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Melanie was pleased when she found Barbara at the door, and showed it with a smile. What a friendly girl, thought Barbara.

What a delicious-looking blonde, thought Melanie. Oh, I do hope she likes to have her pussy licked! Melanie still wasn't sure how to go about suggesting it, however. Except for Arabelle, who had done the initial suggesting, Melanie had only found suckable pussies in lesbian bars, where everyone's inclinations and intentions were already known and accepted and there was no chance of making a mistake that would be embarrassing. The only question that ever arose in those places was which girl was to do the sucking and which was to get sucked.

But this was a totally different situation. Barbara might be strictly heterosexual. She might be shocked or disgusted by the thought of letting a girl lap her pussy. It would be an uncomfortable situation, in that case, having revealed her pussy-sucking tendencies and been denied, and having to live right across the hall from the other girl, having blushing confrontations at the front door, avoiding each other's eyes.

Hungry as she was to go down on the delicious blonde, Melanie knew she would have to play it slowly and cautiously. She figured that she would work the conversation around to erotic things gradually, then to men, specifically and, if Barbara showed no dismay at such talk, Melanie could mention some man she knew who gave great head. She could talk about how much she enjoyed getting her pussy gobbled, then ask Barbara if she loved it, too.

And if she said that she did, Melanie could make the offer only half serious, half joking, until she saw how the blonde reacted. That seemed the best way to go about seducing the girl without being too overt. As it turned out, there was a better way. The girls went into the front room. Barbara sat in an armchair, carefully keeping her thighs together, very much aware of the fact that she was not wearing anything under her short skirt.

Melanie went to the kitchen to make coffee. And the Dalmatian stood up, snout quivering. Although the Dalmatian had never f***** a girl before that morning, he was a bright dog and a fast learner, and Melanie had taught him well. Now the handsome spotted dog had gotten another scent of hot human pussy. It was only logical that he should suppose that his services were being called upon again. He moved towards Barbara. Barbara, who had never even dreamed of fucking with a dog, had no idea what instincts were motivating the Dalmatian. She was fond of animals and reached out to stroke his head.

"What a nice doggy," she said.

The dog placed his head in her lap and she stroked his ears. Then he pushed his snout under the hem of her short skirt and his wet tongue lapped at her bare pussy.

"Oh! Bad dog!" she said. She pushed his head away.

The Dalmatian gave her a puzzled look and slid his muzzle back into her crotch. Barbara was embarrassed, at first. But as his long, hot tongue rasped up her pussy, she gave a little shudder. It felt lovely! She was ashamed of herself, but she had to admit it. In fact, she wished that Melanie were not in the apartment, because she would have liked to open her legs wide and let the Dalmatian tongue her pussy until she screamed!

Her legs were still together and the brute was jamming his snout into the tight vee, his tongue wedging in. Now Barbara shot a quick glance at the door to the kitchen, saw that Melanie was not in

sight and parted her legs a little, so that the dog could give her crotch an unhindered tongue-stroke or two. Glancing down, she saw that the dog's prick was getting hard.

Fascinated by the very idea of pricks, the blonde virgin stared at the long, hardening dog-cock in awe. The shiny red cock-knob came squeezing out from the hairy sheath. The fat prick began to throb. His balls expanded. Barbara was so intent on watching the dog get a hard-on that she failed to notice Melanie come in with a tray of coffee. Melanie halted in surprise, then grinned. The Dalmatian was merrily lapping away on the blonde's pussy and the blonde was looking very happy about it. Melanie saw that Barbara was not wearing any panties. A good sign, thought the girl. Maybe she came over here with the same idea in mind that I had when I invited her! Melanie felt a bit envious of the Dalmatian. She wanted to tongue that juicy pussy, herself.

Barbara was trembling, both at the sight of the hardening cock and at the lovely sensation of the brute's slurping tongue. She wondered if she had time to come before Melanie returned. She glanced towards the door again. Finding Melanie standing there, watching them, Barbara gave a gasp and blushed bright red.

She grabbed the dog's head and pushed him away from her pussy, as if she had just realized what he was doing. The

Dalmatian stood back, wagging his tail, tongue lolling out, willing to be obedient, but confused as to what was required. Melanie put the tray down and moved towards them. She saw that Barbara was embarrassed and dismayed at being discovered, but she also knew that the blonde had been enjoying the dog's tongue and that she had been fascinated by the sight of his hard-on. Melanie knew just how to seduce her now, how to make the blonde so hot that she would be willing to do anything, whether she thought that it was depraved or not.

Pretending that she had not noticed Barbara's pleasure, Melanie said: "Oh, I'm so sorry. He's such a naughty doggy."

"He-he sneaked up on me," Barbara said, trying to make a joke of it. She laughed slightly, nervously.

"Yes. He does that to me sometimes," Melanie said.

Barbara wondered if Melanie stopped him or let the beast tongue her to a climax. Was that why the Dalmatian had gone straight for her pussy? Had Melanie trained him to lap pussy?

"Oh, dear - he has an erection now," Melanie said, as if she had just noticed the fact. "How embarrassing," Barbara said. "Yes, especially since I'd have to take care of it." "I beg your pardon?" Barbara asked. "It's not good for a dog to get a hard-on and not use it, you know," said Melanie. "A vet told me that. He advised me to- well, to masturbate the dog, if that happened." "Really? How—how awful for you, Melanie." "Oh, I don't really mind doing it," Melanie said. "I only hope it doesn't bother you, Barbara. "I-I don't mind. I mean, if a vet advised you to do it, it must be the best thing."

"I can take him in the kitchen and do it there," Melanie said.

But Barbara was dying to watch the girl jerk off the Dalmatian. The idea was fascinating. "Oh, don't worry about me, Melanie. I don't mind. "

Melanie had already guessed as much, and she smiled. The Dalmatian was looking back and forth between the two horny girls, scenting hot pussy on both sides, wondering which one he was supposed to service. His cock was like a heated crowbar now. Melanie moved up and knelt down

beside the dog. She reached under him and took his balls in one hand and his prick in the other. It seemed a shame to waste that lovely hard-on on a handjob, she was thinking. Melanie had not jerked a dog off in months, and she hated to waste a load of cum that could have just as well been spilled in her mouth or up her pussy. But she didn't think it would be a good idea to blow the dog, or to let him f*** her, at the moment. Barbara might not think that quite proper, nor believe that a vet had advised it, as he might have a handjob.

She began running her closed fist up and down on the dog's prick. She tried, at first, to act disinterested, as if she were simply performing a necessary task, without taking any pleasure in it. But it was hard to conceal her excitement when she felt that huge slab of cockmeat pulsate in her mind.

Nor could Barbara hide her own fascination, as she watched Melanie's fist skim up and down and saw the Dalmatian's cockhead began to flare out and the cleft begin to bubble with cum. Barbara wished that she were jacking off the dog.

If she had not been such a shy girl, she would have offered as a thoughtful neighbor to help Melanie do it. The Dalmatian was still puzzled, wondering why Melanie was using her hands when she had a perfectly good pussy. But it felt nice and he didn't mind. Humans were lucky to have hands with opposing thumbs. If he'd had a thumb, he would have jacked himself off daily. But it seemed a bit perverse to the dog, to get a hand-job from a member of another species very pleasantly perverse.

"This won't take long," Melanie whispered. She was no longer attempting to conceal her pleasure. Barbara had leaned forward in her chair, gazing at the dog's cock in open wonderment. Her thighs had parted again and her pussy was steaming.

Melanie glanced sideways, smiling dreamily. Barbara realized that Melanie was looking at her exposed pussy. But she couldn't close her legs. She was far too hot. It felt nice to have another girl staring at her pussy that way and, anyhow, she didn't think she had to be embarrassed - not with a girl who jerked off dogs. What other naughty things did Melanie do?

Then the Dalmatian began to tremble violently.

"He's going to shoot!" Melanie rasped.

"Ooooooh," purred Barbara eagerly.

Suddenly the dog's haunches bucked and a huge jet of quicksilver jism hosed from the head of his prick. Cum flew out between his front legs and skimmed up the inside of Barbara's thigh and splashed right into her sodden crotch.

Barbara wailed with the thrill. It was the first time she had ever had cum on her pussy. Melanie kept pumping away and the Dalmatian kept shooting out jets of jism, and the dog-cum kept splashing onto Barbara's pussy. The blonde had thrown her legs wide apart now, welcoming that hosing.

A last trickle of cum dripped out. The dog's balls were emptied. Melanie took a handkerchief out and carefully mopped the head of the dog's cock. She looked at Barbara.

"Oh, I'm so sorry- I aimed it at you, I'm afraid. "

"It-it's all right," Barbara whispered.

"Let me clean you up," said Melanie.

She moved over to Barbara, on her knees. Barbara leaned back, her legs wide apart, the dog-jizz foaming in her crotch. Melanie began to wipe the sticky, slippery stuff up with the handkerchief. Her hands moved on Barbara's pussy. Barbara sighed. Melanie seemed to be polishing her clit more than necessary. Barbara looked down and saw that all the dog-cum had already been mopped up, but that Melanie's hands were still moving on her pussy. The handkerchief dropped out of Melanie's grip. She didn't seem to notice. Her hands massaged and kneaded the blonde's pussy. Melanie looked up through lowered lashes.

"When the dog was licking your pussy you liked it, didn't you?" she asked, her voice husky.

"I-Yes, I liked it," Barbara admitted. "Do you always like to get tongued?"

"I-I've never been tongued,." stammered the virgin. Melanie looked surprised.

"I'm a virgin and I've never been sucked off," Barbara blurted out, trembling all over. The very idea of a cherry pussy made Melanie drool. Her tongue slid across her lips.

"Would you like me to suck you off, Barbara?" she asked. "Oooooh-yes! Oh, please, yes!" wailed the blonde.