

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter one

"Hello. ... Hi Merri how are you? I was just going to call 'cause on Friday ... Oh. You really need to talk to me. Okay then go ahead." Ellie rested against the kitchen bench as listened. "Uh huh. ... Yeah I know you've always ... Oh really! That's pretty sudden isn't it? Do mum and dad know?" The young woman stood up straight as she listened to the voice on the other end of the phone. She crossed her bare legs nervously, sweat from her morning run still glistening under the kitchen LEDs.

"I can understand that but mum and dad will want to say goodbye properly. No, Meredith Adams you can't let them know by text. ... Yes I can hear you're excited. No ... But listen ... Merri please ... It's a long way away! ... What do you mean you're ready for boarding?"

Ellie's eyes grew wide as she listened in on the phone. Another woman, taller and more filled out than Ellie entered the kitchen, she gave Ellie's arse a tweak as she walked by. Ellie flashed the other woman a very brief scowl and was once more on talking on the phone.

"Of course you should follow your dreams, sweetie, but your travelling on a freighter! Put it off for a few months and you can afford the airfare. ... It's getting very noisy at your end. ... What do you mean? Other girls? Is that someone screaming in the background? ... Since when do they need cattle prods to move girls! Merri, what is going on? Merri? Merri? Hello, Merri are you there?"

Ellie slapped her phone down on the bench top hard enough to make the other woman flinch as she bent from the hips to investigate the lower levels of the fridge. Her tiny jogging shorts lifted away from the round globes of her bottom. Ellie didn't notice.

"Sam," Ellie said, addressing the other woman although her eyes remained looking far away, "you know a lot about the things that go on in this town, don't you?"

Sam straightened slowly, her legs crossed at the ankle and then pirouetted gracefully around to face Ellie.

"The people with the money only want the best to look after their health and well being and while sometimes I'm organising their rehabilitation from a knee injury or the like they do talk on their phones. And you know what mobile phones are don't you? A way of having your private conversations in public. So I do sometimes overhear what I shouldn't really hear."

"A simple yes would have done," Ellie said, frowning at the other woman.

"Yes but half way through that speech you looked at my tits," Sam smirked.

"Will you get over me looking at your tits, Sam! This is important and that little speech was so boring I would have looked at my grandmother's tits."

"I'm filing that away for future reference," Sam said, arching an eyebrow.

"Besides you are walking around topless and with boobs like yours it's a bit hard not to look."

"Thank you, you say the sweetest things."

"Russians, girls, Eastern Europe, sobbing and screaming in the background, my little sister getting on a freighter. Anything I should be concerned about there?"

"Little Merri!" Sam looked shocked now.

"She said she wants a totally new life experience. I told her she should never have got into marketing," Ellie mused.

"Well my pintsized roomy," Sam said, "that sounds bad, but slow bad. The freighter will take weeks to get there. Plenty of time to get a flight and meet it at the docks. But only if you really want to."

"What do you mean, if I really want to? Is this something I should be getting Merri out of?"

"I think she's gone to be a sex slave," Sam said, matter-of-factly.

"A what the when?" Ellie asked, her small nose wrinkling in confusion. "There's no such thing. I mean outside of porn movies, is there?"

"There's a big trade in attractive young women, of which Merri ticks all three categories."

"Seriously?"

"Yes, seriously. You know how submissive Merri is with all her partners."

"No."

Sam blinked and gave her friend a long green-eyed stare.

"I don't think about Merri in any type of sexual context at all. One, she's my baby sister, two, and this is the one I think you keep forgetting, I like boys, and three, what would I be doing thinking about that kind of thing anyway?"

Sam bounced up to sit on the kitchen bench, her full breasts at Ellie's eye level. The scatter of freckles across the tall red-head's shoulders faded away on the first slope of her pale mounds. The aureole matched her long nipples in a delicate pink shade. Ellie deliberately turned away from her friend' flaunting.

"Look," Sam said, "it sounds to me as though she's going along voluntarily. I guess the women you heard crying didn't have a say."

"They were kidnapped?" Ellie's mouth fell open.

"Shut your mouth, sweetie, before I put something into it," Sam jiggled her breasts threateningly and Ellie snapped her mouth shut. "Not kidnapped as such. Well at least not a first. Mostly they're conned. Look it's probably a group just looking for adventure. I mean it's not as if they were using cattle prods or anything and Merri still has her mobile so she's free to call if she wants out. Why are you crying, Ellie?" Sam jumped back off the counter, her breasts bouncing in counter point. The taller woman put an arm around Ellie and hugged her into her bosom.

"Merri said they were cattle prodding the women on to the ship," Ellie sobbed.

"But not on her, not on Merri's cute little boy butt," Sam emphasised.

Ellie shook her head, "no," she sniffled.

"Remember, the freighter will be slow. I'll find out about its schedule and book a flight, okay." Ellie sniffled but nodded.

"Now go to work and do what ever it is you do at that place," Sam said.

"I write user-friendly accounting software," Ellie sniffled.

"And you said that without blushing," Sam continued. "But have a normal day, in case you're being watched."

"I'm being watched! Oh my God! Why am I being watched?"

"I didn't say you were, I said just in case. Merri did call you after all, they might just check you out to make sure there's nothing suspicious."

"They're taking women to be sex slaves and I'm the one doing suspicious things?"

"If we can just get passed you for a moment," Sam said, patiently. "Follow the advice of the best roomy you've every had and remember time's on our side, play it cool and everything will come out all right."

"Okay," Ellie said, "I don't think I need to have my face between your boobs anymore."

"You spoil all my fun," Sam smiled down at her petite friend. "I'll take you out tonight. Everything will seam better once you're pissed."

"Oh God! That reminds me," Ellie said, "Merri's sent us her dog. Fluff will be here about six this evening."

"Fluff?"

"I don't know," Ellie said, with a shrug, "it must be a chow or something."

"Well," Sam said, definitely, "Fluff can spend its first night here getting to know the place because you and I are out of here girl friend."

"Don't say it like that," Ellie complained.

"What?"

"Girl friend."

"Girl friend?"

"Yes. Don't say it like that. You know, as if I were your girlfriend."

"I don't think of you as my girlfriend," Sam said, her lips curling up into a little smile. "One of many, maybe, but certainly not exclusive."

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## **Chapter two**

"I'm not wearing this dress," Ellie said, smiling back at Sam.

"Why not?"

"It's a halter neck with nothing at the back. I won't be able to wear a bra."

"You've got perfect perky boobs," Sam said, "you don't need to wear a bra."

"And the skirt is very short," Ellie continued as though Sam hadn't spoken.

"You've got great legs. Plus it's the only little black dress you have and a big night out just calls for a little black dress."

Ellie pulled a face but kept hold of the dress.

"What are you going to wear?" she asked her roommate.

"Hot pants and a sparkly crop top. I'm doing more abdominal crunches a day than you can imagine and I'm going to show off the results." Sam lifted her T-shirt and ran a hand over her tight flat stomach. "Want to feel?" she asked, raising an eyebrow archly.

"Not just now thanks," Ellie said.

"If it will make you feel any better I'll go braless too," Sam said, grinning.

"That has no bearing on anything," Sam said. "Why would you think that would make me feel any better?"

"Well if these boys are free and available every chick in the place will be watching me dance, not you. You could hide in the shadow of my boobs."

"Why thank you," Ellie said, sarcasm dripping from every word. "And it's not being watched by women that bothers me."

"Then why are worried?"

"There will be guys at this 'best night out ever', won't there?"

"Oh I suppose," Sam said with a shrug.

"Hmmm," Ellie gave her friend a hard stare.

"What?" Sam gave her roommate a wide eyed innocent stare.

"I'm being your Barbie doll, aren't I?"

"If only," Sam said.

"You're dressing me up for your benefit," Ellie accused.

"The better you look, the better time you'll have," Sam said.

"I haven't forgiven you for Comiccon yet," Ellie said, eyes narrowed.

"You were a hit, weren't you?"

"I was hit on by every guy in the place!"

"Options are always good," Sam said, "look put the dress on, look at yourself in the mirror, have a twirl and then make your decision. Okay?"

Ellie sighed. "Yes, okay, I'll do that."

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Aren't you going to try it on?"

"Not with you in the room," Ellie said, "you might be perfectly comfortable having your breasts out in front of me, and no, that wasn't an invitation. I on the other hand have a more refined character and like to do these sort of things in front of you."

"Spoil sport," Sam said.

"Puppy dog eyes won't help," Ellie said.

The doorbell interrupted their debate.

"That'll be Fluff," Ellie said, her voice taking on a sad sound as she thought about her sister.

"Clever dog," Sam said. "You try the dress on and I'll go and let the little fellow in, okay?"

"Fine," Ellie said.

Sam's own face fell at the lack of cheer in her roommate's words. She opened her mouth to throw another joke at her friend and then thought better of it. "Try the dress on," she said as she left the room.

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"Hi," Sam managed to say just before she was knocked over by a wall of fur. A huge pink tongue in front of two large brown eyes slapped its way across her cheeks, chin, forehead and neck while in the back ground a voice called out ineffectually.

"Fluff, get off her fluff. Come on, you stupid dog."

The dog lifted away slightly and Sam took the opportunity to roll to one side and get to her feet as quickly as she could.

"Sorry about that," the teenaged boy said, both of his hands wrapped around the big white, brown and black dog's collar. The thin muscles on his arms stood out as he strained to restrain the beast that probably outweighed him by thirty kilos or more. "I think I'm supposed to deliver ..." his voice stopped and his eyes widened.

For a moment, as she thought about denying any part in the doggy transfer, Sam didn't notice his hesitation. When she finally realised he'd stopped talking she realised that she was probably the cause. While her breasts were covered by the T-shirt bearing the logo of her brother's favourite football team, her stomach was still exposed and she supposed she should have put some trousers on rather than coming to the door in just her bikini undies. Sam put a brave face on the lad's discomfort.

"So this is Fluff?" she said, and then rapidly took a few paces backwards as the large animal made an attempt to get closer to her at the mention of his name. The dog's actions weren't aggressive just homicidally friendly. "I can see where she gets her name."

"He's a he," the boy said, recovering his voice somewhat only to discover a squeak.

"Oh, hard to tell under all that fluff," Sam said and then regretted it on two points. First the boy's cheeks pinkened at the thought of sexing a dog and second because the big dog once again responded to the sound of his name.

"There's a bag in the hallway," the boy said, "it's got his things in it. I think if you feed him he'll calm down a lot."

"Righty," Sam said, nodding her understanding. She ducked around the dog, which was already noticeably calming and jogged, half-naked into the hallway. A suit case sized bag sat by the door. With two hands and several abortive attempts, Sam lifted the big bag and staggered back into her apartment.

By the time she returned the boy had the dog sitting, while he patted his big head. Fluff panted happily as he looked around the apartment.

"The food's in the middle compartment," he said, indicating the bag. "Mum packed it with some help from Miss Cooper."

Sam blinked at the strange name before extrapolating the information to her roomy. "Oh, Merri," she said, "Merri Cooper."

The boy nodded.

Sam fished out a large tin of dog food and an equally huge metallic bowl. Fluff's tail beat a happy rhythm on the floor at the thought of food.

Smiling at the boy she headed to the kitchen, trying to reduce the amount of hip swing she normally put into her walk to keep the youngster's embarrassment to a minimum.

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"Okay I put the damn dress on, and it doesn't look too bad. Was that Fluff at the door? Oh my God!" the exclamation was followed by a whump as Ellie's slight frame succumbed to the friendliness of Fluff.

"Fluff, get off her fluff!" the boy shouted as he fought to restrain the huge canine.

Sam ran in from the kitchen, realised it was a mistake as the boy's gaze became locked on her chest. "I'll get the food," she called and dashed back into the kitchen as Ellie received her free dog wash.

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Chapter three

"Okay," Sam said, looking the boy in the eye while in the background Fluff pushed his bowl around the kitchen floor with his nose. His long, powerful tongue trying to extract the last bits of gravy from the metal surface. "Here's the deal ... Sorry, what's your name?" Sam asked. "I'm just picturing you in my head as boy."

"Jamie," the young man replied. "I'm Jamie."

Sam wiggled a little further along the sofa so that her bare thigh just lightly touched Jamie's denim clad leg. His whole body reacted to the contact. Sam smiled as his eyes dilated. Being attracted to women was one thing, not using the advantages being a woman gave was completely another. In the

chair on the other side of the small space set aside as a lounge Ellie looked worried and nervous.

"So Jamie," Sam said, letting the syllables of his name draw out a little as she spoke them, "here's the deal. Fifty bucks and viewing rights to my pornos, you are eighteen aren't you."

"Er," Jamie said, his mind lost in the small amount of physical contact between the two of them.

"Good," Sam carried on. "Now how can you say no to that? I mean it's just one evening." Slowly Sam drew a lock of her auburn hair from her face and flicked it away while at the same time blinking her eyelids slowly.

Jamie didn't stand a chance.

"Sure," he said, "I've just got to phone home, they're expecting me."

"Wonderful!" Sam bounced on the sofa. Jamie watched the parts of Sam that continued bouncing a little longer after she did. "Right! Come on Ellie-the-worrier, we're going to have out big night out after all! Young Joshie here will look after Fluff."

"Jamie," Jamie said, a little slowly as Sam's ass was now in front of his face and bouncing up and down as she tried to encourage Ellie out of her seat.

"That's right," Sam said, without bothering to turn around. Jamie just watched and occasionally remembered to close his mouth. "Some come on Miss Ellie, time to get ready and go, go, go!"

Without waiting for a response Sam reached down and took her roomy by the hands. With only a little effort the statuesque redhead hauled her much smaller friend from the chair and spun her towards the bedrooms. The short skirt bounced around Ellie's slender thighs and for a moment Jamie's attention was drawn away from Sam's bottom. The redhead celebrated her success at getting Ellie moving with a little victory dance which quickly recovered the young man's attention. With a final flounce Sam followed her friend in to the bedroom.

A sudden weight in his lap pulled Jamie's attentions reluctantly from Sam's bouncing bottom. He looked down to find Fluff's heavy head pressing on his very hard cock. Satisfied with a meal the big dog panted happily and drooled into Jamie's lap.

"Stop it!" the young man protested and pushed the dog's heavy head away. "I'll be making enough mess of my own down there."

Jamie rummaged through the bag and pulled a strip of rawhide from a plastic bag. "Here," he said, "this will make your breath better."

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## Chapter four

"How come you get to wear shorts?" Ellie asked as she very carefully levered herself from the taxi. She managed to keep her knees together in a very lady like fashion during the whole business.

"Hey, I'm wearing the same underwear as you are," Sam said, as she paid the beaming cabby. Rear vision mirrors had a lot going for them in his opinion.

"Yes and how you managed to talk me into a black thong when I'm wearing a dress this short ..." Ellie threw up her hands in exasperation.



"That was nothing," Sam said as the two young women joined the back of the queue waiting for the doors to the club to open. "Getting you out of them again that's the real challenge."

Ellie frowned at her roomy's cheeky grin. The petite, dark-haired girl narrowed her eyes in what she hoped was a threatening manner. The action produced no reaction in Sam.

"You can't blame a girl for trying," she said with a shrug and began to dance in place, waving her barely contained bottom around in the hotpants and lifting her arms above her head, flashing abs at anyone who cared to look.

Ellie just looked around.

"There are a lot of girls in this queue," she said.

"Yep," Sam replied, contorting her body like a snake as she moved to the imaginary music.

"A lot of very pretty girls," Ellie said.

"Yep," Sam said.

"Wearing some outrageous outfits."

"Yep."

"This is your pick up joint isn't it?"

"Ye ... No! There are boys here too," she indicated where a small group of males stood chatting part way down the queue. "Seriously," she continued, "most of the girls are place holding while the boys are parking their cars. Look here come some now."

Ellie looked and indeed a group of women were waving to an approaching group of men. "Plus, without the boys around there'd be no challenge," Sam said as she shimmied down.

"Hmmm," was Ellie's only reply.

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The club was crowded, the dance floor packed with gyrating young things, moving and grinding together to a beat that was almost oppressive in its intensity. Sam and Ellie were recovering at the bar after dancing hard, mostly with each other but occasionally incorporating another in the flow of their bodies. Male or female didn't seem to matter to Sam, she was prepared to rotate her behind against anyone. Slowly Ellie relaxed and forgot to be quite so careful in her motions. There were lots of disappointed admiring viewers when she left the dance floor.

"And another thing," Ellie said as the two young women leant up against the bar. "Thank you," she said, as Sam handed her a tall drink. She sipped the drink, "this is tasty," she slurred. "You know the best drinks, Sam. Merri never did."

"Merri wasn't good at picking drinks?" Sam asked, a little perplexed.

"Merri was always the special one," Ellie continued on as though she hadn't heard Sam's question. "I had to look after her, let her tag along with me. She'd always turn up when I was with a boy. I think she deliberately did it just to embarrass me."

"Bitch," Sam empathised.

"That's right!" Ellie said, "but could anyone else see that? No they could not. So it was always my fault. I was the one supposed to be looking after her. It didn't matter what I wanted, oh no."

"It's tough being the eldest," Sam said.

"Are you one?" Ellie fixed her friend with a wide-eyed, slightly unbalanced stare.

"You know I ... Oh! You mean am I an older sibling?"

Ellie nodded her head hard enough that some of her drink spilled over the side of the glass and dribbled on to her fingers. "Oopsie," she said, as she reached out her tongue and licked the splashes off her fingers.

Sam watched her friend's tongue like a hawk.

Oblivious to the stimulating nature of her last action Ellie looked back up at her friend. "Very nice drink," she said.

"Yes," Sam said, shaking herself out of the moment, "I'm the middle child in my family."

Ellie looked blank for a moment and then caught up. "That's why you're such a tart," she said.

"Thank you very much," Sam said, amused by the tipsy behaviour of her roommate.

"No offence," Ellie said, "I just mean you're looking for love in all directions at once."

"I see," Sam said.

"Nothing to ashamed of," Ellie said.

"Okay then."

"But it does lead to promiscuity ... risquity ... promishness..." Ellie looked into her friend's face.

"It's a hard word," Sam said, "how about we dance on the bar?"

"Now you're talking!" Ellie said.

Sam placed her hands on Ellie's hips and lifted the petite brunette up onto the bar, knocking over a couple of glasses as she did. A few faces turned her way to complain but Sam silenced them with a wink and athletically joined Ellie on the bar just as one set of beats finished and the next started.

For a time the girl's shimmied and shook together while the bar staff tolerated them for the mild amusement value they provided. But as the song changed to a slower rhythm Sam began dancing more closely to Ellie. She straddled her smaller friend's thigh and humped herself along the woman's smooth, firm leg, the fabric of her hotpants creating almost no resistance. Ellie placed her hands on Sam's shoulders, looking up into the redhead's eyes as she danced along with her. Sam held the petite brunette's eye contact for a while and then took one of Ellie's hands in hers. As part of the dance she moved that hand to rest it on the other shoulder. Both of Ellie's hands were now together and Sam held both her thin wrists in one hand, slowly she raised them both above Ellie's head.

Dancing now with her arms stretched up high, Sam being so much taller almost kept the brunette on

her toes, Ellie still kept time with the music, her hips continuing to move to the beat and her eyes closing as though she were in her own world. Sam's fingers tickled along the naked back of her friend and Ellie relaxed further into proceedings.

A group of several men and women were gathered close to the bar just below where the girls were dancing. Most had a terrific view up Ellie's short skirt to her silky black underwear. Several of the crowd were working their camera phones in video and still mode, some were already transmitting the results of their photography to their friends at other venues, just to let them know how much of a better time was being had where they were.

Sam reached the clasp at the top of Ellie's halter-top and dexterously unclipped it. She now held the top of the dress together between her fingers and as Ellie danced, Sam slowly allowed the material to slip between her fingers. The crowd in front of the bar grew quieter as they saw the top of Ellie's dress slowly fall away from her small breasts. At first Ellie didn't notice and continued to sway and groove while her nipples grew harder exposed to the club's air-conditioning. Then the crowd in front of her began to clap, the young woman opened her eyes and looked into a range of electronic recording devices. She flushed red immediately at the attention and then noticed her exposed chest.

At that moment Sam pulled her roomy's body into her own, her strong arm still holding Ellie's hands above her head so she couldn't cover herself.

"Sam!" Ellie started to complain and then Sam's other hand found it's target. Ruching up the front of Ellie's skirt, Sam's fingers had quickly circumnavigated the elastic of the brunette's panties and her fingers were now brushing, gently but firmly, over the embarrassed girl's clitoris.

The music changed once more and the growing crowd by the bar could clearly see the motion of Sam's fingers to the rhythm of the new song as they danced across Ellie's excited bud. Ellie tried once to shake her head and stop the feelings which were coursing through her body but, already aroused from the dance floor and with self control displaced by alcohol, her resistance was short lived.

Sam released the brunette's hands and they flopped down by her side allowing the tall red-head to bend down towards one of Ellie's small breasts. Ellie moaned as her nipple disappeared inside Sam's mouth, her friend's glossy red lipstick transferred to her boob. Constantly sucking, fingers not stopping, Sam drew her face away pulling Ellie's nipple away from her chest. Painful at other times as the action might have been, at this particular moment it was the last straw for Ellie.

The young woman's orgasm built rapidly and her body started to flutter. Sam held her tightly against her body feeling her friend's warmth and energy as her hips started to buck. Slowly at first and then faster as Sam's hand and mouth brought her off, on the bar, surrounded by a crowd of now avid cinematographers as they captured every pulsing movement and the short almost yelping like cries that said Ellie is orgasming.

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Chapter five

Sam stepped out of the taxi and then reached back in. Her round bottom, highlighted in the hot pants, wriggled around under the street light for a moment or two before she backed out. This time she half helped and half dragged Ellie along with her.

"That was fun!" Ellie squealed as Sam struggled to keep the petite brunette upright.

"Don't worry about the tip," the cabby said, as Sam moved around to the front window. "I've got some real keepsakes," he grinned as he held up his i-Phone.

"Enjoy," Sam said with a wink.

His eyes still firmly fixed on the two attractive young women the cab driver pulled out into the empty street.

"Cold boobies!" Ellie said, as she looked down at her chest. The halter top of the short dress still dangled around her waist.

"Oh, I hope you don't remember any of this tomorrow," Sam said. "Come on, time to get you into bed."

"No!" Ellie said, "you can't have your way with me! I'm a good girl."

"Your own bed, without me," Sam said. "One step at a time I think for my good little roomy."

"Look! No panties!" Ellie cried out to the world in general as she lifted her skirts and wagged her slim little ass at the same world.

"Two cocktails," Sam rolled her eyes, as she helped her friend to the door, "you are such a light weight, Ellie."

"Oh isn't that cute!" Ellie staggered out of Sam's grip and headed towards the sofa.

Fluff looked up at her with one eye and his tail beat a slow wag of greeting. Curled up with the huge dog on the sofa was Jamie. He was fast asleep. "Cute! Cute! Cute!" Ellie said kneeling down in front of the sofa and patting both males on the head. Jamie stirred a little in his sleep. "Photo! Get a photo, Sam!" Ellie said, giggling.

"All right, sweetie. A couple of photos and then to bed."

"Spoil sport," Ellie said, sticking out her bottom lip.

Sam took the photo.

"Put my cold boobies against warm Fluff," Ellie said, as she did so. Sam took another photo and then Ellie, shushing loudly, climbed on to the sofa and lay on top of the two males so that her nipples lightly brushed against the sleeping teen's face.

Sam took some more photos and then helped the reluctant Ellie off the sofa and into the bathroom.

Admiring her handy work in the bedroom Sam backed out straight into a furry mountain. She stumbled and only just managed to catch herself on the doorframe.

"Fluff!" she chastised, her voice a hiss as she tried to keep the volume down. She pushed the dog out of the way and closed the bedroom door. Halfway back down the hallway she stumbled again, her spike-heeled boots threatening to roll her ankle. This time Sam braced herself against the wall and rested there breathing deeply.

"That sixth Screaming Orgasm just catching up with me," she said, "better get these boots off and shower before I crash."

Wobbling unsteadily the tall redhead made her way down the corridor and into the bathroom. Following close behind Fluff stopped dead as Sam closed the door. The big dog whimpered at the closed door but Sam already had the shower running. Inside the bathroom Sam unzipped the thigh high boots, black matching the rest of her outfit, and slid them off her legs. She skinned the shorts down her thighs revealing a severe lack of underwear and completed her strip by slipping her top over her head.

"A night out with only two items of clothing and a pair of killer boots," Sam said, grinning to herself. "I am a girl who knows how to party." She finished her statement with a drunk little booty wiggle. "God," she giggled, "I'm a lot more drunk than I thought. I must take responsibility seriously, despite what Ellie thinks of middle children. Calling me a tart!" She gave the very small pile of clothing a very serious look. "A tart would never have chosen such seriously hot boots," she said as she stepped into the steaming shower, her pale bottom quickly blushing under the warm water to almost match the colour of her trimmed pubic hairs.

Twenty minutes later the bathroom door opened and a freshly showered, although still wobbly, Sam stepped out into the corridor. Her long hair was wrapped tightly in a large towel, the rest of her was slightly pink and naked. This time Fluff wasn't in the corridor waiting to trip her up and she made it as far as the kitchen without even bumping into the walls.

"Better have some water before bed," she said, as she opened the refrigerator door, the little light shone out on her perfect naked body. Her full breasts stood proudly out from her chest, her nipples, small little nubs on the surface, started to harden as the cool refrigerator air drifted out and around them. Her stomach showed the clear definitions of her hard work, flat before swelling out into beautiful curved hips. Finally she tapered away along muscular well toned thighs to her smooth, elegant calves.

She pulled out a bottle of water and carefully, with a great deal of concentration, she unscrewed the cap, held it in one hand and took a long swig from the bottle. She pulled the bottle away a little early and a stream of water poured over her breasts leaping off from the point where her, now hard, nipples pulled towards the sky.

"I'm so clumsy," she said and then giggled. She then promptly dropped the bottle lid. Dumbly she watched as it hit the floor, bounced, against all probability landed on its side and rolled under the fridge. Sam swayed in place for a moment and then looked down at the bottle.

"What are you looking at me for?" she asked, "why don't you go and get it?"

She continued to stare at the bottle. "All right! I'll get it," she said and carefully lowered herself to all fours in front of the fridge. She lay her head against the floor so her delicious rump pointed skyward, her cheeks spread slightly apart. "There you are!" she said, and reached under the fridge. "Got you, you pesky ... Oh!"

Sam froze in place, even her chest stopped rising and falling as she held her breath.

"Oh!" she gave out a breathy little squeak. She didn't move for a little while only occasionally making a little whimper from between her full lips.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she finally said, "I hope that's you Ellie. I mean don't take this the wrong way but I've turned plenty of girls before, it was only a matter of time really. Oh, oh, oh," she gasped, each oh slightly higher pitched than the preceding. "That's some tongue you've got, Ellie. I think I can

feel it all the way from my clit to my anus. What will you do if I open my legs a little more?" Breathing heavily Sam did so. "Oh yes," she groaned, "inside me. Wriggle that thick fucking mouth organ deep inside my hot steamy pussy. Oh! Fuck! You are very good at this, Ellie. If I didn't know better I'd think I wasn't your first. Oh yes! That's it nip my pussy lips with those sharp teeth of yours. Sooooo much tongue."

Sam rolled her hips around.

"You're face is so soft and furry ... Hang on a minute." Straining her neck as much as she could, Sam looked over her shoulder, the low light from the refrigerator allowed her to see the big brown, white and black bundle of fur with its head deeply buried between her legs.

"Fluff!" Sam's eyes flew open as she spoke, "but I'm not into boys. Uh ... Uhuh Uhuhuhuh. That's good. Oh that's so very good. Oh my! Oh fuck! Keep licking my cunt, puppy dog. Good boy, yes, good boy. Oh you're going to make me ..." Sam's final word ended in a high pitched squeal as the dog's powerful tongue brought the statuesque redhead to climax.

Sam squeaked intermittently for the next minute or so while Fluff continued to lick at the juices flowing from her satisfied pussy. Finally she felt his head pull away from her. "Oh that was so nice," she moaned. "You should rent yourself ... Oooof."

For a moment Sam's torso was pressed to the ground by a great furry body and she couldn't get a breath. By the time she regained her air it was too late. The big dog pinned Sam beneath him and something hard was pressing around the woman's vagina.

"No!" was the only word Sam managed to get out before she squealed once more as the large doggy cock penetrated her cunt.

Fluff stabbed forward again and again, pushing himself further inside the gorgeous woman with each hip movement. As he did so his cock spurted the lubrication it needed ahead of each new advance and grew a little longer and thicker with each pass through the woman's tight labia.

"Woof!" Sam lost her breath again, as an excited thrust filled her from behind. She tried to speak again but everything was lost amongst the vibrations of the big dog humping fiercely into her tight pussy. "Wh...Wh...Wh...Wh...Wh..." was about the limit of Sam's eloquence as Fuff hammered his long, hard, red cock straight through Sam's pussy lips, pressing along her vaginal walls to tapping the spurting tip against the wall of her cervix.

Fluff humped hard as his big knot bounced against the woman's tight pussy, but the young dog was too excited. All evening he'd been watching women, on all fours, presenting their asses. Usually the presentation was to another woman but that hadn't fooled Fluff at all. He knew what they really wanted and here he was fulfilling that want.

Caught up in the moment Sam came. To her surprise she continued to orgasm and it didn't stop. While Fluff humped away at her snatch Sam climaxed around his prick.

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## Chapter six

Cradling her head in her arms and shivering a little from orgasmic exhaustion and the cool air from the refrigerator, Sam slumped on the floor. The orbs of her buttocks pointed somewhere towards the ceiling and trickles of clear fluid ran down the inside of her thighs. Seemingly far away Sam could

hear Fluff snuffling and licking, as he reorganised his own sexual equipment. At this moment in time it was quite beyond Sam to do anything of the kind about her own.

The woman moaned softly into her arms and rolled her head a little from side to side, her breasts were flattened against the floor, as they had been through much of the time Fluff had made love to her. Sam gasped at the thought.

"Made love to, by a dog!" she said and laughed at herself. The laughter caused the sensation of movement within her sex but the up thrust of her behind, pussy open to the stars as it were, kept the bulk of Fluff's seed inside her vagina. Inside the woman doggy sperm were beginning their long and ultimately futile swim after being picked up by Sam's thrashing cervix as it repeatedly dipped into the male's cum as she orgasmed.

"I can't believe I came," she said, "Oh did I come." She sighed and wriggled for a moment and then lifted her head. "But what have I done," she said, looking for a confessor within the fridge. "Everyone always said I was a bad girl but this ... What am I going to do about this?"

Sam stayed quiet and motionless for a short while as she mulled the confused thoughts around in her brain. Sam wasn't a woman used to being confused, especially not by her own feelings and definitely not by sex. Finally she lifted her head, her eyes a little clearer as she made her rationalisation for everything that just happened.

"It was just sex," she said, "I mean how many girl's have I had one night stands with? Twelve," she answered herself. "Okay that's not so many but in the scale of things less than ten percent of my one night stands have been with males, coincidentally the same number that have taken place with non-humans. Only one thing for it, girl," she continued, "forget the whole thing happened and never repeat it again. That's it. This one nightstand was a one off occasion. I'd straddle a guy cowgirl style and whoop all the way to his ejaculation before I let this ever, ever happen again. I mean it wasn't as if it was really my fault. I was a little drunk and he took advantage of the situation. I wasn't to know that being on all fours naked in front of him would lead to this, who's ever heard of dogs just deciding to have sex with ... There has, of course always been a long history of leg humping but that's hardly the same thing, although why dogs ever developed that little ability has often made me wonder ... Oh My Lord! Merri! What have you been teaching Fluff? Ellie certainly doesn't know about it, that's for sure." She took a deep breath. "Okay then, it was once only and will never happen again. Yes, that sounds like a plan." Sam smiled to herself. "Oh," she said, "Oh no, oh no, oh, oh, oh." From behind the woman came the clear sounds of tongue meeting pussy as Fluff tasted his own cum as it leaked from the redheads tight snatch. "Stoooooooooop," Sam hissed, her voice barely audible, especially around her butt where Fluff's tongue was beginning to really get into his work.

Without conscious thought Sam began to circle her bottom around the dog's tongue as it slobbered across her clit, labia and anus. The big dog pushed his nose in further so that all at once his teeth were either side of the sensitive skin of Sam's pussy lips. Sam squealed into her hands as the dog nipped at her cunt but the slight fear and occasional sharp tooth on labia encounter she didn't move away from the canine attentions.

The big doggy tongue was suddenly inside the tight channel of her pussy slipping and sliding in and out, stimulating every inch of flesh it moved across until the tall redhead could only gasp and moan. All intelligent thought driven from her mind. Fluff seemed content with his current station in life and despite the odd growl and head shake as he tugged a little bit on Sam's now bright pink pussy lips, he didn't seem inclined to remove his attention from the woman's sex. With three sharp little yips and bucks of her hips the exhausted woman came again and Fluff lapped up every drop of girl fluid she produced.

And then Sam pushed her buttocks against the dog's face, rising them into the air again. The redhead's pussy opened almost widely enough for Fluff to insert his muzzle inside her but of course that wasn't Sam's intention. The big dog quickly worked out what was really being asked for here.

"Whoooof!" Sam's breath vanished from her body as the heavy beast landed on her back. Fortunately the dog was big enough that even with the tall girl's naked bottom pressed into the thin fur on his own belly he was tall enough that his front paws could easily touch the floor. His feet firmly planted either side of Sam's head, the big dog began bucking his hind quarters so that his growing member slid along the top of Sam's butt crack and across her lower back. spurts of lubricating cum kept the path he was following slick and the feeling was fully enjoyed by both parties.

Despite her best intentions Sam had only one thought in her mind at that moment. To get the length of red-hot meat growing from Fluff's sheath as far into her own pussy as she possibly could. To that end she adjusted her angle and braced as best she could.

The tip of Fluff's pulsing cock slid out from between her muscular bum cheeks and poked first against her little pink rosebud and then as she adjusted further to prod against her pussy. Feeling the warmth, the moisture and the tremble in the woman's legs the big dog knew exactly what to do and with one firm thrust forward he entered Sam once more.

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Chapter seven

"Sam! We seriously have to talk!"

Sam looked up from her piece of toast and the i-Pad in front of her, a slight guilty flush crossed her cheeks as she did so. On the floor beside the third floor apartments picture window Fluff lazily raised his head from where he lay flat out on his side in the warm sunshine. He didn't show a modicum of guilt. The colour faded quickly from Sam's eyes as she saw her roommate staring at her, pure malice in her deep brown eyes.

"You've done it again," Ellie said, striding over to where Sam sat in her silk robe at the breakfast bar, "you've used me as your Barbie doll."

"I just put you in your nightwear," Sam said, her voice innocent but a slight smile curling up the corners of her mouth.

"It's a baby doll!" the petite brunette yelled, "I can't believe you put me in a baby doll nightie!"

"It was in your draw ..." Sam began.

"It was hidden at the very bottom of my draw, under clothing I'd never be seen dead in. I mean look at it the whole thing is see through, even the panties, what little material they have is entirely transparent. When on Earth would you ever think I would wear this?"

"On our first night together," Sam arched an eyebrow as she spoke.

The brunette's eyes narrowed as she stared at her roommate and then her mouth opened in a round O. "You saw me naked!" she said. "You must have seen me naked to get me dressed up like this ..." she paused the shocked look on her face growing, "and not only did you see me naked but you touched my naked body! Did you take my panties off when we got home?"

"I can honestly say I did not take your panties off when we got home," Sam said, holding up three fingers in a scout salute.

"Are you saying I took them off myself?" Ellie sounded a little unsure of herself as she spoke.

Sam shrugged.

"Did I undress myself?" Ellie asked.

"You certainly helped," Sam said, her voice remaining neutral.

"There better not be any pictures!" Ellie said and spun on her heel heading back towards the bedroom.

Sam unlocked her iPod and looked down at the screen. "A bit late for that," she said, "it's almost as though people can't wait to post the pictures of whatever little thing happened right in front of their cameras." She used her finger to scroll down the page a little further. "Oh there's video footage too," she said happily.

Ellie's scream rang through the air, followed and accompanied by another, slightly deeper cry. From the floor Fluff raised his big head and gave a deep woof but otherwise remained completely unmoved as if he was used to this sort of thing going on all the time. Sam gave a little shudder and eyed the dog suspiciously.

"Did you make me feel like that on purpose?" she asked.

Fluff gave a deep throated whine and returned all his attention to lying in the sun.

Ellie ran out of the bedroom, her bouncing breasts clearly visible through the baby doll nightie, making Sam smile again. Immediately behind her followed Jamie. The young man looked slightly startled and wore a set of women's silk pyjamas, the top held in place with shoestring straps and the built in cups hanging a little strangely on his chest.

"My don't you look a couple?" Sam said.

Ellie took one look at Jamie, screamed again and then covered her breasts and crotch with her hands.

"He's wearing my pyjamas!" Ellie squealed.

"They look good on him," Sam said.

"I don't know how I got into them!" Jamie said. He pulled the top over his head. "look I'll take them off right now." He started to slide the pants off his hips and then stopped. "Er, maybe I'd better go back into the bedroom to take these off," he said, a blush forming on his cheeks.

"He was in my bedroom!" Ellie shouted. "In my bed!"

"Well I couldn't put him in mine I don't like boys," Sam said calmly, as she watched Jamie hurriedly make his way back into the bedroom.

"Why was he still here?" Ellie asked, her voice a little less high pitched now that Jamie had left the room.

"He was asleep with Fluff on the couch. I couldn't just leave him there, Fluff might have rolled on him."

"Argh!" Ellie threw her hand in the air. Sam found had an enjoyable time watching the brunette's

small breasts bounce beneath her nightie. "You can't use people as dress up dolls. We will seriously have to talk."

Sam nodded. "We do need to talk," Sam said, her face serious for the first time, "about Fluff."

Ellie confused for a moment looked to the big dog and then her own face fell. "I know," she said, "we're not supposed to have pets in the apartment but I can't get rid of him. I mean he's the only link I've got to Merri. I just can't put him in a dog's home or something."

"That's not quite what I want to talk about," Sam said. "Did Merri ever mention to you about getting Fluff some ... special training."

"She always said he was a good dog."

"I bet she did, I bet she did," Sam said grimly.

"It's here," Jamie said, lifting his head out from the bag that contained the necessities for Fluff. "I knew there was something in here that was a little strange." The young man popped the little plastic case open and drew out the disc that nestled inside.

"A DVD?" Ellie said.

"There's a note too," Jamie said, handing over the square of folded paper.

Ellie unfolded it and began to read. As she read her brow became increasingly furrowed. Halfway through scanning a line she stopped and lifted her head.

"If you don't mind," she said.

"No that's fine," Sam said, from over her left shoulder. "We can read it perfectly can't we Jamie."

"Perfectly," Jamie said, from over Ellie's right shoulder.

Ellie lowered the sheet of paper. "This is the last note from my little sister," she said, forcefully, "I would like to read it in private." She waited. "So go away!" she added more loudly.

"Well someone's little miss grumpy," Sam said.

"She was cute in that nightie though," Jamie said.

"You looked like the perfect couple," Sam commented.

"She's a bit old for me," Jamie said, "she must be at least ten years older than me."

"Eight at the most," Sam said, placing a reassuring hand on the young man's shoulder, "and these days that's nothing."

"I'm going to my room to read this," Ellie said. The brunette took one step forward and then stopped. "And neither of you two are to follow me."

"Fine," Sam said.

"Fine," Jamie added.

Without looking over her shoulder Ellie left the room.

"Is she always like that?" Jamie asked.

"She has her moments," Sam replied with a nod.

"Not that she's really got a reason to be upset," Jamie continued, "it's not as if she's the one that Fluff ... you know."

"I certainly do," Sam said.

There was a moment of slightly uncomfortable silence as Sam looked at the large sleeping dog while Jamie tried hard not to look at the tall redhead in the silk robe.

"She didn't specifically say we couldn't watch the DVD, did she?" Sam asked.

"Not that I recall," Jamie said, holding the disc up in his hand.

The two grinned at each other and headed for the TV.

"She says she has a special relationship with Fluff," Ellie said, her face looking a little confused. "You don't think she meant ..." she looked from Fluff to Sam and then back again.

"She did," Jamie said, nodding sympathetically.

"Oh," Ellie said, her head moving in time to the other's nod. "What," she stopped nodding.

"She talked quite a lot about it," Sam said.

"Apparently he's quite demanding," Jamie said, sneaking a glance at Fluff, "and she's worried that he'll get quite silly if he goes without for a length of time."

"What have you two done?" Ellie's voice reached a glass shattering pitch.

"We watched the DVD Merri made," Sam said, placing her hands on her hips and looking down on the smaller brunette. "And before you say another word Eleanor, remember you're not the one your sister's lover decided to get to know better while she was a little the worse for wear and totally unable to defend herself in any way shape or form." Sam stared at the other two daring them to suggest she might have been anyway complicit with the amorous events of the previous evening.

Ellie looked close to tears. "Oh God! I'm so sorry about that. My own sister's dog," she took a sobbing breath. "Can you ever forgive me?" Ellie plunged her weeping face into the silky material of Sam's gown.

"Yeah, sure, no problem," Sam said, as she hurriedly tried to save the fabric.

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## **Chapter eight**

"Mrs Savage, one hour," the educated female voice said and then the phone went dead.

Gwen Savage returned her mobile to her handbag. She opened the bag wider as her hand shook too much to fit the phone through a small opening.

"One hour," she said, "only one hour." The thirty something woman looked around her current location. Many women wearing trouser suits like hers, their hair bobbed, as was Gwen's blonde hair. Silk blouses lay beneath the suit jackets and everything about them screamed money and lots of it. Gwen's breathing grew deeper as she sought to calm herself.

"This won't do," she said, "this won't do at all." She spun on her heel and headed away from the front of the shop. Discrete signs indicated that she was heading in the direction of women's intimate apparel.

Fifty minutes later a cab pulled up in front of a non-descript building just outside the city's business district. The cabbie looked on in amusement and quite a lot of lust as a very different Gwen Savage climbed out of the cab. She lent in through the window, her lips brightly painted, eyes lined and emphasised. The front of the evening dress she wore gaped as she lent forward to pay the driver and displayed a handsome spread of cleavage. The expensive perfume drifted tastefully from Gwen's body and gently wafted around the cabby's head. The driver adjusted his seat a little to make way for the unexpected event in his trousers before driving away all the while checking back in the rear view mirror to examine the woman's trim legs, the skirt of her evening dress ending half way up her thigh with an even deeper slit on the left side. A slight squeal of brakes indicated the driver wasn't paying quite enough attention as he reached the corner.

Gwen watched until the cab turned the corner and then turned to the dark green door set in the side of the building. She rapped firmly on the door, her legs wobbling slightly at the unaccustomed height of her heels and the general tremble that ran over her whole body. The door opened a crack.

"Gwen Savage," Gwen said. The door opened a little wider and she slipped inside.

A man waited for her on the other side. He stood close to two meters tall and with the serious muscle of the chemical enhancer.

"Mrs Savage, you're right on time," he said, "follow me."

The man's powerful buttocks swayed below the man's narrow waist but Gwen only spared it one approving glance. She wasn't here for him. She wasn't so excited that she would have spilled more than she drank if anyone offered her a drink.

The corridor ran some distance inside the building but Gwen was almost unaware of the passage of rooms until the man stopped in front of her. He pressed some keys and the door to room number twenty seven swung open. Above the door a small flat screen glowed with her name, Gwen Savage, in green letters.

"Mrs Savage," the man said, stepping to one side.

Gwen stepped past him into the room. It contained a low double bed and a thick rug, but nothing else in way of furnishings. The walls were painted a pale lavender and several small cameras hung from the ceiling. The camera's sprang into life and moved to track Gwen as she entered the room.

"D eighty three will be released shortly," the man said.

Gwen turned to berate him but the door was already closed. "His name is Devil," she said, in a quiet controlled voice. "Devil," she breathed the name, feeling the thrill run down her spine. "Devil and

Gwen," she whispered.

A panel slid upwards on the far side of the room and almost immediately a great black beast bounded into the room.

"Devil!" Gwen exclaimed.

The lanky dog rushed to her, almost tripping on his too long legs in his efforts to get to Gwen.

Gwen bent her knees slightly and with some difficulty in those heels received the young dog's charge. For several minutes Devil was all legs, tongue and tail as he lavished his greetings on Gwen. Gwen likewise couldn't keep her trembling hands off the smooth fur of his flanks. When he licked her face she accepted his tongue into her mouth. Nipping playfully at it so that Devil withdrew, gave her an uncertain look before dancing back in for more affection.

Gwen drew the greetings to a close, gently she manoeuvred the bouncy dog on to the bed, using praise and stomach rubs in equal measure to ensure his cooperation. She stood away from the bed, face flushed, eyes fixed on Devils. The visual connection between them the only thing keeping Devil on the bed, when what he really wanted was to get closer to Gwen.

Gwen would have loved to remove the ridiculous shoes but knew that they liked such things and that if they liked her they would let her come back. So instead, swaying her body slightly as if she heard music, Gwen reached around and began to unzip her dress. She did it slowly and deliberately, shimmying her body, twisting down and then up until the zip reached the end of its tracks. She teasingly wiggled her finger in the dog's face as though admonishing him for his thoughts. Devil panted back happily.

Slowly Gwen slithered out of the brand new dress letting it slide off her tanned shoulders, over the curve of her prominent breasts, over the inward curve of her waist and the slight rise of her stomach, over the swell of her hips and down along her thighs. With a flourish she stepped out of the dress, her underwear deep red against her golden tan. Continuing her dance she opened the front clasp of her bra and flashed first one boob and then the other at the young dog. Beneath Devil's belly a protrusion of bright red began to appear from the black fur of his sheath.

"You are such a naughty boy," Gwen said approvingly, as she disposed of the bra. Her breasts curved a little downward from her chest. She shook them a little. Devil whined a little, perfectly aware of what was to come. Almost too quickly Gwen skimmed down the red panties and kicked them away before striding provocatively towards the black dog.

She dropped to the bed in front of Devil and, on all fours crawled between his front legs. She planted a kiss on the soft fur at the top of his deep chest and carried it down past his ribs to his lightly furred belly and onwards. The dog's emerging erection bounced against Gwen's chin and she opened her mouth and licked around the pointy red knob. Devil stopped all motion as though he were holding his breath but his cock continued to emerge from his sheath growing thicker as it did so.

Gwen circled the engorged member with her tongue, her body trembling as she sought to suppress her lust for just a little longer. She tasted him on her tongue, collected the first squirt of what would be almost continuous doggy cum and swirled it around her mouth. At that point Gwen gave in. With a sigh that said all is right with the world, she encircled the still growing shaft with her lips and drew him into her mouth.

Devil struggled to stay still while the beautiful woman's short blonde hair tickled his stomach as her head bobbed slightly up and down as she blew his member. Gwen reached further under the black

dog, her fingers finding the soft surface of the dog's large balls. Gently she ran her fingers over them, tickling and stroking until Devil could contain himself no longer. He jumped up, his now large penis hanging beneath his belly glistening wetly and dripping doggy cum on to the bed's sheet.

Gwen giggled as she rolled over beneath her furry lover, reaching up with both hands she grasped its slick surface and stroked and teased it bringing more of its impressive length from the silky sheath. Doggy cum dripped onto her glossy lips and trickled inside her mouth. She used her tongue to draw in those droplets that refused to run down of their own volition.

Captured by his cock Devil danced nervously above the beautiful blonde. As his prick was stroked by Gwen's oh so gentle hands, his heavy knot pushed its way from the sheath and throbbed deeply as Gwen engulfed it in her fingers.

"Oh you are so ready, baby," Gwen said. Gently she crawled out from beneath the black beast and rolled onto her elbows and knees. Gwen's naked bottom, framed by her red suspenders and black stockings, swayed invitingly in front of Devil's panting face.

The dog plunged his pointed snout in between Gwen's ass cheeks.

"Oh, my, yes," the woman breathed, as the hot and wet tongue began to slobber along her butt crack. The thick heavy tongue slid from her tight rose bud down to her parted cunt lips. Devil gobbled up the woman's juices as they gathered inside her pussy and then sent his tongue inside exploring for more. Gwen wriggled back against the tongue and nose, taking the first inch or so of the dog's muzzle inside her body. Literally face fucked, Gwen's eyes closed and her mouth fell open, as the stimulated parts of her body took over.

"Oh do me doggy, do me," she murmured in a low voice that was never-the-less picked up by the sensitive microphones attached to the room's cameras. "Fuck yeah! Oh Yeah!" Gwen moaned and the stimulation became too much for her. The blonde came with the dog's snout inside her. Devil's tongue scoured her vagina deeply as he mopped up the orgasmic juices flowing from her sex. Gwen quivered, her large breasts constantly moving as she shivered against the mattress. Gasping for breath the woman wanted to collapse her body down on to the couch but the thoughts of the huge, still untapped, potential that lay in the dog's monstrous member kept her bum pointing at the ceiling despite the wobble in her legs.

All at once, with the speed only dog's could muster, Devil was at once away from her and then back. His furry mass colliding with her back, his front paws sliding down the sides of her large tits as they found the bed on either side of her shoulders. Devil was a young dog but he was no novice at the art of fucking women and this woman in particular. He thrust forwards only three times before he found the woman's moist, gasping hole. The thick doggy cock sank inside Gwen's pussy causing a yelp of pleasure and shock to escape her lips. The sound did nothing to put Devil off, he was inside his bitch now but he wanted further inside. Hunching desperately he bounced his loins forward, driving his cock a little further inside his woman each time.

Beneath him Gwen alternately squealed and buried her head against the springy mattress. Slowly her vagina began to accommodate the dog's side but he kept getting larger and larger as more cock came out of the sheath. Eventually Gwen could only grunt and take it, waiting for that moment when the size would make all the difference and the discomfort would become pleasure and the masculinity of the beast above her would take her completely away.

When the dog's great knot crashed into her stretched pussy lips Gwen moaned, "Oh Devil," but tilted her hips to a slightly better angle anyway, realising that her own pleasure now relied completely on

her canine lover's own. Each time the knot battered her labia her throbbing clit was mashed against her pelvis and fire like pleasure began to grow within her loins.

Devil knew what he was doing and what he wanted. He's taken this woman before and knew she could accommodate his complete erection. The stretched elasticity of her pussy squeezed the top of his knot and he knew he was about to break through.

Gwen opened her mouth but no sound came out as the great ball of flesh stretched her wide, drew her clit inwards and then popped inside. Devil continued to hump into his beautiful lover, his muzzle lay along her cheek, her soft blonde hair falling over part of his face as the low growl of sexual pleasure began to build from his throat.

Gwen was entirely surrounded by the black beast, he was literally all around her, his hot body pushing on her from outside and in. She felt his weight on her back and his size in her cunt as he thrust harder and deeper, deeper and harder and faster and ... Gwen lost her thoughts. The second orgasm of the fuck session exploded inside her. The muscles of her pussy squeezed down around Devil's red tool and knot. The big dog managed a few more thrusts before the tightness of human vagina became too much for him and his own satisfaction arrived.

Still tied together ten minutes later Gwen and Devil lay ass to ass on the bed. With one hand the woman fondled the dog's black, furry thighs, while the other remained buried between her own legs as she enjoyed the continuous hardness of her lover's prick and knot. The ringing of her phone surprised them both and Gwen had to act quickly to stop the big dog jumping off the bed and dragging her with him.

Scrabbling through her bag by the side of the bed, Gwen pulled out her phone.

"Hello," she said, "Oh hi, honey ... No, no I'm just a little caught up at the moment ... yes that's right sweetie a girlfriend needed my help ... what can I say I'm a special kind of helpful person ... Yes, I'll be home soon ... Oh less than an hour so I'll still have time to do your hair like I said I would ... That's okay. You tell Daddy that I said you can have that for diner, just this once, okay? ... Yes, that's fine ... Tell Daddy that I love him too and I love you and Bonnie ... Yes and I love your mice too ... Okay, see you soon." She hung up and returned the phone to her bag. Gwen turned her head to look Devil in his deep brown eyes. "Families," she said, "I'm afraid I'm going to have to love you and leave you. Or rather you'll have to leave me." She glanced nervously at where their two bodies joined. She took a deep breath. "Okay, maybe if we do it really slowly ... Devil ... Devil what are you doing? Devil don't get up no, no. Don't jump off the ..." Gwen screamed into the room.

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Chapter nine

The tall dark haired woman pulled the black leather jacket over the top of her black silk blouse so that the hem of the jacket hung just below the top of her short black skirt and shone in the room's light in the same way as her thigh high leather boots did. She watched the large monitor in the centre of the room. On its crystal clear screen Gwen Savage dressed. She moved a little gingerly, not surprising considering the size of the knot that the dog she called Devil was even now still nursing back into his body. Despite the slightly rueful nature of Mrs Savages glances at the black dog it was clear there was a lot of affection there.

"Mrs Savage," the brunette with her hair pulled into a long tight pony tail said, her tone neutral indicating the completion of an objective report, "is displaying all the signs of an amorous attachment to the canine known as D eighty three. This is the sixth time D eighty-three has mated

with the woman and the ninth time they have been together sexually. Their first meeting was only," she consulted her notes, "eleven meetings ago. Mrs Savage was given only an hour to interrupt her day for this particular session. She arrived promptly without even reorganising her family commitments. Her meetings with D eighty-three are clearly her number one priority. End record."

She then turned to face the two men in the room. One of the men was the tall man in black who originally escorted Gwen inside. It was to him the woman spoke.

"Make sure she leaves completely, Marcus. And that D eighty-three stays here. She's becoming very attached."

The man nodded, cast a little glance at the other man in the room, smaller and wearing a grey suit with a red tie. Giving the clear indication that this second man wasn't worth his time Marcus left to escort Gwen out of the building.

"There's word on D fifty-three," the man said, as soon as the door was closed, "you remember D fifty-three we hooked that one up with the girl you found in the S and M club."

"Are you trying to assign blame here Iain?" she asked.

"Just reminding you of the facts Ms D," he said, "anyhow we think we've had a positive sighting. Being taken for a walk in the park of all things."

"Show me," Ms D said, and turned back to the screen.

Iain leant forward and flicked a switch on the display controls. Mrs Savage disappeared and a new picture resolved. A young man, holding the leash high to keep a big black, white and brown dog under control held the centre of the image. Around him were a small gang of teenage girls. They were without exception patting and cooing over the dog. The young man was smiling broadly at his second hand popularity.

"Damn!" Ms D smacked her hand loudly into the leather of the thigh highs. The noise was enough to make Iain jump.

"I thought the bitch would have him secured away for her exclusive attention in whatever little hovel she was calling home. How the hell has D fifty-three been allowed out in public?"

"I er ... don't know," Iain said. "We were following up the girl but she seems to have disappeared off the face."

"Who's the boy?"

"Neighbour," Iain said, "Jamie something or other, the details are on record."

"So the dog's here," Ms D asked.

"Sorry, no," Iain said, "the boy's disappeared too. His mother says he phoned up and said he'd be staying with friends for a week."

"That's it?"

"So far, but we're still investigating."

"You need to find D fifty-three Iain. If that dog gets too friendly with too many people then our

secrets out and that's fifty million in government funds down the toilet. If that dog gets his rocks off with too many women then this whole project is over. You need to contain this Iain. Do I make myself clear?" Ms D turned and fixed her dark eyed gaze on the man.

"I know my job," he said, in a small show of bravado.

"I only ask that you do it," Ms D said, rising an eyebrow archly. She then turned to face the screen once more.

Iain waited uncomfortably for a moment but receiving nothing else from the tall woman he fumbled with the door handle and left the room. Ms D stared hard at the screen. "I'm going to get you, D fifty-three, you and you're little boy too."

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## Chapter 10

"He gets a little frisky," Jamie said and then immediately looked down at his feet.

"What do you mean frisky?" Ellie asked, leaning forward and inadvertently showing the young man the small amount of cleavage available to her. "Does he jump on people, chase bikes, bark too much, get too interested in other dogs?"

"Er," Jamie said, as he shook away the direction of being able to see right down Ellie's top. "No, none of those things just, you know, frisky."

"Why don't you start at the top," Sam said from the kitchen. In front of her were three bowls of peeled vegetables and she was peeling more.

"Okay," Jamie said, "so I took the big boy for a walk like you asked and ..."

"Hang on a minute, the big boy? What's with the big boy?" Ellie interrupted.

"That's just what I call him," Jamie said. "You know, c'mere big boy and stuff like that."

"Is this your dog to name?" Ellie asked, leaning forward and causing Jamie to lose concentration again. "The dog belongs to my sister and has a perfectly good name."

"Yeah but ..."

"You'll confuse Fluff," Ellie said, "no I wasn't talking to you, go back to sleep."

The big dog promptly allowed his head to flop back to the floor in the sunny patch he'd claimed as his own. "And another thing," Ellie swung back to Jamie, "why are you still here. I mean you don't live here. Why are you still here? Why is he still here, Sam."

"Would you like a paper bag?" Sam asked as she peeled a pumpkin. "You're getting a little shrill, sweetie."

"I have every right to get shrill!" Ellie shrilled and jumped up out of her chair. Jamie jumped up with her, his eyes locked to a certain spot and dragging his body with them. Fluff looked up disapprovingly. "My sister has left us with this problem. Everyday! Everyday, she said on the video. My own sister."

"Ellie, eat an apple," Sam said, pitching the said fruit perfectly into one of Ellie's upraised hands. "Jamie tell us about frisky."

"Well," Jamie began, "at first it was fun taking the big boy," he looked pointedly at Ellie, but she seemed to be much more involved in eviscerating the apple than anything Jamie said. "I mean he's a chick magnet. I mean you can keep your sports cars, the big boy does the job. So I'm walking him in the park and all these girls are coming up to pat him and say how gorgeous he is and to ask me about him. So I'm getting all this attention and the big boy's getting all this attention and we're reacting in pretty similar ways only mine's hidden in my pants."

"You mean he got sexually excited from being patted by girls," Ellie asked, her voice slightly muffled by her savaging of the apple.

"Totally," Jamie nodded, "not only that but he's more forward than me."

"More forward?" Sam asked, as she washed the knife and looked for another vegetable.

"He knocks the girls over and jumps on their backs," Jamie said, his words tumbling out quickly and his expression showing relief that it was over with.

"He tries to fuck them?" Sam asked, opening a tin of peas.

"A little," Sam answered, "but mostly he just jumps off with that stupid happy dog look on his face. The girls seemed to think it was fun too. At least none of them slapped him or called him a bad dog. I think a few of them reached underneath and gave him a little rub."

"A little rub!" Ellie mopped up the sprayed apple with a tissue bending down and once again gaining Jamie's full attention.

"Eyes front and centre, trooper," Sam snapped Jamie's attention back to his report.

"Uh, yeah," he said, "they rubbed themselves up against him too. You know, like girl's do when they like a guy ... or girl," he added with a nod in Sam's direction.

"Did you get any of the action?" Sam asked, turning away from the vegetables for the first time in the conversation.

"A little," Jamie said with a grin.

"I bags first walk tomorrow," Sam called out.

"That's not fair!"

"And that's after he had some sex last night," Ellie brought the conversation to more important matters.

"A lot of sex," Sam said.

"Okay, a lot of sex. Even after that he's still getting a major hard on for any girl who comes near. What do you think happens after a couple of days? Does any one have any ideas? Sam? Jamie?" she looked at the young man again. "Oh for heaven's sake snap out of it."

"It happened when I mentioned lots of sex with Fluff," Sam said, looking at the young man who's brain appeared to have shut down. "Show him your cleavage, that's had him distracted for the last

hour or so.”

“What!” Ellie squealed and pressed her hands across her chest.

“Well you will wear that shirt when there are impressionable young minds around.”

“He’s been looking at my décolletage?”

“Pretty amazing isn’t it.”

“That’s not what I meant. He’s got to be ten years younger than me.”

“Eight at the most,” Sam said, “now just show him your chest and kick start his mind again.”

Ellie gave her roommate a dirty look but did as asked.

“Prostitute,” Jamie said. He said ouch shortly after as the flat of Ellie’s palm rapidly connected with his face. “I didn’t mean you,” he said holding his cheek. “Or you,” he quickly told Sam as he backed away. “I just think that’s the answer to our problems. I mean they get paid to have sex. It would at least give us some time to sort things out.”

“That’s a ...” Ellie began aggressively.

“A pretty good idea,” Sam completed.

“Okay,” Ellie said taking a deep breath, “but how much do they charge.

“About a couple of hundred dollars a night,” Jamie and Sam answered in unison.

You might notice I have no idea what prostitutes charge.

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Chapter 11

“So that’s the name you use?” Ellie asked, her voice sounding a little on edge.

“Yeah!” the young woman in the hot pants and crop top facing her said. “It’s good, right? I mean classy and playful all at the same time.”

“Yes ...” Ellie said, letting the word out slowly. “Just how old are you?”

Sam grabbed Ellie by the arm and swung them away from the barely dressed young woman.

“What is the matter with you, Ellie?” she asked, “what’s this fetish you’ve got about people’s ages?”

“I was just making sure.”

“How sure do you need to be Ellie? We found her card in a phone box down by the cheap motel. She’s a professional, we should treat her as such.”

“I’m just ...” Ellie began, but the scantily clad young woman interrupted.

“So who am I partnering up with? Petite brunette or firey big boobs?” the young woman asked.

“Look Chastity,” Ellie said, only wincing slightly at the young woman’s name.

"Don't worry," the young woman said, "I've been doing this for three months now and I've heard it all." She held her hand out in front of her and then curled her fingers and thumb in slowly to make a fist. "See I've got nice small hands and I always carry lube with me, so which ever way's fine with me."

"It's just," Ellie started again.

"If it's the stacked amazon here," the young woman continued glibly over Ellie, "I might just have to use both hands at the same time."

"Oh," Sam said, "I ..."

This time Ellie swung Sam away by the arm.

"I'm feeling really uncomfortable with this," she hissed.

"If it's the boy with his eyes closed trying not to look at me, well honey I've got three holes and all of them are just panting for you."

Jamie did what he'd been doing ever since they'd picked up the prostitute, and whimpered.

"She's so innocent," Ellie said.

"Are we still talking about Chastity?" Sam asked.

"What are we going to do?" Ellie whined.

"We're going to tell her that we're going to pay her money to have sex with Fluff."

"She'll be shocked."

"She's a prostitute, she's seen it all and was probably doing most of it at the time."

"She's probably ten years younger than me."

"Eight at the most."

"How do you ask someone to have sex with your dog?"

"I don't know," Sam said, "that's your job."

"What!"

"Well it is your dog."

"It's my sisters dog."

"And you're in charge of him."

"Guys."

The two women looked at Jamie. His eyes were mostly screwed closed but he was obviously squinting through them.

"I don't think we need to worry," he said.

"Why do you say that?" Ellie asked.

"Just look," he nodded towards the other side of the room.

Fluff was on his feet, Chastity was on her knees beside the large dog, her hand was stroking along his flank and heading slowly downwards. Her face was close to the dogs and it took a minute for the two other women to realise that she had Fluff's long tongue drawn into her mouth and was thoroughly frenching him.

"Is ..." Ellie began.

"Yes," Sam said.

"God she's hot," Jamie said, and then covered his mouth as if just realising he spoke aloud. The other two ignored him.

"What's she stroking?" Ellie asked.

"Keep watching," Sam said.

"Oh, that's very red, and shiny. Was that inside him?" Ellie asked.

A breathy "Uhuh," was all that Sam managed.

"She's stroking it with her hand. Is it squirting? Is he cumming already? No he can't be he's getting bigger. Or is that just more of him coming into view?"

Nobody answered Ellie's commentary.

"It's still growing. My God it's huge. Did you have that inside you, Sam? That whole slippery length inside your female body?"

Sam didn't answer.

"Is she going to ... She is! She's going to kiss it. Oh yeah kiss that dog dick." Ellie gasped at her own language but continued to talk. "She's licking it, yes, lick it. How does he taste? How does my big Fluff's cock taste, Chastity? Oh! She took it into her mouth. Well some of it, he's too big for her to get it all in. No, I'm wrong. I can ... I can see his cock in her throat. Sam, why is your hand up my skirt?"

Sam didn't answer and Ellie's attention was soon returned to the action on the floor.

"What on Earth's that? Where did that come from? It couldn't have been inside Fluff all the time. Oh that's it Chastity wrap your hands around it. Make him bigger and bigger. Ooooh, she's let him out of her mouth. My he's gotten bigger. Oh yeah keep stroking it Chastity, keep rubbing your hands along that big shiny shaft. That's it take those tarty shorts off." Ellie paused momentarily. "She wasn't wearing any underwear. Oh she's on her hands and knees now. Oh yeah, you hot bitch wiggle that tight ass of yours. That's it Fluff taste her. Sam what are you ...? He's jumped on her. Oh can see his dick. He's ... It's in her. Oh he's fucking her. Fluff's got that big hard doggy cock jammed in the girl's tight pussy. I ... I ... Ooooooooooooooh!" Ellie came.

Fluff rutted his cock into the young woman's pussy, his weight bending her forward and knocking her away each time so that he was pursuing his lover across the floor. His sensitive nose caught the smell of sex from all directions. His enlarged knot slammed against the young woman's thighs and

buttocks, each time bumping her away from his advances so that there was no chance of driving the hardest part of his throbbing organ inside his new lover.

Chastity no longer tried to engage the big dog in his kiss. Her head hung down, her hair falling over her face swishing forward and backward with the rhythm of the dominant dog mounting her young body. Beneath her loose tops her breasts swayed in increasing time as her huge lover picked up his pace, so that something hard and large slammed against her pussy, spreading her pussy lips wide but not able to press in any further. Her clit trembled eagerly as each thrust of the dog's hips brought Chastity closer and closer to her own release. The initial trickle of glistening dog cum on her thighs was now a flood that streamed from her stretched vagina. She groaned and moaned, grunted and cried out as the ever increasing length of the dog's dick seemed to press her pussy to new accommodating lengths.

Her legs no longer supporting her body, Chastity seemed to be held in place solely by the long shaft of dog cock that speared her sex. With a gasp that became scream, the young prostitute lost her control and, cunt contracting around the tight fitting massive organ she came. The young woman's body beneath Fluff's furry underbelly flopped. Her cuntal-contractions squeezing the hard length of his cock to the point where the dog reached his own point of maximum pleasure. With one final thrust that brought yet another cry from the prostitute lips, Fluff locked himself into position, shuddering in place slightly, and felt the pulses of his body of cum spurting along the length of his cock to erupt out, hot and tingling, into Chastity's flexing sex.

Panting heavily Ellie collapsed into Sam's supporting arms as she convulsed under the last ripples of her own orgasm. Through blurry eyes she looked to the side. Jamie, now oblivious of all but the fucking girl and dog, had his cock in his hand and was masturbating blindly, his eyes fixed on Chastity's bucking body, and the wave of doggy cum that poured from her pounded pussy. She blinked her eyes and took a closer look then closed her eyes once more and let herself hang in Sam's strong arms. It took about one minute for her to come to her senses, Chastity was still impaled on Fluff's erection, Jamie still had his dick in his hand, and one of Sam's hands was still inside Ellie's panties.

She tried to pull herself away, but Sam kept her arms around the smaller brunette.

"What's your hurry, sweetie," the tall redhead asked.

"You're not supposed to do that," Ellie panted, her breath still not recaptured after the orgasm. "I'm not a lesbian."

"I know," Sam whispered back in her ear, "you tell me so often enough. You seemed to enjoy my attentions though."

"I wasn't ... I didn't ... I wasn't ... It was Fluff."

"Everybody always blames the dog. That's two you owe me, sweetie."

"Two?" Ellie asked, her brow furrowing in confusion as she tugged Sam's hand from her pants.

"Oops," Sam said, raising her eyebrows suggestively.

"I was caught up in the moment," Ellie said, shaking herself away from Sam's now relaxed grasp, "I've never seen a girl and a dog before. It caught me by surprise. He's very forceful isn't he?"

"Sure you weren't watching the girl?"

"Well she was involved."

"Hmmm," Sam said.

"I like boys," Ellie said. "Did you notice Jamie? I did. I saw his willy."

"His what?"

"I like ... willies. Jamie's has to be ten inches."

"Eight at the most," Sam said with a smile.

"Ugh!" Jamie groaned and a great spurt of seminal fluid arced across the room to land with a wet thud on the carpet a meter or so in front of him.

"He's cleaning that up himself," Sam said.

With a similar sound to Jamie's cum Chastity collapsed to the floor beneath Fluff, his slowly shrinking knob slipping out as she fell to lie sprawled on the floor. After a few post-coitus licks for his lover, Fluff took a great huff full of air and then, treading carefully, made his way to the sliver of sunshine coming in through the window and once more collapsed into it.

Chastity lifted her head and looked around. "No doggy?" she asked, her voice a little girl's plaintive pout. Jamie sank to his knees on the carpet, his semi-erect dick flopping part way down his thighs as he breathed deeply. His cheeks turned red as he looked to the side to see Sam and Ellie looking at him.

"I ..." he began.

"Tell me again why he's still here?" Ellie asked. "He was supposed to drop off Fluff and the bag of stuff and leave. He was an errand boy, yet he spends the night, in my bed if you don't mind and he's still here now."

"Ignore her, she's covering up," Sam said.

Ellie rounded on her flat mate.

"And as for you, I don't like you touching me," she said, her tone waspish.

"Yes you did," Sam corrected her, "you liked it very much. You went all juddery and jelly like."

"That's not what I meant. I don't like it after the event."

"Oh," said Sam, "so you're happy for it to happen but you'd just like to forget about it afterwards."

"That's not ... you're twisting what I said," Ellie tried hard to keep her tone rational.

"I don't remember you saying 'no, stop, don't, Sam, I don't want a shuddering orgasm while I watch this young woman get fucked senseless by our big dog."

Jamie moaned. His cock was at half-mast. He tried to tuck it back through his fly but it sprang out readily.

"Oh! Don't put it away," Chastity called out as she crawled across the carpet towards him. "I'm feeling all peculiar inside, sort of tingly and fluttery." She reached Jamie who could only stare at her.

"Lie down," she instructed as she pushed him backwards. Awkwardly he fell on to his back, his semi-erection bouncing with the movement.

Chastity crawled over the young man and looked down at his face. "I need you," she said, "I need you to eat my pussy. You have to be a good boy and eat all the doggy cum out of my pussy because that naughty boy filled me up and there isn't any room for you until you've eaten me out."

With that she completed her journey over his firm compact body and brought her dripping cunt over his lips. Fluff's cum splattered down from her pussy on to his lips. He stuck out his tongue and tasted the white spunk. Before he could decide whether he liked it or not Chastity lowered her bottom and gave him a solid lip to lip kiss as her wet labia ground up against his mouth.

"We're not paying for that," Ellie said.

"Oh for goodness sake!" Sam said. She watched over Ellie's shoulder as Chastity rotated her hips over the young man's face, her head was thrown back with whatever Jamie was doing with his mouth and tongue to the prostitute's private parts. "Sometimes I wonder why I bother with you." Sam threw her arms up in despair.

Ellie turned around, her eyes a little moist. "You don't mean that do you?"

"Oh yeah use that tongue, boy!" Chastity moaned as she rode Jamie's face. Fluff's cum trickled across his cheeks and down his chin as he did a thorough job of eating out the young woman's pussy. The young woman rotated her hips grinding her pussy into Jamie's mouth, mashing her clitoris against his teeth. She grasped her smooth thighs for support while her upper body trembled. "Eat that cunt, boy!" she ordered. "Eat that cunt." Her tight buttocks vibrated with the pent up stresses trembling through her body as the prostitute approached her orgasm. She panted, almost dog like, dragging in great gulps of air to fuel the surging orgasm building in her loins.

Jamie's dick stood proudly regenerated as a full erection throbbing proudly from the fly of his jeans. His hands, pinned beneath Chastity's knees, twitched with the desire to touch her, to touch his cock, to touch any skin but the young woman pressing him into the floor wasn't about to move.

"Oh fuck," she gargled, "oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck." Chastity's head flicked backwards, arching her whole body as her stomach heaved with the powerful forces moving within her. Then, with a strangled cry, her head flicked forwards, blonde hair cascading around her thin face and blocking it from view. For almost a minute she vibrated in place, making no noise and hardly breathing. A groan followed and then the young woman collapsed sideways off Jamie's face to lie, fluttering slightly on the floor.

"I think she's earned her money," Sam stepped forward, "if she stays here any longer we're going to have to pay her more. Those little hands are looking very tempting."

"Really?" Ellie asked following her flatmate forward to stand next to Chastity's half naked body. "You'd let her put her ... hands in your ... places."

"Yes!" Sam rounded on Ellie her eyes glowing green. "I would let that little prostitute fuck her fists inside me. No, I'd fucking beg her to do it, and I wouldn't care which hole she was using."

Ellie stepped back. "What have I done to upset you?"

Sam's eyes narrowed. "You really don't know, do you?" She shook her head. "Sometimes," she said, "sometimes I could just ..."

Chastity groaned.

"She's waking up," Sam said. "Grab those hot pants, let's get her dressed, paid and in a cab before I regret something."

Wisely keeping silent Ellie dashed over to the other side of the room and bent down to pick up Chastity's bright red hot pants. She did so gingerly, two fingers only and was about to straighten up to return when she felt something cold press into her crotch. She jumped forward, straightened up and turned around. "Fluff," she said, her cheeks reddening, "I think you've had enough. You're not thinking about me in that way I hope?"

Fluff panted happily back at Ellie, his tail wagging forcefully behind his body. He took a step forward. Ellie's cheeks deepened their colour as she took a backwards step. Fluff followed her forcing Ellie to back away further until her pert little bottom bumped into the wall. Fluff didn't stop advancing until his cool nose lifted the front of her skirt and pushed against the young woman's black panties. "Sam!" Ellie squeaked.

"Will you hurry up with those hot pants," Sam called out without looking around as she helped the slightly lost Chastity to her feet, "we need to get her out of here now."

"Okay," Ellie swallowed hard, she tried to push past Fluff's big head but that just increased the contact between her groin and his nose so she stopped quickly. She lifted her toned leg up and just managed to clear the large dog's head. While she was doing this her legs were apart and the horny dog made the most of this access by tonguing her thoroughly across her tanned thighs and the crotch of her panties.

"Oh help!" Ellie said as she landed awkwardly and then quickly dashed across to Sam, handing her the hot pants and then immediately hiding behind her friend.

"What's the matter with you?" Sam asked, her voice snappish.

"Oh nothing," Ellie's voice squeaked from behind her tight pressed lips.

Sam thrust the hot pants back into Ellie's hands. "Here," she said, "Get these on her while I hold her up."

Ellie, her eyes fixed on Fluff who had now perversely gone back to lying in the sun, struggled to get the shiny red material over the prostitute's ridiculous heels. Chastity's limbs felt limp and totally unable to support even such a slight young woman. But with Sam scowling down at her Ellie managed to get them up Chastity's calves and then past her knees and up the girl's thighs. Clear liquid trickled down her inner thighs and Ellie tried to close her eyes to it while at the same time stretching the material over her slim hips.

"Finally," Sam rolled her eyes extravagantly. "Now you phone a taxi and I'll get her downstairs. Did you hear me, Ellie?"

"Yes," Ellie said, hearing the tremble in her own voice.

"Let's just hope I don't meet anyone in the lifts," Sam said, as she half helped, half dragged the young prostitute to the door.

"What took so long?" Ellie asked.

"Well the taxi didn't take long to get there but the blowjob slowed us down." Sam closed the door

behind her and looked down to admire the carpet. "You've done a good job getting that clean."

"Yes, well it shouldn't have been my job. What blowjob?"

"The driver insisted," Sam said. "Apparently it's what he charges all prostitutes. Says he finds it works better that way all around and there's no tax involved."

"He must have lasted a long time."

"No, couple of minutes," Sam said, "the difficulty was getting Chastity pointed in the right direction and to stop her looking for a darling dog."

"She enjoyed it, didn't she?" Ellie asked.

"Job satisfaction?" Sam looked at her flat mate with a hopeful expression and then shrugged her shoulders. "She might have done."

"Did you?"

"So what are we going to do about this?" Sam asked, as she carefully avoided the question.

Ellie moved out of the kitchen to stand beside her flatmate. The looked down on the problem together.

"It's going to be painful if it's still here in the morning," Ellie said.

"Maybe if we sprinkle on some baking soda and leave it overnight?" Sam looked down thoughtfully, her red hair framing her face.

"My gran used to swear by that," Ellie said, her own dark locks contrasting with her pearly white teeth. "That and vinegar. But not at the same time or on the same problem."

"I can hear you, you know," Jamie said. He still faced the ceiling, his face liberally smeared with rapidly drying sex fluids. His erection still the tallest point on his prone body.

"Well why don't you get up and put yourself away then?" Ellie asked, waving a hand distastefully towards his groin.

"I've tried," he said, "but it didn't work."

"What didn't work?" Ellie lent further forward exposing her small cleavage to the young man.

Jamie didn't answer.

"He's gone quiet again," Ellie said.

"You've got the girls out again," Sam pointed out.

"Oh!" Ellie jumped back in shock and pressed her hands to her chest.

"My legs wouldn't work," Jamie answered the question from a moment previously.

"I don't get it," Sam leant down a bit further and noticed that at no points did Jamie's eyes become glassy. "It seriously doesn't make any sense at all. Out of the two of us I've certainly got the more

impressive pair yet the boy here just phases out when he gets a glimpse of yours. I wonder what ...” Sam reached inside her top and pulled her decidedly more impressive boobs out into the open. Her nipples stuck out despite the warm conditions in the room. “Well that’s more like it,” she said as she looked down at Jamie. “He’s totally out of it except ...” She moved her chest backwards and forwards slowly. “His eyes stay fixed on my tits. It’s a form of mammary hypnosis.”

“Sam, if you’ve finished with your experiment we really need to get him off the floor. It’s bad enough that he’s still here without him lying around with his thing in the air.”

“Okay,” Sam said, taking her time reconcealing her boobs. “And he’s ... back.” Sam snapped her top closed.

“I’m a little concerned about my legs,” Jamie said, “did I mention?”

Sam squatted down beside him. “Bloods just moved to different parts,” she said. “Hang on I’m going to get you up.” With her muscular frame Sam had little difficulty lifting the shorter man to his feet.

“Oooh,” he said.

“What?” Sam wrinkled her nose distastefully. “You haven’t got a thrill out of me lifting you up have you? Because that would be severely weird.”

“Just pins and needles,” Jamie said, “Of course paying a prostitute to fuck our dog isn’t.”

“He’s not our dog!” Ellie chimed in. “He’s not our anything. There is no our, got it? Now for all our sakes tuck yourself away.”

Jamie looked down at the large erection sticking out of his fly. He continued to stare at it for a moment and then let out a breath. “Arms won’t work,” he said, “they’re all pins and needly too.”

“You’re not serious?” Ellie rolled her eyes. “This is just a ploy isn’t it young man? A way for you to expose yourself to Sam and me for the rest of the afternoon. Well you’re not getting your kinks from us, that’s for sure.” Without a pause Ellie moved in front of him grasped his swollen penis in one hand, pausing slightly when she realised that her small hand wouldn’t quite go all the way around his shaft. She quickly overcame this and used one hand to widen the gap in his trousers while she tried to bend his cock backwards and back into his trousers.

“Ow! Ow! OW!” Jamie cried. “It doesn’t bend that way. I’m sure it doesn’t bend that way.”

“Oh shut up!” Ellie snapped, “You’re no help at all. Here am I trying to get this big, hard lump of pulsating man flesh back ...” her voice drifted off.

“Ellie?” Sam’s voice cause the petite brunette to break off her thoughts.

She shook herself sharply, unbuckled and opened Jamie’s jeans, pressed his dick back into his black boxers, rebuttoned the jeans, and began to do up the fly.”

“Watch the zip! Watch the zip?” Jamie said, panic filling his words.

Ellie met his eyes and then with one sharp tug and unbroken eye contact zipped the fly closed. Jamie almost fainted.

Ellie stood up wiping her hands on her skirt. “Put him on the couch until he recovers.”

Sam easily manoeuvred the young man to the couch and dropped him into a seating position. “Take

it easy now," she said.

Jamie only whimpered at what might have been a close call.

Ellie rounded on Sam.

"You didn't answer the question before," Ellie's eyes flashed as she looked up into the face of the statuesque redhead.

"Question?" Sam was all wide-eyed innocence.

"About whether you enjoyed ... you know ... you and Fluff ... doing it."

"My goodness is that the time?"

"Answer the question. My little sister obviously enjoyed it. The prostitute with the stupid name when off her head over it. I need to know, what's it like?"

"It wasn't terrible," Sam said.

"How not terrible was it?"

"Quite nice in a not terrible way."

"Quite nice as in a digestive biscuit or are we talking about tim-tam time? Tim-tam time with the double choc ones?"

Sam managed to look sheepish, which was a first from Ellie's experience. "I might have cum."

"You're not sure?"

"Okay I came," Sam said, "once or twice."

"Twice!"

"Three or four. I don't know I lost count, I mean you're not expected to keep count of your orgasms are you."

"Wow," Ellie said, looking down at her feet. "I think I need to go and lie down for a little while." Slowly the young woman made her way to her bedroom.

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## Chapter 12

Ali Moredough watched her husband nervously. Red Moredough cut an impressive figure, backlit by the bright afternoon sunlight. His full head of hair ran just a little long of conventional giving his silhouette a slightly wild and passionate air. His suit was impeccably tailored as were all his business clothes, the cut emphasised rather than hid the man's physique. He looked like he'd spent a good part of his life swimming, broad shoulders tapering to a slim but powerful middle, with gracefully muscular long legs beneath. He was by pretty much all definitions a very physically attractive man. His physicality wasn't what worried Ali.

"That boy," Red said leaning forward to get a better view from the fourth floor to the ground below, "that's twice I've seen him walking that animal near here."

"We'll be late," Ali said, her voice sounded as firm and confident as usual but it hid what she was feeling outside. She waited for her beautiful husband to respond but, as he was more and more these days, he seemed preoccupied. "The sitters here now," she said, "we should leave." She wore a dress normally only seen on red carpets and then only on some of the racier movie starlets looking to grab attention before their brief careers were extinguished. The silver colour was a close match to Ali's silver blonde hair, which she wore loose but slightly gathered over her shoulders. The gown's single strap over her left shoulder held an expensive brooch in the shape of an eagle, the bird Red adopted as his business totem years ago. It was one more thing she was doing to capture her husband's attention.

"He can't live in the building," Red said, as though his wife hadn't spoken. "Not with our strict no pets policy."

"Here," Ali crossed the floor to the tall man and turned him around to face her, "your tie's crooked." Her long fingers capped by silver painted fingernails performed a few straightening and fluffing operations on his tie. "Perfect," she said and stretched up a little on her silver heels to reach his lips and plant a gentle kiss on them.

Red smiled as he looked at his wife. "Sorry, I was going off again."

"Let's go, being fashionably late is one thing but I think one should be reasonably prompt for the Mayor's banquet."

"What would I do without you?" Red asked, offering his wife his arm. Her arm linked through his and she smiled back. The silver jewellery on her wrist standing out clearly against the caramel colour of her skin, and Red twitched it around with his other hand.

"Oh, one of those bracelets with the charms," he said. "Your mother?"

Ali just smiled.

"Wolves," Red said, as he looked at the bracelet, "my wild lady."

"And don't you forget it buster," Ali started to walk to the door and with a gentle tug her husband followed.

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The lift stopped on the second floor and two other people entered, they too were dressed up for the evening. The man in a dark suit, dark shirt and vivid tie giving him a classical gangster look helped by his broad shoulders and Italian features. The woman blonde and in the typical little black dress playing a simple backdrop to a cascade of jewellery in gold and diamond.

"Hello Ali, Red," the woman said as the lift door opened and she stepped in.

"Red," the man offered his hand for Red to shake.

"Dave," Red replied and then bobbed down to kiss the woman's cheek, "Lilly, you look gorgeous."

"Maybe," Lilly said, "but your lady looks spectacular. That's a fantastic dress, Ali."

"Thanks," Ali leant in to kiss the shorter woman on the cheek. "I was worried it showed a little too much skin."

"You couldn't show too much of your skin," Dave said.

Lilly rolled her eyes and then kicked him. "You are such an idiot," she said.

Dave smiled unrepentantly. "I love my little blistering volcano of passions," he said, squeezing Lilly from behind.

"Hmmm," Lilly said.

"We should share a cab," Dave said.

"Won't that be a bit crowded?" Ali looked at her husband as she spoke but he seemed to have no objection.

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The cab drive was a little crowded and Ali found herself sandwiched between the two men and exited the taxi at the end of the journey feeling a little hot and flustered. She spent a little time preening around her dress to cover her reaction.

The society photographers shot photos as the quartet walked up the steps to the city hall. All four smiled, each hanging onto their own partner as they were photographed, their faces the image of happiness. They ate, drank and danced throughout the Mayors charity gala. Ticket prices in the thousand-dollar range kept the partygoers to those of the city wealthy and powerful elite. Most of the women occupied positions of ornamentation on the arms of men older and less attractive than themselves. Ali, Red, Dave and Lilly stood out in that crowd. Both women were as, if not more successful than their husbands in their chosen fields and lived marriages that were equal in every respect.

"Dana, Dana Delmont," the woman wearing a single long black braid down her back and a dress black enough that hair and fabric were indistinguishable introduced herself. She shook hands with each of the quartet in turn as they introduced themselves, her smile growing as the women introduced themselves rather than relying on their husbands to do so for her.

"I haven't seen you at one of these before," Ali said, returning the woman's smile. "It's quite unusual to see a fresh face."

"I'm not sure my face is that fresh," Dana said, "but thank you anyway."

"So here by yourself?" Dave asked. Lilly immediately pressed her heel into his toe.

"Yes, single career woman, no time for a man, yet," Dana answered.

"What sort of career woman?" Red asked.

"Oh just government sort of things," Dana replied. "Now to the real reason I introduced myself. You four look to be having the most fun by far at this do. So I have to ask you, is it drugs?"

The quartet laughed.

"I'll buy you all a drink," Dana said, "but I've just got to make a call first. Champagne all right." The others agreed to the drink.

Dana pulled her phone from the small black clutch bag she carried as her black sling backs carried

her across the ballroom.

"Mrs Oswald," she said into the phone, "you have twenty minutes."

Across the room a little kaffuffle evolved around a spilt glass and quite quickly a pretty blonde in a low cut gown left the table making her excuses as she walked quickly away.

Across the other side of the ballroom Dana smiled.

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Chapter 13

Marcus hurried along the door-lined corridor and quickly pulled the heavy door leading out into the world open. A small but stacked blonde woman wearing an elegant dress, well nearly wearing it in places, tried to charge straight passed him.

"Mrs Oswald!" Marcus grabbed her by the arm and she almost snarled at him as he spun her around.

"She said I had twenty minutes!" she said. "It took me nearly that long to get here. I can't have long left!"

"Ms D gave you a call?"

"Yes! Nearly twenty minutes ago, now I've got to see Donner. I don't want to miss the time." She tried to pull away unsuccessfully.

"It's all right Mrs Oswald," Marcus said, as calmly as he could. "You're not late, and Donner wouldn't mind waiting a few minutes for you."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. Go along to room twelve and everything will be fine."

"Okay," Mrs Oswald said, nodding rapidly, her relief palpable. "I like room twelve."

"I suggest we make this quick Mrs Oswald," Marcus began but the big breasted woman was way ahead of him. Without a word she was out of her quite tiny panties and placing them in Marcus's hand. The big man looked at them as though they may make a break for freedom while Mrs Oswald bounced down to room twelve.

After he pocketed the panties Marcus headed off for the viewing room. By the time he got there Mrs Oswald had her expensive dress up over her waist, was on all fours and looking over her shoulder while she waved her naked ass seductively.

"Shit, what I wouldn't give," Marcus grumbled as he operated the controls that connected room twelve with Donner's current location. Almost at once, as thought summoned by Mrs Oswald's sex perfume a powerfully built tan dog with a heavy head, mostly jaws, entered the room.

"Donner," Mrs Oswald breathed.

Quickly he was there behind her, thick nose trying to gain entry to her sex, crushing her lips and clit, parting them for his tongue to get into the moist tastes inside.

“Ugh!” Mrs Oswald groaned partly in pain but mostly in anticipated pleasure. “Oh Donner, eat my pussy, Donner. That’s a boy eat my little kitty, gobble it up, crunch it up. Of fuck I can feel your canines. Oh! That’s it lover.”

Teeth and tongue worked the big chested woman in to a lather until unable to speak she could only part her thighs, brace her arms on the deep red of the carpeted stairs that suggested a Victorian mansion, and silently beg for him to take her. Hard, fast, dirty. Here in the entrance hall where anyone could walk in at any moment and she didn’t care.

Donner could feel her lust and was already half out of his sheath before he backed away and with a little wagging run through his heavy chest onto the woman’s silk dress covered back, his front claws tearing into the dress. At once he was humping forward, craving for his lovers sweet moist opening. With practised ease the duo coupled. Doggy cock, even half erect, pushing forcefully into wanton human vagina.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” the woman gasped, each exclamation higher pitched than the previous as the rapidly hardening and lengthening and thickening red shaft penetrated to increasing depths with each thrust. Behind the length of cock already squeezed into a pussy, that was after all only human, the double tennis ball swell of his knot emerged from his satin sheath.

Not fully swollen yet it pressed desperately against the blondes cunt and she ground back against it. Pressed back against it. Hunched herself and drove her tight little opening back onto it. It shouldn’t have worked. It couldn’t possibly have worked. But with a squealing scream from Mrs Oswald, Donner coupled with her fully. The bulge of his still swelling knot clearly visible against the tight skin between her hips.

The woman could do little and didn’t care to do anything. Donner took the situation completely under his control and increased his penetration of her stretched sex with powerful thrust after thrust of his hips while at the same time his front legs hung on tightly to his human lover.

Clear doggy cum squeezed its way from the tightly stretched pussy lips and yet more followed. Donner jerked the married woman against his stomach eliciting another high pitched squeal and then anchored himself, quite literally inside her while he completed his long, long ejaculation.

Mrs Oswald didn’t need to play with her clit at all. The situation, the lack of preparation, the lack of control, the power of Donner had all done their work and the blonde hadn’t stopped cumming since the big dog pressed himself into her and it didn’t look as though she were coming down any time soon.

Cock out, hand almost a blur, Marcus watched the beautiful event.

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## **Chapter 14**

The young woman swayed from gently to side to side, the gentle rocking enough to generate sleepiness or motion sickness depending on to which one was prone. The young woman was in danger of neither because something else entirely was taking her attention and that something had stopped for the moment leaving her breathing hard and wet with sweat that trickled down her arms and on to her head. It should be mentioned here that the young woman’s arms were stretched high into the air, lifting her shoulders and pressing her chest out. This was only really noticeable because she was naked from the waist up.



"Cool," she panted and shook a head a little to press the tears from her eyes. Her right breast glowed red in the afternoon sun but not from sunburn. The man in front of her wearing jeans and a rather presumptive muscle shirt wiped his own sweat from his brow and then spoke to her in a language she assumed was Russian but had no real way to check. He too was breathing hard.

"I don't know what you said, cutie," the young woman said, exaggerating in the description of the man's physical attributes just a little, "but I hope it was left one next." She licked her lips tasting the salt of her own sweat and tears. Without another word she lifted her toes to stand on points and gave her arms a little rest before the next onslaught. She also thrust her small chest out a little further, the passing sea breeze dragging her nipple out and making it beg for attention. "Whenever you're ready, cutie," she said again.

The man, who would probably not be called cutie under many circumstances, at least not since he'd left his mother's house, took a deep breath. He looked a little troubled, his brow furrowed as he pulled back the arm holding the small flogger and stepped in close to the young woman. With a grunt he swung, bringing the lashes down across her nipple and tip of the young woman's breast. As the arms of the flogger completely enfolded the end of her breast the young woman screamed. Her voice already sounding hoarse from the encounters with her left breast broke part way through the scream but she kept on with it non-the-less. Small red welts rose on the tanned skin of her left tit, a small example of what had occurred on the right. The man's arm carried the flogger down past the young woman's chest and tired as he was the man almost flowed it to the ground.

"One!" The young woman gasped after the scream. With effort of her own she once more thrust her chest forward and wiggled it so that her small boobs bounced invitingly from side to side. Her deep brown eyes sparkled as she sought to look her assailant in the face, but he was busy nursing a shoulder of which, apparently, too much had been asked.

The young woman wiggled her chest once more determined to grab the man's attention and focus it firmly to thrashing her left and somewhat neglected feeling left tit.

"I'm ready," she said overcoming the croak in her voice, "next one please. Come on you've got nine more to do. Stop! Where are you going? Get back here! We haven't even done my ass yet. I can take plenty on my ass. You can fuck me up the butt afterwards if you like! I'm told it's nice and tight. You're arm can't be that sore. I'm not even crying anymore! I thought Russian's were supposed to be tough! You are such a wuss!"

But despite her cajoling the Russian, nursing his shoulder was disappearing through the door that lead to the freighters passenger cabins.

"Well," the young woman said philosophically, "it's a start I suppose but," and she raised her voice here, "there are girls I know that hit harder than that!"

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Half an hour later, released from her bound position on the stern of the Russian ship, the young woman was returned to the windowless hold that served as accommodation for the rooms twenty or so non-paying passengers. She was crying a little as they pushed her inside and slammed and locked the doors. Immediately she was surrounded by a host of other young women. In the holds low light she could feel the press of their breasts and nipples against her body. She quickly sniffled the tears away.

"Are you all right?" One asked and then immediately edited herself. "No, of course you're not all right. What awful things did they do to you on deck?"

"Well the flogged my breasts," the young woman answered, "I'm Merri, by the way, I don't think we've been properly introduced."

"You poor dear!" the other woman continued. Merri figured she was the woman with the very long nipples standing to her left. Her nipples kept tickling Merri's side. "That's awful."

"They only got half way through," Merri said, ruefully.

"Well of course they did because by then you were such a mess of tears that they couldn't bring themselves to lay another hand on you."

"They didn't lay a hand on me," Merri said sadly, "but I was crying because I was out there, thinking about things, with the sea breeze and all and I realised that I missed my Fluff." Merri sniffed back some fresh tears.

"What's Fluff?" Another voice asked.

"My dog," Merri said, feeling the tears run down her cheeks once more, "My big cutie pie of a dog."

"And they just ripped you away from your dog? Were you walking your dog when they snatched you?" another voice asked.

"No," Merri replied.

"Where did they snatch you from?" the voice asked.

"I drove to the quay, left the Daihatsu in long term parking and walked up the gangplank."

"Of your own volition?"

"Well they dragged me the last few meters, but really I think it was just for the look of the thing." Silence filled the hold for a moment before Merri spoke again.

"If I'm reading this right," she said, "non of you girls volunteered to be here."

"Of course not," the first speaker said.

Somewhere in the background another woman sobbed. "I don't want my boobs flogged," she said quietly between gulps.

"Well I prefer my rear end myself ..." Merri began and then came to a realisation. "Hang on," she said, "non of you really want to be flogged at all, do you?"

"How could anyone want to be flogged?"

"Ummm," Merri said. "When you asked where was I snatched from, does that mean you were snatched?"

"Yes," several voices answered.

"Taken?"

"Yes."

"Abducted?"

"Yes."

"Kidnapped?"

"Yes."

"That's not right," Merri said, her voice firm and carrying a rod of steel within. "Nobody should be a sex slave unless they want to."

"They want to make us into sex slaves!?" a woman sobbed hysterically.

"I don't want to be a sex slave," another voice said.

"Well you shouldn't have to be," Merri said, firmly. "Someone is going to pay for this."

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Chapter 15

This particular fund raising party was going surprisingly well, especially it seemed for the quintet of people who'd circled a few chairs, purloined a few bottles and ensconced themselves in conversation that ignored the rest of the party going on around them.

"So Dana," Ali swept her silver mane back as she spoke, "you've told us about a lot of things you don't do ..."

"Or won't do," Dave interjected and the five of them dissolved in to laughter.

"So what do you do?" Ali asked when the general chuckling had died down.

"Honestly?" Dana's lips curled into a little smile and she adjusted the hem of her skirt downwards, although still not covering a lot of her smooth tanned thighs.

"Well I think we've heard all of the dishonest ones," Lilly said.

"I still like the idea of a test pilot for aeroplane jelly," Red chuckled. "You certainly strung us along on that one."

"Well I've got to think of something that will impress you," Dana ducked her eyes a little so that the metallic sheen of her eye-shadow caught the light turning her face into the equivalent of a peacocks tail for a moment. "If it's not one of you it's the other in the paper for doing something wonderful or being in charge of something important or just leading opinion on some topic." She suddenly fixed Red with a hard stare. "So, the reintroduction of slave labour do you think it has a future."

"It's the next big thing," Red said, "I'll certainly be putting my money in to the slave raiding ship companies." He smiled as he mocked himself.

"You're avoiding the question," Ali leant forward and fixed Dana with her big, dark eyes. Her silver dress spilled away from her chest as she did so. Dave, sitting opposite alongside Dana was quick to notice, and although he looked away it was clear from the slightly pinched expression on Lilly's face that she'd noticed his wandering eye.

At that moment Dana leant forward and placed a hand on Lilly's knee. All at once the small blonde woman found her self looking into a pair of dazzling eyes.

"I manipulate people," Dana said. Her finger nails trailed along the inside of Lilly's skirt towards the hem of her black dress. "I make people behave in ways that they don't think they ever would." Abruptly her fingers left Lilly's thigh and the blonde woman gasped at the sudden absence.

"Doesn't everyone?" Dave asked, watching her intently.

"Yes, I suppose," Dana said, "but I do it for the government, so you have to trust me." Dana looked at the tiny gold watch she wore on her wrist. "I'm afraid I have to leave," she said, "I've got rather an early start in the morning."

"I'm having a lunch tomorrow," Lilly said, a little too quickly, causing the others to look at her. "Just a few girlfriends," she continued as though she hadn't just attracted everyone's attention, "they'd love to meet you."

"I'm free lunch time and in the afternoon," Dana said, her lips remaining a little parted as she spoke, "one of the perks of starting early. I'll be there."

Lilly began to fumble inside her small black clutch bag.

"Oh don't worry," Dana said, "I know where you all live. I'd be surprised if anyone in this city didn't know where you lived. After all it's part of your project to make the city more liveable. Every second Sunday feature mentions it."

"Oh. Oh fine then," Lilly said. She looked up to find Dave eyeing her seriously. When she looked back Dana was standing ready to leave.

"You're coming aren't you, Ali?" Lilly looked to her friend.

"Wouldn't miss it, I might get a few hints about manipulating people."

"I look forward to seeing you both," Dana said, "have a great evening."

The others said their farewells as the tall brunette left.

"Well," Red said, "you don't meet someone like that at every party."

The party faded as such things do and a few hours later Ali, Red, Dave and Lilly shared another cramped cab back to the building.

"Did you hear a dog bark?" Red asked, looking around.

"You're imagining things," Dave said. He then looked at his other half, his eyes moved from her legs to her flat stomach and round breasts before arriving at her glittering eyes. "Although some things you only think you're imagining. Have I ever told you how lucky I am to have you?"

"Not lately," Red said, "so please go on."

"Goodnight Red," Dave said with emphasis on his friend's name. "Ali as always a pleasure spending time with you."

The four entered the building.

"Now if you'll excuse my lovely wife and I," Dave continued, "but I think we'd rather take a lift by ourselves this evening."

"Dave," Lilly said, her face reddening a little but a pleased little smile coming to her lips nonetheless.

"Go on," Ali said, "I'll bring your panties to you tomorrow."

"That only happened the once!" Lilly said, her face reddening further. "Come on lover," she grabbed Dave by the arm and pulled him into the lift as the doors opened. "Let's get out of here before she says anything else I'll regret."

Silver haired Ali and her tall husband waited for the next lift to return.

"So any ideas what we should do when we get home?" Ali asked.

For a moment Red looked as though he hadn't heard her, his eyes far away. Unsure what to do she kept silent, burning on the inside that he'd missed her innuendo.

"I was thinking," Red said, his words seemingly coming from a little distance, "of finding the most beautiful woman in history and taking her clothes off." He looked down at her. "Well part one accomplished."

"Okay," Ali said, relief driving her smile, "but why are you going to be wearing my clothes?"

Lilly's panties were already down around her ankles before the lift had ascended one floor. Her legs were spread as wide as she could managed, hobbled as she was. Dave, on his knees, dark, glossy hair gripped in Lilly's hand, had his face beneath the short skirt of her little black dress. Her husband's tongue ground around Lilly's outer pussy, separating and pressing apart the lips of her vagina and scouring the surface of her hard little bud. The blonde had required little in the way of warm up, her encounter with Dana had filled her with feelings of lust for no reason she could discern.

Lilly arched her back and pressed her head hard against the wall of the lift as she pressed herself harder against her husband's mouth. Then panting hard she thrust Dave on to his back on the floor of the lift. She kicked her panties off so that they hooked themselves around the chrome rail around the edge of the interior of the lift.

Shuddering slightly the lift came to a stop and with a slightly musical chime the doors began to open. Lilly stood over her husband, legs apart, giving him a clear view up her skirt to the shiny, moist, puffy lips of her vagina.

As the doors opened Lilly looked down at her husband. "Rip my dress," she said. "Rip my dress. I want to walk to our apartment with my tits visible to the world. I want to look like I've been ravaged in the ... Oh!"

Dave moved quickly and his strong hands easily separated the fibres of her clothing tearing it away from her chest. Lilly's chest rose and fell as she breathed in deep nervous gulps before stepping out into the corridor. Dave walked close behind her. The blonde woman's face, already flushed from her sexual exertions, glowed a deeper red at the risk she was taking. Multiple apartments opened on to the corridor before the couple reached there's. The occupants of each were important members of society, important to Lilly and Dave, and probably carrying phones with excellent photo lenses.

She started to make a hard turn, to head back to the lift but Dave shoved her forward. Lilly gasped in shock. Dave didn't say a word, just stayed at her shoulder as she walked forward.

"Dave," she said.

He shoved her again and then, his own face reddening at what he was doing, he brought his hand hard down on to his wife's behind. The sound was loud in the nighttime corridor. Lilly yelped at the contact but kept walking and didn't turn around.

Dave's own legs were rubbery. His own heart hammering inside his chest at the thought of what they were doing and despite all this he still made his next move. He gripped Lilly's hands and locked them behind her, holding them in place in one large hand. He steered her into the wall, pushing her face into the well-painted surface. He reached around with one hand and engulfed his wife's boob. The nipple, already hard became bullet like against his palm as he squeezed her tit fiercely.

Lilly gave a little cry, but the pressure keeping her face against the wall restricted any sound she could make. Dave released her breast and pressed her chest into the wall beneath her face so that Lilly's ass remained sticking out. Fumbling with his fly he struggled for a moment to release his cock from his trousers and underwear. Turgid as it was the gap wasn't quite big enough at first. With an effort he drew fourth his weapon, its flared head throbbing gently in the passage way air and pulsing less gently as he pushed it passed the material of Lilly's dress.

The hairs of her quim tickled the head of his iron rod as he guided it blindly towards the target. Her moist warmth drew him on and his cock head separated his wife's inner labia stopping just short of the wet heat beyond. Shaking slightly at the need for his own control, Dave slapped her arse again, this time his palm connecting with bare skin and eliciting another strangled cry. Her butt felt hot against his palm. Slowly he released his grip on Lilly's arms to find they remained as he had placed them and that his wife bowed her back further so that his cock entered her through her volition.

Both hands now free, Dave grasped her hips and with a single thrust buried his shaft inside Lilly's body. She grunted but bit back any cries for fear of the neighbours hearing the sound through their apartment wall.

Dave luxuriated inside her, pressing his thighs against her oh so hot buttocks as he angled his prick inside her pussy. He continued with this, drawing gentle moans from his wife for as long as he could. Eventually his lust took charge and he partially withdrew from her snatch before slamming back into her. Lilly gasped and shuddered, her body banged against the wall with each thrust and as Dave's rhythm increased so did the drumming on the apartments wall. Deep down inside she was sure someone would hear and come to investigate but that part of her was no longer in control as her orgasm built.

Dave too was close, almost out of his mind, he shagged Lilly harder and harder, barely noticing that she thrust back with equal passion and only just aware when she came a mere second before his final thrust brought his own ejaculation.

Gasping for air and feeling he had not a moment to lose, Dave lifted his near naked wife against his clothed body and, on very wobbly legs carried her the last few meters to their apartment door. Lilly managed to key the entry code correctly on the second attempt and still sexually joined they collapsed through the doorway, kicking it closed behind them.

As their door shut the door to their neighbours opened.

"There's nothing here," the grey haired man called back inside. "Are you sure ... All right I'll look." He took a few steps into the passageway, only wearing his pyjamas. There was a slight smear on the wall and a dark patch on the carpet beneath it.

Chapter 16

In the middle of the same night and two stories down Ellie came to a decision. Fluff greeted her happily as she closed her bedroom door and, dressed in a man's shirt made her way to the apartment's other bedroom. Jamie snored gently on the sofa and Ellie frowned in his direction until a cold nose lifted the back of the shirt and pressed itself at the small gap between her bum cheeks.

"Eek!" the small brunette propelled herself away from Fluff and he, enjoying the game immensely followed and once more lifted the shirt despite Ellie's best efforts to keep the fabric covering her naked bottom. He was far stronger than she and every effort she made to keep her dignity intact was rapidly thwarted by the large dog. She squealed a few more times as Fluff used his long pink tongue to explore further than his nose would take him alone. Then out of desperation she used the words.

"Bad dog!" Ellie snapped the words, still keeping her voice low so no one would witness what was happening to her.

At once Fluff looked up at her with his big, brown eyes welling as though she'd just broken his heart. With a pathetic little whine he turned and suddenly appearing a little smaller he loped slowly to a corner of the lounge room and lay down, deliberately facing away from Ellie.

Ellie, surprised at the effect her words had on her sister's canine lover, was even more surprised by the effect said canine's behaviour was having on her. She felt as though her own heart would tear in two as she looked at the dog as he kept his head turned away and hanging sadly down. Occasionally he whimpered and shook himself. To Ellie it appeared as though he were crying over her words.

The cute brunette crept forwards gingerly before going down on hands and bare knees to crawl closer to Fluff. He turned his head away. She reached out to touch him but he shook her off.

"Oh don't do that," she said, tears welling in her own eyes. "Don't be such a silly boy. I've come to a decision but I can't tell you before I tell Sam. She is my BFF after all and I think deep down," Ellie paused slightly, "really, really deep, deep down she loves me. So I don't want to get myself into anything without clearing it with her first. You understand, don't you?"

Fluff turned his big head towards her and after a moment's hesitation, he bent his head forward and licked her face.

"Oh thank you," Ellie said, relief clearly written on her face. "You're a good dog really. I know that. You've just got needs, well what male hasn't? And you're used to having them met. It must be really confusing for you. Merri loved you, I mean loves you and well if my little sister can love you, so can I. You're very sweet really. Now I've got to go and talk to Sam. So please stay here because if you came and ... interfered with me I probably couldn't say what I need to say, 'kay?"

Fluff licked her again.

"Good boy," Ellie crawled away back wards before standing.

Quietly she walked to the door to Sam's bedroom and, taking care not to knock too loudly for fear of waking Jamie, she brought her small fist to the door.

"Who is it," Sam's voice came from behind the door sounding wide awake and a little breathy.

"What do you mean who is it?" Ellie asked, "It's me. Who else could it be?"

"Jamie, it could be Jamie."

"He's fast asleep, now can I come in before we wake him? I've got something I need to tell you."

"Ooh secrets," Sam's voice sounded a little more normal, "I like secrets. Come in."

There was a general rustling of quilt as Ellie cracked the door open and entered Sam's room. It was far more Spartan than Ellie's a mirror on the wall rather than a full dressing table, a comfortable chair with a small bookcase. It contained none of the frilliness of Ellie's lace inspired boudoir. A small bedside light provided all the light in the room.

Sam was half sitting up in bed supported by a pile of pillows, her red hair loose and spread across them making her look like the sun at sunrise.

"Hi," Sam's voice was a little higher than normal.

"Ummmm," Ellie moved closer to the bed. "I've come to a decision." She made to sit down on the edge of the bed.

"Careful," Sam sat up a little higher.

"What?"

"I just don't want you to sit on my feet, that's all." Sam refixed the welcoming smile on her face. Ellie remained standing. "I thought one of your aims was to get me on your bed."

"Well yes," Sam's voice sounded a little strange and her eyelids fluttered for a moment.

"Is this a bad time?"

"Never a bad time to have you in my bedroom. Please sit."

With a strange shuffle the lower half of Sam moved across the bed. "Ugggn," Sam groaned.

"Are you all right?"

"Legs sore, too many lunges," the tall redhead replied. "Now tell me about your decision."

"It's about Fluff. I've been thinking ..." She let her voice trail off. "Is something wrong with your face?"

"No, I'm good. Please tell me about Fluff."

"Well," and suddenly Ellie was speaking in a rush, "he is my sister's dog and she did leave him as my problem and well we can't afford prostitutes every day and it's not fair on you with you being only into girls and all and Fluff being a particularly macho specimen so I thought that the best thing to do and I did put a lot of thought into it but I can't just palm my baby sister's dog on anyone else so I thought that it should be me who ... when it needs doing I should be the one ... when he gets the feeling I think I should be there to ..."

"You want to fuck Fluff?"

"Oh! Not want to, not as such. I mean want's a very strong word. I wouldn't say want. It just seems the best way to, ahh, handle things." Ellie burned bright red.

"No, that's a good idea. I mean it takes care of the problem. So ... er ... how will you do it. I mean I was drunk and unable to offer any resistance what-so-ever."

"I thought I'd do it like that prostitute with the stupid name did."

"Doggy style is appropriate."

"Yes, well." Ellie stood again. "That's my decision so I thought I'd let you know." She turned and then looked back. "I'm just going to let him ... you know ... in my ... vagina. I'm not going to perform anything kinky like ... oral on him." Ellie whispered the last few words.

"Save us from anything kinky ... Ugnnnh." Sam twisted in the bed. "So when do you intend to start?" Sam asked to forestall the question about her own behaviour.

"Tomorrow, after work I suppose," Ellie swallowed nervously as she spoke.

"Can I watch?"

Ellie looked around. "You said that without moving your ... You've got someone in bed with you! Here I am telling private secrets and you've got someone under your quilt."

Ellie reached out and flicked the quilt from the foot of the bed.

"Hi," Chastity said, "prostitute with the stupid name here."

"It's the fists." Sam closed her eyes. "They really are a perfect size."

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## Chapter 17

He was hard and he was big. Those two facts were inescapable as was the knowledge that he was always hard and big when she touched him. It was almost as though his body were programmed to react to her presence by becoming hard and big. In the past it had happened in public places, in restaurants, at his parents, so she had learned to keep her touching of his beautiful body to times when they could be alone, or when she wanted to frustrate him for some misdemeanour or another.

Ali straddled Red and rode his big, hard cock while the bed bounced beneath her. He was naked and she drank in his masculinity with the words 'he is mine' echoing around in her head. She never had quite got used to his sheer size. He was bigger than any other lover she'd had and bigger than most of the toys she'd ever seen that were designed for pleasure rather than talking pieces. In this position she controlled the level of his penetration and while he lifted his own hips to meet her as she came down, Ali could stop anytime she wanted to. From having the throbbing red tip of his dick just brushing against her swollen labia to having him sunk to the balls inside her hot, damp pussy. The latter she saved until she was about to lose control herself. The final downward thrust that buried him so deeply inside her that the two of them lost themselves at the same moment and as her insides spasmed with her cum she also filled with his.

Right now though Ali was riding for pleasure. She shifted her gaze from his broad and well-defined chest to his slightly worried face. He always looked as though he was faced with an impossible decision as she brought him nearer and nearer to his own climax. He rose to her, loins pushing him upwards beyond his conscious control, she allowed him a little further inside, gasping slightly at his breath. After years of marriage she still found him big and he found her graspingly tight. All in all

that combination worked very well.

Ali was ready to cum. She'd been inexplicably hot and bothered since their time with Dana and was halfway to orgasm by the time Red removed her silver dress to reveal her lack of clothing beneath that. He'd smiled then. Called her his tart. Ali always responded well to that word. She'd thrust his head between her legs and felt her body melt as his tongue, expert that it was, found exactly the right places with the first flicker of movement.

Ali's thighs were trembling, her breasts bouncing out of rhythm from her fucking causing them to bounce around wildly as she danced her pussy along the length of her lover's shaft. With a grunt, that conveyed everything sexual about their actions, Ali buried him inside her body. The hairs on his balls flattened by her perfect round bottom as they met. She lifted and dropped once more allowing his cock to be reswallowed by her cunt and then everything became that one moment. Her whole body vibrated as deep inside her body something exploded. Waves of heat and power rippled through her body and her vagina clamped itself firmly on her lover's beautiful organ as she felt his own detonation so far inside her.

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Ten minutes later Ali looked up from her dazed state. Liquids leaked from her pussy and she still felt as though her were inside her still. He wasn't. Ali lifted her head wearily to look and found him naked, staring out the window. She admired the musculature of his in the moonlight, the way his body tapered, the round muscles of his butt, the power evident in his legs. At that moment she loved everything about him and with love comes worry and fear.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

He turned to her.

"Nothing." But his smile came a little too late.

"Red, you're scaring me. I couldn't bare losing you but I feel as though I am."

His face held for a moment and then crumpled and he was beside her on the bed.

"That's never going to happen." He stroked her silver hair. "You are my everything. You're my reason."

"Am I also you're madness?" The words were out of Ali's mouth before she could censor herself.

"I ...?"

Ali hurried on, once started best finished. "Something's driving you mad, Red, I can see it when you think I'm not watching you, when you let down your guard. It's as though you are faced with some thing impossible to solve. Don't." She placed her hand on the muscles of his chest to feel his heart beating beneath. "Don't lie and tell me there isn't a problem. I am yours and you are mine, I have to be here for you, whatever it is. Tell me. I have to know and I have to be involved."

For a moment Red looked as though he would turn silently away but then, with a nervous swallow he spoke, his voice almost breaking.

"I want to try different things and I know it is completely selfish. Our sex is wonderful but every time despite how good it feels I finish and I want ... I was going to say more but that's wrong. I want

different, that's all. I want to do wildly different things. I want to have sex in as many different ways as I can and I want to do it with you. Obviously I'm scared about what you'll say. There is no way that I would ever leave you or go behind your back. I fear that my telling you this might cause you to have second thoughts about me."

They looked at each other, illuminated only by the moonlight as the silence filled the space around them in breath held anticipation. After what seemed a lifetime Ali reached up and touched her man's face.

"I am with you for always," she said. Her eyes dropped for a moment and then returned to her husband's face. "What do you want to try first?"

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Chapter 18

Ellie closed the door behind her and Sam collapsed backwards on the bed.

"I do not believe it," Sam stared up at the ceiling. "Wait, wait a minute please. Don't do that just yet. It feels nice but I need time to let this settle in."

"You're the boss." Chastity pulled her teasing finger away from Sam's puckered little rose bud but kept her hand locked inside the tall red-heads pussy.

"Ellie volunteering to engage in bestial relationships with a dog. This is a day I would never, ever have seen coming. I mean, sure, I was breaking down some of those barriers of hers and had high hopes that one day I'd have her begging to eat me out but this ..." Sam's arms flopped back on the bed.

"Sounds like good news to me." Chastity looked along the length of the taller woman's firm body, through the valley made by her large breasts as the fell to either side of her sternum and up into the red lipped, green eyed face. "I mean the sluttier she gets the more likely you are to get your way with her. Plus you solve the problem of getting the dog laid on a regular basis. Looks win-win from where I'm lying." She pushed her fist a little harder into Sam's vagina.

"Ummmm." Sam didn't protest the young prostitutes motion.

Chastity repeated her action. Sam adjusted her hips and legs to take advantage of the penetration the girl was achieving.

"You're stretching me out in there." Sam's voice held a dreamy quality as she spoke. "I guess I could just go with the moment for now."

Chastity took hold of Sam's ankle and pressed it out ward and upward. "I want access to that little pucker of yours." She picked up the lubricant bottle that lay next to them on the bed after playing its instrumental part in getting the prostitute's hand inside Sam. She squirted a long stream that drizzled over Sam's pussy lips, Chastity's other hand and ran down the canyon between Sam's muscular buttocks and over her pouting little asshole.

Chastity used a shiny finger nail to tickle and tease the tight sphincter muscle until, Sam sighing at the contact, it briefly flowered open and the girl pressed the tip of her finger into the heat of Sam's bottom.

"Nasty girl," Sam purred, as Chastity's thumb directed more of the slippery ooze into the tight opening while she wriggled and squirmed her finger a little further into the tall woman's ass. At the

same time she pulled her hand out so that Sam's labia stretched around the widest part of her hand.

Sam gasped and tried to roll her hips to catch up with the hand but Chastity held her in place, rotating her hand so she constantly stretched the mouth to the red-head's vagina. Her finger sank further into Sam's hot butt, sliding silkily on the lubricant and spreading the slippery goo further into the woman's back passage. Chastity tucked a second finger up and placed the tip of another nail against the pink opening. Pressing once more her second finger was suddenly in the grasp of Sam's warm anal passage. The muscles of Sam's rectum pressed down from all sides, squashing Chastity's fingers together. The girl with the bleached blonde hair deliberately pressed back, using her fingers to leaver the pink opening of Sam's bottom wider. Slowly, her fingers held apart, Chastity began to fuck her fingers in and out of Sam's behind while her other hand slipped more deeply into the red-head's pussy and then pulled back as she began to fist fuck in earnest.

Sam's eyes rolled in her head, her hands fluttered ineffectively on the sheets as Chastity penetrated her hard and deeply. The red-head's clit vibrated in place just above Chastity's invading fist as it begged for the attention that other sexually excited parts of her body were receiving in spades. The prostitute saw Sam's twitching pleasure button as she pressed a third finger into the grasping ass that was already sucking on two of her digits.

"Look at that cutie," Chastity said and leant forward, causing Sam to yelp as the angle of everything seemed to change. "Take it, bitch," Chastity smiled and then captured Sam's little bud between her two glossy red lips.

Sam's body froze and then arched, pressing her sex into the small woman's face and swallowing a fourth finger in her butt. At that moment Chastity gently ground her teeth together around the bud of gristle, buried one hand to the wrist and thrust four fingers as far into Sam's lubricated ass as they would go. Muscles visibly rippled across Sam's toned stomach as everything inside her gave one massive lurching clench and then fluctuated between tense and relaxed so rapidly that her whole body seemed to flutter. Between her legs, Chastity held on for all she was worth as Sam's powerful thighs closed on either side of her head as they twitched and flexed throughout the red-head's orgasm.

"Do you think she's all right?"

"Yes, Jamie, she's all right," Ellie looked at the young man through her blurry eyes. "I've heard it all before. You'll see, she'll be ridiculously awake and happy in the morning while we, the people her yelling and screaming have kept awake will look like shit." Ellie suddenly frowned at Jamie. "Why are you still here again?"

"It's the three of us," he said with a grin, "you know the three musketeers with a problem to solve. We're a team."

"Oh fuck!" Ellie turned around and walked back to her bedroom while Sam continued to scream her lungs out.

Breakfast next morning was a crowded affair.

"She stayed for breakfast?" Ellie's tone and expression were both filled with pointed disapproval.

"She has a name," Jamie sipped at his coffee as he spoke.

"Don't you dare correct me," Ellie waved a threatening direction in the young man's direction. "This is my home not yours. I don't even understand how you're still here," she sniffed the air, "drinking my coffee. I will decide who gets a name in this house. Besides I'm ten years older than you so you'll do what I tell you."

"Eight at the most," Jamie protested.

"Someone's a big sister," Chastity spoke between mouthfuls of weet-bix.

"Arghhhhh! Sam! Why do you keep letting these strangers into our lives?"

"I think it had something to do with your sister's dog. Remember, that huge good looking boy over there who seems to spend all his life lying in the sun when he's not mounting the odd girl or two."

Fluff's tale pounded the carpet hard at the mention of his name. He lifted his head but didn't become any more active than that.

Suddenly aware of her sister's best friend Ellie looked suddenly worried.

"Has any one fed him?" she asked.

"Yes," Jamie and Chastity chimed in unison.

"They really are very useful," Sam said, "like having a couple of housemaids."

Chastity and Jamie both nodded vigorously for a moment and then Jamie stopped and frowned.

"Okay, I don't have time for this," Ellie threw her hands up in the air, "I'm going to be late for work and you know how the bitch hates it if I'm late for work. So I'll just leave you three to sort things out until I get back."

"We'll make sure Fluff doesn't get too attached to anyone he shouldn't," Jamie smiled a lob-sided grin.

"I'm sure he'll wait for you to get home this evening," Sam smiled and then lowered her eyes to sip her own coffee.

Ellie froze for a moment.

"Wait for Ellie?" Jamie frowned. "Why would Fluff need to wait for ... Really?" Realisation glowed in Jamie's eyes.

Ellie just swallowed nervously as suddenly four pairs of eyes focused on her. Three of the pairs were human.

"I said that didn't I?"

Sam and Chastity nodded.

"So ..." Ellie rocked back and forwards on her heels nervously. "Guess I'll see you this evening."

"Can I watch?" Chastity blurted out. "It's only fair, you got to watch me."

"You got paid for it," Ellie said, her cheeks reddening at the thought of anybody watching her do anything in the least sexual. "Besides I only remember the start, I'm sure I turned away to give you

as much privacy as possible.”

Chastity shot a confused glance at Sam who mouthed ‘orgasmic amnesia.’

“You got to watch me too and I wasn’t paid,” Jamie said. “I think I should get to watch.”

Ellie rounded on him. “You have absolutely no say in this. You don’t even live here. The only other person I want in the room is Sam. Is that clear.”

“Perfectly,” Sam said with a small smile.

“Okay then,” Ellie looked from one to other of the members of her increasing household, “that’s the way it’s going to be. When I get home I only want to see Sam here.”

“And Fluff,” Sam said, her face open innocence.

“And Fluff,” Ellie added. “Now I’m going to work before my boss decides to make my life any more terrible than it already is.” She bent down and picked a laptop bag up from beside the kitchen bench. Four pairs of eyes watched the swell of her ass in the short, tight skirt as she did so. Unaware of the attention her behind was receiving Ellie straightened up and continued for the door. Unsure of what she might say she simply left the apartment.

As if in a prelude to the things to come a pair of panties greeted her as she stepped into the lift. Ellie moved as far across to the other side of the small car as she could. She hailed a taxi and the first one to pull up was driven by a heavy man with white hair and a white beard.

“Happy to pick up anyone from this building,” he said, as Ellie climbed in. “I had a young woman yesterday who was quite happy to negotiate her fare.” He turned around and leered at Ellie. “I could leave the meter off and we could look at coming to some other arrangement.”

Ellie stepped out of the taxi with the driver still swearing and trying to stem the flow of blood from his nose.

“I’ve a good mind to report you,” Ellie waved a finger at the driver.

“You broke my fucking nose,” the driver honked back. “You’re a mad bitch.”

Ellie gave him a one-finger salute and started to walk to the nearest bus stop. There was nothing for it; she was going to be late.

Barb beamed with delight as she looked along the length of her dining table.

“It’s so good to have you all here,” she smiled, her mouth broad and beaming. She stood less than five feet high in shoes but was perfectly proportioned. Her family along the table smiled back at her both her eldest home at the same time on leave, she was glad they’d chosen to come to the table out of uniform. Her youngest, now at university and adopting a counter culture personality which she used every where but at home. Barb never mentioned anything about the black or the piercings and Emily never stayed glum for weeks on end. Quite a miracle for a teenager.

“Well I suppose I’ll carve,” Don looked to his wife and smiled when she nodded her approval.

Just as the serrated blade bit into the roast and the cooking juices began to run down the sides of the perfectly browned meat and onto the potatoes and parsnips below the phone rang.

"Everybody stay where they are," Bard waved her arms to keep her family seated at the table where they belonged. The wrinkles on her smiling face told something of her age but she moved with the sprightly vitality of a much younger woman. The jeans she wore still cupped her small round buttocks beautifully and the bounce in her stride bounced her two-tone hair on her shoulders. She smiled back lovingly to her family as she went to the house landline.

"Hello," she almost sang as she answered the phone, the smile still broad on her lips. The voice on the other end caused it to fade.

"Barb," it said, "you have thirty five minutes." With a click the other end of the line went dead. Barb had raised three bright and active children, she'd helped her husband grow a one truck business in to an organization that meant he never need sit behind a wheel again. In short Barb did not panic easily. She looked at the clock in the hallway before heading upstairs. A minute later she came down, a determined set on her lips and her bag over her shoulder. She took a deep breath and then popped her head into the dining room.

"Who was it, love?" Don asked.

Barb didn't answer him. "A friend's upset, really upset. I'm going to do a little impromptu emergency counselling. Everybody eat up. I'll be back in a couple of hours." With that she turned and left not giving her family any chance to ask questions. The car keys were in her hand as she closed the front door behind her. Her breasts bounced slightly as she jogged to the smallest car in the driveway. As she started the micro Barb realised that despite the warm outside air her nipples were clearly visible through her bra and shirt. She squeezed her thighs together sending a tingle along the length of her body. Her underwear felt moist against her hairless pubic mound. Working hard to keep her hand out of her pants she slotted the tiny car into reverse and weaved her way out into the street. She missed the moment when Don looked out through the front curtains, concern written all over his face but as the one left to entertain his visiting children there was nothing he couldn't follow her. He shut the curtain and returned, smiling, to his family.

"It's fine," he said, "she's got this friend who's having a lot of panic attacks lately, her name's Dana."

The micro weaved its way admirably through the tight city traffic and slipped into a part that few other vehicles could have accessed. Glancing at her watch and realising the need for speed, Barb hopped out of the car, carefully closed and locked the door behind her and then started to run. A minute later, she stopped, removed her shoes and began to run faster. As she ran the woman's free hand began to undo the buttons to her white blouse, the tiny buttons were hidden among the embroidery of flowers that ran down the front of the blouse. She worked hard to prise them out of seemingly smaller buttonholes. She reached the plain door with a ping as one of the final buttons flew off the blouse and hit the door.

Barb stood on tiptoe and hammered on the door as her blouse spilt open showing off the rounded curves of her breasts beneath the sensible bra she wore. Fortunately the bra was held shut by a front catch and the woman had that open before the door opened. She stood in the side street, hearing the sound of close by traffic, her blouse now half off her shoulders her breasts exposed as her bra flapped around, and began to unbuckle her jeans.

The door opened. The tall dark man who looked out as he opened the door didn't see the small woman at first as she was bent double stepping out of the tight denim jeans to expose the jade green and slightly jewelled thong bikini pants she wore beneath. Nearly naked, Barb straightened up and

sensing the movement Marcus looked down and saw her. He still wasn't quite used to women undressing as soon as they arrived and his cock automatically flexed inside his trousers. Barb was a very attractive woman, especially standing blatantly in the street almost nude. He cleared his throat to cover himself.

"Ms D?" he asked.

"She rang," Barb was still breathing heavily so that her breasts bounced on her chest with each draw of breath, "I've got ..." she looked at her watch, "... three minutes left."

"Come in," Marcus stepped back from the door and Barb brought herself and her clothes inside. With a quick look up and down the street to make sure they hadn't been observed Marcus closed it behind them.

"Where is he?" Barb struggled to keep the tone of panic out of her voice.

"Room twenty one."

"The kennels," Barb breathed. Her ass bouncing she moved off down the corridor.

Unable to resist Marcus swung a hand at her bottom. It barely brushed her naked cheek but Barb's response was instantaneous. She turned and grabbed the offending hand almost faster than Marcus could see. She then squeezed his fingers with a lot more strength than he would have imagined.

"Owww," he complained.

Barb looked into his eyes.

"You will keep your hands to yourself, young man." The fact that she needed to look a long way up to see his face didn't seem to diminish the authority in her tone at all. "Otherwise we will have severe words." With a flick of her wrist she left Marcus holding his wrist as she walked, in a seemingly exaggerated manner so that her ass moved beautifully in time with her steps, to the room.

Once inside the room Barb paid little attention to her surroundings, which were a combination of brick, concrete and wire mesh. A water trough stood to one side and the concrete floor, beneath her feet, was covered by a thick layer of wood shavings. On bare feet Barb made her way across the soft and aromatic wood shavings to the gate that separated the pen she wanted from the rest of the room. She quickly shrugged free of her shirt and bra. Laying her clothes in a small pile by the gate with her bag she pulled her thong down, it caught a little in the moisture she'd been consistently leaking from her pussy ever since the phone call. She stepped out of them ignoring the little tinkle of the silver jewellery that adorned them. Clad only in several silver bracelets, a silver chain around her neck, a silver anklet and her wedding and engagement rings, Barb stepped inside just as the door at the far end opened.

He came in slowly, he never hurried about these things. The dog was all white except for his floppy black ears. He stood almost as high as Barb's boobs now that she was shoeless.

Immediately goose bumps rose across the woman's lightly freckled skin. Blood thudded away almost painfully in her nipples and clitoris but she knew he would make her wait. She remained perfectly still as imperiously he inspected the room, sniffing at the shavings, pushing his nose against the mesh as though testing its strength against his own. Slowly he circled around behind Barb, she

remained absolutely still. This was how it was every time and how it would be this time. Only when he was completely out of her line of vision did he make his presence known. His cool nose butted against her cheeks and she felt his breath on her bare skin as he explored her scent.

She gave a little squeal, as she always did, when he pressed a little harder so that the cool nose touched her anus and his tongue slid from his mouth, between his oh-so sharp teeth to slip against and taste the moisture forming between her pussy lips. Gently but firmly he nuzzled in further, exploring with tongue and nose. Barb shuffled her feet further apart to allow him access and he took full advantage. There were no pet names in this relationship. It was only he and Barb. He was just the masculine he, all the time.

Pressing his tongue against her he separated Barb's pouting labia and began to French her pussy. Legs trembling, Barb rode the excitement and pleasure of being so thoroughly explore on her feet. She wouldn't descend to the floor of the kennel until he made it clear it was his desire for her to do so.

Bending his neck low allowed him to push his pointed nose up into Barb's moistness and gave him a better angle to use those teeth. The married woman couldn't help emitting little squeals each time his sharp canines brushed against her sensitive folds. He would use the teeth more thoroughly later, Barb knew and her whole body quaked in the expectation of that moment.

Satisfied with his taste test he nudged the back of Barb's shaky legs and she collapsed down to her knees. At once she threw her arms in front of her and took an all fours position while she circled her bottom in a way she new pleased him.

He moved forward again and suddenly he was all teeth and tongue, inside and outside the mother's vagina. The sharp canines pricked and stabbed against her puffy pussy lips, the tongue explored deep inside her cunt as it pouted open expectantly.

Beneath the dog's belly he was growing ready. Red, hard and dripping his cock emerged from the sheath and continued to grow and spurt as his mouth drove the married woman mad. Forging forward his mouth closed sharply around her throbbing clit and Barb squealed. His tongue followed and her whole body flexed and bucked as she came to a gasping, crying orgasm.

All at once he was on her. She was far too small to hold his weight and in fact his belly only just rubbed along her back. His shaft too ran along the lightly freckled skin of Barb's lower back causing her to shudder passionately as it left a trail of lubricating precum along her spine. He knew her well, on their first meeting he'd been confused about his inability to penetrate the small woman but he was practiced now. Crouching slightly with his rear legs he pushed his tool towards her buttocks once more and this time collided with the bounce of their smooth muscle. Feeling resistance let him know he was around the mark and a few quick adjustments and his prick slipped inside Barb's ravenous hole.

The married woman gasped as she felt him take her. He wasn't large yet, or at least not as large as he would be, but he filled her. She could feel his pointed red shaft everywhere inside her vagina. He stretched her vagina further as he moved forward, his hips dancing as he began to thrust repeatedly into her depths, and now literally covered her. The small woman was almost impossible to see beneath the big humping dog as he jammed more and more of his red shaft inside her stretched snatch.

Barb was making noise constantly now. Some of it formed words of encouragement for the lover fucking her from behind. Some was gasps and grunts as the growing cock inside her pressed things

aside in its own quest for pleasure. Some were little yelps of passion as her own second orgasm built inside her followed by a dry mouthed growling gasp of pleasure as it came to her like a rolling wave. And then there was the sustained howling scream of pain and pleasure as he shoved his throbbing knot through the tight opening of her cunt and into her.

Once his side his fucking motion reduced to smaller thrusts but he was already so far inside her that each thrust felt like he'd filled her with another cock. Finally he was ready and easily lifting his rear leg over the trembling and whimpering woman beneath him he turned his rear end to her to complete the tie and erupted the bulk of his sperm deep into her pussy.

The tap on the shoulder almost frightened Marcus out of his chair. He looked around quickly to find Ms D. there.

"Finished?" she asked.

Marcus using his body as a shield tucked himself away.

"I mean her," Ms D nodded towards the screen in front of Marcus. On the screen a large dog currently was busy with its tongue on its genitals as though he'd found something particularly tasty.

Lying slightly out of shot, hair messed and body limp with exhaustion was Barb. Clear fluid leaked from her pussy as she breathed shallowly, eyes closed, arms and legs spread. She looked asleep.

Dana nodded to Marcus and he handed her a headset with a small microphone. She placed the microphone in front of her mouth.

"Hello Barb," her voice echoed a bit as it fed back through the speakers on the monitor. Marcus mouthed 'sorry' as he reached forward and flicked the speakers to off.

"Hello Barb," Dana continued. The small blonde didn't move. "No, don't get up." Dana smiled at her own quip. She covered her mouth. "I want you to record this, Marcus. Title it stage five trial one. I take it he finished inside her."

Marcus nodded eagerly as he operated the keyboard. "Yep he blew his load as far up inside her pussy as he could."

Dana closed her eyes and then opened them slowly. "A simple yes or no would have sufficed." She withdrew her hand from the microphone and her voice took a more serious tone. "Now Barb, and it is so nice to address one of our clients by her first name, you have something very important to do. Just move your hand if you understand."

On the screen Barb flapped a hand.

"That's good. Now Barb you would really like to keep having these appointments with number eighty six wouldn't you." For a moment there was no response and Dana covered the microphone again. "What does she call number eighty six?" she asked Marcus.

The tall man shrugged. "She doesn't call him anything. I've never heard her use any kind of pet name for him."

Dana looked uncertain for a minute and then uncovered the microphone.

"Barb you want to keep having sex with ... him don't you?"

On screen the petite woman nodded her head vigorously.

"Good, good, in fact excellent." Dana rubbed her hands together and then continued to speak. "Well we can make sure that happens Barb. We can even make it so you can organise your own appointments. No more rushing out. Would that be good?"

Barb nodded her agreement.

"Well then Barb to make all this happen for you. There's a little something you have to do for us." Dana smiled and checked to make sure the conversation was still being recorded before she continued.

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## Chapter 20

Ellie checked the time by glancing at the phone she had hidden just below the level of the conference room table. It was late. She should have been home hours ago. On the table in front of her sat an empty pizza box. Several others littered other parts of the table.

Her boss stalked in front of an electronic white board at the head of the table, a stylus in his hand. He was just erasing the last of the words on the board.

"Come on people," he said, "do we want to be here all night?" The question was rhetorical and he continued on without waiting for a reply. "We have to have an idea by tomorrow. So far all we've had are brain farts. What am I paying you people for? Am I keeping you from your bed, Ellie?"

Ellie quickly covered her mouth, stifling the yawn that had started. Her boss moved in closer to the table and leaned in towards her. Several other members of the small group in the conference room smiled with genuine malice at the discomfort of another member of the team.

Her boss, an expert of the rhetorical carried on. "So, Ellie, tell us, from your visual arts perspective, just how do you think we should organise the campaign?"

Ellie hesitated momentarily and then blurted out the thing that was foremost in her mind at that instant.

"Dogs," she said, "sleek, attractive dogs, and human models. Same situation but in one shot both nude in the next both clothed to create a mental discontinuity a reason to pay attention." She stopped, her eyes widening slightly at what she'd just said.

For a long while her boss just stared at her. It was an uncomfortable stare and went on for an uncomfortable length of time. Ellie was just about to retract her suggestion when her boss spoke.

"That," he said, his face emotionless, "is a good idea. Well," he turned to address the rest of the team, some of whom had turned murderous gazes on Ellie, "with all the so called creative power we have in this room we get one decent idea in ten hours." He clapped his hands and was suddenly energy personified as he ran his fingers from his well cut, greying hair. "Ellie," he pointed a finger at her, "I want photos by lunch time tomorrow. Merrick," he pointed to another member of the team, "I want a slogan to put on those pictures as they walk through the door. Hilary I want story boards, what will it look like in 3 minute, 1 minute and 30 second slots. Jacob I want a suitably exorbitant bill for our time and abilities drawn up. Noon tomorrow people, noon tomorrow." With a wave of his hand he dismissed his team.

"Yes, Mr. Savage, thank you Mr. Savage. Of course Mr. Savage. Have a good evening Mr. Savage."

The group chorused as they packed away their laptops and folders and headed for the door. Relief at being dismissed and desperation at the task they would have to complete in the morning battling with equal efficiency for the position of emotion of the day.

"What am I going to do with dogs?" Hilary snarled in Ellie's ear.

Ellie almost ran to the lifts.

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Thirty minutes later she keyed the door to her shared apartment open and stepped inside.

"I think I've created a massive problem," she said, on seeing Sam standing in the middle of the open space with her hands folded across her large test. "I suggested we use dogs in our campaign for the city festival this year. Dogs and models I said. It was all I could do not to say sexy dogs and sexy models. I could kill Merri for what she's done to my life. Now everyone at the agency hates me because they've got to relate the festival to dogs somehow and to tell you the truth I don't even know if I'm going to be able to take the photos that are in my head. I mean I'm thinking about beautiful people acting submissively to powerful dogs. Can you imagine if someone asked you to pose in a photo like that? I mean what would you think? Of course these are models and we are paying them so there shouldn't be too much thinking happening but I don't even know if I can carry this off. Why are you looking at me like that Sam?"

The tall redhead didn't speak, instead she folded her arms more tightly across the front of the emerald green, Japanese silk, dressing gown she wore and nodded her head to the French windows that led to the apartment's small patio.

Ellie looked.

"Why's Fluff outside?"

"Did you forget your little speech last night?"

Ellie blanched. "Umm," was the only sound she made.

"Fluff out there, suddenly turned into a rooting machine around four O'clock. That was," she made a show of looking for the time, "Oh yes. Six hours ago."

"Oh."

"I would have let him and Chastity get down to it. I mean the girl is certainly willing but I said 'wait for Ellie'. So we waited for Ellie while we fended Fluff off. He wasn't aggressive or anything but if we turned our backs he'd jump up on us, or try to pull our clothing off. Jamie fell over at one point. I don't think I've ever seen real fear before." Sam arched an eyebrow.

Ellie looked back out the window where Fluff stretched his large frame, stood up, nose to the glass and wagged his tail.

"Ummmm," Ellie repeated.

"So we did our best for as long as we could," Sam said, "but in the end it was too risky and we had to get him outside. He does look happy to see you though."

Ellie's face looked far more worried than when she faced her boss earlier in the evening. "I don't think ..." she began.

"Not the right answer," Sam said, "I sent Chastity out with Jamie because you didn't want them to see. I've told them I'll phone when they can come back. So we've got a very horny dog and only you to do anything about it."

Ellie swallowed hard. "What if I can't ..." she started to say.

Sam interrupted her with a shake of her finger. "Can't be me, I'm a lesbian, remember, I don't like cock. So I'm going to open the door and then lock myself in my bedroom until dear old Fluff stops looking to get his end off on me. Is that clear?"

"Don't go," Ellie said softly.

"I think I've made my position clear." Sam headed towards the glass door.

"I want you to be here while I ..." Ellie's face crumpled and she couldn't finish the request.

Sam's attitude softened. "Okay, I'll stay. But you might want to take off any clothes you don't want ripped off." She looked back to the French windows. Fluff was trying to mount the glass. His red prick sticking out from his sheath and shiny with precum.

Lilly flung the door open. "Oh hi. Dana, isn't it?"

The taller dark haired woman nodded and smiled. The white shirt and jeans she wore set off the gold of her tan well. The shorter Lilly wore her blonde hair in a braid against the black of her blouse. Her outfit completed by black jeans and silver jewellery.

"Come on in." Lilly stepped aside to let the taller woman pass. "This isn't really my sort of thing." The shorter blond talked quickly as she led Dana through an antechamber where the walls were covered in various black and white photos of attractive women dressed in twenties fashion against a backdrop of the world's most famous cities.

"I only agreed to do it because ... well she's a niece and she promised a friend. As a student she doesn't think her flats large enough to invite the people she wanted so she asked me. I couldn't really say no, could I?"

Lilly opened a white door and the noise level of the antechamber jumped twenty decibels. Dana was led in to a room that seemed half sitting room and half green house. The walls to the outside of the building were glass from floor to ceiling and plants abounded in pots and raised beds. Half of the planting spaces doubled as chairs and occasional tables. The furniture closer to the door was more conventional and separated only by the odd pot plant. Many of the plants near the windows were in bloom and the perfume.

"Have a seat," Lilly indicated a couch next to a woman who despite her good looks and trim figure was probably in her sixties.

"Everyone," Lilly called above the noise of the general chatter, "this is Dana. Dana this is ... well everyone."

Dana smiled her white teeth gleaming between her dark lips. She mouthed hello to Ali as she got herself comfortable beside the other woman on the couch.

"I'm Jan," the older woman pointed to her chest, "pleased to meet you. My husband works with Dave and well in such ways connections are made.

"I'm very pleased to meet you Jan." Dana turned so that her knees pointed towards the older woman. "This looks like something organised. Was I supposed to bring something?"

"Only your money," Jan gave a throaty laugh at her own joke. "This is one of those marital aide parties, although I don't think they call them marital aides anymore." Jan thought for a moment. "Sex toys. That's it. It's a sex toy party and it surprises me as much as anyone that I was invited. I'm a bit old for this sort of thing really."

"Oh, you're never too old." Dana smiled again and placed a hand on Jan's knee. The older woman made no move to remove the hand.

A young woman, possibly just out of her teens stood up and held her hands up for quiet.

"Thank you for coming," she said. "I know a lot of you haven't been to something like this before, neither have I," she giggled a little nervously, "but I'm told they're a lot of fun and as my good friend Kat is trying to work her way through Uni I thought I'd help her out." The young woman pointed to another young woman, a brunette wearing a simple dress that showed her bra-straps and fell in a straight line around her figure.

The brunette in the dress waved and then stood. "Hi," she said, her voice rich and deeper than her frame would indicate. "I'm May and this is my third party." She paused and gave a little laugh. "I sound like I'm at AA."

The other women in the room laughed at this.

"Okay, this should be fun and hopefully I'll convince you to part with a bit of cash for a few of the fancy things I'll be showing today. I've also conned Anne," she pointed to the young woman who'd first addressed the gathering, "Ti and Bec," she pointed to another two women of the same age. They were clearly the youngest women in the room. The rest of the group started in their thirties and went up to the woman sitting beside Dana. "Into modelling some of the lingerie available through me. Now deliveries take about two weeks and I have a magic quota, which I'm not allowed to tell you, but, if we pass it the company sends a rather hunky young man to entertain us."

The women laughed again, a mixture of nervous titters and anticipatory chuckles. While the women giggled Dana looked into Kat's eyes and the young woman looked back. Kat gave a slight nod of her head and Dana smiled.

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Ellie's long dark hair hid her face as she bent to disentangle her brief panties from around her ankle before placing them on the neat pile on one of the dining chairs. She straightened and flicked her hair back over her shoulders reddening slightly at her nudity. Sam ogled her openly.

"Good enough to eat," Sam said, causing Ellie to blush further, "although I reckon our big fellow out there isn't hungry for food."

Ellie's hair swung out around her head as she quickly turned to look at the glass doors. Fluff was pressed against the panes, tongue red and dripping and cock likewise only stiffer. Much, much stiffer, Ellie thought as her entire view of the world suddenly became dominated by the panting canine.

Sam strode across to the door on her long muscular legs, her pink lips pursed in anticipation of the even to follow. "Might want to put some cushions on the floor," she threw back over her shoulder to her room mate, "give your knees a bit of padding."

Ellie, looking horrified at the thought, never-the-less scooped cushions off the chairs and lay them on the floor. With a deep, reverberating bark, Fluff was in the room. He lifted his brown and white head to sniff hopefully at Sam's crotch. She shook her head.

"Not me today, you've got a new playmate."

Fluff turned his head to focus on Ellie as though he'd understood the comment. Panting happily he trotted over to the naked woman.

Nervously and with a little shriek Ellie held her hands up to protect her naked breasts as Fluff reached her. He didn't need to lift his head to press his moist, inquisitive nose into the sex of Ellie. Ellie squealed again but tried to hold her ground as Fluff's long tongue tasted her pussy lips and rasped over the top of her clitoris.

"I ... I ..." Ellie's voice quavered. "I can't do it while I'm looking at him."

Sam walked around her petite friend and sat, legs sprawled apart and only the fall of the gown protecting her modesty, on the couch adjacent to Ellie's pile of pillows. "Then assume the position, sweetie," Sam nodded her head to the cushions. "All fours or doggy style, if you prefer. "

Fluff had jumped up and placed his paws on Ellie's slender shoulders so that his big head could look down into her dark eyes. Between them his growing erection pressed wetly against the woman's stomach. Doggy precum dribbled across her flat soft skin. Ellie tried to walk away backwards but Fluff only followed her, part of his weight on her shoulders and part on his own back legs as he walked awkwardly along after her.

"I can't," Ellie whimpered.

"That's what you always say," Sam rolled her eyes. "Look at Fluff, do you see him complaining? I mean does he look like he wants to get out of it?"

"No. But ..."

"There are no buts. I'm sorry, there's your very fine butt which I think Fluff is about to interest Fluff intensely. Other than that though, it's just two beautiful creatures finding each other irresistibly attracted to each other so that one thing leads to another."

"I don't feel irresistibly attracted," Ellie sniffled.

"Neither did I the other night, but your sister's dog didn't worry about that. Should I remind you again that he is your sister's dog?"

Ellie shook her head.

"Then give him a little push away, and get down on your hands and knees. He'll do the rest."

Ellie hesitated and then with a final whimper gave Fluff a half hearted shove. Instantly he fell away from her, his tongue leaving a last rivulet of moisture between her breasts. She then dropped to the cushions, placing her knees on the densest part of the pile and her arms on the couch between Sam's legs. Sam had shifted her position and Ellie could see the pink pout of her labia.

Distracted as she was Ellie missed the sounds of Fluff gathering himself and it was only as she felt his chest fur rubbing along her back as he strode over her small form that she realised it was about to happen.

Ellie felt the heavy wetness of the dog's penis as it slicked along the indentation at the small of her back, the furry sheath tickling the cleft between her firm buttocks. She raised her gaze from Sam's

sex and into the other woman's smiling face.

"I'm here with you," Sam said as the big dog drew back a little.

Ellie was of similar size to her sister and Fluff was in very familiar territory. He lowered his rear end a little and then scuffled awkwardly forward. The wedge shaped tip of his red cock bumped into Ellie's swollen pussy lips and Fluff was no longer awkward. The big dog danced himself over Ellie and like a knife into butter the hardening dog prick pressed itself between her lips and into her vagina.

Ellie gasped at the first part of the intrusion. Sam reached forwards and ran her fingers through Ellie's hair.

"That's my girly," she said.

Fluff's cock grew with increasing speed once he'd penetrated the warm wetness of Ellie's insides. The red dick grew longer and wider as it speared itself from the velvet softness of the sheath and into Ellie's cunt. His hips pumped gently as he walked forward driving more of his length inside the young woman.

Ellie was breathing in gasps. "Oh my! Oh my! Oh my!" she repeated as Fluff got himself organised to fuck her.

Dana widened her eyes as she looked at the young woman about to start her presentation. Kat noticed and stared back for a moment. All around them the other women were chatting away excited about the unusual event of which they were about to be part. Taking a chance Kat mouthed a single word at Dana.

"What?"

"The candles," Dana mouthed back.

Kat flicked a quick glance towards the candles and as arranged they were spotted around the room. The teen opened her eyes wide in question.

"Light them." Dana's eyes flashed as she mouthed the instruction.

Kat looked suitably abashed and sprang to her feet.

"Forgot to light the candles, very important to the mood are the candles," she said in answer to the questioning looks from those around her. Dana rolled her eyes.

Candles lit and their sweet fragrance insinuating its way into the nostrils of the assembled women, Kat got the party under way.

Anne, Ti and Bec were sent away to clothe themselves in some of the less revealing lingerie items while Kat talked about massage oils, scented candles and other paraphernalia for creating the right mood. The three girls were soon back and sauntering through the gathering in almost transparent nighties and stockings and garters, not necessarily on the same model. The women clapped politely and giggled at the thought of how the clothing would look on them.

The girls were sent out once more with smaller bundles of erotic underwear while Kat did her spiel about lubricating gels, glow in the dark condoms and edible undies. When the girls came out of the bedroom coopted into a change room for the evening there were gasps from those who first saw



them and all heads turned to follow their progress as they paraded around the room.

Their pale cheeks bounced as they moved, framed but not covered by the brief panties. One of the delicate looking bras was completely transparent and the most modest of the three. One of the young women's breasts were presented to the watchers by a half bra that pushed them high and left her nipples clearly visible. The third had decorated holes that brought attention to the young woman's nipples exposed in their centres.

A few of the society women blushed as the near naked girls stood and posed in front of the group. The models were giggling now and the other women in the room soon found the display of so much young skin also amusing. With exaggerated movements of their hips they were sent off with another bag of flimsies.

Kat, with a mischievous smile at her audience lifted a case onto her knee. With extravagant movements she snapped the locks open but kept the case close.

"Good job our three models are away changing." She grinned at her audience as she spoke. "I'm not sure they're old enough to see what's in here." With that as her only fanfare Kat reached into the case and brought out a perfect replica of a human penis. She ran her hand over its ribbed surface as she looked from one woman to another until she'd looked into the eyes of all the society women present and concluded that they were indeed ready for what was to come next.

The women lent in for a closer look as Kat moved her thumb and brought the device to life. The surface of the artificial penis throbbed and rippled as the head became swollen and then moved forward and around in short thrusts.

"Now of course." Kat couldn't keep the smile off her face or the slight catch of arousal from her voice. "What you're wondering is how good would that feel inside me. Well the only way to get some idea is to ask someone who's experienced it, or is experiencing it first hand. Oh perfect timing, here come the girls now."

All heads swivelled to stare at the three young women. Their outfits were no longer merely underwear that was a bit cheeky, now they were costumes purely designed to get everybody involved sexually excited. Gold chains covered the breasts of one of the women, another pair were tightly squeezed and lifted into an unusual shape. One of the young women wore a pair of panties, the crotchless nature of which became clear as she walked into the room. The others were in any meaningful sense, naked below the waist, with their pussy's surrounded by thigh high boots, straps and garters.

"Now don't they look sexy ladies," Kat's voice cut through the round of gasps as the three volunteer models strode into the women's midst. She began to clap and the others hesitatingly at first but then with increasing gusto joined in. The girls blushed and bowed giving the audience clear and different views of their bums and boobs.

"We're not going to send you away anymore." Kat smiled at the three young women. Their faces glowed but they didn't try to cover their bodies in any way. "What we want from you now," Kat continued, "is a product report."

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Chapter 22

Ellie threw her head backwards, eyes rolled back, mouth open as though to scream but no sound came out of her mouth other than the huff each time her breath was driven from her lungs. Her

cheek rubbed against the jaw of the dog standing over her, half his weight resting on the woman's back as he kept his back legs bent and hunched. His powerful haunches drove his sex into Ellie's woman hood with increasing penetration.

Sam's pale hand stroked her room mate's hair from her face as she watched, fascinating, as her petite friend was fucked by the big dog. Ellie's small breasts held rock hard nipples, which grazed across Sam's thighs. The tall redhead held onto the brunette as best she could. She could feel the trembles that built up inside Ellie's body as she began to rise into her second orgasm.

"So far ... So far." Ellie's gasped words seemed to come from a distance as her whole body bounced forward as Fluff humped himself harder inside her. The red cock beneath the white fur of his belly seemed to be almost fully inside her but every time he withdrew and thrust forward it got longer, thicker and harder for the next penetrating pump into her pussy. Behind the length of his shaft a softball sized knot stood a few inches beyond the satin skin of his sheath.

The big dog's humping became faster as he ploughed the length of his prick inside Ellie's stretching vagina. Doggy seminal fluid squirted hotly inside her cunt and the young woman pressed her bottom backwards to accept more of the dog's erection. Both dog and woman were panting now their gasps for air coinciding as did the movements of their hips. Ellie arched back as the big dog slammed forward and more of the squirting dog cock squeezed inside her leaking box.

Light headed, swimming in lust, consumed by orgasms, Ellie was no longer operating on a conscious level. No lover in her past came close to competing with the experience that threatened to spoil her for all other lovers. The hard red knot smacked into the stretched pink lips of Ellie's opening and both dog and woman growled.

She could feel the size of that hard, red, swollen weapon as it pushed against her thighs but right now, at this precise moment, she held no fear, only desire. The knot was meant to be inside her. She knew that as completely as she knew that she wanted the big dog to fuck her forever. It was going to be inside her, nothing could stop either of the gasping couple as they worked as a team to achieve the seemingly impossible goal.

Ellie's eyes closed as her mouth opened wide, stretching as her labia stretched apart as the huge lump of canine sex opened her, stretched her, and ultimately penetrated her. She screamed, and this time sound came out, but the knot was inside her before she could complete the scream. She could feel the head of Fluff's rock hard erection jabbing away deep inside her body, almost impossibly far inside as the big dog shortened his thrusts to compensate for his reduced movement.

The swell of doggy dick stretched the young woman's pussy wide on each reverse tug, drawing her backwards against Fluff's hard, furry body, before he punched inside her once more. Ellie's orgasm thrashed her around and Sam had her work cut out trying to hold onto her friend.

Ellie's eyes were open but sightless. "You bitch, Merri," her voice a high pitched squeal, "why did you never tell me it was soooooooooo goooooooooood!"