

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Prologue

I have to tell you, I'd started getting a little worried about my daughter.

Tiffany was sixteen and a great kid, a very nice girl that I felt very proud of, but something wasn't quite right. She never had a boyfriend, for one thing. She looked so pretty too. Tiff was growing into a beautiful young woman, tall and lithe and graceful like a dancer. With her long blonde hair and soft blue eyes complimenting a rather well-developed body, she really should have had a boyfriend long before then.

I knew for a fact Tiffany had plenty of admirers, like the boys attending the nearby high school, of course, but also a number of handsome young men from our church as well. It would have been good seeing her with a nice catholic boy from church, I thought. The altar boys always seemed so serious and well behaved. I mentioned it to her, just in passing sometimes, but Tiffany was always non-committal, apathetic even. It worried me.

Being a single mother, I tried to raise her as best I could. I thought perhaps her remoteness might have been caused by that, by the fact that she'd never known a father figure, or had a male role-model to demonstrate the qualities she should be looking for in a young man. I blamed myself for that. I'd had opportunities to remarry when Tiffany had still been a child. Men found me attractive, responsible, and outgoing. Too responsible maybe, as I'd resisted those men who'd shown real interest in building a future with my daughter and me.

I thought now that I'd been mistaken doing that, selfish perhaps, and Tiffany was the one paying the price. I felt that burden, that guilt, and perhaps it was undeserved, but also quite impossible to shed. I couldn't let it go while I watched my daughter grow up lonely, without a date or even a first kiss and that seemed hardly fair.

"I'm not lonely, Mom." Tiffany smiled at me patiently, but I could see the frustration in her eyes. We were having another one of our mother-daughter chats, another of my attempts to get her interested in some sort of social life, and I think Tiffany had grown bored with them.

"You should be outside, with your friends," I suggested gently one afternoon after Tiffany had come home after school. "Meeting a boy, maybe..."

"A boyfriend, Mom?" She laughed softly. "I already have one...Don't I, Lick?"

She sat on her bed with Licorice, our big black lab. Well, he was her dog really, not ours, but he was part of the family and they were so close, Tiffany and Lick. It was one of the few comforts I had, knowing my daughter had at least the dog to comfort her, but that could be worrisome at times too. Tiffany treated the dog like he was a real person.

"Give me a kiss, Lick," Tiffany giggled. "Show Mommy how much you love me."

I smiled indulgently while Lick used his tongue to caress my daughter's beautiful face.

"Don't let him do that," I sighed, staring as Tiffany opened her mouth, letting Lick push his long red tongue between her soft lips.

"Mmmppph..." Tiffany began sucking the dog's tongue while he pulled it away. It was a game they liked and I always worried about germs, even though the vet assured me it was probably okay.

"He likes it," she giggled, licking her lips and hugging the dog while I sat nearby. "He loves me,

don't you, Licorice? Yes, you do."

"Whatever," I shook my head. "I just think you need other friends, real friends..."

"What?" Tiffany glanced at me. "Lick is real, and he's my best friend. I can tell him anything."

"You know what I mean, Tiffany." I tugged at my earlobe nervously. "Don't you want a boyfriend? Ummm...A kiss?"

"A kiss?" She laughed some more. "You don't sound like most of the moms I ever heard about."

"Well, most girls your age are at least curious," I said with a tiny blush, thinking perhaps I made it sound like I wanted her to get pregnant or something.

"I just don't like boys," Tiffany shrugged. "I love Lick."

She pushed him back until the large dog collapsed on the bed, lying down beneath Tiffany's insistent hands. She more or less fell down beside him, lying on her side so she could face the animal. I watched as she stroked the short black fur on his chest and down to his soft belly, which had a little white on it. Lick was clean, I had no worries about that and Tiff really took care of him. I only wished she would redirect some of that interest towards other people.

"Are you..." I paused, pursing my lips because I felt somewhat embarrassed by the thoughts suddenly in my head.

"Am I what, Mom?" Tiffany glanced at me and she'd started stroking the dog's furry sheath and I frowned at that.

"Don't play with him there," I told her, taking the opportunity to put off what I really wanted to ask my daughter.

"He likes it," Tiffany smiled. "He goes to sleep when I do it just right..."

She moved her hand slowly, back and forth, pulling the dog's foreskin back just enough so we could see the pink taper of his penis. Tiffany had never been shy with the animal, so far as touching him that way and I tried my best not to make a big deal out of it. It wasn't anything to get excited about, since Lick was just a dog, but it still made me vaguely uncomfortable seeing Tiffany massaging him like that.

"Well..." I sniffed.

"What were you going to ask me?"

"Oh...Uh..." There would be no easy way, so I took a deep breath and just asked. "Are you gay, Tiffany? A lesbian, I mean?"

My little girl stared at me and I hastened to explain my feelings on the subject.

"I mean, if you have feelings for other, uh...girls, it's okay," I nodded my head, speaking quickly.

Tiffany laughed and Licorice lifted his head at the sound.

"Go back to sleep, baby," Tiffany whispered, giving his open mouth a little tongue of her own.

"I understand," I continued. "Sometimes a girl can feel like that and I'm not mad or anything, I just..."

"No, Mom. I'm definitely not a lesbian," Tiffany shook her head and her eyes were bright, twinkling with cheerful amusement.

"Oh, um..." I nodded some more. "Okay then, well...I just wondered."

"I just like Lick, that's all," she shrugged. "He's my boyfriend, Mom."

"I know. I know he's your friend," I assured her. "I like him too, but there's so much to do outside, with kids your own age."

"They're boring." Tiffany kissed the soft spot on Lick's tummy, just above the head of his penis as several inches had slipped free of the sheath by then.

"Some people would say sitting in your room all day was boring," I replied.

"Nah. I'm not in here all day, Mom," she sighed. "Just after school. You know I have to take care of Lick. He misses me."

"Lick is a dog." I took a little breath of exasperated air. "He'll be just fine if you want to do something else."

"He has needs. Don't you, baby?" Tiffany said softly, like she hadn't heard a word I'd said.

"And so do you, Tiff," I tried again. "A growing girl, a sixteen year old woman, she has needs too."

"Oh! I know that!" Tiffany giggled. "Lick takes good care of all my needs too."

I wasn't sure why my daughter thought that was funny.

"He's a dog, dear."

I picked at some lint on my skirt and noticed my daughter's plaid skirt had ridden high, giving me a rather immodest view of her little white panties. She still wore her uniform from the catholic girl's school she attended.

"He's Licorice." Tiffany grinned at me. "I just wish we could have puppies." She looked at her dog. "He wants them so badly."

Tiffany sounded almost sad at that and I wondered if she was trying to suggest something.

"We're not getting another dog." I gave her a wan smile.

"What?" Tiffany looked confused for a second. "Yeah. I know, Mom. I don't want another dog anyway. Not a bitch for sure, no way."

"A...Bitch?" I stared at her.

"That's what they call a female dog," Tiffany laughed at me. "It isn't a swear word, Mom."

"Right. Yeah," I nodded. "I knew that." I just didn't like it very much, I didn't say.

"Nope..." Tiffany stroked the dog's penis a little more, exposing more of his cock, maybe another inch or so, and Lick's leg kicked a bit, "...we only need one bitch in this house. Isn't that right, Lick?"

"Excuse me?" I blinked, wondering if my daughter had just called me a...a bitch to my face.

"We only need one bitch." Tiffany narrowed her eyes. "What?"

"What?" I asked her myself, and we were both confused momentarily.

"I mean me, Mom!" Tiffany grinned and shook her pretty blonde head. "Lick thinks I'm his bitch. If we got a real female dog it would just confuse him."

"Oh." I had to think about that for a second. "Uh...Why?"

"Why?" Her blue eyes widened as she giggled. "Because I'm his bitch, Mom! You never listen to me!"

"I do listen, Tiffany," I said, leaning forward in the chair and I couldn't help but notice a little damp spot on my daughter's panties now.

The cotton clung to her vulva and I could plainly see the cleft of her barely mature sex. She wasn't even aware of her immodesty, I realized, and Tiffany really was so entirely innocent. What would happen in a year or two? When she graduated high school and left home for college or a job, or just to see the world the way grown-up children do...Tiffany was so naïve; what would happen to her then?

"No, you don't. Not really, Mom," she sighed. "But that's okay, I still love you."

"Um, I love you too." It seemed like our talking was coming to an end, although I wasn't certain why or how Tiffany had gotten the upper hand.

Or even if there was one, really. I tried to treat her as an equal, so much as that was possible, and I just sat there for a moment, watching as my daughter played her tongue along the dog's snout, slipping the tip under his upper lip and tickling his teeth. Lick didn't seem to mind and his penis was exposed a good four or five inches now, the tip red and glistening while Tiffany stroked his belly.

"I'll uh...I'll go fix you some dinner," I sighed, realizing I hadn't accomplished anything really.

"Okay Mom," she nodded. "I'm just gonna play with Lick for a little bit. He's so...tense!"

"Tense?" I laughed. "That dog is anything but tense, Tiffany. He's spoiled."

"I know." My daughter looked up at me with a happy smile. "He spoils me too though. We're perfect for each other."

"If you say so." I stood up. "Just, uh...don't play with him like that. It's not right to get him too excited."

"You mean his penis, Mom?" Tiffany gave me a small pout. "He likes it though. It makes him feel good."

"I know, but..." I shrugged.

We'd talked about that before, my daughter and me, and I'd asked the vet about touching the

animal's penis the way Tiffany did. He'd given me a funny look, but said it was perfectly safe. In fact, he'd seemed to encourage it. He'd told me it was healthy for my daughter to play with Licorice like that, even normal as some people are naturally curious...And then he'd asked me to dinner.

"I need to get ready for my date too," I said, opening the bedroom door. "Are you going to be alright by yourself tonight, honey?"

"Ohhh yeah," Tiffany nodded at me. "Lick will keep me company. You just have fun. That Dr. Hanson is seriously cute!"

"He is cute, isn't he?" I smiled, thinking maybe it wasn't too late to get a father figure in Tiffany's life. Assuming that Dr. Michael Hanson would be interested in more than just getting me into bed; I'd had far too much experience with men like that over the years.

We'd find out soon enough anyway, and I already knew he liked my daughter. Tiffany took Lick to the man's veterinary clinic every Saturday afternoon. I didn't know exactly why at first, but later Tiffany had explained her growing interest in becoming a vet herself, and that made me happy. She'd be a good one, I had little doubt of that.

I took one last look at my daughter laying on the bed with her big black dog, and she'd started sucking his tongue again. She had her small hand wrapped around the animal's long, thick penis, stroking him slowly. Whatever Lick might have thought, Tiffany sure did love that dog.

I pursed my lips, really wishing I could understand why she didn't want a boyfriend. Maybe Michael would have some ideas. He had a daughter of his own in college and he'd told me that Tiffany reminded him quite a bit of her, especially the way my daughter had bonded so closely with Lick. His friendly reassurance always made me feel a little better.

I closed the door behind me with a smile, determined to figure this thing out eventually.

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## **Chapter One - Licorice Flavored Popcorn**

"Tiffany?" I heard my mom calling me.

"In the kitchen, Mom!" I yelled back, getting out the popcorn. The real stuff too, not that microwave stuff. Licorice didn't like it much and neither did I. It didn't taste the same.

"Okay. I'm getting ready to go..." My mom walked into the kitchen. "Zip me up, please?"

"Sure," I nodded and then I got a good look at her. "Wow! Look at you!" I grinned, just kind of looking her up and down. "Dr. Hanson's gonna hurt something!"

"Oh shush!" My mom made a little face, but her blue eyes were smiling. "And what do you mean...Hurt something?"

"Turn around." I twirled my finger so I could zip up that sexy red dress I'd talked her into wearing.

My mom might have been old, like thirty-three already, but she didn't look old. She looked pretty hot and I knew Dr. Hanson liked her a lot. He'd told me so himself, plenty of times, and getting them together hadn't been very hard at all.

"I mean he's gonna walk into a wall," I giggled. "He won't be able to take his eyes off you!"

"Hmmm..." Mom looked over her shoulder and smiled.

"What did you think I meant?" I narrowed my eyes.

"Oh, nothing." She took a little breath.

"Careful, you're gonna pop it," I warned her, and I wasn't kidding. The dress wasn't too small, it was just perfect, but my mom's boobs were big and firm and if she wasn't careful they were gonna bust out.

"I'll be careful," Mom laughed, but she was a little nervous. "You sure it's okay?"

"What?" I frowned and went back to getting out the pan we used to make popcorn in. "It's fantastic, Mom. He's going to be begging for it...Trust me."

"Begging for it?" She swallowed hard and I laughed.

"For another date," I told her. "I swear, Mom, it's like you come from another planet sometimes!"

"Me?" That got her to giggle at least, which was what she needed right about then. "At least I have a date."

I rolled my eyes.

"Don't start with that," I sighed, pouring some oil in the pan. "I have a date tonight too."

She always liked to nag me about getting a boyfriend, like that's all I was good for or something. I think it made her nervous having a very pretty and very sixteen year old daughter who hadn't even gone out once with a boy. Mom suspected I was a lesbian probably, except that I didn't hang out a whole lot with other girls either. I mean, yeah, I had friends, but the person I hung out with the most was..."

"Licorice?" My mom rolled her eyes back at me.

"Yeah." I poured some popcorn in the pan. "We're gonna watch Casablanca."

"Tiff, I know you love him, but..."

Ding-Dong ... The doorbell rang.

"...Oh shoot, he's here already...How do I look? Am I okay?" Mom hit the panic button, touching her blonde hair, smoothing her dress, looking down at her shoes, and trying to check her tight round butt all at the same time.

"Perfect!" I grinned, shoving her out of the kitchen and into the ever loving arms of Lick's favorite veterinarian.

You know, my mom got pregnant with me when she'd been sixteen and the guy who'd done it, her boyfriend at the time, had even married her...for a little while. But now she was acting like she'd never been out on a date before. It seemed pretty weird, but then again it could have been love too. That thought made me smile and I really hoped that's why she felt so nervous. I liked Dr. Hanson a lot!

"Hmmm..." I grinned at Lick as he curled up by the refrigerator, since that was his favorite spot in

the whole house, except for my bed. "We need a lot of popcorn, you think?"

Licorice wagged his tail and I knew he agreed with me. We loved that stuff. So I made three big batches, dumping it all in a huge Rubbermaid bowl and salted it all up, but not too much, and then I opened the refrigerator, making Lick scoot his big black butt out of the way.

"Where's the butter?" I frowned, looking behind stuff and checking the door shelves, and even opening the veggie and fruit drawers. "Where's the butter, Lick?"

But Licorice didn't know either and he was looking too, sticking his big head in there and sniffing around, in case I'd missed it. Cause sometimes I do. I'm not a total airhead, but...you know. Sometimes my mind sorta wanders and he knew it.

"Shoot." I put my hands on my hips. "I hate popcorn without butter!"

I looked at that big bowl full of the stuff, all nice and hot and salty and just sitting there waiting for some nice warm creamy butter to drip all over it.

"Mmmm..." I started thinking hard, wondering where I might get something like that. I could ask the neighbors, I supposed, but it had already gotten dark outside and I just wore a big old t-shirt and I didn't even have any panties on! Not that they'd know. I mean, it was a really big t-shirt, but still...

I thought briefly about mayonnaise, because I think they put that on everything in France, but it didn't sound too good to me. Besides, it sat on a shelf in the refrigerator, so it would be cold and thick and...Yuck! Good for a sandwich maybe, but not for popcorn.

And then I started thinking about what else I could use that would be warm and creamy, really tasty too. Something not too sweet, but a little tangy maybe. Something bitter-sweet almost. You know what I mean?

"Hmmm..." I looked at Licorice and he was smiling at me.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking, Lick?" I asked playfully, because as a general rule as soon as my mom was out of the house for more than fifteen minutes we were both thinking about one thing.

He knew what I was saying too, although my mom would never believe that. Dr. Hanson did though. He knew all about dogs and he'd made a point of encouraging his own daughter to spend as much time as she could with her dog. He'd told me it was super important for growing girls, like his daughter and me, to explore our feelings. And our bodies too, and if we could explore them both at the same time...Well, he wasn't a doctor for nothing!

Yep! Doctor Hanson had to be pretty smart and I hoped it would rub off on my mom. But right then I was going to rub off Licorice, and he knew it.

"Let's make some butter, Lick!" I grinned at him and dropped my bare butt to the kitchen floor. "Come here. There you go...Oh! You are ready for some popcorn, huh?"

His cock had already grown a little hard, the pink tip poking out from his soft furry sheath. He knew what I was saying just fine and if my mom had been there she'd have understood that. But it was just me and Licorice and so I pushed him onto his back, like the big puppy he was, and went to work on getting his penis all the way hard.

"What?" I pulled my mouth off his cock, wiping doggy precum from my lips with the back of my



hand. "You want to 69 with me?"

I giggled at the dog and he was always so cool.

"Okay, but just a little bit; the popcorn's getting cold already!" I moved around so I could kneel over Lick's face.

Mostly we did it with me on my back and Lick standing over me, but we could do it the other way too. He didn't mind so long as I didn't get too excited and push my little blonde pussy down on his face too much. I always had a hard time remembering not to do that, but I usually concentrated all my energy on his big red penis anyway, so I figured I had a good excuse.

Lick's cock poked all the way out now, long and thick and the tip, which was sorta pointed with a cute little lip at the bottom, leaked a lot of precum. Even more than usual, I thought, but that's cause Licorice smelled the popcorn probably. He was planning on making out with me while we watched the movie, since that's what we mostly did, and just the smell got him excited. He could be such a total boy!

"W-Wait..." I breathed, cause Lick was close to coming and I was too. His tongue had been working in and around my asshole mostly and we both knew I kinda liked that a lot for some strange reason.

"Don't you cum...Hold on..." I grabbed a big coffee cup, because I needed something to catch all that butter. "Okay...Okay..."

I went back to work on Lick's penis, sliding my tightly stretched lips up and down the shaft, tickling the tip of his cock with my little pink tongue. He liked it in my mouth almost as much as in my pussy, and I was holding his cock close to the knot, which had swollen nicely. It kinda felt like a big plum at the moment, the muscle all dark and hot with his eagerness. It would get even bigger than that too when he finally started to really shoot his sperm.

"Mmppph..." I groaned and tried not to think about what Licorice was doing to my tight little ass.

He had a dirty mind that night! God! He completely ignored my pussy, which was only a little frustrating, and just tongue fucking my virgin ass. I swear, he wormed his tongue right inside butt and I couldn't have stopped him even if I'd wanted to. It was impossible not to totally relax and let him have me. It felt too good and my little sphincter just opened right up for Lick's tongue like a revolving door. Sorta.

Lick wanted to try anal sex. That's why he was doing it, but I still felt kind of scared of that. It would hurt probably, because Licorice did have a seriously big cock. I mean, compared to my little body his dick looked huge! Maybe Mom could have taken him in her butt, since she was full grown and a little bigger all around, but not me, I didn't think...Except I felt so hot and so wet and so ready for it!

"Ohhhh...No..." I giggled and sucked cool air.

The thought of my mom letting my canine boyfriend bone her butt had made me laugh and a little voice in my head told me if Lick was going to fuck anybody in the ass, it had to be me. I was his bitch, not my mom.

But it was still a pretty funny thought.

"Ohhh Lick...Do it...Do it..." I gasped, rocking my hips and rolling my ass.

I stroked Lick's big doggy dick with one hand and kept my other hand tight at the base of his knot. It seemed as big as a tennis ball by then, but a lot harder than that! Hotter too and I really loved Lick's cock. All I had to do was make a fist and hold him tight, his cock would think he'd locked up my pussy and then...

"Yesssss..." I hissed as he started shooting for me!

I loved watching my boyfriend cum, it looked so sexy and I hardly ever got to see it. Mostly because we were either making love or I was sucking him off when Lick came. But now I was giving him a hand job, which was pretty fun actually, really sexy too, and Licorice was shooting off his sperm finally. And I got to watch!

It came out fast too, all hot and creamy, like a stream of it with just little pauses here and then. I don't know how boys do it, but dogs cum for a long time. It's kind of amazing really and I giggled when Lick kinda whimpered the way he always does. A low, happy, growling sort of whimper as his milky load of semen filled the cup nicely! We were gonna have a lot of doggy butter for our popcorn tonight!

Lick complained a little and his legs were kicking, but that's just because it felt really good for him, cumming like that while I pointed his hard cock into the coffee cup. It also felt a little weird too probably, because he knew he wasn't in my pussy and Licorice always figured if he came anywhere else, no matter how good it felt, it was kind of a waste of perfectly good dog sperm.

I tried to tell him that even if he came in my pussy, it would still sort of be a waste since I couldn't have puppies. But Lick didn't really believe me. He just figured we needed to try harder. He's such an optimist! That's one of the reasons I love him so much.

"Ohhh, you're such good boyfriend," I sighed, smiling and licking his cock clean for him, even though Lick would want to do that himself.

I stood up on rubbery legs, feeling my pussy juice and Lick's saliva running down my thighs. My butt was wet too! Inside and out, and I wondered just how much tongue he'd gotten inside my ass. He'd made me cum a couple times, and I hadn't even touched myself. Just little ones though, not the big earth movers I got when we fucked, but still...It had to be pretty cool having a boyfriend who could bring me off by eating my ass out. I didn't bet too many guys at school would do that for their girlfriends!

"Okay...Popcorn time!" I swirled Lick's sperm around in the cup and I don't know how much there was, but believe me it was a lot. Half the cup was full, and maybe that was a real half-cup, or probably not, but either way it would be plenty enough for our popcorn.

I put my nose in there and took a deep breath, savoring the aroma of hot fresh dog cum. It's nice too, like the sort of smell that made my clit feel like a lightning rod in a thunderstorm. A shiver went up my spine as I inhaled that dusky, musky, pungent aroma that was pure Licorice. I seriously wanted to drink it, and I almost did, but we wanted to eat popcorn too. So I only took a little sip.

I used a spoon to spread it on the popcorn while Licorice cleaned his swollen cock, getting his butter straight from the tap since he was still leaking sperm. I mighta felt kind of jealous actually, and I thought I should make him do the cooking next time, just so I could clean him up. But then he'd stay hard most likely and we'd never get anything accomplished.

I filled the tablespoon over and over, dribbling warm dog semen all over the popcorn. And then I'd shake it a little, you know, so all the butter wasn't just on the top, and then I'd dribble some more on

it. There really was quite a lot of dog butter there and I'd grin at Lick every now and then, just because he must have had some seriously hard working balls!

"There we go!" I said and then I popped the spoon into my mouth, sucking on it while I gave the bowl a final shake and toss. I'd gotten it all mixed up pretty good and this was gonna be great!

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We were watching Casablanca again because it's our favorite. I like the end mostly, but getting there is so awesome too, but when Rick let's his one true love leave...Even though she'd stay if he asked her too...I just melt every time. The end always curls my toes and makes me cry.

Lick just has a thing for Ingrid Bergman, I thought, but I wasn't jealous. If I really was into girls like my mom thought I was? I'd be into her too, probably. If I was into boys, I'd definitely want a guy like Bogart. But I was into dogs, one dog in particular, and right then we were making out like bandits!

I was kind of half-laying on the sofa, with the popcorn bowl on the floor, and Licorice lay on my tummy. His paws were on my shoulders and his cock wasn't completely hard yet, but enough of it had slipped from the sheath to push the tapered head between my plump labia. I didn't have any panties on and that made it pretty easy with my legs spread around him. We were kissing nicely too, his tongue exploring my mouth the way we like it, and soon he would be growing harder and longer, and his cock was already inside the front door, so to speak.

We'd be seriously fucking in a few more minutes if we weren't careful and believe me...being careful was the last thing on my mind!

But just about the time I started lifting my hips and tugging at Lick's soft fur to urge him deeper, the other door opened, the real one, and my mom was coming home! The living room is right there too. I mean she could see us as soon as she stepped inside the house, so all I could do was try and pull my big t-shirt down far enough so she couldn't tell I wasn't wearing panties, or most especially that a few inches of Lick's penis was stretching my little hole. She wouldn't have approved of either of those things!

"Hi...uh...Mom." I swallowed a whole bunch of spit and licked my lips while Licorice and me looked at her. He was panting heavily too, and looking pretty guilty I thought.

"Hey Tiff," Mom said and then she made one of her little faces. "What are you doing? Casablanca again?"

"How come you're home so early?" I asked, hoping to change the subject.

"Don't play with him like that," Mom sighed. "You're going to get germs."

"Don't worry, I brushed his teeth," I giggled and it wasn't the truth, but Mom knew I was teasing. "He's got good germs anyway, don't you?"

I opened my mouth and Lick wasn't shy at all, he kissed me some more and Mom just sighed. She knew we liked to kiss and she wasn't in the mood to really argue about it. I wouldn't stop anyway, we never did, and even Mom had to admit it wasn't hurting either of us. She just wished I was kissing a boy like that, probably.

"Michael had an emergency," Mom explained, sitting down on the recliner and taking off her heels. "Someone's cat had a tummy ache or something. Swallowed a bag of catnip, I think."

"Stupid cats," I said and Licorice nodded.

"Yeah..." she sighed. "He asked me for a rain check though, so..."

"Aww..." I frowned, feeling real sympathy. "That sucks...Ugh!...Lick!" I giggled and then blushed, because I'd just felt him push a little with his hips, pretending like he wanted to get more comfortable, but I knew it was his cock getting bigger. He really pushed it inside me too! Like all of a sudden I had half his cock inside my pussy.

"Yeah," Mom nodded. "So...He dropped me off and...Did the movie just start?"

"Uh-huhhhh..." I agreed weakly, squeezing my thighs around Lick's hips and giving him a look, like he better behave.

"Good...The popcorn's still warm too." Mom reached for the bowl, sliding it closer as she got comfy on the chair, or as comfy as she could in her tight red dress. I wished she'd go change her clothes.

"You be good," I whispered to Licorice.

But Lick had a mischievous gleam in his soft brown eyes, almost golden as they stared into mine. He wanted to fuck me in front of my mom, like secretly. He pushed again, just a little, and gave me a soft growl to let me know I was his girlfriend and I'd ought to start acting like one. He could be so bad sometimes! A real chauvinist, you know? But it was kind of a turn on, even though I couldn't believe I was letting him do it. I mean, my mom was just a few feet away! The only thing covering us was my t-shirt, pulled down the sides of my thighs and bunched up between us.

"Mmmm..." Mom looked at me and I smiled innocently. "This is good popcorn. What did you put on it?"

"Oh, uh...We're out of butter," I shrugged. "I borrowed some from the neighbors."

"Huh." She nodded, putting a little handful, some of the kernels a little soggy with Lick's sperm, into her mouth and chewing thoughtfully.

"It's pretty good, isn't it?" I giggled and then grunted softly as Lick shimmied his big body on top of mine and pushed a couple more inches of hard dog penis inside my slippery pussy.

"Yeah. I wonder what kind they buy," Mom said, watching the television and Humphrey Bogart dealing with Sydney Greenstreet in the Green Parrot.

"I think it's, ugh! French!" I gasped and then pulled Lick's face to mine so he could kiss me. I was going to cum any second and I needed an excuse to make some noise.

"Hmmm...French butter?" My mom laughed softly. "I thought they put mayonnaise on everything over there."

"Uhhmmm...Oh, yeahhh..." I moaned into Lick's mouth and his cockhead was nudging my cervix.

"You and that dog." Mom looked at us, reaching for more Licorice flavored popcorn. "You're going to miss the best part."

My mom liked the part where Sam played the piano.

"Noooo...Ohhhh...I'm not...Missing it...Mom..." I stroked Lick's body as he pushed himself against

me, trying to calm him down, but that was hard to do while I came hard all around his hard swollen cock.

Mom thought we were wrestling around on the sofa, which was something she hated.

"Tiff, not on my couch..." she sighed with exasperation, but we weren't stopping.

Licorice had pushed his knot inside me, before it got too big, and now it was large and hard and pushing against the soft walls of my sex. I felt stuffed by it, with his cock reaching as far inside me as it could, right up into my womb, and his swollen muscle lodged in the throat of my pussy. It wasn't coming out either, not until after he came inside me, and then another ten or fifteen minutes besides.

My boyfriend had locked me up good! Right in front of my mom, and it was going to be a long, long night as I tried to keep that a secret! I was cumming too, like over and over, my body shaking so much that Mom was ready to get me a blanket!

"Are you cold, dear?" she asked and I was almost crying because I wanted to scream with pleasure and couldn't.

"N-No..." I managed to say. "It's just the m-movie..."

"Yeah, it gives me chills too," Mom nodded and held out the bowl she was eating from. "Do you want some of this?"

"Nooooo...I...I got my own..." I breathed out slowly, closing my eyes as I felt Licorice cumming inside me. Once we were locked, he usually came quickly, that was the good thing about it.

"Well, don't blame me if I eat all the popcorn," Mom clucked her tongue. "You and that dog, Tiff...I swear..."

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## **Chapter Two - Licorice for Breakfast**

It was warm in my bed, so nice, and I could feel him between my long legs. I had my arms around his neck and his face was turned away from mine while we lay on our sides. I kissed him, blindly because I didn't want to open my eyes yet.

My alarm went off a six every morning, and every morning I woke about five minutes early, just waiting for it. Enjoying those brief minutes that were mine alone. I'd been dreaming, like always, and about puppies again.

And my pussy was wet. I could feel it hot and moist, and smell it too. I'd been rubbing myself against him in my sleep, because it seemed so sexy, so natural to be with him that way. If I'd been a boy I would have cum probably, but all my pussy did was get wet and hot and empty while I dreamed.

I reached behind me to turn off my alarm, not wanting to hear the noise at all. It was 5:58 and I had time, if we were quick.

My hand moved down his back, under the sheet, feeling him big and heavy beside me, and he was so soft. I slid my hand around, over to his chest and down his soft belly to find his cock wrapped in soft fur. It was firm in its sheath, hard even while he slept, and I kissed him again, wrapping my sixteen-

year-old fingers around that penis, stroking him slowly, coaxing him to wake up.

"Hey, sleepy head," I whispered softly and a moment later sang his name. "Licorice..."

He lifted his nose, smiling at me and licking his lips, and his cock was growing long under my fingers. He was a good dog, a great boyfriend, so attentive to my needs and eager to please. Lick knew what I wanted and he just had to wake up a little more, that's all.

"You want what?" I looked at him, blinking my bright blue eyes in the morning sun.

He licked my lips.

"Bad dog!" I laughed softly. "Okay...I'll suck it for you."

He loved getting head in the morning and I wasn't sure why, but it shouldn't have surprised me that he wanted a blowjob that morning too. It was okay, even though I wanted to feel him inside me, I liked making him feel good. I'd have sperm for breakfast, I giggled to myself, knowing there were worse ways to start my day.

I urged Lick onto his back and I could see his cock already out of its sheath, maybe an inch or two, not that much, all pink and red with the pointy lip of his penis just a little wet. He'd get a lot bigger than that pretty soon; Licorice was a Black Lab, and a large one even for that breed. He weighed a good 85 or 90 pounds, all muscle beneath his shiny black fur. When he stood up on his back legs he could put his paws on my shoulders and kiss me while we danced.

And his penis...I was in love with it, just as I was in love with the rest of him. I rubbed his cock gently and didn't wait, but just put my mouth over the tip, giving it a soft warm place to grow, washing it with my tongue and swallowing his dripping precum, which would flow faster the more excited he got.

Lick was my first boyfriend, my only boyfriend, and we'd been having sex for almost a year. My mom didn't know that, of course. She knew we kissed and that I liked to play with his cock, but not the other stuff. We tried to be discreet about our relationship, but some things were just impossible to hide, so we didn't bother. Besides, I kinda liked making out with my boyfriend in front of her and Lick could be really bad about it! I wondered if he didn't want us to get caught sometimes.

"Mmmm..." I moaned softly around Lick's penis as it grew, getting longer and fatter.

It had an odd shape, not like a boy's at all, and I was glad of that. I'd seen naked men in pictures before and human dicks weren't anything to get excited about, in my opinion. Lick's cock was easily as large as a full grown man's. I couldn't say exactly how big, but enough so that he found the bottom of my pussy when we made love. Thick enough that my fingers wouldn't reach all the way around the widest part, right there in the middle.

And then there was the knot, something special that no boy would ever be able to offer me. The best part about making love with Lick was when we got locked up. When his cock reached so far inside me that the tip must have been kissing my cervix. That felt so good that it hurt and the other way around too. He hurt me nice and neither of us moved very much once he was that deep.

I liked the idea that maybe he was even inside me there. That his cock had opened that tiny bottleneck somehow and he was shooting his sperm straight into my womb...But that's probably impossible, right? Anyway, the knot of muscle would expand inside me, pushing against the walls of my pussy and trapping all our juices inside until he was done. Until Mother Nature was satisfied that

he'd knocked me up with his puppies and that beautiful lump of muscle could let me go.

But of course I never got pregnant and I felt kinda bad about that.

Maybe that's why I didn't mind those morning blowjobs. I did it the best I knew how too. Lick's cock had swollen quickly and he made soft noises, moving every now and then as if to get up, but he liked this a lot. He'd stay still for me, letting me suck him slowly at first. I'd squeeze his cock at the base, where the knot was just starting to grow, and I could feel it beneath my fingers. I'd keep my kips tight around the shaft and slide up and down, using my tongue to wash him with spit and cock juice before I swallowed it happily.

A lot would drip from the corners of my mouth though. I could never keep up, no matter how fast I swallowed. I'd have to strip my bed before school, throw it in the washing machine before my mom found it and wondered. She didn't know about this stuff, even though I'd been trying to give her clues. Not obvious ones, but little ones. Mom could be pretty naïve about Licorice and I always found that kinda surprising. I mean, she wasn't dumb, I just think that the idea of me having sex with my dog was so far out there for that she wouldn't let the possibility into her head...Even when it stared her in the face.

I reached down to rub my pussy, slipping my fingers through the soft curling blonde pubes to find my clit, my hard little button, and I rubbed it. I could get off just playing with my pussy and sucking Lick off, we'd done it a lot. Some mornings we made love, most mornings we did this, and other times he wanted to go down on me. We had a really excellent sex life and we were perfect for each other.

I just wished I could get pregnant. When I felt my orgasm starting, that's what I thought about. How I was Lick's bitch, but I couldn't have his puppies. So I imagined I could, pictured myself with a swollen tummy, not too big, but sorta big cause I'd be a good two months pregnant with like six healthy puppies before I gave birth. My smooth stomach would be rounded outward and above that my smallish breasts would become fat and plump, the nipples dark and long and thick. They'd be tough enough for puppies to nurse on, full of mother's rich milk.

What a glorious dream, I thought, shoving a finger inside my pussy and thumbing my clit as I came. Just a little one, a nice one, and I kept sucking Lick's big cock. He was close too. He usually lasted about ten minutes, sometimes more, but rarely less, and my mouth only got a little tired. My jaw just starting to protest when I felt his cock pulse and his cum filled my mouth quickly to overflowing. There always seemed to be too much of it, and it came out with a steady rush like I was sucking on a hot faucet.

I loved that about him. And I swallowed his semen eagerly, tasting it and smelling it, that damp musky odor and slightly salty, bitter metallic taste that was uniquely Licorice. I put my mouth on his fur, sucking up spilled cum, and then getting the small pool that had landed on my bed before going back to his cock. I cleaned him for a few more minutes because he was still cumming, just slower now that the initial spray finished and if he'd been mating with me, we'd have been locked tight right then. His sperm would be flooding my womb.

But instead I had it in my tummy, warm and fresh, and my mouth was full of his flavor. I let him go finally. He'd been whining softly, looking at me and wondering when he could clean himself up. It would be a few minutes before the exposed knot would shrink enough for the sheath to slide back into place. So he'd lap at it, walk around with his big dick hanging down, just waiting. Poor boy. I had to clean myself too, and clean my bed, and it was already 6:15 and my mom was up. I could hear her voice, calling me, making sure I was getting ready for school.

"Come on. I'll let you outside," I told Lick, rolling off my bed and grabbing my bathrobe. He was happy about that and followed me as I walked down the hallway towards the kitchen, scratching my lotta blonde hair, all messed up and wild looking.

"Morning Tiffany," Mom said. She smiled brightly, since she was the original morning person, and her blue eyes reflected her cheerful mood.

"Good morning," I smiled back at her because I liked mornings okay too, but mostly because she made it so easy.

"Oh! Not again," she sighed, looking at Lick and his swollen red cock dripping as he walked across the kitchen floor. "Did he make a mess?"

"I'll take care of it," I promised.

I'd told my mom that Licorice had wet dreams, like boys do, and she'd believed me. Is that naïve or what? But I had some help there too, from Lick's vet who was exceptionally cool, for being a man. My mom, like a lot of people, believed everything he said, since he was a doctor. A doctor could tell people the sky was made out of cotton candy and they'd believe him, or so it seemed to me sometimes. Doctors, even veterinarians, were modern gods to people like my mom, but I didn't blame her.

"It's because he sleeps with you, probably," Mom decided, talking to me over her shoulder as she scrambled some eggs.

"Me?" I giggled and walked over to give her a kiss after I'd let Lick outside. The backyard was all fenced.

"He should sleep in his doghouse." She let me kiss her cheek. "That's what it's for. You have morning breath."

"I do?" I laughed. "Sorry."

Mom wrinkled her nose and she looked pretty cute when she did that too. I'm not sure if my mom could be called a hottie or not, but she was definitely cute for being over thirty years old, and not fat or hunchbacked or anything. Mom had a serious body when she felt like showing off, which wasn't often, and she could have had a lot of boyfriends. I'd been trying to hook her up with Lick's vet. He was a nice guy, a little older than Mom, but really smart...And he loved dogs as much as me. He didn't even blink when Lick kissed me and I figured they'd look good together, my mom and Dr. Hanson, I mean.

"He likes sleeping with me," I said a few minutes later, sitting down with eggs and toast. "It's comfortable and Lick can't help it if he has a wet dream."

"Well, it's a mess," Mom frowned, sitting down at the table with me.

"Yeah!" I grinned, pulling my bed head out of my face. "I don't mind. I like it."

"It's all that rubbing you do with him," she said, reaching back to tie her own long blonde hair in a loose knot. "You play with his penis too much."

"I just rub it for him," I replied with a shrug. "He needs that sort of attention sometimes."



"And kissing him?" Mom looked at me, expecting my usual argument.

"It's just kissing," I said. "Better than kissing boys, right?"

"I don't know about that," she sighed and shook her head.

I knew she wanted me to get a boyfriend. My mom had gotten pregnant with me when she was still in high school and so she didn't want me pregnant, don't think that, but her idea of normal was for a sixteen year old girl to have a boyfriend. To go on dates and stress out when he didn't call and...you know, that sort of thing. It seemed about as narrow a view as her blindness towards me and Lick. She thought there had to be something wrong with me if I didn't have a boyfriend.

But I had one - Licorice. I loved him a whole lot more than I would ever be able to love a boy. We did everything together, and not just sex, but all the other stuff too. We liked the same movies, the same books and music. I could talk to him about anything in the world. He could keep all my secrets. He was just perfect and I loved him. My mom was going to have to get used to it because I think, I hoped, that someday Lick would ask me to marry him.

That's the other thing, and nobody believes me; probably you don't believe me either, but Lick talked to me all the time. Not in words, I don't mean it like that, but we communicated just fine. Like that morning...When he wanted a blowjob, I knew it. He didn't sit up and bark, he just told me.

Mom wasn't ever gonna believe me if I told her that though. She'd send me to a hospital and probably send Lick to the animal shelter. So I wasn't going to take any chances with that. It was my biggest secret, even more than the fact that I had sex with him. People would believe that. They might not like it, but they'd believe it. Girls have sex with dogs all the time. A talking dog though? No way.

But like I said, Licorice loved me, I knew that. I was his bitch and even though I'd tried to explain to him about puppies and how we couldn't have any together, I knew he was going to propose someday. Probably sooner rather than later too, just because Lick wasn't really a patient sort of boyfriend at all.

And I was definitely going to say yes when he did.

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### **Chapter Three - Lick 'n Mom**

"What?" I stared at Licorice and then I giggled as he nodded his head seriously.

I'd just gotten home from school and I wasn't sure if I believed him or not. Part of me wanted to, just because it had been a pretty cool story, but most of me didn't because it made me a just a little bit jealous too.

I mean, how would you feel if you'd spent eight hours at school, bored out of your mind listening to some nun tell you how important geometry was going to be in your career as a veterinarian? That's what I wanted to be someday, and for the life of me I couldn't figure out how finding the area of a triangle was ever going to help me deliver a baby horse.

I'd have to ask Dr. Hanson about that. He was Lick's vet and just about one of my best friends, except he was pretty old. Cute too.

So anyway, and then after school I rushed straight home because I'd been drawing pictures of Licorice all day, well parts of Licorice, you know, and jilling off under my plaid skirt because I'd forgotten to wear panties on purpose, and then I get home expecting a big hot hard welcome from my boyfriend...And he tells me he's too tired!

So I stood there, hands on my hips and feeling neglected the way a girlfriend will when she needs something and doesn't get it, and Licorice is trying to explain how he got all worn out.

Apparently, and I'm just telling you what Lick told me, evidently the day started like any other for my four year old black lab...

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Except for the fact that I was running late! This happened to be a Monday, which probably explains a lot. I never got the hang of Mondays and I felt tired too, so I hit my snooze button like three times in row, which totally spoiled any chance I had of getting off before school. I ran around the house, trying to get dressed, looking for my homework from all the way last Friday, brushing my hair, brushing my teeth, brushing the lint off my skirt cause I forgot to clean the filter in the dryer before I put it in there...Ugh!!!

I hate Mondays!

And Licorice just sat on my bed, frowning at me because he'd woken up like he always did, expecting a good morning blowjob from his beautiful sixteen year old bitch, or maybe even a nice quick game of Breed the Blonde! Which is what Lick calls it, by the way, not me. Boys are so like that! But I didn't have time for any of that because I just knew my school bus would be early, since I was late, and it was a Monday like I said.

And of course my mom wasn't any help at all either. She just clucked her tongue and shook her head and drank her coffee. But what did she care? She had the day off, lucky her, and she wasn't going to be late for anything, except maybe a date with her vacuum cleaner since all she ever did on her days off was clean. She could be so psycho sometimes! Like she'd stepped out of a Good Housekeeping magazine or something. Her favorite, by the way, which really shows how hopeless Mom could be. I kept waiting for her to have a mid-life crisis so she'd start reading Cosmo or something, but...

"Bye dear!" My mom wiggled her cheerful fingers at me and I just scowled. "Have a nice day at school."

I ran to my bus stop, and that's two blocks away for some stupid reason, and I was momentarily relieved when I saw Patricia standing there. She's one of my friends and we go to school together and so if she was there then I hadn't missed my bus. And of course she was happy to see me too, because she thought maybe she'd missed the bus. It took five minutes for us to realize that we'd both missed it and now had to walk the mile and a half to school. Uphill, against the wind, and in the rain.

Mondays suck.

That's my part of the story...

Lick's story, if you believe him, and I wasn't sure I did, begins sometime later. He couldn't say for sure what time that was though, since he never bothered to look at the clock. He knows how to tell time, believe me, it's just that he's a dog and so time is totally irrelevant to him, a fact he likes to point out when I'm running late for school.

"You shoulda been born a dog, Tiff," he'll say and I just growl at him.

Now my mom is an attractive woman by human standards, and so by dog standards she's even more attractive than that. Dogs love girls and they're all beautiful, even the ugly ones, so according to Licorice, my mom is pretty amazingly stunning by dog standards. I'm not sure I'd ever want to try and explain that to her though, but I think Mom knows anyway. A woman can always tell when a guy likes her, it's instinctive.

Anyway, Mom's especially gorgeous to Licorice, he says, because she can open doors and big cans of dog food, and she scratches behind his ears like nobody's business, but that's just Lick's sense of humor talking. He really does like our blonde hair and blue eyes, except he's color blind, so...I think he just loves our butts mostly. I don't care if he's an ass-dog or not, Lick loves me and he's told me so a zillion times. He loves my mom too, except she confuses him a lot.

Mostly because Lick knows she's in her prime, like mature and full grown and just perfect for breeding. But she never does it for some reason and that always confuses him. There are only three reasons for living, according to Licorice: sleeping, eating, and breeding. My mom does the first two just fine, but that third reason was kicking her ass, and that's exactly how he put it. I'd never say something like that! But four or five dog years and only one puppy to show for it? Lick didn't get my mom's mating habits at all.

Licorice was relaxing, trying to fall back to sleep after Hurricane Tiffany finally left for school and he was doing a good job of it too. Lick said he was dreaming of me actually, but I think he was just trying to cheer me up after my terrible Monday. Anyway, he knows how badly I want to have his puppies, and Lick wants me to have puppies too. He told me he was laying there on my bed, still smelling me and liking that a lot, and dreaming about how I was fat with six baby black labs in my belly. And my boobs were big and dripping milk and we were kissing on the couch watching Casablanca and talking about names for our babies...

When my mom happened to come into my room. She was wearing her old bathrobe, according to Licorice, sort of a pink one, although that's just because it was faded. It had been more of a lavender color once, like ten years ago or something, but now it was pink. And probably she was going to take a bath, since she had the day off and everything. But she'd seen Licorice on my bed and decided maybe she should let him outside, since it was morning and all.

She started taking off her earrings, Licorice told me, and I really didn't know if I believed that or not. Firstly, I didn't remember seeing my mom wearing any earrings when she was sitting in the kitchen drinking her coffee. But I hadn't been looking for them either. Secondly though, my mom generally took off her jewelry before she went to sleep, not after she woke up. So Lick could have been making that part up, but let's pretend he wasn't.

I have to humor him sometimes, cause he is my boyfriend.

And Mom walks into the bedroom, wearing her robe sort of loosely, I guess, not really tied around her waist because she's just going from her bedroom to the bathroom. And she got sidetracked, like I said, taking a detour into my room and so that got Lick's attention right away. I mean he could see her, you know, mostly almost naked, and Lick is a boy and he likes seeing stuff like that.

My mom looks mostly like me, except she's older. When I'm online sometimes, like in a chat room, usually the one called #RealDogLovers, which is sort of a cool chat room except there's a lot of guys who just want to see pictures of me and Licorice kissing and stuff, but I ignore those. Anyway, when I'm on there and someone asks me "What do you look like?" I mostly say "Welllll...I look like my

mom, except younger.” And that should give them a clue, wouldn’t you think?

But it doesn’t so I have to tell them what my mom looks like. She’s kind of tall, but not really tall, and thin, but not skinny or anything. She has legs all the way up to her nice round butt and really great boobs. I hope I get boobs like hers because they’re sorta too big for the rest of her, but it still looks really good, especially when she wears an awesome dress. My tits are a little too small for my body, I think, but maybe not. I’m smaller all the way around, really and Lick’s into butts anyway and he says mine’s perfect, but he’s my boyfriend too and if he didn’t say that...You know. I’d be kinda not happy.

That’s what Licorice was looking at, except even more because he could see my mom’s soft flat tummy and her creamy thighs and even her golden bush, which isn’t much thicker than mine and mine is hardly thick at all. He calls it a bush, not me. I hate that word. I think my mom trims hers a little, but I never asked her or anything. I’ve seen her naked though, you know, and it looks pretty neat, meaning well kept and trimmed, and the other way too...Meaning pretty cool. I’d like to trim mine sometime, but I’m a little nervous about it.

“Do you want to go outside, Licorice...Oh! Darn it...” my mom said, according to Lick.

She’d dropped her earring, theoretically, and of course it didn’t fall right at her feet...But I’m getting ahead of myself. Or ahead of Licorice, I should say.

When my mom asked Lick if he wanted to go out, he did what any dog does. He stretched and yawned and licked his lips and hopped off the bed, because going outside is always one of life’s simple pleasures, even if he really didn’t need to right at that moment. Outside is like heaven for dogs. Would you pass up a chance to go to heaven if you could go back in the house and take a nap later?

Me neither.

He jumped off the bed just about the time my mom decided to drop one of her earrings. He stood there in my bedroom, watching as my mom frowned and looked around her feet for it, but of course it hadn’t landed at her feet, as I mentioned before. That magical earring had done what all earrings do, and socks too, and anything else that comes in pairs...It had disappeared!

According to Licorice.

And he tilted his head, watching patiently and not without some genuine curiosity because humans in general, and the two bitches living in his house in particular, never failed to amaze him with some of the things we’d do...And I spent some time arguing that with him! Licorice watched as my mom got down on her hands and knees, right there on the carpet in her short, half-closed bathrobe, right in front of my horny boyfriend.

Now, according to Licorice there’s only one reason a bitch will ever get on her hands and knees in front of a dog. We might pretend there’s other reasons, like a lost earring for example, but Lick wasn’t buying that. The only reason a full grown fertile beautiful bitch like my mom would get down on the floor was if she was in heat. Or so my dog says.

And Licorice swears she was. In heat, I mean, although any other time Lick will tell you that human females are in heat every day of the week and twice on Sundays, we just pretend we aren’t. But he wanted to change his story, so I listened with a little roll of my eyes as Licorice explained to me that my mom was most definitely ripe for breeding at that particular instant and no other.

He could smell her, Lick told me, and I had a hard time arguing with that, since his nose is like a thousand times better than mine. He could smell my mom's pussy and, according to him, her need to breed filled the air with the heady sweet scent of eau de come fuck me! Lick has such a dirty mouth sometimes! I think he just says the really bad words because he likes to see me blush. Dogs can't blush, you know, so they like it when we do. It's a lot like laughing.

Mom had gotten on her hands and knees and actually a little lower than that even, or at least her shoulders were, because she'd decided to look under my bed. And of course my mom's bathrobe isn't exactly one of those long ones either, in fact it's pretty short on her. I mean, yeah, it covers her tight round butt just fine, but it wasn't going to cover anything else while she was down on the floor like that!

My dog could see everything! My mom's little puckered up and golden brown butthole...Thanks for telling me, Lick, like I need to know about my mom's butt?...and most especially her swollen pussy. He said it was swollen, like puffy and fat and had sort of a soft pink crease splitting the darker flesh of her vulva. Thin, buttery labia, according to him, and just a hint of coral colored clitoris trying to peek shyly from her folds. My mom, he told me with a serious nod, has a sweet little camel toe.

Licorice spent a lot of time getting his words just right and I wondered if he hadn't been looking through my thesaurus or something. And where had he heard camel toe before? He's such a brat!

Right then Licorice knew exactly what my mom wanted. The only thing that confused Lick, and he was looking to me for an explanation, was why my mom had insisted on playing the silly game with her earring. If she just wanted to breed with him, all she had to do was tell him. Lick assured me he would have been more than happy to help Mom out, because he was that sort of a dog. Meaning the helpful horny kind, and I'd frowned at that.

"Did it ever occur to you that maybe my mom had lost an earring?" I stared at Licorice. "That maybe she wasn't thinking about you at all?"

But neither of us believed that. I was just being moody, since I was his girlfriend and all. Unlike my mom. And the idea of Licorice cheating on me like that? With my own mother...It was a Monday, like I said, and so I forced myself to be patient and listen to the rest of Lick's story.

Not that the rest of the story is all that hard to figure out. My mom had her beautiful pert, heart shaped butt in the air, her long dark nipples rubbing the carpet, and her head and both arms under my bed, feeling around for the missing piece of jewelry. It was like one of those letters they put in dirty men's magazines, except that Licorice wasn't a man and this was a true story...if you believed my dog.

Licorice wasted no time and I believed that part of it. I knew for a fact his penis could go from nothing but a soft furry sheath to a good...I don't know...call it seven inches anyway, it's pretty big and I'm just guessing anyway. Go from nothing to seven angry inches of red dripping dog cock in like three seconds flat! Well, not really angry, but it looks angry sometimes, at least to me, since it is red and veined with blue and white and fat! It gets really fat in the middle, but the tip is what's really cool, sort of pointed with a little lip at the bottom and it does get really wet.

That was probably a good thing for my mom because Licorice told me that she was tight! Even tighter than me, which was like the last thing I wanted to know about my mom. She felt so tight, Lick told me, that it almost hurt him when Licorice pushed his penis inside her. And he'd had to do it quick, my dog confessed, because my mom let out a howl like you wouldn't believe!

He didn't rape her though, he promised me that, and I hoped Licorice was right. It was bad enough

he'd made love to another bitch, especially my own mom, but raping her? That would be really bad. I didn't think I'd want a rapist for a boyfriend, would you? So Licorice was quick to assure me that Mom howled out of pleasant surprise at the size of his canine cock than anything else. She wasn't protesting, Lick told me, not at all. She was loving every hard inch of it!

I told him he'd better not be lying, cause no means no, you know? But I didn't think he would make something like that up. More than a few times I'd been surprised myself at how big and hard Lick's cock could get and he did tend to push it in pretty fast when he was really horny. So I could understand my mom being more than a little surprised, even if she was inviting Licorice to fuck her like my dog was insisting.

And Licorice slammed his cock all the way inside too, and he said slammed, I'm not adding anything to his story, believe me. He slammed that big hard prick all the way inside her tight pussy, wrapping his front legs around her narrow waist and hugging her the way he'd hugged me so many times before. He's strong too, Licorice is, not a wimpy little dog. He's a big black lab and a healthy one, big even for that breed, and he was probably about as big as my mom actually, considering she was on her elbows and knees at the time.

Licorice dug his back paws into the carpet, which was a lucky break for him. He has an awful time fucking me in the kitchen! It's sort of funny because there's no traction on the linoleum, you know? So he's like spinning his wheels, so to speak, and whining the whole time, but...I'm getting off the subject, huh?

Anyway, Lick gets plenty of traction on carpet, and with my mom under the bed like she was, and Lick's huge cock balls deep in her pussy, and a good 90 pounds of eagerly fucking dog riding her ass...Mom wasn't going to do anything but take it like the bitch she now was! Lick didn't have to tell me that, I knew it from first hand experience. When he gets me down, I stay down until he'd done! And the truth is that I kinda dig that in a boyfriend, you know?

I have to confess that when Licorice got to this part of the story I just had to start rubbing myself. I felt so itchy down there between my legs! I wanted Lick to lick me, but I wanted to hear the rest of the story too, so I had to content myself with rubbing my hard little clit while he talked. It was still good like that and Licorice didn't mind, he liked watching me masturbate. He thought it was pretty funny and asked me why I didn't just lick myself, since that's how dogs do it.

There were some things I just couldn't explain to him.

My mom was loud too, according to Licorice. She was yelling the whole time, and pushing herself back against him hard, rolling her ass and rocking her hips. She was a great fuck, or so Licorice told me, but he might have been trying to make me jealous. As if I wasn't already! My mom was fucking my boyfriend! And doing a good job of it according to him. She was saying stuff like "Nooooooo...Stop...Oh God No...No..." And things like that at first, playing hard to get.

Later though, my mom changed her tune and "Noooo Stop!" became "Noooo Don't Stop!" according to Licorice and that made sense.

I'd played hard to get plenty of times; it was one of our favorite games. Licorice would start making love to me and I'd say no and giggle and push him away. He'd come back and try and mount me and I'd scoot away from him, you know, those kinds of games. They were fun and when I finally did let him inside me it was really good. Mom was older than me and she'd probably had a lot of sex, I was sure, so she knew how to play that game even better than me, I thought.

Licorice thought so too, because he told me how hot and wet she was right from the start. That

sounded a little fishy, but Licorice swore it was true. She'd gotten herself ready for him, Lick said, the same way I did sometimes, by rubbing myself off a little before we had sex.

I gave Licorice a little frown at that though, since he'd told me before that he'd been sleeping and dreaming about me, so how would he know what my mom had been doing? He just gave me a funny look and explained that my mom did it almost every morning after I left for school. Right after she had her coffee, she'd go into her bedroom and play with her pussy for awhile. He'd heard her and seen her do it countless times, and smelled her too. That was always the best part for him, the scent of my mom jilling off before her bath. He suspected she'd been doing it that morning too and the smell was what had made him dream of me.

It was hard to argue with that sort of dog logic. I knew my mom masturbated. I mean, every woman does, except probably Sister Judith. She's my English teacher and I seriously doubted she even knew where her clitoris was, let alone what it was for. That's too bad too because if a woman ever needed to have an orgasm, it's Sister Judith. She's so uptight she took a magic marker and censored her bible! It's a lot shorter that way though, I have to admit.

Anyway, so Licorice had no trouble pushing the entire length of his hard cock inside my mom's very ready and willing sex and like he said, it felt great for him, especially since she was fucking him back to so eagerly. And he went at her full speed too, which I know must have felt super intense for my mom and it just made me even more jealous. Licorice really has three speeds, sort of.

There's the slow and playful speed, which is super romantic and very nice and we did that just sometimes because it is so hard for him to control himself. I really have to spend most of my time calming him down, just relaxing him so he'll just let his cock grow inside me, maybe sliding in and out just a little. I love that a lot and it's good for making out, but pretty tough on Licorice, since it isn't really normal for a dog to make love that way.

Normal for him is the other two speeds. Full speed is what my mom was getting, which was Licorice hunched over her back, pushing with his back legs and pulling her with his front, while his hips and pelvis just rocked his cock in and out of her pussy as hard and fast as he could. That's totally awesome fucking too! It isn't really romantic or anything, but when I just want to cum like six times in row? Oh God! I love it like that and so I was betting my mom did too.

And of course all that pumping just makes Lick's knot start to swell, which is always cool. It's just a big wad of muscle near the base of his cock that inflates with blood. The more excited he gets, the more the muscle grows. All male dogs have those, big dogs have big ones, and little dogs have little ones. Lick's knot, at full size, was about the size of a tennis ball. That doesn't sound too awfully large, until it gets inside your pussy!

That's the best and it feels like there's a bowling ball stuffed in there, believe me. It goes in and out sometimes, while it's still growing, still small enough, and that's pretty intense too. Mom would have been feeling that for sure, because there's nothing else like it in the world. Feeling that hard bulge hit her pussy and push inside, then get pulled back out a second later, pushed in and out over and over while Lick was fucking her hard. Until finally, as if by magic, it's just too darn big to get back out!

Mom probably came three or four times, I bet, cumming hard while that was going on. I was practically cumming myself just thinking about it and fingering my hot wet little pussy while Licorice told me his story.

After that happens, then Licorice changes speeds, he drops it a gear, as he likes to say, cause it's all

uphill from there. He watches too much NASCAR, I think. Lick loves cars, like all dogs do, I guess. He chases them, sometimes, trying to catch a ride and he asked me once how come nobody ever stops for him. I just shrug...Anyway, so Licorice is locked up with my mom!

That's about enough to make me cum right there, even though I was none too happy with my boyfriend right about then. Or my mom for that matter, since it takes two to tango and she had obviously planned that whole seduction out in advance. How else could you explain the missing earring? That was such a cliché!

And Licorice, being locked with my mom, all he had to do was give her the short strokes, the little in and in, since there wasn't a whole lot of out to be had anymore. His long pointed cock would have been right up there close by her cervix too, maybe even penetrating it a little bit, if she was built anything like me. I was definitely just a little too small for Lick's cock when he was locked up with me, but it didn't hurt, it just made me cum like crazy!

I figured my mom was probably a lot like me and even if she was a little deeper, a tiny bit roomier for Lick's big penis, she'd still feel really good once he started cumming. His knot would be stretching her soft pussy walls tightly, plugging up her hole completely so that all their fuck juices were locked inside her. And he'd still be pushing himself inside, really fast but without really going anywhere. Like having a really big, hot vibrator stuck inside her maybe, although I couldn't be positive since I'd never actually used a vibrator.

My mom had one though, so I might have to ask her about that.

And when Licorice started cumming, that had to really bring my poor mom off. He told me himself that he'd brought a huge load of puppy making sperm for Mom's eggs to bathe in. He'd been shooting hard, spraying dog semen out in long hard streams so that it would have splashed right up against the soft pillow of my mom's cervix, maybe even inside it. Penetrating that little opening right through to her uterus. And that was guaranteed to make her cum, no doubt about it. My mom would have been lights out when she felt that, I was certain!

I know it usually kicked me nice and sweetly between the ears. I loved it when Licorice was cumming inside me. Especially when he'd been saving himself up for a couple days, but his balls worked fine anyway. I swear, that dog made more sperm than you can imagine. It was like he had three or maybe even four balls down there! But he only had two. I know because I checked him regularly.

After Licorice filled my mom's hungry womb with dog sperm there was the inevitable wait. Usually it's not too bad though, like ten minutes maybe, sometimes a little longer or shorter. It's just nature's way of making sure we'd get good and knocked up after all that really fun sex. Lick's knot was like a hard, hot cork in the bottle of my mom's pussy and all that cum, hers and his, was just mixing it up in there.

I bet my mom came some more too. Licorice says she did, but he figured she came 63 times by his estimate, and I just laughed at him. He wasn't too good at math anyway. I thought my mom probably had three or four really good cums. Maybe three while they were fucking and probably one last one while they were locked up, if she was rubbing her clit the way I like to do it.

There really isn't anything else you can do while you wait for the knot to go down, except frig yourself to another good orgasm, since it does feel so good being filled totally with sperm, girl goo, dog cock, and the knot.

Sometimes I cum twice while we're locked up!



Licorice waited patiently while I had my orgasm. I couldn't help myself really. Imagining my pretty mom gasping and shaking and cumming while my dog was locked up with her under my very own bed...Whew! It was hard to remember I was supposed to be jealous and I came with a rush of warm feelings, licking my fingers clean as Licorice grinned at the dazed, silly look on my face.

It was some story and I wondered how much of it I could really believe, because he did like to exaggerate sometimes. But I wasn't mad at him anyway, even though I pretended like I was. I always found it difficult being mad at Licorice, he really was a pretty good boyfriend. And since his story was pretty much done, I made him prove it by doing me like he'd done my mom.

I got down on my knees in my school uniform, and got my head under the bed, just like he'd told me Mom had done. I wriggled my ass for him and Lick knew what to do. He had to make amends, so he fucked me good! Really good and I had like three orgasms faster than you'd ever believe, even before he locked me up! I knew he wasn't as worn out as he'd said he was...What a tease!

But you want to know what the best part was?

While I was down there, after Licorice had cum inside me and I was rubbing my button nice, looking for that last orgasm before he could slip out of me...The best part was that I found my mom's earring! It was way under the bed and I almost missed it!

I couldn't wait to see her blush when I told Mom where I'd found it!

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## **Chapter Four - Tiffany's Fever**

rap-rap-rap

It was a soft sound, my mother's sound, and she was always so considerate, even when she knocked on my bedroom door.

"Tiffany? Are you awake?" I heard her voice, but only muted like the rapping. Everything was turned down, way down, because my ears were just about to...Pop!

"Yea...Yea...Uh-huhhhhhmmmm..." I sighed.

"It's almost six-thirty. You're going to be late for school," she told me, like I didn't already know that someplace in my head. I just couldn't remember where.

"Ummmm...Lick...Lick...Me...Ahhhh..." I had to moan then. Maybe loudly too, because like I said, the whole world was turned way down...except for me.

"Tiffany?" More rapping. "Are you okay?"

"Oh!" I gasped, breathing hard and blinking at my mom as she opened the door.

"What's the matter?" she asked, suddenly concerned because she was my mom and a pretty good one.

"I...I..." I swallowed hard, clutching the blanket between my fists, pulled up high above my heaving breasts.

"You look terrible, dear." Mom crossed my bedroom and sat down on the bed. She put a hand to my

forehead. "You're burning up!"

I just nodded at her, holding my breath as my whole body had gone stiff. I lay rigid at just that second because if I relaxed, if I let the tension go, I'd melt into a big, wet puddle of 16 year old girl. Right there in my bed, and wouldn't that be a mess!

"Hold on, I'm going to get the thermometer," Mom told me, and she was up and leaving, and then I let that hot breath out with a whoosh.

"Oh my God!" I gasped and my body shook like I was made out of pink Jell-O or something.

And Licorice crawled up from between my legs, pushing himself along my body beneath the sheets. I lifted the blanket and saw him licking his lips and grinning as he approached my face for a kiss. I felt him on my tummy, his fur pressing on my breasts as I let go of the blanket and hugged him.

"You bad boy!" I whispered, squeezing my thighs together and then opening my mouth for his tongue. He liked it when I tasted myself on him, when he could share my orgasms with me.

Lick was Frenching me deep when my mom came back into the room. I held the back of his neck, scratching him behind the ears while I tickled his long, thick tongue with mine. I swallowed our spit and reluctantly let him go.

"Hey! Shoo!" Mom frowned and Licorice gave her a petulant look, but when I gave him a tiny scrunch of my nose, Lick knew we had to chill for a bit.

Lick was a really smart dog, black labs are one of the smartest breeds around, and he loved my mom just like I did, but he didn't always understand her. Neither did I, for that matter. We were probably lucky that Mom had been too worried about me to notice the huge lump of dog under my blankets earlier. She worried about ticks, but I knew Lick didn't have any of those.

"That's why you have a fever," she chided us both. "I told you before not to kiss the dog like that. You just don't know where his mouth has been, Tiffany!"

"But I know exactly...Mmmpphh..." I couldn't say anymore because my mom was pushing the thermometer under my tongue. That was probably for the best because she didn't need to know his tongue had been digging a well between my thighs. Jeeze! I was soaked down there!

"Now you keep that there and I'll be back in a minute." She glanced at Licorice. "I suppose you want to go outside, huh?"

Lick wagged his tail at her, trying to look all innocent, like he hadn't been feasting on my little blonde pussy for the last half hour. He was such a poseur! I gave him a playful frown, crinkling my pert upturned nose at him, but under my blanket I was rubbing my clit too. It had gotten hard as a little pebble, thrumming with excitement and eager for more. I had to keep touching myself; it felt too good to stop.

"Come on then, Licorice..." Mom patted her thigh.

She really did like him a lot, even though Mom pretended like she was only putting up with him. Probably it was just a reaction to the obvious affection I had towards him. Like she had to assume the stern, responsible dog owner role, since I more or less played the silly, irresponsible girlfriend role for him. And yeah, Lick did need some parenting, just like I did. He wasn't really that mature, being just almost 4 years old and spoiled enough so he acted like he was still a puppy.

So, I laid there, twiddling my thumb over my clit, feeling that big wet stain under my butt. I'd soaked my bed...Again. It happened sometimes, but mostly after school, not before school. In the mornings, like just after we woke up, I might give him a blowjob maybe, since he liked that a lot. Or sometimes we'd make love, if I'd happened to wake up early enough, like at five-thirty or so. But only once in awhile did Licorice go down on me, mostly because when he did it was lights out for Tiffany!

It messed me up for the whole day!

I swear, that dog had a seven inch tongue and it never got tired! He could go for an hour easily if I let him, and most often I did because I didn't have a whole lot of willpower. Like this morning, I hadn't asked Lick to do it, we'd just moved around in our sleep, you know, the way people do, and somehow his face had ended up between my thighs.

Of course, I didn't have any panties on either. I hadn't worn panties to bed since I'd been 14 and started sleeping with Lick every night. He didn't much like panties and wondered why I wore them at all. I'd long given up trying to explain stuff like that though. Mostly I agreed with him and I skipped out on underwear whenever I could get away with it. Sometimes I even went to school bare naked under my skirt just to tease both of us.

But don't tell my mom that, she'd freak. Like right after God made people? He'd made underwear, according to her, and then He'd rested. I bet I had more underwear than any other two girls at my school, The Virgin Mary Academy. I had pretty boring underwear too, like plain white panties and bras...Blah. I'd managed to get a few pairs that were kinda sexy, even a couple thongs, but only because I'd bought them myself. All my mom ever bought me were plain white bikini panties and equally dull bras.

I swear, for a mother who was so desperate to get me hooked up with a boyfriend, she sure wasn't helping me very much. That wasn't entirely bad though, because I didn't want a boyfriend. I only picked out the lacy underwear for Licorice, cause he might like them, you know? Even a dog can change his mind. He was my real boyfriend anyway and girls are supposed to wear sexy stuff for their boyfriends. I liked being sexy for him.

Oh...Mom's coming back.

"Okay, let's see." Mom pursed her lips, looking at the mercury. "Hmmm...99.4...That's not too bad, I guess. You still look a little peaked though."

"Yeah," I nodded, sensing something really cool and unexpected coming. "I feel kinda..."

"You better stay home today and get some rest," she decided, stroking my cheek with her fingers. "The last thing you need is to come down with something serious."

"Kay Mom," I said weakly and trying to look vaguely disappointed. Not totally disappointed or she'd get suspicious, but just a little, like I was going to miss my friends. She knew I wasn't going to miss my classes.

"Maybe I should stay home too," Mom said, sitting on bed and frowning a little. She was always too protective and this was the downside of having my orgasms being mistaken for a cold.

"I'll be okay," I said softly, knowing this was a lot like fishing, even though I didn't like fishing. I had to play the line carefully, giving Mom some slack, and reeling her in gently until the hook was set...She'd already taken the bait. Now I just had to get her into the boat - meaning out of the house.

"Are you sure?" she asked with a concerned smile. "I don't like leaving you here by yourself."

"Yeah, I'll just stay in bed with Licorice," I said, but maybe a little too eagerly.

"Hmmm...That's what I'm afraid of." My mom was getting away.

"He didn't make me sick, Mom." I rolled my eyes a little, cause sometimes that actually worked, like she would realize that she was being silly.

"Maybe not," she shrugged. "But you need more than a dog to take care of you. I better stay home."

"Mom..." I started, but then I stopped. What was I going to do, beg her not to stay? That wasn't going to do anything but arouse her suspicions.

"What?" My mom had started getting up, now she stopped and looked at me.

"Uh, can I have some orange juice?" I asked, wondering what I was going to do all day with my mom hovering over me. That would be even worse than school.

"Of course, dear," she smiled. "I'll get you some aspirin too."

"Okay," I sighed.

Drats! I had just a flash of me and Licorice making love all day long in my bed, and now this. My mom was going to mother me. Smother me, more like, and I was feeling fantastic! Except for that emptiness in my womb and the cold wet stain of girl goo under my butt. I could fix all of that though, but my mom...This wasn't any good. I needed to come up with a plan or something, but I'm not exactly a devious person. I'm pretty much just me...Blonde and blue eyed and about as devious as...as...as jumping through a window.

I didn't try to hide my love for Licorice from anyone, not even my mom. She knew how much I loved him; I'd told her repeatedly that I was his bitch. That he was my boyfriend. She always shrugged it off though, pretended like I was joking, or mostly changed the subject to finding me a boyfriend. A real one, as if Licorice wasn't just because he was a dog.

I didn't tell her about how much sex we had, but only because it wasn't really her business anyway. I mean, I didn't ask her about Dr. Hanson, and I knew they'd done it at least twice because he'd told me all about it. But that's only because Dr. Hanson was Lick's vet and my friend, not because I'd asked. It wasn't my business. So mom didn't need to know about what me and my boyfriend did either, right?

"Here you go, Tiffany," Mom said, handing me the aspirin and I reached for them without thinking. "Why is your hand wet?"

"What? Oh!" I looked down at my right hand which was glistening wet with my pussy juices. "It's nothing."

I shrugged and licked my palm, and then my fingers too while Mom watched me, and she was obviously puzzled. I've often found the best explanations to things that have no explanation, is just not to even try and explain them. Really. Just ignore it completely. That works too, at least sometimes, and Mom let it go. She gave me the aspirin while I secretly savored the tangy sweet flavor of my own pussy.

Maybe that sounds sorta gay or something, but I'm not any more of a lesbian than the next girl. I just thought my pussy tasted really good and I could understand why Licorice liked to go down on me. If I was him? I'd lick me all the time too and sometimes I wondered if other girls tasted like me, much the same way I wondered if other dogs tasted like Lick. I didn't really have any strong urge to find out or anything, I was pretty happy with just me and him, but I wouldn't be scared either. That's all I'm saying.

"Are you sure you feel okay?" Mom was looking at me funny, since I'd just licked my hand for no good reason at all. I wondered if she could smell my pussy juice. I couldn't, but probably I'd gotten too used to the aroma.

"Yeah," I nodded. "I'm just tired, Mom. I'm going to sleep for awhile, okay?"

"Sure. Okay Tiff," she nodded and gave me a kiss on the cheek, taking my half empty glass of orange juice with her as she left.

I watched the door close and then I was up, going to my window and opening it carefully, trying not to make any noise. It wasn't an overly large window by any means, just average sized, but it didn't have a screen so that was good. Plus it overlooked the opposite side of the house, away from the kitchen and the patio and all that.

I just hoped Mom hadn't let Lick back into the house yet. She probably hadn't, I figured, since she'd been busy with me, for one thing. And for another, she'd probably want him outside while she cleaned the house. My mom was like that. She'd take a day off from work because I was sick and spend it cleaning the house. I swear, my mom needed help!

Anyway, I opened the window and whistled softly.

"Lick...Come here...Hurry up..." I whispered.

He came running because he is pretty smart, even for a boyfriend, and he's a good jumper too. A really good jumper and I just got out of the way before he came through that window, kind of crashing when he landed because he didn't know exactly what was on the other side of the sill. Lick tended to forget about stuff that wasn't right in front of him, but that's okay, Lick had great reflexes too. He kinda crash landed and then just sat there smiling at me and looking around like he expected applause.

"You're such a boy," I giggled and rolled my eyes. "Come on...Get under the covers before Mom catches us..."

I got Lick back into the good spot, right between my spread thighs, and this time I had my knees up and a book in my hands, like I was reading. If my mom came in unexpectedly all she'd see was my knees, and not Licorice hiding inside the little tent they made, lapping happily at my pussy while I came all over his long pink tongue!

"Ohhh Lick...Go ahead...Uhhmm-hmmmm...Make me sick all day...All day long..." I urged him, lifting my bare butt and feeling the tip of his tongue slipping between my swollen pussy lips.

It was like wet rough sandpaper and he used it from my little pink butthole all the way up to my hard pink clitty. Licorice had to be about the best boyfriend in the whole world, I figured, even if he did make me miss a little school sometimes.

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## Chapter Five - The Big Cheater

"Licorice!" I yelled. "Lick! Where are you?"

He wasn't in the backyard, but I found the gate open.

"Lick!" I yelled some more. "Licorice! This isn't funny!"

He wasn't in the front yard either and we didn't even have a fence there.

"Tiffany..." Mom stood in the open front door. "Dinner's on the table. Come inside now."

"I can't find Licorice," I told her and then yelled again. "Lick! Licorice!"

"I'm sure he'll be back," she said, but that didn't make me feel any better.

"He's supposed to be back right now!" I shot her a frown because I knew I hadn't left the gate open. I'd been at school all day.

"And you're supposed to be at the dinner table," she retorted. "You can look for him after supper."

"I'm not hungry," I said unhappily and I had a fifty-fifty chance of getting dragged into the house or...

"Suit yourself," Mom sighed. "I'm going to eat while dinner's still warm."

"Licorice!" I yelled as the door closed, kind of singing his name and grateful Mom had decided to let me suffer a cold dinner later.

My stupid boyfriend had run off, probably because he was mad at me. I'd told Lick about the thing after school. We were getting ready for the Virgin Circus, which wasn't really a circus at all. It was more like a carnival fund raiser thing for my school, the Virgin Mary Academy, and there would be a little show, like singing and dancing, and some games and I dunno, all kinds of stuff. I wasn't in the choir or anything, thank God. Those girls had to practice every day after school, but I was helping decorate the gym and I'd told my boyfriend I'd be late getting home.

Stupid Licorice. Maybe he'd gone looking for me, I thought suddenly, and that sorta cheered me up. I mean, that's what most guys would do, right? I always came home about 3:30 in the afternoon and today I hadn't, so Lick would have been worried, because dogs do kinda forget stuff the same way everyone else does. He was probably worried about me, just like I was worried about him. That's what I figured and the more I thought about it, the more it made sense. Licorice loved me a lot, just as much as I loved him, so...

"Licorice!" I walked around the block, looking this way and that, yelling as I went.

"Tiffany? What's all that yelling about?" Old Man Peterson asked me from his front yard.

"Have you seen Licorice?" I asked him.

"Your dog?" He rubbed his chin. "Nope."

"Thanks," I sighed and yelled some more as I crossed the street. "Licorice!"

Mrs. Winters smiled at me as I passed her driveway.

"Hi Tiffany," she said, opening the back of her station wagon. "What are you up to?"

"Looking for Licorice," I told her. "You haven't seen him, have you?"

"Not lately," she replied with a soft grunt, picking up a bag of groceries.

"Here..." I said. "I can help."

"Thanks, Tiff." She smiled and I carried a couple bags into her kitchen.

She asked me if I wanted something to drink or anything, but I had to find my boyfriend. Stupid Lick.

"Licorice!" I yelled some more and a car slowed down. I rolled my eyes as I saw Jeremy Hawkins leaning across the passenger seat with a smile. He'd be lucky not to drive over a couple mailboxes if he wasn't careful, so I stopped walking just so he could stop driving.

"Hey Tiffany," he said.

"Hey Jeremy." I crossed my arms over my boobs, since that's where he was looking. I still wore my school uniform, so it wasn't like I was naked or anything, but he made me feel like I was.

"Where are you going?" he wondered. "You need a ride?"

"I'm looking for my dog," I told him and then yelled, just to make sure he got the point. "Licorice!"

"Oh, right," he nodded. "The big black one?"

"Yeah," I nodded and he knew perfectly well who Licorice was, everyone knew my dog.

Jeremy was one of the neighborhood boys I'd grown up with, even though we went to different schools and everything. He was 17 and kinda good looking, for being a boy, I mean. I knew he liked me and my mom sort of encouraged him because she thought Jeremy was really nice, plus he was catholic and went to St. John's and all that stuff. My mom basically thought any available boy was a nice one though and I pretty much ignored her unsubtle hints.

Just like I was ignoring Jeremy's unabashed interest in my breasts.

"Licorice!" I yelled again and started walking.

"Hey! Hold on, Tiff..." Jeremy called and I expected him to ask me out, I really did. "Why don't you get in? We can drive around and look for him."

"What?" I almost smiled at that idea. Get in the boy's car just so he could put his arm around me and tell me how pretty I am and run out of gas and have a flat tire and...

"It's gonna get dark pretty soon," he said. "Come on. It'll be a lot faster than walking."

"How much gas have you got?" I asked him suspiciously.

"Huh?" He looked confused and then shrugged. "The neighborhood's not that big, Tiff."

"Welllll..." I made a face, looking around and wondering if maybe he didn't have a point.

"You can still yell if you want," he told me and that made me giggle. I was sorta being a dope about

it.

"I guess so," I agreed. "Okay. Thanks, Jeremy."

"No problem," he said as he reached for the passenger door and pushed it open for me.

That's how I ended up riding around in Jeremy's car, tugging my plaid skirt down my thighs, and leaning out the window to yell every now and again.

"I saw your mom the other day," Jeremy told me.

"Licorice!"

"Do you want to go ice skating some time?"

"What?" I blinked at him and then stuck my head out the window. "Lick! Licorice!"

"She said you got a new pair of skates," he continued. "We can go Sunday afternoon, if you want."

He was talking about the Rec Center, a big community place with a pretty nice year-round skating rink inside. I did like ice skating a lot and I'd gotten new skates like a month before just because my old ones were too small, but I wasn't particularly interested in going ice skating with Jeremy. So I ignored him.

"Licorice!"

"You really look nice, Tiff."

"Huh?" I frowned at him.

"I mean, um..." he swallowed hard and looked the other way.

"Sorry," I sighed, realizing I was being a bitch, and not the good kind either. "I'm just worried about my dog right now."

"Yeah," Jeremy sighed too, but at least he stopped trying to hit on me.

"Stop!" I yelled, sticking my head out the window and looking behind us. "Go back! I saw something!"

"Did you see him?"

"Back up!" I sorta commanded and Jeremy did it, rolling the car backwards until we could look down one of the alleys that people used to reach their driveways.

We lived in a really old neighborhood and there were a lot of odd little roads that just went behind old houses that had been built before everybody had cars. Garages had come as a surprise to this part of town and people built them wherever they could, you know? It was kind of sad and confusing and neat all at the same time, I thought, but maybe I'm kinda weird that way.

"There he is!" I said, getting out of the car even before Jeremy had come to a complete stop.

"Licorice! You jerk!" I yelled. "What are you doing? God!"



He lifted his head and perked his ears, but the rest of him ignored me totally and I felt something like a knife in my tummy. My heart was breaking and I suddenly didn't know what to do. It seemed so weird. I mean, I never felt so empty in my life. I seriously didn't have any idea what to do. I just stared at my boyfriend and the stupid ugly bitch he was fucking.

"Tiffany...Oh man!" Jeremy laughed as he hurried up the alley behind me after parking his car. "They're doing it!"

"I can't believe you're doing this to me!" I yelled, like all I'd needed was a little push from Jeremy to get me started. "I hate you!"

"Are you okay, Tiff?" Jeremy asked and I could feel his hand hovering over my shoulder, but he didn't actually touch me.

"I was looking all over for you!" I told Lick. "I was worried sick! And you're fucking some other girl?"

Licorice didn't say anything. Like what could he say? I had him totally busted. He had his forelegs wrapped around the bitch, his back arched like the Hunchback of Notre Dame, and his hips were going a million miles an hour. He was driving his huge cock hard and fast into the blonde slut beneath him and I could hear her whining happily, grunting and growling with pleasure as my ex-boyfriend slipped her the bone.

"I think that's Becky's dog," Jeremy said. "Isn't it?"

"Maybe," I frowned, kind of stamping my feet and squeezing my fingers into pale fists.

Becky's slut of a golden retriever was stealing my boyfriend. Licorice had always had a thing for blondes, I knew that, but that wasn't any sort of excuse either. I knew he'd fucked my mom before and I'd forgiven him for that. I mean, that was understandable because Lick's just a guy and Mom's a pretty attractive woman and all. They see each other every day too, so...Sure, Lick was tempted and my mom had been asking for it, according to him, and...

"I forgave you!" I yelled at him. "I didn't even get mad, remember? And this is what I get?"

Lick cocked his head. So did Jeremy, since neither of them knew what I was talking about. I wanted to say more, you know, but I wasn't so far gone I didn't remember where I was and who was with me. Jeremy didn't need to know too much and so I had to bite my tongue and not ask Licorice why he had to go looking for pussy when he had me begging for it practically every day.

"Did she suck your dick first?" I asked him, knowing that silly blonde bitch hadn't.

"Tiff?" Jeremy gave me a funny look.

"What?" I shrugged away from Jeremy's hand as he gave my shoulder a gentle squeeze.

"Are you okay?"

"Does it look like I'm okay?" I stared at him. "He's cheating on me!"

"Uhhh..."

I kissed him. Jeremy, I mean. I didn't plan on it. I didn't even think about it. I just grabbed the boy by the shoulders and pressed my lips to his. Not a little kiss either, because as soon as Jeremy realized we were kissing...he went for it!

His tongue tickled my lips and slipped inside my mouth even before I realized what I was doing. The boy's hands found my hips and held me tight, pulling me against him and I didn't resist. Part of me wanted to be kissed, I'll admit that, but I only kissed him because I was mad at Licorice. Jeremy was cute, sure, kind of handsome for being a boy, but I wasn't attracted to him at all sexually. The last thing I wanted was to kiss the guy, but I wanted to punish Licorice too.

I felt pretty confused.

"Ummph...No...Stop..." I breathed, jerking away from Jeremy's kiss, but he didn't let me go. He still held my hips and I still held his shoulders.

"What?" he asked, looking into my eyes and he had soft, brown eyes. Doe eyes, kinda, and they were shining.

"Sorry," I breathed. "I'm...I gotta go."

"Tiffany..." Jeremy smiled, but I squirmed away and stepped back, licking my lips and looking at Licorice who'd finally locked the bitch up. He didn't look too happy and it served him right.

"I didn't mean to, um..." I swallowed hard, not knowing what to say or even what to feel. I'd never kissed a boy before.

"It's okay," he whispered, but that had to be a lie.

"I'm gonna go home," I told him. "I'll, uh...see you later. Okay?"

"But..." Jeremy narrowed his eyes.

"Thanks for your help," I said over my shoulder and I just wanted to run away.

"Can I call you?" he asked.

"Yeah, sure." I waved, not really understanding what any of this meant. All I knew was that Licorice had cheated on me and I'd wanted to hurt him somehow.

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"Did you find Licorice?" Mom asked me and I shrugged.

"Yeah," I muttered.

"Is he okay?" Her eyes widened with concern. "Tiffany...What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I sighed. "I'm just gonna go to bed."

"Well..." Mom held up her hands, "...Where is he?"

"Outside." I kissed her cheek. "Goodnight, Mom."

"Goodnight, Tiff."

I cried myself to sleep and it took a long time coming. I didn't even know a girl could have that many tears inside her, but I did. One for every moment that Lick and me had been together.

How could he do that to me? I thought he loved me! Lick was my boyfriend, we did everything together. I'd given him my virginity! He was my first and only love. I'd never even looked at another dog! And there he was, fucking Becky's golden retriever. I couldn't get the image out of my head and I just wanted to forget it completely. I wished I didn't know. I could have still loved him if only I'd stayed home and sat down for dinner like Mom had wanted me to.

Why hadn't she forced me? God! It was her fault! Mom should have made me sit down and eat and do my homework and...I cried some more. It was Becky's fault for not tying up her dog. That ugly bitch! I didn't even know her name, but we were best enemies now. If I ever saw that blonde bimbo again, I'd smack her right in the snout! What a home wrecker! What a slut! I'd slap Becky too, maybe, just for owning a little whore like that.

It was Licks fault, more than anyone's, and I knew that. My boyfriend couldn't keep his dick in its sheath. I didn't know if he'd gone out looking for the bitch, or if he'd been looking for me and just...What? He happened to catch her scent on the breeze? Becky's dog had to be in heat. Bitches don't usually like to fuck unless they have a good reason. Boy dogs will fuck anything that moves, but girl dogs...They're kinda stuck-up as a general rule. So she must have been in heat and Licorice smelled her and...

I didn't even realize I'd fallen asleep until I woke up.

skirtch-skritch-skratch

I blinked and rubbed my eyes, looking around in the dark and staring as I realized Licorice was scratching at my bedroom window. He barked as soon as he saw me looking at him and scratched at the glass a little more. He was smart, I had to give him that. Lick wasn't a dummy and waking up my mom wasn't going to get him anything but in trouble. So he was waking me up. His girlfriend. The girl he loved more than peanut butter...yeah right!

"You got a doghouse," I told him, rolling over to face the wall.

skirtch-skritch-skratch

He wouldn't let it go and I couldn't ignore him.

"What do you want, Lick?" I asked after lifting my window just enough to feel the cool night air coming through.

He wagged his tail and barked softly, standing on his hind legs and pawing at the window sill. He wanted to apologize. To explain how he'd been a victim of instinctual circumstance. The bitch had been in heat, he claimed. What was he gonna do? He didn't love her, he didn't even like her very much...or so he claimed.

"You fucked her though!" I hissed. "You put your dick in another girl!"

I sat on the floor, listening to his whining protests and pitiful excuses.

"Don't even!" I warned him. "I only kissed him. I didn't let him fuck me!"

Licorice was unhappy about Jeremy and that actually made me feel kind of happy inside, but not in a good way. He felt jealous and hurt that I'd kiss a boy right in front of him like that.

"So take those feelings," I said, "and multiply them a million times, Lick. That's how I feel, see?"

He shoved his nose under the window and tried to kiss me.

"I don't wanna make-up with you," I told him matter-of-factly. "I wanna be mad at you!"

Licorice growled at that and tried a different tact.

"Don't give me puppy dog eyes, Lick," I laughed sarcastically. "You're not a puppy and I'm not your mother. I'm your girlfriend, remember?"

His ears perked up at that.

"Ex-girlfriend," I corrected myself and he dropped his head sadly.

But the truth was that I already missed him. As much as I didn't want to, I did. I wanted to hate him, you know? I wanted him to cry himself to sleep every night for the rest of his life, but then the idea of seeing Licorice sad made me feel sick inside too. I only wanted him to be happy. I always felt good when Lick was smiling. When he acted all carefree and playful and especially when he loved me. When he kissed me and licked me and made love to me.

"You made me cry," I whispered, holding my head in my hands and blinking back even more tears.

He forced as much of his nose through the crack as he could and kissed my hair. I didn't want him to, but he did and I wanted more than that. I didn't know what I wanted. I wanted Licorice. I cried for a minute, maybe two, and then I wiped my eyes and let him in. I opened the window and he jumped through quickly, losing his balance and falling over the chair that I hadn't moved, but he was okay.

Licorice kissed me, lapping at my wet cheeks and eyes, kissing my mouth until I had to hug him. I just sat there, holding my boyfriend while he tasted my pain and then we kissed for real. I opened my mouth and let him in for a long, deep, soul-searching kiss in the middle of the darkest night I'd ever known. I had to forgive him. I didn't have a choice and maybe it wasn't his fault, but Lick apologized anyway. Over and over until I finally told him to shut-up and fuck me.

I was in the mood for some serious make-up sex.

"Ugh! Uh-Huh...Uh...Huh! Ugh!" I gasped as Licorice slammed his huge cock inside my small blonde pussy over and over.

I could feel the knot pop inside my tight vagina and then pop back out a second later and it was driving me insane! Pretty soon the ball of muscle would be too large to pull free and that's what we were both waiting for. In the meantime though, God! It felt so awesome! My greasy labia were turned inside out and my clit throbbed beneath the relentless pressure. I had my legs wrapped around him, my fingers digging into Lick's black fur as he kissed my flushed face.

We were on the bed, sorta. I was laying on the edge of it and my feet had been on the floor in the beginning. It was a really great position for fucking because Licorice could stand up with his front paws on the mattress, straddling my body as I lay beneath him with my legs spread wide. It gave him easy access to my pussy and best of all, we could make out like bandits while we fucked. But after awhile I needed air more than I needed his kisses and by the time his knot threatened to lock me up tight, we were both panting hard.

"F-Fuck me...Oh! Lick! I love you...Fuck me...Ugh! Hard!" I groaned, trying to keep my voice down because Mom was asleep in the next room, but it wasn't easy!

This had turned out to be the best sex of our lives. Make-up sex. I'd been so mad at him before, but all my jealousy and anger had washed away with my first orgasm. I was working on cum number three now...or maybe it was number four? It's hard to keep track of those things when you have 90 pounds of horny dog throwing about eight inches of fat cock inside your pussy! Lick was fucking me so good, trying so desperately to prove how much he loved me. His tapered penis found the very bottom of my sex with every thrust and I couldn't decide if it hurt or felt amazingly good. Jesus! He made me cum again!

"Ohhhh!" I moaned, jerking upright off the mattress so that I was practically sitting on the bed with my arms wrapped around his neck.

Licorice whined softly and tugged at my vulva with the knot lodged just inside my pussy. We were locked up. He was too big to come out of me, at least not without a lot of discomfort, and a wave of pleasure washed over me with that realization. Lick was cumming for sure and I imagined I could feel it, even though everything just felt sort of hot and fuzzy down there. His cock was buried to the hilt inside my body, spraying his semen deep into my womb to mix with my own oily juices.

"I love you too," I replied, smiling and floating away on happiness.

We were together again, I thought, letting myself go to fall onto my bed and relax beneath the warmth of his love. Licorice loved me. I had him inside me, completing me with our beautiful union. I stroked his fur with my hands and feet, wrapping myself around my boyfriend while he licked my lips and teased me with his tongue until I opened for him. We kissed lazily and all was forgiven. Life could go on and when the sun rose in the morning, it would shine just for us.

A new day. A fresh start. That's what Lick promised me and I believed him. What other choice did I have, being so hopelessly, helplessly in love?

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## **Chapter Six - Tiffany's Spanking**

"I heard you kissed Jeremy," Jenny whispered as we knelt side-by-side in the chapel.

"What?" I narrowed my eyes, but didn't turn my head. We were supposed to be praying, not talking.

"He's so cute," she sighed, nodding her head like she was agreeing with herself.

"Who told you that?" I wondered softly, speaking into my hands as if asking God Himself.

"He did," Jen replied. "He told me everything."

"Oh." I closed my eyes as one of the nuns cleared her throat. They were pretty serious about praying. Heck, the sisters were pretty serious about everything.

"He said he got a little tongue action too," she giggled.

"Shut-up," I whispered. "It was just a kiss."

"Do you love him and everything?"

"No!" I said a little too loudly and dropped my head a little lower. "I don't even like him."

"Yeah you do," Jen decided. "Jeremy's so cool."

"You're weird," I breathed and then we had to stand up and sing the first hymn, so we didn't say anything else for little bit.

We had mass every Wednesday morning, all the tenth grade girls, and that wasn't really too many of us. Maybe like forty girls or something? I dunno. The Virgin Mary Academy wasn't very large compared to the public high school, but it had all six grades too – seventh through twelfth – and so that was a lot of girls all in one place.

It made the altar boys kind of nervous, being in front of forty teenage girls and trying not to screw up. They were from St. John's, the boy's school across the street, and some of my classmates liked to tease them, you know, since they were trying to ignore us and we were bored. Jeremy was one of them today and I wondered if that was by accident or if he'd volunteered or switched with another boy or what. I really didn't know how they got picked for any particular day, but I didn't believe in coincidence either.

"He's looking at you," Jen whispered, kinda nudging me with her shoulder.

I ignored her, just like I ignored Jeremy's sidelong glances from beneath the stained glass windows. I never should have kissed him, I thought, and I'd only done it because I'd been mad at my boyfriend. It had been one of those impulsive things, you know? Like I hadn't planned it at all, I'd just done it, and now everyone knew? That hadn't taken long at all, but stuff like that never did. If Jenny knew about it, then the whole school would think we were going out together by lunchtime. By the time I got on my bus to go home, we'd be engaged probably. That's how silly high school could be.

"He really likes you a lot," Jen told me in the middle of the homily and that girl just refused to let it go.

"Shhh..." I breathed. "You're gonna get us in trouble."

"I wish he'd look at me like that," she whispered. "You're so lucky, Tiff."

I happened to look at Jeremy the same time he looked at me and our eyes locked for a second. I felt almost embarrassed and looked down quickly.

"I bet he was thinking about you this morning," Jen said, touching my bare thigh with her finger to make sure she had my attention.

"What do you mean?" I asked, biting my bottom lip and shifting a little in the pew.

"When he was jerking off," she whispered. "He does it every morning."

Like I needed to know that? God! I could feel my cheeks turning pink for some reason, maybe because I was staring at Jeremy and trying to imagine him stroking his cock, except I didn't want to imagine that at all.

"In the shower," Jen added with a tiny giggle.

Stroking his long, hard cock under the hot spray? No! I pushed the vision out of my mind. Boys and their funny looking dicks weren't all that interesting to me. I loved Licorice. He was my boyfriend and I closed my eyes, imagining Lick's cock slipping from his furry sheath. He had a big one too, a lot bigger than Jeremy's, I was sure. And Lick's penis was made for fucking! It wasn't all blunt and shaped like a club or something, Licorice had a beautiful cock. The tapered head was designed for penetration, pointed like a spear and sorta narrow at both ends, but really thick in the middle. And

the knot...

"Ohhhh..." I took a deep breath and let it out slowly as I remembered how that bulge of hard muscle had felt stretching my little pussy so good the night before. I might have kissed Jeremy, but I'd made out with my dog for ten minutes while he pumped his hot semen into my womb. Lick had filled me up completely and loved me so good. A boy couldn't do me that way. Jeremy couldn't ever make me feel good like that and besides, Licorice was a serious hunk. Jeremy might be cute, but my boyfriend was definitely tall, dark, and handsome.

And Lick didn't need to jerk off either. I made sure of that personally!

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"Shoot." I frowned at my panties as I sat on the toilet after mass. They'd gotten a little damp and I could smell the distinctive smell of my pussy. I'd been thinking too much about Licorice and I did that a lot in school. I decided to take them off completely and go naked under my plaid skirt. I did that a lot too, but more because I liked the feeling than because my panties were wet.

Being horny all the time could be seriously annoying...kinda like Jennifer.

"Do you wanna come over to my house after school?" her reflection asked me as she stood at the sink and I joined her so I could wash my hands.

Jen was pulling a comb through her thick black hair after letting it loose. We all had to pin up our hair for church and she hated it, but I didn't really mind. I'd gotten kinda lucky in the looks department, probably because my mom's so pretty. We look a lot alike, except she's a little taller and her boobs are bigger, you know. But I was still growing anyway.

"We can just hang out or something," Jen shrugged, making a face as her comb got snarled again. She had sorta wavy hair, almost curly at the ends.

"With Jeremy?" I grinned at her like I knew exactly what was going on.

"Maybe," she giggled. "He'll be there anyway."

"Does he know you've got a crush on him?" I teased her, but it seemed pretty obvious to me.

"I do not!" Jenny pursed her lips like a little girl. "I just kinda...like him."

"So if I hang out with you, then Jeremy can hang out with me, and then you can hang out with him?" I laughed at her. "I get it, Jen."

"So?" she gave up on her hair. "Come on, Tiff. Just hang out a little, okay?"

"He's your brother," I told her as I dried my hands. "You don't need an excuse."

"Please?"

"Nah. I gotta go home right after school."

"How about tomorrow?" she asked and I shrugged.

"Maybe," I answered, just to buy time before I said no. "I'll talk to my mom."

"You have to ask your mom?" Jen giggled and didn't bother to reply. It did sound kinda dumb. "Hey, um...Tiff?"

"Huh?"

"You're not gonna tell anybody," she said. "Right?"

"Tell anybody what?" I picked up my books.

"About me and Jeremy," she whispered, even though we were alone. "That I like him."

"You're supposed to like him," I said, but I knew what she meant. The thing was that Jenny didn't hide it very well at all. Pretty much all her friends knew she had the hots for her big brother.

"Yeah, but..." she blushed and the color in her cheeks made Jen look really pretty, I thought.

"I won't say anything," I promised just as the bell for our first class of the day started ringing.

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"I heard you were making out with Jen's brother," Katie said with a grin while we waited for our religion class to start.

"Not even," I told her seriously. "It was just a kiss."

"Which one?" Sandy wondered, sticking her nose into everyone else's business like always.

"Jeremy," Katie replied, because Jen had three brothers and all their names started with J for some reason. Her parents' names started with J too, now that I think about it, so maybe it was a family tradition or something.

"Oh," Sandy shrugged. "I thought you meant Josh."

"He's totally hot," Carol said, turning around.

"Which one?" Katie asked.

"Both of them!" Carol stuck out her tongue with a giggle.

"No kidding!" Sandy nodded in happy agreement. "No wonder Jenny's crazy."

"Leave her alone," I sighed.

"What?" the girl pouted. "I didn't say anything."

"Living in the same house with those two guys?" Katie rolled her eyes.

"Three guys," Carol corrected her. "Jared's pretty cute too."

"For being fourteen, you mean?" I rolled my eyes.

"So?" she shrugged. "He's still cute."

"I'd go out with him," Katie said.



"Maybe you could baby-sit him," Sandy giggled, because we were all sixteen.

"Shut-up!" Katie frowned, but they were just teasing each other. At least they'd gotten off the subject of me and Jeremy and our infamous kiss. That subject was gonna get old quick!

You'd think after like five years of Sunday school and then two years of catechism before my Confirmation, I'd pretty much know all I needed to about God and the bible and Jesus and all those guys. Apparently not though because we still had to have religion classes. That's the price of going to a parochial school, I guess, and in tenth grade it was called "Comparative Christianity" which just meant Sister Agatha got to tell us how all the other Christian religions were wrong and how the Pope was always right.

I personally didn't think God really cared one way or the other, so long as people had faith in something. I mean, without some kind of belief, everything seems kinda pointless to me. Whether it's faith in God or the universe or your family or just a magic shrub named Shroo...Faith is what makes living real. At least for me and I put most of my faith in Love, which sounds totally corny, but it's true. I figured I was put on the earth to love someone. To feel it and express it and do something about it, you know?

At the moment, I loved my mom and I loved my boyfriend, and that was about all the religion I needed. So I spent most of the class drawing pictures of Licorice, but I'm not a really great artist or anything. I just liked to doodle.

"Tiffany?"

"Huh?" I looked up, blinking into Sister Agatha's pretty face. She didn't look like a nun at all, or an Agatha for that matter. More like a Suzy, I thought.

"We're waiting," she said with a pleasant scrunch of her pert nose.

"Sorry," I swallowed hard and I had no idea what she wanted. "Um...What was the question?"

"When did the first Vatican Council meet, dear?"

"Oh, uhhh...1869 in Rome."

"Very good," she agreed. "And what did they decide?"

"Me?" I asked and Sister Agatha nodded. "That the Pope is always right."

"Exactly. The Pope is infallible," she said, looking around the classroom and leaving me alone again. I was glad she'd asked me an easy one.

But when the class finished with the ringing of the bell, the nun asked me a hard one.

"Tiffany, would you stay for a moment," she said, because it wasn't a question at all.

"Yes Sister," I sighed, hoping I wasn't in trouble for doodling.

"Where are your panties?" Sister Agatha asked me a moment later, after the room had emptied and she'd closed the door.

"Ummm..." I swallowed hard.

"We have a dress code, Tiffany," she told me without a hint of humor. "One that includes a bra and panties."

"I'm wearing a bra," I said, but I regretted that immediately.

"This isn't funny."

"Sorry," I whispered, avoiding her frown and staring at the silver crucifix hanging between the nun's rather large, firm breasts.

She didn't wear a regular habit, none of the teachers did. Sister Agatha wore a modest blue skirt and matching blazer, and a white blouse like she was a secretary or something. Her brown hair was long, but neatly pinned up, and she wore some makeup too, but only a little and in very neutral, natural colors. Except for her crucifix and her ugly brown shoes, nobody would guess she was a nun probably...until she opened her mouth.

"The Lord is my shepherd," she sighed. "Do you have any panties with you today?"

"Yeah...Yes Sister," I corrected myself. "In my purse. I just had a little, um, accident kinda and..."

"There are no excuses, Tiffany."

"Sorry."

"I'll give you a choice," she told me. "I can send you to the principal's office and you can explain to the Monsignor why you're not wearing panties, or..."

"Uh!" I blinked at her.

"...or I can give you a spanking," she finished and the room seemed awfully quiet suddenly. "Well, Tiffany?"

"A spanking," I said softly. "Can I, um...put on my panties first?"

"No," she said. "Stand right here...There you go, step back...Put your hands on my desk...Spread your legs a little for me..."

Sister Agatha had spanked girls before, I knew that. Sandy, Katie, Jennifer and Carol, all of my friends had been spanked at least once, but not me. Not until now and it kinda scared me. I felt my tummy all knotted up and my knees felt weak and rubbery, especially when Sister Agatha took me by the hips and pulled me backwards a little more, forcing me to really bend over as I held the edge of her desk.

"I don't want to hear a sound out of you, Tiffany," she told me. "I'm going to give you ten spankings and I want you to remember them."

I just nodded and then shivered as I felt her lift my skirt and tuck it under the waistband at the small of my back. My bare butt was completely exposed and not only that, I realized, but my pussy as well. I had my legs spread pretty far, a lot more than it seemed like a spanking would need, and I could sense Sister Agatha behind me, but I was afraid to look at her. I just prayed she wouldn't notice how moist I still was down there, how plump my pussy lips were and how my tiny clitoris was throbbing at the top of my slit.

She didn't say anything either and the first stinging slap of her palm against my butt made me gasp

and stand on my tip-toes for a second.

SLAP!

Sister Agatha gave me another and then another, taking her time even as the bell rang again, telling me I was late for my next class.

SLAP!!

The fourth one really made me shiver! I felt my butt burning and not just there, my whole body seemed to grow hot beneath her deliberate attention. My legs quivered and the knot in my tummy became a cramp, a low ache that seemed to sink into my pussy for some reason. I mean, I could feel my sex spasm everytime she spanked me and I just wanted to squeeze my thighs together and smother the emptiness I felt inside.

SLAP!!

By the time I got the seventh and then the eighth spankings, I was really crying. Not because it hurt though, and it did hurt, don't get me wrong, but because I felt so completely frustrated. Like the rest of my body wanted to be spanked too, or not spanked maybe, but touched? Something like that. I couldn't figure it out. My breasts felt super tender the way they do when I get my period sometimes. My nipples were so hot they felt cold. I wanted to grab my tits and squeeze them, you know? And my pussy felt even better. I mean worse! I knew Sister Agatha could see how wet I'd become. I could feel the juices staining the pale hollows of my thighs. I wanted to rub my clit and finger my pussy and cum!

SLAP!! and SLAP!!

The last two almost made me fall down and I whimpered softly, trying my hardest not to make a sound. I shivered and then nearly jumped out of my shoes when I felt Sister Agatha's hands on my ass. She held both of my butt cheeks as she stood directly behind me, squeezing my tender flesh, massaging me while I tried to regain my senses. I didn't know if she was really trying to touch me sexually or whatever, but it sure felt like it. The pressure felt good for some reason and I pushed myself against her fingers in search of more, arching my back and groaning softly.

"Shhhh..." Sister Agatha whispered. "Even good girls need a spanking sometimes, don't they, Tiffany?"

"Oh!" I gasped as one of her hands slipped between my thighs and rubbed my pussy.

"That's it," she sighed. "Let all the pain go now. It's all over, Tiffany. All done."

My knees buckled and I would have fallen to the floor except Sister Agatha's left arm went quickly under my tummy. She held me up, leaning over me and whispering soft, soothing words while her right hand massaged my melting vulva. I moaned between clenched teeth as she slipped first one finger and then another between my plump labia, exploring my clasping sex as deeply as she could. I felt her breath in my hair as she kissed my head and in that moment I started cumming.

The walls of my pussy closed around her fingers and squeezed. I rocked my hips and squirmed helplessly while Sister Agatha hugged my bent body. She pinched and pulled at my sex, found my clit and rubbed it mercilessly, her thumb played around the tight rosebud of my virgin anus. She seemed to touch me everywhere all at once and my juices ran over and between her fingers. The sharp smell of girl cum filled my nose and my head swam with raw pleasure. This experience was

completely unlike anything I'd ever felt before. It was as beautiful as it was unexpected and I just stared at the twinkling darkness behind my tightly shut eyes wondering what it could mean.

"...feeling better now, Tiffany?" Sister Agatha's voice seemed to wake me up and I realized she was helping me stand on my own two feet.

"I don't know," I said, blinking and blushing and smiling. I couldn't stop smiling and my cheeks were wet with tears, my whole body damp and sticky with sweat. I felt like I'd just fallen off a roller coaster and landed in a cotton candy machine.

"Yes you do," she smiled back at me, fixing my skirt as I stood there rather unsteadily. "You're fine now. Look at me."

I did look at her and Sister Agatha had green eyes.

"Nobody needs to know about this," she told me and I nodded. "You deserved a spanking and you got one. That's all."

"Yeah," I breathed, swallowing hard and wanting to look away, but I didn't. I just kept looking into her eyes.

"I'll give you a hall pass," Sister Agatha said. "Go to the bathroom and clean yourself up. Put your panties back on and we'll forget all about what happened here, okay?"

"Alright," I agreed, wondering how I'd ever forget any of this. I knew what she really meant though and there wasn't any possible way I'd ever tell another person what we'd done. I just hoped I wasn't totally gay or something now! That would suck.

"Good." She reached for her desk, finding the little pad of passes and ripping one off for me. "And Tiffany..."

"Yes?" I blinked at her, licking my lips as she held up the pass.

"You should remember to sit like a lady from now on," Sister Agatha said with a smile. "You're a very pretty girl; you don't need to show off."

"Oh." I nodded and took the hall pass, but she didn't let go of it right away.

"Unless you want another spanking sometime," the nun told me as she released the paper. "Goodbye, Tiffany."

"Uh...Goodbye, Sister."

I practically ran to the bathroom wondering how I'd ever explain all this to Licorice...He'd never believe it, I thought, not in a million years.

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## **Chapter Seven - Lick's Devious Plan**

"So I asked Jenny about it, you know, because if anyone would ever admit anything, it's her..."

Licorice shrugged at that, but he didn't really know my friends that well either.

"...and at first she was like Sister Agatha just spanked her. She totally denied anything else, but then we had one of those awkward silence kinda moments and..."

Lick scratched behind his left ear, trying to get me to the point and sometimes I did take the long way down the hill, as he liked to say.

"...then she got kinda embarrassed and told me how Sister Agatha had made her feel better after the spanking, you know, like fingered her out for ten minutes and made her cum like three times or something..."

He interrupted me and I rolled my eyes at him.

"No! Jen's not queer. God! Is that what you think? Like I'm a lesbian now?" I frowned at him. "Sister Agatha's probably gay, but that doesn't mean we are, you know."

"Tiffany!" Mom called from the kitchen. "Telephone!"

"What did you just say?" I stared at my boyfriend. "A threesome? You're out of your mind, Lick. Forget it. I'm not gonna ask Jen if she wants to have a threesome with us."

"Tiffany!" Mom was getting impatient.

"Coming!" I yelled, pushing myself off the floor. "Just a second. Who is it?"

"Jeremy Hawkins," she said as I walked into the kitchen with Licorice close behind.

"Oh." That made me stop.

"What's wrong?" Mom narrowed her eyes.

"Tell him I'm not home," I whispered.

"I already told him you're here," she said, pushing the phone into my hands. I knew Mom had to be thrilled that a real live boy was calling me up on a Friday night. Anyone else's mom would be worried, but not mine!

"But..." I frowned at the phone.

"Be nice," she warned me, but I wasn't sure what she could do if I wasn't.

"Mmmm..." I leaned against the wall and slid down to sit on the floor, knowing that would annoy her. Mom was kinda big on furniture, but sitting on the floor I could...

"Tiffany!" Mom said with an exasperated look.

"Ummph?" I asked around Lick's tongue as it filled my mouth and I gave it a quick suck until he pulled away.

"Jeremy's waiting," she told me, being much more excited about the phone than me and I almost suggested maybe she should talk to the boy. That would have only gotten me a dirty look, probably, like I wasn't getting enough of those already.

"Hello?" I finally said after I licked my lips.

"Tiffany? Hi! It's me...Jeremy."

"Oh. Hi Jeremy." I rolled my eyes.

"Hi, um...What are you doing?" he asked and I almost laughed. He called just to ask me that? Maybe he was taking a survey or something.

"Kissing my dog," I replied with a smile for my mom as she pretended not to eavesdrop.

"Oh," he said. "Really?"

"Yeah," I shrugged and pulled Lick's head onto my lap so I could play with his ears. "We're probably gonna watch a movie later, you know, make out and stuff."

"Tiffany..." Mom warned me, but she thought I was just teasing the boy.

"Cool, right, okay." Jeremy sounded like he was nodding and that did make me giggle.

"What are you doing?" I asked without caring in the least.

"Nothing," he said. "I was thinking about going to a movie or something."

"Oh, well...have a good time," I said pleasantly. "I'll see ya later."

"What? No! Wait...Tiffany? Are you still there? Tiff?"

"Huh?"

"I thought you hung up," he sorta chuckled. "No, I meant I was wondering if you wanted to see a movie with me, you know?"

"What? Like a date?" I asked and Mom smiled at that word.

"Uhhh...Sorta," Jeremy said slowly. "Do you want to go out with me?"

"Ohhh..." I sighed. "I would, but Licorice already picked out a movie and everything."

"Your dog?"

"Yeah," I agreed with a giggle. "He wants to watch Casablanca again."

"Oh."

"I think he's got a thing for Ingrid Bergman, you know?"

"Sure. Ingrid Bergman," Jeremy said. "Who doesn't?"

"Ha!" I laughed because that was actually pretty funny and I wondered if maybe Jeremy wasn't such a bad guy after all. I mean, he was seriously cute and...

"You should invite him over," Mom suggested and that idea brought me back to earth.

"I have to go," I said. "Maybe some other time, okay?"

"Yeah," he sighed, not sounding too happy with that.

"Tiffany," Mom sighed too, but at least Licorice was happy. He'd sorta rolled onto his back and I knew he wanted me to play with his cock, but Mom was right there so I just rubbed his chest.

"I'll talk to you later, Jeremy," I said.

"Hey Tiffany?"

"Huh?"

"I'll never forget that kiss," he whispered. "I love you."

"What?" I blinked, but Jeremy had hung up as soon as he'd said those three stupid words.

I spent the next half hour listening to my mom's dire predictions about my unhappy future as an old maid. I barely heard any of it though as I mostly tried to figure out how a boy could love me just because I'd kissed him once by accident. That's what it had been too. An accident. I would have kissed anyone just to make Licorice jealous, it just happened to be that Jeremy had been in the right place at the right time. He couldn't love me for that, I decided. Probably he'd been teasing me, I hoped.

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"Are you crazy?" I stared at Licorice. "I'm not gonna ask my mom if she wants to have a threesome!"

"What's that, dear?" Mom looked up from her Good Housekeeping magazine.

"Nothing," I said innocently, pretending like I was watching the movie instead of arguing with my boyfriend.

He shifted a little under the quilt comforter that covered us and I could feel his unsheathed cock dripping all over my bare tummy. We were trying to get him inside me without being really obvious about it, but his penis kept missing the mark. It would slide over my blonde mound and across my tummy, making a real mess as all that talk about a threesome with my mom had really turned him on.

"What is it with you anyway?" I whispered. "Maybe I should ask Jeremy if he wants to have a threesome. What would you think about that, huh?"

He didn't like that idea at all, but the more I thought about it...

"Oh!" I gasped as all of a sudden Lick's cock found my hole and he slid six quick inches inside my pussy.

"Are you alright, Tiffany?" Mom looked at me and I just widened my big blue eyes and smiled.

"Yep!" I replied, not really trusting myself to say much more than that. I sorta wanted to scream because it felt so good all of a sudden.

"What's he doing?" she wondered, putting her magazine down and leaning forward in her chair to get a better look.

Mom couldn't really see anything, of course. The comforter covered both of us although it made me feel pretty warm, and Lick was sort of a vague lump of dog lying on top of me. I had my knees up too, which helped a lot, but still...Licorice kept trying to get more of his cock inside my pussy and his

butt moved up and down as he fucked me. It might have looked kind of funny, except my mom wasn't laughing. I grabbed Licorice by the fur and told him to stop.

"Stop!" I whispered. "You're gonna get us busted."

"Well, uh...I think I'll turn in early tonight." Mom stood up and she looked a little flushed for some reason.

"Okay," I nodded, squeezing Lick tightly as she came over for her kiss goodnight.

"Don't fall asleep on the couch," she told me, bending over to kiss my cheek. Licorice took the opportunity to push his tongue beneath her lips and I pinched him hard.

"I won't," I breathed. "Goodnight, Mom."

"Goodnight," she said and for just a second I thought she wanted to say something else, but she didn't.

We watched her walk out of the living room.

"She knows!"

Lick tried to deny it, but I knew my mom and she was definitely onto us. I'd half expected her to pull the comforter away and find me laying there with no panties, my t-shirt pulled up to my tits, and about seven inches of hard dog cock buried inside my pussy.

"She didn't do it because she didn't have to," I told Lick. "She knows everything, I'm telling you. My mom isn't dumb, you know."

Licorice tried to kiss me, like that would solve everything and I turned my face away from his tongue.

"Yeah, yeah...I know you fucked her, but...Huh? You think she's jilling off?" I glanced towards the hallway. "No way. I don't believe you."

Licorice swore he could hear the distinctive humming of her vibrator and I had to admit he had better hearing than I did. A lot better. But why would she be doing that, I wondered, unless...

"You think she's into it?" I asked and Lick nodded seriously. He had an idea too.

I listened for a half-minute or so. It was a pretty simple plan really, but I had to point out one very serious flaw.

"But you can't turn a doorknob," I reminded him with a giggle. "How are you going to get inside?"

He told me.

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"No way," I shook my head two minutes later. "She's gonna catch me for sure."

I looked at the shiny doorknob and even my poor human ears could hear the soft buzzing of her vibrator. Mom was definitely jilling off, Lick had been right about that. I could even hear some high pitched moaning, but not as much of that as I might have expected. I'd never tried a vibrator though,



so maybe they weren't as good as some of my friends at school claimed. Carol loved her vibrator and said she wanted to marry it after she graduated high school, but probably she was only joking.

Lick slapped his tail on the carpet impatiently and told me to hurry up. His whole attitude had started to make me feel a little jealous, actually. I mean, there I was all naked from the tits down, hot and juicy and eager to fuck, and he wanted to seduce my mom? There seemed to be something wrong with that picture, but he kept telling me it was for the best. He had the master plan and all I had to do was play my part and everything would work out perfectly.

"Famous last words," I muttered, reaching for the doorknob and turning it slowly. "Don't forget, Lick...No means no, alright?"

I really hoped he knew what he was doing. I opened my mom's bedroom door just the barest fraction of inch and crept away silently. It was all up to Lick now and I had some very mixed feelings as he nosed the door open a little more and slipped into the bedroom.

"Licorice? Lick...No...Get down...Stop...Uhhh...Lick! Oh! Licorice...Ummmm...Oh yeah...Oh! Good boy...Lick! Uh-huh...Uh...Ohhhh! Yes...God! Yessss...Lick me...Oh!"

You get the idea. My boyfriend's master plan was to lick my mother into submission and then fuck her silly. Like only a boy could come up with something like that, right? Jeeze! And I had to sit in the hallway playing with myself while I listened to my own mom moaning and groaning beneath Lick's long, rough tongue. It didn't sound like a very good plan to me, even though it seemed to be working just fine.

"Come on," I sighed, wondering how long Licorice intended to lick her out.

He could go for hours, believe me, but if he satisfied my mom and she kicked him out of bed before he got his dick inside her...that would ruin everything!

"What are they doing?" I wondered some ten or so minutes later, deciding I'd better take a look for myself.

Mom's moans had grown awfully quiet and I didn't hear the bed squeaking or anything. I wasn't exactly suspicious, just confused. Maybe my mom was just a real quiet fuck or something.

"Oh!" I gasped because not only were they fucking; my boyfriend was making love to her!

I mean, they were doing it the same way Licorice and me liked to do it. Mom was on her back with her knees up and her ankles crossed just above Lick's tail. She hugged his large, furry body to her bare breasts while Licorice worked his tongue between Mom's hungry lips in a deep, passionate French kiss that made my heart sink. Sex was one thing, but this was...Passion!

"Mom! Lick!" I yelled, pushing the door wide open as I stood up. "What do you guys think you're doing?"

"Tiffany!" Mom blinked at me and Licorice tried to look contrite, dipping his head and giving me some big brown eyes.

"Get off of her, you jerk!" I yelled some more. "Let him go, Mom!"

To their credit, Mom and Lick did try to go their separate ways, but with the fully swollen knot lodged nice and snug inside my mom's pussy, they weren't going anywhere for awhile. That didn't

make me feel any better though. Why couldn't he just fuck her doggy style? I mean, it wasn't the intercourse that bothered me, it was the kissing! The affection, you know? She was my mom, not Lick's other girlfriend! Jesus!

"Tiffany...Ugh!" Mom grunted as Lick sorta lost his balance on the bed and gave the knot a hard tug before he settled back down to wait. "I can explain, dear."

"Really?" I narrowed my eyes and crossed my arms over my tits, totally forgetting I was standing there naked from the belly button down. I don't think Mom noticed though, at least not right away.

"We just sorta...I mean, Licorice started...Um...It was an accident."

"An accident?" I stared at her and Mom's face turned even redder than it already was. "He's got his dick inside you, Mom."

"I know!" she gasped as Lick decided to punctuate my point with a quick jab of his hips. He could be a real jerk sometimes.

We just kind of looked at each other for a minute. Mom was embarrassed, of course, and that hadn't bothered me at all at first, but now it did. I didn't want to make her feel bad. I just hadn't expected to see them making out, that's all, but maybe that was the secret part of Lick's plan. Like I was supposed to act sorta upset, but he knows I'm a lousy actor, so probably he figured he'd give me a real reason to be shocked.

It sounds kinda deep for a boy maybe, but Lick's a dog...Don't underestimate him!

"Does it feel good?" I asked her, smiling as my silly anger finally fled.

I couldn't be mad at my mom, or my boyfriend really. I loved both of them too much for that. She wasn't going to steal Licorice away from me or anything. We all lived together and she knew how much we loved each other. Mom might want to share, I supposed, but that would be okay too. Sorta. I mean, once in awhile it would be alright...As long as I didn't have to listen to Lick boasting about what a huge stud he was now that he had two hot bitches under one roof. I wasn't sure I could handle too much of that!

"Yeah," Mom giggled, looking relieved now that I'd forgiven her for fucking my boyfriend. "It feels amazing."

"I know," I nodded and I felt a familiar tingling in my tummy.

My mom looked pretty hot laying there with Licorice locked inside her pussy. Her skin had turned pink with a soft sheen of sweat and I could see her nipples had grown long and fat, swollen with excitement. She had beautiful tits too. Her whole body was pretty awesome, considering she was twice as old as me. Her tummy was still flat, her butt still proud and pert, her long smooth legs were wrapped around Licorice again as she hugged him.

Mom looked just like me, except older. We had the same blue eyes and hers were shining with lust. Her blonde hair looked dirty as it clung to her neck and face, but still beautiful. I drank her in as if seeing my mom for the very first time and she was doing the same with me. I barely knew what was happening when she lifted a hand and crooked her finger, beckoning me to come closer.

I could feel the wetness spilling from my pouting sex, the juices running down my thighs as I grabbed my tits through my t-shirt and squeezed them. I stood close to the bed, looking down into

my mom's face as she reached for me, touching my tummy and then slowly, gently finding my pussy. I shivered as she slipped her fingers between my thighs and began to caress my blonde vulva. She reminded me of Sister Agatha, but I couldn't really remember her or anyone else. The whole world had been reduced to Mom, Licorice, and me...the three of us alone in that little room.

She coaxed me onto the bed and I joined them. Mom still lay on her back and I got comfortable beside her, on my side with one leg stretched flat and the other high. I stroked Lick's fur and my mom's leg with my foot. The swell of my sex pressed against her hip and I tugged my t-shirt over my head with awkward annoyance, wanting to be as naked as her.

Lick welcomed me with a seriously loving kiss that I desperately needed, his tongue filling my mouth while Mom watched with approving eyes. She'd seen us kiss a thousand times, but now she could finally admit to what she'd known all along...We were really kissing. Not playing. Not faking anything. We were sharing something special that only a dog and girl in love can.

Mom reached between my wide spread thighs to stroke my pussy while Lick and I made out. I moaned and pushed against her fingers as they pinched my swollen labia together and then split them with a tentative finger. I felt the walls of my sex gripping that slow penetration, nursing on her finger like a miniature cock. She fucked me gently, pumping my pussy until I had to gasp for air and then added a second finger, twisting and curling them inside me. Mom really knew how to finger a girl, believe me!

She knew how to kiss as well and even before I'd completely caught my breath, Mom's lush lips covered mine and I opened for her like a ripe fruit. She dipped her tongue into my mouth and explored me while we stared into each other's eyes. They were so blue. Startling blue, I thought. That's what I would have named the color and I knew her eyes were twins of my own. She'd given them to me along with everything else I'd ever been or be.

My hand found her breasts. Luscious and firm, so wonderfully large unlike my own. I felt her turgid nipple under my palm and I gave her a squeeze and then a harder one as she moaned with pleasure. She arched her back and I knew that feeling, the desire to feel the weight of another's touch. I pinched her nipple and rolled it around, enjoying the texture of her flesh, so similar and different than my own. She didn't stop me when I broke our kiss so I could lick and kiss her tits, suckle at her nipples the way I had as a baby. Mom cradled my head and sighed, kissing my hair until Licorice decided to kiss her again.

How long we did that, I had no idea, but soon enough Licorice was able to pull himself free of my mom's pussy. I could hear her gasp and Mom shook as she lifted her hips, wincing as the knot pulled her ruddy labia outward like fleshy butterfly wings. I'd never seen that before, at least not from such a great angle and even though I already knew exactly how large my boyfriend's cock was, it still surprised me. Lick's penis looked huge as it seemed to fall out of Mom's gaping sex with a wash of their mixed up cum.

I dove in!

There's no other way to describe it. I didn't think about it or hesitate or anything. I turned my body and pressed my open mouth to my Mom's wide open hole and started licking, kissing, and swallowing the sharp bitter-sweet sauce of their lovemaking.

"Tiffany!" Mom gasped, trying to close her legs but that only trapped me where I was. "That's...Don't...It's dirty!"

I had no idea if she meant licking her pussy was dirty or sucking Lick's cum from her well-fucked

hole was dirty or what, but I didn't think so at all. Going down on my mom wasn't dirty at all, not even after my boyfriend had fucked her and dumped a big load of dog semen inside her...it was just really messy!

"Ummm...Oh! Okay...Uh...Hmmm..." Mom made a lot of funny noises and I guess she'd changed her mind as I pulled both of her plump labia into my mouth and gently chewed on them like bubblegum.

She had awesome pussy lips! A lot bigger than mine and while I sucked and nibbled and washed them with my tongue, a steady stream of fuck juice leaked from between them and I thought I'd never tasted anything so good in my life. Girl cum and dog semen all mixed together? I could have had a big glass of that every morning before school and another before bed. Actually, I sorta hoped I would if I could find some way into talking my mom into having that much sex with Licorice and me.

That was a subject for another time though as Mom decided to return the favor and I wasn't exactly sure what we were doing until I was straddling her face with my thighs. She'd pulled me into a sixty-nine with her on the bottom and the first touch of her tongue on my clit was electric! I swear! I jerked like she'd plugged me into a wall socket and I dropped my pussy on her mouth and just started grinding! Mom probably didn't appreciate that too much, now that I look back on it, but she didn't complain either. She had a mouthful of sixteen year old pussy and I wouldn't have bet my mom had ever licked out another girl before, but it couldn't have been beginner's luck!

Mom's tongue seemed to be everywhere and all at once! She was almost as good at eating me out as Licorice, and that's saying something! She held my butt in her hands, digging her fingernails into me so hard it hurt, except that felt pretty good for some reason. I liked it. I especially liked the way she would find my clit and pinch it between her lips until I yelped.

"Ah!" I yelped, even though it sounded like a gasp.

A yelp is way different and I'd never really appreciated that before. Licorice had a longer tongue, definitely, but he couldn't suck pussy. He could lick and nibble and do some amazing things with his teeth that would have been scary if I hadn't trusted him so completely, but Mom...God! She sucked me off! I thought only guys could get sucked off, but that's not true! Mom sucked me off and I came so hard that I couldn't even lick her anymore. I couldn't do anything but cum! She must have pulled my labia and my clit and my whole entire puffy vulva into her mouth and her tongue washed me all over and it felt incredible!

"Oh God! Mom!" I gasped happily, blinking at all the tweetie birds circling my head with big rubber hammers that they kept bonking me with.

And somewhere in there Licorice decided that me being sorta on my hands and knees like I was must have been an invitation to get fucked. Never mind my mom's face was in the way, he just mounted both of us, kinda, pushing his cock over Mom's forehead, past her nose, and stabbing at my butt, which would have been a really bad idea! I wanted to try anal sex, but it was one of those tomorrow things, you know? Like tomorrow never really comes, so...

Thankfully, Mom helped us out and took hold of Lick's cock and rubbed it up and down my slit and finally inside. That's all my boyfriend needed and he slammed his prick home with all the finesse I'd come to expect of a misogynist dog. I wouldn't say it hurt, because it didn't, but having a really big cock rammed inside my pussy wasn't exactly comfortable either. I was plenty ready for it though. Very wet, totally relaxed, and of course my vagina was totally experienced. Virgins...Don't try this at home! Anyway, you get the idea. I started cumming again.

Poor Mom must have been suffocating beneath us, but I did manage to at least try and keep most of

my weight off her. That wasn't easy though. My brain wasn't working really well for one thing and Lick weighs about 90 pounds for another. Even so, I guess she was okay down there because she kept licking at my clit even while Licorice drove his cock like a piston in and out of my pussy. His balls must have been slapping her forehead too and I kinda wish I'd seen that, but I was too busy trying to suck my mom off the way she'd done me. I really wanted to make her cum too, you know?

God! We were all fucking like crazy. It was insane, every second of it, and when Licorice locked me up I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. Mom just kept kissing my pussy, my mound where it was really swollen with Lick's knot pushing from the inside. His cock was buried inside me and I never knew where all of it went. He really stretched me out good and I never wanted to move around too much when we were locked up. I was always afraid he'd break something. So we waited and every now and then Lick would try and pull out, but the knot would hold. Mom would kiss me some more and I wondered if she really wanted to be down there when it happened.

After maybe five minutes of riding the knot, after my two hundred and forty-third orgasm, when I felt that sweet bulging muscle reluctantly squeezing past the mouth of my sex...

"Mom...Ohhh...Maybe you should..." Too late.

I'd tried to warn her, thinking that if she thought me going down on her cum filled pussy was dirty, this would be a really rude surprise! But I was too foggy, too dazed and high on sex, and too late as Lick's cock fell wetly onto her face with a downpour of raw fuck juice. Mom had to be drenched! I didn't have to see it, I could feel it just fine and I really hoped she wasn't going to be mad.

"Yessss..." I hissed as the empty ache where Lick's cock had been was filled with my mom's smaller, but no less pleasurable tongue. Whatever she thought of getting a cum bath, Mom didn't seem too timid about cleaning me up! I squirreled around like crazy as another orgasm threatened to sweep me away. Loud, nasty slurping sounds filled the bedroom and I could feel her fingers tugging at my distended sex, giving her as much of my pink insides as she could reach.

It was all kind of insane and I think the truth of it is that we wanted to be a little crazy. I mean, this was all brand new. We hadn't expected any of this, or at least I hadn't for sure and I seriously doubt my mom had ever imagined having sex with me. But there we were, embraced in a sloppy sixty-nine, both of us covered with cum, ours and Lick's, and we just had to go for it. Like it wasn't enough just to push the limits, we had to break through completely so that there'd be no chance of going back, you know? We'd have to live with it and know that we'd gone too far the first time around; after that, how could we ever say no to anything?

Or maybe we were just really horny!

Either way, this was going to be a long, wonderful night and it wasn't until much later that I realized Licorice had tricked me into giving him what he really wanted...But I was too happy to be angry about it.

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## **Chapter Eight - Tiff 'n Amber**

"Uh...Hi," I said, kind of frozen as I stood just inside the front door of the Hanson Veterinary Clinic.

Licorice cocked his head and we were both a little confused. Usually Dr. Hanson sat behind his desk, unless he happened to be with a patient in which case nobody sat behind his desk. Except me sometimes, since he didn't mind and it was a pretty comfortable chair.

"Hello!" A young woman smiled cheerfully at me and then really turned on the lights for Licorice. "Wow! You're a hottie! What's your name?"

"Lick...Uh, Licorice," I said with some annoyance. "Where's Dr. Hanson? Is he in the back or..."

I'll tell you, at first I thought this woman had to be Dr. Hanson's new girlfriend which would really suck. That would make my mom his old girlfriend, you know? Since they were kind of seriously dating and I'd been playing both sides of that fence, meaning I wanted Mom and Dr. Hanson to hook up permanently. I thought that would be the most awesome thing in the world because, well...For a lot of reasons, but the biggest one was because my mom deserved to be happy and Dr. Hanson was a genuinely nice guy. I'd have married him myself if I wasn't just sixteen and completely in love with my dog.

So I prepared myself to hate this strawberry blonde bimbo with her dimples and freckles and bright green eyes and slender hips and big tits and long legs and...She had muscles on her tummy! I'd never seen a girl with abs before, although she wasn't grotesque or anything. She just had small, well-defined muscles like she thought she was Xena or something. Yeah, I hated her right off. Mom didn't deserve competition like that!

And what was Dr. Hanson doing with a girl like her anyway? She couldn't have been much older than me, like nineteen maybe? Twenty? A total trophy babe, that's all she was and I figured she had to be a gold digger to boot, although Dr. Hanson wasn't a bad looking man at all for being forty years old or whatever. A girl like this belonged in a beer commercial though, not in a veterinarian's office!

What a slut! I mean, look at how she was dressed - A skimpy halter top, a blue one that said "Trojans" in gold letters across her perfect boobs? They had to be fake! And what was that supposed to be, an advertisement for condoms? Did they pay her for that, or did she just give out free samples? And those white shorts? I had panties that were bigger than those and half as tight! They were like those nylon shorts that skinny guys wear when they ride their bikes across the Alps on ESPN8 except they didn't even cover her butt! I could see her slit, I swear. The girl had a camel toe as big as my pinky and she wasn't shy about showing it off either!

"Oh! He had to make a house call," she sighed theatrically. "Some cat got its head stuck in some hamster's exercise wheel."

She giggled and rolled her eyes and sorta wiggled her hips and did everything but gush lemonade from her prominent nipples. They were brown, I could tell, and about an inch long, I figured. What a slut!

"I'm Amber," she said, holding out her hand. "You must be Tiffany, right?"

"Uhhh...Amber Hanson?" I blinked at her.

"Uh-huh," she shrugged and gave my fingers a squeeze. "Daddy told me all about you."

I had to take back every single bad thought I'd had about her, except maybe for the one about her being a slut. I mean, the evidence was standing right in front of me. My mom would kill me if I ever went anywhere looking like that!

"Yeah," I smiled back, feeling totally relieved that this girl wasn't the competition at all. "He told me about you too."

Except he hadn't mentioned his daughter looked like a porn star! She hadn't looked like that in her pictures, not even, but the ones I'd seen had all been a few years old and I guess college changes a girl. I started wondering if I shouldn't rethink my future. Maybe I could join the Coast Guard or something. I'd never heard of any sluts in the Coast Guard. I could be a lighthouse keeper maybe; me and Licorice all alone against the sea, that sounded pretty romantic, and...

"And you!" Amber knelt on the carpet and took Lick's face in her hands. "I could eat you up for breakfast!"

I stared at the girl as she slid her hand down Lick's back, around his hip and inside his left leg to find his penis. His tail started wagging and his ears perked up and the next thing I know he's licking her lips and Amber's not pulling away like most girls would. She's smiling and letting him work her bee-stung lips apart, teasing my boyfriend and daring him to go ahead and taste her tonsils right in front of me!

"Hey!" I said, as much to Licorice as to Amber. They both looked at me a little guiltily.

"Oh, I don't blame you," she told me as she let go of Lick's cock and stood up slowly. "I don't like it when someone kisses my boyfriend either."

"Well, it's just..." I shrugged, feeling kind of sheepish since this was Dr. Hanson's daughter and that made us practically related.

Almost, I hoped, if everything went according to plan. Except it would be really weird if me and this Amber chick were like step-sisters or something. At least I knew I wouldn't be borrowing her clothes and I seriously doubted she'd fit into mine! Her tits were as nice as my mom's and I felt a twinge of jealousy.

"I caught my first roommate making out with Marty like a month after she moved in?" Amber rolled her eyes. "That didn't work out too well. I kicked her out the next morning."

"Marty?"

"Martin Luther," she nodded. "He's a German Shepherd, so...you know."

"Oh," I smiled at that cause it did sorta make sense.

"Hey! You want something to drink?" she asked. "Let's go in the back. I'm seriously dehydrated."

"You are?" I giggled because this girl was sorta tripping me out.

I wasn't totally sure I wanted to like her, except I really did because she was Dr. Hanson's daughter, and...You know. I had to get over the shock, that's all. Amber was being totally friendly, I had to admit. So we left Licorice in the front to guard the door, since he'd curled up on the floor right in front of it. He was interested in this girl, but kind of worn out too. My boyfriend had been having a lot of sex lately and even a stud like Licorice needs a little breather every now and again. I planned to tease him about it later.

"I had cheerleading practice this morning. Five to eight and then an hour in the gym. Ugh! I hate it, but it's so much fun too. Weird how that works. Are you a cheerleader?"

"No, I'm not really into..."

"You look like one," Amber said with a grin over her shoulder. "Daddy told me you're a stone fox, but he's kinda old, so..."

"A stone fox?" I rolled my eyes and giggled.

"Yeah!" She laughed too. "He talks like that. Haven't you noticed? It's that whole seventies thing. Have you seen his record collection?"

"Uhhh...No."

"Don't bother," Amber said with a sad sigh. "It's all disco. I swear, I just wanna scream at him sometimes."

"Disco?"

"He likes ABBA the most," she shrugged. "I think it's that blonde chick. She was kinda cute, I guess. Daddy's got a thing for blondes."

"I guess so," I said, not really knowing what I was supposed say. I didn't even know there was a blonde girl in ABBA.

"I saw a picture of your mom." Amber had opened a small refrigerator in what passed for Dr. Hanson's private office. "Are you cool with that?"

"Cool with what?" I asked a little nervously as Amber seemed kinda serious all of a sudden.

"With my dad and your mom, you know, being all hot and heavy and everything?"

"Are they?" I wondered how much she knew about them.

"My daddy is," Amber said, pulling out a plastic bottle of apple juice. "Here you go."

"Thanks." I opened it and took a swallow. "I'm pretty okay with it, yeah. Are you?"

"I think so," she shrugged. "I guess I'll know after I meet your mom, right?"

"I guess so," I agreed, wondering what my mom would think of this girl. Heck, I wondered what I thought of her.

"Oh no!" Amber looked down at herself, sorta pushing her hips towards me and I tried not to stare. "I hate these stupid shorts!"

"Ummm..." I shrugged.

"This is kinda embarrassing, huh?" she grinned at me, looking anything but embarrassed. "Good thing were both girls."

"Yeah," I cleared my throat. "Good thing."

"They're cheer shorts, you know? And they ride really tight, see?" Amber slid her middle finger along the crease of her pussy. "It feels kinda good though. I don't know what kind of material they use."

"It looks like nylon or something," I offered, feeling really weird standing there and watching as the



girl played with her pussy.

"Yeah, but it feels like silk," she said. "Here. Feel it. Tell me what you think."

"What? Oh! No...I, uh..."

"It's okay," she giggled, reaching for my hand. "Right here...Touch it there...Can you feel that?"

I blinked into her smiling face as she held my hand and rubbed my fingers up and down the front of her shorts and I could feel every little bump, believe me!

"It feels, um...nice," I told her with a hard swallow and I could feel my face beginning to burn.

"For me too," she agreed softly, licking her lips and pushing my hand a little lower. "Down there...It feels really nice..."

I felt her pussy lips through the thin fabric and she was warm and moist. Amber pressed my fingers against the very entrance to her womb and I could feel the heat pouring out of her. Her green eyes stared into mine and she wasn't but a couple inches taller than me. She smelled good too. Not like soap or anything, but like a girl before she takes a bath. Amber had been cheerleading and working out and I knew she hadn't taken a shower afterwards. I could smell her all salty sweet with just a hint of something almost sour, but not unpleasantly. I liked the way she smelled.

Amber stepped closer and her breasts touched mine through our clothes. She wore that skimpy halter top and I wore a t-shirt without a bra. My nipples hardened and my tummy tingled. My arm was trapped between us, my hand between her thighs. She'd let me go, but I wasn't sure when. I just realized she wasn't holding my hand to her pussy anymore. Amber held me by the hips instead and I knew she was going to kiss me. It was inevitable and I couldn't believe it had taken her all of ten minutes to seduce me.

"Have you ever been with another girl before?" she asked, breathing the humid words across my face.

"Yeah," I whispered, staring at her lips as they hovered close to mine.

"Me too," Amber sighed, biting her bottom lip and I watched it unfold slowly. "My dad's right. You're a fox, Tiffany."

"You're the sexiest girl I've ever seen," I told her truthfully, wondering how long we could make this moment last. Wondering where it had even come from.

"What are you gonna do about it?" she asked with a playful pout.

"Whatever you want me to," I promised, quivering with nervous anticipation.

"Good girl," she said, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath through her nose. "You smell like peaches."

"You smell better than me," I giggled, feeling my heart thumping wildly.

"What do I smell like?"

"A girl."

"Hmmm...Here..." Amber raised her left arm and used her right hand to guide my face into her armpit. "Do you like that, Tiffany?"

I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply, breathing in the distinctive odor of her sweaty skin, strong and pungent and making my mouth water. I answered her with a kiss and then a lick across her smooth skin, tasting salt as I ran my flattened tongue along that soft hollow. I thought I'd never tasted a girl before. It wasn't sex, like tasting a girl's cum, it was just...her. Amber's flavor without any reason or purpose or special design. I was tasting the everyday essence of her true nature.

I felt intoxicated as she watched me lick her again, kissing across her bare flesh where it was exposed above her halter. Amber lifted her other arm, smiling as I lapped at her armpit, bathing her sweat stained skin with my tongue. I could feel just a hint of stubble where her hair was trying to grow back and some part of me wished she hadn't shaved at all. What would that be like, I wondered, to kiss the humid tangle of Amber's unshaven underarms? I'd have thought the idea would gross me out, but right then I could imagine nothing so completely erotic.

"Go down..." Amber whispered, pushing me gently to my knees in front of her. "Kiss me down there too."

Her arousal had turned the white nylon of Amber's shorts almost transparent, at least where the material clung to her sex. Those shorts were so thin they seemed more like body paint than real clothing. A thin seam ran from the waistband down, across the gentle swell of her mound only to disappear beneath the obvious knot of wrinkled flesh where her clitoris must have been straining to pop free. Her labia were fat and pronounced with the nylon pushed deeply between them, and I could smell her strongly as Amber held my head and urged me to kiss her there.

My hands went to her thighs, behind her legs and I stroked her smooth skin, so soft and feminine, and strong and toned and unlike anyone else. Amber had muscles, real ones that you wouldn't really notice until you felt them. She was sleek and graceful, athletic the way I wasn't. I felt soft and weak compared to her and I could imagine her dancing tirelessly, cheering sexily in front of an excited crowd. I'd always imagined cheerleaders as something like ornaments, pretty to look at, but hardly practical. Not even real the way the rest of us were, but Amber gave lie to that illusion.

I found her ass with my hands, the nylon giving those firm round globes a strange and unexpected texture. I squeezed her butt and kissed the place where her clitoris hid, mouthing her sex through that teasing veil between us. She sighed softly, stroking my hair, smiling with her eyes as much as her lips. I gave her my tongue, pushing it out and down, not really licking or anything, just using it to explore the odd contours of her pussy through her shorts. I tried to pinch the material between my lips, even bite it, but that would have been impossible. They were too tight, too perfectly molded to her form, and I moved my hands higher so that I could tug at the waistband and pull them down.

"Amber? Hey! Who left this dog here?" Dr. Hanson's good natured chuckle carried through the clinic and interrupted us, filling me with a surge of frustrated desire.

"Back here, Daddy!" Amber called out, helping me to my feet with a lop-sided grin that almost made me feel better.

"I'd better, um..." I licked my lips and looked around, knowing my face was pink.

I felt a bit of panic rising, not so much for myself, but because I didn't want to get Amber in trouble. I knew her dad pretty good, but not enough to be comfortable with being caught doing whatever it was we'd been doing. I didn't even know what to call it or what any of it meant or...I felt pretty confused.

"We'll continue this later," Amber whispered and for just a heartbeat I thought she'd kiss me, but we were too late.

"Tiffany!" Dr. Hanson smiled at me and then looked at Amber. "Have you been playing nice?"

"Of course, Daddy!" she laughed. "I introduced myself and everything."

"Good," he nodded, giving me his warm brown eyes. "Tiffany's very special, we have to treat her nice. Right?"

"Uh, yeah," I giggled, blushing all the more. "Nice is always, uh...nice."

"Nice is always nice," he grinned at me and then frowned at his daughter. "Did you lose something?"

"Huh? Oh!" Amber made a little eek! face. "I spilled some juice on my skirt. It's hanging in the bathroom."

"Looks like you spilled a little juice on your shorts too," he clucked his tongue and smiled at me. "Amber was always a messy girl."

"Yeah right," she rolled her eyes. "Don't listen to him. I had to baby-sit my dad for ten years."

"What?" He looked shocked.

"Sometimes I think I never should have left for college," Amber sighed before turning on her smile again. "Thank God he found your mom, huh?"

"Yeah," I smiled back at her.

"No, I didn't find her," Dr. Hanson told us. "Tiffany found me."

"I introduced them," I said, feeling a little proud of that odd accident of fate. "It was just kinda luck, I guess."

"Lucky for all of us, huh?" Amber grinned at me and I blushed again, stealing a glance at her dad. He gave me a wink and a nod and I felt hot all over.

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## **Chapter Nine - The Trouble with Tiffany**

"Do you think I'm kinda..."

I pursed my lips and searched for the word I wanted.

"Weak?" I blinked at Licorice. "Yeah. Exactly. Do I have like a weak personality?"

He shrugged.

"What?" I frowned at him. "Then how'd you know I was looking for that word?"

We were sitting on the floor in the living room playing blackjack and I gave him another card.

"It wasn't a lucky guess!" I rolled my eyes. "You're such a big liar sometimes."

Licorice didn't want to hurt my feelings, but I needed the truth.

"I mean, look at that Amber chick," I said while I shuffled the cards. "It was like she hypnotized me or something...Cut."

I dealt the cards while Licorice licked his paws.

"I didn't even think I liked her that much," I sighed. "I licked her armpits. Huh? You want another card? I got a five, Lick...You oughta stand."

He never listened to me and I gave him a queen.

"Ha! Twenty-three," I grinned at him. "Told ya so!"

Lick gave me a dirty look.

"Anyway," I continued, "she must think I'm really desperate or something. God! I can't believe I did that."

We played a couple more hands in silence and Licorice was winning more than he was losing, which kind of annoyed me.

"Let me borrow a couple dollars," I said, reaching for his pile of money.

Licorice didn't like that idea, but I took it anyway and I wasn't gonna pay him back. I mean, he was my boyfriend, right? What did he expect!

"Strip blackjack?" I giggled. "What are you gonna take off, Lick? You don't even have a collar."

He didn't have an answer for that and I was just wearing panties anyway.

"You deal for awhile," I said, pushing the cards towards him. "You think I give out like some kinda vibe?"

He seemed to think about that for a second.

"I do?" I watched his eyes and my boyfriend wasn't lying. "I'm not a lesbian though."

Lick shrugged and I doubled down on my eleven.

"Yeah, I remember Sister Agatha," I sighed as I got a seven. "Mom doesn't count. That's totally different!"

But Lick didn't think so.

"I know she's a bitch," I rolled my eyes. "But that doesn't mean we're lesbians."

Girls were always bitches to Lick; he didn't mean it in a bad way.

"And Amber," I had to agree. "Yeah, okay. That was pretty gay, but...Yeah, I see your point."

Lick thought I was definitely throwing off some lesbian vibes and that bothered me a lot. I knew I wasn't a lesbian. How could I be? I didn't even like girls! I didn't like boys either. I liked dogs. My boyfriend was a dog and I'll admit that sometimes my eyes wandered, you know. Like the other day I

saw this seriously hot Alsatian. I don't usually go for guys with long hair, but he looked pretty awesome and I really wanted his number, but Lick was with me and...you know. It woulda been kind of awkward.

Anyway, he had a good point. Even if my mom didn't count, and I didn't think she did because I totally loved her anyway, there was still the thing with Sister Agatha and then my experience with Amber. It seemed like they just knew they could do whatever they wanted with me and I wouldn't say no. Well, I couldn't really say no to Sister Agatha anyway, but you know what I mean. It was like she'd known exactly how I'd react, meaning I'd get all hot when she spanked me and then cum like crazy as soon as she started fingering my horny pussy.

How did she know that if I hadn't given her some kind of signal?

It bugged the heck out of me and Licorice just rolled his eyes as I spent about a half hour in front of my bedroom mirror. I wanted to see what Sister Agatha and Amber had seen, you know? Was it something in my eyes? They looked pretty blue, but lots of people have blue eyes. The way I brushed my hair? Except it had been pinned up at school and down around my shoulders when I'd met Amber. My smile? I smiled all the different ways I knew how. Happy, shy, surprised, doubtful, embarrassed...Oh!

"Does this look gay to you?" I asked Lick, giving him my best embarrassed smile.

He cocked his head to left.

"Maybe?" I nodded, looking back at the mirror. "Yeah, I think so too."

When I felt embarrassed I sorta smiled like I had a secret. A gay lesbian secret maybe. Like I secretly wanted some girl to spank my butt and make me lick her underarms? No way! I shook my head at that. It couldn't be my smile. Body language maybe? I stood on my bed, even though Licorice teased me, and tried standing in different ways. With my arms crossed and at my sides; with my legs spread and together. I shrugged my shoulders and tilted my head this way and that.

"I just look like me," I sighed, standing on my bed wearing nothing but a pair of plain white panties.

That had probably been a mistake.

"No! I'm not gonna dance like a stripper!" I told him. "God! Where do you get that stuff anyway?"

Licorice wanted a lap dance and I ignored him. I wasn't really feeling very sexy right then, but I wondered what I'd do if some girl had been sitting on my bedroom floor, asking me for a sexy dance...Well, what would I be doing standing on my bed in panties anyway? Duh! I really thought there was something wrong with me sometimes. I just hoped it wasn't my sexual orientation because I really liked my boyfriend's cock, you know?

"Tiffany? Are you getting ready?" Mom called out from her bedroom and that was a whole other problem. "Michael's going to be here in half an hour!"

"Yeah Mom!" I yelled back, knowing I could wait until Dr. Hanson was ringing the doorbell and I'd still be ready before Mom. She was stressing too, believe me, and I hadn't sorted that out yet either.

I had other things on my mind anyway, like...

Did my clothes look gay? Did I dress like a lesbian? I had a sudden panic attack as I opened my

closet and looked through my clothes. I'd worn my uniform to school though, the same one as all the other girls, so...No, I decided. My clothes were normal. It had to be me and that almost made me feel better except it didn't.

The worst thing was I couldn't even ask my mom about it. We'd had sex! Like, uh...Gee, Mom...Do you think I'm kinda queer? She was probably struggling with the same question. Well, I knew she wasn't. Mom knew she wasn't totally gay because she'd been married, had a baby, loved Dr. Hanson and wanted to have his baby probably, and that made her at least fifty percent not gay, right? Like even more than that probably. Mom had to be mostly straight and just, you know, sorta bisexual or whatever.

Most girls are, you know. I read it in a magazine at Supercuts when I got my hair cut last year. The article said it's completely normal for a girl to like other girls sexually, even romantically because girls are from Venus, whatever that means. But normal girls like boys too and I only liked boy dogs, so...What did that mean? I was confusing myself and I shook my head trying to clear it. If I kept this up, I'd end up in some hospital with a big box of crayons and a blank wall to play with.

And still a lesbian to boot!

Except, "I'm not a lesbian!" I practically yelled and Licorice just shook his head sadly.

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"Thank you for calling Dial-A-Shrink, please use the automated call forwarding system to direct your call. Push 1 now if you're feeling depressed..."

"Huh?" I frowned, wondering what the other options might be. I didn't feel particularly sad, just sorta concerned.

"Push 2 now if you suffer from drug or alcohol dependency..." I rolled my eyes at that one. Isn't that what Dial-A-Dealer is for? "Push 3 now if you're having problems with work..." blah blah blah "...Push 7 now if you suffer from sexual anxiety..."

Finally! I hit the number seven button and gave Lick a thumbs up...He really hates that!

I had to listen to music for five minutes while Licorice told me all thirty-one reasons why opposable thumbs are overrated.

"Well at least I can hold a hammer!" I retorted, remembering how much it had hurt when I'd hit my thumb by mistake once. I just didn't want to concede the point.

"Excuse me?" some woman asked.

"Uh, sorry...Hi."

"Hi, I'm Dr. Nora. Can I have your name please?"

"Ummm...Debbie," I lied, but don't ask me why.

"Okay, Debbie," she said pleasantly. "What would you like to talk about today?"

"Are you a real shrink?"

"Yes I am," she replied, not sounded offended at all.

"Good. Okay, um...I think I'm a lesbian? But I don't want to be and my boyfriend says I give off a gay vibe or whatever, but I can't figure out where it's coming from and..."

"Slow down, dear..." the woman said, waiting patiently until I ran out of breath.

"...in the mirror and all my clothes look perfectly normal and everything, so...Huh? Oh. Sorry."

"It's okay. How old are you, Debbie?"

"Who? Oh! I'm sixteen," I told her. "Why?"

"I'm just curious," Dr. Nora said lightly. "Have you ever been intimate with another girl?"

"Uh...Intimate?" I knew what she meant, but I didn't want to sound too eager or whatever.

"Like kissing," she explained needlessly.

"Yeah, kinda," I agreed.

"Kinda?" I could hear her smile. "Were you intimate with another girl recently?"

"This morning," I said. "Just before lunch."

"Okay, well...What happened? Can you tell me?"

"Uhhh...It's kind of embarrassing."

"I'm a doctor, Debbie," she said. "It's okay."

"I, um...I licked a girl's armpits," I said, wincing as soon as I said the words. "Does that make me a lesbian?"

"Did you enjoy, uh...that?"

"At the time," I admitted with a nervous giggle, "I liked it a lot."

"I see."

I slammed the phone down a minute later.

"She said I'm queer," I told Licorice and he just nodded like he'd known it all along.

"You're not ready yet?" Mom walked into the kitchen wearing a satin half-slip. "Who were you calling?"

"Nobody," I said innocently, looking anywhere except at her because maybe if I saw her like that I'd start thinking I wanted to kiss her and...

"Why is my credit card on the counter?" She picked up the plastic. "Tiffany?"

"Wow! It's almost five," I said, looking at the wall clock. "I'd better get dressed."

That bought me only a tiny reprieve and I tried to calculate \$6.99 a minute times like twelve minutes or something. Call it fifteen, stupid push this number and that number and five minutes of Hit Me Baby One More Time played on a banjo. Just to find out what I already knew? God! I shoulda known

that Dial-A-Shrink thing was just a big scam!

Mom was going to kill me when she got the bill for it too!

I wanted to just wear a t-shirt and some jeans, but that was out of the question. We were going to the Virgin Circus at school and I had to wear something presentable, whatever that means. My mom defined it as a dress, or at least a skirt and nice blouse, and I couldn't really argue with that. Being a catholic schoolgirl kinda sucked sometimes and usually when you least expected it, like going to a circus in a dress? But it wasn't a real circus either, just a pretend one with silly games and a little show put on by the choir and all that stuff. It was for charity, you know?

"You'd think Bingo Night would be enough!" I complained to Licorice.

He perked his ears at that. He loved playing bingo!

"No, you can't come. I told you that ten times already," I sighed. "Yeah, Lick. It's cause you're black."

I didn't have the heart to tell him my school was prejudiced against dogs. He wouldn't have believed me anyway.

"I'll never go back to what?" I narrowed my eyes. "You're sick!"

But then I laughed at him and grabbed my blue dress, the one with a zillion white polka dots all over it.

"It does?" I frowned and put it back. I wasn't sure if it really looked gay or not, but Lick seemed to think so.

After a few more false starts I settled on a black skirt, made out of vinyl or something. It was really shiny anyway, short too, and I wore a ribbed top with it, like a t-shirt with a v-neck, except it was a real top and looked pretty okay. I had a cool belt, really wide and made out of pink leather, and I wore that kinda loose, you know. It went good with my pink Skechers. I had some pink earrings as well, nice ones even though they were plastic, and I decided to leave my hair down. I just brushed it to the left instead of the right. Maybe parting the hair on the right was a secret lesbian sign or something, I wasn't sure, and I had a pink barrette to keep it there.

"Pink lip gloss isn't gay, right?" I asked myself in the mirror and I figured I looked totally like a heterosexual girl.

"How do I look?" I asked Licorice as the doorbell rang and Mom could deal with that.

It was her date anyway. Mom was just dragging Dr. Hanson to my school and he was nice enough to pretend to be excited about it. That's one reason he was so completely awesome in my book. I'd never had a dad, you know, so all I knew was what I saw on television mostly, since nearly all of my friends came from broken homes like mine. Dr. Hanson would have made a pretty good TV dad, I thought, and I wouldn't mind if he was my dad until I left for college or whatever.

"I do?" I blinked at Licorice. "Is it my belt or my earrings? What?"

Lick couldn't say why I looked like a lesbian, only that I did. The total package, he called it. Like I'd taken all the heterosexual ingredients and mixed them all together to get a gay sixteen year old girl.



"Tiffany! Michael's here..." Mom yelled. "Come on! We're ready to go!"

Mom wasn't going to let me spend another twenty minutes changing, I knew that. Shoot! I stared at myself in the mirror. Maybe it was because I wasn't wearing a bra. I couldn't really see my nipples through my top, but maybe...

"It's my tits, isn't it?" I asked Lick and he nodded slowly, but then he caught my frown and pretended like he was just scratching behind the ear.

Yeah, I decided. My braless boobs were definitely a surefire dead giveaway that I was a total lesbian. I'd probably have girls hitting on me all night long. I'd be helpless too. I already knew that much about myself. I just couldn't say no to a hot chick. I couldn't even say no to a nun, for Christ's sake! God! And Sister Agatha would be there and she'd see me and remember how I'd cum all over her fingers. She'd probably ask me if I wanted another spanking, like whispering in my ear and rubbing my butt through my skirt, and I already knew I'd swallow hard, blush sweetly, and nod my head like the submissive little lesbian slut I didn't want to be!

"Just a second, Mom!" I shouted, digging through my underwear drawer until I found it.

I yanked up my top and I had one strapless bra. I could put it on and not even mess up my hair, at least not any more than it already was. I fastened it backwards around my tummy, turned it the right way, and pulled my bra up and over my tits. Easy as pie and it had only taken about that long to do it. I tucked my top back into my skirt, fixed my big pink belt so it looked cool 'n casual, like it was about to fall off my hips any second, and...

"Hmmm..." I looked at myself in the mirror, turning this way and that. I didn't really look any different, but I definitely couldn't see any nipple action now. Could a bra really make that much of a difference? It didn't seem like it should, but then again none of this made much sense, did it? Lesbians don't wear underwear? That thought made me smile.

"What do you think, Lick?" I asked him, posing with my hands on my hips while he looked me up and down. "Do I look like a lesbian or what?"

"Definitely," a soft, feminine voice fell from the open doorway onto my heart.

Her fingers played mischievously along the waistband of her leather hipsters while her lustrous green eyes drank me in. All I could do was blink at the girl, feeling my cheeks growing warm and my tummy tingling with a surge of nervous energy. Licorice looked between us and his tail thumped the carpet as he probably imagined another threesome in his immediate future.

"Amber?" I whispered.

"Surprise," she said with a giggle. "Don't I get a kiss?"

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## **Chapter Ten - The Virgin Circus**

"I'm really looking forward to seeing your school, Tiffany," Dr. Hanson said from behind the steering wheel. "Aren't you, Amber?"

"Absolutely, Daddy!" she agreed happily, smiling at me in the fading light of the setting sun. "I feel like we're practically sisters."

"Well, it's so nice to finally meet you," Mom said as she looked over her shoulder. "Your father talks about you all the time."

"My favorite topic, I'm afraid," Dr. Hanson chuckled.

"I don't believe that," Amber said with a smile for my mom. "His favorite topic is someone else these days."

"Oh!" Mom blushed and gave Dr. Hanson her adoring eyes and I thought she looked ten years younger.

"You guys look great together," Amber sighed as she reached for my hands, giving me a squeeze. "Don't you think so, Tiffany?"

"Yeah," I nodded and that wasn't a lie, I just felt really...distracted. I hadn't expected Amber to be coming along with us to the Virgin Circus.

"You're so nervous," she said softly, leaning close enough to press her firm breasts against me. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I replied innocently, doing my best to smile as I chanced a look at her beautiful face.

In the front seat of Dr. Hanson's large BMW, he and my mom were talking about the weather of all things. Probably they just wanted to act cool in front of the kids, you know? Like play it down or whatever. But anytime they were together it was totally obvious how they felt about each other.

I wondered if my feelings were so obvious as well. I felt like we were on a first date or something, except I'd never been on any date before in my life, so...Was this a date? Amber wouldn't let go of my hand. She held it in my lap, rubbing her thumb across my skin and squeezing my fingers gently. Why did that feel so good? It was just my hand, you know? It shouldn't have felt like anything, but it did...I just didn't know what or why.

"You look really great," she whispered. "You don't have anything to worry about."

"I know," I said, looking down to avoid her eyes and seeing her fingers entwined with mine.

"You're gonna be the hottest girl in school tonight," Amber giggled, leaning her head even closer, enough so I could feel her strawberry blonde hair against my cheek.

"It's just a fund raiser thing," I told her. "Not like the prom or anything."

"Yeah," she shrugged, breathing the words into my ear, "but everyone's going to see you, Tiff. You're so beautiful."

"Ummm..." I laughed nervously.

"All the other girls will be so jealous," she continued. "The boys are gonna want you so bad."

"I just, um...Oh!" I shivered as I felt the tip of her tongue flick across my ear.

"You're gonna own that school tonight," Amber promised and I had no idea what she meant by that.

"What are you two whispering about back there?" Dr. Hanson wondered with a good natured smile.

"Nothing!" I answered quickly. Too quickly and Mom turned her head to look at me.

"We're just picking out colors, Daddy," Amber said and she liked to play the little girl for him, I'd noticed, but I did the same thing sometimes. Probably all daughters do that.

"Colors?" Mom looked between us with a curious smile.

"For your bridesmaids," Amber grinned at her. "We're thinking pink."

"Oh!" Mom really blushed then and turned around quickly.

"Amber..." her father warned the girl, "be nice."

"Just being practical," she said with a giggle. "Somebody around here has to plan ahead."

Dr. Hanson offered my mom an affectionate smile and let the subject go. He hadn't even proposed to her yet, at least not officially, and they'd only been dating for about a month. But they did seem awfully perfect for each other.

"You're pretty good at that," I whispered, kind of admiring how easily Amber handled her dad. My mom too, for that matter.

"Lots of practice," she whispered back with a scrunch of her nose. "It's true anyway."

"What's true?"

"Pink is our color," she said and stole her very first kiss from my glossy pink lips.

It had only been a quick one, just a peck, but I felt so warm after that kiss, inside and out. We rode the rest of the way in silence, holding hands and listening to our parents talk about trivial things. Our parents. Our color. What did it mean? And Amber was right about one thing, she did feel like a sister to me and I wished very much that she really was...It might have made things so much simpler.

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The Virgin Circus wasn't a circus at all, that's just the clever name Carol Hahn had suggested. There'd been about a dozen good suggestions for what to call our little fund raiser and the whole school had voted on the best one. In the end Carol's had won and I'd helped put up the big banner that said, "Welcome to the Virgin Circus!"

Yeah. It was pretty special.

"Where's the kissing booth?" Amber teased me and I giggled, feeling...I dunno. Confused.

"It's a catholic school, remember?"

"Too bad," she grinned. "You coulda made a lot of money from me."

That made me blush and I gave Amber kind of a petulant smile, wanting to tease her back. I couldn't imagine her ever paying for a kiss though, not even for charity.

I mean, Amber was just...Amber. She looked kinda really amazing just wearing a pair of red leather hipsters and a black silk blouse, like a short sleeved shirt with only three small buttons to guard her

braless breasts. It didn't hide her belly button at all, or her tummy and those incredible abs. The girl had a sexy six pack, you know? She wasn't Ms. Universe or anything, but she could have been one of those girls on TV every morning working out on a beach in Hawaii. Amber had a real body and she liked showing it off.

Throw her strawberry blonde hair and emerald eyes into the mix, along with her upturned nose, bee stung lips, and dimples and freckles, and...Yeah. Amber. But none of that would have been enough to make me like her, you know? A person is more than just a great body and a pretty face, or at least they should be, and I don't think Amber was vain or even impressed with her looks. More like she was just...amused.

"Hey Tiffany!" Jenny found me right away, like she'd been waiting for me to show up. "Wow!"

"Hi...What?" I narrowed my eyes as my friend looked me up and down.

"Nothing," she said and then looked at Amber. "Who's your friend?"

Jenny hated Amber immediately, I could tell, and I braced myself for the worst.

"Oh, um...This is Amber," I said, glancing between the two of them, "and this is my friend, Jenny."

"Hi," Amber said. "Nice shoes."

I looked down at Jen's feet, but she just wore a pair of brown sandals to go with kind of a boring brown dress. Jen was a cute girl, definitely, but she really needed help getting dressed sometimes. Probably because it was just her and four boys at home. Jenny's mom had run off with her gynecologist a few years before. Or maybe her dentist? I could never remember.

"Best friend," Jen told Amber.

"Huh?" Amber tilted her head with a curious smile.

"I'm Tiffany's best friend," she repeated, sorta looking like she wanted to hear Amber try to deny it.

"Well, yeah," I nodded quickly. "That's what I meant."

"Somebody's a little jealous," Amber whispered in my ear.

"We better, uh...Let's go this way," I suggested. "See ya later, Jen."

"Hold on," she stopped me. "Jeremy's here someplace. He's looking for you." Jen shot a catty smile at Amber. "Tiff's going out with my brother, you know."

"Really?" Amber shrugged and looked around like she was bored.

"No, I'm not," I sighed. "Who's in the dunk tank?"

The gymnasium was pretty crowded and we stood near the main doors, but from somewhere on the other side I'd heard a metal clang sorta sound, a big splash, and a loud cheer.

"Monsignor Harden," Jen told me with a grin, forgetting about Amber for a second.

"Oh yeah?" I grinned back at her. "I gotta see that!"

"Hey Tiffany!" and "Hi Tiff!" turned my head and I saw Katie and Sandy standing there.

"Check it out!" Carol sorta squeezed between them and spread her arms. "They made t-shirts!"

She wore a big yellow t-shirt with "Virgin Circus" printed across the front, giggling happily because it had been her idea, like I said.

"What are you all dressed up for?" Sandy asked me and I rolled my eyes.

My friends were checking out Amber as well and wondering who she was, so I made all the introductions and basically felt kind of out of place, you know? Like we were in a zoo, on the wrong side of the bars. Everyone that walked past looked at us, staring at me or blinking at Amber. Men especially, like the fathers of all the girls I went to school with. Some of them sorta bumped into each other and I saw one guy, Erin's dad, get a serious elbow from his wife. Ouch! But he deserved it too. The man was practically drooling on his shoes.

"Tiffany! Hi!" Jeremy found me and I kinda groaned inwardly, but managed to smile at him.

"Hey Jeremy," I nodded as my friends kind of faded into the background the way shy girls do around boys they like. You know, giggling and whispering and trying to get his attention without begging for it, but he only had eyes for me.

"Hi," he repeated and I rolled my eyes.

"Yeah," I said. "Hi."

Amber laughed lightly and Jeremy glanced at her, but that was all. A college coed, a really hot one standing two feet away from him, and Jeremy didn't even blink? He just stared at me and I think that was the very second I started to believe that maybe he really did love me.

"I was hoping you'd be here," he said. "I wanted to ask if we were still on for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" I narrowed my eyes at him and Amber cleared her throat. "Oh! Jeremy, this is my friend, Amber."

"Hi there," Amber said, giving Jeremy a teasing finger wave.

"Hi," he smiled politely, but he didn't even check out her tits! He just smiled quickly and then looked at me. "Yeah. We're going ice skating, right?"

"Ice skating? Oh! Um..." I giggled nervously. "I remember we talked about it, but...I don't think I can make it tomorrow, Jeremy."

"After lunch," he said in a gentle, cajoling voice. "Come on. It'll be fun, I promise. I'll pick you up, okay?"

"Pick up who?" Josh Hawkins slapped his younger brother on the back. "Hey! Tiffany?"

He looked at me like he'd never seen a girl before, but I'd been to their house plenty of times with Jenny. I'd grown up living two blocks away from them and Josh was a senior, eighteen years old and pretty much one of the hottest guys around. All three of the Hawkins brothers were seriously cute and that included the youngest, Jared, who appeared right on cue.

"What's going on?" he smiled at us, especially at Amber. She'd grabbed Josh's attention as well and I

didn't mind.

"Who's your friend, Tiff?" Josh wondered, doing the man thing and standing as straight as he could, shoulders back, stomach in, you know. Except Josh had a pretty tight body anyway and didn't need to pose at all. All three of them were built pretty solid, actually.

I made introductions...again, but at least I could avoid Jeremy's interest for the moment. Sandy and Katie were trying to get Jared's attention and Carol kept making happy faces at Josh, and Jen was in love with Jeremy...None of my friends were really happy with Amber, I didn't think, or with me for bringing her, and I figured I'd hear about it first thing Monday morning.

"What's your major?" Josh wondered after I told them that Amber attended the university.

"Pre-med," she told him. "Veterinary medicine."

"Oh yeah?" Jeremy nodded. "Tiffany's gonna be a vet too. Right?"

"I hope so," I said, giving him a funny look. "Who told you that?"

"My sister," he shrugged. "Did you make up with your dog yet?"

"Uhhh..." I giggled and his brothers grinned at me, doubtless because Jeremy had told them about how we'd met the other evening.

"Licorice?" Amber looked at me, wanting in on the joke.

"He's still in the doghouse," I told the guys, giving Amber a shrug like I'd explain later.

We made more small talk and Josh kept trying to make his interest in Amber obvious, but she wasn't buying it. The girl remained polite and smiled a lot, laughed at all the right moments, but poor Josh wasn't her type and it made me wonder exactly what Amber's type might be. Was she a total lesbian? Except I knew she had a dog and more than that, I knew she loved him much the same way I loved Lick. And she knew that I knew, that had been obvious from the way she'd greeted Licorice that very morning in her dad's office.

Having a dog for a boyfriend didn't make her not gay though, just like my relationship with Lick didn't mean I wasn't a lesbian. Plainly I was still a little freaked out, the way I'd been all day long. I didn't want to be a lesbian! I'm serious, I didn't want to have sex with Amber, Sister Agatha, or any other girl...except maybe my mom, but that was different. I loved her. And yet, why did I feel so completely drawn to the girl? To Amber. Why had I touched her and kissed her? Licked her skin and kissed her pussy through those ridiculous shorts? If I didn't want to be a lesbian, then why did I act like one?

That kinda thinking will get you nowhere fast, believe me!

"So, um...Are we on for tomorrow, Tiff?" Jeremy asked me, pulling my head out of the clouds and I nodded.

I nodded?

"Great!" He smiled hugely and nodded as well. "I'll pick you up about one, okay?"

"Uh..." Did I just agree? "What's that?"

"One o'clock," Jeremy repeated, fixing his warm brown eyes on mine and they wouldn't let me change my mind.

"Yeah," I said, forcing myself to smile. "Okay."

"Do you skate, Amber?" Josh asked, but she was looking the other way and I thought he was finally taking the hint.

She had to be a lesbian, I figured. So what did that make me?

\*\*\*\*

Amber held my hand as we weaved our way through the crowd. I wasn't sure how that had happened, but I told myself it didn't really mean anything. Girls hold hands all the time.

We tried popping some balloons with darts, played a little wheel of fortune for donated cupcakes, and let Father Zinc try and guess our weight. He had to guess within three pounds and he was pretty good at it too. The way he looked up at the ceiling, I thought maybe he was cheating though. I mean, God probably likes priests as much as anyone else, right? And it was for charity, so...

He'd guessed ninety-nine for me and according to the scale, I weighed ninety-eight and a half. That had kinda freaked me out, but in a good way and I just grinned at him. He missed Amber though, guessing her at a hundred seventeen.

"One hundred and...twenty-one exactly," Mrs. Primrose announced, since it was her bathroom scale and she was the official weigher person. "We have a winner!"

A lot of people clapped for Amber, a lot of men I should say, and I think they'd been making their own mental guesses as to what she might weigh. They'd been guessing about me too, I figured, and any pretty girl who happened to play. I didn't care though, it had been kind of fun and Amber had won a blue giraffe for fooling Father Zinc. A stuffed one, and not very big or anything, but it was pretty cute anyway.

"I'm gonna name it Tiffany," she told me after we stopped to get a couple glasses of red punch.

"Yeah right!" I laughed at her. "Hey! Hold on...Over here..."

We found the booth that had been set up to sell all the school junk, like the t-shirt Carol had been wearing, and the other kind that just said "Virgin Mary Academy" with the school emblem on the back. There were buttons and bumper stickers and stationary, stuff like that, you know. School stuff.

"I want to get you something," I said, feeling a little shy about it, but I was serious too. I mean, it was my school and everything and Amber was sorta my guest, so...

"Okay," she smiled at me and I felt my heart kinda flutter. I just wanted to give her something.

"Tiffany?" Sister Judith had been selling a key chain to someone and now she stared at me. "I hardly recognize you."

"Uh, hi Sister Judith," I said with a contrite smile. She had a way of making me feel guilty for some reason, even if I hadn't done anything at all.

"You look like one of those people on MTV," she said and Sister Judith must have been about a hundred years old.

"I do?" I giggled nervously and Amber wasn't helping.

"She watches MTV?" my friend said under breath and I bumped her with my hip.

"Um, thanks," I said, looking down at myself. "I just thought I'd wear something a little..."

"You shouldn't thank me for that, Tiffany," Sister Judith said and she wasn't smiling at all. "Does your mother know you dress like that?"

"Can I get one of these t-shirts?" Amber asked sweetly.

I just stood there kind of burning with humiliation. But what did I expect from a nun anyway? At least she hadn't called me a slut to my face, but I got the point anyway...so maybe she did.

"A pink one," Amber pointed. "Small size, yeah..."

"Small?" Sister Judith narrowed her eyes. "For you? I think a medium..."

"No," Amber shook her head. "I want a really tight one. The smaller the better."

"Hmph," the nun frowned, but she pulled out a size small t-shirt and Amber held it to her body.

"What do you think?" she asked me with a grin.

"No way!" I laughed. Even if Amber got it over her tits, which were serious C-cups and not shy at all, that's all the shirt could hope to cover.

"Yeah way!" Amber sighed happily. "I'll get one for you mom too."

"What?" I gasped and rolled my eyes.

"Oh yeah! Let me have another one just like this and, um..." she looked around. "A bumper sticker! That one!"

"A bumper sticker?"

"For my dad," Amber smiled at me. "This is awesome. What do you want?"

"Me? I'm supposed to be getting something for you, remember?"

"Snow globes?" She clapped her hands with happy surprise. "You guys got snow globes? Can I see one?"

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"I don't think Sister Judith liked us very much," I said with a giggle some ten minutes later.

We were sitting beneath my locker, on the floor in one of the deserted hallways upstairs. The gymnasium had been too crowded and too warm, and too uncomfortable with everyone watching us. I'd never felt like that before. Being stared at. I didn't really think I liked it very much, but Amber hadn't even seemed to notice. Or more likely she was just used to it.

I was probably about as pretty as she'd been at my age, although I had a hard time imagining Amber as anything but what she was - a nineteen year old college girl. She was more outgoing though,



more comfortable being around people and at the center of their attention, or so it seemed to me. I didn't really know her that well yet. I'm just saying we were a lot alike in some ways, but different in others too.

"I can't believe you bought me a snow globe."

I gave it a small shake, watching as the snow swirled around the manger and the dozen tiny figures gathered outside it. The Nativity scene...with snow. That seemed kinda funny for some reason.

"You don't already have one, do you?" Amber asked me and I shook my head with a giggle. "Cool."

"Yeah," I agreed. "It is cool. Thanks."

We sat there in silence for a minute and I couldn't think of anything to say. I mean, I knew what I wanted to say, but not how to say it. I liked sitting with her though. Amber didn't really frighten me or anything, I just...Amber's fingernails were scratching lightly along my left thigh and I had my knees up, so my skirt had fallen down to my hips. I kept my thighs together, but I knew she could see just a hint of my panties. I wanted to move and cover myself up, but I didn't want her to think I was shy or nervous. And she kept looking at me and touching my leg and...

"Hey, um..." I cleared my throat softly, glancing around the deserted hallway. It was sorta dark too, not totally, but dim with the light coming from the stairwells.

"Hmmm?" she sighed softly, watching my eyes and smiling.

"You know I'm not really, uh...gay. Right?"

"So?" She giggled and I hadn't expected that answer. It sorta froze me for a second, like I couldn't think of what to say.

Amber turned towards me and her hand slid over my thigh and then between them. I let her push my legs apart as I held my breath, licking my lips and staring into her shining eyes. I knew what was coming. I could feel it in the tingling of my tummy, on my skin and in my hair. My entire body felt tense and I didn't even breathe as she leaned into me, finding my lips with hers.

I reached for her, holding that silly snow globe with one hand and finding her shoulder with the other. I spread my legs even wider as I felt her fingers caressing my panty covered sex. Amber's tongue slipped into my mouth and I felt so completely helpless as it touched mine. This was a real kiss and my heart felt ready to burst as the girl seemed to fill me up inside. The warmth of her, the pure joy of being with her. She was the first person besides my mom that I fell in love with and I wanted to cry for some reason.

We kissed for a long time, but I couldn't say how long. Until my lips felt swollen and bruised and my panties were damp with my arousal. Amber hadn't tried to take them off me, even though I wouldn't have stopped her. She hadn't even tried to pull them aside to find my naked sex with her fingers. She'd just touched me through the cotton, petting my pussy while we made out and for some reason that seemed even better. Like that self-control meant something special, that kissing was more important than sex, and not even the kissing...Just being together.

"We should probably go back downstairs," Amber whispered as she stroked my hair, pulling my long bangs out of my eyes.

"Yeah," I sighed, taking a deep breath and nodding. "They're singing now."

We could hear the choir, their voices seeming to float through the floor and echo off the walls. It was a lonely, haunting sound, I thought. Like something forgotten. Not really a sound at all, but just a memory that lingered in the dark after everything else had gone away.

"I love you."

The words were barely spoken and I couldn't even be sure I'd actually said them, but I had. If Amber had heard me, she pretended otherwise and I was grateful for that. I didn't want anyone to know.

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## **Chapter Eleven - Tiffany on Ice (Part I)**

"Look, I don't know why I'm going. Okay?" I made a face at Licorice as he sat on my bed watching me change clothes. "Don't be mad about it."

"I'm not mad at all," Mom said from the doorway, and that was obvious. She looked pretty happy about the whole thing.

"Lick's kinda jealous," I explained to her, pulling my beige sweater over my head and shaking my hair loose.

"You didn't wear a bra to church?" Mom's smile turned upside down as I gave her a sheepish shrug.

"It's a pretty thick sweater," I said and Licorice grinned at that.

"I don't know what goes through that head of yours sometimes," Mom sighed. She licked her lips nervously and despite her best efforts, I could feel the tension between us.

"Me neither," I giggled, folding my sweater as I stood there topless. I posed deliberately, really wishing she'd look at me.

"I'd better change my clothes too," my mom decided and ever since we'd had sex, she'd been acting funny.

"Do you need help?" I asked, but that only made her blush. "I mean, do you want me to unzip you?"

"No, um...I can manage," she said, avoiding my eyes and turning quickly.

I looked at Licorice and he dropped his chin to the mattress. He couldn't figure it out either. I mean, we'd had a threesome and a pretty good one, so far as I could tell. It had been fun and sexy and we'd all cum a lot. It hadn't changed my feelings for my mom at all. Or Lick's, since he always wanted to fuck her anyway.

But Mom...It had to be guilt. I wasn't dumb. I could figure it out and she had to be feeling guilty about having sex with her own daughter. I wanted to talk to her about it, but I was afraid of making her feel worse, you know? I didn't want Mom to think I only loved her because we had sex, that wasn't even remotely true! I thought of it more like, I dunno...playing Scrabble or something. Sort of a fun family activity - and kinda educational too, if you stop and think about it.

And she wouldn't talk to me about it because, well, I didn't know exactly why. I guess that's how guilt works. So we were stuck trying to act normal and pretending like nothing had changed and feeling kinda miserable about it. Sometimes I honestly wished we'd never had sex at all, you know? Especially since I'd about convinced myself that I was a lesbian. God! How was I going to tell her

about that? Mom would probably blame it on herself and feel even more guilty! Like she'd turned me gay because my dog had wanted a threesome.

"It's your fault," I told Lick and he rolled his eyes at me. "So you'd better come up with a plan to fix it!"

He promised he would, but then he went to work licking his cock and giving me puppy dog eyes. I unzipped my skirt, trying to ignore him as I peeled off my red thong. I had to hide it quickly before Mom caught me. Wearing a thong to church would be worse than not wearing panties at all in her book, but I liked the idea of teasing God since he teased everyone else all the time.

"Alright, fine...Look out..." I sighed, kneeling beside my bed and pushing Lick's face out of the way. "I'll do it, but we have to be quick."

I couldn't ever say no to Licorice and he'd asked me nicely, even using the magic word, please, and I suppose he did deserve a little something for that. Me too, since I hadn't sucked him off in like three days and I felt sorta horny for it. I wondered if dog semen was addictive or something? But probably I was just addicted to my boyfriend.

His cock had pushed out of the sheath a little, but now it had gone back inside and I didn't mind. I liked playing with his furry foreskin and I held his cock in my hand, feeling the short, soft fur and the amazing hardness of Lick's penis underneath. Dog cocks are so cool. Even when they're soft they're still hard, just not as long and thick and wet. I slid my hand up and down, licking around the opening and tickling the tip of his penis with my tongue as it began to emerge.

I let him grow right into my mouth too. I kept my lips tight around the shaft, kind of whitish and decorated with an intricate pattern of fine blue and red veins. Lick's cock would darken as he got more excited and I could already feel the small lump near the base of his prick that would soon grow into the knot. I let him hump my hand and fuck my mouth so much as he could while lying on his back. Usually I liked to take my time and keep him still, letting my boyfriend relax while I gave him a nice long blowjob, but we were in kind of a hurry today.

So I jerked him off in time with my mouth, making sure we got the sheath pulled all the way down, under the exposed knot. Believe me, you don't want to get your boyfriend's knot stuck in the sheath! He won't like it at all and besides, that bulging muscle is so much fun to kiss and lick and suckle. Licorice didn't much care for having his balls played with, but spreading my lips around the knot was just dandy for him and I did that. I licked my way down the growing shaft and used my hand to press his cock against my face while I loved the knot with my tongue.

I really wanted to rub my pussy while I sucked him off, but it's kind of a two hand job. One to hold his dick and the other to keep him calm, keep him relaxed and on his back with his paws scratching the air. Licorice is kinda funny when he gets a blowjob, but when it starts feeling really good he starts thinking about puppies. He can't help it, you know. Dogs have strong instincts and if I didn't keep him busy, Lick would jump up and throw his cock straight into my womb. Not that I'd mind that very much, but I really wanted to taste him and besides, Jeremy was coming in less than half an hour, so...

Licorice growled happily as I went back to his cock, sliding my taut lips down the shaft and tasting his watery precum. There'd be a little sperm mixed up in there, but not a lot, not yet, and I swallowed quickly and pumped his cock with my fist in search of more. Some of his juices overflowed from the corners of my mouth, that couldn't be helped though. Licorice always got super wet and I couldn't hope to keep up, but I tried.

I tried to deep throat him too, but I never could. I'd just gag and choke and get frustrated. It was totally annoying to be holding like seven solid inches of fat dog penis in my hand and only get maybe half of it in my mouth...if I was lucky! By the time I pushed my lips around the thickest part of his cock, right in the middle, there just wasn't any more room! I could barely wriggle my tongue beneath him and I still had like four inches of cock in my hand. It didn't seem very fair to me, but what could I do? I wasn't very big and Lick had a huge cock! I wasn't gonna trade my boyfriend in for a Chihuahua!

"Tiffany? Are you getting...Oh!"

I turned my eyes to see my mom staring at us, wearing a bathrobe and kind of playing nervously with her hair. She'd pinned it up for church, but now it fell in a golden cascade around her flushed face, and her eyes were wide, and I wished she'd come over and help me! Maybe Mom knew how to deep throat and she could teach me and...

She looked over her shoulder like she wanted to leave, but she didn't. Mom just watched me and I'd stopped moving for a second, but then I went back to bobbing my head up and down slowly, making the soft, wet sucking noises that a girl makes when she's working on a juicy prick. I swallowed thickly, filling my tummy with Lick's juices, and I knew she could hear that too. I held his cock in my fist and didn't really jerk him off so much as just squeeze him. Licorice liked that a lot and I didn't mind. He felt so amazingly hot and hard beneath my fingers.

I kind of rocked on my knees, spreading my legs a little more, even though Mom wouldn't have much of a view of my pussy. I was trying to invite her over though. I really needed some attention, just a little rub. Just a small pinch of my thrumming clit would have really made it special and I remembered how good Mom had fingered me out. How wonderfully she'd sucked my pussy the other night. God! What was she waiting for? I needed her, couldn't she see that? My body had turned pink and damp with sweat, my nipples had swollen with the pleasure of sucking off my boyfriend. She had to see those and know how badly I needed to be held and kissed and pinched and...

"Mmmm..." Mom sighed softly as she slipped a hand inside her bathrobe, finding her own pussy and rubbing herself while she watched us.

She just wanted to jill off while her daughter gave the family dog a blowjob. That seemed sorta unfair and I probably would have frowned if my mouth hadn't been full, but then I thought maybe I was just being selfish. That wasn't fair either. I didn't own my mom anymore than I owned my dog! She could do whatever she wanted and I had to admit, being watched by her was kinda cool. It made me want to do it even better than I already was, you know? Like if Mom wanted to watch? Well, I'd show her just how good a cocksucker her little girl could be!

"Umph! Ulp! Mmph!" I really had to swallow fast!

Licorice wriggled like a big black furry worm with legs as his balls emptied with a rush of hot, bitter-sweet cum. It wasn't awfully thick or anything, more like skim milk kinda, but there sure was a lot of it! I lifted my mouth and my cheeks bulged like a chipmunk as I looked at my mom and she'd slipped her robe off completely by then. She leaned against the door frame with her legs spread wide and her hips thrust towards me, pumping her wet hole with three fingers. Her other hand played with her tits, holding them and squeezing, digging her fingers into her flesh with sharp gasps and groans.

Mom was totally getting off and even though Lick was still cumming, loosing his semen in a steady stream onto his belly, I let him go. I had a mouthful of my boyfriend's cum and I was determined to share it. I felt a little dizzy as I stood up, kinda breathless and trying hard not to swallow. My jaw felt

kinda numb after blowing Licorice for almost ten minutes probably. It always took him a long time to cum if we weren't actually fucking and ten minutes was kinda quick, actually...but still a long time for me!

I thought Mom might want to get away from me, since I knew she felt confused and guilty and all that, but she was getting off too. Mom had cum at least once, I was sure of it. I could smell her sex, see her orgasm glistening inside her thighs and on her hand as she fucked herself. She didn't go anywhere, but only breathed harder and faster, shaking with nervous excitement as I took her in my arms. I hugged her tightly and pulled her face down to mine. We kissed and I thought she might collapse right then and there.

But she didn't. Mom clung to me as if she were my child and opened her mouth for Lick's fresh cum. I covered her lips with mine and pushed a mouthful of warm dog semen into my Mom's mouth with my tongue, French kissing her through that seamy mess and savoring the experience. I was sharing my passion for Licorice with her, joining the love I felt for both of them and urging her to drink it for me. To swallow the pure essence of our raw desire.

I felt her hands on my back, sliding downward to my ass while we kissed. Cum spilled from our lips and ran down our chins and across our cheeks, but we didn't care. Mom swallowed thickly and so did I, then we kissed some more, swapping spit and cum between us eagerly. I thought it had to be the most beautiful, tender moment we'd ever shared and I stared into my mom's shining blue eyes the whole time. That was the best, seeing nothing but my love for her reflected without any fear or regret.

And she held me so nicely. Her fingers were wet and I spread my legs around her thigh. Mom brought her knee up, giving me her smooth flesh to press my hungry sex against. I rocked my hips, grinding my pussy against her thigh while she nursed on my cummy tongue. Her beautiful firm tits pressed against my smaller, immature breasts and our nipples moved against each other. She was cumming again, I thought, feeling Mom's body shudder as she moaned into my mouth, and that brought me off as well.

My orgasm burst from my belly with an explosion of joy and I don't remember doing it, but we must have fallen or sat down or...something. I found myself on the floor, embracing my mother and kissing her as if there was nothing else in the world. Only our kiss and our hands and our bodies. We moved together, making love the way women do, with every part of ourselves, and this experience seemed very different from what we'd shared before. More deliberate somehow, more purposeful maybe, like we weren't just having sex. We were making love, sharing a secret whispered between our souls.

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"Do you have your skates?" Mom asked me and I held up my baby blue skate case with a grin.

"Yeah, Mom."

I stood tip-toe and kissed her lips while Jeremy waited patiently and maybe a little nervously since this was officially a date. My mom had wanted to have a little talk with him, privately, and I'd busied myself with brushing my hair and listening to Licorice complain jealously. I wasn't sure what Mom had said to the boy, but I figured it probably involved a promise about tracking Jeremy down and killing him if he hurt me. I didn't have a dad maybe, but Mom did a pretty good job of protecting me when she had to, and like I said...this was my first ever date with a boy.

"Be good," she whispered with a lick of her lips and I didn't see anymore of that guilt in her bright

blue eyes.

"I love you, Mom," I told her. "You don't have to worry."

"I know," she nodded. "Okay. You guys have fun. Are you coming home for dinner, or..."

"Um...I thought maybe we could go someplace?" Jeremy sorta suggested and asked at the same time. "Do you like Mexican food, Tiff?"

"Mexican?" I giggled. We weren't even out of the house and he was planning dinner? "We'll see how the ice skating goes, okay?"

That got a small frown out of my mom and I had to remember not to be so mean or whatever. I didn't think I was being mean, but maybe it sorta sounded like I planned on having an awful time or something, so...I rolled my eyes and changed my tune.

"Yeah. I like it sometimes," I said, which got a smile out of everyone but Licorice.

He sat by the refrigerator glaring at Jeremy.

"Shut-up!" I told Lick with a frown and then glanced at Jeremy, but he hadn't heard what Lick said, thank God! He'd been too busy being happy that I liked to eat tacos once in awhile.

"What's that?" Mom blinked at me and I just shrugged.

"Nothing," I said. "Licorice is just being a brat."

"Oh." Mom looked at the ceiling and Jeremy looked at me and I looked at Licorice and he still thought Jeremy had a little dick.

Something about the size of his thumbs, but my jealous boyfriend had a thumb fetish anyway. Small thumbs equal a small dick? I gave Licorice a frown that meant I'd put his theory to the test if he didn't start acting his dog age instead of his human age! I mean, theoretically Lick was about 25 years old, but he acted like a little kid sometimes. If he wasn't careful, I'd make it a point to find out just how big Jeremy's cock might be and wouldn't that be...Hmmm...

I blinked at that idea and a plan was starting to form in the back of my pointy blonde head.

What if I wasn't really a lesbian at all? I mean, what if I only thought I was gay because I'd never tried having sex with a boy? I'd never wanted to, I admit, and probably that was a pretty serious sign, but still...What if sex with boys was one of those things you don't know you like until you try it? Like mushrooms. I always thought I hated mushrooms, until I actually tried some. They were pretty good on pizza and I loved them now. What if boys were the same way?

You see where I'm going with this?

I really didn't want to be a lesbian. Bisexual would be okay, I could deal with that, especially since I didn't intend to stop having sex with my mom. But she didn't count anyway, probably. Even if she did though, if it turned out that having sex with boys was pretty awesome, and I seriously doubted it was, that would mean I wasn't totally gay, right? At worst I'd be one of those bisexual girls and everybody loves them anyway! That was even normal, according to a magazine I'd read once. A girl should be bisexual, you know?

Normal! Yeah, that's what I wanted to be. All I had to do was find a boy willing to help me out. And

what do you know? Jeremy was standing right there smiling at me and even if he had a little dick to go along with his little thumbs, that's not what I was after.

In fact, the idea of letting him stick his dick inside me sorta made me feel...Ugh! Gross! Boys pee out of that thing! But I could probably ignore it and just let him kiss me a lot and if I got into it, well...I wouldn't be queer! Except I'd probably have to let him do it, but I could close my eyes and pretend I was getting a pap smear or something. Except pap smears totally suck! I'd only had one and if I was going to imagine something while some boy spronged me it wouldn't be that!

Anyway, all that went through my brain in like a microsecond and I knew what I had to do. I just wasn't sure how I'd ever explain it to Licorice! I was pretty sure he'd be thrilled if I really did turn out to be a complete lesbian, as long as I kept sucking his cock and letting him fuck me whenever he wanted...which was all the time, by the way. If I wasn't a lesbian, then that would mean I actually liked having sex with boys. If I let Jeremy do me today, even if I never ever did it with another boy in my whole life, Licorice would always know that I'd had someone else's cock inside my pussy.

Ouch!

I could even get puppies if I wasn't careful. I mean, babies...duh! I bit my lip and started counting the days until my next period. I'd never really worried about it, except to make sure I had a pad ready before I went to bed, but I knew a girl ovulates fifteen days before her menses starts, so...I had thirteen days to go and my body worked pretty good. I was mostly on time and I wondered if thirteen would be safe or not.

It wasn't like I was on the pill or anything. Heck, I didn't even have a condom in my purse, which sounds weird, but all my friends had them. Katie and Carol, Sandy...they all had condoms, mostly because Sandy had stolen some from her parents' bedroom and handed them out one day at school. They were so desperate to lose their virginity! God! I told them to go to the Humane Society and find a boyfriend, but they'd just laughed. Idiots. Heck, even Jennifer had a condom in her purse and I knew she'd let me have it if I asked her nicely.

That's what best friends are for!

Except she was saving it for her brother, since having Jeremy's baby would be really weird probably. She'd be a mother and an aunt all at the same time, and a cousin too! That sucked! Or maybe not a cousin, but...Still, it would be definitely strange and plus it was gonna be Jeremy's baby! The one they weren't gonna have, I mean, and probably their dad would have something to say about that. Maybe her other two brothers as well, since they were all kinda protective of Jen, you know. She was the only girl in the whole family and...Shoot!

I was gonna ask Jenny if I could borrow her condom so I could fuck her brother? No way! She'd kill me!

"Thirteen days," I sighed between pursed lips and then I blinked. "Huh?"

"I said goodbye, Tiffany," Mom said, taking me by the shoulders and literally pushing me out the door behind Jeremy. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"Okay Mom," I bobbed my head, thinking she really couldn't mean that. I mean, she'd gotten pregnant with me at sixteen, remember?

I really hoped I knew what I was doing!

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## Chapter Twelve - Tiffany on Ice (Part II)

"You look really great, Tiffany."

"Thanks," I said, smiling in the passenger seat while Jeremy drove. "You look kinda great too."

"Oh." He smiled back and I kicked myself in the brain. Kinda great? What did that mean?

I was pretty new to this being nice to boys thing. I mean, I'd never been an introverted super-shy sort of girl or anything. I got along with people just fine. It's just that I'd never wanted a boyfriend, you know? So I'd always had like this force field of "Fuck off and die!" around me.

Well, maybe not that bad, but some guys thought so. I heard one boy, Mike Hamstead, call me the Dairy Queen once because I was totally cold and completely lickable. He'd said that behind my back, as in two rows behind me on the bus. His friends had laughed and I'd felt sorta bad inside for a week afterwards.

Just the other day when I'd been at the grocery store I heard Greg Lam ask a stock boy named Henry, "Hey! What's the difference between Tiffany and Big Ben?"

"I dunno," the stock boy said, grinning at me because I was standing right there staring at them.

"Big Ben will give you the time of day!" Greg said and they both laughed while I just frowned.

And then he had the nerve to ask me out! Can you believe that? I totally ignored him and Greg looked at Henry and said, "See?" Like what did he expect after making a joke like that? Boys are so stupid sometimes and that's one reason I didn't much like them. Maybe if they'd act normal once in awhile I'd actually be nice for a change. It was probably one of those catch-22 things my mom talked about, although I never really understood what she meant by that.

But then again...Jeremy had been nice to me.

Even when I'd blown him off, he hadn't gotten mad or made any dumb jokes behind my back, so far as I knew. And now he had me sitting in his car! Funny how that works, isn't it? I was tempted to have sex with Jeremy just so he could tell all the jerks how much fun it had been to get me on my back. Wouldn't that make them feel stupid? I wouldn't even deny it either and when they came around, begging for a date because they thought I'd be an easy fuck? I'd totally blow them off. Again.

The truth was that I had completely different reasons for letting Jeremy get my panties down. I didn't want to be gay and if letting a boy put his thing inside me was the cure for rampant flaming lesbianism, well...I'd grit my teeth and take my medicine. I just really hoped I liked it. I mean, if Jeremy got his dick inside me and it turned out I hated it, then he wouldn't really be curing anything. He'd just be fucking a lesbian.

That would totally suck in like seven different ways!

So you can imagine how nervous I felt. I tried to keep smiling and make small talk, you know, act all normal and everything. My mind was going a million miles an hour though. Should I let him do it before or after we went ice skating? There were a lot of pros and cons to consider, after all. Like how much fun would it really be to skate around with a pussy full of cum? That would be sorta



messy, I supposed. And if I fell on my butt, like I sometimes do even though I'm a really good skater, I'd probably go "splat!" and that would be pretty embarrassing!

People would probably be able to tell I'd had sex too, since I'd worn my figure skating outfit. I liked it, what can I say? It looked nice anyway, being kind of a tight one-piece dress, a red one, with a really short skirt. You know, like figure skaters wear. I had the matching red shorts and my red thong on under that, but I'd left my stockings at home. It was ice skating, yeah, but indoor skating, so it wasn't like the place was Alaska cold or whatever.

But if I waited until after we went skating, then I'd be worried about what was coming and I did want to have a good time. I'd probably mess up all my jumps and spins and end up looking like an idiot. And then Jeremy would think he was dating a klutz and wouldn't even want to be seen with me! I'd have to take the bus home and if I wanted to have sex with a guy, it would probably be some old janitor in a trench coat who smelled like Chinese food. I definitely wouldn't like that and so I'd never find out if I was a real lesbian or not!

See? I had a lot to think about and time was running out!

And what was Jeremy doing anyway? I figured we'd run out of gas or have a flat tire or just miss our turn and end up out by the lake. Isn't that what boys do? He seemed to be taking shortcuts to the Rec Center, running red lights and speeding. Sorta. Well, not really, but it seemed like it. We were almost there and all he'd done was tell me how nice I looked and talked a little about how much fun the Virgin Circus had been.

"Yeah," he continued his boring story, "and then I won a banana cream pie at the cakewalk."

"Wow," I said.

"My brothers ate most of it," he shrugged. "Did you win anything?"

"Ummm...Not really," I sighed. "Amber bought me a snow globe though."

"Amber?" he looked confused for a second and then nodded. "Your friend, right? I think I remember her."

"You think so?" I laughed at that, totally not believing him. What boy would ever forget an insanely hot college coed? Or maybe she was just insanely hot to me, but I didn't want to go there.

"What?" Jeremy gave me a smile. "No. I remember. She looked like your sister kinda."

"Yeah," I sighed, not wanting to talk about her anymore, like I said.

I wanted to push away the nervousness I felt, because I really did feel a little scared. My tummy had grown tight and my heart was going a bit faster. I'd pretty much made up my mind, but what if he laughed at me? What if Jeremy didn't like me or he thought I was some kind of slut, or...All those thoughts kind of rushed at me out of nowhere and I wasn't prepared for them.

I thought this would be really easy, you know? Like it had nothing to do with Jeremy at all. He was just a dick. A cock, I mean. A penis that I wanted to see if I liked or not and...God! It finally hit me that he was a real person. That sounds really dumb and super shallow, I know. I'm almost embarrassed to admit it, but it's true. Nobody wants to be laughed at, just like nobody wants to be used. That thought hit me like a hammer and I decided that whatever happened, if I really wanted the truth, I had to be honest.

Sorta.

"Hey, um...Jeremy?" I swallowed hard as he looked at me. "Do you really want to go ice skating?"

"Uhhhh..." he smiled and sorta shrugged. "I don't know. Why? Don't you?"

"Well..." I closed my eyes for a second and took a deep breath before opening them again.

"What's wrong, Tiff?"

"Nothing," I said quickly. "I just...I've never been on a date before."

"I know," he chuckled. "Your mom made sure I knew that."

"Oh." I nodded, wondering what else she might have said.

"She told me to make sure you have a good time," he told me. "And, um...if I touch you, she'll break my fingers."

"What?" I laughed and rolled my eyes.

"I think she was joking," he confessed.

"Probably," I agreed with a giggle and we were stopped at a red light so we just looked at each other for a minute.

"I'm really nervous," he admitted, watching my face and I knew Jeremy half-expected me to laugh at him, but I didn't. We were both scared, which would explain why we'd been talking about stupid stuff for twenty minutes.

"Do you want to?" I asked him gently.

"Want to...What?"

"Touch me," I said, clearing my throat and I'd never felt so shy in my life. It felt weird. "I won't tell on you."

"You won't?" Jeremy didn't know if he should smile or laugh or what. Probably he thought I was joking and a car honked behind us.

"The light's green," I said, smiling as I spread my legs a little, showing him a lot of thigh because that skirt was really short.

"Yeah," he nodded and the car behind us honked again.

"Yeah it's green?" I giggled. "Or yeah you wanna touch me?"

"Yeah," he laughed, watching as I put my hands between my legs, turning the palms out like I was caressing my thighs, pushing them even further apart.

My shorts were snug and they didn't really show anything, you know, but they didn't hide the swell of my mound at all. They didn't cover the pale hollows inside my thighs, the soft skin drawn taut as I widened my legs about as far as I could. Maybe I was acting like a slut, I wasn't sure, but the invitation had to be unmistakable.

I felt that tightness in my belly sinking lower, drawing the tiny muscles in my pussy tight with anticipation. Whatever my brain was, lesbian or bisexual or whatever, my body didn't seem to care. I liked the way Jeremy looked at me. I liked touching myself for him too. There was something exciting about it that I didn't expect or fully understand yet.

"Get off the road, asshole!" The car behind us passed with a shout and more angry honking.

"We better, uh..." Jeremy yanked his eyes off me as we started moving again.

"Go to the lake?" I suggested.

"The lake?"

"I've never been there," I said with a lick of my lips, but I'd heard all about it.

"It's daytime though," he said and I wondered what difference that made.

"So?" I giggled. "Is it closed during the day or something?"

"No," he laughed too. "I don't think so, but...Are you sure?"

"Yeah," I lied. "I'm sure. I don't feel like ice skating anymore."

"Okay, um..." Jeremy blinked and looked around. "We need to go that way."

Every town has a lake, right? Or at least a make out spot, whether there's water or not. We had the lake and by all accounts it was supposed to be pretty romantic. I'd never been there, of course, and I'm sure Mom wouldn't have approved, but I didn't plan on her ever finding out either. As much as I loved and trusted her, she was still my mom and I was still a sixteen year old girl. I mean, sneaking off to the lake was in my blood! Even if I'd never even imagined such a thing before. Why would I? I'd never liked a boy before.

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"Wait," I said about twenty minutes later. "Just sit there and watch me."

"Watch you?" Jeremy smiled and the back seat of his old Honda Accord wasn't overly large, but roomy enough for what I wanted to do.

"Yeah," I nodded. "But take off your pants first."

"Huh?"

"Take them off," I sorta commanded, but in a playful way as I got more comfortable. "I've never done this before."

"Me neither," Jeremy said, unbuckling his belt slowly and looking at me. "What are you gonna do?"

"Tease you," I giggled, sitting sideways on the bench seat with my back against the door.

"Ohhhh..." The boy rolled his soft brown eyes and he really did look cute. A lot of girls liked him and any one of my friends would have traded places with me in a heartbeat.

"I just sorta want you to look at me first," I said. "Okay?"

"Yeah," he shrugged. "I guess we can, um..."

He licked his lips as I spread my legs and for once I was kind of glad I wasn't very tall. Jeremy must have been almost six feet or something, but not me and I bent my knee and put my left leg along the top of the seat, tickling the cold rear window with my toes. I stretched my right leg straight along the floor and at least Jeremy kept his car clean. He must have washed and vacuumed it twice before picking me up, but I guess that's what boys do before a date, right?

"Can I leave my underwear on?" he asked with a grin, sorta rolling up his jeans and dropping them onto the front seat.

"Uh-uh," I shook my head and smiled at his simple white boxers. "Take those off too."

"What about you?" he wondered and I shrugged.

"I'll take mine off," I promised. "Don't worry."

Jeremy hesitated, but only because he felt shy probably and that's normal. He did it though, lifting his butt and pushing his boxers down, getting them over his feet. He'd kicked off his shoes, but left his socks on. He still wore his sweater too, sort of a thick brown one and it looked nice and casual and I decided he could leave it on if he wanted. I just wanted to see his dick mostly, feeling that nervous excitement coming back. That little bit of fear like I really didn't know what I was doing or why, but feeling like I didn't have a choice.

"Don't touch it," I warned him and both of us were blushing already.

"Okay," he cleared his throat and I could tell he was wondering how he should sit.

"Just face me," I said, tickling the insides of my thighs with my fingernails and watching as he moved. I didn't know how or why I'd ended up in charge, but I had and Jeremy didn't argue.

"Like this?" he asked, facing me with his back to the door and his right knee bent, his foot on the seat. His other leg touched mine as he had it straight along the floor, just like mine, and I moved so I could sorta rest my leg on his.

"Yeah," I breathed. "Do you want to see my tits?"

"Alright," Jeremy replied softly and it felt as if we were a couple little kids playing doctor in the basement.

I tugged my skate dress off my shoulders. It was made out of some stretchy stuff, Lycra maybe, and didn't have a zipper or anything. I just pulled it down slowly, staring at Jeremy's cock as it kinda lay there between his thighs. I couldn't tell how big or small it might be, since it was soft and everything. He had big balls though and his cock sorta curled over them like on a hairy pillow. Jeremy had a lot of hair, at least I thought so, but I'd never seen a boy naked like that before, so maybe he didn't. I thought his cock looked kinda funny, actually, and nothing at all like a dog's.

"They're not very big, are they?" I asked as I exposed my breasts, pulling my arms through the sleeves completely as I sat there.

My nipples weren't really hard yet or anything, just a little prickly in the cool air. My body felt warm though and my heart was going quickly. No boy had ever seen my tits before.

"They're nice," Jeremy whispered.

I smiled at that and cupped my smallish boobs in my hands, squeezing them from underneath and rubbing my thumbs over my nipples. That felt pretty good and I kinda flicked them as they started to grow stiff. Yeah. My body was working just fine and I felt the tingling in my tummy. Jeremy's eyes were fixed on my breasts and I don't know why I liked being watched, I only knew I did. I'd known before we'd even gotten in the back seat that I wanted him to look at me before we actually did anything.

"I think they're still growing," I said with a giggle. "I hope so anyway."

"They look perfect just like that," he sighed, shifting slightly and kind of rubbing his thighs with his palms.

"I like to touch them," I confessed, caressing the sides of my tits and sliding my fingers over the top, around the inside. "They feel really nice. I like it when my nipples get hard. They get hot and itchy and I like to pinch them. See? Like this..."

Jeremy nodded as I pinched both of my nipples at the same time, pulling my breasts outward into milky white cones for a few seconds. I let them go and my tits fell back into their natural shape and I shivered and giggled, nodding my head at the small rush of pleasure I felt. Jeremy's cock had started to grow, slowly but surely, and that seemed kinda cool. Kinda weird too since Jeremy was circumcised and didn't have any sheath or foreskin or whatever. It was just kinda there all the time, I guess.

At least Jeremy was getting over his shyness and I just felt horny mostly as I thought about Licorice and how nice it would be if he was there to lick my tits. God! He did it so good too. That long rough tongue of his lapping at my hard nipples, sliding across my sensitive skin...Yeah. Licorice always knew how to make me feel good and I closed my eyes, squeezing my tits and trying to remember those wonderful feelings. It made my tummy flutter, that delicious tingling that told me I was in the mood for love. It was like a gentle alarm clock going off in my belly, sinking lower until I felt my pussy spasm with something like a warm, welcome stretch after a long nap.

"Do you want to take off my shorts for me?" I asked Jeremy, opening my eyes to see him holding his cock in his right hand.

How long I'd been rubbing my tits and dreaming of Lick, I wasn't sure, but long enough to get Jeremy hard. He didn't have a little dick either. It wasn't as big as Lick's, I could see that, but it wasn't as small as my boyfriend had predicted either. I supposed Jeremy was about average, but that's just a guess. I had no way of knowing and I didn't really care. It still looked kind of weird to me. I mean, the head was smooth and round, and it didn't look like it was made for fucking at all. Dog cocks are definitely made for penetration, but boys...

"Yeah," Jeremy breathed and I laughed lightly as I brought my feet together on the seat and lifted my butt.

Jeremy leaned forward and this was fun and exciting and we were both nervous as he pinched my shorts and started pulling them off my hips. I had my red thong on underneath, but that didn't hide much and his eyes were fixed on my pussy. The thong covered my clit and hid my labia and everything, the triangle of nylon disappearing between my butt cheeks and not really hiding my butt hole at all. I should have been embarrassed probably, and maybe part of me was, but most of me liked the way Jeremy drank me in with his eyes.

He pulled my shorts all the way off and sat back with his cock standing stiff between his thighs. Jeremy definitely liked me! Or at least he liked looking at me for sure and even though I wouldn't say I was very attracted to his body, there was something in his face, in the boy's smile and especially in his eyes that I really found myself liking. His desire was attractive to me, maybe. Or his love? He'd said before he loved me, had he really meant it? Did I really believe that? I thought I wanted to believe it, at least right then as I spread my legs once more and this time started playing with my barely covered pussy.

Love, I decided, was attractive to me and I suppose everyone feels that way, but maybe not.

"I never showed my pussy to a boy before," I told him with a happy blush, chewing my bottom lip as I slid my middle finger along the nylon where it covered my slit.

"I've never seen one before," Jeremy admitted.

"Not even Jenny's?" I teased him, pushing the thong between my pussy lips like I was trying to finger myself out.

"Jen?" he shrugged. "She's my sister, so...um..."

"She doesn't count?" I asked, finding my clitoris with my thumb and pressing on it like a tiny start button.

"No," he agreed. "She doesn't count."

"But I do," I said with a soft gasp as my clit throbbed eagerly. "Tell me I have a pretty pussy."

"Oh yeah," Jeremy nodded, holding his cock in his fist while I pulled my thong aside, letting him see my golden pubic hair and the pink folds of my teenage sex.

My lips were already plump with arousal and wet with the thin, oily juice that seemed to appear as if by magic. I hadn't cum or anything, not even close, but I'd already gotten moist. My clit was hard and thrumming, barely the size of my pinky fingernail, but she felt a lot bigger than that. I stroked her for Jeremy, letting him watch how I liked to jill off. He slid his hand up and down his cock in time with my thumb as I rubbed my excited clit. I shivered and pinched my pussy lips between the length of my fingers, pushing and pulling my sex in a tight circle as I massaged my most private place for our pleasure.

How long Jeremy could last, I wasn't sure. His hand was picking up speed and I could see the moisture seeping from the tip of his penis. Clear precum spilled around that weird helmet looking cockhead of his and his fingers spread it around his dick in a thin glaze. The shaft had turned a little darker, kind of ruddy with just a few prominent veins. The skin looked soft as silk, as I watched it slide over the straining muscle beneath. I wondered if Jeremy was going to cum soon and I knew my orgasm wasn't too far away. The windows were getting fogged up and my body was flushed and damp with sweat. We were both pink and excited. I licked my lips knowing what I wanted and hesitating as I thought of Licorice.

I felt guilty and I prayed he'd forgive me for this, but I had to do it.

"Come here," I whispered, moving so that I could lie on the seat more than I already was. "Put it in me."

"Tiffany..." Jeremy breathed, dragging his eyes from my glistening sex up to my swollen nipples and

finally to my lust filled eyes.

"I'm sure," I nodded, answering his unasked question. "Kiss me too, okay? I want you kiss me when you put it in."

"Yeah," Jeremy grinned, nodding quickly as he pushed himself between my spread thighs. He hesitated though.

"What's wrong?"

"I didn't bring anything," he told me. "I mean...I didn't think we'd ever..."

"You mean a rubber?" I asked and he nodded. "It's okay," I sighed, pulling him against me. "Don't worry about it."

"You mean you're on the pill?"

"Yeah," I smiled at him, thinking thirteen days had to be fine. I couldn't get pregnant now, my next period was too close.

"Cool," Jeremy nodded and he was all smiles at that news.

I kept my head and shoulders up, propping myself on my elbows awkwardly because I wanted to see it. I held my breath as Jeremy rubbed the head of his cock up and down my slit and I gasped when it touched my too sensitive clit. I was going to cum. A boy was gonna make love to me and make me cum and I couldn't be a lesbian. No way. I wanted this too much. I needed it. Not that cock, I mean Jeremy. I wanted him inside me. I didn't want to fuck just anybody, I wanted him and I stared as he found my hole and pushed inside me slowly.

"Ohhh...It feels good. Don't stop...All of it, yeah..." I whispered, urging Jeremy to really push because he'd stopped for some reason.

With just the head inside me, he'd stopped to look at my face and make sure I was okay, and that was definitely something a dog would never do! Boys are so weird. I needed him to drive his cock home and fill me up. My pussy ached with the need to be filled. All those butterflies were trapped inside my belly, fluttering around and they couldn't get out unless...

"Ahhh!" I gasped as Jeremy pushed all of his cock inside me, stretching my pussy almost as good as Licorice, but not quite.

That didn't even matter though because it felt so weird! It didn't feel bad or anything, in fact it felt pretty awesome as I lifted my legs higher and scrunched towards Jeremy with my hips, wanting to get him as deep as possible. He leaned into me, delivering that kiss I needed so badly, and he didn't kiss me like a dog either. I felt almost sorta confused, but only because I was so used to having Licorice make love to me, ramming his huge cock as hard and fast into my pussy as he could, shoving his tongue halfway down my throat while I held onto him. I missed that a lot.

Jeremy kissed me sweetly. Like he was afraid he might hurt me with his tongue or something. And he fucked me slowly too, barely moving his hips at all. It felt good, yeah, but he wasn't going to make me cum. Not like that. I kissed him back, kissed him harder as I wrapped my arms around his neck. I chased Jeremy's tongue into his mouth, wrestling with him, biting his lips and sucking on them, doing everything I could to let him know I wanted it kind of rough.

I jerked my hips and rolled my butt, squirming and trying to push myself against his dick. I was burning up inside. I wanted to cum! He had to fuck me hard, so what was he doing? Jeremy barely pulled half his cock out of my pussy before he'd gently push it back inside. I swear, like slow motion fucking! It was a serious tease and for just a second there, I thought maybe that was his plan. Like he wanted to really build me up, get me seriously hot and frustrated and primed for a huge monster finish when we'd both cum at the same time, you know?

But...

"Ugh! Oh! Tiffany!" Jeremy kinda drove his cock balls deep. I think. And I blinked at his red face as he sorta grimaced and smiled and squinched his eyes shut.

I could feel his cock vaguely as it jerked inside me. Maybe I felt something warm and wet, but I could have been imagining it. I mean, I knew he was cumming, that was obvious, but...What about me? That was it? He'd fucked me for like a minute. I swear, none of that had taken very long at all, and on top of that, Jeremy's orgasm was finished like thirty seconds later!

"Did you cum?" I asked, just to make the point that I hadn't.

"Oh yeah!" He opened his shining brown eyes and smiled at me. "That was so great...God! That was awesome, Tiff. Did you feel it?"

"Um..." I blinked at him and I know I wasn't smiling back.

"I love you," he said and I wondered if having sex had made him blind as well as stupid.

He kissed me. More of those sweet, tender, lazy French kisses that felt kinda nice, but nothing like Licorice gave me. Heck! They weren't even as good as my mom's kisses! Her tongue was even smaller than Jeremy's, but when she made out...Wow! Mom made it happen! And so did Amber. That girl could throw down a serious tongue fucking and...What was wrong with Jeremy? Maybe he'd never fucked a girl before, but I knew he'd had girlfriends and stuff. Hadn't they ever taught him how to kiss?

Did I expect too much from him? It must have been my fault, that's what I started thinking while he kissed me. I must be doing something wrong. He'd kissed me nice and put his dick inside me. It wasn't Jeremy's fault he'd cum too quickly. I mean, he'd been jerking off for ten minutes before we fucked, so...Maybe I just expected something else, you know? Maybe the problem was me.

There was only one way to find out.

"I wanna do it again," I breathed, laying beneath the boy and catching my breath.

"Okay," he said with a happy grin. "Sure, um...When?"

"Right now!" I laughed at him. "It's still hard, right?"

I knew his cock hadn't gone soft because I could feel it still stiff inside me.

"Yeah," he nodded. "Definitely."

"This time really fuck me hard, okay?" I asked him seriously, staring into his eyes. "You won't hurt me or anything, I promise. Just really do it hard."

"Hard?" Jeremy licked his lips and he almost looked worried for a second, but then he grinned and



nodded. "You want to put your legs on my shoulders?"

"On your shoulders?"

"Yeah," he smiled sheepishly. "I kinda saw it in a movie once."

"Oh," I shrugged. "I guess so."

I had no idea what he was talking about, and it was kind of a pain getting comfortable like that on the backseat, but we finally got my legs over his shoulders and that made me gasp.

"Um!" I blinked at him as Jeremy's cock found the bottom of my sex and I took that as a good sign. Licorice always touched me down there. You know, like my cervix or whatever? But Jeremy hadn't...Until now. The sensation was definitely nice too.

"Okay?" he asked, bending me about in half with his face just inches from mine.

"Yeah!" I gasped again as he gave me another deep thrust of his prick. "Like that...faster!"

"Faster...Yeah..." Jeremy nodded, bracing himself on his knees and determined to fuck me good finally.

My knees were practically touching my ears, which seemed a little weird and I was glad nobody was around to see us like that. I didn't know what this position was called, but I liked it anyway. Jeremy had my butt rolled upward and his cock had a nice straight shot into my hungry hole. He could fuck me just as hard as he wanted and I couldn't do anything but take it. The boy was so much bigger than me too and I that kinda got me off as well. I liked feeling sorta helpless almost as all I could was lay there, grunting and groaning, clutching at Jeremy as he started driving his cock inside me like a jackhammer.

"Ohhh yessssss..." I hissed, scrunching my eyes shut and thinking this was the way to do it. I could cum. My orgasm was lurking in my tingling tummy, getting ready to explode and I needed it so badly.

"You're beautiful," Jeremy breathed. "God...I love you...Tiffany..." And his balls would slap my butt as he'd pull his cock nearly all the way out and then drive it home with one quick thrust. We were really fucking now. He'd finally gotten the idea and I was reaping the reward.

My pussy quivered around him, squeezing Jeremy's cock and trying to keep him inside. The sensation was awesome and not even that much different from fucking Licorice, except it was. I couldn't feel the knot banging against my pussy for one thing and I missed that. Plus Jeremy was a lot slower than Lick, but I forgave him for that. Dogs are made for fucking, boys are made for...I don't know what, but definitely not for sex. Changing tires maybe. Mowing the lawn.

"Ohhh...More! Um! Uhhuh...Fuck! Ah!" I was so close to cumming! It was right there! Just one more minute and I'd be gone!

"Yeah! Tiffany! Ummm..." Jeremy jammed his cock all the way inside and started grinding into me. He wasn't fucking at all, just...grinding.

"Wha...What? Don't stop!" I blinked at him. "Fuck me!"

"I'm cumming!" he gasped. And for some strange reason he had to stop fucking me for that? What

the hell?

My impending orgasm died a lonely death while Jeremy dumped his second big load of hot boy cum into my womb. I mean, it was like he hit a switch inside me and I wasn't turned on at all anymore. He couldn't last more than three minutes? Licorice fucked me longer than that and he moved twice as fast! Plus he locked me up and I spent ten minutes riding the knot afterwards. Jeremy just pulled out of me and then what?

I felt pretty empty. As in lonely. That's the word for it.

Jeremy sat back with his dark cock all wet and shiny with his cum and not mine. It started getting soft too, since he'd cum twice and everything. I guess I couldn't blame him for that, but still...A three minute fuck? Are you kidding me? No wonder Carol loved her vibrator. Batteries lasted for hours! Heck, my mom's fingers lasted for hours too! She'd made me cum like ten times that first night we'd had sex. Even Sister Agatha had made me cum and she'd spanked me! Amber could make me cum with a kiss!

Fuck!

"You're so amazing, Tiffany!" Jeremy said with a laugh and he thought everything was perfect. "That was fantastic! God! Wow!"

"Yeah," I said, laying there with my legs spread around the boy. His cum had already started leaking from my well fucked, but seriously frustrated pussy, and I wore a big frown on my face.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Did I hurt you?"

"Sorta," I sorta lied. He'd hurt me, but not in the way he was thinking. "I'm kinda sore down there now."

"Oh," he nodded and that turned out to be a pretty good excuse. "I didn't mean to do it that hard."

"I know," I said, forcing myself to smile at him. "I think I just need to take a bath."

"You want to go home?" He didn't look too happy about that and I almost laughed as I saw him playing with his dick.

"Why?" I asked him. "You want to do it again?"

"Well," he made a face and laughed. "Kinda, yeah. I just need a minute or two and, uh...Do you want to?"

I had to be insane. We'd fucked twice and I hadn't cum at all. I'd been close that second time, but Jeremy was just too quick. I seriously doubt he'd ever be able to make me cum with his dick and I felt tempted to ask him if he'd mind licking me out for awhile, you know, to sorta get me primed for it again. I doubted Jeremy would go for licking his own sperm out of my pussy though. Licorice didn't mind, but boys weren't dogs and I didn't want Jeremy to suck cum out of me and start thinking he was gay or something.

Just like I didn't want to think I was a total lesbian. I almost liked having sex with Jeremy, but if he couldn't even make me cum...What was the point? I'd rather be a lesbian!

"I really want to cum," I told him, deciding ruthless honesty was what the situation required. "We

can try it again, but you gotta make it good this time. Okay?"

"You mean you didn't cum?" He looked surprised and I laughed at him. Like, was he kidding? Why do boys always think they're such big studs just because a girl lets him fuck her?

I needed more than just his cum to feel satisfied, didn't he know that? This boy needed even more training than I'd given Licorice...Except Lick had sorta trained me too, but that's how love works, I think. I didn't love Jeremy though, no matter how many times he said it to me. I'd already decided this would be a one time deal. Our first and only date, you know? I mean, I already had a boyfriend...I didn't need two of them!

"I was close for awhile," I shrugged. "But you started cumming too quick and..."

"I did?" Jeremy frowned at his dick and it had already started getting stiff again. "I thought you felt good and everything."

"I did feel good," I told him. "I just didn't get to cum. So this time...You have to do it for like five minutes or something."

"It wasn't five minutes before?"

"What?" I rolled my eyes. "Not even close, Jeremy."

"Oh, well..." he offered me an apologetic smile, "...I never did it before. Sorry."

"I know," I nodded sympathetically. "How about if I get on top this time?"

I'd give myself three strikes and if Jeremy couldn't convince me I wasn't a lesbian by the time he pumped his third load of ball juice inside me...Shoot! I'd probably have to get my left nipple pierced and change my name to Butch or something. I could move to San Francisco and open up a motorcycle repair shop. Wouldn't that be awesome?

I hated betting my future on a seventeen year old boy's ability to make me cum...But what else could I do? I was desperate!

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## **Chapter Thirteen - All Things Considered**

A bubble bath couldn't cheer me up. Not even with Licorice sitting near the tub, trying to make-up with me, although we didn't have anything to make-up for. He thought we did, but only because he'd been mad at me and then I'd gotten mad at him, you know. But since I'm his girlfriend, Lick's anger didn't count and we both knew it. I wasn't really mad at him anyway, but just frustrated mostly.

"Yeah," I sighed. "I'm a total lesbian. You were right, Lick."

At least my boyfriend wasn't a big I-told-ya-so kinda guy. Licorice just scratched behind his ear and tried to tell me everything would be fine.

"You were wrong about one thing though," I said with kind of a forced giggle. "Jeremy didn't have a little dick."

Licorice knew I'd had sex with the boy and that's why he'd been mad. He'd caught the scent of Jeremy's semen dripping from my pussy as soon as I'd walked through the door. I couldn't hide it or

deny it or anything. That's the problem with having a dog for a boyfriend, I guess; they have a really great sense of smell.

"Three times," I admitted sheepishly. "But he didn't make me cum at all. I was trying too. I thought of you the whole time and..."

Lick cocked his head at that.

"Huh? Of course, silly!" I rolled my eyes. "You're so much better at it than Jeremy. You always make me cum."

Lick's chest swelled with manly pride and I laughed at him.

"Yeah," I rolled my eyes. "You're a big stud, Lick. Your medal's in the mail."

I had to spend half a minute trying to explain what that meant. Licorice can be kinda literal sometimes.

"Where'd Mom go anyway?" I wondered. "Oh yeah? Was Amber with him? Oh."

Dr. Hanson had stopped by to take Mom out for some ice cream. Yeah right! That made me giggle. They were probably at his place making a big hot cum sundae in my mom's pussy. I didn't mind at all. I felt pretty happy for them and I kept waiting for Dr. Hanson to pop the question, you know? But probably it was a little too soon for that since they'd only been dating for a month or so.

How long did it take to figure out you're in love though?

It hadn't taken me and Licorice very long, that's for sure. And we were totally meant for each other too, which is why we couldn't stay mad at one another for very long. Lick had forgiven me for cheating on him even faster than I'd forgiven him for boning Becky's golden retriever. But that's because I'm the girlfriend and Licorice needs me more than I need him, except that's a total lie. Don't tell him that either! It's a total secret and anyway, boys are better off not knowing the truth. It makes the world a better place.

ring - ring - ring

"Telephone," I sighed, leaning back against the porcelain and enjoying the hot water, the soft bubbles, and the candy-like smell of Pooh Bear Bubble Bath.

Licorice padded out of the bathroom.

"The one in Mom's bedroom!" I yelled after him.

The phone in the kitchen had a cord and Lick forgot that sometimes. He'd already snapped three of them, much to my mom's annoyance.

"Who is it?" I asked, taking the phone from Lick's mouth a minute later. "Oh."

I frowned and hoped this wasn't going to be too bad.

"Hey Jen!" I said with a lot of joy I didn't feel. "What's up?"

"You had sex with him?" Jenny yelled and I winced because this was gonna be bad, I could tell.

"He told you?" I asked, hardly believing Jeremy would tell his sister that he'd fucked her best friend on the first date, but...

"He told Josh!"

"Oh."

"And Josh told Jared."

"Uhhh..."

"And Jared told Scott."

"Scott Myers?"

"And Scott told Crystal."

"Really?" I frowned at that because Crystal Myers had a big mouth.

"And Crystal told Carol and Carol told Sandy and Sandy told Katie and Katie told me!"

"I can explain," I said with a hard swallow, only barely appreciating the fact that the whole town knew Jeremy had fucked me...

"Three times!"

"Huh?" I winced. "I'm sorry, Jen. We just kinda...did it. You know? I didn't plan on it."

Licorice rolled his eyes at that and made a face at him.

"He said it was your idea!"

"He did?" I bit my lip and wondered what kind of boyfriend would brag about that.

"He's my brother!"

"I know, but..."

"You're my best friend!"

"Yeah," I agreed quickly, hoping she'd remember that.

"And you're stealing him away from me!"

"What? Jenny...No!" I almost laughed, but that would have been sorta bad. "We're not getting married or anything. Come on!"

"He's supposed to love me!" she pouted and that was the real issue. Jenny had a total crush on the boy.

"He does love you," I told her. "We just had sex, that's all. It wasn't like we were making love or whatever."

"What's the difference?" she asked and that kinda stumped me. I mean, I knew what the difference was, I could feel it in my heart, but how to explain it?

"Look," I said. "I don't even like him that much. I don't want to be his girlfriend. Okay?"

"Really?"

"Yeah really," I tried a soft giggle. "You can have him all to yourself, Jen."

"But he loves you though," she sighed. "All he talks about is Tiffany this and Tiffany that and Tiffany's so hot and blah blah blah...Did you break up with him?"

"Break up?" I shrugged. "I dunno. We just had one date, Jen. There's nothing to break, you know?"

"He thinks there is."

"He's a boy, right?" I laughed and she actually giggled, but not happily or anything.

"Jeremy's gonna be mad."

"So?" I said and immediately regretted it.

"What do you mean so?" Jen demanded, raising her voice again. "He's my brother! You can't treat him like that!"

"I didn't mean it that way," I offered weakly. "I just meant..."

"You're kind of a bitch sometimes," Jen said and that made me blink. We'd never said anything like that to one another, not once, and I'd known Jennifer Hawkins a long time!

"Jen..."

"I gotta go!" she said a microsecond before she hung up.

"Great!" I rolled my eyes. My best friend hated me now. "Shut-up!" I frowned at Licorice. "I know I'm a bitch."

\*\*\*\*

ring- ring- ring

"Telepho...oh!" It was on the floor next to the tub. "Grand Central Station."

"When's the next train to Clarkesville?"

"Huh? Amber?"

"Our parents are driving me crazy!" she giggled. "They're watching the Monkees and making out like teenagers."

"The Monkees?"

"Is it coincidence or what?"

"I don't know!" I laughed just because I had no idea what she was talking about.

"Can I come over?"

"Um...Yeah," I nodded into the phone. "Of course, but..."

"Cool!" she laughed again. "Breakfast at Tiffany's. I'll bring my sleeping bag."

"Sleeping bag?"

"That's a joke," she told me. "We'll sleep in your mom's bed."

"We will?"

"She won't be needing it tonight, believe me!"

"Oh."

"Here..."

"Huh?"

"Tiffany?" Mom's voice made me jerk up a little.

"Hi Mom."

"Michael and I are going out tonight," she told me. "Is that okay for you? Will you be alright?"

"Yeah," I shrugged.

"We'll probably be out kind of late, so..." she explained. "Well, I might spend the night."

"Okay," I said. "Yeah. I'll be fine. Where are you guys going?"

"The Rocky Horror Picture Show," she said with a giggle. "It's supposed to be a lot of fun, but it starts at midnight."

"Oh." I had no idea what that even was.

"Amber's going to come keep you company," Mom said and I didn't think she knew about us yet, but probably Dr. Hanson did.

"Yeah," I cleared my throat. "That's what she was saying."

"And you've got school tomorrow, so..."

"I know."

"Make sure you get your uniform ready tonight," she reminded me. "How was your big date with Jeremy?"

"Uhhh..." I shrugged. "It was okay, I guess."

"Just okay?"

"It was amazing." I rolled my eyes.

"Good." Mom must have been smiling. "I'll call you later, alright? Just order some pizza if you get hungry."

"Okay, Mom."

"I love you."

"Love you too. Bye."

I thumbed the phone off and looked at Licorice.

"Guess who's coming to dinner," I said with a giggle and flicked some bubbles at him. "You think I'm overdressed or no?"

Amber. Okay. Well, if a girl had to be a lesbian, she could do a lot worse for a girlfriend than a hardbody college cheerleader, right? If Amber even was my girlfriend. I'd only known her like two days, but I was pretty sure I loved her. Not as much as I loved Licorice, of course, but I had definite feelings for the girl. Kinda mixed feelings too. I mean, our parents were dating and probably going to get married someday, so...Amber was like a sister, kinda. But like a girlfriend too, since we'd kissed and hmmm...It wasn't like I wasn't into incest, I had to admit. My mom could vouch for that!

"Huh?" I narrowed my eyes at my boyfriend and then giggled. "You've got a one track mind, Lick."

He just shrugged, but I thought he was probably right too. Amber wouldn't mind having a threesome with us. She was that kind of girl and I wondered if she loved her daddy the way I loved my mom. That would be kinda cool, I thought, and I bet it was pretty nice having a dad around to hug and kiss sometimes.

I closed my eyes and smiled, deciding I'd stay in the tub until I absolutely positively had to get out. I just wanted to imagine curling up between Mom and Dr. Hanson in a big warm bed...While we watched Licorice fuck Amber on the floor. Yeah. That would be nice and I rubbed my hard little clit beneath the hot water, wondering if all of Jeremy's sperm had washed out of my pussy yet.

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"Hey Sleeping Beauty."

I woke up with a start, hearing the words in my dream and feeling Amber's lips caressing mine.

"Hi," she smiled at me. "I let myself in. I hope you don't mind."

"Oh, um..." I smiled back at her and the water had grown cold, the bubbles melted into a thin milky froth. "Hi. I guess I fell asleep. Did you just get here?"

"About twenty minutes ago," Amber said, reaching into the water and waving her hand. "I wanted to watch you sleep."

"The water's cold." I started to move. "Where's Licorice?"

"I let him outside," she told me. "He had to see a man about a horse."

"Heh!" I giggled as Amber stood up and held out her hand to help me rise from the water. "Oh! You're wearing your t-shirt?"

"Yeah!" she laughed and struck a pose. "It fits me okay. Right?"

"Almost!" I stuck my tongue out at her.



She'd bought a pink t-shirt at the Virgin Circus, a small one that said 'I'm a Virgin' on the front and had the school seal on the back. It would have fit a thirteen year old pretty good, but Amber was nineteen and she had some amazing breasts! The t-shirt was wrapped around her like a tube top and her nipples were seriously obvious. I really liked the space between her tits, like a tunnel where the shirt stretched over the pale cleavage beneath and didn't touch her body at all.

I had no idea what her measurements might be, but Amber's boobs were too big for her slender shoulders and narrow hips, and gave the girl a top heavy look, you know? In the good way, I mean. One that made grown men feel fifteen again...at least in their pants. My mom was the same way, except older and not quite so outrageously cute maybe, and Amber had gotten her a t-shirt too. I wondered if Mom had been wearing it when we'd talked on the phone. I liked to think so, but only because I'd been having a sexy dream and I had that warm tingling in my tummy.

And Amber was standing there, holding a towel for me as I stepped out of the bathtub, letting her emerald eyes roam my wet body. She always made me feel small, and soft too, since between her t-shirt and faded jeans I could see her wonderfully taut belly. Amber had muscles! God! I wanted to lick her stomach the way I'd licked her armpits, which hadn't grossed me out at all, by the way. I'd do it again in a heartbeat if she'd let me.

Yeah, maybe I had to be queer, but at least I had Amber to comfort me.

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"When did you know you were gay?" I wondered around a mouthful of pizza and Amber shrugged.

"Am I?"

"Aren't you?" I giggled nervously, thinking maybe I'd just screwed up somehow. She didn't seem mad about it though.

"I don't think so," Amber said with a grin. "I'm just me."

"Yeah, but..." I swallowed my pizza and looked at her, "...you like girls. Right?"

"I like you," she nodded. "I like you a lot, Tiff."

"Hey!" I frowned as Lick stole a bite of my pizza. "Get your own pizza!"

"Here..." Amber grabbed a slice for Licorice and put it on his plate.

"I know!" I rolled my eyes at him. "Sorry. You can't hardly taste the olives anyway."

"Especially the way he eats!" Amber giggled and I nodded at that.

Licorice was giving me a hard time about the black olives because he didn't like them very much.

"Does your boyfriend complain this much?" I asked and Amber shrugged.

"Sometimes," she said. "He likes to complain about sex mostly."

"Sex?"

"Marty thinks I don't go down on him enough," Amber said, making a face. "He's got some kind of oral fixation."

"I think I'm addicted to Lick's cum," I said, reaching for another slice. "But I like everything else too, so...He's pretty happy."

Licorice nodded his head at that, but had his own thoughts about what was missing from our sex life.

"Oh God! Don't start, Licorice." I made a little face of my own and Amber gave me a curious smile.

"What?" she asked with a smile, looking between me and Lick.

"He really wants to try the butt thing," I told her with a small blush.

"The butt thing?" Amber widened her eyes and I nodded, giggling like a little girl with her hand stuck in a cookie jar.

"Yeah, you know...Like anal sex or whatever?" I said, explaining how we'd been on the internet once searching for a recipe for rump roast and ended up looking at pictures I never even wanted to see.

"You ran a search on rump roast?" Amber laughed at me. "That must have been fun."

"I'm just glad my mom didn't catch us!" I giggled. "God! Some of that stuff was sick."

"I bet," she said with a sympathetic nod. "So did you ever find a recipe?"

I just laughed.

"You know you're not a lesbian, right?" Amber asked me seriously and I shrugged.

"I don't know what I am," I sighed. "I just feel..."

"Sixteen?" she smiled at me. "You don't have to be anything except yourself."

"I know, but..."

"You've got a great boyfriend," Amber smiled at Licorice, who was busy licking his balls and pretending not to listen. "You love him, right? So why worry about anything else?"

She had a good point and I didn't have an answer. I just wanted to know who I was, that's all, but maybe that would sound really stupid. I didn't know how to explain it. So I just kinda sat there.

"All you have to do," Amber told me softly, giving me her bright green eyes, "is love the one your with."

"Yeah," I nodded, cause that made sense.

Except I knew I didn't love Sister Agatha and maybe that's what really bothered me. I didn't want to have sex with someone I didn't love. Jeremy had proven it to me in the back of his car that very afternoon. Could it be I'd just gotten the message mixed up? Like maybe I didn't really enjoy fucking him not because I was a lesbian, but because I didn't love him? What if I met a boy I actually did love?

"Anyway," Amber laughed lightly, "a lesbian is just a girl who hasn't met the right man yet."

"What?" I grinned at her. "Are you a mind reader?"

"Only part time," she shrugged, teasing me happily as I felt her arm slipping around my shoulder.

"What do you do the rest of the time?" I teased softly.

"Whatever I want," Amber sighed and I believed her.

We sorta fell slowly backwards onto the sofa and I turned, finding Amber's shoulder with my hand. I couldn't stop smiling, even when she finally kissed me. I did love her and I felt sure that Amber loved me as well, I just couldn't find the specific moment when it had happened. Somewhere between seeing her for the first time and touching her pussy through those tiny cheer shorts she'd been wearing...Love at first sight?

"What's that?" Amber breathed, massaging my neck through my blonde hair while I kissed the soft spot just below her ear.

"Love at first sight," I whispered. "Do you believe in it?"

"Absolutely," she giggled. "There's no other kind for people like us."

"Hmmm..." I sighed and pinched her earlobe between my lips, playing my tongue around the emerald stud that pierced it.

"I'm going to fuck you," Amber said with a sigh. "While your boyfriend watches."

"Promise?" I asked her, bringing my hand to her left breast and marveling at how warm and soft and firm she felt.

"And then I'm going to fuck your boyfriend," she giggled.

"Uh-huh," I agreed, kissing down her neck, licking Amber's silky skin as I went. "And then what?"

"And then I want to watch him fuck you," she decided, pushing me down so I could lie on the sofa.

"Ohhh..."

"In the butt!"

"Ouch!" I made a face and giggled.

My body shivered pleasantly as I watched her fingers unbutton the blouse I'd thrown on, an old one from the previous school year. I'd put on a skirt too, plaid and pleated and too small for me now, but Mom never threw anything away and I'd wanted to tease Amber. I'd dressed up like a wayward schoolgirl just for her and now she undressed me while Licorice watched with unabashed interest. He'd just have to wait though.

I wanted Amber all to myself the first time we made love together and I think she did too. We were going to be sisters soon and we had a lot of lost time to make up for.

**The End**