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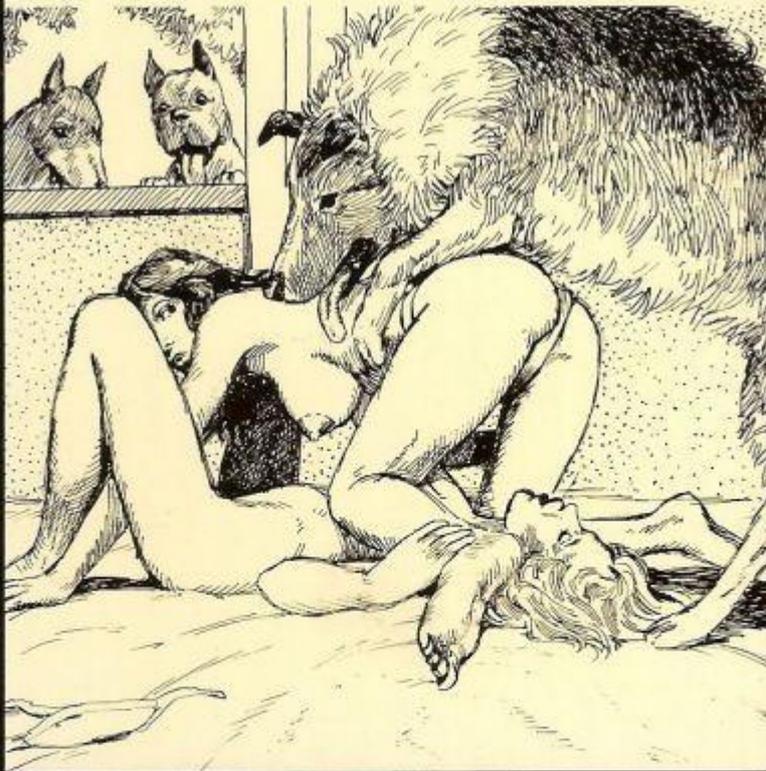


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THE WIFE'S DOGGY POSITION

by David Crane



CENTAUR SERIES

CHAPTER ONE

"My husband caught me fucking a dog."

Molly's mouth dropped open in amazement when Carla said that and, having said it, Carla blushed. Carla had recently been divorced, and Molly had asked her why her marriage had come unstuck. Molly was truly shocked by the woman's answer, and Carla was surprised at herself for having said it.

The two young women were having a drink at a table in a cocktail lounge. Just as Carla made her admission, the jukebox stopped playing, and there was a dead silence. It seemed as if everyone in the room must have heard her remarkable statement. For a long moment, the two girls just stared at each other. But no one else had turned to gape at them and, a moment later, another loud tune started to blare from the jukebox.

"I guess I shouldn't have told you that," Carla said.

"I... no, I'm not... well, I mean..." Molly stammered, not knowing how to respond.

Carla gave a little shrug. "Well, it's true."

"Really? A dog?"

"Yeah. A collie. It wasn't our dog, actually. We didn't own a dog. It belonged to the neighbors. But it used to come into our backyard sometimes and... well, I got carried away. I don't suppose that you've ever fucked a dog?"

Molly shook her head.

Carla continued: "Anyhow, I wanted that dog! I called him into the house one day, and played with his prick for awhile. Then, after he was nice and big and hard, I got down on my hands and knees... doggy style, you know?" She grinned impishly. "The brute fucked my ass off. After that, he used to come over all the time, whining and scratching at the door. You know how dogs are. If there's some pussy going, they can't get enough of it. So I used to get fucked by this collie two or three times a week. It was nice. But one day, Carl came home unexpectedly and found the dog stuck up me. It was embarrassing, to say the least. And the dog was into the finishing strokes, too, so he couldn't stop and I couldn't stop him. So we just kept right on fucking, with my husband standing there with his mouth hanging open and his eyes popping out like a pair of hard boiled eggs. Then the dog shot his load in me. Carl had a big hard-on, himself, by that time. I tried to apologize. I even tried to claim that the dog had raped me. But Carl wouldn't believe that. He took me to bed and fucked my ass off... then he told me he wanted a divorce. Well, I couldn't very well contest it, could I? I mean, how would I have felt, in court, when a fucking dog was cited as the co-respondent?" Carla giggled. "Imagine a collie taking the witness stand? The lawyer would say: 'And did you have carnal knowledge of the accused?' And the fucking dumb dog would say: 'Woof!' So Carl got his divorce. Actually, it didn't bother me very much. I was getting kind of sick of Carl, anyhow... and the dog was a better fuck, besides."

Molly was astounded.

Her teeth clicked against the rim of her glass as she took a sip of her gin and tonic. How could a woman fuck an animal? How could a woman admit she'd fucked an animal? She didn't know Carla very well. They were just casual acquaintances, and it was hardly the sort of thing you told to just anybody. Still, maybe it was easier to tell it to a relative stranger than to a close friend. It wasn't the sort of thing that you told, say, to your sister. As well as being shocked and surprised, Molly found herself intrigued.

"What... what is it like, doing it with a dog?" she asked.

"Oh, it's real good. Dogs have more energy than most men. They really pour the prick to you. And they love it! It's psychological, I guess, but I just love it when a dog whimpers and whines while he's fucking me, and I know how much he's enjoying it. I like the way a dog hangs on, you know? They cling to your ass like a gargoyle on a cathedral wall. And all the while, that big prick is going in and

out like a piston, and the dog is panting in your ear and... well, it's just a great fuck is all."

Molly had a sudden, graphic mental image of that scene, of Carla on her hands and knees with the big collie mounted on her, enthusiastically driving his huge prick into her cunt. That image brought a wave of heat to Molly's pussy. Molly had never even thought about making it with an animal, herself, and whatever ideas she had held about bestiality had not been favorable. It was disgusting, she'd thought. But now that her friend had admitted to practicing that perversion, Molly saw it in a different light. She found herself intrigued and fascinated. She no longer thought of it as disgusting. It was wicked and perverted, true, but it seemed all the more exciting because of that taint of sin.

She wanted to hear more about it.

Carla was saying: "Then, too, with a dog, you don't have to worry about emotional entanglements. I mean, a woman can fuck dogs just for the physical pleasure of it. You don't have to fall in love with the dumb brutes. I don't know why my husband was so furious when he caught me, really. It wasn't as if I was cheating on him with another guy, or having a love affair or anything. Getting fucked by a dog is sort of like using a rubber prick on yourself... except lots better."

She shrugged and took a drink.

Molly said: "You sound as if... well, as if you've had more than the one dog, huh?"

"Yeah, I've made it with a few."

"How on earth did you ever start? I mean, I can understand why you like it... in a way... but how about the first time, before you knew that you'd enjoy it. Weren't you sort of nervous? Inhibited?"

Carla started to reply. The jukebox stopped playing again, and she waited, not wanting to be overheard. The two girls were the only women in the place, and several gentlemen were watching them, obviously wondering if they were there to get picked up, having a few more drinks to gather their courage before making an attempt.

Both women were desirable, in contrasting ways.

Molly was blonde, her hair cut short and curly. She had wide-set blue eyes and a full, sensual mouth. Her tits were firm and thrusting, capped by large, stiff nipples, and her ass was shaped like a teardrop, sweeping out from her narrow waist, then cutting in to the backs of her long, shapely legs. Those legs seemed to have been designed for the purpose of being hooked around a man's hips while her spectacular ass churned him to jelly. She was twenty-one years old and had been married for just over a year. Despite her sexy looks, and the fact that she was a horny young lady, she was not promiscuous. Molly had only been to bed with four men, including her husband, and she had been faithful to him since they were married.

Carla was a different physical type, but equally attractive. She had raven-black hair which she wore long and straight, with a fringe across her forehead. Her eyes were green and her cheekbones high, giving her a rather exotic look. Her body was thinner than Molly's, not as curvy, but taut, lean and dynamic. Her tits were not large, but her nipples were like little rockets ready to be launched. She had slim, dancer's legs, rippling with sinew, and a high, round ass.

Whereas men thought of Molly as being comfortable in bed, they usually thought of Carla as the sort of energetic fuck that would waste a fellow very pleasantly, but demanding stamina. They thought of Carla getting on top and riding them, of throwing her into wild, new positions, of running the gamut of sexual positions, and then inventing new ones. Carla was twenty-three. Her marriage had lasted

for two years, before that fateful day when her husband found her with the collie. She had more sexual experience than Molly... a whole lot more.

Now, as the jukebox bellowed out a tune again, she began to tell Molly about some of that experience.

"When I was a teenager, my parents sent me to visit some relatives who lived on a farm," she said. "I didn't want to go. I figured it would be boring in the country. I had a few boyfriends and, well, I was still a virgin, but only just. I'd been doing just about everything a girl can do, short of getting fucked, and I hated the thought of being trapped on some damned farm. But they were determined that I went. I think they wanted to have a little vacation away from me. Anyhow, I went, and it wasn't boring at all."

Carla paused, frowning slightly, as if trying to recall the sequence of events, or possibly wondering just how much of it she should reveal to her friend.

Molly was hanging onto every word.

Not experienced, herself, she took a delight in hearing about the other girl's misconduct.

"I had to share a bed with my cousin, Laura," Carla went on. "Laura was the same age as me, but she had lots bigger tits. A real country type, with straw-colored hair that she wore in a pigtail... a bouncy, bulging sort of girl. She looked a lot like you, actually, but in a more rustic way, you know... like you would look if you had grown up on a farm. I liked her straight off. Well, that first night, after we had gotten into bed together, we started talking about sex and things. Laura told me that she wasn't a virgin; she'd been fucking some of the local boys. So I told her about my boyfriends, and the heavy petting and stuff. I admitted that I hadn't wanted to come to the farm, that I thought I'd be bored, and she said that we could have lots of fun. I wasn't sure what she meant, at first. Then she started playing with my tits."

Molly was wide-eyed.

"Did you... did you let her?" she asked.

"Well, sure... I mean, it was her bed, after all," said Carla, with a naughty grin.

"Gee," Molly said, leaning closer, eager to hear more about this encounter. This, like bestiality, was new to the blonde girl. She had wondered what it would be like to make love with another woman, but it had just been curiosity. She had never expected to find out. Molly believed that only lesbians did things like that. But she knew damned well that Carla was not a lesbian, and now she clung to the dark girl's words with interest.

"It felt nice," Carla went on. "As nice as when a boy felt me up. My nipples got all stiff and tingling. After awhile, I began to play with Laura's tits, too. I'd never done that before, but I enjoyed it right away. We felt each other up for quite awhile, both of us getting turned on by it. We rubbed our tits together. We were both giggling, not because it was funny, but just to convince ourselves that we were only fooling around, being naughty. Then Laura suggested that we pretend that we were fucking. She'd be the boy, she said. She got on top of me and I wrapped my legs around her hips, then Laura humped up and down, rubbing her cunt on mine. We did that for awhile, then I got on top and pretended I was fucking her. Both of us were getting hotter all the time. Pretty soon we started fingerfucking each other. I wanted to come, and I wanted to make Laura come, too. But every time I was starting to reach the peak, she'd stop for a few moments, teasing me. She had me panting like a chased fox. I was ready for anything by that time... and I guess that's what Laura

intended.”

Carla paused to sip her drink.

Molly waited impatiently.

“So then she said: ‘Want to do something really naughty?’ I had an idea what she meant, but I pretended that I didn’t. ‘What?’ I asked her. And she said we could sixty-nine. Well, I thought about it... but not for long, because I was just too damned hot. Then I said okay, and that was that. Laura got on top of me, sat on my face and buried her face in my cunt, then we sucked each other off.”

Molly’s mouth was hanging open in amazement.

She could not believe that her friend had had a lesbian experience, and that Carla was admitting it so freely. But she found the idea tremendously stimulating.

“Did... did you enjoy it?” she whispered.

“Oh, sure. You got to understand, Molly, neither of us were lesbians. We were just doing it for kicks. But it was fun, too. I mean, it’s always lovely to get sucked off, by a man or a woman, and even if I hadn’t enjoyed sucking Laura’s cunt, I would have been willing to do it in return for her doing me. But the thing is, I did enjoy it. Eating her pussy was almost as much fun as having her eat me. We both came a couple times. I got on top for awhile. Then we went to sleep... and in the morning we ate each other out again.”

“Gee,” Molly whispered.

“Well, that’s what happened the first night. I figured that was what Laura meant when she said we could have lots of fun together... and it had been fun, too. But the cuntsucking had just been for starters. The next day, I got fucked by a sheep dog.”

“Ooooooh,” Molly breathed.

“Laura had been getting it on with the dog for some time. She told me she’d screwed the dog before she ever got fucked by a guy. So she asked me if I wanted to try it or not. It seemed awful naughty, but that only made it exciting, too. Anyhow, I sort of hemmed and hawed, and Laura could see I was kind of inhibited, so she suggested that I watch the dog fuck her, just to see how much fun it was. And that’s what happened. We went out to the woods with the dog bounding along beside us, happy as could be. He knew damned well what was going to happen. He was a black and white sheep dog, long-haired. Had a nice prick, too. Laura played with his cock until it was stiff, then she knelt down and the dog mounted her and gave her a real good fucking. It made me so damned hot, I wished that it was me that was getting it. But it was okay. He was good for more than one go, and after he’d fucked my cousin, she got him hard again for me. So that was how I started fucking dogs. Laura and I used to take the dog out to the woods almost every day, and he’d fuck both of us. And at night, we’d suck each other off. Believe me, there was nothing boring about staying at that farm!”

“Have you had... lots of dogs since?”

“A few, like I told you. After I got married, I stopped fooling around that way for awhile. But then the neighbor’s collie came over and... well, I told you about that, already.”

Molly was blushing a pretty pink, and she lowered her eyes demurely before she asked the next question.

"How about girls?" she asked. "I mean, have you ever gone to bed with a girl other than your cousin?"

Carla gave Molly a speculative look before she replied.

That look made Molly blush more.

"A couple times," said Carla.

Molly would have liked to ask more about that, but she felt ashamed of her interest. The blonde didn't want Carla to think that she was hinting that she might be willing to try it, herself. And yet she couldn't help but think about it and wonder. The idea of sucking a cunt was awfully stimulating. Did she hope that Carla might suggest that they do it together? She honestly wasn't sure, nor did she know how she would reply to such a suggestion. If she were actually going to do a thing like that, she thought that it might be better to do it with some girl she didn't know and was not likely to see again, in case she felt really ashamed for having done it. And if those thoughts were a turn-on, the idea of making it with an animal was even more so. Molly's pussy was starting to smolder.

Carla was about to speak.

But then a man came over to the table.

He asked Carla if she would like to dance. She hesitated, then said yes, giving Molly a wink. A slow tune was playing. They danced tight together, and Molly saw that Carla was grinding her belly against her partner's groin as they moved. When the dance ended, the man sat down at their table with them.

Molly could see that Carla was going to get picked up.

There were plenty of other available men in the lounge, some of them eying Molly. The girl figured that this was a dangerous situation. She was not promiscuous but, at the moment, her pussy was on fire, inspired by Carla's confessions. The thought of letting some handsome stranger pick her up was becoming attractive. Molly struggled against the urge. She thought of being taken to some motel and getting thoroughly fucked by a man she had just met.

No! She mustn't do a thing like that.

She told Carla that she had to be going.

Carla gave her a knowing smile. Molly finished her drink and left. When she glanced back from the door, Carla and the man were in deep conversation, and he had a hand on her knee. Molly felt envious. She almost wished that she were not such a faithful wife, that she were more like naughty Carla.

She drove home.

Her husband, Jake, would not be home from work for several hours. Molly wandered around the house, feeling dazed by her carnal need. She wished that Jake would come home early. She just had to get fucked soon. The blonde felt so hot that she thought her pussy might suddenly ignite, bursting into flames. When she moved, it squished juicily between her thighs. After awhile, she decided to give herself a handjob.

The thought embarrassed her.

Molly didn't think that it was the sort of thing a happily married woman should do. But she had no choice, really. She didn't think she had ever been so horny before, even in her virgin days when some boy felt her up and she'd pant and moan, and her clit would go off like a stick of dynamite.

Molly went up to the bedroom, took all of her clothing off and lay down on the bed. She began kneading her tits, pulling at the taut tips. She slipped a hand down between her legs, shuddering at the first touch. Her fingers traced along her open cuntlips and across her clit. Tilting her wrist, she slowly pushed two fingers up into her creamy pussy.

She tried to pretend that her fingers were her husband's prick. It didn't seem quite as bad to be fingerfucking herself when she thought about Jake. But it wasn't as thrilling, either. Molly's mind began to jump around in wild fantasy. She pretended that it was Carla's hand between her legs, then that it was her own hand between Carla's legs. She whimpered and moaned at the idea.

Molly brought her hand up to her mouth and lapped hot cuntjuice from her fingers, wanting to see what the stuff tasted like. It was delicious! If cuntjuice was that good, even by hand, just imagine how great it would taste if she were sucking it right out of Carla's soaking snatch! She began alternating hands, fingerfucking herself with one while she lapped her juices from the other. The thrill was building up, waves of sensation racing across her belly and running in electric currents up her trembling thighs.

And as the thrill built towards the peak, Molly could not control her erotic imagination.

She thought about getting fucked by a dog.

Then her cunt melted in an orgasm.

Afterwards, she felt deeply ashamed of herself for having had such perverted fantasies. But still, it was only in the mind, she reasoned. She would never, ever, really fuck an animal.

Would she?

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## **CHAPTER TWO**

Molly felt a bit better after masturbating... but not much. She had been too hot to be satisfied with a mere handjob. Still, her orgasm had taken some of the pressure off, and now she would be able to wait until her husband got home from work. She sure hoped that he was in the mood for it. He was a good lover, thoughtful and attentive. She had always been rather shy about making love, until they got started, and now the blonde smiled wryly as she thought about how surprised Jake was going to be when he came home and found her eager for sex.

She was thinking that maybe she would ask him to put it to her from the back, doggy style.

She didn't bother to get dressed again, but put a bathrobe on and went downstairs to make a pot of coffee.

Then fate took a hand.

Molly was standing at the sink, filling the kettle, when she heard a furious barking and yelping from the backyard. She looked out the window and was surprised to see a small mongrel dog dashing across the yard, tail between its legs, looking frightened. A moment later, two other dogs came

bounding into sight in determined pursuit of the mongrel. One was a black Doberman, the other a boxer. Molly realized that the small mongrel must be a bitch in heat. She couldn't blame the small bitch for being terrified of those two big animals chasing her. The Doberman was in the lead, and it looked as if he was going to catch the bitch. But then the female was across the yard, and she had darted under the lower rail of the fence.

The pursuers were both much too large to fit under the fence. They stopped, whining in frustration, running up and down the fence looking for a way through, while the bitch scampered off.

Molly saw that both dogs had hard-ons.

She felt sorry for them. Their whining was pitiful, their frustration obvious.

And both of them had big pricks.

Molly blushed as she realized where her thoughts were leading.

Oh, no, she told herself, and she turned away from the window... then turned right back again. Not having hands, the poor dogs had no way of relieving their frustrations. They would have to suffer until their erections went away in the course of time.

Unless...

Molly felt herself trembling all over.

I could throw a bucket of cold water on them, she thought.

Molly was wondering if she should do those dogs a favor. She had no intention of fucking them - she still thought of that as no more than a wild fantasy - but she thought that it would do no harm if she were to jack them off. The poor brutes needed to come so badly that it would be an act of mercy, an act of charity, she reasoned. It wouldn't be as if she were having sex with them, nothing like that, she would just be relieving the poor, dumb brutes out of kindness to animals.

And the thought of having those fat canine cocks in her hand was sort of exciting, too.

She had to admit that she would probably enjoy doing it... especially when they started to whimper and whine and hump, then squirted their hot jism all over the place!

Molly felt a hot flush of dark desire.

She looked at her watch. There was plenty of time to do it before her husband got home, she decided. As horny as the dogs were, she didn't think it would take long to milk them off. Just a few quick strokes, and they'd be shooting off like fire hoses.

Molly had actually convinced herself that she was going to do it out of kindness, rather than lust.

She went to the kitchen door and opened it.

The two dogs were still trotting up and down along the barrier of the fence, both beasts whimpering and rumbling. Their tails were standing out stiff, their movements were disjointed and awkward. Holly gazed at their big, swollen pricks.

Oh! I am terrible, she thought.

Molly knew that she was going to get hornier than ever while she jacked the brutes off.

Her husband was going to be in for a surprise, she figured.

Then she called to the dogs.

Neither dog responded, at first, because they were still concerned with the mongrel bitch. But after awhile, seeing that pursuit was hopeless, the Doberman cocked an ear. When Molly called again, he began to trot over to the house.

The boxer followed.

Molly held the kitchen door open, and both dogs entered without hesitation. Molly stroked the Doberman behind the ear, then petted the boxer. Both dogs sniffed at her in a faintly puzzled way. They sensed that something unusual was afoot, that this woman was like a bitch in heat, herself. But neither of the brutes had ever had such a relationship with a woman before, and now they whined nervously, not understanding the situation.

Molly walked into the front room.

The dogs trotted in after her.

Now that she had them in the house, Molly hesitated, her inhibitions rising again, not at all sure that she should do a thing like this. But the poor brutes really did need relief. She kept telling herself that, excusing her act even before she had done it.

She got down on the floor.

The dogs stood on either side of her, heads cocked, tongues lolling out over their panting jaws. Molly began to stroke the black Doberman's flank. She looked at his prick as she did. The blonde had never really taken much notice of a dog's cock before. The meaty slab of his cockhead was flaring out from the hairy sheath, a wedge of red heat that was throbbing and pulsating. His long prickshaft was taut, and his balls were swollen with his urgent load.

She glanced at the boxer.

His cock was even larger than the Doberman's and his knob was a darker shade of purple.

Molly wondered if she should jack them off one at a time, or use both hands and do them at the same time? How far would they shoot? Should she get a tissue paper to catch their cum, or just let it fly out, and mop it up afterwards? She was trying to think clinically about it, but her lust kept getting in the way of such thoughts. She was thinking that it might be very exciting to let the brutes spill their cum onto her body! She liked the idea of having hot jism splash on her tits and belly... maybe even to spread her legs and let them shoot a load on her hot cunt!

The blonde opened her robe. Then she slipped it right off, not wanting to get cum stains on it. The dogs regarded her curiously, sniffing at the distinctive scent of hot pussy.

Reaching down, Molly touched the Doberman's prick, holding it in her upturned palm as if weighing it. The feeling of that fat cock throbbing in her hand was wildly exciting.

The Doberman whimpered and twitched.

She slid her hand down to cup his bloated balls.

Then she fingered the slippery, rubbery knob.

Turning, she felt the boxer's prick, in turn.

Both of their cockheads had started to bubble with foamy precum. The sight of that quicksilver fluid oozing out was driving Molly crazy, and her cunt was flooding, streamers of pussy juice running down her crotch and seeping into the crack of her taut ass. She drew her knees up and parted her thighs. Taking the Doberman's cock in her hand, she closed her fist around the root and began to jack up and down, slowly and gingerly. The blonde was aiming his cockhead at her groin. She began to rub her cunt with her free hand, but just lightly, not trying to make herself come yet. She wanted to save that until she felt the dog's hot jism splash on her. Then she would finger her clit and bring herself to an orgasm with dog cum dripping from her fuckslot.

Her fist skimmed down.

As she pulled the sheath back, the brute's cockhead flared out in a wide wedge, and more cum oozed from the parted cleft. She stroked back up and the hairy sheath curled up at the edge of his knob, Molly was leaning forward, her face right in front of his prick as she gazed in total fascination at the dog's big cockhead.

Then the boxer pushed his blunt muzzle into Molly's steamy crotch, and he took a lick.

Molly shuddered.

His nose was cold, his tongue was hot, and it felt very, very nice to have him rooting around in her throbbing cunt like a pig nosing for corn in a trough.

After all, she was doing the two dogs a favor. Why shouldn't she let them return the favor and get some pleasure, herself? Letting a dog lap her pussy wasn't really so very bad, she told herself. Dogs are always giving people a lick. It didn't matter what part of her body that tongue was applied to. It wasn't as if she were actually having sex with the dumb brutes.

She spread her cuntlips open.

The boxer's nimble tongue slurped up her foaming fuckslot.

Molly had been ignoring the Doberman as she concentrated on this new pleasure. Her fist was still folded around his stout rod but her strokes had faltered and become erratic. The Doberman whined, and his hindquarters pumped as he fucked through her fist. Molly began to stroke him again, faster now, eager to jack the juices from his cock and balls. She adored the way his prickshaft expanded in her hand his knob flared out, the cleft open and dripping. She gazed at his meaty cock. It spread out like the head of a hooded cobra about to strike.

Suddenly, the Doberman gave a long, low wine, and his whole muscular body began to vibrate.

Molly gasped as she felt the cum run up his cockshaft.

Then the creamy stuff was shooting out from his prickhead in great spurts, coming out as if from a high pressure hose. Molly wailed with pure lust. Jism splattered on her plump tits and splashed on her heaving belly. She watched it jet from his knob in fascination. Load after load shot out. His balls seemed bottomless. The hot slime was pouring down the slopes of her tits, running into her deep cleavage, dripping from her stiff nipples. A glob of the stuff pooled in her belly button. A slippery trail trickled down into her golden pubic bush. She kept pumping, and the dog kept coming. A dose

splattered in the hollow of her throat. Then the fierce initial pressure was reduced. The brute was still shooting, but his cum wasn't jetting straight out now, it was looping out and down, falling onto her hot thighs. Her whole sleek torso was coated with the stuff, awash with canine cum.

Finally, he stopped shooting.

She continued to stroke him for a few moments, to make sure that she had milked out every drop.

She felt his prick soften and diminish in her fist.

But it didn't collapse completely.

His cock was still throbbing and the swollen knob still flared. Molly realized that the potent Doberman was going to need more than one climax before he was satisfied. The idea did not trouble her at all. She was more than willing to jack him off again.

But there was still the boxer to be dealt with.

That handsome beast was still lapping away on her cunt, his hot breath billowing up her fuckslot, his tongue steaming as it slurped up cuntjuice with ravenous gusto. Some of the Doberman's cum had trickled down into her pussy. The boxer lapped that up, too.

Molly released the hound's cock.

The animal stepped back, stiff-legged. He seemed to be grinning. His prick swayed up and down under his belly, the knob still flaring out from the sheath, not getting any softer, looking like it was going to get iron-hard again at any moment. But the brute seemed to realize that it was the boxer's turn for some action now, and he stood back, waiting.

He was beginning to sense that human females were a lot nicer than bitches. They didn't escape under fences, for one thing.

He wondered what a human cunt was like.

He waited hopefully.

Molly turned her attentions on the boxer.

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CHAPTER THREE

Reaching under the boxer, Molly got a handful of his prick and began to stroke the fat rod. The dog's head was still lowered against her crotch, tonguing away. It felt wonderful, and she hated to make him stop. But in that position, she couldn't see his cock very well, and she couldn't aim his jism at her body. It had been a tremendous thrill to have the Doberman shoot on her belly and tits, and she wanted the boxer to spill his cum on her too. She figured that there would be time enough, afterward, to have one of the willing dogs give her pussy a thorough lapping, and to get her rocks off on a tongue. For the moment, the lust-crazed woman was more interested in making the boxer come than she was in coming, herself.

Molly pushed his head out of her soaking crotch.

The dog looked up, his jaws dripping with cuntjuice, puzzled that she had stopped him. But then her

hand slid slowly up his prick. He gave a whimper and stood up on braced feet, quivering all over, realizing that he was being petted in the best possible place, one of those strange and mysterious pleasures that only creatures with hands could perform. Not knowing anything about human psychology, the boxer couldn't see what pleasure the woman got out of doing it with her hand, but he was certainly not going to bark about it.

Molly began stroking his steadily.

The blonde leaned closer, her lust-contorted face right in front of his big, bloated cockhead. She stroked him with one hand and fingered his flaring knob with the other. She was eager to see him shoot. Her tits and belly were already awash with dog cum. She wondered if she should aim the boxer's prick right in her face, and let him blow his wad there. It seemed naughtier than jerking him off on her tits and belly, somehow, but the thought of having a load of steaming dog jism hose her face was really exciting.

Molly thought that she might even open her mouth a little.

Maybe she would pull him off with her lips! Maybe she would ever stick her tongue out when the dog came!

She sometimes did that with her husband.

She liked to suck Jake off, and he loved to have her do it. But once in awhile, instead of taking his prick in her mouth and milking it, she would give him a handjob, with her mouth open and her tongue pressed out right above his cockhead. When he came, they could both see his creamy cum fly into her mouth. It always turned both of them on tremendously. And the thought of having an animal do that gave the horny girl a thrill that shattered her inhibitions like a high note breaking crystal. Was it any more wicked to have a dog come on her lips and tongue than to jack him off on her tits? Well, it seemed worse, but the urge was all the more compelling because of that, the charm of such depravity was melting her with lust.

Hardly aware of what she was doing, Molly had moved her face closer to his cockhead and parted her lips.

The swollen slab of his hot cockmeat looked inviting.

What did a dog's prick taste like?

No, she thought. No, that would be going too far! Jerking a dog off was just harmless pleasure, but actually taking his prick into her mouth would be really an act of depravity. How could she ever face her husband again, after she'd had a mouthful of dog prick? How could she ever let Jake kiss her? How could she even look at herself in the mirror, knowing her mouth had been on a canine cock?

Yet she was drooling for it.

His prick looked so succulent. His pricktipp was already bubbling with pre-cum, all milky and foaming. A dark urge swept through the girl, the thrill rushing through her mind as much as her cunt, and her tongue felt as hot as her clit, as if she could have an orgasm in her mouth. Maybe if she just gave that sweet-looking cockhead a lick? Just a solitary lick? She intended to jack him off in her face, anyhow. Her lips would be parted, and some of that hot jism was going to get on her tongue when he shot, anyhow, so it couldn't be any worse to lick a few drops off his prickmeat, could it? She could satisfy her curiosity... it wouldn't be as if she had actually taken his cock into her mouth and given him a blowjob. She wouldn't swallow it.

And no one would ever know!

Well, the black Doberman would know, but there was no way that either of the dogs could ever tell anyone! That was one of the benefits of fooling around with dumb animals, Molly realized. No matter how carried away a girl got, no matter what she did, it would remain a secret between she and the animal. Unless... did dogs communicate? Would she find a whole pack of frenzied canines howling for blowjobs at her back door once the word was out? Yet, so hot was the woman, that even that idea was thrilling to her. The thought of a pack of horny dogs inspirational. She gave the boxer's cock another long, slow stroke.

The knob flared and bubbled.

Unable to resist the unholy impulse, Molly pushed her tongue out, and she gave the dripping tip of the boxer's cock a lick, lightly, uncertainly. She drew back, amazed at herself. Cum tingled on her tastebuds. The stuff was delicious!

She lapped his foaming knob again.

More jism poured onto her hot tongue. She let it run around in her mouth, then seep down her throat, warming her belly like fine brandy. Molly gave a little moan of pure, unadulterated lust. She began to lap the dog's hot cockhead with long, slurping strokes, her nimble tongue curling and coiling over the hot slab. Her fist continued to pump slowly up and down, causing the head to flare and throb against her flattened tongue and pursed lips.

Molly felt utterly depraved.

Even alone with the dogs, she was blushing furiously, deeply ashamed of her behavior, yet she was unable to resist, unable to stop. She just kept lapping away. She drew back once or twice, making an effort to stop, to finish him off with her hand. But then her tongue tingled, and the girl leaned right back down to lick him some more.

The boxer and the Doberman looked at each other in amazement.

Neither of them had ever realized that humans used their tongues in such a delightful way. Although both of them had licked their own pricks from time to time, it wasn't at all the same thing, and neither of them had ever met, a bitch willing to lap then to climax. The Doberman hoped that the woman would not lose her appetite before she had given his cock a nice tonguing, too, and the boxer hoped she did not lose interest before he shot his wad.

But Molly was not about to lose interest.

The more she tongued his tasty cockhead, the more hungry she became, the more eager for his cum.

His pre-cum was flowing freely now.

Molly was lapping up plenty of the succulent jism, and those first trickles were playing the appetizer, making her voraciously hungry for more of the sweet stuff. There was no longer any doubt that she was going to let the boxer come in her mouth. If she couldn't face herself in the mirror, afterwards, well that was a bridge she would cross when she came to it. At the moment, Molly cared only about the long, fat bridge that spanned the distance between her busily lapping tongue and the dog's swollen balls.

She kissed the tip of his cock.

Molly thought that maybe she should take his cockhead into her mouth, after all. Since she was already licking his prick, it couldn't be any more wicked to suck it, she reasoned. The prospect was making her shudder and vibrate all through her body. The boxer was whimpering and rumbling deep in his throat, his haunches squirming, his chest heaving as she panted with wild desire. His obvious sexual arousal was making Molly even hornier.

The blonde fitted her pursed lips to the tip of his cock.

She kissed the bubbling knob, then very slowly let her lips part around it, feeding that slab of burning dog meat into her hungry mouth inch by inch. The cockhead slipped in.

Her lips collared his prickshaft just behind the flaring head.

She sucked softly, her cheeks hollowing in and her lips turning out as they pulled gently on his cockmeat. Her hand slowed, still stroking, but moving very gently now. She nursed lovingly on his mouthful of dripping cockhead.

I'm blowing a dog, Molly thought.

I'm sucking a dog's prick... and I'm going to keep on sucking until he shoots in my mouth!

Molly felt absolutely wicked, delightfully wicked! The blonde knew that she was doing an utterly depraved and perverted thing, and it thrilled her all the more because of that knowledge. She was yearning for the brute's climax, eager to feel his hot jism squirt into her mouth and pour down her throat. His prick was harder and hotter than any human cock she had ever mouthed, and the dog's desire was more frantic.

She certainly saw what Carla had meant about doing it with dogs.

The girl began to jolt her head up and down, taking more of his cock into her head, while her fist skimmed up and down his prickshaft, fucking him into her mouth. Her hand pushed down to his root, then slid back up and bumped gently against her lips.

Starved for his thick load, Molly jacked him faster and sucked for all she was worth.

Saliva coated his cockhead.

Thick ribbons of dog jism ran through the frothy saliva.

She was sucking so hard now that she seemed to be trying to inhale his cock right down into her heaving lungs, and his cockhead was pulsing in and out as if it were a lung, itself.

The boxer humped, fucking into her face.

Suddenly, his cum splashed in her throat.

A steaming rope of jism jetted from his knob, filling her mouth. She gulped it down hungrily, swallowing to make room for more. His load was too much for her, greedy as she was. Cum overflowed her lips and ran down her chin, down his hairy cock. She kept sucking with pure hunger, and great, creamy ribbons of sweet cum poured over her tongue, slid through her cheeks, washed about her teeth and gums. It was flooding down her throat. She drank his jism joyfully, whimpering and gasping. She was demented by desire, crazed by carnal lust, swallowing and sucking, sucking and swallowing. The dog's balls seemed to hold a raging river of cum, an ocean of the molten lava of

his loins. Her fist sped up and down, milking him. Her lips pulled and dragged on his cockhead, and her tongue fluttered wildly against the dripping wedge of dog meat. Her throat pulsed as she gulped the juice down greedily.

At long last, he stopped coming.

He stood there, trembling all over, stiff-legged, his flanks heaving in and out.

Molly continued to jack and suck.

She milked every last drop out of his cock and balls, and when she finally drew her lips away, his cockhead was glistening, polished to a luster. A few drops had escaped her mouth and trickled down his hairy stalk. Molly used her soaking tongue to gather them up, not wanting to waste a single drop.

The dog staggered as he stepped away.

Molly sat there in a daze.

What had she done? How could she have done such a thing?

It was all Carla's fault!

If that terrible girl had not gotten Molly so horny, telling her about fucking dogs, it never would have dawned on Molly to do such a terrible thing. Blaming Carla, she excused herself.

She vowed that she would never do a thing again.

But even as she made that vow, the black Doberman was advancing toward her, his prick as stiff as ever, and a hopeful, expectant look in his big brown eyes.

"No! Go away!" she said.

The dog blinked. He looked crestfallen. The boxer seemed to be grinning, laughing at the poor Doberman, who had only had a handjob instead of a blowjob.

The Doberman whimpered pitifully.

It didn't seem fair that he had to do without, thought Molly.

Molly had always been kind to animals.

The Doberman obviously expected what the boxer had had.

Molly took pity on him.

Her vow still held, however. Molly was determined that she would never blow a dog again, after today.

After she sucked off the Doberman...

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

After Molly had left the cocktail lounge, Carla had a few more drinks with the man who'd joined her.

His name, he said, was Sam, and he was from out of town on a business trip. He made a point of telling her that he was staying in a hotel nearby. He obviously wanted her, and Carla made no attempt to play hard to get. Sam was a pretty good-looking guy and, furthermore, when he had danced with her, she had felt his swollen prick pressing into her belly. It seemed like a nice, big one.

Carla hadn't been fucked for some time now, by a man or a dog, and she was in the mood for some casual sex. That was the one drawback about no longer being married, she figured. When she'd lived with her husband, there was always cock available. True, he hadn't been a great lover, and she enjoyed the variety that she had been getting as a single girl but, still, she had to go out looking for it. Sometimes, she just felt like staying in bed and having it supplied to her without all the bother of finding a man. She was tempted to buy a dog, in fact, since the collie was not always available when she felt like getting fucked. But things seemed to be working out well today, and she figured she would get a nice afternoon's fucking from Sam.

When he suggested that they go back to his hotel room for a quiet drink in privacy, Carla gave him a knowing smile.

"What kind of girl do you think I am?" she asked. Since she had been rubbing against him in a very lewd manner on the dance-floor, Sam thought that she was just the sort of girl that he hoped. But when she asked him, he stammered.

"Err... I didn't mean... that is..."

But Carla gave him a wink.

"That's okay," she said. "I am that kind of girl."

So back to his hotel they drove.

Sam went through the motions of pouring them drinks, but they didn't bother to drink them. He sat beside her and, soon enough, the glasses were on the floor and they were in a passionate embrace. His mouth ground on hers, and when her lips parted, he pushed his tongue into her mouth. Carla sucked on it, then twined her own tongue with it, like two serpents mating in a moist cavern. Jabbing tongues back and forth, they were panting into each other's mouths.

He placed a hand on her tit.

She arched, pushing her firm tit into his hand as she squirmed against him. He felt her nipple grow rigid in his palm.

Sam began blowing in her ear and licking her neck. He unbuttoned her blouse, then slipped his hand inside. She wore no bra. He began to knead and fondle her tits. Then he slid a hand up under her skirt.

Carla's legs parted immediately.

Sam played with her pussy through the soaking crotchband of her panties. Slipping his hand inside, he began to caress her naked cunt, fingering her clit and rubbing her fuck slot. Sam thought that she had the hottest, juiciest cunt he had ever handled. He was looking forward to shoving his cockmeat up her smoldering hole. The man had a raging hard-on by this time and, to his delight, Carla began to fondle his cock and balls through his pants. Sam appreciated a woman who was eager for it, who didn't mind taking the initiative. He would never have married a girl like that, or anything, but he preferred them for casual encounters when he was on the road.

His prick bucked like a bronco.

Carla began to open his fly, drawing the zipper down a little at a time, teasingly. Then, pulling it all the way down, she reached in to haul his prick out. She held his fuckshaft in her fist and worked her thumb against the sensitive point where the thick stalk flared out into the wide knob of his cockhead. She fingered his piss slit, then cupped his balls, squeezing gently as if to find out just how much of a load of jism they contained. He was slipping three fingers up her pussy. She jacked him a little.

“Let’s get our clothes off,” she suggested.

Without waiting for Sam to reply, Carla slid out of his embrace and, standing in front of him, she began to take her clothing off. Sam watched her with admiration. The brunette disrobed like a stripper, teasing him, revealing her body a little at a time. She was lean and trim, and her cunt was a dark jungle divided by a sluggish river. Glistening ribbons of cuntjuice streaked her inner thighs. She pushed her hips out, her legs parted, thinking that Sam might like to give her soaking pussy a little tonguing to start with. But then, when he just gazed at it, instead of going down on her, she shrugged and knelt in front of him. She began to undress him. His cock towered up before her face.

She ran her tongue up his prickshaft.

Cum bubbled from his piss slit and trickled down his cock, and she lapped it up, gathering the sticky slime on her tongue.

But then Carla drew back and pulled his pants off, too eager to get a cuntful to take much time licking him. She stood up, took him by the hand, led him to the bed, then sat down. He stood over her and she licked his cockhead a little more, then dropped back, her knees lifted and her thighs parted.

“Fuck me, Sam,” she whispered.

His prick jolted like a recoiling cannon.

He got on the bed, kneeling between her widespread legs. Taking his cock in hand, he guided the tip to her cunt. Carla writhed about in happy expectation. He worked his pricktup around in her fuck slot for a moment, stirring her with it. Then he braced his knees, his ass whipped forward, and he buried

his big prick balls-deep up Carla’s steaming pussy.

“Oh!” she gasped. “Ooooh!”

The sound was soft and drawn-out as she thrilled to the feeling of having her hot cunt stuffed full of stiff prick. He held the deep penetration, savoring the joy of having every inch of his huge cock sheathed in slippery cunt. His hands slid down, then cupped her under the ass, tilting her pussy up as he prepared to start fucking into her. Carla had one arm around his shoulders. Reaching down with the other, she held his balls. Her thighs clamped around his flanks, and her pussy muscles began to work on him, sucking and dragging on his buried prickmeat. Sam still hadn’t moved.

“Fuck,” she moaned. “Fuck me!”

Carla was staring up into his face. She saw him grimace with lust. His teeth gleamed as his lips drew back from them, so that he seemed to be snarling like a beast. His eyes seemed to be glazed. His breath came panting out.

Carla thought she was going to get a long, lovely fuck out of a man who seemed so aroused.

He drew his prick slowly out until only the big, flaring head was still in her pussy.

He paused, shuddering.

Carla waited eagerly for that furious fucking to begin, her loins yearning for friction, her clit throbbing with the desire to have his fat cock rub over it as it sped in and out. He was still poised there on the first stroke. Her cunt muscles were working like a velvet vise, clamping closed around his cockhead.

“Fuck me!” she wailed. “Pour the prick up me, honey! Fuck the ass off me!”

Then Sam plunged in.

He buried his cock to the root.

And shot his wad on that very first stroke!

Carla felt his hot jism rush into her cunt, and she ground her pelvis wildly against him, adoring the sensation of being filled with a man’s jism, her pussy milking him.

But he had stopped fucking.

Sam had never started, really. He had just given her that one fast stroke and emptied his balls.

Now, to Carla’s horror, his cock was starting to soften and diminish inside her. She made her cunt pull on it, but to no avail. His prick got smaller and softer. It had collapsed completely. She still had his balls in her hand and they, too, had gone down like a punctured balloon. She gazed up at him in surprise.

Sam looked sheepish.

“Is that it?” she asked.

“Afraid so,” he mumbled.

“You’re a premature ejaculator?” she asked, dismayed.

“Always have been,” he admitted.

“But... but... won’t it get hard again?”

“Naw... not for a couple days,” he told her. “Sorry.”

He pulled out. His prick was reduced to a mere nubbin, retracted back into his loins, hardly a prick at all. Carla was desperate for more action. Leaning down, she began to suck and lick his shrunken knob of cockmeat. It was more like sucking on a clit than a prick.

And it did no good.

Suck as she would, it refused to grow.

She raised her head and gave him an accusing look.

Sam gave a little apologetic shrug.

“Well, look, how about going down on me?” she asked. Surely he owed her an orgasm! Surely he would be willing to eat her out?

“Naw, I don’t like to do that,” he said.

Carla was trembling with anger now, as well as need. “Well, how about finger-fucking me, at least?”

Sam grimaced.

“To tell you the truth,” he said. “I lose interest in pussy, once I get my rocks off.”

“You bastard!” she cried.

Sam blinked, then shrugged again and moved off the bed. Carla’s pussy was burning. She had to get her cunt milked. She began to play with her clit and to push three fingers up her fuck hole. The brunette figured that it might turn Sam on to see her doing that to herself. But Sam had obviously spoken the truth. He looked at her for a moment, then turned away and began to put his clothing back on.

Carla sighed with frustration.

She closed her eyes and leaned back on the bed, arching her supple body. She began to use both hands on her pussy, fingerfucking herself with one and rubbing her clit with the other. Sam ignored her. After a few minutes, she began to moan and pant, and then her cunt melted, creaming over her hands.

But it didn’t make her feel much better.

Imagine getting fucked with one stroke!

Imagine going to bed with a man, and still having to resort to her own fucking hands!

Carla, furious and frustrated, got up and began to dress. She glared at Sam. He didn’t seem to give a damn. He had poured himself another drink now and was obviously waiting for her to go.

She called him a bastard again, on her way out.

Carla sure hoped that the neighbor’s collie was available when she got home.

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CHAPTER FIVE

With the very first lick, Molly had realized that she simply adored a mouthful of dog cock. She loved to make the brutes whimper and whine and feel their pricks swell up in her mouth, then milk the juice out of their swollen balls. She loved the taste and the texture and the temperature. It was true that the blonde felt ashamed of herself and had vowed never to blow a dog again... after the day was over... but at the moment, she felt obligated to give the black Doberman the same treatment she had given the boxer. It was only fair, she convinced herself. And having justified and reasoned the necessity of it, she approached the act eagerly.

The Doberman stood stiff-legged, his prick looming out under his panting belly, his head cocked to

one side.

Molly began to crawl toward the Doberman on her hands and knees, licking her lips, gazing at his pulsing cockhead in happy expectation. It was, she promised herself, the last dog prick that she would ever suck, but she intended to enjoy it.

It didn't occur to the horny girl that, by crawling across the floor away from the boxer, on her hands and knees, she had assumed the pose of a bitch in heat.

The boxer's cock had softened somewhat after she had emptied his balls for him, but it hadn't gone down completely. And now, as he saw the woman in such a familiar position, his stout prick began to harden and rise into a brand-new erection. The boxer had been satisfied by the blowjob. He had adored it, certainly, but such sexual deviations were alien to his canine nature. It had felt wonderful, but it couldn't really be compared with true sex. A mouth was not a cunt. He hadn't been able to really grind the full length of his fat prick into her head, plunging in balls-deep as he always did when he was putting the prick to a bitch in heat. Thus, the dog had considered the blowjob more as a form of foreplay than a real sexual conclusion... just as when he tongued a bitch's cunt before he fucked her.

Now the boxer found himself looking right at Molly's cunt as she crawled away. Her hot fuckslot was foaming, the pink lips unfurled like the petals of a fleshy blossom, streaked with dew and oozing with sweet nectar. She crawled away from him. It aroused his hunting instincts. She even seemed to be wagging her tail as her sexy haunches squirmed in sexual arousal.

But a woman couldn't run as fast as a bitch, let alone crawl, and there was no low fence under which she might make her escape.

The boxer considered the situation.

His prick got bigger and harder and hotter, starting to pound like a jackhammer under his belly.

Molly didn't notice this.

Her attention was on that delicious-looking hunk of Doberman prick, and the other erection was rising behind her back as, in the doggy position, she crawled forwards.

Molly lowered her head and came in under the Doberman like a shark rising to attack a swimmer from below.

Her tongue pushed out, fluttering.

The blonde began lapping the glossy knob of the Doberman's prick, running her nimble tongue all over the meaty slab. It was every bit as tasty as the boxer's cock. She murmured and purred as she lapped his cockmeat. Then, taking the fat head into her lips, she began to pull and suck gently on his meaty mouthful. She held his cock with one hand and cupped his balls with the other, her elbows braced on the floor. But she didn't jack him. Since this was to be her last mouthful of dog cum, Molly was in no hurry to get it. She wanted to do it all with her mouth, and to make it last as long as possible. The best part of a blowjob was drinking the jism, of course, but Molly wanted to enjoy a lingering feast on the prickmeat course before she swallowed the creamy dessert.

The Doberman tensed and bounded up.

He wrapped his forelegs around her shoulders.

He had mounted her from the front just as he would have mounted her from behind, in the doggy position, clinging to her shoulders as if they were her haunches and fucking into her mouth just as if it were a cunt. His spine bowed, then arched. He poured the prick into her face, and Molly gave a little gasp. With the boxer, she had only mouthed his smooth cockhead and jacked the hairy stalk, but now she was getting the boxer's cock shoved right back into her throat.

But it thrilled her.

The dog was fucking her in the mouth! He was whimpering and whining and corkscrewing his prick in. The fat knob lodged in her throat, and she gagged as her air was cut off. But then he was withdrawing, and she purred with pleasure, sucking through every inch of his long cock. The dog pulled out, paused, then drove in to the roots again. His bloated balls swung against her chin. Molly didn't have to do anything now... except suck and tongue. The dog had taken over, in sexual frenzy, and she was the passive partner, holding steady while he fucked her in the mouth. She removed her hands from his cock and balls and, elbows on the floor, supported her chin with her hands, letting the brute set the tempo, wanting him to fuck her face at his own rapid pace.

His cockhead wedged into her throat.

"Unghhh!" she gasped.

Then he drew back out and she sighed as his fat prick pulled through her clamped lips, as she sucked on every precious inch. He drew out until only his slippery, dripping cockhead was in her mouth, and she nursed on it, purring.

"Ummm," she whimpered.

The knob flared mightily.

Then he was fucking it in again.

Molly's tongue had gone wild, lashing and curling around under his knob and stalk, then folding into a little pink bridge over which his cock could travel to her throat, then slide as it pulled out again. Jism was oozing from his piss slit. It blended with her saliva, coating his cockshaft. His hairy prick steamed as the mingled juices evaporated in the air, then plunged in to be coated with more of the sticky stuff.

His cock got bigger and bigger.

The knob was flaring out so much that it pressed against both of her cheeks at the same time.

Her lips were turning damned near inside out as he withdrew, dragging them out with him.

Clinging to her shoulders, he humped furiously, his haunches driving in with low, underslung strokes, his spine twisting into an S-shape as his loins coiled in. His whole shaggy body was vibrating. But he was not ready to come yet.

Molly was glad that she had already milked his prick with her fist, so that, with the initial pressure released from his balls, the Doberman was going to last a long time, a long and wonderful time. She just adored having the dumb brute fuck her in the mouth.

"Ummm... ummm... ummm," she purred, pulling on his sweet dog meat as his pre-cum seeped into her mouth and ran down her throat.

Getting fucked in the mouth was almost as nice as getting fucked in the cunt, thought Molly.

She now wished she had a cuntful, too.

But that wasn't possible, not until her husband came home. Molly was not the sort of girl who would ever fuck a dog.

But her ass was wagging around just like a bitch in heat, and her pussy was creaming for stiff prick... and how was the poor, dumb boxer supposed to know that Molly did not fuck dogs?

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## CHAPTER SIX

The boxer had been a keen observer, watching his canine comrade fucking the woman's head, treating her mouth like a cunt... and leaving a perfectly good cunt unoccupied. He began to move towards them, his prick swaying and throbbing.

Molly's elbows were on the floor, her chin was in her hands and her ass was hiked up at the highest point of her kneeling body. Her legs were parted and, from behind, her pussy was readily accessible. The creamy fluids of her arousal poured down her thighs and her crotch was lathered with the stuff. The boxer watched her lips pull on the Doberman's thundering cock. The two dogs exchanged a glance. Then the boxer moved up behind Molly, pushed his big, blunt snout into her fuckslit and began to lap her cunt eagerly.

Molly gave a little cry, the sound muffled on the meaty mouthful of the Doberman's prick.

The boxer's hot tongue slurped up her open pussy crack.

It felt wonderful, and Molly saw no reason why she should stop the brute. After all, she had given him some head, and it was fair that he return the favor.

She knew that she would be able to come on that hot tongue.

It felt better than any cuntlapping the blonde had ever received from her husband, she thought, as that long, rasping, nimble tongue slipped moistly up her fuckslot. But cuntlapping, to the dog, was only a preliminary.

The taste and scent of Molly's pussy were driving the big, powerful brute to a sexual frenzy.

Then he mounted her.

When Molly felt the beast's forelegs wrapping firmly around her hips and his belly jamming to her haunches, she realized her mistake, realized that she had been in a position that could hardly help but tempt a dog to mount her.

She had to stop him before he slipped his cockmeat into her.

Sucking dog prick was one thing, but she was still resolved never to get fucked by an animal.

He humped.

But he couldn't find her cunthole. Her crotch was angled differently from a bitch's, and the boxer had no previous experience in putting his prick into a human.

His knob bounced off her ass.

It skimmed up the inside of her thigh.

It wedged into her taut asscrack.

Seeing that the brute could not get it up her cunt, Molly saw no reason why she had to push him away. It did no harm to let him hump her asscrack, as long as he didn't get his cock in her cunt. And it would feel nice to have his cum squirt on to her ass, she thought. Still merrily mouthing the Doberman's prick, she squirmed and wriggled her ass around under the mounted boxer.

Suddenly, he got the angle right.

The head of his cock slid into her cunt.

Molly gasped and reached back between her legs, grasping the boxer by the balls, so that he could not drive his fuckshaft up her. Only the tip was lodged in her cunthole. She wouldn't let him go any deeper. On the other hand, it felt so lovely to have that swollen hunk of dog meat stuck in her pussy that she was not inclined to pull him back out, either. She just held him steady, feeling the tip of his hot prick pulse and ripple in her sucking cuntlips. As his cockhead expanded, it brushed against the throbbing button of her clit, causing Molly to give a little moan. She was still getting fucked in the mouth; she moaned on that sliding cockmeat.

The boxer was desperate.

With cunt so near, yet so far, with his knob imbedded, but his prickshaft restrained, he was going wild. He whimpered and whined in despair, the sound of his terrible frustration a pitiable thing.

Molly felt sorry for the boxer.

He needed it so badly.

His prick was pounding with need. And her cunt needed it, too! That shallow penetration, that lovely rubbing against her clit was making the horny woman as hot and desperate as the dog. Her pussy felt like a vacuum that was yearning to be filled.

She slackened her grip on his balls.

Another inch of dog cock slid into her.

That was all Molly would allow! She simply must not let the dog shove his cock up her! No matter how much he wanted it, no matter how much she wanted it herself, she must not do it!

Then the Doberman shot in her mouth.

Yelping with joy, the black brute slammed into her mouth with a deep thrust, and Molly felt his jism hose her throat. She gulped the hot, thick juice down. He squirted her with another sweet dose. Drinking the dog's cum, Molly lost all restraint and all resolve. It always made her hot to drink cum, to know that a man... or a dog... had spilled his jism into her mouth and now, with a cockhead surging at the entrance to her pussy, she was an inferno of lust.

Her hand slowly opened, releasing the boxer's balls.

The big dog braced his hindlegs and his haunches stiffened, then he slammed in to the hilt.

Molly had her first cuntful of dog prick!

She was still swallowing cum, moaning with the joy of that and gasping with the pleasure of having her cunt stuffed to the very brim with a fat, hammering cock.

She gulped and swallowed. Jism kept pouring out of the Doberman's ramrod prick, lacing her gullet, flooding down her throat. And now the boxer was starting to fuck her with energetic thrusts, his prick slamming in and out. Drinking a bellyful of cum, Molly found herself longing for a cuntful to go with it, to be filled with jism from both ends, to have her innards awash in the thick stuff.

She began to whip her ass around and to drive her hips back to meet the boxer's lunges, slamming her cunt onto his prick as he plowed savagely up her fuckhole.

The Doberman's cock and balls were emptied now.

Molly continued to nurse on his cockhead for a moment, milking out the last frothy drops, but now her interest was centered on the brute behind her. Her concentration shifted from sucking to fucking, and her tight pussy began to pull and drag on the boxer's hammering cock as if her pussy was a hungry mouth.

The Doberman's cock slipped from her lips with a popping sound, like a cork from a bottle.

It swayed and began to sag.

Molly automatically gave the knob a few parting tongue-strokes, polishing the shrinking dog meat. Then the Doberman had hopped down from her shoulders, and she was able to turn her full attention on the fact that her cunt was being stuffed by the boxer.

His cock felt like a heated crowbar as it wedged and fucked into the very depths of her loins. His prick knob was a lump of smoldering iron buried far up her belly, and his fuckshaft was spreading her cunthole out around it as it expanded.

Molly twisted, working her cunt around as he filled it, winding her pussy onto his prick. Her cunt muscles sucked on him, tightening in a series of circular squeezes that ran up his prick from root to knob, as if she were jacking him off with some internal hand, as if there were a mysterious mouth blowing him deep inside her churning pussy.

The boxer's furious fucking was driving her up and down. Her ass lowered as he withdrew, then tilted up as his massive cock surged up her cunt again. Her head was lowered to the floor, one cheek pressed to the carpet now, her face a mask of pure animal lust. Her eyes were narrowed and her lips were parted. A trickle of cum ran out from the corner of her mouth. It formed a glistening pool, like quicksilver, on the rug. Molly was shuddering and trembling, her whole soft; lush body vibrant with the thrill of it.

The boxer's heavy balls looped in like a weighted blackjack, whacking against her ass as his cock went in. His fat shaft and cockhead filled her to the brim, causing cuntjuice to pour out steadily as he pumped into her.

The thrill started to run up her thighs.

A wave rippled across her belly, followed by another, then yet a third, each wave crashing faster and reaching higher, then blending into one long, sustained peak. Molly was coming. She was dazed by the sensation. She didn't know if she was coming again and again, in a multiple orgasm, or if she

was experiencing a single crest, prolonged at those ecstatic heights.

Then the dog, too, was at the crest.

He whimpered and his haunches flashed in, blurring, shoveling his frenzied prick into her.

Molly felt his hot jism rush into her cunt.

She gurgled with the joy of it, and her own lingering climax surged to a new peak as she creamed on the dog's spurting cock. He poured load after load up her cunt, and each time he spilled another dose, her pussy melted again.

At long last, he slowed down. He was still pumping into her, but his thrusts came with less power, less speed. Cum was still pouring out, but it was no longer spurting, he was emptying the last drops of his abundant load in a mere trickle.

Molly sank down on the floor.

As her crotch went down, she dragged the dog's prick down with her, forcing him to hunker down. He stood there, still stuck up her, his tongue lolling out and his jaw hanging open in a human-like grin as he panted with his exertions.

She crawled forward, trying to disengage.

She merely pulled the dog along with her, still coupled.

A terrible thought came to the girl! What if the dog was stuck up her, as often happened with dogs and bitches? What if she could not pluck his prick out of her pussy, if she was stuck on that fat cock, unable to disengage? Oh dear! What if the dog was still stuck up her cunt when her husband got home from work?

That, to say the least, would be embarrassing.

Jake would have to throw a bucket of cold water over them before they could uncouple!

Horrified at that prospect, Molly began to really squirm as she tried to haul her cunt off his cock, dragging him with her. But then she felt his prickmeat soften inside her. After a moment, as she pulled away, the long shaft came sliding slowly from her cunthole. As it slipped all the way out, Molly turned to look at the dog. He was sitting up on his haunches. His cock, semi-stiff now, hung down on the floor. His prick knob was lathered with cum and cuntjuice, and his piss slit was still oozing a slippery line of jism onto the carpet.

His cockhead, Molly thought, could use a polish.

And it was a shame not to swallow the residue of his climax, to taste his cock after it had been soaking in her cunt.

She slid toward him, belly down on the floor, her chin resting on the carpet, her tits dragging under her. The boxer didn't move as she approached, head down and ass up, like a playful puppy. She pushed her tongue out and lapped at his cockhead, then slurped it into her mouth and began nursing lovingly. It was soft and rubbery but, as she sucked, it twitched with a sign of new vitality. It was nice to take an animal's cock into her mouth, then feel it swell and harden as she sucked on it, thought the horny woman. And his prick tasted even better than it had before, now that it had been

in her pussy. Blended with her cuntjuice, the dog's cum and his hot prickmeat had acquired a brand-new flavor.

Swallowing her own cuntjuice off his knob, Molly couldn't help but remember how Carla had admitted to being a cuntsucker... and she admitted to herself just how delicious pussy juice was.

Molly would have liked to suck a cunt.

She never would, of course.

The blonde would have liked to suck a cock that had been in another girl's cunt, too, she thought.

A big collie's cock, for instance?

But no, she mustn't do that. It was just a fantasy; she was just carried away by this perverted situation. Molly decided she must never lap a cunt, and she must never again suck and fuck with dogs. The horny woman had slipped up this once, but never again. The only prick she would ever have again would be human, and attached to her husband.

Then the telephone rang.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

The boxer's cock was still in Molly's mouth when she heard the telephone ring. For a moment, she was tempted not to answer it, to keep sucking on that tasty slab of dog meat until it got big and hard again, and fed her another lovely drink of cum. But it was hard to concentrate on cocksucking when the telephone was ringing persistently. And maybe it was all for the best. If she hadn't been distracted, she might well have wound up sucking and fucking both dogs again, despite her vow.

Reluctantly, she pulled her lips off his cockhead, giving it a last slurp and a parting lap. The fat wedge was swelling again and her mouth had polished it to a gloss.

Molly got to her feet a bit unsteadily.

Both well-emptied dogs looked at her. She gave them a shy smile, still slightly embarrassed by what she had done, even though she had done it with them, and they were, after all, no more than dumb animals.

She went over to answer the telephone.

"Hello?" she said, trying to keep her voice normal, to hide the fact that she was still panting.

"That you, honey?" her husband asked.

"Sure, darling."

"You sounded sort of funny," said Jake. Molly wondered if a girl's voice changed after she'd had a mouthful of dog prick. Had her vocal cords somehow been transformed by the cum that had washed her throat?

"Oh, I'm fine," she said.

"Listen, Molly... I'm going to be late tonight," Jake said. "I called to let you know."

Oh, no, Molly thought. Not tonight, of all nights! Not when she wanted his big, human prick so badly.

"I've got a few things to clear up at the office," he explained. "Don't plan on me eating dinner. I'll grab a sandwich."

"Oh, must you, darling?" she asked, dismayed.

Jake sounded surprised. He often worked late - at least, that's what he told his wife - and she had never protested before. He said: "Well, yeah... I really should, honey."

"Well, if you have to," she said sadly.

"Is anything wrong?" he asked, sounding a bit suspicious.

"No, I just miss you," she said.

I miss your prick, she thought. I want you to fuck the ass off me, and I want to blow you and I... well, no, maybe I don't want you to suck my cunt today, just in case you might wonder why it's so full of dog jism. She almost giggled. "I'll see you later, then, okay?" said Jake.

"I'll be waiting, darling," said Molly.

She hung up the phone.

The dogs were watching her.

Now she had hours to kill.

How could a horny girl resist when it was such a pleasant way to pass the time?

Molly alternated between the two willing brutes, nursing on each cock in turn until she had sucked them both up nice and stiff again. She wasn't going to let either of them have her cunt, however. She had slipped up with the boxer, but it had been more of an accident than any intention. He had sneaked up on her when she wasn't looking, and it was more as if she had been raped against her will than that she had complied... or so she told herself.

No, she would save her cunt for her husband now.

By the time he finally got home, it would be a smoldering inferno, and she would enjoy him all the more.

But since she had to wait and had all that time to kill, she had decided to blow the dogs again. She was in no hurry at all. The longer it lasted, the less time she would have to wait, cockless, for Jake to fetch his big fucker home.

In order to prolong the oral sex, she kept switching back and forth from dog to dog.

She sucked the boxer until he showed signs of coming, then shifted to the black Doberman and mouthed his prick while the boxer's cock cooled down a bit.

At first, the dogs didn't understand and protested loudly, yelping and growling, when Molly left them

unfinished. But they were clever dogs learning new tricks and, soon enough, they realized that their pricks had not been forsaken, that the delay was only temporary and, soon enough, that hot mouth would be on them once more.

Still, she eventually had to milk them.

Both cocks were dripping again, and the taste was driving her wild.

Molly decided that she preferred to get fucked in the mouth to giving a blowjob, and she hauled a cushion off the couch. As she stretched out on the floor, her head and neck were supported on the cushion so that her mouth was positioned like a cunt.

Straddling her, the Doberman pushed his big prick out into her flushed face. She kissed his cocktip, then slurped it in, and the brute started humping her immediately. She knew there would be hairs stuck between her teeth, for he was burying his furry prickshaft as well as his slippery knob, shoving his meat right down her throat. Her throat muscles opened, and she took him willing in to the roots, deep-throating the brute eagerly. The boxer was standing beside her, and she played with his prick, stroking it slowly, not trying to bring him off, but just keeping him smoking-hot until it was his turn to fuck her face.

The Doberman's cockhead lodged in her throat, and she gagged. Then it whipped out again, and she sucked lovingly as it pulled through the tight collar of her pursed lips, her tongue wildly licking and bathing the fiery underside. Jism was coming out in little spurts as he plunged in, then trickling out as he withdrew.

She waited for it eagerly.

When the Doberman shot his wad, he spilled it on the in-stroke, with his prick buried in her throat.

It was something of a disappointment.

Molly felt the hot cum splash in her throat, but it was beyond her mouth and past her tastebuds, and she missed out on the pleasure of the succulent flavor. The blonde had to content herself with the slimy texture as it ran down her throat, and the psychological thrill of knowing that a dog had creamed in her mouth again.

Then the boxer took over.

He fucked her mouth with energy and vigor but, to her delight, he came as he was pulling out. The precious cum skidded over her tongue and through her cheeks, and she was able to enjoy the savory taste before she swallowed the load.

Molly milked his prick to the bone.

Now both dogs had come three times and, potent as they were, their pricks were drooping and starting to draw back up, retracting into their bodies. Their balls were drained.

And Molly's cunt was seething.

How long would she have to wait? What if Jake was hungry when he got home, and he waited to eat first? What if he needed a drink to relax after his long day at the office?

The blonde began to wish that she had not milked both dogs in her mouth, that one of them had a

stiff prick for her cunt.

Then she had an idea!

Why not drive down and meet Jake at the office? It was after normal closing time now, and all the staff would have gone home. Jake would be there alone... and there was a couch in his reception room! Surely, he would be pleased to see her, and willing to take a break from his work long enough to throw a fuck into her! And she would enjoy it all the more for the change in scene.

Molly had never been fucked in Jake's office.

But Jake's secretary had...

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Gloria Marks had worked for the company for some time, and Jake had inherited her as his secretary with his last promotion. She was a buxom redhead with tits that hung from her chest like twin cannonballs, fig shaped ass, and between them, and emphasizing them, a very tiny waist. Her dark, red hair was heavy and richly coiled in tresses like burnished bronze. Jake, like any normal man, had often looked at Gloria with admiration and perhaps an odd fleeting sexual fantasy, but he had never tried to approach or seduce her. Like his wife, Jake had been faithful.

Then he was promoted.

He got a new office, new responsibilities and, with them, he got the redheaded secretary.

For a few days nothing transpired.

Jake, who was a handsome guy, tall and lean and sandy haired, with a boyish smile, noticed that Gloria watched him speculatively from time to time, staring across her typewriter. When he caught her gaze, she continued to look contemplatively at him for a moment, before looking away.

He thought nothing of it.

As a secretary, she was highly efficient, and he figured he was lucky to have her.

He didn't realize just how lucky.

Then, one day, he had just finished some difficult paperwork and leaned back in his chair, stretching and shifting his stiff neck muscles. Gloria moved up behind him, placing her hands on either side of his neck, and she began to massage him.

"Ummmm, nice," he sighed.

"Yeah. Mr. Thomas used to like that, too," she said, referring to Jake's predecessor. Then, thoughtfully, she added: "I've been wondering if things were going to be the same with you as they always were with Mr. Thomas?"

"I don't quite understand," Jake said.

"Oh, you know... my duties..."

"You're very efficient, Miss Marks," he said.

"Yes, but... all of my duties?"

Jake was confused. "Such as?"

When she didn't reply, he turned his head, his neck still between her hands, and glanced up at her. He was surprised to find that she was blushing.

"I mean... like massaging your neck when it gets stiff," she said, averting her gaze.

"That's... very nice," he said, puzzled, uncertain, just starting to get an inkling of the truth.

Gloria bit her lower lip.

She was obviously struggling to work up the nerve to say something further, blushing deeper, eyes shifting nervously.

"And... Mr. Thomas used to get very, very stiff," she said.

Jake stared at her, the truth slowly dawning.

"All over," she added.

"I... I don't..."

"You don't like me to touch you?"

"Gloria, I'm a married man," said Jake.

Then she gave him a slow smile, full of meaning. "So was Mr. Thomas," she said, significantly.

And, sure enough, Jake discovered that his neck was not the only stiff part of his body. He turned away, very much aware of the lump riding high in his trousers. Gloria continued to rub his neck, leaning closer now, so that her huge tits were pressed against the back of his head like a pillow. She was looking down into his lap, seeing that obvious lump nudging out at its cotton prison.

"Shall I, sir?" she asked.

Jake tried to say no, he honestly did. His mouth opened and his tongue tangled all over itself as he tried to form that simple, single negative answer.

But the word would not come out.

His vocal cords seemed to have become as stiff and rigid as his prick, and he could say nothing at all. He just sat there, her hands on his muscular neck, his head resting on her tits, amazed by the situation he found himself in.

And Gloria was so efficient.

She never minded how much work was laid on her desk, and she was always willing to do more than her share. When the new boss had made no extra-curricular requests, it had troubled her deeply. The dutiful redhead thought she was falling down on the job. No, when Jake said nothing, Gloria took it as meaning that he would enjoy the same treatment that Mr. Thomas had requested.

She moved around, then knelt in front of him.

He could only stare, his mouth forming soundless words.

Gloria opened his fly, then drew his big prick out, giving a little sigh when she saw and felt how hard and hot it was. She looked up at him with a smile. Jake found himself smiling back. He didn't really mean to encourage her - he was, after all, a married man - but he felt compelled to smile at her, felt that she would be grievously hurt, maybe even quit her job, if he did not show her a bit of appreciation and encouragement.

She began to skim her hand up and down his cock.

It thundered and pounded wildly.

Giving him an impish look, Gloria said: "I don't have a tissue on me; boss."

Jake hiked his ass up, reaching for his handkerchief.

But the redhead's tongue slid across her lower lip. "If you don't mind, I'll just take it in the mouth. That way, I won't have to mop up afterward."

Jake didn't mind at all.

When Gloria sucked him off, she proved to be as efficient a cocksucker as she was a secretary, milking out every last drop and swallowing the lot without spilling any at all.

It had been so good that, despite himself and his guilt at being unfaithful to his wife, Jake found that he was getting stiff almost every day. Only her oral massages could soothe and relieve the throbbing strain of it.

He didn't fuck her for a week after that.

Gloria didn't object. She liked giving head and was able to get her rocks off as she did so. Jake had convinced himself that he wasn't really committing adultery as long as he just came in her mouth and not her pussy.

Yet that red-haired cunt was available.

Jake was no saint.

After that first week of blowjobs, he faltered in his semi-celibate resolutions and, staying late at the office one day, fucked her on top of his executive desk.

Her cunt was even more talented than her mouth.

That was when Jake, ashamed of himself but without the willpower to resist, began working late quite frequently.

This was one of those days.

Had Jake realized the mood that his wife was in, he might well have neglected secretarial pussy and hurried on home to put the prick to Molly. But although her voice had sounded strange on the telephone, he hadn't known why that was. Molly was always more than happy to give Jake his marital rights, but she had always been rather shy about it, seldom taking the initiative or making

the first suggestion. Jake had no cause to think she might behave differently today.

Jake didn't know about Carla and the dogs.

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CHAPTER NINE

They never made any verbal arrangements or plans for getting together after the rest of the office staff had gone home. Somehow, by not speaking about it, Jake was able to view his infidelity as spontaneous and, therefore, less shameful than if it had been premeditated. And Gloria just saw it as part of her job, a bit of pleasant overtime, even a benefit of her position. Jake simply stayed at his desk when the office closed and Gloria, taking the hint, lingered at her own desk while the others departed. Then she came to him and, seldom saying much, sometimes not speaking a single word, they made love in one way or another.

Jake was lingering today.

Gloria waited until the office was vacated by everyone else, then she went into Jake's private office.

She did so, in fact, at the exact same moment that Molly, having sent the two dogs home, was getting in her car with the intention of surprising her husband at work.

The meaty flavor of dog prick lingered on her tongue and the taste of dog cum remained in her mouth, and since she had sucked both dogs off since the boxer had fucked her, the woman was hot again and hoping to catch her husband in the mood.

The mood... not the act.

Gloria came into the room, pausing by the entrance. She was wearing a pale silk blouse, and the fact that she wore no bra was evident because her stiff nipples were pressing twin peaks in the silk. She wore a short skirt, showing her nice, lush legs. Jake was pretending to be occupied with some paperwork. Gloria waited.

They had fallen into a routine whereby she could tell what he wanted without exchanging words. If he turned his swivel chair and remained in it, she would kneel down in front of him, open his fly, haul his big prick out and take it into her hot mouth, nursing on it until he creamed. If, on the other hand, he rose from his seat, she knew that he was in the mood for some pussy, and she would begin to take her clothing off. Sometimes they fucked on the desk, sometimes on the couch, once in awhile, on the floor. They often fucked standing up, her back to the wall as his powerful, upthrusting strokes drove her onto her tiptoes. She would cling to his shoulders for support and wrap her heavy thighs around his hips.

Jake looked up from his feigned paperwork.

He smiled.

Then he stood up.

Gloria began to undress. Jake gazed at her with admiration. She drew the blouse off, revealing her cannonball tits, her pink nipples like bullets. She had really mouth-watering tits, he thought. Then she stepped out of her short skirt. She wore brief bikini panties, and he could see the triangular outline of her pussy hair through the material. Hooking her thumbs under the elastic band, she

slowly tugged them down, her hips squirming and her ass shifting as they passed over her crotch.

He saw that the crotchband of the panties was soaking wet.

When she tossed them aside, they fluttered to the carpet like a moth with damp wings.

Her pubic bush was fiery bronze, the coils like tongues of flame on her groin, as if she had ignited from the intense heat of her juicy cunt. There was a slippery sheen on the smooth, ivory flesh of her inner thighs.

Naked, she posed for him.

She was waiting to see if he moved toward the couch, toward her, or stayed by the desk.

Jake stayed by the desk.

Gloria moved toward him, her hips lashing from side to side as if she were switching an invisible tail behind her, a voracious cat stalking her meaty prey.

Jake came out from behind the big desk to meet her. Standing beside it, they embraced and his mouth ground on hers, lips parting, tongues flashing back and forth.

Jake ran his hands up her smooth hips, then cupped her firm ass and drew her belly tight to his. Gloria could feel his hard-on throbbing away in his pants. Reaching down, she cupped his balls. Her other hand sought the clasp of his zipper, but before she could open his fly, he turned her toward the desk. She perched on the edge, her ass braced on the rim and her legs trailing down.

His mouth dragged off hers, and he lowered his head to her tits. He sucked upon each stiff nipple in turn, running his tongue all around her fat tit-mounds and up the deep cleavage.

Gloria shuddered with the delicious sensation. She loved to have her tits sucked. Jake usually paid little attention to such details. In fact, he did so deliberately. Fucking her was one thing, it was a way to get his rocks off, but running through the preliminaries of foreplay made him feel more unfaithful to his wife, more of an adulterer because of the tenderness involved.

Today, although it made him feel more sinful, Jake was in the mood for lots of foreplay.

He sank down to his knees, his head still working on her tits, his lips pulling on the stiff tips.

Gloria was thrilled.

She arched her back, thrusting her tits out into his face, stroking his head with one hand.

He moved lower.

As he kissed her belly and his tongue probed into her belly button, the lush redhead began to vibrate all over. He moved lower still. His tongue rustled through her bronze pubic hair like a little pink rodent through dense underbrush.

Was he going to suck her cunt?

Jake had never done that for her, and Gloria found the idea extremely exciting. She arched deeper and spread her thighs wide open. He licked away at her lower belly, then began to run his tongue up the sleek slopes of her thighs, the strokes falling just short of her crotch. He licked up the creases

where her thighs joined her pelvis, his tongue tracing a path parallel with her open fuckslot. She purred and moaned, her hand stroking his head and cheek encouragingly.

Jake drew back and looked at her crotch.

Her cuntlips were spread open so wide that they seemed to be turning inside out, and her open fuckslot was filled with cuntjuice. It was a luscious sight. Jake groaned and began to drool. He had always avoided going down on her before. That was a treat that he had always saved for his wife. But he was cunt-hungry today and Gloria's juicy cunt, framed in that fiery bush, gaping wide open, looked absolutely delicious. With a little sigh of desire, he buried his face between her thighs.

He began to tongue up her pussy.

Gloria gurgled with the sensation.

His talented tongue was scooping out creamy ribbons from her cunt. His head turned from side to side, as if revolving around his lapping tongue. Then his lips parted, and he began to suck from her flowing pussy.

"Ooooooh," she purred. "I love that!"

As he slurped juice from her cunt, his lips sucked the sweet nectar out hungrily. He began to work on her clit and she started to tremble with the rising tide of her coming.

"Don't stop!" she wailed.

Jake had no intention of stopping, not until he had tongued an orgasm from her smoldering cunt.

Her smooth thighs closed around his head like a velvet snare, holding his head to her groin. Then they rippled and parted wide again, so she could look down the arched slope of her torso and watch his nimble tongue flick and dip in her soaking cunt.

The thrill raced through her pussy.

Gloria felt as if she were dissolving, as if her flesh and blood were melting, turning into cuntjuice, pouring out into his mouth, her very life force creaming on his tongue.

She cried out in ecstasy as she creamed.

Jake lapped merrily away, bringing her off, sucking and tonguing even after she had stopped shuddering, to make sure that he had worked off every last spasm of her joy.

He looked up, smiling, his lips smeared with the lather of her lust. She looked down, smiling, too, in gratitude and satisfaction. He ducked in and gave her cunt a last slurp, then rose up, opening his trousers as he did so, ready to fuck her now. His lust had been brought to violent heights while he snacked on her pussy, and now he was ready to drive his cockmeat into her.

At that very moment, Molly was driving her car into the parking lot below.

When he opened his fly, his prick charged out with its own momentum, like a frenzied bull rushing into the bullring, eager to sink its hard horn into soft, warm flesh.

His cock towered up before the arched redhead, his balls level with her groin and the flaring knob extending up so far that it loomed, dripping, over her belly button. Her eyes blurred as she gazed at

his big slab of purple prickmeat. A glob of jism ran down from his piss slit and traced a glistening trail down his shaft, following the thick, dark, pulsating vein. Licking her lips, Gloria started to reach out for it, to draw the head into her mouth, but Jake dipped at the knees and aimed his pounding cockhead towards her lathered cunt.

He pushed the tip in.

Gloria began to wail with expectation.

She had come already, when he sucked her cunt, but Gloria was not a girl who refused the chance to come more than once, and she squirmed in anticipation of a cuntful of his stiff prickmeat.

Jake began to feed it to her slowly, pushing into her rippling cunt tunnel inch by inch. Her pussy pulled on him and her lush hips rocked from side to side as she balanced on the very edge of the desk, her ass churning on the rim.

Gloria looked down, seeing his cock framed by the inner slopes of her big tits and the gentle rise of her belly. He was gazing down, too, watching his long, thick prick disappear up her hairy pussy. Her cuntlips dragged and fluttered around his vanishing cockshaft. He pushed and paused, then pushed again.

With a final shove, he drove his prick balls-deep up her cunt.

And his wife was two flights up in the self-service elevator as she ascended toward his office, looking forward to surprising her husband at his work... and not knowing that she was going to get quite an unexpected surprise of her own.

Jake ground his prick into Gloria, holding the full penetration and working his fat shaft around in the buried depths. He was grimacing and grunting with the effort, and she was starting to whimper and pant with the joy of being filled of cock. Then he pulled out very slowly, with her hot fuckhole dragging across every inch of his prick, until only the swollen knob remained stuck up her. His hands clamped onto her hips, holding her steady. She arched deeper, the chasm of her cunt seeming to suck on his cockhead.

Jake slid the length in again.

He began pouring the prick to her steadily, but slowly, his thrusts long, underslung and rippling, getting into a slow rhythm that would prolong the act and sustain the pleasure. His balls swung back and forth. His belly pressed on hers as his cock vanished up her cunt. There w

as nothing between their crotches as he was plugged up her like a peg into a perfectly matched wet hole.

Gloria was trying to move with him, holding to the same slow, steady tempo, but she was getting carried away and finding it hard to restrain herself. Her hips were rolling and her belly was pumping, thrusting twice to his once, pushing her cunt down over his prick and pulling it back up again while he slid in once.

Her feet rose up, arched, toes pointing outward. Her thighs closed around his hips and she locked her ankles behind his ass, gripping him tightly, her leg muscles tensing, then relaxing in tempo with his humping.

"Fuck," she whispered.

His prick hissed up her hot cunthole.

She began repeating the word, saying it each time he shoveled his prickmeat to her, "Fuck... fuck... fuck..."

Jake began whipping his cock in and out faster, running it directly across her clit as it plunged into the depths of her pussy, jolting her pelvis and rattling her hipbones with his vigorous thrusts as the pace built up.

And Molly was out of the elevator, coming down the corridor at her own rapid pace, walking fast now in her eagerness to get to her husband's big prick. She was at the door. She came into the outer office. It was empty, but that was only to be expected, for the receptionist would have already gone home.

She headed for the inner office.

Cuntjuice was gushing out of Gloria as Jake's thick fuckshaft pumped in and out of her, drawing her nectar out as if he were pumping it from a well. They were both soaring towards the heights now, all restraint lost, making no attempt to pro long the coupling further or to hold back the spillage of their pleasure.

She was still gasping: "Fuck... fuck fuck..." As the crest came rushing upon them, she writhed. "Come... oh! Come in me, shoot that hot cum up my cunt, fill my pussy with your sweet fuckjuice!"

"Take it, baby! Here it comes!" Jake rasped.

His balls erupted and the volcanic jism squirted from his cockhead, filling her cunt in a creamy deluge.

Gloria wailed with joy as she felt his cum pour into her, and her pussy melted like a wax candle around his burning, spurting prick as she joining him in orgasm. He kept pumping his cock into her, shooting dose after dose, and she vibrated all over as her cunt melted with him.

It was no wonder that, at a moment like this, neither Jake nor Gloria were aware that Molly was standing, open-mouthed, in the doorway.

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## **CHAPTER TEN**

Molly had heard the sounds of their fucking from the outer office, and halted, frowning, puzzled. Those sounds were unmistakable... and would have been even if she had not heard the woman defining the act, over and over, with that one descriptive command.

Who was fucking in Jake's office?

Where was Jake?

Molly had always trusted her husband. It took a few moments for the horrible thought that perhaps it was Jake who was involved in that fucking to sink in. She stood there, dazed, rooted to the spot. She was tempted to turn around and walk back out. She didn't want to know the truth! But something drew her toward the door. Not wanting to know, the trembling blonde nevertheless felt compelled to find out.

She moved to the inner door and looked in. She had arrived just as Jake got into the finishing strokes. Molly was stunned. Her eyes popped out, her mouth dropped open and she gave a quiet gasp of shock. She felt a flush of heat, followed by a grip of icy cold.

She saw his fat prick vanish up Gloria's flame-haired fuck hole, then pull back out, slathered with cuntjuice.

Her husband's prick!

Her prick! The cock for which she had come, yearning, only to find it servicing another woman's cunt!

She noticed how juicy that pussy looked, too, steaming, the clit exploding like a percussion cap.

Now Jake was emptying his cock and balls into her, and the redhead was wailing as she came with him.

Unable to stand anymore, Molly moved away from the door. She was so numbed by shock that she didn't know what emotions she felt. The blonde shook her head, trying to clear it. She was angry, of course. But she was embarrassed, too. It made her feel inadequate that her husband would have another woman, made her wonder if she was not enough for him. How long has it been going on? And why was it going on? Was it her fault or was he simply an unfaithful swine? And what should she do about it? She didn't have the nerve nor the will to confront him in the act. She knew that her voice would break, that she would blush as much as if she were the guilty party. She would have to think long and hard about the situation, before deciding whether to tell him she knew about his affair, or simply to ignore that terrible knowledge and hope that the affair was not serious.

Molly went back into the corridor.

Her cheeks were flaming.

Then a strange thought came to her; she was glad that she had been sucking and fucking with dogs! She had been deeply ashamed of that, before she discovered her husband's infidelity. Now it seemed justified, as if she had taken her revenge on him even before she knew there was a sin to be avenged.

It served the bastard right to be cuckolded by a boxer!

And as she remembered the dogs, she remembered, too, what had motivated her uncharacteristic behavior.

Carla!

Carla was the sort of woman with whom she could talk freely, in whom she could confide! Carla was worldly. She would be able to advise Molly how to respond to Jake's adultery. Molly felt an urge to talk to Carla, to tell her all about this and even, in a strange way, to confess about her own affair with the two canines. She had intended to keep quiet about that, never to tell a soul. Now that her husband was cheating on her, she felt the urge to let someone... Carla... know that she was not so faithful, herself. She still thought that fucking and blowing dogs were things to be ashamed of, and knew she would blush furiously when she admitted it. But her deep shame only added to the bizarre thrill of confession, the desire to admit her degradation to another woman. Carla, a devout dog-fucker, herself, would hardly blame Molly. They would probably have a good giggle over it, over the funny way that Molly had gotten even with Jake even before she knew he had sinned.

But would Carla be home?

She had most likely gotten picked up by that man in the cocktail lounge. But would it have been a fast fuck in a hotel, or might she have brought him home with her? Molly didn't want to interrupt if Carla was having it off with the guy... and she most certainly wasn't going to confess about her doggy adventure in front of a strange man.

Well, she would drive over to Carla's, anyhow.

If Carla was busy, she wouldn't stay.

Molly, desperate to confide in someone and to seek her advice, went back down to the car, hoping that Carla wasn't busy.

Carla wasn't busy.

She was, however, horny.

Carla had suffered the misfortune of having sex with not one, but two, premature ejaculators in the same day.

The first had been Sam, in the hotel.

And the second had been a fucking dog!

Wasn't that just her rotten luck?

After Carla had left limp-pricked Sam, she had gone directly home, hoping to find the collie prowling about her backyard, but when she got there she found no sign of the big brute... not even any dog shit. Waves of frustration washed over her. Christ, did she have to fingerfuck herself again? That did no good. A handjob only served to make her juicier, to make her crave the real thing all the more. But the collie was not around, and she couldn't think of a man that she might phone at that hour, to request a servicing.

Carla had no steady boyfriends since her divorce. She preferred to play the field, enjoying a variety of bed partners, rather than to get involved with a single man. But at the moment, that was working against her. Where could she find a prick? Did she have to go back out and get picked up again? She hated the thought, preferring to stay home and have a cock fetched to her.

But where and who?

She considered sending herself a telegram and seducing the boy who delivered it.

But sight unseen, that was chancy.

She didn't give a damn how old the lad was or what he looked like, but what if he happened to have a tiny prick?

The same drawback held true for ordering flowers or calling a television repairman.

What about the dog pound, though?

Her green eyes widened and sparked at the idea. There must be plenty of stray dogs there, available for adoption to a good, dog-loving home, and Carla would be able to look them over and select the

one with the biggest, nicest cock and balls. That lucky doggy was going to have the sort of home that stray dogs dream about! And it would serve the collie right, too, for not being around when she needed him! She was positively enchanted by the thought of standing there, with dogs in cages all around her, a whole slew of pricks waiting for a home! She might just cream right there in the kennels, she thought, the cuntjuice would just run down her legs!

But then she groaned, remembering something that she had heard about the process of dog adoption.

You weren't allowed to simply pay for a license and take the dog away with you. There was bureaucratic bullshit involved. You had to wait until the dog had gotten his shots before they would release him to you. Carla hated red tape. She was perfectly willing to take a chance on distemper or, hot as she was, maybe even rabies, but she was not willing to wait to get her cunt full of prick.

Damn! It had seemed such a good idea, too!

She was pacing nervously back and forth across the living room, very much aware of her smoldering pussy as her thighs rubbed together around it. The pit of her groin was squishing with every slow stride. The juice tickled as it oozed out.

Then her pacing took her to the window.

And gazing out, Carla saw a strange dog in the yard! It wasn't a large dog, sad to say.

But it looked frisky and vigorous. It was a mongrel, she thought, some sort of cross-bred terrier, perhaps. Carla considered, wishing it were a Great Dane or a wolfhound, but she was in no condition to look a gift dog in the mouth.

Carla decided to give it a try.

She hurried to the kitchen and got a hunk of hamburger from the refrigerator, then rushed to the back door. The dog looked up, startled and ready to bolt, when she opened the door.

"Here, doggy... nice doggy," she called, holding a handful of hamburger out.

The mongrel seemed uncertain and hesitant. It took a step toward her, but then it stepped back again. She thought that maybe it wasn't hungry. It didn't look thin... and it had no idea, of course, what other treats Carla had in store for it. It annoyed her that the dog didn't act eager, but she tried not to show her feelings. It would annoy her more if, sensing that she was annoyed, the mongrel ran off. She forced a smile and called again in a friendly voice.

The dog began approaching her, wriggling all over, his head lowered and his haunches raised and squirming. It did seem to have some terrier blood in it, Carla thought, as it came closer. It had those wedge-shaped jaws and broad chest. It was a speckle-colored creature, tan and grey and beige, the various hues all mixed up so that the markings had no definition. It looked, she thought, as if it had been pushed together out of drab modeling clay. Still, it would do in a pinch. Carla hunkered down, holding the meat out, smiling.

The dog came up warily.

It took the hamburger, wolfing it down.

Carla moved back, urging the dog to follow. "Good doggy. Treats for doggies."

After a moment, wriggling all over, the mongrel followed her into the house. When she closed the door, the dog looked startled and peered around for an escape route. Carla hunkered down again and held her hand out. The dog sniffed, then licked her hand. She stroked it behind the ears and under the throat. Losing its timidness, it began to tremble with the pleasure of her caresses.

Carla took the dog into the living room.

She sat on the couch, and when she patted the cushion beside her, the dog hopped up, then curled onto his side. Carla looked under his belly, at his prick. She raised her eyebrows. The dog didn't have a hard-on and it was hard to judge the size of his cock. She reached down and began to play with his balls.

The dog snapped rigid, looking surprised.

Then he began to whine.

Carla slid her hand up and down his hairy sheath, and his pink pricktip came sliding out. She rubbed her thumb against the sensitive underside of his elongated cockhead, then skimmed her hand up and down the shaft, and the mongrel's cock hardened and lengthened.

It was no collie prick, to be sure, but it was certainly big enough to fuck her with.

But Carla had never fucked with such a small dog before, and she wondered how she should go about it? He had short, bowed legs. She didn't think he would be able to manage to mount her in the doggy position, even if she lowered her ass right down as far as she could. Nor was he long enough to mount her as she sat on the edge of the couch, with his hindfeet on the floor. She continued to play with his prick while she considered other positions and, in the end, she decided that there was nothing for it but to use the dog as if he were a dildo or a vibrator. She could hold him between her legs while he humped her.

By this time, the mongrel's cock was pounding away like a jackhammer, and his balls were swollen. Carla stood up to take her panties off. The dog whimpered as she abandoned his prick. She doubted that he had ever fucked with a woman before because he seemed confused, but she knew he would fuck her with gusto, once his cock was up her cunt and he got the idea.

She tugged her soaking panties down.

The mongrel sniffed and whined.

She drew her skirt up above her waist, then sat down again. The dog was sitting up on his haunches now, his flanks going in and out like a furry bellows as he panted, his tongue hanging out from the corner of his triangular jaw.

It looked like a very efficient tongue.

Carla lifted him, and she placed him between her legs. He might not have ever encountered a human pussy before, but the mongrel obviously knew what a hot cunt was. He dipped his snout down and began to lap merrily away at her flooded pussy.

Carla purred, her hips working like pistons.

The dog's tongue was delving right up inside her fuck hole, lapping her juicy inner cunt lips, then slurping across her turbulent clit as it trembled out the top of her pussy crack.

The brunette was tempted to keep him lapping away until her pussy creamed. But she was really more in the mood for prick than tongue, at the moment, and Carla reasoned that she would enjoy getting fucked far more while she was still in a state of sexual desperation, before she had a climax on his tongue.

The mongrel seemed to be trying to push his blunt muzzle right up inside her as he tongued away. His cold nose sent electric pulsations running through her clit. She knew that she would have a lovely orgasm, the moment the sturdy little brute began to slide his prick in and out of her cunt. She was reluctant to drag him away from the feast he seemed to be enjoying so greatly, but it was all in a good cause. She let him give her a last, parting slurp, then lifted him.

The dog cocked his head.

His tongue lolled out, the pink surface slathered with rivulets of cuntjuice and saliva.

Carla placed his hindfeet on the couch, between her widespread thighs. Holding him by the haunches with one hand, she took his cock in her other hand and moved it into her crotch. It wasn't long enough to really stuff her, she knew, but it would zip in and out vigorously, running across her tingling clit, making her come. Then it would squirt a lovely load of hot jism up her melting pussy.

She moved his cockhead up and down against her clit for a second, before she guided it into her fuck hole.

And the dog shot his load!

Hot cum came spurting out of his cockhead and skimmed through her pubic thicket, slid up her belly and splashed into the cleavage between her tits. A slimy river ran right up into the hollow of her throat. A jet soaked one stiff nipple. Carla had stopped stroking the mongrel's cockmeat, but once his orgasm had begun, it kept right on going off, dose after dose of dog juice washing her belly and tits.

Then he stopped shooting.

For a moment, his prick remained rigid.

Then, to Carla's horror; his cock began to diminish and soften and retreat back into his loins.

"Oh, no!" she gasped.

A human premature ejaculator was bad enough... but a dog?

In desperation, she stroked and fondled his prick, fingering the rubbery knob and stroking up the stalk.

It did no good at all.

The mongrel's cockmeat retracted into his belly and the hairy sheath pushed up to cover the head and, despite her fondling, there was no tension left at all. His prick had gone completely slack and his balls had collapsed into an empty bag.

The dog looked sheepish.

Just like Sam had done.

Carla stared at him in burning frustration, looking down the slope of her arched body. She was coated with cum from the vee of her crotch, up through her cleavage, and over her throat. It had been a good load, hot and creamy and abundant, just the sort of load that she had wanted hosing her cunt.

And it had been wasted.

She wondered if she could make him hard again if she licked his cock.

But there was nothing to lick.

The soft, hairy sheath had completely hidden the knob now. Leaning down, she blew on his cock and balls. It was pointless. Only a thin nubbin of hairy rod remained.

Carla sighed with dismay.

Well, she thought, at least the dumb dog isn't as bad as that fucking Sam. At least he likes to lick pussy. She had to get her rocks off somehow. And if the mongrel wasn't capable of a renewed erection, he would simply have to do the job with his tongue.

She pushed the dog's head against her pussy.

She waited, trembling.

Nothing happened.

The dog was more like Sam than she had figured. When his cock was stiff and his balls were full of cum, he had enjoyed a snack on her tasty cunt. But now that he had been drained and gone soft, the mongrel had no interest in lapping a cunt.

Carla wailed in despair.

She grasped the mongrel by the neck and moved his muzzle around in her creamy cunt.

"Lap, damn you!" she cried. "Lick it!"

But he kept his jaws clenched and his tongue refused to come out, and Carla realized, to her sorrow, that she was not going to get an orgasm out of either end of the dumb animal.

After awhile, she gave up and released the brute.

He hopped down from the couch and trotted over to the door, his tail between his legs, as if he knew that he had somehow failed in this meeting between the species, yet not having the heart to perform now that his balls had been emptied. He stood at the door, waiting. Carla sighed and got up, her pussy simmering and steaming. She guessed she might as well let the stupid mutt out. It was just her luck that the fucking useless brute would shit on the carpet.

When she opened the door, the dog trotted out, never looking back as he bolted across the backyard, then disappeared. Carla shook her head. Wasn't that just like a male?

And now what was she going to do?

Where was that collie? Where was anyone? Carla was in such a state by this time that she couldn't even go out to a bar and get picked up. She was afraid that she would just cream her panties.

Although she was never a modest sort of girl, she knew it would be mortifying to be sitting on a bar stool and suddenly start to pant and whimper and have everyone see pussy juice running down her legs.

Carla guessed she would have to fingerfuck herself a few times to take the pressure off. She hated the idea of a solitary orgasm, but she saw no other solution.

Then Molly drove up.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

“Are you alone?” Molly asked as she stood on the doorstep.

“Yes... come on in,” said Carla.

It was possible that never in the history of mankind had there been two such hot cunts in the same place at the same time. If cunts had been made of uranium, their two seething pussies would have reached critical mass and set off a nuclear explosion.

They went into the living room, both squishing as they walked.

“Want a drink?” asked Carla.

“Okay.”

There was a certain tension between them, as if both sensed the other’s raging need, a speculative and hopeful nervousness.

Carla made them each a gin and tonic.

She sat opposite Molly.

Her soaking panties were still on the floor, where she’d tossed as she readied her cunt for the mongrel. She wondered if Molly had noticed them. Automatically, her knees parted slightly, just in case Molly wanted to look at her cunt.

Molly had noticed the panties.

But she assumed that Carla had brought Sam home and fucked him in the living room and that, therefore, Carla would be satisfied.

“Well?” Carla asked.

“I... I wanted your advice.”

“Oh? About what?”

“Well... gee, I don’t know how to begin.” Molly looked flustered, her blue eyes darting nervously. “Carla, I drove down to my husband’s office this afternoon. I... well, I was feeling horny, you see. And Jake was working late. So I thought I’d surprise him at the office... and get laid there, on the couch.”

Carla, who understood such things, smiled.

“But I saw him fucking his secretary!” Molly blurted out.

“What?”

“On top of his desk!”

“The swine!” Carla exclaimed.

“I just didn’t know what to do. He doesn’t know that I saw him, and I don’t know if I should tell him, or just let it go or what. That’s why I wanted your advice.”

Carla considered for a moment.

So Molly was horny, too, was she?

Carla didn’t give a damn if Molly’s husband cheated on her or not, but she viewed the situation with self-interest. It definitely held interesting possibilities.

She figured that it might be a good idea to get the conversation around to cuntsucking. “Well, I don’t know what you’ll think of the idea, but I’ll tell you what I did when I caught my husband fooling around one time. I wouldn’t let him fuck me for a month.”

“Oh! But that’s sort of like cutting off your nose to spite your face, isn’t it?” Molly protested. Denying Jake pussy was the last thing that she wanted.

“Not exactly. You see, I wouldn’t let him fuck me, but I made him suck my cunt twice a day. Oh, how horny the bastard would get, lapping away like crazy and not getting anything for himself. He pleaded and begged. He said he’d even settle on a handjob. But I wouldn’t give him a damned thing until the whole month was up. That sure cured his roving eye!” She paused significantly. “And I do love to get my pussy sucked off, too.”

But Molly didn’t take the hint... yet.

Molly said: “That was a clever idea... but it probably won’t work for me, though. If I don’t let Jake fuck me, he’ll probably just fuck his damned secretary all the more often.”

“Ummm... well, have you thought about getting even with him? Fucking some other guy?”

Carla was surprised when Molly blushed a bright red.

Molly started to speak, then faltered, her eyes downcast, the blush spreading up from her throat to her cheeks. Carla wondered what on earth had embarrassed the blonde girl. Surely, the mere thought of committing adultery shouldn’t have had such an effect on her?

“That... that was something else I wanted to tell you,” Molly stammered. “I mean... I shouldn’t tell anyone, because it’s very naughty, but I want to tell you and... oh, dear! I was very, very dumb.”

“You mean you have cheated on Jake, already?” Carla asked.

“No. I mean, yes. I mean... I don’t know if it was cheating or not, Carla. It depends on the definition.”

“What on earth are you talking about?” asked Carla, mystified by Molly’s words and behavior.

Molly took a deep breath.

"It was all your fault!" she wailed.

"What in hell do you mean?"

"All that talk about... about dogs."

"What? You don't mean..."

Molly gave a little nod. "I'm afraid so."

Carla began to grin, pleased to discover that her friend had shared that particular perversion.

"It happened this afternoon, just after I left you in the cocktail lounge," Molly explained. "There was a bitch in heat in the garden, and a couple big dogs were chasing her. Normally, I wouldn't have thought anything about it, but after all those things that you'd been telling me earlier... well..."

"You fucked a dog?" Carla asked eagerly.

Molly saw that Carla was not shocked. Far from it. She was surprised by the confession, but she looked delighted.

Molly took heart from Carla's reactions.

She even managed a shy smile as she said: "Even worse, really. I called both dogs into house."

"Ooooooh! You fucked both of them?"

"Well, no. Only the boxer fucked me. But oh, I really am so crazy... I blew both of them!"

"My God!" Carla exclaimed.

"Is that awfully disgusting?" Molly asked.

"Not at all," Carla reassured her.

"It was kind of yummy," Molly said, and giggled.

"I didn't mention it before - I thought it might shock you - but I enjoy a mouthful of dog prick, too, once in awhile. Sucking their cock makes them nice and hard for fucking."

"Yeah, but I let both of them shoot in my mouth."

"Molly... I'm proud of you!" Carla gasped enthusiastically.

Molly smiled demurely, graciously accepting the compliment. "But that's why I was so horny, why I went to my husband's office. See, after the boxer had fucked me, I sucked both dogs off and got all hot again. And now I'm still so damned hot, and I don't know what to do about it."

"Funny you should mention that," said Carla, springing the velvet trap. "Because I'm horny, too."

"You? But didn't that guy from the bar..."

"The bastard was a premature ejaculator and he wouldn't even go down on me after he got his rocks

off!"

"How cruel!" Molly exclaimed.

"And that's not all. When I got home, there was this damned mongrel in the yard. So I called him in and gave him some hamburger, then played with his prick... and the fucking dog turned out to be a premature ejaculator, too! It's left me with a hot pussy and a terrible headache!"

The two horny girls studied each other.

They were both thinking the same thing, and they both knew they were thinking the same thing, but which one of them was going to make the welcome suggestion?

Carla figured that Molly was too shy to take the initiative, no matter how interested she was. She thought she might even be too shy to respond to an open suggestion from Carla. It was the sort of thing that you had to work up to gradually.

Carla stood up.

She lifted her dress all the way up above her tits.

"Look at all the jism that damned mongrel wasted by coming before he was in my cunt!" she said.

She shot one hip out saucily, letting Molly admire her sexy body with the excuse of looking at the dog cum. When she finally lowered her dress, she was gratified to see that Molly was nervously licking her lips and that a hungry look had come into her sexy blue eyes.

Carla moved over and sat beside Molly on the couch.

Molly's throat worked. She was sweating.

"Have you brushed your teeth since the dogs came in your mouth?" Carla wanted to know.

Molly shook her head.

"Let me see. Stick your tongue out."

Molly did so. Carla looked at the pink tip and then, grinning wickedly, leaned over and took Molly's tongue into her mouth, sucking on it. Molly began to pant.

"Ummm, yeah, you weren't lying," Carla said. "I can still taste dog jism on your tongue."

Molly giggled.

"Want to taste some mongrel cum?" Carla asked.

"All right," Molly whispered.

Carla drew her dress up again. The dog's jism had congealed all over her belly and tits. She arched her back, pushing upwards. Molly leaned over her and licked at her stomach and belly. The cum liquified again as her hot tongue bathed it. She lapped it up.

"It tastes better when you drink it straight out of a dog's prick," she said, sampling the second-hand jism on her tastebuds. She lapped some more, drooling, her frothy saliva coating Carla's shimmering

belly. She tongued a pool from her belly button.

"There's more of it on my tits," Carla panted.

It was all the invitation that Molly required. She began to run her tongue around the brunette's smooth tit globes and up her deep, cum-smearred cleavage. She sucked a stiff nipple into her lips.

"Ummm," she purred.

It was the first tit that Molly had ever mouthed, and she saw instantly why men always enjoyed doing it. Carla's nipple gnarled up in her lips. She sucked gently, nursing on the tasty nugget of flesh. After a while, she raised her head and gazed into Carla's eyes.

"Maybe I should lap some cum from you, now," Carla whispered.

Molly knew damned well what Carla meant.

But she feigned innocence.

"But you've already sucked it from my tongue," she said. "And the dogs didn't shoot on my belly."

Carla was laughing, delighted by the blonde's faked innocence. Then she stopped laughing and a glint of hot passion lighted her jade-green eyes. Her tongue slid across her lips.

"Shall I suck it from your cunt?" she asked.

"Oh! Oh, Carla, would you?" whimpered Molly.

"Um-hum."

"Will you... will you do it until I come?"

"Oh, yes, Molly, I'll suck you off," Carla said. "I know how it is to need an orgasm."

"I... I'll suck you off, if you'll do me!" Molly volunteered. Then, getting carried away by the situation and no longer feeling any need to act the naive innocent, Molly leaned closer. "Oh, Carla... I do want to lap you pussy until you cream!"

This, thought naughty Carla, is a very handy arrangement.

She began undressing Molly. When she had removed her friend's blouse, she spent some time sucking on her tits and kissing her while her hands roved all over the blonde's ripe, nubile body, caressing and fondling. Then she took Molly's skirt off and drew her panties down slowly, exposing her golden vee and steaming cunt little by little. When Molly was naked, Carla sat back on her heels, holding the blonde's panties in her hand. She brought them to her mouth and began to lick the sodden crotchband, staring at Molly as she did so.

"Ummm... your cuntjuice is delicious," Carla purred.

"There's more where that came from," Molly said, and she arched her back and spread her thighs, pushing her cunt up as if it were a meal served on a hairy tray.

Carla tossed the panties aside.

She went down on Molly and began to dine.

Carla might not have been a lesbian, but she could suck cunt with the best of them! She used her tongue and lips skillfully, paying attention to the details, concentrating on the sensitive points, giving the blonde all the pleasure that she could, and enjoying the succulent snack as she did so. Molly was so overheated that she creamed almost immediately. But Carla kept right on lapping away and soon had the blonde surging up to a second climax. Cuntjuice, flavored with boxer cum, poured over Carla's nimble tongue, and she swallowed it down eagerly. Through the misty haze of her own ecstasy, Molly did not fail to notice how much Carla was enjoying eating her cunt. The blonde was looking forward to doing some pussy lapping, herself. Her tongue seemed to be getting as tingly and hot as her clit.

"Come... come for me, baby," Carla whimpered, the words muffled right up Molly's juice pussy, so that she felt them as well as heard them. "Cream in my mouth, Molly, honey."

Molly's cunt melted again.

She sprawled back along the couch, panting. Carla continued to tongue away for awhile, to make sure that she had worked out every spasm of Molly's pleasure and milked out every precious drop of the sexy blonde's tasty pussy juice.

When she raised her head, her lips were glistening with cream.

"Nice?" she whispered.

"Oh, Carla... yes!"

Carla raised an eyebrow, and Molly grinned.

"Now it's your turn," said Carla.

Molly didn't mind at all.

Carla spread her lean, trembling thighs, and Molly slid between them, gazing at her juicy cunt. It was gaping open, her pussy lips unfurled, her fuck slot flooded with cream. Carla's clit stood out from her juicy cunt crack like a little man in a boat. Molly paused before she began to suck her first-ever pussy, but it was not from reluctance or any last second misgivings or inhibitions. She was merely savoring the expectation and thrilling to the sight. Her mouth was watering for her first taste. She looked up shyly at Carla and grinned. Carla's eyes were narrowed, her cream-smearing lips parted, her face a mask of passion. It would be wonderful to make the horny woman cream with her tongue, Molly thought - and wonderful to be lapping that cream out of her savory fuck slot, as well.

Molly spread Carla's cunt open even wider with her fingertips and, leaning in, took her first lick.

It was even tastier than she had hoped.

She began tonguing joyfully up the brunette's pussy, along her cuntlips, over her throbbing clit. Carla began to churn and thrash about in ecstasy as that willing tongue lapped her pussy. Then Molly fitted her lips to the woman's parted cuntlips, tilting her head to the side, and she began to suck eagerly. As her lips sucked, she stabbed her hot tongue as far up the brunette's fuck hole as she would reach.

“Ooooooh!” Carla wailed.

“Ummm,” purred Molly.

With the very first lick, Molly had discovered that sucking a cunt was every bit as good as having her own cunt sucked, the sort of wonderful, mutual pleasure of which a sexy girl dreams.

She began fingerfucking up Carla’s cunt with three stiff, bunched fingers, twisting them in as she sucked on her swollen clit and tongued her flowing fuck slot.

“Oh! Oh, Molly... I’m gonna cream!” wailed Carla.

“Do it! Do it!” Molly squealed.

She sucked voraciously, and her tongue stabbed in a frenzy and Carla’s steaming cunt fluttered and creamed. As cuntjuice gushed out, Molly swallowed her first female orgasm and kept right on sucking, hoping that orgasm would endure for a long time.

At long last, Carla stopped coming and purred with contentment.

Molly gave her cunt a few last laps, then moved up, curling into a loving embrace. The two horny women kissed, both of their lips, tasting of each other’s juices.

“Did you like it?” Carla asked.

“Ummmm... I loved sucking your cunt.”

“Now that we’ve done it, maybe we can suck each other off all the time, okay?”

“I’d like that,” Molly agreed. But then she frowned. “I did adore sucking you, Carla, but I still feel like some big, stiff prick!”

“Yeah, cuntsucking does give a girl that urge,” Carla agreed.

And at that very moment, there came a scratching on the door.

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## **CHAPTER TWELVE**

The big collie had not shown up at Carla’s house earlier because he was being punished for being a very bad doggy. The collie’s mistress was a confirmed spinster named Mabel who kept the dog to protect her from rapists. Mabel was a virgin, and she had an idea that rapists lurked in every alley and behind every tree. She wouldn’t have had to be a spinster, in fact, because she was not a bad looking woman with a lovely ass, but she was afraid of men and, specifically, their cocks.

Mabel refused to wed because she was afraid that her husband might rape her, and she didn’t think a wife could have her lawfully wedded spouse arrested for rape. The collie must be serving his purpose, Mabel thought, since she had not yet been approached by a rapist, let alone raped.

She had no idea, of course, that her sexy neighbor down the street had been fucking her dog.

And, therefore, she had no idea that the collie, having sampled human cunt, had learned a new trick.

But the dog had acquired a taste for women's pussies.

That morning, just after getting out of the bath and stark naked, Mabel had begun to do her exercises. She exercised regularly so that she would be fit enough to fight off a rapist, or fleet enough to outrun him, and she was in good shape... especially that nice ass.

She was bending over from the waist, touching her toes.

When the dog realized that his mistress was assuming a modified doggy fuck position, he naturally got a hard-on.

Mabel was amazed when the brute mounted her.

She felt his forelegs lock around her hips as she touched her toes. When he threw her off balance, she caught herself with both hands open on the floor. A moment later, the dog had plowed his fat prick right up her cherry cunt!

Mabel wailed out a protest.

But it was too late. As she trembled under him, the collie whipped his cock meat in and out and, before the startled woman quite realized what was happening, a splash of hot jism poured up her cunt.

She was furious.

Raped! And by her own dog!

She had punished the dumb brute by tying him up in the backyard while she tried to decide what to do about him. At first, Mabel figured she would have to get rid of him, before he took advantage of her again. But after awhile, she got thinking about it and had to admit that it had felt awfully nice to have that fat dog prick slamming up her cunt. Maybe it wasn't exactly a case of rape, at that, she reasoned. Maybe it was only rape with a human. Then, to, if she were to give her doggy some cunt once in awhile, he would no doubt be more faithful, if only because he was possessive about her pussy, and more determined to protect her from the evil men who lurked in the shadows, pricks ready to strike.

So it was that Mabel convinced herself that getting fucked by her dog was not a half bad idea and would add to her sense of security... and she decided to have the collie throw another vigorous fuck up her cunt right away.

She powdered and perfumed her pussy.

She went to the backyard to bring the dog in.

And, to her dismay, she found that the collie had chewed through his lead and was nowhere to be seen.

She had no idea where he had gone.

He had gone, of course, to visit Carla.

Carla and Molly looked at each other excitedly when they heard scratching at the back door, followed by, a moment later, an unmistakably canine whine.

"I think that we're in luck!" Carla exclaimed.

"You don't mind sharing him?" Molly asked.

"Not with a sweet cuntlapper like you," said Carla, and she gave Molly a kiss on the lips, then leaned down to plant an affectionate kiss on her pussy, as well. The scratching was becoming louder and more demanding, and the dog began to yelp.

Carla went to let him in.

The big dog bounded into the front room, and Molly's eyes lighted up when she saw that he was bigger than the boxer or the black Doberman, and that his giant prick was already semi-hard as it swung like a baton under his belly. He looked like a wolf, she thought. She wondered if a wolf pack ever raped a girl before they devoured her. Or devoured her crotch-first, with their long, rasping tongues, lapping up her pussy.

The dog noticed Molly and cocked his head.

Whenever he'd been there before, Carla had been alone, and this change in the routine rather worried the dog. He didn't know if human bitches fucked in public or not. But he did notice that this new, blonde bitch was naked, like Carla, and that her pussy had the same spicy, overheated scent. He walked over to her, then pushed his snout into her cunt, taking a tentative lap. It was tasty. When she didn't push him away, but opened her legs wider, he lapped some more.

"I see he likes you," Carla said.

"Oh, he's adorable. What's his name?"

"I don't know. He belongs to a woman down the street. But I called him Paws." She grinned. "The Paws that refreshes."

Molly thought that was a corny joke, but she had to admit that the collie's tongue was very refreshing as it delved up her fuck slot, and his cock looked like it would refresh those depths of her cunt that other cocks could not reach.

Carla came over, and she knelt beside the dog.

Reaching under him, she began to pull his prick, as if she were milking a cow. Molly tilted her head to the side to watch the dog's cock grow and harden. The collie continued to tongue her cunt, and his prick came out like a telescope, longer and longer, the fat wedge of the knob flaring out from his cockshaft. It was a thrilling sight. Although she'd come very nicely in Carla's talented mouth, Molly felt the surge of renewed need rising in her pussy.

"Shall I fuck him first?" she asked, hopefully.

Carla grinned and nodded.

The dog, who understood the word fuck, cocked his head and began to ripple all through his powerful body. Molly was going to get down on the floor, on all fours. She supposed that when you fucked with a dog, you were obliged to do it doggy fashion. But the collie suddenly hopped up, his forelegs on the couch, straddling Molly's hips and his big cock looming out over her belly. Molly saw instantly that they would be able to link up face to face. Somehow, doing it human fashion seemed more perverted than doing in animal style. More interesting, too, because of that. She watched his

cockhead flare like a torch as it stood rampant and vibrant before her. It looked so delicious that she simply had to have a taste, even though it embarrassed her a little to do that in front of Carla. She bent her head down and began to lap his cockhead, then slurped the meaty slab into her mouth.

Carla looked on with total approval.

Molly mouthed the collie's prickmeat for awhile, then drew her lips away. His cock was a tasty mouthful, and the idea of swallowing his cum was not unattractive, but the girl had already drunk plenty of dog jism today, and she was more interested in getting fucked.

Carla wrapped her fist around the root of the dog's prick, and she drew him lower, placing his knob in Molly's fuck slot. As soon as he felt hot pussy on the end of his cock, the collie knew just what to do. His hindquarters bunched with muscle, he paused, quivering, for a moment, then he rammed the length of his black prick up Molly's pussy.

Molly wailed with the joy of it.

The collie began to pour the prick to her with gusto. Molly pumped her hips wildly, meeting his thrusts, shoving her cunt down onto his huge cock as it plowed in. The blonde didn't know if collies fucked better than boxers, or if it was better doing it face to face, but she was enjoying this fucking more than her previous canine coupling. She pushed one hip down, then the other, angling her pelvis, arching her back, writhing on his long prick.

Carla was licking the dog's balls, holding his bushy tail up and lapping away as the bloated sac swung back and forth. The tight-fitting prick was pumping cuntjuice out of Molly's cunt. The hot fluids sprayed into Carla's face. Molly began to moan with an approaching climax, and the collie whacked his prick in faster as his own bestial lust rose up toward the crest of ejaculation.

His jism hosed her cunt in a steaming deluge.

Crying out in ecstasy, Molly creamed with the spurting dog, her pussy juice gushing out to mix with his cum.

After awhile, the collie slowed. His balls were momentarily drained. But when he drew his fat cock out of Molly, it was still stiff. Molly's pussy sucked on his prickmeat as he retracted it, and the knob slipped from her cunt with a hollow, slurping sound. His big cock swayed up and down, still rampant, dripping with cum and juice. Carla, her green eyes sparking, leaned in and took the dog's prick into her mouth, hungrily sucking jism and cuntjuice from the knob.

His balls began to fill up again immediately. Carla was more than ready to have her cunt stuffed full of dog prick now, but that taste of cockmeat and cum and cuntjuice had whetted her appetite, too. She wanted some at both ends. She took willing Molly by the hand, drawing her down to the floor. Molly wasn't sure what they were going to be doing, but she was damned sure that, whatever it was, she was going to enjoy it.

She lay on her back, ready for anything.

Carla threw a knee across and mounted Molly in the position of sixty-nine. Burying her head between Molly's thighs, she began to suck her friend's cum-filled cunt eagerly. Then she lowered her crotch into Molly's eager, upturned face. Molly was licking the air even before that creamy snack had descended upon her. The two horny girls began to lick each other's cunt with vigor.

The collie studied the situation for a moment.

This was new to him. But Carla, mounted on Molly, was certainly in the right position for a doggy fuck, and the way her ass was grinding around inspired the brute. He mounted Carla's churning haunches, his forelegs hooked around her hips, and slammed his cockmeat into her cunt.

Molly gave a little gasp when she realized that the cunt she was sucking was full of dog cock at the same time.

The collie's balls dragged down her face as he pushed his prick into Carla's fuckhole. Molly licked Carla's clit and watched the dog's fat prick vanish in her pussy, then draw back out, slathered with pussy nectar. Carla's cuntlips clung and dragged on the dog's retreating cockmeat, pulling out with it, then got stuffed right up into her cunt as he whammed his prick back in. Pussyjuice splashed in Molly's face. She began to tongue Carla's cuntlips and to push her tongue into the woman's fuckhole alongside the collie's cock. When he pulled out, his cockhead appeared, and Molly tongued some dog meat along with pussy. Then she parted her lips, fitting them at the point of contact, so that the dog's cock was running through her mouth en route to Carla's cunt. Molly began to whimper as her pussy sparked in an electric spasm on Carla's talented tongue. Then Carla wailed as her own climax ripped through her, inspired by a cuntful of cock and tongue together.

The collie squirted his cum into Carla's pussy.

As the blended juices poured out in a steaming river, Molly greedily sucked them up and swallowed them.

Together, two girls and a dog, they ground against one another until the last spasms of their mutual pleasure had passed.

They uncoupled slowly.

Molly wondered what they would do next.

Carla and Molly were playing with each other's cunts while they waited for the collie's prick to harden again. It didn't look like they would have long to wait. It was already jolting into a new hard-on.

Suddenly, Molly smiled.

"I've just decided what to do about my unfaithful husband!" she announced. "I'm going to ask him to buy me a dog... to keep me company when he's working late at the office!"

"What a good idea! What kind of dog?"

Molly considered.

"A bitch, I think," she said.

Carla gave her a queer look.

"Gee, you aren't going to turn lesbian, are you?" she asked. Even Carla was scandalized by the thought of dyking a bitch.

But Molly grinned.

"Why, no, but a bitch in heat will bring whole packs of dogs home," she explained. "Instead of having just one dog of my own, I can have all the variety I want."

“What a clever girl you are!” Carla said.

Carla was a frequent visitor at Molly’s house after that. Molly never complained when her husband worked late and, between them. They fucked their way through the canine kingdom.