

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



"I don't know, Daddy; I'm just not sure if I have what it takes," I sighed and listened to my father. Two thousand miles doesn't seem as far on the telephone, but when you hang up it seems like...forever. That's why I was still trying to explain my reluctance to join a sorority. If he'd been there, facing me, this conversation would have been over long ago.

"I know, I know...Meet people, it's not who you are it's who you know...yayaya...Daddy, I know what you're saying" He hates it when I say that.

It's not who you know, it's who you blow; isn't that what you really mean, Daddy? I was dying to say it, just to get some real attention. This sorority thing was just an excuse for our weekly Father-Daughter quality time. On the telephone. Right.

I watched the TV out of the corner of my eye. I found myself wishing Big Bird was on, and then it would have been juuuust perfect. Like I'd never even left.

Later, after I'd almost forgotten my conversation with Daddy, I had another one.

"I don't know Susan, I'm just not sure I have what it takes, ya know?" I sighed with a strange sense of deja vu and listened to my roommate yell at me from the bathroom. Her voice echoed down the short hallway into the kitchen and made me wince.

"What? What do you mean? Of course you have what it takes! God! Don't be so dense!"

I looked at my salad and dropped my fork into it, pushing it away. I wasn't hungry anymore.

"Look," she said, padding across the carpet with her wet feet, knotting one of my towels between her breasts. "You're almost in anyway, right? I mean, you have like one thing left to do and that's it, you're home free!" She tilted her head to one side and gave me a funny crooked smile while she rubbed stiff fingers back and forth through her short black hair, separating the wet strands and giving it a puffy spiky kind off look before combing it straight back.

Susan was a junior and a member of the sorority. She was also my sponsor, which was why we roomed together. Once I'd accepted the invitation to apply, my campus housing assignment had suddenly changed. I wondered if I failed the final test, if I'd be moving again.

"Yeah," I reluctantly agreed. "One thing left and I'm home free."

Susan was going out, mercifully. I loved her like a sister, I guess. My own sister, Erin, was a total bitch and she'd run off with a guy named Coors on the back of his motorcycle when she was seventeen. When we were both seventeen. Daddy sometimes confused us, calling me Erin when he was really angry. Like Lisa would never do that to him. Of course, that would set me off...if I wasn't already. Bad enough being twins, but didn't it ever stop?

I sat down in the soft glow of the television, turning the sound all the way down so that all I could hear was the drip of the faucet in the kitchen. Like a metronome keeping the beat, keeping me company. I rolled my eyes. If I started talking to the sink I was going to lose it. I picked up the little piece of parchment. Literally. It was real parchment.

Sorority games; I shook my head.

It was rolled up and tied with a red bow. It had even been sealed with wax and imprinted with the compass and scales of the Phi Lambda's, as if someone might want to steal their secrets. The writing was hand lettered and even beautiful, I thought in abstract. I wasn't quite ready to give them too

much credit. What was I resisting, I wondered? A sorority was a good thing, right? Meet other women, foster friendship and contacts for success later. We were all business majors, all of us struggling with the knowledge that we were preparing for a male dominated world that really didn't want us in it.

Was that it? Second thoughts and self doubts; Lord knows I'd considered switching to journalism often enough. It wasn't too late. Or...I looked at the parchment, unrolling it. Maybe it was this final little thing that was bothering me.

"To our most beloved pledge-sister Lisa..."

You know you're in trouble when someone calls you most beloved anything. In this case, disguised within the prose of whereas and wherefore and to wit lay the real challenge...

"...Thus have thee been charged, pledge-sister Lisa, to discover and deliver upon our most noble traditions suitable companionship and comfort to the passions of our dearest Sophie..."

Sophie was a dog.

"...Above all knowest thee, our Pledge-Sister, that lovely Sophie, being a soul of such sweet countenance and fervent grace that mortal staffs should ne'er deign her petal bruise..."

Blah Blah Blah

"...Tis a mighty fount of youthful vigor required to quench the fires of her deepest thirst..."

Uh-huh

"...Know ye that only such a staff as might a Grecian God posses shall entertain thy holy endeavor; let him be known to precious Sophie from Beginning unto End..."

Subtle huh? It went on for awhile like that, believe me.

It was signed by the President-Sister of the sorority, who had deigned to pen, in her very own crimson ink...there at the bottom... "This means get her laid by an Alpha Omega!"

As if I couldn't figure that much out.

I scratched my head anyway, just because it felt good. Our sorority mascot, our precious, thirsty, delicate Sophie, was a 5 year old Black Lab. At the nearby school for boys, Winchester Academy, our sometimes rivals, sometimes partners in all inter-school activities, were the Alpha Omega's. Somehow I needed to get one of those young men, the cream of our nation's Ivy League preparatory school youth, to...

I shook my head, not really wanting to believe it.

...to have sex, intercourse from beginning to end, with Sophie. I glanced at her, sleeping on the corduroy covered bean bag chair that she came with. Yeah. That's right, she'd been entrusted to me. What would I say to a guy? How drunk would he have to be? I mean, I could probably set up something over the phone, guys were guys, right?

I tried to think of her as...well...as..."She's...a short girl. Sort of...likable. Very friendly." I frowned, not liking the way it sounded at all. "She's dark, with brown eyes...deep brown eyes! And, um she's...very oral!" I said it sexy, like "Mmmmm...she swallows!"

And then I laughed. This wasn't going to work.

I could lie, you're thinking. But no. I had a camcorder too; I had to get it on film for the archives. Not to mention a roomful of drunken cheering college coeds watching some drunken college guy fucking their dog. Some of them no doubt would be hoping that that particular Grecian God would become someone important so they could blackmail him later. It's not who you know, it's you blow....Thanks Daddy.

Did I want to have what it takes?

I only had a week too. The initiation was happening on the next full moon. Journalism...sounded better and better. I fell asleep holding my brochure for Columbia, dreaming of interviewing the Red Hot Chili Peppers in the shower after a concert. It was so hot and wet in there!

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"Hey...Lisa...Wake up..."

I opened my eyes expecting to see Flea stroking his huge...Dildo?

"You didn't play with Sophie did you?" Susan shook her head. "You have to do it or she's going to get moody!"

"Huh?" I rubbed my eyes and sat up, only to have that big strap-on doggy toy shoved in my lap. "What time is it?"

"It's time for you to play with Sophie. Come on!" She tugged at me and I swear, if she hadn't been my best friend for 2000 miles I'd have...

"Yeah, yeah. Okay already," I sighed.

This wasn't so bad anyway and I did have a pleasant little warmth down in my tummy from that dream. I picked up the dildo, 8" of flesh like space-age rubber stuff shaped like a human penis.

"Are you sure you don't want to..." I looked at Susan and she shook her head with a wry smile.

"Honestly, Lisa! You're such a dyke!"

"No I'm not. I'm just horny!" I stood up and stretched, taking off my oversized t-shirt and pulling down my panties. "Besides...you're the one who seduced me, remember?"

"Well, not tonight. It's Sophie's turn."

I nodded. It was useless arguing with Susan anyway. I'd been losing arguments all my life and she knew it. I'd never been with a girl until I got invited to join the sorority. Our first challenge as pledges had been to submit to the pleasures of Sapphic love. It's not who you know...

"Here Sophie!" I whistled, holding up the dildo and she lifted her head, opening her mouth so that long rough pink tongue lolled out. Of course our submission to Sapphic love had started with Sophie. I sighed and felt my pussy tingle as the dog licked her lips and jumped off her chair.

She knew what she wanted. The term for it is flagging and Sophie was flagging me. Moving around me playfully while I tried to strap the dildo around my waist. There was a little teaser that slipped right inside my lips, not much, but it rubbed the clit just right. I was getting it perfect while Sophie

held her tail high and started rubbing her ass against my thigh. That dog was insatiable! But what could you expect being the mascot to over two dozen college girls?

I reached down to tease her, whispering to her gently while Susan sat down in the chair I had just vacated to watch. I knew she'd masturbate and eventually use my mouth, or maybe Sophie's to get off on, but I didn't mind. I'd be getting off too in a moment. I rubbed the soft tulip shaped vulva of Sophie's sex. It was soft and warm and I was glad to find she'd even started getting slightly wet. She didn't always and sometimes we needed to use a little doggie lube. I fingered her little hole gently, being careful because even though my nails were short, dog vaginas are pretty tender!

"Hurry up, Lisa!" Susan had slipped her panties off and I could see her rubbing her slit slowly, although I don't know if it was to tease me, or to tease herself.

"I have to get her ready!" I retorted and smiled as my long middle finger slipped right up inside Sophie and I wriggled it around, making her give soft little growls that meant she liked it.

"See!" her voice took an 'I told ya so' tone. "Sophie needs it. Don't you baby?" She smiled at the dog and I obediently pulled my finger slowly out, shiny with Sophie's juices.

I put it to my mouth and licked it clean. I'm not a real lesbian, like I said. I mean, girls taste okay, but it doesn't trip my trigger. But Sophie...Mmmm... I don't know what it is with her and sometimes I wondered if all dogs tasted like that. It was like faintly sour milk. With a little brown sugar in it, just to take off the edge. It doesn't sound good, I know, but believe me, it isn't bad at all!

I savored it and then let a little saliva run from my mouth down to my fingers, so I could work it around the cock. I know she was probably wet enough, but I wanted to make sure. She didn't mind at all when I got on my knees behind her, pulling her a little so I could get the right angle. Sophie is a large dog, not huge or anything, but a couple feet at the shoulders and hips and maybe 75lbs or so. But she didn't protest when I grabbed her by the thighs, holding her and talking to her.

The weird thing about dogs is their pussies just seem to go straight up, at least Sophie's does. I positioned the head of my fake cock at her little hole and pushed upward, more than straight inward, letting the rubber adjust to the right angle. Sophie loved that! She wriggled and growled and turned her head, panting and even her tail was wagging, but not very much. I slid into her slowly until she had it all and then she gave me a look like 'Is that all you got?' and I laughed despite myself.

I rocked in and out of her slowly, feeling that little push against my own sex, that sweet rub over my clit and it was good! I tell you, it was nice! Now, I don't know for sure if Sophie can really cum on that strap-on. The girls had been training her with it since she was barely old enough to take it, but if she didn't cum...she could have fooled me! Her body starts shivering, her legs look like they're going to buckle and she really does grind! She grinds better than Susan does! I think it's because she wants the knot, really. She wants puppies, even though she isn't even in heat!

Silly dog!

And then my cum starts getting close and that's when I really have to hold her. I wrap my arms around Sophie's body and just push that fake cock inside her to the hilt. I love the way her fur feels on my boobs, spread over her back so her smooth furry backbone runs right between them. My nipples get hard and dark and burning while we grind. Her tail rubbing across the fire in my belly, teasing me delightfully! Oh fuck yeah! I love grinding with Sophie!

After a couple nice ones I was glowing and that was when I felt Susan tugging at me..."My turn..." She whispered and I pulled out of Sophie's soaking wet hole slowly, turning on my knees to push the

dildo covered with doggy cum deep into Susan's waiting sex with one long push until our cunts were mashed together.

She pulled me close, my breasts found hers and I felt her tongue slipping into my mouth, exploring sensually while mine tickled across it. Susan wrapped her legs around my waist and we began our own sweet dance into pleasure, that shaft of imitation flesh connecting us while we fucked languidly.

Over time we found a little rhythm and that became a soft pounding, my hips moving back and forth, working the cock in and out of her until I was straining at it, arching my back and slamming inside the woman with her legs tense around me, urging me to fuck her harder until she could cum finally, her fingers on my back, digging into my hot flesh and making me cry out as my own orgasm swept through my rushing blood.

And then, breathless and smiling, our flushed and sweating bodies pressed together, she would stroke my hair and kiss me. "Sometimes," Susan whispered, "I almost wish I was a lesbian!" And we both giggled at that because right then, so did I.

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The next day I figured I'd better get off my butt and do something. I started trying to think of plans. Like...hmmm....I could get some of that date rape drug. But would that work on a guy? I mean, if he went limp noodle I'd be out of luck...and fifty bucks, since that was how much the geeks in the Winchester science lab were selling it for. One of them asked me if I wanted something to drink...Yikes!

Okay, none of that.

Well...blackmail. I'd get the goods on one of them and force him to do what I wanted. Yeah...and how likely was that? Anything I might get on one of those guys would probably be something he thought was worth bragging about!

And let's not forget, I didn't want to become known as the girl who was looking for someone to fuck her dog! That would be total humiliation! I had to play it low key, close to the vest, and still find a way. What exactly was this preparing me for in life, I wondered? They should have asked my sister to join. I think Coors might have done Sophie, just because she had less than six legs. So far as I knew that was his only real criterion in a sex partner.

Well...that could be spite talking too.

"Hi!" A voice startled me out of my plans and I looked up, annoyed. "You're Lisa Pavageau, aren't you?"

"Yeah," I said warily. I was sitting down by the dock house on the lake. I could see Winchester on the other side, the tall red brick buildings with pretty white trim. Somewhere over there was a boy...

"I'm Michael," he said, still looking at me, I dimly realized. "Michael Clary."

"Uh, okay." I smiled nicely, hoping he'd get the hint that I was busy.

"Can I, um...sit down?" He gestured at the empty spot next to me. An empty spot that went for twenty yards in every direction, actually.

I looked around anyway, like an idiot.

"Sure," I shrugged like it was a free country. I was regretting wearing my navy blue skirt. It was too short for me and as I sat there I had the suspicion that Michael Clary was getting an eyeful. The wind was stirring too, blowing my long blonde hair into my soft blue eyes and I hated brushing it away, because I knew how flirtatious that could look. But it was annoying!

"I'm a pledge too," he said, almost touching my left boob with his finger.

I jerked away and stared at him. My breasts were nice and I admit my nipples were showing a little, but jeez! I was about to introduce him to the hand when I realized he'd been pointing at my sorority pledge badge that I'd pinned to my blouse. It was just a little thing, gold and silver and bearing the sorority seal. I had to wear it at all times or else the Earth would stop spinning.

"Uh, sorry." He smiled sheepishly and I blushed a little, realizing I was turning into my sister.

"No, it's okay. I was um, just a little preoccupied." I gave him a reassuring smile and pulled my hair back, holding it finally and trying to pretend I wasn't by leaning my head against my hand. I had my elbow on my knee and I was afraid to look down, just knowing the white cotton of my panties were plain as day.

Michael started looking down and I spoke up quickly!

"So, uh...what fraternity are you pledged to?"

"Oh! The Alpha Omega's," he replied. "They're great. And um, well...I saw you and I thought, you know, we're like...brothers and sisters."

"Yeah!" I returned his smile. Light bulbs were going off in my head.

I looked closely at the guy. He seemed sort of geeky, but cute geeky. Thin and tall, maybe six feet or so. He had brown hair and hazel eyes I think, brown flecked with green. Or maybe the other way around. He wasn't exactly handsome, but cute I suppose. And geeky. I was probably a little out of his league. Tall leggy blonde me, ripe firm breasts, tight round ass, decidedly beautiful and I knew it. I started wondering just how far a guy like Michael would go to get a shot at a girl like me.

I glanced at him and he was tying his shoe lace, or trying to pretend like he was. Mikey had his nose so far up my skirt I was surprised he could find his feet.

"Need help?" I offered, spreading my legs a little more.

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"What are you doing?" Susan asked me later as I stood in front of my little closet naked, looking through the hangers.

"I'm going out tonight," I said without turning.

"Really?"

Susan sat down on my bed and then I did turn around, holding up a rather small red dress. It had spaghetti straps and it barely covered my ass. I'd worn it once, just to get a grade in my English class that I'd really needed. I thought of it as my lucky dress. So did my professor apparently, because he'd given me an A+ on my paper without bothering to look at anything but me.

"I thought you weren't going to see anyone because you have that boyfriend at Harvard."

I nodded. "Yeah, I do. But what he doesn't know won't hurt him," I shrugged. "Besides this isn't really a date." I started putting on the dress, letting it mold itself to my body, clinging in just the right places.

She snorted. "That's some serious artillery for not really a date, Lisa." I thought she looked a little envious. Her ass would have never fit into it.

"This old thing?" I made a face. "This is just bait. I'm seeing a guy from the Alpha Omega's and..."

"Ohhhh..." Susan laughed as the gears clicked. "I was wondering when you were going to take care of that. Are you bringing Sophie along?"

"Hmmm..." I hadn't really thought about it. "I was thinking about just bringing him back here. I don't know, what do you think?"

"Well, there isn't a lot of room here," she shrugged. "I'm taking off for the weekend anyway, so it's up to you. But if they make a mess, you have to clean it up!"

"Yeah yeah," I rolled my eyes.

I'd just be glad when it was over with. I'd go out with Michael, tease him a little, get him all hot and stiff and bring him back to my place so we could be alone and then, just as he was about to sample the goods...I adjusted my firm round tits, pinching my nipples through the fabric so they got nice and hard...When Mike was ready to sink the pink, that's when I'd introduce him to Sophie!

It sounded like the perfect plan!

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"I want to be a writer," Michael explained, and believe it or not, I was listening. I'd found myself quite charmed by this man, this person who had seemed so geekish! It seemed he was anything but and it was frightening. He was smart, fun, and even amusing...In a good way. I liked the way he made me smile.

"A writer?" I wondered and shifted in the front seat of his car. We were parked at what passed for the local lover's lane, a small stretch of gravel along the lakefront not far from our schools.

"Yeah," he nodded. "I...well...I came here, to Winchester, trying to live up to expectations. My Dad went here, my grandfather," he shook his head. "They're big on the fraternity thing, but..."

"Sounds familiar." I rolled my eyes. "Anyway, what do you write?"

"Oh, everything!" He laughed self-consciously. "Whatever I can think of...stories, plays. Poems, uh...prose..."

"Poems?" I smiled at him in the dim glow of the moon far off. "Tell me one."

"Oh no, I can't...I don't remember any," he said, giving me apologetic eyes, teasing me softly.

"Ohhhh..." I gave him a look. "You can't bring me out here and tell me you write poetry and not tell me one!" I giggled, "That is so wrong!"

"I uh, okay...I wrote something a month ago and I..." He swallowed hard. "I've been trying to memorize it in case, uh..."



"In case you got some girl out here alone?" I laughed at him.

"No!" He shook his head and looked away, playing shy. "Not just some girl, I mean. I wrote it for...you." And he looked at me then.

"You didn't even know me a month ago!" I waved my hand at him.

"No, but I saw you and..." Michael sighed. "I saw you..." his voice was soft.

"Okay," I was talking softly now too. "What uh...what is it?"

"It's sort of...mmmm....well...you promise you won't get mad, Lisa?"

I laughed again. "No!" I stared at him, but my mood was playful. "Of course I can't promise!"

Michael nodded. "Okay well...Can you, um...close your eyes?"

"Why?"

"Because!" He laughed nervously. "I'm going to close mine."

I smiled then, not like before, but tenderly and I felt my heart thumping a little. It was nice. "Okay," I whispered, and I did close my eyes, but I took Michael's hand in mine and we sat there for a moment before he spoke. Softly at first, and then a little louder, more animated as he gained confidence.

I felt myself floating...someplace. Away.

"You must know that I dream of you. You must know how you make me feel, how full of desire, of bare lust. The need to have you. To possess you. It tears at my mind and rends my heart without mercy!

"I gaze upon you every night, as though through a shadow dancing in the light of a single candle. I have undressed you a thousand times, caressed you, whipped you...Loved you.

"My eyes grow dim to remember the dreams. Like soft tendrils of moonlight seeping through cracks in the sky. Or violent, jagged flashes; thunder rolling across the night. In the center of the storm are we, lovers of a nature tossed in passion's fury!

"When all is calm and gentle is our touch, I feel your tears upon my flesh. We move together, each kiss a moment freed. The dreams which bind us to our hearts unleashed, untamed by mortal hand. In moonlit pools we join, drinking our desire, letting its urgency course through our veins.

"I want you! Tender touch aroused to desperation. The teeth upon my lips, the nails dragged across my back. Hands which a moment more would bring a moan of pleasure dig deep into your hips. Pulling you hard against me, impaling, thrusting, seeking the depths of love denied.

"Tilt your head to heaven with eyes open, seek you there the face of God. Let him see the rapture in my arms. Feel my manhood, swollen in your womb, the rush of it stabbing deep. Lift yourself; grip me tightly with your sex, your legs around me, pulling me, holding me. Feel your nipples hard against my chest, my breath ragged in your ear.

"Move your arms around my neck and run your fingers through my hair, along my spin. Stabbing me, clawing me. Let your hands become your need; let them release your pain. Give it to me, all of it! Moan softly against the velvet crush of night, silent as it watches. Love the night; speak to it with

a beating heart and jealous sigh."

We sat there not saying anything and I felt like I'd just had sex with the man. It was a strange, heady sensation...Michael's words had been...juvenile perhaps, in places. Overdone and saccharine, but for all that, it was the sound of his voice that gave them something...life. Emotion. It was an expression I suddenly understood.

"Come here..." I whispered, pulling him to me, seeking his lips with mine. We kissed for a long time.

"Do you want..."

"How about if we..."

We were both talking at the same time, breathless and flushed, and as soon as we realized it we stopped and looked at each other expectantly.

"Go ahead." Michael smiled.

"No. You say what you were going to," I insisted, licking my lips.

"Uh..." He blinked at me. "I was...I was wondering if you wanted to, uh...come..."

"Cum?" I lowered my chin and stared at him.

"Uh yeah, come to my er, room...If you want," Michael said, and cleared his throat a little. "I mean."

"Oh!" I giggled. "I thought you meant..." I shook my head. "Never mind."

We sat there for ten seconds before I realized he was waiting for an answer.

"Uh, sure. Okay," I nodded, thinking I should have said no and then kissed him some more, and then after that, invited him back to my place. That would have been the perfect plan. Infallible. But I was sorta still thinking about his poem and...I was slow, what can I say?

"Great, okay..." He seemed pretty eager, as well he might be considering he'd had his tongue wrapped around my tonsils, but I hadn't complained either.

I just had to remember not to fuck him. Michael didn't seem like the hit it and quit it type, and he'd knocked my socks off with his romantic sincerity, but now that we were going to his place I was getting some of my sensibility back. I just needed him hungry, I told myself, hungry and hot and willing to fuck a dog if he couldn't have me. We could get married later.

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"Wow. Okay, nice place," I said, stepping into Michael's dorm room at Winchester. It was actually pretty average looking, but that would have been impolite.

I looked around while he turned on the soft light by his bed, the soft radio by his computer, and picked up all his dirty clothes. There was the bed, the desk, the bookcase, the dog, the television, the...

I stared at the dog. It was kind of a big one, brown and white and sitting on a bean bag chair like he owned the place and staring at me like, well, like he owned me as well. He was definitely a he too, I could tell by the big penis sheathed in fur and the large furry balls hanging just behind it. He was

getting up and coming over to say hello.

"Uh...nice doggy," I swallowed hard. "Good doggy...good boy..." And I backed up a little because he was even bigger than Sophie, whom I'd thought was about as big as a civilized dog should get.

"Is he, uh...civilized?" I asked Michael, who had been out of the room doing laundry or something. At least he'd come back empty handed.

"Oh! Hey yeah, that's Einstein, we just call him Stein for short." He smiled at me. "He just wants to say hi."

"You named a dog Einstein?" I stared at him for a second wondering if the Geek Richter Scale really went up that high, or if we had to use a slide rule to convert it to a useable number. Nobody was gonna believe this.

"Well, I didn't!" He laughed.

The dog was sniffing at me, thrusting his huge snout right up into my crotch, ignoring the hand I'd held out so bravely.

"Whoa...good doggy!" I jumped back a little.

"He can smell fear," he shrugged, like that was helpful. My mood was rapidly becoming just another memory.

"I can smell lust," I said, staring at the dripping wet pink tip of the animal's penis as it slid from its sheath.

"Uh, oh...Come on, Stein! Be nice..." Michael tried grabbing the dog by the collar and tugging him back, but I think the beast weighed as much as his namesake. Probably more. "He must smell something on you or something...uh, do you have bacon in your pockets or something?"

The dog was backing me up to the bed.

"No!" I snorted. "I don't have pockets."

"Oh." He had the dog in a hammerlock, but Stein didn't really notice.

"Ooops!" I tripped as I bumped into the bed and my knees bent and I flopped backwards into what turned out to be a rather soft landing. I was flat on my back on Michael's bed and Einstein shoved his nose 12" up my skirt, so that I could actually feel him sniffing at my panties.

"He likes you," he said helpfully.

"No kidding," I breathed trying to push the animal's head out from under my skirt. "Do something!" I finally yelled.

"I'm trying, ummm...maybe he just wants to sniff you a little," Michael said, "Then he'll get bored or something."

"Uh...is his cock still dripping?" I asked, already knowing the answer cause I could feel it like an open faucet on my left thigh. Einstein had his paws on the bed now, on either side of my body and his tongue was licking at my skin like warm wet sandpaper. It sorta felt kind of good.

"Yeah, it's uh...well...it's dripping."

"Then he's not getting bored, is he?" I asked sarcastically.

The dog was ruining my dress and more than that he was exciting me a little. This was more what I liked in a guy, big and strong and more than willing to let me know he found me attractive. Not the sort of man to take no for an answer, and not the slightest bit intimidated by my pretty face or centerfold body. Very much the opposite of someone like Michael, although he'd obviously struck a pretty good nerve earlier.

The problem was that Stein was a dog.

Still...He was warm and heavy, his fur feeling very nice against my bare thighs, reminding me of Sophie when I'd sprawl across her back and grind with her. That association actually made me a little greasy down there under my thong, or it could have been Stein's tongue too. A good eight inches of it, licking me like I was an all-day sucker and he wanted to make it last. I was getting turned on despite my initial fear and I swallowed nervously as I realized my body was slipping into autopilot.

I already had my arms around his neck, actually trying to pull him closer, if that was possible. And my legs were spreading around his hips, lifting up as if I might hug the beast that way too. I felt my heart beating faster, excitement and pleasure coursing through my dilated veins, feeding my suddenly blooming desire. It was like a switch had been thrown, and that part of me that was rational and restrained by good judgment and modest character...Well, it was just a spectator now and the show was gonna be a good one.

"Mmmm...good doggy..." I breathed, stroking Stein's fur as he licked my tropical sex through the thin lace of my thong.

"Ahhh...are you, um...okay, Lisa?" Michael asked me.

"Shut up and read me some poetry..." I sighed, reaching down to tear at my panties. My dress was already bunched up around my hips.

"What...oh, uh...sure..." He nodded. "Hold on a sec..."

"Uh...fuck yesssss....nice fuckin' doggy..." I groaned as Einstein's wide flat tongue suddenly found my bare sex. It ran from my tight little anus up along and between my swollen labia, ending with a long soft scrape across my throbbing clit. It was devastating and he did it a dozen times while Michael read me one of his poems.

*"Til death do I,  
and unto death,  
Breathe thy name  
with my last breath...  
Love,  
Of all my sins,  
Denies me absolution  
And so the dance begins...  
Desperation longing  
And I in desperate sight  
Offer thee my life,  
As if the taking might..."*

*Bring solace to my heart,  
Give strength to my resolve,  
Take pity on my passion  
And with tenderness absolve;  
This love from out my grasp,  
This pain from out my soul  
With only death returned  
To fill the empty hole."*

"Ohhh God yes...fill my empty hole...oh shit..." I was shivering with a small orgasm, actually several of them, one right after another until I thought I must have died and gone to heaven. An eternity of this was too good for heaven though...Maybe it was hell...I didn't care. I was cumming hard!

"Jeeze," Michael breathed and I sensed more than saw him staring at me. I felt like I was on the world's best ecstasy high and I tried to focus my eyes on the man, wondering vaguely if he'd slipped something in my drink...except we hadn't drank anything really.

"I thought it would be a lot harder than this," he said, smiling.

"What?" I shook my head as if to clear it. "What did you...uhhh...say?" I was trying to get the dog off my clit. It was becoming way too sensitive after some ten minutes of constant attention. At least ten minute's of Stein's attention, which was probably equal to two hours of the best head I'd ever gotten from a guy.

"Well, uh...see, I was supposed to get Einstein uh...well, laid, see? And..." He was fiddling with something and I was finally getting Stein's tongue on my tits.

My nipples were solid, long and hard, and I yanked the front of my dress down, not caring if I stretched it hopelessly out of shape or not. My nipples were on fire and the only thing that was going to help was that dog's miraculous tongue. He was well trained, I'd give him that! Stein went to town, licking my flushed sweat flavored skin as if it were his one and only purpose in life.

"Wha...What?" I gasped, clutching the dog to me as I wrapped my legs around his back. I could feel the heat from his cock between my thighs, the tip resting on my pubis, just above my slit.

"There!" Michael sounded happy. "Oh...uh, see I have to do a challenge thing, for my initiation and um, well...I had to get a Lambda Phi girl to, uh...have sex with Stein..."

Michael giggled while I tried to understand, but just about then I was thinking penis. I wanted it, my pussy was trembling inside, all empty and hungry and desperate to be filled. I was reaching down for it, feeling for the first time the true size of Einstein's prick and it was huge! Bigger than any guy I'd been with, easily as big as the dildo I used on Sophie, probably even bigger. I could barely get my fingers around it.

"What..." I shook my head, rubbing the odd shaped tip of Stein's cock up and down my slit, working him between my buttery labes.

"Yeah...see?" He smiled, holding up a camcorder. "Uh...say cheese, Lisa..."

"Cheese, Lisa..." I blinked and then my eyes went wide open as Stein felt my pussy spreading around the head of his dog cock and without any warning at all the animal slammed about nine inches of hard canine prick so deep that it bounced off my cervix and made me squeak!

God had just punched me right in the soul and I couldn't breathe. I couldn't think. My heart wasn't working and I couldn't feel my toes, but I know they were curled because I could see them over Stein's soft furry back.

"Ohhhh...Fuuuck meeee..." I groaned, or something to that effect. I truthfully can't remember much of the next ten minutes or so. I was too busy getting the ride of my life. Stein had two speeds: Fast and Faster, and he used them both judiciously. Fast until I felt the swollen ball of his knot pressing for entrance into my much too tight, but impossibly wet cunt. I felt like I was birthing a bowling ball that someone had just taken out of the oven, but it wasn't really that big...more like a good sized orange probably, except shaped kinda like a lemon as the dog mercilessly forced it inside me.

And then it just got bigger and that's when Stein decided to hit second gear. The strokes were short and fast, the tip just staying so far inside me that I was reasonably sure I was tasting doggy cum in the back of my mouth. But I didn't care. I was lights out, cumming and cumming, my whole body seemed to be wrapped around that cock. I was squeezing it, loving it, milking the animal until I finally felt the unmistakable warmth of his sperm flooding my womb. He didn't spurt so much as just...flood me. My cunt was bathing in juices suddenly and none if it could go anywhere. I was plugged up tight with that knot of muscle wedged inside my pussy.

"Kiss me...oh fuck...kiss me...baby..." I love kissing. I mean it. Making out really is my thing during sex, especially on those rare occasions when the two of us can actually cum at the same time. Stein was cumming and cumming! He wouldn't stop and neither could I. Multiple orgasms! God!

I pulled Einstein's head up and I was rewarded as the dog started licking my face. I opened my mouth, well it was already open, cause I was gasping for air, but I opened it even more and Stein went right for it. I was swapping dog spit like there was no tomorrow and wow! Could that dog kiss! I sucked his tongue like it was a cock and he didn't really like that so much, but he kept coming back, so maybe he did. And all the while I was cumming and he was letting me soak in dog sperm and Michael...He was getting close-ups for his fraternal brothers.

"Ohhh...shit..." I was a mess and giddy and drunk on sex and I didn't care what was going on after that monster fuck!

Einstein's cock, that knot thing, had finally shrunk down enough so he could pull out of me. It hurt a little, but only because I was sore like a virgin! But the sudden emptiness was worse, and fuck juice literally poured out of my gaping pussy. I didn't think I'd ever be tight again. I didn't think I'd ever walk again, to tell the truth. Just closing my legs was an ache and sitting up...I tried it a couple times over the next hour or so and just gave up. I was sore all over, although I couldn't understand why. My pussy yes, but the rest of me? I felt steamrolled and I loved it. This was the way a woman should feel after sex, I decided, anything else wasn't really sex...it was just...

"That was so awesome! Man, the guys are gonna love this...That was so cool Lisa, thanks so much..." he gushed. He was a shoe-in for his fraternity now. He had a gorgeous young coed fucking a large dog on a bed, and not just fucking Einstein, we'd been making love. At least I thought so, he was back on his chair licking his cock clean so maybe not so much for him. But I sorta liked that in a guy.

"You gotta do something for me now..." I said lazily, giving Michael a practiced come hither smile. I crooked my finger at him. "Come here..."

The man started undressing while I watched him, giggling softly like I was drunk. His cock was hard and long and thick, not a geek cock at all. Not that I would know a geek cock from a toothpick. Or maybe cocks were just cocks, regardless of who they were attached to. But it wasn't Stein's cock,

that was for sure. The dog was blessed with a penis made for porn, Michael was just a little bigger than the average man.

He lay down next to me on the bed, Michael's hands stroking my hot flush even as he tried to avoid the huge wet spot Einstein and I had made on the bed.

"That was the most incredible thing I ever saw, Lisa." He kissed me too, which I like a lot. Cuddling after sex is a good thing and I started thinking a girl should have two husbands, one to fuck and one to cuddle with afterwards. Or maybe three so she'd have someone to talk to as well.

"Did you like it?" I smiled, reaching down to play with Michael's penis, enjoying the weight of it, the hardness, but missing the unique shape and size of the animal I'd just had.

"Oh yeah," he nodded.

"You liked seeing that dog fuck me?" I whispered into his ear, turning slightly and pressing my breasts against him. "His big cock fucking my little pussy?"

"Oh God yes..." Michael bent his mouth to my nipples while I cradled his head to me. "It was so sexy, Lisa."

"You weren't a little jealous?" I teased him, sliding my right thigh up and down over the soft hair on his legs, massaging his cock slowly, rubbing my thumb over the head and feeling his precum leaking out.

"Will...Will you marry me?" He was looking up between the valley of my breasts, thrusting his hips a little so that his straining cock fucked my fist.

I blinked at that, not sure I'd heard him right.

"I mean, um...I know you don't really know me..." He kissed my breasts. "But I've loved you for months. I've watched you, just dying to meet you and...I'll be a good husband, I swear. I'll..." he swallowed hard. "You don't have to answer me right now...just, please, don't say no yet, okay?"

I'd sort of imagined it differently. I mean, someone nicely dressed, in a nice restaurant maybe, or in some romantic place, kneeling down, holding out a ring...you know? Not lying in a bed soaked with dog sperm, feeling sore and used with my womb soaking in the stuff. It wasn't the sort of thing you'd want to tell your grandchildren about when they asked how grandpa had proposed.

"I...I'll think about it," I said, and I meant it, that was the nice part, for both of us. He really was in love with me and I'll admit I was feeling more for the man than I'd expected to, more even than I was probably willing to admit. I did feel love for him, but I was so used to being...bored with it.

Is that what it was? I was just bored with my feelings? I had a boyfriend at Harvard and I always thought I'd marry him, but right then I couldn't even remember what color his eyes were. Michael's were hazel, brown flecked with green, and I stared into them, feeling my heart flutter nervously. This was about more than just having sex with Einstein or trying to get Sophie laid. This was the rest of my life and it was happening right now.

"Will you have sex with my dog?" I asked him. And it just came out of me, so fast I didn't have time to think about it.

"What?" He stared at me and I squeezed his cock so hard it must have hurt, but then again he was

so hard it probably felt good.

"I have a dog, um...I have to film it...for my sorority." I had to confess suddenly, and I didn't know why.

"Oh, you mean like Einstein?" Michael asked and I nodded. "I never meant, I mean, I hoped you would want to, but I didn't think you would and I wasn't...I don't have to show it to anyone."

He wanted to confess too and I understood he'd only dreamt of me fucking the dog, never really planning on anything coming of it. He'd just wanted to introduce me to Stein and pray for a way to bring up the subject, knowing all too well that there was no way on earth a girl like me could ever want to do something so strange and taboo and utterly depraved as that! It was just a fantasy for him...and he'd won the lottery. Now he felt guilty about it.

"I know," I giggled. "Shhh...Let me talk."

"Oh...okay, uh...yeah..." He nodded and it was so sweet, the look on his face made me want to kiss him forever. He was like a little boy sometimes.

"My dog is Sophie and she really loves sex..." I grinned at him. "And I would love to see you fuck her."

"You would?" he asked softly.

"Yeah..." I breathed. "I'm serious and I think..."

"What?"

"I think if you could do that and enjoy it...I mean really like it for me, for both of us..." I was searching for the words, speaking slowly. "I think I could really fall seriously in love with you."

"Y-You could?" Michael looked at me, his big round eyes hopeful.

"I love dogs." He giggled, sounding like a little kid again. "I didn't realize it before, not until I saw you and Einstein..."

"I know," I giggled too. "I love dogs too and if I was gonna marry someone, he'd really have to understand that...and he'd have to share that with me."

"I do," he agreed. "I will."

"So you'll do it for me?" I asked him, stroking his cock slowly once again.

"Oh yeah, please. Let me prove it, Lisa..." He kissed my breast, right over my beating heart. "I'll do anything you want."

"Anything?" I laughed lightly.

"Oh yeah!" He grinned at me.

"Uh...I am sort of sore..." I raised my eyebrows. "And messy..."

"I um, I have some towels and uh, I have a first aid kit...Did he hurt you or..."



"No, nothing like that!" I shook my head. "I just think you should um...well..." I started pushing him down, pushing his head until he got the idea and started moving his body along mine.

"You want me to...Ohhh..." Michael looked a little shocked. "But it's...you're full of his..."

"Shhhh...Tell me how good it tastes..." I sighed as I pulled his mouth to my sex. He wasn't as good at cunnilingus as Einstein was, but he did have the advantage of fingers, and the man took direction well, concentrating on those places where it felt especially good to be kissed and licked and especially sucked, since I was practically floating in dog cum.

Michael stayed down there for a long time, swallowing my juices mixed with Einstein's copious load of canine sperm. If that wasn't love I didn't know what it was! And I was really, really starting to like Michael a lot. Marriage material, I was thinking as he shoved his tongue into the spermy mess between my gaping labia. Definitely!

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"Uh, wow! Nice place..." Michael was looking around while I moved around my dorm room, picking up dirty clothes and making little grunts and groans because that dog had busted my pussy good. Now I knew what that old Madonna song 'Like A Virgin' was all about.

"Michael, this is Sophie," I said, making the proper introductions with a grin.

We were back at my place and it was late, like two in the morning, but I felt wide awake, we both did, I think. I'd had the best night of sex in my life so far and it wasn't over yet. Sophie was up as soon as we came through the door, wagging her tail and stretching her body. She was beautiful, I realized. And I mean that the same way someone might have called me beautiful. She wasn't a dog suddenly, she was something else, and so was Einstein.

I remembered Stein the way a girl would remember a really good one night stand with a handsome man. With a sense of satisfaction maybe, a little guilt perhaps, and with that secret longing to do it again. I'd had a few one night stands in my life, some of them good, some not so good. Einstein had been fantastic and if I could have recommended him to my friends without seeming totally crazy, I would have.

That realization made me smile...and then frown as it started sinking in, what we'd done and what we were about to do. There was a video tape of me now, forty minutes of uncut, uncensored bestiality with a dog. Close-ups of my pussy being stretched, of the rapture on my face, of the dog fucking my mouth with his tongue while we came together. It was a real porn flick and intended for 20 or 30 college guys to watch and enjoy while they drank their beer. It would be carefully saved for untold future generations of Alpha Omega frat boys to enjoy. It could end up on the internet for all I knew.

The thought of a bunch of guys watching Einstein fuck the daylights out of me was a serious turn on, I admit. Part of me, the really depraved part of me, hoped they'd jerk off and dream of me afterwards. But the sensible part of me, the part that was respectable and practical and moral, if there really was such a thing, was suddenly afraid and I swallowed nervously. If that tape ever got out...

"She's beautiful..." Michael breathed, interrupting my thoughts. "Come here Sophie, come here girl..."

He didn't really need to call her at all, she was right there, sniffing at us, smelling our recent sex.

Neither of us had showered and we both must have reeked of Einstein's musky sperm. Sophie liked it, as if we were doused in dog perfume. Her tail was already up and she was playing, but not hard to get. She'd drop her front legs to the floor, keeping her ass high, spinning around excitedly like a top as she urged us to play with her.

"She wants it bad," I giggled, shrugging off my ruined dress. I massaged my swollen cunt, feeling the juices still leaking from me. I'd left a trail behind me like a snail since leaving Michael's dorm, and he wasn't ever gonna get that stain out of the passenger seat, or the smell of my well greased pussy out of his car.

"What do I do?" He licked his lips.

"Take off your clothes, silly." I smiled at him. "We'll do it right here, no sense making a mess on my bed too."

"Oh, right, okay." He rolled his eyes at my teasing, but he wasn't losing any time getting naked.

I tossed my clothes, frowning at my panties. They were shredded, a 20 dollar thong from Victoria's Secret, a gift from what's his name, the guy back at Harvard whose face was already blurry. I'd loved him because I was supposed to, I realized. Maybe I loved Michael because I wasn't.

I loved him.

"Hmmm..." I smiled to myself, going to the TV stand and getting the camcorder off the little shelf underneath. I was gonna watch him fuck Sophie. A man with an animal, mating with her, pushing his cock inside her and then seeing the look on Michael's cute face when he was cumming. I was unbearably excited with the idea, it was sexy, the sexiest most erotic thing I could imagine, and it even made the pain between my legs go away.

Michael played with Sophie and the dog loved the attention; even more than she'd loved playing with me, I thought. I could understand that though and it actually gave me a new respect for the animal. Susan and I weren't lesbians at all, but we fucked each other regularly just because we had needs and there wasn't a guy handy to fill them. Sophie was the same way. She'd play with us, fuck with us, but I think it was just a way for her to feel good and get off until someone with a real cock came along.

Now she had one and she knew it. She shoved her nose between Michael's legs, licking at his balls and then his cock and I watched my new boyfriend as he leaned back, kneeling on the floor with wide-spread legs, groaning softly as Sophie gave him a canine blowjob. Her tongue was long too, not like Stein's maybe, but respectable and it would never tire, I knew that from personal experience.

"Oh boy...that feels good," he said, and I was already recording.

"Say hi, Michael," I teased him.

"Uhhmmm...hi, Michael." He laughed, looking straight into the camera. "I really love your dog."

"I know." I smiled back at him.

Sophie licked his cock and balls for a long time, ten or fifteen minutes at least. She even got Michael's ass, digging her tongue down deep and rimming the man happily as he lay back with his knees pulled up. It was totally sexy obscene! Michael's cock was jerking every so often, all by itself, bobbing up and down with clear precum running wetly from the swollen head. Too much of that and

he was going to cum, which probably wouldn't have been bad, but I wanted to see it shooting into Sophie's cunt.

"You should return the favor."

"Hmmm...?" He looked at me, his face a mask of pleasure.

"Give her some head, she loves it." I grinned at him. "She tastes good too, believe me."

"You've done it?"

"Yeah, lots of times," I assured him. "One of my pledge duties is to keep Sophie happy."

"Oh man! I'd love to see that."

"You will," I promised. "But I wanna see you do it too, lover boy!"

Michael was more than willing and he did it with Sophie on her back, which she didn't seem to mind at all. She just lay there with her paws in the air, making happy soft growling noises as I filmed Michael licking at the swollen bulb of her sex. He stroked her chest lovingly, playing his hands across the twin rows of her hard brown nipples. He pushed his tongue inside her, slowly at first, and just a little, tasting her, and once finding it wasn't bad at all, he pushed his tongue even deeper.

"Oh Jesus, Michael. Suck her pussy for me. That's so cool," I decided, feeling my pussy getting soaked all over again.

He was sucking gently at the dog's cunt, spreading the tulip shaped vulva with his thumb and exposing the bright pink interior. It was almost red, her canine vagina so vascular, so soft and tender and sweet. She was wet with a small bit of fluid, like thin milk and whitish, and I'd never noticed that before. And I could smell her excitement, a heady musky smell, rich and overpowering even as I moved closer, needing to be near them for my own reasons.

"Careful..." I warned him as he pushed a finger inside her slowly. "Her pussy is really fragile."

"Yeah, I think so too. She's really hot inside." Michael smiled like a child at Christmas. "Like a furnace in there. Tight too."

"Fuck her for me," I panted. "Put it in...She's ready."

"Okay...um, doggy style?" He laughed, withdrawing his finger carefully and then sucking it clean. "Come on Sophie, up baby...good girl...sexy girl..."

We probably should have had a condom for Michael, just because a dog's vagina is very soft and full of blood vessels that can rupture easily. She wasn't in any danger from him, but there were a lot of little bugs that didn't bother dogs at all and could be pretty irritating to a human. Unfortunately, we didn't have any condoms so we'd just have to do it the old fashioned way...With the faith that all young people have in their own invulnerability.

Sophie was back on her feet, tail up, looking over her shoulder at Michael and giving sharply impatient barks. I was ready to cum myself, I think, just watching the little camcorder screen as Michael took his place behind her, guiding the head of his penis to Sophie's cunt and then pushing inside slowly.

"Jeeze...Nice and tight...Fuck!" He moved slowly, which was probably a good thing because I

hadn't warned him about the strange angle Sophie's vagina took. If he'd just rammed his cock inside her hard and fast he might have really hurt himself. Her pubic bones were pretty much right there and they'd put a dent in his love life if he bounced off one of those.

But Michael had it right, his cock angling up, her dog muscles squeezing and pulling him along so his long thick cock could follow her contours, stretching her muscles pleasantly, giving her the nice hot loving fuck Sophie wanted. She was growling, but standing still, patient and panting, with her tongue lolling from her mouth. She let him get inside her fully and then the slow withdrawal. It was beautiful and after a few minutes of that Michael was ready to go faster, moving his cock harder, grabbing Sophie's black short fur and pulling the eager dog back to meet his thrusts.

It was a gorgeous fuck and I rubbed my cunt while they did it, wishing Einstein was there to do me at the same time. I could have fucked him while Michael fucked Sophie, watching each other, feeling it inside and around us. It would have been making love, I thought, Michael inside me in the shape of Stein's huge cock, and Sophie would have been my surrogate. We'd be dogs, Michael and I, fucking each other, making love like animals. It was a glorious dream and I was cumming hard thinking about it. I had to fight to keep the camera steady and Michael just watched me, staring at me as he fucked Sophie.

"I'm gonna cum..." he said, breathing hard and his body flushed with excitement.

"Do it," I replied. "Inside...Cum inside me," I urged him, not even realizing exactly what I'd just said, but that's how I felt. I was Sophie, somewhere in my head, and I think Michael felt the same way. He was fucking me, he was cumming inside me.

"Ohhh...oh...God!" He arched his back, straining as he held Sophie tight against him. Michael's cock was erupting inside the dog, spraying his seed into her womb. I had the wildly perverse desire, the wish that he could impregnate her, and that Stein could have given me puppies as well.

Michael withdrew a few minutes later, his cock glistening with cum, hers and his and I zoomed in on it, licking my lips and finally unable to do anything else but hand Michael the camera.

I took him between my lips first thing, sucking Michael's cock deep into my mouth, washing it with my tongue and swallowing the tangy remnants of their sex. I could taste Sophie all over him and I loved it. I cleaned him good and then went to work on Sophie, doing for her what Michael had done for me. I kissed and licked and suckled at her sex. I swallowed their juices, as much as I could get while Sophie watched and Michael filmed me.

"Fuck me," I breathed. "Put the damn camera down and fuck me now."

I wanted it, needed it more than ever, and Michael took me like the dog I was as I knelt on my hands and knees, sucking Sophie's dog cunt and pushing my tender sex back on Michael's still wonderfully hard cock.

It was really good fuckin' sex.

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"Oh my God." Susan sat very still, staring at the television while I resisted the urge to masturbate.

We were just halfway through the first half of the video; Michael was still eating Sophie's pussy. I couldn't wait to see him fuck her again. I never got tired of seeing that, or the part where he fucked me while I ate her out. And then there was the really good part, me being fucked hard by Einstein.

Michael had copied his tape onto mine and vice-versa, so it was one long and incredibly exciting home video.

I'd decided to show it to Susan before I brought it to my initiation that night. Michael and I had talked seriously and we'd both decided we were happy with who we were, corny as that sounds. I honestly didn't care who knew I'd fucked Einstein, and Michael swore he felt the same way about Sophie. We were getting married, as soon as we told our parents and went through the necessary rituals. It had only been a few days but I couldn't imagine finding another man like Michael, never in a million years, and I didn't think it was pure chance that we'd met either.

It had to be fate.

"Oh my God," she repeated in her soft voice, and I smiled at her.

"Pretty hot, isn't it?" I asked, finally giving into my urges and slipping my hand under my skirt to find my soaking wet cunt.

"You can't be serious!" Susan stared at the screen.

"What? Why?" I wondered, feeling a little confused.

"You were supposed to get Sophie to fuck the dog," she explained. "That Einstein dog they have. Not...Not...Not...This! That's a man!"

"He's my boyfriend," I cleared my throat and shrugged.

The girl just grinned at me, shaking her head.

"But, um..." I bit my bottom lip and took a deep breath. "But I'm still gonna get in tonight, right?" I asked nervously, wondering if I was in really big trouble because of my little misunderstanding.

"Oh yeah!" Susan giggled. "You're in. You're way in, Lisa!"

"Awesome," I breathed, and my fingers went back to work on my pussy. "Wait til you see the second part. It's really good!"

**The End**