed at Sally's attitude.

"Um-hum. You don't have to stop, Margie. You can let him fuck you, if you like."

"Oh, dear! I want to-but it's so embarrassing--"

"I let him fuck me," Sally said.

"Really?"

"Um-hum. I blow him, too. While Peter watches. So you don't have to feel ashamed at all."

Sally's confession thrilled Margie.

"I thought you only jerked him off?" Margie asked. "Who told you that?"

"Why-Peter told Roger," Margie said.

"That swine! He swore that he hadn't told anyone. And he told me that Roger wanted to borrow the dog for you-to fuck you!"

"Oh! That rotten creep!"

Sally giggled.

“Still—now that it’s all out in the open—since we both fuck and suck dogs—there’s no reason why we shouldn’t enjoy it, is there? Just the two of us. And the dog. We can take turns watching and fucking. It will serve our husbands right!”

“It won’t do our cunts any harm, either,” Margie added, smiling now, no longer embarrassed at all. She was glad that Sally had come. It was, she thought, going to be a lot more fun to share the dog’s cock with the other woman.

Sally was unbuttoning her blouse.

Oh, what lovely tits she has, Margie thought, as Sally’s big, smooth tits came into view. I wonder if she would like to have me suck them for her, later.

Bruno, like Margie, had lost his embarrassment once he realized that his mistress was not angry over his infidelity. He began to fuck with little, tentative thrusts. His cockhead was still in Margie’s cunt and she still held him by the stalk of his cock. She began to rub his big triangular cock knob around in her creamy pussy, stirring herself with his prick.

“Go ahead—fuck him,” Sally whispered.

She stepped out of her skirt. Her brief bikini panties were dark and damp at the crotch. She pushed them down, wriggling her hips. She raised one leg to pull them over her foot, giving Margie a good look at her open, flooded cunt. Margie looked. I wonder if she wants me to suck her cunt, too, Margie wondered. The idea was attractive. Margie had never sucked a cunt, but she was more than willing to. The very thought was making her mouth water and her tongue tingle.

Naked, Sally knelt beside the chair.

She leaned in close to get a good view.

Margie pulled the dog’s prick into her cunt. Bruno thrust. Her cunt slurped his cockmeat in like a vacuum cleaner. The dog buried his prick to the hilt, his big balls whacking against Margie’s pussy as every inch of his long, black cock vanished.

“Ummmm—that cock looks good,” Sally sighed.

Her sex-crazed face was right between them, her chin brushing on Margie’s cunt mound and the top of her head rubbing the dog’s shaggy belly, sandwiched between them as she got a ringside seat.

“It feels good, too,” Margie purred.

Bruno started fucking wildly away, driving his cock in and out of Margie’s glowing cunt with gusto. Margie moved with him, in counterpoint. She pushed her pussy down to meet his prick as he stroked in, then rotated her hips as the brute pulled back. Her cunt was squishing as he stuffed her full of dog cock.

Sally was half-maddened by the sight.

She pushed her face even closer. Her tongue came out. As Bruno pulled back, she licked at his steaming cockhead as it disappeared in Margie’s fuckhole. Since his cockhead was still partly buried in Margie’s pussyflesh, Sally’s tongue was lapping at Margie’s cunt as well as the dog’s cockhead. Margie thought that was very nice, indeed. She began to have high hopes that in due course, she and Sally were going to do some cunt-sucking. But first, there was dog prick to be emptied, and she

worked her lithe loins energetically, pulling with her cunt muscles.

Sally turned her face upwards.

She began sucking on Margie's tits.

But then she turned back down again, compelled to gaze at the fucking action below. Her hands darted about, feeling Margie's clit, cupping the dog's balls, fondling Margie's nipples. She moved and came in at a different angle, so that she could lick Bruno's balls. Her tongue glided up his cockshaft and ran over Margie's widely spread cuntlips. Her saliva poured out as she drooled over them, mixing with Margie's cuntjuice.

Bruno rose to canine heights.

He was getting cunt and tongue at the same time. He thought that humans were a lot luckier than dogs... except for dogs who were welcomed into human threesomes. The Doberman figured that he might never go back to bitches. He plowed away, whimpering and whining, jolting into her fuckhold with such power that he tilted Margie's pelvis up on his prick.

He poured a load of cum into her.

Margie wailed as her pussy creamed on his spurting prick.

Sally whimpered with joy as she watched the dog empty his cock and balls into the sexy blonde's pussy.

Bruno fucked away until he was drained.

He pulled back, and his cock slipped out. Had Bruno been able to appraise the situation in human terms he might have thought: You don't get your cock stuck up human ladies-no one had to pour a bucket of cold water over your ass before you could get your cock out! That was quite an advantage!

Bruno hopped down from the chair.

His prick, softening now, sagged down. Sally dipped her head under him and sucked it into her lips. She slurped a spicy blend of dog cum and cunt juice from his prick knob.

"Yummy," she said Margie was sprawled in the chair, her legs spread wide, a contented smile on her face. Her pussy was covered with frothy jism. It coated her from belly to asshole, and still more of the stuff was oozing out from between her cuntlips.

Sally pulled her lips away from Bruno's prick, having sucked that big slab of cockflesh sparkling clean.

She turned towards Margie.

Margie smiled at her.

Sally crawled over to her, moving between her thighs. She looked up at Margie's face, her own eyebrows raised, questioningly.

Margie nodded.

"Oh, yes," she sighed.

Sally began to suck her cunt.

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

Roger Bronson and Peter Tremayne had arranged to have lunch later than usual today, so that they would still be at the restaurant when the other diners had left—and Clara was available. They both dined well, with hearty appetites, figuring that they were going to need plenty of energy before the day was over.

“You think Margie will jerk Bruno off if he gets a hard-on?” Peter was asking. Roger had just told Peter how cleverly he had arranged things, leaving his wife frustrated that morning and mentioning that Bruno was a dog who needed frequent hand-jobs.

“Oh, I doubt it”, Roger said. “Not on her own. But it gave her the idea, you see—so that when I suggest fooling around with Bruno tonight, it won’t come as a total surprise.”

“Well, good luck,” Peter said.

“Yeah—I sure hope Margie is agreeable,” Roger said. “I figure that if I start her off easy—just giving Bruno a hand-job at first—I can probably talk her into fucking or sucking—or both. When Margie gets horny, she loses control.”

“Ummmm. Maybe sometime we can get together with both our wives—and the dog? You think?”

“Sounds great,” Roger agreed.

Peter, perverted fellow that he was, was getting excited at the prospects.

“Maybe we can get the two girls fooling around together, as well. I’d love to watch them eat each other’s cunt out,” he said.

“Oh, wow! Yeah! But I don’t think Margie would go for anything like that,” Roger added sadly.

“No—I guess Sally wouldn’t either,” Peter sighed.

Silly fellows.

Back at the Bronson house, Margie and Sally were managing quite well on their own.

Sally used just her tongue at first.

She pushed it out and slurped up Margie’s flooded cunt. Margie trembled at the contact. Her lush thighs began to vibrate. Sally tongued her cunt again, all the way up her pussyslit through her parted cunt lips and the creamy fuckhole and across her clit.

Sally looked up to see how Margie was taking this.

Margie was smiling happily.

“Have you done that before?” Margie asked.

“Ummmm—a few times,” Sally said. “When I was in school, mostly—I had a girlfriend named Yvonne.

We used to suck each other's cunt. We'd start talking about boys and that would make us hot, and then we'd eat each other out. I've sucked pussy since then, too—a couple times. I like to. I'd just as soon suck a cunt as a cock, really—although one doesn't get the opportunity as often."

"I've never tried it," Margie said.

"Oh, you don't have to suck my cunt," Sally assured her.

Margie's eyes gleamed.

"Oh, I've thought about it a lot and wondered what it would be like to do it," she said. "I'd like to suck your pussy."

"Ooooo," Sally squealed at that lovely prospect.

Knowing that the sooner she got Margie sucked off, the sooner she would get the same treatment, Sally began to suck Margie's cunt with relish, concentration and attention to detail. Although as a rule she would have wanted to linger over the feast, Sally was so hot from watching Margie suck and fuck the dog that she was impatient to get her own pussy attended to. Still, she didn't rush so much that she failed to demonstrate her skilled technique. She hadn't sucked many cunts, but she was a born cunt-sucker, and she did it as well as cunt-sucking could be done. Sally prided herself on her cunt-sucking skills. If a girl is going to eat a pussy, she reasoned, she might as well make a good job of it.

Her tongue pushed up Margie's fuckhole, stabbing in and out, then licked lovingly at her trembling clit.

Pressing her lips to Margie's parted cuntlips, head tilted, Sally sucked steadily as her tongue flared and delved into the juicy cunt.

Then she took Margie's clit into her lips and sucked on it while she slowly pushed two fingers into the woman's cunt, finger-fucking her and sucking her at the same time.

Margie's pussy was full of dog cum and doubly tasty because of it. As the cum and cunt juice flooded over her tongue and lips, sexy Sally began to whimper like a dog. She rubbed her whole face around in Margie's foaming cunt.

"Come," she panted.

The word echoed in Margie's pussy as she spoke, for her lips were pressed right over Margie's juicy cunthole.

"Oh, yes," Margie quavered. "I will—"

"I want your cunt juice, honey," Sally whimpered. "I want your sweet pussy to melt for me—" Margie gave a little gasp of pure lust as she heard those words—that expressed desire. She was as thrilled by the knowledge that it was a woman's mouth on her cunt as she was by the wonderful sensation of having her pussy sucked. Just as with Bruno, the fact that she was taking part in a depraved act made the pleasure all the greater. She began to grind her pussy around in Sally's face. Her hips worked like pistons, and her thighs drew up, clamping over her face, then spreading wide again. A pool of cunt juice soaked the chair under her ass. Sally's chin rested in that creamy pool as she gobbled merrily away at Margie's tasty cunt.

"I'm coming-" Margie wailed.

Sally slurped and sucked hungrily, her fingers pushing into Margie's cunt up to the knuckles, her lips and tongue working as she milked that sweet cunt. Margie cried out as the thrill broke in her loins and her hot pussy juices flooded into Sally's ravenous mouth in a creamy flow.

Sally kept sucking until she was certain that she had worked off every spasm of Margie's climax and sucked out every drop of succulent pussy cum.

She sat back on her heels, grinning, her lips lathered with flecks of fuck cream.

"Oh, that was lovely," Margie purred.

"Delicious, too," Sally said.

Sally looked meaningfully at Margie.

Margie took the hint-and was willing.

She said, "Why don't you sit in the chair now, Sally?"

She rose, then knelt. Sally crawled over and climbed into the chair, her ass perched on the edge of the cream-soaked cushion, her legs parted wide, her slender back arched as she lifted her hips slightly. Margie moved between those slick thighs.

She stared at Sally's cunt for a moment before she went down on it, savoring the anticipation of her first taste of cunt, thrilled by the knowledge that, a few moments, she was going to become a full-fledged cunt-sucker. The sight of that creamy pussy was causing her to drool. She felt starved for it. And she knew that, although she had never sucked pussy before, she was going to do it just right-that she would instinctively know how to make it great for both of them.

She spread Sally's cuntlips wide open with her fingers.

Leaning in, she ran her tongue up Sally's pink pussyslit.

"Ooooooo" she squealed as the rare flavor of pussyflesh soaked into her taste buds, and she realized that sucking cunt was going to be even better than she had imagined. Sally's pussy was absolutely the most delicious thing she had ever tasted.

"Oh! It's wonderful," she cried.

She began to suck Sally's cunt for all she was worth.

Sally leaned back and settled down to enjoy having her pussy eaten.

And Bruno, watching all this, felt his prick begin to get big and hard again.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The restaurant was nearly empty.

Roger and Peter were still there, lingering over coffee and waiting for the last remaining customer

to leave. That was an elderly woman in a flowered hat who was drinking tea. She was taking her time. Roger and Peter groaned when she poured more tea into her cup, and Clara gave her a look of absolute hatred. Clara kept glancing at Roger and Peter, giving them significant looks, then rolling her eyes towards the old lady and then up to the heavens. She was horrified at the thought that the tea drinking matron might outlast the two handsome gentlemen—that they might have to go back to work before she got a chance to serve them the waitress special.

But her fears were groundless.

Neither Roger nor Peter were about to depart the restaurant before they'd sampled Clara's creamy cunt. Both men were incredibly horny again, thinking about Bruno the Doberman fucking Margie and Sally. They thought, too, of their wives getting together for a bit of cunt-sucking, but they knew that was no more than a thrilling fantasy—neither Sally nor Margie would ever do a thing like that! So there they sat, sipping steaming coffee and steaming from their pricks as their cockheads throbbed impatiently under the table.

At last the elderly lady left.

She smiled politely at everyone, and she left Clara a dollar tip. Clara felt terrible at having resented her so, for she was obviously a nice old lady who took her tea in dignified leisure.

Clara approached the table, tits foremost, belly rolling, walking in a slightly swaybacked way so that her luscious tits were presented to the two eager gentlemen.

"Dessert now?" she asked.

Peter reached out and took the hem of her skirt, lifting it high enough to expose her pussy. Clara had worn no panties that day. It seemed pointless to wear them, since they only got all soaked with cunt juice anyhow, and had to be changed. She parted her lush thighs enough so that they could see her pussy slit, moist and pink-lipped. The insides of her thighs were slippery with fuck cream from her cunt. Both men looked with approval on her tasty pussy.

Peter decided to sample her hair pie.

He leaned out from the booth and slipped his tongue into Clara's juicy cunt, slurping. Leaning back again, he let the rare flavor tingle on his taste buds for a moment, rolling her cuntjuice around like a wine taster, then nodding approval.

"I'll have a piece of that," he declared.

Roger sampled the pie, too.

"Oh, yes—a culinary masterpiece," he agreed.

Clara had been gang banged by seven Hell's Angels in the course of the night and had not bothered to bathe, but she didn't tell them about that, figuring—quite rightly—that they might not think her pussy was so tasty had they known what chefs had stirred the sauce.

"Shall we go into the back?" she asked.

They stood up eagerly, both bumping their pricks on the edge of the table as they slid from the booth. But their pricks were much harder than the wood of the table and no damage was done. Clara, laughing merrily, led the way to the storeroom. Side by side, Peter and Roger followed, like

two dogs trailing their mistress on the leash of their cocks. Clara led them into the back room and closed the door. She stood against it, rather as if she were a jailer, imprisoning them. She took her clothing off slowly, almost doing a strip tease for their titillation. She left her nylon stockings and her garter belt on, framing her pussy in the harness. She rotated her hips, turned to present her firm, tear drop-shaped bottom, lifted her tits in her hands. Then she moved toward them. She opened Peter's fly and reached in, hauling his prick out. She tugged his balls out, as well. She blew her hot breath over his cock, smiling as he moaned.

She turned to Roger.

She took his big cock out in the same way.

Peter was quickly stripping his clothing off. Clara stepped back. Roger removed his clothing, as well. The small storeroom seemed overcrowded with all that cockmeat thundering around and that big wet cunt steaming merrily away. There was hardly room to move. Clara saw that the only thing to do, to save space, was to fit the various parts together. She considered while Roger and Peter waited, willing to allow the waitress to serve the treat as she chose.

"Let's see," Clara mused. "I sucked you off yesterday and I fucked you, so we'd better do it the other way around today, right?"

Both men nodded heads and cocks.

"But all at the same time, okay?" she said.

The gentlemen were agreeable. They waited for the waitress to set the table for them. Clara knelt down. She drew Roger down onto his knees in front of her. His prick was sticking out into her face but she didn't gobble it yet. She motioned to Peter. Peter got the picture, and he knelt behind her ass. Roger and Peter faced each other across her kneeling body just as they had faced each other across the table in the restaurant, but this was a much better table, complete with places to put their pricks.

Peter slipped his cock up Clara's cunt from the back, pushing it in to the hilt and holding the full penetration while Clara wriggled about, getting comfortable on his big prick.

She took Roger's cock into her mouth.

"All together now, boys," she chirped.

And like a well oiled machine, the three parts began to glide together.

Peter fucked her with long, slow, underslung strokes, tilting her ass up as he plowed into her cunt, pulling back until only the tip of his prick was in her fuckhole and then slipping his whole cock up her again. He held her by the hips, drawing her cunt back onto his cock as he plunged forward.

Roger fucked her in the mouth at the same pace.

He held her face between his hands, steadying her, as he pumped his prick into her hungry mouth. Clara was taking all of his steaming cockmeat, letting his prickhead push right down her gullet. Her tongue massaged him, and her lips pulled and dragged, collared around the stalk of his prick. She held his balls in one hand, gently fondling the sac that was soon going to feed her such a lovely load of jizz. Her other hand reached back between her thighs, caressing Peter's balls in the same way. Clara was in seventh heaven.

It was a wonderful position for a girl like Clara to be in. She loved fucking and sucking equally, and it was a real treat to be doing both at the same time. It would have been nice, she mused, to have a third guy there, too, so that her asshole could get a load of cock as well—but a girl couldn't have everything all the time, and it was plain greed to long for yet a third big prick as well. Rocking joyfully between them, Clara was so dazed by the sensations that she lost track of which end was which. Her cunt was sucking like a mouth and her mouth was fucking like a cunt. Her saliva flowed like cunt juice, her cunt juice foamed as her pussy drooled hungrily. Those long, fat cocks were plowing into her so deeply from either end that she wondered if they might not be meeting somewhere in her belly, their big prick knobs bumping together inside her, like battering rams turned upon one another. She writhed and squirmed. She twisted her ass and hips, and she tilted her head from side to side, screwing her lips onto Roger's cock, winding her cunt over Peter's prick.

They altered the rhythm.

They both plowed into her at the same time, then they used contrapuntal strokes, one stuffing her as the other withdrew. Clara didn't know which action she preferred, having both mouth and cunt stuffed at the same lovely instant or having the steady rotation. Both sensations were marvelous. She didn't care, as long as they kept pumping! Her lithe body was pushed back and forth between them, so that she hardly needed to move at all. Her mouth was stuck fast on Roger's prick, like a fish on a hook, and her cunt was clamped over Peter's prick like a powerful suction cup.

Clara began to come.

Cunt juice filled her pussy, and at the same time, her mouth filled with saliva. She was creaming at both ends. "Mumphff," she gurgled, trying to beg them to shoot in her now, but unable to get the words out around the mouthful of cock that was clogging her gullet.

But they understood.

Looking at each other across her kneeling body, Roger and Peter nodded. They were ready.

Their cocks exploded at the same time.

Roger hosed her throat with his hot cum.

Peter poured the jism into her womb.

Awash with jism, Clara melted, her whole body vibrating so hard that her bones rattled. She felt as if she was coming with more than cunt juice, as if her blood and flesh—her very bones were melting. So much fuck juice flooded from her cunt that she was going to collapse into an empty bag of skin, like a blow-up doll that has been punctured.

Her cunt soaked up Peter's jism.

She drank Roger's cum down greedily, voraciously.

The men banged lustily away, emptying their cocks and balls in creamy spurts of jism. Drained, they slowed. Clara kept on squirming between them, working her cunt and her mouth as she ground out the fullness of her own burning climax on the double load of cock.

These were customers worth serving!

Clara would have been more than willing to fuck and suck some more, reversing roles, perhaps, but

Roger and Peter said they had to get back to work. They agreed to lunch there again tomorrow. In fact, they could well have lingered for another threesome, but both men felt it was wise to save some jism for the evening.

Roger was hopeful that he could persuade his wife to do some dog-fucking or sucking-or both, preferably-and he felt it was advisable to have a full load of cum to spurt into her after she had put on that exciting performance. And Peter knew that he was damned well going to be fantasizing about Margie and Bruno, all the juicy details dancing graphically through his fevered imagination. He felt that it was wise to save up a heavy dose of hot jism for Sally as his thoughts fired him to the peak of passion.

So the scheming men did not fuck Clara again.

Their plans were carefully laid. They went back to work, Waiting for the evening.

But Margie and Sally had not waited for the men. They had been at it all day.

Alternating between fucking and sucking, the horny women and the potent Doberman had each gotten off numerous times. They experimented with various positions and techniques and combinations. The best way to fuck, they had decided, was for the girls to sixty-nine, taking turns on top, while the dog fucked the one who was on top at the moment. That way, the woman had cock and tongue at the same time while the one who was underneath had the pleasure of sucking cunt and dog cock with the same greedy slurpings. They reversed positions often. Bruno was up to it.

At long last, they had to quit.

The men would soon be home.

Sally said, "It's lots more fun with you and the dog than it is with my husband and the dog."

"Let's fuck and suck with Bruno every afternoon, shall we?" Margie suggested.

It was agreed.

Sally left shortly before Roger got home.

Roger tried to be casual, as if he had no ulterior motives, when he asked, "Did the dog get a hard-on, honey?"

"Yes, the filthy beast!" Margie said.

"Did you jerk him off?" he asked, fairly panting for the answer.

"I certainly did not!" Margie said. It was true, as far as that goes.

Roger never did get to see his wife fuck the dog, but his clever scheming had not been in vain because Margie fucked the dog a lot after that memorable day. Roger never knew.

The best laid plans...

The End