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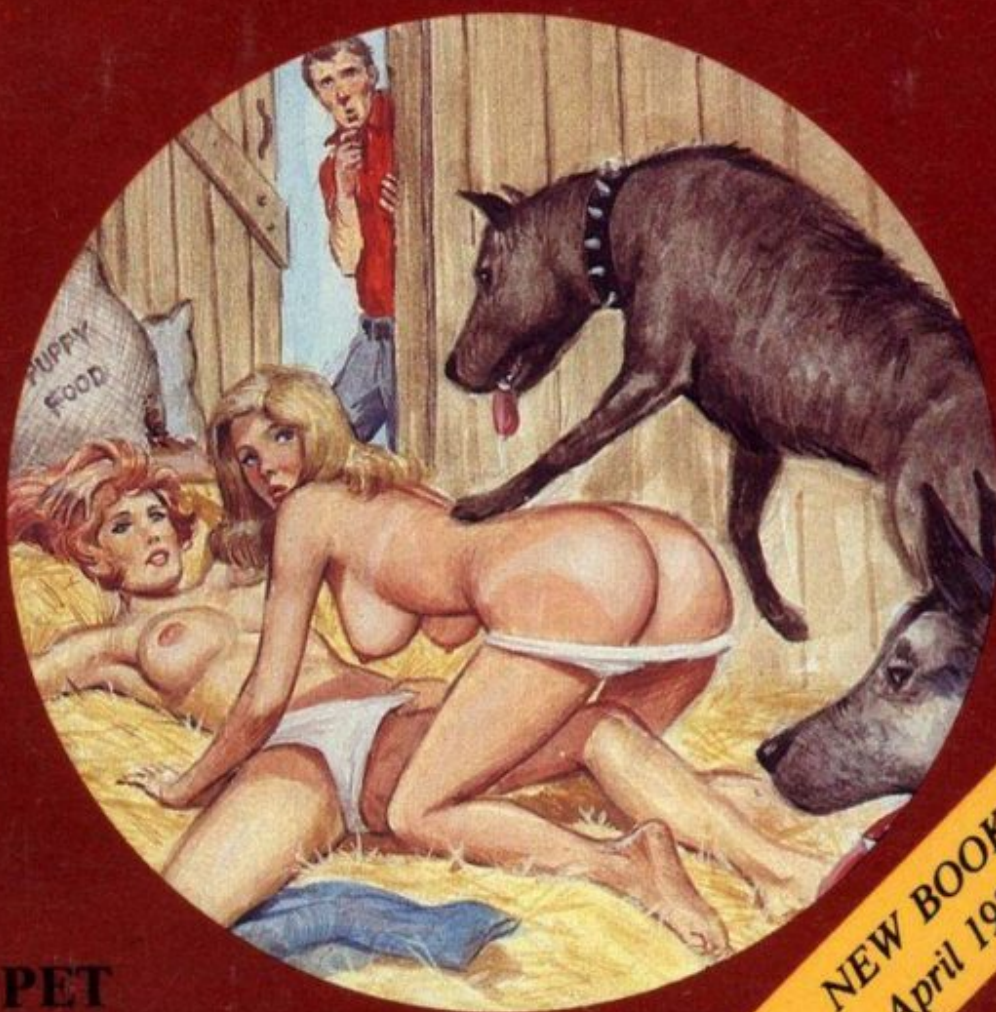


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# A PEEK AT HER DOG ACT

by David Crane



**A PET  
BOOK**

**NEW BOOK**  
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## CHAPTER ONE

Judy Sutton liked to jerk off dogs. Judy was 18-years-old, pert, nubile and popular. In most ways she was perfectly normal, and her sex life was energetic. She had three fairly steady boyfriends, all of whom she fucked regularly, and once in awhile she would go to a single's bar and get picked up by some well-hung stranger for a bit of variation.

Since Judy therefore had all the fucking that she needed, it wasn't a case of frustration that led to her fixation with dog prick. She simply liked to pull a dog's cock.

The dogs liked it, too.

Judy had first found out that it was fun to masturbate dogs when she was younger and still a virgin – barely since she had finger-fucked some. The dog had been the family pet, a Labrador Retriever with an affectionate nature. One day the girl had noticed that the Labby had a hard-on. The hard prick had intrigued her. She knew all about hard-ons from her heavy petting sessions with boys at school, and she knew how to milk their cocks until they came, but she wondered if she could do the same thing with a dog. She wasn't sure. Not having hands, dogs couldn't pull themselves off and so maybe, she speculated, dog pricks didn't work the same way as the human ones did.

The speculation so interested and excited her that she thought she would experiment on the family pet.

She called the dog over to her and knelt beside him. She folded her hand around his big prick. The dog rolled his eyes, and his tongue lolled out. Judy began to run her hand up and down his iron-hard cock. She loved the way that the dog's cockhead flared out when she dragged the hairy skin back towards his bloated balls.

Suddenly the brute howled.

A jet of creamy jism shot from his cockhead.

Judy gave a little gasp and kept jerking her pet off, emptying his cock and balls to the dregs. She had discovered that it was fascinating to make a brute come. When she'd first started playing with his prick, it had been more out of curiosity than anything else, but once she had felt and seen that thick, hot geyser burst from his thundering dog cock, Judy had been filled with fiery lust.

From that day on, the horny young girl made a point of jerking off the Labrador's cock regularly. She also jerked off several other dogs that roamed the neighborhood, becoming very popular with the canine set. She never did anything else.

She had no desire whatsoever to let a dog fuck her, or to suck one off. She didn't even get them to lick her cunt. She was perfectly content to give them handjobs and then, filled with dark passion, to fingerfuck herself to a wonderful climax with her own cum-soaked hands.

When Judy graduated from high school at last, no longer a virgin – she did four things.

She got her own apartment.

She got a job.

She bought a convertible.

And she bought herself a sturdy and affectionate bull terrier with a beautiful white coat.

Bred to fight to the death, the terrier was a bit confused the first time his mistress began to fondle his cock and balls, but he was an intelligent beast, and he soon got the idea, fucking her hand with all the gusto of his breed and rewarding the girl with a massive load of cum. The dog was so much to her taste that Judy was fairly faithful to him and only jerked off one or two other animals that year.

And whenever Judy was not fucking her boyfriends, she liked to spend time with her pet.

It was Saturday.

Judy did not have to go to work, and she decided to drive out into the countryside for a picnic in her open car and with her faithful dog. She had an idea that it would be a lot of fun to jerk the dog off in the open air – in the animal's natural habitat, as it were. The city streets were deserted on a Saturday morning, but the traffic lights continued to function in their mindless fashion, and Judy had to wait at a red light.

That was when she saw that her bull terrier had a hard-on. He was sitting in the passenger seat, and his cock jutted up like a cantilever supporting him.

The traffic light was still red.

The head of the dog's cock was just as red.

Judy glanced around and, seeing no other cars about and no pedestrians, she grinned and reached out, taking her dog's cock in her hand.

The dog whimpered gratefully.

Judy began to stroke his prick.

The big, hard cockshaft swelled into her fist, and the knob began to pulsate. Judy got plenty excited, playing with the animal in public. Her fist flew up and down at a great rate, skimming his prick, dragging the furry pelt up and down the throbbing prickstalk. She knew that the dog was going to shoot his hot wad very quickly. She lifted the hem of her skirt so that it would not get soaked with jism. She leaned towards the beast, her fist pumping steadily.

The dog's cock went off like a fire hose in her hand.

The first creamy spurt flew straight up in the air and hung suspended for a moment, then dropped down, splattering on her naked thighs. She continued to pump away, emptying his cum-loaded balls in spurt after spurt.

"Nice?" she asked.

"Wowf," said the dog.

The light was green. Judy wiped her hand delicately on a Kleenex, put the car in gear and drove off. It had been no momentous occasion for the girl since she was well accustomed to masturbating her pet.

Little did she know the profound effect that her act was to have on a total stranger who had been watching from a window above.

## CHAPTER TWO

Jenny Baker hadn't come that morning. That was one of the reasons why she had gone to the office on a Saturday morning, figuring that she could get her mind off her pussy by finishing up a bit of extra work over the weekend.

Jenny was 21-year-old gorgeous girl with long, blonde hair and big, blue eyes and the sort of body often compared to a Hollywood sex queen. Her tits were big and thrusting, capped by large, stiff nipples. Her legs were long and shapely, and her ass was contoured like a firm teardrop. Her cunt was a wonderful device, hot and creamy in its natural state and always ready to get stuffed full of hard prick.

Usually her husband took care of fucking her till she was satisfied.

They had been married for a year, and Jenny had been a faithful wife during that period, both because it was her nature to be faithful and also because her husband, Hank, had a huge prick and gave her plenty of fucking. Jenny especially enjoyed the long, leisurely fucking that they usually did on Saturday and Sunday mornings.

But today Hank had made plans to play golf, of all the stupid things.

He didn't have time for a prolonged fuck and though his cock, as usual, was hard and hot, he wanted to empty his balls before he got to the golf course. He figured that a big hard-on would throw his swing out of kilter, causing him to hook or slice the ball.

Jenny was still half-asleep.

Hank drew the covers down and gazed at her lush, velvet-smooth body. She sighed, anticipating a lot of foreplay followed by a wonderfuck. He slipped his hand between her legs and began to finger her cunt. The pink pussylips unfurled like the moist petals of a blossom, and her pussyslit turned into an oval slot, filled with cuntjuice.

"Ummm," she purred.

Hank moved on top of her.

He guided his big, blunt-tipped prick to her crotch and began to run his cockhead around in her creamy pussy and across her tingling clit.

Jenny arched and twisted her pelvis, engorging as much of his cock as she could.

Hank rammed his prick home to the very hilt with his first powerful thrust. He paused for a moment, enjoying the sensation of having every inch of his big, hot cock buried in her wet pussy and letting her thrill to the joy of having her cunt stuffed to the brim with prick.

Her pussy began to pull on his cockshaft.

Her cunt muscles ripped up his cock from root to knob, closing like a soft, padded vise, sucking and wringing on his prick with rare skill.

Then he began to fuck her fast and furious.

Jenny was surprised. Usually Hank began fucking her very slowly, building up only after a long time, but today he was fucking his cock into her like a demented demon. She could feel his massive prick expanding in her cunt. The cockhead felt like a wad of molten iron as his prick surged into the depths of her pussy. He was groaning and grunting as he slammed his cock home with vigor.

Jenny tried to catch up to him.

Her hips twisted from the waist, turning her cunt on his cock like a nut on a bolt. She humped with him, jamming her pussy down as his prick banged in. Her sleek thighs wrapped around his haunches and her heels locked behind his knees as she sought desperately to reach a climax with him.

She almost made it.

But then Hank howled with joy, and his cock hosed her cunt with a steady stream of jism.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Jenny moaned as she felt his hot, thick cockjuice spurt into her cunt, loving the sensation – but wanting to come, too.

But Hank was finished.

He grinned at her and pulled his prick out. Semi-hard still, his cock bobbed up and down over her belly, the tip dripping. A string of slippery jism trickled down on her belly like a fine thread connecting them.

He dismounted.

"Darling," she said. "I haven't come yet."

"Sorry about that, honey," Hank said. "I'll take good care of you as soon as I get back from the golf course."

Jenny was frustrated and annoyed. She figured it was a pretty damned thoughtless way for him to treat her, using her for a scum bag, with no considerations for her own carnal needs. Normally he wasn't like that, and she didn't want to complain too much, but it was aggravating. She stayed in bed while Hank showered and shaved, hoping that he might change his mind and give her some more prick.

But he returned only to kiss her goodbye, then departed for the golf course.

Damn! she thought.

Then she said it aloud, "Damn!"

She considered giving herself a handjob. She dipped her hand between her legs and rubbed her burning cunt a little. It felt good but a handjob wasn't nearly as good as having her cunt full of Hank's huge prick. It seemed sort of an infantile substitute, and kind of absurd for a married woman to fingerfuck herself. After awhile, hotter than ever, she stopped her futile fingerfucking.

Hank had promised her a climax as soon as he returned, and she figured she would be better waiting, knowing that she would enjoy creaming all the more for the delay. But still, it was not going to be easy getting through the day with her pussy smoldering away like a glowing ember between her smooth thighs.

That was why she decided to go to the office.

There was a bit of filing and some typing that had to be done Monday morning, and she figured that she could get that all cleared up today. The work would, no doubt, take her mind off her unsatisfied cunt. And if she got too horny, she could always handfuck her pussy at the office since there would be no one else there. It might even be sort of exciting to fingerfuck herself at her desk – or at her boss' desk. Her boss was a handsome, aristocratic fellow and, from the way he looked at her, Jenny knew that he wouldn't at all mind getting into her pants, although he had never tried to fuck her. She could just imagine how he would feel if he knew that she had been finger-fucking in his office. It added spice to the idea.

Jenny got dressed and went to the office.

She had just entered her office when a convertible pulled up at the traffic lights below. Jenny had gone to the window to open it. She happened to glance down.

At first, Jenny could not believe what she saw. She was looking down into the open automobile from above, and the perspective confused her. It seemed as if the sexy girl in the car was changing gears, but the car was not moving, and the gear lever seemed to be rising up from the passenger seat. There was a dog there, as well. It added to her confusion. But then Jenny's eyes shot the picture to her mind and she gave a gasp.

The girl was stroking the dog's cock!

Two tumultuous emotions welled up in Jenny at the same time. She was astonished by what she saw, but she was also filled with vicarious lust. Already hot and horny to begin with, the weird sight heightened her agonized need for cock. She leaned on the windowsill, staring, her jaw hanging open in shock and her eyes gone big and round. She saw the sexy young lady lift her dress up with her free hand. Her thighs were sleek and shapely. Her other hand pumped rhythmically up and down on the dog's prick. She was looking sideways at him, watching what she was doing, and there was a smile on her face. The dog's tongue was lolling out and his stout haunches were braced on the seat, quivering.

Suddenly the beast's cock shot a wad of thick cum from his prickhead.

The sticky jism splattered on the girl's bare legs.

Jenny's pussy seemed to erupt volcanically, untouched, going off of its own accord, so that thick juice was running down her own thighs as heavily as the canine cum was pouring over the girl in the car.

Jenny cupped a hand over her crotch, as if to contain her flooding desire.

She watched the girl milk the dog's prick dry.

The convertible moved off, a happy girl and a happy dog heading for a picnic in the countryside – and horny Jenny was left alone with her need and her terrible frustration. Two frustrations in one day seemed too much.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

For several minutes, Jenny stood where she was, at the open window, while she considered what she had just seen. It had been such a bizarre, unexpected sight that she was stunned and shocked – as

much by the magnitude of her own lust as by the act itself.

Had someone told her about such a thing, she would have thought it disgusting and perverted, but the actual sight itself had not seemed that way at all. The girl had obviously enjoyed jacking the dog off, and the dog had delighted in the act, and it had been fascinating to Jenny.

Would I like to do that? wondered Jenny.

She thought that she would.

And did that naughty girl in the car do other things with her dog as well? Did she maybe take the dog's prick into her mouth and suck on his cock, or lick the fiery-red pricktup - or let the animal fuck her, even? Those thoughts were intensely exciting. The whole concept of having sex with an animal was causing Jenny to tremble with beastly lust.

There were definite benefits in dog-fucking, she realized.

A married woman could get all the cock she wanted from a dog without technically committing adultery, she reasoned. And it would be basic, physical lust, a simple case of give and take with no question, whatsoever, of emotional involvement. One wouldn't want to, say, kiss a dog. It was pure prick and no more. And the dog could never blow the whistle on a girl, either.

Oh! Whatever am I thinking? she asked herself.

Jenny grinned ruefully.

I'd never do a wicked thing like that, she told herself. I'm just hot and frustrated and that makes dog-fucking seem like a good idea but I wouldn't really do it.

And yet, if a dog had happened to come strolling into that empty office right then, she wouldn't have sent him away.

Jenny suddenly realized that she was cupping her cunt in her hand and that her crotch was creamy. She wasn't sure if she had come or not. She had been so fascinated by what she was observing in the car below, that her pussy might well have melted without her knowing it. But whether she had already come or not was a moot point.

She wanted to come again.

She lifted her dress above her waist and pushed her soaking panties down around her knees. She pushed her trim belly out against the windowsill. Her cunt steamed in the cool air. She began to run her hands up the smooth flesh of her inner thighs, then started working on her pussy with both hands. She fingered her tingling clit with one hand while she pushed three fingers of the other up her cunt.

She was thinking about dog cock.

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Karl Klocek was a window cleaner, and he worked on Saturday mornings. Karl was a lean man with a bushy moustache, and, at the moment, he had a big hard-on. His girlfriend had got drunk the night before and, sick with a hangover, had not been in the mood for fucking that morning, so Karl had gone to his labors unfucked and unsatisfied.

He was cleaning the windows of the office building in which Jenny Baker was presently and pleasantly rubbing her cunt to a lather.

At the moment, he was working on the window directly below where Jenny stood, but she had not seen him because of the angle and the protruding window ledge, nor had he seen her for the same reasons. He was having a hard time doing his work because his prick kept bumping against the glass. He wished he had some pussy.

When he heard the soft sounds of a girl panting with passion, he figured it was just wishful thinking on his part. He also heard the moist squishing of a juicy cunt. But he knew it had to be all in his mind. How in hell could a guy hear a squishing cunt when he was ten stories up the outside of an office building? He figured he was cunt crazy.

The window was finished.

He signaled to his partner on the ground.

The scaffold went up to the next level.

And Karl Klocek found himself face to face with a seething, juicy pussy.

Jenny's slender back was arched, her head tilted to the side, her eyes closed. She had no idea that a man's face had just elevated to cunt level in front of her. She was smiling dreamily as she pushed three fingers in and out of her hot pussy and rolled her tingling clit back and forth.

Because of her arched posture, Karl could not see her face. He saw only her belly and the tops of her thighs and her tilted cunt and hands. He blinked a few times. If it's just a figment of my imagination, it sure is realistic, he thought.

He licked his lips.

That mystery cunt was a delightfully tasty-looking affair, as bushy as his moustache and filled with cream. The pink pussylips were spread wide open, exposing the darker, inner flesh and that flesh was streaked with cunt-juice. Ribbons of pussyjuice rolled down her thighs. He could feel the fiery heat of that pussy wafting over his face. His mouth began to water for a taste of the juicy cunt.

Karl hesitated.

He was afraid that if he tried to touch the pussy, the creamy cunt would vanish. Yet a pussy wasn't much good to him if he couldn't touch it, he figured. Imaginary pussy was visually pleasing but just looking certainly didn't slake a man's hunger for sex.

Leaning in, he pushed his tongue out. He lapped up a tongueful of cuntjuice from her upper thigh, letting the thick pussy nectar run over his taste buds for a moment, then swallowing the cuntjuice down. It warmed his belly like a fine wine and Karl, to his delight, came to the conclusion that the pussy was real.

Grinning joyfully, he buried his face between the girl's trembling thighs.

Jenny gasped, not realizing that her cunt had been attacked by a man's mouth.

She had never enjoyed a handjob as much as she was enjoying this one. She supposed it must be because she was so horny, because her technique hadn't changed - and yet her pussy felt as if a hot,

nimble tongue was slurping away at her cunt and hungry lips were sucking her pussylips with relish.

She drew her hands away, experimentally.

The thrill continued. It even increased. What wonderful discovery had she made? Had her steaming pussy developed the ability to fuck itself?

Was her hot clit turning back upon itself, licking away like a tongue? Were her cuntlips slurping like a mouth, devouring themselves so delightfully? Jenny knew full well what it felt like to get gobbled and this, most definitely, was very much like the real thing.

She guessed that the novel sensation must stem from her unique fantasies.

Jenny had never fantasized about fucking animals before, and it had to be that aspect that was making her cunt seethe with such electric joy.

And Jenny was loving the feeling far too much to look closely for causes or to ruin the effect by examination...

Cocks! she thought.

Animal cocks! Like animal crackers, they paraded before her imagination, a whole picket fence of pricks all lined up for her use. Her belly heaved, and her hips twisted from side to side. Her face was contorted by lust.

Her body angled back from the window so that her belly and crotch were pressed to the ledge. Karl's chin rested on that ledge as he rubbed his bushy moustache around in her bushy pussy, and his tongue dipped in, spooning out cuntjuice in great dollops that overflowed the edges of his mouth and ran down his chin. Her pussy was plastered to his face like a suction cup, glued there by her sticky pussyjuice. He felt that, if the scaffold were to suddenly collapse, he would still dangle there outside the building, his feet kicking free, his mouth stuck fast to her cunt like a fish on the hook or a hanged man on the gallows.

His tongue stabbed up her pussy.

His lips parted wide, fitting themselves to her cuntlips, as she sucked merrily away.

He used his fingertips to spread her pussy even wider, so that he could lap farther up that cunthole.

What on earth is this mysterious woman thinking of? wondered the happy window-cleaner.

Jenny was lost in her thoughts - thoughts of animal lovers.

A bull, thought Jenny.

A big, Spanish fighting bull with a massive cock jutting out from his powerful loins, hard as a rock, the huge pricktup dripping with frothy jism.

She could just imagine the brute dashing into the bullring where she was playing the matador. She would turn gracefully in the veronica, but she would have no red cape - she would pass the bull by with a skillful flourish of her panties.

She would wear no suit of lights. She would face the beast naked. Her nipples would be as stiff and as sharp as barbed darts as she pricked the bull's muscular shoulders with her tits. Again and again

she would pass the bull dangerously close, her smooth belly brushing his flank.

The bull would hook her but not with the wide horns on his head. He would hook her with his gigantic cock, seeking to gore her wet cunt with that single, great horn.

Then would come the moment of truth. She would ready herself, the bull would charge - and run his huge cock into her crotch. She would arch under his heaving belly. Thousands of Spaniards would cheer. Her thighs would part and, to the acclaim and admiration of the masses, she would take every inch of the bull's huge prick into her cunt and let him fuck away, snorting and grunting, until he spilled his heavy load in her loins and staggered away, spent.

Unaware of what the horny woman was thinking, Karl tilted his head back, his chin sliding out as he drank greedily from Jenny's cunt. Karl was a cuntsucker from way back, but he had never before encountered a pussy as hot and as juicy and as delicious as this one. His whole face was coated with cuntjuice from brow to chin as his face slipped around in her pussy. His prick was pounding in his pants, demanding attention, but Karl was enjoying his snack of cunt so much that he ignored his straining cock. He began to fingerfuck up her pussyhole with three fingers as he slurped on her erect clit. He twisted and scissored his fingers inside her. His mouth filled with cunt-juice in a steady flood. He felt as if his face were being burned by her pussy's heat.

He still wondered what on earth this woman was thinking of at this bizarre moment.

Bulls had fled from Jenny's mind. She needed bigger cocks and more vicious fuckers.

Gorillas, she thought.

Didn't gorillas rape women in Africa? Didn't they carry them off into the jungle and rape them with primate passion? She wanted a whole troop of horny apes gang-banging her, one after the other, bounding around impatiently as they awaited their turn, rubbing their pricks, peeling the foreskins back as they might have peeled a banana. She imagined ape cocks everywhere - in her cunt, in her mouth, in her asshole!

But the ape prick she imagined fucking her asshole was really just Karl's experienced finger.

Karl as fingering her asshole. Still finger-fucking her cunt, she slid his other hand farther in and began to tease her tight, brown asshole.

The realism of her fantasy astounded Jenny, who still thought that only imaginary ape cocks were fucking her holes. She bunched her fingers together and pushed them into her mouth, sucking on them, pretending they, too, were a prick and that she was getting a three-way fucking. Jenny had never been with more than one man at a time, but she loved the idea. Her mouth felt like a cunt now, her tongue like a clit, her flowing saliva like cuntjuice.

She pushed her fingers in and out of her lips and ground her cunt in Karl's face and felt his finger slip up her taut asshole.

She was ready to cream.

Then she looked down and saw Karl's cum-smeared face between her slick thighs.

Startled, Jenny gave a little gasp, and her orgasm drew back slightly.

It was no fantasy.

That face was real.

Nor was it an animal's face – it was definitely a human face. She was being sucked off by a man! She was being unfaithful to her husband! She certainly hadn't intended to cheat on Hank, and she felt a brief wave of guilt. But it passed immediately. After all, it wasn't her fault. How could she have guessed that there would be a human fly perched outside the window? And for that matter, how could he have expected to find a mouthful of hot cunt on the windowsill? No, it had been an accident, a whim of fate, and Jenny realized she did not have to feel guilty about it.

It wasn't really cheating, either.

It wasn't as if she were fucking him. She didn't think it could even be called adultery.

And it felt so wonderful!

Jenny smiled down at Karl.

She saw his face framed between her parted thighs and through the curving perspective of her tit cleavage. She saw his bushy moustache twitch as it worked away against her bushy pussy, like two sea urchins fucking.

Karl whipped his tongue up her cunthole and, looking up, saw her smiling down at him. He smiled back – although Jenny did not see that smile since it was plastered against her foaming cunt.

When he saw how beautiful the woman was, Karl started to enjoy her tasty pussy even more. She began to grind her cunt wildly in his face, and he started sucking with even more gusto and plowing his fingers up her pussyhole steadily.

"Oh!" Jenny cried.

Then, longer and prolonged and wavering, she wailed, "Ooooooh!"

Her pussy seemed to melt as she came.

Karl flattened his tongue against her pussy and slurped up the gash as she came. He lapped her cuntjuice up with ravenous slurps and sucked greedily at her flowing pussy, drinking mouthful after mouthful of the sweet cunt nectar that came gushing from her pussyhole.

He sucked away until he had drained her.

Jenny, dizzy with the thrill, moved away from the window. Her legs were shaky, her knees watery. She felt enormously grateful to the stranger who had given her such unmeasurable pleasure.

And she felt thankful that she had come without actually committing adultery.

Karl signaled and the scaffold rose toward the next level. He opened his fly. His big prick darted out from his trousers like an arrow, the blunt cockhead throbbing and the fat prickstalk pulsing.

Jenny saw that delightful cock elevate.

"Oh, dear!" she sobbed.

The poor girl was in a quandary. She didn't want to cheat on her husband, and, yet, she felt that she owed this window cleaner an orgasm. It wasn't fair to come in his mouth and not let him get his

rocks off. If she did that, she would be as selfish as her husband had been that morning when he gave her a fast fuck and shot his wad and went away without bringing her to her peak.

It was all Hank's fault to begin with.

And that prick in the window looked so lovely.

Jenny decided that she simply had to suck his cock.

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

Karl was signaling wildly.

The scaffold was being lifted too high. He wanted his prick to be raised to the level of the windowsill so that his mystery lover could push her pussy onto his cock, but his crew had misunderstood. They were unaware of what was happening and, quite naturally, thought that Karl wanted to be raised up to the next story above.

His face came level with the window on the next floor, and his prick was halfway up the window below, far too high for the girl to mount it - unless she had a ladder, which he doubted - although the whole situation was so strange that he wouldn't have been at all surprised.

He wailed with dismay, thinking that he was again to be deprived of an orgasm.

But the position suited Jenny perfectly.

Karl's cock was level with her tits. His prick was such an adorable cock that, had it been possible, the horny girl might not have been able to resist fucking him, but now she did not have to worry about that temptation. She was being aided by circumstances in her quest for fidelity.

But her mouth was watering.

Jenny had always dearly loved to suck cock. Before she was married, she had sucked every cock that had fucked her - and a few extra, besides. She loved everything about a mouthful of prick - the taste, the texture, the heat - and she especially loved to have cocks shoot in her mouth and, she loved to swallow that delicious cum. But since she had wed, she had not milked a prick other than her husband's.

Now she wondered if cocksucking constituted an act of adultery?

She hoped not.

She convinced herself that cocksucking wasn't adulterous.

After all, she owed this kind fellow a come, and by sucking him off, she was taking the only available course. She was sucking him to avoid taking his cock in her cunt, cocksucking to remain true to Hank, in fact. Cocksucking was the lesser of two evils, and it was therefore justified, she reasoned - and that big prick did look so delicious.

Jenny licked her lips.

She moved to the window again.

Karl stopped signaling, and a smile of pure ecstasy brightened his face as he realized that he had, indeed, been elevated to just the right level. But his smile wasn't just from a pair of lips on his cock.

Jenny didn't touch Karl's prick right away. She was teasing him - and herself - by prolonging the contact as she avoided touching him and savored the pleasure of the anticipation. She leaned close and blew her warm breath onto his cock and balls, loving the way that caused his prick to swell and throb like a steam engine. His cockhead was expanding like a panting lung, and his balls were like over inflated balloons. The dark vein that seamed the underside of his cockshaft was pulsing and writhing.

She could see that his balls were really and truly full of cum and that she was going to get a very satisfying drink. The sight made her drool.

She blew on his cock again.

He moaned against the windowpane above. The glass vibrated, threatening to shatter at the sound.

Jenny figured that she had better take her dress off. His balls were so loaded that she wasn't sure she could swallow all his jism, and she didn't want to get cum stains on her dress and, besides, she preferred to be naked when she gave head so that her tits could participate, too.

She drew her dress over her head and let it flutter down to the floor. She wore no bra - and needed none for her firm, full tits stood out without needing support. Her nipples were like little rockets ready to blast off from the areola launching pads.

Her panties were already down around her knees, like a hobble. They'd been stretched out of shape as she spread her legs around Karl's head and the crotch had been soaked already. She pushed them all the way down and kicked them off. Naked, she moved closer to the cock-filled window.

Karl's prick was sticking out from his fly, but his trousers were still fastened. Wanting his cock fully available, Jenny undid the snap and lowered his pants and shorts. Karl figured it would make a strange sight for someone in the street, to look up and see a bare ass on a scaffold, but he was in no mood to worry about what a passerby might think. If it drew a crowd, that was just too bad.

He began to hump suggestively towards her face.

Jenny still teased him.

As his hips pushed forwards, driving his prick out, she leaned back out of range. She blew on his cock some more. Her breath worked like a bellows on a fire, and the head of his cock began to turn red.

Jenny was really drooling by this time, her mouth full of saliva and her taste buds tingling for the delicious flavor of hot cockmeat.

She cupped one hand, palm up, under his balls, lifting gently, as if weighing his sac and judging the heft of the jism within.

She purred happily.

There was going to be enough cum there to feed the starving hordes of India, she calculated - and it was not going to go to waste, for she was starving for cum every bit as much as a fish desires water.

Leaning in, she flicked the tip of her tongue over his swollen cockhead. She moved her head back again, sampling the taste thoughtfully.

"Yummy," she pronounced.

She licked his prickhead again. Then she began to curl her tongue all around the big, blunt cockhead, lapping and laving hungrily. She held him by the balls but didn't put her hands on his cock. She liked to fuck a cock totally with her mouth, without manual assistance. For one thing, it took longer that way, and once Jenny began eating a prick, she wanted the feast to last as long as possible. The creamy come was the best part, certainly, and she looked forward to it, but she liked to linger over the meat course before she swallowed the rich dessert of his climax.

She wondered, as a sidelight, if a dog's cock tasted like a human cock and if a dog's jism was as delicious, but with Karl's cock under her tongue, she was no longer totally lost in fantasies of bestiality.

For a long time, she tongued his cockhead devotedly and attentively. Karl was fucking away, trying to get his prick in her mouth, but she avoided his thrusts. She moved lower down and licked his balls for awhile, thinking of all the sweet cream they held. Then she began to long-tongue up his cockstalk, licking with fluid, flat-tongued strokes from his balls to his prickhead. His cock was glistening with her saliva. She switched her tongue back and forth, crisscrossing along the fat vein and pausing at the electric point where the cockshaft spread out into the delta of the prickhead to flutter her tongue.

A drop of preliminary spunk oozed from his cleft and slid slowly down the slope of his cockhead.

Jenny whimpered.

She watched the sticky drop of pre-cum run sluggishly down his shaft, then gathered it up on her tongue and let it slide around on her taste buds for a moment before she swallowed it down. It slid down her gullet, and she purred happily.

The drop was like an appetizer.

It made her ravenous for more.

Jenny kissed the tip of his prick lovingly, then slowly let her lips part around his cock. Her head bobbed down and she took his prickhead into her mouth. She sucked adoringly on the great mound of cock, her cheeks hollowing in and her lips turning outwards around his prickshaft.

She began to move her head up and down, feeding herself his prick. Her lips went down almost to the hilt, and his cockhead lodged in her throat. She pulled up, sucking, to the prickt看, then went down again.

She squeezed his balls gently, as if to urge them to function, to pump the spunk from them. Her cheeks pulled on his cockhead, her lips sucked with total absorption, her eyes crossed as she gazed down at her fat mouthful as his prick went in and out of her mouth. Saliva ran down his cock. She slurped his prick back into her mouth as her lips pushed down to his balls.

"Unghh!" she gasped, as his great big cockhead clogged her gullet.

"Ummm," she purred, as she pulled up, lips dragging over his steaming prickmeat.

His cock was flowing now, not ejaculating but dribbling little ribbons of jism onto her tongue. Her tongue swept around on his cocktip, then spread out like a wet carpet over which his prick would march, in majestic parade, into her maw. But hungry as she was, she wasn't ready to drink his cum yet. She didn't want the feast to end so soon.

She pulled her lips away.

His cockhead popped from her mouth like a cork from a bottle of wine. His pricktip was slippery with saliva and spunk. Karl humped frantically, wondering why she had stopped sucking him before he came, desperately afraid that the girl had had enough and wasn't going to make him come. Jenny began to run his prick through her cleavage. She rubbed her taut nipples against his cock. Ribbons of jism ran over her tits. She ducked her head down so her chin rested on her breastbone and lapped up the spunk from her tits and nipples. Sometimes she liked to have a man fuck her between the tits, with her face tilted down so that when he shot his wad, he squirted into her face and into her open mouth, but today she wanted him to come in her mouth.

She sucked his prick again.

She began to work steadily and rhythmically, seeking to bring him off now.

Karl fucked into her mouth, driving his prick in as her lips slid down, spurting doses of jism into her cheeks and onto her tongue like little messengers heralding the coming of the full load.

"Come," she whimpered, the word muffled on a mouthful of cockmeat. "Come in my mouth - I want to drink all that sweet, thick, hot cum!"

Karl groaned and stiffened.

Her head bobbed down all the way, and his prick exploded in her mouth, whitewashing her gullet and hosing her cheeks with great, creamy spurts.

Jenny gulped his cum down voraciously, swallowing as fast as she could, but his load was too great. It overflowed her lips and ran down her chin. She sucked away with joy, milking wad after wad from his cock and balls, delirious with the pure joy of drinking cum.

At long last, he was empty.

Jenny continued to suck until she was sure that she had pulled every precious drop of the delicious stuff out of his loaded balls, then she used her nimble tongue to gather up the errant drops that had escaped her lips and had trickled down onto his cockstalk and balls.

"Oh, that was delicious," she purred.

Karl's hips jolted.

Jenny blinked, then smiled dreamily.

His cock, despite his massive climax, was still standing as hard and as huge as ever.

And his prick still looked every bit as tasty.

She hesitated for an instant. She didn't figure that she owed him another orgasm since he had only brought her off once, and she had already repaid the favor in kind. But she also figured that since she had already sucked a strange man's prick and swallowed one load of jism, her sin was not going

to be compounded if she sucked him off again. The sin was not judged by the amount of jism a girl drank - and Jenny was a girl who could not get enough of the succulent cum.

She took his cock into her mouth again.

The scaffold swayed as he humped, and Jenny's hips started to sway. Her pussy was getting hot again. Karl's tongue had cooled her cunt for awhile, but she, quite naturally, had got horny again while she sucked his cock. She cupped her hand over her cunt and began to rub it, thinking that she might as well enjoy a handjob and come with him. She hoped that she could time it so that they creamed simultaneously.

Her lips slid up and down on his thundering prick, and her fingers slid in and out of her hot cunt at the same tempo. She was horny at both ends - hot and hungry. Concentrating on a mouthful of cock and a handful of pussy, Jenny quite naturally paid no attention to anything else.

And it was a strange sight that greeted the janitor as he opened the office door.

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

Although the office building was almost deserted on weekends, it was not quite devoid of occupation. Like Karl Kloczek, the window cleaner, Jack Mannard, the janitor, worked on Saturdays. The similarity between the two men did not end there. Like Karl, Jack was horny that day. But he was not horny for the same reason that Karl had been. Jack's girlfriend had given him plenty of pussy that morning. No, Jack was horny for reasons more akin to those that had got Jenny so worked up.

But more so.

Jenny, after all, had only seen a girl jacking off a dog, and at a distance at that.

Jack, at very close range, had watched his girlfriend blow an Airedale...

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Jack's girlfriend was named Sylvia.

She was a redhead with green eyes and a lusty nature, jutting tits and a pussy like a burning bush. She had a job at a boarding kennel.

And very pampered pets, indeed, were boarded there.

When Sylvia was feeling passionate, she had few if any inhibitions - and she was always passionate. The day before, she had been particularly randy because Jack had given her a prolonged tongue-fucking, and she had been inspired to do a bit of pillow talking.

She told Jack that a lot of the dogs at the kennel were owned by women who were partial to dog cock.

Jack had been amazed.

Still between her legs, gobbling her red-haired pussy, he had raised his eyebrows - and his prick had raised an extra two inches at the thought.

"Really?" he croaked.

"Uh-huh," she avowed.

Immediately Jack rose from his feast and slammed his rigid cock into her cunt and fucked the ass off her – which is what she had had in mind when she started such an erotic conversation.

Later, side by side in bed, playing with each other while they waited to get worked up again, Jack returned to the subject of dog-fucking.

"Boy, I sure would like to see a woman fucking with a dog," he said.

"Would you really?" Sylvia asked, smiling and looking rather delighted.

"Yeah! That would sure turn me on!"

"Would you want me to do it?"

"You!"

"Ummm," she said.

Jack hesitated, gulping.

His prick got rock-hard in her hand.

"Would you?" he asked.

"If you wanted me to, darling."

Jack could hardly believe his ears.

Sylvia, looking demure, her eyes lowered and her long lashes fluttering, said, "As long as you didn't lose respect for me, Jack, I'd do anything for you."

Jack wasn't at all sure he wouldn't lose respect for a girl who fucked dogs, but he wasn't about to tell Sylvia that. The prospect was too thrilling.

"Have you fucked a dog before?" he asked.

She smiled enigmatically.

And when she gave his prick one, slow pull, Jack shot a tower of cream three feet in the air.

Later they went to the kennels.

Sylvia never did get around to fucking the dog – at least, not while Jack was there – but what she did was every bit as exciting.

The dog was a big Airedale with a long prick that, Sylvia cheerfully admitted, she had had her eye on for awhile.

She rubbed the dog's cock until his prick got hard, the red cockhead pushing out from the hairy sheath.

Jack watched in fascinated awe – and Sylvia had watched him watching.

“Are you sure you want me to do this?” she asked.

Jack, unable to speak, nodded.

“It really does turn you on, huh?”

“Yeah,” he croaked.

An impish look came into her green eyes.

“Watch this,” she said.

She opened her mouth wide, just in front of the swollen head of the dog’s prick. She looked at Jack out of the sides of her eyes. The dog was standing rigid, his powerful flanks quivering. Jack was quivering just as much. His girl’s lips were only about an inch away from the head of the Airedale’s cock, and she was moving her tongue tantalizingly through her parted lips.

Her hand stroked up and down the dog’s cockshaft.

“Shall I take him in my mouth, darling? Would you like to see that?” she whispered.

Jack groaned, dazed by lust.

“Shall I suck his prick?” she asked again.

“Yeah! Oh, yes!”

“Shall I let him come in my mouth?” Jack nodded, speechless. He opened his fly and hauled his prick out. Kneeling beside Sylvia, he began to slowly beat his cock off as he watched. That sight inspired the horny redhead.

She took the dog’s cock into her lips.

Looking sideways at Jack, Sylvia began to suck on the canine cockhead while her hand stroked up and down the prickshaft. The dog began to whimper. His haunches humped. Suddenly Sylvia’s mouth was full of dog cum. Jack heard her gasp and saw thick ribbons of dog jism bubbling from her sucking lips. Her hand kept pumping as she jerked the brute off right in her mouth.

She swallowed the dog’s cum.

Then she took Jack’s cock in and sucked that dry and drank every drop.

Later, they fucked.

But Jack didn’t kiss her.

He had, in fact, lost respect for Sylvia.

But he had gained lust for her. That morning he had set the alarm an hour early so that they would have plenty of time to fuck and talk.

Sylvia was some talker.

As Jack fucked his prick to her pussy, she said, "Remember how I blew that dog, darling? Oh, that was so good. I love to suck a dog's hot cock, darling. I love to drink dog jism. Maybe tonight I'll let you watch him fuck my cunt!"

Jack got so carried away that, forgetting himself, he gave her a passionate French kiss.

He brushed his teeth three times afterwards.

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## CHAPTER SIX

So now, with a mouthful of toothpaste and a fly full of hard cock, Jack was wishing that the day would fly past so that he could soon head for the kennels. He was mopping the floor in the hallway on the tenth floor, the same floor on which, through an open window, Jenny was sucking a prick.

Jack's prick kept getting in the way.

His cock felt as long as the mop handle, and his prick was certainly much harder, and as he moved the mop around, his cock kept clashing with it in a sort of phallic swordfight. Jack wasn't sure that he could get through the day without giving himself a handjob.

Normally, that was no problem.

When he felt horny on a Saturday, he simply slipped into one of the empty offices and pulled his prick to his heart's content. Sometimes he came into a filing cabinet and sometimes he shot in a desk drawer. Often he jerked off on the framed photographs of executive's wives and children, and, on one memorable day, he had found a nylon stocking, with a run in it, under a secretary's desk and had fucked that. If he happened to be in the basement when the urge took him, he liked to spurt his load on the furnace and hear his thick cum sizzle merrily away, and one time he had emptied his hot cock and balls into a water cooler, just for the pure deviltry of it - and then had to jack off again as he imagined all those sexy office workers innocently drinking his cum.

Today was different.

He wanted very much to save up a huge load of jism for Sylvia, knowing that he would enjoy his come more because of the delay and also so he would not be shamed by the abundance of dog cum she had already received. That Airedale had some cock on him and plenty of the good jism in his balls, and Jack didn't want to be lacking when compared to a dog.

Still, it was difficult. His prick was raging around like a bucking bronco, demanding a jolt. What did a prick know about the joys of watching a girl fuck a dog? The selfish cock cared only for its own joy.

Jack sighed.

He resigned himself to the fact that he was going to have to jack off at least once. At least he could fantasize about Sylvia and her pampered pet while he stroked his prick. That would make a nice change. He could remember just what she had looked like the day before, when her sweet, red lips were pulling on the Airedale's throbbing, swollen cockhead. He could remember what the cocksucking had sounded like, too - all that moist slurping, the dog whimpering and whining and, best of all, how the hot jism had sped from his furry cock and filled the girl's greedy mouth. She had looked startled for a moment, as if she had not expected such a massive dose of dog cum, but she hadn't objected, far from it. She'd gulped the sticky dog jism down hungrily, and her hand kept right

on pumping more cum from his cock. It had run down her chin and bubbled from her lips, and she had loved it.

Tonight, he was going to watch while the dog fucked her, and that might be even more exciting – if that was possible – than the blowjob had been. He could just imagine how the dog's big cock would slide in and out of Sylvia's hot, creamy cunt and how the beast would fill her right up with his huge load of spunk.

Jack reminded himself that he had to remember not to eat her out afterwards.

He put the mop away in the cupboard.

He took his prick out of his pants and gave his cock a few slow pulls.

He was trying to decide where to go to jerk off in the most comfortable surroundings.

Let's see, he thought, I'm on the tenth floor – hummm – yeah, I'll jack off in the office where that sexy blonde secretary works.

Jack went down the hallway, stroking his prick before him as he went. He approached the office. He was still remembering the details of how Sylvia had sucked off that Airedale, and his recollection was so vivid that he could have sworn he was actually hearing her slurping lips. He placed his hand on the doorknob and paused.

He frowned, puzzled.

He was definitely hearing the distinctive sounds of an enthusiastic blowjob!

Then Jack opened the door.

Jack was so stunned by the scene that greeted his eyes that he forgot to stroke his cock. For a moment, he just stared. A man was standing on a scaffold outside the window, and that gorgeous blonde secretary was sucking with great gusto on the man's prick. She was stark naked. Jack watched her ass sway about and noticed that she was rubbing her creamy pussy while she sucked merrily away.

Jack grinned.

It seemed fairly obvious to him that the blonde would welcome a cock to replace her hand.

He dropped his trousers and stepped out of them. He moved quietly across the carpeted floor and stood behind the girl. She was concentrating on the mouthful of hot cock she loved so much and did not hear or see the janitor come up behind her.

Jack looked over her shoulder.

He watched the man's cock slide in and out of her sucking, compressed lips and listened to her delightful sounds of joyous sucking. Her expression was dreamy and contented. She was obviously a gal who enjoyed her work, and she was working with great skill and attention to details. He noticed a trickle of congealed cum on her chin and guessed that she had already milked that big prick once and was now working toward a second juicy feed.

Jack figured he would be a welcome addition.

He stepped up close behind her bobbing ass and aimed his cock at her frothy cunt.

He pushed his prick in.

Jenny gave a little gasp as she felt a cockhead pushing into her cunt. She turned her head sideways, without taking Karl's cock out of her mouth, not willing to forsake that sweet mouthful while she investigated the mysterious prick that lurked behind her.

Jack grinned at her.

He rubbed his knob around in her slot.

Jenny was torn by indecision. She certainly would have loved to let the guy fuck her. What a marvelous situation that would be. It was every woman's dream, she supposed, to have a cock in her mouth and in her cunt at the same time. But still, she was determined not to commit adultery. She gave a sigh of frustration and cupped her hand over her pussy so he could not get his cock into her.

Jack frowned, puzzled.

Jenny figured that she owed him an explanation. She pulled her lips off Karl's cock but held it in place, speaking over the knob as if it were a microphone.

"I'm a married woman," she said. "I can't let you fuck my cunt - I'm sorry to say."

Jack blinked.

"How come you're sucking that guy's cock, in that case?" he asked her.

Jack did not realize that cocksucking was not, in Jenny's prejudiced opinion, an adulterous act.

She said. "Well, it is naughty and I shouldn't be sucking his cock, but I got carried away."

"Oh," he said, disappointed. Then, hopefully, he asked, "Well, how about sucking me off after you finish milking the other guy?"

Jenny seemed to be considering it, as she licked away at Karl's cockhead.

Blocked from her cunt, Jack's prick had drifted up and lay snuggling in the crack of her ass. She could feel his cock throbbing and pulsing.

It gave her a wonderful idea.

Taking a cock up the ass wasn't adultery anymore than taking a prick in the mouth was, and it offered her a wonderful solution to her predicament. She could still have two big pricks in her at the same time, while remaining faithful to her husband. Jenny had never been fucked in the ass before, but she felt sure that she would adore it.

"You could fuck up my asshole, if you wanted to," she told Jack, smiling sweetly.

Jack blinked again.

He realized that this married woman had some strange ideas about what liberties other men could take with her body. Jack had never buggered a girl before but, like Jenny, he knew that he would enjoy it. A hole was a hole, and a tight hole was generally preferable, and his cock was thundering

violently away, in need of hot friction.

“Ummm? Want to?” she purred.

“Yeah,” said Jack, with enthusiasm.

Jenny slurped Karl’s cock back into her mouth and started sucking again, and Jack prepared for his first venture into the alien world of the asshole.

Holding his cock by the root, Jack fitted his prickhead against the taut brown bud of her asshole. Her asshole looked awfully small. He hoped he didn’t have any trouble getting in there. He was a bit worried that her tight asshole might skin his prick – but not so worried that he was not going to try assfucking. A skinned prick, emptied, was better than an unskinned prick filled with unspent jism, he reasoned.

He began to push.

At first, his cockhead would not go in. The hard stalk of his cock bent under the pressure. He braced his feet and pushed again, and this time the very tip of his prick wedged in, spreading her asshole around his cockhead.

Jenny squealed.

Her asshole hurt a little, and she had some reservations about assfucking. She didn’t want her ass damaged, and she thought that maybe it would be better to suck him off after all. But she was still determined to have two cocks at once, and she knew that both of those huge pricks would never fit in her mouth at the same time. She braced herself and pushed her ass back towards Jack.

He grasped her by the hips and began to pull her asshole onto his cock like a tight boot onto a clubfoot. Jenny reached through her crotch and got a handful of his bloated balls, pulling him to her.

Inch by inch, he began to slip his prick up her asshole.

The fat cockhead vanished, and her brown asshole snapped shut on his prickshaft. His cockhead was the widest part of his prick and was forcing the passage. The cockstalk ran in easily behind.

He slid the whole, long cock into her ass.

“Oh!” Jenny gasped.

It did hurt! But the pain wasn’t unbearable, and the hurting was rapidly fading away, replaced by the welcome sensation of pleasure that came with having an asshole full of hard, hot prick. The diminished pain was no more than a spicy complement to the thrill, making her appreciate the feeling even more.

Jack held the full penetration for a moment, savoring the sensation of having every inch of his cock embedded in her snug ass and letting Jenny thrill to the feeling of having her asshole chock-full of prick.

His belly was pressed against her ass and his balls were jammed against her cunt.

Jenny began to move her hips like pistons and to hump her ass up and down, not forgetting to keep sucking away on the other cock in her hungry mouth. Her asshole had accommodated itself to the fat load now. She turned her ass around on his prick, grinding against him.

Jack began to fuck her asshole with relish.

He drew back until only his cockhead was in her asshole, then shoved the whole, long prick to her bowels. He was fucking slowly and steadily. His hot cock hissed as he fucked into her ass, like a heated crowbar dipped in a tub of water. Her asshole began to pull on his cock as if her ass were trying to digest his prick, her muscles tightening in sequence and running up his cock from hilt to head in a fluid caress.

Jack wasn't worried about skinning his cock now. He gave a fleeting, troubled thought to the concept of digestive juices, thinking that it would be awful to pull his prick out and find his cock half digested. But people had been fucking up the ass for thousands of years, and he supposed that if cocks got devoured, it would hav

e soon become known. It wasn't the sort of thing that one kept secret.

He began to assfuck her faster now, his ass swinging in as he fucked his prick into her with gusto.

Jenny pushed back to meet his thrusts.

Taking it up the asshole was even better than she had thought assfucking would be, she decided. Assfucking wasn't as good as having a cuntful of cock, maybe, but assfucking was the next best thing. The novelty added to the thrill. She loved to feel his fat prick swelling inside her and to feel that swollen cockhead drive into her bowels, and she knew it was going to be just wonderful when he shot his hot load into her ass in a frothy, cum enema.

She pushed three fingers up her cunt.

She could feel his prick moving through the slender partition that divided her cunt from her asshole. She massaged his prick through that membrane.

And with all that joy behind her, she still had a mouthful of delicious prick before her! It was heavenly. She sucked hungrily, and her ass walloped merrily about. She took Karl cock right down her throat, burying his prick her nose nestling in his thick pubic hair and her chin brushing against his swollen balls, and she took Jack's prick right up into her bowels far as his cock would go.

Both were long pricks.

She wondered if they might bump together head to head, somewhere in the middle of her belly?

She loved that idea.

She hoped that both men would shoot at the same time, too, so that she could swallow bellyful and a bowelful of jism at the same joyful instant. She imagined the two loads of cum speeding together in opposing streams and then flooding into one deluge. For a girl who loved jism as much as Jenny did, these were wonderful thoughts. She wanted to soak up their spunk like a sponge.

Because Karl had already shot once, she figured he might not shoot as soon as the janitor. She wrapped her fist around his stall and began to jack him up and down, jerking him off in her mouth. The added stimulation of her hand caused his cock to swell and pound. She sucked ravenously on his prickhead as her fist skimmed from her lips to his balls.

Jack fucked his throbbing cock into her ass like a stoker shoveling coal in a furnace. Groaning and gasping, he heaved and fucked and banged his prick home, his belly slapping on her ass, his surging

assraker tilting her pelvis up as he thundered all the way into her bowels.

Jenny began to vibrate all over as she was buffeted back and forth between the two powerful pricks. Her tits swung to-and-fro under her as she leaned over to work on Karl's cock. Her ass corkscrewed. She felt as if she were run all the way through on a cock, being roasted over the slow fire of lust. She was eager to be basted with a double dose of cum. She drooled and gurgled as she sucked Karl's prick, and cuntjuice poured down the insides of her wide-spread thighs. As Jack fucked up her ass, she tilted up and forwards, and her head went down on Karl's prick to the very root. His cockhead had started to dribble onto her eager, flashing tongue, and Jack was starting to leak jism steadily into her asshole.

"Come!" she wailed, as her sweet lips pulled lovingly up to Karl's prickhead. "Fill me with jism! Shoot that lovely stuff in my mouth, in my ass!"

Her pussy was coming now.

Suddenly she heard Jack gasp and felt a hot river of cum flood into her bowels.

"Ooooh!" she squealed and, wanting both cumbolts at the same time, she slurped frantically on Karl's cock. His prick swelled mightily, filling her mouth to the brim and pressing her cheeks out on both sides, then his cockhead exploded in a foaming geyser of sweet spunk.

The cum-hungry girl gulped his jism down happily, sucking load after load from Karl's cock while Jack spurted his steaming spunk into her ass in frothy torrents.

Hosed down with jism at both ends, Jenny wailed with joy, and cuntjuice streamed from her pussy.

She wished that the feeling could last forever, that both men could keep pouring their wonderful cum into her forever. She couldn't get enough jism. Her asshole was as parched for jism as was her mouth. But they were only human, and they had only so much cum to give her at one time. Karl's prick stopped spurting, and the last dregs merely trickled out onto her tongue. Jack slowed, his prick moving in and out of her ass with lessened force as his cock and balls emptied themselves.

Then they were done.

No one moved for a moment. They held the tableau, linked together. Karl's cock softened and diminished in her mouth, and Jack's prick grew limp in her asshole.

Jenny pulled her lips away and used her tongue to lap up the cum that had escaped her mouth, laving Karl's cockhead and stalk and balls clean.

Jack drew his spent prick from her asshole. His cock bobbed up and down, as if unable to make up its mind whether to go limp or get hard again.

Karl, having come twice, had had enough. His cock went down, quivering. Jenny turned and seeing that Jack's prick was still nearly hard, smiled and took his cock into her mouth, sucking happily on his soiled prick that had so nicely plumbed her asshole.

Jack figured he wouldn't kiss her.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

It was lovely to take a soft cock into her mouth and feel the prick grow big and hard again, Jenny thought. It made a nice change from sucking one that was already stiff and ready for sucking.

She knelt down in front of Jack, and her head bobbed up and down as if she were ducking for apples in a barrel. He stared down at her, amazed at her insatiable hunger for prick. Her golden hair cascaded over his balls and her sweet lips pulled on his prick with adoration. Jack wished she would let him fuck her cunt, but he was not about to look a gift horse in the mouth, and he began grinding his ass around as he fucked her face.

Jack's cock tasted different than Karl's, Jenny thought. That might have been because Jack's prick had just been up her asshole, come to think of it. But his cock was delicious, and Jack's prick was as big as Karl's, and she slurped joyfully away on his big cock. She altered her routine, pulling his prick from her mouth and using her tongue to lave the knob and stalk, licking his balls, flicking her tongue along the underside of the cockhead, then took his prick back into her lips and started working steadily, eagerly, to bring him to a creamy climax and swallow his juice.

He reached down, massaging her firm tits.

Then he placed his hands beside her face and held her head steady while he fucked deeply into her mouth. She gasped as his big cock filled her throat. She gurgled and whimpered with pleasure. She reached through his crotch and began to finger his asshole, and she held his big balls in her other hand, squeezing gently.

"Oh, I love it so," she purred around his cock.

That, thought Jack, was obvious.

"Feed it to me!" Jenny wailed, starving for a load of janitorial jism to wash down the window cleaner cream she had already swallowed.

Jack began to fuck violently.

His balls swelled in her hand, and his cockhead began to steam in her mouth. She was deep-throating him, taking his prick right down her gullet, pleasuring every inch of his hot cock with tongue and lips.

"Here it comes, baby!" he rasped.

Jenny wailed with joyful expectations.

His prick hosed her throat with a thick dose of cum, driving her head back. She fought against the cum jet like a salmon swimming upstream to spawn, pushing her mouth all the way down his prick in time to get his second spurt right in her throat.

He fed her four or five separate loads.

The happy girl swallowed every drop and kept sucking, wishing that there were more.

Jack, drained, sank to his knees.

Jenny cleaned him with her tongue, gathering up every precious drop of jism from his cock and balls, then smiled sweetly at him. He seemed dazed. He felt as if she had sucked the very life force from him.

"Think maybe you can come again, in a little while?" Jenny asked, hopefully.

"I'm not sure," he croaked.

He remembered that he had to save some spunk for Sylvia later, after she had fucked the dog, but it was hard to refuse this gorgeous blonde any of the cum that she craved. It posed a problem.

She glanced at the window, wondering if Karl might have another hard-on, but the window cleaner was gone. He had had enough and, with his cock polished twice, he was now polishing windows again. Jenny sighed with frustration. She had drunk plenty of spunk, and her asshole had been well fucked, but she still hadn't been fucked in her cunt. Cocksucking and assfucking were wonderful things, but they really needed to be followed by a cuntful of prick.

As if he had read her thoughts, Jack said, "Say, how come a girl like you will take cock up the ass and suck guys off but you won't fuck?"

"I told you - I'm married," she said.

Jack couldn't really understand that.

Jenny said, "Normally, I don't go around sucking off janitors and window cleaners, you know. But I got so hot today. I was looking out the window, and I saw a girl in an open car - jerking off her dog!"

"What a remarkable coincidence," he said.

"How so?"

"Well, the reason I was so horny today is because my girlfriend let me watch her blow a dog."

"Really?" Jenny asked, astounded.

"Yeah, honest."

Jenny was intrigued.

"A big dog?" she asked.

"Yeah, an Airedale."

"Did he have a real big cock?"

"He sure did."

Jack saw that Jenny was very interested in this.

"Did she make him come?"

"Yeah, he came."

"Oooh! Did she drink it?" Jenny was really excited now.

"Every drop."

"Oh, how exciting!" Jenny squealed. Her cunt was steaming again.

Jack said, "And tonight, she promised that I could watch while she fucked the dog."

"Oh, the lucky girl!" Jenny cried. "I sure wish that I had a dog to fuck me. That's not adultery, you know - fucking with a dog. That way I could get my cunt taken care of without cheating on my husband."

Jack got an idea.

If it was fun watching one girl fuck with dogs, it ought to be twice as much fun with two girls. And this gorgeous blonde was really something, too. He would love to see those sweet lips sucking a dog's prick and watch a dog fuck that shapely ass.

He said, "Why not join us?"

"Oh! I'd love to. But wouldn't your girlfriend be jealous? She might not like it if her dog fucked another woman, you know."

"Naw. It's not really her dog. See, she works in a boarding kennel, so she's got all the dog cock she needs. She wouldn't mind letting you have some."

"Well, if you're sure - I'd love to," Jenny said, thrilled to the core, her cunt smoldering. "How soon can we go to the kennels? I can't wait."

"Well, I've got to finish working," Jack said, "but there's no reason why you can't go over ahead. I'll phone Sylvia and tell her you're coming, and the two of you can fool around with the dogs until I get there."

Jenny clapped her hands.

A whole kennel full of dogs to choose from! She would get gang-banged by the brutes! Her pussy could get all the cock she wanted without cheating on Hank!

"Oh, yes! Please phone her!" she cried. She waited eagerly while Jack phoned. Suppose his girl didn't like the idea? But she needn't have worried. Sylvia thought it was a wonderful idea.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Sylvia had been cavorting with the canines all day, and now she was ready for a bit of variety. Romping with dogs was fun, to be sure, but it was rather a one-dimensional sort of pleasure, even when there were plenty of different breeds of dogs available.

Sylvia was, in fact, a recent convert to the canine cock's delights, despite the fact that she had taken to dog prick like a duck to water. She had thought about dog-fucking a great deal since she first started working at the kennels, but she hadn't actually done anything until the day before, when she had blown the Airedale while Jack watched. Sylvia, that fiery redhead, was an exhibitionist, among other things, and she had enjoyed having her boyfriend watch her perverted pleasures - more, in fact, than she had enjoyed those pleasures, herself. The look on Jack's face had thrilled her more than the dog prick in her mouth. She was looking forward to that evening, when Jack would once again be a witness to her depravity. But she hadn't waited for him to arrive. Having given head to an Airedale, the ice was broken, and Sylvia had been eager to experiment further.

She had coaxed a soft-mouthed Golden Retriever, whose hair was the same color as her own, into lapping her pussy to a lather.

Returning the favor in kind, she had sucked the Retriever off willingly, drinking great gobs of spunk from his big, golden prick.

Then she had brought the Airedale back and let the brute fuck her dog style, wanting to get used to dog-fucking so that she would not be awkward when she performed for Jack.

She had been considering screwing a bulldog next when Jack phoned.

"Honey, the damndest coincidence has arisen," Jack said, by way of a prelude. "I've just happened to meet a girl who wants to fuck a dog."

"How on earth did you meet her?" Sylvia asked.

"At the office. Don't worry, honey. I swear that I didn't fuck her," he said in all honesty and feeling that it would be unwise to mention that he had fucked her asshole and fucked her mouth.

"Is she attractive?" asked Sylvia.

"Gorgeous. A real sexy blonde. See, she's a married woman, and she's faithful to her husband, which is why she can't get fucked by a guy and wants a dog. Do you think maybe you could let her visit the kennels?"

Sly Sylvia grinned.

"Why, sure, Jack. Send her right over," she said.

This was just the sort of variety that Sylvia, that green-eyed nympho, enjoyed.

She waited impatiently for Jenny to arrive. Although she was basically heterosexual, due to a lust for stiff pricks, Sylvia had been to bed with women several times, when cock was not available. The idea of sharing some dog prick with a beautiful blonde was exciting to her, both as an exhibitionist and as a bisexual. She thought it would be lovely to eat out a blonde cunt after that cunt had been filled with dog cum. Nor was she concerned that Jenny might not want to dabble in lesbian delights because she had a pretty shrewd idea that any girl who wanted to fuck a dog would not be inhibited. After all, it would give her another way to come without cheating on her husband, although Sylvia did think it a strange attitude and a unique approach to marital fidelity.

She played with her pussy while she waited, not trying to bring herself to a climax but merely keeping her fiery-red bush on the boil.

Soon enough, Jenny arrived.

Jenny was flushed with excitement and blushing with embarrassment at the same time. Her eyes glowed. Sylvia thought she was very desirable. Good-looking women always made her mouth water, and Jenny looked good enough to eat, no doubt of that. Sylvia looked her up and down.

"Glad to have you," she said.

Jenny smiled nervously.

"I hope you don't think that I'm too awfully naughty," Jenny said, lowering her eyes. "I've never done

anything like this before.”

“How could I think you were naughty when I do the same things?” Sylvia asked. Then, to reassure the blonde, she added, “In fact, I never did it with an animal, myself, until yesterday. I only did it to get my boyfriend worked up, at first, but it felt so good that I’ve been fucking and sucking all day.”

“Ooooh!” Jenny said, as a wave of pure lust coursed through her loins, and her cunt bubbled volcanically. “I want to do all those things, too.”

“And so you shall. Why don’t you just take your clothes off while I fetch one of the dogs. You just let me arrange things for you, okay?”

Jenny thought that remarkably gracious of the redhead. She nodded and began to undress. Sylvia lingered, wanting to get a good look at those luscious curves. Her eyes gleamed like melting jade as she saw the big, stiff nipples that capped the firm, thrusting mounds and saw the juicy, curly haired cunt and the smooth thighs that she hoped would soon be folded around her head.

Jenny did not notice the redhead’s intense interest. Jenny had never made love with a woman, and it didn’t occur to her that Sylvia might have designs on her. She knew that Sylvia had a boyfriend and, innocent girl that she was, she didn’t know that a girl could like cunt and cock, both – just as one could like steak and ice cream. Once, she had let a woman fondle her tits and play with her clit when she’d had a bit too much to drink, but that woman had been a confirmed lesbian, and Jenny had stopped her before things got out of hand and into mouths. So when she saw Sylvia gaze at her body, she guessed that the woman was just judging her in relation to the dogs.

Sylvia went out and came back with a big, black Labrador, a handsome animal that she had not yet fucked – but the dog was owned by a sultry, rich woman, and Sylvia had a pretty good idea that the dog would know what to do.

She said, “Why don’t we start by letting the dog lap your cunt, Jenny? Just to get you all nice and creamy before you fuck him?”

Jenny was perfectly willing to let Sylvia plan the afternoon’s events. She nodded eagerly.

“Should I sit in the chair, or what?” Jenny asked.

“No, get down on your hands and knees – the first time. Then the dog will know what to do.”

That seemed logical.

Jenny got down on all fours, her thighs spread. She lowered her cheek to the carpet and arched her back, so that her juicy ass was at the highest point of her kneeling body. Her cunt was already sodden. Her cunt ran through her golden pubic thicket like a sluggish river through a sunlit forest. Her cuntlips were parted, and her clit was throbbing like a little, horny prick.

She saw that Sylvia was undressing.

Sylvia said, “Just in case the dog comes unexpectedly I don’t want to get jism on my clothes.”

That was reasonable.

Sylvia knelt behind Jenny’s luscious ass and called the Labrador over. The dog did not seem at all confused by the summons. His pink tongue was lolling out, and there was a gleam of intelligence in

his soft eyes. Sylvia held him by the neck and guided his snout into Jenny's crotch.

The dog began to lap immediately.

Jenny gave a little gasp as she felt that long, wet tongue sweep up her cunt. The dog's licking tongue felt wonderful. She closed her eyes, and a dreamy expression came over her face. Her lips trembled. She moved her hips slowly, grinding her crotch against the dog's slurping tongue.

"Ummm," she sighed. "I love it."

Sylvia was kneeling beside the Labrador, stroking his cock with one hand and holding his head with the other. She licked her lips. The dog's prick swelled in her hand, and the big, red cockhead pushed out, throbbing.

She stroked faster.

The dog lapped away at Jenny's pussy in a frenzy.

Suddenly his prick spurted a creamy geyser of cum from the knob. The hot jism looped under his belly and splashed into Jenny's cunt.

Jenny gave a little cry.

"What happened?" she murmured.

"I jacked him off on your cunt, honey. Don't move - let him keep licking."

Jenny stayed where she was.

But Sylvia gently drew the dog's snout away from Jenny's pussy. The dog, with his cock and balls emptied now, did not object. He stood to one side, stiff-legged, eyeing the two women with interest.

Jenny twitched her hips, wanting the dog to continue lapping her cunt until she creamed.

Sylvia gazed at Jenny's sweet pussy. Her cunt was slathered with dog spunk and cunt-juice - foamy and frothy and delicious looking. Sylvia's green eyes sparkled, and her nimble tongue glided across her lips. She delayed for a few moments, enjoying the pleasure of the anticipation, whetting her appetite by the juicy vista, drooling with hunger.

Then she leaned in and began to tongue Jenny's cunt with long, slurping strokes. She was lapping like a dog, and Jenny never suspected that it was not the Labrador who was working on her pussy. Sylvia licked all the dog cum up from Jenny's cunt and crotch and pushed her tongue up Jenny's pussyhole, fucking her tongue in and out. She long-tongued all the way up from Jenny's clit to her asshole and lingered there for a moment, pushing the tip of her tongue into the blonde's asshole.

She wondered, vaguely, why Jenny's asshole tasted as if full of jism, but this was no time for silly questions. She moved back down to Jenny's cunt and tongue fucked her with relish. All the dog cum had been gulped up by this time, but Jenny was feeding her a flood of cuntjuice.

Then Sylvia parted her lips and began to suck.

Jenny purred with joy.

The dog seems to be getting better at cunt-sucking she thought. She hadn't known that a dog could

suck as well as lick. She opened her eyes, looked back and gasped.

"What are you doing?" she wailed.

"I'm sucking your cunt," said Sylvia.

"Oh! But are you a lesbian?"

"Of course not! But I'm a cunt-sucker," explained the hungry redhead, as she sucked away with gusto.

Jenny had not realized that there was a difference. She wondered if she should make Sylvia stop. But the redhead's talented tongue was wonderful, and Jenny was not inclined to forsake it. Cunt-sucking was an act of adultery she told herself, and if Sylvia, who had been so kind to her, wanted to eat her pussy out, how could she graciously decline?

Now that she had been discovered, Sylvia no longer had to limit her oral actions to what a dog might do. She used her fingers to spread Jenny's cunt wide open and pushed her tongue far up Jenny's pussyhole. Her lips pulled steadily on Jenny's throbbing clit. Jenny worked her cunt around in Sylvia's face, wailing with the thrill. Sylvia was really enjoying this spread. Her jaw pushed out like a shelf as her lips pulled and her tongue stabbed. She began to fingerfuck Jenny, slowly pushing three fingers up her cunthole, running them in and out while she mouthed her clit.

"I'm going to come," Jenny whimpered.

"Ooooooh yes, honey! Cream for me!" Sylvia moaned, the words echoing in the sounding box of Jenny's open pussy. "I want to drink your cuntjuice!"

Sylvia's fingers slid in and out, and she opened her mouth wide, sucking on Jenny's whole pussy.

Jenny's cunt melted with the thrill of orgasm.

Milky pussyjuice gushed over Sylvia's lips and poured onto her tongue. She gulped the cuntjuice down and kept on sucking, wanting every precious drop of that sweet pussy nectar. Her whole face was coated with thick cuntjuice as she ground her mouth merrily around in the blonde's crotch, and her tongue spooned the tasty pussyjuice out in tonguefuls.

Jenny sighed and sank down, drained.

Sylvia kept tonguing away until she was sure she had lapped out every drop and worked off every spasm of the girl's creamy climax.

Gee, thought Jenny. I came again - and I still haven't had any prick!

Sylvia said, "Ummm, your cunt was delicious, Jenny."

"You did it awfully well," said Jenny. She turned over. Sylvia was grinning at her with cream-smeared lips. The redhead leaned down and began to suck on Jenny's nipples, her head switching back and forth. Jenny frowned slightly. It had been nice getting sucked off by the kennel maid, no doubt of that, but she still wanted to do some dog-fucking, but it seemed as if Sylvia was eager to play more lesbian games.

She said, "Errr - can't we have a dog, now?"

"Not quite yet," Sylvia said.

She lifted her head and gave Jenny a speculative look. She lowered her face and lapped at Jenny's tits again, then once more looked up.

"You have to eat my cunt out, first," she said.

"What! I'd never do a thing like that!" Jenny cried, in dismay. "I didn't mind if you sucked my pussy, but I'm not a lesbian!"

"Neither am I," Sylvia said. "That's why you have to suck my cunt, honey. See, if two girls suck each other off, it's normal. They're just doing each other a favor, right? But if only one does the sucking, that means she's a lesbian – and I'm damned if I'll be a lesbian!"

"I won't," Jenny said firmly.

Sylvia grinned impishly.

She said, "If you don't eat my cunt, I won't let you fuck a dog."

"Oh!" Jenny wailed.

She had so much been looking forward to a cuntful of dog cock that she was deeply distressed. She stared at the redhead and saw that she was quite serious.

"Suit yourself," said Sylvia. "No pussy, no prick."

She sat back and parted her thighs.

Jenny stared at Sylvia's cunt.

Sylvia's pussy does look rather tasty, thought Jenny. She had never even imagined eating a pussy, but these were special circumstances. It wasn't as if she wanted to, or as if she were a lesbian, after all. If a girl ate a cunt strictly so that she could have some cock afterwards, that made eating pussy seem kind of natural.

She licked her lips, as if imagining what Sylvia's creamy cunt was going to taste like.

She said, "That's blackmail!"

"It sure is," said Sylvia.

"Oh, dear! I have no choice, do I?"

"Nope."

Sylvia moved her hand into her crotch and spread her cuntlips open. Jenny gazed at Sylvia's pussy. Jenny wavered. Sylvia had obviously enjoyed eating her out so there must be something to cuntsucking after all.

And cuntsucking wasn't adultery.

Jenny began to smile.

Then she began to eat her first cunt ever.

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## CHAPTER NINE

Jenny wasn't at all sure how to eat a pussy at first. Although she'd been eaten out many times herself, she had no experience as the sucker. She had an idea that cuntsucking might require practice and training as well as the desire to do it.

Sylvia was sitting on the floor, her knees wide apart, waiting. Jenny crawled up between her legs. Sylvia's big, stiff-tipped tits were right in her face, and Jenny figured that if she was going to make love to a girl, she might as well enjoy the preliminaries along the way.

She began sucking on Sylvia's tits.

They kissed, lightly at first and then switching tongues back and forth passionately. Jenny could taste her own cuntjuice on Sylvia's tongue as she sucked. Her pussyjuice tasted delicious. She began to think that maybe this wasn't such a bad idea after all. If she developed a taste for cunt, it would make another handy way to get her rocks off without cheating on her husband, she reasoned.

Their tits rubbed together, their stiff nipples clashing like fleshy swords.

Jenny cupped her hand on Sylvia's cunt, squeezing her hot pussy, then slipped her finger in Sylvia's cuntslot. Sylvia began to purr with pleasure. Jenny brought her hand up to her lips and lapped the cuntjuice from her fingertip.

She was amazed at how tasty the pussyjuice was.

Jenny was no longer reluctant to mouth that succulent pussy on the contrary, her mouth had started to water for cunt. She moved down, doing some tit sucking en route, and moved her face into Sylvia's crotch. She could feel the heat of Sylvia's pussy drifting over her face. Jenny began to lick at the inner slopes of the redhead's smooth thighs, her tongue moving higher with every stroke. She licked at the crease where Sylvia's thigh joined her crotch. Skipping her cunt, Jenny began to lick at Sylvia's belly button and run her tongue through the fiery-red curls of her pussy mound.

Then Jenny took her first lick of cunt.

Her tongue slurped up the juicy pussyslot with a halting, tentative stroke. She paused, taking it slow, letting the flavor tingle on her taste buds. Then her face began to glow with pleasure.

"Why - I like it," she whimpered.

"I kind of thought you would," said Sylvia.

Jenny buried her face in Sylvia's pussy.

She realized instantly that her fears had been groundless. A woman needs no experience in order to eat out a cunt. Eating pussy was the most natural thing in the world! Jenny seemed to know instinctively just how to go about it, and she went about it with voracious pleasure. Her tongue whipped in, and her lips sucked and pulled. Cuntjuice coated her tongue. Her tongue felt as excited as Sylvia's clit did, and Jenny wondered if it were possible to have an orgasm in the mouth, if her saliva would flow like cuntjuice and her tongue go off like a clit?

"Ummm," Jenny purred.

"Ahhh," Sylvia sighed.

Sylvia's face was contorted by lust, her lips slack, her eyes narrowed. She closed her sleek thighs around Jenny's head, then parted them wide again. Her belly danced up and down, and her ass shifted from side to side. Cuntjuice poured from her pussyslot and ran down into the

crack of her ass. Jenny lowered her face, lapping the delicious cuntjuice up, then went back to work on the pussy from where the cuntjuice flowed. Her hands clamped on Sylvia's hips, and she tilted Sylvia's pelvis up as if her cunt were a goblet she wanted to drain.

"Oh, come for me!" Jenny pleaded, feeling an overwhelming hunger for the redhead's pussycream.

"Yes, now!" Sylvia moaned.

Jenny sucked with joy, and her mouth filled up with a load of hot cuntjuice. She drank the pussy greedily and kept on sucking until Sylvia's cunt was drained.

"I never knew it was so good to eat cunt," Jenny said, deeply grateful to this girl who, blackmail or not, had introduced her to the pleasure of eating pussy. Jenny might have been blackmailed into it this time, but she knew damned well that she was going to willingly and joyfully do a whole lot more cunt-sucking in the future.

She had even forgotten about the dogs.

She said, "But it's sort of a vicious circle, isn't it? I mean, you got hot while you were eating me out, and now I'm hot again from eating you."

"Oh, there's an easy solution to that," said Sylvia, who was well versed in such things.

"What is it?"

"We can sixty-nine," said Sylvia. "That way we can both come at the same time."

"Oh! Let's!" cried horny Jenny.

Sylvia grinned at the sexy blonde with the creamy lips. My God, thought the redhead. I've created a Frankenstein! But she didn't mind that at all. Sylvia could have her fill of dog cock every day but it wasn't every day that she got a crack at a sexy blonde with a delicious, juicy cunt, and she wanted to make the most of it.

The two girls began to kiss and fondle each other's tits again. They rubbed their bellies together. They fingerfucked each other's cunts. Soon they were both glowing with lust again.

Sylvia gently pushed Jenny down on the carpet.

She threw her knee across and straddled Jenny's eager, upturned face. Her cunt hovered a few inches above Jenny's lips, and Jenny licked at the air as she waited impatiently to be fed. A thick drop of cuntjuice dripped from Sylvia's pussy and dropped right onto Jenny's tongue. Then Sylvia lowered her flooded cuntslot onto Jenny's face.

Jenny began gobbling ravenously.

Her hands cupped Sylvia's firm ass, and her tits arched up against Sylvia's belly as she molded herself to the redhead in a position of inverted love.

Sylvia rode Jenny's face for a moment.

Then she lowered her own face to Jenny's cunt and began to return the favor.

Jenny wailed and squirmed.

This was just about the most wonderful thing she had ever experienced. She was drinking delicious cuntjuice at one end and pumping creamy cuntjuice out into a sweet mouth at the other end. The thrill that darted through her loins and ran up her thighs seemed to be the same thrill that was tingling in Sylvia's cunt, as if it were passing back and forth through the closed circuit of their coupled bodies, the voltage stepped up in the carnal transformers of their cunts and mouths.

They rolled over and Jenny pumped away on top of Sylvia, grinding her face in Sylvia's pussy, lapping up the sweet cuntjuice.

They lay on their sides and ate each other that way.

Both horny girls had gone suck crazy by this time. Their tongues were lashing madly. They could not get enough cuntjuice to drink, nor pulse enough out from their pussies. Their hips churned and pistoned, their thighs clamped and parted, their bellies heaved. Sylvia's swollen clit felt as big as a cock in Jenny's lips, and she knew that her own throbbing clit was every bit as big and stiff in Sylvia's mouth. She would have liked to bury her whole head right up in Sylvia's cunt, and she pushed her tongue as far up the slippery pussy channel as it would reach as she lapped the cuntjuice out.

"Come!" Sylvia wailed. "Come with me!"

"Yes, oh, yes!" cried Jenny.

They creamed at the same moment.

Jenny slurped a mouthful of cuntjuice up and gulped the pussyjuice down, and her own cunt yielded an equal flow, as if the sweet stuff were passing right through her body, coming into her mouth and pouring out of her cunt in an unbroken chain. The thrill rocked them. They were moaning and gasping, crazed by the wonderful ecstasy of orgasm.

At last, they were drained.

They remained locked together for a few minutes, licking tenderly as they gobbled up the slick coating of cuntjuice from pussylips and crotch and clit.

"Oh, I'm so glad you showed me how much fun it is to suck cunt, Sylvia," Jenny purred.

She drew her face away from Sylvia's crotch.

She noticed the Labrador.

The Labrador had been taking a keen interest in the unusual gyrations of these two human bitches, and his prick was once more hard as a rock, the cocktip slathered with spunk.

"Why, I forgot all about the dog," said Jenny.

She giggled.

"I don't think I ever came so much in one day before - and I still haven't been fucked!"

She eyed the Labrador's huge cock.

"Can I fuck him, now?" Jenny asked.

"Oh, you are insatiable," Sylvia said. "Haven't you come enough?"

"Well, my pussy is satisfied for the moment," Jenny had to admit. "But I have so been looking forward to having a dog's cock."

Sylvia grinned wickedly.

"Why not do something to make yourself hot again, before you fuck him?"

Jenny misunderstood.

She twisted around and started to lower her face into Sylvia's cunt again. But Sylvia shook her head.

"That's not what I meant," she said. "Why don't you do what I did while Jack watched? I'd love to watch you take a dog's prick in your mouth, Jenny."

"Oh!" Jenny cried.

It seemed to her that sucking a dog's cock was even more naughty than fucking him. And because sucking dog prick was naughty, it was very, very exciting. It was depraved - and delightful. It was perverted. She wanted to suck the dog's lovely cock.

"Oh, yes!" she wailed.

Sylvia whimpered with delight, anticipating the thrill of watching that act just as she had thrilled to have Jack watch her suck a dog's prick. She was looking forward to French kissing Jenny after Jenny had milked the dog's cock.

They called the dog over.

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## CHAPTER TEN

The big, black dog was not unaccustomed to the attentions of women. His mistress had bought him for a specific purpose and function - to lap her cunt. She was a sultry, sexy woman who required a great deal of cunt licking, and she had bought the dog because she knew that Labradors, bred to retrieve, had soft jaws.

She had raised him to the task from his puppyhood, letting him lick her panties to get him used to the taste even before he was old enough to desire pussy. She was not interested in dog prick, however. She thought it perverted to fuck or suck on a canine cock although she generally rewarded him for his cunt lapping by giving him a handjob. So the Labrador was used to lapping cunt and getting jacked off, but he was still a virgin.

He had a treat in store.

Jenny sat in the office chair, her ass perched on the very edge of the seat, the way that Sylvia suggested. The dog approached and began to lap her cunt dutifully, expecting to get jerked off afterwards, or simultaneously, if Sylvia took a hand in the affair.

But Sylvia urged him up.

Puzzled but obedient, the dog placed his forepaws on the leather seat beside Jenny's hips.

His big, dripping prick stood out under his shaggy belly, hovering over Jenny's tits.

Jenny gazed down, smiling at the throbbing head of his black-shafted cock. She licked her lips in anticipation. His red prickhead flared from the sheath, and his cockhead was already frothy with spunk. The sight made Jenny hungry. She squirmed around in the chair. Her pussy was starting to simmer again, but she was in no hurry to get fucked. That was the beauty of having more than one dog at hand – she could blow the first one and still have a rock-hard prick for her cunt afterwards. She envied Sylvia her position and hoped that she would be invited back to the kennel many more times after today.

Sylvia knelt beside the chair.

She cupped the Labrador's bloated balls in her hand, palm turned upwards.

A thin, silvery thread of jism descended from the head of his cock and pooled on Jenny's tit, still attached to his prickhead, linking them together. The brute whimpered expectantly, not yet knowing what to expect in this new position. It never dawned on him, dumb animal that he was, that a human female might relish a mouthful of dog cock.

"Oh, his prick looks yummy," Jenny sighed.

Sylvia folded her fist around the dog's cock stalk and pushed his thundering cockhead down, touching the pricktup against Jenny's nipple. She moved the cock around as if the prickhead were an engraving tool, inscribing a jism-etching on Jenny's tits. Jenny loved the hot, smooth, moist feeling of that flaring cockhead on her tits. She cupped her tits together around his prick, folding his cock in her deep, soft cleavage.

The dog began to hump.

He wasn't sure what was going on, but the dog knew that he loved the feeling of having his prick buried in tit cleavage. His haunches trembled as he drove his cock up and down through the smooth passage of her tits. As he pushed up, the red head of his prick came squeezing out from the top of her cleavage, onto her breastbone.

Jenny tilted her head down.

"Lick his cock!" Sylvia rasped.

Jenny pushed her tongue out and fluttered it against the tapered tip of the dog's prick. Hot cum coated her taste buds, and his fat cockhead swelled against her lips.

"Ummm," Jenny purred.

Sylvia's eyes glowed as she watched the beautiful blonde lick the dog's cockhead. It made her hotter to watch cocksucking than it did to lick dog cock herself.

Jenny fitted her lips to the tip of his prick and parted them slowly, feeding his burning cockmeat into her mouth and sucking on his prick, her cheeks hollowing in. Little preliminary jets of jism spurted onto her tongue, and she knew that the dog was going to cream quickly.

Sylvia began to jack the dog off in Jenny's mouth, her fist skimming up and down the black cock. As she dragged the hairy sheath back, the dog's prickhead flared in Jenny's lips. Jenny lashed his cock with her tongue.

"Oh! Keep your mouth open!" Sylvia wailed.

Jenny opened her mouth wide and curled her tongue out so that the head of the dog's cock rested on her tongue and was not buried out of sight in her mouth. She knew that Sylvia wanted to see the dog's jism as it shot out. Jenny wanted to see his cum herself. She gazed down, eyes crossing as she turned her vision in on that hunk of steaming cockmeat. Her tongue moved against his prick. She purred and whimpered. His cock tasted just like a human prick, surprisingly enough, and his cum tasted like human cum, but the knowledge that it was a dog's cock made it far more thrilling. Jenny felt degraded, and she felt all the hotter for the degradation.

Sylvia pumped his prick steadily.

"Ummm, make him come," Jenny whispered, knowing that her words would enflame the redhead. "I want him to shoot in my mouth. I want to drink his cum."

Sylvia began jacking off the Labrador faster.

Jenny's tongue slid around on the underside of his cockhead, laving and lapping greedily. Jism poured from his cleft and coated her tongue with a quicksilver layer that tingled on her tastebuds and made her ravenous for more – for the full load of cum that was bloating the dog's big balls.

The dog stood rigid, his haunches quivering, amazed by the wonderful sensation of a female mouth on his cockhead, realizing that his sultry mistress had a lot to learn about bestiality.

Sylvia was frantic with lust.

She bent down and lapped at Jenny's cum-soaked tits, then began to tongue the top of the dog's cockhead, sharing the prickmeat with Jenny.

The dog stiffened.

Sylvia felt his prick expand in her fist, and she gave a little cry of joy.

"Here it comes!" she gasped.

"Oh! Yes! Jerk his cum out of him, Sylvia! Pull that sweet spunk into my mouth!"

The dog howled.

A rope of jism coiled out from his cockhead, sliding over Jenny's tongue and past her lips, filling her open mouth up with dog cum.

He didn't come in a series of spurts.

His thick jism came out in a long string, a leash of jism that tied his cockhead to Jenny's gullet. His cum filled her mouth and overflowed down her chin. Jenny swallowed. The dog kept coming. Her

whole face was slathered with the hot cockjuice as Sylvia kept pumping cum out of him.

Then the brute was emptied.

His haunches stopped humping, but his big prick remained rock-hard and vibrant.

Jenny tongued his cockhead clean.

She let his creamy cum run down her throat and licked the residue from her lips.

Sylvia watched in fascination.

She looked like a child peering in the window of a candy store as she watched Jenny drinking that delicious jism. She wanted some for herself. She pushed the dog's prick aside and kissed Jenny. Their lips ground together, and their hot tongues entwined like serpents mating in a moist cave. The dog's cock lay alongside Sylvia's cheek. She pulled his prick in so that his cockhead was between her mouth and Jenny's, and they kissed around that hunk of prickmeat. Their lips pulled on his prick and his big, black, shafted cock began to pulse with renewed vigor.

Sylvia knew that she would not have to bring in another dog yet.

Licking Jenny's creamy lips, Sylvia whispered, "Would you like him to fuck your cunt now, honey? Ummm? Shall I put his big prick in your pussy?"

"Oh, yes," Jenny panted.

Although she'd come very well in Sylvia's mouth, Jenny was hot all over again from licking and sucking on the dog's big cock, and her pussy still needed some fucking. Her cuntlips were peeled back, and her pussyslot was dripping with cuntjuice. The pussyjuice ran down into the crack of her ass and soaked the edge of the chair.

Sylvia gazed down at Jenny's cunt and was tempted to go down on her again, so tasty did her pussy look, all frothy and creamy and succulent. But she resisted the impulse. She knew that the blonde was dying to get fucked, and she was dying to watch the dog fuck Jenny, too. She kissed Jenny again, then gave the Labrador's cockhead a slurp. She folded her fist around the shaggy prickshaft and pulled his cock up and down a few times to make sure that his prick was as big and hard as his cock was going to get. His prickhead flared and pulsed and the cockstalk expanded mightily in her grip.

"Shall I get down on the floor again?" asked Jenny, thinking that she was going to get fucked, appropriately enough, dog style.

But Sylvia said, "No, stay where you are, Jenny - let him mount you right there."

Sylvia pushed down on the dog's haunches. The dog lowered his hindquarters. His cock trembled over Jenny's curly cunt mound. Jenny gazed down along the smooth arch of her belly. She was smiling happily and eagerly. She loved seeing the dog's big cock hovering over her pussy, knowing that soon his cock would be completely filling up her cunthole and fucking in and out with wild lust.

Jenny began fingering her nipples.

Sylvia gripped the dog's prick by the hilt and moved the cockhead into Jenny's cunt.

She didn't put his prick in right away. She moved his cock around in Jenny's pussyslot, stirring her creamy cunt bowl, causing Jenny to vibrate and squirm.

Then she slipped the cockhead in.

The dog knew what to do then. His haunches tightened and he drove the full length of his black prick up Jenny's pussy. He began fucking vigorously, his hairy haunches blurring as his cock rocketed in and out.

"Oh! Ohhh!" Jenny cried, as she thrilled to the sensation of her first cuntful of dog cock, loving both the feeling and the concept, loving the depravity and the perversion as much as the cockmeat itself.

Sylvia hovered over her, staring at the fucking dog and woman with wild fascination, licking her lips and panting heavily. She watched the hairy, black prick vanish into Jenny's cunt, then come sliding back out, coated with cunt-juice, only to slam back in to the root. Jenny's cuntlips dragged on the canine prick, almost turning inside out as his cock withdrew and then folding back in along with the prick as he fucked up her smoldering pussyhole. She was working with the dog now, her belly humping up and down and her hips lashing from side to side. As the dog fucked his cock in, Jenny pushed her pussy down to meet him and as he drew back until only his cockhead was inside her cunt, she rotated her hips, turning her wet cunt around on his stiff prick like a moist wringer.

The dog whimpered.

"I love it! I love it!" Jenny wailed.

Sylvia loved it every bit as much, horny voyeur that she was. She was rubbing her own cunt with one hand and holding the dog's balls with the other. She could feel his cum bags swell up as a new load of spunk began to grow. Sylvia leaned down and began to lick at Jenny's vibrant clit, then she pushed her tongue up the blonde's cunthole, right alongside the dog's black prick. She licked the dog's cockhead right inside Jenny's cunt.

Jenny threw her legs up and clamped her thighs around the Labrador's haunches, locking her heels. She rocked back and forth on the edge of the chair, wailing and sobbing and gasping with lust.

"I want him to come!" she cried.

"Yes, yes!" Sylvia gasped.

"I want him to fill my cunt with cum!"

Jenny's pussy had started to melt around his cock like a candle around a lit wick.

His fat prick worked like a plunger, pumping the cuntjuice out of her.

Sylvia lapped up Jenny's hot pussyjuice hungrily.

"I want his hot juice!" Jenny wailed. "I want to feel his cock squirt in me!"

The sturdy dog fucked her cunt faster and faster.

Suddenly his prick seemed to swell so large that Jenny felt as if her hipbones were going to dislocate. She stared down at her belly, half-expecting to see the raised outline of his prick pushing out from inside her like the track of a burrowing rodent.

The dog howled.

His cock exploded in her.

Jenny cried out with ecstasy as she felt the dog cum squirt into her pussy in a steaming deluge. Her pussy, already coming, began to spark with electric spasms as she went into a multiple orgasm, going off like a Gatling Gun in thrill after thrill.

The dog emptied his cock and balls into her.

He slowed.

Jenny ground away under him, working off her climax to the last spasm. The dog pulled his prick out of her cunt. His cock bobbed up and down, softening now. Vacated, Jenny's cunt poured forth a torrent of dog cum and cuntjuice, and Sylvia happily lapped the tasty mixture up.

Jenny sighed with deep contentment, loving the feeling of the redhead's nimble tongue on her cunt, even though her orgasm had already been spent.

"It was wonderful," Jenny whispered. "It was even better than I hoped."

Sylvia kept sucking.

Sure enough, Jenny's cunt started to get hot all over again under Sylvia's loving, squirming tongue.

"Shall I get another dog?" Sylvia asked.

"Oh, yes!" said Jenny. "Get two of them!"

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

Sylvia led the Labrador away.

Jenny waited, stroking her pussy to keep herself hot. Sylvia returned in a moment with two dogs. She brought a big, shaggy German Shepherd and - to Jenny's joy - a huge Great Dane. Jenny clapped her hands together. Her eyes glowed.

"I want both of them," she cried.

"Oh, you are greedy!"

"Please? Can I have them both? Can I take one in my mouth and one in my cunt at the same time?"

Sylvia knew that that would be a sight worth seeing and, although she was more than ready to fuck one of the brutes herself, she was willing to wait.

"We'll have to make them hard," Sylvia said.

That was no hardship.

In fact, both dogs started getting hard as they sniffed a roomful of hot cunt. Both of these dogs were owned by women. The lusty girl who owned the Great Dane had been fucking him steadily, but recently she had grown attached to a donkey so she had boarded the dog out. The donkey's prick was too massive for her to take all at once, but she had fitted the donkey cock with a rubber template so that only the first foot of prick would go in her. A foot was sufficient. The donkey came with such power that sometimes he blew her right off the end of his cock.

So the Great Dane welcomed this situation. The German Shepherd was used to getting blowjobs from his mistress, but she had gone away on holiday and, besides, she was not as pretty as these two women. He was an intelligent dog with impeccable taste in women, and his prick was almost as big as the Great Dane's whopper of a cock.

The dogs stood side by side, tongues lolling out happily, pricks starting to unsheath themselves under their bellies. Sylvia knelt down beside the German Shepherd, and Jenny knelt beside the Great Dane. They reached under the dogs and began to stroke their pricks, making them grow and harden. The slick cockheads flared out from the hairy pricks.

Jenny ducked under the Great Dane and began to lick the hot dog's cockmeat.

Sylvia took the other dog's cock into her mouth and sucked greedily on his prick.

Both dogs were as hard as could be now, their long pricks vibrating like tuning forks. Jenny couldn't decide which one to suck off and which one to fuck. She judged them by size and decided to take the bigger prick in her cunt. That honor went to the Great Dane, but it was a close call. She went down on her hands and knees and turned her ass to the huge, handsome dog.

He needed no urging.

The position was familiar to him. He mounted the girl's ass and began to drive his hard prick into her crotch frantically. His cockhead rebounded from her thigh and slid up her ass. Sylvia took his prick in her hand and guided him up Jenny's smoldering hole, and the dog began to fuck away vigorously, filling Jenny's hot cunt even more fully than the Labrador had.

Jenny's face was aglow with pleasure.

Her eyes narrowed.

Her mouth was wide open, anticipating the other dog's prick.

Sylvia moved the German Shepherd around to face Jenny. The dog mounted Jenny from the front, his forepaws on her shoulders, so that his massive cock jutted out towards her face. Jenny began to tongue his slick, gleaming prickhead, then slurped in, sucking the dog's cock into her mouth.

Her lips collared his cockhead, and her cheeks hollowed in as she sucked steadily on the delicious prickmeat. It was a treat, having two cocks at once. It was even better than at the office, she realized, because, then, one cock had been barred from her cunt because she was a faithful wife who did not want to cheat on her husband. She wished there was a third cock for her asshole, now, but that was just being greedy.

Sylvia knelt behind the Great Dane and tongued his big balls for awhile. Then she shifted to the other side and licked the German Shepherd's cum sac. Then she wriggled under Jenny and, raising her face, began sucking on Jenny's clit as the big dog filled Jenny's pussy with cockmeat. The brute was fucking his prick into her cunt wildly now, stuffing her full of cock, tilting her pelvis up on his powerful thrusts. Each time he fucked up her pussy, Jenny sucked longingly on the fat cockhead in her mouth. She was fairly inhaling the musky prickmeat, so deeply did she draw on the German Shepherd's cock with her thirsty lips. Her tongue curled around his hot, smooth prickhead.

The German Shepherd's prick began to dribble slippery cum onto her tongue.

She gulped his dog jism down happily.

Her ass flashed back and forth as the other dog fed her cunt to the brim with his rampant cock.

Sylvia sucked away on Jenny's clit and, parting her lips, let the Great Dane's prick slide through her mouth as his cock went in and out of Jenny's cunt.

Jenny was in a state of ecstasy.

She had the pleasure of a mouthful of hot cock with the promise of a delicious load of jism to drink, she had a cuntful of thundering prick and she was getting her clit lapped, all at the same time. She gurgled with joy. What a wonderful day this had been! She had given blowjobs and had her asshole rimmed and fucked for the first time, and now she knew what a joy it was to eat a cunt, and she was having her first experience fucking and sucking with dogs. She knew that things would never be the same again. She was going to blow big-pricked hounds and fuck them, and she was going to eat juicy pussy every chance she got and, with all that wonderful pleasure, she was still not going to commit adultery. She thought herself a very lucky girl.

The Great Dane was really fucking his prick into her furiously now, and Jenny knew that he was going to blow his thick cockjuice into her cunt at any moment.

She wanted the German Shepherd to come at the same time so that she could swallow a load of cum while her pussy filled up. She took the stalk of his cock in her hand and began to jack him up and down rapidly while she sucked on the flaring meat of his cockhead. Her fist came up to meet her sucking lips, then pushed back down, causing his prickhead to flare. She jacked him faster, hungry for jism, desperate to jerk the big brute off in her mouth before the Great Dane spilled his spunk into her pussy.

Inspired by the fucking motion of her hand on his prick, the German Shepherd began to hump, fucking Jenny in the mouth. His fat cockhead slid right back into her throat, and her lips pulled on his furry prick. The dog fucked through her fist, into her willing maw, yelping wildly as his balls began to swell up like balloons.

A jet of jism shot into her throat.

Jenny gasped with delight and gulped his cum down to make room for the second succulent load.

The Great Dane's cock exploded and she felt his volcanic cum pour into her pussy.

She sucked hungrily, draining the German Shepherd's prick with relish while the Great Dane shot load after load of hot spunk into her cunt. The dog cum flowed back out, and Sylvia sucked the jism up hungrily.

Jenny's fist flew up and down the dog's cock as she milked out every last drop and swallowed it all. Her ass heaved and bucked as she took all of the other dog's jism into her burning, melting cunt.

She drew the dog's cock from her mouth, kissed his prick and used her tongue to lap his cock clean.

The Great Dane finally slowed, then stopped.

Jenny had a fleeting thought that, fucking dog style, they might have got stuck together the way dogs did. But she wasn't worried. She figured that Sylvia could always throw a bucket of cold water on them.

But the big Great Dane disengaged without difficulty, moving stiff legged away from her. Cum

poured down into Sylvia's open mouth, and she drank the jism with joy.

"Oh, that was lovely!" Jenny said.

"Ummm," Sylvia agreed, as she sucked Jenny's cunt hungrily.

"Don't you want to fuck one of them, now?" Jenny asked, realizing that she had been greedy so far. Besides, she wanted to watch the sexy redhead fuck a dog just as much as Sylvia had wanted to watch her.

"Yes," Sylvia sighed.

"Shall I suck one of them up nice and hard again for you, honey?" Jenny asked.

"Oh! Yes! Suck the Great Dane's prick - I want that big cock up my cunt!"

Jenny crawled over to the dog on her hands and knees. She tilted her head under his belly and began sucking on his cockhead. She could taste her own cuntjuice on his prickmeat. His cock swelled in her mouth. She stopped sucking then, although reluctantly. She wouldn't have minded drinking a load of jism from that big prick, but she knew she had to save the dog's cock for Sylvia.

Sylvia stretched out on her back.

She liked to fuck dogs human style so that she could see how excited they got. She called the Great Dane over. He mounted her belly, and she hiked her ass up off the floor, lifting her creamy crotch to the right angle for fucking in this bizarre variation of the missionary position. She took the Great Dane's prick in her hand, stirred the cocktip around in her pussyslot for a moment, then slid his prick in.

The dog started fucking Sylvia with gusto.

The German Shepherd was hard again, too. He came stalking over, whining eagerly and hopefully. Jenny stroked his cock, aiming the prickhead at Sylvia's upturned face.

"Shall I?" she asked.

"Oh! Yes! Jack him off in my face!"

Jenny slowly began pulling the big prick up and down, aiming the dog's cock at Sylvia's lips. Sylvia opened her mouth, and her tongue curled out, ready to catch the dog's hot load of cum. A drop of jism sprayed from his prickhead onto her lips. She lapped the cum up with a happy sigh. Another drop fell on Sylvia's lips. Jenny bent down and licked this drop up for herself. She decided to jerk the German Shepher

d off quickly so that she could sit back and enjoy watching the fucking. Her fist skimmed up and down. The dog whimpered, and his prick expanded. Sylvia gazed up at his cock, her green eyes glowing and her tongue pushing out eagerly.

A wad of cum squirted from his cockhead and hosed her tongue and lips.

Sylvia let his jism flow into her mouth, but she didn't swallow the cum yet. Jenny pumped his cock and balls dry, emptying them in Sylvia's face, then she used her tongue to lap the hot cum up. The two girls kissed passionately, open-mouthed, letting the thick dog jism flow back and forth from mouth to mouth, each drinking some.

Then Sylvia was able to concentrate on fucking.

She clamped her thighs around the Great Dane's haunches, humping with him. Her ass heaved up and her hips rotated. She loved having his huge prick fucking her pussy. His big cock was running right across her tingling clit with every stroke, every inch of his prick rubbing her sensitive clit, causing her to wail and moan.

Jenny crawled around to give the Great Dane's balls a few tongue strokes, then sat back, cross-legged, to enjoy the sight.

The sight made her horny again.

But that was no trouble at all because they had a whole kennel full of eager dog cocks.

Jenny watched the big prick vanish and reappear up Sylvia's soaked cunt. Sylvia's pussy was pulling and sucking on the dog's cock, eager to make the Great Dane come. She was ready to come at any time but held back, wanting her own orgasm to come at the same moment that the dog shot his cum into her cunt. Her face twisted with passion. She sucked in the muscles of her belly and hooked her thighs around the dog.

Suddenly the brute hosed her cunt with a huge geyser of steaming jism.

Sylvia let herself go, and her cuntjuice poured out to mingle with his spunk. The dog plowed away, draining his balls in her cunt, and her pussy added an equal amount of pussyjuice to mix with the dog jism.

The dog pulled away.

Jenny took the Great Dane's cockhead into her lips and sucked the cum and cuntjuice from his prick. Then went down on Sylvia and ate the creamy mixture out of her cunt.

Jenny looked up, smiling.

"What shall we do next?" she asked.

Before Sylvia could reply, in walked Jack.

They would do Jack next.

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## **CHAPTER TWELVE**

After dispatching Jenny to the kennels, Jack had hastened through his labors. Now that he had not one, but two, sexy girls cavorting with the dogs, Jack was more eager than ever to see them at work.

Nor was his desire diminished by the fact that he had already got his rocks off twice - in Jenny's asshole and mouth. That was not significant. Had he not been lucky enough to discover the blonde blowing the window cleaner, he would have jerked off at least twice anyhow. By the time he had finished his work, his big prick was already twitching, ready to rise once more.

And when he walked through the door, just in time to see Jenny sucking merrily away on Sylvia's overflowing cunt, his cock snapped to attention with such force that his prick threatened to burst through his trousers.

Sylvia smiled at him.

Jenny smiled, too, her lips coated with cunt-juice and dog cum, as she lifted her head from Sylvia's crotch like a wolf looking up from a carcass. Pussyjuice dribbled down her chin. Jack stared at the two girls, then noticed the two big dogs. Both dogs had limp cocks.

"I see you started without me," Jack said.

"We couldn't wait, honey," said Sylvia.

"That's okay - as long as you haven't finished," Jack grinned.

"Hot as we are, we may never finish," Jenny said, thinking of the future as well as the rest of the afternoon. "But, oh, it's been such fun!"

"What have you done so far?" Jack asked.

"Jenny did most of it," Sylvia said. "I've been saving my act for you, Jack. I only fucked one dog. Well, Jenny jerked one off in my mouth, too - I almost forgot that. But naughty Jenny has been sucking dog prick and fucking them one after the other."

"I hope there's one left," Jack said. "Oh, sure - I saved the wolfhound until you got here. He has the biggest prick of all, and I'm going to let you watch me fuck him."

"We sucked each other off, too," Jenny added, thrilled by that and wanting Jack to know.

"Did you teach my girl to do that?" Jack asked Jenny.

Sylvia smiled sweetly.

"I taught her, honey," Sylvia admitted. Jack had never realized that his sexy redhead was bisexual. He certainly didn't mind. If his cock could have possibly got any harder, his prick would have. His big cock was already a pulsating pillar of rock-hard prickmeat, a tower of cockflesh that trembled mightily in his pants.

He began to undress.

Both girls sighed with happy expectations when they saw how huge his prick was.

How did he ever get that monster cock up my asshole? Jenny wondered, impressed. She sure wished that she were less faithful to her husband. She would have adored a cuntful of human cock now.

Jack walked over, naked, his cock preceding him like the masthead of a ship.

"Want some cunt first?" Sylvia asked. "Or shall I fetch the wolfhound?"

"Get the damned dog!" he rasped.

That suited Sylvia, who was looking forward to the dog with the biggest cock of all. She had played with the wolfhound's prick earlier that day, stroking his cock and licking the fat pricktup, but when she realized how huge his cock was, she had decided to keep the dog in reserve until Jack got there. Fucking the wolfhound would be more fun with her boyfriend watching. She jumped up. A cascade of milky fluids ran down her thighs. She went bouncing out to get the big dog.

Jenny rose onto her knees and began to run her tongue up Jack's prick, laving him from balls to cockcrown. When she tried to get her lips around his prick, she could barely manage. She realized that he was hornier than before, and that solved the mystery of how his massive hunk of cockmeat had managed to wedge itself up her asshole. She contented herself with tonguing the underside of his cockhead while they waited impatiently for Sylvia to return.

Sylvia came in with the wolfhound.

She raised her eyebrows when she saw that Jenny was licking Jack's prick, but she could not reasonably voice any objections to it under the circumstances.

She led the dog over.

The big brute was taller than the Great Dane, a shaggy monster with a cock like a steam engine. Looking at the wolfhound's cock, Jenny envied the fucking that was in store for Sylvia.

Jenny turned her face away from Jack's prick and said, "Can I have just a quick suck on that beautiful thing, honey? Before you fuck him?"

Sylvia said, "Sure - suck him up nice and hard and hot for my cunt, Jenny."

Jenny mouthed the dog's cockhead, her lips pulling and her tongue flashing. The prickt看ip was already moist, and she got a little taste of wolfhound spunk. She would have loved to keep sucking until she had emptied the vast dog cock, but she knew that Jack and Sylvia were waiting and, reluctantly, she drew her mouth off the fat cockhead.

The dog was fucking the air, a wild look in his eyes, his muscular haunches trembling.

Sylvia got down on her hands and knees.

"Here, boy - hot pussy," she purred.

The wolfhound pushed his muzzle into her crotch from behind and sniffed. Sure enough, it was hot pussy, and he knew damned well what to do with that. He bounded up, mounting the woman dog style. His cock flashed. Sylvia reached back between her legs and took his prick in her hand, guiding the cockhead into her pussy.

The dog slammed in.

Sylvia's whole body vibrated as that gigantic hunk of dog cockmeat rocketed into her cunt.

The dog began to fuck his prick into her with such vigor that cuntjuice sprayed out with every stroke. Sylvia ground her ass around, and her cunt pulled and sucked on the brute's shaggy cock.

"Oh! Oh! I love it!" she wailed.

Jack watched in total fascination. He got down on the floor, his face close to the fucking couple. Then he turned onto his back and slid under the kneeling redhead, his upturned face right under her crotch so that he could see all the details of this intriguing fucking of the species.

He saw the fat, hairy cock push to the hilt into his girl's pussy, and he saw her cuntlips pull and suck lovingly on the wolfhound's prick.

Jenny peered in from the other side.

But watching dogs fuck girls had lost its novelty, now, and she noticed that Jack was flat on his back. She crawled around to the other side. His cock was standing up above his loins like a lighthouse, the head glowing like a beacon, warning of those rocky shoals below. It was too good an opportunity to pass up, and horny Jenny began to lap away at his cock and balls with relish. She pulled the cockhead into her mouth. His prick was so huge that his cockcrown pressed her cheeks out on both sides at the same time.

She gave his prick a long slurp.

But she knew that he would want to fuck his girlfriend once the dog had finished, so she took her mouth away for a moment, letting his prick cool. Wet from her mouth, his cockhead seemed to steam in the air.

The dog began to whimper.

"Oh! He's gonna come!" Sylvia cried.

Jack gave a gasp of lust at her words.

The wolfhound fucked his prick into her cunt furiously and his cock went off like a stick of dynamite. Sylvia cried with joy as she felt his steaming cum fountain flood into her pussy, and her writhing body jerked and trembled as she melted on that spurting prick.

Jack watched the dog empty his balls into Sylvia.

The dog pulled out.

His prick was dripping, and a load of juice gushed out of her cunt in its wake. Jenny shifted over and tongued the dog's cockhead sparkling clean, then pushed in to lap at Sylvia's dripping cunt. Jack watched her tongue push into his girl's slot, finding that almost as thrilling as watching the dog's cock go up her pussy. Jenny rose up and used her tongue to rim out Sylvia's asshole then.

Then it was time for Jack.

Jack stayed where he was.

Sylvia moved around to hover over his prick. Her cunt had been pretty well satisfied by the wolfhound, and she thought she might blow Jack first. But she noticed that Jenny was looking wistfully and longingly at Jack's cock and, unselfish girl that she was, Sylvia took pity on the blonde. She motioned Jenny over.

"Help me suck him off, honey," she suggested.

"Oh, yes!" Jenny cried.

"Oh, yes!" Jack echoed, with enthusiasm. He knew that two heads were better than one.

The girls knelt on either side of his hips. Their plump tits swayed over him, their sweet, greedy lips smiled in happy expectation. They began to share the welcome task of sucking his cock. Sylvia took the head of his prick into her mouth and began to suck while Jenny licked his balls. Then they switched positions and Jenny sucked while Sylvia licked. Sylvia began to run her tongue up his cockstalk from his balls to Jenny's lips. The two girls kissed passionately, with Jack's pounding prickhead between their moist lips.

They kept switching positions.

Each time they switched, it gave Jack's tormented prick a moment to cool down somewhat, so the moment of creamy climax was prolonged. It suited the two horny girls, who were enjoying eating cockmeat, and it suited Jack, who adored fucking two mouths.

Their heads bobbed up and down, golden, blonde hair and fiery-red hair cascading together over his balls. They gurgled and purred on his prick. They sucked like creatures mad with thirst on that potential fountain of joy, working towards a drink of refreshing cum.

Suddenly Jenny felt a wet nose in her crotch. She spread her thighs. The wolfhound was back for more fucking. He mounted her and began fucking her cunt with piston strokes, filling her pussy to the brim.

The Great Dane, not to be outdone, jumped up on Sylvia and commenced fucking his prick into her.

The German Shepherd hovered close, his prick hard again, but was unable to find a hot hole for his cock. Jenny took pity on him, taking his cock in her hand and starting to jerk him off with long, pulling strokes.

Jack stared down in awe, enjoying the sight as much as the sensation. He saw two gorgeous girls bending over his towering prick, sucking with devotion. He saw both of those girls getting fucked by huge, horny dogs, with yet another dog cock pumping in Jenny's hand.

The German Shepherd came first.

Jenny's clever fist pulled a thick gout of jism from his cockhead. The cum shot all over Jack's balls. Jenny began to lap the jism, then shifted to allow Sylvia a few tonguefuls of the delicious spunk. They kissed, letting the dog cum run back and forth between their mouths. Then they went to work on Jack again, hungry for a human load now.

The Great Dane howled like the beast that he was and filled Sylvia's cunt with jism.

A moment later the wolfhound was squirting his hot spunk up Jenny's creamy pussy.

Then Jack blew his load.

The girls were both squirming as they felt the dogs filling their cunts with cum, and they were just in the process of shifting Jack's cockhead between their hungry mouths when a great fountain of milky jism arose from his prickhead. His cum spurted into both of their mouths at once. They gulped and slurped, drinking his wonderful jism with joy. Sylvia slipped her mouth over his cockhead and sucked his second spurt out then made way for Jenny, who was just in time to catch his third towering geyser in her throat.

They drank all his cum between them and licked his erupting cockshaft clean.

Jack seemed to have spilled a gallon of cum from his cock and balls. Even shared between them, the load was as great as either girl had ever drunk at one time, even when they had a whole cock to themselves.

And the situation was so horny and erotic that Jack's prick stayed rampant.

Which suited all of them.

Sylvia sat on Jack's cock for awhile, slowly riding up and down the big rod while Jenny tongued his balls and licked Sylvia's asshole.

Then she spun around so that Jack was fucking her from the back, and Jenny had the chance to suck on Sylvia's clit while Jack's prick fucked her pussyhole. Jenny loved that. She licked up his cockstalk as his prick pulled out and slurped on Sylvia's clit as his cock plowed in.

Jack came in Sylvia's pussy.

His prick stayed hard.

"Too bad you won't fuck him," Sylvia said. "Well, he could put it up my ass," said Jenny.

And so he did.

Jack fucked Jenny's asshole thoroughly while Sylvia sucked Jenny's cunt to a froth.

He came again.

At last, he was finished.

The two girls happily sucked each other off, sixty-nining, for a grand finale.

"Want to come over again tomorrow?" Sylvia asked once they were finished.

"Oh, yes - if I can think up some excuse to tell my husband," Jenny said.

"I don't have to work tomorrow," Jack put in, thinking of a whole day of ecstasy.

Jenny was determined to find an excuse.

Now it was time for her to get home, faithful wife that she was, and prepare her husband's dinner. Regretfully, she departed, leaving Jack and Sylvia sprawled on the floor, his prick in her mouth as they tried to get it hard again. Sylvia is sure a lucky gal, thought Jenny.

What a day it had been!

And everything had all started purely by chance. If she had had an orgasm when Hank fucked her that morning, she would never have gone to the office.

And if she hadn't been looking out the window, she would never have seen that girl in the convertible jacking off her dog, and, without that inspiration, she would never have given the window cleaner two blow jobs, and if she hadn't had a mouthful of prick when Jack arrived, he would never have stuck his cock up her asshole. One thing had led to another by bizarre fate. If she had not been fucked up the ass, then in the mouth by Jack, she would not have had the occasion to talk to him about dogs and to get invited to the kennels.

Fate was a funny thing.

And a wonderful thing as well.

Jenny wondered if her husband would mind if she brought herself a nice, big dog.

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## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Jenny did not know how truly wonderful and strange fate really was.

Judy Sutton, the pert nymph who enjoyed giving handjobs to dogs, had driven into the country for her picnic after she had jacked her bull terrier off at the stop light – never for a moment imagining that anyone had witnessed the act or what a chain of events had been set in progress by that observation.

She found a pleasant, shady glen.

That glen bordered a golf course.

It was the same golf course on which Jenny's husband, Hank, was playing golf.

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Hank had been playing well but on the ninth hole he sliced a ball in to the rough. He cursed, watching the ball bounce into a fringe of trees. It was going to be difficult to find it in there, but he didn't want to take a penalty if he could help it so he went in to look.

He moved through the bushes.

He came to the edge of a shady glen and stopped dead, staring through the undergrowth.

A sexy young girl was sitting on a blanket, the remains of a picnic spread out around her. Next to her, a powerful dog was sitting on his haunches.

The dog had a hard-on.

The girl hadn't noticed the hard-on, he guessed. Or she was shyly ignoring the dog's erect cock, for she was paying no attention to the state of the dog's arousal. It excited Hank to see a dog with a boner sitting so close to a girl who was pretty enough to give anyone a boner.

He watched, sheltered by the bushes.

The girl turned to the dog. She couldn't help but notice his prick now, and Hank wondered how she would react.

When he saw her smile he gasped.

"Horny again, you naughty doggy?" she said.

The dog pricked his ear up.

"Well, I'll just have to do something about that, won't I?" she said playfully.

She reached out and took the dog's prick in her hand, rubbing her thumb against the underside of his cockhead where the prickt看 flared out from the hairy cocksheath.

She began to stroke his cock.

Hank almost fainted.

The girl lifted her skirt up, baring her belly and thighs, aiming the head of the bull terrier's stout prick at her crotch. Her hand pumped up and down slowly. The dog whined with delight, and the girl seemed to be enjoying the handjob every bit as much as the animal.

Hank was panting, and his prick surged up.

She heard Hank pant.

She turned her head and found herself looking Hank right in the eyes.

For a long moment, they stared at each other. They both blushed. The girl had stopped stroking the dog's cock although the dog, less inhibited and amoral, was still fucking her fist.

Then Hank grinned.

He stepped out into the glade.

"Don't stop," he rasped.

The girl began to grin. She saw the massive lump of his cock in his pants.

"Please don't stop," Hank whispered. "I've never seen anything as exciting as that."

She hesitated for a moment.

Then she began jacking off the dog again.

Hank knelt down on the blanket, beside her. He took his prick out and started to jerk himself off, but the girl shook her head.

"Wait a minute," she said. "After I milk my dog's cock, you can fuck me."

Hank removed his hand from his prick. Left alone, his cock throbbed and bucked. The bloated knob seemed to smoke.

Judy stroked faster now, as eager as Hank to get fucked. Jerking a dog off always made her yearn for a cuntful of human cock. The dog whimpered and fucked. Her hand flew up and down the length of his prick. Suddenly a creamy jet burst from his cockhead and hosed her thighs and belly and crotch. Hank cried out with lust, and Judy was panting heavily as she pulled away, the dog's prick totally drained of cum. She tightened her fist around the cockstalk, just behind the pricktup, and squeezed the last drops of jism out.

She stretched out on the blanket, raising her knees and parting her thighs.

Hank mounted her.

He fitted his cockhead into her pussyslot, churned his prick around, then rammed the whole seething cock home. They began to fuck with furious energy.

They were so hot they both came almost immediately.

They paused for only a moment, then Jack started fucking his prick into her again, more slowly now.

He said, "Do you jerk off your dog often?"

"Um hum," she said. "A lot."

"Do you ever fuck him?"

"Or take his cock in your mouth?"

"No," she said.

Hank was disappointed but with that tight, slippery cunt working on his prick he soon forgot his disappointment. His ass corkscrewed as he fed long, twisting cuntfuls of cock to her. She met him with turning hips and heaving belly. He cupped her ass in his hands, lifting her to his thundering strokes, angling in from above, then feeding her an underslung stroke, then fucking in from the side. His cock had never felt so huge, but her cunt was taking it all, sucking on his prick greedily as she sought to pull out another load of jism.

He poured his load into her.

"Let's fuck dog style," she said.

It seemed appropriate.

She turned onto her hands and knees, and Jack slipped his prick into her pussy from the back. His belly slapped on her ass and his balls swung in against her cunt mound. They fucked steadily, grindingly.

"Play with the dog again," he pleaded.

The dog, observing this human fucking with interest, had another hard-on. He trotted over eagerly when Judy called him. The dog stood sideways to her, and she began jacking him off under his belly.

The dog's orgasm took longer this time.

Hank fucked slowly, waiting for the dog to shoot, wanting to see that remarkable thing again before he blew his own load into her cunt again.

The dog squirted a dose out. His silvery jism looped in a curve. A squirt of cum lashed sideways and splattered in Judy's face.

Hank howled like a dog himself and began churning his cock into her cunt with savage thrusts. He felt her pussy clutch and pull as she started to come. Hank poured a frothy load into her as she came.

"That," she said, "was fun."

"Can we meet again?"

"Oh, no. I have all the boyfriends I want," Judy told him. "I wouldn't have fucked you today except you caught me whacking off my dog and, well, it just seemed like the thing to do."

Hank was sad.

Her jacking off a dog had been the most exciting thing he had ever seen, and he wished he could see a girl jack off a dog again. But he didn't suppose he ever would. After all, it was a rare girl, indeed, who would jerk off a dog.

It had opened a whole new thrilling world to him. He wished that he knew some perverted woman who would let him watch while she fucked a dog, or, maybe even better, sucked one off. Hank could not imagine anything more wonderful than that.

And as he sat there, drained, on the blanket, he wondered if his sexy wife would ever do such a thing? How marvelous that would be, to watch his wife suck and fuck with a dog! He even toyed with the idea of buying a dog, getting Jenny drunk and begging her to fuck the hound.

But he knew that was just wishful thinking. Jenny would never do a thing like that.